

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

No. 66.—VOL. VI.

DECEMBER, 1878.

PRICE 6d.

Monthly Masonic Summary.

WE have little to report this month, except what the *Freemason* bears witness to week after week, the steady increase of Craft Lodges and R. A. Chapters. We are among those, as we have often said before, who welcome the increase of our benevolent Order, as fraught with utility to the Brotherhood, and benefit to mankind.

No doubt, and we say it thoughtfully on this our last appearance for 1878, there are counterbalancing disadvantages to this continued advance of material prosperity. We cannot be insensible if we would, and we should not if we could, to some anomalies pressing upon us just now, as a great and widespread Order.

Some have objected to the unwieldiness of the machine, but such a fear we dismiss at once as a childish chimera. But we do observe, at least we think we do, signs of weakness in our proceedings which it is needful to note, and advisable to do away with.

1. We are receiving into our ranks a large number of persons who evidently look upon Freemasonry as a great Benefit Society; and this is a delusion which we ought to spare no pains to counteract and dispel.

2. In the next place we are not doing enough for Masonic Charity, *qua* Lodges and Chapters, and a large proportion of our numerous Brotherhood does nothing either, and leaves the "burden and heat" of the day to be borne by liberal hands and willing minds. Let us hope that 1879 will witness a marked improval amongst us in this respect.

3. And once more we have too many applicants for office, and brethren make claims who have no claims at all, and who, if they do get "to the fore," will do no credit to Masonry in any way. Against all these palpable signs of weakness and decadence, common to all earthly associations, let us set our face "sternly," for unless checked and "stamped out," they will work much mischief to Freemasonry. It is impossible at this period of the year not to remember how another twelve months have nearly sped away, and the many good brethren and fellow-members who have left our ranks as month has followed month. Publisher and Editor, in this December Magazine, beg to express to all their friendly supporters their fraternal good wishes and their hearty thanks.

A CORRECT LIST OF THE REGULAR LODGES UNDER THE
CONSTITUTION OF ENGLAND,
ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED.
IN 1777.

BY MASONIC STUDENT.

I SEND as a contribution towards Lodge numeration and identification the following list from the "Principles of Freemasonry," delineated, printed, and sold by R. Trewman, Exeter, 1777 :—

Lodges in London and the Neighbourhood.

- | No. | |
|-----|--|
| 370 | Aldersgate-street, Castle and Falcon, 2nd and last Wednesday |
| 183 | Arlington-street, Piccadilly, Blue Posts, 4th Tuesday |
| 358 | Artichoke-lane, Wapping, G. Anchor, 1st and 3rd Wednesday |
| 153 | Bennet-street, Rathbone-place, Duke of York, 2nd Monday |
| 34 | Bishopsgate-street, Old Magpie, 2nd Monday |
| 324 | Bishopsgate-street, London Tavern, 1st and 3rd Wednesday |
| 131 | Bloomsbury, Buffalo, 2nd and 4th Tues. in winter, and 4th Thurs. in summer |
| 3 | Bond-street, Star and Garter, 2nd and 4th Wednesday |
| 31 | Bond-street, Arran Arms, 2nd and 4th Tuesday |
| 74 | Bond-street, Braund's Head, 1st and 3rd Tuesday |
| 37 | Borough, High-street, King's Head, 3rd Monday |
| 317 | Broad Wall, Christ Church, Southwark, Angel, 3rd Tuesday |
| 176 | Burlington-street, White Horse, 1st and 3rd Thursday |
| 300 | Cannon-street, London-stone Tavern, 1st Wednesday |
| 24 | Castle-street, Leicester-fields, Pons' Coffee-house, 1st and 3rd Tuesday |
| 13 | Cateaton-street, Paul's Head, 2nd and 4th Monday |
| 477 | Cateaton-street, Paul's Head, Helvetick, Union Lodge |
| 14 | Chancery-lane, Crown and Rolls, 2nd and last Thursday |
| 16 | Chancery-lane, Crown and Rolls, 1st Thursday |
| 96 | Charing Cross, Two Chairmen, 2nd Thursday |
| 263 | Cheapside, Half Moon, 1st Monday |
| 285 | Chelsea, Robinson's-lane, Duke's Head, 3rd Monday |
| 193 | Church-street, Soho, Golden Lion, 3rd Wednesday |
| 179 | Covent-garden, Shakespeare, 2nd and 4th Wednesday |
| 26 | Cranbourn-alley, Crown, 1st and 3rd Thursday |
| 172 | Cranbourn-alley, Rider's Court, Swan, 4th Friday |
| 140 | Crown-street, Westminster, Rose and Crown, 2nd Tuesday |
| 8 | David-street, Grovesnor Square, Running Horse, 3rd Tuesday |
| 21 | Doctors' Commons, Horn, 2nd and 4th Monday |
| 75 | Drury-lane, Shakespeare, 1st Tuesday |
| 35 | East Smithfield, Ship, 2nd Monday |
| 57 | East Smithfield, Strong Man, 1st and 3rd Thursday |
| 157 | Edmond's Court, Soho, Swan, 1st and 3rd Tuesday |
| 367 | Essex-street, Strand, Crown |
| 1 | Fleet-street, Mitre, 1st and 3rd Wednesday |
| 23 | Fleet-street, Globe, 1st and 3rd Monday |
| 341 | Fleet Market, White Horse, 2nd Wednesday |

- No.
164 Great Earl-street, Seven Dials, Royal Oak, 1st and 3rd Monday
36 George-street, Foster-lane, Anchor, 1st and 3rd Monday
76 George-street, Foster-lane, Anchor, 1st and 3rd Monday
4 Gerard-street, Mill's Coffee-house, 2nd and 4th Tuesday
369 Gerard-street, King's Head
144 Golden-lane, Angel and Porter, 1st Monday
126 Grosvenor-street, Lion and Goat, 2nd and 4th Monday
91 Halfmoon-street, Piccadilly, Griffin, 4th Tuesday
360 Hammersmith, Bell and Anchor, 1st Tuesday
336 Hampstead, King's Head, 1st Thursday
18 Hatton Garden, Cross-street, 2nd and 4th Thursday
203 Hermitage, St. Andrew, 1st and 3rd Friday
59 Holborn, Coach and Horses, 1st Wednesday
77 Holborn, Coach and Horses, 2nd and 4th Monday
90 Holborn, Queen's Head, 3rd Monday
204 Holborn, White Hart, 4th Friday
309 Holborn, Blue Boar, 4th Wednesday
359 Holborn, King's Arms, 4th Wednesday
88 Horsleydown-lane, Red Lion, 1st and 3rd Wednesday
249 Hyde Park-corner, Red Lion, 1st Tuesday
25 St. James's-street, Thatched House, 1st Monday
33 St. James's-street, Thatched House, Britannic Lodge
251 St. James's-street, Thatched House, Royal Lodge, 1st Friday
162 Jermyn-street, Horseshoe, 1st and 3rd Thursday
492 Kew, King's Arms
119 Leadenhall-street, Nag's Head, 1st and 3rd Tuesday
399 Leather-lane, Windmill, 4th Monday
346 Limehouse Bridge, River Lea Tavern, 1st and 3rd Wednesday
397 Limehouse, Church-row, Lord Camden
202 Ludgate-hill, London Coffee-house
325 Margaret-street, Cavendish-square, Cock, 3rd Monday
43 Marylebone-street, Piccadilly, King's Arms, 2nd and 4th Tuesday
490 Marylebone, Queen Anne-street, Coach and Horses
326 Mercer-street, Long Acre, Mercer's Arms, 1st Monday
241 Minories, Sieve, 3rd Thursday
268 Minories, Angel, 1st and 3rd Tuesday
349 New-street, Covent-garden, Swan, 2nd and 4th Monday
357 New-street-hill, Shoe-lane, Crown and Anchor, 2nd Monday
334 Noble-street, Coachmakers' Arms, 2nd Tuesday
42 Old-street-road, Sir John Falstaff, 1st Thursday
6 Oxford-street, Roebuck, 1st and 3rd Wednesday
280 Oxford-street, Oxford Buildings, Red Lion, 1st Monday
304 Oxford-street, Swan, 3rd Wednesday
128 Paddington, Pontefract Castle, 1st and 3rd Monday
328 Parker-street, Lincoln's Inn-fields, Crown, 3rd Tuesday
464 Pearl-street, Spitalfields, Three Tongues
122 Piccadilly, George-street, George, 3rd Tuesday
200 Piccadilly, Union Coffee-house, 3rd Friday
87 Playhouse-yard, Blackfriars, Crown, 1st Tuesday
208 Poultry, King's Head, 2nd and 4th Wednesday
80 Prince's-street, Lothbury, Crown, 2nd Tuesday
133 Prince's-street, Cavendish-square, King's Head, 2nd and 4th Wednesday
417 Prince's-street, Soho, Falcon, 1st Thursday
30 Quaker-street, Spitalfields, Castle, 1st Friday
7 Great Queen-street, Freemasons' Tavern, 1st and 3rd Friday

- No.
 68 Great Queen-street, Freemasons' Tavern, *Stewards' Lodge*, Public Nights,
 3rd Wednesday, March and December
 127 Great Queen-street, Freemasons' Tavern, *Foundation Lodge*, Freemasons'
 Coffee-house, 2nd Wednesday
 376 Ratcliff Cross, Ship, 2nd and 4th Monday
 269 Red Lion-square, Blue Lion, 3rd Friday
 9 Red Lion-street, Wapping, Dundee Arms, 2nd and 4th Friday
 408 Red Lion-street, Clerkenwell, Jerusalem Tavern, 1st and 3rd Wednesday
 38 Rowland's Row, Jerusalem Tavern, 2nd and 4th Wednesday
 297 Shad Thames, King's Arms, 1st Monday
 185 Shadwell, Sun, 1st and 3rd Monday
 409 Shoe-lane, Ben Johnson's Head, 2nd Thursday
 65 Shoreditch, Swan, 2nd and 4th Wednesday
 70 Shoreditch, May Bush, 2nd and 4th Friday
 274 Shug-lane, Black Horse, 4th Monday
 147 Silver-street, Golden-square, Three Compasses, 2nd and 4th Thursday
 89 South Audley-street, Albemarle Arms, 2nd and 4th Wednesday
 373 Southwark, White Lion and Frying Pan
 384 Southwark, Church-street, St. John's, Two Giants, 2nd Monday
 493 Southwark, Snow's-fields, Rose and Grapes, 3rd Saturday
 73 Spitalfields, Three Tons, 3rd and 4th Thursday
 2 Strand, Adelphi Tavern, united with No. 319, and 4th Monday
 276 Strand, White Hart, 2nd Monday
 68 Tichfield-street, Globe
 329 Tooley-street, Black Raven, 2nd Wednesday
 5 Tottenham-court-road, Talbot, 1st Thursday
 315 Tower-hill, Crown and Thistle, 2nd and 4th Monday
 339 Turnagain-lane, Crown and Anchor, 3rd Friday
 440 Vauxhall, King's Arms, 1st Thursday
 407 Victualling-office-square, Black Horse, 1st Tuesday
 11 Wandsworth, King's Arms, 1st Tuesday
 273 Wardour-street, Soho, George, 1st and 3rd Tuesday
 271 Warwick-lane, Newgate-street, Three Butchers, 1st and 3rd Tuesday
 84 Whitechapel, Crown and Magpie, 3rd Wednesday
 261 Worcester-street, Southwark, Horse Shoe and Magpie, 2nd Tuesday

COUNTRY LODGES.

- 492 Baldock, White Horse
 406 Barnard Castle, Hare and Hounds
 49 Bath, White Hart, 1st and 3rd Friday
 287 Bath, Greyhound and Shakespeare, 2nd and 4th Tuesday
 380 Bath, Cheap-street, Queen's Head, 2nd and 4th Monday
 58 Birmingham, New-street, King's Head, 1st and 3rd Friday
 217 Birmingham, Digbeth-street, George, 1st and 3rd Tuesday
 411 Blandford, Greyhound, 1st and last Wednesday
 36 Bolton Lee Moor, Anchor and Hope, 1st and 3rd Monday
 413 Bridgnorth, Hand and Bottle, 1st and 3rd Wednesday
 264 Bridgewater, Swan Inn, 1st and 3rd Monday
 461 Bridgewater, Lodge of Liberty, 2nd and 4th Monday
 130 Bristol, Three Tons, 2nd and 4th Tuesday
 92 Bristol, Bull
 190 Bristol, Beaufort Lodge, 2nd and 4th Friday
 320 Bristol, Bath Barge

- No.
382 Bristol, Goat on the Quay, 2nd and 4th Monday
451 Bristol, White Hart
489 Bristol, Duke William, King-street
247 Burnley, Lancashire, White Bull, every Saturday nearest the Full Moon
59 Bury, Hare and Hounds, next Thursday to every Full Moon
403 Bury, Lodge of Temperance
437 Bury St. Edmund's, Royal Edmund Lodge, Wednesday preceding or on the Full Moon
110 Cambridge, Black Bull Inn, 2nd Monday
143 Cambridge, Black Bear, 4th Monday
238 Cambridge, Sun, 2nd Thursday
432 Cambridge, Rose Tavern, 1st and 3rd Monday
306 Carlisle, Black Bull, 1st and 3rd Friday
422 Carlisle, New Lodge
10 Chatham, Mitre, 1st and 3rd Monday
250 Chelmsford, Saracen's Head, 2nd and 4th Monday
78 Chester, Coach and Horses, 2nd Tuesday
166 Chester, Three Black Birds
171 Chester, Feathers
312 Chester, Watergate-street, Star, 3rd Thursday
464 Chester, Rising Sun Lodge
405 Christ Church, New Inn
64 Colchester, Angel, 2nd and 4th Monday
496 Colchester, King's Head
216 Colne, Hole in the Wall, 1st Thursday
284 Cornwall, St. Ives, Ship, 1st and 3rd Tuesday
279 Coventry, Black Bull, 1st and 3rd Monday
197 Crediton, Angel, 1st Monday
210 Darlington, Restoration Lodge, last Saturday
480 Dartford, Kent, Rose Inn, 2nd Tuesday
229 Deal, East India Arms, 1st Monday
398 Devizes, Wilts, Crown, 1st and 3rd Monday
404 Diss, Norfolk, Royal Alfred Lodge, Monday after every Full Moon
100 Dolgelly, North Wales, Angel, 1st Tuesday
476 Dorchester, King's Arms, Dunnoverian Lodge
243 Dover, King's Head, 1st and 3rd Thursday
245 Durham, Duncow-lane, Castle, 1st Tuesday
262 Ely, Isle of, Red Lion, 1st Wednesday
401 Epsom, Spread Eagle, Thursday nearest Full Moon
48 Exeter, Fore-street, Half Moon, 1st and 3rd Tuesday
213 Exeter, Bear Inn, 2nd and 4th Thursday
307 Exeter, Globe, 1st and 3rd Tuesday
311 Exeter, Valiant Soldier, 1st and 3rd Tuesday
283 Fakenham, Red Lion
116 Falmouth, King's Arms, 2nd and last Thursday
259 Feversham, Ship, every other Wednesday
321 Folkstone, Kent, Hart
456 Gateshead, Durham
118 Gravesend, King's Head, 1st and 3rd Thursday
16 Greenwich, Golden Anchor, 2nd and 4th Tuesday
301 Greenwich, Crown and Sceptre
81 Halifax, Yorkshire, Cock, 2nd and 4th Wednesday
383 Halifax, Yorkshire, Bacchus, 1st and 3rd Monday
257 Harwich, Globe, 2nd and 4th Tuesday
233 Hereford, Green Dragon, 1st Tuesday

- No.
- 350 Holyhead, Eagle and Child, every 3rd Friday
- 206 Holyhead, King's Head, 2nd and 4th Wednesday
- 214 Ipswich, Green Man
- 256 Kendal, Rose and Crown, 1st Wednesday
- 345 Launceston, Cornubian Lodge
- 205 Leeds, Golden Lion, 1st Wednesday and 4th, at Master's Lodge
- 462 Leigh, Punch Bowl
- 160 Liverpool, George's Coffee-house
- 252 Lyme Regis, Royal Edwin Lodge, 1st and 3rd Monday
- 258 Lymington, Nag's Head, 1st and 3rd Friday
- 29 Lynn Regis, Norfolk, White Lion, 1st Friday
- 181 Lynn Regis, Norfolk, Star, 4th Wednesday
- 230 Lynn Regis, Norfolk, Lodge of Friendship, 3rd Friday
- 430 Malden, King's Head
- 83 Manchester, Fox, 1st and 3rd Monday
- 154 Manchester, Crompton's Coffee-house, 1st and 3rd Tuesday
- 319 Manchester, Fletcher's Tavern
- 393 Manchester, Fleece
- 473 Middleham, Wild Man
- 381 Mitcham, Nag's Head, Wednesday nearest Full Moon
- 474 Monkwearmouth Shore, Lodge of Harmony, 1st and 3rd Monday
- 388 Neston, Golden Lion
- 184 Newcastle-upon-Tyne, St John's Lodge, 1st Monday
- 313 Newcastle, St. Nicholas' Lodge
- 455 Newmarket, St. John's Lodge
- 196 Newton Abbot, Sun, 2nd Tuesday
- 377 Newton Abbot, Royal George Lodge
- 19 Norwich, Thatched House, 1st Thursday
- 66 Norwich, King's Head, last Thursday
- 103 Norwich, Angel, 2nd and 4th Tuesday
- 105 Norwich, Maid's Head, 3rd Tuesday
- 107 Norwich, Bear and Ragged Staff
- 114 Norwich, Wax Candle, 2nd and 4th Wednesday
- 134 Norwich, Church Style, St. Peter's Mancroft, 1st and 3rd Wednesday
- 141 Norwich, St. Martin's at Oak, Royal Oak, 1st and 3rd Monday
- 165 Norwich, Duke St. Augustine's, 1st and 3rd Monday
- 168 Norwich, Twins, 1st and 3rd Friday
- 182 Norwich, Dove, St. Lawrence, 2nd Wednesday
- 188 Norwich, Three Tons, Aysham, every other Saturday
- 282 Norwich, Blue Boar, 2nd and 4th Monday
- 236 Nottingham, Feathers, 3rd Tuesday
- 391 Oxford, Lodge of Alfred
- 396 Oxford, Constitution Lodge
- 427 Paington, Torbay Lodge
- 106 Plymouth, Prince George, 1st and 3rd Monday
- 189 Plymouth, King's Arms, 2nd and 4th Monday, and 1st Tuesday, at Master's Lodge
- 390 Plymouth, Mitre
- 195 Plymouth Dock, King's Head, 1st and 3rd Tuesday
- 416 Plymouth, Bunch of Grapes, 1st and 3rd Wednesday, last Friday Master's Lodge
- 275 Poole, Old Antelope Inn, 1st and 3rd Wednesday
- 20 Portsmouth, Three Tons
- 136 Prescot, Royal Oak
- 484 Preston, Turk's Head

- No.
 139 Redruth, Druid's Lodge, 1st and 3rd Thursday
 242 Richmond, Yorkshire, Blue Bell, 1st Monday
 495 Ripon, Royal Oak
 281 Bye, Red Lion, 1st and 3rd Tuesday
 277 Sheffield, Rose and Crown, 2nd Friday
 314 Shields, North, Lion Lodge
 471 Shields, South, King of Prussia
 491 Southampton, Lodge of Concord
 22 Stockton-upon-Tees, Black Lion, 1st and 3rd Friday
 372 Stourbridge, Three Tons
 267 Swaffham, Crown, 1st Monday
 61 Swalwell, Masons' Arms, 1st Monday and 3rd Saturday
 378 Swansea, Beaufort Lodge
 169 Sunderland, High-street, Golden Lion, 1st Friday
 177 Sunderland, King's Head, 1st and 3rd Tuesday
 255 Taunton, St. George's Lodge
 449 Taunton, Union Lodge, 1st and 3rd Tuesday
 374 Teignmouth, Globe Inn, 1st and 3rd Monday
 343 Tiverton, All Souls' Lodge, 1st and 3rd Thursday
 260 Topsham, Salutation, 2nd and 4th Wednesday
 296 Wakefield, George and Crown
 289 Warrington, Woolpack, last Monday
 493 Weymouth, Good's Rooms, 2nd and 4th Friday
 423 Whitby, Plough
 209 Whitehaven, Square and Compass, 2nd Monday
 58 Wolverhampton, Swan, 1st and 3rd Thursday
 463 Woolwich, Crown and Anchor
 478 Workington, Sun and Sector
 431 Wrotham, Kent, Bull
 415 Wynstay, Lodge
 117 Yarmouth, Angel
 194 Yarmouth, Swan, 2nd Tuesday
 450 York, Apollo Lodge

ADDRESS ON THE DEATH OF MOZART.

DELIVERED IN THE LODGE ZUR GEKRÖNTEN HOFFNUNG, VIENNA,

1792.

Translated for the "Masonic Magazine."

IT has pleased the Eternal God, G A O T U, to tear away from our chain of Brotherhood one of our most beloved and zealous Brethren. Who did not know him? who did not value him? who did not love him? our worthy brother, Mozart. Hardly are a few weeks passed away since he stood here in our midst, ennobling the consecration of our Temple by his magical strains. Who of us, my Brethren, would then have so shortly measured out the threads of his life? Who of us would have thought then, that after three weeks we should be mourning him?

It is true, that it is the mournful lot of humanity, in the very midst of the bloom of the most distinguished life, to be obliged to leave it.

Kings die in the midst of their plans, which they leave to posterity unaccomplished. Artists die after that they have devoted the life-time lent to them to bring the improvement of their art to the highest degree of perfection; universal admiration follows them to their graves; entire states mourn for them; and the lot of these great men is, to be forgotten by their admirers.

Not so with us, my Brethren. Mozart's early death remains an irreparable loss for art. His talents, which he developed in early boyhood, had already made him the most remarkable phenomenon of his age. Half Europe admired him: the great called him their friend; we called him our Brother.

However much justice demands that we should call to remembrance his proficiency in art, even so can we still less forget to bring a fitting offering to his excellent heart. He was a zealous member of our Order; love for his brethren, sociability, agreement with the good cause, beneficence, a true inward sentiment of pleasure if through his talent he could procure advantage to any of his brethren—these were the principal traits of his character.

He was husband, father, friend of his friends, brother of his brethren. Only wealth was wanting to him in order to make hundreds happy as his heart dictated to him. He was in life good, and mild, and honest; a man by understanding and connection, art's darling; he still created for us higher perceptions. Broken is now the link. The Mason's blessing shall go with him cheerful and devoted; for our fraternal love shall lead him even into the land of harmony. We, who in stillness followed his footsteps to find him, where fate found him, where he so often bore the uncounted gift to poor widows' huts; when he built up his support on the orphan's blessing, and gave the clothing to naked poverty, a loan to God, and therefore trusted himself to Him who accompanied him to his grave; he who, not overcome by the flattery of the songs of sirens, could always joy in the cheerful countenance of his poor brethren, and never forgot to be a *man*.

THE SONG OF SONGS.

TRANSLATED FROM J. P. SPITTA, FOR THE "MASONIC MAGAZINE."

THERE is a Song of songs
 Which thou wilt sing for ever,
 When once its strain thou learnest;
 To no recital it belongs,
 That song so joyous ever,
 Yet full of teaching deep and earnest.

For of a Love it singeth
 Before which life's crosses fly
 As clouds before the sun;
 No longer sadness clingeth
 To him who all right heartily
 Has that Song of songs begun.

OLD WINTER IS COMING.

BY MRS. G. M. TWEDDELL,

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

OLD WINTER is coming! prepare!

Prepare to meet him soon;

Old Winter is coming! beware!

Beware of Winter's frown.

Old Father Winter 's a stern old man,
Severe and stern is he;
With his biting frost and drifting snow,
He is coming triumphantly.

"I need not fear Old Winter's frown,"
I heard a fair lady say,
"For my garner's are full, my house is good,
And my clothes are warm and gay.

"When the storm howls loud, and the snow falls fast,
They do no harm to me;
I heed them not as I dance and sing,
In the midst of good company."

"But I am afraid of Old Winter's frown,"
A poor lone woman said,
"For my house is cold, my clothes are thin,
And I am scant of bread.

"I have no friend to cheer my home
When the storm raves violently;
There's none but the cricket on my hearth
To bear me company."

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.

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," etc., etc.

THEY who, like myself, were fortunate enough to witness that mighty triumph of modern engineering skill in placidly placing the hoary monument of antiquity, known as Cleopatra's Needle, on its proper basis, so that we of this nineteenth century may gaze upon the same hieroglyphic-covered obelisk, which Moses often passed at Heliopolis, whither it had been floated down the Nile from its native Syene quarries, would do well to look carefully at the old world bas-reliefs now on the walls of our noble British Museum, showing the poor harnessed slaves of the by-gone removing a colossal bull, whilst their brutal taskmasters are urging them to strain every nerve to accomplish their object by muscular strength alone. Silently as the pointer of some immense clock, without even its quiet ticking, did we see this nearly two hundred tons weight of stone changed from its horizontal position to the perpendicular. To me there was a sublime poetry in that glorious achievement. The oldest handiwork of our ancient operative brethren, I feel proud that it is to distinguished brothers of the Craft that we owe both the princely munificence of the cost, and the wonderful skill of removing it from its fallen place in the sands of Egypt to the busy banks of the Thames, where the honoured names of our Brothers, Erasmus Wilson and Dixon, will henceforth and for ever be indelibly associated with the truly Masonic achievement. Would that the obelisk could indite for us a faithful epitome of the history of its own times! What a book that would be!

An English lady in Italy, the daughter of a dignitary of the Church, and wife of a clergyman, communicates the following as the Italian method of curing the whooping-cough, and states that she has tried it with marked success on one of her children, who was suffering severely from that distressing complaint:—"One large tablespoonful of honey to half a pint of water, beat up together thoroughly, and add a full teaspoonful of purified nitre in powder; half to be taken in the morning, and half at night, and to be continued while necessary." In the year 1584, when Shakspeare, although married and a father, was only in his twenty-first year; when Virginia was first discovered, and Walter Raleigh (who was *not* with his expedition), was knighted; when Reginald Scott was attacking the foolish belief in witchcraft; "the judicious Hooker" was entering upon his Buckinghamshire rectory; and Seldon, Pym, Massinger, Phineas Fletcher, and others of note, were just making their first appearance on the great stage of life—Thomas Chaloner the younger (who was knighted seven years afterwards), produced *A Shorte Discourse of the most rare and excellent vertue of Nitre*, now a very scarce work, in which he gives directions for its use, inwardly and outwardly, in all manner of diseases; and, though the whooping-cough does not appear to be there particularized, I find seven different recipes for affections of the lungs and windpipe, some of which it would be worth the while of modern medical men to test, and report upon; for if they were really efficacious three centuries ago, I see no reason why they should not be so at the present time. That Sir Thomas Chaloner the younger was a man of some scientific knowledge (though he tells us that he derived his knowledge of the virtues of nitre from his still more illustrious father, the poet, warrior, and statesman), is proved by the fact that he first began the manufacture of alum from the lias formation of the Cleveland Hills; which, as it interfered with the pope's monopoly, is

said to have brought down upon him that fearful curse of the Greater Excommunication, —worse than any I ever heard of being awarded even to popery-hated Freemasons,—of which dear Corporal Trim remarks in *Tristram Shandy*, that “the army swore terribly in Flanders, but nothing like that!”

In the last number of the *Masonic Magazine* I briefly alluded to a volume of poems, recently published, from the pen of our gifted Brother, Dr. R. A. Douglas-Lithgow, F.R.S.L., who was evidently properly prepared to be made a Mason before he became a candidate for those invaluable privileges which ought to be more strictly confined to worthy men, and to worthy men alone. For every true Freemason will rejoice at finding the gifted and the good “Brothers of the mystic tie;” and none but a mind which is both could have produced the poems to which I now wish to direct the attention of my readers. *Pet Moments*, Brother Douglas-Lithgow has taken for the title of his neat little volume, because the poems, as he tells us, have been written “in the intervals of study and of active professional work,—at all hours of the night and day, and often under most romantic circumstances,”—so that he thinks “they should disarm criticism, as the smile of a child might disarm a frowning warrior.” I cannot say that I quite agree with our good Brother in this last remark; for, though one would always rejoice to know that he “has always found his greatest enjoyment in literary pursuits of some kind or other, and in hours of fatigue and depression, such as come to all, he has ever found rest and solace amongst the Muses,” which so far is undoubtedly a proof of a refined mind; yet, if his lucubrations had not been “up to the mark,” whatever pleasure they might have given to himself in the composition, that would not justify him in boring the public by their publication. If my cordwainer makes me boots that nip my toes until they give me corns, it is no excuse for him to tell me that he never learnt his trade, which really was that of a barber, a tailor, or a chimney-sweeper. Happily, however, Brother Douglas-Lithgow has no need of any such poor apologies; his poems are harmonious, and full of high thoughts and noble sentiments; and if these are the blossoms of his early life, what may we expect the fruits of his maturer years to be! For with such a man I feel sure that poësy will be no mere flash in the pan, but an abiding power, to be used for good; and I give it to him in terms of the warmest commendation—feeling confident that he is the right man for the work—that in his leisure moments he should assist to increase our too scanty stock of true Masonic poetry, to help to supersede that immense quantity of rubbish which has been palmed upon the Craft under that name; and, though my own contributions only appear in the *Masonic Magazine* by sufferance, and I hold myself *solely* responsible for every opinion I express, I feel certain our dear Editor will be glad to welcome him as an additional contributor to its pages, knowing, as I do, his great anxiety to raise the standard of Masonic literature in England. And perhaps I may be allowed to say, which I do most earnestly, on the word of a Mason, that I know no one who has laboured more energetically, in many ways, for many years, most disinterestedly to accomplish so glorious an object; one in which, I am sure, Brother Douglas-Lithgow will warmly sympathize: and it is a high object, which every true Mason ought to do his best to encourage.

The work now before me opens with a Dedication to Mr. Tennyson, in which “the blank verse” does not “halt for it,” but which is worthy of the subject; and that is saying much. Let the reader judge:—

“To thee, around whose genius-lighted brow
A nation's hands have bound the laureate wreath,—
Whose honour'd name with loving pride is shrined
Deep in the chambers of the people's hearts;
Whose mighty mind has deftly, subtly, wrought
A web of king-thoughts destined to endure,
And glow undimm'd, untarnish'd, through all time;
Whose noble heart, throbbing with soul-fed springs
Of love and sympathy for all mankind,
Hath moved thee to unbar the golden gates
Of genial Fancy, setting free her light
To tint and mellow that diviner gleam

Which pours its radiance round immortal Truth,—
 To wile the sunshine from Life's fleeting hours,
 And spread it o'er the paths of Right and Worth;
 Whose gentle soul beams like a lover's eyes
 O'er every genius-written, tuneful page,
 Begetting kindred love for all that's pure,
 And true, and beautiful; begetting hate
 For rank hypocrisy and heartless pride,
 For foul injustice, cowardice, and crime;
 To thee a youthful rhymers would present
 A *bouquet* form'd of simple, wilding flowers,
 Gather'd in leisure moments, here and there,
 Along the busy road of daily life;
 A humble tribute to thy gifted mind,
 A token of unfeign'd gratitude
 From one whom thou hast honour'd, and to whom
 Thy kindly hand hath written words of joy.
 May health be thine, through many happy years,
 And every blessing crown thy worthy life;
 May love encompass thee, and consecrate
 Thy heart's desires—the yearnings of thy soul,
 With joys perennial, and eternal peace.
 Thy country's honour, and the people's pride,
 The conquests of thy genius still reward.
 May time but add fresh honour to thy bays,
 And sanctify thy spirit with pure joy;
 And o'er that scroll whereon proud Fame records
 The noble worth of Britons, great and good,
 May TENNYSON'S loved name for ever gleam !”

Saw you ever a more beautiful Dedication, gentle readers? Had he substituted the fine old English word of *Poesy*—hallowed to me by the use of our good old English poets in the past, and by the dear innocent lips of children in the present—instead of the (to us) really useless French *bouquet*, the Dedication would have been quite perfect, and equal to the Laureate's own famous Dedication of his *Idylls of the King* to the memory of the Prince who “held them dear.”

“The Ministry of Nature” could only have been written by a hand whose heart beat in sympathy with the universe, of which it is a part. Here is a truly Masonic passage, which the Grand Orient of France would do well to ponder at present:—

“Nay, worship none but God alone, our Father!
 Arise! and listen to the voice of Love;
 Fulfil the noble mission here assign'd thee,
 Then share the mansions of thy Lord above.
 With simple faith, and uniform obedience,
 The path of duty follow undismay'd;
 Study thy life-chart by the light of conscience,
 And upward, onward, of no toil afraid,—
 Scorning impossibilities and danger,
 And ever buoy'd by humble, earnest trust,—
 Press to the goal with ceaseless, bold endeavour,—
 Trample self-yearnings in the abject dust;
 Nourish despair by no debased inaction,
 But through Life's pilgrimage, determin'd, plod;
 And, in a heart of hallow'd aim and purpose,
 Cherish the right, and do it; trust in God!”

How fine the simile:—

“As rosy Morning steals Night's sable mantle
 From sleeping Nature's dew-bespangled breast,
 So sped the fleeting charms which lull'd my senses,” etc.

And the following is applicable to those who, like George the Second, “don't like Boetry and Bainting”:—

“Yes! there are those who scorn the poet's numbers,
 His loftiest flights regard as idle dreams,

Whose minds—the reflex of self-leaven'd natures—
 Find nought but folly in his noblest themes.
 Well, let them scoff! the bard reveres his mission
 As holy, and beyond their envious rage;
 His numbers may be weak, yet 'point a moral'
 To cheer some brother through Life's pilgrimage."

The following seems to me to be far more likely to carry conviction to the mind of an unbeliever than all the angry denunciations of "stupid atheists," which substitute abuse for argument:—

"Each trembling leaf, the zephyr, and the streamlet,
 Each flower which blooms upon the verdant sod,
 The roar of ocean, and the howl of tempest,
 Speaks to the souls of men with voice from God!
 There's not a tone, a touch, a look of Nature,
 But tells of Him who gave her wonders birth;
 There's not a creature of all things created
 In ocean's depths, or on the face of earth,
 But serves the purpose of the Great Creator,—
 Fulfilling wondrously His love-wrought plan,
 Save him with mighty mind, a soul immortal,
 And form most God-like,—unbelieving Man!
 Oh! that the sermons ever preach'd around us,
 With all the melting eloquence of Love,
 By thousand voices of adoring Nature,
 From sea, and fell, and mountain, dale, and grove,
 Would touch with living fire the crumbling altars
 Of poor humanity, and roll a flood
 Of mighty Truth to overspread the nations,
 Till men were sanctified in brotherhood," etc.

But I must pause for the present, my space being exhausted, and I have no wish to monopolize the whole Magazine. That Bro. Douglas-Lithgow is really a poet, in the highest sense of that term, and no mere namby-pamby versifier; that his sentiments are truly Masonic, and beautifully expressed; all this, I think, must be apparent from the few brief extracts I have given. I have a few more marked for quotation, which perhaps our good Brother, the Editor—himself a poet, and therefore a true lover of genuine poësy—may allow me space for in another number. The book ought to have a wide circulation, being neatly "got up," and one which the most fastidious man need not to hesitate for a moment to present to his mother, his sister, his wife, his sweetheart, his daughter, or his friend. Once read, it will be read again; and I hope our gifted Brother will long be spared, and that he will enrich our noble English literature with many more poems of like sterling quality; for by doing so I am sure that he will materially help to leave the world better than he found it—which is the warm aspiration of every true Freemason.

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.

THE ANGLO-SAXON LANGUAGE.

THE Bosworth Professor of Anglo-Saxon (the Rev. W. W. Skeat, M.A., of Christ's College), delivered an inaugural lecture in the Senate House a short time back, on this subject. There was a good attendance, and the new Professor was warmly received. He said,—“It is more than 230 years ago since the first attempt was made to establish an Anglo-Saxon lectureship at Cambridge. This was due to the zeal of Sir Henry Spelman, who founded a lectureship in 1640, to which Abraham Wheelock (also the first Professor of Arabic) was appointed. His successor was William Somner, the author of an Anglo-Saxon dictionary. In the Civil War the Spelman estate suffered,

and the lectureship lapsed. At Oxford there has been a succession of Anglo-Saxon Professors for nearly a century, yet Cambridge has also had her students. We may point to the name of John Mitchell Kemble, of Trinity College, whose famous essay on the old English Runes attracted so much attention some forty years ago. The story is briefly this: The cross or stone pillar at Ruthwell, near Gretna-green, has inscriptions on all four sides and some sculptured designs. Some of the inscriptions are in Latin and present no difficulty; they refer to various scenes in the life of Christ, as exhibited in the sculptures. But the characters on the northern and southern sides are Runic, and the language in which they were written was unknown. Many attempts were made to decipher these; they were gross failures, because the language was supposed to be a kind of Pictish or Danish. In 1840, Kemble explained the whole matter; he showed that the language was English, discussed the Runic alphabets, and transcribed and translated the whole inscription. His interpretation was at once seen to be correct. Two years afterwards, his attention was drawn to a poem which had been printed from an Anglo-Saxon MS. found at Vercelli, in the Milanese district; and discovered to his surprise and delight, that this poem—*The Dream of the Holy Rood*—contained the very passage which he had deciphered on the cross. This was a triumphant verification; indeed, he found that he had only to correct about three letters in his transcription. It is a lesson as to the value of patience and careful accuracy. A new method of the study of Anglo-Saxon dates from about this period. Previously little attention had been paid to the vowel sounds. Kemble took occasion to call attention to the great results obtained in Grimm's *Deutsche Grammatik*, remarking that 'the roots of the Teutonic languages, their methods of declension, conjugation, and derivation, are common to them all; while each language, according to fixed laws of its own, differences the common element.' It follows that any one of the Teutonic languages may throw light upon an obscure form in any other. But we may boldly extend this principle to all the languages of the Indo-European group. Perhaps this principle has not yet been carried out with sufficient thoroughness. We are accustomed to turn to Sanscrit, Greek, and Latin for assistance in English; but we are not enough in the habit of reversing the process, and seeking for assistance from the Teutonic tongues when investigating Latin and Greek. To some extent this has been done; we find Gothic duly recognised in Schleicher's *Compendium*. But the remains of Gothic are scanty, and we ought to seek for further help. Next to Gothic, Anglo-Saxon claims the second place; our old English records are abundant and various, and the history of the language sufficiently well known. The chief thing for a student to learn is that he should appreciate the letter-changes necessary for transposing words from one language to another. When these are known, analogies are perceived which are of the highest interest. We can thus link together words which appear to be very dissimilar. By way of example, we may observe that such words as *Billiter* (the word preserved in *Billiter-lane*, London), *chyme* and *chyle*, *fusion*, and the Icelandic *geyser*, all contain the same root. This root is *ghu*, to pour. The Greek represents the *gh* by the letter *chi*, and gives the verbs *chuein* and *chein*, to pour, with their derivatives *chyle* and *chyme* in use in English. In Latin, the *gh* of *ghu* became *f*, producing *fu*. This was extended to *fud*, appearing in the past tense *fudi* of *fundere*, to pour; whence the English *fuse*, *fusion*, *futile*, as well as *foundry*, a word which came to us through the French. In Icelandic the initial *gh* became a simple *g*; and by the addition of 's' was formed the root *gus*, to pour, represented in English by the Scandinavian word *gush*. A *geyser* is simply 'a gusher,' and is equivalent to fountain, derived from the Latin *fu* above mentioned. Turning to *Billiter-lane*, we shall still find the same root. The Latin *fud* becomes *gut* in Gothic, and gives the Anglo-Saxon *geotan*, to pour, whence the middle-English *yeten*, to pour, to fuse metals. Hence was formed *belle-yeter*, that is, a bell-founder; and *Billiter-lane* is *Belle-yeter's-lane*, the lane where the bell-founders lived, as is well ascertained. In this word, nothing but the short vowel 'i' is left of the original root. These results could never have been guessed. They are worked out in accordance with known phonetic laws, and they prove the futility of guess-work. I may remark that the verb *yet*, to pour, is still found in provincial

English; and that the German form *giessen* (with change of *t* to *ss*, as in *wasser* to *wasser*), is a common word. Students are beginning to learn these laws of letter-change, and many now know their consonants. The harder task remains, that we should learn our vowels. False philology considers the consonants to be of no particular value, and the vowels of none at all. True philology recognizes the converse of this, that the value of the consonants is considerable, but that of the vowels supreme. The life of the word is in the vowel. The letters 'f' and 't' mean nothing; but *fate*, *fat*, *feet*, *fit*, *fight*, *fought*, and *foot*, are distinct words. How then are we to believe in any etymology which ignores the history of vowels? I will take an easy example. We know that the plural of *foot* is *feet*; this is because an Anglo-Saxon long *o*, now represented by *oo*, passes into long *e*, now represented by *ee*. In other words, *ee* is the modification of *oo*, and can be derived from it; but the process cannot be reversed. We cannot derive *doom* from *deem*, but must derive *deem* from *doom*. So also, to *feed* is to give *food*; *bleed* is to run with *blood*; *breed* is to produce a *brood*.

The Anglo-Saxon *witenagemote*, or Parliament, is not to be derived from the verb to meet; but the verb to meet is from *moot*, the assembly. Hence we gain a clue to English spelling, too much misunderstood. If, as I have heard it said, it be a mark of education to spell system with 'y,' because it is Greek, it is equally a mark of education to know enough of old English to say why *fought* is spelt with *ou*, but taught with *au*; and surely we ought to know why *gh* is found in these words, as well as in *light* and *night*. The most hopeful sign for the scientific study of English is given by the splendid results gained for us by Mr. Ellis and Mr. Sweet. The study of English phonetics is now possible, and the results will be very valuable. We shall be able to explain the spelling of nearly every word that we use, and to say why it has taken its present form. The study of Anglo-Saxon can hardly be ignored as heretofore. The historical method of the study of English is the only rational one, and must one day prevail. It ought to be well known that there are two stages in the knowledge of Anglo-Saxon; a first stage, involving the knowledge of essential facts, and a second stage requiring time, research, and critical power. To attain to the second stage is not in the reach of many; but to attain to the first is in the reach of all. A few weeks is all that is necessary for gaining a true light upon English grammar. It is just this work of a few weeks which is too often set aside. All experience shows that while those who neglect the study of Anglo-Saxon cannot even imagine how much they lose, those who enter upon it will never regret the day when they first sought to investigate the main part of their own language in its oldest form."

THE OBERAMMERGAU PLAY.

WE are glad to see that the performance in a London Theatre of this remarkable and religious representation has been for a time put a stop to. In our opinion it is a great mistake to have thought to reproduce in London what is a *specialité* of the most serious and touching kind at Oberammergau. We agree with the *Times* when it says:—

"We were all startled last week by an announcement that several of the tableaux of the Oberammergau play were to be reproduced at a London Theatre by the original performers. Protests against this unworthy desecration, as many considered it, of a ceremony certainly religious in intent and in original purpose, were raised in various quarters. In deference to these protests the manager of the Aquarium announced a few days ago that the proposed reproduction had been abandoned. Few will question the wisdom of this decision. Public opinion would certainly have been shocked, however much the curiosity of the vulgar might have been gratified, by the transfer of any portion of the sacred drama from a remote village in Bavaria to a London stage. On this point, however, it is unnecessary to dwell, as the performances will not be

given. In fact, it now appears that Mr. Robertson has been placed, either through deception or mistake, in the position of having announced a performance from which not only the part of Hamlet, so to speak, but that of all the other actors would perforce be omitted. The Burgomaster of Oberammergau has telegraphed to us to say that the whole affair is an imposture. No native of Oberammergau, he says, in effect, has undertaken to come to London, and none has any intention of coming. This is highly creditable to them, supposing them to have been tempted; if they now hear of the matter for the first time, we trust it will not suggest any desires inconsistent with their old traditions."

It may, however, be well to remember that miracle plays, or "religious shows," formed part of the amusement and improvement of our English people in mediæval times.

It is, for instance, interesting to learn that there is still in existence a rude amphitheatre in the parish of St. Just, near the Land's End, Cornwall, in which sacred plays, some of a Scriptural and others of a legendary character, were performed in the days before the Reformation, a practice still traditionally remembered by some of the people. Mr. Norris writes thus in his "History of the Ancient Cornish Drama":—"The bare granite plain of St. Just, in view of Cape Cornwall and of the transparent sea which beats upon the magnificent headlands, would be a magnificent theatre for the exhibition of what in those days would appear to be a serious representation of the general history of the Creation, the Fall, and the Redemption of Man, however it might be marred occasionally by passages of a light, and even of a ludicrous, character. The mighty gathering of the people from many miles round, hardly showing like a crowd in that extended region, where nothing grows up to limit the view on any side, with their booths and tents, so absolutely necessary when so many people had to remain for three days upon the spot, would give to the assembly a character probably more like what we hear of in the so-called religious revivals in America than anything witnessed in more sober Europe."

It may be remembered, also, that at the Congress of the British Archæological Association held at Bodmin and Penzance in 1856, the Rev. Mr. Lach Szyrma stated that there had recently been brought to light a copy of a miracle play actually performed in Cornwall in former times, the "Life of St. Meriasck,"—comprising the legend of the conversion of Constantine, the legend of the Mother and the Son, and the legendary life of the Saint himself,—one of great local interest, as some of the scenes were laid about Camborne and Truro. Not much, according to Mr. Lach Szyrma, is known as to the way in which these plays were represented, though some of the "stage directions" are extant. They were, doubtless, performed in the open air; but there could hardly have been much scenery, though there were "stage directions" as to tents, houses, etc. At the beginning of the play of the "Creation," for instance, there was a direction to the effect that Hell, when spoken of, should gape wide, from which it may be inferred that the infernal regions were represented by the mouth of an infernal monster, just as shown in old pictures and on old painted windows in Gothic churches. "As at Oberammergau," adds Mr. Lach Szyrma, "the background of hills and rocks might have been, and probably were, utilized in order to give grandeur and effect to the mysteries represented." It may be added that Borlase, the Cornish antiquary, writing a little more than a century ago (namely, in 1762), describes the amphitheatre at St. Just as an exact circle, 136ft. in diameter, the bank being 7ft. high on the inside and 10ft. on the outside; and the seats as still traceable, the latter consisting of six series or stages, each 6in. in width, while the rampart at the top was several feet wide. The amphitheatre at St. Just still exists, though the fact that horses and cattle and sheep are allowed to graze upon it, and that it serves also, like a village green, as a playground for children, has lowered its raised stages and "ramparts," and nearly levelled the old stage with the road which skirts it.

And though we shall all deprecate the introduction of the Oberammergau Play in a theatre, we are not prepared to condemn absolutely all attempts to revive the "miracle plays" of older days. It may be a question, however, whether this more polished and educated epoch can abide the untutored simplicity and absolute realism of a less advanced and cultivated age.

HAIL, BROTHERS!

*Opening Ode for the Fifty-Ninth Anniversary of Masons in Vigo County,
July 12, 1878.*

BY THOMAS B. LONG.

AIR—"Hail to the Chief."

HAIL, brothers, hail! Though the years are advancing,
Time has no changes for us in his flight,
These, like the stars in the constant sky glancing,
Pass into centuries glowing and bright.
BROTHERLY LOVE prevails,
Kindly RELIEF avails,
While over all is the sunlight of TRUTH;
On life's broad sea our sails
Swell with propitious gales,
Bearing us on in perennial youth.

What though by thousands our years may be numbered,
What though some brothers grow grey in our cause,—
Even though death with his sleep has encumbered
Loved ones and lost by immutable laws,
Youth fills each vacant place,
Time, with its chast'ning grace,
Softens the grief and the sorrow we feel;
While still through time and space,
Marching with endless pace,
Sweep our grand truths in humanity's weal.

When o'er the land the wild war notes are pealing,
When on the fields lay the dying and slain,
There comes our brotherhood, rescuing, healing,
Binding the wounds and allaying the pain.
'Mid the loud cannon's roar,
Crashing from shore to shore,
In the sharp hail sweeping over the field,
Kind hands the faint restore,
Sad hearts the dead deplore,
And over all cast humanity's shield.

When the fierce elements strike without warning,
Ocean and fire and the demon of storm,
Filling the land with lament and with mourning,
Silencing hearts once so noble and warm,
There, ere the strife be stayed,
Comes our consoling aid,
Hard by the tempest, the wreck and the flames,
Leaving no act delayed;
Go, debt of love unpaid,
Toiling in Mercy's and Charity's names,

So, in the gloom and the darkness of sorrow,
 When o'er the land comes the shadow of death,—
 When the dread pestilence falls on the morrow,
 Blasting the strong with its withering breath,—
 Swift to the dreadful place,
 Hushed, but with eager pace,
 Hasten the Brothers with comfort and care,—
 Over each painful face,
 Bending with love and grace,
 Watching with hope and awaiting with prayer.

But all of life is not shrouded with sadness;
 Scenes like the present come often to view;
 When the true craftsmen, with greeting and gladness,
 Meet ev'ry token and pledge to renew.
 Then let the joyful throng
 All the bright hours prolong,
 Filling their measure with mystical lore;
 Music be borne along,
 Voices be raised in song,
 Till we are called to our labours once more.

Hail, then, to Masonry!—ever renewing
 All its gray years with the freshness of youth;
 Still in its course all the virtues pursuing,
 Pledging its vows on the altar of TRUTH;
 Kindly RELIEF avails,
 BROTHERLY LOVE prevails,
 Far as its glorious legions have trod;
 Proof against passion's gales,
 Firm though the world assails,
 Built on the WORD and the WORSHIP OF GOD.

B E A T R I C E.

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

CHAPTER V.

AT the time at which we have arrived in our history, veracious as it is, we had a great deal of pleasant society at Cayley, and many were our gay gatherings, and our agreeable gossipings. A hospitable fit came over us, and whether it was the charms of our young ladies, or the pleasantness of gregariousness, we saw a good deal of each other. And in the meantime a little by-play was going on, of which I, for one, was an amused, and not altogether an uninterested spectator.

First of all we had a little interlude between Jane Morley, sprightly and fascinating;

and a wealthy middle-aged manufacturer, who fancied himself in love with her. He met the gay gipsy at a croquet party, and "incontinently," as Twamley remarked, became a "victim" to that "dangerous party!" But in vain were anxious looks and "wreathed smiles"; in vain were little attentions and great admiration; in vain open praise and half-suppressed sighs; in vain bouquets and *bon-bons*. Jane Morley would have none of him, and I fancy Twamley seemed a little more "serene" himself when all this "rubbish," as he termed it, was over, and the forlorn manufacturer had returned to his "mungo" and his "shoddy." Let us hope that he will find a congenial partner to share the wealth and home of his father—Jedediah Longbotham, (for that was his euphonious name)! And then as if the god of Love would never be quiet, he took it into his head to wound Molesey of Molesey, in what Mr. Angelo Cyrus Bantam's footman called a "tender pint." All of a sudden he devoted himself to Agnes Miller, but, like Jane Morley, equally that gay "damsel" would not even "look at him," as Twamley put it.

Whether she and young Merewether had found that theirs were congenial tastes and congenial temperaments matters not in any way; but clear it was, to an old campaigner like myself, that they seemed to have a good deal in common, and to like to be in each other's company. I think we may take it for granted, as an axiom, be it in love, or be it simply in what people term "platonio friendship," whatever that may be, that when two persons are thrown a good deal together, and "cotton," as they say greatly, and like propinquity and juxtaposition, they are pretty sure eventually to come together. It does not always so happen—indeed it would not always do if it did so happen,—but still, as young Pottleton puts it, the "odds are in favour of its so coming round the corner." I may observe here, that young Pottleton, like most of our new generation, not even forgetting our legislators and statesmen, affects "Newmarket"; and a good deal of his common conversation is based on the vernacular of that classic heath!

And unless we have lost all "sentiment," unless we are the dullest of the dull, and the most uninterested of the uninteresting, we surely have a little tender spot still in our memory, a little bit of romance in our own common-place history. With Goethe we may fairly say, "ich habe gelebt und geliebt," as to-day we summon up before us a fairy form, a laughing visage of the past, which still seems to smile on us graciously and joyously and approvingly as of yore!

The writer of this tale was once thrown a good deal together, in other days, alas! now a long time ago, with Matilda Mummery, and a right jolly girl she was. Indeed, I once thought that it was "all as good as settled," the more so as Matilda said so touchingly, "she liked the country," and was "contented" with a "pony carriage." But that old maiden aunt of hers would interfere, and prudent seniors discovered that we had not enough to live upon; and then, yes, oh! then, it all suddenly came to an end. Matilda, my own Matilda, whose lock of hair, glove, and minature, I still have by me, carefully put away in lavender and rose leaves, married a fat squire, who sleeps the greater part of his time, and your own poor chronicler—well, yes!—he found promiscuously that angelic being, whose voice he knows so well, and who has been the delight of his eyes, and the charm of his being, etc., etc., ever since. Perhaps some of my readers may say, why this is a genuine bit of romance, and in this unsentimental—though sensational—age, it is worth a great deal! Be it so. I am not ashamed of it; but merely mention it to prove that, if like Master Shallow, I may have had my "lawsuits," I have also, like Tracy Tupman, had an "*affaire du cœur*."

Molesey of Molesey, like a good many other persons we all know well, was a very careful and far-seeing man, and as he did not succeed he did not care to be supposed to have failed, and so he made light of it, called it a "good joke," and a "pleasant little bit of flirtation," but "nothing in it, 'pon honour, my dear fellow."

I always doubt and dislike a man who thus speaks. In the first place, it is not complimentary to the lady; in the next place, it is not complimentary to himself; and, lastly, it is not true.

What! do all those tender preludes mean nothing? Have all those soft speeches and gentle glances, and "*sotto voce*" remarks brought nothing about? Forbid the

thought, Hymen! O, Hymenæ! I quite agree with a maiden lady of my acquaintance, who Twamley declares is "forty-nine if she's a day," who avers that in her "opinion the man who says so has not got a heart." Yes, I quite agree, I repeat, with that excellent single-minded, single-conditioned woman, whose labours in schools and refuges are priceless and praiseworthy!

But on certain points the good soul is inclined to be bitter, and one point is matrimony. Why? I pause for a reply.

In my opinion the man generally feels it more than he likes himself to own, and Molessey, we all observed, was very silent and "distract," for sometime "down in the mouth," as Twamley put it, and seemed to be a good deal unhinged, and "outside" his normal condition.

Never believe a man who avows he "does not care," that "it all meant nothing," and that "there are yet as good fish in the sea as ever were caught"; poor consolation at the very best, is it not? though it be perhaps perfectly stoical!

But a still more serious "coup" was impending. Young Morley, who had to return to Aldershot, became all of a sudden (he who had been the gayest of the gay), taciturn and absent to a degree. While Beatrice, curiously enough—I suppose by some mysterious law of electric sympathy—grew, as Twamley expressed his opinion, "silent and savage,"—she who had been the life and delight of our little circle.

What did it all mean? What could it all portend? The answers to these questions I leave to my intelligent readers!

And, curiously enough, as if to add to the "complication of circumstances," and the "concatenation of atoms," old Miller openly came forward as an assiduous admirer of Miss Beatrice, and it was quite clear, as Twamley liked to point out to us all, that that "old rascal," as he irreverently termed him, was "playing his little game." "But," as Twamley added, "I doubt very much if he has found under which thimble the pea really is."

Somehow or other Miss Beatrice—(how queer some girls are!)—did not and would not notice it, and so Mr. Miller's suit did not seem to prosper. Here was wealth, a fine estate, a good-natured old boy himself, and that perverse girl "positively turned up her nose" at all these good things. Oh, woman, woman! real inexplicable paradox art thou! if, nevertheless, the veriest perfection when you only take the right line.

Now was not such a proceeding on the part of Miss Beatrice a little odd, in these match-making, and some folks will say mercenary, days?

Yes, I confess, looking upon the matter from the world's eye, it seemed simply and really incredible, that a young woman not very well off should put out of her consideration so much wealth and position, and positively assert, in reply to her mother, anxious for her dear child's interests and happiness, that in her opinion "golden love was a snare," and "loveless marriage a sin!"

How very strange! What words are these in a young woman's mouth? Yet so it was.

Mrs. McCrowther, a sedate and stout good-natured widow lady, declared to me that such conduct in a young woman was as "singular as it was indefensible," and that, in her opinion, Beatrice was "out of her mind" to refuse such an offer. But who after all is right—Mrs. McCrowther or Miss Beatrice?

In my opinion, as young Pottleton says, "the young'un will win."

Whether she will or no, time, however, alone can shew; to that I refer my readers, and recommend them to await the *denouement* in faith and hope.

(To be continued.)

C Y P R U S .

THE following interesting paper by Major Wilson, Director of the Ordnance Survey of Ireland, was read at the recent meeting of the British Association at Cyprus, and was listened to with close attention. He stated that Cyprus, the third largest island in the Mediterranean, is situated in the easternmost part of that sea, having Asia Minor to the north and Syria to the east. Cape Cormachiti is about forty-six miles from Cape Anamour, in Cilicia; and Cape St. Andrea, the north-east point, is about sixty miles from Latakia, in Syria. Since it became subject to the blighting influence of Moslem rule each year has seen vineyards run to waste, cultivation decrease, and a hopeless state of despondency settle down on the people, until at last the most beautiful and fertile of islands has become in parts almost a desert. For years the land has lain fallow; but with the influx of British capital and energy the island is capable of again becoming the garden and granary of the East. A very short time will see the great plain again covered with golden corn; but to replace the vineyards, the olive groves, and the forests, which were once the glory of Cyprus, will require time. The island is chiefly occupied by two mountain ranges, having a general east and west direction. He mentioned that there are three separate peaks, the highest being about 6,160 feet. There are no vines on the summits, which are quite bare, the rock being broken up by the action of the weather. A short distance down the mountain is the large monastery of Troodissa. The level ground is covered with gardens and fruit trees, the valleys are green with pasture land, while along the coast line one village follows another in quick succession. It is the richest part of the island, and the fresh sea breezes from the north and the numberless rapid streams from the mountains make it the healthiest. There are no good natural harbours. The chief places of trade at present are only open roadsteads. Salamis and Famagosta are artificial harbours; the latter could easily be made a good one. Tyrinia, on the north coast, is a very small and bad port, but the only one on that side of the island. Larnaca, which is built on the site of ancient Citium, is now the chief place of trade, and contains 5,000 or 6,000 inhabitants. Limosadi is the principal export town for wine. Paphos, the residence of Sergius Paulus, is where Elymas was struck with blindness. It is celebrated for the worship of Aphrodite, or Venus, who was believed to have there risen from the sea. Salamis was called by the Greeks a good harbour; Jews had Synagogues there. The population of the island is about 144,000, of whom 44,000 are Moslems. The Cypriots are dull and stupid, but are very docile and sober, and their love of home and family is a most favourable trait in their character. The Cyprian peasants themselves have so little skill and forethought that the most careful government would have some trouble in getting them to work harder and more intelligently. "Cyprian ox" was the term of old used to describe this race,—so stubborn, so wanting in intelligence; and even at the present day the true Cypriot squats in his native village, surrounded by filth, sticks to his ancient habits and goes no further than he can help. The climate has been affected by many causes. The forests, which had been the glory of the island, have disappeared. During the period of the Turkish rule every one cut down what they wanted; no one ever thought of replanting. The poorer the people became the more the forests disappeared, and the finishing touch was given by Mehemet Ali, who cut down nearly every tree, partly for sale, partly for shipbuilding, partly for use in Egypt. When the people were asked about deforesting, they said, "It has always been done in our country"; and when the consequences were pointed out, they said, "The Government wishes it"; so accustomed were they to abuse the Turks for their own shortcomings. The climate is good, but there are fevers, just such as attack visitors at Malta, which last only two or three days. Near the end of the great plain there are large swamps, into which the rivers divide themselves, and are thus prevented from reaching the sea. He recommended the introduction of the eucalyptus, or Australian gum tree, a plant which has the effect in swampy districts of producing beneficial results, as was instanced in Algeria. It is also

the only green plant which, after it has grown for one year, the locusts do not attack because of its astringent properties. This is also the more important, because the island is visited by a plague of locusts. There are also seasons of great drought, but the heavy dews to a great extent counteract their effect. As to the mineral products, Major Wilson mentioned that copper mines had been extensively worked in the island by the Romans. The principal ones were situated near Tarnassus, about three hours' ride from Dale (Idalium). Coal, or shale, has also been found near the ancient Soloe. Besides copper, Strabo mentioned that the island produced silver; and Pliny records the existence of precious stones, probably rock crystal. In saying that light fevers attacked those who visited the island he did not wish to convey that the climate was what could be fairly described as unhealthy. It arose from the circumstances which he described, which prevented the rivers reaching the sea. It would also occur to them that the place could scarcely have been unhealthy, when the Greeks adopted it for the worship of Venus. He hoped that one of the first things the Government would do would be to send over a properly organized scientific expedition to survey the island. They had no proper topographical survey. The maps they had were by different itinerants, who had crossed the island from different directions. They had no scientific maps of the mines; and he thought a geological survey should also be made. The whole country required to be excavated, for there must be a great number of inscriptions there which must be most valuable. As an instance of what might be discovered, he mentioned the bi-lingual inscription, in Phœnician and Cypriote, upon marble found by Mr. Lane at Dale, the ancient Idalium, in the British Museum. He had no doubt that the energetic High Commissioner, Sir Garnet Wolsely, would so deal with the administration of the country that in a few years Cyprus would set an example to the whole country of rich produce, and he would like to see the old castle of Buffamento one day the seat of the High Commissioner of the island of Cyprus.

CENTRAL ASIAN RACES.

IT is curious to note and to remember what a great deal we have got to learn in respect of our fellow-creatures. At the recent Anthropological Congress in Paris, M. de Ujfalvy gave a short account of the anthropological results of his travels in Central Asia. He met in these regions with only two races, properly speaking—a white race, the Indo-European, especially in its Iranian branch, and a yellow race, the Mongolo-Altaic. M. Ujfalvy insisted on the necessity of banishing from scientific terminology the word Turanian, which means nothing, and which has been greatly abused in support of ethnological theories more than doubtful. The word Scythian is not less improper, and ought also to be banished from scientific language. The white race of Central Asia is there represented by the Iranians—*i.e.*, by the Tajiks of the mountains, or Galtchas, and by the Tajiks of the plains and towns. These latter, who count among them descendants of the aborigines with colonists from Persia, ancient freed slaves, are, nevertheless, of a blood much mixed with that of the Tartar invaders. They are of good stature. M. Ujfalvy measured fifty-eight, who had a mean height of 1·67 metre. They are good-looking according to the European notion of beauty; the nose is aquiline, the mouth small, the eyes large and straight, and varying in colour from black to blue, while the hair is of all shades from black to blonde. The feet and hands are very large, while the body is hairy. But what is most characteristic is their great brachycephaly, the mean cephalic index of individuals observed by the traveller being 86·21. M. Ujfalvy thinks that the purer in race a Galtcha is, the shorter is his head. Among the yellow race, the purest met with by M. Ujfalvy are the Mongol-Kalmuks, who inhabit

the northern slope of the Thian-Shan. These people have a large and round head, the front bulging, the ears prominent, the nose large and short, the eyes small and oblique. While the body, and especially the face, have little hair, the hair of the head is black and coarse. The tribes of Turkish race, as the Usbecks, Turcomans, Karakalpaks, Khirgis-Kaisaks, present an evident ethnical mixture of two types. However, the Khirgises of the mountains of Ferghana, or Kara-Khirgises, appear to be of very pure Altaic race. As to the Sarts, they are members of no nationality whatever. The term Sart is applied to any individual who abandons the pastoral and nomad life to devote himself to agriculture; it signifies "sedentary." It follows, then, that the Sarts are of various races, but the blood is always Iranian. The Tajik element predominates considerably among them, since the Tajiks were the ancient possessors and workers of the land. M. Topinian, in remarking on M. Ujfalvy's paper, drew attention to the remarkable similiarity between the broad-headed Galtchas and the Celtic Savoyard. He regards this as one proof of the Central Asiatic origin of the Indo-Europeans, and seems to regard the Galtchas as a home-staying remnant of the great Aryan swarms that spread over Europe. The Oxus and Jaxartes have always been the mutual limit to the expansion of the two great races, white and yellow. These two frontier lines have historically been disputed by the Iranians and Turanians, who, M. Topinian maintains, as a nation, if not as an ethnical group, have an incontestable historical and geographical existence. At the most, he holds the Iranian power cannot be carried back further than 3,500 years.

All such enquiries and all such information are of inexpressible value, and deserve to be perused and preserved by us all alike.

THE EARTH'S POPULATION.

THE fifth publication of Behm and Wagner's well-known "Bevolkerung der Erde" is just out, too soon to contain the new arrangement in the East. Since the last publication of these statistics the population of the earth shows a total increase of fifteen millions, partly arising from natural growth and partly the outcome of new and more exact censuses. The total population is now set down at 1,439,145,300, divided among the continents as follows: Europe, 312,398,480; Asia, 831,000,000; Africa, 205,219,500; Australia and Polynesia, 4,471,300; America, 86,116,000. The following table gives the latest results for the chief countries in the world:—

EUROPE.

Germany, 1875	42,727,360
Austria-Hungary, 1876... ..	37,350,000
Liechtenstein, 1876	8,661
Switzerland, 1876	2,759,854
Netherlands, 1876	3,865,456
Luxemburgh, 1875	205,158
European Russia, 1871	72,392,770
Finland, 1875	1,912,647
Sweden, 1876	4,429,713
Norway, 1875	1,807,555
Denmark, 1876	1,903,000
Belgium, 1876	5,336,185
France, 1876	36,905,788

AUSTRALIA, ETC.

New South Wales, 1876	639,843
Victoria, 1876	841,938
South Australia, 1876	229,630
Queensland, 1876	187,100
West Australia, 1876	27,321
Tasmania, 1876	105,484
New Zealand and Chatham, 1879	444,545
Rest of Polynesia	1,896,000

The details as to Africa are rather hazy. In 1877 Algeria had 2,867,626 inhabitants. The population of Egypt is now estimated at 17,000,000, and the equatorial regions of Africa at 44,000,000. Caffre-land, north of the Transvaal, is estimated at 1,000,000; Orange River Free State, 65,000; the Transvaal, 275,000; Natal (in 1875), 326,959 inhabitants; and Cape Colony, 1,148,482. The unknown regions of Africa make up the balance.

In America the figures are but little changed from those of the previous issue of these statistics. Greenland (1877), is estimated to have a population of 10,000; Nicaragua (1877), 400,000; Brazil (1872), 11,108,201; Guiana (1875), 342,300; Equador (1875), 1,000,000; Peru (1875), 3,000,000; Chili (1875), 2,333,568; Uruguay (1876), 445,000; Paraguay (1876), 293,844. The United States, the Canadas, Mexico, and other of the South American Republics make up the 86,116,000. It is startling to realize that the inhabitants of the earth amount to 1,439,145,300 in totality.

MINUTES OF OLD LODGES IN THE PROVINCE OF PEBBLES AND SELKIRK.




OLD RECORDS OF THE LODGE OF PEBBLES.

We take this interesting paper from the *Scottish Freemason* :—

Pebbles, Dec^r 27th 1717.


This day being St. John's Day—the Right Honourable company of Masons, belonging to the Lodge of Peebles mett and proceeded thus—John Wood Merchant in Peebles having made application to this honourable company was gravely and decently entred a member of the said Lodge, any compliment to be given to be referred to himself—

As also Andrew Gray, a member of the Society was this day convict of a gross misdemeanor, and accordingly came in the companies will, whereupon he was fined in half a crown—to be immediately pay^d or his bill therefor.

John Wood chose for his intenders, Mr. John Taitt and W^m Brotherstains, choosing for his mark this , Andrew Veitch chose this , William Duguid this , who all pay^d for the same.

The Honourable company proceeded to the election of a deacon and the present deacon David Whyte, Francis Gibsone, and Adam Saltone—being put in lite, and roll called and votes marked, Francis Gibsone was unanimously chosen as deacon for this year,—John Hyslope, David Whyte, John Ker, Robert Scott put in lite for Warden, and put to vote, John Hyslope was chosen Warden for this year.


John Ker, and William Brotherstains was put in the lite for Box Master—when John Ker was chosen Box Master as also William Brotherstains was chosen Key Keeper, as also the Clark was continued for this year.


Robert Paterson chose this for his mark and pay^d for the same 

Peebles, Dec: 18th 1718.

The which day the Honourable company of Masons decently and orderly received and entered Mr. Robert Rutherford, gentleman to the R. Honourable the Earle of March, and Mr. John Porteous writer in Peebles as Brethren and Members of that honourable Society, composition gratis, being a compliment given to you as gentlemen—Mr. Rutherford chose for his intenders John Hyslope, Warden, and Mr. John Taitt, Clark. Mr. Porteous chose for his David Whyte and John Friar—upon which the laws of the Society were read oram, and the for^{sd} two Brethren signed the same, but their Marks given out was delay^d for some time.*

Peebles, Dec: 19th 1718.

The which day Mr John Douglas Brother German to the R. H. the Earle of March—was by the Honourable Society of Masons in the Lodge of Peebles received and admitted members of said Society—and pay^d into the Box yr of ane guiny (guinea) in gold as composition, and chose for his intenders John Hyslope and Francis Gibsone, he chose for his mark 

As also Captain George Weir of his Majesty's troop of Scots Guards was by the said Society received and admitted Member thereof, and pay^d into the Box thereof 10 sh and sixpence—and chosed for his intenders Mr. John Taitt, and John Frier, and for his mark  upon which the Honourable Society having received ane handsome treat, thought fitt to give in compliment to the for^{sd} gentlemen 02 lb, 10 sh, 00d, being that which was due to their carecter.

R. S.

(To be continued.)

* By way of comment in passing, we notice—First, that this old Lodge or Society of Masons had a code of laws for their guidance, which they were in the habit of reading over to the applicants upon their admission as Members, and which also they signed. The unlucky Bro. Andrew Gray comes under the ban of the lodge, and is fined 2s. 6d. for the said violation or “*misdemanner*.” Another case occurs (which will receive notice in the course of our extracts) in which Bro. David Whyte, one of the founders of the lodge, is convicted of a breach of the laws. They seem to have had no Masonic code of laws till 1725, when Bro. J. Ramadge (or “*Remmege*,” as we find the name in minute of September, 1717), being then Provost of Peebles, presented the lodge with “*ane Book of the Constitutions of the Freemasons, containing the History, charges, and regulations of that most Ancient and right worshipful Fraternity*.” Secondly, This lodge, starting as it does at the 1717 period, like the old Haughfoot Lodge,—the records of which go some 14 years farther back—maintains the “*Speculative*” theory, admitting into its roll Merchants, Gentlemen, and Military men—as, for example, we find that during the two years 1717-18 they initiated Bros. Wood, *Merchant*; Rutherford, *Gentleman* (by which appellation I understand private servant) to the Earl of March; Douglas, *brother German* to the same nobleman; Porteous, *Writer*; and Captain Weir, of the Scots Guards—none of whom could be operatives. And Thirdly, we notice at this early date *two degrees* mentioned, viz., apprentice and fellowcraft. In the Haughfoot records these degrees are given in 1702; and in the Peebles Lodge we find it recorded as part of the business of St. John's Day to enter and examine apprentices and fellowcrafts, as will be seen from our next extract, date December 27th, 1718.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE'S new tale, “*Catherine Carmichael*,” will appear in the extra Christmas Number of the MASONIC MAGAZINE, price One Shilling, ready on December the 15th, at all booksellers and railway bookstalls.

AM RHEIN.

BERNARD BARKER, in the *West End*.

HERE, in an old world German town,
Smoking, I sit at an attic casement;
Shafts from the west, where the sun goes down,
Strike the slant roofs with a moment's amazement.
Kindle yon cluster
Of chimneys with lustre,
Glow on the gables, where pigeon-folk muster.

So! all of a sudden the sunlight's lost—
Whish, from the gable-ends, fifty wings flutter;
Loose leaflets shiver, litter is tossed,
Spun into circles and twirled in the gutter;
Then the small, fretful
Wind grows regretful,
Sighs into silence, is soothed, and forgetful.

Down in the street there dim figures pass—
Peasants, with echoing wooden shoes, mostly;
Later the priests, coming homeward from mass,
Clad in long cassock, grim-featured and ghostly;
Last, a young yellow-
Hair'd wine-happy fellow,
Trolling a student-song tenderly mellow.

Dwindles the daylight, gathers the gloom,
Home-gleams peep out, here and there, through the shutters;
Hark! with a solemn and somnolent boom,
Seven the minster clock measuredly utters;
Slowly the sound dies,
Floats o'er the bound'ries,
Swoons up the slopes where the dark hills around rise.

Still I sit watching. All my cigar's
Warm life has ended, as mine must, in ashes;
Night, the soft broad-bosom'd mother of stars,
Soon the last ling'ring of twilight abashes;
Only a lapping,
Low, liquid flip-flapping,
Is heard where the Rhine's lips are sucking and sapping.

 OLD LETTERS.

Ax, better burn them! what does it avail
 To treasure the dumb words that never perish?
 Like dead leaves tossed before the autumn gale
 Will be each written page we cherish,
 When Time's great wind has swept them all away—
 The smiles, loves, tears, and hatreds of To-day.

Living, we hoard our letters—holding them
 Sacred and safe as almost sentient things—
 So strong the yearning tide of grief to stem,
 So true when Doubt creeps in, or Treason stings.
 Parting may smile, such golden bridge between;
 Change cannot come where unbought faith has been.

Dying, we leave them to our children's care—
 Our well-prized solace—records of the time
 When life lay spread before us, rich and fair,
 And Love and Hope spoke prophecies sublime—
 Love sorely gathered through laborious hours,
 Wit's playful flashes—sweet poetic flowers!

All these to us—to us; and for a while
 Our love will guard the casket where they lie,
 Glancing them over with a tearful smile,
 Touching their yellow foldings tenderly—
 A little while; but Life and Time are strong,—
 Our dearest cannot keep such vigils long.

And by-and-by the cold bright eyes of Youth,
 Lighting on such spare flotsam of the past—
 The shattered spars of Trust and Hope and Truth,
 On the blank shores of Time's great ocean cast—
 Will read and judge, with naught of soft behoving,
 Dissecting, sneering,—anything but loving.

So let us burn them all;—the tottering words
 The guided baby-fingers wrote us first;
 The schoolboy's scribble; lines the man affords
 To the old eyes that watched, old hands that nursed;
 The girl's sweet nonsense; confidence of friend,—
 And these, our own, ours only, till the end.

Heap them together—one last, fervent kiss—
 Then let them turn, ere we do, into dust.
 Ashes to ashes! Well and wise it is
 To meet the end that comes, as come it must,
 And leave no relics to grow gray and rotten,
 Waiting the certain doom of the forgotten!

MILDRED: AN AUTUMN ROMANCE.

BY BRO. EMRA HOLMES,

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

CHAPTER V.

GONE TO THE ——!

THE first mail to England brought a letter to General Mathew from his son, making a sort of confession of all he had done; asking for no forgiveness, for he expected none, but merely requesting that his things might be all sent after him.

It was a letter difficult to understand, and the General, never a very clear-headed man, did not quite comprehend it. The son accused himself of some most unwarrantable piece of folly, if not of crime, but at the same time did not distinctly say what the nature of that crime was. He stated that he should not return to England for many years, perhaps never. The General gathered that there was a woman in the case. He knew that Marmaduke had been in money difficulties; vague rumours had reached him of his manner of living; and he felt sure that whatever it was, his son had ruined himself and disgraced his family. And let it here be said that Marmaduke had been badly brought up. His mother died young, and the General, a passionate, proud martinet, had ruled his family with a rod of iron. He was naturally a disagreeable man, and possibly was all the more severe because in early life he had not been so circumspect in his conduct as he might have been. A very injudicious father he had been—fickle as a woman, stern as a Roman soldier. One day making much of his youngest son and petting and spoiling him as a boy, another punishing him most severely for the faults he had himself by his conduct and teaching encouraged. What wonder, then, if the son who had inherited some of his father's bad qualities—pride, a hasty temper, and obstinacy amongst them—but who also possessed much of his mother's sweet, loveable nature, and an affectionate and forgiving disposition, should have grown up, as he had done, a wild, dissipated, careless young rake, always in hot water. Womankind had ever been his bane; would the time ever come when one woman would be both bane and antidote? The effect of the Jamaica letter was soon felt at the Abbey.

The General, who was extremely angry, but very reticent, quietly gave orders to have his son's things sent after him, and then desired that Marmaduke's name should never be mentioned by any of the servants in his presence on the pain of instant dismissal. Mr. Mathew's sudden departure from St. Benet's, and the subsequent rumours which got abroad, most of them without the slightest foundation, of course, only tended to perplex the good folk of St. Benet's, and afford them almost as constant and interesting a topic of conversation for the first month or two as that inevitable subject to Englishmen—the weather. But by-and-by even Marmaduke and the Abbey ceased for the time at least to occupy the attention of the old ladies who met for tea and scandal at Mrs. Pierpoint's and Mrs. Maynard's, for the General went off to his shooting box in the Highlands, and the Abbey was shut up. The valet, in putting up his young master's clothes felt something in the pocket of his dress coat, took it out, and finding it was a letter addressed to Miss Bethune, quietly put it into the post, and said no more about it.

It was not the first letter addressed to a lady he had posted from his master, not

the first by any means, so perhaps he did not think so much about it as he might have done.

Mildred had been ailing, no one knew why, and her aunts could not guess; how should they? So they went off with her to Hastings, to try change of air, and then to the North of England to visit some friends, and then into Wales; and the letter never reached Mildred till late in the autumn.

How did it find her then, and what did she think of the writer? Some women's thoughts are difficult to fathom, and Mildred did not wear her heart upon her sleeve for daws to peck at.

What the good people of St. Benet's thought may be easily guessed at from a conversation which took place between our friends Dr. May and Mr. Grice, the butcher.

The worthy doctor, who was always fond of a bit of gossip, and who used often to stroll over the way to talk politics with Grice, who was suspected of Radical views, but who hitherto had voted straight for the Tories, was talking of the chances of the forthcoming election, it having been stated most positively that the General was going to accept the Chiltern Hundreds, and the name of Marmaduke was consequently brought to the front.

"And what's to become of the Captain?" Grice had asked (he had promoted the young officer, as is common amongst people of his class, out of compliment, I imagine).

"I suppose we shan't hear anything of him now, and Mr. Dalrymple will walk in." Mr. Dalrymple was the Whig candidate.

"I can't say it's a bad job, I fear."

"You are right there, Doctor. I expect it's true what they say, and the gallant Captain has gone to the devil!"

Grice was rather given to plain speaking.

CHAPTER VI.

"A WEARY LOT IS THINE, FAIR MAID."

LATE in the autumn of that year, as I have said, Mildred received Marmaduke's letter. It was a very long one, too long to quote here, and it was couched in affectionate, even loving terms. There was something, however, unsatisfactory about it. The writer accused himself of being about to do something which would probably separate them for life, but he entreated her to remember that whatever happened, come weal, come woe, she alone of all the world was the woman he loved best.

Of course this letter made Mildred very unhappy, and the reports which got abroad concerning her lover, for such in her heart of hearts she knew him to be, perplexed and troubled her, though she resolutely refused to believe anything against him.

And so the weary time wore on.

Two years and more had passed away, and not a word had been heard from Marmaduke, either by General Mathew or Mildred. The two years had aged the General more than he cared to own, and he found his heart softening towards his son, in spite of everything. When, therefore, he heard (a brief note from a brother officer, written at the instance of Marmaduke who thought he was dying, had been received), that his son was very ill with yellow fever and not expected to recover, he at once wrote off entreating him to come home. Death had been busy in the 85th; several of the officers, Marmaduke's seniors, had succumbed to the fatal disease which infests our colonies in the West Indies, and the young officer who had turned over a new leaf and become a model of propriety, had got his company, and was now Captain and Adjutant of his regiment. So much the General had heard from the Colonel, who was an old friend of his, and he was disposed to receive his son with cordiality.

Perhaps now the object of his heart might be attained, his son might succeed him as Member for the County, and marry the Lady Ida Glenorne.

Great was the excitement in St. Benet's when it was known that Captain Mathew was returning home invalided, and much the perturbation in fair Mildred's mind when her aunt Fanny, a dear old lady who had been disappointed herself in her younger days, and who had felt keenly for and sympathised with her niece, whose secret she had discovered, told her cautiously of the news.

And so as was stated in the first chapter, many were the bright eyes turned upon the Squire's pew as the General and his son took their seats in the Parish Church that Sunday morning.

But Marmaduke never once looked towards the seat where Mildred sat, and when the service was over, walked wearily out of Church after his father, smiling a sad smile of recognition at such of his old friends as he noticed, but stopping scarce a moment to speak to any one.

Mildred, poor soul, had hurried out of Church and gone home; it was but a few steps, and running up to her little chamber and throwing herself on the bed, cried till her large lustrous violet eyes looked quite sore with weeping. Aunt Fanny guessed the cause, but said nothing, though her heart bled for her darling; but when she came down to dinner, quite placid and serene, the dear old lady rejoiced to see her look herself again.

And shall it be owned that Mildred had many such tearful, solitary, communings with her own heart and none else beside? and will my readers think that she was weak because she loved this man, with all his faults, far dearer than her life?

Marmaduke stayed at home three months, but never showed by word or sign that he knew Mildred was at home. Indeed, so unaccountable was it all to her, poor girl, that she entreated her aunts to take her away somewhere; so after he had been at the Abbey a month, Mildred and her aunt Fanny went off to the North of England to the same friends they had visited before, who were now staying at the pleasant little bathing-place, Seaton Carew, and there remained during September and October. During the first part of his stay, it is true that Marmaduke had never after the first Sunday morning gone to the Parish Church; perhaps he could not bear to see Mildred, but after she went away (who could have told him she was gone?) he was there regularly every Sunday morning.

The General was not very astute, and did not notice this, but Miss Bethune, Mildred's aunt Mary, did, and putting this and that together as women will, concluded that it was not indifference which kept Captain Mathew away from her house. But time was getting on; the General had been keeping open house at the Abbey; his widowed sister, Mrs. Tracy, had come to do the honours, and Lord and Lady Glenorne, with two of their daughters, the Ladies Edith and Ida, had been staying there for the past three weeks. It was the General's custom to invite the whole of the leading families of St. Benet's to dinner once a year, and to one of the last of these dinner-parties in November the Misses Bethune and Mildred, who had returned home, were invited. The Glenornes had gone, all but Lady Ida, who was specially begged to stay by Mrs. Tracy, who had, it appeared, taken a great fancy to her. She was a pretty lady-like girl of fashionable manners, possessed of few ideas, but capable, no doubt, of making a rich man happy.

The General was much too proud to exclude Mildred, whom he ignored in fact so far as his son was concerned, and she determined to go, for fear that St. Benet's would talk more if she did not.

It was a large dinner-party. Marmaduke, at his father's request, took down Lady Ida; the Vicar's son, who has been just ordained, takes down Mildred whom he much admires. Mildred sings charmingly, and when the ladies had withdrawn she delights them in the drawing-room with her rendering of some of Moore's melodies, and quite wins the affections of Lady Ida, who is a warm-hearted Irishwoman, and a great lover of music. Marmaduke is also passionately fond of music, and speedily makes an excuse to leave the dinner-table and join the ladies.

The General, thinking the attractions of Lady Ida have something to do with his son's disappearance, takes little heed of his departure, and Marmaduke is soon by Mildred's side turning over her music. The keen eyes of many of the guests are upon them, and Marmaduke finds but small opportunity of making his peace with her.

One observation, however, is caught by Miss Bethune, who chanced to pass by the grand piano to speak to her old friend, Mrs. Spinks; it was this:—

"Did you receive my letter, Mildred, a long time ago?"

"I did."

"Well, I have never altered; have you?"

"I never change."

Whether the General saw anything he did not like as he entered the drawing-room with the other gentlemen, it would be difficult to say, but it made him resolve that night to press his son upon what was nearest his heart.

Accordingly, when the guests had all gone, he asked Marmaduke into his study, and entered into a long and prolix list of reasons why his son should marry—the advantages which would accrue from his doing so, and the handsome competence he was willing to settle upon him if he married according to his wishes, hinting at the same time that Lady Ida was of all young ladies the most desirable.

"But Lady Ida Glenorne would not marry me if I asked her, father."

"How do you know until you have tried?"

"Well, I don't want to marry her."

"Your affections are not otherwise engaged, I suppose, young man?" the General said, with a scrutinizing glance and in a slightly satirical tone.

Without heeding his father's question, the young soldier, who waxed a shade or two paler, and who after a moment's silence seemed to have come to some sudden resolve, merely replied in the weary tone which was so habitual to him now, "*I could not marry Lady Ida if I would.*"

"And why?"

"*Because I am married already!*"

Marmaduke never forgot the angry pallor which came over his father's face when he said these words, but he was resolved that the truth should be told at last, and he told it.

(*To be continued.*)

REVIEWS.

THE EARLY HISTORY AND ANTIQUITIES OF FREEMASONRY.*

THE more we see of Bro. Fort's Book, the more we like it, the more we appreciate its worth and reality. For though here and there it is just possible that we do not quite coincide with its able author in the views he propounds and the conclusions he arrives at, yet, as even these divergences of opinion are few and far between, we feel strongly what a debt of gratitude all Masonic Students owe to Bro. Fort's remarkable publication.

We have ourselves laboured in the dusty "high-ways and by-ways" of Masonic archæology; we have collated anxiously, and studied diligently, and read much, and we know well what were, what are still the difficulties of Masonic research, and what a

* Sampson, Low, and Co., 188, Fleet Street, E.C.

weariness, like the plodding Jews of old, we have to wade through, and wander through, ere we catch a glimpse of the Promised Land!

Masonic archaeology has many temptations and dangers for the student, misled by unvarnished statements, crediting unauthentic chroniclers, accepting fables for truth, and legends for history. He may be lured away by some of those will-o'-the-wisps, which have landed so many enthusiastic, but too credulous, followers in the clinging morass of spurious authorities and deceiving myths.

When we consider the state of Masonic history and criticism now, as compared with what it was in Olivier's palmiest days, or when we ourselves began the study of Masonic antiquities, we are startled by the contrast, we *must* be gratified with the change.

We shall hardly be doing wrong if we give to that period of Masonic literature what the Germans have also wittily ascribed to a period of their own—the “*Sturm und Drang*” epoch—Storm and Pressure. That is to say, everything was very arbitrary, dogmatic, high-minded, and absolute. Contradiction was not permitted; opposition was not allowed. Certain views were true, were correct, were what was to be believed, and the consequences of such a system were hurtful in the extreme, hurtful to Masonic literature, and menacing to all independent Masonic enquiry. We have only to take up Olivier's books to see how this fatal tendency warped his views, coloured his theories, ruined his efforts, and has undermined his prestige.

With all his zeal, energy, knowledge, right thinking, and good intention, much eloquence of language, and lucid exposition of evidence, he is unfortunately the chief of our uncritical school. To Germany we undoubtedly owe the right aim of thought, study, comment, and criticism.

Bro. Findel's history struck so completely the right chord, that henceforth the false notes of the uncritical and unhistorical school seem to have vanished into the thin air. Stembrenner, in America, did good services, as Hughan and D. Murray Lyon have done in Great Britain; and now there comes from a young Mason across the Atlantic, a work equally commendable for its modesty and its accuracy, its strictly critical and distinctly historical character. Indeed, too much commendation can hardly be accorded to it in this respect. Bro. Fort, whose labours of search, verification, and collation must have been intense, marshals his statements in a way which does him infinite credit; while he unfolds to us the contents of his valuable collocation of individual and general authorities by a power of language, and yet simplicity of verbiage, which are alike pleasant and praiseworthy in the highest degree. Indeed, when we take up Bro. Fort's work we are startled by its range, the methodical use he has made of most important data, and the numerous striking testimonies he adduces, and the argument he brings forward in favour of the existence of a Masonic Operative Fraternity or Guild.

The only points on which we venture to differ somewhat from Bro. Fort are these,—in which he leans to Bro. Findel's view of the mediæval practical origin of Freemasonry, if rightly we understand him, and to what is called also, though in this he is opposed to Bro. Findel, the hermetic view of Freemasonry.

The theory of a German origin of Masonry, and thence radiating into all lands, has always appeared to us, however fascinating to the patriotic German mind, a chimera of chimeras. In the first place, these Sodalties existed before the 13th century, which is Bro. Findel's date; and in the next place, the legends of the Steinmetzen are not peculiar to Germany; and thirdly, what are we to do with Masons' Marks? If, for instance, the “*Ars Quatuor Coronatorum*” was only known to the German Steinmetzen, something might be said for the contention that the legend of the “*Macons quatre*” is in our “*Sarum Missal*” in the 11th century.

We have never doubted that the Anglo-Saxon Guilds were originally of Roman origin; and that our early operative, architectural, ecclesiastic, and civil work, came from the Roman Operative Guilds.

How we link ourselves on to them is another and a very difficult matter, so difficult that even to-day it is more a question of supposition and probability, than of fact or certainty.

Many "indicia" seem to point to the inevitable conclusion of this veritable connexion as between the Guilds and assembly of Operative Masons, and the Grand Lodge of Speculative Masons; but at present we are still without any tangible or distinct evidence on the subject.

Bro. Fort leans to an hermetic origin and use of Freemasonry. And much, no doubt, may be said for it, that an hermetic association existed. That the Rosierucians were a real body, we think must be admitted fairly; but that they produced or preserved Masonry, is not only "not proven," but we venture to think not proveable.

Bro. Fort leans to the reality of the Locke MS., which, however, we feel sure must be given up as an authentic document, and pointing to the hermetic character of Masonry; but in this, also, we beg respectfully to differ from him.

Neither do we lay the stress he does apparently on Scandinavian mysteries, though we are not insensible to the abstract difficulties of the Guild theory, which have apparently struck Bro. Fort.

But having said all this, we can safely assert that we have never read any Masonic book (and we have read it through), with greater pleasure; that we always put it down reluctantly, and always take it up again with profit to ourselves.

It is a work worthy of its author,—a young and promising Masonic historian,—and is a good omen of the future progress of Masonic archaeological study amongst us.

BJORN AND BERA.*

THIS is not an age of poetry, much less is it an age of poets. The reader of poetry is an uncommon person, but the poet himself is indeed the *rara avis*.

The author of *Bjorn and Bera* is without question a poet of the highest order, but whether he will be so acknowledged in his life-time is another matter. The Norse legend which Mr. Ranking has chosen for the subject of his poem is in itself, though it were told in the plainest and most common-place prose, poetic in its idea; but in the hands of a poet like Mr. Ranking it assumes a grand and majestic status, and takes its place amidst the finest, the purest, and even the grandest specimens of English poetry. We do not believe in the expediency of telling the plot or story of a novel, a drama, or an epic poem, because in so doing one robs the reader of a pleasure in store, hence we shall confine ourselves in the present instance to quoting two passages from Mr. Ranking's poem, rather to show that he is a poet than that *Bjorn and Bera* is a poem. The greatest test of a poet's power lies in his treatment of human nature, and nature herself, pure and simple. We will quote Mr. Ranking on nature, first. In our opinion the following descriptive passage is equal to anything in English poetry:—

"A garden pleasance, where the turf
To myriad buds of spring gave birth,
Here, where its smooth and level space
Seemed newly shorn, a starry race
Of daisies smiled upon the sky;
And, where like meadow it waved high,
Beneath the boughs an azure sheet
Of blue bells made the light air sweet
That hardly stirred the whispering trees,
But went and came; and mixed with these,
Half-floating in the tinkling stream,
Forget-me-nots, that seemed to dream,

* A Poem by B. Montgomerie Ranking, London. Remington & Co.

Smiled upwards to the lady-smocks,
 And in the boughs the throstle-cocks
 Were singing as 'twere morn of May ;
 And ever and anon the lay
 Of the night-singing bird would rise,
 And higher, near the magic skies
 The noise of some new risen lark."

Had this been ascribed to Byron, he would not have blushed. On human nature we extract the following, observing meanwhile that it is a pity Mr. Ranking did not enlarge more upon this and kindred subjects :—

"The strongest love may fall on sleep,
 But hate will waken ever,
 Strong love its full content may keep
 Within the soul so warm and deep,
 Close-wrapped and doubting never,—
 That lost in the strength of sure delight,
 It hardly shall know of its own true being,
 As children's eyes shut fast at night,
 Weary with wonder and dazed with seeing,—
 So love may cease to toy and kiss,
 Seeking no sign of its certain bliss,
 Sleeping in safety, nor fearing harm,
 But living to waken alive and warm
 At kiss of the sun or clang of the storm.

But hate, like a miser worn and old,
 Who muses of traitors manifold
 That seek to pilfer his darling gold,
 Still wakes and watches warily.
 The beads of evil are daily told,
 And it treasures its memories charily,
 Until the wished-for day may come
 When wrath shall clamour and pity be dumb,
 And the tiger may cease to hide and creep,
 And crouch himself for the long-stayed leap."

Nor Swinburne, nor Tennyson, nor Browning, nor Austen, have done better than this ; and we boldly assert that if Mr. Ranking can follow in the path he has chosen in *Bjorn and Bera*, not one of the names of the poets mentioned will, in time to come, be greater than his.

THE PEASANT COUNTESS.

BY WILLIAM ANDREWS, F.R.H.S.

IN the pages of the *Masonic Magazine* frequent attention has been directed to the literary and archæological labours of Mr. William Andrews, Fellow of the Royal Historical Society, of Hull, author of the "History of the Dunmow Flitch," and other popular works. In the well conducted *Hull News* we find he has commenced a series of articles under the title of "Old Stories Retold," relating to the tales, traditions, etc., of Yorkshire and Lincolnshire. We feel certain that readers of the *Hull News* will wel-

come Mr. Andrew's articles, which are written with considerable ability and good taste. We have pleasure in re-producing the opening chapter for the benefit of our readers:—

“The history of our great families is rich in materials for the romance writer and the poet. One of the most attractive stories is that of the Peasant Countess of

‘Burghley House by Stamford Town,’

a lady immortalized by Alfred Tennyson, the Poet Laureate, who was, as our readers are doubtless aware, born at the Parsonage of Somersby, near Spilsby, Lincolnshire, in the early part of the present century. The poet tells us in his charming ballad, entitled *The Lord of Burleigh*, how Henry Cecil, under the guise of a poor landscape painter, sought and won the heart and hand of a village maiden, and how he conducted her on a tour, seeing

‘Parks with oak and chestnut shady,
Parks and ordered gardens great;
Ancient homes of lord and lady,
Built for pleasure or for state;’

until they reached a majestic mansion, where we are told that the domestics bowed before the young lover, whose wife then, for the first time, discovered his rank.

‘All at once the colour flushes
Her sweet face from brow to chin,
As it were with shame she blushes,
And her spirit changed within.
Then her countenance all over
Pale again as death did prove,
But he clasped her like a lover,
And he cheered her soul with love.
So she strove against her weakness,
Though at times her spirit sank;
Shaped her heart with woman's meekness,
To all the duties of her rank.
And a gentle consort made he,
And her gentle mind was such,
That she grew a noble lady,
And the people loved her much.
But a trouble weighed upon her,
And perplexed her night and morn,
With the burden of an honour,
Unto which she was not born.
Faint she grew, and even fainter,
As she murmured, “Oh! that he,
Was once more the landscape painter,
Which did win my heart from me!”
So she drooped and drooped before him,
Fading slowly from his side;
Three fair children first she bore him,
Then before her time she died.’

The real facts of this remarkable story are not so highly poetical as Mr. Tennyson's lines would lead us to believe; they, however, present a curious example of aristocratic eccentricity. Henry Cecil was born in the year 1754, and was the only child of the Hon. Thomas Chambers Cecil, by his marriage with Miss Charlotte Gardner. When he had reached the age of nineteen he was an orphan and presumptive heir to the titles and estates of an uncle, for whom he had not any affectionate regard. So long as the old Earl lived he did not trouble Burleigh with his presence. Young Cecil spent his time in travelling through England, and enjoyed a life of quiet and homely adventure. While yet his uncle held the family estates and titles he married into a good country family of the West of England, selecting for his bride the pretty Miss Vernon, only daughter of the Squire of Hanbury Hall, in the county of Worcester. The union was far from a happy one, and after fifteen years of married life, in June 1791, just when he was seven-and-thirty, he petitioned for and obtained a divorce. We find, before procuring

freedom from the bonds of wedlock, that he was bound down with heavy debts, and put on a disguise, and came to reside as a poor and humble man at Bolas Magna, a delightful rural village, nestling amongst the green lanes and apple orchards of Shropshire. He was not troubled with visitors, no one coming to inquire after him; to the fashionable world he was lost, and from the gaze and knowledge of all his relatives he had vanished. To the simple villagers, Henry Cecil, or, as he was known to them, John Jones, was a puzzle, and as he had not any ostensible means of obtaining a living, numerous were the surmises as to who and what he was; the prevailing belief at one period being that he obtained his bread as a highwayman. One authority tells that in anticipation of the divorce he paid address to a young lady of considerable attractions, called Taylor; she, however, being engaged, declined his hand. He lived in the house of a cottager named Hoggins, and his daughter Sarah, a plain, but honest girl, was next flattered by the noble refugee. Eventually he obtained the heart and hand of the village maiden, though not until after a struggle, for the equivocal nature of circumstances went against him. The worthy mother sturdily opposed the union, but the father's logic was simple, and ultimately prevailed; for, as in their day and in our day, mothers cannot withstand such arguments as, 'Why, my dear, he has plenty of money.' He showed that he had plenty of money by erecting the largest house in the district; it is now called Burleigh Villa. It stands in pleasant fields, and faces the well-known inland beacon, the Wrekin, and is about half-a-dozen miles from it. Mr. Cecil had not a long courtship, for on the 3rd of October in the year of grace 1791, in the little village church of Bolas, Henry Cecil was united in the bonds of matrimony to Sarah Hoggins. A writer who has paid considerable attention to this marriage says: 'It has been set forth that Mr. Cecil, disgusted with the character of his fashionable wife, resolved to seek some peasant mistress who should love him for his own sake alone; but the probability is that the young noble was simply eccentric, or that a craving of sympathy in his solitary life had disposed him to take up with the first respectable woman who should come in his way.' They continued to live in the village, and who Henry Cecil was and what was his parentage remained a mystery to all—even his wife did not know. A little daughter was born to them, but it only lived a few days and was buried in the churchyard of Bolas, without a stone to mark the spot, and the grave is now forgotten. He appears to have not been particular, as to what work he performed. On one occasion, we are told, he gratified his father-in-law by carrying a large pig to a neighbouring squire. His manners and conduct, in spite of the mystery as to his means, inspired confidence, and he obtained the appointment as overseer, or churchwarden, or parish constable. On parochial duties he had to attend the Shrewsbury Sessions, where he was noticed by a brother magistrate, who had been a schoolfellow, but it did not lead to his detection.

He spent much time in carefully supplying by education all the accomplishments which might be supposed to be wanting in a peasant girl who had become a wife and a mother. A little more than two years after his marriage he read in a country paper the tidings of the death of his uncle the earl, which occurred near the end of December, 1793. Feeling the time had arrived that his presence would be required at Burleigh House, he accordingly set out one fine morning in January. Having bidden adieu to Mr. and Mrs. Hoggins, Henry Cecil and his young wife (just nineteen years of age) set out on horseback for a destination of which she was ignorant. Mr. E. Walford says, 'Her husband merely told her that he was called on business into Lincolnshire, and that she must accompany him. Like a good and trustful wife, she at once obeyed his wish, and made the journey seated, as was the fashion of the day, on a pillion behind him. They rode on through Cannock Chase, past Lichfield and Leicester, stopping at the various gentlemen and noblemen's seats on the road, till they came within sight of a noble Elizabethan mansion in a lordly park. Sarah Cecil gazed in admiration, and quietly remarked—

'What a magnificent house!'

'How should you like, my dear Sally, to be mistress of such a place?' was her lord's reply.

‘Very much indeed, if we were rich enough to live in it.’

‘I am glad that you like it; the place is yours. I am the Earl of Exeter, and you are not plain Mrs. Cecil, but my Countess.’

According to the accounts usually given, the Countess was a ruddy-faced and rather robust woman, but in the portrait of the noble pair, by Lawrence, kept in Burleigh-house, the lady appears possessed of an oval countenance, of what may be called of very considerable beauty, and the reverse of rustic in style. On good authority it is recorded that the happiness of the Earl and his Countess was unalloyed; she did ample justice to his choice, and became the partner of his joys and of his sorrows. But their married life was brief. Besides their firstborn they had a daughter and two sons. The younger son, Lord Thomas Cecil (after having given birth to whom she died in childbed), lived till 1873; the elder son inherited his father’s earldom, and also the marquise conferred on him in 1801; the daughter married the late Right Hon. Henry Manvers Pierrepont, by whom she was the mother of Lady Charles Wellesley, who again was mother of the heir to the honours of the house of Wellesley. Thus (as Mr. Walford observes) strangely enough the future Duke of Wellington is the great grandson of the peasant girl who, in 1791, milked cows and churned cream in the village of Bolas Magna. The Earl married for his third wife the Dowager Duchess of Hamilton, and died in 1804.”

NEW MUSIC.*

CHURCH TUNES which possess merit are at all times a welcome addition to the repertoire of the organist or the lovers of devotional music, and we have here Six Tunes which will win their way to favour wherever they are heard. There is about them a refinement of style and true devotional feeling which fits them for the service for which they are designed. The composer has set them to hymns which are fortunately not so trite as many to be found in the Collection of “Hymns Ancient and Modern,” and on this account will be doubly appreciated. The first hymn in the set is adapted to “Thy Kingdom Come,” and is set in three sharps. The second, “Oh! Day of Rest,” is in the key of C, and is rich in harmony. The third, “Take up thy Cross” is in A flat, and is most aptly set to the words. The fourth, “Art thou Weary,” in G, is a nice, plain, simple theme, well carried out. No. 5, “Glad sight,” in three sharps, is much to our taste; and No. 6, “Gracious Saviour,” A in four flats, will hold its own against any other adaptation to the same words, as words and music flow so charmingly together.

We cordially recommend this little sheet to the notice of our musical friends, and we trust that ere long these Tunes will be generally adopted at all Churches where the words of the hymns are sung.

J. H. J.

* Six New Tunes to well-known Hymns, composed by Mrs. M. A. Tebbs. Dedicated by permission to the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Rochester. Price 6d. London, Novello, Ewer, and Co.

FASHIONABLE SLANG.

BY "VERAX."

IT has been said that the use of "slang" or "cant" words in the national literature points to the actual decadence or the moral degradation of that country in which it is prevalent. Without going so far as that (though there is no doubt some truth in the assertion), I am prepared to contend that as possibly adages have had their slang in some form or other, conventional words peculiar to the age that is, though the evil be no doubt great, and to be regretted on many grounds, it is useless to exaggerate either its evil or its effect on society.

In all countries, all societies, all professions, there are certain technical words which become in one sense "slang"; and just as there is the *patois* of countries and the pronunciations like "Platt Deutsch," and "Yorkshire lingo," so we have schoolboy slang, university slang, naval slang, military slang, racing slang, gipsy slang, thieves' slang, and the slang of great cities, and even religious slang. Berlin has, for instance, a slang of its own, Paris has its "argot," and London has slang familiar to its irrepressible boys and peculiar people.

Therefore, slang exists, and it is useless to "heap up the agony" about slang, as it is most unwise for our "feeble forcibles"—the retailers of "pure platitudes" and dull anathemata to denounce slang. Society is not to be mended, in my opinion, by the rapid utterances of "Boanerges Bugg," nor by the noisy rant of the great Stiggins, or even by that outcome of "proverbiality, that plethora of invective, which flow either from the polished unction of Father Pomposo, or the impassioned personalities of "Jim Fly"!

Let us look at the matter calmly, seriously, severely, if you like, and sensibly of course, and above all in a genial temper, with a kindly spirit.

The days of cursing, and excommunication, and auto-da-fes, and denunciation are, thank God, over; and so let us see what a little calm consideration may do, honestly intended, carefully carried out, and peacefully interchanged, face to face, heart to heart; for we all have some, at least I believe so, feelings which may be touched and minds and wills which may be affected for the "good, the beautiful, and the true." I am now simply speaking as a professor of moral aesthetics, *ad hominem et feminam*, and have dropped, *pro tem.*, the preacher's robe, and the "Sermon *ex cathedra.*" I agree with, first of all, Charles Mackay in his "Social Notes," where he tells us that "exaggeration in their expletives," marks too many of all classes amongst us at the present day. As he truly observes, "'Very good' and 'very bad' are phrases that are seldom heard, having been superseded by such words as 'awful' and 'dreadful.' A very pretty girl is an 'awfully pretty girl,' or a 'dreadfully fine woman.' Our golden youth, male and female, as well as the lower grade of people who ape their manners and language, are at some times 'awfully jolly,' at other times 'dreadfully bored.' 'I was at an awfully nice dinner-party last night,' says one. 'You should see the new farce,' says another, 'it is screamingly funny.' 'I am going down to Brighton next week,' says a third, 'it is so jolly to be by the briny.' While a young lady accepting a bouquet from an admirer graciously acknowledges the gift with these words, 'Oh, thank you so much! 'Ta! awfully ta!'"

He also points out: "It is another characteristic of the present time that young people—at least in company, or in the ordinary current of conversation—never talk of 'friendship' or 'love.' Those honest old words are antiquated, and it is almost as contrary to good manners to mention them as it would be to speak of the commonest functions of nature. Fashion often disguises what it has to say in this respect under synonyms derived from the gutter. 'I am awfully bored in general society,' said a

lady of title, 'but I enjoy myself immensely among my pals.' 'He is a great ally of mine,' said one member of Parliament to another, as if he were afraid of believing in friendship, and loth to utter its name. Love fares still worse than friendship in the year 1878. 'Smith is awfully spoony upon Miss Jones,' says one. 'Well,' replies his companion, 'she is an immensely fine girl, but she has no tin.' 'I can't understand,' says Snob the first to Snob the second, 'how a fellow can go spooning about a girl that hasn't got a penny to bless herself with;' and Snob the second replies, 'Nor I either. Neither can I understand how that awful ass' (Jones or Robinson, as the case may be), 'can spoon about his own wife as he does, after being married two years!'"

Stable slang is, alas, just now very popular among all classes, and it is much to be feared that the demoralizing habits of Newmarket and racing stakes have affected both our habits and our literature to a very hurtful extent. And yet let us remember that much may be said, on the other hand, in favour of "legitimate horse racing,"—at least I suppose there can, though I do not feel so sure about it, I confess, as I did some years ago—and I for one, cannot think it right in any one to devote his time, his talents, and his means to horse racing, when he might be doing God and man good service; and when, to adapt the hackneyed description of Burke, he gives up to Newmarket what was "meant for mankind."

I greatly deprecate the introduction of stable language by our young men, and especially our young women. To an outsider their conversation is often unintelligible. Mackay amusingly notes a certain use of stable slang which all can read with profit: "Two words derived from the stable are constantly heard from the mouths of men who may have studied at Oxford or Cambridge, who may hold commissions in the army or the navy, or be high in the civil service of the Crown, or who may otherwise rank honourably in the estimation of the world and of society. These words are 'groom' and 'form.' A fashionable newspaper, noted for its excellent caricatures of the notables of the day, writes of a lady, whose name shall not be repeated, 'She is fair and splendid, and has a profusion of hair, which she *grooms* in the plainest way, without fringe.' 'Look at that little *filly*,' says a vulgar man in a ball-room, 'how nicely she is *groomed*.' 'Form' in the stable signifies the state of health and general condition of a horse. The word is of such modern acceptance as to be unknown, not only to Captain Grose in the last century, but to the compilers of Hotten's Slang Dictionary, published so lately as 1864. It is no longer confined to the race-course, to Tattersall's, or to the stables where it originated, but is constantly employed to convey the idea of fashion, manners, customs, and polite observance. It is not good 'form' to arrive too late for dinner, to dance with animation, or to applaud heartily at the opera, etc. It is good 'form,' however, to call a hat a tile, a child a kid, money dibs, a father a relieving-officer, a mother or a wife an old woman, a cigar a weed, clothes togs, a pocket-handkerchief a wipe, a cravat a choker, a shilling a bob, £25 a pony, etc., etc. That men of superior culture by frequenting low society should pick up the words of their associates is intelligible; but that when out of such society they should repeat and be proud of the vulgarity, which they have caught as they would catch scarlet fever, is no more to be understood than that a gentleman should like to be considered a costermonger or a chimney-sweep."

We all can add to this list of terms others which we may hear in society constantly day by day. When a fair and sporting young woman asks you to luncheon, and says, "We put on our nosebags at 2 p.m.," you can only bow, and admire such unsavoury language from such a very pretty mouth.

But I don't wish to be too severe, and don't wish to preach a sermon, as magazines are not meant, in my opinion, to usurp the duties of the pulpit; neither do I wish to treat the matter too severely, as I look upon it as a passing folly.

SONNETS FROM THE PYRENEES.

BY J. T. AUBERTIN IN THE "GRAPHIC."

THE MOUNTAIN.

'Tis morn, but on the misty mountain's brow
The rising sun no golden ray can shed ;
While all is brilliant in the vale below,
Darkness and cold are lowering o'er his head :
E'en thus, in early life, hearts that are led
Too soon by towering hopes and visions fine,
With mists of doubt and thought long cumbered,
See all the humbler spirits smile and shine.
Struggle, brave heart! and as thy day wears on,
The brightest of the glow shall still be thine ;
When from the lowly valleys it hath gone,
Around thy brows alone it shall incline :
Thy force of thought shall fling thy mists away,
And shining Heaven concede its crowning ray!

THE CLOUD.

Soon as the cloud escapes the mountain's brow,
Swift it regains its pristine sphere on high ;
Free from earth's bonds it rides in summer's glow,
Sails on the breeze, rejoicing in the sky.
Such have appeared to me the minds that lie,
Cold and encumbered with established dread
Of merely counterfeit authority,
That holds them long subdued and chained and dead.
These, when the pouring warmth of Reason's ray
Dissolves their bonds at last, and they expand,
Then they arouse, and tear themselves away,
Scorning the sterile tyrants of the land,
Aid and delight mankind, as clouds that rise
Water the valleys and adorn the skies.

 THE CHANGEFUL SEASONS: A WINTER SONG.

Written for the "Masonic Magazine."

THE winds are keen,
 As they have been
 Through all the winter long;
 The clouds are black
 With gloom, alack!
 Oh! for the gay lark's song.

We pine for days
 Of sunlit haze,
 For dreamy, misty morn;
 For swallows' flight,
 For poppies bright,
 All in the standing corn.

For days of June,
 Gone, ah! too soon,
 And fields of new mown hay;
 For sweet wild flowers,
 And summer hours,
 And children at their play.

But winter cold,
 In days of old,
 Followed the autumn's glow;
 And wind and rain
 Will come again,
 With sleet, and ice, and snow.

So we must be
 Content to see
 The seasons change, and feel,
 Though long we roam,
 We may come home
 To the land of the leal.

Though long we stay,
 We must obey
 The laws of nature, too;
 The falling leaf
 Tells time is brief,
 And wasted days we rue.

So let us live,
That when we give
Our bodies to the grave,
We may be blest,
And lie at rest,
Amidst the good and brave.

The changing year
Which found us here
May lose us as we sing
In realm above,
Celestial grove,
And everlasting spring.

EMMA HOLMES.

Fowey, Cornwall.

CHARLES THEODORE KÖRNER.

BY BRO. GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL,
Author of "Shakspeare, his Times and Contemporaries," etc., etc.

BARD of *The Flower-bud*, and *The Lyre and Sword!*
Thy German heart beat high for liberty;
Thou 'gainst the invader stood firm as the tree*
That rustles in thy songs. Trust in the Lord
Of Hosts, and love for thy dear Fatherland,
Though life were thine; and, like a yäger true,
Quick from its sheath thy trusty sword thou drew
Against thy country's foes, to bravely stand
Or fall in her defence. Thy gory death
Was glorious. In such a cause to die
Is but to gain an immortality
Amongst the brave and true! and whilst one breath
Of freedom kisses the green German oak,
Thy trumpet-songs will fire the slave to break his yoke.

* The Oak.

ART-JOTTINGS IN ART-STUDIOS.

BY BRO. REV. W. TEBBS.

MURAL DECORATION—"FRESCO."—I.

—"And on this."

THE art of Mural Painting, as we have before very briefly noticed, is of extreme antiquity, and of Mural Painting possibly the most ancient form is "fresco." When we put forth this statement, however, it must be understood to be made with this reservation, that by "mural" painting here we mean the art when it had approached something like maturity. As for wall-painting in its earliest stages, in all probability, as it strikes us, and probably would strike anyone that gave it a thought, colour would be applied to walls, old as well as new, whenever it struck the possessor of the wall that a little decoration of this kind would be an improvement. To dogmatize upon the relative antiquity of the respective processes of any art is, at best, a somewhat hazardous proceeding; and any conclusions that we draw from such slight premises as those pertaining to the original forms of the various arts are very apt to be overthrown, or, at least, considerably modified. We, therefore, think it better to state our opinions more in the form of suggestions than of statements which have undergone or will be able to undergo the test of definite proof.

Wall-painting doubtless had its origin in a very simple way. Men—just as we often see mischievous or thoughtless boys do now—sketched upon the walls of their abodes. Very rude these sketches would be at first, and very simple would be the materials employed. Probably, a good example of what we mean is the already quoted "portrait of a lover," executed by the lady's sweetheart in burnt stick on the garden wall. In fact, all kinds of objects, animate and inanimate, were doubtless depicted for all sorts of purposes, in all manner of places, with every species of material. Such representations would, no doubt, in time be designed to serve the purposes of religious or historical representations, although at first they might have been simply executed for ornament, or even been the freaks of some imaginative genius, who, on the spur of the moment, thus gave vent to his creative or imitative faculty.

Putting altogether aside the consideration of those crude efforts that were doubtless the parents of the pictorial art, not only of the branch of it known as "fresco," but of all other kinds as well, we find amidst our archaeological researches instances of finely-executed specimens of a very early date indeed. Thus it is with the buildings of ancient Egypt, the sepulchral monuments of Etruria, the walls of the disinterred dwelling-houses of Pompeii, and the sides of the Catacombs of the Eternal City. In all these places the remains of mural decoration are supposed to have been executed in "fresco." The wall-paintings of Pompeii are particularly remarkable for the grandeur and purity in the style of their drawing and design. The manner of their execution is slight and free; and from this feature, as well as from the frequent repetition of the same objects and designs, it has been conjectured that the paintings are merely copies by decorators of originals, which were paintings of note in the temples or palaces of Rome. Whether these originals were "frescoes," or moveable "panels," has long been a matter of dispute. The Greeks, as we have before remarked, are stated to have preferred moveable pictures, which could be sold or removed if necessity should arise from fire or other accident; whilst Pliny asserts that Apelles never painted on walls. Various pictures of immense value, again, were stated to have been taken from Greece to Rome. To whatever conclusion we may come, however, as to the origin of the designs at Pompeii, there are the drawings themselves upon the walls; and upon a

thorough examination, there can be but little doubt that these, as well as the other ancient examples of which we have made mention, were actual "frescoes."

If we now come down to more modern times, we find that many celebrated artists and well-known writers have maintained that "fresco" is the only way in which the highest efforts of the pictorial art should be embodied. An extremely large proportion of the best works of the Italian Schools, notably those of Rome and Florence, are executed in this mode; and, in the present century, the art having been revived, the German school has followed suit. In Great Britain the art has found some considerable favour, the corridors of the Houses of Parliament being rendered exceedingly beautiful by specimens of historical pictures in "fresco," executed by the best artists of the day.

But all this time our readers will doubtless have been saying, "We have, as yet, had no definition of 'fresco'; we thought all wall-painting went by this name, but from something that has fallen by the way, it seems that such is not the case."

"Fresco," then, is only one species of wall-painting, and derives its name from the Italian *fresco* (fresh). It is thus named because the colour is applied to the surface of the wall whilst the plastering is wet or freshly done.

We will now describe the process of "fresco"-painting:—

First, a "cartoon," or drawing, of the subject is made of the design. This must be correct as to form and outline, and have the effect of the shading, etc., fully shown. This finished "cartoon" may be either of the full size of the intended work, or it may be on a smaller scale; but, in any case, a full-size drawing must be prepared, if it be only in outline. When the finished "cartoon" is made of the same size as the intended painting, it is usually executed "in black and white," that is, in chalk or charcoal; but, if so, it is still requisite to have a carefully executed "study" of the subject "in colour," and this is usually made on a smaller scale.

All the colours used in this branch of art must be able, of course, to withstand the action of lime, consequently they are comparatively few in number, being confined mostly to the earths and minerals. All these are ground, and applied with pure water.

The "ground" to be painted upon is the last or smooth coat of plaster that is laid over the earlier rough coats with which walls are usually prepared.

The last smooth coating, or rather, as much of it as the artist can cover in a day, is laid on immediately before he commences work. The surface is wet, but it is firm and smooth. A "tracing" having been previously prepared, it is laid on the plaster, and the artist with a "point" of hard wood, or bone, goes over the lines of the tracing, slightly indenting them in the still yielding plaster-surface. With the full-sized "cartoon" and the finished "study" lying by him for his guidance, he then goes on with his work. After the day's work is over, any portion of plaster left uncovered is cut away to the outline of the completed part. Next day the plasterer is again at hand to make a neat junction of the new plaster to the old, which, when cut, was left slightly sloped.

The lime, as it dries, throws out a kind of crystal surface, which protects the colour and gives it an appearance far surpassing that of "tempera."

"Fresco," although apparently simple, yet requires great nicety of manipulation and delicacy of handling; for the surface of the plaster is delicate and must not be "overworked"; besides, the lime only imbibes a certain quantity of additional moisture in the form of the liquid "vehicle" with which the colours are applied, after which it loses its crystallizing quality, and the surface becomes what painters call "rotten." Many "frescoes" have been utterly spoiled in this way whilst they were being worked. The worst of the evil is that in such a case the mischief cannot be discovered until the lime has dried. The proper plan in such cases is to cut away the flawed portions, have fresh plaster laid on, and do the work of those portions again. Too often the flaws have been simply retouched with "tempera" colours, and though they may not be noticed for a time, the parts so treated will inevitably change or come off in the course of a few years.

Another difficulty in "fresco"-painting is, that as the plaster dries the colours become much lighter. Allowance can, however, be made for this, and, by practice, the artist learns to master the obstacle. Besides, he has a ready test at hand by which he can tell the difference between the shade of the colours when wet and dry. He puts a touch of it upon a piece of umber, which absorbs the moisture, and shows in an instant the appearance that the colour will present after the much longer period that it will have taken to dry when applied to the lime-charged surface of the "fresco"-painting's plaster ground-work.

AN HERMETIC WORK.

(Continued from page 240).

CHAPTER IV. (continued).

THUS my Friend *Elias* taking leave, left me three weeks, and to this very day; nevertheless, (as a Spur) he impressed all these things deep in my mind, and *Paracelsus* confirmed them, saying, That in, with, of, and by metals spiritualized and cleansed, are perfect Metals made, and also the living Gold and Silver of Philosophers, as well for humane as metallick bodies. Wherefore if this guest my Friend, had taught me the manner of preparing the Spiritual and Celestial Salt he spake of, by and with which *I* might (as it were) within their own matrix, gather the spiritual Rays of Sun or moon, out of the Corporal Metallick Substances, Then truly from his own light he had so enlightened me, that *I* should have known how Magnetically (by a Sympathetick power) in other imperfect corporeal metals, their internal souls might be Clarified and Tinged, so that their own similiary bodies being of like kind, might be transmuted into Gold or Silver, according to the nature of red Seed, into a red body; or of the white Seed into a white and pure body; for *Elias* told me that *Sendivogius* his Calybs was the true Mercurial Metallick humidity, by help of which (without any Corrosive) an Artist might separate the fixt rayes of the Sun or Moon, out from their own bodies, in a naked Fire, in open Crucible, and so make them Volatile and Mercurial, fit for a dry Philosophic Tincture (as he partly communicated and shewed me before he went) to transmute the Metals. For all learned Chymists must consent, that *Pyrotechny* is the mother and Nurse of many noble Sciences and Arts, and they can easily judge from the Colours of the Chaos of metals in the fire, what metallick body is therein. And thuro every day, metals and transparent stones, are yet so procreated in the bowels of the Earth, from their proper, noble, vapourous seed, with a spiritual Tingt Sulphurous Seed, in their divers Salty Matrixes; for the common Sulphur, (or the Sulphur of any pure or impure metal, whilst yet conjoyned with its own body) being mingled only with Salt-Peter in the burning heat of Fire, will be easily changed into the hardest and most fixed Earth. And this Earth is afterwards easily changed by the air into most clear water, and this water after by a stronger fire, according to the nature of either pure or impure metallick Sulphur admixed) is turned into Glass, coloured with various and very beautiful colours. Almost so likewise is a Chicken generated and hatcht out of the white of an Egg, by a gentle natural heat; and thus also from the seminal Bond of Life of any metal, is made a new and much more noble metal, by a heat convenient to a salty fires nature, Though few Chymists know perfectly how the internal virtues of metals (always magnetically moving according to their harmony or disconsonancy) are distinguished; and why one metal hath such a singular Sympathy or Antipathy with the other metal, as is seen in the Magnet with Iron, in Mercury with Gold, in Silver with Copper, very remarkably. And so in some are notably found an Antipathy, as Lead against Tin, Iron against Gold, Antimony against Silver: And again, Lead against

Mercury. There are 600 such Sympathetical and Antipathetical Annotations in the animal and vegetable Kingdom, as Authors have written.

Thus Candid Reader have I here printed what I have seen and done, for with *Seneca* I desire to know only that I may teach others: nay if wisdom were given conditionally to be kept secret, I would reject it. If any shall yet remain doubtful, let him with a living faith believe in his Christ Crucified, and in Him become a new Creature, through the most strict way of regeneration, and be fixed therein in hope, and use true love and charity to his neighbour, till his life be justly, chastly, and holily finisht, thereby safely to sail through the wicked and impudent Sea of this world, to the peaceable Haven of Heaven, where there is an everlasting Sabbath with true Christians and Philosophers, in the true *Jerusalem*. *John Frederick Helvetius*, Count *Russ* in *Syria*, and *Carynthia* in *Germany*, with one grain of Tincture, transmuted three pound of S into pure O at all assayes.

THE GOLDEN ASS WELL MANAGED, AND *MYDAS* RESTORED TO REASON.

Or a new Chymical Light appearing as a day Star of Comfort to all under Oppression or Calamities, as well Illiterate, as Learned, Male as Female; to ease their Burdens and provide for their Families.

WHEREIN

The Golden Fleece is Demonstrated to the blind world, and that good Gold may be found as well in Cold as Hot Regions (though better in hot) within and without through the universal Globe of the Earth, and be profitably extracted: So that in all places where any Sand, Stones, Gravel, or Flints are, you cannot so much as place your footing, but you may find both Gold, and the true matter of the Philosopher's Stone. And is a Work of Women, and play of Children.

Written at Amsterdam, 1669, by *John Rodolph Glauber*, The bright Sun of our Age, and Lover of Mankind, like a true *Elias* riding on this Golden Ass in a Fiery Chariot.

And Translated out of Latin into English in briefer Notes, 1670, by *W. C.*, Esq., True Lover of Art and Nature, and well wisher to all men, especially to the poor distressed Household of Faith; The true Catholick Church, and body of Christ, Dispersed through many Forms of Religions through the whole World, as the perfect *Israelites*.

THE EPISTLE OF W. C. TO THE CHRISTIAN AND COURTEOUS READER.

Job 28. 6. & 2 Esdras 8. 2.

Reader, GOD who made Man out of Earth or Clay, and out of Stones could raise up Seed to *Abraham*, hath here sent thee *Manna*, and commanded these very Stones to yield thee Bread, in these Calamitous times, or rather that which may satisfie thy honest and moderate wishes more for Food and all necessaries (as was intended in the Fiction of *Mydas*) For every thing thou touchest by this Art may turn to Gold, and purchase whatsoever thou needest for thy self, Friends and Family, without borrowing, extortion, or fear of want, or wearing longer Ears then will become a rational man and a good Christian; And so thou maiest prove a true *Fortunatus*, or Providential *Mydas*, and procure thee a lighter heart then many that have a heavier

Purse, which may be exhausted, lost or spent on their Lusts, and yet not satisfie their fears or covetous desires, though in present Plenty of Corn and Wine. Yea, if thou hast Grace and Wisdom, out of the very Stones in the Streets, or *Job's* Dunghill, thou maiest raise the Golden Fleece, though in extract and *Job's* small quantity, and mayest gain the Philosopher's Stone, and withal make gold more plentiful then in *Solomon's* days, and ride in Triumph over the World on this Golden Ass, by *Glauber's* new Chymical Light, without old *Balams* property. *Quid non Mortalia pectora cogis Auri, sacra fames.* Let this Art therefore breed in thee a holy hunger of God, rather then Gold, and improve this Talent to God's Honour that sent it, and to thy honest Neighbour's good; and fear not to be the poorer, though thou light thy Neighbour's candle, by communicating something of this Art, or the Fruicts thereof liberally, as thou wouldst be done unto; That so all may glorifie the Almighty giver for His great Treasures and bounty, and live together in Peace and Love, without Griping, Grudging, or Anxiety; whence may spring the true Golden Age, so long expected and desired, with *Halcion* days; Neither needest thou be solicitous for thine or their posterity, least they want bread, if thou givest them but these Stones, with the use thereof for a Legacy. I have no other message at present, but to wish thee herewith to be content, and provide thee Treasures for Eternity, without taking notice of this mean messenger that brought it hither to thee, who though invisible or unknown, shall remain

Thy well wishing Friend and Servant,

W. C. Or twice five hundred.

Aurum amice elegis Rus.

POSTSCRIPT.

TO help thee here a little forwarder. Take four ounces (or what quantity of powder of Emery you please, such as *Cutlers* use, and is bought at the Ironmongers, or else good Yellow, Red or Purple *Talcum*, or other good Stones or Minerals, Dissolve it in Spirit of Salt, of *Glauber's* cheapest making, Distill or Evaporate the Menstruum gently, or precipitate the Tincture by Lixiviat Salt, with α or γ or the properest Loadstone \odot , and reduce all by γ , but be sure not to be too hasty for a *Regulus*; But when you think it sufficiently washt, and digested, cast it into a Cone for the first *Regulus*, Then with *Glauber's* Martial Discipline, Mortifie the remaining sulphurious matter, and you have a courser *Sol*, and after a Lunary Body. Then begin again, and add the last to the first, and turn Ixion's wheel in the Fire as oft as you please, till you find good profit.

SHALOM ALEHEM.

SHALOM, Alehem! Peace to all,
 Good friends and true about the lodge,
 Whatever fortune may befall,
 Be this the sentence of the Judge:
 In love and peace to pass away
 And sleep beneath the Acacia's spray.

And when life's imagery shall fail,
 And closing eyes and ears no more
 Tell of the friends we loved so well,
 And in their hearts our memory wore,
 May the Great Master from His throne
 Say: "Peace be with you everyone."



W. M. M. M. M.

P. W. DEPUTY GRAND MASTER OF ENGLAND.