// THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

No. 65.—Vol. VI. NOVEMBER, 1878. Price 6d.

Monthly Masonic Summary.

THE progress of English Masonry continues, if under exceptional and remarkable symptoms of prosperity. Long may it so continue. We cannot understand why any should cavil or complain at this increase of Lodges and Chapters.

It almost seems as if Freemasonry was destined to be a very powerful body, and its Charities to become a great development. It will be a bad sign for the present, and a bad omen for the future, if our Order increases and our Charities retrograde. They demand anxious and energetic and continued support, and we trust that 1879 may witness a "shaking of the dry bones" of our Lodges and Chapters, in their general and official support as Lodges and Chapters of our great, our needed, our invaluabl Charities.

The October elections for the Girls' and Boys' School are over, and four candidates out of twenty-one were elected for the former, and thirteen out of fifty-nine for the latter.

The formation of the London Masonic Charity Association is announced, for the purpose of combining the London votes in favour of friendless candidates. The system is actively carried out in the provinces, and may well be imitated in the metropolis.

Abroad, especially in France, the state of things goes from bad to worse. The last unruly sitting of the Grand Orient decided by a majority, impatient even of its own friends, much less of its opponents, to invade every other Masonic jurisdiction, and put the rituals in harmony with their recent nihilistic and destructive performances. It is also quite clear that now the good old formula, "A la Gloire du Grand Architecte de l'Univers," is doomed, and is destined to disappear in due course.

And what will then be left?

The Echo, Irish or other, never mind which, replies—Nothing!

And with this sad "consummation," most devoutly to be unwished by us all alike, we close our Monthly Summary. We are not surprised, though very sorry; and though we do not set up as prophets, we have all along said that, like a celebrated statesman, and a still greater warrior, the Grand Orient of France had burnt its "ships" and its "bridges," and had nothing left for it but the "entire animal" of hopeless, ruthless revolutionary change, dishonouring to God, and injurious to man!

It is a sad page in the history of contemporaneous Fremasonry!

THE LOCKE MS.

BY MASONIC STUDENT.

I HAVE thought it well to supplement my last article on this subject by a few remarks on what I conceive the so-called Locke MS. really to be.

As I pointed out in my last, we must give up the Henry VI. epoch, and the venerable name, I fear, of Mr. Locke, and merely take the document at its own worth, for what it really is. Now this is somewhat difficult to say. In its present form it is so much of a make-up that it is very hard to declare where truth begins and falsehood ends, to point out where the unreality leaves it, and reality remains. In my humble opinion, it is an hermetic or Lodge catechism, put together at a time when Masons were not very learned, and when confused traditions and shaky anachronisms had got the upper hand. I confess that I do not look upon it as very old. It probably has a "substratum" of truth, in that it represents some old "formula," either of hermeticism or the Masonic Lodges, which has been adopted and adapted by an unprincipled manipulator to foist an element of antiquity into the evidences of Freemasonry. It may preserve in it portions of the traditional teaching of the early Lodges, but even this seems doubtful. It is so much more explanatory than our known earliest documents, that I, for one, am disposed to put it at the end of the last century, when, perhaps, a few phrases and questions were expanded into the pretentious production it now is.

The English evidence of it masonically is *nil*. It came to Masonry from the profane world, not to the profane world from Masonry, as far as we know, and though English forms of it appear—as little pamphlets or fly-sheets—they are late in the last century, and are now very rare. Its truth has been assumed mainly on the covering letter of Mr. Locke, and though generally given up in Germany, it has found its supporters, and still has its believers, in England and America.

It would be curious indeed if Essex's MS., in the British Museum, were a copy from a MS., and not from the printed form, because then that would presuppose a common original; but as Essex is late in the last century, and has a copy in MS. also of the "Grand Mystery," I, for one, cannot so far lay much stress on that fact. It is, however, a point to be remembered and noted in the discussion.

I fear that I can go no further than what I have now stated, inasmuch as all the evidence points to its untruthfulness rather than its truthfulness, to its intentional compilation rather than to its authenticity. Of course fresh evidence may alter such opinions; but until it turns up, I fear we cannot set much store by this assumed MS. in any way whatever.

It has been said that the Mr. Collins was a book collector of that epoch: if so, something may yet turn up to verify his existence; but until some valid evidence appears, to confirm the existence of an original MS., we must, I fear, come to the conclusion that the so-called Locke MS. is altogether unreliable, and is simply the adaptation of some clever rogue of materials which had fallen into his hands, and that for the purpose of deception. It has been asked, indeed, by some, "Cui bono?" and perhaps the question is difficult to reply to. But if we are correct in our estimate of its probable date, and its German origin, or its alleged German origin, it is one of the documents which some of the Masonic Hermetic writers of the latter part of the last century put forth to increase Masonic claims of antiquity, and to give an hermetic character to Freemasonry. All its history, so far, is shrouded in doubt and suspicion, and, I may add, trickery, and I do not see myself that it is anything really, with the exception of one or two old questions and answers, but an expansion of the "Legend of the Guilds" put into "archaisms" which, however, are not archaisms, and which betray the character of a practically literary forgery.

THE ORIGIN AND REFERENCES OF THE HERMESIAN SPURIOUS FREEMASONRY.

(*Continued from page* 192.)

BY REV. GEO. OLIVER, D.D.

CHAPTER VIII.—*Continued.*

IN process of time, however, a beast, though it might answer the purpose of ordinary occasions, was thought too insignificant for the acceptance of the vengeful gods in times of uncommon calamity, and the redemption was attempted by the immolation of human beings. The custom was said to have been introduced by Ham, for Sanchoniatho informs us that in the time of a great plague and mortality, he made his son a whole burnt-offering to his father Uranus, or Noah. Such sacrifices were offered to appease avenging demons, and to stave off general destruction; for they had an undefinable notion, arising doubtless from a tradition of the Messiah, that the sacrifice of one would save the rest. How can we account, upon any other principle, for that extensive immolation which is mentioned by Snelgrave,* of 4,000 Whidaws, besides people of other nations, of which he himself was an eye-witness. Well might Tacitus exclaim, "Arcanus hinc terror, sacra ignorantia, quid sit illud, quod tantum perituri videbant."

I stay not here to describe the bloody sacrifices of the Jews, which had an admitted reference to the Messiah, because they have nothing to do with the subject under discussion. Every people under heaven, though they were insulated and cut off from any possible commerce with their species, practised bloody sacrifices for the purpose of averting calamities or expiating sin.

The Romans, in times of any great national visitation, used to take some worthless person, and after scourging him, they offered him up as a vicarious sacrifice, burning the body and casting the ashes into the sea, as a general lustration, with the formula, "Sis pro nobis peripsema." From περιψημα, *sordes*, the offscouring.† As if they had said, "Be thou a reconciliation or propitiation for us." Hence arose the Roman practice of a general devoting himself for the safety of his army; and on the same principle, Midas, King of Phrygia, offered many valuable things to appease the angry gods, and concluded the sacrifice by immolating his own son. The Egyptians, the Greeks, and other nations, as well as the Jews, had a custom of laying all their sins and misfortunes periodically on the head of an expiatory victim, that suffered a death which the people thus acknowledged to be due unto themselves.

In the Spurious initiations the hierophants and mystagogues were called dogs; although it is admitted that the word *Cohen* might signify prince or priest. One of the ceremonies of initiation, however, was very dog-like, for it consisted in devouring the flesh of animals raw and crube with blood. This revolting custom clearly evinces how far they had deviated from the ordinances of the Noachidæ, whose institutes they professed to observe, and these canine propensities were often indulged at the expense of human life. At Elethias, during the initiations, men were sometimes immolated by being burned alive, and their ashes were scattered to the four winds of heaven. These were usually persons convicted of revealing the mysteries. Porphyry says that at Chios, in the rites of the Dionysiaca, the man was torn limb from limb. And the Messenians, in a time of calamity, consulted the oracle on the means of deliverance, and

* Voyage to Guinea, p. 34. † See 1 Cor. iv. 13.

the reply was, "Sacrifice a pure virgin of the blood of the Epytidæ to the infernal demons."*

In some places, as we have just seen, the most extensive sacrifices were used to appease the vindictive fury of an offended deity, in times of great public calamity. Thus Acosta, whose opportunities of investigating the manners and customs of the aboriginal inhabitants of the New World give a very high authority to his assertions, says that on one occasion the Mexicans offered 5,000 prisoners of war to Tescalipuca. It is clear, from recent researches, that the inhabitants of these countries were addicted to the custom of sacrificing men during the celebration of their Spurious Freemasonry. The victim, who was called *guesa*, or houseless, was led in procession by the *Suna* towards the sacred column, which appears to have served as a sun-dial. The priests wore masks, the chief of whom represented Bochica, who is the same as the Egyptian Osiris; others represented Chia, who was the same as Isis; and others the monster Fomagota, the Typhon of Bogota, who was figured with four ears, one eye, and a long tail. "When the procession, which reminds us of the astrological procession of the Chinese and that of Isis in Egypt, had reached the extremity of the *Suna*, the victim was tied to the column, a cloud of arrows pierced his body, his blood was received into sacred vessels, and his heart was immediately torn out and offered to the king—Sun Bochica."†

To show the universality of this custom I quote a passage from the Oration of Eusebius to Constantine: "The Phœnicians sacrificed their most beloved children annually to Saturn, and in the island of Rhodes they offered human sacrifices to the same deity. Also at Salamis, in the temple of Minerva, it was a custom that a man, pursued by others, ran thrice round the altar; he was then stabbed by the priest, and his body laid upon the burning pile till it was consumed. In the island of Chios they sacrificed a man to Bacchus, and in Lacedemon to Mars. At Laodicea a virgin was every year sacrificed to Minerva, and in like manner the Libians and Carthaginians appeased their gods with human sacrifices. The Dumateni of Arabia offered a boy yearly, and buried him underneath the altar. The Greeks, the Thracians, and the Scythians, before they marched out to war, usually invoked success by the sacrifice of men. The Athenians mention the virgin daughters of Leus and Erectheus, as offered in sacrifice amongst them. In the city of Rome, at the feast of Jupiter, Latiaris, a man, is sacrificed; and Dionysius relates that Jupiter and Apollo required human sacrifices, and says further that when they offered fruits and flowers only they fell into all sorts of calamities, from which they could not be relieved till they had decimated the whole population."

The ancient inhabitants of the vast continent of India were addicted to this abhorrent practice—abhorrent on any other principle than that of being an acknowledged type of redemption by blood. The Narumedha, or human sacrifice of India, was offered to appease the anger of a sanguinary female deity, who is represented as delighting in human blood. Mr. Maurice has displayed this fiend at full length in all her disgusting ugliness, as a black mass of deformity, bearing a resemblance to the human figure; with four arms, goggle eyes, swollen tongue, and covered with decorations, the most horrible and imposing of which is a necklace reaching almost to her knees, strung with human skulls.‡

Instances of the universality of this belief might be produced from every quarter of the globe. Even the northern nations of Europe offered human sacrifices at their public festivals, and in times of famine, or other great national calamity, they would offer up the monarch as an expiatory sacrifice for the redemption of the people. In this manner the king of Vermland, in Sweden, was burned in honour of Odin, to put an end to a great dearth. In their turn the kings did not spare the blood of their subjects, nor

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* Pausan. Mess. l. iv. c. 9.

† Humb. Res. vol. ii., p. 134.

‡ See the engraving at page 182 of the second volume of his Indian Antiquities.

of their own offspring. Hacon, King of Norway, sacrificed his son to Odin, that he might obtain a victory over Harold; and Aune, King of Sweden, devoted his nine sons that the deity might be induced to prolong his own life.*

In our own island a firm belief was entertained that the death of a criminal was a most acceptable sacrifice to avert the divine displeasure. And nothing can be a clearer illustration that the doctrine of the Atonement was believed and transmitted by the Druids than the ordinances of these priests in the management of their public sacrifices. Thus Cæsar informs us † that when any epidemic disease raged amongst the people, or when they were engaged in a doubtful war, they either sacrificed human victims, or some eminent person vowed an oblation of himself, using, in all such cases, the ministry of the Druids. They were of opinion that the immortal gods could not be appeased without the commutation of the life of one man for that of many; and therefore they had public sacrifices of that kind instituted, and in extreme cases a multitude of human *victims were immolated in a wicker idol as an expiatory sacrifice.*

It is scarcely conceivable that this uniformity of knowledge and practice respecting the most important event connected with the salvation of man could have been conveyed throughout the whole heathen world for a period embracing thousands of years in any other manner than through the agency of the secret mysteries of religion, which we denominate the Spurious Freemasonry; because no other uniform institution existed by which it could have been preserved intact during all those organic fluctuations in religion and politics, which involved the fate of nations, produced bloody revolutions, changed dynasties, and established new tyrannies over an enslaved people. They were the only secure depository of ancient knowledge and tradition, although Clemens Alexandrinus asserts they contained the most voluptuous symbols, insulting theologies, institutions of libidinous deities, satyrs, naked nymphs, and contests of buffoons exposed in shameless nudity." ‡

It is worthy of our most serious consideration, whether the allegorical death and resurrection of the heathen initiations § did not shadow forth the Atonement of Christ. They were believed to do so by some of the early Christians, who were better able than ourselves to form a correct opinion of the real tendency of this remarkable ceremony. It appears clear that while in one sense the *aphanism* and *euresis* of Osiris referred to the departure and reappearance of the sun, in another they typified the inclosure of Noah in the Ark, and his subsequent liberation; thus uniting, in these extraordinary celebrations, the arkite and the sabian idolatry, or death in Adam and life in Christ.

The learned Fathers possessed a better knowledge of their true import than it is possible to acquire at this distance of time; because the works of Melanthius, Sotades, Menander, and others who wrote on the subject, are unfortunately lost. And though they had reason to dislike the Mysteries on account of their moral turpitude and irreligious tendency, it is a well-known fact that they studiously transferred the terms, phrases, formularies, rites, ceremonies, and discipline into our holy religion, and thereby very early vitiated and depraved what even a pagan writer could see and acknowledge was *absoluta et simplex* as it came out of the hands of its Divine Author. It must, then, have been a more than ordinary veneration of the people for these Mysteries that could influence the Fathers of the Church to have recourse to such a proceeding. However, the fact is notorious, and the effects are but too visible.‖

The cathedral of Chartres contains a curious illustration of the above hypothesis in a painted window which appears to display the mythology of India. Vishnu, who is painted blue and red, is placed in the midst of a sea of milk, surrounded by a rainbow; and Brahma is seated on a white lotus which issues from his bosom. In a window

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* Many instances of this kind are recorded in Mallet's Northern Antiquities, vol. i., c. 7.

† Bel. Gal. vi. 16.

‡ This insult to common decency was re-enacted by the French *Theophilanthropists in the* Church of Notre Dame at the Revolution. See Robison's Proofs, p. 252.

§ See the Antiquities of Masonry, by the Author, p. 95.

‖ Warb. Div. Leg., vol. i., p. 174.

higher up appears the Saviour of mankind, with the Holy Ghost hovering over Him in the form of a dove. And what is very remarkable, he is connected with Vishnu by means of a band or chain composed of lotus leaves; thus uniting the symbols of Christianity with those of initiation into the Spurious Freemasonry of Hindostan.

It is an undoubted fact that the hierophant, at a certain point in the initiation, announced the resurrection of the deity, whose death had been previously bewailed, in this explicit formula: "Be of good cheer, O ye Mystæ, our god is risen from the dead and we are saved."

From these facts and authorities it will appear evident that it was an ancient and well-received belief, throughout the whole world, that dominion should be placed in the hands of the Jews by the appearance of a Great Deliverer, who would restore mankind to their primitive purity. If then it be proved that the esoteric doctrines of the Spurious Freemasonry included a knowledge of this fact, and also of a Middle god, who should act in the character of a Mediator between the creature and the Creator; if they preserved and transmitted throughout all time a belief that salvation would be obtained by the shedding of blood, and that the sacrifice of one would be accepted as an atonement for the whole; if they taught that the Logos, or Word of God, was preordained to be a Saviour, an enlightener of darkness and a regenerator of the soul; if they inculcated a belief that His advent would be announced by a Blazing Star, or supernatural appearance in the heavens; if the allegorical aphanism and euresis of the Spurious Freemasonry actually shadowed forth His death and resurrection; why, then it will scarcely be denied that the Mysteries which embodied all these fundamental truths, however they might be misinterpreted or imperfectly understood, were designed by a superintending Providence to keep alive in the minds of those who had been seduced to the worship of false gods a knowledge of the principal features in the process of our redemption, that they might be prepared for the development when the appointed time should come.

THE PLATT MEMORIAL.—OLDHAM.

THE dull monotony which usually pervades this quaint Lancashire town was broken a few weeks back on the occasion of the unveiling of a statue of the late John Platt, Esq., M.P., which ceremony took place in presence of thousands of spectators, who occupied every available inch of space from which a glimpse of the figure could be caught. Everybody seemed to vie with his neighbour in showing respect to their late noble benefactor, by a display of bunting, flags, etc., which met the eye whichever way it turned; and this, too, notwithstanding the dull weather and the fall of slight showers during the day, which made the streets very uncomfortable to the feet. About 2.30 the various bodies, societies, etc., which took part in the procession, began to assemble in the appointed places. First, the Memorial Committee, then the Borough and County Magistrates, members of the Town Council, Board of Guardians, members of the various institutions, gentlemen of the town and district. Next came the Lodge of Tudor (No. 467) of Freemasons, who had previously met at the Lodge Room, in the following order:—Appentices, Craftsmen, Master Masons, Officers, Past Masters and Worshipful Masters; then the Brethren from other Lodges fell in (according to rank in their respective Lodges); all appearing in black clothes, white ties, and gloves; together with regalia of office as used in Craft Lodge, and headed by an excellent band' Afterwards came the Foresters, Odd fellows (U. O.), Shepherds, Oddfellows (M. U.), Druids, Oddfellows (U. I. O.), Oddfellows (Bolton Unity), Smiths, Plumbers, *employés* of Messrs. Platt Bros. and Co., Operative Spinners, Skip Makers, with the Brass Founders bringing up the rear. The procession, having marched through the

principal streets of the town, met at the foot of the monument, where had been erected a platform on which were Mrs. Platt, the Misses Platt, Major and Mrs. Platt, Mr. and Mrs. John Platt, Mr. J. W. and Mrs. Radcliffe, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Sykes (Cheadle), and the leading members of the various committees, mayors from others, and other friends. Mr. Wrigley (Chairman Memorial Committee) said his feelings of regret at the loss of their late distinguished townsman were counteracted by many expressions of joy displayed by the vast concourse of people before him on the occasion of the inauguration of that statue to the memory of their late departed friend, who had left them an inheritance of his name and the many acts of kindness they had received at his hands (applause). He had pleasure in calling upon Mrs. Platt to unveil that statue.

(As soon as the drapery fell, loud and prolonged cheers arose.)

Mr. Samuel Platt on behalf of his mother assured them that words failed to express or in any way adequately represent her feelings or those of the family on that occasion. It was not so much the value of the monument itself, but the spontaneous and hearty manner in which the matter had been taken up by rich and poor that touched Mrs. Platt and family. They looked with pride and pleasure upon the vast multitude there assembled to do honour to the memory of one who had lived and laboured so earnestly amongst them; showing by their presence that the name was still remembered by them (hear, hear), and that there was a kindred feeling. Mrs. Platt had consented to unveil that statue that she might show by her presence how much she appreciated their warm sympathy, and that she might thank them for the honour to herself and family (applause).

Mr. S. Buckley then read the deed conveying the statue to the town officials; after which,

The Mayor of Oldham expressed the pleasure and gratitude with which he accepted the statue on behalf of the corporation and inhabitants, and promised that care should be taken of it, that it might long perpetuate the name of him to whom Oldham was so much indebted; dwelling at considerable length on the many good qualities of the late Mr. Platt, and the influence of his life for good on the inhabitants, showing that by such examples of character they as a town had acquired those habits of industry which had so much contributed to their prosperity. He concluded by thanking the memorial committee for having given honour to whom honour was due (cheers).

In the evening a banquet was held and a number of toasts were proposed.

A beautiful gold medal was presented to Mrs. Platt. The *Oldham Express* says:—

"A deputation from the committee waited upon Mrs. Platt, when Mr. George Little, senior manager of the works, in the name of and on behalf of the committee at the works, presented her with a beautiful medallion in solid 18-carat gold, enclosed in a case of blue velvet, lined with white satin. Mrs. Platt, in a few well-chosen words, expressed her sincere thanks for this mark of their affection. The medal bears a representation of the statue, with the inscription, 'John Platt, M.P. for Oldham. Died in Paris, May 18th, 1872, aged 54 years.' On the back of the medal is the following: 'To commemorate the unveiling of the statue of the late John Platt, M.P., by Mrs. Platt, September 14th, 1878.' In gold lettering on the inner side of the lid of the case is the following: 'Presented to Mrs. Platt by the Hartford Works Memorial Committee, September 14th, 1878.' The same inscription has also been placed in alto-relievo on the edge of the medallion. The medal, which is worth about ten guineas, was struck by the firm of Mr. George Kenning, 123, Little Britain, and 175, Aldersgate-street, London. Besides this gold medal, 160 of solid silver, and 5,500 of plated metal have been struck by the same firm, all of which have been disposed of. Perhaps not less than 6,000 were worn this afternoon, and many more could have been disposed of."

AUTUMN.

BY BRO. JOHN SAFFERY, M.P.S.

WHERE are the fields of waving golden grain,
With slender stems and heavy hanging heads,
That bend with grace when over hill and plain
The summer breeze its ling'ring sweetness sheds?
To swell the garnered harvest they have gone;
A fair reward for skilful patient toil,
The treasured food that nations feed upon,—
Abundant yield of tilled and fertile soil.
Although the stubbled land is sere and bare,
And verdant leaves have turned to reddish-brown,
The orchards show a sign of plenty there,
And ripened fruit the spreading boughs weigh down.
Thick hangs th' enclust'ring grape from trailing vine,
That stretches o'er the trellised porch embowered,
Where cozy cot is turned to Nature's shrine,
By wealth of fruit and climbing flowers endowered.
When fields are stripped and grassy meads look brown,
Autumnal flowers make tasteful gardens gay,
These fragrant blossoms do the season crown,
Their beauty vying with the gems of May.
When Winter's near and leafless are the trees,
The branching boughs bare-twigged look stiff and cold;
When Autumn's gloom has deepened o'er the leas,
The ruddy sunset's sadd'ning to behold.
Remembrance, then, comes with the waning year,
Of life's decline, of loved ones now no more;
We lift a hand and brush away a tear,
As passing thoughts just touch on mem'ry's shore.
How fast we journey on from stage to stage!
'Tis infant Spring, then youthful Summer next,
With manhood's Autumn joined to Winter's age,
A round of life now pleasant, now perplexed,
Made bright by hope, but darkened most by fear,
Still rolling on as spins the wheel of Time,
Advancing day by day and year by year,
Age piled on Age by silent power sublime.
This world to us is but a place of change,
And truly so; for seasons vary much,
And climates alter with the widest range
From Cold to Hot; the Temperate now we touch.
E'en nature's revolutions we can trace,
In mountains, seas, and fossils from the earth,
And cyclic changes season-like efface
Existing terms, by those of newer birth.
"So generations in their course decay,
"They fall successive and successive rise;
"So flourish these when those have passed away,"
And Autumn's yield the Coming Spring supplies.

BEATRICE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "OLD OLD STORY," "ADVENTURES OF DON PASQUALE," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

MR. MILLER was saying to Beatrice in his most dulcet tones, "How well you are looking to day, Miss Beatrice;" and Molesey of Molesey was assuring her, in his fervent manner, that he did not know which he admired most, her "croquet dress," or her "croquet poses," but I fear they both made but little impression on that fair maiden, and thought her a somewhat inattentive hearer of what Octave Feuillet calls "fades complimens."

And, moreover, I observed, as perhaps a clue to this indifference, that Miss Beatrice was evidently listening to some pleasant speech of young Morley, which brought a blush to her cheek and a gleam to her eyes. Twamley, as usual, intervened and "brought down the house," for going up to Beatrice as if in great inward pain, and with horror depicted on his countenance, he said in words I almost seem to hear still, "Oh, most dangerous and fascinating of victors! be strong and generous; remember that there is such a thing as a broken-hearted as well as a croquetted hero, even though that individual belong to the British Army."

Miller and Molesey and young Merewether all seemed to frown upon the imperturbable youth, though Miss Jane Morley smiled visibly on the bold speaker, and was even *en confidence* with him the rest of that afternoon. I did not quite understand it at the first, though I did subsequently, and do perfectly now.

Molesey declared it was a "woman's twist." Brummer said something of "souvent femme varie;" but all of a sudden even then I called to mind that Miss Jane was a bit of a character in her way, clever and clairvoyante, pretty and pleasant, and she had, as I knew, a great admiration for "Geist."

And thus it came to pass that even then, and as we shall see later, she absolutely preferred Twamley's wit and Twamley's culture to a possessor of less brains if more wealth. Some people contend that women as a rule are "mercenary creatures." I deny both premise and conclusion! Too much, indeed, cannot often be said in favour of woman's courageous struggles to choose for herself a congenial companion through this trying pilgrimage of life. Unfortunately, custom, society, Mrs. Grundy, and family considerations too often stand dreadfully in her way, and frown on her "sentiment," and laugh at her "fancies." I am one of those who agree with Jane Morley in her straightforward estimate of things and persons, of the abstract and concrete importance in all such commodities of the "value received;" but I do not expect many to agree with me.

In saying this, I am running against a windmill of social caste, expediency, and custom, which is very powerful in this great Vanity Fair of ours.

Yes, gentle dulness, if gilded, has many admiring friends, and with some, even all the virtues, all the talents, all the graces, and all the moralities to boot, cannot compensate for want of wealth or position. A dear old friend, alas! now long since past away, sang of old in a memorable work, in some memorable lines,—

"For if you're in love, and have not tin;
You'll live to repent what a fool you've been."

And is there not much truth in his poetic proposition?

Praed tells us of a charming but somewhat mercenary young lady, I fear, who in a

P.S. to her dearest, dearest friend, thus deals with this very difficult and delicate question,—

"P.S. I have found on reflection
One fault in my friend, "entre nous,"
Without it he'd just be perfection:
Poor fellow, he has not a 'sou.'
And so when he comes in September
To shoot with my Uncle Sir Dan
I've promised mamma to remember
He's *only* a talented man."

Now I am quite aware that I am treading on very ticklish ground, and some of my readers will even think, and perhaps say, that Miss Jane Morley ought not to have shown her liking for "Master Twamley."

Well, I don't agree with them. Indeed, I condemn from the very bottom of my heart that prudery which affects to think that it is a proof of true feminine modesty to conceal carefully your preference for any one particular or favoured individual. How unwise it is, because some foolish person has said, "Force a man to find out your real feeling," to conceal from an honest-hearted fellow the real wish and leaning of your heart! How in the name of the "eleven thousand virgins" is any man to find out what you so carefully hide up? Half the men in the world won't take the trouble, and therefore the one you really care for walks off, and you and he wander on in diverse paths, perhaps both to end some day in a wretched "fiasco."

Now I don't want girls to be forward, or fast, or slangy, or unmaidenly, by avowing their fondness for Tom, Dick, and Harry; but if a woman chooses, she can always let a man who is worthy of her know, if by some mysterious intuition, her innermost thoughts and feelings, on a matter of such vital importance to herself, and also, I imagine, not less to him.

Now in saying this I am not to be supposed to be advocating hasty or ill-considered marriages—marriages against the wish of parents and families. That is never a wise thing to do; and an impecunious marriage is a great blunder.

Neither must I be supposed to assail "family compacts," and the like, or "comfortable settlements" generally; because, as Mrs. Balasso says, they are the "palladium" of society.

I do not profess to be an admirer of the "Conseil de Famille" myself. In all countries where it exists it has worked untold social evils of every kind; and I for one thank my stars that that "blessed institution," like the Inquisition, and a good many more old-world curiosities, never had any footing, and, I believe, never will have any, in this good free England of ours.

But there are family arrangements, "and family arrangements," and I should not dare, especially in the *Masonic Magazine*, to utter any revolutionary language on this most important topic. Yet I cannot refrain from saying that I fear more marriages are made "on earth" than "in heaven" just now, and I fear moreover that far too many charming girls are induced to marry for wealth and position alone, so that many a fair *fiancée* amongst us may truly be said, alas,

"To have gathered the links of a *gilded* chain,
And fastened them proudly round her."

But let us get on, and leave behind us metaphysical disquisitions and hymeneal reminiscences! We were a very merry party that evening. I greatly enjoyed Mrs. Mortimer's unpretending tea, and homely, unsophisticated welcome to us all. How is it that we have become so artificial, and so formal, and so grand, and so profuse? How is it that society seems to have lost its charm of real welcome and simple heartiness, and to have degenerated into a scramble of ostentatious show and unmitigated sham?

If some of our young, or rather elderly men, are said to sigh to-day "for the girls of other days," as well as for their "dresses," must we not all lament that good old-

fashioned hospitality which seems to have left us altogether, and for which we have now only to confront the senseless chatter of vapid conversation, and the idle extravagance of pretentious formality?

It seems as if I were destined never to emerge in this chapter from philosophy, metaphysics, sentiment, or moonshine, or anything else you like. I fear greatly I must have bored some of my younger readers especially. But as it is the best way always to get out of a "bad thing," to "close the account," I will stop here, for fear lest my erratic pen will not "improve itself," as the Frenchman has it, and if those who do read these pages will have courteous patience until next chapter, I will try to mend my manners and "mend my pace!"

So *au revoir*, kind readers, until Chapter V.

(*To be continued.*)

DO THY DUTY BRAVELY.

BY MRS. G. M. TWEDDELL,

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

Do thy duty bravely!
Howe'er so hard it be:
Work on, and trust in God—
Then help will come to thee.

Do thy duty bravely!
Though all around looks drear;
And do not think thou art alone,
For God is ever near.

Do thy duty bravely!
If clouds hang thick around:
However dark they *seem* to thee,
Some bright spot may be found.

Do thy duty bravely!
In this our world of care
None are exempt from trials—
Some burden each must share.

Do thy duty bravely!
To thee this thought be given,—
If here there is no place for me,
There's one prepared in heaven.

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.

AN ELEGY.

BY W. CORBETT, MARINERS' LODGE, 249.

IN Arno's graveyard on the Avon's bank,
Where rest in peace the good, the true, the brave—
Where all are level—equal are in rank—
Is to be seen a lowly, quiet grave!

No marble column rears on high its head
To mark the resting place of noble birth;
No polished granite looks upon the dead
That moulders gently in its mother earth!

A simple stone is all that we can see,
And simple language all that we behold—
Simple they are, but round them memory
Wreathes something holier, better far than gold!

The happy days when life was fair and young
Come back like shadows from that far off time;
We hear again the joyous songs we sung;
And earth is coloured with a hue sublime.

O'er Durdham downs we wander when the bloom
Of hawthorn scents the quiet evening air;
Or with thy children in their little room
Their infant sports and happy pastimes share.

Time sped in love and happiness, and we
Gave to the future not the slightest heed;
But on one dark November day to thee
The summons came which dullest mind could read.

Thou left thy children and thy wife in tears
Of grief, and heart-felt, unavailing woe,
For thou wast only very young in years,
And it was very hard to let thee go!

But Death, the conqueror, will have his way—
There is no hiding from his cruel eye—
His dread command we mortals must obey—
Must bid the world and all our friends good-bye!

Thy tomb lies on a gentle, sunny slope
In Arno's vale, and rose trees o'er thee wave;
And on thy tombstone is expressed a hope
"Of everlasting life beyond the grave!"

Since thou wast laid at rest, the rolling years
Have come and gone, but have not made me wise,
For when I think of thee a mist of tears
Comes quite uncalled, unbidden to my eyes!

Sept. 3rd, 1878.

ART-JOTTINGS IN ART-STUDIOS.

BY BRO. REV. W. TEBBS.

MURAL DECORATION—"ENCAUSTIC."

"Look here upon this picture."

BY one of those over-lappings of systems which seem to form the several stages in the history of Art just as they do in that of Nature, we have gradually merged from sculpture, through wall-decoration by "incision," into mural-ornamentation by means of colour applied without the preparatory work of the graving-tool.

We have said "stages in the history," looking at the various modes of treatment as we should regard the steps of a ladder; but it would have been far more correct to have likened the transition from mode to mode and the blending of process with process to the picture of the history of the earth's formation presented to us in the pages of that most interesting science geology.

In this Nature-printed story of her birth and life we easily read how one system extended into another—the one declining and the other increasing through some middle point where, for a moment, they seem to have existed side by side; so in the treasures of archæology can we see the various art-processes dovetailed into one another, the incised and coloured hieroglyph partaking of both sculpture and painting.

If now we take this latter, painting, and leave out the former, sculpture, we shall obtain a form of decoration very early in vogue, namely, mural-decoration in colour.

In the days of Haydon and Hazlitt a fierce dispute was raging in France and Germany as to whether mural-painting was ever practised to any great extent by the ancients. M. Letronne asserted that wall-painting was their usual mode, instancing the Temple of Theseus, in which the contours of the works of Polygnotus had been discovered by his friends cut in on the plaster with the cestrum and the colours afterwards picked out by the early Christians. The friends of his opponent, Paul-Rochette, asserted, on the contrary, that there was a sinking in of the plaster as if it had been fitted to receive tabular works which were to be let into the walls. Pliny clearly shows that both modes were in use, for, after describing the absurdly large picture (one hundred and twenty feet high) of Nero on canvas, he says that he prefers tabular pictures to those on walls because the latter cannot be saved in case of fire.

A controversy like this, in face of the remains of the remote past, seems somewhat puerile, for of the antiquity of the practise of wall-painting there is and can be no manner of doubt. In Egypt, in the Etruscan tombs, in the dwellings of Pompeii, and in the Catacombs are the remains of wall-paintings which are generally supposed to be frescoes. Those in Pompeii are particularly worthy of notice, being remarkable for grandeur and purity of style in design and drawing, combined with a slight and free manner of execution; so much is this latter feature noticeable that, taken in combination with the fact of the frequent repetition of many of the subjects, it has been held to be evidence that these mural-decorations were simply copies by house-decorators of celebrated pictures preserved in the temples and palaces of Rome.

But this does not take us back to the origin of the art, which was probably well-nigh as far back in the history of the world as that of the art of painting itself. If, when the Spaniards landed in South America, the natives conveyed the intelligence of their arrival to King Montezuma, by painted representations of their ships, their dress, and their persons, what more likely than that they should record their history and even symbolise their hopes and aspirations, their joys and griefs, their pleasures and their pains, but, above all, their religious belief, on the walls of their dwellings?

Thus in Babylon we find paintings after nature of animals, hunting scenes, and combats. Semiramis was represented on horseback as striking a leopard with a dart, whilst her husband Minus was wounding a lion.

Ezekiel says: "I went in, and saw, and beheld every form of creeping things, and abominable beasts, and all the idols of the house of Israel, pourtrayed on the wall round about." And again: "She saw men pourtrayed upon the wall, the images of the Chaldeans pourtrayed in vermilion, girded with girdles upon their loins, exceeding in dyed attire upon their heads, all of them princes to look at, after the manner of the Babylonians and Chaldeans."

Now, considering that great statues were erected in Babylon, the arts must have existed amongst the Babylonians long before the period here referred to.

Of late years quite a revolution has taken place in our ideas on this subject, from the deciphering of the hieroglyphs; and we are now assured of the extreme antiquity of art in ages hitherto considered almost fabulous. From the art of Asia we have been used to turn to that of Egypt; but it now seems certain that this latter people were preceded in their knowledge by the Ethiopians. When, then, we have distinct evidence of the existence of Egyptian art more than eighteen centuries before Christ, how wonderfully old must have been that of the Ethiopians which thus preceded it? Lord Prudhoe discovered the remains of an ancient city of great magnificence some eighty miles above Dayola, which he supposes to have been the capital of Tirhakah mentioned in the Bible. Here he found some splendid remains of art-work.

Again: it is now evident that as early as the nineteenth century before Christ the walls and temples of Thebes were decorated with paintings (as well as sculptures), commemorating personal and historical events. The period at which these pictures were placed there is not known, but it is quite certain that they were there at the expulsion of the shepherd kings, and this was before the time of Moses.

To review the work of more of the nations of antiquity is not now our purpose, suffice it if we have shown the antiquity of the art itself, because it only brings us to consider the words of Haydon: "The beginning of art was the same in all nations. They might improve each other; but we do not believe that painting was ever originally brought into one nation by another, or that there ever existed any, where it has not always been more or less known from the remotest period of their history."

Then we are led to ask ourselves, What was this "same beginning"? Surely, according to the record of the volume of the Sacred Law, the craft practised and handed down to their descendants by Jabal, Jubal, Tubal-Cain, and the other immediate descendants of the Father of the human race—Adam.

We must now turn to the more practical side of our subject, that is, the modes by which mural-decorations have been, and now are, produced.

The ancient Greeks, then, employed two methods, "Encaustic" and "Distemper." The former, as its name implies, called in the aid of heat; whilst the latter was simply our "tempera," for the vehicle of which they employed colour dissolved in water mixed with glue.

In the "Encaustic" (ἐνεκαυαεν [burnt in], as the Greeks put on all their "encaustic" pictures) process they employed wax. In this wax, properly smoothed and prepared, they drew the required subject with the "stylus." After a little time some of them ventured to fill in this outline with black, when a result was obtained similar to our profile drawing, which they called ςκιαγραμματα (skiagrams), from σκια (shade) and γραφω (to draw). Next came a man with more extended aspirations, who invented the μονογραμμα (monogram), from μονος (only), that is, a picture in outline only. Soon came the use of "positive colour," which was introduced, according to Pliny, by Cleophantus of Corinth; he ground up and used a red brick. This discovery was called μονοχρωμα (monochrome), that is, single tint, and was employed to represent flesh. Next came the white ground (the lime and plaster of the Egyptians, and the "gesso" of the Italians) covered with wax. And then soon followed the rest of the colours, derived from different earths, and thus τολυχρωμα (polychrome), many coloured, was formed.

The art, having obtained its materials, soon advanced to excellence. "How long," says Fuzeli, "the brush assisted only the cestrum, and when it superseded it, cannot be ascertained; it cannot be proved that it ever entirely superseded it, and there is every reason to believe they were always combined."

And now a word or two as to the "manipulation." Why did the Greeks use the word ἐνεκαυσεν (burnt in)? Was it that fire is generally used to melt wax, or was it the application of heat in the process? Was the stylus or cestrum heated with which they drew in the wax? Was actual heat applied in the last stage to amalgamate the colour? or was the wax melted and used whilst actually boiling? Pliny says that there were certain colours which would not stand without varnish; and that after they were laid on walls and dry they were coated with a warm mixture of punic wax and oil. Every Greek artist had his καυτηριον (chafing-dish), and when the varnish was dry, it was heated by fire, "usque ad sudorem" (to the sweating-point), and it was then rubbed with wax candles and polished with napkins. This method the Greeks called καυσις (burning), and why should not this have been the meaning of the ἐνεκαυσεν. Amongst artists "vehicles" and "varnishes" are used somewhat interchangeably, and it is therefore reasonable to suppose that "ceris pingere" (to paint with waxes) and "picturam inurere" were the same methods. So, at least, says Pliny, and he adds, "There were anciently two methods, one cerâ (with wax) and another on ivory with a cestrum; then came a third, boiling the wax and painting ships at once with it, which was a lasting mode, so that neither sea, wind, nor sun destroyed it." It appears, from another passage, that the ships were painted in the same way as pictures were burnt in ("ceræ tinguntur iisdem coloribus, ad eas picturas, quæ inuruntur; alieno parietibus genere, sed classibus familiari").

So then there were four distinct methods of encaustic painting. (1) Mixing the colours with wax and thinning them with a liquid at the moment of painting; (2) placing distinct pieces of coloured wax on ivory, like a mosaic, and uniting by means of a heated cestrum; (3) boiling the wax and using it hot; and (4) softening the whole picture, after completion, by heating it with a "cauterium" (chafing-dish.)

Both Pliny and Vitruvius describe the mode of working, the latter by far the most minutely and accurately. "After your wall is dry and smooth," he says, "liquefy punic wax a little by the fire and temper it with oil. Then varnish, and when dry heat it with a chafing-dish and rub it smooth.

Pliny does not settle the discoverer of this art, but seems to incline to Aristides or Praxiteles. In any case he says Polygnotus and Nicanor, Lysippus of Egina and Pamphilus, the great master of Pausias, practised it; the last-named, Pausias, seeming to have excelled in it to the greatest degree.

Various attempts have been made in modern times to revive it. About the middle of the last century Count Caylus and M. Bachelier, and in 1792 Miss Greenland, made various experiments with a view to its resuscitation. The Count laid the result of his studies before the Academies of Painting and Sciences at Paris, whilst the Society for the Encouragement of Arts at London awarded Miss Greenland a golden pallette. The subject soon dropped, to be revived, however, in Germany under the patronage of the late King of Bavaria, who had some important work executed in this style of art. The mode employed was to grind the colours and lay them on with a "vehicle" composed almost wholly of wax.

Miss Greenland dissolved gum-arabic in water, afterwards adding gum-mastic, which was dissolved by stirring and boiling, and when the mixture reached the boiling point she added the wax. After painting the picture, she passed a thin coating of melted wax over it, with a hand brush, and then drew an ordinary flat-iron moderately heated over the surface. The picture, when cool, was rubbed with a fine linen cloth.

The German method is somewhat similar, but some other ingredients are used; among these potash with the wax; whilst in place of an iron being passed over the face of the picture, the wax is brought to the surface by a vessel containing fire being held at a little distance from it. This, of course, more nearly resembles the ancient method of the chafing-dish.

Encaustic painting, so-called, is never likely to come into very general use, for it cannot be compared to ordinary oil-painting either in brilliancy of colouring, facility of execution, or durability: whilst for the decoration of large surfaces it cannot for an instant compete with its sister-art, "painting in fresco."

MILDRED: AN AUTUMN ROMANCE.

BY BRO. EMRA HOLMES,

Author of "Tales, Poems, and Masonic Papers;" "The Path of Life: An Allegory;" "Amabel Vaughan;" "Notes on the United Order of the Temple and Hospital," etc., etc.

CHAPTER III.

A QUEER BUSINESS.

EARLY the next morning his valet entered his room, took the dress clothes which he had worn the previous evening, brushed and put them away, and at the same time informed him that the General wished to see him immediately in the breakfast-room. Dressing hurriedly, he went downstairs and found his father pacing up and down the room.

"Good morning, sir," Marmaduke said, on holding out his hand to his father as he spoke, "I am sorry if I offended you last night."

"I would rather not reopen the question," the General says, frigidly; "I did not send for you to discuss your follies or inclinations, but to hand you this intimation from the Secretary at War. You asked to be sent on Foreign Service, I think."

"I did, father. The fact is, I'm tired of home life."

"Well, I am not presumed to know your motives, but here are your marching orders. You exchange into the 85th, and hold yourself in readiness to leave with your regiment on the 11th for the West Indies."

"Is that all?"

"Yes, that's all I wanted. I suppose you will want some money for your uotfit. How soon will you be ready to start?"

"As soon as you like."

"Well, a soldier should be prepared to go at once. You had better take the next train. I will give you a cheque for £200, and when you want more write and you shall have it. You have been a very extravagant fellow, and I trust you will now endeavour to turn over a new leaf."

"Thank you, father; but I suppose the evening train will do. I have many things to attend to." (Marmaduke wanted to see Mildred to wish her good-bye.)

"Humph, I don't know," the father hesitated; it seemed rather harsh sending his son away like this, when it was possible he might never see him again. "Oh, Marmaduke"—it was the first time he had called him by his Christian name for a year—"I will see you again before you go. There's a letter for you," and with that the General, who was an early riser, and had finished his breakfast, retired to his study.

The young man carelessly took up the letter on his breakfast plate, and turned it over curiously, as men do when they do not at first recognize the handwriting, and like to wonder from whom it is without opening it.

"Marked immediate. Who is it from? Another row, I suppose," he said, languidly, as he cut it open with his penknife.

"Hullo, what's up now," and he read aloud—

The Camp, Colchester, July 4th, 186-

DEAR MATHEW,—

The old lawyer that you wot of has been up here and swears vengeance on you. The young lady says all sorts of things about you, and there's an awful row. The Colonel says you must put it all right, or leave the regiment. Come at once.

MERVYN KNOLLYS.

"I have changed my mind, and will take your advice, and go by the next train as you suggest, sir," Marmaduke said as he looked in at the General's sanctum half an hour later.

"That's a good boy," the General replies; he seems quite mollified at his son's compliance with his wishes, and as the latter strolls off to get his traps put up, the General mutters to himself, "Better so; if he goes off now without seeing her, he'll forget her in a week. It would never do for the future county member to marry Bethune's daughter. Never heard such a preposterous idea before in my life. Wonder what made Lord Kenarlon put the idea into my head? And with Lady Ida in the market too."

Now, the said Lady Ida was the youngest daughter of an Irish Earl who lived in the neighbourhood. He was very poor, of very old family, and had eight daughters, only three of whom were married. The General was worth, it was said, twenty thousand a year, for property, and especially his property, had gone up twenty or thirty fold in value within the last hundred years, for the fens had been drained, and what was once a swamp was now valuable corn land worth £50 an acre. The Earl of Glenorne knew this, and although Marmaduke was the younger son, he knew his father would give him a handsome fortune if he married as he desired, indeed so much had been told him as coming from General Mathew. So it was quite thought (the Countess being a nonentity who always fell in with her husband's views, but who, so far as her other daughters were concerned, had not managed very well for the family) that the Lady Ida, now eighteen, should one day become the wife of Marmaduke Mathew.

CHAPTER IV.

A PRETTY RIVAL!

The General would have opened his eyes if he had known what was taking place at Colchester within a week of the events narrated in the last chapter; and when he did hear of it, the end was not far to see.

"Well, Mervyn, old fellow, and what's the row about this time?" Marmaduke says, as he alights from a first-class carriage at Colchester at twelve o'clock that night; he had travelled straight to town and come on by the mail, and his friend and brother officer had met him at the station.

"What's the row? Well, I like that, Mathew; you know better than I do what's the row. Old Jarvis, the pettifogging attorney, has been at the Colonel about you and his daughter."

"What does he say?" Marmaduke replies, as they drive off in a cab for the officer's quarters, putting a cheroot into his mouth at the same time, and lighting it leisurely with a vesuvian.

"Why, that you committed yourself in some way, attempted to — you understand?" his friend replies, bluntly.

"It's an infamous lie."

"Honour?"

"Honour bright."

"Saint, old boy, I'm heartily glad to hear it. A man's a blackguard who takes away a girl's character in that way, and nothing short of it. I don't mind a flirtation, and all that sort of thing—and of course men are not angels—but there's no occasion to go out of the way to injure any one, and I don't believe you are the man to deceive even a slavey, or a little milliner."

"Thanks for your good opinion. I'm not a Joseph."

"No one said you were, Saint, at least no one who knew you."

Saint was a nickname Marmaduke had in the regiment, and probably had its origin in some supposed connection with his surname. Mervyn said he was called so because

he was such a sinner. The two young men smoked silently for a few minutes, and by that time the cab had arrived at the camp, and the officers strolled up to Marmaduke's room. Late though it was, of course there was another cigar and brandy and sodas for two (a B. and S., they would have said), and the pros and cons were discussed of Marmaduke's last escapade.

It appeared that for the last two or three months, a certain Miss Jarvis, a blonde young lady of fast manners, loud voice, and a good deal in the pretty horse-breaker style, had made a dead set at Marmaduke, whom she had met at the County Flower Show held in the spring at Ipswich, where the band of the Guards played, and which several of the officers thought it their duty to patronise. She was the daughter of a rich lawyer of indifferent reputation. A man who took up dirty cases, and made his fortune by it. A dangerous man to meddle with—great in divorce and such like cases; a perfect terror to evil-doers and to well-doers too, if they once got into his clutches through any little weakness on their part. One thing had led to another; Marmaduke had seen Georgie Jarvis at a public ball. Georgie was smitten, though six or seven years his senior at least, and had determined to win him by fair means or foul.

Mr. Jarvis added to his other avocations that of money-lender, and Georgie had been before the bait which had tempted more than one young officer to his ruin. The lawyer kept a good table; invariably left his card on the officers of the mess whenever a new regiment came into quarters at Colchester, and before the new comers had found him out had generally managed to wing some of the pigeons. Georgie presided at the dinner table with a grace which is better imagined than described. She was undeniably fast, but somehow no one could say anything directly against her character. It was shady, but how shady no one distinctly knew.

But time was getting on, and Georgie, in spite of many attempts, was not yet married. Her name was just a little blown upon, and no one in the town would marry her, that was certain, yet no one could distinctly say that she had ever gone astray.

The fact is, she was not moral or religious, she was only wide awake. She meant matrimony—now that she was twenty-seven (she admitted to twenty-four), for the full fledged beauty was getting a little faded. Assisting at dinners where she did not leave with the ladies, but preferred to stay to imbibe an extra glass and listen to the gentlemen's stories, was not altogether good for the physical any more than the moral tone, and whilst the young ensigns and cornets spoke of Georgie as "a splendid woman, by Jove," the more experienced avoided her as they would a plague. And Marmaduke had been caught in her toils. Long had she angled for him, and now the prize was at her feet.

As Marmaduke told the story to his friend, Mervyn Knollys, it appeared that a month ago he had been invited to a dinner party of young officers (a new regiment had just come into camp) at Mr. Jarvis's. Georgie had been particularly attentive to him, and he had taken, he admitted, a little more wine than was good for him. The rest of the officers had gone, and she had encouraged him to remain—had told him she would let him through the garden gate down by the summer-house, and show him a cross cut to the Camp. They lived a little way out of the town on the London Road.

It was a lovely summer night, bright moonlight, and they went—he did not know who first suggested it—into the arbour. Georgie had given him a rose, and he had kissed her. Well, yes, he had kissed her several times. In fact, he did a good deal of spooning; he supposed it was the wine, or the lovely night, or the woman—and she was a very handsome woman. But, however, he could not tell exactly how it happened and whether it was a plot or not, but presently he saw one of the maidservants coming down the path, when Georgie, uttering a loud scream, fell into his arms and went into hysterics, and the servant, running up in a state of excitement, asked what was the matter in a meaning way, and then dashed off into the house for a jug of water.

Presently Georgie came round, and, in a reproachful way, told him he had better go "*now he had done his worst*," in the presence of the servant. He did not know what to do, he was so struck all of a heap, he said, and, instead of seeing her into the house, he slunk off as if he had been convicted of some crime. Still, he could not make

out what it all meant till a fortnight after, when he was sent for by Mr. Jarvis, who told him that from a communication he had that morning received from his daughter, who was very poorly, and who had kept to her room for the last ten days and more, he must tell him that he had a very serious charge to bring against him, a charge which was in part corroborated by the statement of Emma, the housemaid.

In vain he expostulated and avowed his innocence. Mr. Jarvis was obdurate. He, Mr. Mathew, had injured his daughter's character—it was already the gossip of the household—and he must make the only reparation he could or abide the consequences. He gave him a fortnight to consider.

When Marmaduke went down to St. Benet's, the wily lawyer, who had heard some rumours about his trying to exchange (the young officer hoping, in fact, to escape by this means) thought to checkmate him by going to the Colonel of his regiment and telling him the story, with such additions as our readers may imagine, but which it is needless to give. So Marmaduke was summoned back to Colchester to meet his fate.

(To be continued.)

NOTES ON LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

BY BRO. GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL.

Author of "Shakspere, his Times and Contemporaries," "The Bards and Authors of Cleveland and South Durham," "The People's History of Cleveland and its Vicinage," "The Visitor's Handbook to Redcar, Coatham, and Saltburn by the Sea," "The History of the Stockton and Darlington Railway," etc., etc.

OF the Grand Lodge of the Indian Territory, founded October 5th, 1874—whose jurisdiction is bounded on the north by the State of Kansas, on the east by Missouri and Arkansas, on the south by Texas, and on the west by Texas and Mexico—the August number of the *Canadian Craftsman* remarks: "Masonry in the far west has many difficulties to encounter—a wild, half-civilized community, a land infested with outlaws and ruffians, a section with settlements hundreds of miles apart. We think, under these circumstances, our brethren in the wilds of the Indian Territory should extort from us the warmest sympathy and friendship. The Lodges there have united for the express purpose of advancing the best interests of the Craft. We wish them peace, prosperity, and plenty, and trust that ere the Masonic year has passed, the Grand Lodge of the Indian Territory will be recognized not only by the Grand Lodge of Manitoba, but by every Grand Lodge within the Dominion of Canada." But the Grand Lodge of the Indian Territory, I believe, refuses to acknowledge the members of the Negro Lodges as genuine Masons. Let them take care that their own is always the genuine article; for Lodges may be legally chartered, and even their working of the ceremonies be perfect—instead of the miserable bungling which one is sometimes pained to see; but they must aim higher than this, and take care that with them Freemasonry is neither an aristocratical plaything on the one hand, nor a plebeian drinking-club on the other; but they must prove by the purity and gentleness of their lives, that the Craft has a tendency to make men wiser, kinder, and in every way nobler than it found them.

The Rev. Canon Greenwell, a most competent critic, remarks of Durham Cathedral —one of the noblest works of our ancient operative brethren:—

"The Bernician see, at the time of the flight from Chester-le-Street, and the settlement of Saint Cuthbert and his congregation at Durham, was presided over by Aldhun, who thus became what, by anticipation, may be called the first Bishop of Durham. A church was built by him for the reception of the body of Saint Cuthbert, in which it was deposited in the year 999. This building did not remain for quite an hundred years, and in 1093, Bishop William of Saint Carilef, who had previously established the Benedictines at Durham, commenced that magnificent Cathedral, which, after various changes and additions, still exists. It crowns the rocky height of Durham, not only one of the most glorious examples of Norman architecture in England, but, in virtue of its great beauty of proportion, its solemn and most impressive massiveness, and the peculiar but strikingly effective details of its various parts, one of the grandest churches of a country which is second to none in Europe in those marvellous creations of Christian art."

In the year 1616—when William Shakspere was just passing through "the dark valley of the shadow of death"—John Withie, the arms-painter, finished an heraldic MS., not without its value to the student of the history of our great metropolis. It is entitled, "The Names and Armes of them that hath been Aldermen of the Warde of Aldersgate since the tyme of King Henry 6, beginninge at the 30 yeere of his Reigne until this present yeeare of our Lorde 1616. Which names and Armes were collected out of recorde 1616. J[ohn] W[ithie]." The armorial bearings are beautifully coloured; and the work is now being reproduced, and briefly annotated, by Mr. F. C. Price, Fac-similist to the British Museum, and is to be published by Golding and Lawrence, the antiquarian booksellers opposite the Museum gates.

The *Family Novelist* will shortly consist of a complete story in twelve chapters, entitled "The Gable in Drew Court," from the pen of Mr. John Dawson. The same writer has also recently finished a short serial tale, entitled "The Black Tarn," which will be run through a popular periodical. Seeing that it is only by means of stirring tales that we can get the masses to begin to read, every such effort, made in a pure spirit, is breaking up the barren soil, and preparing it for higher things. We are too apt to blame the poor for their love of sensation tales; but is not the very spirit of all our popular preaching, platform oratory, newspaper leaders, and theatrical exhibitions, sensational? Nay, are not the most prosaic lives of our traders and commercial men sensational in the extreme? Men rush beyond their strength to make fortunes fast: those who do succeed run over the sprawling prostrate forms of their brothers fallen in the mad race for worldly wealth, and have not time or inclination to hold out to them a helping hand; and when they have succeeded in being able "to retire," retirement to their badly cultivated minds is almost as bad as solitary confinement to a culprit. Such is the boasted civilization of the nineteenth century: much to admire, but also much deeply to deplore.

Samuel Osgood, D.D. and LL.D., in an able address delivered before the New York Genealogical and Biographical Society, on "Life and its Records in this Generation," says "the great revival of common school education," in the United States, "is dated from 1817, and its movement continued throughout that whole generation, and entered into the third generation, which we call especially our own. There was in connection with this movement a rise of interest in classical study that had so much importance as to be fitly called a *renaissance* of letters." Having given credit to the scholars, McVicar, Verplanck, Bethune, Alexander, and others, in New York, he adds: "I am most familiar with the history of classical learning in New England, especially in its oldest seat, Harvard University. Classical culture there may be said almost to have begun with the last generation in the endowment of the Professorships of Latin and Greek in 1811, and in the endowment of the Professorship of Greek Literature in 1815, and the call of Edward Everett to the chair, the most brilliant young man of his day. With this rising taste came the new culture of Massachusetts, which has so made its mark upon history, poetry, romance, ethics, and theology. It was virtually the re-birth of the classic spirit, and especially of the Greek thought under the old Puritan rule; and with it there came the research for the standard of

truth and duty in the very nature of things, instead of the old appeal to personal and dogmatic theology." And of that important auxiliary of human enlightenment, the Newspaper Press, he remarks: "The daily paper is no new thing, the first daily newspaper, the *Daily Courant*, being started in London in 1709, and the first in America, the *Pennsylvania Packet*, starting in 1784. But what was the old hand press of 1457 to the great power press of our day? and what were the little gossiping sheets of 1709 and 1784 in comparison with the eight and twelve page dailies of our time, which give in every issue a volume of solid reading, with reports from all lands and peoples by lightning flashes over continents and under oceans?" And he asks us to "think of the increase of American newspapers from 1840 to 1870, in thirty years, from 1,631 to 5,875, with a yearly circulation of 15,000,000,000?" Well may he add that "the press is the peculiar educator of this generation." The remark applies to the Old World as well as to the New; and, whilst we ought to battle bravely for the liberty of the press everywhere, we ought specially to be prepared to strike down at once the miscreant who would prostitute it.

The *Genealogist* for September, edited by G. W. Marshall, LL.D., F.S.A., among other matters interesting to antiquaries, contains an article on the traffic in baronetcies in the seventeenth century, in which the writer observes: "The title of Baronet, so much sought after at a later period and so often eagerly assumed, particularly in Scotland, on very doubtful grounds, was, as is well known, originally sold for money. The Crown was frequently more eager to bestow the honour than were the gentlemen who were expected to be the purchasers to receive it. In Scotland, Sir William Alexander, afterwards Earl of Stirling—who was at first intended to receive 1,000 marks (Scots) from every baronet created in Scotland, but afterwards arranged that twice this sum was to be expended solely for the benefit of his languishing colony, Nova Scotia—found he had much opposition to face. The minor barons in 1625 protested against the precedence granted to the new order; and various individuals, to whom it was offered, refused to accept the title, even when urged or coaxed by the king himself to do so. Although it was certain by a royal prerogative to create titles and confer precedence, the Barons holding of the Crown in Scotland long continued to object to a hereditary order being placed between them and the Lords of Parliament." After giving a few cases in point, he adds: "After a time, the taste for the new title seems to have increased, and the order became so firmly established that the sovereigns used to grant as a favour, or in payment of a debt, blank warrants for the title of baronet, which were sold by the recipient. Mr. John Bannantine, minister of Lanark, having taken charge of the sons of the Duchess of Hamilton, her Grace procured for him as a reward a warrant of this nature, which he sold for £100 to his parishioner, Carmichael of Bonnington, who was at once recognized as a baronet. The title was held without dispute by his descendants till they became extinct in the male line, on the death of Sir William Carmichael, Bailie of Lamington and Bonnington, in July, 1738. Sir Robert Carr, of Etal, in Northumberland, a gentleman of Scotch descent, had, in 1647, two warrants of baronetcy from Charles I., which he was unable to make any use of in the then disturbed state of the country. In 1661, he presents a petition to Charles II., asking for their renewal, and His Majesty, on the 8th August, approves this request, and allows that 'he nominate two mete persons to His Majestie capable for their extraction and estates of the dignity and honour of a Knight Baronett.' Unluckily, we are in few cases able to trace these warrants; their issue, their transfer, their formal recognition, are unrecorded." Bearing on this subject an amusing example is given in an agreement made at London, August 7th, 1641, wherein "it is agreed betwixt Sir John Turing, of Foverne, on the one part, and John Turing, of Covent Garden, nigh London, on the other part," that in consequence of plain John having lent his knightly namesake the sum of a hundred and eighty pounds, which he evidently could not pay back, Sir John was to "go halves" with plain John when he sold the baronetcy for which he then held the king's warrant; and Sir John entered into a legal bond, duly acknowledging the debt to his namesake, and fully binding himself to give him one half of the spoil when he sold the baronetcy. It is difficult to keep any government

whatever form it may take, pure and spotless; but a healthy state of public opinion—a spreading abroad of the genuine principles of Freemasonry—will always secure comparative purity; whether it be in a monarchy or a republic. And every Mason ought to know that, though he should be prepared, if necessary, to forfeit his life before he would divulge any of the secrets of the order to those not duly entitled to receive them; yet he is not only at liberty to propagate, but it is his bounden duty to do so, in his words and in his actions, the glorious principles of the Craft.

Bro. Dr. R. A. Dougals-Lithgow, F.R.S.L., a respected medical practitioner at Wisbech, and one of the Honorary Local Secretaries to the British Archæological Association on its recent Congress at that place, has published a volume of poems, under the title of *Pet Moments*, dedicated by permission to the Poet Laureate, which Eliza Cook, no mean authority, characterizes as far "superior to many which demand the world's notice," and declares that "the whole of them carry the germ of intellectual and poetic power." In a future Note we may glance at those "charming and fresh inspirations of the Muse," as *Public Opinion* terms them; for the present, this passing notice must suffice. Medical men as a rule are not very poetical. For myself, I never could see why Science and Poetry should be looked upon as antagonistic. All truth is beautiful, and everything that possesses material or spiritual beauty is, so far, poetical. Ghastly as a human skeleton appears to those who have never thought on the useful purposes it was constructed to perform by the wisdom of T.G.A.O.T.U., in the eye of those who carry their researches in the least "into the hidden mysteries of nature and science," it loses at once the horror with which it strikes the ignorant, and becomes beautiful for its fine adaptation for the support and motions of human beings in the highest purposes which they have accomplished in any age or clime. Above all men, the Freemason should be thoroughly imbued with the true spirit of poetry.

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.

FAITHFULLY.

F Full of a high ambition, rendering best homage above,
I Imbued with a holy fear, strong in a perfect love,
D Devoted to works of kindness; with one great object in view,
E Eager to aid in His service, honest, and staunch, and true;
L Learning to find in His chastenings more reason for thankfulness deep;
É Embracing life's dangers e'en gladly,—so of your fruits shall ye reap!

F Faulty may be our endeavour, weak our most fervent prayer;
I In love He will deign to pardon, only leave *all* to His care;
D Doubt not, for strength He has promised, His word will always stand sure
E Each innermost thought He knoweth, strive that each one may be pure.
L Living and loving so *faithfully*, no trouble shall banish your joy,
É Embittered on earth though it may be,—hereafter there'll be no alloy.

Etoile.

SOMETHING FOUND.

My baby boy has found a prize
  Up on the dusty shelf,
Though how he reached it no one knows,
  Except the rogue himself.
Tight clasped in two wee chubby hands
  He brings it to my side—
A packet, yellow, stained, and worn,
  With faded ribbon tied.

It's—no, it's not my old receipts,
  Nor Madame Muslin's bills,
Nor dear old grand'ma's certain cures
  For household aches and ills.
Here, let me see—"My precious pride!
  Your own sweet turtle dove!"
Good gracious! it is what I wrote
  When I first fell in love?"

And Fred has kept this nonsense safe
  Through twenty changing years.
Here's quite a woful sheet, that still
  Is blotted up with tears;
And here's a halting rhyme I thought
  Byronic in its flow;
And here's the little glove I wore
  Full twenty years ago.

Oh, dear! oh, dear! what folly now
  This old-time sweetness seems!
To think of calling sober Fred
  "The idol of my dreams!"
This crumpled note of dire despair
  I smuggled out of school.
What would I do with my own May,
  If she were—such a fool?

Ah, yes, I'm forty, fat, and fair,
  And Fred is stout and gray;
Good gracious! if they saw this trash,
  What would the children say?
We'll burn these ugly papers up,
  My baby, you and I;
Mamma is crying? Darling, no;
  We old folks never cry.

THE BROOK-SIDE.

I WANDERED by the brook-side,
I wandered by the mill,—
I could not hear the brook flow,
The noisy wheel was still;
There was no burr of grasshopper,
Nor chirp of any bird,
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

I sat beneath the elm-tree,
I watched the long, long, shade,
And as it grew still longer,
I did not feel afraid;
For I listened for a footfall,
I listened for a word,—
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

He came not,—no, he came not,—
The night came on alone,—
The little stars sat, one by one,
Each on his golden throne;
The evening air passed by my cheek,
The leaves above were stirr'd,—
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

Fast, silent, tears were flowing,
When something stood behind,—
A hand was on my shoulder,
I knew its touch was kind:
It drew me nearer—nearer,—
We did not speak one word,
For the beating of our own hearts
Was all the sound we heard.

LORD HOUGHTON.

LOST AND SAVED; OR, NELLIE POWERS, THE MISSIONARY'S DAUGHTER.

BY C. H. LOOMIS.

CHAPTER XII.

THE men on deck were soon at their respective duties, the excitement of the fore-part of the evening having been almost forgotten in the mirth and yarns which had followed.

Tom still had the impression that some one had pushed him overboard, but as no one seemed to have seen the act, he thought possibly he might be mistaken. At any rate, he could not fasten the guilt on to any one, and he thought he would "lay to" and await events that might throw light on the subject,

Tom was right in his impression that no one had seen him go over. But just at the time he fell, Jacko, who was a great favourite with Tom, was seen (in the rays of the lantern which the cook was just bringing out of the galley) by the man at the wheel to jump from the rigging on to the third mate's head and to make lively work with his hair. Jacko, by his squeals as he sat on the mate's head, had also attracted the attention of the cook, as he came out of the galley, and when he heard that it was Tom who was overboard, he remembered that he had seen Radshaw standing behind Tom, when he was going in the dark to the galley.

When these incidents were told to the captain, and he remembered the trouble Tom had with the third mate since the recovery of the money in Rio Janeiro, coupled with the threats that Radshaw had made to get even with some folks aboard the vessel before he left her, he came to the conclusion that the third mate knew more about Tom's going overboard than he chose to tell, and hinted as much to him a few days after, when he had a dispute with him as to who was captain of the vessel.

From that time Radshaw did not associate much with the officers, and, when he was in the cabin, was sulky, and was always threatening to make somebody sweat before long. When he was on deck he was much in the company of Crony, as we have before remarked, the worst man aboard the vessel.

One night, about a week after the accident which had happened to Tom, when the vessel was flying along in a ten-knot breeze, the cry of "Fire!" was heard from forward, and the cook came running aft saying that the provision room near the galley was on fire. No one seemed to know how the fire had originated, and the cook, in his confusion, did not seem to know whether or not he had been in the provision room with a light during the day or evening. Mighty efforts were made to stay the flames, which were well under way before discovered, and had now burst out and were rapidly creeping up the forerigging, fanned into a larger blaze by the wind, which rushed down on them from off the foresail.

The captain, seeing that all efforts to subdue the fire were in vain, gave the order to lower away the boat.

The third mate, with part of the crew, and Crony, had been during the confusion hastily constructing a raft out of some fenders and some loose boards that had been taken out of the hold a few days before. When the order was given to lower the boat the raft was over the side, and the men were lowering a water cask on it. The water cask being safely loaded, the men lowered a barrel of biscuit, the salt junk cask, and a lot of loose oars, sails, and such things as came within their reach.

While the raft was being lowered and provisioned forward, the yawl boat was being lowered aft, and two barrels of biscuit, oars, compasses, and other necessities stowed away.

At this juncture, and when the fire was every moment leaping higher and higher, and coming nearer and nearer to the men, until it seemed as though they were breathing fire, smoke, and cinders, an accident happened which not only placed the lives of the men in greater peril, but deprived them of their greatest chance of escape. Tom, who was lowering a cask of water into the boat, in his haste allowed it to strike against the side of the vessel, when one of the chime hooks became unfastened, and the cask dropped with considerable force into the boat. Water immediately began to gather in the stern, and in a few seconds the boat sank out of sight.

The raft was now the only refuge, and the men who had contemplated going in the boat now hastened forward towards the raft, which they found all ready and preparing to leave the vessel.

Aboard the raft were four or five of the crew, besides Crony, Nellie, and the third mate. When the raft was all ready to leave the vessel, Crony had run aft into the cabin, and, seizing the half-unconscious form of Nellie Powers, had returned with her aboard the raft.

"Hold on there! what are you doing?" shouted the captain, as he perceived that, although the third officer was aware of the sinking of the boat, he was going off, leaving those thus left helpless to perish. "Hold on there, and take these men aboard."

Radshaw paid no attention to this order from the captain, It was now evident that he designed to leave the balance of the crew to their fate, for he shouted to Crony to "cast off." He had already cast off three of the four lines, and was about to cast off the last, when the captain, realizing the baseness of the third mate's intention, pulled his revolver from his pocket and cried,—

"The first man who touches that rope dies."

Tom sprang to the rope, and with Jacko (who had begun to think that matters were getting slightly warm) on his shoulder, slid down, followed one by one by the balance of the crew upon the raft.

The fire was now creeping down the rigging near where the raft was made secure, and Peter was about to cast off, when Tom, who at that moment observed the captain coming from the cabin towards them with his hands full of valuable papers, a compass, barometer, and the parrot (which had noticed everybody leaving and thought it was its turn) perched on his head, shouted to him to hold on,

The heat was now intense, and as soon as the captain reached the raft it was cast off, and by great exertion was propelled out of the range of the sparks or falling timbers and the heat of the fire.

Soon after the raft had been trusted to the tender mercies of the sea, the wind began to moderate; and the moon, which had before been shining brightly, went behind a mass of clouds, which made the light from the burning vessel more brilliantly illuminate the weird surroundings. The men, wearied by the efforts they had made to get free from the vessel, now laid on their oars and watched the burning of their hopes. The "Sparkling Sea" was clothed in flames. The fire was creeping up the shrouds and along the stays like so many little fire demons, which, as they grew larger, in their maniacal revels leaped from mast to mast, and after lapping the sails and ropes with their fiery tongues, devoured them. Little streams of fire bursting out through the decks and the sides of the vessel, the hissing of the burning timbers as they fell into the water, the sky streaked with red, which reflected on the water and made it appear like a sea of blood, all formed a scene sublime and awful. When the little company of souls, all alone on the face of the broad Pacific, on a small frail structure, with only provisions enough to last for a few days at the most, and no protection from the inclemency of the weather, beheld the "Sparkling Sea" in her dying throes, the sparks from their late home flying heavenward, their hearts were wrung with anguish.

"Good-bye to you, my oild friend," said Tom. "It's many a good turn you have done me, and me heart is sore now that I can do you none. O the many jokes we have cracked aboard of you and the yarns we have spun! Yes, 'Sparkler,' if thim yarns were strung out they'd reach more than twice the distance you iver sailed. And the

plum duffs I've had aboard of you. Ah! it's the thoughts of them that makes me stomach ache, as the sight of your dear self in such a plight makes my heart ache. It's a long toime before I'll taste another of thim, I'm afeard. O, 'Sparkler,' dear, why didn't you leave me to my fate when you gave me the duckin', and thin I shouldn't behold you, darlint, wrapped in your windin sheet."

"In my opinion some of the men that called themselves officers aboard that brig were not fit for a sailor's berth," said Radshaw in a gruffly manner, as though something didn't turn out as he had been in hopes it would.

"What do you intend to mean by that, you spalpeen? If there was any officer aboard the 'Sparkler' that didn't do his duty it was yourself, and if you cast any shadows on the rest of them by your ugly mug, you cast a shadow on Tom Mooney; and if you do that, as big as you are, I'll put a stopper on you that will learn you to be a little more civil with your tongue."

Tom's little figure, as he stood up and shook his fist at the third mate, compared ridiculously with the herculean form of that officer.

"Men," said the captain, standing up in their midst, "don't let me hear any more of this angry talk. The only chance in the situation in which we are now placed, of our ever reaching the land, is by every man's doing his utmost to promote the interest of his shipmate, by being cheerful and kind to him, and by being obedient to his officers; throwing away all selfish motives, burying all animosities, and resolving each one to stand by the company to the last. If you each make up your minds to do this, I have no doubt but that we shall reach the land in safety, provided we are sparing of our provisions and the water. We may catch some fish on the way, or we may shoot some water fowls; it may rain, or we may fall in with some passing vessel; but none of these can be depended upon. We must put ourselves on allowance, and then if we fall in with good luck we can have a feast.

"I have consulted with Mr. Evans, who is somewhat of a judge in such things, and who has been in one or two similar positions to the one we are now in, and he says that it was only good discipline that ever brought them through. Now it is two thousand miles to the nearest land I know of in these waters. We were blown out of our course somewhat during the past few days, and I am not certain just where the land lies. We cannot expect a raft like this to make more on an average than two miles an hour, under the most favourable circumstances, and perhaps not that, if we encounter many storms, head winds, or chop seas. Allowing two miles an hour, it will take us forty-two days, or a month and a half at the least, to sail that distance, and you can all see the necessity of resolving to hold out at all events, and not give way to petty notions. What do you say, men? Shall we now, in sight of our burning ship, agree to exert ourselves for our mutual good, and the future success of our undertaking? Those who will do this raise their right hand."

The captain had foreseen the necessity of resorting to persuasion, as a means to keep the men together. He knew that naturally men in their condition were liable to be reckless. He knew that to start right was the right way to start, for he was aware that Radshaw and Crony were bad men, who would not hesitate to raise a mutiny at the first opportunity, and therefore he was not surprised when every right hand aboard the raft was raised with the exception of Radshaw's and Crony's.

"Mr. Radshaw," said the captain, "I am surprised that you do not choose to stand by us in this emergency, for I can conceive of no reason why you should not try to save your own life; I should like to have you explain yourself."

The captain had a suspicion that the third mate knew more about the fire than he chose to tell, and as he fixed his eyes upon Radshaw, Tom told Peter that he could see them flash fire.

Radshaw endeavoured to look into the captain's eyes, but he quailed before that steady, unflinching gaze, and when he spoke, it was in a very moderate tone of voice.

"You have no right to command us now, Captain Dill," he said. "You have lost your vessel, and are no more in command of this raft than I am, nor half so much, because

I built the raft and provisioned it, thinking that you would be satisfied if you had the yawl boat to yourself. But no, you must go and sink it first thing, and force yourself on us, to eat up our provision and put us on short allowance. We don't propose to put up with any such thing. We are each of us going on our own hook, and according to all laws you have no right to interfere with us."

The captain rose, as some of the men who had signified their intention to stay by him now seemed about going over to the mate's side, and were exclaiming, "That's so; what right has he to command us now? We shall do as we want to, and who dare say that we shall not?"

Among all companies of men, whether in the army, navy, or merchant service, can be found some evil geniuses, who are always at the bottom of some infernal scheme, or on the eve of disobeying their superior officers.

"Men," said the captain, as he stood up among them, "I shall leave it to you to choose who shall be your captain. It is as the third mate says; in law, a captain who has lost his vessel has no further control over his men, but they may reappoint him by vote if they see the necessity of having some one to take charge of their interest. It is a known fact that no party of men, or any project, ever succeeded where everyone interested was boss, and neither will our undertaking if each man can do as he wishes. There will be no system; the provisions will be soon gone; there will be no end to quarrels; and the final result of it all will be that we shall be left to die on this dreary waste of waters, in the most awful manner, and suffering the most horrible agonies. Now, men, what will you do about it?" said Captain Dill as he took his seat.

Tom looked about him, and seeing that no one else was going to speak, leaned up against the water cask and said,—

"Shipmates, I'm in favour of havin' the captain taking command of the raft, the same as he did the 'Sparkler.' He has brought us so far in her all safe and sound, and as we shipped with him as our captain until we reached port, I say, shipmates, that we continue with him as captain."

The men looked at each other, wondering who would answer. After a few moments' silence the third mate said,—

"Don't you believe too much in what that man says, shipmates. I say he hasn't brought us so far all safe. Where would we have been this minute if I hadn't built this raft? I can tell you where. Roasting ourselves aboard that brig of his burning over yonder. There you can see the effects of his taking command. I don't believe a man who brings a crew eight thousand miles from home, and then loses his vessel, is fit to be put in charge any more. I've sailed many vessels, I have, and I never have lost any yet; besides, I consider the raft mine, and I know when you do what is right you will put me in charge of it. If you do, I'll warrant you I will bring you through all right. You have tried the old captain, and he has not shown himself capable so far, and there is no harm in trying a new one. I could not do any worse than he has done, and I'll show you how I can do better. What do you say? Will you trust yourselves to the man who has got you in this predicament, or to the one who has shown the most judgment in this affair? Remember, if it had not been for me you would all be roasting at this minute."

"I for one goes in for Captain Radshaw," said Crony."

"And I for another," said Dick Flynn, much to the surprise of the captain.

"Hold on, men," said Mr. Evans; "if we are going to vote on this matter, let us do it in the regular way. Here's two kinds of rope yarn; one is black and one is yellow. I'll cut them up into little slips, and each man shall have one of each kind. Then the cook can take his cap and go round, each man putting his vote into the cap. The most yellow ones are to make Captain Dill our captain hereafter, and the most black ones will make the third mate our captain. Is not that fair enough?"

"That's fair," replied most of the men, one after the other; and Mr. Evans proceeded to cut the rope yarn into pieces about one inch long, and handed one of each kind to every person on the raft. The cook then started round with his cap. When he came to the passengers the third mate said,—

"Shipmates, I hold that the passengers have got no right to vote; they were passengers aboard the 'Sparkler,' and let them be passengers aboard the raft. Ain't I right?"

Radshaw looked around for an answer from the men, while the cook stood before Nellie waiting for their reply.

"You are, ain't he, shipmates?" said Crony.

Mr. Evans, who seemed to have been called upon as the spokesman for the captain's party, said,—

"To be sure, when we were aboard the 'Sparkler' our passengers had nothing to say in regard to sailing the vessel, or as to what should be done on board. But now as we are not aboard the 'Sparkler,' but are out in the middle of the Pacific Ocean on a raft, and as they are to share our good or bad fortune, live or die with us, I say that they have as much of a right to vote who shall be put in charge of them as any of us, especially as we have decided not to sail as we were aboard the vessel, but as an entirely different set of persons, under different circumstances and about to choose our captain. Those who are in favour of giving the passengers equal rights with ourselves raise their right hands."

All of the hands came up, with the exception of those of the third mate, Crony, and Dick Flynn.

"As the majority are in favour of their voting, we will proceed with the vote," said Mr. Evans. The vote when cast was found to stand eleven for the captain and four for Radshaw. As there were only fourteen aboard the raft, it was difficult to account for fifteen votes, but the supposition was, among the captain's party, that Radshaw had made two out of his one, as two of them were found to be thinner than the others. This little discrepancy, however, did not make any material difference, for Captain Dill was declared captain by a majority of seven.

Captain Dill immediately set to work to make everything as comfortable as possible. Each man when he left the vessel had taken as many things with him as he could carry. The first mate, being the acting carpenter aboard the vessel, had, when he left, brought his bag of tools. The captain had brought a compass, a barometer, and a chart, and several minor articles which he found room for in his pockets. The second mate had brought the ship's tobacco, as that was always his main solace, and he had thrown over on the raft the flying jib, which had been unbent that morning for repairs. Every man had brought something, and often, with a lot of men in their situation, most any trivial thing has been found to be of great importance.

As it was now late in the night, after the customary watch had been set, the men laid themselves down to sleep, each one, however, before closing his weary eyes, instinctively turned them towards the brig, which was still burning brightly about a mile from them.

When the sun rose on the following morning, and cast its beams upon the water, it looked down upon a scene of sorrow. The beautiful brig, which on the evening before it had left sailing gracefully on a smooth sea, and under a fair sky, now lay a blackened mass of smoking ruins on the surface of the water, and round and near floated charred pieces of her fair design. About a mile to the leeward it looked down on the company of joyous voyagers it had left the night before in contentment, now saddened and care-worn, on a small raft two thousand miles from the nearest land.

As the sleepers aboard the raft awoke one by one, they cast their eyes towards the spot where they had last seen the "Sparkler." She had changed her position somewhat, but the charred hull could easily be seen by all on board. As they awoke from their sleep they also awoke to a realizing sense of the helplessness of their condition. What could they expect to do on such a craft? they asked themselves, as the storms which the "Sparkler" had passed through came into their minds. They had thought the voyage of so many miles in the "Sparkling Sea" was fraught with many dangers, and they would now have been satisfied if they only had her yawl boat instead of the clumsy raft.

(*To be continued.*)

FROM OXFORD TO LONDON BY WATER.*

THOSE who have known the Thames for the past ten years must have been struck by the immense increase of the pleasure traffic upon the river. Expeditions such as that which has suggested the present paper were, not so many years ago, confined almost entirely to boating men from the University or the London rowing clubs. The week after the end of the Summer Term at Oxford saw a goodly stream of four and pair-oars, manned by undergraduates, making their way to Windsor, Richmond, or Wandsworth; and throughout the summer months occasional parties of Londoners might have been found starting from Salter's raft at Oxford for a three or four days' trip down their noble river. Now, however, the fashion has spread wider, and the excursionists on the Thames may be counted by hundreds. The river-side inns are full to overflowing in July and August; and you cannot row for many miles without coming upon a party preparing to camp out in some snug spot by the river bank, either by pitching a tent, or by covering in their boats with an ingenious contrivance like the "tilt" of a covered cart. Some idea of the extent of this pleasure traffic may be formed from the fact that at the beginning of August, when the writer and his party started from Oxford, they were told that Salter alone had at that moment ninety-five boats out along the river between Oxford and London.

Given fine weather, scarcely any more enjoyable trip can be imagined for those who are fond of the open air, good exercise, and pleasant scenery. Those who are not familiar with the Thames have no idea of the lovely spots that lie within an hour or two's journey from London, and of the many varied combinations of wood and hill and stream which the river presents, and in which the artist and the lover of nature may find endless interest and occupation as he passes along. The physical exercise, too, brings health and vigour and appetite; and after a long pull under a summer sun, the veriest sybarite must admit that no bumper of champagne had ever half the charm of the first draught of "Alsopp from its native pewter." The freedom from all the restraints and ties of ordinary life, the sense of independence in moving from point to point with none of the disagreebles of ordinary travel, and the sound and dreamless sleep which only such a healthy existence gives—these combine to "set one up" in the short space of a few days more effectively than all the doctors in London. There are certainly many worse ways of spending a four or five days' holiday.

Let us, however, begin to trace the course of such an expedition, as it is fresh in the writer's memory. An early morning train to Oxford enables us to start in time for a first day's journey to Shillingford or Wallingford; but it is, of course, rather more convenient to sleep over-night at Oxford, and start earlier, before the mid-day heat. The University town—that part of it, at least, in which the colleges mainly stand—is in August like a city of the dead. Broad Street is almost deserted; in the Radcliffe Square not a footstep will disturb our contemplation of one of the most striking group of buildings in the world; the "High," save for a slight bustle at the entrance to the market, is like the High Street of any provincial town. A "honeymoon" couple strolling lovingly along, or a party of keen-faced Americans "doing" the place as rapidly as they can, are the only signs of life in St. John's or New College gardens, or under the shadow of the noble elms in Christ Church meadows, as we pass along the Broad Walk towards the river. The stranger, or non-University man, who does not understand the sacred institution of the "Long," or the half-superstitious belief of Oxford men in the city's unhealthiness as a summer residence, will be surprised to see the most beautiful of English cities so deserted at the most beautiful time of the year; and, if he be a Cambridge man, will be able to plume himself upon the more sensible custom of his own University in its Long Vacation residence for reading purposes.

* As it is unlikely that many of our readers see *The Guardian* newspaper, we take this most interesting paper from it, as very pleasant reading for all.

As we approach the river, with its line of gaily-coloured barges, the contrast between Vacation and Term time is still more striking. Instead of the ceaseless bustle of young and active life, the crowd of boats of all sizes and shapes, the measured swing of the eight-oar, and the sonorous cries of the "coach" upon the towing-path, all is silent and deserted; and the most inexperienced oarsman, or most erratic coxswain, can arrive safely at Iffley without running into anything except the bank. How different from the scenes at the college boat-races, when—

"Stalwart footsteps shake the shores,
Rolls the pulse of stalwart oars;"

and the towing-path is all a hurly-burly of maddening excitement! As we paddle quietly down in our comfortable four-oared "tub," the recollection of such moments makes us inclined to quicken the stroke, and dash the oar blade more sharply through the water; but prudence whispers that we have twenty miles to go, and that, being somewhat out of condition, it is better to economise our strength.

And here let us put in a word as to the kind of boat for our purpose. There is no greater mistake than to have too light a boat, and anything with outriggers should be absolutely avoided. We are to spend from six to eight hours of each day in our boat, often shifting places to take our turns at steering, and landing to bathe, or sketch, or lunch; and it is essential to comfort to have a steady, roomy boat, which will carry our scanty luggage, and show no tendency whatever to upset. For a party of five or six, the sort of boat known at Oxford as an "inrigged tub four" is the lightest consistent with comfort, and a somewhat heavier "company boat" will be found to pull down stream almost as easily, and will be still more comfortable. For three or four persons a "tub-pair" is most suitable. Some will take a sail, but with a four-oared boat this is of little use, and only wastes time. A pair of sculls, in case one member of the party has to take the boat through a lock while the others bathe, a boat-hook, a punt-cushion or two for reclining on during intervals of rest, and some waterproof canoe aprons to cover our luggage, are all the accessories required. We must not, however, forget one important *vade mecum* of the Thames tourist, the admirable map and guide prepared by an Oxford photographer, Mr. Taunt, which supplies in a handy form all the information required for the journey.

For the first day's pull, Wallingford, twenty-two miles from Oxford, makes a good stage; or, if that be too long, the inn at Shillingford Bridge, three miles short of Wallingford, is both picturesque and comfortable. Last year this inn, so the landlord informed us, accommodated during the boating season over 1,000 guests; and on the night of our stay at least one large party had to be turned away. It is, in fact, quite necessary to secure rooms beforehand at any of these Thames-side hotels. With the exception of the reach below Nuneham Woods, so familiar to Oxford picnic-parties and boating-men, the scenery of which, in our opinion, is second only in beauty to that at Cliveden, there is nothing of striking interest in this part of the river. Abingdon is a curious old sleepy town, with many quaint "bits" for the sketcher or the antiquarian; and Wallingford is an old, uninteresting market-town. One or two churches are likely to catch the eye—notably Iffley Church, one of the finest specimens of Norman work in England, and Clifton Hampden, one of the earliest works of the late Sir Gilbert Scott, picturesquely placed on a high wooded bank over a bend of the stream.

From Shillingford or Wallingford (whichever of these be the first night's halting-place), a day's journey of about twenty-five miles, by some of the most picturesque scenery of the river, brings us to Wargrave or Henley. Cleeve Lock, with the noble reach of water above, and the wooded eminence of Streatley Hill behind; Harts Wood, the high bank of trees whose splendid autumn colouring attracts the traveller by the Great Western Railway between Pangbourne and Goring; Basildon Park, with its fine trees reflected in the glassy stream; Pangbourne, the picturesque village dear to anglers, of which a glimpse, all too short, is caught from the railway as the express dashes through; Mapledurham, one of the fairest of fair spots on the banks of Thames; prosperous Reading, with its ever-growing outskirts of new red-brick houses, and the tall chimneys of the great biscuit factory which makes its name as well known as that of Burton-on-

Trent in every corner of the globe where Englishmen are found; Sonning, with its church embowered in trees, and pleasant in garden below the bridge—these are some of the scenes that will remain in our minds as we eat our well-earned supper in the comfortable Ferry Inn at Wargrave, or the more ambitious Red Lion at Henley.

From Henley onwards we seem to have reached more frequented waters. Steam launches—so handy for ladies, loungers, or picnickers, so execrated by oarsmen, anglers, and riparian proprietors, whose banks are damaged by their wash—come puffing along as though the river belonged to them alone; and pleasure parties of all sorts and sizes are more numerous. All this portion of the river, in fact, is becoming thoroughly familiar to hundreds of Londoners in "Saturday to Monday" outings. As we paddle down the Henley racecourse from the bridge to Regatta Island, visions rise before us of many a gallant struggle for the "Grand Challenge" or the "Ladies' Plate," at that pleasantest of summer gatherings, whose fame has caused the quiet town of Henley to become the metropolis, as it were, of amateur rowing, no less than Putney itself. Further down, on a green lawn backed by fine trees, stand the remains of Medmenham Abbey, once famous (or infamous) as the chosen resort of a band of bebauchees, a disgrace to their position as English gentlemen. As we approach Marlow the scenery becomes more and more quietly beautiful, past Henley Lock and Bisham Woods and Abbey, until at last we halt at the Angler's Inn, among the trim villas of the pleasant, cheery-looking little town. Having duly refreshed and rested ourselves, and duly admired the huge stuffed perch and pike and trout which adorn the coffee-room, we start for our afternoon's pull, happy if only we are favoured with fine weather for the most beautiful part of our journey; past Cookham, nestling among its trees on the river's edge; and onwards where the river glides beneath the lofty-wooded bank on which Hedsor and Cliveden and Taplow Court form a line of "stately homes" of unsurpassed beauty. Nowhere in England, nowhere perhaps in Europe, is there a "villa residence" (to adopt the auctioneers' phrase) so strikingly placed as Cliveden; the view from whose terrace, embracing the line of wooded bank towards Taplow Court, with the broad reach of water gleaming below, and the distant country beyond, is one of the most beautiful that can be found. So lordly a place is fitly owned by a peer in whom the ancient lineage and vast wealth of the house of Grosvenor are adorned by the truer nobility of high courtesy, of generous sympathies, and of unsullied name. Taplow Court, whose young owner, Mr. Grenfell, was one of this year's victorious Oxford crew, is well situated at the end of the ridge above Maidenhead, but does not command anything like so fine a view as Cliveden. The view up-stream from the railway bridge, with Maidenhead bridge in the foreground, and the woods and tower of Cliveden beyond, is extremely picturesque, and has caught the momentary attention of many a railway traveller.

Windsor may well be reached on the evening of this, our third day's row; but of Windsor, and the scenery around and beyond it, there is little need to speak. We shall look admiringly on the truly Royal home of our English Kings, set on its sovereign hill, with massive towers that seem to symbolise the strength and solidity of England, and are rich with the history of centuries; and beneath it—

"The distant spires, the antique towers
That crown the watery glade,"

where by "the study of godliness and good learning," and also by

"The sports which breed
Valiant lads for England's need,"

the flower of English youth are being trained to bear their part in life in the class-rooms and on the playing-fields of Eton. Lower down, beneath the eminence of Cooper's Hill, lies historic Runnymeade, the birthplace of English liberties; and so the "silver Thames" flows broadening on by Staines and Chertsey, Hampton Court, Twickenham, Teddington, and Richmond, past many a spot endeared to anglers and pleasure-seekers, or classic from its connection with famous men, till at last we reach

the tidal waters and the smoke and dirt of London, where Thames is no longer the silver stream:—

"*Londinium* longæ finis chartæque viæque est."

Before concluding this paper, let us answer two questions likely to occur to some who may be inclined another year to follow our example. 1. Is it an expedition fit for ladies? 2. Is it a feasible and enjoyable thing (for men only, of course) to "camp out" at night instead of going to hotels?

1. We shall not, we hope, be accused of want of gallantry if we venture to discourage the fair sex from making such an expedition. Pleasant as is their company on a day's excursion or picnic, we are bold to say it is out of place on a longer voyage in an open pleasure-boat. Discomforts and inconveniences which sit lightly on a party of men are aggravated tenfold by the presence of women. A drenching storm, for instance, in the early part of a long day's row, from which the oarsmen can shelter in comparative ease under an osier bed, in a lock-keeper's hut, or in a wayside public-house, is a far worse trouble for a lady. And the inconvenience of not finding accommodation, or of finding it only at water-side inns whose arrangements are somewhat "in the rough," is better and far more cheerfully borne by unencumbered males. We would go yet further, and say that the enjoyments of a boating-trip, like those of the hunting-field, are hampered, and not enhanced, by the duty of looking after the weaker sex. If ladies are to see the beauties of the river (and why should they not?) it should be managed either by day excursions from a fixed point where there is a comfortable hotel; or at least in a steam launch, which affords better accommodation, with more shelter, in case of need, than an ordinary row-boat. If a husband and wife like to make a trip together down the river, we would not say them nay; but we should deprecate the company of ladies in any other relationship or on a larger scale. τοσαῦτα εἰποῦσι μὴ φθόνος γένοιτο.

2. As to camping out, we doubt if its discomforts to inexperienced hands are made up for by its advantages—except in the saving of hotel bills; and even on that score, as a good many appliances must be purchased beforehand, we suspect that the balance of advantage is not so great as it seems. The waste of time, too, if the object of the trip be to see as much as possible of the river, is a serious drawback. Camping parties seem to be engaged till eleven or twelve o'clock in packing up and preparing for a start; and about 4 or 5 p.m., or even earlier, you come upon them beginning to pitch their encampment for the night. In a civilised and highly populous country, such a mode of life, for pleasure's sake, seems a little out of place; it is undertaken, moreover, by the majority of those who try it, with no experience and with fewer appliances than would be taken as a matter of course by the explorer in Australia, or the campaigner at Aldershot or Wimbledon. And now that it has developed so much along the banks of Thames, the proprietors of land will probably before long combine to put a stop to it altogether. On the whole, making every allowance for the charms of freedom and independence to those who, like Æneas, carry their *lares* and *penates* with them in their boats, our advice to anyone who proposed a camping-out expedition would be—"Don't." As to the ladies, whom rumour asserts to have tried it, we do not know whether to feel more surprised at them for going, or at their husbands or brothers for allowing them to go.

To each, however, his or her tastes: others can but give opinions which may or may not be acceptable. We will only repeat that, for anyone in need of a few days' change and freshening—for the clergyman, or barrister, or doctor—an excellent recipe is to get together a crew of old friends or kinsfolk, take the train to Oxford, hire a good boat from the obliging Mr. Salter, purchase Mr. Taunt's map, and, free from care, commit himself for the inside of a week to the bosom of Father Thames. He will return to his parish, his chambers, or his patients sunburnt and, maybe, blistered, but a healthier and happier man.

THE BETTER PART.

BY BRO. F. G. FISDALL, 33°.

Addressed to Bro. R. M. C. Graham, 33°.

If men cared less for wealth and fame,
And less for trickery and glory;
If writ in human hearts a name
Seemed better than in song or story;
If men, instead of nursing pride,
Would learn to hate it and abhor it;
If men relied
On Love to guide,
We all would be the better for it.

If men dealt less in stocks and lands,
And more in bonds and deeds paternal;
If Love's work had more willing hands,
To link this world to the supernal;
If men stored up Love's oil and wine,
And on bruised human hearts would pour it;
If "yours" and "mine"
Would once combine,
We all would be the better for it.

If men would *act* the play of life,
And fewer spell it in rehearsal;
If bigotry would sheath the knife,
Till good becomes more universal;
If priest-craft, grey with ages grown,
Had fewer blind men to adore it;
If talent shone
In truth alone,
We all would be the better for it.

If men were wise in little things,
Affecting less in all their dealings,
If hearts had fewer rusted strings
To isolate their kindly feelings;
If men, when Wrong beats down the Right,
Would strike together and restore it;
If Right made Might
In every fight,
We all would be the better for it.

THE BENI MZÂB.

M. E. MASQUERAY, a French traveller, has recently succeeded in obtaining possession of a number of interesting documents which will be of the highest value in throwing light on the history of Islamism. In the course of an exploration which he made in the summer of this year in the south of Algeria, he managed to persuade the clergy of the Ben Mzâb to lend him copies of all their religious books and all their historical documents. In order to understand the significance of M. Masqueray's success, it should be explained that the Beni Mzâb are regarded as heretics by the other Mussulmans of Algeria, who have persecuted and still despise them. This explains the repugnance which the Beni Mzâb have always had to allow infidels to penetrate the secrets of their faith. On the other hand, for the Beni Mzâb, the orthodox Mussulmans are almost as great infidels as Christians. Towards the beginning of the seventh century of our era, M. Duveyrier tells us, in speaking of M. Masqueray's discovery, a pious sage of South Arabia named Abd Allah Ben Ibâdh El-Merri El-Temîmi thought that he understood better than his contemporaries the religion which Mahomed had preached a few years before. He had been a pupil of the Ommaid Kalif Abd El-Melek Ben Merwan, and he remained the *protégé* of that spiritual and temporal sovereign of the Mussulmans who had not recognized the authority of Ali, son-in-law of Mahomed. Abd Allah Ben Ibâdh founded a new Church, which recruited adherents, first in Oman and other parts of Arabia, afterwards in Irak, in Khorassan, in what is now the Khanate of Khiva, in India, and finally in Barbary, where in the Wâd Mzâb, in the Jebel Nefousa, in Tripoli, there are groups of the population who remain to this day faithful to the instructions of Abd Allah Ben Ibâdh, and still profess Ibâdhism. In the course of centuries the Ibâdhite doctrines gave place in Irak, Khorassan, Khiva, and India to the doctrines of one of the four orthodox Mussulman rites. At the present time it is probably only in Muscat, in Barbary, the Jebel Nefousa, Jerba, and the Wâd Mzâb that are to be found communities of sectaries of a religion the study of which will be for us a veritable revelation. It is, moreover, of importance at present, when the Mussulman world has reached a crisis which seems to presage a renovation. The foundation of the doctrine of the Ibâdhites is liberty of judgment, so that progress of thought is a domain that is open to them. M. Duveyrier, in his letter to M. Masqueray, states that he remained sixty days in Mzâb, and only left on account of a secret warning from the *tolba*, or members of the clergy of Ghardayh. He took away with him in a carefully nailed box the following documents and books:—1. The Historical Chronicle of Abi Zakariya, the most ancient and most complete of all the Chronicles of the Beni Mzâb. 2. The Chronicle of the Lives of the Meshaïkh, or Doctors of Religion, of the Sheikh Ahmed. This is a less ancient volume than the Chronicle of Abi Zakariya, but equally valued by the *tolba* of the Mzâb. M. Duveyrier used several ruses to obtain it, and the person who gave it to him told him solemnly never to mention his name. 3. The Book of Religious Practices of the Sheikh Abi Zakariya. This book forms part of a volume which contains abstracts of the works of the principal Meshaïkh of Ibâdhism. It was given him at Djelfa by order of a rich inhabitant of El-Atef, who had bought it in the neighbourhood of Mesila, in a tribe now Malekite, but once Ibâdhite, like the Beni Mzâb. 4. The Nile. This is a work of great value, which M. Duveyrier intends to describe at length. 5. A manuscript work of the wisest man of the Mzâb, El-Hadj Mohammed Tefiêsh, of Beni Izguen, on the origin of Ibâdhism. 6. A similar work of the Imam of Ghardaya. 7. The first Constitution of the *tolba* after the fall of the Imamate, under the direction of Mahommed Sêh, in the eleventh century. This document, very long, is extremely interesting. 8. The *procès-verbeaux* of the principal meetings of the *tolba* and the laity of Melîka, for two centuries at least, and of which the present juridicial and ecclesiastical "Canon" is the result. 9 10, & 11. Other

procès-verbeaux and the "Canon" of El-Atef. 12. The Analyses of twelve "Shadjârât," long genealogical lists of different groups of the Mzâb. These lists, veritable *volumina*, written on skins and rolled into tubes, contain in themselves alone a curious subject of study. 13. The Analysis of a certain number of "Nesab," which indicate the ancestry of the principal groups of Mzâbites, and explain the formation of the "coff" or lines. 14. A registrar of notes containing all that the Beni Mzâb themselves told M. Duveyrier of interest as to manners, customs, contemporary history, organization, linguistic. 15. Seventy drawings. The importance of this result of M. Duveyrier's journey cannot be overrated. The military commandant at Algiers has placed at his service a sufficient number of secretaries to copy the books he obtained, and which he must return by secret messengers within three months. He intends to begin by publishing the text and translation of the chronicle of Abi Zakariya. He proposes to include in this series of publications all he has been able to collect during the last two years and a half, and first of all will be published a preliminary volume entitled, "Les Beni Mzâb."—We take this interesting paper from *The Times*.

LEGENDS OF THE PAST.

BY DR. DRYASDUST.

No. I.

TO fill up a corner in your *Masonic Magazine*, I send you, from my dusty library, two little "legends," though modern in guise and dress, which I think may interest your readers. I hope from time to time to forward similar ones, as I often think, old fogey as I am, that there is more romance and truth even in such forgotten legends than we like to believe, or attempt to realize.

The first is concerning Cromwell's burial-place :—

NEWBURGH PARK.

To Sir George Wombwell, of Newburgh Park, is devoted a descriptive sketch in one of the numbers of the *World*. By way of preparing the reader for his introduction to the baronet at home, the sketch opens with an account of Sir George's hairbreadth escapes in early life, the first from being captured by the Russians while taking part as a young cornet of Lancers in the celebrated Balaclava charge; the second from being drowned about fifteen years later through the upsetting of a ferry boat in which the York and Ainsty field were crossing the river Ure in pursuit of the fox. The writer thus continues : Newburgh itself is a marvel of antiquity, many parts of it dating from the Plantagenets: it possesses the inestimable charm of a house which has been added to often, but never destroyed or rebuilt. As we trot round the great fish-pond in front, over which may be descried the jagged outline of the Hambleton hills, to the low-browed thirteenth-century porch, we find, standing on an emerald circle of greensward, a little active man, the *beau ideal* of a Hussar. Sir George Wombwell is a country gentleman of country gentlemen; his time is occupied in draining, clearing, and getting land under cultivation; and he has increased the holdings of his cottages with a view to improving the condition of the labourers on his estate. With good old-fashioned courtesy, our host sees us bestowed in our chamber at the end of a long gallery hung with portraits of the house of Wombwell and Fauconberg. We are here in the oldest part of Newburgh. The wainscoted walls are of enormous thickness, affording spaces for recesses and coffers in the windows. Bating occasional repair and general furbishings upon the

occasions of Royal visits, Newburgh is but little changed since King Henry VIII. gave it to Antony Belasyse, the founder of the Fauconberg family. Newburgh and its broad acres came undiminished to the Wombwells, who hail from near Barnsley, on the marriage of the grandfather of the present incumbent with the heiress of Fauconbarg. The portrait of this lady, a magnificent full-length by Gainsborough, hangs in the drawing-room. There is also a delicious half-length of the beautiful Elizabeth Belasyse (the mother of the present Lord Lucan), whose story invests Newburgh with a halo of romance. The garden-walk, up and down which she paced day after day in the years before her death, is still pointed out, and the tradition of her great loveliness preserved. In Sir George's private snuggery are many relics of the olden time, among them several letters of Sterne to his patron Lord Fauconberg. There is, however, a mightier memory than that of Lawrence Sterne associated with Newburgh. In the long gallery is a glass case containing the saddle, holsters, pistols, bit, and bridle of "the greatest prince who ever ruled in England." Not quite opposite to these relics hangs the portrait of a lady clad in dark green and demureness. This serious-looking dame is Mary Cromwell, wife of the second Lord Fauconberg. It was she who foresaw that, the Restoration once achieved, the men who had fled before Oliver at Naseby and Worcester would not allow his bones to rest in Westminster. At dead of night his corpse was removed from the vault in the Abbey, and that of some member of the undistinguished crowd substituted for it. In solemn secrecy Oliver's remains were conveyed to Newburgh, where they yet repose, the insane fury of the Royalist ghouls, who hung the supposed body of Cromwell as well as that of Ireton on the gallows at Tyburn, having thus been cheated of its noblest prey. The tomb of Cromwell occupies the end of a narrow chamber at the head of a flight of steep stairs, and is an enormous mass of stonework built and cemented into the walls. There is no reason to doubt the truth of this story, preserved in the Belasyse family for two centuries and a quarter. The first baronet was chairman of the East India Company.

The second legend is the "Man in the Iron Mask":—

LEGEND OF THE IRON MASK.

During the seventeen years' confinement of this strange prisoner at Sainte Marguerite, St. Mars, who brought him to the fortress, was replaced by a Monsieur de Bonpart, as Governor. The daughter of the latter, just emerging from childhood to womanhood, grew up with this mystery about her. She had seen the graceful figure of the masked prisoner promenading at night upon the terrace and at worship in the chapel, where he was forbidden to speak or to uncover his face, the soldiers in attendance always having their pieces pointed toward him if he should attempt to do either. She discovered that her father always treated him with the greatest respect, serving him bare-headed and standing. His table service was of massive silver, his dress of the richest velvet, and he wore the finest linen and the most costly lace. She had heard her father accidentally speak of him as "the prince." No wonder that his sad fate occupied her thoughts by day, and his noble figure haunted her dreams by night.

She, too, was very young and beautiful, and their eyes occasionally met in chapel. He sang beautifully, and was a very skilful performer on the guitar. It is said she climbed the rocks under the castle terrace and sang sweet songs to the poor captive. Thus a romantic love sprang up between them, and as it gained strength the young girl dared to purloin the keys from her father, and so obtained access to the prisoner. When the governor discovered his child's treachery he was struck with the greatest dismay. His oath was binding upon him to put to death immediately any one who had spoken to the prisoner. But she confessed her love for him, and pleaded piteously for her young life. The captive, also, to whom the governor was much attached, joined his prayers to hers, and implored that they might be made man and wife, and then the secret would be safe. The governor was not stern enough to immolate his child, and perhaps a gleam of ambition may have flashed across his mind, as in the event of the

death of Louis XIV. the prisoner would be acknowledged, and his daughter sit on the throne of France.

However, their nuptials were performed by a priest of the castle in the dead of night, and all were sworn to secrecy. From this union two children were born. A whisper of this reaching the ears of the minister, the Marquis of Louvois, the prisoner was immediately removed to the Bastile for safer keeping, and the mother, the priest, and the governor disappeared. The children were sent to Corsica, to be brought up in obscurity under the name of their grandfather, Bonpart, which was corrupted into Buonaparte. And thus, says the legend, Providence avenged the wrongs of the twin brother of Louis XIV, and restored the eldest branch of the Bourbon line to the throne of France.

Will not many of our readers be inclined to say "What next?"

ASSYRIAN DISCOVERIES.

BRO. CANON TRISTRAM at the Sheffield Congress read the following interesting paper on the Assyrian Tablets, which will well repay perusal:—

No fewer than twenty-three points in the narrative of Genesis are given, with some discrepancies, by the tablets. "There is not an incident (said the Canon) touched on, from primæval chaos to the call of Abraham, which is not illustrated and confirmed by the utterances of a language which speaks again after a silence of four thousand years, though we have only just begun to gather a few fragments from its storehouses. The ingenuity of a destructive criticism can avail nothing against this. The creation of the cattle of the field, the beasts of the field, and the creeping things, occur as in Genesis. We have the Fall. 'The Dragon Tiamat tempted him. The God Hea heard and was angry, because his man had corrupted his purity.' The curse is, 'May he be conquered and at once cut off.' On a seal two figures are seated by a tree holding out their hands to the fruit, while a serpent stands erect behind one of them. Four rivers are spoken of as surrounding Gan-dann—*i.e.*, Gan-Eden, the Garden of Eden, two of them the Tigris and Euphrates. Among the names of the Antediluvians occur Cain, Enoch, Cainan, Lamech, Tubal-Cain, or *Bil-kan*, the God of fire and melter of metals. The ten generations of Genesis are represented by ten successive kings. The translation of Enoch is placed after the Flood, and transferred to Noah. Of the famous Izdubar legend, the Assyrian story of the Flood, I need not speak. Twenty-three points in the narrative of Genesis are given in the tablets, with some few discrepancies, enough to show that neither narrative was copied directly from the other. We have the account of the building of the Tower of Babel, its interruption by Divine interposition for man's sin. 'God destroyed in the night what they built in the day. He scattered them also, and made strange their speech, and Babylon was abandoned.' Then comes the story of Nimrod, identified with the highest probability as the *Izdubar* of the tablets, for he founded Babel, Akkad, Erech, and Nipur, which has been shown to be another name for the Calneh of Genesis. Mr. Smith writes: 'Izdubar forms the centre of the national historical poetry, just as Nimrod is stated to have been in the later traditions. I subsequently found that he agreed exactly in character with Nimrod; he was a giant hunter, according to the cuneiform legends, who contended with and destroyed the lion, tiger, leopard, and wild bull or buffalo, animals the most formidable in the chase in any country. He ruled first in Babylonia, over the region which from other sources we know to have been the centre of Nimrod's kingdom. He extended his dominion to the Armenian mountains, the boundary of his late conquests, according to tradition; and one principal scene of his exploits and triumphs was the city of Erech, which, according to Genesis, was the second capital of Nimrod.' The discovery by Mr. Loftus and identification of Ur, with its innumerable inscriptions, its bricks, stamped with the name of Arioch (Genesis xiv. 1), and its temples to the moon-god and other idols, bring down

the exhumed Assyrian annals to the time of Abraham. What, then, is the definite result as to Scripture history? Certainly there is not an incident touched on from primæval chaos to the call of Abraham *which is not illustrated and confirmed by the* utterances of a language which speaks again after a silence of four thousand years, though we have only just begun to gather a few fragments from its storehouses. The ingenuity of a destructive criticism can avail nothing against this. Subtle intellects have endeavoured to evolve from their inner consciousness the theory of differing Jehovistic and Elohistic originals put together in later ages to form the early chapters of Genesis, and shallow copyists have assumed this as an accepted axiom of scholarship. But historical facts dissipate philological hypotheses. The cylinders of Assyria expand *in the same series the so-called Jehovistic and Elohistic portions alike.* We have been told that the Pentateuch, in its present shape, was compiled by Samuel, by the later Seers, or by Ezra. But now it is no longer possible to suggest any origin later than the date of the Exodus for the history of Genesis, for to the Jews of the later period of Samuel the records of Assyria were inaccessible, and the structure of the language of Genesis is too archaic to be postponed to the period of the Captivity. We have been told that Genesis i-ii., 3, is a fragment of an old Elohistic document, but Genesis ii. 4—iii., a Jehovistic later document. The story of the Flood is Elohistic, that of the dispersion of Babel is Jehovistic. Can the champions of this subjective criticism explain on their hypothesis of the double authorship how we find the Elohistic and Jehovistic portions alike successively embodied in the series of Assyrian records? This simple fact brushes away a whole cloud of flimsy cobwebs laboriously woven to raise man's uncertainties above God's certainty. Amid the controversies on the origin and meaning of the Sabbath, we now know that it was no Mosaic invention, no exclusively Semitic observance, not even an ordinance delivered to Abraham to separate his family from surrounding idolatry, but a primæval tradition, recognized, be it noted, by the Hamite contemporaries of Nimrod, as instituted from the Creation.

"We have thus another definite result that evidence is afforded that the Sabbath was recognised as a Divine institution before the separation of the Hamite and Semitic families of man, and that the obligation of its observance was acknowledged by both families. The Assyrian records prove to us that the pre-Abrahamic history was not a vision, revealing to Moses facts of which he was heretofore ignorant, but a simple monotheistic relation of a continuous story of the earth and of man's origin, which in a corrupted form had actually at that time long existed in writing. Again, these are not Semitic traditions. They did not belong to the family of Abraham exclusively, but are shown to be in their oldest hitherto discovered form, Accadian—*i.e.*, Cushite, or Hamite, a further evidence that the primæval knowledge was not limited to the Semitic progenitors of Israel. Nor could the legends have percolated from Assyria to Palestine before the later days of the monarchy. Between Chaldæa and Palestine was a wide extent of country inhabited by very distinct and antagonistic nations, the Aramæan and the Hittite, races which have passed away. Abraham must have brought the basis of the early history of Genesis from that cradle of literature—Ur of the Chaldees, the City of Arioch. And I take it that the reasonable view of inspiration is not that God dictated each word to Moses, but that the writer was supernaturally guided to indite that alone which was historic truth. But did a monotheistic writer simply take the legend and eliminate the polytheistic portions? No; for the variations between the accounts show that though they may be derived from a common origin, they are certainly not derived the one from the other. What then was the common origin of the Hamite or Accadian cylinders, and of the Mosaic history? There surely can be none later than the accounts imparted by the common *father of Shem, Ham, and Japhet before the dispersion of mankind.* These accounts may have been oral, they may even have been written, for the perfection to which the art of inscribing had arrived so soon after Nimrod may well lead us to believe that it was an art transmitted from across the waters of the deluge. Are the great events alike recorded in both histories to be accepted as historical facts, or are we, at the bidding of those who would reject all, because of the marvellous element interwoven, to believe that the compilers intended, by the early story of mankind, to give us figurative

and elaborate descriptions of natural phenomena? We reply in the pungent words of G. Smith, 'If this were true, the myth would have taken to create it a genius almost as great as that of the philosophers who explained it.' But when from the historical we pass to the chronological results of recent research, we must frankly admit many difficulties. From Nimrod or Izdubar downwards the chronology now stands scarcely disputed. Bishop Usher and the modern Assyrian scholars agree in placing him about B.C. 2,250, The difficulty is in the antecedent period from the Flood to his date, for which the received chronology allows only a century. But we can scarcely conceive so vast a multiplication of mankind in the space of three generations, even if we compress the whole into the valleys of the Euphrates and the Tigris, as is evidenced by the history and works of Nimrod. The Elamite conquest of Chaldea (Gen xii.) is frequently alluded to in the tablets, and scholars agree in placing it about B.C. 2,400, 150 or 200 years before Nimrod. But before it we have the tradition of 36 successive kings from the Flood. If accepted at all, we may fairly allow 1,000 years for this succession, which would place the Flood about B.C. 3,500, or 1,000 years earlier than the popular chronology, This position would solve all difficulties. And bearing in mind that succession, not chronology, is the object of the narrative, and that in the Hebrew and other Semitic tongues there are no distinct words for the degrees of genealogy, the statement that Cush was the son of Ham and Nimrod the son of Cush need bear no closer interpretation than that Nimrod was descended from Ham through Cush. When we see how genealogies are notoriously compressed, as in Matthew i., for technical convenience, and find that the Accadian cylinders compress them in the same way, and likewise use the same word for "son" and "descendant," we are entitled, I submit, to allow a period of indefinite extension, if other circumstances require it, for the dispersion and gradual increase of mankind after the Flood. When Moses was supernaturally inspired dimly to sketch the great events and epochs of a far-reaching past, those great epochs towered one behind the other, as the traveller on the plains of India sees hundreds of miles away the peaks of the mighty Himalayan range in close array rising one behind the other, and his eye marks each in succession, without taking note of the vast plains and wide uplands that intervene hidden and buried between each. So it is beneath the standpoint of our faith to measure inspiration by applying the cold bald precision of western criticism to the figurative expressions and vivid metaphors which are the natural outcome of oriental thought, or to measure it by the position of a dot or a point in the Hebrew numerals. When from the historical we proceed to that eye of history, the geographical and topographical details of the early Scriptures, our attention is directed chiefly to the journal of the wanderings of the Exodus, and the allotment of the Land of Promise.

"These are full of topographical notes on the Siniatic Peninsula, and the various countries east of Jordan, while the Domesday Book of Joshua describes with the fulness of a government survey the various tribal boundaries, and contains long lists of the towns and villages allotted to each tribe. Till recently these countries had never been accurately surveyed. Geographical precision and strong local colouring we find to pervade the whole narrative; and the events circumstantially recorded in Exodus are of such a character that on the acceptance of them as historical facts depends the whole question of the truth of the Old Testament. The recent surveys of the Sinaitic Peninsula have shown the most exact accordance of the record of the Exodus with existing topographical facts, an accordance which would be inconceivable unless the history were compiled at the time. Mr. Holland's researches have shown that at that very date the mining region north-east of Suez was occupied by strong Egyptian garrisons, and that the Israelites could have taken no other route than the southern one between Jebel or Rahah and the Red Sea. Then, after crossing the Red Sea, we have Ayûn Mûsa (Moses' Wells), then three days' journey without water, then the bitter springs of Marah (Ain Hawarah), then Elim (Wady Gharandel), with its palm trees and vegetation still existing. From Elim they go back to the sea, and follow down the coast. Then, where a bold headland forbids further progress, 'they removed from the Red Sea, and encamped in the wilderness of Sin'—*i.e.*, when the headland Ras Abu Zenimeh forbids

further passage, they turn inland and double it. Thence only one road, Wady Taiyebeh, which, with their baggage, the Israelites could have taken towards Sinai, with two halting-places by the way. Here Mr. Holland has traced Rephidim, and beyond the pass the old circular huts of an extinct race, the Amalekitos, with their hearthstones and remains of bones and charred wood. In the open space we find every condition required for the delivery of the law from Sinai, and also for the details of the battle of Rephidim. Eastward from Sinai, again, at a distance of three days' journey, Professor Palmer discovered a piece of ground covered for many acres with the stone circles which mark the site of camps, but of a different shape from any now in use. The hearthstones were still there and pieces of charcoal beneath the surface. Stretching to a great distance round the camps were numbers of grave mounds, said by the Arabs to be the remains of a vast pilgrim caravan, which pitched here ages ago, and was afterwards lost in the desert of the Tîh. No doubt remained on the mind of the explorers that they were actually on the site of Kibroth Hattaavah, and that their fingers, as they turned the stoneheaps, were grimed with the dust of them that lusted. Exactly a day's journey further on they discovered the wells and romantic oasis of Ain Hudherah, the Arabic equivalent for Hazeroth. If beyond this each halting-place prior to the thirty-eighth year of the wanderings has not been traced and identified it is simply because from the nature of the case it is most unlikely that names, probably given at the time by the travellers themselves to featureless camping grounds, should have been preserved. But the latter part of the wanderings has been traced with the same accuracy as the earlier. The discovery by Mr. Holland, only this year, of a labyrinth of valleys, slopes, roads, and hilly country in the north of the desert of Tîh, in the region just south of Ain Gades, recognized as Kadesh Barnea, solves the difficulties connected with the protracted sojourn of a vast host for many years in this region. Proceeding from the watershed of Jebel el Tîh northward through Jebel Mugrah, Mr. Holland found what seems to have afforded the road known as "the way of the spies," a wide region full of traces of ancient habitations and cultivation. West of this region he has traced an easy, direct, and well-watered route to Egypt, with wells and ancient ruins, and numbers of flint flakes, and arrow-heads, proving that it was a road much used in very early times, while large tracts of lands are still cultivated. The pass of Akkrabim, the mountain of the Amorites, Zephath, and Hormah—none of these are now mere traditional names, but actual recognized sites, where the march of Israel can be most distinctly traced. I need not further trace the later history of Numbers and Deuteronomy, the minute details of all the movements of Israel round Edom, through Moab, and to the plains of Shittim, or the high places of Balak and Balaam, as on a former occasion I have been permitted to bring the explorations of myself and others before the notice of the Congress. Thus, entering into Palestine itself, with the Book of Joshua in our hands, we scarcely need a further guide. The officers of the Palestine Exploration Fund have laid down in that ordnance map, which in a few weeks will be in your hands, 2,770 names, where previously only 450 were laid down. Of all the long catalogues of Joshua, there is scarce a village, however insignificant, which does not retain for its desolate heap or its modern hovels the Arabic equivalent for the name written down by Joshua 3,300 years ago. But it is not merely the continuance by an 'occult Providence' of the names in the very places where they ought by the record to be; it is the little touches which often startle by the way in which they carry conviction of the time and place of the sacred penman. Thus when we read that Abraham's second encampment 'was on a mountain east of Bethel, and that he pitched his tent, having Bethel on the west and Hai on the east, and then he builded an altar,' and when between the site of Bethel and the desolate heap, the 'Tell' of Ai, we observe a valley, and in its centre a lofty hill with undecipherable ruins on its summit, whence and whence alone a view of the Jordan valley and the head of the Dead Sea is obtained, we know exactly where Abraham stood and where the writer placed him. Thus is proof and illustration rapidly accumulating, and one definite result is certainly this, that hostile criticism must for the future be subjective and not objective. If there be a corroborated and illustrated history in the world, we have it here. The solvent of unbelief cannot dissolve the sculptured stones and burnt

tablets of Chaldea. But scepticism, like other organisms, may still preserve her continuity, while, Proteus-like, she developes new forms by a process of evolution; that theory which its votaries, as we read in the *Nineteenth Century* for July, tells us is universally accepted by all thinking and educated men, while in the same breath they admit that the proofs are not forthcoming, and that it is reasonable to expect they should be. The historical assault has been triumphantly repulsed all along the line. We calmly await the next charge; for 'Magna est veritas et prævalibit.'"

AN HERMETIC WORK.

(*Continued from page* 81).

Chapter IV.

I betake me now to the Dialogue between Elias *the Artist, and the Physician, to express what is past, and all other passages.*

Elias. GOD save you *Helvetius?* I have heard of your curious search after natural things, and read thy books, particularly against *Kenelme Digby's* Sympathetical Pouder, where he glories to heal all wounds at a distance. Truly I delight incredibly in all such things, which we see in this Look-glass naturally implanted in the Creatures, whether Sympathetick or Antipathetick: for the inexhaustible Treasures of the Divine light and Deity (abundantly granted us) may be perfectly known out of the Creatures under the Sky, or in the womb of the Earth, or in the Seas brought forth. That with all their gifts and powers (potentially in them) they might be beneficial to restore health and help to mortal man.

Physician. Sir, you are the welcomest Guest; for a philosophical discourse of nature is the only refreshing of my Spirit, and Salutiferous nourishment; come I pray into this Chamber.

Elias. Sir, It seems you have here a whole shop of the fiery Art of *Vulcan*, and perhaps all Spagyrical Medicines, most exactly drawn out of the Mineral Kingdom. But Sir? For what end so many Medicaments? when by a most few we may much sooner and safelyer restore the health of man, if the distemper be not deadly, either out of defect of nature, or putrefaction of any noble part, or the whole consumption of the radical humidity; for in such desperate cases neither Galenical Cures, nor Paracelsical Tinctures can be helpful; but it is not thus in ordinary diseases, where nevertheless often men are constrained before their fatal Term, to travail out of this most sweet light amongst the dead, for want of speedy and potent remedies.

Physician. Sir, I apprehend by your discourse you are either a Physician, or an expert Student in Chymistry. Verily I believe there are more excellent Medicaments, and an universal Medicine, which might prolong life until the determinate end, and also cure and heal all distempers in man's body, but who can shew the way to such a Fountain, whence such a Medicinal Juice may be obtained? perhaps none amongst men.

Elias. Truly I am only a Founder of Brass, yet almost from my Cradle my *Genius* prompted me to search Curiosities in the fiery Art, and I have diligently searched through the internal nature of Metals, and though now I forbear assidual labour and accurate Scrutiny, yet such labours and lovers are delightful to me; and I believe the

most high, great and good God, will in this our Age afford his Spagyrick Sons the Metallick mysteries *gratis* yet, by praying, and labouring to attain them.

Physician. I grant God affords his commendable good things *gratis*, yet he hath seldom given or doth easily sell to his Sons this Medicinal *Nectar* for nothing.

For we know certainly that Infinite numbers of Chymists have and do still draw water through a Sieve, whilst they presume to prepare the Universal Stone of Philosophers, and out of the Books of triumphing Adeptists, none can learn the manner of preparing it, or know their first matter. And whilst one searcheth on the lowest root and foot of the Mountain, he never ascends to the highest top, where only he can eat and drink the *Ambrosia* and *Nectar* of the *Macro-Sophists* or Philosophers. In the Interim it is the part of a good Physician, for want of that universal *Elixir*, to keep a pure and safe Conscience, and apply to diseases such restoring remedies in which he certainly finds the effect and Virtue of Curing them. Therefore in all desperate Diseases I use such most simple Medicaments, that the Patients either speedily recover, or are brought into some way of their former better health.

For there are various kinds of Salts generated in the Glandules and Lymphatick Vessels, after the putrefaction of this or that received nourishment, which afterwards flourish out in various humours, and cause either internal or external distempers, For experience teacheth us, that as many constitutions or Complexions, so many diversities of Diseases, although it be the very same Disease in general. As we have experience in them who drink Wine, where divers operations presently manifest themselves.

For *Peter*, having drunk Wine, presently begins to be angry and furious; on the contrary: *Paul* seems to have a Lamblike timidity; but *Mathew* sings, and *Luke* weeps.

Item. From the contagious Scorbutical poison, the Radical Juice of *Peter* in his Lymphatick Vessels and Kernels is turned into Acidity, which obstructs the passages and Organs of all the whole body. From whence springs up under the skin discoloured Azure or Skie-colour spots; but in the time of the Plague they bud forth in the likeness of Cornes of Pepper.

But the Juice of the same parts in *Paul* is changed into an opening bitterness from whence in the skin grow red spots under the Arms and Legs, like unto flea-bites; but in the plague time Carbuncles.

But the Juice or humidity of the same parts in *Mathew* is turned somewhat sweet and easie to be putrefied, whence bud forth under the skin watry Tumors on his Arms and Legs, the like almost you may see in Hydropical patients; but in the pestilence riseth pestilential Tumors.

But of the same parts in *Luke*, the Juice is changed into a sharpe salty driness, whence come forth under the skin of his Arms and Legs, precipitations of the ordinary ferment of the flesh, and such exsiccations as commonly fall out in the consumptive Atrophia; yea, most often into the true Atrophia: But in the Plague, come forth most ardent swellings, with distractedness until death.

Behold my friend! No Physician, by one universal Medicine, can Cure this only Disease of the Scorbutick-pestilential or Febrile-poyson, but indeed by means of a particular Vegetable or Mineral granted in nature from God, we may; for I can succour and handle all Scorbutical patients, with one Scorbutical Herb, as Scurvy-grass, or Sorrel, or Fumitary, or *Baccabungia*, called Brooklime or Red Coleworts; yea, much less can we succour them with one remedy compounded of all these divers species; for as much as there is such an Antipathy between Scurvy-grass and Sorrel, as there is between fire and water, and the same Antipathy is also observed between the Herb Fumitary, and *Baccabungy:* Therefore

The Corrector of *Peter's* Scorbutical, colouring Salty, and sower Poyson, is made with the bitter Volatile Salt of the Herb Scurvy-grass.

The Corrector of *Paul's* Scorbutick, tinging, salty and bitter poyson, is made with the fixt sower salt of the Herb Sorel.

And the Corrector of *Mathew's* Scorbutick, salty, tinging sweet and moistening poyson, is made with the help of the fixt bitter and drying Sulphur of the Herb Fumitary.

But the Corrector of *Luke's* Scorbutical Tingent, Salty, sharp and drying poyson, is

made by the help of the sweet moistening *Mercury* of the Herb *Baccabungy*, Brooklime or Red Coleworts: As out of the External signature of those Herbs is very easie to judge the specifick internal remedy, against these divers Scorbutical Diseases. Verily my friend; if this be well observed, a prudent Physician will doubt of the universal Medicine.

Elias. I shall easily grant all which thou hast Argued, yet the fewest of Physicians observe this Method. In the Interim it is not at all impossible that there is also in the Kingdom of Minerals (being the highest) an universal Medicine, by whose only benefit we may affect and afford all which are recounted by thee of many Remedies out of the lowermost Kingdom of Vegetables. But our most great and good God for some weighty Reasons, hath not given this kind of magnificent Charismal gift or super-eminent Science promiscuously to all Philosophers; but hath revealed the same to a few, though all the Adeptists agree that this Science is true, and that none ought to doubt of the truth thereof in the least.

Physician. Sir, besides the mentioned things, there are yet other observations strenuously opposing the operation of an universal medicine; Partly in respect unto men's age and strength; Partly by reason of the Sex, and other circumstances, whilst there is a plain difference between the tender and strong: Either by nature or education, and between the male and the female; young man and maid; and between the beginning, middle, or end of the disease; And it must be known if the disease be inveterate, or but lately have invaded the party; and lastly, if the Ferment in this disease be promoted, or in another be precipitated: For the Effervency of the Ferment is made in the Stomack, or intestines, and indeed many contradictions are against the Universal Medicine, and few Physicians have *Thomas a Didymus'* Spectacles at their fingers' ends.

Elias. You have argued very Philosophically for so many men, so many minds. And as sweet Musick pleaseth not every *Mydas* ears, or the same meats and drinks please every Pallate: So the judgments of unskilful persons are very different concerning this Universal Medicine, both for humane and Metallick Bodies; And certainly the operation of this differs much from particular Medicines; Some whereof nevertheless are in a manner universal, or so esteemed, as the Herb Scurvy-grass, curing all sorts of the Scurvy, marked with Azure spots; Sorrel, every Scurvy with red spots; Beccabungia (red Coleworts or Brooklime), Atrophia, or the Consumptive kind: and Fumitary Tumors of another kind: Especially with such Physicians to whom the abovesaid observations are in high esteem. Besides there is a vast difference between the universal Medicine of true Philosophers, which revives all the vital spirits, and the particular Medicament of a slight cure; where only the venome of humours boyling against nature (in this man sower, in another bitter, &c., and in one Saline, in another sharp) is corrected; And if these corruptions be not presently removed by the usual Emunctories of Mouth, Nostrils, Stool, Urine, or Sweat; then certainly the Corruption of one, begets another disease; for every spark of Fire having food, and not quencht, will arise to the greatest conflagration. But if there be a defect in the motions of the Vital Spirits, then this is impossible to be effected by particulars; wherefore it concerns every conscientious Physician to learn how he may promote the motion of the vital spirits, to a natural digestible heat, which is most securely and best performed by our universal Medicine by which the sick are notably recreated; for as soon as this more than perfect Medicine removes the mortifying seeds, Nature is restored, and so lost health recovered; and that only by a harmonious Sympathy between it and the vital Spirits; Wherefore the Adept do call it the Mystery of Nature, defence of old Age, and against all Sicknesses, yea, of the very Plague and Pestilence; For this being a kind of *Salamander*, communicates its virtue and (as a Salamander) makes a man live till his last appointed time against all the Fiery Epidemical Darts of the angry Heavens or their Malevolent Influences.

Physician. Sir! I understand by your discourse, That this Medicine doth nothing to the correcting of depraved or corrupt humours, but only by strengthning the Vital Spirits, and our Balsamick Nature; but other practical Chymists teach how to separate

the impure from the pure, and ripen the unripe; to make the bitter become a little sower or Acid, and the sower sweet, and so to turn sharp into mild, mild into sharp, sower into sweet, and sweet into sower. Also I understand you say this universal medicine cannot prolong life beyond its prefixed time, but only preserves it from all venome and deadly sickness, which agrees with the vulgar belief, That the Life depends only upon the will of God. But passing by these things, my question is still, whether a man's former nature may be converted into another new nature? So that a slothful man may be changed into a diligent nimble man, and a Melancholy man by nature be made a merry man; or the like.

Elias. Not at all Sir, for no Medicine hath power to transform the nature of man in such a manner, no more than wine drunk by divers men changeth the person's nature, but only provokes or deduceth what is in man potentially into Act; For the universal Medicine works by recreating the vital spirits, and so restoreth that health which was suppressed for a time. In the same manner the heat of the Sun never transmutes the Herbs and Flowers, but stirs up their potential powers to become active. For a man of melancholy temper is again raised up to his natural melancholy disposition, and a merry man to become merry. And so in all desperate diseases, it is a present and most excellent preservative. Nay, if there could be any prolonging of Life, Then *Hermes*, *Paracelsus*, *Trevisan*, and many others having had the said Medicine would never have undergone the Tyranny of death, but have prolonged their lives perhaps to this very day: It were therefore the part of a mad Lunatick to believe that any Medicine in the world could prolong life longer than God limits.

Physician. Worthy Sir, *I* agree now cheerfully to all you have said touching the Universal Medicine, being no less regular than fundamental; Yet till I can prepare the same my self, it profits me not: Indeed some illustrious men have written of it so cautiously in dark Ænygmas, that very few can understand their progress to the end; and if one could purchase all these Authors, this short life might be therein consumed, and not attain the thing. It remains therefore only to pray and labour, *Ora & labora, Deus dat omni horæ*, Work and pray, God gives every day.

Elias. Seldom indeed can this Art of Arts be pickt out of Books without demonstration from some true Adeptist.

But waving this, let us come to Transmutation of Metals, by the most noble Tincture of which many have written, but 'tis true, few Disciples attain this *Arcanum.*

Physician. Your convincing Arguments, and my fore going Experiments, I believe all you say: for *Dr. Kuffler* with the Tincture of one ounce of gold, projected on two ounces of Silver, transmuted, as is said, an ounce and half into the purest gold, and a third of the remainder into white gold, and the rest was still the purest Silver imaginable. And *Van Helmont's* experiment proves the same, But especially *Alexander Scotus*, and *Count Russes'* Experiment, well known at *Prague*, and as here you may see the inscriptions done before the Roman Emperour *Cæsar Ferdinando* the Third; Where with one grain of Tincture were transmuted three pound of Mercury into the noblest pure gold. Yet I confess I never saw a true Adeptist, or projection made, and therefore cannot so absolutely conclude these things to be true.

Elias. My Friend, The art will remain true whether you believe it or not. For Example. In the singular exalted sulphurous virtue in the Loadstone (by its only touch) derives a sympathetick virtue into the sulphurous Iron to become another Magnet or Loadstone by its touch. So doth it happen in the Philosopher's Stone, in the which is all that the wisemen seek. Now in regard their writings are so numerous and dark: it is to be wished one Laconick short Epitomy were extracted out of all for the said Art to be clearly manifested in a short time, with little labour and expence; and so a most easie Transite made to the best Authors. But look here, I will now shew you the true matter of Philosophers to confirm your belief.

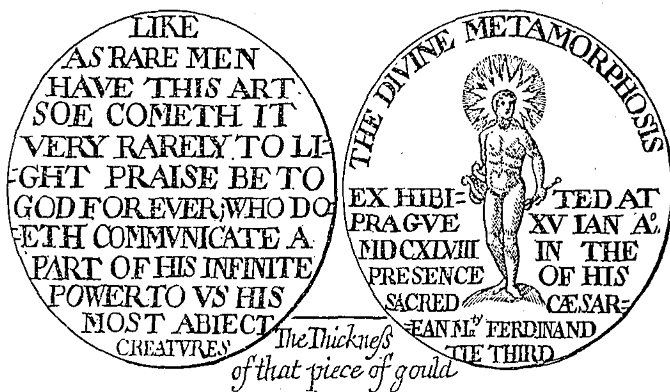
Physician. Is this glassy yellow Masse it indeed? I fear you do but jest or dally with me.

Elias. Yea truly, thou hast now in thy hands the most pretious thing in the

world, the true Philosopher's stone, none ever more real or can be better, neither shall any have another, and I my self have wrought it from the very beginning, to the very end. Then stepping into a more private Room he shewed me these five pieces of pure gold, made out of Lead by the Philosophical Tincture, which saith he, I wear in memory of my Master: Now by thy great reading canst thou judge of what matter of substance it is made and composed.

Physician. Sir, I cannot judge, but it seems you learnt it not of your self, but had a master instructed you to make it. Now I beseech you Sir, bestow a little crum of the same upon me, if it be but as much as a Coriander or Hemp Seed, only to transmute four grains of Lead into gold.

Elias. I confess an honest good man first shewed me the possibility, and then the art and manner to prepare the Medicine, but to give thee any of this Medicine is not



Count Russ, uppermost Hill master in Steyer and Carinthia (two Provinces of high Germany) hath with one only graine of Tincture transmuted three pounds of Quicksiluer into pure gold fixt in all assayes & proofes out of which was cast this piece of Gould

lawful, though I had for it as many Duckets as would fill this room; not for my esteem of the matter, which is of no price at all, but for other private considerations, and to make it so appear, I would now throw all into the fire to be consumed, if it were possible for the fire to destroy fire. Be not therefore covetous, for thou hast sent more than many Kings or Princes that have sought for it. But I must now depart and purpose to come again at three weeks' end, and then if not hindred or forbid, I will abundantly satisfie thy curiosity to see transmutation; in the *Interim*, I warn you not to tamper with this dangerous art, lest you lose your fame and substance in the ashes.

Physician. Sir, What shall I do, if it be not lawful for you to bestow so small a part of your tincture, because of your Philosophical Oath, taken at your drinking the dissolved Silver in the rain water? Yet know I do eagerly desire to learn this, and I

believe *Adam* (thrown out of Paradise for eating an Apple) would again desire this golden Fruit out of *Atlantas* Garden, though to hazard the destruction you premonish. And though I have not yet seen transmutation from you, I thank you for your great friendship in forewarning me of the dangers, and shewing me what I have seen, and till your return, I shall delight myself with what is discovered, both of your Medicine and Person. But I fear Sir, if any King, Prince, or Potentate should know the same (which God forbid) they would perchance imprison and torture you, till you should reveal all the art to them.

1
Amen
Holy holy holy
is the Lord our God and
all things are full of
his honour
Leo. Libra.

2
The maruelous
wisdome of the wonderfull
Iehovah in the vniuersall
Booke of nature I am
made the 26th of
August.
1666

3
☉ ☿ ☽
The wonderfull
God; Nature and
the spagyricall Art
make nothing
in vain.

4
To the Honour
of the Euerlasting, Inuisible
trione only wise most high
& Omnipotent God of Gods,
holy, holy, holy. Gouernor
and praiseworthy
Preseruer of all.

5
Holy art thou
O holy spirit, Halleluiah,
ffye vpon the Diuell
and neuer speake of
God without light
Amen.

Elias. I never shewed the Stone to any in the world, but to you, except one aged man, and henceforth shall not to any; but if any King, or other, (which I hope God will not permit) should Rack me to pieces, or burn me alive, I would not reveal it to them, neither directly nor indirectly, as many circumferanious Physicians, Mountebanks, Vagabonds, and others pretend to do.

Physician. Good Sir, tell me in the *Interim*, who are the best Authors, in regard by experience you are best able to judge.

Elias. Indeed Doctor I have not read many books, but amongst those I have

read, none more curious than *Cosmopolite Sendivogius*, the Dutch *Borger Derwerel*, and Brother *Basilius* 12 Keys. I can lend thee *Sendivogius* at my return, in whose obscure words the Truth lyes hidd, even as our Tincture lyes inclosed in the minerals and Metallick bodies.

Physician. Sir, I give you most hearty thanks for your exceeding kindness and love, Believing that marvellous and efficacious Essences and Tinctures, lies hid in Metals and Minerals under the external rinds and shells of their bodies; though I find few so expert in the Fire, to know how to pick out their Kernel philosophically, for (as *Isaac Holland* writes) the outward body of every Animal, Vegetable, and Mineral, is like to a Terrestrial Province, within which excellent spiritual essences do retire and dwell. Wherefore it is needful that the sons of art should know how, by some saline, fit, sutable, Ferment (pleasant and agreeable to the Metallick Nature) to tame and subdue, dissolve, separate, and concentrate, not only the Metallick Magnetick virtue, where with to Tinge; but also Philosophically to multiply the same, in their golden or silver-Homogenity. For we see that the bodies of all creatures are not only easily destroyed but as soon as they cease to live they hurry to their graves in putrefaction, *viz.*, to their old Chaos and darkness of *Orcus;* wherein they were before they were brought to light by Creation in this World. But alas who or what man can or will shew us the Art in the Metallick Kingdom!

Elias. Sir, I confess you judge right of the natural destruction of things, and if it be God's pleasure, he can (as to me) send one (sooner than thou hopest) to shew thee the manner to destroy Metals and Minerals, in a true Philosophical manner, and to gather their inward souls. In the mean time implore the blessing of this great God, who doth all things as he pleaseth. To whom *I* recommend thee, whose watchful eyes are always open, over all his regenerated Sons, in and through Christ Jesus. So be sure *I* am your friend, and once more Farewell.

THE WORDS OF STRENGTH.

THERE are three lessons I would write—
Three words as with a burning pen,
In tracings of eternal light,
Upon the hearts of men.

Have Hope. Though clouds environ now,
And gladness hides her face in scorn,
Put thou the shadow from thy brow—
No night but hath its morn.

Have Faith. Where'er thy bark is driven—
The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth—
Know this—God rates the hosts of Heaven,
The inhabitants of earth.

Have Love. Not love alone for one,
But man as man, thy brother call,
And scatter like the circling sun
Thy charities on all.

Thus grave these lessons on thy soul—
Hope, Faith, and Love—and thou shalt find
Strength when life's surges rudest roll
Light when thou else were blind.

Schiller.