

# THE MASONIC MAGAZINE

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

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## Monthly Masonic Summary.

OUR Grand Master is still in India, and has visited in succession Lucknow, Delhi, and Cawnpore, and is now in the North Western provinces. His progress is not only a Royal one, but a very successful one, and he seems to have won golden opinions from all classes; to have conciliated the natives, and delighted Europeans, both by his kindness and geniality, his friendly interest, and his pleasant "aboard." May his travels end as they have begun, in the halo of success, and may he soon have a safe and pleasant homeward journey to loving hearts at home!

There is not much news, Masonically, to communicate this month. London lodges are now at full work again, the Christmas holidays and New-Year gatherings being over, but there is not much to tell or record beyond the normal procedure of Masonic life.

The first charitable gathering of the year will take place on the 9th February, under that justly popular nobleman, Lord Skelmersdale, D. G. Master, and we augur for Bro. Terry, the zealous and meritorious secretary of the R. M. B. Institution, a golden harvest. We wish him and that admirable institution all prosperity and success; and sure we are that in no case can the charitable sympathies of our brethren be more fairly roused, or the zealous interests of the Stewards be more devotedly employed. We hope in our next number of the Magazine to announce a great success for the first Masonic charitable gathering of 1876.

The appointment of H. R. H. Prince Leopold to be Provincial Grand Warden of Oxfordshire has been warmly received by the Order, and enthusiastically greeted by that distinguished Province over which he is now wisely called to rule.

We are glad to remind our readers that that lamented and distinguished public servant, Mr. Birch, as well as gallant Captain Innes, R. E., were members of the Lodge at Penang, and thoroughly earnest and good Freemasons.

Monsignor Nardi has welcomed Lord Ripon to Rome and Romanism in a very

flowery oration, but has thought well to bespatter the Freemasons with a little Ultramontane sarcasm, to "damn" them publicly with "faint praise" and covert taunt and insinuation. The point of his ecclesiastical wit is that we are fond of good dinners, a sort of harmless "goose club." When sober we are very decent fellows, and different from all other Freemasons, whom Monsignor Nardi fiercely denounces "en bloc;" but when "inebriated," we behave ourselves improperly, and one of our main points is hostility to the Roman Church. Poor Monsignor Nardi! If he had nothing better to say he had, we think, much better have said nothing at all than put forth gravely this melancholy specimen of courtly trimming and fulsome adulation. Lord Ripon had no sincerer friends than his now vilified and contemned Masonic brethren. He knows well that Monsignor Nardi's burlesque account of Anglo-Saxon Freemasonry is not true, and if he now allows his old friends and brethren thus to be lampooned without a word of protest or denial we shall be equally sorry for Lord Ripon. But our hope is that in his own honesty of purpose, and loyalty and courage of old, he will rise above the swaddling bands of Roman Catholic intolerance, and disregarding the impertinence of Ultramontanism, will dare to be just and honest, and, above all, to speak the truth.

It is amusing to note how error will still cling to our Masonic writers, and how apparently hopeless it is for Masonic students to pioneer the way for a true and reliable history of Freemasonry. After all our archaeological researches and critical studies it is a little disheartening to find a professed Masonic teacher coolly asserting the reality of the so-called Locke MS.

Bro. Leo Fort, in his recent scholarly history, in our opinion has said too much in favour of the same "aiersis;" but we were quite astounded recently to note that an English Masonic teacher, professing, too, to write for the information of others, has fallen into so great a blunder, and even boldly asserts that the MS. copied by Leland actually exists in the Bodleian library.

THE ORIGIN AND REFERENCES OF  
THE HERMESIAN SPURIOUS  
FREEMASONRY.

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BY REV. GEO. OLIVER, D.D.

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CHAPTER V.

THE GLOBE, SERPENT, AND WINGS.

IN the mysterious institutions of antiquity the hieroglyphics were not adopted without an adequate cause. Everything that was thought of sufficient importance to be introduced there, was invested with a hidden meaning that was frequently known to the priesthood only. And these kind of symbols, being considered inexplicable, were placed in the most public situations, without any fear that the abstruse interpretation should be discovered. This custom was common throughout the world; and the temples of the deity had usually placed over the principle entrance, either the name or the hieroglyphical symbol of the of the god to whom it was especially dedicated. Plutarch says that the word EI, was inscribed on the portal of the temple of Apollo; and this word being ineffable, was a mystery to the uninitiated which they attempted in vain to penetrate. Indeed it is highly probable that the priests pronounced it to be of so sacred a nature, that it would be impious to speculate upon it, or endeavour to discover its meaning. And this was one reason why the heathen temples were regarded with such a high degree of veneration, that the people approached them with awe, and in a bending posture, so low that the women swept the pavement with the hair of their heads.

It is recorded that an inscription to the following effect was engraved on the pronaos of the Egyptian temples:

QUOD FUIT—QUOD EST—QUOD QUE  
FUTURUM EST.

And that the Saitic temple in Lower Egypt had the following:

“I am all that hath been, and is, and will be; and my veil no mortal hath yet uncovered.”

These inscriptions, however, were neither in the Greek, or Latin language, but in Egyptian hieroglyphics. In Greece the emblem was frequently substituted for the god, or, which is the same thing, for his

NAME. Thus the figure of an eagle grasping a thunderbolt stood for Jupiter; a trident for Neptune; the ivy or vine for Bacchus; the harp for Apollo, &c. This practice was not confined to Greece and Rome, but was used by those ancient nations, from whence their learning and knowledge were derived—India and Egypt. I shall endeavor to show therefore in the present Chapter, that the hieroglyphics by which the Egyptians expressed the above truths, which so accurately describe the eternity of the deity, were the Globe, Serpent, and Wings.

This expressive symbol, as I have already observed, has been omitted by Ben Washih in the copy before us, but it is found in combination with our anaglyph on the Isiac table; it was carved conspicuously over the entrance of many of the Egyptian temples; and particularly on those which were held in the highest reverence; and probably placed there with solemn ceremonies, on the day of consecration, of which these hieroglyphs was an acknowledged symbol.

One Hermes has the reputation of being the first heathen, if heathen he may be called, in descent from the patriarch Noah, who discovered or rather recorded, for the fact must have been known before the flood, the omnipotence of the deity; and described him as a being who occupies all space, and extends through all extent. His definition was, “God is a circle whose centre is everywhere, and the circumference nowhere.” “Or in other words, that the whole universe—far as the eye, assisted by the most comprehensive instruments, can reach, for millions upon millions of miles in diameter—forms but the point or centre; while the circumference is boundless, and beyond the limits of a finite capacity to comprehend. Eternity is without end—space is without limit—and the deity fills them both. The circle then is the emblem of space as well as eternity, both being interminable.

“Selden remarks, that the figure represented in abbreviated writing among the Greeks, signified *Daimon*, the deity. The same figure, according to Kircher, was in use among the Brahmins of Hindoostan as the *character Mundi intelligibilis*,—that is, of the deity; for the

\* Kircher. Pamp. Obel. p. 339.

universe and its Creator, were often confounded by the ancient heathens. The emblem is evidently the Globe and Serpents of Egyptian mythology. In the same form was erected, the celebrated temple of the druids at Abury in Wiltshire. The upright stones which constituted the adytium and its approaches, correctly delineated the circle, with the serpent passing through it.\*

The circle elaborated into a sphere or globe, represented dominion and power, and, with this interpretation, was a favourite emblem of royalty, not only in ancient, but in modern times. After the advent of Christ, it was surmounted by a Cross, to show the triumph of true religion, and its universal extension amongst all people, nations, and languages. It was not only understood by the Egyptians as the emblem of a Being without beginning, and without end, as its figure implies, but also of everything which the universe contains—the *το παν*—of things visible, and things invisible: expressed in christian philosophy by  $\Lambda$  and  $\Omega$ . It was, referred to the sun, a spherical body, which enlightens and invigorates all nature; and was, like the deity, called One, and Light, and Goodness. ONE, because he is the sole intelligence which was supposed to govern the world; LIGHT, because he is the only source of Light that is manifest to the senses; and GOODNESS, because he rises in the east to dispel the darkness; gains his meridian in the South to dispense the blessings which we derive from his prolific beams, by ripening the fruits of the earth, and filling our souls with food and gladness; and sets in the West to afford mankind an opportunity of rest and refreshment; thus moving in an apparent circle round the earth, and performing the same invariable course of goodness and beneficence to man; whence the circle became a symbol of perfection; and where probably originated the solar worship as the deity under the name of Osiris; for the *aphawisen* and *eurisis* of the mysteries referred to the arrival of the Sun at the equinoctial solstices. In other nations, the theory was the same, but the name was different; for the Sun was intended to be understood equally

under the names of Zeus, Liber, Jupiter, Lux, Apollo, Diespiter, Dionusus, Adonis, Attis, Phænæ, Adoneus, Helios, Vulcan, &c., a decisive proof of the veneration with which they regarded that circular vehicle of light. Eadem pila, says Plerius;\* *Solis et lunæ signis conspicua, cælum significabat. Alii per hujus modi speciem, cuncta, veluti etiam in circulo, interpretabantur; si quidem circumflexucæli, quem alio nomine mundum appellamus, cuncta, tegi comprehendique manifestum esta quippe qui totus in toto sit, imo vero ipsetotum, extra intrage in se cuncta complexus. Quin non modò pila, sed simplex rota curvatura cælum apud Egyptios indicabat. Ita enim apud Cyrillum legas libro nono contra Julianum, quod precipiti quidam ingenio pro apside aspidem translulerunt. Hujus picture eam Egyptii tradebant causam, quod cælum in curcæitum assidue ferant.*

The serpent was considered an emblem of wisdom. Stukeley, speaking of the serpent in his Abury, says; "Hephæstion II. writes concerning the hydra of Hercules, that half his head was of gold. I saw a snake of such exquisite beauty in Surrey; the notion and the appearance, or bright golden colour, being so like to angelic seraphic beings, no wonder the ancients conceived so high a regard for the serpent as to reckon it a most divine animal. Consider the motion of a serpent; it is it is wonderful; performed without the help of legs, nay incomparably quicker than their kindred of the crocodile and lizard kind, which have four legs. It is swift, smooth, wavy, and beautiful. The ancients conceived it to be like the walking of the gods; whence the notion of deified heroes with serpents' feet. Pherecydes Syrus says, the gods have snakes feet; meaning that their motion was smooth and sweeping, without the alternate use of legs. From the form and motion, pass we to the mind of the serpent, if we may be allowed so to talk. The wisdom of this creature is celebrated from the time of the creation itself. Moses writes, it was more subtle than any other creature. Our Saviour recommends to the ministry to imitate the prudence of serpents, as well as the innocence of doves; He makes it the

\* Dean. Serpent. p. 55.

\* Hier. l. xxxix. p. 288 C.

symbol of christian prudence. The psalmist compares the slyness of the wicked to the serpent which refuses to be charmed. Aristotle writes that this animal is very crafty; but if we enquire into authors concerning the wisdom of this creature, nothing occurs satisfactory; in truth it is figurative and symbolical; meaning the charms of rhetoric and oratory, taken from its divided tongue, and more especially regarding the preachers of evangelical truths. All these put together, I take to be good reasons for the extraordinary veneration paid to this creature from all antiquity. Our oldest heathen writer, Sanchoniathos says, the Phœnicians called it Agathodæmon, the good angel. Epies the Phœnician, in Eusebius, pronounces it a most divine animal. Maximus of Tyre, before quoted, writes, that the serpent was the great symbol of the deity in most nations, even among the Indians.\*

The origin of that divinity which was ascribed to the serpent, may be safely dated from the fall of man, and his expulsion from Paradise and happiness; which evil was effected by means of a serpent. And when mankind had so far submitted to the delusions of the devil, as to throw off their allegiance to the true God, he further incited them to worship him, under the very forces by which he had effected man's ruin both body and soul. The Phœnicians and Egyptians were the first to set the example of his heterodox and profane worship; and Eusebius ascribes its origin to HERMES, whether truly or not is uncertain. This worship at length became so general that serpents were placed, not only in temples, but in private houses, as emblems of safety and protection. Thus Persius says:

—hic, veto quisquam facit oletum;  
Pinge duos angues; pueri, sacer est locus,  
extra  
Meite."

In process of time the Egyptians converted the serpent into a symbol of consecration; and hence the frequent recurrence of this reptile amongst the hieroglyphics of that people; which may probably account for the symbolization of Wisdom by it; for as the temptations of the devil induced them to give him divine honours,

under the very form which he himself had chosen to seduce the first man, it would be easy for him to persuade them that the serpent was the author of the knowledge of good and evil, and that he possessed unbounded wisdom. From hence we may derive the origin of the use of serpents in divination, and the universal belief that they were oracular, and knew all things, past, present, and to come.

Cueph, or divine goodness, was represented by a snake not venomous; his power by a viper, the figure of which the Egyptian priests wore upon their bonnets of ceremony; and it was frequently found upon the foreheads of their deities; and Alian says that it was so placed as an emblem of justice, in the punishment of the wicked. The Serpent was the acknowledged emblem of Hermes; and when standing erect upon its tail as an object of adoration, its common aspect on the monuments, it represented the Hermetic letter Zeta which signified, like the cross of the same deity—LIFE. As the author of life, therefore, symbolized by the annual renewal of its skin, the serpent was venerated by the Egyptians; and depicted on their coins with his head surrounded by a nimbus, and inscribed Agathodæmon. Maurice, however, thinks that the serpent was more probably a symbol of the Kakadæmon, or evil genius; and those whose fears led them to adore, by way of pacifying the evil demon, erected the serpent on the first altar. The winged serpent was sacred to Isis or Ceres, and her chariot was borne through the air by means of its agency.\*

Wings were an emblem of swiftness, taken from the velocity with which a bird moves in the air. The swiftness of the swallow is remarkable; for it is asserted that one of these birds will make his supper of insects in England at the setting of the sun, and take his afternoon's repast on the ensuing day upon the ephemera that sport under the meridian sun in the latitudes of Africa. Whilst the mail coach is going from London to Liverpool, the swallow will have accomplished its journey of nearly four thousand miles.

Here, then, we have a very satisfactory reason why wings were considered a symbol of swiftness. Our pictures of

\* Abury p. 56.

\* Ovid. Met. v.

angels are delineated with wings to indicate the celerity of their movements. From the same cause, wings were symbols of thought and spirit, because they display equal quickness. They were also a hieroglyphic of sovereign power, from the strength and activity which they impart to the body that is provided with them. Now the sacred character of winged globes in the Egyptian theology, may be estimated from the fact, that not only were they placed in front of the most sacred temples, but they were made to overshadow the Ark itself in the adytum, as the wings of the cherubim overshadowed the Mercy Seat in the Sanctum Sanctorum of the Hebrew tabernacle and temple. And in other respects the winged hawk of the Egyptians was closely allied to the cherubim of the Jews.

Ezekiel describes the cherubim as having human shapes, with four faces, and four wings. The four faces are those of a man, a lion, an ox, and an eagle, or hawk; but few writers suppose that the ark-cherubim had more than one of these faces, and they generally take that of a man or an ox, seldom choosing the lion or the eagle. In the Egyptian example we have one of the four faces—that of the hawk. The wings are precisely the same as described by Ezekiel—"Their wings were stretched upward; two wings of every one were joined one to another, and two covered their bodies"—so it is here; each figure is intended to be represented with four wings, two of which fall down and cover the body, while the other two stretch upward, both pairs of wings in each of the figures nearly meeting those of the one opposite. Their position, indeed, with their faces towards each other, is strikingly illustrative.\*

The above explanation of the compound parts of the hierogram, will prepare the way for its interpretation as an entire compound hieroglyphic. The explanation, which is said to have been given by Hermes himself, the inventor of the symbol, will be first shown; for it will be difficult to aduce better authority for the illustration of any symbol, a complicated piece of machinery, than that of its author; and Sanchoniatho affirms that "Hermes contrived for Cronus the ensign of his royal

power; viz. four eyes, partly before and partly behind, two of them winking as in sleep; and upon his shoulders four wings. *two as flying, and two as let down to rest.* The Emblem was, that Cronus, when he slept, yet was watching; and watched while he slept. And the position of his wings was to show that while quiescent he flew about, and was continually flying even when at rest.\*\*

The literal use of wings in the construction of the system of theology which was introduced by this great reformer, constitutes a striking peculiarity, which could not fail to produce favourable results. Accordingly we find his religious dogmata and ceremonies in use amongst the Egyptians at a very remote period; and the anaglyph now under our consideration, is found on the most ancient temples with which we are acquainted in that primitive country. And Hermes thus interpreted its occult signification: "The Globe typified the simple essence of God, which he sometimes called the Father, at others the first Mind, or the supreme Wisdom. The serpent was the vivifying power of God the Creator; and he gave it the name of The Word. The wings represented or symbolized that active Power which penetrated or pervaded all things; which he called Love. *The entire symbol represented the One God, as the Creator and Governor of the world.*"†

This, added to another practice which has been attributed to Hermes by the ancient writer above quoted,‡ that he "consecrated the species of dragons and serpents; and that the Phenicians imitated the custom; which gave rise to the idea that he was the originator of Ophiolatrea, or serpent worship;" and was the moving cause of its introduction into the compound symbol before us. The Globe, Serpent, and Wings, referred to the Egyptian triad, of which we shall have much to say in a subsequent chapter of this work; and may be thus briefly explained. Osiris, represented by the Globe, was the SUN, corresponding with the Father; Phtha, or the Serpent, was the FIRE that issued from it, equivalent to the Word, or Creator; and Cneph, or the

\* Euseb. præp. Evan. l. i. c. 10.

† Kircher. Pamph. Obel. 399.

‡ Sanch. ap. Euseb. ut supra.

\* Kitto's Palestine, vol. i. p. 260.

wings, the emblem of power, was the LIGHT or Love,—that mighty primordial Spirit, that brooded over the face of the waters at the creation of the world, and subsequently pervaded and animated all created matter.

Maurice,\* thus briefly explains the hieroglyph. "Jupiter is an imagined sphere; from that sphere is produced a serpent. The sphere shows the divine nature to be without beginning or end: the serpent his Word, which animates the world and makes it prolific; his wings, the spirit of God, that by its motion, gives life to the whole mundane system."

Dr. Richardson explains it rather differently. He says, when describing the gateway or porch leading to the temple of Isis at Teutyra,—“immediately over the centre of the doorway, is the beautiful Egyptian ornament usually called the globe, with serpents and wings; emblematical of the sun poised in the airy firmament of heaven, supported and directed in his course by the eternal Wisdom of the Deity. On a monument at Thebes,† the globe is painted red, the serpent yellow, and the wings blue and red. Now red is a symbol of divine love. In popular language, however, it was an emblem of war and fighting, and was appropriated to Mars; but its secret meaning was a spiritual combat, by which the initiated acquired their regeneration; which was considered to be the combat of divine love against human passion. Yellow or gold indicates Revelation; and blue, the Air, or the breath of God. In some such sense the prophet may be understood when the sacred canon was about to be closed, and he promises to them that fear the NAME OF GOD, that the Sun of Righteousness should arise with healing on his wings;‡ or in other words that divine love should send his Son to reveal the will of God for the salvation of man. And the figure of speech was in conformity with the universal belief of all nations; for the winged globe or sun was the universal emblem of the deity; and therefore the entire symbol bore the same reference in Egypt, as the cherubim amongst the Jews.§

There were in many instances two serpents attached to the winged globe; which

represented Osiris and Typhon, the good and evil power. In Persia they were feigned to contend for an egg, or in other words for the universal government of the world. From these contests sprang the doctrine of the world's eternity, or rather an endless succession of worlds, which is one and the same thing, for the sacred writings or traditions of each nation do not decide which was the first world nor which will be the last; nor did they believe that the Supreme Being himself possessed this knowledge. Hence several eminent men concluded that these worlds never had a beginning, and never will have an end; that is to say, that the successive destruction and reproductions of the world resemble a great wheel, in which we can point out neither beginning nor end.

Mr. Fosbroke says "The power of demonstrating the true meaning of these Egyptian figures, is wanting. Plutarch gives one meaning, Eusebius another, Clemens of Alexandria a third, Horapollon a fourth; and therefore nothing can be acquired as to certainty by collating them. Among the Greeks a local mythology is often added to the general system; and Macrobius, Hyginus, and Ovid, differ from each other. In the Golden Legend may be seen, in the same manner, fanciful and arbitrary constructions of the attributes of the Romish saints."\*

If this author had lived a few years longer he would have changed his opinion, and admitted the possibility of deciphering the hieroglyphics of Egypt. A great stride has been made towards the formation of a perfect code of interpretation; and I see no doubt but another age will complete the task.

The caduceus of Mercury was an evident manifestation of the same symbol; and Mercury was the Grecian Hermes. It consisted of a winged globe at the summit of a rod entwined with serpents. It is said to have been an emblem of peace, and originated in Hermes laying his rod, (which was in fact the Tautic cross, that, like the fabled Rod of Moses, had been transmitted from antediluvian times), between two serpents which were fighting, when they immediately became friends and twined themselves about the rod.†

\* *Ind. Ant.* vol. vi. p. 164.

† *Description, Egypt.* Tom. iii. p. 34.

‡ *Mal.* iv. 2.

§ *Seld. Arund. Marb.* 133.

\* *Encyc. Ant.* vol. i. p. 126.

† Another reason given for the existence of this power in the caduceus is, that the two serpents which surround it are Jupiter and Rhea.

*Pacis et armorum superis imisque deorum, Arbitrator, alato qui pede carpit iter.*

In this form they constituted a talisman, by the use of which divination was effected; and it is said to have possessed the power of raising the dead. These properties are easily accounted for, from the peculiar construction of the instrument. The same word in Hebrew, Greek, and Arabic—*nachash, oionizes, thui, alahat*—denotes both divination and a serpent; whence the serpent was in all ages considered to be the great vehicle of divination. And hence the Egyptian priests contrived a serpent of gold to deliver responses; and by means of machinery was made to move his head and eyes at their will, to the astonishment of the ignorant beholders.† The wings represent the air—swiftness—the means of penetrating to the regions of the dead; and the cross was the symbol of life. Hence, then, the globe, serpent, and wings, are again exhibited as a representation of the author and giver of life, or T.G.A.O.T.U.

The French savans of the last century, according to M. Portal,‡ allegorized this symbol as follows: "It is Iso, it is Jesus, Saviour of the world, and Son of Justice, that the Egyptians figured on all the gates of their temples; by which the Sun of Righteousness was designated. This approximation will doubtless appear strange to persons who forget that the Messiah is called by the Fathers of the Church the Sun, and the Good Serpent; that the Holy Ghost descended on the anointed of the Lord in the form of a dove; and finally that the globe, serpent, and wings, have precisely the same signification on the monuments of Thebes. Christians will here perceive confirmation of the prophecies to the truth of Christianity; of that divine religion which was announced to an isolated class, forgotten by the world, but whose appearance was preceded by the expectation of the universe."

#### GROWLS FROM GRUMBLERS.

"GRUMBLE! I should think so," says Old Grunter, as he reads his paper in his well-

cushioned easy chair, with his choice Cuba and a bottle of the "very old" before him; "what else can—Ah! a twinge! but I won't grumble at that. I'm only thankful its not gout—Another bang at that confounded street door! Christmas-boxes again—give 'em everything, give 'em the house—perhaps that will help to satisfy the sharks!"

Mr. W. Sykes has his own little grievance, as he mutters: "Why can't them Bobbies leave a quiet cove alone, when he on'y jest takes care of a poor little dawg what can't find no 'ome; the times is orful hard when they wants to grab a cove for comin' after his reward!"

"Do that again!" says old Crabface, rubbing his shin and glaring at his eldest, who coolly lifts up the heavy dining-room chair he has knocked over, nearly laming poor old Crab—"Serves me right for leaving that comfortable little cottage for all this empty show—another crash! those children will be through the floor directly."

"Blockhead!" growls Mr. Rasper, as the porter pushes him into the carriage and bangs the door on his heel, after he has waited at the beautifully ventilated station for the forty minutes behind-time train. "I should like to have porters —"

"He might have sent a tenner," says young Fligham, as he opens his uncle's letter containing a five-pound note; "but he was always a sticker at trifles, and I —"

Poor little Boggins quietly bemoans his unhappy luck when he gets home, after falling down in trying to get out of the way of a Pickford's van he has got roundly abused by the carman, laughed at by the passers-by, and has also smashed the bottle of cheap sherry, and one of cheaper claret, he was carrying home in his coat-tail pockets wherewith to make merry (or ill) the two friends he invited to the little quiet dinner they have all been looking forward to for weeks.

"Disgusting dinner," says Mr. Shoddy-swell (who usually dines off a chop when at home), after his six-course dinner (at tariff price) at the "Grand;" "I wonder people can tolerate —"

[I am afraid we cannot tolerate any more of this enlivening matter at present—the state of the weather is too depressing.—Ed.]

\* Jno. vi. 537.

‡ Wheales' Architecture, Part v. p. 6.

## GODFREY HIGGINS ON FREE-MASONRY.

BY WILLIAM JAMES HUGHAN.

THE title page of the book about which we desire to say a few words is as follows :

"Anacalypsis ; an attempt to draw aside the Veil of the Saitic Isis, or an Enquiry into the origin of Languages, Nations and Religions. By Godfrey Higgins, Esq., F.S.A. F.R. Asiat. Soc.; F.R. Ast. S., of Skellow Grange near Doncastle. *Res verbis, et verba accendant lumina rebus.* London : Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, Green & Longman, Paternoster Row 1836."

It is an exceedingly scarce work, owing to the author having under-estimated the number of his readers, and a copy rarely occurs for sale, for which reason the price asked by the booksellers is generally much beyond the means of ordinary students. The first number of a reprint has lately been published, and deserves success. The sale, however, is so slow, and the publication of the various parts (some sixteen) partaking of the same character, that we fear several years must elapse before the edition is completed. To enable the reading portion of the Craft to have an adequate notion of the work, we have examined the two large volumes most carefully, transcribed all the references to Freemasonry, and patiently weighed the various statements affecting the Craft and its History (which are scattered in rich profusion over the volumes), so we hope the present sketch of the contents will not prove either uninteresting or without value to our numerous readers.

Strange to say, but little is known of the "Anacalypsis" by Masons generally, and no extended notice of the work has hitherto been written by a member of the Craft ! Doubtless its *theological, astrological* and abstruse character has had something to do with its being avoided by the general run of Masonic students, and yet there is scarcely a book which has been written, not on Masonry exclusively, which will better repay a diligent and thorough perusal. The *Preface* is by the author, and in it his life is graphically described. He was led through a severe illness to turn his attention "to serious matters,"

and extended subsequently his enquiries into the origin of nations, languages and religions, forming the resolution to devote "six hours a day to this pursuit for ten years." Instead, however, of so doing, he says of himself, "I believe I have, upon the average, applied myself to it for nearly *ten* hours daily for almost *twenty* years. In the first *ten* years of my search, I may fairly say, I found nothing which I sought for; in the latter part of the *twenty*, the quantity of matter has so crowded in upon me that I scarcely know how to dispose of it."\* The first volume is dated May 1, 1833, though the title-page bears the same year (1836) as the second volume. The latter the author did not live to see printed, for he died on the 9th of August, 1833, a few days after having placed the M.S. in the hands of his son and executor, for the editor and printer, Mr George Smallfield, of London. In fact, the learned author only lived to revise the first four sheets of the second volume. There were but 200 copies of the "Anacalypsis" issued, as Bro. Higgins felt that "a taste for deep learning among us is fast declining," and that "a few philosophers are all that I ever expect to read my work."

Of Freemasonry, he says, "The designed effect of all Masonic initiation is to render a man more virtuous—consequently, more happy. A perfect Mason, if such a thing could be, must be a perfect Buddhist, a perfect Jew, a perfect Christian, a perfect Mohammedan."

We cannot but agree with this definition, for whilst Freemasonry is *unsectarian*, its oldest charge under the *modern* system, forcibly acknowledges the foregoing by declaring that the Fraternity should "*seek, by the purity of their own lives, to demonstrate the superiority of the religion they may profess.*" Also that a "Mason is particularly bound never to act against the dictates of his conscience." Were all craftsmen actuated by such motives, we need not fear any opposition to our Society from *without*, for so long as we are *pure within*, no other danger can permanently affect us.

But we must speak of the work before us, and so present our next extract:—

\* This fact doubtless accounts for the want of systematic arrangement which marks the style of the work.



"On the ruins of Mundore may be seen various mystic emblems, as the quatre-feuille, the cross, the mystic triangle, the triangle within a triangle, etc. Col. Tod says, 'Among ancient coins and medals, excavated from the ruins of Oojein and other ancient cities, I possess a perfect series with all the symbolic emblems of the *twenty-four* Apostles. The compound equilateral triangle is among them; perhaps there were Masons in those days among the Pali (*i. e.*, the Philistines of the Indian Gaza—and of Gaza, a few miles from Solomon's temple in Western Syria).' So, my good friend, Col. Tod, you are surprised that there should be masonic emblems upon the ruins of Mundore.

But though this may surprise you, it will not surprise his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, or any Mason of high degree. HE MAY SAY NO MORE. Yet he will venture to add, that though much of the learning of that ancient Order remains, much is lost and much may yet be recovered. But it is not every Apprentice or Fellow-Craft who knows all the secrets of the Order." (P. 519, vol. 1.)

Bro. Higgins, we find, was a Royal Arch Mason, but he did not penetrate *beyond*, so, evidently, he considered that position to be one of "*high degree*." In a note to same page, the author asks:—

"Brother Mason, what do you know of Solomon's temple? Here are the word *Almug* in *Synaistre* and the masonic emblems in *Mundore*—the town of *Cycles* or *Cyclopes*. Be assured the wood was carved for certain sacred parts of the building, and by Freemasons, too. Probably all the fourteen temples of Solomon, of which we read, were partly constructed of this sacred wood, and by Freemasons, too."

At pages 652-3 is also the following:

"When I wrote the *CELTIC DRUIDS* I was not a Mason. It is no secret (*i. e.*, the *Mystic Temple*); and, as Col. Tod has observed, is found with other masonic emblems, or probably the oldest building in the world, the *Cyclopaen* walls of *Mundore*. Did Masonry arise during the building of these walls? . . . Why do the priest-led monarchs of the Continent persecute Masonry? Is it because they are not entrusted with its secrets; or

because their priests cannot make it subservient to their base purposes? All these questions I may ask, gentle reader; but *all* I may not answer."

It is impossible to follow the author wherever he leads us without requiring much more space than we should like to occupy at present, so we must content ourselves with giving the extracts in many cases, and leaving them to the consideration of our readers, in the hope, however, to examine them carefully as time permits.

With respect to the question of secrecy, Bro. Higgins ably proves the *esoteric* character (as also, of course, *ecoteric* ceremonies for the public) of all ancient religions, and declares:

"The heads of the church must now see very clearly, if they were to confess what *cannot be denied*, that (if the most learned and respectable of the early fathers of the church are to be believed) Christianity contained a secret religion, that the populace would not consent to be kept in the dark. But whether the secret doctrine be lost or not, *it is a fact* that it was the faith of the first Christian fathers, admitted by themselves, that there was such a secret doctrine, and before I have done, I will prove it clearly enough." (Vol. 1, p. 647.)

No religion, scarcely, is omitted to be examined in the "*Anacalypsis*," if it has any ancient traditions or history at all, but, of course, however interesting and curious the enquiry may be, it would not be one quite suited to the columns of a Masonic magazine, especially when it is remembered that Freemasonry is unsectarian. Were it admissible, we should have occasion to state several objections to many of the author's views as to Christianity, just as the editor of the *second* volume felt compelled to do. But, withal it cannot but be acknowledged that there are hidden springs of wisdom in this singular work, which would be wholly unobserved by the casual reader, but which are most suggestive to the reflective masonic student.

Those interested in the history of the *Knights Templars* will not fail to examine the following respecting that warlike and Christian body of men. How far the Templars were connected with the operative masonic societies of their time appears to us impossible now to decide, for we

literally know nothing of the Craftsmen at the period when the warlike Knights were in the ascendancy, and certainly after the persecution of the latter, we have not apparently any evidence that their secret ceremonies were preserved by the Freemasons. We give the author's view as to the character of that celebrated military order :

"In the persecutions of the Knights Templars, which are known to everybody, a certain mystification and secrecy may be observed, as if the whole of the charges against them were not brought publicly out. This arose from various causes. The persecuted were really very religious, and were bound by the most solemn masonic oaths (and Masonry was intimately connected with these matters) not to divulge the secrets of the Order. This caused them to recant at the stake, when all hope had fled, what they had confessed when on the wheel ; and by this means they endeavoured to make amends for the secrets betrayed, and the oaths involuntarily broken on the rack." (P. 689, vol. 1.)

The author considers also that if the secret mysteries of the Christian religion "were told by any traitor, so many other false stories were told along with the true ones, that their secrecy is by this means most effectually secured, . . . probably like those of the Freemasons."

His opinion is "that the cause of the crusades, in which the Knights Templar took such an active part, was the expectation of the Millenium, the desire to be present at Jerusalem at the grand day when the Son of Man should come in His glory—the great day of God Almighty. *Here we have the real reason of the crusades.* . . . It is very certain that the Ishmalians, or Society of Assassins, is a Mohammedan sect ; that it was at once both a military and religious association, like the Templars and Teutonic Knights ; and that, like the Jesuits, it had its members scattered over extensive countries. It was a link which connected ancient and modern Freemasonry. (P. 700, vol. 1.) The Templars were nothing but one branch of Masons ; perhaps a branch to which the care of some peculiar part of Temples was entrusted, and I think that the name of Templars was only

another name for Casideans. . . . In the very highest orders of Freemasons, viz., the Templars and Rosicrucians, as I imagine them to be, there is no emblem more sacred than the cross. Here I stop, *Verbum sapienti.* Mr. Hammer has observed that the identity of the symbols of the Templars and of the Architectonici, by whom he means the Freemasons, are demonstrated. . . . In this I think he is perfectly correct. The Chaldeans and the Mathematicians, of whom we read in the Augustin age as being the fortunetellers, or the magicians, or the judicial astrologers of the great men of the day in Rome, were, in fact, Freemasons, and of this the emblems above, copied from his work, in plate IV., are a sufficient proof. I need not tell any one, *whether Mason or not*, how large a space the history of the building of the Temple of Solomon occupies in the ceremonies of Masonry." (P. 712, vol. 1.)

Bro. Higgins says :

"The Templars had no objection to the Jewish Temple, for the same reason that the Mohammedan, the Jew, and the Christian sit down together, as I have with great pleasure experienced at a lodge or chapter of Freemasons. . . . If there be anything in their ceremonies to prevent this (*i. e.* the Rosicrucians and Templars), it is a heresy, and contrary to the spirit of their orders. Let them remember this without Jew, that is *Judaite*, there is no Christian ; without both Jew and Christian there is no Mohammedan." (P. 720, vol. 1.)

Bro. Higgins refrained from joining the Rosicrucians and Templars, that his tongue might not be tied or his liberty in writing abridged. He considers that they are the "Culdees" of Iona and the Crypt of York Minster, where the Grand Masonic Lodge of England was held.

Bro. Higgins also considers Free-Mason is PH-RE-P.H., the Coptic emphatic article and RE the sun, "Mason of the Sun." These are peculiar ideas and require a careful examination. He tells us :

"The very essence of Freemasonry is *Equality*. All, let their rank in life be what it may, when in the lodge, are brothers—brethren, with the Father at their head. No person can read the Evangelists and not see that this is correctly

Gospel Christianity. It is the Christianity of the Chaldees, of the Patriarchs, of Abraham, and of Melchizedek. Every part of Christianity refers back to Abraham, and it is all Freemasonry."

The foregoing is a sample of his assertions as to the Craft, and whilst he may have had a different view of the subject than the words appear to exhibit, we can only go by what is written, and from that standpoint, many of his notions are, to our mind, most crude and visionary. After quoting the earliest well-recorded lodge of Freemasons, according to Hammer's account, and which we do not understand, Bro. Higgins says :

"The striking similarity between Masonry and Pythagoreanism has been well pointed out by Mr. Clinch in his Essays on Masonry," and states that the best account which he has seen of Masonry "is in the Encyclopædia Londinensis in voce Masonry: though, as every Mason must see, it is not correct, and particularly respecting the York Masons. I think it may be discerned that there were several lodges of Freemasons in Britain, whose origin cannot be traced, but perfectly independent of each other, though now united under one head—the Duke of Sussex—the old lodge at York, now extinct, being clearly the oldest, as far as can be traced. . . . Popular prejudice has supposed Freemasonry to have been invented in Scotland and to have travelled thence to France with the Stewart refugees. That the Scotch refugee Masons might establish lodges in France, I think very probable; but they were not then *new*; though perhaps not numerous or much known. I have no doubt that the Masons were Druids, Culidei, or Chaldei and Cassideans. The Chaldeans are traced downwards to Scotland and York, and the Masons backwards from this day to meet the Culidei at York. It has been observed that the Masons, and particularly the Templars, always held their lodges or chapters under the crypts of the cathedrals: of this I entertained no doubt. FROM A MASONIC DOCUMENT NOW IN MY POSSESSION, I can prove that no very long time ago, the Chaldees at York were Freemasons, that they constituted the *Grand Lodge* of England, and that they held their meetings in the crypt, under the grand cathedral of that city. The *circulan*

hapter house did very well for ordinary business, but the secret mysteries were carried on in the crypts." (Pp. 717-8, vol. 1.)

It is much easier to make statements than to prove their accuracy, and so the author of the foregoing would find, were he alive in the present day, and called upon to submit the evidence said to exist relative to the use of the Crypt of York Cathedral by the Chaldees of that city, and as to the constitution of the Grand Lodge of England, for we know that the one in London was not formed *until* A.D. 1717, and the rival Institution at York not before A.D. 1775.

The "*Assembly*" of the Ancient Freemasons at York City, of course, is quite another matter; the "*Old Charges*," from the 15th century, being quite sufficient proof of that fact, but we submit that neither Bro. Higgins nor any other brother has any right to call such a meeting by the name of a *Grand Lodge*, and even were it so (which it was not), that of itself would not confirm the statement as to the use of the Crypt by the Chaldees, of which not a particle of evidence exists.

The only time that the records speak of the Crypt of the Cathedral being used by any masonic body at York, was during the latter part of the last century. All the early assemblies of the ancient lodge which are recorded, and the meetings subsequently of the Grand Lodge from A.D. 1775, were generally held in the private houses of the members. Particulars as to several of these lodges may be found in our "*Masonic Sketches and Reprints*." In the following quotations from the "*Anacalypsis*," Bro. Higgins refers to the minute of the meeting in the Crypt, which is the only one known to be recorded, and which is to be found in the volume we discovered in London, and which has been sent by the Grand Lodge of England to the "*York Lodge*," as the major portion of the documents of the extinct Grand Lodge, is more carefully treasured by the members of the latter body in the seat of that ancient lodge. It commences in 1778 and ends A.D. 1781.

"After I had been led to suspect, from various causes, that the Culdees, noticed in the *Notitia Monastica*, in the last chapter, and there stated to have been found in

the Cathedral at York, were Masons, I searched the masonic records in London, and I found a document which, upon the face of it, seemed to show that that lodge, which was the Grand Lodge of all England, had been held under the Cathedral in the Crypt at York. In consequence of this I went to York, and applied to the only survivor of the lodge, who showed me, from the documents which he possessed, that the Druidical Lodge, or Chapter of Royal Arch Masons, or Templar Encampment, all of which it calls itself, was held for the last time in the Crypt, on Sunday, May 27, 1778. At that time the chapter was evidently on the decline, and it is since dead. From the books it appears to have claimed to have been founded by Edwin in the year 926. From a curious parchment document, formerly belonging to the lodge, and restored to it by Francis Drake, author of the *Eboracum*, as appears by an endorsement on the back of it signed by him, stating that it came from the Castle at Pontefract, it seems probable that, according to the tradition to that effect the ancient records of the lodge had been sent to that place for safety in the civil wars, as it is well known that many of the title-deeds of Yorkshire families at that time were, and on its destruction, were like them, destroyed or dispersed.

"Formerly, a contest arose among the Masons of England for the supremacy,—the lodge of Antiquity in London claiming it, and the York Lodge refusing to admit it. This was at last terminated by an union of the two parties, under the authority of the present Grand Master, his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex. . . . The documents from which I have extracted the above information respecting the York Masons, were given to me by — Blanchard, Esq., and transferred by me to the person who now possesses them, and with whom they ought most properly to be placed, *His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex*. It appears from the documents above named, that Queen Elizabeth became jealous of the York Masons, and sent an armed force to York to put them down. . . . I do not pretend *absolutely to prove* that the Druidical Royal Arch Chapter, Lodge, or Encampment of the Temple of St. John at Jerusalem, or of the tabernacle of the temple of the HOLY WISDOM, as it calls itself, of

Jerusalem, was actually the same as that of the Culdees of the monastica, but I think the presumption is pretty strong. What more the books contain may be only known to Masons, of high degree. But if I do not by mathematical demonstration, connect the Calidei, or Chaldeans, and Masons at York—I do it in the mathematici and Chaldæi at Rome. . . . However far back I search into history, I always find traces of the Chaldei, and this, not in one country only, but all over the world, I cannot help suspecting that they were correctly, Freemasons from India. . . . To myself the truth of my theories has several times been proved in a manner the relation of which to such persons only as know me, and have a dependance on my integrity, will be of any weight. After I have, from a union of theory and reasoning and doubtful records, concluded that certain events must have taken place, I have afterward found proofs of another kind, that such events really did happen. The discovery of the Masons at York is an example of what I mean. I concluded that the Culdees of York must have been Masons, and must have held their meetings in the Crypt under the Cathedral. I examined the office in London, and I found a document, which not only proved what I have said, but showed that, as might from all circumstances be expected, it was the Grand Lodge of all England which was held there. Naming this to one of the oldest and most learned Masons in England, he told me he knew the fact very well, and that if I went to the Cathedral at York, and examined certain parts, I should find proof of what I conjectured." (Pp. 768-9, vol. 1.)

(To be continued.)

## WOMAN'S CHOICE — THE STORY OF A HERO.

### CHAPTER II.

THE game of hard blows and unpleasant falls from horses, celebrated with all befitting solemnity at Ploermel, was ended, and the victor of the day, a very young knight, who wore his vizor down even after the lists were closed, stood listening to the proffers of several esquires, who tendered him ransom for their lords' steeds

and armour, when suddenly the Lord of Ploermel entered the tent followed by one of the defeated champions.

"Sir Knight," said De Ploermel, with a peculiar smile, and addressing the victor, "Sir Oliver du Guesclin, touched by your courtesy in returning to him unransomed his horse and armour, and admiring the singular prowess of so young a warrior, has begged me to present him to you, that he may offer his thanks and applause in person."

The young warrior bowed gracefully as the old knight was presented to him.

"Of a truth, young sir," said Du Guesclin, "the noble lord hath but spoken my true sentiments. I love valour, and honour the knightly skill which has, for nearly the first time in my life, vanquished me in the lists. I have a son, near, methinks, to your age. Would to Heaven he were of your rare promise! my grey hairs would then go down in peace to the grave."

The knight trembled, and silently raised his visor. Du Guesclin uttered a sharp cry, exclaiming: "My son! my Bertrand!" sprang forward, and caught the victor in his arms. The glory his son had won, by appealing to that master passion, his vanity, was sufficient to efface from the recollection of the old knight the misdemeanors of Bertrand's youth—greatly even as they had been magnified by the subtle misrepresentations of his brother—and he not only pardoned him, but promised to restore him his lost bride, and would have had him return home at once, but the youth firmly refused.

"Claire du Val loves my brother," said Bertrand, "and as you have now, sir, consented to their union, it would be both cruel and unjust to sever them. Her wealth will make him as rich as I shall be in my rightful and beloved inheritance of the Chateau de Guesclin, and his children will be also my heirs, for I shall henceforth seek no other mistress than Glory—a mistress that will be wooed by hard blows, not specious flatteries; but I cannot return and see Claire as the betrothed and the bride of another. Moreover, the Lord of Ploermel, who received me in my destitution, and was my true friend and counsellor, merits the devotion of my future life."

"Thou art altogether translated, Bertrand," sighed the old knight, in amazement;

"thou canst preach like a grey friar now, as well as fight like an experienced knight; but I will not murmur. Come to thine home when thou wilt, boy, and thy mother and I will give thee a blithe welcome."

Thus the father and son parted.

Years passed away. Claire du Val wedded Guy du Guesclin, and learned too late that the abject spirit which crouches from motives of self-interest or fear will tyrannize where it may do so with impunity. She led a weary life with her wily and selfish consort, and many a sigh heaved her bosom as common fame bore to her ear the name—hallowed by a nation's enthusiasm—of Bertrand du Guesclin. While her lord, with the cunning of his base nature, vacillated during the English wars between Edward of England and Charles of France—despised and suspected by both—Bertrand's name was the watchword of his native land, and venerated by friend and foe. Many a minstrel told in the halls of his native Brittany how a princess had pledged her jewels and a king taxed his impoverished treasury for Bertrand du Guesclin's ransom; how at his call the robbers who ravaged the plains of France assembled beneath his banner and became disciplined soldiers and champions of suffering humanity, fighting against the monster monarch of Castile; how he had opposed injustice, even when exercised by the spiritual head of Christendom, and refused wealth drawn from the hard earnings of the oppressed peasantry. She heard all in silence, and dared not name her early lover to his brother, for jealousy of Bertrand's glory preyed like a vulture at the heart of Guy, inflicting on him, in very deed, the fabled tortures of Prometheus. But Claire had no right to murmur—she had chosen her own lot.

\* \* \* \* \*

Eight-and-forty years had elapsed since the tournament at Ploermel, and a beleaguering army lay before the English fortress of Chateau-neuf-de-Randou. As bright a summer sun as that which had lighted young Du Guesclin from his home was now looking down in quiet splendour on the fair plains of Guienne; on the strong castle, and the white tents of the besieging army, over one of which the banner of France, half-hoisted, drooped heavily, the breezes not being sufficient to unfold it and display its golden lilies. A spell of

silence appeared to have been cast on camp and castle, for no noise of clashing arms, of loud and cheerful voices, or trumpet-calls, were heard in either. The only sound that broke the hot stillness of the summer air was the distant music of the lark as it soared into the depths of the blue sky. The brave defenders of the fortress were gloomy and desponding, for the day had dawned on which their gallant leader had pledged his honour (if by that time no succour came from tardy England) to surrender the keys of the town to the renowned Constable of France. But a heavier grief than that of the English was in the camp of the fleur-de-dis.

On a pallet facing the door of the tent distinguished by the royal banner, lay a white-haired, aged warrior; a sable coverlet was cast over his motionless form, and as the daylight stole through the canvass hangings and fell on the pale features, it showed that the repose in which he seemed hushed would be broken only by the judgment trumpet—the Constable of France was dead. Beside his couch stood a group of the flower of French chivalry, his pupils in the art of war, who gazed mournfully in each other's faces, and spoke in low tones, as if they feared to break that still repose, or, perchance, because they revered the grief of an old warrior who kneeled near the head of the corpse, and sobbed so heavily that the struggles of his grief convulsed his stalwart form; and he had cause to weep, for there lay the companion of his youth, his comrade in many a well-fought field, in captivity and in victory—and knowing this, his younger brethren in arms revered the tears of the strong man, the weakness of Oliver de Clisson.

Their murmured converse was however interrupted by a page, who entered softly and whispered to the chief personage of the standing group, Sir Walter de Villaret. He started, and replying instantly, "surely we may not refuse her," left the tent with the boy, and in a few moments returned, supporting and leading in an aged lady, clad in deep widow's weeds, and followed by two attendants.

Time had passed lightly over the lady's head, and the traces of the rare beauty of her youth were not yet all effaced. With instinctive delicacy the knights withdrew, leaving her with only Sir Oliver de Clisson,

and her maidens. Her deep convulsive sobs roused the old warrior from his trance of woe, and he rose and gazed earnestly and pityingly upon her. She raised her head, and he recognised immediately the theme of many a troubadour's lay in the days of yore—the once beautiful Claire du Val.

"Lady," said the old warrior mournfully, but kindly, "you may well weep! He who lies there in his last glorious sleep loved you with a rare constancy. For your sake he assumed the Red Cross of the Temple, and made Glory the sole mistress of his life."

"Alas! brave De Clisson," said the lady, "if you knew the heavy hours and harsh constraint that have been my penance for the woman's choice of my youth, you would confess I amply atoned for the violation of my troth. But he is at peace now, and I have long been and am forgiven."

Bending down, Du Guesclin's first and only love pressed her lips on the cold forehead of the dead. And what a rush of recollections came over the mind of the ancient lady, as she gazed sorrowfully on the companion of her childhood. She thought of the green woods of Brittany, where they had played together as children; of the halls of the old chateau, that had so often echoed to his gay laugh; of the lists of Ploermel, where he had given the first promise of his future glory; and, by an inevitable association, of her husband, of the gallant and handsome youth who had proved so false to his oft-repeated and honeyed flatteries.

De Clisson did not interrupt her reverie, for his own grief could find no comfort in words, and the silence was first broken by a trumpet-call without the camp, and the confused noise of eager footsteps and voices. The old knight, who by the death of the constable had succeeded to the chief command of the army, hurried forth to learn the cause of the disturbance.

"Tis a flag of truce, *beau sire*, from the castle," said a knight who met him on the threshold; "the governor is come to surrender the keys, according to agreement."

The procession of the vanquished and diminished garrison was indeed approaching. The governor of the fortress held in one hand his drawn sword, in the other the keys of the town he had bravely and

vainly defended; his knights followed him in moody silence. De Clisson greeted them with stately courtesy, and their leader stepping forward, addressed him with the frank boldness of demeanour peculiar to his country.

"Sir Oliver de Clisson," he said, "we have heard, and with regret, that the glorious spirit of the brave Du Guesclin has passed to its last account. There be those who would fain have persuaded me, when the tidings reached us in our stronghold, that our pledge to surrender this day, if succour came not, was rendered null and void by the death of him to whom it was pledged. But Heaven and St. George forbid that an Englishman should fail of his word to a dead or living foe! I will fulfil my pledge—but to Guesclin only! Lead me therefore, to his tent, that he may receive in death the keys he won nobly by his valour when living."

With brief but heartfelt thanks for the chivalrous honour thus paid to the memory of this hero, the companion of the constable conducted the brave Englishman to the tent of death. Claire du Val withdrew with her maidens into an obscure corner as they entered, from whence she could behold the closing scene in the career of her rejected and immortal lover. The English warrior advanced, and gazed with a reverent and saddened expression on the calm face of the dead.

"Constable of France," he said, after a short pause, and in a clear, mellow voice, "I pledged thee my knightly word that if succour came not from England I would this day at noon, resign to thee the keys I have retained so long as mortal valour and endurance might. To thee alone, of all the chivalry of France, would I have made that promise! It is honourable to be vanquished by a hero, even in death. Behold, I redeem my pledge. There lie the keys of King Edward's fair castle and town of Chateau-neuf-de-Randon," and he placed them on the cold hand of the corpse. "Fare thee well, brave knight and true; Victor even in death! Thy country will have a heavy miss of thee!"

He turned away sadly, and with a courteous parting salutation to the French knights who had gazed in proud silence on this singular scene. Thus closed the life of a hero.

ON THE MOUNTAIN TOP.

BY HARRIET ANNIE.

Whence come these pilgrims toiling on?

Up, upward still they go,  
Till half a league at length they reach,  
Above the ocean's flow.

Upon the granite rock they group,  
Around their altar stand,  
As with the signs of Masonry,  
They clasp each other's hand.

Above the blue, unfettered sky,  
Two thousand feet below,  
The city with its human hearts,  
Chequered with joy and woe.  
Above the glorious light of day,  
The graceful cloudlets roll,  
And the glories of that other Light,  
Lit up each Mason's soul.

Out to the rustling summer wind,  
A snow white flag they throw,  
And the peasant heard the brethren  
cheer,

In the valley far below.  
The glittering spires flashed and danced  
Like lightning in the blast,  
While rolling as a silver flood,  
The rushing tides swept past.

What gained you by that bold ascent,  
Men of the Mystic Craft?  
You learnt that the Grand Architect  
Needs not *oar*, beam or shaft.  
That borderings of "pure lily work"  
Wreath where man never trod,  
Beauty and strength dwell in his house,  
The Universe of God.

Was your Inner Guard that boulder vast,  
Cradled by thunder shock?  
Did you set a Tyler at the door,  
Of that unyielding rock?  
Missed you the wonted garniture,  
As in that Lodge room fair,  
Three hundred to your Order true,  
Bowed solemnly in prayer?

What gained you by that bold ascent,  
To the eagle's native clime?  
Carved in the everlasting hills,  
Traced you the hand of time?  
You looked above in wondering awe,  
At Nature's treasures rare,  
You looked below with warmer pulse,  
For hearts you love beat there.

Did not your spirits soar on high,  
 Toward the pure sky above?  
 Did ye not drink a deeper draught,  
 From springs of deathless love?  
 Did Faith, and Hope, and Charity  
 Speak of their height and breadth,  
 Swept by no thoughts that bore you past  
 The floods of time and death?

The sun sinks in the glowing West,  
 As down the mountain slope,  
 The festive bands now take their way,  
 With words of cheer and hope.  
 Each bore a scrap of granite rough,  
 A relic of the day,  
 When Nevada sent three hundred sons  
 On her mountain top to pray.

### THE SPRIG OF ACACIA.

BY BRO. REV. WILLIAM TEBBS.

SADLY, in the growing dusk, do the blossoms of the Acacia fall around me as I stretch forth my hand to pluck the sprig hanging by a mere shred of bark to the branch that gave it birth; sorrowful are the associations that crowd through my mind as the snowy petals shower over me, for they speak to me of a life running rapidly to its close.

Eagerly did I watch in their first shooting forth these beauteous products of nature's hand; and many and many a time did I reckon on enjoying their fragrant loveliness—but a few short days and they have done their allotted work, and are now hastening to decay.

And here, as I stand, beneath the falling bloom, I muse upon my own career. What a little while it seems to me now, that I was only budding into being, and giving sweet promise of a life, fragrant with good works, to those who gave me existence, and who nurtured my tender youth. Where are they? Returned, like these blossoms, to their mother-earth! And I? Well, hurrying to follow in their footsteps! And where is the fragrance of good that I promised in my early youth? Well nigh past and gone! And whither? Well! where is the fragrance of these tender blossoms gone? Only God knows this! and only He, the other!

But of this I am assured, that each, if it shall have ever had existence, has done its work, and shall in no-wise be forgotten.

As thus pensively I muse, the sweet scent of a blossom hanging yet late upon its bough steals over my senses, and with it crowd into my mind's eye mental visions of a dim and distant past. I seem to behold a mother watching by the cradle of her infant son—the only treasure that is left her now that her husband has been called to his rest—and tenderly she trims the infant's couch with the self-same boughs and blossoms that have decked his father's tomb, and as the scent of the dying flowers ascends, so, together with it, goes up that mother's prayers for the orphan's future good to the Father of the Fatherless and the lone widow's Friend.

One of these slips, I see, takes root, and as it grows and increases in age and size, so grows that little one in stature, increasing daily in goodly knowledge and fair wisdom. Time speeds on. The slip becomes a sapling, the sapling a tree; the child a youth, the youth becomes a man; and ere the widowed mother dies, none can excel, in all proud Tyre's fair city, the widow's son.

Swiftly wings my mind on its onward course, and I behold young Hiram idolised by his fellows, and rapidly advanced by his monarch to one post of honour after another, until his kingly namesake sends him to exercise his craft in building, for a neighbouring ruler, a Temple for the Most High.

The Temple is completed and dedicated, and the youthful architect is just reaping the well-merited reward of his labour, bestowed by the gracious favour of the brother monarchs, when he revisits the home of his childhood and his father's grave. Before he goes he snatches from the tree, which has grown with his growth, one little branch as a memento of bygone times, and then he wends his way half-sorrowing, half-rejoicing, to the triumph of his art. Scarcely has he entered its portals when he is bidden, by certain of his envious fellows, to share with them his mystic recompense. Faithful to his trust he refuses, and rather gives back, into his Heavenly Father's hand, his life, than sully by a traitorous act—his rectitude of soul. Refusal brings death; death to his cowardly assailants, the necessity of concealment; and the Sprig of Acacia, plucked from the father's tomb, marks the unhallowed grave of the murdered son.



Sorrow fills the monarch's heart at Hiram's disappearance; fellows and craftsmen seek him far and wide, and, at last, the Acacia points out where lies the beloved dead, soon to be raised by the Grand Master's hand.

Then is done of honour all that remains by mortal hands, and within the Temple, planned by his own right hand, the self-erected monument of his own transcendent genius, is laid in hallowed rest the earthy frame of Hiram, the widow's son of Tyre.

Sad circumstance of death, yet not without its fruits; for, as the fragrance of the last-falling bloom pervades the evening air, my thoughts revert to my own eventide of life, when I can behold my mourning brethren casting into my last resting-place of earth such sprigs of Acacia as I hold within my hand; and I recognise that as Hiram's light has illuminated this sorrowful passage of my soul, so may mine, feeble and dim though it may be now, serve to light home over the dark road of life, and through the dark valley of the shadow of death, some weaker brother; and thus, even as I pale and sicken and fall, my fragrance, waning as to earth, may go up as incense to my Father's throne on high, and whilst my brethren peacefully commit my body to its resting-place in God's acre, in His own good time my Omnipotent and Omniscient Grand Master will raise it to abide for ever in His presence in the Temple above, not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

## THE SITE OF SOLOMON'S TEMPLE DISCOVERED.

(Continued from page 295).

### WIDTH OF TEMPLE AREA—BIBLE MEASURES.

The outline structure of the Area was as follows. It consisted of two main platforms, or courts, and two ranges of steps or ascents. The first platform was the Court of Israel, and the second was the Court of Priests. In reality, the uppermost platform was divided into two equal halves. On the western half was placed the Temple itself and surroundings, and the eastern half in front was strictly called the Court of Priests, with the Altar of burnt-offering in the centre. The first

range of seven steps led up to the Court of Israel, and the second range of eight steps led up to the Court of Priests. Each range of steps was 50 cubits from top to bottom, and the level platform between the two ranges was also 50 cubits wide all round the area. The two ranges of steps, also, went round the whole of the four sides of the quadrangular Courts.—Ezekiel xl.

East Porch of steps.....50 cubits, v. 15.  
North " " .....50 " v. 21.  
South " " .....50 " v. 21.

### Inner and upper range of steps :

South Porch of steps .....50 cubits, v. 29.  
East " " .....50 " v. 33.  
North " " .....50 " v. 36.

### Outer gate to inner gate :

Eastern entrance .....100 cubits, v. 19.  
Northern " .....100 " v. 23.  
Southern " .....100 " v. 27.

From these measures it is evident that from the outer wall to the edge of the uppermost platform or court there was a distance of  $50 + 50 + 50 = 150$  cubits all around the Temple Area, on every side: the intervening platform, or level between the two ranges of steps, being only 50 cubits, forming the Court of Israel. The upper pavement was 200 cubits wide, and the western half of 100 cubits was covered by the House or Temple and its surroundings.

"So he measured the court (of the House or Temple) 100 cubits long and 100 cubits broad, four square: and the altar that was before the house."—Ezek, xl, 47; see also xli, 13, 14.

The breadth of the House was 100 cubits, or half the width of the pavement or platform. On either side of the House were chambers, each storey being 50 cubits wide in front.—Ezek. xliii.

The breadth was 50 cubits, v. 2.  
The forefront was 50 cubits, v. 7.  
The breadth was 50 cubits, v. 8.  
South side like the north, v. 11.

Thus, the width of the upper platform was  $50 + 100 + 50 = 200$  cubits. We can now obtain the total width of the Temple Area:  $150 + 200 + 150 = 500$  cubits, from outer wall to outer wall. But, if the platform or Court of Israel be taken as the limit—not including the steps or ascent its width would be  $100 + 200 + 100 = 400$  cubits only. This is what Josephus means when he says :

"The hill was walled all round and in compass four furlongs (or 1,600 cubits), each angle containing in length a furlong (or 400 cubits)."—"Antiq." xv, 11, 5.

This estimate merely includes the wall built up to the edge of the platform or Court, and does not include the width of space for the range of steps forming the ascent, which added another 50 cubits on each side, making the total width 500 cubits from eastern outer wall of inclosure to western outer wall. The actual centre of this Area was at the middle of the little gateway in front of the steps leading to the Grand Porch of the Temple, or between the fore front of the two brazen pillars, Jachin and Boaz. The distance from this position to the outer inclosure wall on any side was 250 cubits = 369.26122 ft., or half the diameter of the Temple Area.

Now, when Mr. Beswick measured the distance of the Apex of the Sakhra, as now found in the Mosque of Omar, from the western wall of the Haram as a base of verification, he found it exactly 250 cubits = 369 ft. 3.13 inches, which is the identical distance given in the Bible, of the central spot in the Temple Area from its western side. This is the leading test and the simplest, because it admits of direct verification by any one who will take the trouble. And it is only one out of a hundred tests, all depending upon the same base of verification, and placed beyond dispute by making it purely a numerical proof independent of all theory.

THE LEADING TEST OF THIS DISCOVERY.

Mr. Beswick's leading test is the distance of the Old Rock as a central station from the west wall of the Haram as a base line of verification. The gate to the Porch of Solomon's Temple was 250 cubits = 269.26 feet from the western wall; and this was the Central Spot in the Old Temple Area. Mr. Beswick measured the distance of the Sakhra from the western wall to see how far it could be identified with "the top of the mountain" where Ezekiel (chap, xliii. 12) said the Temple and its Area were placed, and which is given as the Law of the House as to its site. The principal entrance to the Kubbat as Sakhra is on the west side through a deserted Bazaar. He measured the distance from the gate-way, Bab el Kabinin, to the steps of the platform, and found it 102 cubits =

150.658 ft.; from bottom of steps to outer side of Bab al Gharby Gate, 78 cubits = 115.21 ft.; from thence to outer side of the Mosque wall, or to the side-post of doorway, 6 cubits = 8.86227 ft.; thickness of wall 4 cubits = 5.9 ft.; inside face of wall to the western vertical edge of the Sakhra, 45 cubits = 66.467 ft.; thence to the proper front of the rock, 15 cubits = 22.1557 ft.; total distance from the Gate-way of the Bath, or western wall, to the proper vertex or apex of the Sakhra, 250 cubits = 369.26 ft. This is exactly the distance of the central spot in the Old Solomonic Temple Area from the western wall, and from any one of the four sides of the court of Israel in the days of King Solomon. And this leading test proves that the top of the mountain in Solomon's day, and the modern Sakhra now in the Dome of the Rock of Jerusalem occupied the same identical position as a central station, and are at the same distance from the western wall—the measurement being absolutely identical, 250 cubits = 469.26ft.

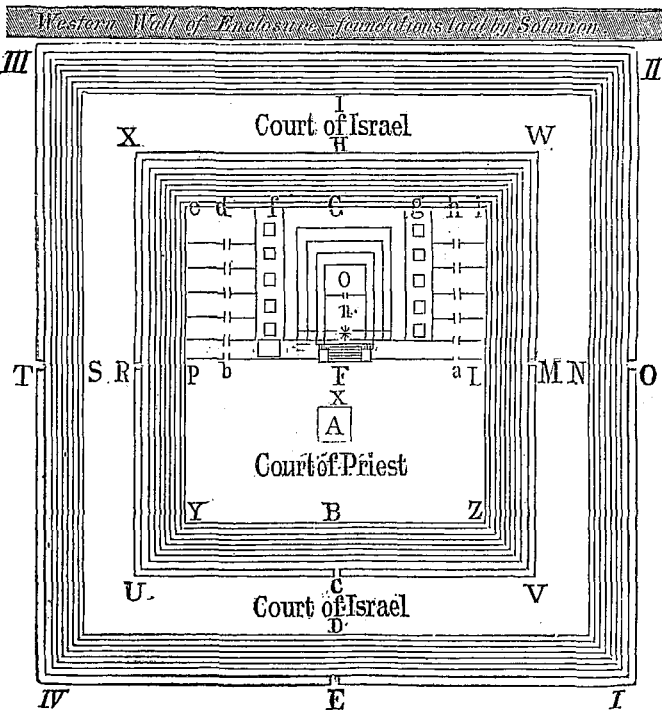
MEASUREMENTS OF COURTS IN SOLOMON'S TEMPLE.

Stations.	Cubits.	Feet.
G .....	85	= 125.54881
H .....	135	, 199.40105
I .....	185	, 273.95330
K .....	235	, 347.10554
F .....	15	, 22.15567
A .....	45	, 66.46702
B .....	115	, 169.86016
C .....	165	, 243.71240
D .....	215	, 317.56465
E .....	265	, 391.41689
FP .....	100	, 147.70449
PR .....	50	, 73.85324
RS .....	50	, 73.85324
ST .....	50	, 73.85324
FL .....	100	, 147.70449
LM .....	50	, 73.85324
MN .....	50	, 73.85324
NO .....	50	, 73.85324
TO .....	500	, 738.5324
PL .....	200	, 295.40897
BG .....	200	, 295.40897
SN .....	400	, 590.81795
DI .....	400	, 590.81795
TO .....	500	, 738.5324
EK .....	500	, 738.5324
PE .....	250	, 369.26122
FK .....	250	, 369.26122
MR .....	300	, 443.11436
VW .....	300	, 443.11436
VU .....	300	, 443.11436
I IV .....	500	, 738.5324
I II .....	500	, 738.5324

Stations.	Cubits.	Feet.
xG .....	130 ,,	192.01584
GH .....	50 ,,	73.85324
HI .....	50 ,,	73.85324
IK .....	50 ,,	73.85324
xB .....	70 ,,	103.39314
BC .....	50 ,,	73.85324
CD .....	50 ,,	73.85324
DE .....	50 ,,	73.85324
EK .....	500 ,,	733.5324
xF .....	80 ,,	44.81134
FG .....	100 ,,	147.70449
bd .....	100 ,,	147.70449
ah .....	100 ,,	147.70449
bF .....	75 ,,	110.77836
Fa .....	75 ,,	110.77836
Fo .....	65 ,,	96.00791
Ko .....	185 ,,	273.95330
xA .....	20 ,,	29.54089
AF .....	50 ,,	73.85324
ef .....	50 ,,	73.85324
gi .....	50 ,,	73.85324

distance of the centre, where the easterly facade of the pillars and porch stood. The Moslem Rock, Sakhra, is at precisely the same distance, 250 cubits from the western wall; so that the centre of the Temple Courts and the Old Rock, Sakhra, occupy precisely the same site. All horizontal distances are made parallel with the base line formed by the western wall of the Haram Inclosure, and all perpendicular distances from this base line are made parallel with the standard line drawn from the Sakhra perpendicular to the western wall. The western wall is Mr. Beswick's base line, by which the length of all east and west walls are measured; and the line joining the Old Rock with this base is his first standard offset by which all north and south sides of the pavements and courts are measured. And if all other measurements agree with this location of the base line, and of the Old Rock as a central station, the demonstration of this identity of site

As the entire width of the Temple Area in Solomon's day was 500 cubits, its half would be 250 cubits, which would be the



is certain and complete. And such is the actual fact. Mr. Beswick has tested every measurement on the spot; evidences of the pavements having extended to given distances from the Sakhra are to be found on all four sides of the Haram. His leading test is therefore complete. The Temple Area in Solomon's day was a quadrangle, whose four sides were each 500 cubits in length, outside measure; but the pavement or court without the ascending steps was only 400 cubits in width. The Sakhra was the central core of the whole Temple Area, of the upper quadrangular pavement, and of every other quadrangular pavement beneath it. It was 100 cubits from each of the four sides of the upper pavement, 200 cubits from the sides of the lower pavement, and 250 cubits from the Inclosure Wall. And all these measures accord with the levels, scarpings, and contour plan of the whole rocky surface as it is now seen in the Haram. If all the platforms and courts of the Temple could be taken together and placed upon the rocky surface of the Haram as one entire whole, it would fit upon that rocky surface as upon a mold. The rocky contour is simply the bare outline or foundation plan of the Temple pavements or courts.

#### SAKHRA CUT TO THE LEVELS OF THE TEMPLE COURTS.

The surface of the Sacred Rock Moriah bears the marks of rough chiselling, and of having been cut down to suit a given level which has once covered it with either wood or stone. Captain Wilson, of the Royal Ordnance Survey, says of the Sakhra: "The surface of the rock bears the marks of hard treatment and rough chiselling. On the western side it is cut down in three steps, and on the northern side in an irregular shape, the object of which could not be discovered." The first vertical cutting is 1·8463 ft., then a sudden slope of 1·969 ft., and another vertical cutting of 5·4158 ft. The step formed by this last cutting forms the basement of rock upon which the mosaic floor of the mosque rests. This slope and cutting are equal to  $1·9694 + 5·4158 = 7·3852$  ft. The first level of 2,423·38 ft. (above the Mediterranean), on which the mosque platform rests, was the level of that grand ascent of steps outside of the Courts of Solomon's Temple, which the Queen of

Sheba so much admired. It was the entrance level to the Court of Israel. The second level on which the marble pavement of the mosque itself rests (2,430·647 ft.), was the level of the pavement or uppermost level of the Court of Israel; and the third level, or highest vertical step on the apex of the Sakhra (2,438·1535 ft.) below the sloped cutting of 1·9694 ft., was the level of the upper pavement or Court of Priests in Solomon's Temple. The marble pavement of the mosque, according to Mr. Beswick's measurement, is 4·8 ft. lower than the apex of the rock, with a level of 2,435·1996 ft. above the Mediterranean Sea. The rock underneath has a level of 2,430·7683 ft., and the marble pavement was found by measurement to be 3 cubits (4·311 ft.) deep. The vertical cutting of the rock is about one foot (0·9847 ft.) greater than the depth of pavement, so that the slope and cutting are 7·3852 ft. The sheik of the mosque said that the Moslems have a tradition that the Sakhra hangs in the air 7 ft. above the general level of the Sanctuary; so the Moslem fanatics turn the fact to good account, that the rocky level under the mosque pavement is exactly 7·3852 ft. higher than the general level of the Haram near the platform.

The top of the Sakhra has a level of 2,440 ft. Its western side has evidently been cut down into three steps at the successive depths of 1·8463, 7·3852, and 22·1556 ft.; or to the three successive levels 2,408·612, 2,430·768, and 2,438·1535 ft., corresponding with the levels of the three courts or platforms. The *first* stepping was the general level of the Temple Area outside of the courts, which afterwards became the level of the Gentile Court. The *second* stepping was the level of the Court of Israel. The *third* and highest stepping was the level of the Court of Priests, on which the Temple itself stood. The *three* vertical cuttings of this apex of the Old Rock correspond to the successive heights of these three courts or platforms, the total height being  $1·846 + 7·385 + 22·155 = 31·388$  ft., which is the height of the apex above the general level of the rock around the outer sides of the Haram Inclosure (or  $2,440 + 2,408·612 = 31·388$  feet). This remarkable fact cannot be mere coincidence. In short, the rock all around is cut and scarped and sloped down as if

to a pattern, and made to take the general shape of the Temple Area, having its sudden slopes exactly where the steps and ascents to the two courts were, and now are found at exactly the same distances from the Sakhra as a central spot or station. The outline of the whole Rocky Area is the same as the general outline of the whole Temple Area, platform with platform, and slopes with ranges of steps.

From the Sakhra to the south-west angle of the Haram there is a dip of 140 ft. ; to the south-east angle 160 ft. ; to the north-east angle a dip of 120 ft. The ridge of the Sakhra slopes to the Triple Gate in the south wall 60ft. in 400, or one in 6.5 ft. To the north it slopes to a natural valley, the head of which has the same level as the Court of Gentiles. The rock, in fact, has been cut down and sloped all around the Sakhra as a CENTRAL CORE to the shape and levels of the pavement or courts. A contour has been given to it, with levels to fit and agree with the height and levels of the Temple Area. These are the results of a careful and systematic survey, and the contour maps of the Palestine Ordnance Survey confirm these results. Around the Sakhra the rock slopes away gradually on every side. On the north-west the rock has a fall of about 20 ft. in 600 ; on the north a fall of 20 ft. in 400 ; on the east a fall of 40 ft. in 400 ; and on the south a fall of 30 ft. in 600. There is no other in the Haram, nor on the ridge of the spur of Moriah, where so much labour would be saved in the erection of such a Temple Area as round about this pinnacle and crown of the mountain.

(To be continued.)

TOGETHER.

BY MARY W. MCVICAR.

We gathered roses when the days  
Of June wore all their pomp and pride,  
And down her sunny, smiling slopes  
We went together side by side.

We thought not then how roses fade,  
Nor yet how deep their thorns may sting ;  
But dreamed from Spring-time buds of hope,  
Tmic mustfulfilment's fruitage bring.

With sorrow we have since clasped hands,  
With bitter pain and cankering care ;  
But yet, together, love unchanged,  
So life seemed very good and fair.

Together we have shared our joys,  
Together shared both pain and tears,  
Yet ever burned our altar fires  
Undimmed, as in those far-off years.

Together, so the darkest cloud  
Wore one bright star upon its breast ;  
And to our final rest, God grant  
We pass together at the last.

MAY CHEPWORTH: A CLEVELAND SKETCH.

FOUNDED ON FACTS.

BY MRS. G. M. TWEDDELL (FLORENCE CLEVELAND),

Authoress of " *Rhymes and Sketches to illustrate the Cleveland Dialect,*" &c.

" 'Tis a stern and startling thing to think  
How often mortality stands on the brink  
Of its grave without any misgiving :  
And yet in this slippery world of strife,  
In the stir of human bustle so rife,  
There are daily sounds to tell us that Life  
Is dying, and Death is living !"

THOMAS HOOD, THE ELDER.

NEAR a neat rustic village in Cleveland, some forty years ago, there resided a sturdy old farmer, named John, Chepworth, who was a widower, with three daughters, the eldest of whom was called May.

And a pretty, sweet girl she was.

Her father said, that it was owing to her being born when the hawthorn was in bloom, and everything about them was so sweet and beautiful ; for, as she had her name from the month she was born in, she must have got her sweetness from its flowers. However this might be, she was a kind and loving daughter to him, and did her best to fill up the place left vacant by her mother. She took especial care of her younger sisters, and also the sole management of her father's household, and he was in the habit of calling her his *right hand*.

From no dairy in the neighbourhood came sweeter butter than that made by the hands of pretty May ; and in all the mysteries of cooking she was a perfect adept. All the family looked up to her if they were in want of anything.

Her father often said he did not think he could have survived her mother's death but for his darling girl; and if ever she left them, he was sure they would lose the brightest month out of their calendar altogether.

And she would laughingly reply—

"I have not gone yet, dear father! I love you all too well to leave you. Besides, who do you think would take me?"

"Well, well, my girl," he would say, "we shall see, we shall see."

Time wore on, and dealt very gently with May and all the family, till she was twenty years of age. During the summer of that year, May went on a visit to some relations, who resided at a pleasant little village on the coast. And a delightful change it was to her, to wander by the sea, and to rest from her household cares.

During some of these rambles, she was attended by a young tradesman of the village, who was a great friend of the family she was visiting: and doubly pleasant were the walks to her when Frank Heatherston was her companion.

He was a brave, noble-hearted, young fellow, and his attention to May had been very marked ever since her arrival. But this gave no uneasiness to her friends; for they thought him a man, in all respects, calculated to make her a good husband, if it should come to that at last. And they said, they were sure that May would bring sunshine into anybody's house.

But all days, whether pleasant or gloomy ones, must come to an end; and a letter to May, from her father, fixed the time for her return.

The night before her departure, Frank and May extended their walk further than usual, for they were very loath to lose each other's company. And there, by the sea shore, with the moon shining serenely above them, they exchanged their vows of love. They promised to write frequently to each other, and May was to disclose her secret to her father on the first convenient opportunity.

There was great joy at home on the day she returned. The best parlour was bedecked with flowers; and father and sisters went out to meet her, little thinking that a rival to them had taken possession of her heart.

Cheerfully she resumed her post as mistress of the household; and all were

glad to have her amongst them once more in renewed health and spirits.

She soon received the promised letter from Frank, in which he said he would very much like to go over to her home, and have a ramble with her on the Cleveland Hills, as he had often heard of their great beauty, but had never been near to them in his life. Would she ask her father if he might be allowed to visit them, and have his wish gratified?

May carefully considered it over all day, and at night, when her father took his accustomed seat in the chimney corner before retiring to rest, she timidly said she had a favour to ask him.

"Ask away, my girl!" said he, "and, if I can grant it, you may be sure I will."

So she told him that a young man, whom she had met with at her cousin's during her late visit, had written to ask if he might be allowed to visit at their house, so that he might climb the Cleveland Hills, for he had often heard of their great beauty.

She thought it best to tell him this, for she knew how very proud he was of his native hills, which are, indeed, most beautiful.

The old man paused for a few minutes, and then said—

"Are you sure, my girl, that it is only the hills he wishes to see?"

The roses deepened on her cheeks as she replied—

"Dear father, I will tell you the truth. It is not the hills alone that Frank Heatherston wishes to see, but me as well. He is my accepted lover, and one whom, I am sure, you will approve of."

"Bravely and honestly spoken!" said he. "Let the young man come if you wish it."

The invitation was sent at once.

Frank was not long in putting in an appearance at the farm, and, by his kind and genial manners, he soon won the hearts of all the household. His visits soon became very frequent, and it was the custom of May and her sisters to walk two or three miles across the moor to meet him, when they were apprised of his coming.

A year soon seemed to pass away in great happiness to the two lovers. Together they climbed to the top of the mountains, and rambled about among the

purple heather, or through the green woods, made musical by the songs of the birds, and sweet by the perfume of the flowers. And their own happiness was so great that they appeared to be living in a fairy land.

At length the time arrived when Frank asked her father to give May to him for a wife. It was a great trial to the old man, but he said—

“When I was a young man like you, I loved her mother very dearly; and I remember the time when I asked for her to be my wife; and with what joy I brought her to my home when we were wed. I also remember—alas! too well—when she was taken from me, and my fire-side was left desolate, and (but for the sake of my dear children) I had no wish to live. And now you are asking me for one of my dearest household jewels—my right hand. It is very hard to part with her; but, for her sake and for her mother’s sake, I consent. And may she be spared to cheer your life longer than her dear mother was to me.”

Here he was quite overcome with his feelings, and left the room to hide his tears.

It was arranged that the marriage should take place in a month from that time; and all was bustle and stir in the old farm house. Active hands were engaged making the wedding clothes; and May was exerting herself to leave everything in perfect order at home.

The day before the wedding arrived, and all the preparations were completed.

There was to be great feasting on the wedding-day for all comers; and the plum-puddings that were to grace the table were made by the bride-elect, as were most of the other good things for the guests.

In the evening Frank was to arrive, and May, as usual, went out to meet him, and returned with him in great glee, but somewhat fatigued with the amount of exertion she had undergone during the past week. Several of the guests had arrived, one of whom was a lady friend, who was to be a bride’s-maid in the morning, and she was to share May’s bed that night.

By-and-bye all the inmates of the house retired to rest, excepting Frank and May. In a short time afterwards she went to her room, which was all hung around with

the dresses that were to be worn at the marriage in the morning. May went to the bedside, and said to her friend—

“You must fall asleep, dear, and not wait for my coming, as Frank and I are going to sit awhile together,” a common custom, in the farm houses of Cleveland in those days, all during the courtship.

Her friend replied—

“O, May! you will look bonny in the morning, when you get all these nice things on.”

May bent down and kissed her, and bidding “Good-night,” left the room. An hour or two afterwards, her friend was aroused by cries for help from the kitchen. Hastily throwing a few garments around her, she rushed downstairs, where she found Frank supporting May in his arms in a dying condition. Soon all the family were on the spot, doing all they could think of to try to restore her. The doctor from the nearest town was immediately sent for by a mounted messenger, and soon arrived; but all was of no avail. In a very short time May breathed her last. The over-exertion and excitement had been too much for her delicate frame.

Frank told them that he was sitting in the arm chair in the corner, and May on a little stool at his feet, with her arms resting on his knee, when she suddenly looked up in his face and said—

“O, Frank! I am choking!”

He instantly raised her up in his arms; but a blood vessel had broken; and, in the presence of the weeping family around, she soon expired. Great was the lamentation of the villagers when morning dawned, and they found that her, whom they had all loved, and whom they had expected to see decked out in her wedding garments, was laid dead. And the poor old man, her father, was wild with his great grief, and (like Rachel of old) refused to be comforted. And nothing now remained for poor Frank but to stay and see her buried in the village churchyard, and then return with a sorrowful soul to his home, which, he had hoped, would have also been hers as well for many years.

The home, which he had made so pretty for his intended bride, he reached almost broken-hearted, instead of returning to it with the great joy which he had depicted to himself when he had left it. And this

time that portion of Scripture\* was too sadly realised which says :—

“Boast not thyself of to-morrow ; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.”

*Rose Cottage, Stokesley.*

## FREEMASONRY AND THE EARLY ENGLISH GILDS.

BY ALBERT G. MACKEY, M.D.

WE need no apology for repeating this interesting communication of our esteemed and learned brother Albert G. Mackey.

As early as the eleventh century we find in England, associations of men, united together for mutual assistance, to assist poor and helpless members, and to bury the dead. These associations were called GILDS.

It is unnecessary to trace the word to the various deviations which have been suggested by different writers on the subject. It is sufficient to say that in the old French, the Teutonic, and the Scandinavian languages, *Gilde* signified a corporation or society having a common contributed stock, or as Cowell defines it, “a fraternity or company combined together, by orders and laws made among themselves.”

Perhaps the best idea of a gild, that could be furnished to a cursory reader, would be obtained from the description given by Brentano, in his *History and Development of Gilds*, of one of the oldest that existed in England about the beginning of the eleventh century.

“This Gild,” he says, “was founded and richly endowed by Orey, a friend of Canute the Great at Abbotsbury, in honour of God and St. Peter. Its object, according to the statutes, appears to have been the support and nursing of infirm Gild-brothers, the burial of the dead and the performance of religious services and the saying of prayers for their souls. The association met every year, on the feast of St. Peter, for united worship in honour of their patron saint.”

The salient points in this description would equally apply to every Gild that was formed from that day to the time of their

dissolution. Each was erected in honour of God and of some particular Saint. Each was governed by a form of statutes, or as it was most frequently called, Ordinances or Constitutions. Each was intended for the support of infirm brethren. Each met at an annual feast which was on the day of the Saint to whom the Gild was erected.

The reader will be impressed with the general resemblance that lodges of Freemasons bear in their organization to these Gilds. And hence, it is that the now very generally accepted theory of the history of Freemasonry, traces it back to the corporations of Stonemasons who, in the Middle Ages, were common over Europe and which were nothing more nor less than Craft Gilds.

The object of the present paper is not to trace this historical connection, but only by a comparison of the Constitutions of the various Gilds with the laws which regulate the government of Masonic Lodges to show the strong analogies which exist between the two institutions.

Materials for this comparison are very ample. To say nothing of the German and French authorities, the former especially, who have written copiously and almost exhaustively on this subject, we have in the work of the late Toulmin Smith, edited by his daughter Miss Lucy Toulmin Smith and published by the Early English Text Society, a collection of the original ordinances or constitutions of more than one hundred of the Early English Gilds. This collection consists of the ordinances of Social and Religious Gilds, of Merchant Gilds, and of Craft Gilds, but does not embrace the Gilds or Corporations of Masons, for which we will be indebted to the labours of Halliwell, Cooke, WOODFORD, and especially of HUGHAN. These latter, will not, however, constitute any part of the present paper, which will be devoted entirely to a comparison of the laws which governed the non-masonic Gilds of the Middle Ages in England, with the Laws which govern the modern Society of Freemasons. “An examination of the close connection between the laws and usages which prevailed among the early Masonic Gilds or Corporations of Stonemasons and the organizations of modern Masonic Lodges will furnish

\* Proverbs xxvii. 1.



ample materials for another and future essay.

In making the comparison between the laws and usages of the early English Guilds and those of the modern Masonic Lodges, I will assume that the construction of the latter is the same as that of the former, in other words, that the lodge is but another name for a Guild.

Miss Toulmin Smith in the introduction to the laborious work of her father, says :

"The early English Guild was an institution of local self-help which, before Poor-laws were invented, took the place, in old times, of the modern friendly or benefit society ; but with a higher aim, while it joined all classes together in a care for the needy and for objects of common welfare, it did not neglect the forms and the practice of Religion, Justice and Morality."

The Masonic reader will at once detect the analogy between the aim of these early Guilds and that of the institution of Freemasonry, as developed in the lodges, which may, therefore, be considered as a continuation or, rather, as a renewed presentation of the Guilds.

Again : Toulmin Smith says in his *Traditions of the old Crown House* :

"Guilds were associations of those living in the same neighbourhood, and remembering that they have, as neighbours, common obligations. They were quite other things than modern partnerships or trading companies ; for their main characteristic was, to set up something higher than personal gain and mere materialism, as the main object of men living in towns, and to make the teaching of love to one's neighbour be not coldly accepted as a hollow dogma of morality, but known and felt as a habit of life."

Here again we see the analogy between Freemasonry and the Guild system in the philanthropic object to which they both were directed.

It is only necessary that we should now seek to trace a similar analogy in the organizations, the laws and usages of both systems, by a collation of the Ordinances or Constitutions by which both were governed.

In order to do this it will be most convenient to describe, in order, each law or usage by which the lodge, as the representative of the Masonic system is governed

and then to point out and to prove by citation, the existence of a similar law or usage in the early Guild.

1. The lodge is governed by a constitution or code of bye-laws, obedience to which is incumbent on every member.

So each of these early Guilds was governed by laws, called sometimes its "Statutes," sometimes its "Constitutions," but more generally its "Ordinances." "These," says one of them, the Guild of St. James, "are the ordinances of our Guild ordained by all the whole fraternity." "This," says another, "is the statute of the Guild of the Holy Apostle, Saint Peter."

2. The lodge is dedicated to the Saints John.

Each of the Guilds was in like manner dedicated to some saint. Thus the Ordinances of the Guild of St. Thomas of Canterbury (established in 1376) begin thus :

"In the worship and honour of Jesus Christ and of his mild mother, Saint Mary, and of all the holy company of heaven, and especially of the holy martyr, St. Thomas of Canterbury."

Similarly were all the Guild Constitutions introduced, the variation being only in the name of the saint to whom the Guild was dedicated. Every Guild had its patron Saint. The modern objectors to the dedication of Masonic Lodges to the Saints John will thus perceive that it is in imitation, or rather a continuation of an old custom never neglected by the early English Guilds.

3. Lodges being dedicated to Saint John the Baptist and St. John the Evangelist, it has been an invariable custom with Freemasons to celebrate the festivals of these saints.

A similar usage prevailed among all the early Guilds. There was always a general meeting in honour of the saint to whom the Guild was dedicated ; on which occasion, the officers for the following year were chosen. Take for an example the Guild of St. Catherine, founded at London in 1389. In its Constitution we find the following point :

"Also that all the brethren and sisters of the aforesaid fraternity shall assemble together in the Church of Saint Botolf abovesaid, on the day of Saint Catherine

and there hear a mass and make offerings in her honour (in the worschepe of here) and also in the afternoon of the same day or the next Sunday following, they shall be together to choose their Masters for the next year following.”\*

4. Quarterly communications were provided by the Constitutions of Masonry, and are still maintained in England and in some few of the Grand Lodges of America. It will be remembered that in the account of the Revival of Masonry in 1717, as contained in the second edition of Anderson's Book of Constitutions, it is said that the brethren who assembled at the Apple Tree Tavern “constituted themselves a Grand Lodge pro tempore in due form and forthwith revived the quarterly communications”—thus implying that quarterly communications were the ancient usage of the fraternity.

Now this same usage was observed by all the early Gilds. There is hardly one of them whose statutes or ordinances does not provide for four meetings in the year. The word used for this meeting is *morow speeche* or, more commonly, *mornspeeche*, which Mr. Way, in his notes to the *Promptorium Parvulorum*, defines as “a term denoting a periodical assembly of a Gild.”

Thus in the ordinations of a Gild of St. Thomas [of Canterbury, it is prescribed that “this Gild shall have four mornspeches in the year.” In the Gild of St. Leonard, it “is ordained, by assent of the brethren to have four mornspeches in the year.” The statutes of the Gild of St. Peter at Leine prescribed the four days as being, first after the *Drynkyng* or feast, probably St. Peter's day (June 29); the second on the Sunday before Michael-may day (September 29); the third on the Sunday before Candlemas day (February 2); and the fourth on the Sunday before St. Austin's day (May 26); which arrangement brings them very nearly within three months of each other, and thus makes them “quarterly communications.”

The following regulation of the Gild of Garlekhitte (London, 1375) shows a very great similarity in the design of these

\* In all of these citations from the Gild Constitutions I have modernized the language, for the convenience of the general reader.

quarterly meetings to those of the Masonic Fraternity :

“Also the Masters and brethren aforesaid every year shall four times come together, at some certain place to speak touching the profit and rule of the aforesaid brotherhood under the penalty of a pound of wax to the brotherhood.”

6. The penalty above alluded to will remind us of another analogy between the customs of the Gilds and the Freemasons. Three tapers or lights, are a conspicuous and necessary part of the furniture of every Lodge. We find a similar usage in the Gilds. In all the ordinances, provision is made for lights, and for this purpose, fines which are imposed, are almost always paid in wax to be expended in the making of lights. The following extracts from the statutes of some of the early Gilds, will show the prevalence of the usage of lights :

“There shall be found 5 round tapers, the weight of 20 pounds of wax to be lighted on the feast days, all 5 at all hours of the day, in worship (honour) of God and his mother the Virgin Mary and of Saint Catherine the glorious virgin and martyr and of all saints. *Gild of St. Catherine.*

“There shall be found 7 round tapers the weight of 21 pounds of wax to be lit on high feast days, all seven at all hours of the day on worship of God and his mother Mary and of Saint Fabian and Sebastian and of all saints.” *Gild of Sts. Fabian and Sebastian.*

“It is ordained that (there shall be) among the brethren and sisters in their assembly a candle of wax burning and a prayer said in worship of God and of our Lady and of all saints and for all Christian souls and for all the brethren and sisters of the Gild.” *Tailors' Gild, Norwich.*

But it is needless to make further citations. In all the Gild constitutions this provision for lights is to be found. As they were burnt by day as well as by night, it is evident that they were used symbolically, and it is equally evident that the usage of burning lights at their meetings has been derived by the Freemasons from the Gilds. But the masonic symbolism of the “lesser lights” is, of course, peculiar to the Order.

7. A black suit with white stockings and gloves and an apron is called the "clothing" of a Mason and the Regulations of 1721 required that "every new brother at his making is decently to cloath the lodge," that is, all the brethren. This *cloathing* of a Mason is similar to what was called the *livery* of trading companies, each of which had a livery or suit peculiar to itself. Now we find in the early Gild Constitutions provision for a suit, livery or clothing by which the members were distinguished. Thus, in the constitutions of the Gild or Garlekhitte it is said :

"And the Saddlers' and Spurriers' Gild provided, that all the brethren and sisters shall have a livery of suit to know the brethren and sisters and for no other cause (enchesoun).

A statute passed in the 7th year of Henry IV. anno 1403, expressly permitted the adoption of a distinctive dress by fraternities, and such dress was always used by the Gilds. Hence, the clothing of a Mason, now reduced almost to white gloves and an apron, is really what Chaucer calls the "livere of a solemque and greate fraternite," and has been undoubtedly derived from a similar use of "a sute of lyvery" by the early Gilds.

8. The avoidance of lawsuits between the brethren when possible, is recommended in Freemasonry as it was in the early Gilds. Compare the statutes of each on this subject. Thus in the "Charges of a Freemason" in the Book of Constitutions of 1723, it is said :

"If any of them [the brethren] do you injury, you must apply to your own or his lodge; . . . never taking a legal course, but when the case cannot be otherwise decided, and patiently listening to the honest and friendly advice of Masters and Fellows."

Compare this with the statute of the Gild of St. George the Martyr :

"It is also ordained that whatsoever man hath a grievance against another [of the Gild] he shall warn the Aldermen [the head of the Gild] thereof; and he shall do his offices to make accord if he can with his brethren, and if he cannot he may go to law wherever he pleases."

And in like manner in the constitutions of the Gild of St. Catherine, it is provided :

"That if any discord be between brethren and sisters, first that discord shall be shown to other brethren and sisters of the Gild, and by them accord shall be made, if it can be skilfully. And if accord cannot be so made it shall be lawful to them to go to the common law."

The spirit of friendly arbitration which is the true spirit of a brotherhood was observed by all the early Gilds, and has been imitated by the Masonic Fraternity.

Assistance and relief to distressed members is another analogy that exists between the Gilds and the lodges. Thus, for example, the constitution of the Gild of St. Botolph says :

"Also it is ordained that what brother or sister of the fraternity fall into poverty every brother and sister shall give the poor brother or sister a farthing every week."

In the 14th century a farthing was of much greater value than it is now. The general rule was that in cases of poverty each member paid a sum weekly into the treasury out of which a certain amount was appropriated to the distressed brother, and paid to him by the treasurer. Sometimes, it was made the duty of each member to give the relief personally. But no matter in what way the relief was bestowed, the rule was unexceptionable in all the Gilds as it is in the Masonic Lodges to grant aid and assistance to all "worthy, distressed brethren."

10. The burial of the dead was also to be performed by the Gild. Thus in the Gild of St. Botolph :

"It is ordained that when a brother or sister die all the brethren and sisters of this fraternity shall come to the funeral [dirige] and to mass; and every brother and every sister shall offer a farthing for love of God, a penny for a mass for the soul of the dead; and he shall have at the cost of the brethren, two torches and two candles burning."

11. Processions on solemn days, in which Freemasons so much indulge, was observed by the early Gilds. The Gild of St. Catherine provided that on St. Catherine's day the brethren and sisters should assemble at the parish church "to go in procession with their candle which is to be borne before them, and to hear the mass of St. Catherine."

And the Gild of Taylors of Lincoln provided that "all the brethren and sisters shall go in procession at the feast of Corpus Christi."

12. At the admission of new members as at the "making of Masons," it was required that a certain number should be present. The number varied in the different Gilds, but was usually twelve with the presiding officer.

13. There was a form of admission which may be compared with the Masonic ceremony of initiation. What were the secret ceremonies, if any, we do not of course know, but there was an oath of fealty and the kissing of a book. The ordinances of the Gild of St. Catherine of Stamford are very explicit on this subject and the account is well worth copying :

"Also, it is ordained that when said first evensong is done, the Alderman and his brethren shall assemble in their hall and drink ; and there have a courteous communication\* for the weal of the said Gild. And then shall be called forth all those that shall be admitted brethren or sisters of the Gild ; and the Alderman shall examine them in this wise :—' Sir, are you willing to be brethren among us in this Gild and will you desire and ask it in the worship of Almighty God, our blessed lady, Saint Mary, and of the holy Virgin and Martyr, Saint Catherine, in whose name this Gild is founded, and in the way of charity ?' And by their own will they shall answer, ' yea ' or ' nay. ' Then the Alderman shall command the clerk to give this oath to them, in form and manner following :—

" This hear you, Aldermen :—I shall true man be to God Almighty, to our lady Saint Mary, and to the holy Virgin and Martyr Saint Catherine, in whose honour and worship this Gild is founded ; and shall be obedient to the Aldermen of this Gild and to his successors, and come to him and to his brethren when I have warning and not absent myself without reasonable cause. I shall be ready at scot and lot and all my duties truly pay and do ; the ordinances, constitutions and rules with the counsel of the said Gild keep, obey and perform, and to my power maintain to my day's end ; so help me

Mark this word "communication," now used by the Freemasons only to denote their lodge meetings.

God and holy dome and by this book— and then kiss the book and be lovingly received by all the brethren."

In this ceremony of admission we notice many points of resemblance to that of the Apprentice in Freemasonry. Such for instance is the "free will and accord" required ; obedience to constituted authority ; maintaining the bye-laws ; keeping the secrets or "counsel ;" and lastly the kissing of the book.

There are less important points of resemblance which these early Gilds bear to the Masonic Lodges, such as the requirement of good character in their candidates ; the regulations for expelling or suspending members for misconduct and for their restoration upon their reform ; for an entrance or initiation fee ; for quarterly dues ; and for the annual election of officers on the feast day. But it is unnecessary to dwell on them. Sufficient has been cited to show that there is an evident similarity in the two organizations and to confirm the theory now generally maintained by Masonic scholars, that Freemasonry has derived its spirit, and its present form and organization, although of course, with many modifications, from the early Gilds of England which existed from the eleventh to the sixteenth century.

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## THE WOMEN OF OUR TIME.

BY CÆLEBS.

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### PREFACE.

I PROPOSE to give, in successive papers, a short account of the Women of our Time. I admit at the outset that it is both a dubious and a dangerous undertaking. The psychology of women is so wonderful and in some respects so mysterious, that it is indeed an act both of temerity and of difficulty to attempt fully to describe them, fairly to estimate them.

When the one-eyed Bagman, in the facetious pages of *Pickwick*, declared, with the approval and applause of a distinguished circle of male exhalers of the soothing weed, that "queer critturs are women," he stated a truth as undeniable as it is enduring.

It has been often said, that no man can understand a woman perfectly, much less describe her justly; and then it has been equally contended that women do not comprehend women at all, and can portray either their faults or their follies even less well than man.

What, then, are we to do? Are we to treat woman generally as a weird sphinx, shrouded in the dimness and haziness of years, an inexplicable mystery, a hopeless riddle?

Are we reduced to this, that woman, endowed with all the precious gifts of grace, and truth, and trust, with every sweet sympathy, and every loving association, is to be still, like the Man in the Iron Mask, a marvel and an enigma to us all? Forbid the thought! It cannot be—it shall not be! No! Though the task be difficult, though the danger be great, though the rashness and audacity of the attempt may seem incredible to many, I yet propose, faveute Bro. Kenning, to raise the veil from the shrouded Isis, and to depict, in successive studies, the genus and the species of those "angel beings" who shed such brightness on life's dusty pathway; whose silvery voices we so often hear, whose sunny smiles we so often bask in, whose high morals we all admire, whose low dresses we all wonder at, and whose charm of conversation, whose economy, whose business habits, whose home lives and whose retiring dispositions, we all, in our respective circles, can so gladly tell of, and so loudly praise. Now don't suppose, kind reader, for one moment, that in anything I am going to say, I presume to depreciate this greatest of institutions, or to "chaff" the arbiters of human destiny. I approach the subject, on the contrary, with the timidity and hesitation and awe of one fully sensible of the greatness and importance of the work he has undertaken. My wish is to show women as they are, and as, in my humble opinion, they are meant to be, and thus from my didactic cathedrâ alike with the experience of years and with an intensity of reverence, not to exalt an idol in a false shrine merely to overthrow it, but to present to the notice of my brethren, and even the appreciation of my fair sisters, the true type and the real character, alike loving and loveable—not merely of "woman, dear woman," in the

idle accents of Bachanalian praise, but in the reality of actual existence, and in the fidelity of accurate observation. It may seem to some that I hardly take, however, in these pages, and in those that will follow, as exalted an idea of womanhood as I ought to do.

If any one think so, he or she is in grave error.

No one, I make bold to say, has a loftier opinion or more heartfelt respect for the descendants of Eve. He must be a very foolish man, or an "avowed libertine," who ever speaks slightly of woman. To her we owe all that is graceful and all that is tender, all that is real and all that is sympathetic, all that is trusting and all that is elevating in this petty life of ours, amid its shifting scenes, and its often debasing pursuits.

The helpmeet for man, she is certainly his "better half" in the goodness of her nature, in the unselfishness of her love, in her purer emotions, in her unswerving attachment; in tenderness, which no unkindness can drive away; in loyalty, which no treachery can destroy. She is emphatically man's truest friend, wisest guide, safest teacher, and best companion in all the intricate windings and the shifting sands of this great wilderness, the world.

Wherever woman is not on an equality with man, wherever woman is depressed, degraded, or ignored, there is society in a state of brutality and barbarism.

Wherever woman's influence is really permitted, and her sacred mission recognised, and her grace, and goodness, and faith, and fidelity have their proper sway over the feelings and minds of men, there we see how civilization is progressing and expanding, and shedding countless blessings around it for man and the world at large.

So I begin my essays with this avowal, and if words may fall from a light pen or random mood, which may cause a smile, or raise a cheerful laugh, remember I write not to depreciate or condemn, but to paint the reality, to assert the truth.

I commend, therefore, these light if truthful essays of mine to all who, like myself, feel some little interest in "The Women of our Time."

(To be continued.)

CONTEMPORARY LETTERS ON  
THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

Letter VI.

Paris, March 26th, 1790.

The want of money is daily increasing, and in proportion as that scarcity grows greater, the discontent and fermentation of the people is more visible. The exchange was last night at 75 liv. for a 1,000.

But the popular fury does not yet deviate from its original course; they still exclaim with unabated virulence against those whom they believe to be the cause of all their present misfortunes, by the opposition they make to the decrees of the Assembly.

The partisans of the Assembly, within and without its walls, find the necessity of turning on their enemies the rage excited by general misery, and which is only to be appeased by the sacrifice of its real or pretended authors.

They therefore maintain and are believed, that the misery which prevails proceeds not from the revolution, or their decrees, but from the clamours and conspirations of a dispersed and ruined party.

The Caisse D'Escompte and its administrators are in this moment the objects of public execration. To their Agiotage is ascribed the total want of specie. To the assistance they have formerly given, and still continue to give to the public treasurer is attributed the misfortunes under which the country at present labour.

The good effects which might be expected from the hopes of the Billets de la Caisse being soon reimbursed by assignments, is lost by the length of time that will elapse before they can be issued.

Should the storm that lovers really burst, the Finance will be the first victims, but at the same time will fall all those who are obnoxious to the popular party, all those whose riches or the reputation of whose riches may make them suspected of being possessed of large sums of ready money.

Any new troubles will therefore only add to the misery of those whose misfortune seems to want no addition, and tumults could only serve the Aristocratic

party, by increasing the distresses of the capital.

They are playing a secret and underhand game, and you may be assured that they will not have recourse to force till the people themselves demand their assistance. In the mean time they hope that the irregular form of the wheels, the defect of the machine, and the obstacles they secretly place in the way will prove the impossibility of its reaching its destined end, and thus serve them more effectually than an opposition which would only inflame.

In case of any popular commotions the part of M. de la Fayette will be difficult to play. The better order of Bourgeoisie are certainly at his absolute disposal, but to la milice soldeé, the numerous substitutes which they have admitted to do the duty, though not to replace the real citizen, but who in the mean time are possessed of the clothing, the ammunition and the arms, all these it is most likely will join the people. If the mob has small beginnings, it will be prevented. If it bursts in one general flame, it will not cease till it can burn no more.

Should M. de la Fayette oppose—he may not succeed if he does not—his credit and reputation are lost for ever.

His ambition will no doubt lead him to adopt the former. But from a conversation I had with one of his aide-de-camps, a son of the Duc de Chabost, I doubt his want of resolution and a sufficient confidence in his troops will make him delay violent measures till they will be too late.

Never famous for my calculations or knowledge of Finance, I here find my ideas more perplexed, my information less certain, than on any other subject, and little knowledge is to be derived from the conversation of others. One party represents with exaggerated hopes, and their opponents with exaggerated losses. Besides, when in calculations formed from the same documents the Minister and the President of the Committee of Finances (M. de Montesquieu) differ so widely as to state one Article la Contribution Patriotique, the former at 30, and the latter at 100 millions; others, who can collect only from report may find excuse if they should happen to be deceived.

As the terms on which the ecclesiastical lands are to be sold to the different municipalities, is not yet finally determined, the former demands of the City of Paris are perhaps of little consequence.

In the wording of her proposals she seemed to demand that of the 200 millions she became indebted to the country 50 millions should be relinquished to her, as a due reward for her patriotism, and an indemnity for her losses. Her chief now declares that she only asked and still asks a quarter of that sum, or twelve millions and a half.

In a moment when the deficit is already great and is daily augmenting, it appears an extraordinary mode of re-establishing the Finances, to replace one tax by another less productive. *La Gabelle les Droits, sur les Fers, les Amidons Huiles et Savons*, with numerous other little taxes which are abolished amounted to about 85 millions, and the reimplacement is only 49 millions and a half.

The Assembly (whose *Federatif* plan seems to have for principle the erecting the cities into the tyrants of the neighbouring country to render less heavy the burthen they might sustain from their small share of this reimplacement, have allowed them, with the consent of their districts, to impose what taxes they judge proper for that purpose, which if more than sufficient, the surplus is to be employed in such manner as the municipalities, with leave of the district, think fit,

What an opening is thus given to the vexations and impositions of a designing corporation, who like our church-wardens and overseers of the poor will no doubt employ that surplus in a way most suited to their interests, and only impose such taxes as will not affect their commerce.

The *Fermiers Generaux* will not in this moment be inclined to assist the country with their money, when many, if not ruined must sustain considerable losses. The salt they have on their hands amounts to 36 millions, of which twelve is the property of the State, the remainder is money advanced by them on the public faith. They are allowed to sell their salt in common with other traders, but at a price not exceeding 3 sous per pound.

The salt of Government is to be sold before that of the *Fermiers Generaux*

can be disposed of, but no provision is made to indemnify them for the losses they may sustain by being undersold, and for the length of time they may wait for an opportunity of selling, as smuggling has introduced into the country a sufficient quantity for two years.

The Assembly pretend that if the *Fermiers Generaux* sell their salt at 3 sous they will be gainers of ten millions.

M. de Montesquieu, the President of the Committee of Finances, Premier Ecuyer de Monsieur Cordon Bleu, and laden with the honours, and pensions of the Court, yet now of the popular party, a man doubtless of abilities, but whose plans of finance are fairy tales, has proposed that no more anticipations should be permitted.

This resource, which Neckar estimated at 60 millions, will certainly be cut off in the beginning of next week. The proposal had passed immediately, but it was thought necessary to give the Minister time, if possible, to procure a sufficient sum for the current expenses during the interval of the imposition and collection of taxes and the sale of the 400 millions of the property of the Church.

All the resources proposed by the Minister for completing the deficit of the year are thus entirely destroyed, and there only remains of all his plan the 30 millions of the contribution patriotique.

It is time that it should appear to amount to a larger sum, since the declarations of Paris are calculated not to be less. But then those of the provinces are almost nothing, and the Parisians have made their declarations and promises of payment, on the receipt of their pensions, charges, and interest of the public funds.

*Les enragés* maintain that the suppression of tythes will more than indemnify the proprietors of lands for the losses they have sustained, and the taxes that are to be imposed for the replacement of the *Gabelle* and the support of religion.

I can only believe that to be a lure held out to appease the clamours of the landholders; that the Assembly should finally relinquish a tax unfelt which produced 60 millions per annum is scarcely creditable.

The clergy for the future will be paid by an equal capitation on the cities as well as the country. By this means the State

will be enabled to dispose of the whole of the revenues of the church, which amount to 150 millions per annum. From this you must deduct 15 millions per annum of debt, and the immense losses their property have sustained by the abolition of feudal rights, and which is calculated at a third of their income.

The charges of the law will not be reimbursed at the price which they cost their present possessor, but that for which they were originally sold by the Crown.

The amount of the charges of the law is estimated, at the lowest, at 300 millions, but I believe it to be stated with more reason at 500, since the interest paid by the royal treasury for the purchase-money is 9 millions, and the charges produced  $1\frac{1}{2}$ , 2, and at the utmost 3 per cent.

Till happier times shall allow the State to pay her debts, their capital is to be considered as a debt of the nation, and they are to receive an interest of 5 per cent.

This will make an annual addition to their expenditure of 16 millions, to which must be joined the expenses of the new judiciary system, which, calculated at the lowest, amounts to 6 millions. It is thus that they proceed, daily increasing their expenditures and their debts, and diminishing the means of payment.

You may be assured that the receipts of the royal treasury diminish instead of augmenting.

The instant any part of the *livre rouge* is delivered to the Deputies, which it is thought it will be, you shall have a copy. The sum for secret service money inscribed on the latter pages amounts to 80 millions.

The assignments on the lands of the Church will be forced into general circulation, and issued under one general form from the Caisse d'Extraordinaire, bearing the mark of each particular municipality. Within the Assembly the chiefs of all parties seem to have lost their power. If any particular set of men hold together it is those who are personally attached to the united banners of Neckar and La Fayette, but their force is not sufficient to support either the one or the other. Mirabeau is heard no more; to-day he will possibly again attempt to speak on the subject of the King's letter, as the decree which that demands to have revoked was certainly levelled at him.

The present Ministry more than totter on their seats, the Democrats loudly accuse them of opposing by every means in their power, the completion or effects of the decrees of the Assembly.

The Archbishop of Bordeaux (Garde des Sceaux) governs Neckar with absolute authority. His abilities are not called in question, but his affection for the resigning principles is much doubted.

The Minister of the War Department quits his employment if the plan adopted by the Council for the reform of the army is rejected; the number of men is not to be lessened, but the young regulars are to be suppressed, and their battalions added to the older. All the field officers will thus be saved, and the formation of each regiment consist of one Colonel and two Lieutenant-Colonels, the function of Major to be exercised by the eldest Captain of each battalion, each regiment to be of three battalions, two always in state of actual service, and the third to consist of veterans and recruits. Monsieur de la Luzeme and M. de St. Priest have neither power, credit, or reputation. But the puppets are tired of a situation which exposes them to continual animadversions, and where they are only allowed to remain because they do not know how to supply their place. They wish but for a fair pretext to give in their dismission, and it is more than probable that that is at no great distance. Should the leaders of the democratic party fail, as they certainly will, in obtaining the repeal of the decree forbidding any member of the Assembly to accept of any employment of the Crown, I do not believe they have in view any whom they wish to place at the head of affairs.

The assignments on the property of the Church, the organization of the municipality of Paris, had diverted the public attention from Monsieur Neckar; his friends gave out that it was uncertain if ever he would quit Paris, however necessary to his health, but that he was determined only to quit with life the place that he held. But an affair that has occupied the Assembly for these two days, in which he is inculpated, may convince him that not only the Assembly do not approve his plans, but that they suspect his integrity and his intentions. The Assembly on the 14th and 22nd of January, had passed two decrees. By the first it was decreed that no



pensions or salaries should be paid to those who were absent, and to those within the country none that exceeded 3,000 livres; by the second, all pensions, salaries, due previous to the 1st January, 1790, were referred to the Amesé, that is, they were not to be paid till the Assembly had approved of the several demands. The first of the two decrees received the royal sanction on the 14th of January, yet after that period the Prince de Condé, and the Duc de Bourbon, received if not in money at least in orders on the royal treasury which are negotiable, 300,000 livs. as part of money due to them on their Government. 300,000 livs. had also been paid to different persons, amongst which was a sum in money of 2,655 livs. and orders to the amount of 27,000 livs. to the Duc de Chatelet as part of the arrears due to him.

Being within the kingdom he was not liable to the first decree, and it appeared that the second had never received the royal sanction.

The Garde des Sceaux qualified the delay on his part, by saying that as the decree regarded the finances, he waited till Neckar had taken his arrangements with the Committee of Finances.

The debate finished by ordering the names of all those *good citizens* who had thus obtained money or orders being made public, and a decree was passed that all decrees should be presented to the king within three days after they were given, and in eight days after that time the Garde des Sceaux should signify the royal approbation, or the reason why it was deferred.

The King's Ministers have twice brought him on the scene within these few days, only to shew him his want of power, inflame the Democrats, and prove his dislike of their proceedings, when it is impossible he should derive any advantage from the one or the other. The decree relative to the formation of the army was sent to the Assembly with the remark that the king had consented to it at the reiterated instances of the Assembly. The Democrats pretend that as it was a constitutional question; the king had only to accept, for his suspensive veto does not take place till the next legislature, and that during the present Assembly he had no right to refuse any constitutional laws. The demand of Neckar for the formation

of a Bureau de *Tresore*, had been passed over in silence, because, determined not to grant, the Assembly would not openly refuse. The enclosed letter was yesterday sent by the king to the president, and although within the walls the Democrats preserved the appearance of respect, they exclaim loudly at the *insolence* and folly of such a letter.

These appearances of authority come too late; there was a time when an absolute refusal and a steady adherence to it would have perplexed the Assembly, and preserved some authority to the king, but the fear of a personal insult made him prefer the loss of all power, with the preservation of apparent concurrence to an opposition which they dreaded, and which they had not dared to prevent.

The king, with all his weakness, with all his brutality, is possessed of an uncommon fund of knowledge, and a memory as extraordinary. A friend of M. de la Peyrouse told me that previous to his departure, the king had given him an audience of two hours in which his Majesty traced his voyage, mentioned every port he should touch at, every latitude he should examine, and every precaution it was necessary to take, with all the exactness of a perfect geographer, and all the knowledge of an experienced sailor.

The aristocratic leaders still maintain that his going to the Assembly on the 4th of February, was only the act of a prisoner, who dares not refuse. It is true that on the night of the 3rd all the enragés attended his Couchée, whether to intimidate or encourage I leave to others to determine.

The abolition of the Parliament has been so long expected, that the final blow does not seem likely to produce much effect. Dijon and Grenoble, the capitals of the two provinces most disaffected to the revolutions, are entirely ruined.

It is in those provinces if anywhere that the Parliament will dare to resist.

The province of Nivernois is at present a prey to the troubles that have laid waste the rest of France.

The King's Commissioners are gone to the different provinces to preside at the election of the administrators of departments, and deliver into their hands what yet remains of royal authority.

The list of those to be named for this

Commission was previously submitted to the leaders of the democratic party, and all those who were supposed to be disaffected were exchanged.

I cannot but suppose the ministry watch with a zealous eye all those who arrive in London from this country, and more especially those who are under the patronage of the Duke of Orleans. His physician, a German, whose name is Seve or Seive, has returned to Paris within these few days. The object of his mission was to prevail on the fugitive to return, but his courage is, luckily for the world, not equal to his wickedness, and he dares not brave the indignation of the honest part of the capital.

Calonne will not in the moment succeed. I am convinced the Democrats would not regret his recall, but the popular hatred is yet too strong. Perhaps they were only willing to alarm Neckar, and see what effect the idea of his disgrace would produce on the public.

I cannot help continuing in the same opinion that I first held, that there will be partial troubles and general anarchy for some time to come, but that the general position of affairs is not likely to be changed by other means than the resolutions of another legislature.

Friday, past 5 o'clock.

The Assembly have decreed upon the king's letter, that they regretted not being able to yield to his Majesty's desires, but they see no reason to depart from their previous resolutions. Mirabeau proposed that no letters or propositions should for the future be received from the king.

Valenciennes and the neighbouring country are a prey to the most dreadful disorders.

There has been a trifling riot to-day amongst the workmen, which was suppressed without difficulty or bloodshed.

*Letter of the French King, to the President of the National Assembly, March the 25th, 1790.*

"Je suis surpris, Monsieur que l'Assemblée Nationale n'ait pas encore mis délibération a la proposition faite de ma part par le premier Ministre des Finances relativement a un Bureau de Tresore dont en je choiserois la plu part des membres dans l'Assemblée. Je crois cette disposition

aussi utile que pressante et je vous demande de ne pas differerir la presenter a la deliberation de l'Assemblée.

(Signed) LOUIS."

(To be continued.)

## WHAT HAPPENED AT A CHRISTMAS GATHERING.

BY THEOPILUS TOMLINSON.

### CHAPTER I.

I AM getting an oldish youth now, but have not quite lost, happily for myself, all "sentiment." It is a very bad thing for anyone to lose his "sentiment," because he becomes dry and hard, and callous, and cynical—indifferent alike to the charms of sympathy, or the attractions of the beautiful. We come across, however, constantly that kindly disposition and that genial temperament which are so comely in themselves, especially in elderly people, and which make us all keenly sensible of all that is loving and "leal;" of all that is fresh and fair, of all that is tender and true, in this rough battle of life.

Whenever you encounter such a person—whether an old boy or an old "gal permeated," as the swell writer says, by an "emotional psychology,"—cultivate him or her at once. Depend upon it your time will not be thrown away, nor your pains in vain.

Now, I have not said this to puff myself. I am neither "laudator temporis acti"—at least not too much so—nor egotistical in any degree, but I merely think it well, for special and weighty reasons me thereto moving, to praise "sentiment," because it is a main ingredient in this little story. I am like the eloquent speaker, who said once in proposing "The Ladies" (what stuff men will talk about women when they have a chance), "Sir, the man without sentiment is like a flat bottle of Bass!" There is a good deal of force, if not truth, in this illustration, common-place and sensual as it may appear to some. It would possibly horrify Sir Wilfred Lawson, but pace that excellent man—though not a beer-drinker myself—I believe that it is a generally admitted truth that a bottle of

"Bass," clear and amber-coloured, well-up, has many charms, not only for a "thirsty soul" and to "soothe the savage breast," but for many very civilised bipeds to boot.

It was my lot to be invited to spend a Christmas—some time ago, alas! now—in what Mrs. Hemans terms one of the "ancestral homes of England." It was a fine old place, with a noble hall, and tapestried chambers, and a haunted room. It had many goodly features for inmates and visitors. *Jemmy Miller*, a young hero of the day, whom I met there, and of whom I knew something, said it was a "rum old place, and as for that haunted room," he added, "enough to frighten a fellow, you know; they say, my old boy, it is a woman, who walks in and out of your bedroom and looks at you and points at you, and goes to the right about and vanishes into thin air. One of our fellows who was here said he had his bedclothes taken off; but between you and me and the wall, I think he had been 'liquoring up.' I like women in general, and one in particular, but I strongly object on principle to a female ghost. For you see," he concluded speaking confidentially, "you don't know what to make of her."

Now, I have quoted these frank words of one of the *dramatis personæ* because I think they well handle so spectral a subject.

Well, we had gradually assembled at the old hall; a large party, too, from east and west, and north and south. There were some male and female parents; there were some pleasant married couples, some very pretty girls and plenty of young men, and altogether it was one of those Christmas gatherings you sometimes share in which are not without their sunny side: not so much a family party, as a miscellaneous collection of people who knew something of each other, and have met, not having a Christmas of their own to keep, to spend a merry Christmas in some hospitable mansion.

There were, of course, one or two bores, male or female (what party is without them?), but still we had all reached our haven at last, one cold, raw, dreary, in hospitable day outside, and were welcomed warmly within, as was ever their wont, by

our kind host and hostess. The ladies are all gathered in a magic circle, in the long picture gallery, round the pleasant fire; and the gentleman, who formed the "outer ring," were standing or lounging about, as men will do, receiving gratefully warm cups of tea from the hands of the ladies; and then, being a little thawed, we all begin to talk.

"I'm blessed," said old *Jorum* to me, "if I ever heard such a chattering. They declare women are magpies, but I'll back men to gossip against them."

But I don't think that old *Jorum* is quite impartial in the matter, being very much under the influence of *Mrs. Jorum*, who has made him give up all his bachelor opinions.

Young *Miller* comes up to me and says, *sotte voce*, "Deuced fine woman *Mrs. Jorum*, but she is better horse a long way;" and here the young rascal winks sagaciously at me and plunges into an animated conversation with the eldest *Miss Barnstaple*.

After we had all talked and got cosy, and even yawned—and one or two actually dozed—we all dispersed incontinently to our rooms, whence, after having duly dressed for dinner, we redescended into the hall. When dinner was announced we all were marshalled in order and marched in double file, a manoeuvre which required no little tact on the part of our hostess, who was, however, equal to the occasion. We were all, at last, comfortably seated in the cheery dining-room, and prepared to enjoy a good dinner. I had two very agreeable neighbours, as the *Irishman* said, "on each of my two sides," *Mrs. Jorum* being one of them, and so I took stock of the company, as I was doing so well myself and the coup d'œil was quite charming. Among other things which I noticed I saw that *Jemmy* was making himself very pleasant, as they say, to a very pretty young woman on his left, and was going ahead, she being, as the *Germauns* say, evidently "zukommend." But I also thought I observed that this innocent flirtation was not at all agreeable to the fair *Laura's* right-hand neighbour, a ponderous and prosaic old gentleman—what *mammas* call a "safe man"—who was smitten with that fascinating gipsy, and was evidently thinking,

too, that his "kismet" had come at last. He seemed to disapprove of Jemmy's proceedings, and to consider him a very forward and offensive puppy—as these old boys always do when they get spooney and a youngster comes in their way. But the happy Jemmy, all unconscious or little caring for the angry glance of the indignant Jamieson—for that was his name, D. Jamieson, M.P. (Old Jamie as we called him)—went on making hay while the sun shone, and much to the content of the "damosel," though not equally so to that of her anxious mamma. On the left of Jamieson, again, was a not disagreeable widow, who was said to be well off but bad tempered, both of which qualities for once were true.

Jorum knew something about her, and had said to me, before dinner, in his curt sentences: "Bullied her husband, bullies her servant, often bad tempered old fellow—forty-eight if she is a day!"

I know not why, but the demon of mischief or the goddess of "sentiment" suggested to me what a good thing it would be to couple together old Jamieson and Mrs. De Salis, and how needful it was and how proper it would be to help Jemmy and his Laura, two young spoons. Laura's mamma—a stout old party, with too low a dress for my taste, but plenty of diamonds—had been smiling when Jamieson talked to the perverse Laura, but had actually frowned, as mothers sometimes will do, when she turned a very ready ear to the insinuating and light-hearted Jemmy. Still I knew she was not a bad-hearted old party, and as I was also well acquainted with pater L'Estrange I thought I might do Jemmy and Laura a good turn, if things got as they say, "serious." So I said to myself: "I will try for once to make the course of true love run smooth in this rough world." And so I turned to my fascinating neighbour, Mrs. Jorum, for her countenance and advice. I knew that she was the most genial and tender-hearted of beings, so I felt sure of her assistance and approval. Nor was I mistaken, for she at once, after I had explained to her my ideas on the subject, kindly and fully said that it was an "imperative call of duty to pair those four people properly;" and so we

entered into a compact and concordat on the subject forthwith, then and there, signed, sealed, and delivered.

"It is quite clear to me," she also remarked, "that old Jamieson and the widow would just suit each other; and if she did bully Mr. De Salis, I don't think it will do old Jamieson any harm."

Of course I replied that I thought it would do him a great deal of good; and so we both assented to the general proposition that it was a duty we owed to society and sentiment in general, and to Laura and Jemmy in particular.

Dinner was over, the ladies retired, and the gentlemen drew near to the host's end. We had a pleasant seance, though I observed that Jamieson did not draw near to Jemmy, and that Jemmy did not talk to Jamieson. "Oh! woman," said I mentally, "what a wonderful institution you are; what fools you make of men, geese that they be!" When at last we went off, as a writer of an ill-regulated mind says, "to coffee and crinoline," I managed to get hold of old Jamieson, so as to let Jemmy take ground to the right and get a chair near Laura, to whom, I observed his advent seemed to afford unmitigated pleasure, if I might judge by those bright eyes of hers; and I began a most interesting and confidential conversation with Jamieson about Mrs. De Salis. I knew at once that the old rascal listened; that he was ready, as the French say to "envisager" the whole question, especially, as an old friend of mine used to say, if there are "Dibs" in the matter it is wonderful how they sweep away difficulties. So I said casually to him, "Fine woman, Mrs. De Salis, and wonderfully well off for a widow; £5,000 a year jointure, £25,000 to do what she likes with, and a house of her own."

Old Jamieson's eyes twinkled. "Very agreeable woman," he slowly replied; "very neat looking, and well preserved, and becomingly dressed. Her hair is so good—and its all her own! By the way, Tomlinson," he added immediately, "they say at the "Ulysses" that she is a queer-tempered woman. Admiral Hutton was an old messmate of De Salis's in the *Persephone*, many years ago, and he told me—" and here Jamieson lowered his voice, "that



NOTES ON LITERATURE, SCIENCE,  
AND ART.

BY BRO. GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL,

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THE "Live Stock Journal and Fanciers' Gazette" says:—"The produce of a Cheviot ewe and a Leicester tup makes a capital grazing sheep, fit generally for the shambles ere a year old, if well fed from the period of birth, and affording meat with a much greater proportion of lean flesh than Leicesters, and much of the juiciness and fine flavour of Cheviot mutton. The best qualities of both parents are in fact exemplified, one affording early maturity, aptitude to fatten, good size and weight; the other superiority of meat, hardihood of constitution, &c. The cross is most generally employed on old draft ewes, that their produce, when not disposed of as fat lambs, may be grazed for the butcher the first year, to make sheep from fifteen to eighteen pounds per quarter, when from a year to a year and a half old." Bakewell did a good work when he improved the breed of Leicestershire sheep by judicious selection, and made them the principal flocks of long-woolled sheep in our island. Their white faces, hornless heads, and comely carcasses, add additional beauty to our finest landscapes; and their early maturity is well known to every breeder. But, as Mr. Oliphant Pringle well puts it, in his useful book on the Live Stock of the Farm,—“Sheep of this breed lay on much outside fat, and, when slaughtered young, the flesh is tolerably juicy; but if kept until they have attained some age—say over two years, when they weigh from 120 to 150 lb. each—and extra high fed, they become too fat to suit consumers. The inside fat is not in proportion to the outside. The ewes are only middling nurses, and the lambs are tender; and, for these reasons, the pure Leicester is not a favourite with farmers who have rents to pay.” The Border Leicester, so common in Northumberland and Scotland, the rams of which bring high prices at

De Salis told him that if he had known what a deuced bad-tempered old gal she was, he would never have slung his hammock alongside of hers.”

“Oh!” I said, “Jamieson, you can't believe Hutton, who is dreadfully afraid of his own wife; and club stories are always canards. All I can say is, if I had your chance I would not throw it away.”

“Do you really think that she is amiable and pleasant to get on with?” asked poor old Jamieson again; and so I ventured to remark that “I will not say that; and I admit that there is a flash in her eyes which says, ‘Look out for squalls!’ But you know, Jamieson,” I also added, “you can find all that out before you put your head into the noose. If a chap can't find out before he marries whether his wife is good tempered or not, he deserves to be bully-ragged all his life.”

“What a pretty girl,” he then remarked, “Miss L'Estrange is.”

“So she is,” I then said, “very pretty indeed; but she has not much money—more's the pity.” This was not quite true, but I considered it, under the circumstances, a white lie. I knew that Jamieson, like a good many other men that you and I meet in society, thought his wife ought to have money, and would not marry without money. A sordid view in my opinion, but it is a popular view, and no doubt has some common sense at the bottom of it, as we cannot, it is quite clear, live on “sentiment,” though it would be a very base and dirty world without it.

Jamieson evidently felt what I had said, and after a little went and sat down by the beaming widow, who rewarded him with one of her sweetest smiles.

“Yes, old girl,” I thought to myself, “those smiles are like a calm at sea, too often only the forerunners of a gale. But ‘sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.’”

So far all had gone well with my little “coup de théâtre,” and if any of my readers are sentimental enough to wish to know the denouement, I recommend them to peruse the March number of the “Masonic Magazine.”

Old Jorum said, as we were retiring for the night, “Jemmy will win in a canter, but I am afraid poor old Jamieson will be heavily handicapped in the race.”

(To be continued.)

Edinburgh and Kelso, are invaluable for putting to Cheviot and other black-faced ewes. Many of the so-called Border Leicesters bred in Ireland have been crossed with other white-faced breeds, and deteriorated in consequence. The great problem to be solved in sheep breeding is to obtain, by judicious selection, flocks which can furnish us with both good wool and mutton. The grazing ground for which they are intended should be the first consideration with the farmer. What may be the best for one farm, or even for one portion of a large farm, will be the worst for another. The laws of nature are immutable, and the true farmer will study them both in theory and in practice.

Mr. William Smith, jun., of Brunswick House, Morley, near Leeds, F.S.A. Scot., and not entirely unknown in the republic of letters, is engaged on a new history of Morley, to consist of about 250 printed pages, illustrated by some seventy engravings, and dedicated by permission to Sir Titus Salt, Bart., who is a native of the village. The late Norrison Scatcherd's History of Morley has been a rare book for more than thirty years, and will form a valuable foundation for Mr. Smith to build upon. Besides, how has society changed since honest Norrison penned his then-valuable book for the Press! I trust that Mr. Smith will be enabled to give us a good biography of his predecessor, who was in many respects a remarkable man, and whose two able little works on poor Eugene Aram will make his name for ever dear to the friends of genius. I confess I will look forward with considerable interest to the appearance of Mr. Smith's volume.

None of the old nations seem to be awakening more to the duties of the present age than Japan, which was entirely without newspapers a few years ago, and now possesses thirty-four. In one year (1874) 2,564,000 copies of newspapers passed through the Japanese post-offices, of which 977,643 were copies of the government organ, which is entitled *Nichi-ninchi-shimbun*. The *Hochi Shimbun* has the second largest circulation.

It is said that one of the most valuable of the divine Titian's pictures, the "Sacred and Profane Love," now in the Borghese gallery at Rome, is about to be "restored" by one of the picture-cleaners. Of all the works of the old Masters that have been

through the fingers of "cleaners," I wonder how much remains of the original, and how much is "restored" by the cleaner! And yet I see no reason why the brilliant colouring of this great Venetian master should be allowed to be obscured by the accumulated dirt of three centuries—for, bear in mind, Titian died of the plague, at Venice, in 1576, being then ninety-nine years of age, while our Shakspeare was a Stratford school-boy of twelve. Of Titian, Ruskin well observes:—"He thought that every feeling of the heart and mind, as well as every form of the body, deserved painting. Also to a painter's true and highly-trained instinct, the human body is the loveliest of all objects. I do not stay to trace the reasons why, at Venice, the female body could be found in more perfect beauty than the male; but so it was, and it became the principal object, therefore, both with Giorgione and Titian. They painted it fearlessly, with all right and natural qualities; never, however, representing it as exercising any over-powering attractive influence on man; but only on the faun or satyr. Yet they did this so majestically that I am perfectly certain no untouched Venetian picture ever yet excited one base thought (otherwise than in base persons anything may do so); while in the greatest studies of the female body by the Venetians, all other characters are overborne by majesty, and the form becomes as pure as a Greek statue."

A curious book, on a curious subject, has reached me: and as everything connected with Stratford-on-Avon has an interest for me, as it must for every thorough Shakspearean, I have lost no time in going carefully through it; and I know not whether most to admire the quiet humour, or the evidently good heart, of the author. The little book—consisting of 111 printed pages, on corded paper of good quality, and neatly bound in blue cloth, with gilt lettering on back and front side, and "illustrated with eighty-five woodcuts engraved by W. J. Welch, from original drawings by John Williams, including a few selected from Thomas Bewick's works," and sold only for half-a-crown—is entitled "The Glyptic, or the Musée Phusée Glyptic: a Scrap Book of Jottings from Stratford-on-Avon and elsewhere, with an attempt at description of

Henry Jones's Museum." It seems, in my various visits to Stratford-on-Avon, I have missed two great curiosities, viz.—Henry Jones and his Museum. But the graphic descriptions which Mr. Jarvis gives us of both, aided by the numerous woodcuts just mentioned, seems to make Henry and his Phusee Glyptic Museum in Bull Lane as familiar to one as the birthplace of Shakspeare in Henley Street, New Place, the old Grammar School, Stratford Church, Clifton House, Charlecote, Welcombe, Snitterfield, or any of the lovely Shakspearean places where I have lingered so long and loathed to leave them, feeling Stratford-on-Avon and its vicinage really to be classic ground. Passing Mr. Jarvis's well-deserved rub in the preface on "the trained band of book-stabbers that are to be met with, from whose industrious hands six leaves out of sixty alone remained open to show the careful amount of critical research books have occasionally had at their hands,"—and evidently some of the *Athenæum* critics even have never read the books they "notice"—and being put into good humour by his anecdote of "an illustrious gentleman," who "meeting his tailor, an eminent man in his art, who had been to Margate," but "complained that society was very mixed," to which the tailor's patron replied, "Why, surely, you would not have them all tailors!"—an anecdote worth printing and hanging up in the ante-rooms of our Lodges for the edification of such snobs as occasionally continue to sneak into the good old Craft, maugre the ballot—let us pass on to see how Henry Jones is, and what is the nature of his Museum; which, by aid of Mr. Jarvis's amusing book, there is not the slightest difficulty in doing. "By the way side on many rambling tours," says he, "I have oftentimes been struck with amazement at the various types of fossilized humanity (if such a term can be admitted) to be met in odd, out-of-the-way places." Henry Jones, it appears, is "a self-taught artist, a carver in wood and stone,"—not quite an Appelles, a Bacon, or a Chantrey; though there is no saying what a life-long training to statuary, instead of to cobbling, might have accomplished. Mr. Jarvis reminds us that John Pounds, of Portsmouth, was the originator of ragged schools in England, and pays him a well-deserved

compliment, which I must reluctantly pass without quoting at present; that Thomas Cooper, the Chartist poet, and others, belonged also to the honourable fraternity of Cordwainers. I could myself fill a whole Magazine with brief mention of illustrious and remarkable sons of St. Crispin, of whom Mr. Jarvis makes no mention. But as Henry Jones seems to have "gone beyond his last" about "the time of our struggles in the Crimea," by "the formation of a local museum (not of collected curiosities, with which the wealthy can be gratified to repletion,)" we will pass the shoemakers from honest George Fox and Sir Cloudesley Shovel downwards. "The roots of trees," we are informed, "engaged the attention of our artist, as being full of subject. To make his art substantial and real, we find that in his peregerinations he has added roots of every size and kind, and made them subservient by prudent lopping and carving extremities and terminals as hands and feet, and has produced a perfect myriad of curious objects." It seems our good brother, the late "Vicar Granville, felt an interest in him," and this compound name of the museum, phusee-glyptic, he assures us, means partly nature, partly art. "Our artist," says Mr. Jarvis, "will take up a rude stone he has found in his path (for nowhere does he lose sight of his art), he points out to you a slight (at first) outline of a feature, which, like the marked outline in a puzzle woodcut landscape, will be readily enough observed when pointed out; but, as he observes, it must be excog-he-tated (excogitated), close application and penetration must be well exercised," &c. All manner of birds, beasts, reptiles, and fishes seem to have been produced by our undeveloped Apelles from roots and forked branches of trees, and from stones [partly fashioned to his hands by freaks of nature—if nature ever does play her freaks, which for my own part I don't believe—and he has even produced Spencer Lucy as Master of the Warwickshire Hounds, with huntsmen and dogs in full cry; my friends the Flowers, father and son, who have have almost made Stratford as famous for its beer as for its bard; Halliwell, the great Shakspearean; nay, he has even been bold enough to attempt the great bard himself,

in a variety of attitudes!!! It is well for Henry Jones that Richard III. cannot come back to injure him, or I guess (unless near four centuries in eternity has greatly improved him) he would have immense pleasure in wringing the neck of "the director, owner, and manager of this show," for his representation of him taking the two princes to the Tower, as given by Mr. Jarvis at page 36. Henry Jones, it appears, even flies at higher game, by attempting allegorical subjects—which he terms *allegrees*, for he has had as little training in pronunciation as in the fine arts. Nay, he even attempts to write poetry, between which and mere rhyme, like too many of his betters, he cannot see the immense difference. Nevertheless, judging by Mr. Jarvis's extraordinary volume, Henry and his Museum must be alike great curiosities, and should I ever again visit Stratford-on-Avon, I will try hard to make it in my way to see both. In the meantime I have great pleasure in commending Mr. Jarvis's book on the Musee Phusee Glyptic and its proprietor to my readers, as likely to amuse them, while the fine touches of humour and humanity permeating all cannot but be pleasing to the true Freemason.

Weldon and Co., of Bedford Street, Covent Garden, have issued, in a neat shilling covered pamphlet, the Agricultural Holdings Act, with Exposition, Appendix, Notes and Forms, by Henry Winch, Esq., of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law, which will be useful to all interested in the letting or renting of lands.

I am sorry to record the death of my dear old friend, Mr. James Gregor Grant, for many years a resident of Sunderland, but which took place in London on December seventeenth. Mr. Grant was one of the most polished writers, both in prose and verse, amongst all the bards and other authors of the North of England, and as an elocutionist he was rarely equalled. His manners were those of a thorough gentleman; and no good man or woman could be long in his company without not only feeling quite at home with him, but loving him as a brother. Of his life and writings I may have more to say in another "Note." His "*Madonna Pia and other Poems*," published in two volumes, in 1848, each with a frontispiece designed by his friend Mulready, are sufficient to long keep his

memory green in the minds of all lovers of healthy poetry; and for those who had the privilege of knowing him personally, and listening to his interesting conversations and eloquent readings, a void has been made in the social circle, which is not likely to be soon filled up again. Mr. Grant's name is one that will endure when that of his namesake mentioned below is forgotten.

Mr. James Grant, a literary man of no great power of intellect, has renounced Protestantism for popery. So, at least, the newspapers inform us. It is a conversion, or perversion, which will not greatly affect the destinies of mankind. Masons may still breathe freely in this country. Mr. James Grant is not the British nation, but only a very insignificant unit thereof.

Mr. John Joseph Briggs, of King's Newton, F.R.S.L., well known as a poet, historical writer, and naturalist, has in the press a Natural History of Melbourne, in Derbyshire, and is also engaged on a copious biographical work, to be entitled, "*The Worthies of Derbyshire*," to contain some seven hundred biographical notices.

Mr. Edward Stanford, of Charing Cross, has commenced the publication of a valuable series of three-and-sixpenny volumes, each complete in itself, but forming a neat uniform library of thirteen volumes, on the British Manufacturing Industries, which are edited by G. Phillips Bevan, F.G.S., who is to contribute the volume on Industrial Statistics. The subjects are all treated by competent writers, the object of the series being, as explained in the preface, "to bring into one focus the leading features and present position of the most important industries of the kingdom, so as to enable the general reader to comprehend the enormous development that has taken place within the last twenty or thirty years." "For," as the editor adds, "it is evident that the great increase in education throughout the country has tended largely to foster a simultaneous interest in technical knowledge, as evinced by the spread of art and science, schools, trade museums, international exhibitions, &c.; and this fact is borne out by a perusal of the daily papers, in which the prominence given to every improvement in trade or machinery attests the desire of the reading public to know more about those matters." But the difficulty commences here; for few will wade through piles of



dry and tedious handbooks, trade journals, and scientific reports, the mass of which are briefly glanced at and then go for waste paper, as most dry-as-dust books have in all ages, and will ever continue to do. If authors mean to be read, they must first feel that they have really got something to say, and then take care that they say it in a way that their readers are likely not only to understand, but also to be interested in. Judging by the three volumes of the series now before me, the editor's assertion, that "all these facts are gathered together and presented in as readable a form as is compatible with accuracy and a freedom from superficiality," is a true one. I propose in future "Notes," glancing at each treatise from time to time.

There have been many men whose memoirs would have been interesting if faithfully written, but few that I know of would teach men self-reliance more than those of my Lancashire friend, Joseph Chattwood, nor show more vividly that getting on in the world may be bought too dear. Under more favourable circumstances he would have been a vigorous writer; but he did not believe in starving on authorship. His lines written at the grave of Wordsworth showed the true ring of poetry; and some unpublished prose pieces which he read me many years ago, characterising the Lancashire of the past, ought not to be lost to the world. As founder of the Manchester Literary Club, he is not likely to be soon forgotten. Since his removal from Bury to Park Bank, Higher Broughton, Manchester, though worldly prosperity has smiled upon him, the broken health of the indomitable worker prevented him from properly enjoying it, and he died at Southport, on the 18th of November last, aged 54 years. He was interred in the pretty churchyard of Prestwich, beside our mutual friend, Charles Swain. I well remember Swain and I standing to admire the beautiful wild hyacinths in Prestwich churchyard. May they long bloom brightly on his grave, and on that of our friend Chattwood! What a thinning have the darts of death made in a few years in the ranks of my Lancashire literary friends! Poets must die like others. John Bolton Rogerson, John Critchley Prince, George Smith, Bro. William Martin, Samuel Bamford, Charles Swain, and Joseph Chattwood have all "gone over to the ma-

jority." All seem so many warnings to remind me that my own time will be short in this life, and should be energetically employed in working for noble objects; so that, as the *perfect ashler* is fit only to be tried by the square and compasses, my own mind in the decline of years, after a regular and well-spent life in acts of piety and virtue, may be tried and approved by the square of God's word and the compasses of my own self-convincing conscience, as becomes a true Craftsman. So mote it be!

A monthly periodical was commenced in Hull, in May last, under the title of the "Mercury," for stamp and coin collectors, edited by Mr. George W. Mortimer and Mr. W. Laird Clowes. Though containing some useful papers, the periodical would only interest a limited portion of the reading public. I am, therefore, glad to observe that its area has been widened, so as to include all sorts of antiquities, and its title changed to that of the "Archæologist." Surely the good folks of Hull alone ought to be able to support, both with literary matter and by their purses, a publication which is only the price of a glass of ordinary bitter beer once a month. Nevertheless, the publication is far from being a local archæologist, and I hope will succeed.

*Rose Cottage, Stokesley.*

## THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

(FLETCHER, 1596).

Oh, fair sweet face! oh, eyes celestial  
bright,  
Twin stars in heaven, that now adorn the  
night!  
Oh, fruitful lips, where cherries ever grow,  
And damask cheeks, where all sweet beau-  
ties blow!  
Oh thou, from head to foot divinely fair!  
Cupid's most cunning nets made of that  
hair;  
And as he weaves himself on curious eyes,  
"Oh me, oh me, I'm caught myself!" he  
cries:  
Sweet rest about thee, sweet and golden  
sleep,  
Soft peaceful thoughts your hourly watches  
keep,  
Whilst I in wonder sing this sacrifice,  
To beauty sacred, and those angel eyes!

### THE NUMBER OF STARS WE CAN SEE.

This interesting account of the starry heavens, intended for a younger auditory we think suitable to older children, and we take it with pleasure from "The Young Folks' Weekly Budget":—

In a clear night how many stars can one see with the naked eye? This is a question which is easier to ask than to answer. How, the reader may ask, can any one count those myriads of glittering points which, during a cloudless and moonless night, make of the heavens an azure screen strewn with diamonds? Who can keep his way among those shining sparks?

When we first think of this question, we have a notion that the number of stars to be seen is innumerable; we are almost sure to estimate the number at hundreds of thousands, or even at millions. Yet nothing can be farther from the truth. In Egypt, indeed, and in some parts of Asia, where the sky is very clear, many more stars can be seen in the same part of the heavens than the best eye can see in Europe or America.

In Europe the keenest observer, when he is accustomed to watching the stars, and does not allow the smallest of those within reach of the naked eye to escape him, does not see, at the most, above four thousand at one time and on the same horizon; and, as one can see half of the heavenly sphere in this way, the number of stars in the whole sky, which can be seen by the unassisted eye, will amount to eight thousand at most.

Some thirty years ago, Anglander, a distinguished German astronomer, the director of the observatory at Bonn, published a catalogue of all the stars visible to the naked eye, during the course of a year, under the horizon of Berlin, and this catalogue contained only three thousand two hundred and fifty-six stars.

According to Humboldt, four thousand one hundred and forty-six stars can be seen at Paris. This is because Paris is situated farther to the south than Berlin.

The nearer we approach the equator the larger is the number of stars to be seen, though the number visible above the horizon at any one time is no greater than before. At the equator the entire sky is

spread out before the observer, from one pole to the other; and in the space of twelve hours, if neither twilight nor dawn should impede the observation, one might see the whole starry sphere.

About two years ago another German astronomer, Heis, published a work similar to that of Anglander. His catalogue is more complete, and contains more than two thousand stars not found in Anglander's work. It appears that Heis's sight was much more piercing than that of his predecessor; and it is probable that few persons could see as many stars as were seen by Heis. This astronomer saw and catalogued one thousand nine hundred and sixty-four very small stars, between the sixth and seventh magnitude—too small to be visible to any but the keenest sight. He noted in all, with the naked eye, five thousand four hundred and twenty-one stars, three thousand nine hundred and sixty-eight of which were in the northern part of the heavens. Admitting an equal number for the southern hemisphere, a zone of which was naturally concealed from him, we have seven thousand nine hundred and thirty-six, or, in round numbers, eight thousand stars for the entire heavens.

Thus, as we can see, we are far from the myriads, or the hundreds of thousands, the millions of stars which one so naturally imagines he can see in a clear, moonlight night.

But with the telescope these prodigious numbers are indeed found. In any point of the heavens, where one can see no more than five or six stars, a good telescope enables us to count several thousands; and the more the magnifying power of the glasses is increased, the larger is the number of stars seen.

Now let us remember this: each one of these luminous points is a sun; each of those sparks lights a whole system of worlds. So much has science, by dint of great labour, succeeded in discovering.

But this earth of ours, which seems so large to us, from which so many wonders can be seen, how many, among these innumerable stars, even suspect its existence? From how many stars is it visible?

Of all the stars, there are twenty-three or twenty-four of the largest and brightest that are said to be of the first magnitude; fifty or sixty are of the

second magnitude; some two hundred of the third, and so on; and the numbers increase very rapidly as we descend in the scale of brightness. A late French astronomer has estimated the number, including all up to the thirteenth magnitude, at seventy-seven millions. Now the question is, from how many of these seventy-seven millions of stars can the earth be seen?

Probably it would have surprised some of the ancient astronomers, who made this earth the centre of the universe, and who believed the stars were created simply to please our eyes, and to make nights beautiful, if they had been told that this little mud-ball on which we live could not be seen from one of those stars. Yet such seems to be the fact. The nearest of those stars—we do not count the planets—are so far from the solar system that our sun itself appears to them as a star of the second magnitude. Neither the earth nor Mars, nor Jupiter—which is twelve hundred times greater than the earth—nor Saturn, nor even Uranus or Neptune, is visible to one of them.

Even for some of the planets that revolve about the sun, our earth is a very small matter. Venus and Mercury see us as we ourselves see Jupiter or Mars; for Mars the earth is a brilliant star; and it can be seen even from Jupiter. But from Jupiter we appear very close to the sun, and are often lost in its rays.

It must be very difficult, under the most favourable circumstances, for an inhabitant of Saturn to see our earth, on account of our nearness to the sun.

Finally, if there are astronomers on Uranus or Neptune, it is almost certain that the earth is entirely unknown to them.

### Our Archaeological Corner.

#### THE TEMPLE OF ELEPHANTA.

WE think that the account of the famous Temple of Elephanta, in which it is said Masons marks are read, will be interesting to our readers, as well from an account of the description of it, so well given, as of the associations connected with our Royal Grand Master's visit.

"The Prince made the trip which had been previously arranged to the remarkable caves of Elephanta. These are situ-

ated in an island which lies midway between the town and the main land, and present a sight full of the deepest interest to students of religious history, as well as many curious problems of art and architecture.

"A grand banquet had been prepared under the colossal three-headed deity at the extremity of the cavern, to which one hundred and sixty guests sat down, the Prince of Wales presiding.

"The temple in which the bulk of the party now found themselves is a great square excavation, measuring one hundred and thirty feet each way, and its height is from sixteen to twenty feet from floor to roof. It has been dug, by enormous and patient labour, out of the solid rock of the mountain; but the brain which conceived it, and the age or dynasty which saw it excavated, are subjects of mere speculation or idle fable. The sculptures of the gods and the other mythical personages which occupy three sides of the square temple, the chief opening by which the guests entered being on the fourth side, are of colossal size, and for the most part extend from the floor to the ceiling.

"Altogether there were nine great groups of sculpture, of which five were against the wall opposite the entrance by which all came in, two were on the right hand wall, and the remaining two on the left. The chief among them was the triune Shiva, a huge figure with three faces, one face representing his function of Creator, another that of Preserver, and the third that of Destroyer, of the World. As Brahma, the Creator, he holds a gourd, his drinking vessel, in one of his hands, and there is much noble sublimity in the face. As Vishnu, the Preserver, he holds a lotus flower, and there is a colour of the same sublimity in the countenance. As Rudra, the Destroyer, he smiles on a deadly cobra, whose folds wreathed round his arm, whose eyes are looking into his, and whose hood is expanded as if the creature were about to strike. The Destroyer's cap is adorned with a skull and other symbols not so easily explained. I have particularized this group because it is right in front of it that his Royal Highness sat at the banquet during the evening. The calm, grand face of Brahma looked almost over his Royal Highness's head; and in its stony stillness, its gaze ran along the

banqueting tables, and the eating and drinking guests. What changes time brings! That untroubled face had looked down on that very floor upon untold myriads and numberless generations of devout worshippers, who, long centuries ago, had moulded back to aboriginal dust; and now there was the same sublime countenance surveying in its stillness a hearty English dinner party, unperturbed by the bang of the champagne bottle, the rattle of knives and forks, the happy English laughter, or the cheers that crowned the toasts.

"Behind his Royal Highness, and to the right hand of him was a strange group—Shiva, as a half-male and half-female divinity. The one half of the figure is that of a man, and the other half that of a woman. Further to the right and still behind him, Shiva is seated in his heaven with his bride Parvati, and groups of male and female divinities are showering down flowers upon them from the heavenly cloud-land. To the Prince's left hand, and yet behind him, was a group again representing Shiva and Parvati on their bridal-day, with attendants ministering unto them. On the wall to the Prince's right hand was a group representing a ten-headed and ten-armed powerful worshipper of Shiva attempting to carry off Shiva and his heavenly abode, that in his love of covetousness he might have Shiva always with himself. On the wall to the Prince's left hand was a representative of Shiva beheading in his wrath, a son of Brahma, and having eight arms, tusks from his mouth, and adorned with necklaces or strings of human skulls. The cause of the great god's fury is that one of his wife's had been slighted, because she had presented herself uninvited at a party given by one of her relations. On the same wall, and still to his Royal Highness's left, was another representation of Shiva in one of his most dreadful forms. It was with these great solemn figures before and around that the banquet proceeded, while the Governor's band was outside discoursing in the calm tropical night, sweet European music."

The cave of Elephanta is interesting to Masons, as it is said that Masons' marks abound on the walls.

## Reviews.

*The Masque of Pandora, and other Poems.* By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. (Routledge.)

WE are among those who have ever admired the poetry of Longfellow. We remember, years ago, when we first became acquainted with his pleasant measures, and we have learned to like them more and more; yes, and repeat them to ourselves day by day, as time has grown old for us, as life has changed, and we have found them welcome companions amid our studies and our sorrows, our crosses and our cares, our pressing concerns, and our serious duties.

Indeed, we have never been able to understand on what basis of sound criticism the shallow, if current, objections to Longfellow's poetry have been founded.

It has been asserted that he is "light," it has been contended that he is "artificial," it has been boldly stated that there was a "sameness" in his compositions, and that if his verses were pretty rhymes they were not, after all, real poetry.

To all these hasty judgments we have always demurred, and do demur still.

We think, on the contrary, that Longfellow has every attribute of a genuine poet. He has imagination, truth, tenderness, sympathy, pathos, a harmonious metre, and ringing words; and whatever may be the judgment of some diletanti objectors, some pseudo-critics, the verdict of the discerning, the intellectual, and the cultivated has long been given in his favour. Many of his happy poems are "household words" in Great Britain as well as in the United States, wherever the Anglo-Saxon language is spoken; and some of them perhaps have been more often quoted, and more largely used by way of illustration and application, than any other poetry, except Tennyson's, of the age.

Holding Longfellow to be a most true poet, and one, too, of the first class, we have been greatly pleased by his last contribution to poetic literature—namely, the little work which heads this page. Our only fault with him is, that he has not given us a few more of his most charming sonnets, some of which are very affecting as well as most effective.

In compliance with the taste of the hour,

in itself a mistaken one, we note that the great "minnesinger" has gone back to a classical subject. In our opinion "classicism" has been overdone; everybody is well nigh sick of these unreal emotions, and these forced sympathies, the earthly fires, the doubtful morality of mythic heroes and heroines cease to fascinate or interest us. and despite Mr. Swinburne's flow of bounding verse, we believe that such a taste like many another fashion if the "chic" of the moment, is doomed to speedy oblivion and neglect.

In fact it cannot well be otherwise, if it be correct as we hold, that one of the main elements of poetry is its truth. The thoughtful and the refined, the serious and the real reader will not much longer be satisfied with the husks of classic legends, or the words and ways, and ideas and acts of heroes of unhistorical reality, of heroines of questionable propriety. We pass by, then, "The Masque of Pandora" —the one classical poem—as well as the "Hanging of the Crane," and "Morituri Salutamus," all, however, very striking in their way, and come to the songs and sonnets, as we think them of exquisite beauty.

It is possible that in another number we may give "Morituri Salutamus," as it is in itself a most poetic production.

What can be prettier than these homely "Travels by the Fireside"?

"The ceaseless rain is falling fast,  
And yonder gilded vane,  
Immovable for three days past,  
Points to the misty main.

"It drives me in upon myself  
And to the fireside gleams,  
To pleasant books that crowd my shelf,  
And still more pleasant dreams.

"I read whatever bards have sung  
Of lands beyond the sea,  
And the bright days when I was young  
Come thronging back to me.

"In fancy I can hear again  
The Alpine torrent's roar,  
The mule-bells on the hills of Spain,  
The sea at Elsinore.

"I see the convent's gleaming wall  
Rise from its groves of pine,  
And towers of old cathedrals tall,  
And castles by the Rhine.

"I journey on by park and spire,  
Beneath centennial trees,  
Through fields with poppies all on fire,  
And gleams of distant seas.

"I fear no more the dust and heat,  
No more I feel fatigue,  
While journeying with another's feet  
O'er many a lengthening league.

"Let others traverse sea and land,  
And toil through various climes,  
I turn the world round with my hand  
Reading these poets' rhymes.

"From them I learn whatever lies  
Beneath each changing zone,  
And see, when looking with their eyes,  
Better than with mine own."

How striking is this poetic description of Cadenabbia, Lake Como:—

"No sound of wheels or hoof-beat breaks  
The silence of the summer day,  
As by the loveliest of all lakes  
I while the idle hours away.

"I pace the leafy colonnade  
Where level branches of the plane  
Above me weave a roof of shade  
Impervious to the sun and rain.

"At times a sudden rush of air  
Flutters the lazy leaves o'erhead,  
And gleams of sunshine toss and flare  
Like torches down the path I tread.

"By Somariva's garden gate  
I make the marble stairs my seat,  
And hear the water, as I wait,  
Lapping the steps beneath my feet.

"The undulation sinks and swells  
Along the stony parapets,  
And far away the floating bells  
Tinkle upon the fisher's nets.

"Silent and slow, by tower and town  
The freighted barges come and go,  
Their pendant shadows gliding down  
By town and tower submerged below

"The hills sweep upward from the shore,  
With villas scattered one by one  
Upon their wooded spurs, and lower  
Bellaggio blazing in the sun.

"And dimly seen, a tangled mass  
Of walls and woods, of light and shade,  
Stands beckoning up the Stelvio Pass  
Varenna with its white cascade.

"I ask myself, Is this a dream?  
Will it all vanish into air?  
Is there a land of such supreme  
And perfect beauty anywhere?"

"Sweet vision! Do not fade away;  
Linger until my heart shall take  
Into itself the summer day,  
And all the beauty of the lake.

"Linger until upon my brain  
Is stamped an image of the scene,  
Then fade into the air again,  
And be as if thou hadst not been."

Do we not all feel for "Belisarius"?—

"I am poor and old and blind;  
The sun burns me, and the wind  
Blows through the city gate  
And covers me with dust  
From the wheels of the august  
Justinian the Great.

"It was for him I chased  
The Persians o'er wild and waste,  
As General of the East;  
Night after night I lay  
In their camps of yesterday;  
Their forage was my feast.

"For him, with sails of red,  
And torches at mast-head,  
Piloting the great fleet,  
I swept the Afric coasts  
And scattered the Vandal hosts,  
Like dust in a windy street.

"For him I won again  
The Ausonian realm and reign,  
Rome and Parthenope;  
And all the laud was mine  
From the summits of Apennine  
To the shores of either sea.

"For him, in my feeble age,  
I dared the battle's rage,  
To save Byzantium's state,  
When the tents of Zabergan,  
Like snow-drifts overran  
The road to the Golden Gate.

"And for this, for this, behold!  
Infirm and blind and old,  
With gray, uncovered head,  
Beneath the very arch  
Of my triumphal march,  
I stand and beg my bread!"

"Methinks I still can hear,  
Sounding distinct and near,  
The Vandal monarch's cry,  
As, captive and disgraced,  
With majestic step he paced, —  
"All, all is Vanity!"

"Ah! vainest of all things  
Is the gratitude of kings;  
The plaudits of the crowd  
Are but the clatter of feet  
At midnight in the street,  
Hollow and restless and loud.

"But the bitterest disgrace  
Is to see for ever the face  
Of the Monk of Ephesus!  
The unconquerable will  
This, too, can bear;—I still  
Am Belisarius!"

Is there not a depth of true poetry in  
this sonnet?

"When I remember them, those friends  
of mine,  
Who are no longer here, the noble three,  
Who half my life were more than  
friends to me,  
And whose discourse was like a gene-  
rous wine,

I most of all remember the divine  
Something, that shone in them, and  
made us see  
The archetypal man, and what  
might be  
The amplitude of Nature's first design.  
In vain I stretch my hands to clasp their  
hands;  
I cannot find them. Nothing now is  
left  
But a majestic memory. They mean-  
while  
Wander together in Elysian lands,  
Perchance remembering me, who am  
bereft  
Of their dear presence, and, remem-  
bering, smile."

We cannot better, we think, conclude  
these notes than with another version of  
the same sad old story, which seems to have  
so much interest for the poet's mind and  
pen:—

"The doors are all wide open; at the gate  
The blossomed lilacs counterfeit a  
blaze,  
And seem to warm the air; a dreamy  
haze

Hangs o'er the Brighton meadows like  
 a fate,  
 And on their margin, with sea-tides  
 elate,  
 The flooded Charles, as in the happier  
 days,  
 Writes the last letter of his name,  
 and stays  
 His restless steps, as if compelled to  
 wait.  
 I also wait ; but they will come no more,  
 Those friends of mine, whose presence  
 satisfied  
 The thirst and hunger of my heart.  
 Ah me !  
 They have forgotten the pathway to my  
 door !  
 Something is gone from nature since  
 they died,  
 And summer is not summer, nor can  
 be."

We pause here to-day. We have risen  
 from the perusal of Professor Longfellow's  
 last work with heartfelt pleasure, and we  
 may recur to it.

*The Ladies' Treasury.* (Bemrose & Son.)

Many are the magazines of the day,  
 and multifarious must be the reading of  
 the young generation. Indeed, if it goes  
 on at this pace there is no telling what  
 may be the "ultima shule" of the knowl-  
 edge of our ardent youth. The girls  
 especially are going ahead, and in our  
 opinion one day they will be quite  
 "masters of the situation." Not that  
 we are going to complain, or appear in  
 the character, now so common, of a prosy  
 lecturer or of an angry railer. "Au con-  
 traire," though the "cry is still they  
 come," we say, the more the merrier ;  
 and we will append this little remark,  
 "en parenthes." We do not presume to  
 discuss the educational status of our young  
 men—and some people say it is not so  
 high as it should be—but we do very  
 much approve of our young women being  
 "enstrait," as a woman who knows  
 nothing is, as Mark Twain says, "a delu-  
 sion in petticoats."

We have therefore perused this new  
 feminine miscellany—which is well edited  
 and well got up—with much pleasure,  
 but with a little awe. It is quite alarm-  
 ing to realize what the extent of female  
 acquirements now is. The time was

when—in good old days—our ladies were  
 confined to Magnall's Questions. They  
 were told "how Dido died," and "who  
 found out the art of printing;" they  
 were learned in samplers and cross-stitch,  
 and they had their customary share of  
 paint and backboard, harp, and physic."

But now, bless you, my dear sir, they  
 have made excursions into the "ologies,"  
 and they would stump you and me any day  
 you like to name. They are especially  
 strong in spelling, and very good hands at  
 accounts—what more do you want?  
 They make the best of wives, and the  
 most tender of mammas. Good luck go  
 with them !

We said before, we opened this magazine  
 with as much awe as pleasure, and for this  
 reason. Not only does the "Ladies'  
 Treasury" contain tales and poetry, strik-  
 ing plates of new and fashionable attire ;  
 not only does it give us a peep into the  
 mysteries of the "Bona Dea," but it  
 also dabbles in science !

Yes, in order to show how far the  
 enquiring woman's organization of to-day  
 will go in search of its "pabulum mentis,"  
 we observe that it is absolutely necessary  
 for editors—masculine or feminine—now to  
 commingle the scientific and the material,  
 the heavy and the etherial, to make the  
 dose go down. Like the powder and  
 raspberry jam of savoury memory and of  
 suffering youth, the editor of a ladies'  
 journal, like the artful nurse of other days,  
 has to allure a babe—the yelling young  
 miscreant—with the sweet-tasted bait !

We therefore take one article from the  
 "Ladies' Treasury" to "point our moral and  
 adorn our tale," and to convince even the  
 most sceptical how learned our "gals" are  
 becoming. It is called "The Homes of  
 the Troglodytes."

These are not young men, we may  
 observe, fast young, men or those good  
 dancers, who hold Emily, and Annie, and  
 Sophy up so well at balls, but they are  
 "dwellers in caverns"—aboriginal inhabi-  
 tants of the earth's surface ; not per-  
 haps overclothed, or very civilised, but  
 interesting, as Professor Ramsbottom says,  
 to the "acute intellect of woman !" Listen  
 to this interesting resumé of a great  
 discovery :—

"In the year 1865 M. Dupont, a young  
 Belgian geologist, accompanied Profes-  
 sor Van Beneden, of the University of

Louvain, in an exploration tour through the picturesque valley of Chaleux, on the river Lesse, which takes its rise near the village of Paliseul, in the province of Luxembourg. Its waters surround the rocks of limestone and schist which prevail in the valley, and of which those termed the "Needles of Chaleux" are the most prominent. This mass of rock, which consists of layers of magnesian limestone and schist, contains upwards of twenty caverns of various dimensions, originally formed by the water now so much below the lowest of the apertures, but formed when the valley was much higher than it now is, and before a convulsion of nature raised the rocks from beneath the level of the water, and thereby depressed the valley. The tops of these rocks must have been at one time quite submerged—a pre-historic time, when human beings existed not, a period termed by geologists the Metamorphic or Hypozoic strata. Ages passed away, and gigantic animals, as the mammoth, the elk, and others, roamed the earth, and for a time were its lords. Lastly came man, and like the inferior animals, found his first shelter in the rocks which the waters had penetrated and disintegrated for him into capacious caverns, and to the formation of which fire had also lent its agency, and converted into crystalline spar much of the magnesian limestone, giving in later ages a charming effect of colour in the grey and white mingled or laminated rocks.

"On removing an immense quantity of the *débris* which obstructed the entrance to the principal cavern of the rocks, yet unintruded upon by man since its last occupant had departed or died, what a scene presented itself! Here were displayed all the domestic life of pre-historic man—their customs, their employments, and their mode of sepulture.

"There were traces of fire; large blocks of stone split from the rock which once had served for seats were in places piled one on the other. In one corner lay a heap of perforated shells, once perhaps strung together by the integuments of animals, and scattered about were bone needles; in another place thousands of flint chips, a number of articles made of wood and of the horn of the reindeer; also a number of bones of horses and other ani-

mals which had served the dwellers for food, among them bones of the mammoth, the polar bear, the elan or elk, the reindeer, and other animals now inhabiting the northern regions. It is therefore certain that the dwellers in these caves belonged to the age when the *fauna* peculiar to cold regions was found in the centre of Europe.

"The results of these discoveries show how early was man's knowledge of fire, though how or when is not worth conjecture, when it is certain that at his first advent into the world volcanic agency must have been present in places where it is no more seen, but where it has left indestructible marks of its own activity. The ignition from friction by the wind of decayed but standing trees would have taught him how to produce fire from a similar process. Man in the age in which he then lived knew how to turn the wood, the bone, and the flints to account; the hides of the animals which he trapped or killed clothed him, the bones and integuments served his purposes, but of metals he had not an idea. It was the savage life of man which the rocks of Chaleux sheltered. He used what he saw; of what was beneath him, of the metals in the rocks, or in the stones of the earth, he was ignorant. The cave dwellers were nourished by the flesh of the bear, the horse, the wild boar, the fox, and the water-rat.

"Further researches exhibited one of the caverns as a place of burial, in which a number of the skeletons, principally of women, were discovered placed one upon another in a deep cavern or pit, and covered with large flagstones, easily procured from the schist and laminated rock. Round these stones were deposited what appeared to be remains of food, indicating that the earliest of mankind had some idea of a future and spiritual life."

We have said enough, we feel sure, to commend the "Ladies' Treasury" to our many readers, and we may add that the coloured illustrations of the last French fashions are most effective, while the directions how to profit by them are very explicit.

We wish our contemporary sincerely all success, as it is most useful in its design, and seems worthy of general persual and patronage.

W. F. A.