

# THE MASONIC MAGAZINE :

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FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

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## In Memoriam.

THE Craft and the Girls' School have to deplore the loss of Bro. R. W. LITTLE, whose services have been great to both. He has passed away at a comparatively early age, through overwork and a fatal malady, and leaves a void not easily to be filled, and a memory very grateful to all English Freemasons. Few, if any, laboured so steadily for Masonry, and did so much in so short a space. He was the able co-Editor, with Bro. Dr. Woodman, of our contemporary the *Rosicrucian*, and was a "Masonic Student" and a Masonic Archæologist of no mean pretensions. The sympathy of all our readers will be with his afflicted widow.

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"HIS END WAS PEACE."

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R. W. L.

Died April 12, 1878.

HE sleeps, life's fitful journey o'er,  
His gallant race well run:  
He has reached in peace the deathless shore,  
For him Eternity's begun!

A Brother true, sincere, and kind,  
Life's path he gently trod  
With pleasant mien and gentle mind:  
He's resting in his God!

## AN HERMETIC WORK.

(Continued from page 486.)

## CHAP. IV.

*Of the Salt of Tartar volatized, or Samech, and other Elixirs.*

I MAY tell thee here nevertheless, That though the proper subject of this foregoing Liquor, called the *Alchahest* be but one Anomalous Salt, or first beginning of Salts, with such a noted mark, and *John Baptist* like, doth such great or mighty works, yet nevertheless the least Elixirated subject in the Philosophers Kingdom (though the lowest perfected Salt) will doe such Alchahestical effects, and some beyond, especially being rapt up (like *Paul*) from the Quarternary Elements, into the Christalline third Heavens above the fixt Stars and Planetary Orbs: For *Paracelsus* his high prepared Samech, and every Alcalisate Incinerated wine of vegetables being brought to their full preparation and perfection, are Alchahestical, at least Succedaneous, as a *Circulatum minus*; and also all other Balsamick Quintessential things, and Concretes in the three universal kingdoms of nature. But more especially the true Mercurial Saline, and Sulphurous Elixirs of Philosophers wrought up and exalted to the bright Christalline or Angelical Orbs, influences in spiritual fusible liquid Forms, and appearances are so universally Alchahestical, that I say they may do the same things, if not greater, and make better exalted Balsamick separations and preparations, then the ordinary saline Alchahest. But the manner of preparation (*§ modus dispositionis*) must be thought on to bring this to effect: For the degrees of Hierarchy are much conducing to and for the Glory of Angelical powers and influences: And yet the said Alchahest (as a good forerunner) may prepare the way or Foundation to this grand Elixir. 'Tis true, the Alchalizate parts of Samech, and other Alcalyes, after their sufficient resolutions and pure soft apparelling for their first addresses to win their beautiful Celestial Bride, and her beloved and delightful influences must have a hot and most pure affection (chac'd from Adultery, yet Fusibly melting with heat;) and then each of them with a strong clutch (like a Domestick Thief), nevertheless gently and at leisure) will take away his beloved out of her Chariot at such a time when he finds her in her greatest beauty, and most glorious pure attire, and with a cleanly conveyance, in the cool of the evening, will carry her away with all her wealth and Jewels from her outward weak, and inward close attending strong Guardians, who will then by her milder advice pacifie his heat for the present, but being once fully married and in his possession, her love will be so true and intire, that her tender affection will snatch and carry him on her winged embraces in her Mantle, up to the highest Mountains, from hers and his boisterous, pedantical, malicious enemies where afterwards they will live in peace upon heavenly Manna in Paradise, and dress the Garden of *Eden* with new Plants, and may delight in all the fruits of life, having an Angelical Guardian and Gardener with a Flaming Sword, to prevent and keep out all Rustic and Malevolent followers and pursuers.

And Reader, this greater secret may be here revealed; That some affirm, all the Concreats and things in natures, three Kingdoms, (Animals, Vegetables, and Minerals) may be reduced to such a quintessential perfection of the four Elements, and three Principles as to have a community of nature, and will make the matter for the Philosophers Stone in any kind; but then they must be Fermented with Gold and Silver for Metals and Minerals, and so may easily transmute course Metals into Gold or Silver, and perfect baser Minerals and Stones as well as they may exalt their own Specifick kinds.

I might further enlarge with some rare Philosophick particular preparations in every kind or thing, and of the universal Spirit, and general Phlegmatick *Menstruum* or dissolvent, and of some sweet oyls and spirits of Balsamick, Salts, Sulphurs, and Mercuries, &c. both for *Menstruums* and Medicines; and to set forth *Butlers* Magnetick, Mystical, Physical, Anodyne Stone, with other Sympatheticks, Magneticks, &c. But it were against my intention of brevity, and I have sufficiently done in the general, for the Philosophers Stone and Elixirs, (*instar omnium*) comprehends all.

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CHAP. V.

*An Apologetical Peroration of Mans Mortality, Resurrection, and State for Eternity.*

Perhaps here some may say, it is not easie to find or understand all written in this short volume, by solitary experiments, or public Print, which I confess to be true; nor could I, till I had the blessing to converse with some Philosophick Authours, and had living words to demonstrate it; whereby likewise I felt and found out *Paracelsus* and *Helmont*, in their concealments, which I have here given thee a Key to open; and if it may be any help unto thee, acknowledge it from God; if thou dislike it, thy time and charge will not be much prejudiced by these few lines, and might be spent worse, but take it for good intentions, or how else thou pleasest, so thou forfeit not thy Christian name by envy, or speaking evil of what thou knowest not.

And thus I hope in this short discourse I have sufficiently explained my Philosophical anigmatical Scutcheons, and Epitaph, with the Alchahest, Samech, and other Elixirs, as also my adjoining words and Figures, the rest I leave, (if thou be more curious) to be explained by the aforesaid Authours, and multitude of others better experienced in this Art; and if thou yet shalt blame me for thy want of apprehension hereof by these writings, or of my Figures and Epitaph, I am resolved to be dumb and silent like a dead man still; for if I deserve blame I ought to bear it quietly; if otherwise, I have been used to scandals and reproaches from *Pharaohs* Court to *Jobs* Dung-hil, and can take it for a Glory to suffer patiently; for I have set down what the Philosophers and Adeptists have said and confessed, *viva voce*, and in Print; no could I or they give this knowledge in the plainest words, without the peculiar inspiration of God: Wherefore if thou desirest this great blessing, ask it of him who giveth liberally and upbraideth not when it may tend to his glory. But be sure thou prepare thyself by purity and holiness, with true mortification, as thou desirest thy work should prosper and thrive. And therefore pray affectionately, That God, in and through Christs spirit, may enliven thee from dead works, and separate light from thy dark body and Chaos of sin, that so being truly baptized into him and his Righteousness, by an Essential and Living Seed of Faith, thou maiest improve thy Talent, and mount through and above the quarternary defiling world into the Trivne power, and at last come to the quintessential, or Super celestial Central circle of Peace, and Heavenly Beatitude.

Wherefore now, candid Reader, if thou beest not satisfied with this work or these expressions, leave them for the Author, for the said Epitaph and Figured Scutcheons will serve me well enough for a Grave Stone (which was so chiefly intended at the first) where I may lye at rest, with or without any other Heraldry, or Applause; and wherein thou maiest plainly nevertheless read thy mortality, as on other Tombs, To prepare thy self for thy long home of Eternity, for thy Body, Soul, and Spirit, must be separate, and the four Elements thus corrupted from the Sal, Sulphur, and Mercury, generate Worms, &c. which after a full and perfect separation, are again to be reunited at the day of doom, for a quintessential, super celestial, and everlasting being: The good in Joy and Peace of the Holy Ghost, which had fermented the same by Righteousness in this life into Christs Body as Members, and was in all the Saints and true Catholick Church, the Hope of Glory. But the other that were Bad, left to their Bestial, Sensual, and Divelish Fermented Affections, to be tormented eternally,

with and by their bad Spirits, and grosser Essences, for their idolatry of Fleshly, Divilish, and Worldly vanities, with horror and everlasting anguish of mind and body, wherewith nevertheless they will be nourisht and enabled to endure for ever and ever. All which I have declared, and cannot be easily hid from thee, though thou shouldst want *Lynceus* eyes, or the Philosophick Eagles eye, to behold the light of nature exalted to the highest degree of the Sun by art; which nevertheless I wish thou maiest find out by this or some other means; so it may tend to the Praise and Honour of God, and thine and thy neighbours Eternal welfare, who am thy friend and true Lover of Art and Nature, and care not what thou saiest or thinkest of *W.C.* or twice five hundred.

*Laurum Amice eligis Rus.*

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A BRIEF OF THE  
GOLDEN CALF.  
OR THE  
WORLD S IDOL.  
DISCOVERING  
The Rarest Miracle of  
NATURE.

How in less than a quarter of an hour by the smallest proportion of the Philosophers Stone, a great piece of Common Lead was totally transmuted into the purest transplendent Gold.

With other most Rare Experiments and Transmutations.

Written in Latin by Dr. *Frederick Helvetius*,  
And Printed at the Hague, 1666.

And now Englished and abbreviated for the ease of the Readers.  
By *W. C.* Esquire.

*Laurum Amice Eligis Rus.*

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THE  
EPISTLE OF VV. C.  
TO THE  
READER.

*Reader,*

I HAVE taught *Helvetius* with his *Golden Calf*, our English Tongue, to perswade thee (by these experiments from a true Adeptist) Of the reality of the Philosophers Stone, & Universal Medicine, and consequently to esteem the Noble Art of Chymistry by which it is wrought; and I heartily wish the laws were not so strict, nor the snares so many, against the honest Practisers of this Art, but to punish the others more severely that abuse the same, then I question not the further demonstration hereof. But the *Golden Calf* and *Fleece* are sufficiently divulged almost in every language, and many rare English Philosophers collected by our worthy Countryman *Elias Ashmole* Esq; in

his *Theatrum Britannicum*. There is also published a Manuscript of a most rare *Anonymon* (probably yet living) who like a miracle of nature, attained the *Elixir* at 23 years of Age, 1645. And as a true *Elias* (or fore-runner) hath taught the same, in his Book Entitled, *Secrets Revealed, or an open entrance to the shut Pallace of the King*. We have likewise the bright Sun of our age, and lover of mankind, *John Rodolph Glauber, Basilus Valentinus, and Cosmopolite Sendivogius, brave Helmont, Paracelsus*, with several other Translations in English, wherein many rare secrets are revealed for the honour of this Art, Improvement of our English Nation, and to establish a belief of the said Stone. This worthy *Helvetius* it seems, had formerly a misprision of this Art, but by these demonstrations mentioned in his book, he was convinced, and as worthily recanted to prefer the Truth, and God's Honour before his own Repute, by which he hath gained more repute amongst all vertuous learned men. Now if these Experiments shall gain the like credit with you (as I doubt not but they may) you will not any ways detract or scandalize this almost Divine Art. Nevertheless I do not perswade thee (with the murmuring Idolatrous Jews to adore this Ass or Golden Calf (the workmanship of mens hands) though termed the God of this world.) Nor with *Jason* or *Hercules* to hazard thy self, or any Limb, for the Fleece, or branch of the Golden Tree; but diligently to read and consider these and other learned Authors to find a true coherence amongst them, and how with *Moses*, or these *Elias Artista's* to wash the *Læton*, and burn the Golden Calf, and not thy Books; but beware thou fling not away thy mony before thou understandest the Roots of Nature, and the full art to proceed. If thou intendest the thing herein mentioned, least thou come off with loss and blaspheme the truth; neither slight these Reliques of the Fleece as common dirt or dust, but rather magnifie the great Creator, who hath not only given us this pretious Stone for our health and wealth, but withal a most glorious white Stone, clothed in Scarlet, viz. his Son Christ Jesus for the Example, Redemption, and Eternal Salvation of all men of that Spirit, in and with whom are all blessings for Male and Female, Poor and Rich. But methinks these bright Stars thus eminently appearing, with other manifest Tokens would perswade us that the time is come, or not far off, when the true *Elias* is or will be revealing this and all other Arts and Mysteries more plainly and publickly then before, though not perchance in or by any single person, but in some publick Administration of Spirit (like a second John Baptist in a Fiery Chariot) to prepare the way for a higher design, by which men may forsake their vain lusts and pleasures, to follow this and other laudable Arts. And Exercise more Justice, Honesty, and Love to their Neighbours, (hitherto very cool and remiss) till they come to be transformed into the perfect Image of Christ, in, by, and with whom he will Reign spiritually; or else may find the smart of their vices by their violent Fiery Furies, and the Stone out of the Rock or Mountain, *Dan. 2. 45.* cut out without hands, to fall upon them in Judgment, till they and their Idols, Gold and Vanities be turned to dirt, or of no esteem, and afterwards the truth of Religion in Righteousness to flourish and cover the earth, as the waters do the Seas, and then God will even delight to dwell in and amongst the Sons and Daughters of men, as the Members of his beloved Son, Christs body, the true Catholic Church and Christs Kingdom; Though in some small differing outward forms, and that this his Kingdom may come and hasten, is the prayer of

Your well wishing friend,

W. C.

Or twice five hundred.

*Laurum amice elegis Rus.*



(To be Continued.)

## PAPERS ON THE GREAT PYRAMID.

BY BRO. WM. ROWBOTTOM.

*(Continued from page 496.)*

## III.—THE BUILDERS.

IN the enquiry to which this chapter is devoted, we shall find the difficulties surrounding the problem considerably lessened by having a fixed date to work upon, and it was for this reason that I gave precedence to the subject of enquiry dealt with in the last chapter.

The 2170 B.C. date, besides being accepted by many writers having so little in common as Professor Smyth, Mr. R. A. Proctor, and Sir Edmund Beckett, receives important confirmation from the Pyramid itself. At the distance of 2170 pyramid inches from the commencement of the Grand Gallery, measuring backwards along the floor line of the first ascending passage, and so upwards towards the entrance of the pyramid, there occur on the side walls, and nearly opposite to each other, and at right angles with the floor, two *exquisitely true and finely chiselled lines*. The question of the existence of some mark at the 2170 inch distance from the Grand Gallery's commencement was put by Mr. Charles Casey, in 1872, to Professor Smyth as the test of the chronological and at the same time prophetic character claimed for the passages. Professor Smyth, though he had commented on the ruled lines in the granite blocks in his book, "Life and Work at the Great Pyramid," had not taken that particular measurement, and he accordingly wrote to Mr. Wayman Dixon, C.E., then in Cairo, who, with Dr. Grant, made the necessary measurements, the results being on the east wall 2170·5, and on the west wall, 2170·4.\*

Before entering into more particular characteristics of the Great Pyramid builders, let us note the following generalities. First we find that, whoever the builders were, they reached the central land of Egypt from the East, and after accomplishing their work became spread abroad throughout the earth. Hence we find the monuments of the pyramid builders completing the circle of the earth, and appearing in conjunction with other evidences of a common knowledge among the *origines* of the nations. We may thus easily accept the claims of these earliest erections to be national monuments. Both Mariette Bey and Hekekyan Bey have contended for this; the latter holding—very reasonably—that "these pyramids were national undertakings; their plan and execution were decided after mature deliberation; laws were passed, and revenues provided, to carry out the public decision by the executive authorities." †

Mr. Bonwick further quotes Mr. Wilson, a learned writer on the astronomy of the ancients, the Rev. E. B. Zincke, and Mr. Gliddon, as favouring the idea that the pyramid builders were white men. ‡ It is indeed somewhat remarkable that they should have applied to them the name of Yoingees, which, found in the early Hindoo Puranas, has within modern times become corrupted into Yankees—Yoingees being the name given to the English on their arrival by the North American Indians.

I may mention here that in a footnote in my recent publication I have ventured to suggest that the term "lepers," which occurs in Manetho's account of the expulsion of the Shepherds from Egypt, and also in the Harris *papyrus* in the British Museum, is most probably a reference to the occupation of, and final expulsion from, Egypt of a white-skinned race.

\* "Our Inheritance in the Great Pyramid," pp. 432--445.

† "Pyramid Facts and Fancies," p. 114.

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 74.

And, singularly enough, among the Mexicans a tradition still survives connecting the pyramidal sun temples with a "Golden Age" of peace, and a good white man with a long beard, who taught them how to live and govern well, but went away when wars began.

Under these circumstances we can easily understand that the figure of a four-square pyramid, with its peculiar geometrical properties, should have become to be regarded as the symbol of Divinity—or the Sacred Symbol; for apart from a philosophical application of its natural properties, those early builders would be sure to associate in their traditions their original unity on the centre with the great work of masonry they had reared. Nor, indeed, does the whole range of myth present us with a more striking instance of the rapidity with which the early knowledge was lost or obscured, than the degenerate orgies to which, among the heathen, the memorial of that pure geometrical figure, the symbol of the source of energy and the creative principle, had given place.

Manetho and Herodotus give us distorted accounts of the invasion of Egypt by a Shepherd race from the East, who after occupying Egypt many years betook themselves to Palestine and built Jerusalem; and Rawlinson considers it very probable that it was the memory of this early invasion that prejudiced the Egyptians against those following the occupation of Shepherds. Mr. Proctor sums up the evidence thus:—"It seems tolerably clear that certain Shepherd-chiefs, who came to Egypt during Cheops' reign, were connected in some way with the designing of the Great Pyramid. It is clear, also, that they were men of a different religion from the Egyptians, and persuaded Cheops to abandon the religion of his people."

So far, then, as assigning the building of the Great Pyramid to a people or clan entering Egypt from the East, and of a different religion to the Egyptians, there is not much difference of opinion to meet.

On these grounds Mr. Taylor argued that since the Egyptians were confirmed idolators, and their invaders closed the temples and prohibited their services, it was only reasonable to assume that the Shepherds were of a purer religion than the Egyptians, and were indeed worshippers of the One God. Thus he was led to look to the line of Shem for the builders of this monument, and to consider the hatred of the Egyptians as rather a testimony in their favour than otherwise, and as we may see by the history of Masonry in all ages, it has frequently been the lot of its professors to have their principles misrepresented, and to have evil imputed to them.

Now, all the Pyramidalists, from the late Mr. Taylor downwards, are inclined to look to Shem, or Melchisedek, as the Master-Builder, and so strongly does Bro. Cockburn Muir feel on this point, that he holds it to be of *fundamental importance*. And in this he is but logical; nor do I see how any one holding in the main to Smyth's theory could look to any other than the chosen son of Noah as the Master-Builder. When, also, we regard it as a Masonic question, we are immediately reminded of the brotherhood existing between the Israelites and the Syrians, which was of such a nature as to permit of the latter assisting in the building of the House of God, which Solomon the King did build in Jerusalem.

Such a brotherhood naturally points to the earlier history of the Shemitic races for its origin, and the separate existence of Israel, cut off from the nations of its kindred and a stranger in the land of Egypt—requires that that origin must be found before the Hebrews became separated from the Shemitic stock.

In the master-builder Shem—by right of his headship of the human family, the representative of Man and the type of Him, who, as the first-born from the dead, became the Second Adam—we see, indeed, the only one among his contemporaries entitled to assume the position to which he has been assigned.

Even Mr. Proctor considers that in coming to the conclusion that the Strangers from the East, whose coming into Egypt was so strangely connected with the building of the Great Pyramid, were of the Shemitic tribes—or, as he puts it, kinsmen of the patriarch Abraham—we do so upon "*grounds sufficiently assured.*"

How, then, does the era of the Great Pyramid accord with its assumed connection with the life of the patriarch Shem? This was the question which presented itself to

my mind in the study of this question, and led to the enquiries and results recently published in the pages of "*The Mystery of the Bible Dates Solved by the Great Pyramid.*" Into the particulars of that inquiry I need not here enter, but it resulted in proving the year 2170 B.C. to be the natal year of the patriarch Abraham, with the history of whose descendants the existence of the Pyramid and the Craft is so mysteriously connected. Here, then, let Mr. Proctor seek the rise of that astrology with which he is so certain the building of the Great Pyramid was in some way connected. For did it not commemorate, by reference to the starry spheres, the wonderful history of the "Chosen People" and of men through the three degrees of their progress to the early truth and light—the Patriarchal, the Mosaic, and the Christian; the last dispensation giving again to the human race the blessed hope of eternal life by the resurrection of the God-man, to whose birth, life, sufferings, death and resurrection the most ineffable secrets of the old heathen mysteries had pointed, and kept alive the hope of human redemption and reconciliation with the Father, even in countries where the written testimonies of the prophets never reached.\*

Is there any tradition extant connecting the patriarch Shem with the building of any monument? Josephus has such a tradition connected with the descendants of Seth, who are said to have built two monuments in the land of Siriad—Egypt, the land of Sirius, or the Dog Star—in order to preserve the knowledge they had attained from loss in the coming deluge. Some have imagined that Josephus has misplaced this tradition, which belonged by right to post-diluvian times.

A similar tradition is also to be found among the Arabs, who relate that the Pyramids were built by the orders of the ante-diluvian king Saurid, who being warned in a dream of the approaching catastrophe, called together his counsellors to consult as to the best means of securing the most valuable of their treasures. "This," says Mr. James Bonwick, "is a version of the story of Shem engraving the learning of the old world upon two pillars—Jachin and Boaz, Pillars of Hercules."†

Where is there, then, such a tradition surviving, or from what is the writer quoting?—for in another place he says of the Pyramid:—"All the symbols of the Craft are there, and were there, and in the land of Egypt, thousands of years before the masonic temple of Jerusalem was reared by Solomon. It is not wonderful, therefore, that Masonic writers, particularly Continental and American ones, should have been more drawn to the Pyramid than to the Jachin and Boaz of the King of Israel, associated, on Biblical authority, with the two great centres of ancient mysticism, Phœnicia and Egypt."‡

I must leave to others deeper versed in Masonic lore, or of a more extended acquaintance with the traditions of the past, to unravel the mystery further. So far as I am able to judge, the weight of evidence refers the building of the Great Pyramid to the Shemitic races. Individually, I strongly incline to connect the second and third pyramids of the group with the other two families of man, but confess that such an opinion is founded upon conjecture merely, supported, may be, by the theory maintained by Mr. Agnew and Mr. John James Wild, that the three pyramids stand in scientific relation to each other, and form parts of one grand harmonious whole.§

It would not be strange were this eventually to prove to be the case, and it is interesting to note, in connection with this theory, that whereas the first pyramid is remarkable for the *wisdom* which has directed its proportions, the solid superstructure of the second gives *strength* as its chief characteristic, while the third, from its original casing of polished granite, obtained the palm for *beauty*.

But I am now only professedly dealing with the first and greatest of these monuments, and must next proceed to establish from the wisdom it contains the reasons which induced the builders to erect it.

*Alfreton, March 26th, 1878.*

*(To be Continued.)*

\* Dr. Oliver's "Star in the East," pp. 54, 55.

† "Pyramid Facts and Fancies," p. 220.

‡ "Pyramid Facts and Fancies," p. 116.

§ *Ibid.*, pp. 202—205.



## THE ADVENTURES OF DON PASQUALE.

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

## CHAPTER XI.

*Arma virumque cano.*—VIRGIL.

I HINTED in my last chapter of an unexpected event, which would cast for a time gloom and despondency over the merry circle at Rome, and would break up that "fair fellowship" "pour le moment." And so it was—and so it did. I mean the outbreak of the war in Italy in 1848, which led to the retreat of the Austrians, under Field-Marshal Radetzky, to Verona, to several Austrian victories, to a short armistice, and then to the crowning battle at Novara in 1849. When the events of 1848 broke out, Bechner, old soldier as he was, and true Tyrooler to boot, at once took farewell of his charmer, and hastened to his old ancestral castle, and placed himself at the head of a fine corps of Tyrolese Sharpshooters, and joined "Vater Radetzky," as the Austrians liked to call their brave old leader, at Verona. Stanelli, though a Venetian, by birth, had already served in the Piedmontese army, felt that, inasmuch as he was possessed of property in Piedmont, also felt that it was his duty to rejoin his colours, so he applied for and obtained a position on the Staff of the Piedmontese army.

Thus in a moment was the gay house of the Allegri family turned into a house of mourning. Eva and Anna, though they deeply felt the departure of their admirers, (and many, no doubt, were the mutual vows of fidelity pledged ere the hour of parting came), yet, like sensible women, found no fault with the resolutions of their "young men," and in fact I believe, though sad at separation, like true women too, secretly applauded their soldier's sense of duty, under all circumstances. Balthazar and Paesiello did not feel that there was any call for them to mix themselves in the "hurly-burly," the more so, as Don Balthazar sententiously observed, "My fighting days are over—I leave all that to the young men." Baron Puchner-Priessler being a pure civilian, felt no military ardour at all, and I fancy was rather bored than otherwise, the more so as this grave trial of a separational, uncertain duration seemed to throw the fair widow more and more into the closest confidence with her capable and friendly adviser, Balthazar. So Baron Puchner-Priessler sought for consolation amid the gloom of the Allegri villa in the conversation and sympathy of Madame Von Langentheiler, who abounded in both, and had an unlimited supply of either ready at the shortest notice, and with the best possible effect.

Still, poor Eva and Anna found not only the time hang rather heavy on their hands when Stanelli and Bechner were really gone, despite the attentions of Compton and Paesiello, but their fair faces often bore outward traces of their not unnatural *herz-weh*, as the Germans poetically call "heart-ache," within.

Strange it is in life how often those whom we prize little when present and living, we deeply miss, we truly mourn for, when departed—when dead. Then there comes over us a tender memory of a living presence—of a kindly heart; then there supervenes a retrospect, affecting and subduing, of pleasant hours and gracious scenes, of voices and forms, and hearts and sympathies, which all belong to our own dear buried past!

In the mean time the onward current of events had brought about again in Italy the stern arbitrament of war. Upon the triumphant advance of Field-Marshal Radetzky from Verona, and the sterling victories of Santa Lucia, Sonma Campagna, Custoza, Volta, and before the walls of Milan, an armistice had been concluded on the 9th of August, 1848, between the Austrians and the Piedmontese, which gave a sort of breathing-time to the combatants. But on the 12th March, 1849, a Piedmontese Major

brought to the gray-haired Austrian Commander a denunciation of the armistice. We believe that the gallant officer was in such a hurry to return that he declined refreshment, and never left his name, so that that is lost to history and the world. On the 18th the Austrians commenced that remarkable flank movement on Pavia which is destined to be famous in the history of military campaigns, and to be full of interest always to the student and the strategist. By the morning of the 20th 60,000 Austrians were massed in and near Pavia, and at noon the Austrians crossed the Ticino, and after some most successful skirmishes at Mortara and Gambolo, moved on towards Novara. The action at Novara, which began on the 23rd, was during its continuance, until the evening, hotly contested and most gallantly fought. The Piedmontese army, outmanœuvred by a great master-stroke of the art of war, were also deficient in that "elan" and "esprit de corps" which distinguished the Austrian soldiers. And though the Piedmontese soldiers fought most bravely, and amply maintained their high military character, yet victory ere long so decidedly leant to the side of the veteran leader, that, as we all know, the abdication of Charles Albert took place, Victor Emanuel became King, and an armistice was agreed upon between the victorious Austrians and the defeated, but not humiliated, Piedmontese.

All through that hot day Bechner and Stanelli had greatly distinguished themselves on opposite sides. Bechner, at the head of his Tyrolese—who, as Hochländer says, "pressed forwards like demons springing from tree to tree,"—had won admiration from all, and he had been more than once commended both by Benedek and the Archduke Albert, who saw the gallant bravery of that Tyroler on his gray charger, and he had even had the high honour of a nod and a smile, and a cheery "Well done!" from old Radetzky himself.

Stanelli, attached to the Staff of La Marmora, had found himself nearly all the time amid the fine Piedmontese Bersaglieri, and his gallantry and exposure of himself had been noted, and he had been "highly commended." Just before the triumphant Austrians stormed the Piedmontese position, poor Bechner fell badly wounded by a portion of a shrapnell-shell; while, strange to say, in the last "mêlée" of all, Stanelli, badly wounded also, was taken prisoner by some of the "Kaiser Jagers."

But the battle was won, and though since that eventful day changes great and many have come over Italy, and the Austrian Rule has ceased, and the "Morgen Land" is "one and indivisible," yet no loyal student of history, no soldier, no philosopher, can recall that striking chapter of the past without remembering admiringly how well that Austrian army was led by that stout-hearted and true-hearted old man. Radetzky's March is still the favourite tune of the Austrian army, and is seldom heard without some emotion; and the Austrian army must be greatly changed from what it ever has been if it ever forgets the name and the services of "Vater Radetzky."

Our two friends, on the morning of the 24th, found themselves in the "Santa Rosalia," a large Capuchin church in Novara, and resting side by side, where they were carefully tended, amid sufferers of both armies. Bechner had had to undergo amputation of the left arm, but was doing well; Stanelli was suffering from a bad gun-shot wound, which promised to be tedious and trying.

When the news of the battle and of our poor friends' misfortunes reached Rome, great was the grief and the consternation in the Allegri family. Eva and Anna at once made up their minds. They would go to Novara to nurse their wounded friends; and as Madame Allegri thought she ought to go too, Don Balthazar considered he ought to accompany Madame Allegri, and Paesiello and Compton considered they were bound to look after their friends, and take no end of comforts for the suffering heroes. It was in vain that Baron Puchner-Priessler counselled "prudence,"—it was useless for Madame Von Langentheiler to talk of "feminine decorum." Eva and Anna had made up their minds, and when our young ladies have made up their minds, you may as well talk, as young Ratler says, "to the wind," or also, John Jones adds, to a "stone wall, sir!—They've got the bit in their mouths, and go ahead they will!"

On the whole, I am inclined to think that Eva and Anna were right, for there are actually times, I venture to believe, in this old-fashioned, humdrum world of ours, when

conventionality is useless, and Mrs. Grundy very much in the way. Not that I approve of rashness or recklessness, or want of decorous consideration, on the part of our young ladies, on any occasion or in any position—far from it. But what I mean is this, that there are seasons when the heart is the best spokesman in us and for us all, after all, and when living impulses are better than stereotyped rules, and sympathetic reality more admirable than prudential considerations. I hope that I may be forgiven for saying this. I need not weary my readers with the transports of the two wounded soldiers, or the gentle tears of those warm-hearted girls when they found themselves within the sad walls of Santa Rosalie. Before evening that same day both our gallant friends were in comfortable lodgings with their friends, and the best and fairest nurses in the world, to say nothing of a kind Sister of Charity; and we need hardly doubt that under such genial and soothing associations they soon proceeded to convalescence. I think Bechner was almost content to lose his arm to receive the Cross of Maria Theresa from old Radetzky himself, and the whispered assurance at the same time of Anna that in her opinion he was the greatest of heroes. What Eva said to Stanelli deponent doth not think it needful to repeat here; but whatever it was, it seemed to be the best of medicine to that enthusiastic young man.

Oh, pleasant voice of woman, which gives such confidence to hope, such softness to sorrow, such tenderness to happiness here! After all, how much often depends on the words, the smiles of her, whom some call an Angel, some venture improperly to term a Crocodile! I scout that idea! Like Don Quixote of old, I uphold the fair fame and true heart of woman. I declare her to be the best of friends, the safest of guides, the wisest of counsellors, and the most faithful of mates. Others may change—not she! Others may desert—not she! Others may betray—not she! No! When men are shallow and inconstant, women are faithful and steady; when men are tried and truant, women are trusting and tolerant.

One is sick of hearing these modern attacks on women, which mostly comes from the brainless and the ignorant of our young men.

Madame Von Langentheiler could hardly find words to express her sense of the great “impropriety” of which the demoiselles Allegri had been guilty; and as Baron Puchner-Priessler thought so too, those worthy souls no doubt found much mutual comfort in deploring and denouncing the “bad form” of the “new generation.”

I am not insensible to much that is incongruous and inconvenient in the way of the words and acts of our younger denizens of to-day, and I think I can remember, out of the dimness of years, somewhat similar complaints of *my* generation, when I, the writer, was actually a “young man about town.” Each generation listens to and makes the same accusation, partly true, partly exaggerated. No one generation, in my opinion, is worse than its predecessor—nay, any of its predecessors!

The two Frauleins Von Langentheiler—good-natured, plain, and portionless young women, too sensible to “quarrel with their bread-and-butter,”—quite agreed with their dear mamma (whatever their private opinions really were), and we can only hope that Baron Von Puchner-Priessler would in due time reap his reward for the “high moral line” he so patronised, and the worldly prudence he so commended.

*(To be Continued.)*

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## BIDE A WEE, AND DINNA FRET.

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Is the road very dreary?

Patience yet!

Rest will be sweeter if thou art aweary,

And after night cometh the morning cheery.

Then bide a wee, and dinna fret.

The Clouds have silver lining,  
 Don't forget ;  
 And though he's hidden, still the sun is shining—  
 Courage ! instead of tears and vain repining,  
 Just bide a wee, and dinna fret.

With toil and cares unending,  
 Art beset ?  
 Bethink thee, how the storms from heaven descending  
 Snap the stiff oak, but spare the willow bending,  
 And bide a wee, and dinna fret.

Grief sharper sting doth borrow  
 From regret ;  
 But yesterday is gone, and shall its sorrow  
 Unfit us for the present, and the morrow ?  
 Nay : bide a wee, and dinna fret.

An over-anxious brooding  
 Doth beget  
 A host of fears and fantasies deluding ;  
 Then, brother, lest these torments be intruding,  
 Just bide a wee, and dinna fret.

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## THE WORK OF NATURE IN THE MONTHS.

BY BRO. REV. W. TEBBS.

### XI. MAY.

" Love in her eyes, sweet promise on her lips,  
 Blossomed abundance in her tender arms,  
 Bird music heralding her sunlit steps,  
 Winds hushed and mute in reverence of her charms.  
 Maid veiled in tresses flecked with gems of dew,  
 White lily crowned and clad in 'broidered green,  
 Smiling till hoar and eld their youth renew,  
 And vest themselves in robes of verdant sheen.  
 Where fall her dainty feet meek daisies blow,  
 Lifting their fire-touched lips to court a kiss ;  
 Heart beats to heart and soft cheeks warmly glow,  
 With budding hopes of love, and joy, and bliss.  
 Fern banners wave, and harebells welcome ring,  
 As trips across the meads the Bride of Spring."

Now sing the birds, now wave the tree-boughs high towards heaven, now springs the opening flower, and every rivulet sparkling and dancing in the sunshine joins Nature's laughing chorus, for it is "The merry month of May."

Yes !—

" The winter it is past, and the summer comes at last,  
 And the small birds sing on every tree ;  
 Now everything is glad, while I am very sad,  
 Since my true love is parted from me.

" The rose upon the brier by the waters running clear,  
 May have charms for the linnet or the bee ;  
 Their little loves are blest, and their little hearts at rest,  
 But my true love is parted from me."

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What a note of sadness even in this gladsome time? Yes! and always Yes! for so long as man has been and shall be mortal, so long is he—as the same poet tells us—

—“made to mourn!”

Shall, then, we not rejoice to-day because of the morrow's possible gloom? Yes, indeed! for what says another of our favourites?—

“The sun is bright—the air is clear,  
The darting swallows soar and sing,  
And from the stately elms I hear  
The blue-bird prophesying Spring.

“So blue yon winding river flows,  
It seems an outlet from the sky,  
Where waiting till the west wind blows,  
The freighted clouds at anchor lie.

“All things are new;—the buds, the leaves,  
That gild the elm-tree's nodding crest,  
And even the nest beneath the eaves;—  
There are no birds in last year's nest!

“All things rejoice in youth and love,  
The fulness of their first delight!  
And learn from the soft heavens above  
The melting tenderness of night.

“Maiden, that read'st this simple rhyme,  
Enjoy thy youth—it will not stay:  
Enjoy the fragrance of thy prime,  
For oh! it is not always May!

“Enjoy the Spring of Love and Youth,  
To some good angel leave the rest;  
For time will teach thee soon the truth,  
There are no birds in last years' nest!”

Good advice, that, to make the best of the present; but yet we must beware, lest in the enjoyment of the present we fail to remember the future—not the future of gloomy presentiment, though, but the future of a bright and happy hope:—

“Earth's children cleave to Earth—her frail  
Decaying children dread decay.  
Yon wreath of mist that leaves the vale,  
And lessens in the morning ray,  
Look, how, by mountain rivulet,  
It lingers as it upward creeps,  
And clings to fern and copsewood set  
Along the green and dewy steeps:  
Clings to the fragrant kalmia, clings  
To precipices fringed with grass,  
Dark maples where the wood-thrush sings,  
And bowers of fragrant sassafras.  
Yet all in vain—it passes still  
From hold to hold, it cannot stay,  
And in the very beams that fill  
The world with glory, wastes away,  
Till, parting from the mountain's brow,  
It vanishes from human eye,  
And that which sprung of earth is now  
A portion of the glorious sky.”

Glad ending to a gloomy thought—

“So soon passeth it away and we are gone!”

Let us, then, whilst living for that glorious consummation, make, as God would have us make, the best of this world's beauties that He has given us, and let us find a pure enjoyment in those plentiful treasures that He has abundantly poured into Nature's lap, and in those jewelled delights with which he has so richly adorned the bosom of our Mother-Earth.

Everywhere, then, do we find a profusion of bloom, for—

“The welcome flowers are blossoming,  
In joyous troops revealed;  
They lift their dewy buds and bells  
In garden, mead, and field.  
They lurk in every sunless path  
Where forest children tread;  
They dot like stars the sacred turf  
Which lies above the dead.

“They sport with every playful wind  
That stirs the blooming trees,  
And laugh on every fragrant bush,  
All full of toiling bees;  
From the green marge of lake and stream,  
Fresh vale and mountain sod,  
They look in gentle glory forth,  
The pure sweet flowers of God.”

We love all Nature's works, but oh! how we love the flowers; and the more simple and unassuming they are, the more we love them. No delight that can fill the heart of the fond possessors of acres of flower-beds and house after house full of the treasures of the Tropics, no pride of the horticulturist who can show a new variety of some choice scion of his garden, no “eureka”-cry of the eager botanist who has discovered and made his own some unique specimen of his scientific classification will ever compare with the joy of the little heart when the sunny hours of spring-tide cover the emerald carpet of the meadow with the myriad blossoms of those friends of childhood—Buttercups and Daisies. Nor is the feeling quite extinguished yet, for—

“I never see a young hand hold  
The starry bunch of white and gold,  
But something warm and fresh will start  
About the region of my heart.  
My smile expires into a sigh;  
I feel a struggling in the eye,  
’Twill humid drop and sparkling ray,  
Till rolling tears have won their way;  
For soul and brain will travel back  
Through Memory's chequered mazes,  
To days when I but trod Life's track  
For ‘Buttercups and Daisies.’

“Tell me, ye men of wisdom rare,  
Of sober speech and silver hair;  
Who carry counsel, wise and sage,  
With all the gravity of age:  
Oh! say, do ye not like to hear  
The accents ringing in your ear,  
When sportive urchins laugh and shout,  
Tossing those precious flowers about,  
Springing with bold and gleesome bound,  
Proclaiming joy that crazes;  
And chousing the magic sound  
Of ‘Buttercups and Daisies’?”

“Are there, I ask, beneath the sky  
Blossoms that knit so strong a tie  
With Childhood's love? Can any please  
Or light the infant eye like these?  
No, no; there 's not a bud on earth,  
Of richest tint or warmest birth,

Can ever fling such zeal and zest  
 Into the tiny hand and breast.  
 Who does not recollect the hours  
 When burning words and praises  
 Were lavished on those shining flowers,  
 'Buttercups and Daisies'?

"There seems a bright and fairy spell  
 About their very names to dwell;  
 And though old Time has marked my brow  
 With care and thought, I love them now.  
 Smile, if ye will, but some heart-strings  
 Are closest linked to simple things;  
 And these wild flowers will hold mine fast,  
 Till love, and life, and all be past:  
 And then the only wish I have  
 Is, that the one who raises  
 The turf-sod o'er me, plant my grave  
 With 'Buttercups and Daisies.'"

Leaving now, for a little while, sentiment, let us seek to learn somewhat of our flower-friends themselves. Upon the Daisy we have dwelt more than once, for it is an almost universal blossomer, although now in the greatest profusion of bloom, for—

"Of every moneth in the year,  
 To mirthful May there is no peer."—

We may, however, linger a short time over the Buttercup, for its relatives—the Crowfoots—are a numerous family; "King-cups," "Gold-cups," "Cuckoo-buds," and "Mary-buds," Shakespeare and other writers used to prettily name them. The Buttercup, proper, has a bulbous root, which possesses emetic properties; this "virtue" (!) is not wanting in other parts of the plant, nor indeed in other members of the family, as many a naturalist, who has unwarily chewed the leaves or flowers, has found to his cost; his parched and heated tongue and throat, to say nothing of the uneasiness in other portions of his internal economy, having as much diminished his day's pleasure as the "lop" of the "calm" sea has often disturbed the serenity of the marine brother of worthy old Izaak Walton. Besides the bulbous Crowfoot, or Buttercup, there are the Creeping Crowfoot and the Upright Meadow Crowfoot, which will blister the mouth of cattle happening to browse upon their leaves; whilst the little yellow variety has even been known to kill sheep that have eaten it; so poisonous is it that three ounces of its juice has proved fatal to a dog in three minutes; this kind may be recognized by the very large, prickly, seed-vessels that succeed the flower. Another species, the Celery-leaved Crowfoot, which has stout juicy stems and bright glossy leaves, but very small flowers, grows by the side of streams and ditches; laid upon the skin, this flower will raise a blister, and most unpleasant inflammatory symptoms will even follow its being carried in the hand; the juice of the bulbous kind, applied to the nose, will induce sneezing. Altogether we have no less than fifteen species of this plant growing wild. Here, we must not pass over a relative of the Buttercup, which, if little and humble, is pretty: we mean the green-flowering Mousetail, which may be found on the borders of cornfields; it derives its name from the shape of its clusters of seed-vessels.

An easy step brings us to a close neighbour, if not a relative, of the Crowfoot, the Poppy. Who does not know the huge expanse of colour shown by this common plant? For there is perhaps no more beautiful or brilliant effect produced upon the face of Nature than when the breeze, sweeping over the wide expanse of the cornfield, produces alternate waves of scarlet and green or gold. Who again can fail to call to mind the cautious dread with which in childhood's days we handled the

"Corn Poppies, that in crimson dwell  
 Called Head-aches, from their sickly smell"—

very fearful that too close contact might result in such a headache as would bring our holiday ramble to an abrupt close? The Poppy takes its scientific name from the

Celtic "*Papa*," the "pap" or soft food of infants, it having been customary to take Poppy-seeds boiled to a soft consistency to induce sleep; in Persia the seeds are still made into cakes and eaten with impunity, whilst the capsules which contain them abound with the poisonous narcotic juice which, when dried, forms Opium. We have six wild species of Poppy in England—the common Red, called in country places "Corn-Rose"; the Long Smooth-headed, frequent amongst corn; the Round Rough-headed, a much rarer species, confined to chalky and sandy districts; the Yellow variety of Devon, Wales, and Ireland; and the White, which some will not allow as a wild variety at all; this denial, however, seems hardly warranted, as the plant is frequently met with in Norfolk, Cambridgeshire, and Kent. We must not close our notice of this class of plants without a passing mention of the seaside variety—the Horned Poppies—of which the Yellow is most frequent.

The next plants that claim our attention are two of the "cruciform" order of flowers, like the Wallflower, the Yellow Rocket, and the white-blossoming Jack-by-the-hedge; the former of these has lyre-shaped and the latter heart-shaped leaves; both resemble in many particulars the common Water-cress.

There is a plant that seems to be dying, so drooping hangs its head even before it has blossomed; this is not a sign of disease, but the habit of many of our "umbel"-bearing plants, such as Hemlock, Beaked Parsley, &c.; this one, perhaps the most slender of them all, is called the Earth-nut from its tuber that lies deep in the soil. Pull it up and there appears a slender white root, but as it is quite devoid of fibres, it is quite certain that it is not the root proper. No! if you would have a complete specimen, you must do as Caliban offered to do to procure Trinculo's pig-nuts—dig; only if you have your trowel you need not, unless very desirous of imitating the aforesaid Caliban, "dig with your nails."

Next we come to the Saxifrages; the White Meadow, a really handsome plant with its kidney-shaped leaves, and the Rue-leaved, or Threefingered, a tiny plant rarely four inches high, whose little reddish-looking leaves are covered with sticky hairs. In company with this latter specimen we shall most likely meet with some of the Pearlworts, little inconspicuous plants much resembling Chickweed, which is, however, a Stitchwort. One of the most notable of this last family is the Greater Stitchwort, earlier called Whiteflowered Grass, and still in country places known as Satin Flower and Adder's Meat. The entire plant is extremely brittle, and according to Gerarde is called "All-bones," on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, as he quaintly explains:—"It is called in Latin *Tota ossa*, in English, All-bones; whereof I see no reason except it be by the figure *Autonomia*, as when we say in English, He is an honest man, our meaning is that he is a knave; for this is a tender hearbe, having no such bony substance." Of this tribe there are many other varieties than this Greater Stitchwort and Chickweed, of which we may just mention the Lesser, Marsh, Bog, Wood, Lowly Alpine, and the rare Many-stalked Stitchwort, found only on the borders of Loch Nevis, and on the hills beyond Dunkeld.

In brilliant contrast to the white of the Stitchwort blossoms is the blue of those of the Cat's Eye, or Germander Speedwell—

"The gorse is yellow on the heath,  
The banks with Speedwell flowers are gay,  
The oak is budding, and beneath,  
The hawthorn soon will wear the wreath,  
The silver wreath of May."

Of this pretty plant, sometimes erroneously called Forget-me-not, there are no less than eighteen English varieties, all having blue or flesh-coloured flowers. Of these are the Ivy-leaved, or Winter-weed, before described, the Procumbent, and the Brooklime; we have before described the uses and supposed qualities of this pretty flower-group. Another group, still more pretty perhaps, but certainly more treasured, are the Mouse-Ears or true Forget-me-nots; of the little land variety of which there are two kinds, the Scorpion-grass and the Yellow and Blue.



The next noticeable group of flowers is the Geranium family, amongst which the most prominent members are Herb Robert or Stinking Crane's-bill; the brittle clear-stemmed, pink-jointed, Lucid; and the woodland variety, the Dusky Crane's-bill. Whilst in the woods we shall not fail to notice the Woodsorrel, that true Shamrock, which, singularly enough, the sons of Erin have discarded for plain creeping clover. Yet another woodland friend, most fragile but most beautiful of all, is that universal favourite—

“Our England's lily of the May,  
Our lily of the Vale.”

Like our old English “May”-Lily the Germans call it *May-blume*; this plant, though not common to all woods, yet covers large expanses of ground where it does grow; the Woods of Asply Guise, in Bedfordshire, are noted for it. Its mode of growth is prettily described by Clare :—

“The blue-bells too that thickly bloom  
Where man was never known to come;  
And stooping Lilies of the Valley,  
That love with shades and dews to dally,  
And bending droop on slender threads  
With broad hood-leaves above their heads,  
Like white-robed maids in summer hours  
Beneath umbrellas shunning showers.”

These said “broad hood-leaves” spring from the root which is creeping; the pretty flower bells are succeeded in autumn by rich red berries as large as a small cherry. The delicate scent of the Lily of the Valley flies the dried specimen, but is as readily imparted, together with a bitter flavour, to water and spirit; the famous Aqua Aurea, which was thought a valuable preservative against contagion, was distilled from it; and in Germany a wine is made of the flowers. Gerarde says that a decoction “is good against the gout and comforteth the heart.”

The reason of flowers blooming “where man was never known to come” is thus beautifully given by Mary Howitt :—

“Springing in valleys green and low,  
And on the mountains high,  
And in the silent wilderness  
Where no man passeth by :

“Our outward life requires them not ;  
Then wherefore had they birth ;  
To minister delight to man,  
To beautify the earth.

“To comfort man, to whisper hope  
Whene'er his faith is dim ;  
For Who so careth for the flowers,  
Will care much more for him.”

Many other plants are flowering now, but we may not stay to mention them; but as most of them will still be blooming next month, we must take notice of them then. Leaving now the flowers, after a parting glance at the lovely Buck-bean, that handsome denizen of stream and moss alike, and turning to the shrubs, we find blooming the Sweet Gale or Dutch Myrtle, which is the badge of the Scottish clan Campbell. This plant is also called the Candleberry Myrtle, because if its berries be boiled in water, a kind of wax will exude and float at the top, of which candles may be made. The Yellow Berberry, again, will be in flower, whose blossoms are as irritable upon being touched as the Sensitive Plant itself. Mountain Ash, Pyrus, Wild Service, and Crabs are all blossoming, as too are the Prunus species, so too is the shrubby common Maple, with its curious cork-like bark. Nor must we omit the Sloe or Blackthorn, which is so often mistaken for the Hawthorn or true “May.” Would we could linger awhile to recount the sports sacred to this plant and month, but the opportunity, like the sports themselves, have passed away.

Amongst the trees now in blossom, we must notice the Great Maple, the Beech, Sycamore, Hornbeam, Spindletree, the Scotch Fir, and others of the cone-bearing tribe; closely allied to which last the Juniper is showing its diminutive catkins and berry-like cones mingled with the fruit, ripe and unripe, of former years.

Of the Butterflies, which we have no room to catalogue, we must notice the Swallow-tail, the Pearl-bordered, the Greasy Fritillaries, and the Orange-tip. Amongst the birds of the month are the Swift and Swallow, which now lay; as do also the Black-cap, Sparrowhawk, Barn-Owl, Goldfinch, Bullfinch, Grey and Yellow Wagtails, and those notable birds the Nightingale and Kingfisher, with that most curious denizen of the air the Nightjar.

And thus having reached the end of this ever-beautiful and ever-beloved month, we may only pause to wish it farewell in the musical words of Eliza Cook:—

“ ’Tis the last sweet day of beautiful May,  
And the face of Nature is beaming  
With light and love from the blue above,  
With the tint of flowers where wild bees rove,  
And the gems of the brooklet, streaming.

“ The rook on his way greets beautiful May  
With a farewell note of pleasure;  
The lark is loud in the one, white cloud,  
And the cuckoo chants as though he were proud  
Of his quaint, unchanging measure.

“ The beetles at play thank beautiful May  
For the velvet floor where they gambol;  
The dun deer slink with a yawn and a wink  
’Neath the hawthorn’s shade, or hurry to drink  
At the pool with a lazy amble.

“ The meek herds stray in beautiful May  
Where the richest grass is growing;  
Or drowsily stand on the rifted sand,  
Where the ripples just wash the osiered land,  
Too happy for feeding or lowing.

“ Thou art passing away, most beautiful May,  
As still as a babe in its sleeping;  
May the lids of thine eyes, like the child’s, arise  
To a Hope in the Future all kind and wise,  
To a season when God the harvest supplies,  
And gives to His creatures the reaping.”

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## AMABEL VAUGHAN.

BY BRO. EMRA HOLMES,

*Author of “ Tales, Poems, and Masonic Papers; ” “ Mildred, an Autumn Romance; ” “ My Lord the King; ” “ The Path of Life, an Allegory; ” “ Another Fenian Outrage; ” “ Notes on the United Orders of the Temple and Hospital; ” &c., &c.*

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### CHAPTER VI.

WOLVERSTON THEATRE.—AN UNREHEARSED SCENE.

MISS NELLIE LONGMORE had been “ leading lady,” to speak in theatrical parlance, at the St. John’s Theatre in the West End, but the company had lately broken up, and she had since been on a series of “ starring ” engagements, and was now for a night or two here. Let not the reader suppose for one moment that the fact of Mr. Fitzgerald’s knowing her argued ill, for he was really a gentleman, and was one of the

very few who, with all his faults, kept his faith with womankind, and never wronged a single one of that sex which the poet describes as so fair and yet so frail.

This indeed was so well known in London among his set at the "Arts Club," and the "Garrick," of both which he was a member; that he was called the "Honourable Fitz," by which name he was known in all the theatres in London,—at least such as he frequented, and they were only the best.

Fitz, amongst other things, was a dramatic critic, and, I believe, a member of the Dramatic Authors' Society, and so in the pursuit of his vocation,—and a very pleasant vocation he made it too—he had the *entrée* of the Green room, where he was always welcome. In London he had met Miss Longmore, who was a very handsome, lady-like woman, and a real genius in her way, and he had seen and acknowledged her talent,—and in "writing her up" in the papers he had made *her* a reputation, and *himself* her friend.

She was a very nice girl (only 23 at the date of my story), and, strange to say, had no enemies—at least none who spoke evil of her—so that scandal had, as yet at least, never pointed the finger of reproach at her, and she had never done a deed of which to be ashamed.

But, as I said before, Fitz was a thorough Irishman, and would flirt with anything in petticoats, no matter how plain, provided there was nothing better to attract him at hand. How much more, then, with a pretty woman, who had already begun to like him more than she cared to own to herself, and who smiled always sweetly and kindly upon him.

There was a crowded house, and all the pieces went well. The *corps dramatique* was a good one, and on this occasion the caste was unusually strong, so that the loudest plaudits greeted the performers, but the "leading lady" received the lion's share of the applause. This was not to be wondered at, for Nellie was nearly as charming a Juliet as Mrs. Scott Siddons, whom she greatly resembled. Before the curtain dropped at the close of the first act, a messenger tapped at the door of the box where our friends were seated, and Fitz, who was on the look-out, quietly opened the door, and took a crumpled note from the man's hand, in which was the one word, "Come," and nothing more.

The party were so intent upon the masquerade scene—it was "Romeo and Juliet"—that nobody noticed the interruption, except Miss Renard, who was all ears and eyes for other people's business.

She noticed the crumpled piece of paper, and the smile that came over Fitzgerald's face, and she resolved to watch him. As soon as the Nurse said those last words to Juliet—

*"Come, let's away; the strangers all are gone,"*

Miss Longmore looked up at the box where Fitz was standing; he took the hint, and walked out before any one had time to observe him.

"Where is Fitz?" someone asks presently, "where is Fitz?"

Mabel looks askance, but says nothing.

Two or three friends came round to the box to greet Mabel after her return home again, and in congratulating her on what they have just heard, ask also: "Where is Fitz?"

Mabel is hurt, annoyed, at what she justly considers her lover's neglect.

Here the first night they are seen in public together he takes the earliest opportunity of leaving her side, without so much as a word to say why or wherefore he has gone.

(I'm afraid she would have been more hurt still could she but have divined where Fitz was now.)

Yes, there he is chatting to the pretty Nellie Longmore on the stage, and seemingly very happy in her company.

The word is however given to "clear," for the curtain is going up for the second act, and the young couple move to the wings for a moment or two before Juliet retires to "change" for the second scene.

Of course Fitz says all sorts of pretty things about Miss Longmore's "Juliet," and how he should like to be her Romeo just to learn how to make love to her properly; and she laughs, and says that if he could not make love to her except by the aid of the book or the play, his passion cannot be very ardent, or it would soon find words of its own, far better than were ever written, to express his thoughts. And Fitz answers:

"*Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?*"

"Are you going to rehearse the next scene, if you please?" Miss Longmore says, "because I must go; but you may stay here if you like, and I shall be free to chat to you presently!"

"Oh! Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?" she adds half scoffingly, half tenderly.

Fitz looks up, a sharp enquiring glance, but she has gone.

"I should like to have seen her face when she said that," he mutters to himself, and then he stands with arms folded, buried in thought, little heeding anything that passes, so wrapt up is he in his deep abstraction.

Suddenly he remembers where he is, and finds that he has been unconsciously standing so near the last entrance on to the stage, near the footlights, that he can see the occupants of the box opposite, and he moves back hurriedly, hoping most devoutly that none of the party have seen him.

And now Scene 2, Act II. is coming on, and Romeo enters, saying—

"*He jests at scars that never felt a wound.*"

Juliet appears above at a window, having been helped up there by Mr. Fitz, and as it is rather high, it requires some art to do it well.

Not being exactly used to such equipment, Fitz succeeds in placing the young lady on the balcony; but in doing so manages to push the next wing a little to the rear, thus exposing him to the gaze of the occupants of the stage box, supposing them to be looking in that direction.

One pair of sharp eyes have indeed detected him, and, little as he knows it, he is being watched attentively through a *lorgnette* by no less a person than his quondam flame, Miss Renard.

That admirable lady was determined in her own mind to show her dear friend Mabel where her *pretendu* lies in ambush, and opportunity soon offers.

At the end of the second act, Juliet retires from the balcony saying—

"*Parting is such sweet sorrow,  
That I shall say—good night 'till it be morrow.*"

"Very pretty indeed," Fitz replies, as if the words were addressed to him; "and now as the platform is rather high for you, you will have to accept my assistance to come down. Come now, jump, I will catch you;" and with that our gentleman opens his arms, and the fair Juliet leaps down. The two then stand for a moment talking, and then move aside out of view.

"Mabel, just look here a moment," Miss Renard says, "I want to show you something. Take this glass, and look close by the balcony on to the stage; do you see anything?"

"No! where? Oh, yes, I see the man who is playing Romeo; he is saying something."

"Lend me the glass; quick! Oh, my friend, I have caught you at last!" the amiable Belinda says. "Now look!—but stop, they are gone; how provoking!"

And Miss Belinda Renard was glum for the rest of the evening.

"Oh! don't mind," said the fair Mabel. "I daresay it was something I shouldn't care to see. Where is Reginald, though? It is very strange he does not come."

"We shall see him presently, no doubt, dear," says Miss Renard; "probably when the play is over," she adds with a grim, icy smile.

Meanwhile, Mr. Fitz, quite unconscious of the interest he is exciting in other quarters, has devoted himself to Miss Longmore, and when the play is over he escorts her to her carriage—a cab, by the way. For some reason best known to themselves they

do not go out by the stage door, the usual mode of exit for the "ladies and gentlemen" of the company, but they come through the manager's private way, which leads out through the box entrance.

As they go out, Miss Longmore dropped something, but it was only a card, so it did not much matter.

Having shown the charming actress to her carriage, Fitz went back "as cool as a cucumber," or Charles Matthews, to the box where he had left his *chère amie* and other relatives, and excused himself for being absent so long by saying that a friend of his from London had just come down, and was anxious to see him; but he forgot to add who that friend was.

Miss Renard was prepared to be satirical; but she knew that Fitz was more than a match for her, and so thought it wisest to bide her time.

A farce followed the play, and after that the ballet; but our friends were heartily tired, and the ladies did not care to wait longer, so our party were amongst the first to leave.

Miss Renard was a little in advance of the rest, and in going out saw near the door a card lying on the ground. Unobserved she stooped and picked it up, and it did not take long to read engraved thereon, "Mr. Reginald Fitzgerald," or to see that there were some words in pencil: "May I come and see you after the first act?" the rest was half rubbed out; but it was quite sufficient for the inquisitive lady, and she hid it under her glove, resolving to make use of it some day.

Meanwhile Fitzgerald, wholly unsuspecting of the plot in which he was becoming involved, was endeavouring to reinstate himself in Mabel's good graces; a feat that would have been difficult even for him but for one fact, which was that the fair Mabel had had a host of admirers round her all the evening; and therefore, although she was hurt and chagrined at first at her lover's want of attention,—and had she guessed the cause, would undoubtedly have discarded him at once and for ever—she did not miss Fitz as much as perhaps he would have liked, and consequently soon forgave him for his neglect.

(To be Continued.)

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## M A S O N I C H Y M N .

*From the "Advocate."*

COME where each Mason raises  
 His heart in grateful song,  
 Come where each brother praises,  
 Where prayer and praise belong.  
 They serve their God in heaven,  
 And square their useful lives;  
 The Mason's Great Light given,  
 Directs them to the skies.

The square, the plumb, the level,  
 Their rule of life portray;  
 They cease the work that's evil,  
 To tread the upright way.  
 Their smoke of incense rises,  
 Emblem of faithful heart;  
 Each Mason sacrifices,  
 Each acts a noble part,

Their book of Constitution,  
 Their line of rectitude ;  
 Love is the grand solution  
 Of all that's pure and good.  
 Faith towers the Mason's heaven ;  
 Hope yields immortal bloom ;  
 There joys supreme are given  
 To dispel error's gloom.

Ere life's short day is ended,  
 Their lovely work and toil  
 Show Masons' virtues blended  
 With corn, and wine, and oil.  
 They eat the hidden manna  
 That to the good is given ;  
 They sweetly sing Hosannah  
 While marching home to heaven

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#### DR. MOON'S WORKS FOR THE BLIND.

**W**E are much pleased to be permitted to peruse the following report, and we commend it to the attention of all our readers :—

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

With grateful thanks Dr. Moon again presents to his kind friends a summary of the success, which, through the Divine blessing upon their united efforts, has been accomplished during another year, in preparing and circulating embossed books in his type for the blind. During the year, 6,226 volumes have been circulated, making a total of more than 110,000 volumes issued since the commencement of the work, thirty years ago.

Of the books sent out in 1877, 2,503 were books of Scripture, and 3,723 were upon Religious, Biographical, Educational, and other subjects.

As in former years, the circulation of the books has not been confined to Great Britain alone, but they have been sent to Spain, Italy, Germany, Sweden, Syria, America, Australia, China, &c. Copies of the Lord's Prayer, and other small portions of Scripture have been sent to Africa and China.

Dr. Moon has now adapted his Alphabet to 131 languages and dialects, many of which have been successfully employed by Missionaries and others in distant lands. Dr. Moffat, the great African Missionary, is kindly endeavouring to get some of the embossed copies in the Sechuana language circulated amongst the Sechuana tribes, and Dr. Moon hopes shortly to have the co-operation of several other Missionaries in Africa, both on the Eastern and Western Coasts, as he has portions already embossed in 20 of the African languages. Dr. Moon would again express that he is desirous of embracing all opportunities of circulating these specimens in new countries, by the kind assistance of Missionaries and others, who may be going abroad.

Towards the close of the year, through the kindness of the Rev. J. Kilner, an opportunity occurred of sending an account of Dr. Moon's work and a specimen alphabet to about a thousand Missionaries abroad. Dr. Kilner, in acknowledging the receipt of the packet of circulars and Alphabets for the Missionaries, said, "In a few weeks these leaves for the healing of the nations will have gone the wide world over."

Numerous are the letters of the most pleasing and grateful character that Dr. Moon is continually receiving from the blind, and the noble work of home-teaching among the blind of Great Britain is progressing with the most satisfactory results. But the more the home-teaching work progresses, the greater is the demand for the increased variety of books. To meet this demand, as well as others equally pressing, Dr. Moon again earnestly pleads for continued assistance from his subscribers to the work, and he earnestly hopes that many additional friends may be raised up to enable him to extend the usefulness of his system of reading to the blind of other countries, who have not had the privilege of reading for themselves. Contributions may be addressed to Dr. William Moon, 104, Queen's Road, Brighton.

The following are the 131 languages and dialects to which Dr. Moon has adapted his type for the blind, specimens of which may be had by Missionaries and others going abroad. These specimens will serve as a kind of first lesson for teaching the blind to read :

Accra or Gâ, Aimara, Aneityum, Arabic, Arrawack, Armenian, Armeno-Turkish, Basque-French, Basque-Spanish, Bengali, Bohemian, Brazilian, Breton, Bulgarian, Bullom, Sherbro-Bullom, Burgandian, Carniolan, Catalan or Catalonian, Chippewyan, Choctaw, Cree, Creolese, Croatian, Curacoa, Dajak, Dakota or Sioux, Danish, Delaware, Dorpat Esthonian, Dualla, Dutch, Enghadine-Upper, Enghadine-Lower, English, Esquimaux, Faroese, Fijian, Fernandian, Finnish, Flemish, French, Galla, Gaelic, German, Grebo, Greek-Ancient, Greek-Modern, Greenlandish, Haussa, Hawaiian, Hebrew, Hindustani, Hungarian, Hungarian-Wendish, Icelandic, Indo-Portuguese, Irish, Isubu, Italian, Japanese, Javanese, Judeo-Arabic, Judeo-German, Judeo-Spanish, Kafir, Karif or Carib, Khassi, Kikamba, Laponese, Latin, Lettish or Livonian, Lifu, Lithuanian, Lithuanian Wendish Lower, Lithuanian Wendish Upper, Malagasy, Malay, Malay-Middle-Class, Maltese, Mandarin-Southern, Mandingo, Manks, Maori, Mayan, Mexican, Mohawk, Moldavian, Mosquito, Mpongwe, Namaqua, Negro-English of Surinam, New England-Indian, Ningpo, Normandian, Norse, Ojibwa, Peking, Persian, Piedmontese, Polish, Portuguese, Provencal, Quanian or Norwegian Laplandish, Raratongan, Reval-Esthonian, Romano-Moldavian, Romany, Rouman, Russian, Samoan, Samogitian, Sechuana, Servian, Shanghai, Sesuto, Slovakian, Slovenian, Spanish, Susoo, Swedish, Swiss, Tahitian, Tamil, Tigré, Tongan, Turkish, Vaudois, Wallachian, Welsh, Yoruba.

A list of foreign books in Dr. Moon's type may be had on application.

Further particulars of this work will be found in an interesting little volume, entitled, "Light for the Blind," by Dr. Moon, published by Messrs. Longmans & Co., Paternoster Row, London.

*Illustrations of some of the Benefits the Reading has been to the Blind.*

One of our readers, a poor woman in Scotland, met with an accident through a fall while cleaning her house. This disabled the hand by which she was accustomed to read. While lying in bed after the accident, she thought she would try to read with the other hand. When the book was given her, she commenced what she thought would be a useless experiment, but, to her agreeable surprise, she was able to make out distinctly the words of a hymn. "Oh, how strange," she said, "that the first hymn that should turn up to me on opening my book should be the one entitled 'Thy will be done.' When I commenced reading that hymn I was in a sad, repining state of mind, but before I finished, I felt calm and trustful; it was to me as a well of water to a weary traveller in a desert land."

Another poor woman, aged 45, thirty years blind, learnt to read in three lessons. When the teacher first called, it was thought impossible she could learn, as she is deaf to every sound. But he determined to try; so he at once put the alphabet under her fingers. She said, "Oh, this is the alphabet for the blind! I tried to learn a long time ago, but could not get on, and I am afraid I sha'n't now, but I will try." The teacher passed her hand to and fro over the page, by which means she learnt most of the letters before he left. On his second visit, she said in a sad, despairing tone, "I am afraid I

shall never learn to read." The teacher sat down by her, took her hand, and touched his eyes with her fingers. She said, "Oh, you are blind, and come to teach me! How kind! I WILL try." And she turned to her book with an evident determination to master it. At the third lesson she read through a card containing part of a Psalm, with which she was greatly delighted. When the teacher rose to leave, she said in a voice husky with emotion, "Oh, thank you, thank you; it will be a blessing if I can read. I have been blind 30 years, and so deaf for 20 that I have not been able to hear the sound of reading, so that I have almost forgotten now how to pronounce the words when I have spelt them." At the fifth visit, the teacher found she had read through the first eleven chapters of St. John's Gospel.

Another reader remarked to her teacher, when he called to change her book, that "The joy of being able to read God's Word again was greater than the sorrow she felt at losing her sight."

Amongst the various accounts received from abroad, there is a very interesting one in reference to the labours of Mr. James, of Ballarat, in Australia, which is as follows:— "Mr. James is an entire stranger to the country in which he lives (having emigrated from Cornwall, in England), yet it is wonderful how he makes his way, day after day, for a distance of seven miles or more, round about Ballarat. With only a dog as his companion, he seeks out and visits the blind, to instruct them in reading the 'Old, Old Story,' to talk with them upon the things of the better land, and engage with them in prayer. This zealous labourer has already taught many of the sightless ones to read, and amongst the number is a blind Chinese, whom he has not only taught to read, but to converse in English. 'It is a touching sight,' says one, in writing to a Ballarat newspaper, 'to see this godly man setting forth on his labours of the day, with his dog and stick, and his packet of books strapped to his back; and it is remarkable how well he succeeds, having but one hand, and being an entire stranger to the country.'"

Subscriptions towards the furtherance of this good work of embossing the Bible and other books for the blind of all lands, will be thankfully received by Dr. William Moon, 104, Queen's Road, Brighton, Sussex.

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## IS IT A PROMISE, OR A DECLARATION?

BY PHILOSOPHOS.

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SOME of my readers may remember that at a recent memorable Lecture at Birmingham Professor Tyndal seemed to bring a part indictment against Religion, in that he stated that the Promise of Peace on earth had been notoriously falsified by the results of time and the experience of subsequent ages. I confess that I cannot think such a bit of clap-trap worthy of the name or fame of Professor Tyndal, who, on the subjects proper to his sphere of work and power of thought, is undoubtedly a *Διδασκαλος* of no ordinary ability in our living generation. It is just because his words are listened to and thought over by so many at the present day that I venture to offer my humble protest in the MASONIC MAGAZINE against assumptions which are baseless, and against assertions which are incorrect.

I. In the first place, the so-called "Promise" was not, as we understand it, a "Promise" at all. It is simply a declaration, a proclamation of great joy, of good news, to a sorrowing, suffering, sin-laden, dying world. "Glory to God on High" was hymned by an angelic choir, because in the fulness of time the work of redeeming grace was at last openly begun on earth; because in the goodness and wisdom and love of the Most



High, the blessed counsels of the Everlasting Trinity were now to be openly and personally communicated to weak and fallen man. Therefore well did the heavenly host begin with an ascription of glory to T. G. A. O. T. U. for this manifestation of incomparable and imperishable love; and then also seasonably as well and justly did the same bright denizens of a happier sphere assert that in this glad announcement was wrapped up for ever on earth Peace and good will. If only the message was rightly received—if only the truth was actually mastered—if only the fact was firmly believed in—there was the offer, amid the narrowing and antagonistic tendencies of earthly society, of the blessed possibility of Peace and good will for man. Under the shadow of that Diviner Tower of Strength, and Hope, and Salvation—of that “Great Rock in a weary land,”—there was henceforth to be an “outcome,” if men so willed it, so looked at it, so aided the beneficent declaration of the Lord of Heaven and Earth—namely, a living era of Peace and good will—though man seemed willing rather to be at enmity with his fellow-man—though hostile passions and bitter hatred marred and devastated with their fell power the wondrous area of Humanity.

II. But as if to prevent error—as if to forecast exaggeration—as if to deal with the infirm susceptibilities and darkened minds of men—the Divine Teacher of our holy religion especially declared that He, humanly speaking, came, “not to send peace on earth, but a sword,” and that it must needs be that “offences” came—divisions, troubles, tumults, sedition, heresies;—but “woe” to the individual by whom they actually did come to this suffering and estranged creation of ours.

III. Thus it will be seen, then, that the “exegesis” of Professor Tyndal is profoundly incorrect, and that neither text nor context support his interpretation. Indeed, as I regard it now, calmly and seriously, his whole argument, which rests upon it, falls, so to say, with a crash! To suppose for one moment that such a statement, however dogmatic, is any valid objection to the verity of Religion or the historical certainty of Christianity, for instance, would be an insult to our common sense, to say nothing to its being most antagonistic to all the rules of right reasoning and correct interpretation.

IV. If Professor Tyndal is wrong—as he certainly is—in declaring such a “pæan” of angelic sympathy—a “Promise”—I do not see what force remains, what propriety endures, (so to say), in his open attack, or in his latent insinuation. It is, if seriously intended as a disparagement of Religion, as weak as weak can be, and hardly deserves notice, or demands refutation, from those who read or understand their Bibles. But as in these unlettered and excitable days assertion is often mistaken for argument, and assumption is accepted for proof, it seems to me well, especially having regard to what is passing in France and elsewhere just now, under the standard of Material Infidelity, and so-called Scientific Scepticism, to point out to all my Brother Masons how and wherein so distinguished and so popular a teacher as Professor Tyndal has gravely and greatly erred. If the old axiom, “Ne sutor ultra crepidam,” be still, to some extent, at any rate, true, shall I be blamed by any if I say this, that while I am willing to follow and listen to Professor Tyndal in pure Science, I absolutely decline to accept him, in any sense, as my tutor in Theology.

I do not wish to seem to be too ready to take offence, or to cast stones at those who differ from my religious views, but I feel bound to point out the danger to many ardent students and anxious intellects of some of the refined and questionable speculations of the hour.

Nothing is so dangerous in this world, for the present and future welfare of us all alike, as any attempt to weaken the general foundations on which Religion safely and triumphantly stands. We have outlived the age of coarse attack and unbelieving immorality; we have parted with, let us trust for ever, the polished sarcasms of Bolingbroke and the shallow sophistry of Volney; we have, I repeat, left behind us Hume and Gibbon, we have forgotten Priestley and Thomas Paine. But there lies before us a more subtle temptation, a more dangerous trial, to-day. Science is made to speak with distinctive voice in respect of all we hold most sacred and most true. “The voice may be Jacob’s voice, but the hands are the hands of Esau.”

Whether then we have to deal with older or later scepticism, with uncouth or

courteous infidelity ; whether we are to confront the old weapons of Celsus and Spinoza furnished up with modern fittings, or listen to the wordiness of Strauss, or be pained by the profanity of Massol, let us be resolute in this one thing,—that we decline either to be ridiculed or intimidated out of our religious notions, our religious convictions, our religious trust. Infidelity in the abstract or concrete may draw near to us with siren voice, and argumentative audacity ; it may seek, as the case may be, to seduce, to entrance, or to overawe, but we decline to cast off our little “bark” from our “moorings,” which are firmly fastened to the “Rock of Ages.”

We know too well what Infidelity has in store for us, to be allured by its pretences, or shaken by its sarcasms. Instead of peace it would give us fear ; instead of satisfaction it would give us confusion ; instead of order, it would lead us into anarchy ; and instead of faith, hope, and certainty, it would leave us, and can but leave us, in the mournful quagmire of error, in the sinking quicksands of despair !

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## THE SCOT ABROAD.

*From “The Masonic Eclectic.”*

WE were going out to join the Turkish service, where hard knocks and high pay were to be got for the asking, and of course we talked of nothing but cutting and slashing, capturing standards, and winning endless glory, forgetting that we might be picked off by marsh-fever or cholera before we ever saw the enemy at all. The most enthusiastic of us all was an Englishman, a jolly, empty-headed, good-natured sort of a fellow, who was going out as an interpreter, having somehow picked up a smattering of Turkish, though of Russian and the other language of Eastern Europe, he knew no more than I did. I found out by chance, before I fell in with him, that his ruling passion was an unquenchable hatred to everything Scotch ; and so, just for the fun of the thing, I determined to pass myself off for an Englishman. Having been brought up in England, I succeeded very well ; and to others who were in the secret, it was as good as a play to hear the fellow launching out against Scotland and the Scotch, never dreaming that his attentive listener was himself one of the hated race.

I'm not going to inflict upon you the history of our journey up the country, which at the time I thought unendurable misery, though I know better what “roughing it” really means by this time. Suffice it to say that after several weeks bad food, dirty quarters, days of crawling at a snail's pace along the worst roads in the world, and nights of being crawled over by creeping things innumerable, we at last found ourselves, with our trimness tarnished, and our ideas of “glorious war” considerably modified, encamped at some unpronounceable places on the Lower Danube, with old Suvarov's gray-coats quartered within three miles of us.

I never saw Suvarov but once ; but I haven't forgot it yet. One day, when there was a truce for three or four hours, some of the Russian officers invited a few of ours to dine with them ; and an old Bavarian cavalry officer, who was one of the elect, and with whom I had become quite intimate, thinking I might like to see the fun, took me along with him. We were all as thick as thieves in a twinkling, and there was a great hand-shaking and drinking of healths going on all round, when, all of a sudden, the hangings of the tent were flung back, and in rushed a little pug-nosed, dirty-faced fellow, dressed (or rather undressed) in a tattered pair of trowsers, and a shirt that looked as if it had never been washed for a month—stuck his arms akimbo and crowed like a cock. I took him for a drunken camp-fellow, and was rather astonished to see all the Russian officers start up and salute him, as if he had been the emperor in person ; but my old

Bavarian, remarking my bewilderment, whispered to me that it was Suvarov himself. He chattered for a minute or two with his officers, and then, looking hard at me (I suppose he thought I looked rather greener than the rest, and wanted to give me a start) asked in Russ, which one of the others interpreted for me, "How many stars are there in the sky?" "None at present," answered I in French; "they only come out at night!" The old fellow laughed when they repeated what I had said, and told me I ought to have been a Russian; and with that he bolted out as sudden as he came in, and I never saw him again.

It was a few days after our glimpse of the enemy's *menage*, that the first taste of retribution overtook my friend the Englishman. We were strolling through the camp with a Turkish officer, whose acquaintance we had made the day before, and the interpreter was abusing the Scotch to his heart's content, as usual, when, to his utter astonishment (and to mine, too, for that matter) Hassan Bey turned upon him, and broke out fiercely, "I'll tell ye whaat, ma mon, gin ye daur lowse yere tongue upon ma country like thaat, I'll gie ye a cloot on the lug that'll mak' it tingle fra this till hallowe'en!"

You should have seen the Englishman's face; I think I never saw a man really thunderstruck before. "Why, good gracious!" stammered he at length, "I thought you were a Turk!"

"And sae I am a Turk the noo, ma braw chiel," retorted the irate Glasgow Mussulman; and a better ane than ye'll ever mak', forby, for ye ken nae mair o' the ways than my faither's auld leather breeks, that ne'er trawvelled further than jist frae Glasgae to Greenock, and back again; but when I gang hame (as I'll do or it's lang, if it be God's wull) I'll jist be Wully Forbes, son o' auld Daddie Forbes o' the Gorbals, for a' that's come and gane!"

At that moment, as if to add to the effect of this wonderful metamorphosis, a splendidly dressed Hungarian, whom I remembered to have seen among the Russian officers, with whom we had dined, called out from the other bank of the stream that separated our outposts from the enemy's, "Wully, mon, there's truce the noo for twa hours; jist come wi' me, and we'll hae a glass o' whusky thegither!"

At this second miracle, the interpreter's face assumed a look of undefined apprehension, wonderful and edifying to behold—exactly the look of Moliere's "Malade Imaginaire," when he began to wonder whether there was really anything serious the matter with him.

"Isn't that fellow a Hungarian?" said he, in a low, horror-stricken tone. "What on earth makes him talk Scotch?"

"Perhaps he's got a cold," suggested I; "but I must tell you that some of our savants hold a theory that Scotch was the original language, to which all nations will one day return; and this looks rather like it, doesn't it?"

"Scotch the original language!" shrieked my companion; and, breaking off in the middle of his sentence, he subsided in a silence more oppressive than words.

A few days after this, a scouting party, of which I had the command, took a Russian officer; and, in order to cheer him up a bit under this misfortune, I asked him to dine with me, the party being completed by my friend the interpreter. Luckily our prisoner was a good hand at French, of which we both knew enough to go on with; so the conversation went smoothly enough, except that my Englishman, who thought no small beer of himself as a philologist, would keep bringing out scraps of what he imagined to be Russ, making the disconsolate captive grin like a fox-trap whenever he thought no one was looking at him. At last, after we had drunk each other's health all around, and finished what little wine we had, the Russian called on me for a song; and as I didn't know any in Russ, I gave him a French one instead, which I had picked up on the voyage out. Then our interpreter followed on with an old Latin drinking song (which our new friend seemed perfectly to understand); and when he had finished, turned to the Russian, and said very politely, "Won't you oblige us with a song yourself? it ought to go all round." The Russian bowed, leaned backed a little, looked at us both with an indescribable grin, and burst forth in the purest native dialect with "Auld Lang Syne."

"Bless my soul!" cried the agonized Englishman, starting up, "Is everybody on earth a Scotchman? Perhaps I'm one myself, without my knowing it!" And thereupon, overwhelmed by this appalling idea, he slunk away to bed, where I heard him groaning dismally as long as I remained awake.

From that day there was a marked change in my rollicking companion. All his former joviality disappeared, and a gloomy depression hung over him, broken by constant fits of nervous restlessness, as if he were in perpetual dread of the appearance of some Turkish, Austrian, Greek, or Tartar Scotchman. Indeed, what he had already seen was of itself quite sufficient to unsettle him, as you may imagine; and all this was a trifle to what was coming. For about this time our corps was detached to meet a Russian force under a certain General Tarassoff (of whom we had heard a great deal), who was threatening to fall upon our flank. We fell in with the enemy sooner than we expected, and had some pretty sharp skirmishing with him for two or three weeks together; after which (as usually happens in a fight when both sides have had about enough of it) an armistice was agreed upon, that the two generals might meet—to arrange, if I recollect aright, for an exchange of prisoners. After all the trouble Tarassoff had given us, and all that we had heard of him before, we were naturally rather anxious to see what he was like; so I and three or four more (among whom was his excellency the interpreter) contrived to be present at the meeting. We had to wait a good while before the great man made his appearance; but at last Tarassoff rode up, and the Pasha came forward to receive him. The Russian was a fine, soldier-like figure, nearly six feet high, with a heavy cuirassier moustache, and a latent vigour betraying itself (as the "physical force" novelists say) in every line of his long muscular limbs. Our Pasha was a short, thick-set man, rather too round and puffy in the face to be very dignified; but the quick restless glance of his keen gray eye showed that he had no want of energy. My friend the interpreter looked admiringly at the pair as they approached each other, and was just exclaiming, "There, thank God, a real Russian and a real Turk, and admirable specimens of their race, too!" when suddenly General Tarassoff and Ibrahim Pasha, after staring at each other for a moment, burst forth simultaneously, "Eh, Donald Cawmell, are *ye* here?"—"Lord keep us, Sandy Robertson, can this be *you*?" Involuntarily I glanced at the Englishman.

"I thought as much," he said, with a calmness more dreadful than any emotion. "It's all over—flesh and blood can bear it no longer. Turks, Russians, Hungarians, English—all Scotchmen! It's more than I can bear. I shall go home!"

"Home!" echoed I in amazement; "why you have hardly been out six months yet!"

"What of that," groaned the victim, clutching his forehead distractedly with both hands; "there's nothing left for me to do here. I came out as an interpreter; but if all nations of Europe talk nothing but Scotch, what use can I be! I shall go home at once, before I lose my senses altogether. I shall be talking Gaelic myself before long."

I never saw him again after his departure; but I have since heard that to the day of his death he remained firmly convinced that the Turkish conquest of Constantinople, and the subsequent rise of the Ottoman empire, were a malicious invention of historians, and that all the inhabitants of Eastern Europe were in reality Scotchmen in disguise.

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### "HAIL AND FAREWELL."

"HAIL and farewell!" We meet to part  
 Even with the greeting on our lips,  
 As those, who come from some busy mart,  
 See all their wealth go out in ships  
 That never come again to shore.  
 So fade our days to rise no more,

Our three-score years are but a span ;  
We scarcely trill an idle song  
Before the funeral army's van  
Passes with muffled drums along,  
And sadly then the doleful bell  
Moans in the palsied ear " Farewell !"

" Hail and farewell !" The stars go down ;  
The billows of the rosy dawn  
Are breaking on the idle town,  
And night's weird armies, far withdrawn,  
Fade like dim spectres down the west,  
And hope is strong and love is best.

Yes, hope is strong in newer souls,  
And love is best for those that stay ;  
No more my ship at anchor rolls,  
And yours is sailing fast away.  
I lose you, for the ocean's swell  
Breaks now between us. " Hail, and farewell !"

The lamp goes out, the embers die,  
Pale Dian tips her silver keel  
In some far-hidden reach of sky,  
While night and darkness round us steal,  
And sorrow sits on every sail ;  
We cry " Farewell !" but whisper " Hail !"

Beyond the ocean, where the palms  
Arise beside the jocund streams,  
And love rehearses all his psalms,  
And youth renews his happy dreams,  
If I may wait your coming sail,  
How blessed then the cheerful " Hail !"

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## THE ORIGIN AND REFERENCES OF THE HERMESIAN SPURIOUS FREEMASONRY.

BY REV. GEO. OLIVER, D.D.

(Continued from page 464.)

THE Anaglyph before us was an Egyptian symbol, and therefore we will consider in what manner the Spurious Freemasonry of that country may assist in establishing our hypothesis. The science of astronomy was carried to great perfection in Egypt. The ark of Noah was esteemed by that people an emblem of the heavens ; and when they began to distinguish the stars in the firmament, and to reduce them to particular constellations, there is reason to think that most of the asterisms were formed with the like reference ; and the sun and moon being considered eternal, were worshipped devoutly, because they rightly concluded that nothing but the Deity could have existed from everlasting.

Sir W. Drummond has promulgated a curious theory on this subject which is worth quoting. He says: "Among the similitudes which policy had invented and which religion had sanctified, none could be more agreeable to monarchs than that which compared the princes of the earth with the King of Heaven, and which represented them as the emblems of the supreme and spiritual Governor of the Universe. The celestial court was imagined to resemble those of our nether world. The King was likened to the Sun, and the great men of the state were assimilated to the most brilliant of the stars; and thus while the people looked up with reverence to their masters upon earth, as images of their rulers in heaven, they became the willing slaves of a despotism which seemed to be founded on the authority of the gods themselves."\*

The form of the Sun being permanent, was symbolized by a circle; and the changing moon by a semicircle or lunette, as it appears when first visible at its monthly renewals. And the walls of their temples and obelisks were painted in permanent colours, or carved in relief, all the sacred symbols of their complicated system of religion, accompanied by zodiacs and celestial planispheres, numerous specimens of which still remain at Tentyra, Esneh, the Temple of Isis at Philoe, and many other places; and these mysterious symbols and diagrams were partly explained to the initiated aspirant, and partly confined to the knowledge of the priests alone.

Accustomed, in the spirit of a perverted theology, to consider the seat of the divinity in the higher regions of the air, and inaccessible but to the purest celestial beings, they at first considered these beings, whatever they were, in the light of *mediators between God and man*, through whom, therefore, their vows and offerings ought to be directed. But another question arose: how were they to ascertain the nature and locality of these benignant intelligencies? The brilliant orbs of night were suggested as the intermediate objects between earth and heaven, and therefore the abode of those brilliant seraphim whose business and delight it was to convey petitions from man to his Creator, and in return to disseminate blessings upon earth.

It was not, therefore, to the stars abstractedly that the devotions of the Sabeian worship were originally addressed, but to the genii, seraphim, or spirits who were reputed to inhabit them. Many of the Hindoo philosophers believed—and their system was framed on the Egyptian model—that the stars were the souls of men departed this life, and raised to that high dignity in reward for their virtues and austerities. The distinction, however, in subsequent ages, when religion became deteriorated by the grossest superstitions, and pure theology degenerated into a system of physics, was forgotten, and men paid adoration to the material and visible substance, instead of the invisible power.

These superstitions were confirmed by the practice of judicial astrology. After the apotheosis of their eminent men, who were transplanted into the firmament of heaven, it was taught that the stars possessed an actual influence over human affairs, which could arise from no other cause than the favour or displeasure of their divine inhabitant. Hence, in the hieroglyphics of Egypt, a star was used to represent the Deity; † and hence, doubtless, from an ancient tradition preserved in the Mysteries, of atonement through the shedding of blood, and the doctrine of an expiatory sacrifice, mankind were gradually led to propitiate these imaginary gods by prayers and bloody offerings. These at first consisted of beasts, then of enemies taken in battle, and lastly of their own children and friends.

The Druids of Gaul and Britain were in the habit of immolating human victims in sacrifice to Hermes, under the idea of an atonement for sin—as Cæsar expresses it: ‡ "Pro vita hominis nisi vita hominis reddatur, non posse aliter deorum immortalium numen placari, arbitrantur." This approach to the true doctrine must have proceeded from an unimpaired tradition which had been transmitted from the earliest inhabitants of the earth after the deluge.

\* Drummond, vol. ii., p. 85.

† Horap. Hier., l. ii., c. i.

‡ De Bello Jal., l. vi., s. 16.

The system of elevating deceased mortals to the skies, and investing them with divine attributes, was introduced into Egypt by Hermes, the reputed inventor of our Anaglyph. And it is curious to observe that the angels are called stars by God Himself,\* the stars representing them not only in the glory and brightness of their nature, as St. Paul saith,† one star differeth from another star in glory, but also in the great multitude of them—the hosts of heaven being, like the stars, innumerable.

Now, as it was well known that Jehovah had appeared on earth in the human form, to communicate his will to Adam, Enoch, and Noah, the Hermesians feigned that he had been incarnate in those persons, who were hence considered in the light of transmigratory representatives of the Deity; and hence the Seers, which is here symbolised, not only by a circle, but by the chief figure, the compound Searab, was reputed to represent Osiris or Noah, the great father of mankind, from whom Hermes received his mysterious knowledge. And Noah was a type of Christ, as Osiris, symbolised by our anaglyph, was an incarnation of the Deliverer expected by the Egyptians.

The destroyer Typhon was also identified by the Egyptians with the Sun.‡ He represents fire as well as water, and was worshipped in conjunction with a star. And hence, probably, originated that ancient Christian belief that the souls of the damned should be alternately plunged into floods of fire and fields of ice, which is alluded to by Virgil as well as Milton. The former says:

“—— alius, sub gurgite vasto,  
Infectum eluitur scelus, aut exurit igni.”

The latter:

“From beds of raging fire, in ice to starve  
Their soft ethereal warmth.”

It is for the above reasons that we find in the hands of Osiris and other Egyptian Seraphim the ansatic cross, or the cross and circle united. I am in doubt whether the *prima facie* signification of this symbol be not grossly phallic; but we are quite certain that it signified life—the giver of life—life everlasting, and not unfrequently the Mediator, who is the author and bestower of eternal life.

Again, Isis was deified in the planet Venus, which was always portrayed as attended by a star, although her residence was placed in the moon, whose various phases, imitated in the above planet, were considered a supernatural manifestation of the Deity; and, as we have already seen, she was usually symbolised by a crescent or lunette. Thus Sanchoniatho tells us that Astarte, in her travels, caught a brilliant star as it descended from the heavens, and consecrated it as a deity at Tyre.

In conformity with the above practice, the Egyptians, in the language of the Mysteries, which Iamblichus identifies with that which was used by Adam in Paradise, figured Harpocrates, Orus, and Osiris, the first as a child, to designate the sun at its rising; the second as a young man, to represent the sun at his meridian strength; and the third as an old man, to represent his declination in the west.

The people were soon induced to offer sacrifices to these worthies in their presumed character of Mediators; but the truth, that they were only dead men, was preserved in the Spurious Freemasonry. Thus Bishop Cumberland says that some who had been initiated into the greater mysteries, “have truly told us that this worship of such great men, as were the founders of arts and civil government, was the grand secret of it, which was not communicated even to those that were initiated into the lesser mysteries.”§

To be continued.

\* Job xxxviii. 7.

† 1 Cor. xv. 41.

‡ Plut. de Isid. p. 131.

§ Cumb. Sanch. p. 348.

## ON THE TESTING AND STRENGTH OF RAILWAY MATERIALS, &amp;c

BY BRO. R. M. BANCROFT,

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## BRICKS.

THE bricks of Rome, which have withstood the wear of seventeen hundred years, the bricks manufactured by the Dutch, which have remained uninjured even when used for street paving, show the excellence which has been attained in the manufacture of this building material in past times. Our own British bricks made in the reigns of the Tudors and Stuarts were far superior to the bricks made in the present day. In an American journal, the Rev. M. D. Conway, in a description of a visit to Thomas Carlyle's retired old mansion in Chelsea, states that the renowned owner, pointing to the bricks and mortar which compose his dwelling, remarked:—"Look at these bricks, sir; not one of them is a lie. Let a brick be once honestly burned, and the cement good, and your wall will stand till the trump of doom blows it down. These bricks are as sharp as the day they were put up, and the mortar is now limestone. The houses all around us crumble, the bricks in them were made to crumble after sixty years—that being the extent of most of the leases."

Of the actual truth of Mr. Carlyle's exposure there is but little doubt. Despite the fact that the means of production have vastly improved, we are left with bricks that are roughly finished, imperfectly burned, and perfectly unable to hold together for much more than half a century. Undoubtedly the system of building on leases for sixty or ninety-nine years has led to this deterioration in the strength and endurance of home-made bricks. The object is to obtain building materials as cheaply as possible; and although complaints were made a few years ago as to the high price of bricks, yet they can be obtained at prices which do not allow of any great perfection in the manufacture. Speculative builders will, of course, continue to encourage the sale of disgracefully-made bricks; but for works which are intended to resist the advances of time and the inroads of atmospheric influences, the best materials will be sought for.

The experiments which have been made of late years in testing the strength of bricks have been of great importance; while the careful methods adopted by the engineers engaged in the construction of the more recent of our great metropolitan works have led to good results. One of the most elaborate sets of experiments was made a few years ago by Mr. Hawkes, who was induced to enter into this subject by having to erect some farm buildings for himself. Mr. Hawkes, having experienced considerable benefit from testing pig-iron purchased for his foundry, thought it would be worth while to do the like with the bricks to be used by his builder. He obtained thirty bricks which were sent him as average samples of the kind proposed to be used for his buildings. He ascertained that the average strength of these bricks was somewhere about 1,300lb., but it appears that when the bulk of the materials was delivered, numbers of them were only of the average strength of about 800lb. Two men can test 300 bricks by a testing machine in one hour; and that number is sufficiently large to enable anyone to ascertain the average strength of a vast quantity of bricks. The method of testing was not to ascertain the breaking point, but the bearing power up to a certain average of strength. It has been stated that very few bricks will bear a pressure of three tons. Mr. Hawkes says:—"If you wanted to test bricks at Biston, where the mean strength is 5,064lb., it might be considered that 4,000lb. was a fair test. If bricks had been purchased at a tested strength in the year 260 at Uriconium, about 3,000lb., or in London in 1860, I would advise the brickmaker to limit his guarantee



to 360lb., because, unfortunately, some have broken at 366lb." Mr. Hawkes' experiments were to ascertain the transverse strength of bricks, not their power to resist a crushing force. It is important to know for how long a brick will carry a weight without breaking. We are told that one common Boston brick which broke with a weight of 920lb., sustained a pressure of 690lb. for forty-eight hours, and then broke with a weight of 1,330lb.; of course these experiments were made upon the half brick, and calculated out at the standard size and bearing. A brick from dried ground clay by pressure sustained a weight of 820lb. for forty-eight hours—its original strength being 898lb.—and it broke when the weights were made up to 950lb. Half bricks frequently require a greater weight to break them than whole bricks. Taking twenty-five bricks each from different districts, it was found that the average weight was 7·85lb., and the strength usually increased with the weight. We gather from Mr. Hawkes' tables of experiments the following useful facts:—

Boston red bricks, best. These bricks are well made, and have a smooth surface, and are straight and square at the edges. They cost in Boston 17 dollars per thousand. Mean strength, 5,064lb. Common Boston bricks, of a dark red colour, labour at 2 dollars per thousand, are free from rubbish. Mean strength, 3,184lb.

Baltimore best bricks are hand-made. The very best sell at 25 dollars per thousand, and ordinary bricks at from 6 to 8 dollars. Mean strength, 3,551lb. Common Baltimore bricks are considered to be far stronger than stone—the bricks from old buildings being very sound. Mean strength, 3,040lb.

The Dutch bricks were furnished by Messrs. Rosher, of Holland Street, London. Greatest strength, 4,000lb.; mean strength, 3,580lb. The Dutch clinkers are stronger and heavier than American common bricks. The clinkers "are made at Moor, near Gonda, in South Holland, from the slime deposited on the banks of the River Yssel, and formerly from that of Haarlem Meer. The colour is a light yellowish brown. The clay or slime is washed to get rid of the earthy matter before being moulded."

From the experiments made on home-made bricks we gather these interesting facts:—The Tipton blue bricks give the greatest strength (5,553lb.), the mean strength being 3,975lb. Best Garrison Lane, Birmingham, bricks, which are hand-made, the clay being passed only through one pair of rollers, stand next in order. Greatest strength, 3,530lb.; mean strength, 3,376lb.; while the common bricks from the same neighbourhood were far inferior. The best Oldbury bricks gave the greatest strength at 4,600lb.; the mean strength being 3,345lb.; while the common Oldbury bricks stood at 3,361lb. greatest strength, and 2,193lb. mean strength. These bricks were manufactured by Messrs. Barnsley; those made by Messrs. Ingram by machines gave the following results:—Greatest strength, 3,703lb.; mean strength, 3,120lb.; the least strength being 2,078lb. Messrs. Bradley and Gavan's machine-made bricks, manufactured in Leeds, gave the greatest strength, 4,133lb.; mean, 3,198lb.; least, 2,616lb. The clay is taken from the pit, and does not undergo any previous preparation. In some cases no water is added. The hand-made bricks had a mean strength of 1,038lb. Some bricks from Bridgewater were tried and found to give the greatest strength, 3,200lb.; mean, 2,318lb.; and least, 1,515lb. Crickmay's bricks (near Weymouth), hand-made, one pair of crushing rolls, but no pug-mill:—Greatest strength, 2,680lb.; mean, 1,940lb.; least, 1,480lb.; while some bricks made in two yards nearer Weymouth only gave the mean strength of 725lb. White bricks made in Leicestershire:—Greatest strength, 1,472lb.; mean, 1,104lb.; least 824lb. Oxford bricks:—Greatest, 1,187lb.; mean, 1,087lb.; least, 875lb. Two lots of London (stock) bricks were tested, and gave the following results:—No. 1: Greatest strength, 1,496lb.; mean, 998lb.; least, 366lb. No. 2: Greatest, 1,396lb.; mean, 825lb.; least, 485lb.

Prior to the commencement of the works in connection with the Southern Main Drainage, Mr. Grant, the engineer, made a series of experiments on the compression and strength of various bricks. These experiments were made about the same time as the testing trials with the Portland cement used for these works, and which have been described in *Building News*. 300 experiments were made on the strength of bricks, and some useful facts were ascertained. From the six tables in which these facts are

recorded, we learn that in 1863, 173 experiments were made on the compression of bricks. We can only give the mean results, as the cubical contents, dimensions, and maximum or minimum results would occupy too much of our space. Gault bricks, which were used on the Bermondsey branch of the works, showed:—Average pressure when the specimen first showed signs of giving, at 13·380 tons and 12·120 tons; and pressure when finally crushed, average, 37·90 tons and 32·38 tons. Messrs. Allan's (Sudbury) Suffolk bricks, used for the pumping Station at Deptford, showed:—Average pressure when giving signs of breaking to be 4·475 tons and 17·100 tons; and average pressure when crushed 31·75 tons and 43·45 tons. The following bricks, which we select from this table, were used on the Southern Outfall contract:—

	Weight. lb.	Pressure when first showed signs of giving — average in tons.	Pressure when finally crushed — average in tons.
Brimstone, Suffolks (Allan) .....	6·8	5·100	31·00
Best Whites (Allan) .....	6·6	5·100	19·60
No. 3 Suffolks (Allan) .....	6·4	4·000	19·10
Best whites (Salters, Chilton) .....	6·3	5·300	25·90
No. 2 Suffolks (Salters, Chilton) .....	7·1	6·600	33·20
Gault wire-cut, No. 2 (Webster, Burham) ...	5·4	6·400	32·90
Gault, pressed No. 1 (Webster, Burham) ...	6·1	7·400	36·80
Gault (Betts, Aylesford) .....	6·4	7·300	32·40
Best reds (Stares, Fareham) .....	6·3	8·420	26·10
Best rubbers (Stares, Fareham) .....	8·8	1·400	15·70
Best firebricks (Pearson, Stourbridge) .....	7·3	15·800	62·80
No. 2 Salmon (Ambrose, Colchester) .....	6·5	8·900	36·70
No. 2 Suffolks (Knight, Woodbridge) .....	6·1	8·800	37·30
Good stocks (Smeed, Sittingbourne) .....	5·3	5·700	33·90
Best blue (Gilbert, Tipton) .....	8·0	21·600	965·20*

\* This specimen withstood the utmost pressure of the testing press.

Eighty-two other experiments were also made in 1859 and 1860, on the compression of bricks; and in the same years, thirty-eight experiments were made on the strength of various kinds of bricks, &c. From the tables recording these experiments we select the following items:—

Mr. Gilbert's blue bricks gave the total crushing power (average) at 50·00 tons, and 75·00 tons, the crushing power per square inch being 4,014lb. and 3,200lb.

Mr. Cliff's fireclay brick—total crushing power (average) 65·62 tons and 37·50 tons, the crushing power per square inch being 4,218lb. and 2,401lb.

Machine bricks, red, manufactured by Mr. Platt—total crushing power (average) 28·12 tons and 18·74 tons; crushing power per square inch 1,667lb. and 1,619lb.

The following were the results of some blue bricks by three different makers:—Mr. Taylor, crushing power, 50·60 tons; ditto, square inch, 2,915lb.; Mr. Gilbert, crushing power, 75·00 tons; ditto, square inch, 4,759lb.; Mr. Cliff, Wortley Works, Leeds, crushing power, 72·00 tons; ditto, square inch, 4,639lb.

Mr. Helling's clay bricks showed a total crushing power (average) 26·00 tons, and a crushing power per square inch of 1,574lb.

These experiments are, of course, with the best made bricks, selected by the makers for the purpose. We need hardly say that the common bricks now so plentifully used in running up houses in London could not stand a pressure anything approaching that to which some of the varieties mentioned above were subjected.

The strength of bricks necessarily vary much, according to the quality of clay from which they are made in different localities; but the following tests, made by Mr. Kirkaldy, may serve as guides in specifying brickwork for engineering purposes. Nos. 1 and 2 tables are tests of bricks made by D. W. Barker, of Worcester; No. 3 table gives results of tests made during the erection of Blackfriars Bridge.

In the two following sets of tests, Mr. Kirkaldy bedded the bricks between pieces of wood  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. thick, and filled the recesses with cement.

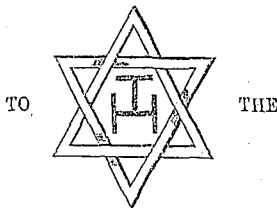
Description.	Dimensions in inches and decimals.			No. 1.			
				Base area square inches	Cracked slightly.	Cracked generally.	Crushed steel yard dropped.
"Pressed" recessed							
top and bottom ...	3·20	by 9·14	by 4·50	41·13	45,680	86,220	91,180
do. ...	do.	do.	do.	do.	45,590	79,775	90,320
do. ...	do.	do.	do.	do.	38,760	77,830	89,640
do. ...	do.	do.	do.	do.	36,180	70,960	85,820
Average ...				41·13	41,552	78,696	89,240
lbs. per square inch					1010	1913	2170
Tons per square foot					65·0	123·0	139·5

Description.	Dimensions in inches and decimals.			No. 2.			
				Base area square inches	Cracked slightly.	Cracked generally.	Crushed steel yard dropped.
"Builders'" recessed							
top and bottom ...	3·20	by 9·30	by 4·50	41·85	40,960	97,240	113,220
do. ...	do.	do.	do.	do.	39,280	95,270	106,530
do. ...	do.	do.	do.	do.	36,490	87,382	101,202
do. ...	do.	do.	do.	do.	33,540	81,180	95,840
Average ...				41·85	36,490	87,382	101,202
lbs. per square inch					872	2038	2418
Tons per square foot					56·1	134·2	155·5

Description of Bricks.	No. 3.		Mortar.	Failing slightly tons per ft. supr.	Entirely crushed tons per ft. supr.
	Bricks in piers four courses high.	Size of pier in bricks.			
Common stock recessed		1½ by 1½	Lias lime	17	27
Do. do.		"	"	21	30
Red bricks, machine-made		"	"	20	40
Do. hand-made		"	"	20	36
Gault		"	Roman Cement	24	59
Do.		1 by 1	"	54	72
Clarks' Sudbury Machine		"	Portland	49	76
Uxbridge red, hand-made		"	"	44	53

(To be Continued.)

## A FAREWELL ADDRESS



MINERVA ROYAL ARCH CHAPTER,  
No. 250, HULL.

**F**AREWELL to you, a sad farewell,  
My Royal Arch Companions dear !  
Fain would my falt'ring tongue now tell  
The wishes of a heart sincere.  
'Tis true, though distance intervenes,  
My fondest wish to you will stray,  
Depicting well remember'd scenes  
In that Sanhedrim, far away.

They tell the cause that brought to light  
The vaulted shrine, the precious scroll ;  
When Sol, at his meridian height,  
Dispell'd the gloom and cleared the whole.  
It proved the Catenarian law,  
The wisdom of the grand design,  
The multi-angled triple tau,  
The sacred, mystic, double Trine.

Farewell ! may peace without alloy  
Rest on you all, both young and old,  
Our noble chief and his viceroy,  
And all by charter'd law enroll'd.  
One thing I crave, when you are met  
Around the social board, will you  
Think kindly of the Bard who wept,  
With heartfelt tears, his fond ADIEU ?

CHRISTOPHER FOSTER,

*Ex-Clerk of Works, Westminster Abbey,  
P.M., P.G., Supt. Wks., P.Z., P.G.M.E.H.,  
N. & E. Yorkshire.*

February, 1878.

## DISCOVERY OF ROMAN REMAINS AT TEMPLEBOROUGH.

At a general meeting of the Rotherham Literary and Scientific Society three papers on "Templeborough" were read by Mr. J. D. Leader, F.S.A., Mr. Geo. Wright, and the Rev. W. Blazely. The Rev. Philip C. Barker, the president, took the chair, and there was a large attendance of members and their friends. The following paper was read by Mr. J. D. Leader:—

Dr. Collingwood Bruce, in the opening chapter of his most admirable work on the Roman wall, remarks that "A large part of the knowledge we possess of the early history of our country has been dug out of the ground." Certainly that is true of the Don valley, concerning the early history of which we have learned more by a few weeks of spade research than by any previously recorded efforts. Before a Rotherham audience it is quite unnecessary that I should describe the situation of the Roman station called Templeborough; but for the sake of those who may not know it so well as you do, a brief explanation is desirable.

About a mile and a quarter to the west of the town of Rotherham, in the angle formed by the confluence of the rivers Don and Rother, may be seen the well-defined outline of a quadrangular earthwork bearing the appearance of a Roman camp. It was not noticed by Camden, but Bishop Gibson, in his edition of Camden, in 1695, refers to it as "a fair Roman fortification, called Temple Brough." It lies between the river Don on the north, and the Sheffield and Rotherham turnpike road on the south. There has been a double agger, at least on the north, south, and east sides, and possibly also on the west. The inner area encloses a little more than four acres, and measures 390ft. from east to west, and 450ft. from north to south. This is known as the Castle garth. Last autumn a crop of wheat grew there, and when it had been reaped no stone larger than a river pebble was to be seen on the surface of the ground. There was simply a well marked earthwork, bounded on the east side by an old blackthorn hedge, and on the other sides open to the larger area of the field.

Rather more than two months ago explorations on this site began. I need not go into the circumstances that led up to them. Suffice it to say, that on the first of October operations began by cutting a grip across the south-east angle of the agger; and before the expiration of the second day, previously-received notions about the character of the camp had been considerably modified. At various depths, in the very heart of the bank, were found fragments of Roman pottery and tiles, one of the latter bearing the stamp C.III.G. Here then was evidence that the earthworks had been thrown up at some period subsequent to the destruction of a Roman station. It was an entirely new light, and we followed its guidance with caution. The fourth cohort of the Gauls has left many traces of its existence near the Roman wall. It was stationed, according to the *Notitia* (a work compiled about the year A.D. 400), at Vindolana, or Little Chesters, a station to the south of the wall, between Chesters and Procolitia; but that it had built a station in Yorkshire was a new and important fact.

Presently our cutting led to some rough foundation work, which proved to be walls eight feet thick surrounding a well, not perfectly circular, but measuring across its largest diameter 6ft. 9in. It was full of earth, and had presented on the surface of the ground when we began not the slightest indication of its existence. The investigations about this well are still going on. It has been excavated to a depth of 24ft., but the strong inflow of water makes the work slow and difficult. In the course of the excavation, many fragments of black and red Roman pottery have been found, a small piece of bronze, many large stones, quantities of decayed wood, and part of a quern. The walling ceased at a depth of twenty-three feet, and was found to rest on a bed of solid

coal, some portions of which were brought up to the surface and burned. So far the excavation of the well has proved less interesting than might have been anticipated, but until the bottom is reached conclusions are premature.

Our next work was to cut a trench across the south-west angle of the agger, but there no foundations were found. Fragments of pottery, both Samian, black, and light coloured, were thrown out, and 4ft. 6in. below the surface a band of boulders was cut through, which probably once formed a road surface. Samian ware and other pottery were found below these boulders at a depth of 6 feet from the crown of the agger.

A depression about the middle of the south bank seemed to indicate the place where the entrance to the station had been. At the commencement of the second week operations were begun on that spot, and eighteen inches below the surface a very rough boulder-pitched road was found. Its width was not very clearly defined, owing to the disturbance its surface had undergone, but it seemed to have measured about 21ft. across. Trial holes were then made at intervals in a straight line across the camp to the north agger, and the road surface was found to continue the whole way. Our next effort was to ascertain what buildings had been situated on the line of the road, and the inquiry was soon successful. About 18in. below the surface a wall of roughly-squared stones was discovered, which proved to be three feet broad and from three to five courses in depth. The stones are laid in clay and earth, similar to the walls found at Slack, and rest on a foundation of boulders and clay concreted together. The work of following out and uncovering the building thus discovered has since formed the chief business of the exploration. Its outline is depicted on the ground plan now exhibited. At first it seemed to be a nearly square building, measuring 72 feet from north to south, and 68 from east to west; but, trenching the ground further eastward, we came upon another wall eight feet from that first regarded as the eastern boundary. Its masonry was similar in character to the other walls. In the intervening space were found many traces of fire in the form of blackened stones and charcoal. Two feet six inches below the surface the pierced black dish and the two whetstones now exhibited were found; and three feet below the surface the light-coloured earthenware mortarium. It lay face downwards, slightly inclining to the south-east, and was lifted out entire. It measures 13½ inches across the top, and stands 3½ inches high, and is a very fine and quite perfect specimen of this not uncommon form of dish.

On examining the newly-found easternmost wall, it was observed to rest, not on concrete like the others, but on large slabs of stone; and pushing the inquiry a little further, we found that 14 inches of walling had been built over the large stones of a threshold, thus concealing the bases of two columns 11 feet apart. The clue thus obtained was at once followed, and a row of seven column bases was disclosed buried under the walling. The level of the latter wall agreed pretty nearly with the level of the road previously referred to; but the removal of this stonework led to the discovery of another road surface 18 inches below the first, pitched with boulders, but less disturbed than the upper one. The interval between the two roads was filled with loose stones from a ruined building, fragments of pottery, tiles, and charcoal. At the southern end of the colonnade stood a small, shallow stone trough, measuring 2ft. 9½in. × 1ft. 3in. and 4in. deep inside. The threshold at this point was much worn, as with the tread of men, and indeed all along the eastern colonnade these evidences of its having been a place of much popular resort are seen. Between the two southerly column bases, with its upper part lying over nine inches below the surface, lay a broken column five feet ten inches long, and measuring five feet two inches in circumference. The part nearest the surface was scored with many marks of the ploughshare, yet it had lain undisturbed, with its broken end dipping at a sharp angle into the ground, so that it nearly rested on the lower roadway. A Luis hole remains in the end that is perfect. The column bases already found had carried pillars only thirteen inches in diameter, but here was one twenty inches in diameter. We had clearly other and larger bases to discover.

By this time our trench had been driven well into the heart of the south agger. At this point the upper road lay three feet six inches above the lower road, and the

bottom of the southernmost column base was five feet from the surface of the ground. Turning our cutting westwards, we gradually discovered, one after another, the bases of four large columns, 22 feet, 23 feet, and 21 feet apart. No two of them were exactly alike, but the most easterly seemed to have been the one on which the broken column found on the east side had rested. Above this row of bases lay a bouldered road corresponding with the upper road of the east side, and seeming to lead up to the southern wall, which during this second occupation had formed the southern front of the building. Between the third and fourth bases of this front lay an entire column, with its base outermost and its head toward the colonnade. It measures 9ft. 7in. long, 19 $\frac{3}{4}$ in. in diameter at the base, and 15 $\frac{3}{4}$ in. at the top. A luis hole is seen at its upper end. So far columns have not been found on the western side of the building.

*Appropos* of luis holes, I may mention two Roman examples. Mr. Roach Smith has recorded that the more ponderous of the stones of the Decuman gate at Lymne, in Kent, are provided with luis holes, made precisely like those of the present day. Dr. Bruce, in his work already referred to, points out that all the facing stones of the Roman bridge over the North Tyne, near Cilurnum, have been placed in their position by the luis. These two examples effectually dispose of the popular notion that the luis was invented by Louis XIV. of France.

On the plan will be observed two small apartments near the north-west angle of the building. In the most easterly of these, many fragments of hypocaustal tiles and flue tiles were found, some of the latter blackened with soot, leading to the impression that here had been the hypocaust for warming the edifice. But nothing remained whole, nor were there any traces of plaster, though the flue tiles had been scored in diagonal lines as if for the purpose of receiving a coating of that material. The large apartment extending from these small chambers to the south front has been cleared out, but no traces of flooring have been found. It measures 51ft. by 28ft., and seems to have been one room. To the east of this lay another large apartment, measuring 68ft. by 27ft. Thus we find the whole interior of the building occupied by two large rooms, and two smaller ones where a heating apparatus has been. This is evidently not a private house. I believe it is not a temple, and am inclined to regard it as a prætorium, a sort of town hall or court of justice, where the chief officer sat to hear causes and try offenders. We are told that "each particular city had its peculiar magistrates. The Prætor held a kind of assize once every year, and then decided all causes of more than ordinary consequence; sitting in great state upon a high tribunal, with his Lictors round him, bearing rods for the backs and axes for the necks of the people." Only one whole tile has been turned up, and it measures 7 inches square and 3 inches thick. Many fragments of Samian and other pottery have been found, and a quantity of red clay, from which the tiles seem to have been made.

*(To be Continued.)*

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## I WISH HE WOULD MAKE UP HIS MIND.

*From the "Voice of the People," St. Kitts.*

I wish he would make up his mind, ma,  
For I don't care much longer to wait;  
I'm sure I have hinted quite strongly  
That I thought about changing my state;  
For a sweetheart he's really so backward,  
I can't bring him out though I try;  
I own that he's very good tempered,  
But then he's so dreadfully shy!

When I speak about love and a cottage,  
 He gives me a glance of surprise,  
 And if I but hint about marriage,  
 He blushes quite up to the eyes !  
 I can't make him jealous—I've tried it,  
 And 'tis no use my being unkind,  
 For that's not the way I am certain,  
 To get him to make up his mind.

I've sung him love sonnets by dozens,  
 I've work'd him both slippers and hose,  
 And we walk out by moonlight together,  
 Yet he never attempts to propose !  
 You really must ask his intentions,  
 Or some other beau I must find,  
 For indeed I won't tarry much longer  
 For one who can't make up his mind.

C. S.

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

BY C. H. LOOMIS.

CHAP. VI.

**W**E do not propose to go into all the details of the unloading of the vessel, for that would of itself make a longer narrative than we intend to make this.

There are no wharfs in the West India Islands, and when the "Sparkling Sea" was ready to unload, lighters came off from the shore, and the mules were slung, hoisted, and lowered overboard into the lighters. The hoisting of the mules overboard afforded the men all the amusement they had with the animals since they left New York.

"It's moighty glad I be to see them fellers goin' over the side. I've made a stable man of myself long enough I have. It's delightment to see the kickin' they do," remarked Tom joyfully, as the mules one by one went over the side.

"Why, captain," asked Nellie, who was sitting on the house under the awning watching the men, "what is that darkey biting the mule's ear for?"

"Oh, that's to divert the mule's attention from the men who are slinging him," replied the captain. "If it wasn't for that man's biting the mule's ear, which he does after twisting it as much as possible, the mule would kick so that no one could go near him."

"There goes one in the water," said Harry, as the swell of the sea parted the lighter from the vessel, leaving a distance of about six feet between.

"Yes, but there he comes out again, and goes into the lighter," said the captain, as the men immediately hauled the mule back, and when the sea rolled so as to bring the lighter and vessel together again, let him drop into the lighter.

"Oh, how funny," said Nellie, laughing until tears came into her eyes.

"The men seem to be enjoying themselves now for the first time since they came shipmates with the mules," remarked the captain.



Two-thirds of the cargo was soon unloaded, and the balance ordered to Port of Spain on the island of Trinidad.

On the evening of the third day, after the captain and the passengers, who had been rambling among the beautiful groves on the island, came aboard, the order to hoist the anchor was given, and when the sun was about to sink to rest the "Sparkling Sea" spread her wings, and like a beautiful bird flew towards her new destination.

The evening was one of beauty, the moon was smiling through drifts of snow-white clouds, while myriads of tiny stars were sparkling in the deep blue sky. An evening in the Caribbian Sea possesses all the beauties of ocean life; the water rippled by the gentle cooling trade winds and lit by the rays of the moon, presents a scene to inspire one with awe for the Creator of such grandeur.

On the second evening out the island of Tobago was sighted off the weather bow, and on the second morning the "Sparkling Sea" passed through the Dragon's Mouth, and entered the beautiful Gulf of Paria. The scenery about this gulf is one of the finest in the world. The water is of a light green and transparent in many places to the depth of many fathoms. Early in the evening the "Sparkling Sea" let go her anchor in the harbour of Port of Spain. The night was brilliantly lighted by the moon, and pleasure parties sailed about the gulf, the music from their bands being borne far out over the water. Among the vessels in the harbour were those from many European ports, and songs in many different tongues echoed and re-echoed on the still evening air.

Those aboard the "Sparkling Sea" were silent listeners to these songs. The forward hands sat about the windlass smoking their pipes and spinning yarns until midnight and drowsiness drove them below. On the following morning the balance of the mules were sent ashore, but in a somewhat different manner than in Barbadoes.

At sunrise a man swam off from the shore on horseback, and came alongside the vessel, a distance of about a mile, a platform was projected out over the vessel's side, and a mule drove out on it, then the outer end was suddenly lowered, and the mule dropped into the water. The man on the horse then started for the shore, and the mule followed. In this way fifteen mules and horses were soon in the water and on their way to the shore.

The hurricane deck was now torn down and sent ashore, and the vessel cleared up until again she resumed her natural shape and beauty. The ballast was taken in and the order to break out the anchor was given. The sailors, now relieved of their extra duties, went to work getting the vessel under way with a will, and their voices rang out as they raised and lowered the windlass brakes, showing that their hearts were merry, the chanter man crying his

"O break her out my Johnny,  
O break her with a will,  
For now we're outward bound Johnny,  
And up she's coming still."

And then the chorus men joined in—

"For now we're outward bound Johnny,  
And up she's coming still."

Every word brought the anchor-chain further through the hawse-hole, and soon the anchor was on the bow. Again the sails were set, and the "Sparkling Sea" passed out through the Serpent's Mouth and entered the Atlantic Ocean. A run of a few days brought them to the Equator, or line, as it is known at sea.

At four bells on the evening of the day they were crossing the line a gruff voice was heard alongside hailing the brig.

"Brig ahoy! Heave to and take me aboard."

At this command the vessel was hove to, and over the side came old Neptune. His form was bare to the waist, a large rope yarn wig covered his head, and a long beard of rope yarn and oakum reached down to his waist. His face was spotted with tar, and in

his left hand he held a concha shell, while in his right hand, to represent the trident, he carried the grains impaling a fish. He was received by the captain and officers with a salute, and he in turn saluted them.

"How d'ye do, hearties? what's the good word? I'm from down below, and have come to tell you that Madame Neptune is brewing a small gale down there, and that even now the water is boiling under your keel. But I must be off. Hope you'll have a pleasant voyage on the ocean of life, as well as through my domains, and if any of you find it necessary to make me a visit, I will try and entertain you with the best my caves afford; but I must be getting along. Good bye, come and see me off." As he turned to go over the side, Slow Simon and two or three other greenhorns, who had been curiously watching him, ran to the side just in time to receive a deluge of water from the main top, which the old hands had been preparing for them during the afternoon watch. As Neptune disappeared a tub of fire was seen to float astern.

Nellie was as much surprised as the green hands, and when Neptune was lost to sight and the brig put on her course she vented her curiosity by exclaiming—

"For goodness sake what kind of an apparition was that, where did it come from, and where has it gone to?" And as her large blue eyes opened to their utmost, she said, "Oh, what a fright it did give me!"

"That was King Neptune," replied the captain, "paying us a visit as he usually does any vessel entering his domain. Sometimes when a vessel of importance, like a man-of-war, crosses the line, he comes aboard accompanied by his wife and son." The smile that flitted across the captain's face made Nellie more curious, and thinking perhaps she would get no better definition from him, she turned to the mate. "Mr. Evans, the captain seems to evade my question. You tell me how that strange creature got aboard here, and the cause of those men getting such a ducking."

"To give that information would be against the law of sailors," replied Mr. Evans.

"But then you know I'm not a sailor, Mr. Evans."

"That's so, Miss Powers, I did not think of that; then besides, old Neptune would be pleased to claim so fair a being as yourself for one of his acquaintances."

"I am not very anxious for any nearer acquaintance," laughingly replied Nellie, "but I am anxious to hear the story."

The mate looked about him as though looking to see if there was anyone else near likely to hear the secret, and then told the freaks of old Neptune.

"You must know, Miss Powers, that almost every vessel that goes to sea carries some greenhorns along, or at least some sailors who have never crossed the Equator. These green hands according to usage must be initiated when they cross the line. The part of Neptune is taken by one of the old hands who is rigged up by some of the knowing ones, who, watching their opportunity when the green hands are out of sight, let him over alongside on a hanging platform, and at the proper moment, as you see, he makes his appearance on deck. The green hands are as curious as yourself, and as Neptune talks fast and does not give them a chance to get near him when he says 'come see me off,' they run to the side in time to get wet as you just observed."

"What is that fire floating astern?"

"That is a half barrel filled with pitch, which is supposed to have been the fire ship in which Neptune came up from the ocean caves, and in which he is supposed to be going back."

"What a strange custom," said Nellie in a thoughtful way, "I thought the evil spirit from down below had come aboard."

Beautiful days came and went, fair winds sped the brig on her way. Nellie Powers, when not engrossed with her favourite authors, spent some of her time leaning over the rail, and dreamily peering down into the deep dark sea. With her eye she would follow the spotted dolphins that played alongside, or watched the porpoises that sported under the bows. In her joy she built fairy castles away down below the sea; filled them with mermaids and various kinds of fish, decorated the walls with sea-fans and sea-weeds, the niches she trimmed with pink and white coral, the floor she made of beautiful sea-shells, and the whole, after brilliantly lighting it with a thousand tiny candles, she placed in charge of King Neptune.

"Nellie," said a voice from behind her one day, "you'll be overboard yet; here I've been standing for ten minutes ready to catch you every time the vessel lurched, and you have paid me no more attention than you have the rolling of the vessel, which has threatened several times to cast you into the sea; what do you see so interesting down in the depths of the ocean?"

Nellie, looking up, saw Harry standing beside her, and said,

"I have seen a great many pretty things. I have been building fairy castles down beneath the sea, and had not noticed the increase in the wind, and perhaps, but for your timely warning, I should have fallen overboard, and then you would have got your clothes wet by jumping in after me, for I know you would have done it, wouldn't you?" and Nellie looked up into Harry's face in a sly sort of way, but without giving him a chance to reply she kept right on talking.

"I have been thinking, Harry, of the far off island home, which I have never seen, and of which I have no conception, and the parents I am to meet after so many long years of separation. It makes me real glad to think this beautiful breeze is helping me on to that meeting, that every leap of this noble vessel is so much nearer home. And then, Harry, my heart returns to that beautiful home I have left behind, to the friends I have bid farewell for ever, and when I think that each puff of wind is bearing me further away from them my heart swells with emotion."

"But, Nellie, you have no idea what a beautiful home you are going to. What beautiful trees, flowers and birds abound there. I am sure you will be delighted to watch the bright sun glistened waves as they beat on the shore. Your poetic mind will have an opportunity to expand to its utmost extent and your admiration of the beauties that will surround you will have no bounds." And Harry's features brightened as he dwelt on the beauties of his native place.

"I suppose I shall be delighted, Harry, but then it seems so much like dying to bid farewell to all you know on earth and start off for an unknown country." As she spoke her features assumed an expression partly of joy and partly of sadness.

One day when Nelly was peering down into the blue sea, she saw a flying fish dart through the water followed by a larger fish; she anxiously watched the tiny one as many times when almost in the mouth of the larger fish it darted forward with greater rapidity and escaped for the time. Once when the little fish seemed about to become a prey, it made another dash and sprang clear of the water, and spreading its little wings skimmed over the surface. Nellie clapped her hands with joy as she beheld the transparent creature, as she supposed, free from danger. But her joy was of short duration, for a sea gull which had also been following the adventures of the small fish now swooped down and captured it.

She had spent hours that day in watching the physalix, or Portuguese men-of-war, which had for days been sailing in great numbers past the vessel. These objects constitute one of the wonders of the ocean, with their small transparent sails of a purple hue tinged with white, spread to the soft gentle winds of those seas, they present a sight beautiful to behold.

"Oh! I do wish I had one of them," exclaimed Nellie, as they were passing through a fleet of about fifty.

"Do you? then you shall," said Harry jumping up and grasping a long pole that lay near by, to which he fastened one of the cook's pails and succeeded in capturing two of them.

"Bravo, Mr. Prescott," laughed Nellie, "what an admiral you would make, and what prizes you would capture in the time of war! just think how you have captured two Portuguese men-of-war in a bucket! Everlasting fame shall certainly be yours, but at present you must be content with my thanks."

These creatures lose half of their beauty when taken from the water, so Nellie was somewhat disappointed when one of them, which had been hung on the main boom, did not retain its brilliancy.

"What's that?" she asked, pointing to the long jelly-like body and purple pendants of the creature, which were now stringing out and dropping off.

"That solid mass contains the life of the thing," replied the captain, "and acts as ballast for the little craft, keeping its long, egg shaped bladder-like body, with its little sail, in an upright position."

Nellie was about to touch it when Dave Blackman, the cook, going by cried out—"Doan you do it, Misse, dey's pisen. I knows nouf of folks with big strong fingers dats had de vulsions by touchin' of dem."

"You mean convulsions, Mr. Blackman," said Nellie.

"Dat's it," said the cook, straightening himself up with pride at the sound of his name in full.

"He is right," said the captain, "I would not advise you to touch it; in some manner its tendrils are poisonous."

The creature that had been so beautiful before in her eyes now became loathsome; she could hardly believe that a thing of beauty could be capable of evil. She had yet to learn that some of the loveliest objects in this world of ours are the most dangerous to come in contact with.

In this and a similar way the time passed pleasantly along aboard the "Sparkling Sea." The little vessel was often made merry by the joyous voices of the two passengers singing some pretty lay, which rang out in silvery strains over the waters, and we have no doubt that the fish of the sea were better fish, more neighbourly, and less 'ikely to take advantage of each other's infirmities, after the sweet voice of Nellie Powers had thrilled through their bodies.

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#### CHAPTER VII.

It was evening at sea—what beauty in the words, what beauty in the fact; poets have written on it; musicians have sung to its grandeur; novelists have exhausted themselves in expatiating upon the magnificence of the scene, and the hallowed glory that surrounds an evening at sea. But tongue could not tell nor pen describe, the evening that found the small company of souls aboard the "Sparkling Sea" hundreds of miles off the eastern coast of South America. The sun was just sinking below the water, and across the sky stretched its train of yellow and vermilion, and a glow from its parting ray settled upon the features of Nellie Powers, as she sat on the stern rail of the vessel, and with her large blue eyes was trying to pierce the depth of the fleecy clouds above, and perhaps see into the Celestial City with its pearly gates, which she knew must lay very near a sky of such gorgeous splendour. The soft winds were toying with her golden curls; and Harry Prescott, who was sitting near (but who was supposed to be reading a book, which he held upside down in his hand) was feasting his eyes upon the innocence and beauty of her angelic countenance. He wondered how it was that after leaving so many beauties behind without a pang, that each look Nellie gave him should send such a thrill through his being, and he began to question himself to see if that was really the feeling a person was supposed to experience who was falling in love.

"How now, Harry Prescott?" said Nellie, turning around; "caught in the act, are you? taking advantage of me, brigand like, when I am off my guard." As Nellie spoke, she changed her position to one nearer Harry.

"Now, Nellie, you do me a great injustice," replied Harry; "here I was pondering over a sublime thought, which I had found in this book, and, happening to look up towards you, was just in time to catch you looking at me, and you, like a good lawyer, turn the tables on me. But it's with no effect, for with all the evidence in, any fair judge would decide against you."

"But the evidence is not all in, Mr. Prescott. You say you were reading, and any judge would certainly find the case against you when he found that at the time you were caught in the act of which you are accused, the book you held in your hand was upside down."

Harry looked at his book, and for the first time noticed that it was not in a position that an intelligent man would hold it to read from, or to search for sublime thoughts. He would probably have made some reply to this sharp retort, had they not been disturbed by the captain, who said:

"I am sorry to interrupt your little tête-à-tête, but we are going to jibe the spanker, and you are not in a very safe position."

Jibing a sail aboard a ship is the act of shifting it from one side of the vessel to the other, which is made necessary by a change in the wind, or the course of the vessel.

Although Nellie had acted so surprised over what she called catching Harry in the act, she had known that he was looking at her some moments before she turned around. While she was looking so intently at the skies, she was thinking what a noble gentleman Harry Prescott was, and how lonely the voyage, which was now comparatively joyous, would have been without him.

On the morning following the incidents related above, a dense fog covered the face of the ocean, which continued for two days, keeping the passengers below, and making everything disagreeable when contrasted with the pleasant days that had passed.

The captain had been expecting to make the land, and, although he said nothing, he had carried an anxious mind ever since the fog had set in.

Along towards evening on the second day of the fog, the passengers were astonished by hearing the captain give the order to cast the lead, which was shortly followed by the order to let go the anchor. The anchor held fast; the sails were tied up, and when the morning dawned, and the fog disappeared, the daylight revealed the city of Rio Janeiro spread out over a beautiful country. The harbour was filled with vessels of all nations, and to the crew of the "Sparkling Sea" the scene was an agreeable surprise.

The mists arose above the rippling sea,  
Which bathed in lustrous golden sunshine lay.  
In grandeur spread; while balmy winds blew free,  
And gently fanned the waves at break of day.

The dew-kissed verdure on the mountains seen,  
Was glist'ning at the blush of early morn;  
The white walls of the city with the green  
Of spring, in beauty hid when day was born.

"Captain Dill," said Harry, when the exclamations of surprise had subsided, "it seems to me that you seamen have a fair insight into the mysterious. I should think it would require a great deal of skill to run a vessel into a harbour like this in a fog, and no sun taken for two days. I shall be obliged hereafter to consider you a supernatural being."

"We are not supernatural, Mr. Prescott," replied the captain, "but we often do things because we are obliged to. Very few would voluntarily enter a harbour in a fog, but the consequences of going by are worse. Your thoughts are similar to those entertained by myself, a few years since, when I was cabin boy on the bark 'Bird of Paradise' out from San Francisco, we passed through the Golden Gates on a pleasant morning, and that was the only real pleasant morning we saw until we were anchored in this harbour. We had a good many storms on the passage, and had been driven miles out of our course. When we were in the latitude of the Horn we encountered severe storms. These storms sprung us a leak, and when we were nearing this latitude we met a storm of great violence, and we lost our fore and mizzen topmast and jib boom. The captain altered the course for the nearest port, which was this one. On the day he supposed we would sight land, a fog, similar to the one we have experienced, set in, but the captain was a self-reliant man, and, after running a few hours, he gave the order to cast the lead, and, after looking at his chart, gave the order to drop anchor. Along towards night it cleared up, and the city and harbour stood open to our view as you now see it. From that time forwards, I placed great confidence in the abilities of that captain, but afterwards he ran me on the rocks off the coast of Mexico, and nearly cost me my life."

After breakfast, the quarter boat was lowered, and the captain with the passengers, after a great deal of manœuvring, succeeded in working their way among the great number of bumboats that filled the harbour, and reached the shore. They were met at every step by some anxious vendor of fish, meat, caudy, beer, or honey, who offered them great inducements to buy. The market of the place was thronged with men exhibiting

parrots, monkeys, snakes, and everything or anything likely to sell. One old man stood on the corner of the street with a turban round his head, and a cage of trained monkeys, which he was exhibiting, by his side. As the captain and his party arrived near this man's stand, a monkey, of little better appearance than monkeys generally have, was doing some remarkable tricks. Nellie, after watching him for a few moments, said she had a good mind to buy him to help enliven the balance of the voyage, and asked Harry to get it for her. He undertook to do so, but could not make the man understand him. The captain noticed Harry's perplexity, and offered to help him out. He asked the man how much he wanted for his monkey. The vendor named a price equal to five dollars in gold United States money. The captain laughed at the answer, and, turning to Nellie, told her not to pay more than half they asked for anything she wanted to buy in this place.

"Captain Dill, I will commission you as my agent in this matter, with full power to buy that monkey as cheap as you can," said Nellie, laughing.

(To be Continued.)

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### PRAYER ON THE SEA.

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THE night is both sublime and calm :  
 How far off the land we see !—  
 The ocean in emerald breadth and grace  
 Is resting tranquilly.

I think that the waves are sleeping,  
 Even now, from their rage and might,  
 And that over the deep the Creator  
 Hovers through the sacred night.

I think as if at this moment,  
 I must sink deeply and rapidly  
 In the greenest depths of the ocean,  
 O Lord, at thy nearness to me !

I think as if high above me  
 The vault of waters is resting there,  
 And this song about it is flowing  
 Into the morning air.

STRACHWITZ.

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

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BY BRO. GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL.

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

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**M**R. WILLIAM ANDREWS, Fellow of the Royal Historical Society, who is now editing the little *Hull Miscellany*, has judiciously devoted a number to the memory of our gifted Brother, Robert Burns. After a brief, but interesting, memoir of Scotia's

inspired ploughboy, we have the noble odes to his memory by Isabella Craig Knox, James Macfarlan, James Montgomery, and Dr. Spencer T. Hall,—the latter written for a meeting of Scotsmen in Sheffield, on the anniversary of the bard's birth, thirty-seven years ago, and concluding as follows :—

“ Yes ! gather'd here or scatter'd there,  
 Britannia's sons, the wide world o'er,  
 Will hail him each returning year  
 With offerings worthier than before :  
 Yet, though more tuneful each acclaim,  
 And richer in poetic flowers,  
 No lay names Burns's dear-loved name  
 With more devotedness than ours.”

I would recommend Mr. Andrews to give a Burns number every January, and advise him to quote in his next my friend Eta Mawr's beautiful poem on the poet ; also to give a Shakspeare number every April ; for if the people of Hull are not far ahead of those of any other town I know in England, the majority of them have all yet to learn about the gifted and the good of their race. Mr. Andrews' idea is a good one, and only needs fully carrying out. As a Hull publication, he might also appropriately have an Andrew Marvell number, a William Wilberforce number, a Col. Thompson number, and so on ; for though the learned Dr. Grosart has clearly shown that the incorruptible Marvell was *not* born at Hull, as previous biographers had mistakenly stated, yet his whole life was devoted to that borough, and though he is as much ours as theirs as a poet, yet as a parliamentary representative Andrew Marvell was emphatically the member for Hull, and all parties now honour his patriotism.

In the January Notes, I quoted Sterne's genial description of the dance after supper, as practised by the peasantry at “the beginning of the ascent of Mount Taurina,” so finely described in his *Sentimental Journey*,—a passage which I enjoyed in boyhood, and still love in my declining years. But he who, according to the inscription on his tombstone, “did not live to be a member” of our “society,” need not have crossed the English Channel to find such a scene as he has so finely described ; his own native Ireland could have furnished it, long before he was born in the barracks of Clonmel ; and at least thirty years after his stolen corpse had been dissected by Professor Collignon, at his own university of Cambridge. George Holmes—the clever grandsire of our well-known Brother, Emra Holmes,—a man who, I believe, was the rightful heir to an Irish peerage, with good broad acres to support the title, but who became an artist instead of a legislator—in his charming *Sketches of some of the Southern Counties of Ireland*, published in 1797, on his visit to Holy Cross Abbey, (which, he says was, founded by Donald, king of Limerick, and contained a shrine in which the monks pretended to have deposited a piece of the Cross on which Christ was crucified—to whom it was dedicated in 1169), after giving a description of the place, worth reproducing in a Masonic Magazine, pleasantly remarks :—“After dinner, lured by the calmness of the evening, we strolled along the banks of the river, highly delighted with the scenery. Here we met a truly rustic group ; the young men and women of the village were enjoying themselves by a dance ; a fidler and piper emulously lent their strains, which were not ill bestowed upon their hearers, for they showed, by their rude jokes and merry glee, how open the mind is to the effects of music, even of the coarsest kind. Each young man, as he took his partner, gave a half-penny to the piper, and then set to with all their heart and soul. Content and harmless mirth are, I am sure, acceptable offerings to our Creator, and in a much higher degree than all the gloomy self-denial of the cloistered monk : one voluntary sigh of humble thankfulness, springing from a grateful and cheerful heart, finds easier access to the throne of mercy than all the raging sorrows and health-consuming abstinences of monastic discipline. Leaving them to their pastime, we rambled on still farther, till warned by the quick approach of evening, we returned.”

It is not improbable that George Holmes might have read the *Sentimental Journey*, for he was a man well versed in literature as well as in science and art. "At this period of universal information," he writes, "while the historic and descriptive pages of the most distant climes are unfolded to our view, are we not naturally to suppose those parts nearest the heart of the empire, through which a great portion of its life blood flows, should be intimately known? Yet, strange to say, Ireland, which, for a space of six hundred years and more, has been politically connected with, and continues to be a powerful and valuable gem, in the crown of Great Britain, is less known to the people of England, in general, than the most remote regions." And he might have quoted, as a proof of his assertion, the keen and careful observer, Laurence Sterne, travelling to France to find an illustration of what his native country was equally capable of supplying, as the interesting extract I have given abundantly proves. My truly poetic friend, the late Charles Swain, has sweetly sung:—

"We oft destroy the present joy  
 For future hopes—and praise them;  
 Whilst flowers as sweet bloom at our feet,  
 If we 'd but stoop to raise them!  
 For things *à*far still sweetest are  
 When youth's bright spell hath bound us;  
 But soon we're taught that earth has naught  
 Like Home and Friends around us!"

And so it is: we traverse the globe for what could more easily be found at home; we seek for pleasures beyond our reach, instead of enjoying those at our command; we sigh for great opportunities to do good, instead of attending to the urgent calls for aid all around us; and live and die like fools, rather than true philosophers, whose souls are constantly permeated with the Masonic feeling of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man, whatever his country, colour, or caste.

I have received the fifty-fifth Annual Report of the Whitby Literary and Philosophical Society, from which I am glad to learn that their really interesting museum has been patronised by a greater number of visitors than before; the sum taken for admission being £25, which, at sixpence each, represents one thousand visitors; but, as servants and children are admitted for half-price, may probably have been paid by a greater number. Visitors to the sea-side too few of them have intellects sufficiently developed to appreciate a museum like that at Whitby, or it would be a disgrace to them to have visited that romantic watering-place for a few days without having seen its valuable collection of fossils, shells, stuffed birds, and other curiosities, such as perhaps no other town of its size in England can equal. From the number of learned and gifted men who have formerly belonged to, as well as those who now are members of this excellent institution, the nobility, clergy, and gentry of North Yorkshire should all be proud to belong to it; for no man is entitled to honour from his social position who does not prove by his actions that his tastes are much higher than those of the vulgar herd, and that he is willing to aid any good effort for cultivating a love of literature, science, and art. I notice the title page contains a vignette of the ancient Egyptian obelisk known as Cleopatra's Needle, recently brought to this country by the liberality of Bro. Erasmus Wilson and the skill of Bro. Dixon. I hope, when fixed upon its proper basis, it will be welcomed to England by such a Masonic gathering as has never before been witnessed in the streets of London; for that will certainly be a most opportune occasion to show to the uninitiated, as well as to our Brothers of the Craft, that the Speculative Masons of the Present have not quite cut all connection with their Operative Brethren of the Past.

*Rose Cottage, Stokesley.*