

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

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Monthly Masonic Summary.

—

WE have not much to report, except the great Masonic Gathering at Glasgow, and the rapid increase of our Lodges in Great Britain, especially under the English Grand Lodge.

The Masonic Gathering at Glasgow has been a great success; and our Royal Grand Master and his amiable and august Consort received, as they well deserved, the enthusiastic greetings of the loyal inhabitants of Glasgow and the Masonic body.

Abroad, we have to note increased violence of the Ultramontane Press. We wish we could think that the course foreign Freemasonry is taking is altogether conducive to the best interests and the true position of our great Order; but truth and a conscientious conviction on the subject compel us to add, that we cannot unfortunately think so. The French G. Orient, in our humble opinion, is taking a most retrograde and downward course at the same time.

It has determined by a large majority to agitate the entirety of French Freemasonry, with a consideration of whether it is advisable to maintain the Article of the Constitutional Laws relative to a Belief in God and the Immortality of the Soul.

What the result of such an appeal must be, in the state of things and opinion in France, it is not very difficult to anticipate, and we conceive the

step to be fraught with grave dangers to French Freemasonry.

The Council of the Order, presided over by Bro. St. Jean, Bros. Caubet and Wyruboff, represent the movement, not as a negation of dogmata, but an affirmation of toleration. But they forget that in the very step they are now apparently contemplating, they are fulfilling the prophecy of the Bishop of Orleans, and playing into the hands of the Ultramontane Party.

They are, in fact, inaugurating a Masonic regime of the great goddess Reason, and incorporating the teaching of a materialistic negativism in the laws of French Freemasonry.

They may disguise the act itself under many fine phrases and rhapsodical utterances; but to the Anglo-Saxon mind, plain and practical, the removal of such an affirmation of simple faith in the T.G.A.O.T.U. is simply a surrender to the unbelief and atheism of "Iconoclasts" of every kind.

By this foolish and perverse step, if persisted in, they will sever French Freemasonry from Anglo-Saxon Freemasonry; and we cannot see how any Anglo-Saxon Mason can enter a French Lodge, from which the Bible has been removed, and where Freemasons have not the courage to own their belief in the Great Architect of the Universe.

We deeply deplore the fact as it can only place arms in the hands of the violent Ultramontane Party in France, who will not be slow to use them against Freemasonry, both in general and in particular.

PINE'S ENGRAVED LISTS OF
LODGES.

WILLIAM JAMES HUGHAN.

THROUGH the kindness of Brother James Newton, of Bolton, we have become possessed of a beautiful transcript of Pine's List of Lodges for A.D., 1734, which he had copied from the original, owned by the Prov. Grand Secretary (Bro. Tunnah) of East Lancashire. It is the only one of its kind we have been able to trace, and its value is considerable to all Masonic Students, for which reason we have sent it to the Editor of the "Masonic Magazine" for reproduction—thus the property of the *one* will become the possession virtually of the *many*, and all thus benefited should remember their indebtedness to the two Brethren mentioned. The following information on the subject will doubtless interest some of our readers, and also serve the purpose of an introduction to the List.

The first of these engraved Lists was issued in 1723, the only known survivor being in the Archives of the Grand Lodge of England. As it was published annually another was we presume issued in 1724, of which we can find no trace, and in 1725 apparently two editions were issued. One of the earliest is in the Library of the Grand Lodge of England, and what we take to be the second edition is in the custody of that ripe Masonic Scholar, General Pike, who has had an excellent fac-simile made, an impression of which we have compared with its *elder brother*. Brother Pike's edition has the "Arms" and "Titles" of *The Most High Puissant and noble Prince Charles Lenox, Duke of Richmond and Lenox, Earl of March and Darnley, Baron of Settrington Methuin and Torbolton, Knt. of ye most Honourable Order of ye Bath, Grand Master, A.D., 1725, A.L., 5725*.

The edition in the Grand Lodge is minus the Knight of the Bath qualification, and in consequence the Coat of Arms lacks the Garter, and Motto *Tria Juncta in uno*, by which it is surrounded. Moreover the

first issue has eight Lodges less on the List than the second edition, including those warranted for Reading and Chester, evidently during A.D., 1725. After 1723 and 1725 is an unfortunate gap to 1734, none having yet been found between these years, and the copy of the latter year was only recently made known through our enquiries in the "Freemason." The Grand Lodge of England has no Lists between 1725 and 1736; then follow in regular order 1737 and 1738, and then another wide space, which we hope will yet be filled up, as it is the duty and the privilege, we take it, of brethren in possession of the Lists for the years vacant (if there be such) to supply our National Masonic Library, so that they may be permanently cared for, and be at hand for the examination of all interested. The years of the Engraved Lists required by the Grand Lodge are 1724, 1726 to 1735 (inclusive), 1739 to 1745 (inclusive), 1747 to 1749 (inclusive), and 1816 (*Freemason's Calendar*). We trust this notice may lead to the discovery of some of the defaulters. A deal depends upon what these Lists contain, as they are the only official Roll of Lodges from 1723 until past the middle of the last century which we possess, save the List of Lodges in the Books of Constitutions for 1738 and 1756, which are devoid of the numbers of such Lodges, and therefore less valuable than Engraved Lists of those years. In one of the early numbers of the "Masonic Magazine,"* we inserted a List of Lodges for A.D., 1730, a great curiosity in its way, and in the "Voice of Masonry," for August, 1876, we gave another List, (with the numerical position added by us for subsequent years) of the year 1733 from Dr. Rawlinson's MSS. in the Bodleian Library, Oxford. It will be noted that No. 79 is left vacant, as it is in the following transcript of the Roll of A.D., 1734, and which in the "Companion" issued in 1735 at Dublin, is ascribed to "The Hoop in Water Street, in Philadelphia," (without date) and comes *after* and *before* Lodges in England of 1731—the latter work having thus to do with a still earlier copy of these Engraved Lists, not at present discovered, but which we do not despair yet of tracing, having, since

* No. 8—for Feb., 1874 ("Masonic Magazine.")

our researches commenced, heard of the valuable Book of 1734, authorized as it is by the Grand Lodge of England.

The List of 1734 has a Frontispiece similar to that in Scott's Pocket Companion of 1754, and some earlier editions of such publications, but with the addition of the Arms of "The Most Noble and Puissant Lord John Lindsay, El. of Crauford and Lindsay. Visct. Kilberney, Ld. Spinzie Glenes, Feneven Town, and Columb Finch, Premier El. of Scotland"

"Grand Master—A.D., 1734, A.L., 5734."

The Lodges are numbered 1 to 128, with only the one vacancy mentioned of No. 79.

The Signs of the houses in which the Lodges met are generally engraved in reduced facsimile, and form a very pleasing and artistic feature of the work, and at the

end is a Table showing the days of meeting arranged in order from Monday to Saturday. The former of course could not be reproduced without a considerable outlay, and so we have noted as far as possible, the names of the signs instead; and the latter is omitted as being of no consequence at the present time, the information being given in the body of the work. We cannot conclude our notice without stating that as we were afraid to entrust our transcript to the printer's hands, our friend Bro. James Horner Neilson, of Dublin, offered to have the MS. attended to, and to our surprise soon afterwards sent us a beautiful copy made by Miss Neilson, to whom we feel personally much obliged, as it enables us to send it for reproduction in these pages, and the valuable MS. remains clean and intact as before.

A LIST OF REGULAR LODGES,

According to their Seniority and Constitution.

Printed for and sold by I. PINE, Engraver, agst. Little Brittain,

end in Aldersgate Street.

			CONSTITUTED.
1 King's Arms	St. Paul's Churchyard	First Tuesday	
2 Bull	In Holborn	1st Wednesday in every month	
3 Horn	Westminster	Second Thursday	
4 Swan	Hamstead	First and third Satur- day	17 Jan., 1722
5 Ship	Behind the Royal Exchange	Second Wednesday	July 11, 1721
6 A Female	New Bond Street	2nd and 4th Tuesday	Jan. 19, 1722
7 A Mug	Queen's Street, Cheap- side	Second and 4th Thurs- day	Jan. 28, 1722
8 Devil, Union Lodge	Devil, Temple Bar	1st and 3d Monday	Apl. 25, 1722
9 Tun	Noble Street	First and Third Wed- nesday	May, 1722
10 King's Arms	New Bond Street	Last Thursday	Nov. 25, 1722
11 Queen Anne	Knaves' Acre	First and Third Wed- nesday	Feb. 27, 1722-3
12 Castle	Drury Lane	First and Third Wed- nesday	

13 Coat of Arms. Motto "Che Sara Sara"	Covent Garden	Second Friday and last Monday.	Mar. 28, 1723
14 Queen Anne	Great Queen Street	First and Third Mon- day	Mar. 30, 1723
15 Bull's Head	Southwark	Second Monday	Apl. 1, 1723
16 Bedford Court Coffee House	Bedford Court, Covent Garden	1st and third Wednes- day	Apl. 3, 1723
17 Crown	St. Giles	First and Third Tues- day	1723
18 Crown	Ludgate Hill	First Wednesday	May 5, 1723
19 Coat of Arms. The supporters being a Lion and a Griffin	Newgate Street	2nd and 4th Friday	1723
20 Swan, French Lodge	Long Acre	1st and 3d Monday	June 12, 1723
21 Rope & Anchor	Chancery Lane	Second and last Tues- day	Aug. 4, 1723
22 Swan	Fish Street Hill	First Friday	Sep. 11, 1723
23 Crescent	Cheapside	First and Third Tues- day	Sep. 18, 1723
24 A Swan	Whitecross Street	First Friday	
25 Lubec: A Man holding a "tall - boy" drinking glass	London Street, Green- wich	Last Saturday in the month	Dec. 24, 1723
26 Motto of the Thistle, and Key	Pall Mall	1st and 3rd Thursday	
27 Crown and Sceptre	St. Martin's Lane	Second and last Mon- day	Mar. 27, 1724
28 Queen Anne	City of Bath	Last Thursday in the month	
29 Nag's Head	Bristol		
30 Queen Anne	City of Norwich		
31 Dolphin	City of Chichester	Third Friday in the month	
32 Bull	Northgate Street, City of Chester		
33 Castle	Watergate Street, City of Chester	First Tuesday in the month	
34 Grapes	Carmarthen, South Wales		
35 East Indian Arms, East India	Gosport, Hampshire	2nd Thursday in the month, at 3 o'clock	
36 Red Lion	Congleton, Cheshire		
37 A Castle	Moore Fields	First and Third Thurs- day	July, 1724
38 Head, etc.	Cheapside	1st Thursday	Jan. 22, 1725
39 Swan, etc.	Finch Lane	Second and Fourth Wednesday	Feb., 1725
40 A Man, etc.	Ludgate Street	Fourth Monday in the month	Apl., 1725
41 Royal Oak	Holborn	1st Monday in the month	May 10, 1725

42	Two Male figures in the act of shaking hands	Billingsgate	Third Wednesday	
43	King's Arms	Strand	First Monday	May 25, 1725
44	Swan	Long Acre	2nd and last Wednesday	Sept., 1725
45	Stag	Without Bishopsgate	1st Tuesday in the month	Jan. 19, 1726
46	Mount	Grosvenor Street, near Hanover Square	1st Thursday in the month	Jan. 12, 1727
47	Three Crowns	Stoke Newington	1st Saturday in the month	Aug. 9, 1727
48	King's Head	Salford, near Manchester	1st Monday in the month	
49	Castle	Holborn	2nd and last Wednesday	Jan. 31, 1727-8
50	Coat of Arms, etc.	St. Bernard Street, in Madrid	1st Sunday in the month	
51	View of Gibraltar	Gibraltar	First Tuesday	Nov., 1728
52	Woolpack	Warwick	1st and 3rd Friday in the month	Apr. 22, 1728
53	Griffin	Leadenhall Street	Third Wednesday	1728
54	Rose & Crown	Greek Street, Soho	First and Third Friday	1728
55	A Cup	Henrietta Street, Covent Garden	First and Third Friday	1728
56	Crown & Anchor	Short's Gardens	First and Third Friday	
57	Red Lion	Red Lyon Street, Holborn.	2nd and 4th Wednesday	15 Apr., 1728
58	Crown	Corn Market, Oxford	every Thursday	Aug. 8, 1729
59	Three Tuns	Scarsburgh	First Wednesday	Aug. 27, 1729
60	Three Tuns	Billingsgate	Second and Fourth Thursday	Jan. 22, 1729
61	King's Arms	Caseton Street	First & Third Friday	Jan. 24, 1730
62	George & Dragon	Northampton	First Saturday	Jan. 16, 1730
63	Bear & Gridiron	Butcher Row	First Thursday	
64	Rose	Without Temple Barr	Third Wednesday	6 Mar., 1730
65	St. Rook's Hill	Near Chichester in Sussex	Once a year, viz., Tues. in Easter week	In the reign of Julius Caesar
66	Red Lion	In ye City of Canterbury	1st and 3d Tuesday	3 Apr., 1730
67	Castle	St. Giles's	1st and 3d Wednesday	
68	Royal Oak	Long Acre	Second and 4th Wednesday	28 Apr., 1730
69	Britannia	Bloomsbury Market	2nd and 4th Monday	22 May, 1730
70	Dukes Head	Lynn Regis in Norfolk	First Friday	Oct. 1st, 1729
71	Rose	Cheapside	1st and 3rd Monday	26 Jan., 1730
72	East India Arms	Being all in the East Indies		
73	Saracens Head	Lincoln	First Tuesday	Sep. 7, 1730
74	University Lodge	At the Bear and Harrow in the Butcher Row	First Tuesday	14 Dec., 1730
75	Rainbow Coffee	York Buildings	2nd Monday and last Friday	17 July, 1730

76 White Bear	King's Street, Golden Square	First and Third Thursday	
77 Lion	Jockey Fields	First and 3d Monday	11 Jan., 1731
78 Fountain	Bury St. Edmonds	Second and 4th Tuesday	1731
79 (vacant)
80 Angel	Macclesfield, Chester		
81 Fleece	Bury St. Edmonds	1st and 3d Thursday	1st Nov., 1731
82 Three Tuns	Newgate Street	2nd and last Monday	21 Oct., 1731
83 Three Tuns	Smithfield	2nd and 4th Wednesday	17 Decem. 1731
84 Sun	Behind the Royal Exchange	2nd and 4th Friday	
85 King's Arms	Russel Street, Covent Garden	2nd and 4th Wednesday	24 Jan., 1732
86 King's Arms	St. Margaret's Hill, Southwark	Third Monday	2nd Feb., 1732
87 New King's Arms	Leigh in Lancashire		22 Feb., 1731
88 Bell & Magpie	Woolverhampton In Stafford Shr.	1st Monday	28 March, 1732
89 Cup, &c.	Drury Lane	2nd and 4th Tuesday	11th Apr., 1732
90 Au Louis D'Argent	Dans la Rue de Boucherie à Paris	Every Wednesday	3rd Apr., 1732
91 Sun	Fleet Street	2nd and last Tuesday	12 Apr., 1732
92 Antwerp Arms	Threednedle Street	2nd and 4th Tuesday	25 May, 1732
93 Goose & Gridiron	St. Paul's Churchyard	2nd & 4th Monday	21 June, 1732
94 Emblems	Ludgate Street	2nd and 4th Thursday	29 June, 1732
95 Horn, etc.	Wood Street	2nd and 4th Wednesday	12 July, 1732
96 White Horse	Ipswich	2nd and 4th Thursday	
97 New Inn	Exeter		
98 D. of Lorraine	Suffolk Street	2nd and 4th Wednesday	17 Aug., 1732
99 Garter	Fleet Street	1st and 3rd Friday	18 Aug., 1732
100 George and Dragon	Butcher Row	1st and 3rd Friday	19 Aug., 1732
101 Crown	Upper Moore Fields	Second Tuesday	29 Aug., 1732
102 Royal Vine Yard	St. James's Park	Every Saturday, 2 a'clock	5 Sept., 1732
103 Ship	Without Temple Bar	1st and 3rd Tuesday	8 Sept., 1732
104 Virgin's Inn	Darby		14 Sept., 1732
105 A Private Room	Bolton Le Moors, in Lancashire	Next Wednesday to every full moon	9 Nov., 1732
106 Nag's Head	Audley Street	1st and 3rd Wednesday	15 Nov., 1732
107 Dale's Coffee House	Warwick Street	2nd and 4th Wednesday	12 Dec., 1732
108 Seven Stars	Bury St. Edmonds	2nd and 4th Thursday	15 Dec., 1732
109 Three Lions	Salisbury	1st and 3rd Wednesday	27 Dec., 1732
110 Ship Coffee House	Near the Hermitage Bridge	1st and 3rd Thursday	2 Feb., 1732-3
111 Theatre Tavern	Goodman's Fields	2nd and 4th Monday	17 Feb., 1732-3
112 King's Arms	Tower Street, near the Seven Dials	1st and 3rd Tuesday	3 Mar., 1732-3
113 Bear	City of Bath	1st and 3rd Friday	18 Ma., 1733

114 Sun	Winchester Street, Little Moore Gate	2nd and 4th Thursday	23 Ma., 1733
115 Devil	Scott's Masons' Lodge, Devil, Temple Bar	2nd and 4th Munday	
116 Bear and Grid-iron	Master Masons' Lodge, Butcher Row	2nd and 4th Friday	
117 King's Arms	Master Masons' Lodge, Strand	1st Munday, Masters' Lodge; Do. 3rd Munday in ye winter	
118 Red Lion	Bury, in Lancashire	Next Thursd. to every full moon	26 July, 1733
119 Dog	Stourbridge, Worcester	Every Wednesday	1 Aug., 1733
120 Oate's Coffee House	Master's Lodge, Great Whild Street	1st and 3rd Sunday	
121 Solomon's Coffee House	Pimblieo	1st and 3rd Monday	27 Dec., 1733
122 Forrest Coffee House	Charing Cross	2nd and 4th Wednesday	
123 Prince of Orange	St. Saviours Dock, Southwark	2nd and 4th Tuesday	
124	Hamburgh, in Lower Saxony		
125 Swan	Birmingham	Last Monday	
126	Boston, in New Eng- land		
127	Valenciennes, in French Flanders		
128 Duke of Marlborough	Petticoate Lane, White Chapell	Third Fry d	Novem. ye 5th 1734

NOTES ON THE LIST OF A.D. 1734.

We have preferred to let any obvious errors of the engraver remain, as a *verbatim et literatim* transcript is more reliable than a corrected version. The dates of Constitution are according to the "OLD STYLE." A few mistakes as to the years of constitution will occasionally be noticed, and the extraordinary antiquity ascribed to No. 65, on St. Rook's Hill, near Chichester, will serve to amuse even if it fails to convince the reader.

So far as we can trace Numbers 1 (*now* 2), 3 (*now* 4), 4 (*now* 6), 6 (*now* 8), 7 (*now* 10), 8 (*now* 12), 9 (*now* 14), 10 (*now* 16), 11 (*now* 18), 13 (*now* 20), 19 (*now* 21), 23 (*now* 23), 38 (*now* 26), 43 (*now* 28), 46 (*now* 29), 69 (*now* 33), 97 (*now* 39), 105 (*now* 37), 113 (*now* 41), 118 (*now* 42), 125 (*now* 43), and 128 (*now* 45)

are still in existence. The Medina Lodge Cowes (according to the present numeration 35) was warranted A.D. 1731, but the foregoing list contains no such reference, so that it is likely the Lodge has been removed since its constitution. Of course few, if any, from *one to one hundred and twenty eight*, as enumerated, are held now in the same street or locality as originally constituted, and their numbers from 1723 to 1863 have gone through many changes, the last named being now 45. In 1734 there were 128 Lodges on the Roll of the Grand Lodge of England, only 23 of which are still to be found on its Register, the remainder having ceased to work or removed to other Grand Lodge Jurisdictions.

EXTRACTS FROM A MINUTE BOOK
OF THE LAST CENTURY.

BY THE EDITOR.

I HOPE that this title will not appear misleading, or this paper disappointing to any of my readers. We live at a time when the publication of the olden Minute Books of Lodges seems to be the order of the day, and as chance has thrown one into my possession, I see no reason why I should not fall in for the nonce with the prevailing fashion of the hour. But I wish to make one or two remarks on the subject. I see no objection to the publication of old Minute Books if only we do not lay too much store by their evidence, for at the best such evidence, be it remembered, is always of a fragmentary and dubious kind.

Minute Books are governed by the unfailling laws of reserve, suppression, incorrectness, and unreliability. That is to say, the age of formality and of careful entry had not yet dawned upon the Order, and the secretaries of the last century seem to be animated always by the intense desire to say as little as possible, and that little as carelessly and indistinctly as may be.

Perhaps they had a reason for being so hazy and haphazard in their minutes; but as it is, the student to-day takes up an old Minute Book and lays it down equally disappointed and dissatisfied. On every point on which we would much like to be informed, we are told nothing; and even what is communicated to us is so sparingly doled out to us, that we can make but little use of it, and find it impossible often clearly to understand even! Therefore, with this warning, let us go to the Minute Book in question.

It belonged to No. 194 of the Antients (perhaps Bro. Hughan can tell us what was its subsequent history), and is marked No. 3. I do not possess Nos. 1 or 2, but only this chance No. 3. It commences July 5th, 1797, and ends April 3rd, 1806. So my readers will perceive that this Minute Book has not certainly the "hoar antiquity of age" about it, whatever No. 1 might tell us; and I am bound also to add as an honest chronicler, is as prosaic, commonplace, uninteresting a book to read as well may be.

The Lodge, whatever may have been its subsequent condition, was when the book opens in very "low water," with few members and not well off for funds. It seems to have been purely a tradesman's Lodge, not of the most literate kind, as the English and spelling of the Minutes would have driven Lindley Murray mad. I have never read anything worse, or more trying to those who like good grammar and are partial to correct "concordats." When the third Minute Book commences, the Lodge was held at the "Pitt's Head," Old Bailey, and owing to the "non-attendance of the members and the insolence of the landlord," it was determined, as the Americans say, "to make tracks," and so, the "regalia" being "moved accordingly," they migrated to the "Castle," Smithfield Bar, or Greenhill Rents. In 1797 they shifted their quarters to the "White Swan," Braham's Buildings; and in 1798 to "The Cooper's Arms," West Street, Smithfield, where they still were in 1806. In the earlier pages of the Minute Book the attendance was very limited indeed, four and even three members being sufficient to open the Lodge and transact the business. Take for instance the Minute of April 6th, 1797, "verbatim et literatim":—

"At the Castle, Smithfield Bars, opened at 8 o'Clock p.m. in the Third Degree. The W.M. being sick could not attend. Br. Bollam acted as W.M., Br. Mead, S.W., Br. Ray, J., Warder. The Minutes of Last Lodge Night were Read and Confirmed, and the other Regular Business of the Lodge being disposed of, Br. Ray requested the Loan of the Constitution Book, which was granted. Nothing more being offered for the Good of Masonry, the Lodge was closed in good harmony at 10 o'Clock."

Then follows the reckoning, which is patriarchal in its simplicity:—

"House Bill -	2 10	Brs. present.
Tyler - - -	2 0	Br. Bollam - 1s.
Expended -	4 10	Br. Mead - 1
Collected -	4 0	Br. Ray - - 2

Due to Treasurer I 0 Collected - 4
R. Bollam, Secry."

The three Officers W.M., S. and J. Wardens seem to be considered a Lodge.

It is very remarkable that almost all the principal business of the Lodge, down to

1806, is very often transacted in the Third Degree, certainly oftener than in the First. The Lodge is often opened also in the Second Degree. This shows how cautious we must be in dogmatizing too harshly on the evidence of Minutes alone, as though they are "scintillæ" of evidence, they are only at the best and by no means conclusive on many points.

Indeed it is to me a strong proof of the irregularity and laxity of the work in this and other Lodges, then, whether ancient or modern, that Bro. Harper, the D.G.M., is said to be present more than once during these Lodge meetings. As another proof of their free and easy way of doing business, a certain Bro. "John Dye" proposed Mr. John Colby, Turner, at 63, West Street, to be made an Ancient Mason, and paid 5s. There were fourteen Visitors that night, among them Bro. Dye and the W.M. and S.W. and J.W., in all seventeen, and as the Visitors paid an equal sum with the Members, 17s. were collected. This was on September 2, 1798. On October 4th the same John Dye proposed Mr. Joshua Exton as a member of the Lodge.

Now in the previous list Bro. Dye's name appears in the list of "Visitors"; on this occasion his name is not inserted either in the list of Members or Visitors, of whom six of the former and six of the latter were present. At the meeting of December 27th he is entered still in the list of "Visitors," and on February 17th, 1798 at a Lodge of "Emergency" opened in the Third Degree at four o'clock, "Bro. Bollam then proposed Bro. John Dye, Victualer, late of Lodge 245, to join this Lodge, which was unanimously agreed to on his paying the sum of 5s." The only explanation I can offer is that he was master of the tavern, and may have had "privileges" as such. But it is a strong proof of the laxity of the procedure of Lodge 194.

As some of my Brethren may like to know how in those days they kept their St. John's I will give a Minute bearing on the point.

"December 27, 1799. Opened in the Second Degree at 4 o'clock p.m. The W.M. present, and J. W. Br. Dye, S.W., protempore. When After stating the Business of the Grand Lodge, and Dinner being Ready, the Lodge was called to

Refreshment at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 4, when the Members enjoyed themselves with Conviviality until 8 o'clock. When the Lodge was called to Labour, the S.W. still being ill and could not attend, the Installation of Officers was deferred till a future opportunity. The Lodge then proceeded to examine the Lodge Books and Audit the accounts, &c. Nothing more being offered for the good of Masonry, the Lodge was closed at 10 o'clock in good harmony.

Brs. present.

Bollam	-	5	6	House Bill	1	14	8
Dye	-	5	6	Servants	-	0	3
Colby	-	5	6	Expended	1	18	0
Chaplin	-	5	6	Collected	-	1	13
Hampton		5	6	Due to Trea-			
Lavender		5	6	surer	-	0	0
						5	

Collected 1 13 0 Ballance in
favour of the Lodge 0 6 3 $\frac{1}{2}$

The W.M. and officers were elected by the Lodge half-yearly, and on some occasions, especially if a Bro. was going to leave the country, the three degrees were conferred in one night. There are some entries which I cannot explain. At a meeting Sept. 1, 1803, the Lodge being "opened in the Third Degree at 8 o'clock p.m.," and all officers present, the legal officers being the W.M. and the two Wardens apparently, "Bro. Bollam delivered the nine Worthy's Jewel to the W.M." On this occasion seven Brethren were present and seven Visitors. On October 6th, the Lodge "being opened in the First Degree, &c.," the W.M. informed the Brs. present that he had delivered the nine Worthy's Jewel he received of Br. Bollam the last Lodge Night to Br. Harper, D.G.M., at the Grand Lodge. On this occasion seven Members were present and seven Visitors. On May the 3rd 1804 the Lodge was opened in the Third Degree; the Minutes of the last Lodge were read and confirmed, "When the W.M. gave a lecture on the First Degree, the reason was given in the same by Bro. Ronalds, one of the nine Worthy's." Who were the nine Worthy's, and what was the nine Worthy's Jewels? Can Bro. Hughan in his letter tell us?

I do not know that I need make any more remarks, or give any more extracts from the routine Minutes of the Lodge 194, but as such Minutes seem to have

interest for some readers, I will conclude with the last entry in the book—

"April the 3rd, 1806. Opened in the Third Degree; all officers present. The Minutes of the last Lodge were read and confirmed, when the W.M. gave a lecture in the First Degree. Br. Corcoran proposed that our Br. Tyler should be allowed three shillings for Tyeling and summoning the Brethren of this Lodge, which was seconded by Bro. Renalds, W.M. A petition was laid before this Lodge from Br. Wilson, who is in Distress, requesting its support at the next Steward's Lodge. Nothing more being offered for the good of Masonry, the Lodge was closed in good order at 10 o'clock.

Bros. present.		Visiting Bros. L. 37.	
W.M. Ronalds	- 1 0	Clark	0 1 0
S.W. Lawrence	- 1 0	Hawkes	0 1 0
Evans	- - - 1 0	O'Brien	0 1 0
Miller	- - - 2 0	Savage	0 1 0
Yates	- - - 1 0	Gubbett	0 1 0
Goldsworthy	- 1 0	Pierce	0 1 0
Honedew	- - - 1 0	Pain	- 0 1 0
Cubmore	- - - 1 0	240, Pizgele	1 0
Corcoran	- - - 0 0	Narch	0 1 0
for Bagg	- - - 2 0	212, Leveta	1 0
Lodge 159, Wilson	1 0		
Sharp	1 0		0 10 0
Young	1 0		0 16 0
	14 0		1 6 0
R. W. Plummer	- 1 0		
No. 10, Weatherhead	1 0		
	16 0		
		House Bill	1 7 3
		Tyler-	- 0 3 0
		Candles	- 0 12 0
			2 2 3

Do my readers think this little paper worth perusing? If so, I may not have made even these trifling extracts from a umble, humdrum record altogether in vain.

Since I have written the above I have found an explanation of the "Nine Worthys," which connects them with the Royal Arch, I presume, as one of the Officers of the Grand Chapter.

"September the 20, 1802. Opened in the third Degree; W.M. and S.W. present, Br. Chaplin, J.W., protom. Br. Chaplin proposed that Br. Bolom should be returned to the Grand Royal Arch Chapter as one of the Nine Worthys for the year."

MUSING.

I'm stringing my thoughts together
 As I watch the flow of the tide,
 The ships sail hither and thither
 And gay steamers onward glide.
 There's an ever and ever going
 With the restless motion of life,
 The waves of the sea just showing
 The faintest approach to our strife.
 To me there's a rhythm in motion
 That casts a spell o'er my brain,
 Awaking quaint thought and notion
 That twine like the links of a chain.
 I look through the vista of years,
 And scenes of my childhood I see,
 My eyes are all blinded with tears,
 The view is too touching for me.
 The playmates and friends of my youth,
 No more shall I see them again,
 They are gone from the world; like truth
 The shore and the ocean remain.
 And still, as the visions advance,
 My heart beats faster and quick,
 I seem to be quite in a trance,
 The air appears misty and thick;
 But out from the mist and the haze,
 The forms of the lost ones arise,
 The Magic of mind each obeys,
 And floats fast away to the skies.
 One bright scene, above all the rest,
 Transfixes my soul with delight;
 In glory I see one who's blest—
 An angel all clothed in white.
 I fancy she beckons and speaks,
 I feel I must go to her soon;
 Love tells me she ardently seeks
 My spirit from midnight till noon.
 As I gaze, the features so dear
 Illumine with expression divine;
 'Tis meed for the pilgrimage here,
 When love's rays on this earth combine.
 They're a light to guide us below,
 A token from those that we love,
 A sign that the faithful may know
 Their devotion is cherished above.
 For after the perils are past
 That environ our souls in this life,
 We're taught there's a haven at last,
 Where all are exempted from strife.
 And so, till my mission is done,
 I patiently journey along;
 Just seeking fresh strength from the Son,
 My heart, it rejoiceth with song.

The birds ever singing to me
 Are emblems of innocent love,
 Typifying what we may be
 When our souls are happy above.
 As I muse, sweet sounds from afar,
 Like murmurs that float o'er the sea,
 Commingle to pleasantly jar,
 And come with the breezes to me.
 Can it be that Spirits of Air,
 The souls of the Blessed and Good,
 When mortals a message they bear,
 That their purport may be understood,
 By influence or essence unseen,
 A spell o'er the senses they cast,
 That maketh us live o'er each scene
 Of life that was blissfully pass'd?
 If so, then it is when we dream,
 But whisp'rings of friends that we hear,
 An exchange of thought it doth seem,
 And union with those that are dear.
 The message that comes on the wind
 Brings tidings of joy to my heart;
 'Tis sweetly confiding to find
 That love is of heaven our part.
 The sorrows of earth are but brief,
 The joys of eternity last;
 'Tis better to live without grief,
 And cheerful instead of downcast.
 Then come ye bright visions to me,
 O'er my senses be casting your spell;
 When musing alone by the sea,
 My soul on such fancies shall dwell.

JOHN SAFFERY, J.D.,
 De Shurland Lodge, No. 1089.

AN OLD, OLD STORY.

CHAPTER IV.

Wir sitzen so fröhlich beisammen,
 Wir haben reinande so lieb.

A CARLSBAD DITTY.

THE memorable picnic had come and gone the way of all such events and all such arrangements in this world, and the party at the Cedars had fallen back into their normal life of easy-going comfort and placidity.

Like many other similar affairs of the kind, the picnic had turned out somewhat dull and certainly very commonplace. Poor Mr. Williams especially thought so, as he had but small chance of getting a word in even with the fair Lucy—for with Walter Mainwaring on the one side, and

Col. Mackintosh on the other, she seemed to be with an escort whose vigilance was never relaxed, and whose presence was a great impediment to a silly or a spoony young man. But to do Lucy justice, she was not a bit of a flirt. She was herself perfectly happy in the company of her two chief friends, and though Miss Margerison was most cordial to Mr. Williams, it was quite patent to the most careless observer, that Mr. Mainwaring and the Colonel looked on Mr. Williams as not belonging to their little party.

Poor man! It is a sad thing, is it not, the sense of worth unappreciated, of love rejected? It is curious, however, how we all get over the "most dreadful trial of our lives," when we tell all, whom we can decently bore, with lagubrious tones and lengthened faces, that "we shall never recover it, no never!" But yet we do.

Emily Maitland, as she now is, (*née* Bonner), once thought when she gave up Frank Mortimer and married Walter Maitland, as she said to please her "dear parents" (he being a much better parti, by the way), "that it was a very great trial for her, for she had known what it was to love and to be loved."

I saw her the other day, the best of wives and the cheeriest of women. She has got a daughter Ethel coming out, as good-looking and as dangerous as herself, and as she told me confidentially, "knowing from experience, how young girls' affections may be wrongly bestowed, she is very anxious that her darling and pretty Ethel should make no mistake, and should pick up the right man." And I quite agree with her.

There is Willie Hope. Willie once told all his friends distinctly, that "if Edith Manners married the Honourable Thomas de Lacy, he should go to India, and should never get over it." But strange to say he has. Edith Manners did marry the Honourable Thomas; Willie Pope did not go to India, and has long got over it. He went down into Scotland to "shoot grouse," with his uncle, the gallant General. He met a Scotch lassie with a nice little fortune, ringlets and two blue eyes, who sang, "Cam ye by Athol," and "Are ye sure the news is true," &c., &c., (as I once heard them say of old,) so effectively, that Willie has long been, to his uncle's

great delight, a Scotch Laird, happy and stout, and you would not suppose, if you saw him now, that he had ever had an unhappy hour in his life.

So I think we need not lay over much store to the outpourings of disconsolate lovers, or the vaticinations of disappointed bosoms. They all do get over it, somehow or other, "she-males" as well as "he-males," and if I might be permitted to advise in any case of confirmed "heart complaint," whether it be a young officer in the Guards, or the eldest son of a peer, or the fairy Ethel, or the radiant Violet, I say, "plenty of out-door exercise, a yacht voyage, or a pleasant party on the moors," will soon put all to rights, and restore the sentimental system, and the nervous action to their normal state of contented calmness.

Still Lucy was a young woman, and all young women have such great discernment when men admire them, so quick, that long before pater or mater, or inquisitive brother (nay, even a jealous cousin) has "spotted" the state of the victim, they are perfectly conversant with his innermost feelings, they understand all his symptoms, and have found out, from their lady's maid, all about him.

And therefore, though Lucy knew well what was uppermost in poor Mr. Williams's little mind, like a discreet maiden as she was, she kept it to herself. She never departed from the "even tenor of her way;" but full of kindness to Mr. Williams, she seemed to become more friendly and familiar than ever with Mr. Mainwaring. Colonel Mackintosh, who as an old campaigner, was quite alive to what he called "light infantry movements," was not slow or backward in giving Lucy all the encouragement in his power.

First of all, he looked upon Lucy almost as his own daughter, and secondly, as he had a little competence of his own, he had always in his own mind considered Lucy his heiress. For as he used to say to his old chum, Dr. McVittie, who had been the cheery Surgeon-Major of his old regiment, and always was his fast friend, a clever and enlightened old Highlander—"For a soldier, I am not so badly off, my boy. Soldiers, like 'rolling stones, gather no moss,' as a general rule; but I have always been prudent and cautious. My

banker's the safest of men, and what with prize money in India, and my savings, and the ex-savings of my old aunt, and that what I inherited from my father (not much indeed), and my half-pay, I have enough for "bread and cheese and a glass of whiskey toddy."

"I have always considered Lucy Longhurst my heiress. I have no kith or kin. None of the Mackintoshes of that ilk survive. I am the last of my race, and Longhurst and I were as brothers; and all I have, save one or two legacies to old friends and to charity, shall go to that saucy and that sousie lass."

Whether Lucy knew this or not, I don't know; but to tell my readers the truth, it would have made no difference to her in any way. She did not do as some people are fond of doing, "discount other peoples' wills." She was purely unselfish and untainted by the world's calculations. She had that "golden heart" of which poets have liked to sing, and which pleasant enough in man, is ever so dear and delightful in woman. I, for one, utterly deny the truth of the imputation often cast upon women, by the sceptical and the profligate, that they are naturally cold, selfish, mercenary, only lovers of money, position and the like.

As a rule a woman looks at all these outer things from a completely opposite point of view, to that of man.

She is guileless and gracious, kind and considerate, sentimental and trusting, all at the same time. She will often live against her own interests, and in the face of her whole family, simply because in her ardent and truthful nature she scorns the mere conventionality of fashion, the treacheries of life, the debasement of worldly teaching, even the colder calculations of prudence.

That in every artificial state of society women will become artificial too, is not to be wondered at; that when she hears nothing but petty views and contracted sentiments, she becomes sometimes petty and contracted in aim and vision too, is not a matter of blame to her. On the contrary, knowing as we all must do, how the so-called refinements and exigencies of society, of position, of respectability, and many other things, charm us, and warp us, and depress us all here, we have no right to

condemn the woman, who too often sacrifices, even against her truer heart and better judgment the happiness of a whole life—her own "beau ideal" of what she most considers pleasantness and peace, because she is overborne by the sordid aims of friends, or influenced by the overbearing presence of strong-minded parents.

On the other hand I do not want to take a too morbid view of things in any respect. Very often the friends who so kindly interfere, and "stern parients" of many a little domestic drama, or comedy or screeching farce, are right altogether, and the young people are utterly and entirely wrong!

If Laura had married her dear, dear Rupert, what a "fiasco" she would have made of it. He and she had not a single taste in common, and nothing ever could have made them in any sense fitting companions for each other.

If Harry had been united to his darling Blanche, what a mess he would have made of it. They would have quarrelled like cat and dog in a fortnight, and ere long have found their way without doubt into the Divorce Court.

It is difficult to preach to the young and inexperienced, or to impress them either with the folly of loving, or the injudiciousness of matrimony. They don't believe you, and they won't. They have got, somehow or other, truly or falsely never mind, a golden dream of their own, and they cannot and will not thank you who wake them up out of it.

Still as young people will fall in love, as Jimmy and Dora, as Tommy and Sophy, will make geese of themselves, every now and then, friends are compelled to inter-vene and point out to them, that they have made a blunder and taken a "faux pas."

So I believe that on the principle of compensation and equilibrium, things after all are pretty much on the square, and certainly are all for the best here.

We none of us can forecast the future, and instead of sitting down and repining like children who have broken their toys, when we are ourselves disappointed and cannot get all that we want, let us with a "heart for every fate," firmly believe that after all is said and done, a wise Providence, wiser than we are by a very long way,

still overhauls and controls and unravels the twisted skeins of that confused warp which measures out the span of mortals.

SOCIAL PROBLEMS AND THEIR PEACEFUL SOLUTION.

BY BRO. REV. W. TEBBS.

VI.—OUR FOOD-SUPPLY.

"He giveth food to all flesh . . .
But . . . the slothful man roasteth
Not That which he took in hunting."

"SOME eat to live, some live to eat," is trite and true—truer still, alas, that some do neither!

Why?

We will not stay to discuss the reason of those melancholy cases of absolute starvation that ever and again come under our notice, some of which arise from the apathy of the neglected pauper's surroundings, and yet more from the starved one's self-respect or indomitable pride; nor will we stay to grieve over the terrible fact that we have elsewhere noticed, that this miserable poverty is in too many cases brought about by the bread-winner's intemperate habits; but, having already seen that certainly one cause of this fearful curse is the want of a sufficiency of wholesome and palatable food, we will pass at once to the consideration of how this may be, at all events to some extent, mitigated by discussing, and let us hope finding a reply and thence a remedy for, one of the most important social questions of the day, "how it is that with such vast resources at her command, England's people are so badly fed?"

The first reason is that they stand so thick upon the ground, and that so much of it as is still left uncovered by the manufacturer's brick and mortar factories, will not produce sufficient food for the support of the manufacturer's flesh and blood machinery.

The second reason is that through every class of society, in the use of every necessary of life, equally as in that of life itself, there is enormous, although preventable waste.

The third reason is that although there

are vast stores of food both indigenous and imported, yet that through a deplorable ignorance of their qualities, coupled with some unreasoning and therefore well-nigh unconquerable prejudice against their use, many of these stores remain unutilised.

Oh, for some social reformer who would give his time, his talents, his energies, to the removal of this ignorance and the uprooting of this prejudice! Truly would he deserve a niche in the temple of fame, worthy would he be to rank with your Howards and your Peabodys; a lot far nobler his, the vanquisher of prejudice, than that of the conqueror of any two worlds.

If your self-constituted social reformers, instead of wasting their time and the people's money in making Sunday hideous with their blatant clamour of atheistical sedition, would turn their attention to some useful and feasible means of ameliorating the benighted condition of the masses; if instead of doubly desecrating the Lord's day of peace, by sowing enmity and ker'ing wide open gaping chasms in our social relationships, they would endeavour to practically benefit His people; then, instead of coming under the ban of all sensible and orderly persons as noisy and troublesome demagogues, they would earn for themselves an enduring renown as real reformers of crying abuses, and become world-widely popular as being truly of and for the people.

As, however, there is just about as much chance of our arriving at this desirable consummation as there is of our catching larks by the grand natural process of the sky falling, let us do our best, little though it be, towards bringing about the enlightenment, so devoutly to be wished, of our people on this vital subject of our food-supply.

It has been well said that "he is a public benefactor who makes two blades of grass grow where but one grew before;" others may be allowed this greater honour, we shall be quite satisfied if we can at least partially ameliorate the hard lot of our brethren by teaching them how to utilise such portions of the already existing blade as have hitherto been regarded as beneath notice.

In olden time when the Great Architect was temporal king as well as Heavenly

Father, He provided for His poorer children in His Heaven-made though earth-given law, by commanding of the land that He gave them, "the seventh year ye shall let it rest and lie still, that the poor of thy people may eat;" in these days it is the bounden duty of us who now make laws to see that we neglect not the good of that endless inheritance that He has given us, the care of that "poor that we have always with us;" and to this end the least that we can do is to help them to free themselves from the load of this poverty; let us, then, consider those causes of it that we have already mentioned, and see whether we cannot devise some sound scheme for their removal.

Now the first of these causes of an insufficient supply of food for the masses, can only be met by one of two courses, or by a combination of them, namely, the emigration of our surplus population and the importation of food for those who remain.

By the openings afforded to industry and enterprise in our colonies and dependencies—we say emphatically industry and enterprise, for "the slothful" do not "hunt," let alone the after "roasting" either at home or abroad, nor is indolence anything but a dead weight anywhere—the first of these objects is met, but as yet the people are but imperfectly acquainted with either the advantages thus offered to them or the mode of embracing them. This obstacle to emigration, that natural process of peopling the earth's surface and utilising its riches, is soon overcome by an application to one of the many reliable colonial agencies.

The second object, namely, the importation of food from abroad, is already an accomplished fact, whilst the knowledge of the utility and wholesomeness of many indigenous products is becoming more diffused, but there stands in the way of the full development of the usefulness of both these modes of mitigating want the well-nigh invincible ignorance and terribly obstinate prejudice of the masses. To the consideration of the removal of these we will return hereafter; meanwhile let us say a few words concerning the second cause of the semi-starvation of our people, namely, that widespread and deplorable waste that we know is to be found on every hand.

Now there cannot be a doubt but that in nearly every, if not in every, household of the middle classes of society, to say nothing of the upper, sufficient is absolutely wasted to feed at least one poorer family—witness the crusts of bread, trimmings and shreds of meat, skimmings of fat, parings and outsides of vegetables, and the like ; all of which properly cleaned and cooked would form many a meal not only wholesome and nutritious, but positively toothsome and savoury, only our sisters know not how to utilise them ; the very bones, again, which are tossed aside as useless, would yield in a digester a quantity of excellent stock. We have met with one capital plan by which soup, as good as it is wholesome, is made without any expense further than that of the thickening : all bones, whether of meat or of poultry, instead of being “picked,” after having had the meat cut from them are carefully placed aside ; these together with any shreds are put to stew in the digester ; the addition of the rind of ham or bacon gives an exquisite flavour to the soup ; tops and parings of vegetables, as well as those rejected on account of their small size are added, and when the whole has been stewed a sufficient time a capital soup is the result, which can be thickened either with oatmeal, pea-flour, or the pulp of vegetables. We must not, however, suppose that waste is confined to the well-to-do, for there is probably no more extravagant class in existence than the extreme poor—witness the way in which the cottager who has a garden rejects those small vegetables—potatoes, for instance—which are too small to cook in the ordinary way, but which are quite as useful in a stew as the largest that he can produce. One other blunder, made by richer as well as poorer housewives, requires correction, which is that only the so-called prime parts of the meat are good for cooking ; no greater mistake can be made, for every portion, properly manipulated, has not only its use but also its individual merit. That savoury dish known as “à la mode” or stewed beef is best prepared from the so-called “coarse” part of the meat taken from the shoulder, which part, indeed, is the only proper one for the purpose.

Now to return to the latter part of our first remedy, namely, the utilisation of

home and foreign products for our purpose. When we come to deal with our indigenous food-supply we find that our people eat as if there were a certain definite number, and that small enough in all conscience, of animals and plants upon which we may safely feed, whilst all others are to be avoided as poison, or at least to be shunned as carrion ; but what is the actual state of the case ? Why, that the lap of mother-earth is brimming over with wholesome and nutritious products, from which we turn with disgust, simply because we have never been accustomed to their use. Why should our French neighbours consider snails a delicacy, whilst we pass them by with loathing. We eat the periwinkle, which is exactly the same thing, and the shrimp and prawn, which are worse, being nothing more nor less than sea beetles ; then why not snails, especially such as are within a few yards of us, as we write, find noble fellows, descendants, they say, of those brought over by the ancient Romans ? Our gipsy friends make a luxurious meal off a hedgehog, why not we. Anyhow, it is as clean a feeder as a duck or a pig. Take small birds again, why should starlings, which are in one county regarded as remarkably good eating in a pie, be regarded as carrion in the next ? Now turn to the vegetable world, and see what stores of good Dame Nature provides to our hand in every field and hedgerow : the tender tops of the hop and nettle give us excellent greens, the young dandelion and sorrel a capital salad, arrow-root, or something very nearly resembling it, is to be had in plenty from the roots of the cuckoo-pint ; flour can be obtained from the chesnut properly cooked, and we are much mistaken if something could not be done with the bitter acorn. Our fathers ate it, and we strongly doubt that they relished it in its acrid state, and rather fancy that they must have had some method of making it palatable, which we surely might recover. What we have said with respect to other vegetable growths will apply equally well to the mushroom tribe. Hundreds of tons of edible fungi, other than true, that is to say the ordinary, mushrooms, spring up and decay where they stand, instead of going, as they might, were it not for ignorance of their wholesome properties, to feed our hungry

thousands. These fungi contain all the nutritive qualities of meat without the indigestible part, and it seems as mournful as monstrous that men, women, and children here in England, go unfed, whilst food, eagerly sought after by our Continental neighbours, is rotting at their very feet. If the products of earth are thus neglected, so too are those of the water. Many a river, brook, and pond teems with fish, which although it may be somewhat coarse, still may be rendered by proper cooking, not only wholesome, but positively relishing; the much-despised bream, for instance, salted and dried haddock-wise, will come off hardly second-best in a contest with his more fashionable friend.

We next come to consider imported products, the most important of which are the various preparations known as "Australian Meat," by the use of which a vast economy may be practised in every household, for, besides the more solid articles of food, certain of the preparations are positive delicacies, and may be enjoyed at a cost of one half that of similar English productions, whilst there is neither trouble nor risk in their preparation. To those who are about to use these meats for the first time, a word of warning is perhaps necessary, which is to look to the brand* before purchasing as, owing to the ready sale that these preparations have already attained to, many inferior kinds are sent to our market, to have obtained which is to have acquired at once an erroneous idea of the quality of the true kinds. It may be mentioned, whilst speaking of quality, that a worthy Brother, a butcher in a very large way of business, unhesitatingly said that certain tins of meat which he examined and tasted, were from joints as prime and as fine in quality as any of English growth that he had ever sold. Australian Meat, then, is not "cheap and nasty," and, perhaps, one of the best possible proofs of its excellence is the fact that little children will eat it with avidity, even choosing it in preference to the ordinary home-grown joint. In bearing our own testimony to its merits let it be distinctly understood that our liking for

it is the result of conviction, for we approached its use with a deeply-rooted prejudice against it; but, having tried the meat, prejudice was vanquished and its excellence established beyond dispute; and we now here state, without fear of contradiction, that not only is Australian meat cheaper than our own, but also that for nutritious properties and excellence of flavour, it in all cases equals—in many excels—our English meat. It is not our purpose here to describe the various appetising methods of preparing it for table; suffice it to say that, warmed up with such vegetables as any cottager can call from his own garden, it forms a meal to be despised by none. Yet more than this, a slice of the meat cut cold as it comes from the tin, with nothing but bread and salt, forms a luncheon or supper that need not, to satisfy the usual requirements of any ordinary frugal mortal, be surpassed.

We have spoken of its cheapness, a word, therefore, as to its cost. We have from one four-pound tin had cooked in various ways no less than twenty-six meals, at twopence per head; we have had served up for luncheon a curry with attendant vegetables, more than enough for six persons, at a total cost of one shilling.

And, now, seeing all these advantages, whatever is the obstacle to their general adoption? Our third reason for the semi-starvation of our people—crass ignorance, and that blind prejudice which springs from it.

The cause seems simple, but it is a very difficult one to overcome, so deeply-rooted is prejudice, so impracticable and well-nigh insuperable its attendant obstinacy. What then must we do to overcome it? The best of all possible ways is to show, not tell, the way. To tell people that "that's the stuff for the poor" is to inevitably defeat the object we have at heart. Let us use it then ourselves, and set our people an example; rely upon it we shall not regret the experiment.

Let us not forget that man is a gregarious animal and strongly resembles, in many characteristics, the quondam owners of the fibre in those tins; awfully suspicious, even in a mass; but just let one old belwether jump, and, hey, presto! all the flock instantly follow, if even it be to destruction.

*Of the many excellent brands that of the "Tallerman Company" (agency at 119, Fleet Street) is perhaps as reliable as any.

Some lady has hair of some outrageous colour, the height of her rank is the height of her beauty, and forthwith every woman, whether the fashion suit her or not, is dyed to match. Some courtly gentleman is afflicted with some terrible deformity, lo ! on every courtier springs the hump. So it is in everything else, even in food ; and, though a supply of it be ready to their hand, yet will the people refuse it, if they think it be not such as their betters partake of. Thus we see the poor refusing the proffered tin of meat, even as a gift, and purchasing the coarse and refuse lump of string, bone, and fat, that has lain for hours upon the butcher's board, which said lump has been twenty-times handled by every dirty passer-by.

Surely, surely, there is a heavy responsibility imposed upon us here ; would that the well-to-do would recognise their duty in rendering to God's poor that best of all assistance, helping them to help themselves—better, far better, than any mere almsgiving, is the setting a bright example of Social and Economic Reform.

FREEMASONRY.

BY WILLIAM ROUNSEVILLE.

From the "Voice of Masonry," we believe.

You may smite with a feather the granite rock,

You may bombard the oak with the player's ball,

Yet you shall not hear the expected shock,
And may wait for ay for the oak to fall.

And Masonry stands like the granite rock—
Like the giant form of the forest oak ;

Has stood through ages the battles shock—
Has received unharmed the heaviest stroke.

And Masonry spreads like the heaving sea—

It shines like the stars in the vaulted sky ;

For your wrath it will never cease to be,
Like the ocean deep it will never dry.

Thus Masonry shines like the noon-day sun,
Resistless its march as Niagara's tide ;

Will continue to shine as the years run on,
And bless like the rushing river wide.

Thus Masonry sweeps like a whirlwind the world,

Devastating error, intolerance, sin ;
For this is the banner forever unfurled,
And these its labor where'er it has been.

THE RAVENNA BAPTISTERY.

We take this most interesting paper from the "Times," of September 15th, for two especial reasons. First because it is a most admirable contribution to Ecclesiastical History and Architectural Study, a subject quite cognate with Freemasonry, and secondly because in a passage printed in large letters later on, we have as it appears to us proof so early as the third century, that the Masonic Guilds and Sodalites, left their marks even on the creations of art, on walls and windows, on the "Opus Musivum," on the decorated ceilings of churches. If such a fact be established, it is another interesting and important item in the history of the Masonic Guilds.

It is, perhaps, fortunate for the interests of Art that from the time when Gaston de Poix laid siege to Ravenna, and fell while pushing his victory over the relieving army too far, she has gradually sunk into the background until she has become the lonely, unvisited, melancholy city she is now. Her churches have been more than enough for her decreased population—some, like that dedicated to the sainted Shoemaker-Bishop, the dove-chosen Severus, have certainly disappeared altogether; but, with one or two exceptions, the others have had the good fortune to be only neglected, and the neglect of edifices built with the faithful solid workmanship expended even during the decline of the Roman Empire, is careful preservation when compared to repairs and restorations of the nature now obliterating the last vestiges of the Cathedral Church of the Popes of the first 15 centuries. Such as they were built the churches of Ravenna have been, more or less, allowed to remain, like the out-of-the-way unused Basilicas of Saints Nereo and Achilleo, St. Cesario, and others at Rome. They have been left "unembellished" by Renaissance altars and post-Raphaelite

pictures. The worst they have suffered has been the destruction—whether wilful, or in part, at least, through the lapse of time, I am not prepared to say—of in some cases external features, such as the Atrium of St. Appollinare in Classis, and the original front, with its two circular towers, of the Basilica of St. Vitale; and of internal details in others; such as, alas! the loss of some of the inestimable mosaics, and, in the Baptistery, the wilful substitution of dwarf colonettes for the original columns more than double their height. With the exception of this, the restoration of two of the niches, and some other very trifling matters of detail, the orthodox Baptistery of Ravenna, the earliest, and in many respects the most interesting among her ecclesiastical edifices, erected, it is said, by Bishop St. Ursus about the year A.D. 380, and ornamented with mosaics by Bishop Neon, A.D. 430, has, both in outward appearance and internal decoration, been left untouched since the day it was completed. Time, however, has wrought one great alteration in it, an alteration the Italian government have undertaken to remove. Partly owing to that geological phenomenon which causes a continual lowering of the ground between Venice and Ancona, and partly to the accumulation gathered above, the Baptistery has sunk three metres in what below is marshy ground. To remedy this and save the building and its mosaics from the dangers that menace it, Signor Lanciani has prepared plans for raising it bodily to the present level of the city. As this will, I believe, be the first ancient edifice any attempt has yet been made to lift, some description of it may be interesting, both on this account and the very high importance it possesses in itself.

To give as clear an idea as is possible of the form of the building, which externally is of simple brickwork, I must ask you to imagine a plain square, with corners rounded off, rising $7\frac{3}{4}$ metres from the ground, and at that height converted into a perfect octagon, terminating in a low eight-sided pyramidal roof of tiles, and having at the spring of four alternate sides little half domes also tiled, covering the summits of the angles of the square, where they are cut off to form the upper octagon. These half domes are the roots of four

internal niches. The interior line of the ground plan is, in fact, a perfect octagon, with large semicircular niches projecting outwards from four alternate sides, but, by the concealment on the outside of the set-in, caused by the diameter of the niches being necessarily so much less than the width of the sides of the octagon from which they spring, as was requisite to bring them within the original square, the outer line of the ground plan and the lower $7\frac{3}{4}$ metres of the building externally preserve that form, with, as I have said, rounded angles. Some authors describe this Baptistery as an octagon with five continuous plain sides, and two niches within the other three. So it appeared when they wrote. Two of the niches have been destroyed, but as distinct traces upon the walls show where they originally stood, they have been carefully restored in exact accordance with the others. The outside of the building is entirely unornamented with the exception of very simple brick cornices below the lines of the side and central roofs, and on the upper part of each wall of the octagon, a blind window—like a sunk panel—having a double arched top, without any central mullion. On the lower part of one of these panels a small antique marble bas-relief of a warrior on horseback, with the right hand extended, has been let in, but why or when there is nothing to show.

More than half the building which originally stood alone, and will again before long—is hidden by some mean houses, built up against it, and through the first of these, inhabited by the *Parroco*, one is admitted, as if surreptitiously, along a passage so narrow that it is almost necessary to walk sideways, into full view of the glorious beauty of the interior—one mass of mosaics almost from floor to ceiling—and to the squalor in which it is kept. It is like a brilliant jewel thrown on a dust-heap, and soiled by the filth around it. Constantine V. received the opprobrious surname of *Copronymus* for having by a baby indiscretion sinned against the purity of the font, but here it is in a perennial state of dirt and defilement. An unsightly, bestained octagon of marble, a modern addition standing in the centre, encloses a still more modern imitation porphyry sarcophagus, with its lid cut across in the

middle and swung back on dislocated hinges, disclosing a dirty basin, and by the side of the semi-circular marble pulpit-like stand for the priest, a dirty money-box that would disgrace a pot-house. To penetrate into the building I had also to make my way through a crowd of squalid beggars assembled at the door in hopes of some chance baptism alms. But all these degradations will now soon be cleared away, and in the meantime one quickly forgets their presence in delight at the beauties they cannot disfigure.

In each corner of the octagon, standing on the actual floor, and occupying the place of the original columns, which measured $4\frac{1}{2}$ metres in height, are dwarf colonettes of less than half their dimensions, from which spring eight round arches—four opening in the niches I have mentioned—and from the lines formed by them, or rather from the returns below, the mosaic work commences. On the spandrels, upon oval backgrounds of gold enclosed by acanthus leaves springing from the capitals of the columns beneath them, and spreading out in lovely scrolls to the right and left over and above the arches, are eight Prophets, grand, noble, majestic figures, draped in white, without any ornament beyond two black lines on their tunics, descending from the shoulders to the knees, and a sign like the letter "I" on the corner of each of their togas.

It does not require more than half a glance to convince any one possessing the least knowledge that these are the work of an artist of the highest merit, deeply imbued with the principles of classic art as they were, not as they are understood, and thoroughly comprehending them. The wonder is how in the fifth century, when sculpture had so much declined, there lived a man capable of drawing figures, worthy, if not of the best, at least of the Augustan period. Found in a Pagan building one would say they represented Roman Senators of the sterner Republican type, and further were portraits of celebrated persons. The most remarkable individuality, not merely in face but in figure is preserved in each, and in each a distinct expression life-like—nothing could be more so—and full of character. They stand in the easy, dignified posture of distinguished men; their actions are

essentially different; their draperies cast with that truthful, excellent variety of fold no study of art examples only could have taught, and the manipulation of light and shadow is perfect. There are touches of colouring on the lips, cheeks, and eyes the most cunning pencil could scarce have placed more effectively. Some of these are figures of young men with shaven faces, others older, with thick black hair and beards, and aged men with flowing beards and scanty white hair. Each has a written scroll, held either closed in one hand or open in both. One figure, with his right arm folded in his toga, bears a considerable resemblance to the Sophocles of the Lateran. It would be difficult to say which is the more worthy of its counterpart. Another of the prophets, a young man with both arms folded in his toga across his breast and holding a rolled-up scroll in one hand, faces straight upon the spectator, and with his right foot immediately before his left, steps out with so much life-likeness that one might almost imitate Michael Angelo, and tell any one present to stand out of the way. While the oval backgrounds to these figures are of gold, that of the remaining space is black, with, spreading over it, the rich scrolls of the acanthus, of two shades of olive green outlined and pencilled with gold, with the exception of those portions of the leaves which, from the central fibre forming the oval, turn over upon its gold, and they are shaded in black. Above these, and at the height of about a foot from the summit of the arches, runs a slight cornice, carrying at each corner a pilaster corresponding to the columns below. The cap of each is surmounted by a floriated bracket or corbel, with a cross in the centre, and from these the vault of the dome springs upwards, while laterally they carry arches on the sides of the octagon, repeating those beneath. Within the span of each arch are three others, side by side, springing from the line of its diameter, the two outer touching the caps of the pilasters, their inner points and the arch in the middle, which is somewhat larger than the others, and forms the window on each side, resting on other pilasters of stucco, forming altogether a range of 24. This belt is entirely ornamented with stucco work. Upon the

arched spans at the sides of the windows are *Ædiculæ*, with their cornices and pediments supported by columns, and statues standing within them, the whole in *basso relievo*, and on the flat space above each three arches and below the greater one which spans them scroll work of the same description. Some are inclined to think that this stucco work is a comparatively modern substitution for mosaic once occupying the same spaces, but apart from the improbability that the mosaic would have been either ruined exactly along this zone or removed from it, while it remained uninjured above and below, there are abundant evidences visible by the side of some ill-proportioned restorations it has received to show that it belongs to the same period and might easily be ascribed to an earlier.

The ornamentation of the dome is divided into two zones surrounding the central picture; the baptism of Our Saviour in the Jordan. The lower zone, including the spandrels between the arches decorated with stucco work, is divided into eight compartments, corresponding with the sides of the octagon below, and separated from each other by a perpendicular ornament like the grand marble candelabra of the Roman palaces. It springs from a splendid acanthus plant, shaded in greens, reds, and gold, with doves, parrots, and other birds resting upon them, and, with acanthus ornaments, lessening in size and varied in the richest colours, continues to the base of the zone above. In each compartment is, as it were, the representation of the interior of a circular temple supported on columns with a kind of rectangular colonnade at each side, or the internal section of a double peripteros, showing the semicircle in the middle and two columns in a line at the sides, with the two next behind them, somewhat in perspective. The backgrounds are alternately dark blue and dark green, the columns are of gold, the cornices gold and ornamented with gems, and the soffits either divided into sunk panels or formed by a great shell. In four of these splendid temple-like edifices are tables in the central part, each supported by four little columns, and bearing an open book of one of the Gospels. On the pages are inscribed in Latin "The Word

according to" followed on each by the name of the separate Evangelist. Between the columns on each side is represented a handsome chair, with what is either a crown resting on the seat or a rich ornament of some kind on the lower part of the back. These chairs have curved legs, and are not unlike those seen in modern drawing-rooms. In each of the other four edifices, and alternately with those I have mentioned, is placed, in the central portion, a splendid golden throne supported on perpendicular legs, with a round back, on the upper part of which is a gemmed circle containing a cross. The seat is covered with richly-coloured drapery, hanging over at the sides and front, and upon it a magnificent cushion, like a very thick, soft pillow, the folds shaded with gold and silver, the latter having turned a pale metallic blue. Between the columns on the sides is marble trellis work, rising to the lower third, and enclosing plants and trees, and this portion, I may remark, as another evidence of the original art source, bears a sufficient resemblance to some of the frescoed ornamentation on the walls of the Auditorium, discovered on the Esquiline, and supposed to have formed part of the house of Mæcenæus.

Above the zone runs a band of ornaments supporting a grassy field, whereon walk the twelve Apostles, with the name inscribed against each, advancing with somewhat hurried gait, six from the one side and six from the other, towards the perpendicular of the central picture. They are draped alternately in golden tunics, and white mantles, and white tunics and golden mantles. On their tunics are the two perpendicular black lines I have described on those of the Prophets, and which are found on the dresses of all the saints and ecclesiastics in the Ravenna mosaics, and on the corners of their mantles—a sign in black like a mason's two-sided square. Their heads are uncovered and without nimbi. In their hands, extended forward and hidden in their mantles, they carry crowns set with gems. They are separated from each other by tall upright stalks, ornamented with golden wreaths and springing up between them from acanthus plants on the level of their feet. While these figures

are full of life, they are at the same time somewhat disproportionately tall, the heads too small for the height, the limbs slightly angular, and the drapery which floats behind them wanting in grace and correctness of fold. The faces have much individuality, but the aim has not been fully attained. They are, with all the upper portion, including the central picture, by another, or by other and inferior, hands to those which wrought the Prophets below. They evidently belong to a later period, for it cannot be supposed that the lesser talent would be employed on the more important part. We have no other record than that the mosaic decoration was made by order of Bishop Neon, but there is nothing to prove that information to be complete. It is therefore reasonable to suppose, nor, in fact, can there be any doubt upon it either, that the lower mosaics were made at the time when the building was completed by St. Ursus, in 380—the most probable supposition from their unparalleled beauty even for that date—and that the dome was the portion alluded to as having been ornamented by order of Neon 50 years afterwards, or that, through some cause, the mosaics in the dome were injured and wrought anew some half a century later. A careful examination of these mosaics detects the work of different hands, when at the first glance they seem to be by one, and the central picture, though closely resembling in manner the group of the Apostles, is somewhat superior in style. On the left stands St. John the Baptist, nude with the exception of the coat of skins hanging from the left shoulder and covering the loins. He stands upon his right foot, with his left raised upon a fragment of the rocky side of the river, so as to bring the knee considerably upwards. With his left hand he leans upon a *crux hastata*—the cross being of the Greek form, jewelled on the summit of a jewelled staff—and, with his right arm extended, pours the water from a *patera* over the head of Christ, above which is the dove descending with extended wings. The figure of the Saviour is entirely nude and immersed in the water up to the middle, but the lower limbs are faintly seen through it. He stands erect, facing the spectator, with his feet close together,

his arms hanging motionless by his side, and the hands immersed in the water. The expression of the face is gentle. The beard is pointed, and his hair, divided in the middle, falls over the shoulders. There is only one bank of the river seen, that where St. John stands. On the water, to the right of the Saviour, floats the half figure—the lower portion not being seen—of a very pagan representation of the river deity, an old man with grey hair and beard, dark sea-green drapery about the waist, and holding a reed in his hand. Above him is the word “Iordann.” Around the heads of the Saviour and St. John are nimbi with silver grounds. This picture is enclosed by a rich circle of ornament, from which festoons of light blue drapery, with red stripes upon it, hang down towards the Apostles.

 GERARD MONTAGU ;

A Winter's Tale.

 BY EMRA HOLMES.

(Continued from page 187.)

CHAPTER II.

LADY MURIEL'S DREAM AND GERARD MONTAGU'S CONFESSION.

“MURIEL, Muriel, dear, get up.” The speaker is Mrs. Vaux, who has gone into Lady Muriel's bedroom in her *sac de nuit*, looking more peculiar than picturesque.

No response.

“What can be the matter with the child; she will not wake? Margaret, do come and see if you can wake her: I never did see a girl in so sound a sleep in my life; and the house may be burned down over our heads,” Mrs. Vaux continues.

“My lady, my lady,” the housemaid cries, and tries to rouse her without effect. “Law, ma'am, how she does sleep!”

There has been an alarm of fire from some old maids over the way; fortunately, however, not founded on fact; at least it was only a chimney, and that was soon put out, but not before the neighbouring households were unnecessarily roused from their slumbers at five o'clock in the morning.

At length peace being restored in the

Crescent, and Mrs. Vaux's fears subsided in a measure, Muriel was left to her slumbers, which were so profound as to be almost death-like.

When they all came down to breakfast, Lady Muriel complained of headache.

"You slept well enough; or at all events sound enough," Mrs. Vaux said.

"Did I, dear aunt? I had *such* an odd dream. I dreamt I was carried away against my will to a place very far away. It was somewhere in England though, because the people spoke English and looked like English. There was a broad, beautiful river with parks on either side of it, and trees right down to the water's edge. But the land was covered with snow, and it all looked so white, and glistening, and ghost-like under the moon, which was shining overhead. I found myself suddenly close to a great mansion. In the distance I could see quite clear in the moonlight a large town with towers and spires. It seemed quite sheltered by little hills, which rose at its back and sides, and appeared to nestle at their base, and its streets to try and climb up their sides. Once I was close to the town and looking at it, and then I was at the great house, and a young man came out and spoke to me. He was so handsome; tall and dark, with curly hair, and *such* nice whiskers. I am sure I should know him again if I saw him, and the town, and the river. Well then all was mist again, and after a long, long time I came back. It was such an odd dream, quite unlike other dreams."

"Well, my dear, I daresay it was in consequence of all your talk last night. John was telling me about your Hallowe'en doings."

"Perhaps it was Mr. Montagu I saw, aunt."

"Who is Mr. Montagu, Muriel?"

"Oh, don't you know?" and then pretty, fair-haired Lady Muriel told Mrs. Vaux all about our hero.

Meanwhile that gentleman was taking a constitutional on the new pier preparatory to breakfast. He had come down for a few days to taste the briny odours at Weston-super-Mud (as some one truly, though not very politely, named this now fashionable watering-place), not so much on account of the place itself, for he was not a believer in the efficacy of the iodine said to

be given out of the oozy slime at low water, but principally on my account, as he found that I had taken a house there.

I used to run up and down every day to Bristol to my place of business. My wife told me when I got home that night that he was coming to tea with us at seven o'clock (I always dined in Bristol), and mentioned incidentally that she had met him that morning when walking with Lady Muriel, and that he seemed much struck with her little ladyship. He was profuse in his apologies for not coming as he had promised the previous evening, but business had prevented him; "and your husband will tell you, Mrs. Beverley," he added, "that I make it a principle never to neglect business."

"Mr. Montagu!" Margaret announces, as she ushers into the room a tall, dark, gentlemanly-looking man about thirty years of age, perhaps a little more.

Little Ethel, our only child, aged two years, is sitting on the floor amusing us with her small gossip and pretty ways; but her mother who is one of those matrons that does not care to bore her guests with her babies as some people do, signs to Margaret to take off the little imp, who at first looks defiant, but at length good-naturedly succumbs and trots off laughingly after Maddie, as she calls our housemaid. Gerard begs that the little one shall not be taken away on his account, as he is fond of children, but mamma is peremptory, and only after much entreaty promises that baby shall come back to say good night.

We were sitting silently round the fire after the little one's departure.

"Well Gerard, what are you dreaming about?" I said, observing that usually amusing bachelor gazing into vacancy, as sober as a judge and quite as stupid-looking.

"Well, I was thinking of your fair friend, Mrs. Beverley;" he said, addressing my wife.

"Well, and what do you think of her, Mr. Montagu?"

"Me? oh I don't know, she has a very sweet face, I think. I like those oval faces with large violet eyes, and hair that sometimes looks dark and sometimes fair. You don't often see that hair, I think; it looks as if it were intended to be black or brown, only some stray sunbeams have got caught in its silken meshes.—Tell me about her,

Frank, I admire the little lady very much," he added.

"Well, first and foremost, she is only sixteen."

"Nonsense: she looks quite nineteen or twenty."

"Yes, I daresay she does to a stranger, for she has had a great deal of trouble."

"I think I understood you, she was a lady of title," Gerard said turning to Mildred.

"Yes; her father was Lord Kilpatrick, but on his death the title went to a distant cousin who lives in the North of England. The Earl died intestate, and his widow was left entirely unprovided for, but Lady Muriel has found a good friend in Captain Falconbridge who has adopted her, and no doubt on his death she will be very well off."

"Have her family taken no notice of her?"

"Not the slightest; indeed, they scarcely know of her existence. I believe Lady Kilpatrick, considering herself neglected by them in her life, and being a proud woman made Captain Falconbridge, (who was an old lover of her's and was to have married her, had she not been carried off suddenly), promise to have no communication with them if he could avoid it."

"Her name appears in *Burke*, and that is about all the connection her ladyship has with the aristocracy, and besides ourselves they scarcely know a soul in Weston, but the doctor and clergyman of the parish," I added.

"Kilpatrick! I fancy I've heard that name before," Gerard remarks. "What is the second title?"

"Viscount Chelmondiston."

"Lord Chelmondiston, of course I know the name. He was Captain in our Artillery Corps at Abbot Wrington."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, and a very nice fellow, though rather fast. I don't suppose he is more than twenty-three, or so."

"What is he like?"

"Well he's not at all like Lady Muriel."

"Don't suppose he is, for she takes after her mother, so I've heard Falconbridge say; and besides the relationship must be very remote. I've been told that the title went to a cousin about sixteen times removed."

"Nonsense, Fred," murmurs Mrs. Beverley over her work.

"Well, my dear, I am sure the late Earl of Kilpatrick was a precious distant relative

of the present one, who it is hoped is a better sort of fellow than he was."

Presently baby who had been put to bed, but resolutely refused to sleep, was brought down stairs in an unpleasant state of wakefulness, and not being one of the shy sort made overtures to Gerard, who seemed nothing loth to take her, much to her mother's delight, and he immediately rose 100 per cent. in her estimation, I could see. However, the young urchin persisted in flogging her doll to such an extent for some heinous offence against propriety (which it was thought dolls were not in the habit of committing) and otherwise became so obstreperous through Montagu's encouragement that summary measures had to be resorted to, and the young tyrant removed from the scene of her labour in a state of howl.

"Baby is a great favourite with everybody," her mamma proudly says, "but Lady Muriel quite spoils her."

"Indeed," said Gerard, "then who would not be spoiled?"

"'Tis a sweet face, the sweetest I have ever seen."

"Who's? Baby's?" Mildred asked.

"No. Your friend Lady Muriel's."

"Oh! Yes, well she is pretty."

When we retired for the night, Mildred said to me, "Fred, dear, I do believe its a case of love at first sight."

"What between, Gerard and the baby?"

"No, you great goose."

"Well, who then?"

"Why, Mr. Montagu, of course; can't you see he's fallen in love with Muriel?"

"Bosh! my dear. You women are all matchmakers. It's all bosh."

"Well, he's a nice fellow, I like him; and how baby took to him!"

(To be continued.)

PARTING.

'Tis hard to render up the things we love—
The active life and troops of kindly friends—

And moan in anguish like some stricken dove;—

The spirit bears it, but the heart it rends,

But then, the loving one that's with me
shared

All joy and sorrow through a chequer'd
way,

As though by suffering we were more en-
dear'd,

Ne'er tires, but tends me both by night
and day.

If aught on earth in suffering can sustain,
And in surrounding gloom a brightness
shed,

'Tis thus—to find the loved one e'er remain,
Though faint and weary, watching by
my bed.

Oh, loving Lord, who dost two hearts
inspire

With thine own sympathy so deep and
wide ;

To Thee in fervent prayer our hearts
aspire,

That we who're one on earth, may one
in heaven abide.

A Review.

Morituri Salutamus. Poem by H. W.
Longfellow.

We have already reviewed the little volume in which this striking poem is to be found ; but we have felt ever since we first read it, how well it deserves the appreciation of our readers in the "Masonic Magazine," as few poems, in our humble opinion, have been so true a specimen of genuine poetry, and more certainly have had more to commend them to the tastes and sympathies of all ages and all classes. But we will let the poetry speak for itself, keeping before us those well chosen lines which Mr. Longfellow gives us as a motto to his happy verse, well known to some of us—

"Tempora labuntur, tacitissime senescimus
annis,

Et fugiunt freno non remorante dies."

OLD OVID.

Let us listen to the introduction :—

"O Ceasar, we who are about to die,
Salute you !" was the gladiators' cry
In the arena, standing face to face
With death and with the Roman populace."

With but little waste of words the poet advances very properly "rem," for let us bear in mind that this is a poem written and spoken for the fiftieth anniversary of the Class of 1875, in Bowdoin College, U.S. :—

"O ye familiar scenes,—ye groves of pine,
That once were mine and are no longer
mine,—

Thou river, widening through the
meadows green

To the vast sea, so near and yet unseen,—

Ye halls, in whose seclusion and repose

Phantoms of fame, like exhalations, rose
And vanished,—we who are to die

Salute you ; earth and air and sea and
sky,

And the Imperial Sun that scatters
down

His sovereign splendors upon grove
and town."

And most true and touching is the apostrophe which follows :—

"Ye do not answer us ! ye do not hear !
We are forgotten ; and in your austere
And calm indifference, ye little care
Whether we come or go, or whence or
where.

What passing generations fill these halls,
What passing voices echo from these
walls,

Ye heed not ; we are only as the blast,
A moment heard, and then forever past.

Not so the teachers who in earlier days
Led our bewildered feet through learn-
ing's maze ;

They answer us—alas ! what have I said?
What greetings come there from the
voiceless dead ?

What salutation, welcome, or reply ?
What pressure from the hands that life-
less lie ?

They are no longer here ; they all are
gone

Into the land of shadows,—all save one.
Honor and reverence, and the good
repute

That follows faithful service as its fruit,
Be unto him, whom living we salute."

How very effecting are the following
happy lines :—

"And ye who fill the places we once filled,
And follow in the furrows that we tilled,



Young men, whose generous hearts are
 beating high.
 We who are old, and are about to die,
 Salute you ; hail you ; take your hands
 in ours,
 And crown you with our welcome as
 with flowers !
 How beautiful is youth ! how bright it
 gleams
 With its illusions, aspirations, dreams !
 Book of Beginnings, Story without End,
 Each maid a heroine, and each man a
 friend !
 Aladdin's Lamp, and Fortunatus' Purse,
 That holds the treasures of the universe !
 All possibilities are in its hands,
 No danger daunts it, and no foe with-
 stands ;
 In its sublime audacity of faith,
 ' Be thou removed ! ' it to the mountain
 saith,
 And with ambitious feet, secure and
 proud,
 Ascends the ladder leaning on the cloud !
 As ancient Priam at the Scæan gate
 Sat on the walls of Troy in regal state
 With the old men, too old and weak to
 fight,
 Chirping like grasshoppers in their
 delight
 To see the embattled hosts, with spear
 and shield,
 Of Trojans and Achæians in the field ;
 So from the snowy summits of our years
 We see you in the plain, as each appears,
 And question of you ; asking, ' Who is
 he
 That towers above the others ? Which
 may be
 Atreides, Menelaus, Odysseus,
 Ajax the great, or bold Idomeneus ? ' "

And here comes in a seasonable word
 of warning :—

" Let him not boast who puts his armor on
 As he who puts it off, the battle done.
 Study yourselves ; and most of all note
 well
 Wherein kind Nature meant you to
 excel.
 Not every blossom ripens into fruit ;
 Minerva, the inventress of the flute,
 Flung it aside, when she her face sur-
 veyed
 Distorted in a fountain as she played ;

The unlucky Marsyas found it, and his
 fate
 Was one to make the bravest hesitate.
 Write on your doors the saying wise
 and old,
 ' Be bold ; be bold ! ' and everywhere—
 ' Be bold ;
 Be not too hold ! ' Yet better the excess
 Than the defect ; better the more than
 less ;
 Better like Hector in the field to die,
 Than like a perfumed Paris turn and
 fly."

Such a fact as is now depicted by the
 poet has necessarily a side of melancholy
 well represented in the moving words
 which follow :—

" And now, my classmates ; ye remaining
 few
 That number not the half of those we
 knew,
 Ye, against whose familiar names not yet
 The fatal asterisk of death is set,
 Ye I salute ! The horologe of Time
 Strikes the half-century with a solemn
 chime,
 And summons us together once again,
 The joy of meeting not unmixed with
 pain.
 Where are the others ? Voices from the
 deep
 Caverns of darkness answer me : ' They
 sleep ! '
 I name no names ; instinctively I feel
 Each at some well-remembered grave
 will kneel,
 And from the inscription wipe the weeds
 and moss,
 For every heart best knoweth its own
 loss.

I see their scattered gravestones gleam-
 ing white
 Through the pale dusk of the impending
 night ;
 O'er all alike the impartial sunset
 throws
 Its golden lilies mingled with the rose ;
 We give to each a tender thought, and
 pass
 Out of the graveyards with their tangled
 grass,
 Unto these scenes frequented by our feet
 When we were young, and life was
 fresh and sweet.

What shall I say to you? What can I say
 Better than silence is? When I survey
 This throng of faces turned to meet my
 own,
 Friendly and fair, and yet to me un-
 known,
 Transformed the very landscape seems
 to be;
 It is the same, yet not the same to
 me.
 So many memories crowd upon my
 brain,
 So many ghosts are in the wooded
 plain,
 I fain would steal away, with noiseless
 tread,
 As from a house where some one lieth
 dead.
 I cannot go;—I pause;—I hesitate;
 My feet reluctant linger at the gate;
 As one who struggles in a troubled
 dream
 To speak and cannot, to myself I seem.”

And here comes as fine a burst of poetic
 fervour and truthfulness as it has been
 our lot to peruse for many a long day:—

“Vanish the dream! Vanish the idle
 fears!

Vanish the rolling mists of fifty years!
 Whatever time or space may intervene,
 I will not be a stranger in this scene.
 Here every doubt, all indecision ends;
 Hail, my companions, comrades, class-
 mates, friends!

Ah me! the fifty years since last we
 met

Seem to me fifty folios bound and set
 By Time, the great transcriber, on his
 shelves,

Wherein are written the histories of
 ourselves.

What tragedies, what comedies, are
 there;

What joy and grief, what rapture and
 despair!

What chronicles of triumph and defeat,
 Of struggle, and temptation, and re-
 treat!

What records of regrets, and doubts,
 and fears!

What pages blotted, blistered by our
 tears!

What lovely landscapes on the margin
 shine,
 What sweet, angelic faces, what divine
 And holy images of love and trust,
 Undimmed by age, unsoiled by damp
 or dust!

Whose hand shall dare to open and
 explore

These volumes, closed and clasped for
 evermore?

Not mine. With reverential feet I pass;
 I hear a voice that cries, ‘Alas! alas!
 Whatever hath been written shall re-
 main,

Nor be erased nor written o’er again;
 The unwritten only still belongs to thee:
 Take heed, and ponder well what that
 shall be.”

Most effective is the poet’s “argumen-
 tum ad peiores et ad seniores!”:—

“The scholar and the world! The endless
 strife,

The discord in the harmonies of life!

The love of learning, the sequestered
 nooks,

And all the sweet serenity of books;
 The market-place, the eager love of gain,
 Whose aim is vanity, and whose end is
 pain!

But why, you ask me, should this tale
 be told

To men grown old, or who are growing
 old?

It is too late! Ah, nothing is too late
 Till the tired heart shall cease to palpi-
 tate.

Cato learned Greek at eighty; Sophocles
 Wrote his grand *Œdipus*, and Simonides
 Bore off the prize of verse from his com-
 peers,

When each had numbered more than
 fourscore years,

And Theophrastus, at fourscore and ten,
 Had but begun his *Characters of Men*.

Chaucer, at Woodstock with the night-
 ingales,

At sixty wrote the *Canterbury Tales*;
 Goethe at Weimar, toiling to the last,
 Completed *Faust* when eighty years were
 past.

These are indeed exceptions; but they
 show

How far the gulf-stream of our youth
 may flow

Into the arctic regions of our lives,
Where little else than life itself sur-
vives."

There is something almost hushed and
beautiful in the closing lines :—

"As the barometer foretells the storm
While still the skies are clear, the
weather warm,
So something in us, as old age draws
near,

Betrays the pressure of the atmosphere.
The nimble mercury, ere we are aware,
Descends the elastic ladder of the air ;
The telltale blood in artery and vein
Sinks from its higher levels in the brain ;
Whatever poet, orator, or sage
May say of it, old age is still old age.
It is the waning, not the crescent moon,
The dusk of evening, not the blaze of
noon :

It is not strength, but weakness ; not
desire,

But its surcease ; not the fierce heat of
fire,

The burning and consuming element,
But that of ashes and of embers spent,
In which some living sparks we still dis-
cern,

Enough to warm, but not enough to
burn.

What then ? Shall we sit idly down
and say

The night hath come ; it is no longer
day ?

The night hath not yet come ; we are
not quite

Cut off from labour by the failing light ;
Something remains for us to do or dare ;
Even the oldest tree some fruit may
bear ;

Not *Œdipus Coloneus*, or *Greek Ode*,
Or tales of pilgrims that one morning
rode

Out of the gateway of the *Tabard Inn*,
But other something, would we but
begin ;

For age is opportunity no less
Than youth itself, though in another
dress,

And as the evening twilight fades away
The sky is filled with stars invisible by
day."

We have preferred to let these golden
words speak for themselves. Many of

them are imprinted in our memories, and
we trust that they will be preserved in the
memories of many others, as no better,
nobler words were ever uttered by any of
"God's singers," and no more effective
and real and living, poetry in its highest
characteristics, has been submitted in our
age at any rate, to the sympathies of the
cultured, and the admiration of the intelli-
gent.

THE WOMEN OF OUR TIME.

BY CÆLEBS.

UNSATISFACTORY WOMEN.

I AM getting very near the "end of my
tether," and in another paper these lucubrations
of mine must have an end. But
before I close the fitful page, I wish to say
a word upon a topic which is, I think,
sometimes overlooked by us all in dealing
with the question of our female world to-
day. We meet in society often with
women whom it is difficult to class in
any of the categories we have been touch-
ing upon. "Nondescripts" we may not
unfairly term them ; and most unsatisfac-
tory they are, under every form, and in
every circumstance, in which you confront
them, or they alarm you. I do not mean
to say that this unsatisfactoriness is evi-
denced in the same way, because it is not,
but yet we all know it, and all have ex-
perienced it, more or less. How many un-
satisfactory women do you and I, kind
readers, know, and know well, too, in our
little neighbourhoods, and even domestic
circles ? Unsatisfactory they are—most
unsatisfactory—in every relation of life,
too often making life a curse, instead of a
blessing, to many a poor wayfarer here,
and perverting the great gifts and privi-
leges of home existence, of talents, and
powers, and graces, to the very worst pos-
sible use, forgetting alike their responsi-
bility to God, and their duty to man. It
is perhaps not quite so easy, as I attempted
to point out at first, to lay down decidedly
here any strict canon of that which makes
up an unsatisfactory woman, because some

women are unsatisfactory in one way, some in another. But there often comes over us, in society, a sense of unsatisfactoriness as regards this daughter of Eve, or that daughter of Eve, which we perhaps find difficult ourselves to analyze or explain, but still it exists, and acts upon us, and dominates alike our sympathies and behaviour. Of course we ought always to be on our guard against prejudice, hasty prepossessions, self-opinionated dislikes. If it be true, as some has said, that the world is full of prejudices, and that most people are prejudiced in it, admitting the truth in the abstract of this old assertion, yet we should on higher grounds, and animated by a truer teaching, always set our faces against rash and premature prejudices. Second impressions are sometimes better than first, or rather first impressions are modified by subsequent knowledge and more matured experience.

But putting all prejudice out of the question, it is impossible, I think, to deny that, as a general rule, we are all more or less struck by,—just as we “spot,” to use a slang word of our young men to-day,—the unsatisfactory woman. If we can hardly explain it ourselves, still there she is, as large as life, and most unsatisfactory to us. “Oh, most unsatisfactory of women!” we mentally exclaim, “May your shadow never grow less, but may I never see your blessed face again.” And if the stern philosopher may say, in exactness she is only subjectively unsatisfactory to you—not objectively, remember—be it so. We deal for the most part as individuals with subjective trifles and realities. The objective we leave, and must leave, to what somebody has termed your “first-principle people,” who, by the way, often appear to me to act on second principles, if indeed they do act on any principles at all.

The unsatisfactory woman then, who is now before us, is unsatisfactory in and by numerous ways and means. She is unsatisfactory in her “morale,” or her manners, her temper or her tea parties, her words or her ways, her habit or her h’s, her dress or her drawing-room, her “tricks of the stage,” or her “tout-ensemble.” She may bully her husband or her children, she may slight her relations or her friends, she may defy the rules of society, or disobey the moral code of Mrs. Grundy (low even as it

be), or else she may give so bad a tone to her own circle, and so mislead the neighbourhood in which she takes a prominent part, that the whole moral atmosphere around her is impregnated with the odours of what is “maquin,” uncomfortable, unsatisfactory, unbecoming. Then there is that unsatisfactory woman, so common, weak at home, childish abroad, who is sort of “waiter upon Providence,” the toady of her richer neighbours. She always is repeating what Mrs. Twoshoes has said, or is lost in admiration at what Mrs. Giddy has done. She is always second-hand, never original; and if you talk to her, it is like speaking to a parrot, for she does nothing but repeat to you stock sentences which have no meaning in themselves, and which she positively does not understand herself.

Then, again, we have that very unsatisfactory woman who is above, as she calls them, “the cold conventionalites of society.” “She does not care what the world says or what people think, not she,” and accordingly you hear from her very astounding sentiment often, and note in her many very peculiar proceedings. A good deal of all this is put on, no doubt,—female bravado,—“falutin,”—swagger,—“fastness,” which she foolishly thinks please men, and attract masculine admiration. But you who like to see a woman self-possessed and self-respecting, who desiderate reserve and restraint in the woman of your heart, you move away with a sigh of regret, from a boldness which only alarms, and from an unfemininity which greatly depresses.

Once more, we have the unsatisfactory woman who will always lecture and preach in season and out of season. I for one equally object to a woman dogmatically laying down the law, as well as always “testifying” and “ejaculating.” No good that I am aware of ever came from hyper-profession, and I am certain that in the case of a woman it leads to unreality of life and action, throwing the colouring of a blatant pharasaism over what should be the active, consistent piety of the humble, unostentatious, silent, religious woman! And what a blessing a truly religious woman is and may be in a family and a neighbourhood. We all of us know how great her worth, and her intense usefulness to society, and we have some of us full experience and pleasant memories

of a true-hearted, religious woman ! But in my humble opinion there is no such unsatisfactory woman as she who is always mouthing and mumbling religious phrases, and in her daily conduct, before her children and servants, is alike uncertain in temper, and inconsistent in act, the slave of every passing whim, and the puppet of every intriguing sycophant. And lastly we have that far too common and very unsatisfactory woman who is a "rolling stone" in society, who certainly "gather no moss," who has found no husband, and has retained no friends. She is malicious, gossiping, uncharitable, mendacious, and nothing gives her greater pleasure than to set people by the ears, to make mischief in a domestic circle, to separate "chief friends," and to render others in fact as unsettled and as uncomfortable, if not as heartless, as herself. Does our memory conjure up no vision to-day before our eyes, clear and full of the babbling, gossip-moungering, tiresome, most unsatisfactory woman, who seemed to find pleasure in the troubles of her neighbours, who appeared to derive gratification from the general uneasiness of a family or a parish ? Alas ! ever at this moment there rises up before us the picture, only too real and living, of that unsatisfactory woman, who made us so very ill at ease, and poured such verjuice into our cup of happiness, in life's young morn, or in the maturer hours of after life ! we can recall her grating words and her irritating voice, the sneers with which she disheartened the young, and the callousness with which she tyrannised over the old ; and we are glad to think that for us, at any rate, her presence has past away, and that other scenes and duties call us from our old familiar spot, and that she, though she troubles others still, has no part or lot in our normal daily life. I have said all this in kindness after all, not in anger or reproach, for unsatisfactory women are happily the exception to the rule, and as the old Latin saying runs, prove the rule to be the "clear contrary." Here I stop to-day. In my last chapter next month (D.V.) I shall hope to sum up all that may be said fairly for women, and point out how foolish and perverse are the often childish complaints of men, the witless sarcasms of the coxcomb, the railer, the disappointed, and the demoralized.

THE SCHOOLMASTER ABROAD.

BY THEOPHILUS TOMLINSON.

YEARS ago, at a pleasant meeting in a country village, in the diffusion (and confusion) of general knowledge and improvement, the writer of this little paper ventured to point out to a kind and assenting audience that one of the "indicæ" of the advance of education amongst us, and the valuable labours of the schoolmaster, would be found in the signing of marriage registers. At that time, and for some time previously, the return through the Registrar-General's department as to "marks" and "crosses," instead of actually written names, was of the blackest. I remarked then, and I see no reason to modify my statement to-day, that we must not accept however such a return as absolutely an indication of the exact number of those who could write and those who could not. And for this reason, the marriage ceremony is always more or less one of nervousness and excitement to our young people, especially those of the toiling classes. The writer had once upon a time something to do with marriage, and the serious responsibility of marrying happy couples, and he remembers well how very often, especially in the case of the woman who could write her name, but would not for some reason or other, the register book would have contained nothing but the too common X

Jenny Stiles,
her Mark,

had it not been for his persuasion and exhortation. How often has he heard it said by the plucky maiden, "Weel, if I moost wroite, I will ; thou know'st best." For curiously enough such is the sympathy of the sexes, that if the man cannot or will not write, the woman sometimes will not either ; and there even has been a prejudice or superstition, call it what you like, existing in many parts of our rural districts, that it was unlucky to sign your own name, and better to make the usual mark or cross. We cannot therefore assume as an indisputable fact, that all who do not sign their names in the registers of marriage cannot write ; but I think we may fairly assume that the prevalence of

marks or crosses denotes a high rate if not of actual regressing of indifference, at any rate, perhaps to some extent, of both combined. Still I am glad, after the lapse of ten years, to see from some statistical returns, which I give below, that there is a gradual breaking down of the great burst of apathy and ignorance in this respect, and that the mighty sea of general instruction appears to be overrunning happily the fallow fields of uninstructedness, leaving a fertile sediment behind, which will germinate and fructify, let us hope, in the good providence of God, in after years.

I invite the attention of my readers to the following "statistics and story of ignorances," for they are very striking as they are very encouraging:—

"The annual abstracts of the marriage registers of England and Wales show a continued decrease in the number of persons who, on marrying, have to excuse themselves when called upon to sign the register, and make a "mark" instead of writing their names. In the year 1873 "marks" had to be made by 18·8 per cent. of the men marrying, and 25·4 per cent. of the women; in 1874, for which the returns have now been issued, the numbers were reduced to 17·9 per cent. of the men, and 24·2 per cent. of the women. Every one of the 11 divisions of the kingdom shows a smaller number of illiterates, though the same cannot be said of every county. London shows, in 1874, only 8·1 per cent. of its men making their marks, but 13·1 per cent. of the women; the south-eastern division has only 11·5 per cent. of its women not writing their names, but 14·2 per cent. of its men. In the southern parts of England—the south-western division, the south-eastern, the eastern, and the south-midland—there are generally more of the men than of the women unable to write their names. The number of women in those parts ignorant of the art of writing is as low as 9·4 per cent. in Sussex, and is below—commonly far below—20 per cent. in every county except Hertfordshire, where it is 21·6; Buckinghamshire, 23·9; Cornwall, 24·1; and Bedfordshire no less than 33·1 per cent. This last county may boast of its straw-plat manufacture, but it has the humiliation of showing that one-third of its women marrying and 27·4 per cent. of

the men do not write their own names, and both ratios are higher in the return for 1874 than they were in 1873. The same disability is shown by 24·9 per cent. of the men marrying in Cambridgeshire, 25·9 in Norfolk, and 26·1 in Suffolk and Hertfordshire. But north and south differ considerably. In three of the five southerly divisions the ignorant men are less than 19 per cent., but they are below that ratio in four of the five more northerly divisions; the women unable to write are below 18 per cent. in four of the five southerly divisions, but they are above 27 per cent. in four of the five northerly divisions. The illiterate men reach a high figure in three west-midland counties—in Herefordshire, 24·3; in Shropshire, 25·3; in Staffordshire, 31·7 per cent.; but further north the county returns hardly ever show 20 per cent., and in Westmoreland they are as low as 8 per cent. The women unable to write are nearly 26 per cent. in Cheshire, more than 26 in Shropshire and Warwickshire, more than 27 in Nottinghamshire, nearly 32 in Durham, nearly 33 in the West Riding, more than 34 in Lancashire, and more than 38 in Staffordshire. Several of these counties are in the west-midland, which is the worst of all the English divisions, showing 24·5 per cent. of the men and 28·5 per cent. of the women illiterate. But Wales beats even this. In North Wales, 26·1 per cent. of the men and 34·5 per cent. of the women who were married in 1874 could not write their names; in South Wales, 27·1 per cent. of the men and 41·3 of the women, or two in every five. The return gives a separate account for the districts not containing parliamentary boroughs, and therefore, we may suppose, of a more rural character. In these districts the number of illiterate men rises to 20·7 per cent., but the number of illiterate women declines to 21·8 per cent. Yet here, again, South Wales makes a return of 28·4 per cent. of its men illiterate, and 44·7 per cent. of its women. And Monmouthshire keeps it in countenance with 35·4 per cent. of its men and 43·2 of its women unable to write."

It is rather remarkable that in these returns the general education of the women appears to be less than that of the men, so late as the end of 1874, which clearly

is not the case in itself, as all educationists know well, and therefore some explanation must be found for this evident unreliability of the returns per se as a test of actual education. In 1873 it seems that 18·8 per cent. of the men marrying made their "marks," and 25·4 per cent. of the women, while in 1874, 17·8 per cent. of the men and 24·2 per cent. of the women made their marks. Gratifying as the decrease is of the "marks," of ignorance, or nervousness, or indifference, as the case may be, in either sex, we hope and believe that succeeding years will show still more striking results, as a general unletteredness passes away, and education is happily universal among our true-hearted people.

THE ORIGIN AND REFERENCES OF THE HERMESIAN SPURIOUS FREEMASONRY.

BY REV. GEO. OLIVER, D.D.

(Continued from page 148.)

CHAPTER XII.

THE REFERENCE TO A TRIAD OF DEITY.

"The Monad is there first where the paternal Monad subsists. The Monad is extended which generates two. The mind of the Father said that all things should be cut into three. His will assented, and immediately all things were cut. The mind of the Eternal Father said into three, governing all things by mind. The Father mingled every spirit from this Triad. All things are governed in the bosoms of this Triad. All things are governed and subsist in these three."—ORACLES OF ZOROASTER.

IN speculating on the religious customs and ceremonies of ancient heathen nations, we are obliged to wander in darkness; and the conclusions to which we arrive are necessarily the result of analogy and conjecture rather than of sober argument founded on certain and intelligible data. Modern discovery amongst the monuments of Egypt has thrown considerable light upon the civil affairs of that people, which contributes materially to illustrate their knowledge of the arts and sciences, and the practices and enjoyments of domestic and social life; but on the abstruse doctrines of their religion we have still much to learn.

While such able and talented scholars as Bishop Warburton, Sir William Jones, Maurice, Bryant, Faber, Bishop Tomline, and other writers of equal eminence, cannot agree on the construction and reference of the heathen triads, where are we to look for light to guide us through the mazes of this difficult inquiry? One supposes that they were derived from some mutilated tradition of a trinity which prevailed in the earliest ages of the world, and was known to mankind before the dispersion from Shinar, when they lived together in society as one great family, with the patriarch Noah at its head as their prophet, priest, and king. Others dissent from this supposition, and maintain that it is little short of blasphemy to class the Christian Trinity with the impure triads which prevailed amongst the heathen, and not to be tolerated for a moment. Of the latter opinion was Sir William Jones and Mr. Faber, both of them learned, talented, and wise; and amongst those who favour the former theory, Bishop Tomline and Mr. Maurice may be mentioned, and they occupy a prominent situation in the ranks of theological literature. Under these circumstances this great question must remain undecided; and every reader will form his own conclusions while I endeavour to explain the reference to a triad of deity which is contained in the hieroglyphic before us.

The figure is furnished with a human head. This is an instance of symbolical combination which does not often occur on the Egyptian monuments, except in their sphinxes, emblematical of strength and wisdom, and also of regeneration, a doctrine which the Egyptians are said to have derived from the patriarchal religion.* The body of the sphinx was that of a lion with the head of a man; and it was consequently a symbol of those deities who united the attributes of wisdom and strength in their own person. Some have wings, and others not. The Theban sphinx has the head and bosom of a girl, the claws of a lion, the body of a dog, the tail of a dragon, and the wings of a bird. The Egyptian sphinx has two sexes, and are found with human hands armed with crooked nails, with beards; the Persea plant upon the chin; horses' tails

* Lord Lindsay's Letters, vol. i. p. 85.

and legs, veiled, &c. Plutarch says that it was placed before temples to show the sacredness of the mysteries.* But when the hawk occurred with a human face, it signified "the soul with hands and wings,"† or "the soul in the sun, or the great spirit manifested in the abime of the heaven."‡

A curious instance of a winged figure with a human head, which is found on one of the monuments of Egypt, has been described by Champollion, in a letter to the Duke of Blacas, as existing in the Museum at Turin. He thinks it a memorial of the daughter of Pharaoh, who adopted Moses as her son. And in a plate of an Egyptian obelisk found among the papers of the late Mr. Taylor, the Platonist, and engraven in "Fraser's Magazine,"§ we find a hawk with a human head. The instances of this practice are, however, of rare occurrence.

The Greeks represented their deities in the human form, attended by the animal which constituted the acknowledged symbol of their respective attributes. Thus Jupiter was accompanied by an eagle, Minerva by an owl, Juno by a peacock, Venus by a dove, Dionysus by a bull, Cybele by a lion, &c. ; but in Egypt the head of the symbol was generally placed upon the body of a man, and thus the deities in the Egyptian Pantheon were easily distinguished from each other.

Sometimes the figure was altogether human, and identified by appropriate symbols. Thus Cneph was represented as a man crowned with magnificent plumes of feathers, with a girdle and a sceptre, and extruding from his mouth an egg. The plumes denoted his invisibility, his omnipresence, and spiritual power. The egg was the world, of which he is thus proclaimed to be the creator, produced by the breath, or in other words, the spirit of his mouth. "The doctrine taught in the Pimander is not at variance with that attributed to the Egyptians by Porphyry. Cneph, the Demiourgos, the great Opifex-verum, was considered, as we learn from Plutarch, as an unbegotten and immortal being. This then was the intellectual spirit which produced the world, and which gave

form and order to the shapeless mass. This was the spirit of God which moved on the face of the waters."*

Sometimes Cneph was depicted as a serpent with a hawk's head, and it is remarkable that although the hawk was considered the representative of other deities besides Cneph, its head attire denoted the particular deity whom it represented. Thus if it had upon its head nothing, it signified Orus ; if the pschent, it represented Harsiesi ; if with a complicated plume of feathers in a peculiar form, it was the emblem of Phtah ; if with the disc of the sun, Rhe, &c. Under the above appearance it was feigned that when Cneph opened his eyes the world was illuminated by light, and when he closed them it was involved in impenetrable darkness.†

But all their numerous male divinities were resolvable into the sun, and all the female ones into the moon ; and even these latter were sometimes identified with the former. In Egypt Cneph, or Amon, is the sun or the divine word. He enters the golden circle of the year in the sign Aries ; and having obtained a victory over the darkness in his progress through the lower hemisphere, he emerges forth in light and brightness to invigorate Nature and bring the fruits of the earth to perfection. He is sometimes painted with a ram's head and a deep blue colour.

The polyonymy of the heathen deities was one of the artifices of the priesthood to veil their mysteries from the penetration of the vulgar. "If the several histories of the principal deities, revered by the most ancient nations, be considered, we shall find them at once allusive to the Sabian idolatry and to the catastrophe of the Deluge. Thus the account which is given of Osiris and Isis, if taken in one point of view, directs our attention to the sun and the moon ; but if in another, it places immediately before our eyes the great patriarch and the vessel in which he was preserved. Accordingly we learn from Plutarch that Osiris was a husbandman, a legislator, and a zealous advocate for the worship of the gods ; that Typhon, or the sea, conspired against him, and compelled him to enter into an ark, and that this event took place

* Fosbr. Encyc. vol. i. p. 122, n.

† Champol. Mon. Eg. Tom. i. cxxxix. 2.

‡ Lefsius, xxxii. 85 ; Gal. Ant. p. 55.

§ Vol. xvi. p. 629.

* Drummond. Origines, vol. iii. p. 152.

† See Euseb. Prap. Evan. l. i. 10.

on the seventeenth day of the month Athyr, the very day on which Noah is said to have embarked. In a similar manner a ship was the peculiar symbol of Isis; while the symbolical bull was alike dedicated both to this goddess and to her mythological consort, the history of her wanderings presents to us the image of the erratic state of the ark upon the surface of the waters; yet there is no doubt that the sun was worshipped by the Egyptians under the title of Osiris, and the moon under that of Isis or Ceres.*

The soul of Osiris was feigned to have been transferred to the bull Apis, whence the veneration which was paid to him; and there was a statue of Isis inscribed *Isidi Myrionyma*, the thousand-named Isis. And even in Scandinavia the same figure was used to express the multifarious properties of their chief deity, Odin or Woden—

“When in the nations I am seen,
Mortals who to my fanes convene,
Shall hail me with a *thousand names*,
Great as celestial virtue claims.”†

But all the male divinities, however they might be named, were the same; and the female ones were sometimes represented as of two sexes, so that some have been in doubt whether they should address them as gods or goddesses. Thus it was said of Venus, “*pollentemque deum Venerem.*” This construction is approved by Macrobius, and therefore Virgil says,—

“*Discedo, et ducente deo flammam inter et hostes Expedior;*”

and not *dea*. Aristophanes speaks of the same goddess in the masculine gender as *Αφροδιτον*. And thus all the deities may be considered as one, although it is uncertain whether that one was deemed a male or an hermophradite, and we have already seen that the crescent or half circle was the androgene emblem.

“The deity was feigned to be both male and female—that which generates and that which produces; and this was a figment common to the mythologies both of the Greeks and of the Egyptians. More frequently and more naturally, however, the active and generating power was symbolized

by a male, while the passive and producing power was presented by a female deity. The sun, or the material heaven, was generally adored as the type of the former, and the moon, or more commonly the earth, was venerated as the proper image of the latter. Hence were feigned the marriages of Osiris and Isis, of Ouranos and Ge; hence was Ether, or Heaven, considered as the all-generating god, and the earth was worshipped as the great mother. Neither are we to ascribe to any other source the institution of those Phallic rites which ancient superstition performed with devotion, but which modern decency hesitates to mention and refuses to describe. It is clear that the priests who celebrated these impure mysteries, confounded the spiritual power that creates with the material power that generates.”*

The fact is, it was the union of the two divine principles of wisdom and love, light and heat, which are male and female, that produced this absurd doctrine. Cneph was supposed to be Androgynous, and, as we have just seen, was painted of a deep blue colour to represent wisdom; and to signify love he was depicted as in the act of ejecting an egg. The union of the above properties caused Jupiter to be described as of both sexes, being at once the cause of generation and production. The same principle may be applied to all other androgynal fictions.

With respect to the purple colour of Cneph, it may be observed that this colour was highly esteemed in the Spurious Freemasonry. The priests and priestesses of Eleusis wore purple robes, and sacrifices to the Eumenides could not be performed except in robes of that particular hue. Garments of purple wool were used in all sacrifices preceding the celebration of the mysteries; and the couches of the initiated were bound round by fillets of the same colour. The fields of Elysium were represented as being covered over with roses of purple; and these flowers were strewed on the tombs of the dead. All this was symbolical of a future life, because the candidate was supposed to have gone through the valley of the shadow of death during his initiation, and having been regenerated in the process, was passed on to the Autopsia, as an emblem of the life to come.

* Fab. Cab. vol. i. p. 151.

† Edda of Saemund, Song of Grimner. Cottle's version.

* Drummond. Origins, vol. ii. p. 161.

In the figure before us, the head of Osiris, as the crowned king of Egypt, is placed on the body of the scarab and hawk, to represent the sacred triad of deity, Phre or Re, Cneph-Phtha, or more properly Phtah; the former symbolized by the beetle, and represented as "the sun of both worlds; the god who diffused his light to the blessed in a future state. His titles are the sun of the two solar hills (rising and setting), great god, lord of heaven manifested with variegated plumes in the solar hill, resident in the centre of Edfou, the chief god belonging to the region of the abode of Orus, father of the gods in Senem, &c."* The second was symbolized by the hawk, which was sometimes identified by the serpent and sometimes called the Platonic Naces. Anaxagoras of Clazomene had been in Egypt and propagated a curious opinion amongst his disciples that this deity was the inventor of the seven liberal sciences.† The latter by Osiris, or the sun, or fire; and was reputed to be an emanation of the other two, having been mythologically born from the egg which was protruded out of the mouth of Cneph. Hence he is represented at Philœ holding on a potter's wheel an egg, with this inscription, "Phtah Totouem, the father of beginnings, his setting in motion the egg of the sun and moon, director of the gods of the upper world." It will be unnecessary to add that the egg here mentioned was the universe, and the universe was Cneph.

(To be continued.)

RECIPROCAL KINDNESS.

BY BRO. WILLIAM DARLEY, P.M.

I do like these Yankees somehow, and especially the brethren with whom I have been brought into contact—although I am

proud to meet with a Mason wherever I am—hence for the sake of the pleasant society I meet with occasionally, and to show that I am not ashamed of Masonry, I always wear my Past Master's scarf pin, which was given me by my wife.

An incident occurred a short time since upon which I look with great pleasure, and its associations will never be effaced from my memory.

I was about to wait on that excellent man, S. Plimsoll, Esq., M.P. (whose philanthropic labours have won him a place in the hearts of his countrymen), but having a little time on my hands I was going to see the House of Lords. On my way I was accosted by two ladies and a little boy, who were anxious to know how they could get in. I offered to show them if they would go with me. They consented. We had not advanced many steps when the elder lady said: "I see you are a Freemason, sir, by your scarf pin." "Yes I am," said I. Pointing to the other lady, the stranger said "That is a Mason's wife." Then said I, "she is my sister and Masonry is my religion, and I am sworn to protect her, although I have never seen her before.

The lady smiled, and said, "Yes I am a Mason's wife, and my husband is very proud of Masonry. He gave me a pin to wear on my coming to England, and told me if I got into any difficulty I was to find out a Mason, but I forgot to wear it, and have left it at my lodgings." She added "That is my son," pointing to a sharp intelligent-looking little boy. I took little Charley by the hand, and it was not long before we were at home together as though related, seeing all that was to be seen, little Charley asking at times questions which puzzled me. We spent a pleasant hour in going over both houses, and when parting at the door I gave my card by request, kissed little Charley and blessed them, and sent my blessing to my brother in Washington.

Some time passed, and I received a Masonic book of great interest, which was followed by a Directory of Columbia, with a dash against the name of Bro. C. F. Benjamin. I made up my mind to write to him, but pressure of business and affliction prevented me. On the 10th of July last I received a very beautifully

* Egyptian Monuments, p. 24.

† See Euseb Hist. Synga. p. 374.

illustrated book which made me blush, and with which I was greatly pleased.

Alfred, my son, took it up and looked over it with pleasure, expressed his delight at the respect shown to his pa by such a perfect stranger, and said, "Pa, I shall be made a Mason one day, that I will, and there's no mistake."

The dear boy, between 17 and 18, by his expression told that as far as his "heart" was concerned, he was fully prepared to be made a Mason, much of the outward principles of Masonry being much admired by him. He was truly a Lewis. But ambitious as he was to follow his father's footsteps, God has ordered otherwise.

That book was the last on which he looked on earth; he was taken ill, told us he was going to die, made his arrangements as to who should have certain books, his watch, and other articles of interest; he laid a week without a murmur, but cheerfully, triumphantly met his doom as though going a pleasant journey, kissed and blessed us each, with kisses for the absent ones, sending the message to his sister 300 miles away—"My blessing and fondest love to Amelia." He died on the 17th; before he left he proposed to sing to cheer me, a beautiful piece, "The Singer in the Skies," and went to engage in the realms of the blest, in that heavenly harmony. May I not call him a Lewis in heaven? A wreath decorated his breast within, and from the little circle of his acquaintances, were thrown wreaths and nosegays that covered his coffin, and I should add that just as he was about to breathe his last a fourth volume was placed in my hands by my servant from Bro. Benjamin. I look upon the incident with infinite pleasure, and have written expressive of my last wishes for little Charley as well as his parents, and should I not have the pleasure of meeting Bro. Benjamin on earth I have a sacred pleasure in thinking of this incident, and conclude with my devout prayer for the success of Masonry in America. May we be closer tied as nations by its influence, and in the absence of the privilege of shaking hands with him let me devoutly wish that we may meet in yon Grand Lodge when earth and seas are fled, and hear the Judge pronounce our end.

Our Archaeological Corner.

To the editor of the "MASONIC MAGAZINE."

Dear Sir and Brother,—I have in my cabinet an iron or steel seal similar in every respect, as regards the Masonic emblems, to that engraved at p. 131 of the Magazine, and which has evidently been struck from the same die. Mine, however, has two faces—



on the reverse one is what appears to me to be an early head of George III., crowned with a laurel wreath, and which is very similar to the heads of that monarch on the coinage of 1762, to about which period these seals may probably be assigned. My seal, which was dug up in Leicestershire some years ago, has two shallow holes in the sides, by which it was so fixed in the framework as to be reversible for use.

Yours fraternally,

WILLIAM KELLY,

Past Pro. G. Master,
Leicestershire and Rutland.

Leicester, Sept. 21, 1876.

THE STORY OF A LIFE.

BY G. J. WHYTE-MELVILLE.

(From "Temple Bar" for October.)

A child in a nursery crying—a boy in a cricket-field "out!"—
A youth for a phantasy sighing—a man with a fit of the gout—
A heart dried up and narrowed—a task repeated in vain—
A field ploughed deep and harrowed, but bare and barren of grain.
Some sense of experience wasted, of counsel misunderstood,
Of pleasure, bitter when tasted, and pain that did him no good.
Some sparks of sentiment perished—some flashes of genius lost—
A torrent of false love cherished—a ripple of true love crossed.

Some feeble breasting of trouble, to glide
 again with the stream—
 In principal void as a bubble—in purpose
 vague as a dream.
 A future hope half-hearted, for dim is the
 future now
 That the triple cord has parted, that death
 is damp on the brow.
 And a debt is to pay by the debtor—a
 a doctor, a lawyer, a nurse :
 A feeling he should have been better, a
 doubt if he could have been worse ;
 While the ghostly finger traces its ghostly
 message of doom,
 And a troop of ghostly faces pass on in a
 darkened room ;
 With ghostly shapes to beckon, and
 ghostly voices to call,
 And the grim recorder to reckon, and add
 the total of all.
 The sum of a life expended—a pearl in a
 pig-trough cast—
 A comedy played and ended—and what has
 it come to at last ?
 A dead man propped on a pillow—the
 journey taken alone—
 The tomb with an urn and a willow, and a
 lie carved deep in the stone !

FREEMASONRY IN FRANCE.

BY BRO. J. H. GABALL.

THE action of the Congress at Lausanne has evoked a report from the Council of Rites of the Grand Orient of France, which was adopted by the latter body at its meeting of the 28th August, 1876, and it was ordered that the Report, and the Summary of the History of Freemasonry in France, of which a translation is given below, should be published in the "Bulletin Official."

It will perhaps be necessary to explain that at the Congress at Lausanne eleven Supreme Councils were represented, viz. those of England, Belgium, Colon (Cuba), Italy, Peru, Scotland, France, Greece, Hungary, Portugal and Switzerland. By the proceedings of the Congress it appeared that the right was denied to the Grand Orient of France of conferring the high degrees of

the Scottish rite, and to the Masons under the jurisdiction of the Grand Orient of France the legitimate possession of such degrees. The Grand College of Rites naturally objects, in its report to the Grand Council of the Grand Orient, to such an aggression on their hitherto acknowledged privileges, and to what it terms the audacious assertions of the Congress of Lausanne. It states that their mission would be incompletely fulfilled if they simply published this document ; and they thought that it would be well to show what was the state of things in France, from a Masonic point of view, before the publication of the manifesto of the Congress of Lausanne, and to this end gives a resumé of the organisation of the Grand Orient of France.

Article 2 of the General Statutes provides, that Masonry comprises "ateliers" of different degrees under the denomination of Lodges, Chapters and Councils. There exists besides a central power, which, under the appellation of "Grand College of Rites, Suprême Conseil pour la France et les possessions Françaises," has the sole right of initiation into the last degrees of Freemasonry. In the terms of this article of the Constitution the Lodges of the Grand Orient confer the three first degrees, Apprentice, Fellow-Craft and Master Mason ; the Chapters confer the grades of Capitular Masonry from the 4th to the 18th degree ; the Councils confer the Philosophic Grades from the 19th to the 30th degree ; and lastly, to the College of Rites is reserved the power of conferring the 31st, the 32nd and the 33rd and last degree of the Scottish Rite. The Supreme Council of France practises the same rite, possesses Lodges of the same grades, and the members of both bodies have hitherto been in cordial and fraternal relation with each other, in conformity with the principles of Freemasonry, which arrangement Article 18 of the treaty of Lausanne would tend to destroy, by attacking at once the right of the Grand Orient of France (which is thereby declared a usurper of the Scottish Rite) ; the regularity of its Capitular and Philosophic bodies ; and also the regularity of Masons under its jurisdiction."

It is hardly possible for English Masons to understand the rather complicated re-

lations of these apparently conflicting and concurrent jurisdictions, each of which is naturally tenacious of its hitherto acknowledged privileges; but in any case the summary of the history of Freemasonry in France will be interesting, and its attentive perusal will perhaps enable us the better to comprehend the situation.

FREEMASONRY IN FRANCE.

PART. I.—PERIOD OF FORMATION.

Section I.

The history of Freemasonry in France may be divided into two great periods. The first, which may be termed the period of formation, takes its starting point in 1725, the date of the first Lodge established in Paris, and extends to the treaty of alliance, signed in 1799, which confided to the Grand Orient of France the sole power of regulating and governing the Masonic order. The second may be termed the period of activity, (*fonctionnement*) extends from the treaty of alliance down to the present time.

It is not intended here to write a history of Freemasonry in France, but at the present moment, when the Congress of Lausanne has just decided that the Confederated Supreme Councils will not acknowledge to the Grand Orient the right of conferring the first three degrees, and that all those which they have conferred in the past or will confer in the future will be declared void and irregular, it will be interesting to examine, historically at least, this singular pretention. We shall therefore endeavour to discover by what means the Grand Orient of France, during the first period, had been enabled to re-establish in this great body, divided by so many sects, that unity which alone could give it the importance to which it was entitled, and which could enable it to attain its avowed end—the physical and moral amelioration of mankind. We shall see how and by what means this unity was

* * Some questions may fairly arise as to how far the Grand Orient of France can go beyond the four superior grades, which constitute the seven of the Rite Moderne, and whether A. and A.S. Rite cannot claim jurisdiction over grades which do not belong to the Rite Moderne.—Ed. M. M.

destroyed, what dissensions arose, which continued, and which wasted in sterile debates, and in useless expenditure the forces and resources of the divers Masonic bodies, which, otherwise should have united for the love of well doing and the grand principles which form the foundation of the Institution.

The date of the introduction into France of symbolic Masonry is well known. In 1725, Lord Derwentwaters (*sic*), the Chevalier Maskelyne and Bro. Héguerty founded the first Lodge, which met at the house of Hure (an English hotel keeper), in the rue des Boucheries-Saint-Germain.* This institution prospered; other Lodges were established, and in 1735 a deputation was nominated to go to England to ask of the Grand Lodge of England for authority to form themselves into a Provincial Grand Lodge. In 1743, the authorisation having been granted, the administrative body of French Masonry legally constituted itself under the title of the “Grande Loge Anglaise de France.” It was only in 1756 that it declared itself independent, and assumed the name of the “Grand Loge de France.” It revised its constitutions, and was composed of the Masters of the regular Lodges established in Paris.

During the Grand Mastership of the Comte de Clermont and under the direction of his deputies, Laure, banker, Lacombe, dancing master, and Bro. Chaillou de Jonville, the disorder became so great as to cause numerous protestations, and by a decree of May 15, 1766, a portion of the brethren composing the Grand Lodge were excluded by the dominant party. The struggle continued, and only ceased at the death of the Grand Master.

The Comte de Clermont having died in 1771, the excluded brethren conceived the idea of offering the succession to the Duke de Chartres, afterwards Duc d'Orleans.

It does not enter into the plan of our work to recount the history of these dissensions, of which Brother Jouaust has given a very precise and reliable account. Suffice it to state that the Grand Orient of France was formed on the 24th Decem-

* Clavel, in his “Histoire pittoresque de la France-Magonnerie,” mentions a lodge founded at Dunkerque in 1721, but he gives no proof of the correctness of his assertion.

ber, 1722, and that its constitution provided that it should be composed in future of the Masters or deputies, acknowledging no longer any precedence of the "venerables" over the freely elected brethren, repudiating their immovability. This was a true progress, but the immovable "venerables" rebelled against the new statutes, the "Grand Loge" anathematized the "Grand Orient," and from this time two authorities governed concurrently the Masonic Order in France.

The Grand Lodge was not able to hold its own, and the Grand Orient, its rival, dominated in Paris and in the provinces till the revolution broke out. The two powers (according to Thory) during these troublous times had but an ephemeral existence, and did not resume their labours till 1796. At this time Roëtters de Montaleau, named a Grand Master by the Grand Orient of France, sought to re-unite the two Grand Lodges, and addressed himself to all those who still recognized the authority of the Grand Lodge of France.

Commissioners were named, they met with those of the Grand Orient, and on the 29th May, 1799, they recommended a treaty of union, of which the essential clause was the abolition of the immovability of the Masters of the Lodges. On the 28th June in the same year the re-union was ratified in a general assembly, at which upwards of 500 Masons assisted.

From this time the Grand Orient amalgamated the rights which it possessed under the Concordat of 1772, with those of the Grand Lodge, and its sole authority over Masonry in France, has since proved incontestible; it is still to this day the representative of symbolical Masonry, derived from England in 1725.

Section II.

This organisation of symbolic Masonry of three degrees is not difficult to understand and follow historically. Unfortunately this is not the case with Scottish Masonry in the high grades.

We shall explain how, during the same period, the Grand Orient was enabled to end the anarchy which all the Scottish systems had introduced into France, and succeeding in uniting under its authority all those which had not died a natural death.

It is an undoubted fact that the creator of this Masonry, to wit, the Scottish Rite, was the Chevalier Ramsay. The proof of this is easy, but the details will occupy too much space; we must be content with an abridgment.

Attached to the Stuart party, Ramsay desired to make Masonry subservient to that cause; and in 1728 he attempted to lay in London the foundation of a new organisation. His doctrines were rejected, says Thory, the partial historian of all the acts of Scottish Masonry, and the avowed enemy of the Grand Orient of France. Ramsay had hopes of better success in France, where he sought the support of his Masters, and in an oration, which he delivered in 1740 in the Grand Lodge in solemn assembly, he endeavoured to trace the origin of the order to the time of the Crusades, spoke of the Knights Hospitallers of the Temple, and affirmed that in 1286 Lord James Steward was Master of a Lodge established at Kilwin (*sic*) in the West of Scotland. This discourse, however, seems not to have produced upon French Masons the effect which its author had hoped, for the first central authority of the high grades that have come to our knowledge was established, it is said, at Arras by Charles Stuart himself in 1747 upon his return from France, and was called the "Chapitre primordial Jacobite," d'Arras.

About the same date (in 1748) Sir Manuel Lockard, aide-de-camp of the Pretender Charles Edward, instituted at Toulouse the Rite of "Les Ecosais fidèles," or of "La Vieille Bru," and George de Walnon founded at Marseille, in 1751, the "Mère Loge Ecosais, the first known Masonic body in the South of France.

It was not until 1752 that there was formed in Paris a central authority of the Scottish Rite, under the high sounding title of the "Souverain Conseil sublime mère Loge écossaise du grand Globe français." This Sovereign Council has left no trace of its existence. It was soon merged into the Grand Lodge and the Chapter of Clermont, created in 1754 by the Chevalier de Bonneville, who installed it in a large house which he had expressly built for it in the Faubourg of Paris,

* Samuel Lockhart.

called "La Nouvelle France." In this Chapter, established on the Templar system, was founded the grade of Kadosh, created at Lyons, under the name of "Petit élu," in 1743. This grade, which was adopted in all the Templar organisations, was successfully developed and divided into "élu des neuf," or "de Pérignau," élu des "quinze," and "grand élu," the different degrees being given up to the 19th.

The Chapter of Clermont had not a much longer existence, and on its débris was constituted, in 1758, a new body of the Scottish Rite, which took the title of "Conseil des Empereurs d'Orient et d'Occident." This Council has played an important rôle in French Freemasonry; it is certain that it is the source and origin of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite, and therefore deserves particular mention.

Following the customs of their predecessors, the founders of the new Council created a new rite, which was called "Rite de Perfection ou d'Heredom de Kilwinning ou de Prince de royal Secret." It was divided into 25 degrees, of which the Knight Kadosh was the 24th, and the Prince of the Royal Secret the 25th and last.

It is difficult [says the author of the report] to find at the present day either the village of Kilwinning [?] or the Mount of Heredom, although the names still remain; but it is easy to prove that this Council has never been without the pale of the great French Masonic family, that it acknowledged as its Grand Master the Count de Clermont, and that when the Duc de Chatres succeeded the former, he took the title of Grand Master of all the regular Lodges in France, and of Sovereign Council of the Emperors of the East and Most Sublime Grand Mother Lodge of Scottish Rite.

No account of his installation, which bears the date April 5, 1772, appears in the philosophical history of Kauffmann and Cherpin, and in Bésuchet, who gives it in its entirety.

The charter granted in 1761 to Bro. Stephen Morin, on his departure to Saint Domingo, and by which was granted to him power to spread the order of Freemasons, and which constituted him Grand Inspector, bears names which dispel every

doubt on this point. It commences thus: "A.: L.: G.: D.: G.: A.: D.: L'U. et sous le bon plaisir de S. A. S. le T. M. F. Louis de Bourbon, Comte de Clermont, prince du sang, Grand Maître et protecteur de toutes les Loges; elle est accordée sur la demande du F.: Lacorne, substitut du T. M. G. M. et signée par le F.: Chaillou de Jonville, substitut général de l'Ordre, du Prince de Rohan, de Lacorne, de Lachaussée et de tous les officiers dignitaires de la Grand Loge de France ce qui indique bien qu'un *seule et même autorité* dirigeait à la fois le Rite symbolique aux trois grades et le Rite de perfection aux 25 degrés."

Some authors, on the faith of a statement without proof, have declared that the Rite of Perfection had also been practised at Bordeaux, and that it was there the delegates from Paris repaired on the 20th September, 1762, to send forth the famous regulations which form the basis of the Scottish Rite. In every case the Commissioners would have been delegates from the Council of Paris, and the regulations should have been adopted by the central authority; but it is certain that there never existed at Bordeaux a Consistory of Sublime Princes of the Royal Secret; that there was nothing to compel nine Commissioners to come from Paris (the practice of Masonry being free) to conceal themselves at Bordeaux, and there make regulations which nothing could prevent them doing elsewhere; and further, that in 1762 the regulations were not ready for transmission to Bro. De Grasse Tilley, "Grand Inspector of all the Lodges in the two Hemispheres."

What is true is, that in 1762 the Sovereign Council was in a sufficiently flourishing state that Bro. Pirllet, tailor, as the head of the "Conseil des Chevaliers d'Orient, in which was practised a rite free from the restraints of the Templar grades, made overtures for an amalgamation.

But there, where one Council might have prospered, two Councils necessarily fell into decay, and, on the advice of Thory himself, it ended by disappearing, and merged into what was called "Le Grand Chapitre Général."

The Grand Orient, which above all desired to re-establish in France the unity of Masonry, had opened negotiations with

this Chapter in 1780, and they were already in accord, when De Gorbier, calling himself President of a Rose Croix Chapter, said to be Grand Chapter of France, claimed a right of precedence and supremacy in virtue of a document dated 21 March, 1721. The Grand Lodges disdained to take the necessary steps to prove the falsity of a title anterior to the introduction of Masonry into France, perhaps of yielding to a desire to avoid all controversy, and to rally its dissentient brethren. However that may be, on the 17th February, 1786, the Grand Chapter General and the Chapter of Rose Croix were united to the Grand Orient of France.

A commission of the High Grades was instituted by the Grand Orient in 1773. The labours of this commission resulted, in 1786, after the re-union of the Grand Chapters, the "Rite Français" in three grades and four orders, élu, écossais, chevalier d'Orient and Rose Croix. There now remained in Paris but the Mother Lodge of the Philosophic Rite, called the "Contrat Social."

The documents published in 1875 by the Chapter of Marseilles establishes, in the most emphatic manner, that the "Loge du Contrat Social" derived its Scottish origin under the Lodge of Avignon, which itself was the creation of the Mother Scottish Lodge of Marseilles; but without casting a doubt upon this origin, the Grand Lodge had concluded with this Lodge a concordat, by which its supremacy was acknowledged, and imposed on this Lodge an obligation to no longer constitute Lodges within the extent of the French dominion. This Lodge and this rite, of which we shall have more to say hereafter, have now disappeared.

Although the Grand Orient had thus established its supremacy in Paris, it continued to treat with the bodies of the Scottish Rite established in the provinces, according to the Rite of Reformed Masonry. The three directories established at Lyons, Bordeaux and Strasburg, signed on the 13th April, 1776, an act of aggregation; and a Septet treaty was entered into the 6th March, 1781.

There exist no longer in France: 1. The Mother Lodge of the Scottish Rite of Marseilles, which, during its whole existence, would not recognize the supremacy of

neither the Grand Lodge, the Grand Orient, and later still the Supreme Council, which became extinct in 1815, but its influence is still felt in the South of France, and especially in the Orient of Marseilles. 2. A Lodge constituted at Rouen by the Mother Lodge of Edinburgh, under the title of "l'Ardente Amitié."

This Lodge, or Chapter, of which the charter appears to have been granted by Bro. Matthews, placed several difficulties in the way of the Grand Orient, but it seems never to have attained to any great importance, and has disappeared without leaving any trace of its existence.

The other Rites and Lodges which were created during this period existed no later than 1799, the date of the reunion. We shall mention amongst others those of "l'Etoile flamboyante," "Elus coens," "la Maçonnerie Adonhiramite," "Illuminés d'Avignon," "la Toison d'or," "Chevaliers de la Cité Sainte," "la Stricte observance," "le Rite Primitif," etc.

Also, by an interpretative agreement executed the 24th day of the 10th month, 1780, when the report of Bro. Bordas, and upon the request for union by the Chapter of Arras, the Grand Orient declared common to all the Chapters of the High Grades the Concordat entered into with the Grand Lodge in 1799, and proclaimed truly the unity of French Freemasonry.

It had absorbed within itself and the Symbolic Rite, the only one which had been imported from England in 1725, and all the so-called Scottish Rites, which were united to it, notably the two which only had attained to any importance, viz., the Grand Chapter of the Rose Croix, and that of Heredom of Kilwinning, or Prince of the Royal Secret, also called the Rite of Perfection.

We shall see in the Second Period how the efforts of Roettiers de Montaleau and of all the members of the Grand Orient were neutralised by the ambition of some foreign masons, who sought to renew the forgotten struggles and usurping once more the name of Scottish Masonry and throw discord into the Rite Anglais, the veritable Rite ancien, and the Rite Français (called the Rite Modern—of seven degrees), which was instituted by the Commissioners of the Grand Orient, which would have reformed all High Grade Masonry.

These new lucubrations augmented still more the number of titles and grades, and as if human ambition was insatiable, there have already been invented rites to the number of 90 degrees, to 95, and even to 120. Words and signs have been perverted as a natural consequence of things. We have seen the Sacred Word of the Rose Croix thus translated: "Emperor Napoleon, King of Italy." Is this not, as has been already observed, a pure waste of our force, our money, and our influence.

In our next number we shall enter upon the second part, which treats upon the absolute right of the Grand Orient of France to the government of all the degrees, and especially of the Ancient and accepted Scottish Rite.

POETS' CORNER.*

WHAT a host of glorious recollections crowd upon us as we utter those words! How often in long past days, when our heart was warmed by the glow of youthful enthusiasm, have we looked upon those words and longed with more eagerness than we can well express to visit the place which so vividly haunted our imagination! This was a pilgrimage we had resolved to make, a shrine we were determined to visit; and when the hour at last came, when our dreams and our desires were fulfilled, we remember well with what chastened feelings of awe and reverence we stood amongst those eloquent monuments, and fancied ourself in the presence of the illustrious dead, whose memorials surround us here on every hand.

We love to spend a meditative hour in this sacred place. Our being seems to be enlarged and ennobled, and the spirit seems to reach far back into the ages, and to bring within the scope of its experience all the years that have been brightened by the genius of those whose memories are here preserved. This is our British poetical Valhalla. The brightest stars that have

risen in our intellectual firmament are here grouped into a constellation of matchless splendour. The past is united to the present, and the ashes of him who raised the sweet strains of English song five hundred years ago are only separated by a few feet from the grave of him whose prose writings are idylls of the heart, and whose magic hand influenced at will the springs of laughter and the fountain of tears. The walls, the graven stones, and the mouldering dust beneath them, become inspired with life to the enthusiastic mind, and here we deeply feel that there is an immortality in man, for Chaucer is not a memory but a reality, whose spirit has lived, and still lives, in the world, making it wiser, better, and happier, though centuries have passed since the clay that once enwrapped it returned to its original mould.

But we are not here to-day to indulge in such reflections as these. We have asked you to come with us to spend a leisure hour in lightly examining the many interesting objects in our Poets' Corner. Well, we will proceed.

Entering the Abbey once more by the "Beautiful Porch," we proceed straight across the building, and enter the south transept. This transept is what is called Poets' Corner.

Here upon our right is the monument of *David Garrick*, the famous actor, who was the friend of Dr. Johnson, Goldsmith, Burke, Reynolds, the great painter, and many other illustrious men. It is a very striking work.

A little further on we see the monument of a very learned man, of whom you will learn more, we hope, when you are somewhat older. This was *William Camden*, the learned historian, and the great recorder of English antiquities. Any one who has read much of English history must be familiar with his name at least.

In front of Camden's monument lie the remains of *William Gifford*, the distinguished satirist, critic, and editor of the *Quarterly Review*. This great man was the son of poor parents, and had many difficulties to encounter in his youthful days, and the story of his life affords a very cheering example to those who desire to improve their standing in life. He was apprenticed to the sea in his youth; but dis-

* Though this paper was originally written for the "Young Folk's Weekly Budget," we think that it is equally interesting for children of a larger growth.—ED.

liking that occupation, he was afterwards put to the making of shoes. At this trade he worked until he was twenty years of age, and during all that time he was untiring in his efforts to improve himself in every species of learning. Often did the poor young shoemaker devote to his books hours that should have been given to rest; and the reward of his industry and perseverance came at last. A surgeon of his native town, Ashburton, noticed his industry, and recognized his great talents. He sent him to Oxford University, where he soon distinguished himself, and from that time forward his life was a series of literary triumphs. He was the author of those great satires the "Bæviad" and Mæviad, of which, perhaps, you may have heard.

We pass over several monuments which are not strictly proper to the Poets' Corner, as they are raised to the memory of persons who did not achieve any distinction in the world of literature. We need not pause until we come to the fine statue of *Joseph Addison*, which stands upon a circular stand. Of course you have heard of Addison, the greatest of our essayists, and the writer of the purest and most graceful English in all our literature. He was a poet, too; but the unrivalled beauty of his prose writings diverted attention from his talents in that line.

Close to the statue of Addison is the grave of *Lord Macaulay*, the delightful historian and essayist. But we daresay our young friends will recognize him more readily as the author of those splendid ballads, the "Lays of Ancient Rome," or better still, as the author of the glowing "Battle of Ivry." In our boyhood this was a favourite piece for recitation at our school, and we remember how earnestly we used to roll out the lines—

"Press where ye see my white plume shine
amid the rank of war,
And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet
of Navarre."

There is a bust of him upon the left of the statue of Addison.

On the other side of the same statue is another bust of the deeply-regretted and noble-souled writer, *William Makepeace Thackeray*.

NOTES ON LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.

BY BRO. GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDELL,

Fellow of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries, Copenhagen; Corresponding Member of the Royal Historical Society, London; Honorary Member of the Manchester Literary Club, and of the Whitby Literary and Philosophical Society, &c., &c.

R. VAN REICHENBACH proposes the following methods of smelting iron ores:—

1. For the older lignites, a blast furnace of moderate height, with a very hot blast, to prevent a sintering of the coal.
2. With the more recent lignites, to dry them so as to expel all hygroscopic and chemically combined water, and to use these also in low furnaces.
3. To carry on further experiments as to the coking of the lignites.
4. Where there are large quantities of fine coal, to use this in one shaft for the reduction of the ore, which is then to be smelted in another shaft with the coarser coal.
5. In case the preceding methods are not successful, to try a partial or total treatment of the ores with the gas produced from the lignites in generators.

The difference between the traffic receipts on a fine week and a wet one on the South Eastern Railway alone during the excursion season is £3,000 at the least, showing how anxious the people are to take advantage of the train for visiting their friends, or scenes of interest, when reasonable charges for travelling enable them to do so. My own opinion has long been that trains run frequently at low fares would not only help on civilisation materially, but also pay the shareholders better than high fares. Even a penny a mile is prohibitory to poor people in long journeys for pleasure or for health, and can only be undertaken when necessity compels.

We are too apt, in these peaceful times in Britain, to forget to be thankful to the G.A.U. for the privileges we enjoy compared with those of our fore-elders. "Until the middle of last century," says Mr. Jenkinson, in his really *Practical Guide to Carlisle, Gilsland, Roman Wall and Neighbourhood*, "Carlisle had kept up the appearance of a formidable place; sentries were stationed at each of the gates, at the commanding officer's house, the

Castle, &c., and the gates were shut and locked every night with much military parade; morning and evening guns were fired as a signal when to open and shut the garrison gates, and pieces of ordnance were placed upon the turrets situated in different parts of the fortification. Seldom in ancient days were the gates without the adornment of heads of rebels. At one time, we are told, one of the heads was that of a comely youth with yellow hair, to look at which there came every morning at sunrise, and every evening at sunset, a young and beautiful lady. It is said that on a Highland regiment passing southward, after the rebellion of 1745, they avoided entering the city by the Scotch gate, on which the grim and ghastly heads were exhibited." Now, had not our reverend Brother Woodford been so busily engaged on his forthcoming Masonic Cyclopædia, here is a fine subject for a poem from his pathetic pen. As it is, will no poet try what he can produce from it?

The first canto of a poem entitled "Marmaduke Clifford" has reached me. It bears no author's name on the title page, but the publishers are Frank and William Kerslake, 13, Booksellers' Row, Strand, and the price only a shilling. How many cantos there are to follow very probably depends on the sale of the first. The author indeed tells us—

"My pen will prove occasionally
prolix,"

and his style is evidently copied from Byron's "Beppo" and "Don Juan," who had copied from "William and Robert Whittlecraft, of Stowmarket, in Suffolk, Harness and Collar Makers"—the fanciful nom de plume assumed by the Right Honourable John Hookham Frere, in his "Prospectus and Specimen of an intended historical work," which was "to comprise the most interesting particulars relating to King Arthur and his Round Table," a humorous production which deserves to be better known than it is. "Whittlecraft is my immediate model," remarks Byron, in sending "Beppo" as a present to his publisher, Murray, "but Berni is the father of that kind of writing, which, I think, suits our language too very well." How Byron made it suit our language soon after in his "Don Juan," no one who has ever read the many

beautiful passages in that too-libertine poem will for a moment call in question. But Berni and Byron had not only the free verse, the wit, and the humour, in which Frere was not far their inferior, but they had a story of interest for their readers; a matter in which the author of "Marmaduke Clifford" will do well to copy their example. He evidently has the pen of a ready writer, much poetical feeling, and great knowledge of men and manners; and how he will work out his story, which so far is promising enough, it is impossible to tell from his introductory canto. In this age men must be deeply interested to read poetry at all, and yet there is more poetry read now in England than in any former age. Wise men learn wisdom by the failures, as well as by the successes of others, and the author of this hitherto interesting poem will do well to study Whittlecraft's failure, as well as the great success of Berni and Byron. Although the Italians call this style of jocose poetry "Poësia Bernesca," Berni was rather the improver than the real inventor; for Burchiello, Pucci, Bellicioni, and others, had preceded him; just as there were, and must of necessity have been, many poets long before Homer. Berni himself, probably, would never have been half so good in his moralising and other digressions from the plot of his stories, had no Ariosto preceded him. Thus the effect of every true poet is eternal; no one can see where their influence begins or ends, and woe be to him or her who rashly strike their lyre-strings without lofty thoughts and holy aspirations, calculated to help on the true progress of the human race. The author of "Marmaduke Clifford" is evidently an ardent admirer of Byron's poetry, and in many respects he can have no better model. Let him seek to imitate, at such distance as he may, the marvellous powers of description, and the electrical bursts of feeling, which permeate all that great genius has written; and, whilst he loses none of his intense hatred of all tyranny and all cheaterly, let him avoid, as he would the Evil One, that moody self-pride which made Byron not inaptly termed a fallen archangel. I would neither be a blind idolater of Byron nor Wordsworth; but he has much to learn who has not yet discovered how infinitely superior

the perhaps less gifted *writer* of the Lakes was in penetrating beneath the surface of all earthly things. But—forgetting for a time the rival merits of Byron and Wordsworth—let us look for a few moments at the little poem which has drawn us into this digression ; a fault, if it be one, which it will at once be seen our author has no right to complain of. Here is his opening passage :—

“Hail, Pegasus! fire-wing’d, ethereal steed,
Whose tameless hoof was ne’er confined to ground ;
Thee will I mount, from silence’ durance freed,
And scour the varied universe around ;
And though no fame be my exalted meed,
Nor this my ride adventurous be renown’d,
Enough if I but roam at large, with thee,
The world, uncheck’d, contemplative and free.

Then on thy back I’ll gallop, walk, or canter,
Through all the fields of thought or speculation ;
And, as through changing scenes I post or saunter,
I do not mean to curb imagination,
But give vent to my inmost thoughts instant,
According to my mood or inclination.”

I am glad that the writer, like my dear friend, the late Charles Swain, makes poetry the amusement of his leisure, and not the means of livelihood, for he sings :—

“But, first of all, be’t plainly understood
That I have led my courser from the stable
Not for that aim—pecuniary good ;
T’exist by other means I am quite able ;
In fact, to tell the truth, I never should
Have dreamt of making rhyme my saving cable,
Although it must unfortunately be told,
The spur of Pegasus too oft’s of gold.”

This is as it should be ; for, as the late John Walker Ord once remarked to me, “I think poetry should be a thing above all money price.”

Our author has here and there some fine thoughts ; and at times he has what the Duke in “A Midsummer Night’s Dream” would call—

—“Some satire, keen and critical,
Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony ;”

as, for instance, when he remarks, alas ! with too much truth :—

“’Tis curious how some men, by strategy
Or toil, contrive t’obtain so large a part
Of Fortune’s favours ; surely it must be
Their deep assurance in this world’s
great mart,
And that their art one crowning phase
embraces—
Coining to gold the brass in their own
faces.”

I am not so sure about the line—

“And down falls ruin, like Damocles’
sword.”

I guess the sword *would* fall, if allowed to hang long enough, seeing that it was only suspended by a single hair from a horse’s tail. But when the Sicilian flatterer looked up from the throne which the tyrant had temporarily resigned to him, and beheld the gleaming instrument of death pointing down to his head, we are not to suppose that the elder Dionysius—who really was as clever as he was ambitious—usually allowed the falchion to hang dangling in so dangerous a manner, but rather had only ordered it to be so suspended to teach his flatterer the danger of supreme power, by that fine piece of symbolic instruction : and the terrified Damocles, according to the story, did not sit there long enough for the steel to sheathe itself in his scone, but wisely abdicated.

Of the story of “Marmaduke Miller” there is not sufficient yet published to enable one to speak with certainty, but it promises so far to be very interesting. As might be expected, there are many digressions. The author seems to me too credulous of apparitions and supernatural appearances ; and though he may “instance Johnson, Bonaparte, Wesley, Byron,” and a thousand other

“Men no mere myths, but all with minds
of iron,”

who were equally superstitious, it does not in the least prove the truth of a single ghost story. There is not a single delusion that he can name but some clever man, nay, even many clever men, have been deluded by it. As he tells us that, like Cervantes' famous hero of La Mancha, he has

"All that famed mad knight's aversion
To wrong and tyranny, where'er display'd,
And shall on all occasions draw the pen,
Which is *his* lance, on recreant modes and
men,"

there is good work for him yet to do, and I shall anxiously look to see how he accomplishes it in his second and following cantos. He evidently has true poetry within him. Let him ever remember the great Wordsworth's wise maxim, that "Nature never did betray the heart that loved her," and he will not fail.

Mr. William Andrews, F.R.H.S., who lately presided at a revival of the famous Dunmow Fitch of Bacon custom, has in the press a shilling pamphlet on the subject, giving its history from the commencement, with poems by William Harrison Ainsworth, the Chevalier de Chatelain, the late John Joseph Briggs, Florence Cleveland, R. H. Horne, J. H. Eccles, and myself. William Hone, John Timbs, and others, have acted as brave pioneers to clear the way for Mr. Andrews, who is well known in the North of England as a keen student of folk-lore and antiquities. The oath required to be taken by "the pilgrims," as the applicants for the Fitch were termed, was as follows:—

"We do swear by custom of confession,
That we ne'er made nuptial transgression ;
Nor since we were married man and wife,
By household brawls or contentions strife,
Or otherwise, in bed or at board,
Offended each other in deed or in word :
Or in a twelvemonth's time and a day,
Repented not in any way ;
Or since the Church Clerk said Amen,
Wished ourselves unmarried again,
But continue true and in desire
As when we joined hands in holy quire."

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.

TAKEN BY BRIGANDS.

THE SCOTCH SAILOR'S YARN.

(Continued from page 201.)

PART III.

His lairdship was quite dead, riddled with bullets.

Presently the driver crawled out frae the bushes, wringing his hands, and calling on his saints, and we drove back to Palermo.

There was a rare fuss at the hotel when I brought in the lifeless body, you may well believe, and what with the police, and one thing and another, I was properly bothered ; for the yacht had sailed, and I had all the responsibility.

The first thing to be settled was the funeral, for, in foreign parts, they willna let you keep a corpse sae long as we do in England. The landlord helped me out better than any one, for he had a brother who prepared bodies for a particular sort of Sicilian burying, and he naturally recommended his relation.

By this process the outline and expression of the features was exactly preserved, and then the subject wasna put in a coffin, but dressed in its usual clothes, and set up in a cavern, for all the world like a stuffed animal in a museum.

I liked the notion of this, because when the MacKenzie came back in the yacht, and asked where his friend was, I could say, "Come and see for yourself," which would be much more satisfactory than just showing him a mound of airth, and telling him his lairdship was underneath.

Eh, well ! I grieved for the pair young mon, when he took his place in the ranks of the dead. To have a title and plenty of siller, and one of the handsomest little schooners afloat, and the best of health and spirits, and to lose all in a moment, in such a wanton way, just for nothing at all ! The only consolatory reflection was, that he deed vera game, and left his mark on some of the ruffians who slew him.

Though the finding him dead in the chaise was the only impression of what I had witnessed after the firing began, which stuck to me at first, on thinking the matter over at leisure afterward, I re-

membered seeing two of the assailants carried off by their mate, and that another left blood-marks in his wake as he retreated.

The dead looked vera strange and weird, ranged along the sides of that cavern, wonderfully weel preserved, and dressed in all manner of costumes. Ane had black clothes and a white necktie on, another a military uniform, and there was one in a suit of shepherd's plaid.

I was drawn to go and have a closer look at *him*, for a Briton he was sure to be, and a North Briton, maist likely.

But my astonishment was very great indeed when, in the dried specimen before me, I recognised the features of Archibald MacKenzie. There was his vera mouth, all to ane side, and his nose twisted the other way. There could be nae doubt of him.

I have knocked about the world a gude bit, and it isna a trifle that will take the wind out of my sails, but that sight did send me into a bewilderment, I must e'en confess, and the people thought I had gone clean daft.

It seemed such an impossible way of finding what we had come to look for, that I felt as if I had seen a miracle or a ghaist.

A Scotsman is vera glad to meet a tounsmen abroad, if only fra the sake o' lang syne, be he never sic a stranger; but to come across ane o' that ilk was an unspeakable delight.

I spent the days after that on a bit of a hill, looking out for the schooner; and when, at last, I got a glimpse of her, I could stand the waiting nae longer, sae I ran down to the port, took a boat, and went to meet her.

In an hour or so I was under her bows, and, in answer to the signal I made, the MacKenzie hove to and took me on board.

"Weel, what is it Sandy?" he asked, when I stepped on the deck.

"Laird Goldfinch had been shot dead, and I have found Mr. Archibald!" I cried, in a breath, and, they told me, afterward, with a strang Scotch accent, which shows how very much off my head I must ha'e been; for I left Scotland sae young, and ha'e associated with such a variety of people, that nae one would ever guess my nationality from my speech.

But, when a mon is fou, or very much excited, little peculiarities of his youth,

which have lang been clean forgotten, will e'en crap up.

When I explained what had happened more clearly, the MacKenzie approved of what I had done; but decided not to leave the body of his friend in the cavern, but to take it home in the yacht for the satisfaction of the relatives.

Sae it was put in a decent coffin, and brought on board; and, though we did carry a corpse, we had a very good passage to England, which proves that there is nae rule without an exception. And so he was buried at last in his proper family vault.

As for Mr. Archibald, the MacKenzie let him bide; but, what with my evidence, and other proofs, easy to trace now he had the clew, he was able to satisfy the lawyer of his ucle's death, and sae he got the little property and the insurance money.

Part of his inheritance was some house property in Glasgow, including the "Robert Bruce" hotel; and when he proposed to make me a present for my discovery, I said I would have it put in the lease of the "Robert Bruce," that I should be on the free-list for life, and drink as much toddy as I chose without paying for it.

Ye ken whatever siller I received would ha'e been spent, leaving me nane the better for it; but now I have made a provision for my auld age.

ADDRESS OF P.G.M. BRO. HON.
RICHARD VAUX, AT CEN-
TENNIAL OF AMERICAN UNION
LODGE.

(Continued from Page 204.)

When St. Paul addressed the Council, perceiving some were Sadducees and some Pharisees, "Men and brethren, I am a Pharisee, the son of a Pharisee, of the hope and resurrection of the dead, I am called in question," he proclaimed a belief in a truth that was revealed in the oral teachings by which these ancient mythologies or the mysteries were known. The knowledge of these mysteries is peculiar in St.

Paul. These ancient, oriental, eastern myths, contained the truth of a resurrection and immortality. The Pharisees accepted the traditions or oral teachings, as part of the tenets of their school or sect. These mythologies then become of importance as the primary source of St. Paul's wisdom.

We are aware that the profoundest esoteric doctrines of the ancients were denominated wisdom, and afterward philosophy, and also gnosis or knowledge. These profoundest doctrines were taught in the mythologies or mysteries.

In Persia, Egypt, Greece and Rome they were known. For 500 years before Christ these mythologies were said to have been in existence in Egypt. They were secretly imparted to initiates, and were divided into degrees. They were of course orally taught, and preparation for initiation and advancement in the acquirement of light or wisdom, marked their rituals. To disclose the secret of these mysteries was punished with death. The mythologies of Mithras in Persia, Osiris in Egypt, Eleuses in Greece, Bacchus in Rome, were almost identical in their character, and the truth each embodied and communicated was the *resurrection from the dead, and an immortal life*. The allegory or symbolism of Proserpine, Ceres, Bacchus and Isis, indicate this beyond a reasonable doubt. Therefore these secret mysteries and their oral teachings, and their symbolism, confined as they were to a select few of prepared initiates only, give to the utterance of St. Paul the highest importance.

St. Paul was doubtless an initiate in these mysteries, else it seems difficult to account for his special and enigmatical reference to them. That he had, as a Pharisee, faith in oral teachings is proved by his speech before the council, by his acknowledgment that for his belief in a resurrection as a Pharisee, he was called in question. But when as a Christian teacher he cites these mysteries, it is either because his knowledge found in them the best illustration of his thought, or that the great truth he desires to impress on his hearers was the truth these mythologies embodied for the instruction of the world. Either view is predicated of St. Paul's initiation. For evidence of this

listen to his own words. In his letter to the Romans he says: "According to the revelation of the mystery which was kept secret since the world began." To the Corinthians he writes: "But we speak the wisdom of God in a mystery, even the hidden wisdom which God ordained before the world unto our glory." "Behold I show you a mystery. And though I have the gift of prophecy and understanding all mysteries and all knowledge." To the Ephesians he declares: "Having made known unto us the mystery of His will, as I wrote before in a few words, now that by revelation He made known to me the mystery, whereby when ye read ye may understand my knowledge in the mystery." * * * "And make all men see what is the fellowship of the mystery which from the beginning of the world had been hid in God." To the Colossians: "Even the mystery which hath been hid from ages and from generations."

Surely these words establish a most strong presumption that St. Paul was an initiate, that he fully understood these secret mysteries, the ancient mythologies, "hid from ages and from generations," embodied the truth of a resurrection of the dead and immortality for which he was "called in question," when teaching as a Pharisee, and which had been confirmed as revealed to him by Divine supernatural interposition when he taught as a Christian. It was from these mythologies St. Paul first learned the truth they held in their secrets, of a resurrection from the dead, which was a preparatory preparation for the highest degree of wisdom, eternal life. It should be remarked that the Greek word "mystery," as usual in St. Paul's letters, is interpreted to be, initiated into mysteries.

When therefore St. Paul was called to teach the Gentiles in Corinth, this great truth which had travelled with time, "from the ages and from the generations," he found that by symbolism only, he could make it comprehensible to the ordinary mind. Symbolism and allegory were used in the teachings of the initiates in the mysteries, and St. Paul adopted this method of exoteric instruction. It is a most remarkable fact that in writing to the Corinthians on the doctrine of the

resurrection, St. Paul takes from the Elusian mystery, in which Ceres has so important a place, the symbol of the seed of grain, to explain to them the mystery of rising from the dead, for he writes:—
 “But some man will say, How are the dead risen up? and with what body do they come? Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die: And that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body shall be, but bare grain, it may chance of wheat, or of some other grain.”

Can it then be even plausibly asserted that if St. Paul was an initiate in these pre-Christian mysteries, and enlightened mankind either from these wisdoms, or by adapting them to this end after he became a divinely ordained teacher, that he taught anti-Christian doctrines?

And so it came to pass that the great truth of the resurrection and eternal life contained in the teachings of the cults or the mythologies or mysteries, hid from ages and from generations, which from the beginning of the world was had with God, imparted only in secret to initiates in tyled lodges of the fellowship of the mystery, where it was deposited under the protection of commissioned conservators, was taught by St. Paul to mankind, who thus in the symbolism of the seed of grain, “brought immortality to light.”

These thoughts may be likened to viaducts composed of century spans, enabling Truth and Time to travel the journey in which they are inseparable associates over chasms of omitted periods, which, if filled up and fitted into their appropriate places, would constitute the level pathway of continuous history.

But out of them it is proposed to present what they inherently contain, the preparation for a clearer understanding of the origin, purpose and character of Freemasonry, and if not a clearer understanding, at least a more sublime conception of its derivation from those mythologies, those mysteries which, “from the beginning of the world had been hid in God,” and as the Truth could not be unfolded for the comprehension of the people till Time should make it possible, had been “hid from ages and from generations.”

It has been already shown that in all Time, Truth has ever been taught by some

form of symbolism. The Noachian age, the Israelitish period, the Pauline epoch are conspicuous for demonstrating this fact. Profane traditions prove that in the earliest dawn of civilization there were cults known to the initiated, which were celebrated by the most exhaustive allegory, by means of well defined symbolism. These mysteries were circumscribed to a secret and select number of mystæ or “initiates,” who advancing in wisdom, or knowledge, or light, were next known as ephori or epoptæ, having learned the secret meaning of the rites.

It is also shown that in Persia, Egypt and Greece these mysteries were nearly identical, and the mysteries are said to have existed many centuries B.C.

The two most celebrated, and probably the best known of the mythologies or mysteries are the Eleusinian and Bacchic. The former were celebrated, it is claimed, thirteen centuries B. C.

Confining notice then to these mysteries, we discover that each was a secret teaching of Truth, which could not be accepted by the general mind of the people. It was necessary to subject the applicant for admission to a state of preparation, that he was then entered as a novice, and advanced to the highest degree, after probation.

It appears that the Truth then obtained or imparted was so great a mystery to the “natural mind,” that it could not be accepted without the application of the method suited to a proper unfolding of it by degrees. The preparation and subsequent ceremonies were intended to enlighten the understanding, and they were directed to develop faith, courage, secrecy, devotion and hope. The penalty of a violation of imparted knowledge by clandestine means, was death.

It is also shown that some of the mysteries which these mythologies or cults taught in secret, were death, resurrection and a future life, and these were the elements in the higher mysteries. The universality of these cults among nations, at this earliest dawn of the light of civilization, confined to secret associations of the initiated, and the Truth which each embodied in its allegory, and taught orally by the aid of symbolism, is known.

(To be continued.)