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FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

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Monthly Masonic Summary.

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WITH this last Number of our Fifth Volume we have not a very great deal to report, though our Summary is still not deficient in interest. Our Royal Grand Master, accompanied by his Royal brother-in-law the Crown Prince of Denmark (J.W. of the Danish G. Lodge), presided at the Annual Festival, and made, as usual, a thoroughly Masonic and genial speech, to the happiness and loyal content of all present.

He has since spoken well and admirably in Paris, where he has greatly encouraged the Exhibitors by his presence, sympathy, and affability.

H.R.H. the Princess of Wales and the Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Denmark have been with him.

The Anniversary Festival of the Girls' School has taken place under the distinguished presidency of our Pro-Grand Master, which is always welcome, and ever effective. £8,600, in round numbers, constituted the return made by the generous exertions of the Stewards, and the ready liberality of the Order. The slackness of trade, and no doubt the fact of the funded property of the School, account for what otherwise might seem a retrogression in the returns. Many Lodges and Chapters have done nothing, but on the whole we think the amount subscribed most creditable to Masonic beneficence.

There are now nine candidates for the vacant Secretaryship of the Girls' School. We need hardly remark how important it is for the best interests of the School that we should really get the "right man in the right place." The flow of circulars is abundant, but on this occasion a new species of recommendation has appeared—namely, individual exhortation in the interest of a particular candidate. This we venture to think a great mistake, and one to be entirely deprecated and discouraged. The circulars of committees are one thing,—the declaration of individualism quite another thing.

We rejoice to notice the increase of Royal Arch Masonry amongst us. It is a matter of sincere congratulation to all Companions of the Royal Art!

AN HERMETIC WORK.

(Continued from page 533.)

THE EPISTLE DEDICATORY

Of Doctor *John Frederick Helvetius.*

To the most Excellent and Learned, Doctors, Dr. Theodosius Retius, at Amsterdam
 Doctor John Casper Fausius, at Heidleberg, and Doctor Christianus Mentzelius, at
 Brandenburg, My Honoured Friends and Patrons.

MOST Noble and Acute Searchers into the Vulcanick Anatomy : I would not be wanting to manifest the glory and riches of this ancient Spagyrick Art, which I have seen and done, by projecting a very little of the Transmuting Powder on a piece of impure Lead, (which in a moment) was thereby changed into the most fixt pure Gold, enduring the sharpest examination of fire, so that none need doubt, but certainly know the first material Mercury of Philosophers is to be found, and is as a fountain overflowing with admirable effects. Yet it is not in my thoughts to teach any man this Art, of which I my self am yet ignorant, but only to rehearse the proceedings I have seen. For it is only the part of Bruits to spend their life in silence, and not to declare that which might propagate the honour of the most Wise, Omnipotent God our Creator : It being ungrateful for men, (who ought to participate of the divine nature) not to glorifie their maker. I shall therefore without flourishing, faithfully relate whatever I saw and heard from Elias Artista, touching this miracle. For truly I was not so intimate, that he would teach me to prepare the Universal Medicine throughout the Artificial, Chymical, Physical Method, yet he vouchsafed such a rational Foundation in the Method of Physick, that I shall never sufficiently extoll his praise. Receive therefore this small present which I officiously Dedicate to you for admiration. Farewell.

N. E. E. D. V.

Your most humble Servant.

John Frederick Helvetius.

CHAP. I.

BEFORE I describe the Philosophical Pigmy conquering Gyants in this Theatre of Secrets, suffer me to transcribe some of Helmounts words, out of his Book of *The Tree of Life*, fol. 630.

I am constrained (saith he) to believe there is a Stone to make Gold and Silver, though I know many exquisite Chymists have consumed their own and other mens goods in search of this Mystery ; and to this day (alas) we see these unwary and simple Laborants cunningly deluded by a Diabolical Crew of Gold and Silver, sucking Flyes or Leeches. But I know many Stupid men will contradict this truth. This man will have it to be a work of the Devils, another a hodge-podge, another to be the soul of gold ; so that with one ounce of this Gold may again be tinged only one ounce of Lead, and no more ; but this is repugnant to Kissler's attestation, and others as I shall shew you : Another perhaps believes it possible, but says, The Sawce is dearer then the meat. Yet I wonder not at all, for according to the Proverb,

Things that we understand not, we admire ;
 But things that please our fancy, we desire.

Now what will man do in natural things, who is fallen from the fountain of light into the bottomless pit of darkness, especially in this Philosophick natural Study. Nay, if they understand a thing, they despise it, not knowing that more is to be sought than possessed. Wherefore Seneca said right, in his book of Manners, Thou art not yet happy if the ruder sort deride thee not. But whether men believe deride or contradict, there is a certainty of the transmutation of Metals; for mine eyes have seen it, my hands done it, and handled this spark of Gods everlasting wisdom, or the true Catholick, Saturnine, Magnesia of Philosophers (a very Fire sufficient to pierce Rocks) a treasure equivalent to 20 Tun of Gold. What seekest thou more? I believed it with the eyes of Thomas in my fingers, I have seen I say in nature, That most secret supernatural Magical Saturn known to none but a Cabalist Christian: And we judge him the happiest of all Physicians, to whom this Sovereign Potion of our Medicinal Mercury is known; or of the Medicine of the Sun of our Æsculapius, against the violence of death, for which else grows no better Panacea in all the Gardens. But the great God reveals not promiscuously these his Solomonical gifts; for it seems to most men a wonder, when they see the creature, by an Occult implanted magnetical virtue of it's like, to be brought into a real activity.

As for example. The ingenerated magnetical, potential vertue, in Iron from the Loadstone; in gold from Mercury; in Silver from Copper; and so consequently in all the Metals, Minerals, Stones, Hearbs and Plants, &c.

But here I may deservedly ask, Which of the wisest Philosophers is so acute, to perceive by what means or obumbration the imagination in any woman with Child doth tinge venomous or monstrous things, and dispatcheth its work within a very moment, if it be brought to activity by any external object. I believe many will say, it is a Morto-Magical divelish work; but such Bablers are afraid of the Resplendency of the Essential Light of Truth, wherewith their Owl-like Eyes are lamentably afflicted. But as I may affirm, the Stars are a cause of this matter, though thou or I perhaps cannot comprehend their heavenly Influences; neither are the Plants which the earth affords to be slighted herein, although I or thou cannot rightly judge from their external Signatures, the effects of their ingenerated virtues, which they eminently shew according to their degrees of Power, in the healing and preserving of mens bodies. But are all men defective in their light of understanding, because I or thou are wanting in knowledge, how the Powers Created to one and the same end may be brought into activity. Thousands of such things might be instanced, although thou dost not know the splendor in the Angels, the candid brightness in the Heavens, the Perspicuity in the air, the clear Limpidity in the waters, the variety of colours in the Flowers, the hardness in Stones and Metals, the Proportion in living Creatures, the Image of God in regenerated men, Faith in true Believers, and Reason in the Soul: Yet is there in them such a beauty, which very few mortals have throughly perceived, or plainly known.

Now why should there not be such an admirable virtue in the true Philosophers Stone, which truly I have seen and known to be so. Yet hereby I endeavour not to perswade the worthy and unworthy alike, to labour in this work. I rather dehort busie searchers, from this most perillous secret, like as from some Holy of Holies; Yea, let every discreet Student be exceeding cautious in reading and keeping company with Sophisticate false Philosophers. Nevertheless to satisfie curious Naturalists, I shall communicate faithfully whatsoever was acted between Elias the Artist, and Me, concerning the nature of the Philosophers Stone.

It is a thing much brighter then Aurora, or a Carbuncle, more splendid then the Sun or Gold, and more beautiful then the Moon or Silver; Insomuch that this most recreating light, can never be blotted out of my mind, though it should not be believed by Learned Fools, or Illiterate Asses, babling nothing but the gloss of haughty proud eloquence. For in this exulcerated old malignant Age, nothing can be secured from slanderous Carpers; But all such Batts and Bratts do err from Truth, and in progress of time vanish, miserably ensnared in their own errors, yet our assertion shall stand till the very end of all generations, being built upon the eternal foundation of Triumphant Truth. And although this Art be not yet known to all, the Adept do assert according

to experience, That this natural Mystery is only to be found with the great Jehovah, Saturninely placed in the Center of the World. In the interim, we account them happy, who by the help of art, are careful how they may wash this Philosophical Queen, and circulate the Catholick Virgin Earth, within a Magick, Physicall Christalline Artifice; Nay, as Khunrade saith, they alone shall see the Philosophers King crowned with all the colours of the world, and coming forth of his Bedchamber, and glassy Sepulchre, more then perfect in his external glorified fiery body, shining like a bright Carbuncle, or a compact, and Ponderous transparent Christal; These shall see the Salamander casting out waters, and washing therewith, the Leprouse Metals in the fire, as I my self have seen. What shall I say? These shall see the Abyss of the Spagyrick Art, where this kingly art did rest and lye hid so many years in the Mineral Kingdom, as in their safest bosom. Assuredly the true Sous of this Art shall not only manifest such a river of Nunitius; in which long since Æneus (being washt, and absolved from his mortality), by the command of Venus, was presently transformed like to an immortal God, but also the whole Lydian River (called Pactolus) transmuted into gold, as soon as Mygdonian Mydas hath washed himself in the same. Also in a long Series they shall partly see the Bath of naked Diana, and the Fountain of Narcissus; yea, Scylla walking in the Sea without her clothes, by reason of the fervent rayes of the Sun; and shall gather the blood of Pyramis and Thysbe, by whose help the white Mulberries were tinged into red. Partly also the blood of Adonis, transformed by the descending Goddess Venus, into the Anemone Rose: Partly also the blood of Ajax, out of which did spring the fairest Flower of Hyacinth or Violet: Partly also the blood of the Gyants, struck by Jupiters Thunderbolt: partly also the tears of Althea, shed when she had divested her self of her Golden Robes, and laid them down: partly also the drops from Medea's decocted water, out of which green things did presently sprout out of the earth: Partly also Medea's Potion boyled out of many hearbs, gathered three days before the Full Moon, for the healing of her good old Father Jason: Partly also the Medicine of Æsculapius; Partly also the leaves by whose taste Glaucus was transformed into Neptune: Partly also the expressed juice of Jason, by whose benefit he got the Golden Fleece, in the Land of Colchos, after he had fought generously in the Field of Mars, not without great danger of his Life: Partly also the Garden of Hesperides, from whose Trees might be gathered Apples of Gold: Partly also, Hippomines running a Race with Atalanta, delaying and conquering her, by throwing down three Golden Apples, given him by Venus: Partly also the Aurora of Cephalus; Partly also as it were, Romulus transformed by Jupiter into a God: Partly also the Soul of Julius Caesar, transfigured by Venus into a Comet, and placed amongst the Stars: partly also Pytho the Serpent of Juno, springing up after Deucalious deluge out of the putrified Earth, heated by the rayes of the Sun; partly also the Fire, whereby Medea lighted seven Candles: partly also the Moon inflamed by the great burning of Phaeton; partly also the dried shrub or branch of the Olive Tree, new greening with berries, as a new and tender tree: partly also Arcadia, wherein Jupiter was used to walk: partly also the dwelling place of Pluto, at whose entrance the three headed Cerberus did watch: partly also that Mountain where Hercules burnt all his Members he had from his Mother upon a Pile of Wood, when the Fathers parts did remain fixt and incombustible in the fire, yet was he not one jot impaired in his life, but at length was changed into the likeness of a God. Further, these true children of the Philosophers, shall at last enter into the Temple of the transformed rustick house, whose roof was built out of fine gold. Indeed I cannot do less then once more proclaim aloud with the Adeptists. O happy, and thrice happy is this Artist, who by the most gracious blessing of the most high Jehovah obtains this art to prepare and make this almost divine Salt, by whose efficacious operation, the metallick body or mineral is broke open, destroyed and killed, yet its soul is revived to the glorious resurrection of the Philosophick body: Most happy therefore is he who obtains this Art of Arts, to the glory of God, by earnest constant prayers: For certainly the knowledge of this Mystery cannot be obtained, unless drawn and suckt out of the Fountain of Fountains, which is God. Therefore every serious Lover of this inestimable art should believe the chief of his business is, That with uncessant desires and prayers

in a living Faith, he implore, and adore the most Sovereign grace of Gods Holy Spirit in all his works : for it is the solemn custom of God to communicate his gifts candidly and liberally, only to candid and liberal men, mediately or immediately : for by this only holy way of the practice of Piety, all students of difficult arts find what they desire. But they must exercise solitary Philosophical and Religious pleadings with Jehovah, with a pure mouth and heart : For the heavenly wisdom Sophia embraceth cur friendship, offering us her Rivers of gracious goodness and bounty, never to be drawn dry. And most happy is he to whom the true kingly way shall be shewed by an Adept Possessor of this great Secret. But I foresee this small Preface will not satisfie my Readers alike ; some perchance taxing me for presuming as it were to teach them an art unknown to my self, when this hath been my only purpose to relate a History : yet I doubt not but this study of divine wisdom, will be sweeter to some then any Nectar, or Ambrosia. I say no more, but conclude with that of Julius Cæsar Scaliger, That the end of truly wise men is the communicating of wisdom : According to that of Gregory Nyssen He that is good, Communicates willingly his goods to others, for the property of good men is to be profitable to others.

(To be Continued.)

PAPERS ON THE GREAT PYRAMID.

BY BRO. WM. ROWBOTTOM.

(Continued from page 536.)

IV.—THE REASON OF ITS BUILDING.

WE now proceed to discuss the reasons which could have influenced the builders in their erection of this monument at the particular epoch to which it belongs ; and, first of all, we may at once lay aside as unworthy our attention as Masons all reasons which fail to account for the scientific proportions and references with which it is found to abound. Glancing over the numerous purposes assigned by writers to the building, we cannot help being struck by the absurdity of some and the inadequacy of others. Mr. Bonwick devotes half the pages of his volume to this problem, while Colonel Howard Vyse in his day found sufficient matter to compile a most interesting appendix to his magnificent work. It is difficult to imagine how a traveller could see in the Pyramids either barriers against the desert, or filtering reservoirs for the Nile water ; much less that educated men could have left these nearly solid structures with the idea that they were the granaries that Joseph built to contain the stores of wheat. Equally difficult, also, of belief, is the idea that the Great Pyramid is nothing more than a mere tomb ; though it is not denied that some one may have been buried in or near it, and it is evident that in the erection of the later Pyramids this purpose was the sole end in view.

There remain, then, to be considered the theories which ascribe to it a scientific purpose. On a cursory glance, many of these appear contradictory, while others appear inconsequent. What is wanted, as appears to me, is some theory which, while embracing in its conception the most important of these views, should also present a sufficient apparent cause. I do not know how to explain this more fully here, but as I proceed I hope my readers will grasp my meaning. This much for the present—I do not consider it correct to say the Pyramid teaches this or that scientific truth ; since,

however exact Great Pyramid science may be, it is first necessary to have mastered the problem before the Pyramid symbolism can be understood. In the right view of this question lies, I believe, the true Masonic teaching of the Great Pyramid.

How, then, shall we view the Great Pyramid? As a "Witness to the Lord;" a temple—not for the celebration of service it is true, but for all that a temple—a building dedicated to the honour and glory of God.

Following Jewish tradition, which places the confusion at Babel in the 48th year of the patriarch Abraham, I find a striking parallel between the Great Pyramid and that later temple with which our Masonic traditions are so intimately connected. In studying the history of the Chosen People we cannot fail to note that the era of our Royal Grand Master K.S. marked the zenith of civilisation reached by Israel, and was followed immediately afterwards by the revolt of the Ten Tribes from the House of David and their eventual dispersion in the land of their enemies. We are thus led to the conclusion that by the erection of the House of God at Jerusalem, David and Solomon were inspired by the Spirit of God to provide against that period of darkness and dispersion which was about to close the "Golden Age" of the Hebrew Monarchy, and to preserve a visible "Sanctuary" in Judah. So also was it, I believe, at that earlier period when Shem, the King of Peace and Righteousness, succeeded to the headship of the human family on the death of the Patriarch Noah, and prepared to carry out the instructions of his father and to rear an everlasting monument to the Lord his God, previous to the final dispersion of the human race. Confuse not, therefore, this final dispersion, as we are wont to do, with that previous dispersion in the days of Peleg, when the earth was divided among the families of Man (Genesis x. 25). The one was to fulfil a beneficent and natural purpose—to prevent the exhaustion of any particular locality by the increasing numbers of men, and to enable the descendants of Noah to reap the promised blessing, to multiply and replenish the earth. But the other was a far different event; for men had sinned and rebelled against the Lord, and His wrath was poured out upon them. A parallel may here again be found in the history of Israel. They had been brought through the waters of the sea—had entered the Promised Land—had been dispersed to their appointed possessions—had forgotten the law which Moses had given them—had been regathered into one family by David—and had again enjoyed a period of united prosperity under Solomon, who, also, was the Prince of Peace; before their last and final dispersion which ensued, though not immediately, on their revolt.

I know that this is not the generally accepted view of this early period of history, concerning which the book of Genesis gives us so brief a summary; yet it is perfectly agreeable to the tenor of that history, explains many things otherwise hard to be understood, and is in keeping with the scheme of redemption and restitution as taught in Holy Writ.

It is, then, after the reassembling of the tribes by Noah in the central land of Egypt, which inaugurated "the Golden Age," that I place the building of the Great Pyramid by Shem as a witness to the Lord. This, then, being the theory, how is it supported by the facts of the case? for if the Great Pyramid was built on the true Masonic principle of preconceived plan and design, we may rightly expect to find in the evidences of such design proof of its intended purpose. Such there must be, or the theory falls to the ground. No carved imagery or mural decoration portrays the progress of the building or records its purpose; if we would enter into the secrets that lie in the design of the Master Builder, we must, with Piazzi Smyth, arise and "measure the Temple of God." But a Mason will require a particular measure. No hap-hazard rule will satisfy one instructed in the Masonic Craft. The unit of measurement used in the Pyramid is the inch, the basis also of our own system of meterology. Twenty-five of these inches constitute the "sacred cubit," which is the square of the "boss" or 5 x 5 pyramid inches. This 5 x 5 cubit appears, however, never to have been in general use. There is no evidence of its use in the roughly-squared masonry of the

* See Article 1, p. 444.

building, and it is only in its finished proportions that its presence is noted. There was, however, preserved among the people of Israel a sacred cubit, distinct from the measure in ordinary use, described by the prophet Ezekiel, in giving the measures for the temple yet to be built, with great emphasis—"The cubit is a cubit and a hand-breadth."* A difference of not less than 4 inches was thus indicated as existing between the cubit in general use and that to which he was referring. Sir Isaac Newton devoted his great genius to this question, and from such data as he was able to obtain deduced an approximate length of 24.88 inches, for what he pronounced to be the "sacred cubit of the Jews" which was "the proper and principal cubit of the Israelites long before they went down into Egypt."† Thus we have as the standard measure a cubit, which from comparison of results proves to have been equal to that used by Noah in the construction of the Ark; by Moses for the Tabernacle; by Solomon for the Temple; by Ezekiel in his plans for the future Temple; and to which the old two-foot rule as in general use among the so-called Gothic races is the closest approximation in length of any known measure in general use in ancient or modern times.

In the Pyramid measurements we find this cubit comes out as a "day symbol," or, as Piazzi Smyth calls it, the "day standard of linear measure;" for on dividing the base side length by 5×5 , and thus reducing it to cubits, we have for the result 365.242 ,—the exact number of days and the fraction of a day in a year.

We are now brought to what scientific men chose to call, "the coincidences of the plan of the structure." They say in effect that the Architect having decided to build a four-square pyramid of a certain height, and at such an angle that the height should have to its base square the same proportions as the radius of a circle to its circumference, all else followed as a matter of course. Under these circumstances we may be thankful that the author of "Pyramid Facts and Fancies," has given us a most unexceptional guarantee of the exactness of the coincidences we are called upon to consider. He quotes a distinguished scientist and official astronomer as writing to him as follows:—"Astronomers do not as a rule agree with Piazzi Smyth's *deductions* and *conclusions*. His matters of fact are of course not disputed, and many of his discoveries are, I think, rather looked upon as curious and interesting coincidences, than as establishing his theories."‡

Before recording a few of these so-called "coincidences," it may not be out of place here to remind the craftsmen that as the whole structure of the pyramid masonifies the peculiar properties of the circle and square, its builder must have been a master in that science, which, as its name (Geometry—earth-measure) denotes, has particular reference to the plans of T. G. A. O. T. U., and has for its laws those unchanging principles whose universal application is met with throughout all His works.

Going back then to the building of the Great Pyramid for the origin of Masonic tradition, we can understand how appropriate is that recommendation to its study, which is given to the initiated on entering the F.C. degree. "Masonry and Geometry," we are told, "were originally synonymous terms, and this science being of a divine and moral nature, is enriched with the most useful knowledge; for while it proves the wonderful properties of nature, it also demonstrates the important truths of morality."§ In taking for the standard of length the sacred cubit of 25 inches, the Architect really fixed upon the 10,000,000th part of the earth's radius, and thus based his system of measurement upon a line from the surface to the centre of the earth. If from this building Masonry took its rise, we can easily believe that this was no mere accident. Indeed, Mr. Proctor says: || "It seems, for instance, altogether likely that the architects of the Pyramid took the sacred cubit equal to one 20,000,000th part of the earth's

* Ezekiel 43, 13.

† See "Our Inheritance in the Great Pyramid," pp. 314—320, where references in full will be found to Sir Isaac Newton's calculations.

‡ "Pyramid Facts and Fancies," p. 164.

§ Preston's "Illustrations of Masonry."

|| "Myths and Marvels of Astronomy," p. 63.

diameter for their chief unit of length, and intentionally assigned to the side of the Pyramid's square base, a length of just so many cubits as there are days in the year; and the closeness of the coincidence between the measured length and that indicated by this theory, strengthens the idea that this was the builder's purpose.' He then proceeds to show how there are other coincidences which weaken the proof in favour of design, but since these coincidences do but prove a mysterious order in creation, and the ruling presence of well-known laws, such coincidences should rather prove to Masons that the gifted Master Builder had been guided in the planning of this wonderful Temple by the eternal laws of T. G. G. O. T. U.

Since the base of the Pyramid symbolises the year circle of the earth, it is not surprising that the height thereof should typify the earth's distance from the centre of that system of which it forms a part. Such was the view of the late Mr. John Taylor. As the π (Py) angle of the pyramid is also sometimes expressed for practical purposes as 10 : 9 (that is for every *ten* units which the structure advances inward on the diagonal of the base it rises upwards *nine*). So does its height multiplied by 10 in its 9th power give a sun-distance which meets the requirements of modern science. The distance thus given is 91,840,000 miles, a distance considerably less than the 95 millions generally given in text books a few years back, but wonderfully near the result of the Venus Transit Observations of 1874, as recently calculated by Mr. Stone, Astronomer Royal, at the Cape of Good Hope, who gives as his result 91,940,000 miles.* Mr. Proctor, who had given the sun-distance in the *British Encyclopædia* at 91,400,000, considers that the actual distance will ultimately prove much nearer the Pyramid distance, and that there is now good reason for believing the actual distance to be nearly 92 million miles.†

Mr. Proctor urges against these coincidences that in a building presenting such a variety of measurements some coincidences with the results of modern science were sure to be found. He thus persists in maintaining that the agreement is casual only, and not premeditated; but when we compare these typical references of the Great Pyramid to the universe we cannot help recalling the description of a true Masonic Lodge, as set forth in the lecture on the first T— B—, and being struck by the unity of conception displayed.

It is impossible for me to give, in the brief form required for a magazine article, the numerous problems worked out in this building, but I cannot conclude without referring to a few of the remarkable characteristics of the King's Chamber. This chamber is in form an irregular square in length from east to west, and in breadth from north to south, and is situate nearly in the centre of the building.

By referring to the dimensions given on page 445 in the March number, it will be seen that the breadth is exactly half the length, and the height half of the floor diagonal.

Mr. James Simpson, of Edinburgh, was the first to call attention to a series of commensurabilities of squares in very Pyramid numbers. Taking half the breadth, 103·033—or, as he more closely defined it, 103·0329—as a special unit of division, he found:—

Breadth	= 2·	whose square =	4
Height	= 2·236	„	= 5
Length	= 4·	„	= 16
—			
Total of squares of linear measure	= 25 or 5 ² .		
End diagonal	= 3·	whose square =	9
Floor do.	= 4·472	„	= 20
Side do.	= 4·582	„	= 21
—			
Total of squares of plane diagonals	= 50 or 5 ² × 2.		
Solid diagonal	= 5·	whose square =	25

* See article by Prof. Piazza Smyth, in the *Banner of Israel*, April 17, 1878.

† "Myths and Marvels of Astronomy," p. 72.

The sum of the three totals thus equals 100, of which number of stones the walls of the chamber are composed.

The length of the chamber multiplied by 5×5 yields 10303.29, or the same row of figures, with the decimal point differently placed, as Mr. Simpson's unit of division; and if it be asked what further significance this number has, then it may be replied that the area of the square base of the Pyramid is equal to the area of a circle whose diameter equals 10303.30.

"Again,"* says Professor Piazzi Smyth, "considering Pyramid inches in the King's Chamber to signify Pyramid cubits outside the building, the following results came out correct to six places of figures:—Take the length of the King's Chamber, 412.132, to express the diameter of a circle. Compute, by the best methods of modern science, the area of that circle; throw the area into a square shape, and find the length of a side of such square. The answer will be 365.242." The length of the base side of the Pyramid in sacred cubits. In the Ante-chamber also the equation of areas is also worked out. For 103.033^2 = the area of a circle whose diameter is 116.260. Then:—

- (1.) $103.033 \times 5 = 515.165$; solid diagonal of King's Chamber.
- (2.) $103.033 \times 50 = 5151.65$; the side of a square whose area is equal to that of the direct vertical section of the Pyramid.
- (3.) $116.260 \times \pi = 365.242$; the number of days in a year, and of cubits in the base side, or,
- (4.) $116.260 \times \pi \times 5 \times 5 = 9131.05$; the length of the base in inches.
- (5.) $116.260 \times 50 = 5813$; the height of the Pyramid.

Many other examples might be given, but let me now refer to the solution of another geometrical problem worked out in the construction of the Coffin in the King's Chamber, which appears to me to bear upon the mysterious reverence for double cubes which Dr. Oliver refers to in his works. The Rev. Henry Morton, an enthusiastic mathematician and Pyramidalist, has told how the problem of the duplication of the cube formed one of the mysteries of the ancients, and the strange geometrical properties of this Coffin may have originated the belief that some mysterious properties were associated with the form of the double cube.

On comparing its cubic dimensions it will be seen that the exterior is double the interior, and that therefore its capacity equals its solid volume, while the cubical contents of its sides are double the cubical contents of the bottom. This mysterious Coffin is also held to be equal in capacity with the "Ark of the Covenant," and the brazen lavers of King Solomon's Temple, which contained four homers, each homer being equal to the Anglo-Saxon corn measure known as a "quarter,"—the Coffin itself being earth commensurable in density and capacity.

The only object of coeval antiquity found within the Pyramid, no wonder that its original use has given rise to many speculations. As some of these may be interesting, and are relevant to the question now under discussion, I will quote from the pages of Mr. Bonwick's book a few appropriate passages:—"†All the ancient Pagan mysteries are connected with a sacred vase, a holy bath, a baptismal font, in which the initiated, in a nude state, were completely immersed, and from which they were raised to newness of life. This idea of the regenerating influence of that holy water prevailed alike in the further east and the further west, from the Himalayas across the old continents to Mexico and Peru, or over the Pacific islands. It has literally girdled the earth. We observe it alike in the most ancient as well as most modern forms of heathenism.

"According to Professor Piazzi Smyth the Pyramid was erected to preserve the Coffin or Sarcophagus. According to mystics of various orders a similar opinion has been entertained. Some contend it was to keep inviolate this *symbol of generative life*. It

* "Our Inheritance in the Great Pyramid," p. 179.

† pp. 218 and 219.

was the cauldron of Ceridwen of the British Druids, whence secrets were learned by special and Divine inspiration. It was at once the tomb and the portal to immortality. In a country where, and in an epoch when, certainly, eternity and eternal life occupied more of the popular thought than in any other clime or time, this precious sign of death and life would be watched over with most jealous care.

“Recently, a remarkable American work, *Art Magic*, has given a Pyramid interpretation. The author speaks of the marvellous as “a sarcophagus for *living men*, for those initiates who were there taught the solemn problems of life and death, and through the instrumentality of that very Coffin attained to that glorious birth of the Spirit—that second birth so significantly described! He adds these words, understood in various senses:—‘Slain by violence and laid in the coffin, with him is destroyed the *Master’s Word*, on which the building of the great temple depends.’”

No wonder that such men regard the Pyramid as a Masonic Lodge devoted to initiation into the higher mysteries. This could not have been the purpose of the Great Pyramid, else why that “sealing of the passages” which has been already described. Whatever the true purpose was, it could not require a continuous intercourse with the interior to work it out. Hence the connection between Masonry and the Great Pyramid must have been in its origin, and in my concluding article next month I shall endeavour to shew that while the primary purpose of the Great Pyramid was that of a monument of witness to the Lord, it is in keeping with its Masonic character that the secrets committed to its keeping should remain unknown until—that is, until the world should be prepared to receive its witness. If any should demur, as some have already done, to a witness of this character; should ridicule secrets which remained secrets until independently discovered; let them reflect that such a witness is in strict keeping with the Spirit of Prophecy, as it is written: “Seal the book, even to the time of the end.”

Alfreton, April 30th, 1878.

(To be Continued.)

“KICK HIM DOWN.”

If, in the treacherous paths of life,
Thy brother’s foot should slip,
And words of folly or of strife
Fall from a thoughtless lip:
Or if, perchance, as many say,
“Dame Fortune shifts her gown,”
And blight his prospects in a day,
The cry is, “Kick him down!”

Whate’er his state in life has been,
If honest, worthy, wise—
Or if he wealthy hours has seen,
Of course—you’ll shut your eyes.
If poverty, with galling chain,
Makes him the talk of town—
If, struggling, he attempts to rise,
The cry is—“Kick him down!”

If solitude and penitence
For errors be his lot—
If conscience brings remembrance
Of follies oft forgot—

If Hope again, with buoyant wing,
With success his efforts crown,
A thousand accusations bring,
And cry out—"Kick him down!"

If on his well-meant efforts rest
The helpless child for life—
If near his doubting, beating breast,
There hangs an anxious wife—
If to dispel his many cares
Life's hopes and joys seem flown,
Take a dark view of his affairs,
And cry out—"Kick him down!"

If good intent our brother guide,
Though failing in a part,
Discourage not—the world is wide—
There's good in every heart!
Let sympathy your soul inspire,
Whate'er misfortune's frown—
Oh! try to look a little higher,
And never "Kick him down!"

THE ADVENTURES OF DON PASQUALE.

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

CHAPTER XII.

"The widow smiled a welcome warm."

—A LAY OF LONDON CITY.

THEY say that there is something very affecting and sympathetic in "Juxta-position." So Clough asserts, and I am not anxious to dispute his high authority, though I am sometimes tempted to ask with him, "What is Juxta-position?" Difficult as it is to explain, and hard to analyze correctly, yet there is apparently in it something very softening and agreeable. Be this as it may, our wounded heroes in Novara found ere long how woman's gentle voice can soothe, and how woman's loving heart can heal, most of the wounds and ills even to which "flesh is heir to," and how in our hours of emergency, grief, care, worry, pain, she is like an Angelic Being at our sides, with a message of peace, with whispered utterances of blessing and of tenderness!

Henceforth for these two couples Life had a new interest, the world a common sympathy. They had to confront its dangers, its difficulties, its meannesses, its treacheries, no longer alone, but united by a link which could not be broken—a presence which nothing could obliterate. Oh, happy mortals they!

If Don Balthazar and Madame Allegri were not so enthusiastic or so symptomatic in their avowals and appearance, they felt probably the same emotions, though in a calmer way. Young people often forget that others are bored with their "spooning" propensities, and din into your ears the praises of their "Theodore" or their Anna Maria, while all the time you think the youth an unlicked cub, and the maiden a little uncivilized hoyden.

We should never forget in this world that two-thirds of the world know nothing, and care less, for the other one-third; and that if ever there be not something agreeable to us in the misfortunes of our dearest friends, (as the cynic asserts,) there is often something essentially provoking in good luck which never has been ours,—in all that worldly prosperity and happiness which never have been, never can be, our Kisnet here. Indeed, if one were to judge from the normal conversation of one's friends, "hard lines" and "undeserved misfortunes" seem to be the lot of most of us in life! Some people like to be morbid and have a grievance, but, on the whole, I believe the world deals kindly with most of us, though its wounds are often long in healing, and its dark hours and stormy days overpower and even over-pass the sunshine of fancy, and the fairy scenes of genuine happiness.

But where am I getting to? As Mrs. Balasso says, "sentiment is dangerous, and retrospection a mistake." In the midst of the general contentment, when even Paesiello and Compton were beginning to take a very equable view of things, and admit that prospective Hymeneals had some pleasant characteristics, a new arrival troubled the peace and harmony of that rejoicing and contented circle!

Baron von Puchner-Priessler, like many another man, determined to make one more assault on the "hard heart" of Madame Allegri before he succumbed to his "fortune de la guerre;" so one fine morning he appeared at Madame Allegri's temporary abode, a pleasant little villa just outside Novara, and when announced found himself in the midst of that once more gay and happy confederation. He was received very warmly by the fair widow, with malicious smiles by the ladies, and with "sotto voce" chaff by the men. But he soon made a diversion, and proclaimed the object of his coming,—for, like some others whom I have met with in life, he had no idea but that when Puchner-Priessler spoke, all were to listen, mute and satisfied and respectful! So he asked Madame Allegri to take a walk with him, a request which sorely bothered that good dame not a little, and which she acceded to evidently most reluctantly.

However, there was no help for it, and away they walked. What happened in that walk was never formally reported, though probably Don Balthazar was duly and discreetly told; but when the younger portion of the family came in in the evening, they learnt that Baron Puchner-Priessler had returned to Rome, Antonio said to his master, "as black as thunder, and without a word to cast to a dog or a woman!" Oh, impertinent Antonio!

And here I think we may as well finish the episode of Baron Puchner-Priessler, though he is neither a very interesting personage, nor plays a very striking part in our veracious story. Not that I think him wrong in trying to obtain for himself so amiable a wife as Madame Allegri; but as he was a thoroughly selfish, callous man, I neither sympathize with his woes nor mourn over his disappointment;—the more so as "compensation" was in store for him.

When he reached Rome he found Madame Von Langentheiler full of beaming smiles and superabundant sentiment. To her, Puchner-Priessler was everything, (whatever that everything might mean), and she soon enabled that egotistical gentleman to feel quite comfortable and perfectly at his ease. Finding, as other men have found, (as weak-minded as himself), how much they can lean on a talkative, clever, well-educated, if shallow-principled woman, after a few weeks of daily "making up to," this distinguished individual "surrendered at discretion."

We need hardly pursue him into his married life: it was no doubt happy in its way, and brought its "agrémens" and its distractions, and was, I think moreover, after all, quite good enough for him. For Madame Langentheiler was not a bad-hearted woman, and as Madame Puchner-Priessler number Two she made a very good wife for a man who certainly did not know what a good wife really meant, and certainly did not deserve one.

But when I add that owing to her new position she succeeded in marrying her two daughters well, does she not deserve to be "highly commended?" I think she does, and therefore give her the "honours of war" accordingly.

When the news of this little "denouement" reached Novara, great was the joy, much the laughter!—and Paesiello has recorded the event in his Diary, with a striking passage, which I will transcribe, as best closing, moreover, this very prosaic chapter.

"So Puchner-Priessler marries Madame Von Langentheiler! Well, there is no accounting for tastes, or the 'outcome' of things in this world! And, after all, what does it matter to you or me? Life is so made up of pettiness and folly, of foolish vows, broken promises, and ill-starred engagements, that when two old geese fancy themselves in love, it is perhaps as good a commentary as can well be on the hopes and ideas of the young and inexperienced. All our goslings are cackling on the green common of life, but an old goose and an old gander!—well, good luck go with them!

I, for one, find as I grow older that life's illusions vanish one by one, and that there is very little, when all is said and done, which we need weep over, need regret, and least of all treat as of vital importance to any of us!"

I don't, for one, agree with our hero, but I like to let him speak for himself, feeling assured that the good sense of my readers will enable them to discover all that is fallacious, and all that is untrue in this little bit of morbid philosophy.

THE WORK OF NATURE IN THE MONTHS.

BY BRO. REV. W. TEBBS.

XII. JUNE.

QUEEN of the fairies, laughing-browed Rose Queen!
Sunny enchantress, dimpled, warm and fair!
Sweet witch, on whom young maidens shyly lean,
Wreathing star pansies in thy golden hair—
Pansies for thoughts lips dare not speak aloud,
But mystically whisper in a flower;
While stands the shadowy Future, pale and bowed,
Drawing the emblem lots that shall them dower:
Nightshade to one, to one a red, red bloom,
Fresh gathered with the dew in its warm heart,
Wild woodbine, briar, grey moss from a tomb,
Balm-flowers, sweet-balsam, stinging-nettle smart—
Prophetic oracles that glad and grieve,
Given in Elin Court Midsummer eve."

ALL is joy and beauty, for as the bare blank patch of soil is now covered with herbage, and that herbage again well-nigh hidden with the upspringing treasure of flowers, so the early summer-time seems, as it gilds the very darkness of the Winter that is past, to re-invigorate the mind and to flood the heart with a golden glow that lights up and warms even the dreary days of sorrow in the past. Oh! 'Day of Sunshine'—

"O Gift of God! O perfect day:
Whereon shall no man work, but play;
Whereon it is enough for me,
Not to be doing, but to be!

Through every fibre of my brain,
Through every nerve, through every vein,
I feel the electric thrill, the touch
Of life, that seems almost too much,

I hear the wind among the trees
 Playing celestial symphonies ;
 I see the branches downward bent,
 Like keys of some great instrument.

And over me unrolls on high
 The splendid scenery of the sky,
 Where through a sapphire sea the sun
 Sails like a golden galleon.

Towards yonder cloud-land in the West,
 Towards yonder Islands of the Blest,
 Whose steep sierra far uplifts
 Its craggy summits white with drifts.

Blow, winds ! and waft through all the rooms
 The snow-flakes of the cherry-blooms !
 Blow, winds ! and bend within my reach
 The fiery blossoms of the peach !

O life and love ! O happy throng
 Of thoughts, whose only speech is song !
 O heart of man ! canst thou not be
 Blithe as the air is, and as free ? ”

Who has not felt this soul-striving to burst the fetters that bind him to a sordid earth and to live in and for better things alone ?

Who again could answer negatively the poetic questioning of our truly English Poetess ?

“ Who loveth not the sunshine ? Oh ! who loveth not the bright
 And blessed mercy of His smile, who said “ Let there be light ? ”
 Who lifteth not his face to meet the rich and glowing beam ?
 Who dwelleth not with miser eyes upon such golden stream ?
 Let those who will accord their song to hail the revel blaze
 That only comes where feasting reigns and courtly gallants gaze !
 But the sweet and merry sunshine is a braver theme to sing,
 For it kindles round the peasant while it bursts above the king.

* * * * *

The bloom is on the cherry-tree—the leaf is on the elm ;
 The bird and butterfly have come to claim their fairy realm ;
 Unnumbered stars are on the earth—the fairest who can choose,
 When all are painted with the tints that form the rainbow's hues ?
 What spirit-wand hath wakened them ? the branch of late was bare,
 The world was desolate—but now there's beauty everywhere.
 'Tis the sweet and merry sunshine has unfolded leaf and flower,
 And tells us of the Infinite, of Glory, and of Power.

* * * * *

The sweet and merry sunshine makes the very churchyard fair ;
 We half forget the yellow bones, while yellow flowers are there ;
 And while the summer beams are thrown upon the osiered heap,
 We tread with lingering footsteps where our “ rude forefathers sleep.”
 The hemlock does not seem so rank—the willow is not dull ;
 The rich glow lights the coffin nail and burnishes the skull,
 Oh ! the sweet and merry sunshine is a pleasant thing to see,
 Though it plays upon a grave stone through the gloomy cypress tree.”

Sweet and merry sunshine, indeed ! But—

“ There's a sunshine that is brighter, that is warmer e'en than this ;
 That spreadeth round a stronger gleam, and sheds a deeper bliss ;
 That gilds whate'er it touches with a lustre all its own,
 As brilliant on the cottage porch as on Assyria's throne.
 It gloweth in the human soul, it passeth not away ;
 And dark and lonely is the heart that never felt its ray :
 'Tis the sweet and merry sunshine of affection's gentle light
 That never wears a sullen cloud, and fadeth not in night.”

What a blessing to us prosaic mortals of this weary work-a-day world, that amidst man's labour Nature should afford one endless Sabbath to those who seek in her their rest ; should

in that Sabbath give a Sabbath-teaching to those of her children who will follow her guidance; should of those very children provide her Poet-priests and priestesses to divine her wondrous lore, to expound its hidden mysteries, and dispense its mental-healings to all her offspring of the earth. Well may we "Thank God for flowers!"

For—

"The Poet, faithful and far-seeing,
Sees, alike in stars and flowers, a part
Of the self-same universal being
Which is throbbing in his brain and heart.

Gorgeous flowerets in the sunlight shining,
Blossoms flaunting in the eye of day,
Tremulous leaves with soft and silver lining,
Buds that open only to decay.

Brilliant hopes, all woven in gorgeous tissues,
Flaunting gaily in the golden light;
Large desires, with most uncertain issues,
Tender wishes, blossoming at night!

These in flowers and men are more than seeming;
Workings are they of the self-same powers,
Which the Poet, in no idle dreaming,
Seeth in himself and in the flowers.

* * * *

Wondrous truths, and manifold as wondrous,
God hath written in those stars above;
But not less in the bright flowerets under us
Stands the revelation of his love.

Bright and glorious is that revelation,
Written all over this great world of ours;
Making evident our own creation,
In these stars of earth,—these golden flowers.

* * * *

In all places, then, and in all seasons,
Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings,
Teaching us, by most persuasive reasons,
How akin they are to human things.

And with child-like, credulous affection
We behold their tender buds expand;
Emblems of our own great resurrection,
Emblems of the bright and better land."

Once more "Thank God for flowers!" and Thank Him, too, for that

"Two worlds are ours: 'tis only sin
Forbids us to descry
The mystic heaven and earth within,
Plain as the sea and sky.

Thou, who hast given me to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out Thee,
And read Thee everywhere."

And now to the Works themselves, else will our space be filled with moralising and our time and opportunity, precious, for it is the last, of describing Nature in June, be lost and gone.

As such thoughts induce a serious frame of mind, we will begin with one of our more sober-hued family—one of which we spoke shortly last month—the Umbel-bearers. This family, on account, we suppose, of its very marked characteristics, is called almost universally "Hemlock," whereas but one species of it is in reality entitled to the name, and that one easily recognizable from its being the only British kind that has a smooth spotted stem; besides this, its deep-green, large and beautifully indented leaves, together with its mouse-like smell, is unmistakable. As a general rule, all plants of this tribe,

growing usually in moist situations, are poisonous; to this rule, though, there is one notable exception, the Angelica, which is used as the basis of a sweetmeat. Referring to the poisonous properties of the Hemlock, we cannot forget the philosopher Socrates, who was compelled to drink its deadly juice, nor shall we hardly fail to call to mind the curious, if original, views of the goodness of Providence held by Pliny when he asks—“Wherefore hath our Mother Earth brought out poisons in so great a quantity but that men in distress might make away with themselves?” Far differently shall we regard the Creator’s ways when we dwell upon the service that even deadly plants such as Hemlock and Foxglove, rightly understood and properly applied, render to suffering humanity—lengthening not shortening, making happy not cutting off as unendurable, the term of human life; many a quondam nervous sufferer has reason to be grateful to these plants for the relief they have afforded him. Injudiciously applied, especially amongst the “simples” of villagers of the “Wise” sort, such plants have wrought much mischief, which fact seems to have been known to Gerarde, who says common Marjoram given in wine is a remedy not only against the “bitings and stings of venomous beasts,” but it also “cureth them that have drunk opium or the juice of black poppy or hemlocks, especially if it be given with wine and raisons of the sun.”

The Foxglove, with its lofty stems, handsome leaves, and beautiful bells of white, pink, red, or purple, deserves a separate mention beyond that of its being of such great medicinal value. It is one of the handsomest native flowers we have, and there is, perhaps, no more beautiful sight than one of the lanes in the Yorkshire dales, with its banks waving shoulder-high with a luxuriant growth of Bracken, Male-fern, and Foxglove. Another of the Fig Worts is the Knotted, which frequents woods and moist grounds; it may be known by its tall square stem, notched leaves, heart-shaped at the base and tapering to a point, and comparatively insignificant cluster of dingy greenish purple blossoms. This species is named from its knotted root. There is another kind, equally common, which frequents streams, and is known as the Water Fig Wort or Water Betony. It may be recognized by a small winged expansion of the angles of its square stem. The odour is disagreeable like that of the Elder. Both species are unwholesome, and disliked by cattle, but that they can be eaten was proved at the siege of Rochelle by Cardinal Richlieu in 1628, when their roots formed the main support of the starving soldiers. The French to this day call the Fig Wort *Herbe du Siège*. Notwithstanding their disagreeable odour, the flowers are attractive to many insects, notably wasps. There are two other species, the Balm-leaved and the Yellow, but they are not so common.

Another handsome plant, although hardly, perhaps, a strictly indigenous one is the common Snapdragon that affects the tops of old and crumbling walls. Another variety of this latter plant is the slender creeping-stemmed Ivy-leaved Snapdragon.

The next type of flower that we must notice is the large pea-blossomed or pod-bearing family, for we can hardly proceed a yard without treading upon one or other of them; here, as we speak, at our feet is one member of the tribe—nay, we ought to have said branch of the tribe, for it is quite a numerous company, we mean the Clover—Clover Dutch, Clover White, Clover Red, Trefoil Purple, Trefoil Yellow, Middle, with its zigzag stems and purple blossoms—all unmistakably pea-like or podded, save that instead of the pods hanging upon single stems they are gathered into bunches. In common with all other trefoiled plants—Shamrocks and the like—the Clovers were considered by our ancestors to be antagonistic to evil and “noisome” to wandering witch or way wizard. The poet alludes to this old notion;—

“Woe, woe to the knight who meets the green knight,
Except on his faulchion arm,
Spell-proof he bear, like the brave St. Clair,
The holy Trefoil’s charm.

No doubt the tri-une leaf had to do with the foundation of the belief, linking it with the legend of St. Patrick’s taking, when introducing Christianity into Ireland, as the text of his sermon on the Divine Trinity in Unity, the triple leaf of the Shamrock, which sprang up from the hole made in the turf by the point of his pastoral staff,

Next comes the numerous family of the Vetches. Close by the hedge is the Yellow Meadow Vetchling, or Everlasting Pea; cattle are said to be very fond of this plant, which is a rapid spreader. Next we have the Tuberos Bitter Vetch, Peaseling, or Wood Pea, with its purplish blossoms. It is but little heeded in England, but the Scotch, who call it Corneille, esteem it very highly; its roots are considered to be a valuable remedy in lung complaints, and are chewed also to give a relish to liquor; a little of the plant is considered to allay both hunger and thirst. The flavour of the roots, like that of the Rest Harrow (another butterfly-flowered plant) is sweet; they are eaten boiled, or roasted like chestnuts in Holland and Flanders. Lightfoot says that in Ross and Breadalbane a pleasant liquor is fermented from them; Dickson recommends their cultivation in England. Baxter says "it is supposed to be the '*Chara*' of Caesar's Commentaries, the root of which steeped in milk was so great a relief to the famished army of Dyrrachium." This is also thought to be the "Caledonian Food" described by Dio on which the hungry army of Valerius lived. There are two other species, the Black Bitter and the Wood Bitter.

Perhaps the most graceful of the tribe is the Tufted Vetch, whose garlands are so tender that they can scarcely be untwined from the hedge without breaking. Many of the wild varieties of Vetch are highly spoken of by Gerard as food for cattle, whilst Dr. Plot in his "Natural History of Staffordshire," says that this and the before-mentioned Wood Vetch "advance starven or weak cattle above anything yet known." All the ten species of vetch are thus useful, whilst their seeds afford a rich harvest of food to our bird friends. These plants have been long and widely known; their name in Celtic being "*Gwig*"; in German, "*Wicken*"; "*Bikion*" in Greek; "*Vicia*" in Latin, and in French "*Vesci*." One pretty species we cannot now stay to describe—that is the Milk Vetch, in its various varieties, but we must mention a somewhat analogous plant, the Sainfoin, which is found wild on Royston Heath, Dover Cliffs, and other bleak chalky places. Its name, "Holy Hay," would lead us to ask with Alfred Lear Huxford:—

"What have the pilgrims told
About this flower?
Said they, when in times of old
The Infant in the manger lay,
Thou thy blossoms didst display
And changed his humble birth-place to a bower."

The French call this plant also "*L'Esparcet*"; the Italians "*Esparita*," and "*Cedrangolo*."

Wandering up the hillside we ought to find, growing close to the ground, the yellow-green flowers of "Our Lady's Mantle"; the same hillside can scarcely fail to present also the—

"Thymy mound that flings unto the winds
Its morning incense."

Were the hill in Ireland we might gather the London Pride or None-so-pretty in its native wilds; were it in Wales or Scotland, the purple blossoms of the Moss Campion; whilst on the moors we are pretty sure of gathering the bright yellow European Globe flower, a member of the *Ranunculus* family; here too we might pick up a specimen or two of the White Butterfly Orchis.

Back to the streams and we shall find the Yellow Iris, of which Charlotte Smith says:—

"Retiring May to lovely June
Her latest garland now resigns,
The banks with Cuckoo-flowers are strewn,
The wood-walks blue with columbines;
And with its reeds the wandering stream
Reflects the flag-flower's golden beam."

The root of this plant is scentless and sweet, and although sometimes used medicinally, should be employed with caution, as it produces a heat in the mouth and throat which will last for hours. Like other astringent infusions, it will, with iron make ink, and

forms a good black dye, for both of which purposes it has been long in use with the Scotch. Dr. Johnston thus quotes Etmüller concerning it: "But above all which I have hitherto known, the juice of the roots of the Iris, rubbed upon the tooth that is painful, or the root itself chewed in the mouth, in an instant, as if by a charm, draws away the pain of the teeth, arising from what cause soever. He that communicated it to me affirmed that he had tried it forty times, at least, with like success. I myself also have tried it; a great many others have done the same by my persuasion, and I hardly ever knew it to fail." A cosmetic is also prepared from this plant, whilst its roasted seeds are recommended as a good substitute for coffee. As to its name, Plutarch says that Iris signified "eye of heaven."

The Purple, or Stinking Iris, is found in woods and hedges. Like other varieties of Iris, this plant bears the name of *Flower de Luce*, which, however, should properly be applied to the Lily. As an heraldic bearing, this flower carries us back to the time of the Crusades, when Louis VII. of France chose it as his emblem. On a coin, however, engraved by both Speed and Camden, it appears in the crown of Edward the Confessor. The *Fleur de Lys* was evidently, from its name, a Lily; and it is a Lily that is invariably represented in all religious paintings of the Virgin Mary.

And now for the Queen of water-flowers, the Water-Lily,—what can exceed it, glistening in its bed of glossy leaves, in beauty. If less delicate, hardly less beautiful is the richly-coloured cup of the Yellow Water Lily, which is so strongly scented as to be quite overpowering in a room. Eastern nations are fond of it—the Turks making a cooling drink of its blossoms, which they call "*Pufer*," from its ancient name "*Nouphar*"; the Arabs still call it "*Noufar*"; whilst our own scientific name for it is of Greek origin.

We must pass over now the myriads of smaller aquatic plants, the Flowers of Heaven, the Falling Stars, the Crow-Silks, Star-worts, Feather-foils, and Horn-worts, and recline for awhile in well-earned rest with Thomson:—

"Beside the dewy border let me sit,
All in the freshness of the humid air;
There in that hollowed rock, grotesque and wild,
An ample chair moss-lin'd, and over head
By flowering umbrage shaded; where the bee
Strays diligent, and with th'extracted balm
Of fragrant wood-bine loads his little thigh."

For what?—

"Thou wert out betimes, thou busy, busy bee!
* * * * *
Thou wert working late, thou busy, busy bee!
* * * * *
Thou art a miser, thou busy, busy bee!
Late and early at employ;
Still on thy golden stores intent,
Thy summer in heaping and hoarding is spent,
What thy winter will never enjoy;
Wise lesson this for me, thou busy, busy bee!

Little dost thou think, thou busy, busy bee!
What is the end of thy toil.
When the latest flowers of the ivy are gone,
And all thy work for the year is done,
Thy master comes for the spoil.
Woe then for thee, thou busy, busy bee!"

Does Southey speak truth? Yes! and No! Yes! if we have simply for ourselves been storing up that of which the grave will rob us! No! if we have been content to—

"Go, labour on, spend and be spent"

for others. For then, though our toil and its result will be for ever left behind in the

Master's hand here, that Masters hand will give us a reward as shall give us for sorrow gladness, and for mourning joy eternal!

The Moths, the Butterflies, the Beetles, and the others of the Insect world, as well too as the Birds, are far too numerous to mention; we can only say that all may now be found in plenty. These with many a flower and fern, many a shrub and tree must go unmentioned even,—those trees to which our English Poetess says:—

“ We bless ye for your summer shade,
When our weak limbs fail and tire:
Our thanks are due for your winter aid,
When pile the bright log fire.
* * * * *
In the rustic porch, the panelled wall,
In the gay triumphal car;
In the rude-built hut, or the banquet-hall;
No matter there ye are!
* * * * *
Then up with your heads ye sylvan lords,
Wave proudly in the breeze;
From our cradle bands to our coffin boards,
We're in debt to the Forest trees.”

From greatest then to least of all her works Nature invites our presence and our sympathy; choice or compulsion, business or pleasure, may awhile enthral us, but instinctively our longing soul turns to the calm delights and the soothing beauties of the country; once more, and for the last time, hear Eliza Cook:—

“ Take me to the hill side, take me to the rill-side,
Where the scarlet pimpernel and starry daisies grow,
Where the woodbine wreathing, greets the Zephyr's breathing,
Where the foam-pearls dance upon the ripples as they flow.
Take me to the valleys where thick, shaded alleys
Will lead me to red clover-fields and plains of yellow sheaves,
And I'll sing to bees and flowers, I'll tell the woodland bowers
That the heart brings back its old love to the sweet, green leaves.”

Take me where the birds fly, take me where the herds lie,
Where the ring-dove nestles, and the browsing heifer lows,
Where the brake will hide me from the fawn beside me,
Where the pebbly runnel kisses wild moss, reed, and rose.
Take me where the sunlight only sheds a dim light,
Where the arm of Lady Birch with oak and alder weaves,
And their branches bent with glory shall tell the same old story,
That Bird and Poet sing the best 'mid sweet, green leaves.”

Need we say more in praise of Nature's glories? No! and well is it that it is so, for reluctantly enough do we lay down the pen that has guided us and our companions through this twelvemonth's round of beauties. But the time comes that we must part, and we can only take those lessons to heart that we have thus been reading for others out of Nature's book.

Sorrowfully then do we turn us back from the pleasant companions of our rambles, and look alone once more upon our field-friends—

“ Earth's cultureless buds, to my heart ye were dear,
Ere the fever of passion, or ague of fear,
Had scathed my existence's bloom;
Once I welcome you more, in life's passionless stage,
With the visions of youth to revisit my age,
And I wish you to grow on my tomb.”

THE END.

T. CH. BARON ZEDLITZ.

IN 1855 there was published by Cotta, of "Stuttgart," in Württemberg, a very charming little edition of the "Gedichte" (poems) of Zedlitz.

We have long known them, but as they are not very familiar, we believe, to English and Masonic readers, we have thought it well to include a notice of them in this series of humble papers on some few of the German Poets.

There are many beautiful passages in Zedlitz, if sometimes, perhaps, a little hazy in idea and in their "outcome," but still deserving both of thought and attention. Indeed, we think we may fairly say this, that no one can read or realize his many "happy lines," without finding him and feeling him to be a true master singer, of truest *ποιησις*. We are not contending now that Zedlitz takes the very highest rank, or that he is without faults of more than one kind, but still as we have found often improvement, pleasure, and edification in his stanzas ourselves, we seek to communicate that pleasure and improvement and edification to others.

It may be well to note that we very often come across in Zedlitz with many passages of good moral teaching, much kindly sympathy, and not a few religious imaginings! But in translating German or other foreign poetry, we must make allowances, which we do not, for the difference which exists on all these subjects, alike in foreign habits of thought, and foreign education.

We prefer, however, to let Zedlitz speak for himself, and beg therefore to call attention to his poems, which have been specially translated for the MASONIC MAGAZINE.

THE PAST.

I see thy veil all slowly lifting,
 Friend of the world, O sacred Past and dear!
 I seem to witness through thy Vision shifting
 The venerable figures of thy sons draw near.

Onward they march in the glory of thy days,
 Fame crowned and smiling they pass before us here,
 And the soul listens with glow and with amaze,
 To tones which still are echoing far and near.

E'en when the breath of thy spirit sways
 Me, and the quick beat of my heart it plays,
 I feel those beautiful, beautiful days.

Picture of God which hovers so sweetly to-day,
 O child of Freedom, who seem'st to say
 The complaint is faded in the far away!

THE PRESENT.

Far banished in the ocean of our life,
 Behind us lie those lands so gay and grand,
 A glowing Eden of time long past and strife,
 There stares us in the face an unknown land.

Out of that past not yet a wanderer came,
Upon it night and darkness settle down,
Still drives us here howsoe'er we strive, complain
The powerful hand of Fate's all rougher frown.

So is the Present of our hard strife to-day,
A ceaseless fight for a goal all far away,
Of the storm-reared waves the fantastic play.

Are all our courage, all our faith in vain?
Still Hope upon us smiles consolingly, midst our pain,
Both mild and calm, a leading star in life's dark hurricane.

THE FUTURE.

All that I see, alas ! is strife in vain,
For dark and doubtful my knowledge does appear,
That which I wish I lose ere long again,
Deceit and treachery surround me here.

For no duration lingers with my life,
And I at last must close my every care,
Dispersed the night-clouds of this weary strife,
A brighter certainty will enfold me there.

Aurora tells me that the day is near ;
Victorious light through the shadows will appear,
When manfully we struggle for the truth all clear.

The golden gates are opened wide at last
Of yon dear home—no longer now o'ercast,
Time bids longing hearts look on to joys that last.

STANZAS.

So must I then with sorrowing eyes behold,
How my golden stars have fallen down,
The bloom has faded from the tree of life, all cold,
The leafless tree the withered branches crown.

Must the light winds all Fortune bear away?
Must each light tone of joyousness resound?
With Fate I know no favourite to-day,
Clear is the flood, I yet must touch the ground.

UNCERTAIN LIGHT.

Pathless and trackless the rocks above
The Pilgrim storms on his wandering way,
Rushing streams and tumultuous flood,
Resounding forest, naught the foot can stay.

Darkness is combatting above him on high,
 Moving like armies the clouds float away,
 Rolling thunder, foaming streams,
 Starless night, naught the foot can stay.

At last, behold, from far it gleams—it gleams !
 Is it a Will-o'-the-Wisp ? A star can it be ?
 See where that glimmer shines in its friendship,
 How it allures, how it beckons to me.

Swiftly the wanderer speeds through the night,
 To that far light which attracts him mightily,
 Tell me, can it be fire, or Aurora's red ?
 Is it Love ? or Death can it be ?

A LOOK TOWARDS HEAVEN.

Take in thy hand thy staff,
 (Thou wanderer o'er life's wave,)
 Thy road half rough, half smooth,
 Leads thee surely to the grave.

Thy way is soon passed o'er,
 In this mortality,
 Then thou stand'st in the midst
 Of the grey eternity.

One day flits with another,
 And thou must wander through,
 Where runs the path, my brother,
 Of that future far from you.

Avaunt phantom ! that my soul
 Into that deep abyss would haste,
 By a shore-less sea those waters roll,
 And all is lonely and waste.

Still all o'er flood and waves to-day
 With brightness the sun is streaking,
 Love comes which had flown away,
 The sweet dear voice is speaking.

Still must thou be looking above,
 Oh, stricken wounded heart,
 For some changes to the rapture of love
 Thy deepest, bitterest smart.

Thou can'st cling gladly to Hope unshaken,
 However high the flood may be,
 How can'st thou be forsaken,
 While Love remains to thee ?

A MABEL 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.

CHAPTER VII.

MARK'S VISIT TO NEWGATE STREET.

AFTER a week or two of great enjoyment Fitz returned to London, and in a few days he was once more at Wolverston, this time accompanied by his friend Mark Seaton. Mabel had continued to correspond with Mark since she left London, indeed since she had been engaged.

Neither she nor Fitz however had thought fit to tell him of the engagement; Fitz because he said that Mark had not been very open with him lately, and never so much as mentioned Mabel's name, so it was clear he did not much care; and Mabel because she thought she could better tell him herself than write to him about it. Mabel was like many other women, she liked and admired Mark, and she even respected him more than she did the man to whom she was affianced, and yet she was so selfish that she did not scruple to sacrifice his happiness to her own, and to play with his true honest heart as if it were but a child's toy. So Mark came. Nobody told him of the state of things which existed, since they naturally thought he would know all about it from his bosom friend Fitz, and he had thus been left in total ignorance of what had taken place.

Mark Seaton was not a man to let the grass grow under his feet. He remembered only too well what Mabel had said to her uncle that last evening at Trinity Parsonage about young Gilbert Dawson.

"Oh, uncle, I do hope we shall get him a presentation."

"You see he's a sort of cousin of mine," she had added to Mark, "and they are so very poor;" and he had promised that night that he would do his very best for her sake,—and he kept his word.

Mr. Tyssen informed him two or three days afterwards that he regretted to say his cousin, Lord Bourchier, had already given his nomination away and would not have another presentation for some years. Then one of the clerks in the office, a good natured fellow, told him it would not be a bad plan to obtain a list of the governors who would have presentations during that year, which could be got from the counting house at Christ's Hospital for 2s. 6d., so our friend got leave one morning, marched off to Newgate Street, into the well-known entrance under King Edward's Statue, and procured a copy.

As he was going out of the gate he was saluted by a small boy, who said—"Please, sir, would you mind buying me a pound of sugar and two packets of cocoa," putting up his small hand timidly with two fourpenny bits in it.

"To be sure I will, my little fellow," said Mark, and out he went, made the purchase for the boy and came back again.

"And now my little man, and what's your name?" said Mark, as he gravely brought the things out of his pockets and gave them to the boy with a shilling for himself, which he took gratefully and thanked Mark very much for.

"Penalurick;" replied the boy.

"Queer name," Mark observed, "and where do you come from?"

"Cornwall, a place called St. Blazey: I don't suppose you ever heard of it;" the boy replied.

"Well, I've heard of a place that sounds rather like it," said Mark laughing, "but I

don't think there's a saint before it. And what were you going to do with the cocoa and sugar may I ask?"

"Oh! we make it up in cups or a stray basin, hot and thick, with bread in it, in the wards: its very jolly;" Penalurick answered as if he was surprised any one should ask such a question.

"Well, do you know I was a Blue Coat boy once;" Mark continued, "and when I was as young as you I used to stop the people at the gate (any lady or gentleman who looked kind, you know), and get them to go out and buy me things, as we couldn't go out ourselves. But then we bought, (when we had any money, which wasn't very often,) rolls and saveloys, and oatmeal and sugar, and Yorkshire pudding, and all sorts of things,—for we were very hungry and glad to supplement our dinner when we had anything to supplement it with."

There are always boys lingering about the gates during playtime, for people often come to see some of the boys, who of course are difficult to find, and the loiterers are always ready to go in quest of the lad whose friends have come to see him because they are almost sure of a tip for whoever finds him first. So hearing Mark say he was once a Blue Coat boy three or four gathered round him, for he had a sunny face and a pleasant manner, and boys are great physiognomists, and knew he would not be cross with them.

It was half-past twelve and the boys did not go to dinner till one—so Mark stood with his back to the cloister wall, (just over his head was a quaint old monument—"Here lies a benefactor: let no one move his bones,") and chatted away to the boys about his own school life.

"Do you know," he said, "I was in No. 5—up that stone staircase," pointing with his right hand to the entrance close to which was the ward mentioned."

"It's No. 3 now;" a boy interrupted.

"Quite right, I was aware of it. Well I went in for oatmeal and sugar, and I used to get a quartern of oatmeal for 3d. or 4d., and a pound of sugar at the same price, mix them together and sell them for a penny a spoonful. Sometimes I would make friends with the servants, mix my oatmeal and sugar in a gallipot with water into a sort of dough or paste, put a good lot of sugar on the top, pop it into the nurse's oven, with the servant's permission, and when it was baked I would sell it sometimes for as much as 2s. 6d. It cost me, I suppose, 4d."

"My eye!" said a little fellow passing with an irresistible look of impudent incredulity.

"Well, brother Crug, and what have you got to say?" Mark observed, bringing the boy up with a round turn. The others laughed at the appellation which is universally used by old Blues to young ones. (Crug means bread in Christ's Hospital language.)

"Oh nothing," said the boy as he joined the group.

"I made a good deal of money in this way," Mark continued, "and then I thought I would try the cocoa and sugar, but the boy, whose monopoly that trade was, interfered with me, and interfered to that extent that my nose bled and my eyes twinkled and turned a greenish blue afterwards, so I gave it up. Then we used to have our potatoes baked or steamed at that time in the skins, and as they were rarely done the boys couldn't eat them. So I started in that trade. I used to fill my pockets with the potatoes left by the other boys, take them up to the ward, put them under the fire there amongst the hot cinders, and after they were baked sell them three a penny with a little butter on them, which I had induced some kind lady who I waylaid at the gate, as you did me, Penalurick, to purchase for me.

"Please are you in trade now?" said a sandy boy with very large eyes and very large feet.

"No," said Mark, smiling "I wish I were, it pays a long way better than my profession."

"Why, there's Anthony," Mark exclaimed, as one of the beadles passed, in his neat livery and silver badge with the school arms on his breast, across near the pump in the middle of the quadrangle. Do you still run after him and sing

"Anthony's nose is long,
And Anthony's nose is strong;
T'would be no disgrace,
To Anthony's face,
If his nose were not so long?"

"Oh! yes," said the boys with great glee.

"Well, he has a rather large nose, now I think of it," Mark added.

"And now, boys, where's the tuck shop? I suppose, by the way," and he paused, "that, as you are just going to dinner, you won't care to have some grub now?"

"Oh! shouldn't we!" said the young gentleman who was brought up with a round turn, "Oh! dear no, not at all! not by no manner of means!" he added in a comic way there was no resisting.

"And what's your name, you young scapegrace?"

"Fitcher," said the boy. "Diggory Pendray Pitcher."

"Ah! there was a boy of that surname, he couldn't boast so distinguished a christian name, on my form under old S.," mentioning a well-known master in the school. Well, old S. was deaf, and Pitcher had such an enormous mouth that standing opposite S. in class he could twist it round and prompt the boys right and left without S. seeing; of course he couldn't hear."

"Oh! crikey!" said the boy brought up with the round turn, "what a whopper!"

"Quite true, I assure you," Mark went on, "and now boys who's for the grub shop?"

Away the boys went, there were six of them, and Mark followed.

They got inside, he shut the door and then stood 3s. or 4s. in cakes and pies for the whole of the boys who were there, and then wished them "good bye."

The boys greeted him with a cheer, and then three times three, "for he's a jolly good fellow," and all that sort of thing, with voices which echoed in the old cloisters, and argued well for the state of their lungs, and as he turned to walk out of the school the great bell rang for dinner. A sudden desire seized him to see the boys once again at dinner in the Great Hall, and he turned and strolled back leisurely, walked through the cloisters, across the hall playground which looks out in Newgate Street, up the grand staircase of the magnificent granite structure (which is in the Tudor style of architecture, and built in 1825, when the Duke of York laid the foundation stone,) and into the Great Hall.

The 700 or 800 boys were arranged down on either side the long oak tables, the nurses were standing at the heads of their respective wards, the monitors were facing the boys, two to each ward, the Grecians were all at their cross table at the end of the noble room, and the Warden and Matron occupied their respective places on a sort of raised dais under the great central stained glass window filled with the armorial bearings of the Kings and Princes, Presidents and Patrons of this Royal Charity.

Three solemn strokes with the gavel brought the boys on their feet, a brief service was said and sung, "a long grace over short commons," as Dickens would say, and then the meal began.

The Warden saw a stranger, and thought, no doubt, he had no business there, for strangers as a rule are not admitted except occasionally into the galleries at either end of the building, or at the great Lenten public suppers, when all the world goes. Mark went, however, straight up to him and introduced himself, and then stood and looked round. Yes, there was the quaint old picture, said to be by Holbein, of Edward the VI. granting the charter to Christ's and the other Royal Hospitals. There was the enormous painting of the Blue Coat boys at Court in the time of Charles the Second, which it was said took so long to do, containing something like 100 figures all as large as life, that the king died meanwhile and James the Second's head had to be substituted. How well he remembered sitting at table just beneath this picture, flicking the pats of butter by a dexterous effort of the bent back thin blade of the knife, which sent them with almost the force of a catapult on the King or Courtier's cheek, and how delighted the boys were, though they were not Republicans, if they could only hit the King.

Then there were the well remembered full length portraits of the Queen and Prince Consort, a number of dingy gentlemen, aldermen and merchants of London of the 17th and 18th centuries, "St. John in Patmos," which one boy said was very like Patmos, a gentleman in near peril of being swallowed by a shark, a very interesting picture to the boys, especially those of a nautical term of mind, and other interesting paintings.

Then all round the hall were the oaken shields emblazoned with the arms of the Presidents and Treasurers of the Institution from its founding in 1552 to the present.

time, and all the windows were filled with stained glass, the arms of great Lords, Bishops, Dignitaries of all sorts, Governors of Christ's Hospital.

And a crowd of thoughts of the happy old days came back.

There was the public supper one Sunday in Lent, years ago, when the old Duke of Cambridge, wearing the blue riband of the garter, was there, and the people crowded round as only a well dressed mob can do to see His Royal Highness. "I've come to see my boys," Mark had heard him say, "I've not come to see you." He was a deaf old gentleman, and did not know he spoke so loud, but it had a good effect, and he was not much molested afterwards.

And then he thought of the election of the present Duke as President and how popular his candidature was with the boys, who bullied the meek looking Governors who came to vote into saying they would support the Duke; and then he remembered the chagrin of the then Lord Mayor, who was also a candidate for the chair, and who, with a dignity and magnanimity worthy of the civic throne, because he failed to get in, visited the poor boys with his displeasure and disappointment and refused to give them the customary shilling at Easter.

That Easter procession to the Mansion House when the boys brought back the Lord Mayor in state to Christ's Church to hear the 'Spital sermon according to ancient custom,—what old memories it revived.

The long double line of boys, 1000 in number, walking slowly through the Egyptian Hall, down the long corridors, passed rows of Aldermen clad in the scarlet furred gowns and wearing their chains of office, ladies and gentlemen in gay attire, tall flunkeys in gorgeous liveries, who handed to each boy two buns and a glass of wine, and then the Lord Mayor himself with the great pile of new silver and gold in front of him, a new shilling for each boy, half-a-crown for a monitor, half a sovereign for a deputy Grecian, and a pound for a Grecian.

Each boy wore on his breast a paper legend in old English, "He is risen," with the old fashioned long S so like an F that the boys in the streets used to misunderstand it, and mutter audibly "He is rifleman."

How well he remembered Stokes, whose appetite was something awful, and who used regularly to stalk solemnly past the flunkey when his turn came, take his buns, slip behind dexterously and come up again, and get half-a-dozen surreptitiously that way, much to the delight of the other boys; and Kirkham who sold his shilling generally twelve months in advance for a penny or twopence, thus showing his belief in the old proverb that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.

Thus thinking over the old days, Mark left the hall, smiled a good bye to some of the boys who had been listening to his stories in the cloisters, and shared his bounty in the shop kept by one of the beadles in the grounds, and made his way out of the hospital and away back to Somerset House.

For the next few days he and his good natured friend wrote letters to all the Governors with present nominations, some 100 or 150 in all, (let us hope it was always during luncheon time, or after official hours,) and for another week or fortnight he was on tenter hooks of expectation hoping to get a nomination from some quarter or other. A month had elapsed and he had received but 30 letters, all in the negative; up to a week before he came north he had received but 35 in all. Not one promise did he get, not the suspicion of the shadow of the shade of a promise. His was a deserving case, no doubt, but there were others far more distressing. The Governors had promised their presentations for years to come, and there seemed not the ghost of a chance for Mabel's cousin.

What was to be done? He daren't go to Wolverston unless he succeeded. He thought, and thought, and thought again, and at last decided to speak to his chief.

Mr. Tyssen was very kind, and when Mark stated all he had done and how he had made every effort he could, he said how he would make one more trial for his sake, and the very day before Mark started for Wolverston he called him into his private office and told him he had at last succeeded in getting the coveted presentation from the Earl of Kilmallock, an Irish Peer. Mark wrote at once a hasty line informing Mr. Brig of the good news and started.

(To be Continued.)

WOMEN'S RIGHTS AND WOMEN'S WORK.

BY A LAZY MAN.

From the "Royal Cornwall Gazette."

I HAVE to write an essay ;
What bores those essays are !
To read a novel on a couch
Is pleasanter by far !
What *are* the rights of women ?
I really cannot tell ;
But what the work is that they do
I know that pretty well !

A little "ord'ring dinner,"
When breakfast time is o'er ;
A little jingling of the keys
That lock the store-room door ;
A promenade with " Fido,"
A glance at *Fun* or *Punch*,
A brilliant Paris toilet,
And then—a little lunch !

When that is over, novels
The happy hours engage ;
Then tea, with spicy scandal
For dames of ev'ry age :
And then, perhaps, some crochet,
Or some such silly stuff,
Then dress again for dinner
(They're never dressed enough !)

And then, perhaps, the children
Come down to see mamma ;
She gives them cold caresses,
And asks them " how they are ;"
And then to ball or concert,
And home as clocks strike one !
A scolding to the sleepy maid,
And all the work is done !

And now my tale is ended ;
I've said my little say ;
The " Rights " that women strive for,
I'll know, perhaps, some day.
I'm getting tired of writing,
So take away my pen ;
And " call me early, mother,"
I must be up by ten !

ON SELECTING THE BEST CHARITY.

WE have seen a paper, which is, we believe, put forward by one of our "Charity Reform" associations, as they like to call themselves, under this heading, and which, as it is full of fallacies and mischievous mistakes, according to our view, we think well to reproduce and comment upon to-day. There is no more important question than that which is contained in this proposition, at the same time there is none more difficult.

I. "The selection of the Charities most deserving of support would not be so difficult or so invidious a task if it did not involve a careful previous general inquiry, and a comparison of all the Charities and their objects, and modes of action and management, for the purpose of making the selection a just one; in fact, such an inquiry and comparison as Darwin tells us that Nature makes when she is engaged in the "elimination of inefficient competitors in the struggle for life." This is necessarily a painful operation, yet Nature performs it with the utmost rigour. Can we be more kind when we are trying to tell the very truth about the Charities, and to point out which of them are the most deserving of support?"

Such is the modest exordium, which, if it be truly intended, is likely also to be very useful. But let us proceed.

II. "The more the Charities have recently been examined into, the more unsatisfactory has been the result, and the less are they shown to have adapted themselves to the changing circumstances of the times. Indeed, most of them having been established many years ago, they have taken no account of the vast changes made by legislation, and by the altered conditions and modes in which the Poor Law has come to be administered. They are all built still upon the same old wooden lines. No two of them co-operate for any purpose, even for that of informing each other whether they are relieving the same applicants."

In our opinion this is far too hasty and far too sweeping a charge, and is in no ways justified by the facts of the case.

III. "Two classes of charities have lately been reported on by Special Committees of the most skilled persons connected with them, and of noblemen and gentlemen acquainted with the subject, together with members of the Charity Organisation Society. These are the Charities for the Blind and those dealing with Imbeciles. Of the Blind Charities dealing with the education of the young, and the training of adults, it may be safely said that the state of disorganisation could hardly have been more complete, nor the effects more disastrous. It was proved that out of 3,000 blind in the metropolis, industrial training was only available for about 50, and the number of adults who had been trained, and for whom employment was provided, was 150; yet the number capable of being trained was 1,000, and the sums raised by 26 Blind Charities for children and adults was £42,936. As to the principal charities for blind children, they could not, with the exception of the Normal College, be more inefficient. Educated at an annual cost of £40, and remaining for several years at the schools, not above 2 per cent. of them are afterwards able to earn a livelihood."

We do not profess to understand the "drift" of these remarks, which may be supposed to have a meaning.

IV. "The Charities for Imbeciles, receiving £54,460, were found to be excellently managed, but quite inadequate for the numbers requiring admission, excepting for London pauper cases, who are all taken by the Metropolitan Asylums Board and dealt with in an admirable manner. Outside the metropolis there are only three or four for all England besides, and the consequence is that cases from all parts of England compete with the lower middle and artisan classes for admission to the London Charities, and the few who succeed have to run the gauntlet of the voting system. The Deaf and

Dumb Charities are under similar circumstances. They receive £19,591. Those for children will not be at all required when the London School Board has completed its arrangements for educating the blind and deaf and dumb. Nearly all of these charities dealing with the afflicted classes cling to the voting system after its proved abuses, and add untold misery and degradation to these helpless outcasts."

"*Latet anguis in herba*" is the old proverb; and so all this plethora of words and facts is but the prelude to an attack on "open voting," accompanied by what we regret to have to call a *directly unfounded and unproveable statement*. We utterly deny that any such charge can fairly be raised against "open voting," the object of all this extraordinary animus against our system being to prop up another—namely, "secret voting," "committee selection," the inevitable sources of jobbery and favouritism of every kind.

V. "Of the nine Charities for Incurables, receiving £40,307 a year, a small part is given in the excellent way of pensions, but with the drawback of the voting system, and the rest is administered in institutions in which all classes are obliged to mix together, and town and country cases alike have to compete for votes in an expensive contest in which 90 per cent. are rejected. This whole class of charities for blind, deaf, incurables, and imbeciles, had amongst them last year £157,294. Some of them deal exclusively with the indigent classes, for whom, as we shall see, the Poor Law has made provision, and there is a consequent large diversion of charity funds to Poor Law purposes."

The voting system again is the cause of all the evil! How very absurd!

VI. "Ever since 1834 Guardians have been empowered by Parliament to pay for the education of all poor Blind and Deaf and Dumb Children, and since 1862 to pay their full cost at any institution, and without their becoming paupers, and since 1867 they have had the power to pay the full cost of any adult at any institution. There are similar powers given as to all poor, lame, deformed, and idiotic children, throughout England, whilst for London, under the Metropolitan Poor Act, 1867, asylums may be provided for all these classes, as well as "sick, infirm, and other class or classes of the poor." And Guardians are to provide "dispensaries, places where the medical officers may see the sick poor for advice, and also proper medicines and appliances for the surgical treatment of the sick poor." In addition to this, under the School Acts every child, including blind and deaf and dumb, is to be educated, and Industrial and District Schools are provided, and Guardians have the largest powers of "boarding out" poor children. The Metropolitan Board has also training ships for destitute children."

This paragraph puts us in mind of Mr. Weller's abhorrence, of "One of the advice gratis sort."

VII. "In considering the necessity for the bulk of the Charities, all this legislation should be constantly present to our minds, and all the more so because its existence is utterly ignored by them; and though quite unable to do more than a fraction of the work required, their existence suffices to prevent the establishment of Government institutions, and to relieve Guardians and others of their duties."

Then it is a "Paternal Government" we are to set up—a centralised Bureaucracy! What next?

VIII. "The class of General and Special Hospitals spends £543,000 a year. Their management is open to great objection, especially as regards their out-patients departments. Most of them admit without inquiry, and some on governors' letters used at random, and patients are admitted to their close, crowded waiting-rooms in such numbers, that proper attention cannot be given to their cases. There is no co-operation, and they have no investigating officers. They have greatly assisted to destroy thrift and independence among the people, and although the Boards of Guardians have 38 Free Dispensaries, to which all can resort without becoming paupers, and also excellent infirmaries for paupers distributed all over London, besides the hospitals for infectious cases maintained by the Metropolitan Asylums Board, no account is taken of all this, and Provident Institutions are directly discouraged. A small payment from out-patients at Hospital would promote independence and would help to pay the cost, as is the case of the Lock Hospital, which collects a large sum of money in that way. The same

may be said of the Free or "Improvident" Dispensaries, of which 33 receive nearly £26,842 a year, and five for surgical appliances, receiving £9,157 a year, although all poor persons requiring surgical appliances can be supplied free at the Poor Law Medical Institutions. The absurdly cruel application of the voting system made by the surgical aid charities has been recently exposed at the Guildhall by an old soldier who had to canvass for eighteen months to get tickets for a new wooden leg. Of this class of charities, spending altogether £96,783 a year, the 13 Provident Dispensaries, spending £8,638, and the 33 Convalescent Institutions, £40,265, and the 13 Nursing Institutions, spending £9,181, seem to be eminently deserving of support. Provident Dispensaries, however, should not require external aid after the first two or three years, and Convalescent and Nursing Institutions should be adjuncts to a well-managed General Hospital system. It is said that in London, Birmingham, Bristol, and other large towns, every fourth person is in receipt of gratuitous medical attendance, and by this misapplication of funds, the Provident system is well nigh impossible."

We entirely dissent on every ground from these deprecatory remarks as regards our "noble" hospitals. The allegation that they have assisted to destroy thrift and independence among the people is, in our opinion, a gross delusion, and a greater mis-statement. It is a little too bad. The argument as regards surgical appliances and the voting system is too puerile to notice

IX. "Pension Societies and Almshouses receive £417,636, and if well managed, and the proper classes only received, and without the voting system, they are commendable charities. Pension Societies, indeed, deserve to be largely extended, as with them the home and its influences are preserved, and aged or afflicted persons are not living alone as hermits, or herded together in institutions like prisons. The valuable buildings and land of nearly all such institutions should be sold, and out-pensions granted instead."

We are sorry again entirely to differ from these reformers. We want more asylums.

X. "There are 98 Charities for general relief, spending £777,000, of which a considerable proportion are Trade Provident Societies, and entitled to the highest praise, and there are 21 for food, &c., receiving £8,131, which are entirely unnecessary, and most objectionable, since the Poor Law recognizes its obligation to prevent injury to any poor person from want of food. Soup kitchens are a public nuisance unless they are self-supporting. The School Board has, after a long argument, wisely determined not to establish Day Industrial Schools on account of their pauperizing influence. The principal night refuges, of which four admit without inquiry, and receive £12,200 a year, are doing positive harm by competing with the Poor Law."

This last statement is simply ridiculous, but we are astonished at nothing during the present craze on the subject.

XI. "The 90 Voluntary Homes (£128,071), and Orphanages, Reformatories, &c., (£744,000),* are good so far as they deal with classes not covered by the Poor Law or the Industrial Schools Act, but some very largely deal with only those classes, and are worse managed than Public Institutions, and many of them are entirely unnecessary. Where they deal with the proper class of children it would be much wiser to distribute them over ordinary schools and pay for them there, where they would not be brought up as charity children. They are also without Government inspection and responsibility, and they divert charity into channels where it is not needed, and where its working is inefficient. The Metropolitan Asylums Board, the Industrial Schools, and the School Board have the duty of taking charge of all such cases among the poor; and if they were left to do it, charity would be able to deal with the classes who could contribute a part only of the cost, or who are otherwise objects for charity. These contributions towards the cost, whilst they maintain the feeling of independence, would furnish very large funds to the charities, and induce a wise benevolence to readily provide the remainder."

How anyone can venture to put forward such an idle proposition, betraying utter

* The figures throughout this paper are taken from that most useful and suggestive work, *The Classified Directory to the London Charities.*—LONGMAN & Co.

ignorance of the classes which such societies touch and benefit, we are at a loss to conceive.

XII. "It is said that £230,000 a year is levied by absolutely fraudulent and pretended charities, which it is very difficult to distinguish amongst the mass of mismanaged and ill-considered charities. They are chiefly got up by individuals, and some have sham committees. No single person ought to trust himself, or to be trusted with the receipt and expenditure of the public money."

That some charities are mismanaged and want looking after we do not deny. But reform is not revolution.

XIII. "The time has come when the whole system not only of charity but of the charities which assume its name should be thoroughly looked into and ventilated before the public, and it should be determined in what respects charityism is more respectable than pauperism. The want of a clear understanding of this is at the bottom of a large proportion of the unnecessary charities. A Royal Commission might bring out the whole case, and make it clear, and if that cannot be got a conference would assist. Organising the charities, or getting rid of even such a blot as the voting system, which reduces charity to a lottery of prizes and blanks, has been hitherto found to be impossible, and when we are asked to make a selection out of the 1,200 voluntary charities, spending £2,250,000 a year, we should be able to make only a short list of those we could thoroughly approve for both their objects and management. There is, however, ample need and scope for the highest and best charity, and what is wanted is to reform, improve, and adjust the charities so that they may mutually carry out their objects in the most kindly, considerate, and humane manner. We know of no truer charity than to look into the necessity for, and the administration of the charities, and to protect the benevolent from the mischiefs of indiscriminate charitable out-door relief, which is quite as bad as indiscriminate out-door poor law relief. The Public Authorities also require to be looked after, to see that they avail themselves of all the legal provisions for the benefit of the poor, and thus clear the way for charity to deal only with its proper objects. A propaganda for charity reform should be willing to court the necessary unpopularity that it might do the incalculable service of getting the benevolent public to administer its charity in the wisest way, for the relief of the suffering population whom it now vainly strives to reach."

We are sorry to differ "toto cælo" with the conclusion, as we have with the various portions of this ill-advised and sensational deliverance. The great effort of all so-called reformers just now is to get rid of the open voting and substitute for it the secret voting and selection by an irresponsible committee. Under such a system charity will become not merely a sham and a bye-word among us, but will be "improved out of the land," leaving for us, and this seething mass of human suffering and want, nothing but "the baseless fabric of a dream." We therefore, believing that such reformers are making a great mistake, think it right to warn our readers against statements which are dubious, arguments which are fallacious, and facts which are fictions, and advancing arguments which are alike unsound, unfair, and allegations which are equally unfounded and unjustifiable.

LOVE AND MASONRY.

BY ADNA H. LIGHTNER.

From the "Masonic Review."

THE yellow sunshine was lighting up the little dancing brook, and leaving silver gleams amid the maple leaves that spread a green canopy over the farm house on the hill.

Isaac Greenleaf sat out on the old porch, his eyes dreamily fixed on the distant hay-makers in his own swelling harvest fields, thinking. He had sat there for fully an hour, doing nothing, seeing nothing of the rich landscape, broad meadows and laden orchards. The fact was the old gentleman was in trouble.

"Becky, do you know where Jennie went?" asked the farmer thoughtfully, tipping his chair back against the porch pillars, as his wife made her appearance with a pan of rosy apples in one hand, and a chair in the other, preparatory for a moment's enjoyment out from the hot kitchen, while she prepared the fruit for supper. "I do hope she aint out a galavantin' 'round the creek, for snakes is mighty plenty this year."

"I don't know whether she is or not," snapped Mrs. Greenleaf, "and what is more, I don't keer! Snakes! There is something worse nor snakes after our Jennie, or I'm mistaken."

"Why, Re-beck-y! exclaimed the astonished farmer, "It 'pears to me you're a leetle out of humour 'bout something, be'nts you?"

"Yes, Isaac, I'm out of humour, that's a fact, Jennie has bin gone all this afternoon over to Mary Siddon's, and I almost know that she sees that upstart of an artist every time she goes there. He will turn her head with his nonsense as sure as the world; and you know she is just as good as promised to Ebenezer Flint. Isaac, what do you think ought to be did?"

"Well now, Becky, that's just what I bin thinking 'bout this whole afternoon. Ebenezer come over inter the medder this morning, and sed that he believed the artist was making love to our Jennie, and I tell you he was powerful mad 'bout it. That was the very first inkling I had of the matter. I never seen the feller, nor I don't want to, but our Jennie must be larned her place. I've got to talk to that girl as soon as she comes home."

"Well, you will not have long to wait, for here she comes," said Mrs. Greenleaf, rising to her feet and looking down the grassy path.

Jennie Greenleaf, in her cool muslin, came slowly up the path, carelessly swinging her sun-hat by its blue ribbons, looking very fair and lovely. Her laughing eyes rivalled the modest violets peeping so coquettishly up from the grassy path, and the crimson roses blushed in despair at the warm, rich colour of her cheeks. The bright sun had touched gently the fair face and dimpled hands, but what did that matter. Had she not a whole battery of charms left? Nature had gifted her with the sweetest face that ever peeped out from beneath a sun hat, and a form light and dainty as the swaying willows by the little brook.

"Becky," said the farmer to his wife, as he caught sight of Jennie's graceful form, "hadn't you better go inside, for you are right smart out of sorts, and you might say something you'd be sorry for? Besides, I kin talk to her for both of us."

And as Jennie's little foot touched the step, Mrs. Greenleaf passed into the house, muttering about some folks thinking that they knew it all.

Farmer Greenleaf coughed once or twice, pulled his broadrimmed hat a little further over his face, gave old Rover a kick with his foot, accompanied with the words "git out," and then looked up at Jennie.

"Why, father, what has Rover done, that you should treat him so cruelly?" said Jennie, her blue eyes dancing with mischief, "I do believe that you are angry at something or somebody."

"Angry! I am upsot, and you're the cause of it all, Jennie. I want you to sit down in that chair while I larn you some sense. I bin hearing to-day that there is a young scapegrace from New York making up to you, and I just want to know if I have raised a child silly enough to be fooled by a city chap? Besides, I promised you to Ebenezer Flint, and he is everything I want in a husband for you. Rich, old enough to have some sense 'bout taking keer of you, and a Brother Mason."

"Ebenezer Flint!" exclaimed Jennie, whole sentences of scorn compressed into her clear ringing voice, "I will never marry him; he is old enough to be my father, and mean enough to be anybody or anything."

"Yes, child, but I've promised," said her father, very gravely, "and a good Mason never goes back on his word."

"Good Mason, indeed! I would just like to know what Masonry has got to do with my marrying Ebenezer Flint? He has had one wife, and that is enough for a man. It is no use a talking, father, I wont marry old Flint. There."

"You want to marry that city chap, do you?" said the farmer, his brow growing dark as night, "a low, sneaking, good-for-nothing adventurer! That's the reason you won't marry Ebenezer, is it?"

"He is not an adventurer, father, you have never seen him, and you ought not to say such things about him. How do you know but that he is a Mason?"

"Mason! Why, child, I will bet the best horse on the farm that there aint a Lodge in the State that would let him in. We don't let anybody but men in our Order."

And Isaac Greenleaf drew up his old form proudly as he spoke.

"Well, father," said Jennie, mischief chasing the angry lights from her eyes for the moment, "please tell me how Ebenezer Flint became a Mason, if that is the case?"

"Hush, child! Enough is enough. I say you shall not marry that sketching feller, and that you shall marry Ebenezer Flint, do you hear me?"

"Yes, father, I hear you."

And Jennie, with her blue eyes flashing, and her dainty crimson lips closely compressed, walked defiantly past him and up to her little room, fully determined to marry that "sketching feller," or die an old maid."

"Becky," called the farmer, as Jennie's light form disappeared, "come here, I guess I've made it all right with our Jennie. She is a spunky little tiger, but she has got some of her father's sense left, and she will see it just as I do in time. I've got to go up to New York to-morrow morning to see 'bout that money that was left to Brother Wilson's widdler, and I don't like to go one bit. I'm pretty old to make my first trip to the city, but it can't be helped, I must go. You have everything ready, Becky, and be sure and keep a good lookout after Jennie."

"I'll tend to all that, Isaac, but you had better take Ebenezer with you," said Mrs. Greenleaf anxiously, "you know he is up to city ways, and would be a mighty sight of help to you."

"Well, now, Becky, I aint going to do any such a thing. I'm not in my dotage yet. I guess old Isaac Greenleaf can take keer of himself yet awhile."

Two fine looking young men were pacing slowly up and down in the depot at New York, waiting for the train to leave, and having nothing better to do, were scanning and commenting upon all who chanced to please their fancy.

"Ned, do you see that old gent with the broadrimmed hat on—there he is with one hand on his pocket book, and the other in his breast pocket, reading the notice "look out for pickpockets," and see that sharper just behind acts very much as though he had spotted him."

"Well, Harry, that is none of our affairs. He, like many others, will have to pay the penalty of being green. I bet, from the way he clings to his pocket book, that he has got the stamps."

"Ned, I've got to help that old codger. Don't you see that Masonic badge as big as a silver dollar fastened to his coat collar? He is undoubtedly a Mason, and if I mistake not will be in trouble before five minutes. Let us get a little closer."

"Well, Harry, this all comes of being a Mason. You bet I'll never bind myself to help every old clothopper in the State. But if you get into trouble I'll stand by you, Harry, so come on."

The two young men pressed up through the crowd a little nearer the unsuspecting old gentleman, both fully convinced that the sharper intended business, and waited for him to make a move. They had not long to wait. The old engine came puffing and blowing into the depot, and as all were pressing forward eager to be the first on board the train, the light-fingered gentleman relieved the old man of his pocket book, and was in the act of possessing himself of his watch when the two young men, one on each side of him, very kindly requested him to return the pocket book, which the thief, finding

himself caught, was very prompt in doing, and with a good bye to Ned, the young man called Harry took the old gentleman by the arm, and, after seating him comfortably, returned him his money, saying:—

“Here is your pocket book, sir, which came very near bidding you a long farewell.”

“Well, I declare to goodness! You don’t say some New Yorker picked my pocket and I didn’t know it? What will Becky say? Why, just as soon as I read that big card about pickpockets I had my hand on my pocket, and I don’t see how in the world they got my money. But, young man, no one kin say old Isaac Greenleaf ever forgot one who was a friend in need, and here is an honest hand for any favour you may ask. What may your name be? I always want to know whom I’m talking to.”

At the mention of the old gentleman’s name, the young man started in surprise, but recovered himself in time to reply.

“My name is Harry Preston, sir. You need not feel so deeply indebted to me. I did but my duty as all good Masons ought to do.

“Harry Preston! Pears to me I’ve heard that name somewhere before. Well, it don’t matter much about the name, there aint much in that anyhow. It’s the man, and I wish we had more just like you who did things on the square. Anybody would know you was a Mason by the solid ring of your voice. What did you say you followed for a living, or do you just stand around in handy places helping foolish old Masons who aint got sense enough to help themselves?”

“Oh, no, Mr. Greenleaf,” laughed Harry, “I’m not quite so obliging as all that, I am an artist.”

“A picture painter! Well, now, I calculate you know a feller who comes down to Beverly, that’s our town, every once in a while. His name is—well, I declare, Becky is right, my memory is leaving me, sure. But anyhow, he’s dead sot after our Jennie, but that’s all the good it will do him. She is promised to a first rate man, right jining farms with mine.”

“I might possibly be acquainted with the young man, if you could remember his name,” said Harry, with a very dejected look on his handsome face, “I am sorry for him, at least. And your daughter loves the young farmer, does she?”

“Well, I rather guess she don’t. That’s just where the trouble comes in. He aint a young farmer, and Jennie likes the painter man best. I tell you, we had a hot time ’bout it. Why, she flew all to pieces for all the world like a touch-me-not.”

Harry’s face cleared, as though a bright ray of sunshine had shot across his path, and his warm heart throbbled out the glad tidings that his darling was true as listed steel to him. He, in a very few words, stated to the old farmer that Beverly was his destination also, and Mr. Greenleaf cordially invited him to his home. For, as he said, “you might just as well taste my bread and butter, for you have saved for me what will help me to more of the same sort.” Harry accepted the kind invitation, and then, in his own easy, graceful manner, sought to entertain the old farmer, and succeeded so admirably that long before the old homestead came to view, Greenleaf began to wish Ebenezer Flint was more of a man and less of a money-bag than he was. Mrs. Greenleaf, in her clean gingham apron and snowy linen collar, stood with sweet little violet-eyed Jennie by her side, straining her old eyes to catch a glimpse of her husband, both forming a sunny home picture that would have gladdened the heart of any husband and father.

“Here he comes at last, child!” cried Mrs. Greenleaf, a mingled feeling of relief and joy in her voice, “and I declare he’s bringing company. Run, Jennie, and see if that everlasting old cat aint curled up in the rocking chair again. Don’t forget to shake the cushion up.”

“Yes, mother,” answered Jennie, as she entered the wide open door, but not before she had recognized the familiar form of her lover, and now with throbbing pulse she stands listening for the first sound of that clear ringing voice that is so dear to her.

“Becky,” said the old farmer, this young man is Harry Preston, and I tell you he’s bin a powerful sight of help to me. Now, wife, don’t go to saying I told you so, for that always makes a man out of sorts, I’ll give in, you was right for once anyhow. Where’s Jennie?”

"You are welcome, Mr. Preston," said Mrs. Greenleaf, extending her hand with a warm smile. "But, Isaac, you don't tell me you had your pockets picked, do you? Didn't you wish for Ebenezer 'bout that time?"

"No, I didn't. I guess, though I aint sure, that I asked for Jennie," said the old gentleman, with a look he had intended for a frown, but which ended in a good natured smile.

A call from her mother brought Jennie, blushing like a moss rose, to the door.

"Mr. Preston," said the father, with a glance full of pride and love toward his child, "this is our Jennie, and a likelier girl don't live, if I do say it myself."

"I agree with you, sir," answered Harry, with a glance equally as full of love, if not of pride toward Jennie. "And with your permission, I would like to be included in, when you say our Jennie. I cannot enter your home and accept your hospitality under false colours. Mr. Greenleaf, Jennie and I are old acquaintances, and I feel proud to acknowledge myself her lover."

"Becky, don't you hear? This is the picture painter, as sure as I live. One more circumstance to-day will finish me. I declare I don't know just what to do. Jennie's promised to Ebenezer, and he's our nearest neighbour; but then you've done me a kind turn and I—"

"Don't let the thought of what I did for you interfere with your wishes," said Harry, with an arch smile, "but Mr. Greenleaf, you said I could ask any favour of you and it should be granted. I know it is hardly generous in me, but "all is fair in love and war," and I ask the hand of Jennie, knowing full well I have her heart, and will deem it a great and abundant return of my inferior service, if granted."

"Isaac, we better let him have her, for I am sure she will never have Ebenezer," said Mrs. Greenleaf, with a knowing shake of her head, and a sidelong glance of admiration toward Harry. "Besides, if you've promised him any favour I 'spect the young man has bin thinking of asking for our Jennie all the way along."

"And father, a good Mason never goes back on his word, you know," said Jennie leaving her lover's side and stealing her little hand into the great honest palm of her father. "I love Harry, and could never, even to please you father, marry that old miser."

"Harry, come here," said the old farmer, the great tears filling his aged eyes, "you have asked for the one joy of our lives, but Becky and I know what it is to love and be loved, if we be getting old. From the snap of Jennie's eye I can see where her heart is, and I read somewhere that 'when a woman will she will, and when she won't she won't.' And Becky, he's a Brother Mason—"

"Why, father," cried Jennie, "Is Harry a Mason? How I would like to see the Lodge foolish enough to let him in. And remember, you bet—"

"Hush, child!" said her father, laying Jennie's little hand in Harry's, "never mind telling the bet. I'll take it all back and give up; 'though Masonry is a good invention, it is nothing without love."

Review.

BULLS AND BEARS: A LAY OF LONDON CITY.*

WE are much pleased with this unpretending little work, which has much in it of most effective poetry, and sound, sage, moral advice to all classes.

As a satire it is thoroughly effective, and deserves to be most carefully read and considered. We recommend all to get it, and all to peruse it, inasmuch as it deals with one of the plague spots of our social system, one of those open wounds which serve to point to a very unhealthy state of our general constitution nationally and socially.

* Kerby and Endean, 190, Oxford Street.

We prefer, however, to let the able and anonymous versifier speak for himself :—

When joint-stock companies for trade
 The promise of large fortunes made,
 Enormous profits, mighty gains,
 Without the help of hands or brains,—
 Riches that certain were to find you
 If you held your hands behind you,
 Swallowing their reports and lies
 With open mouth and fast-clos'd eyes,
 Content in a fool's paradise ;
 Blindly trusting to the snares
 Of cunning clerks and secretaires,
 Who hook you with a tempting scheme,
 Then play you up and down the stream
 Of your own fancies,—meanwhile you
 Make them rare sport, and profit too.

Then rich and poor, and young and old,
 Rattled the dice and threw for gold—
 Gold, the fool's wisdom, that can make
 The fool high worldly honours take ;
 Dishonours honour, and the boast
 Of infamy, when fame is lost ;
 Lost virtue's solace, panders pride ;
 Balm of hurt minds and sore-bruis'd hide ;—
 Who shall its force on man decide ?

If such is the statement of facts as they are, how wise is the advice here given ?—

“ Pause, pause, my child, before you take
 A leap into the dark, and stake
 Your happiness and fortune in
 A lottery, where few can win.
 I know, false Hope will say that you
 May be among the lucky few.
 But trust not to the cheating jade,
 She is the shadow of a shade,
 And never gives substantial aid.
 She shows our wishes in a glass,
 They seem as durable as brass
 Reflected in a thousand ways,
 That seem more real the more we gaze :
 Fast fleeting forms that have the power
 To wile us on, from hour to hour,
 Through a long weary baffled chase,
 To leave us in the close embrace
 Of disappointment, and she soon
 Shatters the glass, and all is gloom.”

How true is what follows !—

It matters not to trace the way,—
 It is a thing seen every day
 That when a man has money gained,
 Though every piece be dyed and stained

In foul pollution, honour comes,
And, like a cripple, begs for crumbs ;
Limps after riches, and will press,
Like lackey, to arrange the dress ;
Sprinkles the dirt with its perfumes,
And crowns it with a crest and plumes.

And so our hero had his share
Of honours due to fortunes fair,
For, by some sleight of hand in trade,
The sword was on his shoulders laid,
And he a brand-new knight was made.
And with this badge of chivalry,
Emblem of truth and loyalty,
Old honour's solemn pledge that shame
Should ne'er defile fair knighthood's fame,
He thought that he was fit to be
The chief in some new company.

Let us all attend to the following admirable description of a Bubble Company :—

One of those precious social things
That the full purse to cunning brings ;
Begot in fraud, brought forth in lies,
It fattens on deceit, and dies
E'en in the first flush of its youth
If touched by honesty or truth.
Invented by the money'd race
All honest feeling to efface,
And with the lust of gain excite
Our greedy hopes and appetite.
Trading on these they gain their ends,
Traitors in trust and false to friends ;
From budding fraud to fraud they fly,
Then leave the o'erblown cheat to die ;
But ere they go, with quack-like skill
They to the last false hopes instil ;
Call in the liquidating nurse
To stifle groans and steal your purse.

Have our readers ever met with the counterpart of the following hero ?—

And soon he found a cunning knave,
Whose practised skill high promise gave ;
Could lie and cheat with subtle wit,
And business with his conscience fit ;
So neatly was the dovetail made
That conscience seem'd a part of trade,
And never jarr'd or disagreed
When business sanctified the deed ;
Who would no sin in sinning see
When he to business bent the knee ;
Thought he was honest man and true
That he paid conscience all its due,
And did religion's laws maintain
If he but mumbled prayers for gain.
A fawning, cunning, scheming wight,
And fitting Squire for such a Knight.

Can we none of us recall a similar state of affairs?—

Then restless Speculation raised
 Her bloodshot eyes, and paused and gazed,
 But not a ray of light could find
 To guide or calm her troubled mind.
 On, on it came, and darker grew,
 As clouds of lies about it flew,
 Which cast a deeper, blacker shade
 Athwart the murky gloom of trade.
 Then came reports, none knew from where,
 While panic hover'd in the air ;
 Then sudden as the lightning's flash
 The storm broke with a fearful crash
 Like tumbling thunder, houses shaking
 That were years and years in making,
 And when the sudden blast was o'er
 All was uncertain as before.

And we some of us realize the following little episode :—

Now was the time the surly bears
 Like furies seized on stocks and shares,
 Trampled them all in mud and mire,
 Tore them to ribbons by the quire,
 Until the Stock Exchange was strewed
 With bits of paper. Bad and good
 Were involved in common ruin
 By this war of Bull and Bruin.

O, most accurate of writers, how well dost thou describe the inevitable collapse :—

Then came the storm on that sad day
 Which swept the hopes of years away,
 And o'er the trembling City pass'd,
 Destruction hanging on the blast,
 Foredooming, in long, dismal moans,
 The ruin of a thousand homes ;
 Appall'd the timid sons of trade
 By the wild havoc that it made ;
 With terror filled the stricken mind,
 For ruin rode upon the wind ;
 Men walk'd about as shipwrecked men
 Walk on a desert seashore, when
 The furious hurricane that gave
 Their vessel to the stormy wave
 Has only left to their strain'd eye
 The bits of wreck that floated by.
 Thus did the troubled sons of gain
 Their anxious, restless eyeballs strain
 To watch the fury of the storm
 That seem'd on wings of ruin borne,
 Each fearing, by his terror led,
 That it might burst upon his head ;
 Then wildly on each other pressed
 As panic flew from breast to breast ;

O'er friend and foe they hurried on,
A coward, eager, selfish throng,
Who in life's waste will never wait
For wearied or unfortunate,
But, pressing, crowd and reckless tread
Upon the dying and the dead.

With the moral we shall all agree :—

The tale is told, the lay is o'er ;
It will unheeded pass away,—
Lost in the noisy City's roar,
Will not a warning sound convey ;
Will pass unnoticed in the throng,
Unheard amid the busy din,
Like a poor singer's feeble song
Will fail a passing thought to win ;
And knights and squires will set their snares,
And City men their schemes contrive,
And dupes still speculate in shares,
And knaves upon their folly thrive ;
For nought that human voice can say,
Nor all that warning thought imparts,
Will in life's scale a feather weigh
Against the greed of human hearts.

We like this poem much, and think it likely to do good.

THE ORIGIN AND REFERENCES OF THE HERMESIAN SPURIOUS FREEMASONRY.

BY REV. GEO. OLIVER, D.D.

(Continued from page 559.)

“CONFUCIUS, the noblest and most divine philosopher of the pagan world, was the innocent occasion of the introduction of the numerous and monstrous idols that in after ages disgraced the temples of China ; for having, in his dying moments, encouraged his disconsolate disciples by prophecing, *Si sum yeu xim Gin*, that the Holy One should appear in the west to deliver them from sin ; they concluded that he meant the god Bhood of India, and immediately introduced into China the worship of that deity, with all the train of abominable images and idolatrous rites, by which that gross superstition was in so remarkable a manner distinguished. But the Holy and Illustrious Personage, about to appear in the West, to whom Confucius, in the prophetic spirit of the old patriarchs, alluded was *the advent of the Messiah in Palestine*, a country which is exactly situated after the manner described, and indeed is the most western country of Asia, in respect to China.”*

* Mam. Ind. Aut., Vol. V., p. 798.

The Greeks having received their mythology from Egypt, were surprised to find deceased mortals, even though they had rendered essential benefits to their fellow creatures, placed in the empyrean as constellations ; but having learned the Egyptian doctrine, that from such an exalted station in the vast expanse, they were enabled to overlook and influence the actions of men, they did not hesitate to admit them into their pantheon, and adopted them as legitimate objects of worship in the character of hero gods or mediators. And softening down the Eastern names of the constellations and signs to the genius of their own language, they adopted their mythological history to their own preconceived ideas of religion ; or rather, perhaps, founded a religion on the astronomical facts and fancies which they gleaned from other nations of greater antiquity than their own.

On this principle the gigantic southern Serpent of Egypt, which occupies such a vast space in that hemisphere as to give it the appearance of a *river*, was called by the Greeks Hydra, from *ὕδωρ*, *water* ; and the Indian ship, Agastya, was denominated Argo ; while the Ceph or Canopus of Egypt, a bright star in the rudder of that ship, was softened into Canophus. Typhon was embodied in the form of an enormous serpent *qui homines ac bestias devorat*, and called Python.

Dr. Lamb* is of opinion that the universal worship of the serpent originated in the expectation of a divine mediator. It had respect to the promised seed of the woman, that powerful Nachash, which should in due time come into the world and restore all things ; termed by the Jews חַבְבָּה (Habba), and rendered into Greek, ὁ ἐρχόμενος—*He that cometh*. And this was strikingly represented in Phœnician mythology by a beautiful serpent entwined around an egg, implying that the seed was not yet come—was as yet in the womb of time.

Again, Ham, or the planet Jupiter, Hammon of the Egyptians, was transferred without alteration either in name or attributes ; and that which was anciently known by the name of Aretz, became *Αρης* in Greek, and in Latin, Mars. The northern Bear was called in the ancient Sanscrit, Maharesha, which the Greeks changed into *μεγας Αρκτος*, Ursa Major ; and the Indian constellations Capeya and Casyapa, Parasica and Antarmada were modelled into Cepheus and Casseópeia ; Perseus and Andromeda.† And in the Orphic hymns Bacchus was worshipped in conjunction with a beautiful star. Isis seems at first to have been a star which the Egyptians called Sothis, and the Greeks Sirius.

These instances will suffice to show that the Hermesian allegories were propagated in every Egyptian colony, and afford no inconsiderable testimony to the transmission of truths which existed in times before the dispersion of mankind, especially when we consider that the Almighty preserved, even amidst the apostate nations, some evident witnesses of himself, and of the truth which were designed to be kept in remembrance amongst all the people of the earth.

Thus Abraham in Chaldea ; Job amongst the Arabians ; Jethro in Midian ; and Balaam on the River Euphrates, contributed to preserve a knowledge of the patriarchal worship in their respective localities, and thus prevent it from being wholly obliterated, or the important prediction of “ a Star that should have dominion,” be lost.

It is quite clear that the same belief was prevalent in all other countries, for when the Capitol at Rome was destroyed by fire, and the Sibylline oracles burnt, deputies were sent to all parts of the world to collect materials from ancient tradition for another compilation of the same nature ; and the testimony of all these traditions appears to have concurred in one universal belief, that at some future and distant period, “ a King should arise whose dominion should extend over the whole earth, and diffuse happiness and salvation to mankind ; and that his advent should be marked and authenticated by a new Star, or miraculous appearance in the heavens.” This was eighty years before the Christian era. But Pliny informs us that a new star had already appeared when this collection was made, which created great speculations amongst wise and learned astro-

* Hier., p. 109,

† Vide Maur. Hist. Hind. passim.

nomers, as to its peculiar purport, but nothing particular occurred except that sometime afterwards the Persian monarchy was destroyed. But this star was not like the star that appeared at Christ's birth, which possessed three properties peculiar to itself. First, it moved from the north to the south ; secondly, it appeared in the lowest region of the air ; and, thirdly, it was not eclipsed, or its light injured, as is the case with other stars, by the presence of the sun.

In the midst of all the astronomical absurdities which distinguished the ancient world, some rays of truth are clearly perceptible respecting the appearance of a Messenger from heaven to purify man's knowledge, and to pave the way for his restoration to the favour of the deity ; and they were preserved and conveyed through the heathen world by means of the most sacred mysteries of their religion, which, for the sake of distinction, we denominate the Spurious Freemasonry.

Thus, it is a well authenticated fact,* that at the conclusion of the ceremony of initiation in Persia, the candidates were apprized, as a last great secret, of an ancient prophecy left by the founder of their religion, which he professed to have learned during his travels in India and Egypt, that at some future period a great prophet should appear in the world, who should be the son of a pure virgin, and whose advent should be indicated by a new and brilliant star in the heavens, shining with celestial brightness at mid-day.† The newly initiated candidate was enjoined to follow the direction of this supernatural appearance, if it should occur in his day, until he had found the newborn babe, to whom he was commanded to offer rich gifts and sacrifices, and to fall prostrate before him with devout reverence, as the Creator of the world and the Redeemer of mankind.

The same truth was hinted at by the Greeks when they changed the name of Zeratust, the reputed founder or remodeller of the Persian mysteries, into Zoroaster, which, according to Clemens, was derived from *Astron Zoon*, the living Star. And it is remarkable that the mysterious words *Koua*, *Om*, *Pax*, which closed the ceremony of initiation in Greece, are pure Sanscrit, and are used at this day by the Brahmins at the conclusion of their religious ceremonies. In their sacred books they are written *Causcha*, *Om*, *Pacsha*. The first means the object of our most ardent desires ; *Om* is the sacred monosyllable, which is applied to the deity ; and *Pacsha* appears to be identical with the Latin *Pax*, or *Peace*, which was used in solemn salutations, *Peace be with you*. And the whole may correspond with those angelic strains which accompanied the appearance of the Star as the herald of the Prince of Peace. "Glory to God in the highest ; and on earth peace, good will towards men."

This great deliverer had been announced by the prophet Malachi under the denomination of the Sun of Righteousness with healing in his wings, to signify that his light clears up men's understandings, and chases away the darkness of their minds, and that his rays and kindly warmth will heal all the diseases of their souls. Bishop Beveridge says, "what the Sun is to the world, that Christ is to His Church. As the sun gives not only light to the world, but heat, motion, and activity to all things in it, and invigorates the earth and makes it fruitful ; so does Christ, the Sun of Righteousness, cause righteousness to spring up in His Church, and being long since risen, he shines continually upon it, with healing in his wings or rays, even the wholesome benign influences of his Holy Spirit, whereby He heals us of our unfruitfulness and all our spiritual distempers."

(To be Continued.)

* Abulfarag. Hist. Dynast., p. 54, Hyde. Rel. Vet. Pers. p. 382.

† In China the token was not a Star, which is the only variation we find throughout the whole world. It was in fact an extraordinary animal called Kilin ; and they believed that when it should appear the people might expect some great manifestation of the divinity, in the person of a hero, or deliverer, who should cleanse them from sin, and elevate them to the highest degree of happiness which it is possible for humanity to attain.—(Martini. Hist. Sin. l. iv. p. 149.)

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

BY C. H. LOOMIS.

CHAP. VII.—*Continued.*

THE captain made the man an offer of two dollars and a half for the animal ; when the dealer in monkeys, in apparent disgust, turned his back to him, and began exhibiting to somebody else, who wanted to buy, on the other side of his stand.

"Let us move on," said the captain, "and if he does not call us back, which I think he will, we can buy it when we come back this way."

The captain, Harry, and Nellie then turned about, and began to walk down the street.

When the disposer of Darwins ancestors saw the party moving away, he shouted to them to come back. The captain returned, and told him that the lady who was intending to buy the monkey had decided that she could not give over two dollars for it, but said if he wanted to sell it for that he would call her back.

The dealer untied the monkey from the lot, and handed the string to the captain, at the same time asking for the two dollars, which Nellie came back and paid.

Harry volunteered to carry the "cunning little fellow," as she called it, for her, and took it in his arms like a child would a kitten. As they walked along, the monkey looked up into Harry's face in such a comical, satisfied manner, that Nellie broke into a hearty laugh.

"Harry, I am sure that monkey must know you," she said ; why, captain, just notice the resemblance between them, and see in what a fatherly manner Harry looks down on his protégée, and the child-like confidence Jacko places in his new found parent."

"I propose," said the captain, "as we have got to name him, that we name him after Mr. Prescott—say, for instance, Harry Prescott, Junior, how will that do? I am not much at naming children, you know, and only suggest it, remember.

"Oh, that's jolly, captain, we'll name him after Mr. Prescott, but how will we distinguish one name from the other. I guess, after all, we had better call him Jacko, all monkeys are called Jacko. But, Harry, you must not neglect to acknowledge our kindness in remembering you, and, like a good godfather, you should make your protégée some handsome present."

"I did not think this of you, Nellie," said Harry, in good humour, "I think you are trifling with my affections," then, turning to Jacko, who had found a pocket, and was making quite free with the articles he found therein, he said : "If you do not keep your paws out of my pocket, I shall turn you over to your mistress, and see that she learns you how to treat your adopted father more respectfully."

"What ! and a little thief too?" exclaimed Nellie. "Harry, you will be arrested for associating in such bad company."

"No danger, Miss Powers," said the captain, "we'll not lose Mr. Prescott for that reason ; they don't arrest any one here for thieving. You have mistaken the place."

"It's yerself that's roight, captain, I'm afeerd," panted Tom, all out of breath, "for I have the ividence of my own eyes that what you say is true ; for, as shure as I'm as good a salt as iver Lot's wife was, them haythens have stole the silver, so they have, keg and all, and off with it."

Tom, with the third mate and Crony, had come ashore with the captain to manage the boat, and, as the captain was on his way to the consignee's office, he had brought the money sent to purchase the cargo with along with him. The money was in two iron-bound kegs, and the captain had left it in the boat until he should send for it.

On the wharf, where the boat had landed, was a small bath house, behind which the men had gone, partly to get out of the sun, and partly to see the performance of a snake man, who was amusing some sailors from another vessel.

Tom had sat for a few moments interested in the performance, when all at once the careless manner in which the money had been left flashed into his mind, and he got up to satisfy himself as to its safety, and looked just in time to see two stalwart men making off with the kegs.

"Heave to, you leather coloured haythens," cried Tom; "fast heavin' or I'll put a daub on your figure head that will spile the gildin';" and Tom was about to verify his words by deeds, having bared his arm and placed himself in front of the men, who were staggering under the load, when Radshaw interposed by saying:

"Hold on, Tom, perhaps the captain has sent for those kegs. Don't interfere with what does not concern you," he growled, and then in an undertone he muttered, "I'll be the cause of your turning up missing yet, to pay for your interfering in this matter."

"Perhaps he did, and thin agin perhaps he didn't;" replied Tom. "It's mysilf thats a goin' to find out. Clear sailin' an' no rocks is my motto." When he finished speaking, he started his diminutive form a-going, very much like an engineer starts his engine, slow at first, and then off at the top of his speed. He made as good time as his rolling motion would allow him until he met the captain.

"You are sure of what you are saying, are you, Tom?" asked the captain somewhat excited.

"Shure, it's in course I be, or I'd not be givin' mysilf the strain I have, followin' in your wake. I put on the sail, sir, till me timbers cracked, an' the two masts in me was most torn out of their fast'nings, so they was."

"I am surprised that any one should take that money," said the captain, still in doubt whether or no Tom had his senses, "was not Mr. Radshaw there?"

"An' shure he was, sir, an' didn't he say he thought as you sint for it," said Tom, panting and puffing like a young porpoise. As Tom had supposed, the captain had not sent for the money, and now, leaving the passengers to follow at their leisure, he put back with all haste to where he had left the boat.

When he reached the boat, Tom's word was verified; the money was gone. Who took it? That was the question which no one seemed to answer. The mate said he had not detained the men because he supposed the captain had sent for it. The first thing to be done was to inform the wharf police, but that was a forlorn hope, the wharf police were generally in league with the wharf thieves.

Detectives were sent out from the consignees' house, and they, having a special interest in the matter, exerted themselves to the utmost, and succeeded along towards evening in overhauling the thieves, as they were fleeing on the road, about four miles from the city. The thieves, finding they were pursued, left their team and the money by the roadside, fled into the woods near by and escaped.

On the following morning the "Sparkling Sea" hoisted out her ballast, and began to take in a general cargo for Honolulu. From early dawn until late at night bumboats filled the harbour, propelled about by women in search of washing, or by vendors of corals, shells, parrots, fruits, tobacco and pipes, who hoped to turn their wares into money among the money-spending sailors.

"Isn't that a beautiful parrot, Nellie?" asked Harry Prescott, as a cage of these birds was brought alongside. "I'm going to buy one to keep the monkey company, they say some of them are quite amusing. Old fellow, see here, how much do you ask for that parrot?" and Harry pointed, as he spoke, to one of beautiful plumage.

There are several kinds of parrots. The common green parrot, which is called the West India parrot, the Brazilian, Australian, and South African. The last three varie-

ties are the best talkers, some of them being remarkable for their power of imitation and beautiful plumage.

After various attempts to make the bumboat man understand him, but without success, Harry induced the man to come on board and bring his parrots, and then, pointing to the same one as before, he asked how much. A light seemed to cross the dealer's vision, and holding the parrot on his finger, and placing six silver quarters on the palm of his hand, he pointed to them as much as to say that was the price of the parrot. Harry bore in mind the admonition of the captain, and remembered his success in purchasing the monkey, but he knew Nellie was looking on, so, rather than appear awkward, he handed over the money to the delighted merchant. The parrot took naturally to its new owners, but evinced a strong dislike for the monkey from the first, and between them began a warfare which finally ended fatally.

The captain, while in port, was busy attending to his various duties, and Harry and Nellie were left to take care of themselves. Together they wandered about the city, drove through all the beautiful groves that surrounded it, and visited all the places of interest in its locality. Together they sailed about the harbour, and with boat hooks drew the sea fans and corals from the shoals, and early on pleasant mornings they strolled along the beach, gathering quantities of beautiful shells.

(To be Continued.)

ON THE TESTING AND STRENGTH OF RAILWAY MATERIALS, &c.

BY BRO. R. M. BANCROFT,

Mem. Civil and Mechanical Engineers' Society.

CAST IRON.

IN round numbers the strength of cast iron in compression equals the square of the tensile force; or, in other words, the resistance that cast iron of a good quality gives to a crushing or compressive strain is variously stated, by authorities on the subject, as from 40 to 48 tons per square inch of section, and from 6 to 8 tons per sectional inch for a tensile or stretching strain. Tabulated it stands:

	Breaking Strain.	Safe Working Strain.
In compression	40 to 48	7 tons
In tension.....	6 to 8	1½ "

It is clear from this that cast iron of good quality may, in compression, be strained to one-sixth of its greatest strength; and, in tension, to about one-fourth. Cast iron of good quality will, when first broken, have a crystalline texture, and a slight indentation will be made if struck smartly with a heavy hammer. Sometimes this metal is specified to bear a tensile strain of 2½ tons before loss of elasticity, and 6½ tons per square inch before fracture.

TEST BARS.

These should be run each day as the castings are being made, and a good plan is to specify that the test bars must be cast on to the ends of the castings. One test is that a bar 2in. deep by 1in. wide on bearings 3ft. apart, with a load of 25 cwt. placed on the centre, it should give one-quarter of an inch deflection, and carry 27 cwt. without breaking. A second test is that of a bar 1in. square placed at 4ft. 6in. bearing. In this test the bar should not break with a less load than 600lbs. placed on the centre. The above tests are for iron to be used in compression; when required to be used in tension even higher standards are advisable. Some engineers insist that these shall be dead

weights, and that no strain shall be applied in any way by test levers; and, in important contracts, bars must be cast in duplicate, one to test and the other marked with the date when run, and kept for future reference by the engineer. The area of the flanges of cast iron girders should, theoretically, be in the proportion of six or seven to one; but the upper flange, where the girder is isolated and not held in position by the structure itself, should be proportionally wider according to each particular case as it has to resist flexure, which would possibly deform it before compression of the flange could occur; but, where the web and the upper flange are supported by the structure itself, as in the cases of arches and flooring, the above proportion may be taken. As a general rule we may, in designing cast iron girders, make the depth from one-twelfth to one-sixteenth of span; bottom flange, from two-thirds to three-fourths the depth in centre; top flange, one-third to one-half the width of bottom; maximum span, 25ft.; over this span, wrought iron becomes as economical and safer. I believe (says the author) some of our members are of the opinion that strengthening webs, sometimes called gussets or ribs, should not be cast on girders, as the metal is drawn away from the flanges in cooling; others that at the junction of web and flange, the rib, if broken away, will frequently be found honey-combed. In a paper read by the late Zerah Colburn, before the Society of Engineers, April 3, 1865, he describes the American practice of re-melting all the iron employed for cannon, and keeping it for some time in fusion. This practice at one time went so far as three and even four re-meltings—the iron being kept in the fluid state for three hours at each melting. In this way the tensile strength of iron, ranging from 5 to 6½ tons in the pig, has become 9 tons at the first casting; and, after remaining in the melted state for two hours, 13 tons at the second casting; and 15½ tons per square inch at the third casting, the period of fusion at each melting being from one to three hours. Castings overstrained in cooling are apt to break under even a moderate degree of vibration; thus, Hodgkinson's formula of six to one in the flanges of cast girders, are scarcely, if ever, carried out in practice; as, with these proportions, the casting would, in all probability, crack in cooling. Castings should cool equally in such a manner as not to leave them subject to considerable internal strains.

PORTLAND CEMENT.

Mr. H. Reid, C.E., in his "Science and Art of Portland Cement," sums up the points which indicate the quality of this material as follows:—

1st. That the clinker of the true quality should be a dark greenish mass, homogenous and slightly vitrified.

2nd. A clinker of metallic hardness, with a black lustre, is the result of an excess of carbonate of lime, caused by wasteful application of fuel, and its cost of grinding is high.

3rd. The true normal clinker exhibits, when drawn from the kiln, a rough, lava-like texture, having a tinge of green or bronze glitter when exposed to light.

Generally, the conclusions are: 1st, that a clinker of a brown colour, dusting freely, indicates an abnormal or dangerous cement, and weak in indurating power; 2nd, the blackish clinker, producing a bluish-grey powder, is unfit for use until matured by exposure; 3rd, the true clinker of greenish tinge, of light grey powder, can be used at once.

Experiments have proved, also, that the constructive value of cement when mixed with sand depends on its being finely ground.

LIVERPOOL COPORATION TEST.

1st. Samples of the cement being sifted through a No. 50 gauge wire sieve, must not leave a residue of more than 10 per cent.

2nd. Samples of pure cement will be gauged with water, and placed in the brass moulds used by the Corporation within twenty-four hours; the casts thus made will be immersed in still water, in which they will remain until the expiration of the seven days from the date of moulding, when they will be taken out of the water and tested,

to ascertain their tensile strength, which must not be less than 800 lbs. on the area of $2\frac{1}{4}$ square inches.

3rd. The slow-setting cement, when gauged neat in the mould, must not become firm in less than three hours; the quick-setting must assume a firm condition within half-an-hour. The test of firmness will be that of resistance to the finger-nail.

These tests are applied after each delivery.

As Mr. Reid attaches great importance to what is called "heavily-burnt" cement and reiterates his views on this point repeatedly, we may just remind the reader that some eminent practical authorities are not so decisive in regard to the advantage of vitrification. Mr. Grant, C.E., in the course of his papers on the "Strength of Cement" (read before the Institution of Civil Engineers), points out that the slow-setting of this heavily-burnt mixture renders it unsuitable for some positions (as in moving water) where a lighter cement would set more quickly. He added that "another inconvenience to which this heavily-burnt cement exposes the engineer was the almost certainty that it would not be properly ground. Theoretically the cement should be an impalpable powder, and every grain of sand a matrix round which the cement should form a film or coating, but this could scarcely be the case with a material which it was so difficult to reduce to powder as the heavy cement in question. On the contrary, if carefully scrutinised by passing it through a sieve, or by washing it, a considerable residue of particles resembling sand would be found comparatively inert in their character, with very feeble setting properties, and of a nature to diminish the amount of real sand which the cement would otherwise carry. He might also add that the coarsest ground cement being found to weigh the heaviest, the exaction of a very heavy specific weight, unaccompanied by any other restriction, offered an inducement to imperfect pulverisation.

(To be Continued.)

NOTES ON LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

BY BRO. GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL.

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

GUSTAVE DORÉ is said to have produced not less than fifty thousand drawings, to illustrate various literary works.

Amongst the numerous useful public servants which Great Britain is fortunate enough to possess, I greatly question whether any can excel those of the Civil Service for industry, intelligence, and integrity. Yet I see certain of our newspaper writers are setting up their war-whoop because some of them indulge in literary occupations during their leisure; a pursuit I should have thought which was rather to have been commended than censured. If it can be shown that any of the Civil Service neglect their duties—even though it be for literary or scientific pursuits—there is a proper way of coming at them, as at other men. But really to blame them for what every Britisher ought to be rather proud of, is to "bang Banaghen," whoever that proverbial personage might be, and he, we are told "banged" a gentleman to mention whose name may not be quite parliamentary. I remember a friend of mine who, being then engaged to inspect iron for the purchaser, and having much leisure at intervals, occupied his spare time by correcting proofs of the literary articles which he had written when in his lodgings of an evening, whereupon he was reported to his employer, with a similar degree of justice to

the charge now preferred against the Civil Service. Had he spent his leisure in smoking cigars and chatting small talk over a glass of grog in a bar parlour, all would have been "quite the thing, you know,"—but to indulge in any literary occupation, was, in their poor jaundiced or purblind eyes, simply unbearable. My friend's employer found the complaint to be as foolish as I am sure the great British public will find that to be against the Civil Service. Charles Lamb persuading his learned antiquarian, but absent-minded friend, George Dyer, that Lord Castlereagh was the author of the *Waverley Novels*, and that the Persian Ambassador and his suite, as true fire-worshippers, went every morning to the top of Primrose Hill, to pay their devotions to the rising god of day, was not half so ludicrous as the charge of literature gravely preferred by enlightened editors in their luminaries against the Civil Service. I hope the curators of our museums will carefully preserve said charges, for future collections of the *Curiosities of Literature*.

Bro. T. B. Whytehead, an intelligent and energetic worker both in the Craft and Chivalric Degrees, has favoured me with a copy of his paper on "Freemasonry in York," read before the members of the Yorkshire College of the Soc. Rosier., at their meeting in old Ebor, on the 26th of January last. In addressing the "R.W. Ch., Adepts and Fraters," Bro. Whytehead remarks:—"It has always appeared to me, that the study of Freemasonry is so intimately connected with that of Archæology, that the two may be fairly regarded as kindred or sister sciences. Not that every Archæologist must necessarily be a Freemason, although I quite think that such a condition of enlightenment would materially aid the student of the beautiful and the antique in architecture; but the converse certainly holds good; I mean, that every intelligent Freemason, and more especially a Rosicrucian, must be to a great extent an Archæologist. I do not, of course, suggest that he must be possessed of a vast quantity of technical knowledge, and have at his tongue's end all the *patois* of the architect or the builder. He need not qualify himself to talk learnedly of crockets and corbels, of foils and finials, of mullions and transoms, of spandrels and soffits, but he should certainly possess a general, what I may call a *dilettanti*, sort of knowledge of the general principles of that great science, and its history, which we are bound to regard as synonymous, throughout all past time, with the science and practise of that Royal Art, with which we pride ourselves on being connected." This is good, and the gradual growth of such ideas throughout our immense fraternity is one of the most hopeful signs of the times for Freemasonry. "The old capital city of the north," as Bro. Whytehead well remarks, "is so associated with both the legendary and the recorded history of Freemasonry, that over the whole globe, wherever that wondrous organization flourishes, the name of York is sufficient to warm into activity, in the breast of every brother, thoughts of our great unwritten history of the past." Referring to "the story of the Athelstane Charter," he remarks:—"Perhaps I ought not to use the term 'legend' in reference to this document, since our worthy Deputy Provincial Grand Master, Dr. J. P. Bell, who, you know, is not only an earnest Masonic student, but an author of mark, is firmly convinced that the 'charter' in question is still in existence, or at any rate that it did exist up to within a very recent period. Until this charter can be found, however, we can only regard it as a legend; but had the York Masons of former years possessed a quarter of the intelligent zeal for discovering the true history of the Craft which distinguishes Bro. Whytehead and others, we should have been in a very widely different position, as they would have aided us in our researches indeed, instead of mouthing words with maudlin simplicity, and thinking more of a flowing bowl than the progress of humanity. It is interesting to learn from Bro. Whytehead that a York brother has "been at very considerable pains to wade through the old minute books of the Corporation of York, in order to discover if any entry relating to the alleged visit of Sir Thomas Sackville to York is in existence, but he has discovered no allusion to anything of the kind; and I fear that we must admit that, so far, there is not a scrap of evidence as to any visit having been paid by the knight in question." I, for one, would have been delighted to have been able to prove Sackville a brother Mason; for he could write of Remorse of Conscience, as in the famous *Mirror for Magistrates*, seven years before the birth of Shakspeare:—

“ And first, within the porch and jaws of hell,
 Sat deep Remorse of Conscience, all besprent
 With tears ; and to herself oft would she tell
 Her wretchedness, and, cursing, never stent
 To sob and sigh, but ever thus lament
 With thoughtful care ; as she that, all in vain,
 Would wear and waste continually in pain :
 Her eyes, unsteadfast, rolling here and there,
 Whirl'd on each place, as place that vengeance brought,
 So was her mind continually in fear,
 Tost and tormented with the tedious thought
 Of those detested crimes which she had wrought ;
 With dreadful cheer, and looks thrown to the sky,
 Wishing for death, and yet she could not die.”

Surely Spenser would not have been ashamed of the foregoing, and of the symbolical representations that follow of Dread, Revenge, Misery, Care, Sleep (finely called “ the cousin of Death,”) Old Age, Malady, Famine, “ pale Death, ” and

—“ War, in glittering arms yclad,
 With visage grim, stern look, and blackly hued :
 In his right hand a naked sword he had,
 That to the hilt was all with blood imbrued ;
 And in his left (that kings and kingdoms rued)
 Famine and fire he held, and therewithal
 He razed towns, and threw down towers and all :
 Cities he sacked, and realms (that whilom flower'd
 In honour, glory, and rule above the rest)
 He overwhelm'd, and all their fame devour'd,
 Consumed, destroy'd, wasted, and never ceased,
 Till he their wealth, their name, and all oppress'd :
 His face forehew'd with wounds ; and by his side
 There hung his targe, with gashes deep and wide.”

Such was that Sir Thomas Sackville, one of the authors of our oldest known tragedy (*Ferrex and Porrex*), whom Queen Elizabeth is said to have sent to York to inquire into Freemasonry, and whom we know she sent as ambassador to France in 1570, and to the Netherlands in 1587 ; and though the unprincipled Leicester flung him for a time into prison, was found worthy to succeed the Great Lord Burghley as Lord Treasurer of England, and was created Earl of Dorset. The legend of his visit to York, and his initiation there, must for the present remain as one of the noble traditions of the Craft ; for, as the possessors of monastic ruins have rarely sought to preserve them until the elements and pilfering builders of cottages and pig styes have scarcely left a few fragments to preserve ; so we modern Freemasons, after dozing over our pipes and grog, and forging all manner of lies to embellish the glorious old Craft that needed them not, waken up, and find the true ancient history of the noblest fraternity in the world has been allowed to be lost, whilst our brothers were idly “ singing Old Rose and Burn the Bellows.” Freemasonry had either to be purified from its dross—or rather from the expectorations cast upon it by its unworthy initiates—or to perish before the light of science ; it is, thank the G.A.U., gradually coming out to the perfect light ; and the day is fast passing away when an “ incompetent brother ” in his cups, could sit lolling at a public tavern, with the saliva running out at the corners of his mouth, as he boasted in his maudlin manner of having been “ three times made a priest for ever after the manner of Melchizedek.” The Masonic press, so much dreaded by the poor old fogies who have got slunk into the Craft—has helped to reform much of this ; but there is still good work for all to do, before we can realize our glorious ideal, and can feel certain that no good man we propose will be blackballed in the ballot, and that all mere animal men will be denied admittance to those privileges which of right belong to worthy men, and to worthy men alone.

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.