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FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

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New Year Thoughts.



WE cannot allow our Magazine to confront the tide of public approval and criticism in 1879 without a few words of seasonable introduction. No one, we think, can witness the departure of an old year, or the beginning of a new year, altogether unmoved. He may be cold or callous, a Sybarite or a Stoic, but he must have, we venture to believe, the innate feelings of our common humanity! "Time was, Time is, Time will be," was said to be a Triad of mystic import of old, and so no doubt it was, and the realization of the flight of Time has ever had deep influence on all right-thinking minds.

Another civil year has passed away, and here we are beginning with New Year's Day another spell of earthly existence. What has it in store for us all? Who of us can say! Behind its dark veil no mental eye can penetrate with light or knowledge. From its deep abyss no oracle as of old proclaims the dubious enigma of futurity. No—we have to wait in patience, as Time unfolds its roll, and what 1879 may bring to any of us, to old or young, to readers or scribe, what pseudo-prophet is there among us who can dare to seek to predict?

Let us leave then, contentedly and resignedly, the future to the future, trusting in the good Providence of T. G. A. O. T. U.

We leave 1878 no doubt with grieving minds and halting steps. We deplore much personal affliction (many of us), and not a few serious trials; and a grieving land and a sympathetic Order part from 1878 with deep sympathy for a sorrowing Sovereign,

And so all seems dark and desolate enough in good truth. But still, with 1879, let us look on in faith and in hope, as loyal soldiers, and trusting pilgrims on our march onwards and homewards. May 1879 bring peace, and rest, and happiness, and consolation to all sorrowing hearts and troubled Brethren amongst us, and may 1879 alike witness the maintenance of our national reputation, the restoration of commerce and trade, and the healing, as far as may be, of all those wounds which time or separation has cast over the mourners, the lonely, the suffering, the stricken, the widowed, the orphans, the destitute amongst us!

 ENGLISH AND FOREIGN MASONRY IN 1878.

 BY THE EDITOR.

WITH a closing year it seems well to look around us, and try, as the French say, *envisager*, or, as we should perhaps put it, "look it in the face,"—I mean that Masonry of and about which we talk so much, and which, no doubt, we do in some measure really value. I fear that I have come to that time of life when I don't think much of "palabras," words, and prefer practice to profession, and reality to seeming.

When we are young we are credulous and confiding; as we grow old we become doubting and deprecatory.

For one, I am greatly pleased with the outlook of that great family of Masonry which "hails" from Great Britain and its Colonies and Dependencies, the far American Republic, and the Canadas.

In that vast phalanx of a million of Masons, if there are anomalies here, shortcomings there, drawbacks and deficiencies to "bring forward" and "make good," yet, on the whole, we can leave 1878 well satisfied, and with high hopes for the future.

We are still a compact and comprehensive body, holding fast to ancient landmarks, abiding by cosmopolitan precedent, and true to our great principles. The spectacle, to my mind, is very fine indeed of a million of Masons proclaiming, in this doubting and yet dogmatic age, their loyal adherence to their several religious formulae, their "owning" before men of T. G. A. O. S. U., their "Father which is in heaven."

If the recent melancholy occurrences in France and elsewhere have done much harm, they have also effected *one great good*—they have thrown Anglo-Saxons closer together, brother to brother, shoulder to shoulder, all over the world, and made them feel more and more the value of their kindly brotherhood, and the genuine and sacred principles of universal Masonry.

Charity is also extending its work and claims amongst us in England; and though trade is at present bad, and its future prospects do not as yet look bright, I, for one, do not fear but that 1879 will witness, as did 1878, of the evidence of true Masonic charity amid our always ready confraternity—that true charity which seeks to shield the orphan's youth and dry the widow's tears—to cheer infirmity, and comfort old age. May our anticipations all be realized, and may 1879 witness once again how the characteristic, both of our Masonic profession and practice, is living, unostentatious, practical, goodly charity.

Abroad, the least said, probably, the soonest mended. The insane proceedings of the Grand Orient of France—for they are positively and recklessly insane, and without excuse—have lighted a torch of discord, denial, and defiance, which seems to be destined to ban, deface, defile all on whom it lights.

This torch they seem disposed to throw headlong among all jurisdictions, caring little whom it injures, whom it scorches. We do not wish to-day to go into long details of a *fait accompli*, of follies, if not crimes, masonically perpetrated in the name of toleration and liberty of conscience, but we feel bound to say this, that we can only hope that 1879 may witness a reaction from these hasty and ill-considered innovations, from changes which threaten to transform Freemasonry in France into a political sect, and to give a handle to countless foes, exulting over the folly of its members and the childish gullibility of a multitude led like sheep by a few dark, dangerous, and subtle spirits.

We confess we close the old year and begin the new with fears and forebodings for Freemasonry abroad.

In England we still have hope as ever, as, like her own white cliffs, she seems to confront the stormy billows, and still to be as ever a beacon light of truth, loyalty, charity, and toleration to all our scattered brethren in the world!

THE NEW YEAR.

TIME comes and goes in haste from all
 Year follows upon year,
 Life's pleasures and life's follies pall,
 Warm fancies disappear;
 Another year at last has vanished,
 Yet another year to-day,
 Despite an old year sternly banished,
 Confronts us in the way.
 Welcome, New Year, to me and mine,
 Welcome to all, I say,
 Mid all those hopes and dreams benign
 Which appear on New Year's Day.
 For Time once more has measur'd
 A term in solemn pace,
 Gone are the joys we treasur'd,
 The follies that disgrace!
 Ah, me! how each departing year
 Seems sternly still to throw
 A glamour both of doubt and fear
 On all of earth below;
 How all we love, and all we hate,
 How all that joys us here
 Is doom'd to yield to solemn fate,
 To bloom—and disappear.
 Nothing is left to-day I find
 Of all I lov'd so well:
 Warm hearts and hands so soft and kind
 Have yielded to the spell.
 The pleasant form, the loving smile,
 The voice of joyous mirth,
 Have left us, at the last half-mile,
 Have passed away from earth.
 Oh, strange, strange paradox of time,
 How idle seems thy theme,
 Which warms the rhapsody sublime,
 Or haunts the poet's dream!
 If nothing here can stay, how vain
 Are all the hopes of men!
 If pleasure ever yields to pain,
 When comes the "golden age" again?
 Ah! many years must fleet away,
 Before the "good time" comes at last,
 Until the dawn of a better day
 Shall lighten up all our past;
 Until in God's good time we hail
 An end to doubt and fear,
 Mid hopes and hours that never fail,
An eternal glad New Year!

In Memoriam.

H.R.H. PRINCESS ALICE, DIED AT DARMSTADT, DECEMBER 14, 1878.

SHE sleeps in peace! far from her native shore,
 That home, those friends she lov'd so much of yore,
 And round her gentle form in a strange land
 The anguished husband, sobbing orphans stand.
 No more to mingle in those halls of fame,
 With those who glad repeat her pleasant name,
 The highly-gifted woman, noble wife,
 The joy, the bliss, of pure domestic life,
 Can any greet her! Her smile no more can fall
 On any, a day-star guiding, gladdening all!
 Alas! we mourn for her thus called away
 In her young life, in her great gifts to-day.
 And yet tho' sad and strange that end may be
 To those who see it as the world would see,
 To some who, looking up to God above,
 Believe in His great Wisdom, endless love,
 That end's not strange nor sad. Her quiet rest
 She's found in God's good will, for ever for the best.
 She died "at her post," no nobler death to die
 Can any pray for "poor humanity."
 Like some dear saints who once this earth have trod,
 She died for duty, and she died to God;
 In God's good time her spirit's found release,
 In love's own labour: God rest her in His Peace.

A.

THE Princess dead, the Alice of our love?

Then is our nation truly plunged in grief:

Noble by birth, nobility her name,

A noble sister to our noble chief!

Gentle Alicia! noble rightly called,

Well to thy princely brother did'st thou shew,
 By death's approach, that thou wert unappalled,
 And, like brave Nelson, fear thou didst not know.

The Princess dead!—Hush'd be the festive mirth,—

Our harps are broken, sorrow treads our halls:

The season of our Holy Saviour's birth

Is sad and dreary when a lov'd one falls.

Rude was the blast that nipp'd our English Rose,

Kind tho' the hearts that pray'd around her bed:

Heaven call'd her upwards to her children dear,

And while we hoped her saved her soul had fled.

Through all the regions where our sceptres sway,

In every hamlet, sing her requiem—

Toll the bells gently—let our people say,

"Our tear-drops shall outshine her diadem."

Good, duteous daughter, sister, mother, wife,

Thy excellence, thy epitaph with us shall be;

And the remembrance of thy gentle life

Our hearts shall shrine till all Eternity.

7, Crickefield Road, Clapton, N.E.

"933."

GUILDS.

A GOOD deal has been written about Guilds, but a good deal remains yet to be discovered and published. As Mr. Toulmin Smith tells us in his interesting though too partial collection, a large number of returns of Guilds, *tempore* Richard II., still remains uncollated, undigested, undeciphered, and unpublished, awaiting in the dust of oblivion and neglect some "cunnyng clerke" to read them and edit them. We might even find a Masons' Guild return among them, just as Mr. Toulmin Smith gives a "Tylers'" return.

Mr. H. L. Cooté, in 1871, read before the London and Middlesex Archæological Society a most interesting paper on the ordinances of some secular Guilds of London, 1304 to 1496. From it we take the Guild of Glovers, in his *ipsissima verba*, commending it to the notice and perusal of Masonic students:—

"1. Every brother shall pay sixteenpence a year, by quarterly payments, towards providing two wax tapers to burn at the high altar of the chapel of Our Lady, in the new church-haw beside London, and also to the poor of the fraternity who well and truly have paid their quarterage so long as they could.

"2. If any brother be behind of payment of his quarterage by a month after the end of any quarter he shall pay sixteenpence, that is to say, eightpence to the old work of the church of St. Paul, of London, and the other eightpence to the box of the fraternity. Also as often as any brother be not obedient to the summons of the wardens, or be not present in the 'hevenys that folk be dead,' and in offering at the funeral of a brother, and in attendance at church with the fraternity on the feasts of the Annunciation and Assumption, and others, he shall pay sixteenpence in like manner.

"3. Every brother shall come to *Placebo* and *Dirige* in the 'hevenys of dead folk,' in suit or livery of the fraternity of the year past, and on the morrow to mass, and there offer, in his new livery or suit, upon pain of sixteenpence.

"4. If a brother be behind of his quarterage for a year and a day, and though it be in his power to pay it he maliciously refuse, he shall be summoned before the official of the Consistory of London, etc. (see *ante*).

"5. If any brother or sister be dead within the city, and have not of his (or her) goods him (or her) to bury, he (or she) shall have burning about his (or her) body five tapers and four torches at the cost of the brethren, provided the deceased have continued seven years in the fraternity, etc.

"6. All the brethren be clothed in one suit, etc.

"7. The masters, wardens, and brethren shall attend and hear mass on the feast of the Assumption, etc.

"8. Every brother shall keep his livery for four years, etc.

"9. Settles the fee for entrance into the fraternity, and also the form of oath.

"10. On the day of the feast when the brethren have eaten they shall go together to the chapel of our Lady before-mentioned, and there continue the time of *Placebo* and *Dirige*, and on the morrow shall attend mass of *Requiem*, and from thence come together to their Hall, on pain of sixteenpence.

"11. If any brother revile another he shall be fined sixpence or eightpence, etc.

"12. All the brethren, with their wives, shall go together to their meat the Sunday next after Trinity Sunday, etc., etc.*

* Upon the admission of females to the companies' dinners, Mr. Herbert makes the following quaint remarks (vol. i. p. 83):—"This curious, we had almost said indecorous, custom, but which must at the same time have greatly heightened the hilarity, occurred in consequence of the companies consisting, as we have seen, of brothers and sisters; and which practice they seem on their reconstruction to have borrowed from the religious Guilds. Not only did widows, wives, and single women, who were members, join the joyous throng, but, from the Grocers' ordinances of 1348, we find the brethren could introduce

“ 13. A trade regulation concerning the admission of apprentices.

“ 14. Settles fines for ‘contrarying’ against the rules.

“ 15. Settles further penalties for disobedience to the rules, and regulations as to apprentices.

“ Twenty-nine brethren have signed these rules. At the same time they were sworn (*fidem fecerunt*) well and faithfully to keep and fulfil them.”

We gave some time back the ordinances of the Guild of Blacksmiths, signed by sixty-five brethren, A.D. 1434 (vol. v., page 125).

Guilds can be traced back to Anglo-Saxon times, and during the Middle Ages exercised great influence on English social, and trading, and artistic, and operative life. A good deal has been said about them lately, their origin, etc., various opinions prevailing, and therefore we think it well to append Mr. Coote’s lucid remarks on the subject, which are perfectly satisfactory to our mind, as setting before us alike the “rationale” and the matter-of-fact view of the case:—

“ Finding thus a succession of Guilds in England from the seventh century to the present era, with nothing to show that they received their creation from King Ine of Wessex, we may naturally ask, to what origin are we to refer these fraternities of our land?

“ This has been a topic much discussed both at home and abroad. As might be expected, the opinions expressed upon the subject have been various and contradictory.

“ Lappenberg traces our English Guilds to the sacrificial feasts of the Teutonic tribes. This is perhaps the strangest theory of all. For what connection can reasonably be supposed between a rendezvous of uncivilized Pagans and an association of Christian men combining for schemes of mutual benefit?

“ Dr. Brentano rejects this hypothesis, and supports a view of his own in the following manner. He says, ‘Neither Wilda, the principal writer on Guilds, nor Hartwig, who has made the latest researches into their origin, is able to discover anything of the essential nature of Guilds, either in what has just been related about the old family and its banquets, or in the sacrificial assemblies; and it is only as to the one point of the custom of holding banquets on the occasion of anniversary festivals that Wilda is inclined to derive the Guilds from them. But of the essence of the Guild, the brotherly banding together in close union, which expressed itself in manifold ways, in the mutual rendering of help and support, he finds no trace. The banquets were either casual meetings, to which every one, as he thought proper, invited his friends, or which several people prepared in common, and which did not produce any more intimate relationship than that already existing from the actual bond of the family, or state, or neighbourhood, or they were meetings in which every one of the nation was able, or was obliged to take part. There appears in them nothing of any closer voluntary confederacy of the members within or by the side of the union caused by the State or religion. Hartwig considers these objections of Wilda conclusive, and believes that from the continued existence of Pagan ceremonies, even amongst the religious Guilds, and from the custom of holding feasts, nothing whatever can be deduced which is essential to the Guilds.’

“ Dr. Brentano, having thus disposed of an opposite theory, goes on to attribute the Guild to the family, *i.e.*, the Teutonic family, the Guild being an instance of that union for mutual support which existed in that Teutonic family, and he sums up as follows: ‘The family appears as the first Guild, or at least as an archetype of the Guilds. Originally its providing care dispels all existing wants, and for other societies

their fair acquaintances on paying for their admission; and that not, as in modern times, to gaze in galleries, the mere spectators of good living, but as participants. There is an amusing simplicity in the ordinances alluded to of the Grocers on these points. They enjoy that every one of the fraternity, from thenceforward, having a wife or companion, shall come to the feast, and bring with him a daisel, if he pleases. If they cannot come from the reasons hereinafter mentioned, that is to say, being sick, or big with child and near delivery, they are then, and not otherwise, to be excused.”

there is therefore no room. As soon, however, as wants arise, which the family can no longer satisfy—whether on account of their peculiar nature, or in consequence of their increase, or because its own activity grows feeble—closer artificial alliances immediately spring forth to provide for them, in so far as the State does not do it. Infinitely varied as are the wants which call them forth so are naturally the objects of these alliances. Yet the basis on which they all rest is the same. All are unions between man and man, not mere associations of capital, like our modern societies and companies, etc.

“It is not very difficult to dispose of the theory to which the fervid Teutonic genius has led Dr. Brentano.

“This theory proves too little in one sense, and too much in another. It is wholly illogical to deduce from the natural obligation of the family an institution which is not only voluntary and optional, but which can only begin outside of that family. In this respect, therefore, Dr. Brentano’s theory falls short.

“Again, if the Guild be derivable from the family, every other association of free-men must be equally so derived, and should Dr. Brentano’s arguments prove his contention, the army, the navy, the civil government of a country, have all claims to that origin. But this is to prove more than is proposed.

“Mr. Toulmin Smith was of opinion that ‘none of our Guilds were founded upon a Roman basis.’ Miss Smith adds, ‘and, when a reference to early Roman history was suggested,’ he replied, ‘There is not the shadow of an analogy (misleading as even analogies are) between the old Sabine *curies* and our old English Guilds. We trace ours back to the old Saxon times.’

“As I am free to confess that I do not understand the allusion in this, I must leave it, with all its mystery, uncommented upon, except to observe that it may mean that English Guilds are of English origin.

“In the various hypotheses which I have referred to the propounders all agree in one point, viz., in ignoring the past history of Britain. They seem to have forgotten that England was a Latin country for four centuries, and during that period, as she received Latin colonists so she received also Roman laws and institutions.

“Amongst the latter the *collegia privata* were planted here, at the infancy of the Conquest. The *collegium fabrorum* which dwelt in the *Civitas Regnorum*, when Claudius and his successors were Emperors, is known to all antiquaries.*

The colleges remained in this country throughout the imperial rule, and with the provincial inhabitants survived the Anglo-Saxon occupation of Britain. They were subsequently, through that marvellous imitativeness † which distinguished the German in the early stages of his national life, adopted by him also.

“That this is the true origin of the English Guild it will not be very difficult to demonstrate.

“Under the empire and before it private colleges (*collegia privata*) were corporations composed of men voluntarily bound together for a common lawful purpose. ‡

“They were established by legal Act, § either of *senatus consultum*, or a decree of the Emperor.

“The number of the *sodales* could not be less than three. It might be any

* Horsfield’s “History of Sussex,” vol. i. p. 41, gives the inscription in its existing state, and see Horsley’s “Britannia Romana,” p. 332 *et seqq.* for an ingenious restoration by the celebrated Roger Gale. Whatever may be thought of this restoration in the whole or in part, we have in the original (as it now exists), the words, “*gium fabrorum*,” which can only be read “*collegium f.*” These colleges were amongst the few “*antiqua et legitima*” left undissolved by Augustus (Suet. in Aug. c. 32).

† See the acute and philosophical remarks of Dr. Rolleston, who discusses the “imitative tendencies” of the Teutonic race in vol. xlii. “*Archæologia*,” p. 422.

‡ See J. F. Massman’s “*Libellus Aurarius*,” under the heading *collegia*, p. 76 *et seqq.* See also Dig. 50, 16, 85, and 3, 4.

§ *Ibid.* p. 75. Massman says, “*Inde frequens illa formulo, quibus ex S. C. coire licet.*” (Gruter 59 i., 391 i.; Murator, 462 3, 520, 3; Orelli, 4075, 4115; 1467, 2737). See also Sueton. in Augusto c. 32.

larger number, unless it was restricted by the authority which gave the college existence.*

"In its constitution the college was divided into *decuria* and *centuria*—bodies of ten and a hundred men.†

"It was presided over by a *magister* and by *decuriones*—a president and a senate.‡

"It had a *questor* and *arcarius*—a treasurer and sub-treasurer. §

"It was a corporation, and could hold property as such.||

"It had a common cult and common sacrifices at stated times. It had its priest and temple. ¶

"It had its *lares* and its *genii*.

"It had a *curia* (or meeting-house), where the *ordo collegii* (its senators) met to consult and to determine.

"At the same *curia* also the whole sodality met at their general meetings and to feast.

"There was a common *arca* (or chest) to contain their revenues, their contributions, and their fines.

"Each college had its archives and its banners.

"It had a *jus sodalitiis* or full power over its members.

"To each candidate on his admission was administered an oath peculiar to the college.

"The *sodales* supported their poor brethren.

"They imposed *tributa*, or contributions to meet their current and extraordinary expenses.

"They buried publicly deceased brethren, all the survivors attending the rite.

"A common sepulchre, or *columbarium*, received the brethren.

"Each college celebrated its natal day, a day called *caræ cognationis*, and two other days called severally *dies violarum* and *dies rosæ*.

"We may guess the intention for which the natal day and the day *caræ cognationis* were appointed, viz., to carry out the general purposes of the college; but for the *dies violarum* and *dies rosæ* there were other purposes. On those two days of charming nomenclature the *sodales* met at the sepulchres of their departed brethren to commemorate their loss, and to deck their tombs with violets and roses, an offering (if not a sacrifice) pleasing to the spirit of the *manes*.**

"Each college could hold property.

* Fabretti, x. 443, Marini Fratres Arvales. (Quoted by Massman, p. 75). Dig. de verb. signific., "Pliny's Epistles," x. 42.

† "Collegia divisa erant in decurias et centurias," says J. F. Massman, quoting Muratori, 518, 4; Fabretti, 73, 72; Marini, Frat. Arv. 174a; Orelli, 4137.

‡ See the authorities (derived from epigraphs) for these and for varying names of the same officers in Massman, p. 80.

§ *Ibid.*

|| Dig. 47, 22, 3.

¶ *Ibid.* p. 81. For all the ensuing assertions the reader is referred to Massman, and the authorities quoted by him.

** Massman, in reference to these days, says only that the *dies caræ cognationis* was in the month of February, that the *dies violarum* occurred when the violet began to blow, and that the "*dies rosæ*" was on the 10th day before the calends of June. (*Ibid.* p. 83.) This, however, gives only part of the information. It omits the objects for which such days were appointed. As regards the two floral days the information, however, is at hand. Violets and roses were strewn or hung in garlands upon tombs in commemoration of the dead, and to soothe the ever wakeful and mischievous spirit of the *manes*. As to the employment of these flowers, see Orelli, 4419, 4107, 4070, 3927, and Marini, Fratres Arvales, 580, 581, 639. Suetonius (Nero c. 56) says, that after the burial of that emperor "non defuerunt, qui per longum tempus vernis æstivis que floribus tumulum ejus ornarent"—persons strewed his tomb with violets and roses. Byron's allusion to this fact is amongst the best known passages of his *Child Harold*. Before then Augustus had acted similarly in regard to the remains of Alexander the Great. (Suet August.) "Corona aurea ac floribus aspersis veneratus est." M. Antoninus Pius (Capitolinus c. iii. vol. i. p. 46, Peter's edition) so honoured his *magistri* that after their death "sepulchra eorum

"Of trade colleges epigraphy has preserved an infinity of examples; but, as I have intimated, the private colleges were not of craftsmen only; any person could combine and form a college, if the common purpose of it were lawful.

"Men could combine themselves into a religious college if the religion were tolerated by the State; * and De Rossi has shewn that colleges *funerum causâ*, or for the purpose of holding land wherein to bury the *sodales*, were rife in Rome both before and after the rise of Christianity.† In fact, it was the glorious destiny of this order of colleges, as the creators of the catacombs, to preserve our nascent and struggling faith. Under cover of a Roman burial club the scheme of man's redemption was carried out.

"Though a glance over the preceding pages will have shewn the identity of the English Guild (through the Anglo-Saxon institution) with the Roman college, it may perhaps assist the reader if I place their resemblances in stricter juxtaposition. In doing so I will refer, where I can, more particularly to the Guild as found in the Anglo-Saxon period of our history.

"The *collegium* was an association of men, combined for a common lawful purpose, and cemented together by admission into a *sodalitum*, and an oath of fellowship.

"The Anglo-Saxon Guild was identical in these respects.

"The *collegium* had a complete self-government of master and officers.

"Though we have no full information upon this in the Anglo-Saxon Guild, the old English Guild is constituted in a manner similar to the *collegium*.

"When the *collegium* was large it was divided into *decuria* and *centuria*.

"We have seen this identical division in the Anglo-Saxon Guild of London.

"The *collegium* and the Guild had a special cult. In the old English form this is uniform and prominent, and it shews itself in the Anglo-Saxon Guild of Cambridge in the reference to S. Ætheldryth.‡

floribus semper honoraret." A graceful poem (*Anthologia Latina*, 4, 355), thus alludes to the same custom—

"Hoc mihi noster herus sacravit inane sepulchrum,
Villa tecta sua propter ut adspicerem;
Utque suis manibus flores mihi vinaque sæpe
Funderet et lacrimam quod mihi pluris erit."

This scattering of violets and roses upon tombs was commonly known by the quaint names of *violatio* and *rosatio* (see Orelli), and Henzen has gone very fully into the subject of the mischievous powers of the *manes*, and of the consequent necessity for propitiating them. (See *Annali di Roma* for 1846). He quotes the following inscription, preserved in the Villa Pamfili: "Quamdiu vivo, colo te: post mortem nescio; parce matrem tuam (*sic*) et patrem et sororem tuam marinam, ut possint tibi face repost me solemnia." (See also a paper by the same author in the "*Annali*" for 1849, p. 77). In the "*Archæologia*," vol. ii. p. 31, is recorded an inscription found at Hispellum of the same tenor: "Viridi requiesce viator in herba; fuge si tecum cæperit umbra loqui." The phrase, "de mortuis nil nisi bonum" (if it be ancient), refers to this property of the *manes*. It is not a lesson of generosity, as it is now taken to be; but a counsel not to rouse the anger of an irritated ghost by speaking too freely of his past actions in the flesh.

* Dig. 47, 22, 1.

† A very interesting paper of the Cavaliere de Rossi's in the *Revue Archéologique*, vol. xiii. N.S. p. 295 *et seqq.*, and entitled "Existence légale des Cimitières Chrétiens à Rome," contains a *resumé* of his discoveries upon this and cognate points treated from time to time in the *Bullettino di Archeologia Cristiana* and *Roma Sotterranea*. I refer the reader to this paper, p. 240 *et seqq.* The Cavaliere thus sums up his discoveries (*ibid.* p. 240): "Aussi les Chrétiens, en leur qualité de possesseurs de cimitières communs, ont-ils formé *ipso jure* un collège de ce genre (*i.e.*, *funerum causâ*); et pour leur ôter le bénéfice du sénatus-consulte on devait prouver qu'ils tombaient sous le coup de cette restriction de la loi: *divinamodo hoc prætextu collegium illicitum non coeat*. À la constatation de ce délit équivalait chacun ces édits spéciaux de persécution, où l'on interdisait aux Chrétiens l'usage de leurs cimitières; et ces édits sont en effet du III^e siècle, époque où l'histoire et les monuments témoignent que les fidèles possédaient des tombeaux en qualité de corps constitués. Après la révocation de l'édit le privilège rentrait en vigueur; et alors les empereurs restituaient aux évêques comme représentants du corps de la chrétienté la libre possession avec l'usage des cimitières."

‡ Mr. Toulmin Smith is anxious to exculpate the Guilds from the charge of being religious. He says, "These were not in any sense superstitious foundations, that is, they were not founded, like monasteries and priories, for men devoted to what were deemed religious exercises." ("*Old English Guilds*," Introduction, p. xxviii.)

"There are fixed general annual meetings of the *collegium* for business.

"We have seen the same in the Anglo-Saxon Guild.

"The *collegium* and the Guild have also severally their *réunions*, at which to feast and disport themselves.

"The *collegium* and the Guild subsist through the contributions of their members. Their business and their pleasure depend upon these exactions.

"The *collegium* and the Guild correct their disobedient members by mulcts and fines.

"They both have a common chest, and they both may and do hold landed estate.

"The *sodales* of the *collegium* are brethren as well as contributories.

"Nothing is better defined than the same feature in the Guild also.

"The *sodales* supported their poor, and comforted their sick brethren.

"We have seen this in the Guild.

"The *collegium* and the Guild could make bye-laws for their respective regulation.

"When a *sodalis* died the surviving brethren followed him to the grave, or to its Roman equivalent.

"The same kindly spirit is enforced in the Anglo-Saxon as well as in the old English Guild.

"The *collegium* was a corporation.

"The Guild was unequivocally the same. In the dearth of words of precision which followed upon the disuse of the Latin language in this country, the word was assumed and continued to late days to express a *commune*—the same thing.*

"We have found also in one of the Anglo-Saxon Guilds mention made of the brethren suing in the aggregate.

"Lastly, as the pagan sodalities met on the day of violets and the day of the rose to commemorate the death of brethren in the manner which has been mentioned, so the Christian Guild at all times of its history in this country met similarly on stated days for an analogous commemoration of those who had preceded them with the sign of faith, to use the words of the old office of *memento*.

"I think that these resemblances are so striking, and so nearly connected with the essence of each, that the common similarity can mean nothing less than the identity of the two institutions—the *collegium* and the Guild.

"And it does not, I think, conflict with this conclusion that the *collegium* could not be constituted without authority, while it is more than probable that no such difficulty existed in regard to the Anglo-Saxon Guild.† But any authorisation, besides not being of the essence of the institution, would be out of the question in those days of irregular liberty which succeeded the dislocation of Britain from the empire.

"Still less does it affect that identity for which I have contended, that amongst all the purposes for which *collegia*, so far as we know, were instituted, there is no mention made of mutual assurance. For, as it was the machinery and system which made a college, whatever the object might be, the institution was still a college, being like the sun in Horace, 'aliisque et idem.'

[We think our readers will be pleased to read these lucid statements and interesting details.—Ed.]

* See Glauville, v. c. 5. Domesday, in speaking of Canterbury, says that the burgesses held certain land "in gildam suam," i.e., in their aggregate capacity. (See Ellis's Introduction, p. 115.) At Dover the burgesses had a "guild hall." (*Ibid* p. 105.)

† The prems of the Anglo-Saxon rule in London seem to prove this. In addition thereto is the inference to be drawn from a fact related by Herbert, vol. i. p. 24, who says that in the reign of Henry II. certain Guilds were amerced as being adulterine, or set up without the King's licence. In other words, these were probably old Guilds which followed the old custom. The Normans had introduced the licencing of these fraternities.

 FREEMASONRY ; ITS ORIGIN, HISTORY, AND DESIGN.

 BY MASONIC STUDENT.

SOME of my readers may remember that some time back our able and distinguished Bro. Albert Mackey wrote a very striking paper on this same heading, which I much admired then, and admire still. But thinking that our worthy and accomplished Brother has "missed his way" on one or two special points, with all deference to him, I deem it well to point out to-day wherein I agree and wherein I differ from such a "bright Mason." Nothing but the fact that, under my old pseudonym I have long paid due attention to the whole subject of Masonic archæology, would justify me in thus assuming a "rôle" always difficult to fill, and which to some might appear to denote arrogant pretensions or dogmatic impertinence. I quite agree with Bro. Mackey in his able and lucid introduction:—

"There needs no occasional event, however interesting may be the circumstances connected with it, to secure to the Masonic Order a valid claim to public consideration. To say nothing of its antiquity—for it is by far the oldest secret organisation in existence—nor of the humanitarian objects which it professedly seeks to accomplish, its universality alone clothes it with a peculiar interest that does not appertain to associations more circumscribed in their relations. Freemasonry boasts, as did the Emperor Charles of the extent of his Empire, that there is not a civilised country of the world, whether Christian or not, in which its Lodges are not to be found. The question of the origin of Freemasonry, as a mystical association, has for more than a century and a half attracted the attention of many scholars of England, Germany, France, and America; also a body of treatises and essays on the subject have been published, the extent of which would surprise any one not familiar with Masonic literature. At the present day, the historians of Freemasonry who are engaged in the discussion of this question may be divided into two schools, which may be appropriately distinguished as the Mystical and Authentic. The former of these is the older, for the latter has become prominent only within the last three or four decades. Masonic opinion is, however, very steadily, and indeed rapidly, moving in the direction of thought that has been adopted by this latter school. The mystical school of Masonic history was inaugurated about the beginning of the last century by James Anderson, D.D., and Theophilus Desaguliers, LL.D., who had been mainly instrumental in elaborating what has been called the revival of Masonry by the establishment, in 1717, of the Grand Lodge of England. Dr. Anderson was a man of acknowledged learning, the minister of a Scottish congregation in London, and a writer of some reputation. Dr. Desaguliers was recognised as a distinguished lecturer on experimental philosophy. But it is Anderson who is really to be considered as the founder of the school, since he first promulgated its theories in the 'Book of Constitutions,' which he published in 1723 by order of the Grand Lodge.

"Unfortunately for the interests of truth, Anderson was of a very imaginative turn of mind; and, instead of writing an authentic history of Freemasonry, he accepted and incorporated into his narrative all the myths and legends which he found in the manuscript records of the operative Masons.

"The Masonic writers of England who immediately succeeded Anderson more fully developed his theory of the establishment of the Order at the Temple of Jerusalem, the division of the Craft into Lodges, with degrees and officers, and in short an organisation precisely such as now exists. This scheme was accepted and continued to be acknowledged as the orthodox historical creed by the Fraternity during the whole of the last and the greater part of the present century. It was incorporated into the ritual, much

of which is founded on the assumption that Freemasonry is to be traced, for its primitive source, to the Temple of Jerusalem. The investigations of the more recent or authentic school have very nearly demolished this theory. All of this is now explained, not historically, but symbolically. And so important, and indeed essential, to speculative Masonry is the Temple of Solomon as a symbol, that to eradicate it from Masonic symbolism would be equivalent to destroying the identity of the Institution."

I cannot, however, agree with Bro. Mackey in terming Anderson a founder of the mystical—an appellation which far more properly belongs to Hutchinson, as succeeded by Oliver.

Anderson and Desaguliers were in no sense mystics. Anderson put into plain, readable English the legend of the Operative Guilds; and though he undoubtedly assumed the reality and truth of the Solomonian tradition, he did so in its literal import, and not in any mystical sense. I have very carefully studied Anderson, and I can find no trace of credulity or mysticism. He seems to have been a painstaking matter-of-fact Scotchman, who was told to do a certain thing, and he did it, and did it for the time well. He was bound down by certain stipulations, and restrained within certain limits which he could not overpass, and I apprehend that no Masonic writer could have done more or better than Anderson did, in compliance with the Order of Grand Lodge—namely, compose a modern and readable history of Freemasonry in 1723.

As regards the connection of the Temple of Solomon with Freemasonry, it is confessedly a "Crux," which cannot be got rid of by dogmatism or deprecation, by ridicule or sarcasm, by the "ipse dixit" of any one writer, be he who he may. Oliver, as it will be remembered, attributed the introduction of the legend and symbolism of the "Temple" to a work called "*Ναυμαγία*." It is, in fact, derived alone from the guild legends. But as I treat this subject later, I pass on. Mackey goes on to say:—

"The theory of the origin of Freemasonry now most generally accepted is that of the authentic school of Masonic history. The leaders of this school in England are Hughan and Woodford; in Scotland, Lyon; in the United States, Dr. Mackey and Fort; and in Germany, Findel. If a prodigality of credulity has been the weakness of the mystical school, their rivals may be charged with having sometimes exercised an excess of incredulity. They decline to accept any statement whose authenticity is not supported by some written or printed record, though they do not (as some have) go so far as to circumscribe the history of Freemasonry within the narrow limits of that period which commences with the revival, or the foundation of the Grand Lodge of England, in the beginning of the eighteenth century; but are much more sensible, and now, as a general rule, their theory of the origin of Masonry has been accepted by the more intelligent members of the Fraternity, while the fanciful and legendary speculations of the old writers are gradually giving place to the well-supported statements and the logical deductions of the authentic school."

It is not quite correct to say that what is called the authentic school has entirely given up the "Solomonian Legend." Some may do, but certainly not all; and I for one cannot see why it is at all necessary to do so.

The Temple of Jerusalem is, no doubt, not only a striking point in all the guild legends, but, as we know, is ever to the fore in Masonic ritualism. I for one do not know any very great difficulty either in the historical account or the matter of fact. On the contrary, it seems, as the Germans have a "standpunkt," we may well observe a standing "obelisk," even before the Temple of Truth, in the great Masonic desert of Time. It is quite clear that the Masonic legend of the Temple has nothing to do, as once erroneously thought, with the Templars or Hermeticism; it is such as it is, for good or for evil, purely Masonic, and must be accepted and treated, critically if you like, accordingly. To the tradition there is no *à priori* objection; it is indeed fully borne out by the significant silence of the Bible, on some of the main incidents familiar to us all as Master Masons, and I cannot concur with Bro. Mackey in thinking it at all a mark of the authentic school, that it absolutely discards all connection with the Temple. Indeed, I am quite sure Bro. Fort does not, and I more than doubt whether Bro. Hughan would do so. With this protest I pass on.

“By most of the leaders of this school the complex question of the origin of Freemasonry is being solved in the following way:—

“There existed in Rome, from the first days of the kingdom, and all through the times of the republic and of the empire until its final decay, certain guilds or corporations of workmen, which are well known in history as the Roman colleges of artificers. Numa, who is said to have founded these guilds, established only nine, but their number subsequently greatly increased. From the Roman writers who have treated of the form and organisation of these colleges, we learn enough to show us that there was a great analogy in their government to that of the modern Masonic Lodges, especially in their character as a great society, and in their initiations and esoteric instructions to which candidates for admission and the younger members were subjected. Of these guilds, the one to which Masons particularly refer is that which consisted of architects or builders. The authentic school of Masonry does not claim, as the mystical most probably would have done, that the Roman colleges of architects were Lodges of Freemasons. They simply contend that the facts of history exhibit proofs of a derivation of the Freemasonry of this day from these Roman guilds, although the course of the succession was affected by various important changes. But these changes have not been sufficient altogether to obliterate the evidence of the relationship. This relationship is thus indicated. From a very early period the Roman people were distinguished by an active spirit of colonisation. No sooner had their victorious legions subdued the semi-barbarous tribes of Spain, of Gaul, of Germany, and of Britain, than they began to establish colonies and to build cities. To every legion that went forth to conquer and to colonise was attached a guild or college of architects, whose numbers, taken from the great body at Rome, marched and encamped with the legion, and when a colony was founded, remained there to cultivate the seeds of Roman civilisation, to inculcate the principles of Roman art, and to erect temples of worship and houses for the accommodation of the inhabitants. In the course of time, the proud mistress of the world became extinct as a power of the earth, and the colonies which she had scattered over the Continent became independent kingdoms and principalities. The descendants of the Roman colleges of artificers established schools of architecture, and taught and practised the art of building among the newly-enfranchised people. A principal seat of this body of architects was at Como, a city of Lombardy, where a school was founded which acquired so much reputation that the masons and bricklayers of that city received the appellation of masters of Como, and architects of all nations flocked to the place to acquire the correct principles of their profession. From this school of Lombardian builders proceeded that society of architects who were known at that time by the appellation of Freemasons, and who from the tenth to the sixteenth century traversed the continent of Europe engaged almost exclusively in the construction of religious edifices, such as cathedrals, churches, and monasteries. The monastic orders formed an alliance with them, so that the convents frequently became their domiciles, and they instructed the monks in the secret principles of their art. The Popes took them under their protection, granted them charters of monopoly as ecclesiastical architects, and invested them with many important and exclusive privileges. Dissevering the ties which bound them to the monks, these Freemasons (so called to distinguish them from the rough masons, who were of an inferior grade and not members of the corporation) subsequently established the guilds of stonemasons, which existed until the end of the seventeenth century in Germany, France, England, and Scotland.

“These stonemasons, or, as they continued to call themselves, Freemasons, had one peculiarity in their organisation which is necessary to be considered if we would comprehend the relation that exists between them and the Freemasons of the present day. The society was necessarily an operative one, whose members were actually engaged in the manual labour of building, as well as in the more intellectual occupation of architectural designing. This, with the fact of their previous connection with the monks, who probably projected the plans which the Masons carried into execution, led to the admission among them of persons who were not operative Masons. These were high ecclesiastics, wealthy nobles, and men of science who were encouragers and patrons of

the art. These, not competent to engage in the labour of building, were supposed to confine themselves to philosophic speculations on the principles of the art, and to symbolising or spiritualising its labours and its implements. Hence there resulted a division of the membership of the brotherhood into two classes, the practical and theoretic, or, as they are more commonly called, the operative and speculative, or "*domatic*" and "*geomatic*." The operative Masons always held the ascendancy in numbers until the seventeenth century, but the speculative Masons exerted a greater influence by their higher culture, their wealth, and their social position.

"In time, there came a total and permanent disseverance of the two elements. At the beginning of the eighteenth century there were several Lodges in England, but for a long time there had been no meeting of a great assembly. In the year 1717, Freemasonry was revived, and the Grand Lodge of England established by four of the Lodges which then existed in London. This revival took place through the influence and by the exertions of non-operative or speculative Masons, and the Institution has ever since mainly preserved that character. Lodges were speedily established all over the world—in Europe, America, and Asia—by the Mother Grand Lodge at London, who, for that purpose, issued provincial deputations or patents of authority to introduce the Order into foreign countries. No important change has taken place in the organisation since that period. Now in every kingdom of Europe, with two exceptions, in every State of the American Union, in the Dominion of Canada and other British Provinces, and in each of the South American Republics, there is a Grand Lodge exercising sovereign Masonic power, while in some colonies which have not attained political independence Provincial Grand Lodges have been invested with slightly inferior prerogatives.

"Freemasonry of the present day is a philosophic or speculative science, derived from, and issuing out of, an operative art. It is a science of symbolism. One of the authoritative definitions of Freemasonry is, that it is 'a peculiar system of morality, veiled in allegory and illustrated by symbols.' But a more correct definition would be, that it is 'a system of morality developed and inculcated by the science of symbolism.'

"Its original descent from an association of builders has given to its symbolism a peculiar character. All the labours of operative or stone Masonry, its implements and its technical language, have been seized by the speculative Freemasons and appropriated by them as symbols, each of which teaches some important moral or religious truth. The cathedrals which their predecessors erected, some of which still remain as proud monuments of their surpassing skill in architecture, have been replaced as symbols, for esoteric reasons, by the Temple of Solomon, which has become, with one exception, the most important and significant of the symbols of the Order.

"As all these symbols are applied to religious purposes, and receive a religious interpretation, we must conclude that Freemasonry is a religious institution. It is not a religion. It makes no such claim. It does not profess to offer the renovating efficacy and the spiritual consolation which make religion so necessary an element in the healthful life of man. But it does inculcate some religious truths, without any attempt to define theological dogmas. It demands of its initiates a trusting belief in God, and in the immortality of the soul, and its ceremonies and its symbols impress these truths with all the moral consequences that a belief in them implies. It recognises all religious truth, and tolerates, but does not accept, sectarian dogmas. It repudiates nothing but atheism. Around its altar, consecrated to T. G. A. O. T. U., men of all creeds may kneel in one common worship, each holding in his heart with all tenacity his own peculiar faith, the brotherhood around neither approving nor condemning by word or look. Incidental to its organisation as an association of men engaged in the same pursuit, we have other characteristics common to it with all similar human associations, but which it possesses and practises with greater perfection because of its universality and its numerical extension.

"Such is its social character. In the Lodge, all artificial distinctions of rank, and wealth, and power are, for the time suspended, and Masons meet together on the great

level of equality. The prince and the peasant, the bishop and the layman, sit together, and join hand in hand in the same symbolic labour. It is but the other day that the heir-apparent of the British Crown was seen kneeling at the feet of one of his subjects and giving to him his oath of Masonic allegiance and fealty.

"So, too, it is eminently a benevolent institution. There is no other institution that has built and endowed more asylums for the aged and decayed, or hospitals for the sick, or houses for orphans, or done more to clothe the naked, to feed the hungry, or relieve the poor, and in granting eleemosynary aid to the distressed Brother or his destitute widow. It hallows and sanctifies the gift by the silence and secrecy with which it is bestowed. Such is Freemasonry—venerable in its age, beneficent in its design, and practical in its charity."

I have not thought it necessary to interrupt the course of my Bro. Mackey's eloquence, or to lessen the force of his animated words, by any "notes or comments" of my own.

In all that he says in this latter portion of his Essay I entirely go with him. Dubious still as is the history of Freemasonry, on many heads, and complex as are the difficulties attendant on any satisfactory theory of Masonic history, I think the following "points" are well worthy the attention of all Masonic students and writers, and, above all, the historians of the future.

The whole difficulty is summed in this: What is the revival of 1717?

Is it the resuscitation of a previously existing fraternity? or is it the happy adaptation by some ingenious and benevolent individual, wishing to utilize the decayed guild life of an operative Order, for purposes of sociality and benevolence, and universal Brotherhood?

Masonic writers seem to be converging more and more definitely into three great schools: those who see in the revival of 1717 the incorporation of decaying Operative Sodalities; those who behold in it the development of an Hermetic Association; those who find in it nothing but a skilful adaptation to social and benevolent purposes of the skeleton or framework of a defunct organisation; and much may be said for all these schools, and views, and theories. To my mind the evidence is irrefragable which links on our Freemasonry to later and mediæval guilds, to Saxon and Roman Guilds, to Jewish and Tyrian Masons. But it may not be so to others; and as unfortunately the evidence in England, so far, is most scanty, and the period of "intersection" and "crossing," so to say, of the Operative Guilds and the Speculative Grand Lodge is not yet by any means clearly ascertained, there is still room for argument, for doubt, and for disquisition. So far our English evidence amounts to this,—that in 1646, 1682, 1686, 1696, a society existed called "The Worshipful Society of Freemasons," which was not identical either with the *Masons' Company of London*, or with any other known body. If this society is the same as ours substantially to-day, the connection with the Operative Guilds is made, I venture to think, absolutely incontestable on any ground of historical evidence or critical enquiry.

If it be not, then are we no doubt still left, like sailors in an open boat on the great ocean, struggling with the waves of doubt and debate. And here I leave the matter *pro tem.*, hoping that what I have said may arouse friendly discussion, and lead to accurate disquisition on a subject which is interesting and important *per se*, and deserves alike, I believe, the serious attention of the Masonic student, the historian, the critic, and the archaeologist.

1878 AND 1879.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

OH, POSTUMUS! another year
 Has left you and me to-day,
 And mid its closing hours so drear
 '78 has passed away;
 The sisters three with solemn fate
 Have broken another twine:
 So here's good-bye to seventy-eight,
 And good-day to seventy-nine!

How very sad it often seems,
 As year follows upon year,
 To find glad hopes and golden dreams
 Each in turn disappear.
 Alas! alas! mid love and hate,
 As we quarrel or combine,
 We say farewell to our seventy-eight,
 We greet our seventy-nine!

Another year! perhaps the last
 That you and I may see,—
 How all its many hours have passed
 In stern rapidity;
 We have seen, my friend, the small and great,
 And dear ones of yours and mine
 Leave us in tears in seventy-eight,—
 Shall we be missing in seventy-nine?

If idle seems this life of man,
 And all beyond control,
 As vanished every joy and plan
 To which we gave our inmost soul;
 Yet idler is it to calculate
 Each lost hope and design
 Which marked our lot in seventy-eight,—
 We can't recall them in seventy-nine!

No, do what we will, a stern behest,
 Beyond our power to change,
 Attends the things we love the best,
 However dark or strange;
 And one law rules o'er our mortal state
 (In Providence benign)
 Which made us mourn in seventy-eight,
 And will do so again in seventy-nine.

Let us, then, taught by a sacred lore,
 And by memories sublime,
 As we stand weary on the shore
 Of all departing time,
 Accept whatever love or hate
 Has brought to yours or mine,
 And let us kindly look on seventy-eight,
 As kindly on seventy-nine!

What will come by God's grace to us and ours
 Neither of us can say;
 What may chance in all these coming hours
 Let us not ask to-day.
 But as Masons, I say, my trusty mate,
 Let us in unity combine,
 As we trusted on God in seventy-eight,
 To do so in seventy-nine.

F.

THE WALL OF THE NEW JERUSALEM.

REV. XXI.

A CITY glorious! and the wall was founded
 Of stones most precious that the mines afford:
 The gates were each a pearl, the streets all golden,
 And in it shone the Glory of the Lord.
 And these that wall's foundations: first the Jasper,
 In its bright crimson spoke the shame and strife;
 Next came the Sapphire, and as if to promise
 Through its blue ray, a happier, nobler life.
 Leading us on to higher, purer feelings,
 The milk-white Chalcedony takes its place.
 Fourthly, the Emerald flashes out its story,
 Speaking of hopes eternal, and free grace.
 As if to blend the tenderness and anguish,
 The veined Sardonyx was the chosen jewel,
 Shewing in all its varied hues so radiant,
 The promised pardon—for the sin so cruel.
 Then came the blood-red Sardius, fraught with meaning,
 Pointing to Blood which cleanses, wounds which save,
 Crowning the one grand human work, and seeming
 The *Keystone* of the life beyond the grave;
 That life to be attained, that life triumphant!
 In gayer gems this wall as emblems hold,
 The yellow Chrysolite, so bright and mellow,
 The sea-green Beryl, tipped with blue and gold.
 And too the Topaz, rich with sun-filled beauty,
 And Chrysoprasus, with its thrilling sheen,
 One, telling us of joy which knows no ending,

And one of rest, in it's transparent green.
 Lastly the Jacinth, mingling with the violet
 Of the rich Amethyst, so deep of hue,
 Reminding us that all these joys are ours,
 And ours this City, if our lives are true—
 True to the *light* that reason always gives us,
 True to the *faith* in which our fathers died,
 True to ourselves, and therefore true to others,
 If that we make the God of truth our guide.
 Like stepping-stones, this holy wall's foundations
 Lead us o'er moor and fen, o'er mire and clay,
 Until we reach the wall of that great city,
 Pass through the Gate of Pearl, to endless day.

ETOILE.

 B E A T R I C E .

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

CHAPTER V.

BY this time it was clear to us all that something very serious was impending over our cheerful little coterie, and that poor Beatrice would be, *volens volens*, one of the chief *dramatis personae*, which we all thought was rather "hard lines" for her, as that most amiable and agreeable of young women certainly did not deserve it, as she was perfectly contented with her lot, quite disposed to take things easily, and to "let well alone," and wait, in patience and hope, for the "coming man," and a possible special "young man" of her own. But many are the vagaries, and serious the "twists" of the god of love. What transformations he effects in society, what dilemmas he places households in, how he upsets families, worries parents and guardians, and renders supposititious lovers desperate, is almost too trite a story to renew here to-day! For much of the mischief on the earth is that blind and wayward little "Æon" responsible, and though the world would be very stupid, and no doubt a very unhappy world without love, yet it would be a much quieter world without it, and so I am glad to think that Mrs. Balasso, who has "great experience in such things" (her husband says), quite agrees with my humble reflection! I often think that, despite much we all may say in favour of early marriages, especially when marriages of sincere affection between two reasonable mortals, that it is a great mistake to "tie up" our young people too soon. In the first place, we break up a happy family circle, which will, perhaps, not often get together again. In the next place, we take away the happiness of parents in the company and development of their children—as I do not, for one, believe in that parental affection which is not revived and renewed on the happiness and presence of young people—big boys and big girls. And lastly, it makes young people themselves prematurely "earthly of this earth," hard, calculating, and self-asserting.

We meet with male chickens, and female chickens, some like little bantams of both sexes, day by day, who startle you with profound marital platitudes, and din into your ears the charms of "Egbert" and "Margerie," and tell you with the gravest and yet most scientific air in the world, that "baby" is a "wonderful child," and that "my

third little girl has had the chicken pox—a very serious case indeed, but my dear Dr. Bolus says she will pull through."

Oh, talk of the British nursery—how much better would it be if they were all relegated to their own proper abiding home by day and by night! But as there are two sides to almost every question, there are two sides certainly to this, and I don't affect to lay down the law, not being even a "Monthly Nurse," and knowing nothing of the subject *en grand*, or *en petit*, except by "observation," perhaps, happily, at a long and a safe distance!

At Cayley, however, things took a different turn, and there came upon us what is called at the German Baths a "crise," to be followed if by slight "feverish symptoms," yet by after tranquillity, and a successful "Kur." Those of us who have ever loitered *unter den Linden* at pleasant Kissingen, or been at Marienbad, or Schwalbach, or Homburg, or Wiesbaden, or countless other resorts of health and treatment, will endorse all that I can say in this respect. Young men are said to be "great geese" when in love, and a lover's follies as well as a lover's rhapsodies have received the commemoration of poets, and encountered the scorn of satirists, in all ages more or less.

But if you want true folly and weakness combined, commend me to an "old boy" in love!

He forgets in the first place his own age and, above all, the age of her whom he has persuaded himself will do very well as Mrs. Pidginton. He may be a confirmed bachelor, or a sentimental widower, but it matters nothing. He is in love, and he makes a great "anser" of himself accordingly. He cannot understand that "puss" means anything, or that a young girl, budding and blossoming into pleasant womanhood, may reasonably look for congenial age, tastes, habits, and amusement.

On the contrary, he rather leans to the idea that she was made solely for him, and therefore he sets to work at once to keep at a distance all younger rivals, by the assiduity of his attentions, and, if he has a liberal mind, (which some have not,) by the profuseness of his presents. He deprecates all companions who keep up what he likes to term the "giddy and unreflecting frivolity of youth," forgetting—dyspeptic and bewigged Diogenes as he is—that "youth is youth," that "age is age," and that January and May never have truly consorted, except in very few instances indeed, and which we may count upon our fingers, as well in the history of the world as in our more limited domestic and personal experience. They are, we submit, exceptions to the general law of life and of domestic happiness, and the true onward progress of society.

No doubt if wealth or position alone could make people happy here, if three per cent. consols were everything, if plate was not a "sine qua non," if a magnificent trousseau was really the height of feminine happiness, and the existence of daily life amid the ease and luxury and heat of wealth all we need look to, a good deal might fairly be said for any such proposition as made a wealthy marriage, independently of age, or taste, or sympathy, all that we could wish for now. But, as we know, such is not, never has been, never will be the case.

All these things at the best are but transitory, uncertain, vain shadows; which fall on our horizon of life for a little, often only to pass away. Gleams, if you like, of golden-tinted brightness, which are often exchanged for "clouds and thick darkness." If it be true that "impecunious love" is a great mistake in itself (as no doubt it is), and a nuisance to your friends (which we all know it to be), on the other hand, what can we say of good or as commendable of that love whose highest emotion is "squared" by a large income, a good jointure, diamonds and an opera box, a seat in the country, and a fashionable house in London? Amid all these outer and perishing things, there is a *little voice* and a little visitor who will be heard, a visitor somewhat unruly in his habits and somewhat difficult to control! And that visitor is, as a great statesman has written it in a German love tale of old, "The Heart." Yes, that mysterious organization, physical formation, physiological abstraction, functional reality, call it what you will, will be considered, will not be overlooked in all these complex arrangements, will assert itself, will be heard, and if stifled or silenced now, will speak hereafter with ten-fold power, and with intenser meaning.

J. A. Sterry says practically the same in his well-known "Boudoir Ballads," in the words which follow, which seem most appropriate to our train of thought just now, and over which reflection may well shortly linger:—

"They tell me you're happy, and yet on reflection,
I find they talk more of your wealth than of you;
And if you have moments of thought and dejection,
It may be those moments are known to but few.
You've rubies and pearls and a brilliant tiara,
You breakfast off sevres of the real "bleu du Roi;"
'Tis better, no doubt, than a heart mia cara,
And a poor posey-ring with its "Pensez à Moi."

At times when mid riches and splendour you languish,
To still your poor conscience you fruitlessly try,
As tears are fast falling in bitterest anguish,
You'll own there is something that money can't buy.
Yes, love, there are mem'ries which gold cannot stifle,
The ghost of a dead love that will not be laid,
And while in the bright world of pleasure you trifle,
Do *you* never meet the sad eyes of a shade?"

Mr. Miller, who has given rise to this "iligant" little dissertation on the heart, "a very quare and troublesome cousarn," as Paddy says, thought he had got a heart (he might have), and as he had taken it into his head that Beatrice liked him, he determined to offer it to her, as her own, and only hers. The steps he took, and the follies he committed in carrying out this hard undertaking we shall see in our next chapter.

(To be continued.)

ART-JOTTINGS IN ART-STUDIOS.

BY BRO. REV. W. TEBBS.

MURAL DECORATION—"Fresco."—II.

HAVING described the process of "fresco"-painting, we may now turn our attention to the controversy as to its being the best possible method of decorating wall-surfaces.

Let us, then, repeat, in the briefest possible manner, what "fresco" is. It is a mode of painting "in the flat," capable of great breadth of colouring and scope of design, as well as, under ordinary circumstances, rapidity of execution.

The exact nature of the process is a laying on colour in such a way that the vehicle employed evaporates together with the moisture of the fresh plaster-ground, leaving the colour incorporated with the ground-surface; whilst, at the same time, a kind of crystallization takes place above the face of the colouring, giving it a permanent protection.

The votaries, then, of "fresco" claim for it pre-eminence above all other methods for the following reasons:—

1. It has the property of clearness and of exhibiting all the colours employed in a state of absolute brightness and purity. It is free from the surface-dryness or dulness of work executed in tempera, and from the glossiness and reflected lights of oil-painting. For these reasons a "fresco" appears to as great advantage from one point of view as

another, and this, especially when the painting is intended as a wall-decoration—for a church or assembly-room, for instance—is a point not to be lightly passed over.

2. Another property, and that a valuable—we should rather say an invaluable—one, is its durability. In proof of this we may adduce the repeated instances of “frescoes” painted, not only on the arcades or the cloisters of churches, which are open to the air on one side at least, but also of those executed even on the fronts of houses, in the open air, where they are naturally entirely exposed to the influences of sun and wet, and indeed every vicissitude of atmospheric agency.

3. A quality, the beauty of which it may perhaps require an artistic instinct to estimate at its proper value, the skill and dexterity—“dash” would be a good term to describe what we mean—requisite for the execution of this art; no retouching being admissible, nor any of those appliances available, such as glazing over painting, which can be made use of in oil-painting. All these circumstances compel the “fresco” painter to confine his energy particularly to the subject and design rather than to such mechanical qualities as are so eagerly sought by the artist who works in oil.

The advocates of the superiority of “fresco” over all other methods of mural-decoration point to the exhibition of these qualities in the paintings of Michael Angelo in the Sistine Chapel, of Raphael in the stanze of the Vatican, and of Corregio in the cupola of the Cathedral of Parma.

But, when all this has been admitted, there is still something to be said on the other side; for instance:—

1. That, though a certain degree of clearness, purity, and brightness is the prevailing feature of “fresco,” it is nevertheless deficient in depth and richness of colouring.

2. That, although the absence of the glossiness of oil in “fresco” work is an undoubted advantage where a mural painting of large size is employed as an architectural decoration, this difficulty can to a great extent be obviated. Witness Delaroché’s great picture of the Hemicycle in the Beaux Arts in Paris, which, although painted in oil, is so free from the ordinary surface gloss above alluded to that it is often mistaken for a “fresco.”

3. That, whilst in *pure* “fresco,” where there has been no “retouching,” there is no doubt that the colours are but little, if at all, liable to change; yet that, in ordinary practice, the surface is so fragile that it is easily broken or scratched, and that should such accidents occur, there is no possible way of covering the flaws save by “retouching” with “tempera” colours; and that, if this be extensively done, the entire nature of the work is altered, and it becomes simply a picture in “size” colours.

The opponents of “fresco” urge in support of these views, the “Madonna de Foligno,” “Madonna di San Sisto,” “Sposalozia,” and other celebrated “easel-pictures” of Raphael, which are in much better preservation than his “frescoes” in the stanze of the Vatican.

4. Further, the properties of difficulty in execution and limited range of colouring, and of technical appliances, the opponents urge, are entirely of a negative kind. We do not close our eyes to the fact that some painters have maintained that grand composition and good colouring are qualities that will not go hand in hand; but, on the other hand, in disproof we point emphatically to such works as the “Entombment” of Titian, in the Louvre, and the works of Peter Martyr, at Venice.

We have already spoken of the difference of opinion amongst competent authorities as to whether the great works of the ancients were or were not truly “frescoes.” This may, as we have seen, be doubtful as to some original designs, but our own opinion certainly inclines to the idea that “fresco”-painting was, at least in certain cases, actually employed.

On the whole, we think, the conclusion may be fairly drawn—an opinion that has been for a long time pretty generally adopted—that where painting is to be combined with architecture, “fresco” is the style that most readily assimilates itself to it. And yet, on the other hand, we cannot deny that the soundness of many of the views formerly held as to the superior advantages of “fresco”-painting are successfully

combated, or at any rate materially weakened, by the fact of Delaroché having executed in oil in the Beaux Arts a work pre-eminently, from its size and other characteristics, adapted for "fresco"; to say nothing of the method of wall-decoration in "stereochromic" painting adopted by our British artists of the present day.

And now a few words as to two varieties of the art, one of which is as far inferior to pure "fresco" as the other is said to exceed it in advantages.

Firstly, "Fresco Secco," which is in extensive use in Italy in ordinary house-decoration, is merely a spurious kind of "fresco."

By this method the colours, mixed with water and laid on the wall-surface after it is dry, adhere in some degree by absorption of the vehicle by the plaster. In this mode of treatment the crystalline surface of the plaster, which should have proved the protection of the colour by after formation, having already been produced, has to be removed by the application of pumice. The result is an appearance of dry coarseness—in short "rotteness," which is fatal to the beauty of the pictures.

Secondly, "STEREOCHROMIC PAINTING (*στερεος firm*, and *χρώμα colour*), or "water-glass," known also as Fuchs' "soluble glass"—an invention of the late Dr. J. R. Fuchs, which, being passed over the surface of "fresco secco," imparts great brilliancy, and, fixing the colours, gives them great durability.

By "water-glass" is ordinarily meant the soluble silicates of potash or soda, or of a mixture of the two. It is usually prepared by boiling silica with caustic alkali, under a pressure of 60lbs. to the square inch, in a digester. When pure and solid it has the appearance of common glass. It is slowly soluble in boiling water. A solution mixed with sand, etc., is used to form artificial stone. It is also spread on the surface of stone to preserve it from decay, which it effects by sinking in and cementing the particles together, thus preventing atmospheric disintegration. It also enters into the composition of certain cements.

Fuchs' form of it is a peculiar silicate prepared by melting together eight parts of carbonate of soda, or ten parts of carbonate of potash, with fifteen parts of pure quartz sand and one part of charcoal; which last is added to facilitate the decomposition of the alkaline carbonate. A black glass is thus obtained, which is insoluble in cold, but dissolvable in six times its weight of boiling water.

Professor Kuhlmann, of Lille, published in 1857 a method of producing the same or a similar composition for protecting stone; and Mr. Ransome, of Ipswich, has employed these compositions not only as a cement for consolidating silicious sand into a hard and durable artificial sandstone, which is capable of being moulded into various forms before being "fired," but also as a vitreous varnish, in which latter case, applying a coating of a solution of chloride of calcium, he forms a silicate of lime which is absolutely weather-proof. Wood, too, thus prepared, will resist almost indefinitely the action of fire.

This latter use is one of the two made by Fuchs, but the other, and the one with which we are now more immediately concerned, is its employment as a varnish, or "fixing," for "fresco" colours—in short, its employment in "stereochromy."

This form of "fresco"-painting is much used by Kaulbach and other German artists in Berlin; and the late Prince Consort was so much impressed with the bearing that the discovery would have upon mural-decoration that he translated and printed for private circulation a German pamphlet describing "the manufacture, properties, and application of water-glass (soluble alkaline silicate), including a process of stereochromic painting."

Mr. Maclise, R.A., made use of this invention in the execution of his great picture in the Palace of Westminster of "The Meeting of Wellington and Blücher at Waterloo."

Whether this style is really as durable as it is effective, and whether the modern process will stand the ravages of time as well as those "frescoes" of antiquity that have been spared to us time itself alone can show.

GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE.

IN order to assist our reading and student brethren in the laudable study of church architecture, a very healthy and interesting pursuit in itself, and one which links us as speculative Masons to our operative brethren, we have thought it well to reprint a translation of Dr. George Moller's celebrated little essay, which, not much known in England, has great merit, and is well worth careful perusal.

CHAPTER I.

ON THE AGE OF THE BUILDINGS, OF THE MIDDLE AGE, THEIR DIFFERENT STYLES OF ARCHITECTURE, AND THEIR MERITS.

To fix the age of ancient buildings is the first indispensable requisite in the history of architecture, since it is the only way of obtaining a correct view of its progress. But the great number of contradictory hypotheses which have been hitherto advanced on the origin and improvement of ancient architecture in general, and on the churches of the Middle Age in particular, are evident proofs that to ascertain the age of an ancient edifice is usually attended with considerable difficulties.

On a perusal of the accounts of the erection of ancient buildings, we frequently discover that the assigned period of their foundation does not agree with the style of their architecture, which is either of an earlier or more recent period. In all the descriptions of the Strasburgh minster, for instance, it is stated that the nave of this church was built by Bishop Werner, in the year 1015, and finished in thirteen years.* On this evidence, the identity of the nave supposed to have been built by Bishop Werner with the existing nave of the cathedral of Strasburgh has been assumed as unquestionable, though the style of its architecture clearly belongs to the thirteenth century. And this fully corresponds with a statement of *Schade*, which has, I suspect, been hitherto overlooked. He says: "The church, which is now called the minster, was finished only in the year 1275" (page 13); and when he speaks (page 15) of the great fire of the minster in the year 1298, he says: "The fire consumed all the wood-work of the minster, particularly the covering (the roof), which at that time was not vaulted. The heat was so great that much of the stone-work was cracked. It therefore became necessary to build anew, and to repair at a great expense the parts which were damaged by the conflagration, and the whole was made much more beautiful than it had formerly been. It was at this time that the upper windows with their ornaments were executed." Similar errors are so frequent, and repeatedly made, that a few observations on the principles to be adopted in such inquiries will not be deemed unimportant.

There are two species of proof of the historical truth of statements concerning the history of any art; one *direct*, from documents—the other *indirect*, from arguments. Whenever the authors of the former were contemporary, when they were notoriously in a situation to know the truth,—and it cannot be presumed that they made their statements on light grounds, or that in a given case they could have a particular bias to deviate from truth,—the evidence of such contemporary, well-informed, and impartial historians has very great weight. Among the documents of this kind, inscriptions hold the first rank, although they are frequently of much later date than the events which they record: many tombs on which inscriptions or epitaphs are found have been erected a long time, and frequently some centuries after the death of the individuals whose

* See *Schaden's Beschreibung des Münsters zu Strasburg*, i.e. Description of the Strasburgh Minster by *Schade*, 1687, 4to. page 11; and *Granddidier's Essay sur la Cathédrale de Strasbourg*, pages 16, 18.

memory they were intended to perpetuate; as is the case, for instance, with the tomb of King Dagobert of France,* and with the monument erected by the Emperor Charles IV.† at Engern, in Westphalia, to the memory of *Wittekind*, Duke of Saxony. The examination of the sources whence we derive our information, therefore, requires particular caution.

Later writers, who advance assertions, upon the authority of others, are worthy of belief only so far as they were able to draw from the right sources, and were endowed with a correct judgment and capable of sound criticism. Certain it is, however, that the historians of the middle age, who were wont to take upon trust, and publish with boldness the most ridiculous legendary tales as undoubted facts, are by no means calculated to inspire us with much confidence. I know, from my own experience, that those which unfortunately are often the only statements extant, have no greater value than popular traditions. But even when a statement has been found altogether worthy of belief, another difficulty arises, from the circumstance of most of the ancient buildings having undergone a great many alterations, and consisting of parts whose different periods and styles of architecture are manifest; nay, frequently not a vestige of the original building remains. A document concerning the erection of an edifice may therefore be perfectly genuine, and yet the uncertainty whether the work to which the document refers be really the identical building or another, and whether the statement relates to the whole edifice, or only to some of its parts, is not removed. In such a case, nothing but the strictest inquiry of scholars as well as artists of sound judgment, capable of judging how far the statements are worthy of belief, can guard us against errors; and the historian is entitled to our thanks, who, instead of copying unauthenticated matter, directs our attention to the uncertainty in which the objects of his research are enveloped.

In order to judge correctly of the internal credibility of statements concerning the history of architecture, the buildings to which they refer must not be considered singly, but in connexion with earlier, contemporary, and later works. But above all, the history of the art is never to be separated from the history of the nation, whose fate it shares alike in its progress and in its decay. Architecture, whose application, more than that of any other art, depends on outward contingencies, develops itself but slowly and gradually. The creations of the greatest genius are constantly modified by the influence of the time to which he belongs, so that the best and most perfect work can only be considered as the result of the progressive improvement of several generations; and an accurate comparison of a series of architectural works, combined with a diligent study of history, points out the only safe road on which the development of the different styles of architecture is to be pursued. After the principal periods of the improvement of the art have thus been carefully and critically fixed, a proper place is more easily assigned to some special, though anomalous works.

With regard to the names of the several styles of architecture which appeared in Europe after the decay of Roman architecture, and continued till the sixteenth century, when they were superseded by the modern Græco-Roman art, they were all for a long time comprised under the general name of Gothic architecture. This epithet was afterwards applied to the pointed arch style, which predominated in the thirteenth century. At present it is well known that the appellation of Gothic architecture is not a suitable one: but as those of Byzantine, Saxon, and German architecture, by which it has been attempted to supersede it, are neither generally received, nor sufficiently distinct, I shall content myself with designating the different styles of architecture by the century and the country in which they flourished. In respect, however, of the question, to whom the merit of the invention and of the improvement of the art is to be ascribed, the following more architectural than historical observations may perhaps be of some importance in the inquiry.

* See *Parallèle d'Architecture*, par *Durand*.

† See *Florillo's Geschichte der zeichnenden Künste in Deutschland*; *i.e.*, *History of the Descriptive Arts in Germany*, first part, page 135.

The forms of buildings are far from being arbitrary and accidental in their origin. The climate, the building materials, and the character of the nation exercise a very essential influence on them, and cause those diversified appearances which vary as much as the physiognomy of countries and the situation of nations. Whatever is produced by these causes is singular in its kind, and in harmony with itself. Every species of architecture, on the contrary, which, owing its origin to foreign nations, to a different climate and different circumstances, is transferred to other people and other countries, retains the character of unsuitableness and unconnectedness, until some artist of eminent talents successfully appropriates it to his own use, and forms out of it a new, national, and consistent style of building. If this be admitted, that nation undoubtedly has the merit of a particular style of architecture, whose edifices

1. *Correspond with the climate, with the style of construction adapted to the materials, and with the sentiments and manners of the nation and of the times; and*

2. *Constitute in their principal forms, and in their several parts and ornaments, a whole in harmony with itself, which excludes or rejects everything foreign and unsuitable.*

These principles, which, without a view to any particular school, may be applied alike in forming a judgment of the works of all ages and all nations; they are a sure guard against any partial over or under-rating, and will hereafter serve to regulate our examination of the several hypotheses concerning the architecture of the middle age.

(To be continued.)

ANOTHER ROMAN CATHOLIC ATTACK ON FREEMASONRY.

THE Romanists will not leave us alone, and each succeeding attack is marked by increased bitterness, vileness, mendacity and vulgarity.

A Roman Catholic priest, a Jesuit, we understand, has issued a most ridiculous book in Dublin, and some of the "gobemouches" of the press, and they are many, have eagerly and greedily transferred portions of it to their pages.

Extracts from the work in question have appeared in the *Liverpool Daily Post*, the *Southport Visitor*, and the *Bradford Observer*; and we think it well to transfer a portion of this unseemly rubbish to our pages, as information for our brethren, premising that we need never expect to look for consistency, much less truth, from our rabid ultramontane assailant, to whom Freemasonry is like a bit of "red rag."

Listen to the words of a non-Mason, how accurate and truthful they are!—

"I am not a Freemason, neither do I intend ever becoming one, no matter how the brethren may press me to join the body. Not that I have any particular reason for objecting to being made a Mason. Some of my most intimate friends are Masons, and notwithstanding what follows in this column, I am not aware of having suffered any way in consequence. Freemasonry I have in the past looked upon as being the means to a good deal of social enjoyment; and if nine-tenths of the brethren spoke their minds they would admit that that is nearly all they obtain from being a Mason and a brother. At all events, their wives would say so, and the female view of the question is to my mind not very far off the square. For those who delight in a festive life Masonry should afford them the most pleasure; but in the case of studiously-inclined people like myself, life is too short for such indulgences. There are others who take a widely different view of the craft to that which I do, and who look upon it as a social plague—a system which aims at uprooting all the forms of Government which exist in this or any other country on the face of the globe. Such a one is the author of a book which has been placed in my hands, and which professes to be an exposure of the whole of the secrets, aims, and designs of the craft. These secrets, I admit, have ever excited the

curiosity not only of the Mrs. Caudles, but, it must be confessed, of nearly everybody outside the order at one time or another; and the only way in which it has heretofore been able properly to gratify that curiosity has been for those who were curious to be admitted into the brotherhood, which Masonic writers claim to have had a being 'ever since symmetry began, and harmony displayed her charms.' This is rather an indefinite period from which to date its origin, and Solomon's Temple is considered by the craft, I believe, to be a landmark more easily appreciated and more tangible to swear by. Of the great antiquity of the order there is, however, no room for doubt; and its introduction into Britain, we are told, took place as far back as the year 674. That an institution which has existed so long, and whose members are to be found in almost every country under the sun, should have preserved its secrets inviolate, can scarcely be credited, yet Freemasons assert that it is so. The book, however, to which I have referred professes to disclose the whole ceremonial of the order, with all the pass-words, grips, etc., connected therewith, and which, if correct in its description, is likely to bring the craft into no little disrepute. The book has to a non-Mason an air of truth about it; the author writes with strong feelings on the subject, and terrible as some of the oaths are which he, as a Mason, must have subscribed to, he seems to have no scruple in breaking them, and proclaiming to the world at large what the secrets of the order are. The author is a citizen of the city of Dublin, where the work has recently been published, and his deep-rooted hatred of the system will, no doubt, be attributed by some of my Masonic readers to the fact that he is a Roman Catholic by religion. In his introduction to the book, our author, speaking of the close brotherhood which, he asserts, exists between English Freemasonry and that of the Continent, says: 'Let England speak for England; but certain is it that the public and private feeling of high-principled and religious Ireland recoils in horror from the blood-stained, plundering, unprincipled, and blasphemous Freemasonry of the Continent. Owing to the strength and pressure of the Christian-loving element in these countries, British and Irish Freemasons are constantly compelled, in words at least, to disclaim all connection or identity with the craft of the Continent.' But notwithstanding these disclaimers, he maintains that they are in truth all one body, and are animated by one and the same spirit. Not only does he say there is great political danger from the workings of such a vast body, but there is shown to be great social danger, which he exemplifies in the uniform conduct of Freemasons in all classes and situations. 'On corporations and poor-law mendicity boards, grand juries, railway and bank companies, and public offices, he (the reader) will find that system equally uniform, in army, constabulary, law courts, elections, etc.,—everywhere justice forgotten and merit overlooked for Masonic fraternal love; and I think he will agree with me that the Freemason is a public and a private enemy of God and man.' The solution of all this, he thinks, is to be found in the clause repeated in each Masonic oath, 'I swear that I will never wrong a brother Mason of a penny, nor suffer him to be wronged. I will give him timely notice of all danger that threatens him. I will not speak any evil nor suffer it to be spoken of a brother Mason behind his back.' And again, 'I will espouse his cause so far as to extricate him from the same, whether he be right or wrong.'

We omit a great deal of senseless matter, but what follows will make Masons laugh:—

"The Past Master's degree is enacted amidst intentional riotous confusion, the object of this confusion being to convey to the candidate the important lesson never to solicit or accept any office or station to fill which he does not know himself to be amply qualified. To be made a Mark Master the candidate goes through a less trying ordeal, but there seems to be associated with it no little irreverent use of the sacred word, which is brought more and more into requisition as the higher degrees are reached, as, for instance, in the conferring of the Most Excellent Master's degree, when the 24th Psalm is read by the Master of the Lodge, the brethren lifting their heads in response to the words, 'Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and the King of glory shall come in.' After some more psalm chanting, the pass-word is given to the candidate; a 'sleight of hand' process, I am told, supplies the lodge 'with the fire that came down from heaven,' which fortu-

nately is not made to burn up such a blasphemous band of brethren as they must be, if my author tells the truth, as they perform the profane ceremonial, in which the Ark of the Covenant is introduced; and the lodge is afterwards closed. The next in order is the Royal Arch Mason's degree, and the conferring of it appears to involve still more profane ceremonial, in the course of which the Tabernacle, Moses and the burning bush, the siege of Jerusalem, the Ark of the Covenant, the hidden manna, and Aaron's rod are in turn introduced—a piece of loaf sugar, our author says, doing service for the manna. The other degree to which I would briefly make special reference is the Knight Templars, and as this involves the indulgence in no less than five libations of wine, presumably that degree is beyond the ken of teetotallers. The last of the libations is drunk from a human skull; and should the candidate hesitate to drink of the hideous cup, he eventually drains it off under the pointed compulsion of the swords of the Sir Knights, repeating after the eminent commander the words, 'This pure wine I take from this cup in testimony of my belief in the immortality of the soul and the mortality of the body, and as the sins of the whole world were laid upon the head of our Saviour, so may the sins of the person whose skull this once was be heaped upon my head in addition to my own, and may they appear in judgment against me both here and hereafter, should I violate or transgress any obligation in Masonry.'

The kindly reviewer of this most veracious work thus concludes:—

"It is only fair to the order that I should repeat that the author of the book boils over in his hatred of the body, of which he must once have been a member; but may not, after all, there be some grain of truth in the following sentences, with which I conclude my quotations from a work I have read with some interest and no little surprise and wonderment: 'Men enter this society in order to advance themselves, and to secure the objects of their worldly interest or ambition. Bound together by mutual oaths, they form a body of closest organisation, and out-manceuvre, outgeneral, and outbid every unmasonic candidate, no matter how fair his claim. They mix in the most friendly manner with all the members of their profession, business, station, etc. Yet by their secret organisation they do them every injustice. Mason helps Mason, and merit, friendship, and public welfare must be ever sacrificed to Masonry.'"

This is the old American lie re-issued in the English market, and we can only express our regret that respectable papers should reprint such "garbage," and so trade on the credulity of their readers.

AN AMUSING CORRESPONDENCE.

AS the following letters refer to a "vexata quæstio," we think it well to reproduce them in the Magazine, the more so as our American contemporary, from whom we cull them, remarks—and with whom we agree—that they are well worth reading by all.

19, Albert Gate, Knightsbridge,

London, October 12, 1878.

DEAR SIR,—I beg to acknowledge your favour, of which I hope you keep a copy. I will endeavour to answer its points.

The report you have heard is true as far as this: I am one of four persons who have dramatized "That Lass o' Lowrie's" in England. There was no earthly reason why we should not do so. The authoress in her book has shown a natural and proper desire to retain *copyright* in both countries. But she has not printed one syllable to lead one to suppose she desired to retain *stage-right* in it. And as it is not the habit of novelists, unless they are known dramatists, to dramatize their own works, she has left this entirely open, especially as the law of England gives no novelist *stage-rights* in his

work, but only copyright, or the sole right of *printing* and *publishing*. I will add that of the three other English dramas on this subject one was played all over England for ten months, and another for four months, and the third publicly advertised before I took the subject in hand, and I should not have done it then if Mrs. Burnett had been the *author* of either of these versions, or if the authors had shown themselves capable of dealing with the subject.

But here was a subject wretchedly handled, open in law, open by custom, and *apparently* open in morality, for novelists do not dramatize their works, and the book itself claimed no such right. So much for England, where every novel of *mine* is dramatized by others, unless I produce a drama on the subject *before* the novel and give due notice of *stage-right*. The American business is a mere offshoot. Miss Eytonge was here and knew I was about to produce the drama, and had taken a theatre at Liverpool for the purpose. She knew my drama would be taken for the United States by somebody, and she treated with me for it. Some time ago she let me know that Mrs. Burnett desired to deal with the subject in her own interest.

I wrote to say that neither in England nor in the United States does there exist any such thing as *stage-right* in a novel, but still it would be agreeable to my feelings if she would come to terms with Mrs. Burnett and pay her so much for each representation; and that I, myself, would forego a similar proportion of my very moderate fee. Thus the matter stands as regards Mrs. Burnett and myself. As regards me and American citizens generally, they have always robbed me of my dramatic property under circumstances very different. I am a dramatist. Nothing but bad laws ever drove me into the novel. My novels are known to have a drama already written behind them, yet the American managers take every one of them and get some scribbler to write the drama, though I offer them mine. They drive me off their stages with bad versions of "White Lies," "Griffith Gaunt," "Rachel the Reaper," "Put yourself in his Place," "Foul Play," etc., though I offer them the good dramas. The scribblers and thieves of the nation have never consented to share with me; they have always taken *every cent*, and driven me *entirely* off the American stage by means of my own talent and labour.

No egg can be roasted all on one side. I cannot be divinely just to American citizens in a business where they never show me one grain of human justice or even mercy; and so long as your nation is a literary thief you must expect occasional reprisals. These reprisals are a sort of bad equity.

However, I only throw this out as a general proposition. Notwithstanding my own bitter wrongs as a dramatist, I am unwilling to injure Mrs. Burnett's interests in the United States. I shall now write to Miss Eytonge more decidedly, requesting her to offer a nightly fee to Mrs. Burnett. Should she come to terms with Miss Eytonge, that lady will also pay her a portion of my fee, if she does not rob me of these fees, as Miss —, the last American actress I trusted, did. I will, with pleasure, also allow Mrs. Burnett something out of my English profits, *if any*. But, not to raise any great expectations on that point, I must tell you that my predecessors on this subject have very much prejudiced the London managers against it, and I have no offer for it whatever at present.

But it is only in London that an English author can realize large profits by a piece of this kind, which entails great expenses and requires a full company of good actors to do it properly.

I shall ask Miss Eytonge to suspend performance until she has used all reasonable endeavours to come to a friendly understanding with you, and I respectfully advise you not to neglect to negotiate with her, but to make terms and stipulate that she puts on the bills, "By consent and special treaty with Mrs. Burnett." That will serve to bolster up your imaginary right, for, believe me, in the United States, as in England, there is no such thing as *stage-right* in a novel.

Dr. Burnett,

Yours respectfully,

CHARLES READE.

Washington, D.C.,
October 27, 1878.

Mr. Charles Reade:

DEAR SIR,—I have just been reading your reply to Dr. Burnett's letter, and I see from it that somehow a little misunderstanding has arisen. I did not see Dr. Burnett's letter before it was sent, but I can scarcely think he meant to ask from you what you seem to fancy. I am a young woman, and an Englishwoman, but I am not young enough to expect anything from my compatriots which the law does not demand for me. My "Lass" was condescendingly printed in England with the announcement on the front page that it was done with "the special permission of the authoress," and I was informed of that fact by a letter from Messrs. Warne & Co., nobly accompanied by a gift of a yellow-backed copy of the book, which I shall naturally ever cherish sacredly and tenderly as a delicate tribute from a generous publisher to a grateful author—a publisher who even went to the godlike length of saying that he would be glad to give to the world any other books I might write—upon the same terms. A gentleman of the name of Hatton, in conjunction with another of the name of Mathison, wrote a play founded on the story, which made of Joan Lowrie a big-boned maudlin young woman, with a sentimental passion for a pretentious prig; of Anice Barholm, an entrancing creature, with all the engaging jauntiness and *abandon* of a barmaid, and also improved the other characters in the most encouraging manner. These gentlemen, of course, paid me nothing, but I was not young enough then to expect such romantic lavishness; and besides, I felt it was only fair that they should have all they could make as a recompense for writing such a play. If I had written such a play I should have expected to be remunerated handsomely. When I read it I was so moved by—shall we deal in glittering generalities, and call them conflicting emotions?—that I wrote a long letter to you, giving you all the permission I owned—nay, even begging you, as an act of generosity, to rescue the people I am fond of from dramatic infamy, and make a good play, which I knew you could do if you took it in hand. I did not ask you to give me any of the proceeds of it. I did not think of that at all; what I cared for was something else. After I had written the letter, I thought that perhaps, as the thing had been spoiled already, you would not care for it, and did not send it. I wish I had now, because then I might have retained an illusion or so. Until now I fancied that a man's right was enough for him, notwithstanding other people's wrong. But the point is that I wish you to feel quite at ease on the score of my asking you to share anything of the proceeds of your play with me. As it is, it would only be a fine accentuation of myself to demand what better people don't get.

I have no rights in England, notwithstanding I have lived more than half my life there; but I *have* rights in America, and it is because you have tried to infringe even on these that I protest. I wrote "Lass" here, copyrighted it here, reserved stage-rights here (which *can* be done in the United States), wrote my play here, copyrighted that here, and it will be played here. If any one attempts to produce another version I shall defend myself—as I can. You have been badly treated in America, I have no doubt; but did an American dramatist ever write a play on a book of yours and take it to England and have it played there in the face of a version of your own already copyrighted and sold? If it ever was done, it was pretty hard, wasn't it? I think it was, and I sympathize with you—and I hope you like my sympathizing with you.

With many thanks for your generous offers—they *are* generous, since you have so conclusively proved that I have no rights *anywhere*—

I remain yours respectfully,

Charles Reade, Esq.

FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

This correspondence would not be complete without adding a characteristic advertisement of Mr. Reade's, which appeared in an English newspaper:—

"NOTICE TO MANAGERS.—Charles Reade claims Stage-Right in so much of his new drama, 'JOAN,' as is not taken from Mrs. Burnett's Novel; and particularly in the order and sequence of the Scenes: in the whole of the First Act, except Two Dialogues,

Joan and Liz, Joan and Miss Barholme; in all the Second Act, except the business of Joan with Liz, and Joan with Dan Lowrie; and the whole of Acts Four, Five, and Six, except the Explosion in Mine, and Five Lines of Dialogue connected with it; also in all the Stage Pictures; and in the Mechanical Effects of Act Five—the Rending-piece and the Breaking-piece, both of which are his Sole Property. The Right thus clearly defined will be supported promptly by Injunction, if necessary, and this advertisement made part of the case.

“All ordinary Advertisements having failed to keep Thieves and Vagabonds from Pirating ‘IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND,’ Mr. READE now Advertises for Thief-takers, and will give a handsome Reward to any Person who will give him timely notice of Piracy, and furnish him means of bringing it home to the deliberate criminals who commit it in the teeth of this Notice.”

MILDRED: AN AUTUMN ROMANCE.

BY BRO. EMRA HOLMES,

Author of “Tales, Poems, and Masonic Papers;” “Amabel Vaughan;” “Notes on the United Order of the Temple and Hospital,” etc., etc.

CHAPTER VII.

A MISPLACED CHAPTER.

IN order that the reader should thoroughly comprehend Marmaduke's story, it is necessary that we should go back in our history some two years or more, when our hero, if we may call him so, received the letter from his friend at Colchester which has been published in Chapter IV of this veracious history.

It has been hinted that Marmaduke was somewhat weak and vacillating: he was only just twenty-one at that time, and the result was not difficult to understand and predicate with certainty. He went home to St. Benet's, fearing he should have to marry Miss Jarvis, and he came back prepared after his interview with the Colonel (who believed Mr. Jarvis's story, and was prejudiced against young Mathew as a foolish young fellow who he was afraid was a blackguard to boot) to marry her rather than run the risk of an action for a crime, which in justice to him it is only fair to say he would have scorned to commit, but which the father threatened and circumstances favoured. He could not but feel that fortune was against him, that he was dealing with people who knew the trickery of the law, and who would not scruple to use it against him to serve their own ends, and it was not difficult to foresee the ultimate possible necessity, innocent though he knew himself to be, of being compelled to leave the army in disgrace unless he adopted the only course which seemed open to him.

On the 10th July, 186—, accordingly, at the Church of St. Peter's, Marmaduke Mathew was married to Georgiana Jarvis, Mervyn Knollys being sole groomsmen, and Emma Purvis, Miss Jarvis's maid, the sole representative on her side to the contract.

Marmaduke had stood out for absolute privacy, and obtained in this case what he required.

He seemed at the last desperate, and Georgie thought it better to give way now, her turn would soon come. But even she was scarcely prepared for what followed, nor was his friend, Mervyn Knollys. The ceremony was over, the old pew-opener of the

lovely Protestant Church (with the great galleries and the round-headed windows, the dirty high pews, and the dirty-surpliced parson) was making her way down the nave to open the doors and receive her customary fees with a curtsey, dependent upon its depth to the amount bestowed, when Marmaduke drew himself up at the door, and addressing himself to Mr. Jarvis, and quietly withdrawing his arm from that of his newly-made bride, said,—

“Sir, you have forced me to do what you wished, and for what I fear you have schemed. I have given your daughter my name, and I shall never see her nor you any more.”

With that he walked coolly and calmly out of the church, leaving the rest in dismay.

Georgie fainted this time really and not in pretence, and before she had recovered he had hailed a fly which chanced to be passing, or, what was more likely, had been engaged for the purpose: in less than half an hour he had left Colchester, and the following day sailed for the West Indies.

And this was Marmaduke's story.

It was at a late hour when the conversation was concluded, for Marmaduke told his father all, and the meeting was a stormy one.

When Marmaduke had done, the General got up and paced the room for some minutes without a word.

He was evidently revolving some scheme in his own mind. The son, sitting and looking moodily into the fire, with his legs outstretched and his hands deep down in his pockets, quietly waited to hear what his father had to say.

At last the General halted, and looking keenly at his son, said,—

“And this is the truth, sir?”

“I regret to say it is, father.”

“And you married this girl?”

“I did.”

“Have you ever seen her since?”

“Never. She did me a great wrong in compelling me to marry her. I never wish to see her again.”

“Do you know where she lives?”

“I know nothing of her; nothing whatever; but I believe they left Colchester.”

The General muttering *sotto voce*, “Humph, then that won't do,” resumed his military stride up and down the spacious chamber.

Presently an idea seemed to strike him, for, turning suddenly on his heel and coming up to the fire into which his son was looking abstractedly and moodily as before, he said,—

“You were married at St. Peter's Church, Colchester?”

“Yes.”

“In what name?”

“Marmaduke Matthew.”

“Do you happen to remember that you have another Christian name?”

“Well, yes, Wynfield; but I never use it.”

“Did that strike you at the time.”

“No.”

“How did you sign your surname?”

“Well, they spelt it with two *ts* in the license by mistake, and as I did not want the marriage to get to your ears, I repeated the blunder.”

“So that in fact Marmaduke Wynfield Mathew was not married to this Miss Jarvis, but Marmaduke Matthew?”

“True, but I fail to see your drift; what matter could that make?”

“Simply this, that your marriage is irregular, illegal, and I imagine void.”

The son at first brightened at this idea, and then seemed to come to some quiet resolve, for he stood up, and facing his father replied,—

“I cannot fail to see now that there is a possible way of escape from a marriage

distasteful, indeed hateful, to me. Yet marriage is after all so far sacred to me that though I loathe the woman I am bound to, and could not prevail upon myself to see her again, yet I cannot forget that I have been in a measure myself alone to blame, and I seek no release, since it would injure her. Were she poor I might even entreat you to spare her of your wealth, but penury I know will not be her fate, for her father is wealthy (with ill-gotten riches), and she is his only child. I have forged my own chains, and I must be content to wear them. I have made my own bed, and I must sleep on it. Let her keep my name, not much honour has it brought her yet. She has injured me, but I will not be a party to injure her by seeking a release, which will only bring reproach upon her and make her life more unhappy than it is now."

"You seem to forget me, sir," the General said wrathfully

"I beg your pardon, father, but I cannot do it."

"You have brought disgrace upon the family."

"I admit it and regret it, but I should only injure you more if I brought it into the Law Courts, and made our name a laughing stock through my own follies. No, father, I have resolved to wear my chains."

The meeting was over, and Marmaduke had gone to his room, leaving his father in a towering rage. Late as it was, the General did not fail to summon the butler and one of the footmen to his study, and taking a large parchment from his *escritoire*, added a codicil to his will which left the whole of his property to his eldest son, and made Marmaduke a beggar.

The next morning Captain Mathew left his father's house with his father's curse upon his head.

CHAPTER VIII.

AND WHAT THOUGHT SHE?

THE next day all was known. The General bound no one to secrecy. He was angry very angry, as any one could see. Even the way in which he mounted his horse showed that he was "in a deuce of a way about summit," so the groom remarked to the stable-boy.

Within an hour of his leaving the house he was brought back a corpse.

It appeared at the inquest that it was the merest accident. The General had been ambling carelessly over a part of the road at the bottom of the Great Whyte, evidently little heeding what was going on around him, when his horse suddenly slipped, threw her rider on to his head, broke his neck, and he died almost in a moment.

The mare, a thorough-bred, it appeared, had not even fallen herself; but his end had come, as ours must too. Let us pray against sudden death, for it is an awful thing. Marmaduke had left England that night, and gone across to Antwerp, and then on to Bruges and through Flanders. It was weeks before he heard of his father's death, and then it was only to learn that he had left him a beggar.

He immediately took steps to sell out of his regiment, and on the proceeds of the sale of his commission he resolved to live for the present, determining to study at Antwerp, and see whether the talents which Mr. Bethune used to say he possessed as an amateur would serve him now as a professional artist. Then an awful calamity came upon him, a fearful retribution for all the misdeeds of his youth.

(To be continued.)

BOYS' HOMES.

THE following graphic account, from *Night and Day*, edited by Dr. Barnardo, whose benevolent labours are well-known, well deserves perusal:—

In the early days of the Boys' Home I had many difficulties with first admissions coming from the adjacent neighbourhood of Ratcliff: for the most part Roman Catholics, and of Irish extraction. Little boys frequently came, having the barest vestiges of clothing that can well be imagined. Professing to be parentless and upon the streets, the ingenuity with which they parried my questions made it difficult, with our small staff of helpers and limited experience, to discover traces of their whereabouts, and they certainly looked bad enough to be street boys.

In a few instances these were received after some little inquiry, and appeared to be duly grateful for the kindness shown them. Three or four months' feeding and kind care worked wonders in their appearance; but, alas! I was often bitterly disappointed, from the fact that shortly after receiving a brand new suit of uniform, with corresponding good boots, the "destitute wail" mysteriously disappeared, as did also the brand new uniform and the boots.

Generally this elopement could be connected with the appearance of some disreputable-looking man or woman who had been observed prowling about the Causeway, and it not unfrequently transpired that a relative who had lain *perdue* until the boy had been fully rigged out, suddenly turned up, and of course by preconcerted action assisted in the lad's exodus.

This occurred several times, to my great annoyance and the injury of the Home. At length I was determined to put a stop to it, and resolved that the very next runaway should be closely followed up. Shortly after arriving at this resolution, I received a poor lad whose clothing consisted of the merest oddments, curiously hung together. I had him photographed as he came in, and possess the "shadow" now. Suspecting from what I heard that an elopement would take place, I kept a sharp look-out, but my boy was too clever, and baffled me in the long run. After five months' residence in the Home, during which time E. L.— was carefully watched, and always clad in comparatively poor clothing, one day in my absence the Father of the Home incautiously allowed him to put on a completely new suit of uniform, and sent him on an errand, from which, of course, he did not return.

That night, at half-past ten, I received word from the Boys' Home that E. L.— had disappeared, and no traces of him were to be found. "But," added my informant, "a woman, suspected to be his mother, was seen prowling about the Causeway in the afternoon." I started off in search of my boy. Having reached the Home, and gathered up the threads of the only clue I possessed, I travelled in the direction of Wapping. From information received, I went to the police-station, King David's Lane, and got the assistance of two constables, and began with them a systematic search of several courts and narrow streets adjacent to Brunswick Street, the far-famed "Tiger Bay."

We must, however, have gone home, after a fruitless search of more than a dozen wretched houses, if a woman, half intoxicated, standing in the narrow doorway of a dilapidated lodging-house, had not said, "I'll show you where he is, guv'nor, for tuppence!" There was no room for hesitation. I agreed, and with a horrible leer she beckoned us into another court not far from where we were then standing. It was a dreadful, cut-throat-looking place. I shuddered as I entered. One of the houses in this court showed a light from the second-floor window, and pointing to it, the woman assured us the boy we sought was there, as she had seen a lad half-clothed enter the house an hour ago.

The constables informed me that that house, and most of the other dwellings in

the court, were places of ill-fame: the resorts of criminals and persons of abandoned character. However, my mind was made up, and I determined, at all costs, to attempt the recovery of my boy. Approaching the street door one of the constables knocked loudly. After an interval, during which there was no response, he knocked again. I stood on the opposite side of the court watching the window where the light was. At the second knock it was extinguished, and in response to a third knock half of the window was opened and a woman's head appeared. "What do you want?" asked a woman's gruff voice. The constables thought it better to hide in the shadow of the door below, while I replied, from the opposite side, "I want a boy who has run away from the Home, and who is now upstairs." No other reply was given to this except a muttered oath; then the window was violently closed. Repeated knocks failed to obtain any further response.

The hall door of the adjoining house was, however, ajar, and I penetrated as cautiously as I could, using my bull's-eye lantern, and found the passage led into a little yard at the back. This yard was contiguous with a similar enclosure at the back of the house which we desired to enter. One of the constables followed me to this yard and remained there, the other watched the front of the house, whilst I climbed the fence between the two yards and scrambled down on the other side, getting one leg and foot well soaked in the water-butt, into which I incautiously stepped.

Finding the back door of the house open, I boldly entered, and using my lantern, discovered a staircase midway, which I ascended, having agreed beforehand upon the signal which would bring the policemen to my assistance. The constables had no warrant, and it was a serious responsibility for them to enter even such a house unless a definite charge had been made, or positive proof obtained of the boy's presence there.

I am not ashamed to say my heart beat violently as I stood outside the door of that room on the second floor, from the window of which we had seen the light. I knocked, but there was no response except the sound of hurried movements and suppressed voices within. Turning the handle, I entered the room, throwing the light of my lantern on the inmates. The embers of a fire, almost out, still flickered in the grate. Two fierce Amazon-looking women crouched over it, and although in a state of semi-intoxication, they remained up to this moment comparatively quiet, and I was in hopes of attaining my object without much trouble.

Having looked round the room in vain for some time in search of the young fugitive, at last I espied a small form lying covered with bedclothes on a mattress in the corner. Turning the light of my lantern on this object, I was satisfied it was my boy. Finding I was alone, one of the women now advanced. "What do you want here, you ——? Get out of this room, will yer?" "I want that boy I see lying on the bed. He belongs to our Home, and ran away to-day with a new suit of clothes, so you had better give him up at once. I must have him." Her reply was an oath, and a declaration that I had better keep my hands off. Again I explained that the lad had been given a new suit of good clothing, and was induced to run away from the Home, in order, as I suspected, to sell his clothing; but, I added, if he was at once given up I would look over the offence. It would perhaps have been better if I had not been so bold. The women now felt satisfied that I was quite alone, and imagining that no one was near to help, rushed at me with furious threats and gestures.

I did the best I could under such trying circumstances, and getting into a corner with my back to the wall and door, I defended myself (no easy task) from the assaults of these furious creatures.

Finding, however, that I was likely to get into serious trouble, I picked up an old boot which lay near me on the floor and flung it with all my might against the window. As I expected, it broke the glass and fell on the pavement below. I now shouted loudly, "Come up," all the time keeping my eyes upon the women, and warding off their blows as well as I could. Not one moment too soon was the heavy tread of the constables heard upon the staircase. They made a mistake and entered the wrong room, but soon rectified this, and were by my side. Their presence, however, seemed to

madden the women even more. One of the constables undertook to attend to each woman while I darted to the bed, pulled down the clothing, and there without a stitch upon him lay my boy!

His clothes were gone, and I afterwards learned that the greater part had been pawned early in the evening, and that his shirt and stockings had been hastily stripped off when we first knocked at the street door. Underneath the mattress we found his belt and shirt, and one of his boots we picked up in the back yard. The remainder of the clothing was recovered from the pawnbroker's next day. The policemen now insisted upon the two women going with them to the station, having recognised them as persons who were "wanted" for other offences.

It was a dreadful scene; the whole neighbourhood turned out. With much difficulty, and only by the help of other officers who were summoned to their aid, did the constables get the women away. It transpired that they were abandoned persons of the most hopeless class, companions of noted criminals, and *half-sisters of this poor lad* whom we had rescued. The saddest part is, however, yet to be told. As I reached the police-station at King David's Lane, a huge mob from another neighbourhood met the crowd which accompanied us. That mob surrounded a stretcher, on which was an elderly woman, violently drunk and abusive, but fastened down to the poles, on which she had been carried by two constables, her grey hairs the while falling over her face, a crown not of glory, but of dishonour and shame.

She proved to be *the mother of my lad and of his two wretched sisters*, and was herself a woman of evil life. The meeting inside the station-house, when the crowd was dispersed and the doors were closed, between the two women and the boy who came with my party, and the aged woman who was mother of all three, is not to be described.

Such was the family from which this poor lad had been taken—his mother and two sisters ill-conducted drunkards, companions of thieves. Happy I am, however, to say that the boy expressed his great desire to come back with me, which he at once did. He has been now six years in our Home, and is with me to-day, a good workman, an honest, truthful, industrious lad, and I hope, also, one who has felt and owns the power of high and gracious influences.

Never have I more forcibly felt the value of such Homes as ours in lessening crime than I did that night, or rather morning, when leaving the station-house with my recovered boy, the child and the brother of criminals, but, like many other street boys, himself still young enough to be guided into another path, and to be moulded by a Higher power.

Since that time wider experience, more complete organisation, and more careful research, have enabled us to avoid such distressing occurrences, whilst an extended knowledge of our work has at the same time made even the class to which this poor boy belonged prize the inestimable advantages of a training in our Home.

A VISIT TO TETUAN FORTY YEARS AGO.

(Contributed.)

WISHFUL to send a paper to Brother Kenning's excellent *Masonic Magazine*, I remembered me of a contribution of mine sent, some twenty-four years ago, to an excellent periodical now long since numbered with the "things of the past." On re-reading it to-day, with one or two needful if slight corrections, as its readers were not many, and probably not one of our many friends has ever seen it, I thought, as I still think, that it will not be out of place in the pleasant pages of so good and

useful a periodical. And so without further preface I commend it to the friendly criticism of a lenient circle.

Gentle reader, are you a traveller? Has it ever been your lot to delight your eyes with Mediterranean loveliness, or to bask in the sunshine of the "Morgen Land?" Have you seen Mont Blanc? Have you stood upon the Pyramids? Have you beheld the white walls of pleasant Cadiz? Have you lingered amid the olive groves of fair Corfu? If you have, you will, I think, charitably listen for a little space to-day to the "experiences" of your brother traveller. If you have not, sit down with me upon my "magic carpet," and let me transport you for a while to a foreign country and a distant scene.

Some years since, it was my lot to pay a visit to Tetuan, under circumstances which impressed it strongly on my memory, and with friends who imparted a deeper interest to the voyage, short as it necessarily was. What I witnessed then I have thought may be of amusement to some now (though a few years have rolled away); yet "a true story is a true story still."

Without further preface, then, for prefaces luckily are shortened in this whirling age, I will begin what I have to say. Tetuan, as doubtless most of my readers know, belongs to the Moorish empire, and is in the Morocco country, some miles beyond Ceuta, and a few miles only across from Gibraltar. And though, were I to speak statistically (in Spanish idiom), Tetuan is in itself a very insignificant town, yet, from its position as regards Gibraltar, it becomes a very important place. That large and rock-held garrison requires food; and as the good Moors are nothing loth to supply so reasonable a want, almost all the beef consumed in hungry Gibraltar comes from Africa. While mutton comes from Spain and Andalusia, thousands of the little Moorish cattle are shipped accordingly from Tangiers, but from Tetuan most of all; and having been made to pass through the sea, from the ship to the shore, on their arrival in Gibraltar Bay, to wash off all possible contagion, are slaughtered in the vast shambles on the "Neutral Ground."

Thus, *es versteht sich*, as our German friends would say, it becomes of the highest importance, at all times, to keep the Moorish authorities in good humour; and for this laudable purpose, in pursuance of orders from "home," occasional visits are paid and presents given by the magnates of the rock to their official Moorish brethren, in order to maintain this good understanding, and to insure a continual supply of necessary aliment for Gibraltar's numerous garrison and populous town.

Well, then, in the "days of old," when a bright *regime*, delighting Rock-scorpions* and military alike, swayed the destinies of poor old Gib., it was, that a party was made up, under the "highest authority," to pay a visit to Tetuan, and to its Governor.

There was a noble frigate, the *Medea*, under the command of the well-known Horatio Austin, then lying off the Old Mole, which was pressed into the service of the distinguished voyagers; and one glorious morning, in August, 1837 (alas! a long time ago), saw our large party assembled very early indeed on the *Medea's* quarter-deck. The sun was barely tinging the Spanish hills when our noble vessel, with its goodly gathering, steamed out of Gibraltar Bay for Tetuan.

I am going here to make what some perhaps may think a bold assertion, when I say that there are few scenes, if any, more beautiful in their entireness than is this same Gibraltar Bay. I can safely say, for my own part, that, though I have seen many lands, and looked on many scenes of beauty and of brightness, I know few, if any, which give you such emotions of pleasure, or leave you such lingering remains of grace and yet of grandeur. Here, however, is the picture itself—regard it well—though the canvas perchance be bad, and the limner's colouring faint.

We are standing (let us suppose) on the *Medea's* quarter-deck, and what a sight of freshest beauty stretches out before us and around us! We are leaving a large basin-like expanse of blue water, surrounded on three sides (as it were) by land. Before us

* Persons born at Gibraltar are called "Rock-scorpions."

rises a bold outline of Spanish hills, and at their bottom we discern the white houses of Algeiras peeping out from amid the green trees; and we look on vineyards extending all along towards the left, unto Cabrita Point; the gleaming foliage of the vines, and the darker background of the hills, commingling together and forming into shades as countless as beautiful. To our "right front" lies the low Spanish shore, with the "Orange Grove" fresh and bright, and above it outstands conspicuously St. Rôquè, on its fine portion of higher table-land. Above St. Rôquè, though at a great distance, we see the glittering heights of Castellar, with Ronda Hills just peeping into view, and only just, in the dim background of all. Behind us stands bold out old Gib. itself, with its marked profile, its many-coloured houses, its greenest foliage, its frowning batteries, and with countless crafts of all nations and rigs lying cradled at its sea-beat base. To our left lies the open channel of the Straits; on its other side are staring Ceuta's walls; above Ceuta, bleak and rugged Ape's Hill; while behind, far away, "hoary Atlas" towers in stateliest majesty over all.

Now all this, with the deep blue sky and the deep blue sea, the elastic atmosphere—always supposing that the "Levant" has ceased to blow—makes up a scene of power and fascination which I must entreat my untravelled readers to picture out for themselves.

Sure I am, however, that if any who now peruse these pages have ever seen classic Calpe's face, or there have wiled away some of life's fresher hours, they will assent to my remarks, if only they do not complain that my lagging words and feeble illustrations fail in doing justice to the scene. However, we must remember that all this time we are supposed to be under weigh. So, *Sumos nos con Dio*. Accordingly a short voyage, while a merry one, brought us off Tetuan, or rather Tetuan's shore, for Tetuan itself is above five miles from the beach; and from the distance its white and picturesque houses contrast conspicuously with the green and leafy garden-land in which it lies (as it were) embedded.

We anchored off the little Moorish fort, principally composed of wood, and were speedily boarded by a boat of stately and turbaned Moors, whose screams rang in our ears for many a long day after. Being admitted forthwith to "pratique" (as the term is), we prepared to land; and at the appointed time, amid the flashes of the Moorish cannon from the fort, and the roaring echoes of the *Medea's* huge 84-pounders, our party, which made up three boats, reached the marshy shore. But when we landed, we found that we should have need of our patience, as the promised horses of the Pasha had not yet arrived to carry our numerous train; and so, to save ourselves from the burning sun, we took possession "en masse" of the little Moorish guard-room which abuts upon the landing-place, and meekly awaited their arrival. Before, however, I proceed on our journey (as the Pasha's horses are not yet come), one word or so as to our party—a right pleasant one, believe me, was it—though composed of many, and apparently conflicting, elements. The sedate and the merry—the dignified "authority" and the *insouciant* subaltern—soldiers and sailors, "great guns and small"—all these were here mixed together, with keen spirits and gladsome hearts, bent at any rate upon one day's enjoyment, and one day's release from the trammels of duty and the responsibilities of command.

What a joyous assembly we were, and how did our laughter make the old Moors stare, and horrify the Moslems' staid notions of manly demeanour, as within that little white-washed guard-room we sat in heterogeneous circle, all order in abeyance, and all etiquette forgot; and drank from a shallow Tetuan clay dish, in our turn, weak brandy and water (very weak it was), which was supplied to us by a female Good Samaritan, by way of preparation for the scorching of our inland journey, and the burning sun at 99 in the shade. Alas! as to-day, when colder thoughts and calmer associations prevail, I look back upon that laughing company, and think of those vanished hours, the reflections which the consciousness of the present brings to the floating memories of the past are in sober truth both touching and sad. Of that merry circle how many links are missing, or rather, alas! how few, if any, even remain except the writer. Forty years make a sad hole in our years! Forty years ago positively it is since we

were merry, full of youth, all hope—now we are all either old men, or even lying in the grave. The gentler forms who graced our party then have long since, alas, left us weary and wayworn here.

At the outside not more than three or four survive; some who once perhaps were the gayest of the gay, yes, and the smartest of the smart, are now but feeble and forlorn, descending infirmly the hill of life. Alas that it should be so, but so it always is; and nothing is so sad as to look back at the past and to remember how few survive who shared our youth, our joys, our sunny scenes, and our pleasant hours. But if I stop to moralize, I shall never reach my journey's end, nor get my story told.

At last the horses, and mules, and donkeys, and ponies arrived, which the anxious Pasha had forwarded to convey us; and after no little confusion, and no little loss of time, our goodly cavalcade started—the ladies of our party being seated on some tranquil donkeys, the rest of us mounted as we could the first animal within our reach. As we were all mixed together—those in uniform and those in "mufti"—and some of us on bony horses, some on stubborn mules, some on little ponies, and one or two even on donkeys—the effect was ludicrous in the extreme, as we moved on slowly in twos. And onwards thus we went, with hundreds of Moorish soldiers before and behind us, and the road lined on each side with multitudes of a wild sort of militia, specially summoned to do honour to the English Pasha.

For five long weary hours, under an African sun in August, we had to march in this way, and at a foot's pace, towards Tetuan.

In the meanwhile, by way of marked compliment to us, the Moorish soldiery amused themselves by firing off their clumsy matchlocks almost in our faces, amid the braying of the donkeys, the neighing of the horses, the shrill cry of the mules, and an occasional gentle scream of our fair companions. As the poor Moors' powder is none of the finest, every now and then you heard an exclamation more earnest than decorous from some indignant aide-de-camp, or heedless middie, as the skin—very tender and peeling from the burning sun—smarted under a sudden sting from the scattering grains of the matchlock's charge.

At last (voting all this parade a great bore) we reached the old gateway of the city, and were soon threading its narrow streets, and wending our way to the Pasha's palace.

I may say that Tetuan—with the exception of what is always curious to English eyes, in the Moorish architecture of its houses, and the novel customs of its strange people—presents little worth the attention or time of the traveller or antiquary. I regret to say, too, that Tetuan, which I often saw after this visit, is in a sad state of unenlightened barbarism; that is to say, its manners are "patriarchal," and its ideas "unreformed." It has no "market price for labour"—it knows nothing of "bullion laws"—its people generally get "a fair day's wage for a fair day's work"—and I never yet heard of a Tetuan "strike." It is evidently, therefore, in the rear-guard of civilization! But, to revert. All Tetuan was out on the house-tops to receive us—dusky men and veiled women in great numbers; and as we moved along, wondering and amused, they heralded our arrival with one universal shriek of welcome, shrill and long. We reached at last, quite tired out, the outer gateway of the palace, and were in truth right glad to dismount and stretch our stiffened limbs.

As soon as might be, arranged in diplomatic order, and ushered by many attendants, we wended our way through the trellised walks of a shady garden, and by many a sparkling fountain, which refreshed our sun-dimmed eyes with a pleasant prospect of coolness and repose, into the presence of the Pasha.

The Pasha received us seated in a large alcove of a well-proportioned hall, surrounded by his sons and attendants, the European dresses and the Moorish costume combining to make up a most striking "tableau vivant." The Pasha himself was a funny object to look at—a short roll of drapery, sitting cross-legged on a pile of velvet cushions and rich embroidered silks, playing with his ten toes. We called him "Hash, Hash"—not, I fancy, his real name, however. *Appropos* of this then grand potentate, I happened, years afterwards, to see in the *Times* that on his death, a short time

back, his eldest son had succeeded to his dignity and wealth; but that his son (whom I remember there well) had been arrested by the Emperor's command, evidently, poor fellow, to be "squeezed" (as they say there) by that most imperious of sovereigns. After all, sad as it is, such are daily the "ups and downs" of life, and such in truth is the stern "morale" of all life's gayest scenes.

After the usual official "palaver," and sundry gesticulations and assurances through the obsequious interpreter of our "entente cordiale," the Pasha requested us to be seated, and refresh ourselves with cakes and sherbet. After this, in a little space, the presents were produced, which seemed to delight the Pasha immensely, and caused what seemed to us an interminable quantity of civil speeches to be interchanged. At last, for a time, the "séance" was over, and we were shown into a long cool room to rest ourselves, while the greater authorities proceeded to discuss with the Pasha affairs of state. Outside the room was a tempting fountain, whose great basin of water seemed to invite us to partake.

I never shall forget a scene which followed here—indeed I can almost picture it to my fancy now. Heated and blistered with the sun, we rushed in a body to the grateful fountain, and bathed our sunburnt faces—having bared our necks and opened our shirts—in its refreshing and cooling streams, standing in a circle round its marble basin. The amusement of the obese Pasha and his grinning attendants was intense, to see "the infidels" so disporting themselves.

We spent the afternoon very enjoyably indeed, drinking sherbet, and plucking the grapes from the trellises over our heads, and, in recumbent idleness, making the horse-shoe cloisters ring again with our merry laughter. In due time came dinner; but here we were sadly disappointed; for, having looked for a thorough Moorish dinner, in its stead behold "old familiar friends," roast ducks and roast fowls,—nay, a piece of roast beef, etc., etc., with but one solitary dish of native cookery "pur et simple," which, in African patois, we called "koos koos," something like a mild curry. As accompanying beverages, we had aniseed, brandy, and plenty of Moorish wine, thin and sour. However *malgré* our disappointments, we enjoyed ourselves amazingly, and drank the Pasha's good health most manfully.

The dinner passed off—as most "state dinners" do; but, amid our attendants, we remarked one tall good-looking Jew, whose civilities we had experienced the whole day long; but also, we all observed at dinner, redoubled his attention most carefully, and watched our proceedings most attentively. Of him more anon.

Well; we had eaten, and drunken, and laughed, and smoked, and bullied the interpreter, and made our "salaams" to "Hash, Hash," when, as the shadows of evening were falling around us, with endless protestations of everlasting friendship, we wished our Moorish friends good-bye.

Again we mounted our steeds, and mules, and donkeys, and ponies, and hastened—our long train interspersed with torch-bearers—to the beach. We did not take quite so long in, returning as we did in coming, as you will easily suppose; and the ride in the cool night air was pleasant and refreshing. When, however, we reached the beach, an uproar perfectly terrific greeted our ears. Moors were shouting, sailors were swearing, oxen were lowing, sheep were bleating, and numberless other noises, all of which put together turned the calm and gentle night into a perfect Babel. And all this proceeded, we found upon inquiry, from a magnificent present made by the Tetuan Pasha to the Gibraltar Padisha of a couple of oxen, a dozen sheep, fowls by scores, eggs by thousands, and fruit and bread "ad infinitum."

Very pleasant all this, we thought, though rather a bore; however, there was no help for it; and so, at last, after a great deal of trouble, these noisy strangers were, like ourselves, safely embarked. Early the next morning we steamed into the Old Mole again, and not without pleasure found ourselves once more, safe and sound, under the protecting shadow of old Gib. We were all much pleased with our trip, short as it was; and we had got a faint notion of that strange country, and its stranger children. We had had a pleasant party, and a "merrye companye"; and what we had seen, and what we had done—many a trivial incident, and many a merry joke—furnished us with

plenty of agreeable "souvenirs," as our hearts then were light and our cares, thank God, were few.

Some weeks after our return, when our visit to Tetuan was well-nigh forgotten, the civil Jew whom I mentioned before appeared at Gibraltar, and unfolded his dire griefs and intolerable wrongs to one whose kind heart was always open to the injured or the sorrowing. And now his story came out. I am ashamed to say, when first most of us heard of it, we could not help laughing at the clever rascality of the old Pasha. We had thought him very magnificent, indeed; but it appeared now that all the grand dinner, and the grander present, came from the Jews, and not from "Hash, Hash!" He had been sent for, poor Solomon said, by the Pasha, the day before our arrival, to the palace, and when there the old Moor thus addressed him,—

"Friend Solomon—my good friend English great man from Gibraltar come to morrow; I want dinner for him—like Gibraltar dinner; you know, Solomon. You provide it."

Solomon hesitated—what Jew would not?—as nothing was said about payment.

"Well, friend Solomon, remember—if no dinner, bastinado!"

"And what could a poor Jew do, Excellenza?"

"On the morning of your arrival," continued Solomon, "Pasha send for my brother Judah. 'Friend Judah,' he says, 'I want present for my good friend English great man from Gibraltar: two oxen, twelve sheep, plenty of fowls, eggs, bread, and grapes. You must have them down at beach this evening, Judah.'"

As nothing was said about payment, Judah also naturally hesitated.

"Well, friend Judah, if no oxen, no sheep, no grapes, no bread, no fowls, no eggs—remember, bastinado!"

"Ah!" said poor Solomon, "but that is not all yet. I did supply dinner, and Judah did supply present; and when I went next day to take my plates and knives and forks, the Pasha said, 'I like them, friend Solomon; but if you choose to pay for them, well; if not, I keep them!' And what could a poor Jew do, Senor Gobernador?"

I rather suspect that our friend, Mr. Solomon, made out a good grievance for himself, and returned to Tetuan a richer man than he left it: probably ere long, however, to be squeezed again—poor fellow.

Some years afterwards I met the real and original "Judah." The poor Solomon had "slept with his fathers," and Judah still remembered with deep gratitude the kind interference of the kindest of men on a memorable occasion which I have described above.

I have often thought since of this Moorish Pasha. And though I saw, too, Africa afterwards more than once, this stay always put me in mind of all Africa's scenes, truly read: outward show—inward corruption; fairness without—falseness within. We hear people talking of enlightened Mohammedans! For my part, I believe in nothing of the kind. Some, indeed, have received the "vener" of European civilization, or have been touched up with a little "French polish;" but at the most you have but superadded the vices of Europe to the desires of the savage—the sharpening of intellect to the grossest materialism.

My story is done. I have lingered too long already, I fear; but if I have afforded amusement to any of my readers, I am indeed content, and shall hope to encounter them again—somewhere or other, at home or abroad—in the "pleasant pages" of Brother Kenning's Magazine.

PATIENCE.

(Translated from the German for the Masonic Magazine.)

A TRANQUIL angel wanders
Through this nether world to-day—
To soothe the weary wants of earth
God has sent him on his way:
A gentle grace is with him,
And in his look is peace,—
Oh, follow that angel of Patience
Until thy life shall cease!

He leads thee ever truly
Through earth's afflictions here,
And ever speaketh cheerily
Of a day-dawn to appear;
When thou art ready to despair,
His courage is good to see:
He helps thee now to bear thy cross,
And makes all good for thee!

He changes to gentle sorrow
The bitterest soul-smart,
And steeps in still submission
The poor storm-tossèd heart;
He makes the darkest hours
Bright again by degrees as noon;
He healeth every open wound,
If not at once—yet soon.

He does not despise thy sorrows
When he would thee console;
He does not blame thy longings,
Though he keeps them in control
And when in times of soul-storm
Thou murmuring asketh, why?
Mildly laughing, but all silent,
He pointeth upward to the sky.

For every question always
He has not an answer here;
His device it is "Endurance,
The State of Rest is near;"
So walks he ever by thy side,
Perchance his words are rare,
Yet he keeps pointing forwards
To the Goal both great and fair.

 HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY ON THE TURKISH BATH.

SCENE—*Opposite the Turkish Bath, West Street, Brighton.*

HAM.—To bathe, or not to bathe,—that is the question :
 Whether 'tis wiser in a man to suffer
 The aches and pangs of disordered nature,
 Or to take baths against a sea of troubles,
 And by so doing end them? To strip—to sweat :
 No more ; and by a roast, to say we end
 The headache and a thousand natural ills
 That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wished. To strip—to sweat :—
 To sweat ! and be shampooed ;—aye, there's the rub ;
 For in that heat such evils may remove
 We need not shuffle off this mortal coil,
 But save our lives. 'Tis this experience
 That makes so many take the Turkish bath ;
 For who would bear the whips and stings of pain,
 The consumptive's cough, the fat man's obesity,
 The pangs of dyspepsia or Bright's disease,
 The torturings of asthma, or the woes
 That alcohol upon the inebriate brings,
 When he himself might his deliverance take
 With a bare body ? Who would rheumatism bear,
 And grunt and groan under a weary life ?
 But that an ignorance of Turkish baths,
 Those re-discovered pleasures, unto which
 Wise travellers return, doth still prevail,
 And makes us tamely bear those ills we have,
 Heedless of remedies that we know not of.
 Thus ignorance oft makes wretches of us all ;
 And thus the native hue of health and vigour
 Is sicklied o'er with the pallor of disease.

NOTES ON LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

BY BRO. GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL.

Author of "Shakspere, 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.

I REMEMBER, perhaps a quarter of a century ago, the proprietor of some interesting public gardens in Liverpool (Mr. John Atkins, I believe, was the name) favouring me with a private view and explanation of his method of hatching eggs by artificial heat. I had gone over to make some preliminary arrangements for one of those cheap trips for the toilers in our hives of industry, and admittance for "the cheap trippers" to the gardens at reduced fares was one of the advantages we offered in our posters. There was a good model of Shakspere's house, but the cotton-spinners said that they had seen scores of "post and panel houses" at home; there was a centrifugal railway, which pleased them better; but the hatching of live chickens from eggs, without either hen or duck to sit on them, seemed to the majority the greatest curiosity about the place. They had never read of the ancient Egyptians doing the same thing, though perhaps not with the complete apparatus which modern ingenuity had discovered. The *Appleby and Kirkby Stephen Herald*, of October 19th, 1878, however, gives an account of a cat hatching eggs, as follows:—

"At a farm-house not far from Newton Stewart, a rather uncommon circumstance took place recently. A hen's nest had been made in an out-of-the-way place, in which eggs to the number of seventeen had been laid. The cat took possession of the nest, covered the eggs with straw, and there brought forth kittens. Puss and the kittens remained in the nest for a considerable time, and the result was that fifteen out of the seventeen eggs sent out birds. The cat was seen lying with its brood, but no one ever saw a hen near the nest, or knew the eggs were there until the birds came out."

Under the title of *The Derbyshire Gatherer*, Mr. William Andrews, F.R.H.S., whose pen is never idle, has in the press a collection of Archaeological, Historical, and Biographical Facts, Folklore, etc., gleaned from all manner of—*sources*, I had nearly written, and thus committed a bull: for one is so used to that word now as a matter-of-fact expression, that we are apt to forget that it is a figure of speech at all; and that a source is literally the spring or fountain from which a stream begins.

It is one of the peculiarities of my nature, to have an intense love for paying pilgrimages to the graves of the gifted and the good; to make my "meditations among the tombs," on the frailty of human life, where the bodies which once enshrined the noblest souls are now mixed with the dust from which they sprung: and though it is always a solemn thing to hear the words "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust," pronounced over the corpse of one who, when animated with life, was but "of the earth, earthy," there is to me something more solemn still, to stand by the last resting place of some gifted brother of the human race, and think that he is now but a portion of the ground on which I tread. One day it may be in a gorgeous cathedral, beneath those fine old Gothic arches which our ancient operative brethren so loved to raise, that always seem to me as if placidly holding their stony hands aloft in prayer to the Great Architect of the Universe, for whose worship they were erected. Another time it may be in one of those fine old parish churches which everywhere adorn our land. And sometimes in a quiet rustic churchyard, where "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep," under the grassy hillocks, where the children pause in their innocent play, because they know that they are graves. It was in such a mood as this that I lately sallied forth, bent on finding, if I could, the pauper grave of poor Chatterton, whom the ever truthful Wordsworth so well describes in a single line, as,—

"The marvellous boy, who perish'd in his pride!"

Those who have carefully studied the life and writings of that Bristol genius—certainly the most gifted youth of whom I know—will agree with me, that a more pithy line was never penned. Malone went so far as to term him “the greatest genius that England had produced since the days of Shakspeare,”—which, seeing that a Milton had intervened, was saying *too* much! “A prodigy of genius,” as Warton termed him, he certainly was; “a singular instance of premature abilities.” And we may easily add with the historian of English poetry: “He possessed a comprehension of mind and an activity of understanding which predominated over his situation in life, and his opportunities of instruction.” And well did Scott of Amwell sing:—

“Ye, who superfluous wealth command,
O, why your kind relief delay’d?
O, why not snatch his desperate hand—
His foot on Fate’s dread brink not stay’d?
What thanks had you your native land
For a new Shakspeare or new Milton paid!”

And Poet-laureat Pye stands higher in my estimation for his four lines in *The Progress of Refinement*:—

“Yet as, with streaming eye, the sorrowing Muse
Pale Chatterton’s untimely urn bedews,
Her accents shall arraign the partial care
That shielded not her son from cold despair.”

And Robert Southey—no unqualified judge—has pronounced him “the most extraordinary young man that ever appeared in this country.” And if my readers have Coleridge’s poems at hand, I beg of them, as a favour, to read his beautiful “Monody on the Death of Chatterton.” Knowing that the poor poet’s body was hastily thrust into a parish shell, and buried in the pauper burial-ground attached to what had once been the metropolitan palace of the Bishops of Bangor, but was then a workhouse, in Shoe Lane, I more than suspected that no stone would mark the place where, as Mrs. Cowley has it, he “with the vulgar dead unnoticed lies!” But still I thought—though I learnt the quondam palace-workhouse had long been pulled down, and Acts of Parliament were now printed on the spot—some portion of the burial-ground might yet remain kept sacred from the purposes of trade,—a breathing-place in the over-grown and ever overgrowing city. On making proper search, however, I found myself like the man who had been talking prose all his life without knowing it! I had been at the great wholesale emporium for watercresses, and seen fine carrots and other useful vegetables, nutritious to the bodies and purifying to the blood of the living, exposed for sale in Farringdon Market, but never once suspected that many a human skeleton lay below its flags, and that poor Chatterton’s unheeded grave was either there or under the adjoining buildings! Such being the now unalterable fact, let me suggest that a goodly stone column, surmounted by a bronze statue of the unfortunate bard, should be erected in the centre of the market—which much needs some such ornamentation—which a small subscription from all who have derived pleasure from his writings, marvelled at his genius, and sorrowed for his unhappy fate, would easily accomplish.

Mr. W. Hepworth Dixon, writing to the *Northern Echo* from Armidia, in our newly-acquired island of Cyprus, thus describes his present residence:—

“My home, hospital, asylum is a fair example of the higher class of house in Cyprus; the genuine native house untouched by influences from a foreign source. It is not a konak; not an official residence of any sort; but such a private house as the better sort of Greek might build, and the richer class of Turk might live in. It is neither new nor old, as houses might be called in England, where we build of brick and stone. I set it down at forty or fifty years; but this is old for Cyprus, where nearly all the dwellings are built of frail and perishable stuff. All villages here are built of mud; mud mixed with straw, dried in the sun, and cut into large square cakes; a cross between the hovels built of sun-dried bricks on the Nile, and the adobe cabins raised on the Colorado and the Sacramento. Towns in Cyprus are partly built with stone; the konak and the magazines are always built of stone; but even these pretentious edifices last but a little while; the native red sandstone and white limestone being almost equally friable when they are exposed to this semi-tropical sun. Nothing in the way of edifice endures as churches and castles endure in England, Italy, and France. Cyprus had once a hundred temples of the gods; temples of Aphrodite, temples of Jupiter, temples of Isis, temples of Apollo.



They stood on the sea-shores, on the great plains, and on the mountain tops; and time and heat, and rain have wasted them into dust. No vestige of these temples now remains. Constructed by Tyrian and by Greek, brothers of the men who built the tower of David, and the temple of Athens, they are not the less all gone. The masons of Cyprus had to build in limestone, not in granite, not in marble. At the present hour no Phœnician, no Egyptian, no Greek edifice stands above the ground, even in a state of ruin—all are dust. The only ruins that exist are graves; and these are dust outside, whatever treasures of gold work, terra cotta, bronze, or bone, they may conceal within their silent caves. Unlike Palestine, Cyprus has levelled the Crusaders' lines and works. Even the later efforts of the Lusignian princes and Venetian governors are in ruins; bigger and nobler, yet but little more enduring, than the Turkish konak in the town is the Turkish blockhouse on the coast. It is not surprising, therefore, that my asylum, though the oldest dwelling in the neighbourhood, dates no further back than forty or fifty years. Garden, water-wheel, and house are evidently of the same age; and from the size of the great apricot tree, in the pleasant shade of which I write these words, I have no hesitation in setting down the date."

From the foregoing extract it will be seen that it will be in vain to search for any noble relics of the handiwork of our ancient operative brethren in Cyprus, so far at least as the once magnificent temples erected by them are concerned. However politicians may disagree about the value of the island as a British possession in the Mediterranean,—a subject I cannot discuss in the *Masonic Magazine*, where everything having the least appearance of party or of sectarianism would be quite out of place,—the island is evidently not the miserable desert which some of our writers and public speakers, through ignorance or prejudice, have represented it to be. Rest assured that the ancient Greeks would never blunder so much as to specially assign a wilderness to the goddess of love and beauty! How many a poor "Britisher," who dare scarcely pluck a blackberry from the hedgerow of a farmer, nor even a crab from a tree overhanging the queen's highway, would be glad "of apricots" to "have their fill!" and "on every side" to have only to put their hands out, and "draw in" what they want, according to their taste; "green grapes, dark coloured figs, pomegranates"—of which the majority of us English Freemasons know little more than that from the exuberance of their seed they have been wisely chosen as the emblems of plenty—"ripe and ripening limes—so welcome to the parched and fevered lips," and the delightful oranges in their season,—the only thing almost of which poor invalids in this country seem never to be disgusted with, however diseased their digestive apparatus may have become. Really Mr. Hepworth Dixon almost makes one's mouth water in hopes that Mr. Cook may soon favour us with cheap trips to Cyprus, where proper drainage and cultivation will soon free us from all fear of fever:—

"Beyond the courtyard drones the waterwheel, which keeps the adjoining gardens green and fruitful. Of the primitive Persian type, worked by a mule, which walks his endless circle from dawn of day till after sunset, this wheel resembles the machines by which the ancient patriarchs raised and scattered their supplies of water. Wells are semi-sacred in the East; and the diggers of deep wells, even though their names may be forgotten, are remembered in the daily prayers of those who drink and live. The fluid from this wheel is carried along the adjacent garden by a system of canals, as simple, roundabout, and shallow as the ducts by which an Arab peasant entices the Nile into his cotton field and melon yard. The water trickles from tree to tree; round every bole a cup is hollowed out, forming a tiny basin, so that every root is fed with moisture. Five or six acres of ground are covered with vines, olives, pomegranates, figs, karobs, apricots, grapes, peaches, limes, and oranges. The jewel of the garden, an enormous apricot tree, stands in the centre, spreading its branches like an English oak, and offering welcome shade to any number of sun-burnt pilgrims. When the fruit is ripe, this tree is said to be at once a blessing and nuisance. People who are fond of apricots have their fill; but over-ripe apricots dropping in blobs and splashes on your face as you recline in the shade may be a little over-much for the greatest epicures in the fruit. The canopy of boughs is more like that of a secluded nook in an English wood than anything you might expect to find in a country too dry and hot for grass. Cactus and oleander peep at you through every opening in the leaves; on every side you put your hand out and draw in what you want, according to your taste; green grapes, dark coloured figs, pomegranates, ripe and ripening limes—so welcome to the parched and fevered lips. The time of oranges has not come, but they are hereabouts, with promise to be ready when their season comes. This cool and verdant paradise is peopled by no obnoxious creatures, though at times some vermin from the outer world, some snake or fox, contrives to break the covert, and to carry off an innocent chick. The creatures proper to the garden are innumerable larks, which break into their song and twitter at the break of day, hush themselves in their nests almost as soon as men are up and at their toil, to wake again as day is going down, and fill the evening air with resonance and song. Bees swarm about the garden, laying up their store of honey for a winter not too long. In a land which gives no milk, and therefore knows no butter, honey is an object of man's greatest care; but bees, like Negroes, Bedouins, and other timorous

beings, lay up no excess of food. At best they have none to spare, and in this garden their greatest enemies are the hornets, who lie in wait for the returning bees, attack them, rifle them, and not unfrequently kill them. The marauders are entrapped by very simple means. A bottle, half filled with water, is sufficient to entice them to their death."

That a halfpenny daily newspaper should be able to arrange for the first publication of really valuable contributions to our literature, like those letters of Mr. Hepworth Dixon's, is one of the promising signs of the times, and speaks well alike for the spirited proprietors and for their subscribers in the north of England, where the paper has an immense circulation, under the able management of our Brother, John Hyslop Bell. It would be interesting to know how many of our brethren have been, and now are, connected with the press, that great enlightener of mankind; and every true Mason ardently wishes for more light, both for himself and for others.

There is always something interesting to me in looking over the Registers of Baptisms, Marriages, and Burials, preserved in our parish churches; and I have wished for many years to see the whole of such as are still legible printed and published separately, with explanatory notes where necessary to throw light upon history. Occasionally one comes upon singular entries. The November number of Dr. Marshall's *Genealogist* gives the following from the Registers of Easham, in Worcestershire:—

"1741. Bur. Tho. Lewis of Orleton An ingenious honest Man thought to be destroy'd by Egerton Boswell of Cleobury A Silley ignorant pretending Quack (M^r Lewis not being well) gave him so large a dose of opium, y^e he Never waken'd; but see y^e justice of Providence, Boswell to Vindicate his Own Reputation, (being told he had kill'd so good A man & thereby Ruined his ffamily leaving behind him a wife and many Children Much in Debt) Said he c^d safely take y^e same Quantity w^{ch} he did w^{ch} had such an effect upon him y^t he im'diately lost y^e use of one Side, lay lingering and Senseless 3 or 4 Days and then Dyed Unpittied.

"October 29th 1741. Bur. Elizabeth Lewis Sister to y^e Above Tho. Lewis Spinster She was Ever Esteem'd a very Verteous Modest woman tho' thro' some Disorder in her Head Cut her own throat almost from Ear to Ear about 3 years before She Died Her wind pipe was 3 parts Cutt through her throat puding (*sic*) More yⁿ halfe way her whole Breath and Voice came thro' y^e wound. She was yⁿ y^e most fearful and Gastly Object I ever Saw Yett please God (by y^e Assistance of D^r Seager of Tenbury) She soon got well of y^t terrible wound, perfectly recovered her senses, and became a sincere penitent (I do believe) before she dyed."

And in the early part of the present century we have:—

"1808. Married. Thomas Elton Miller Esq^r of Bockleton in this County and Elizabeth Whitehead June 4th. The only & much beloved Daughter of the Rector of this Parish. She was a happy Bride little more than one month, dying at Exmouth in Devon, July 12th."

Hamand, and other Poems, is the title of a little volume by E. S. Littleton, of Tunbridge Wells, a young poet of considerable promise. The principal poem—a dramatic one, though intended for reading only—opens with Hamand walking slowly along the sea-shore, beneath the cliffs. It was a fine conception of Charles Dickens to make a child wondering at "what are the wild waves saying?" Mr. Littleton's translation of their never-ceasing song has music as well as fancy.

"Onward we roll, onward we roll,
With a laugh for our song, and a hiss for our dole;
With a surge and a bound, and a roaring around,
We roll as for ages before.
From the far distant west we are speeding our course,
And on our bosoms are bearing the breeze,
And the soft balmy air, of the still western seas:
We have hither been driven by the deep ocean's force,
To be shatter'd and spent on the shore.
We rejoice 'neath the light of the moonbeams above,
'Neath the shadows of yon frowning cliffs;
'Tis to leap in the moonlight and shadows we love,
'Midst the jolly-faced fishermen's skiffs.

* * * * *

We are singing a song we have sung to the dead,
And roll'd o'er them a funeral dirge;
O'er the souls of brave men we deep terror have spread,
And have sadden'd with moans in our surge."

Hamand himself is, from first to last, a mere moody madman; and, if the loving and lovable Esmeldine could not win him from his dreadful despair, he ought to have been sent to a well-conducted lunatic asylum, and never have been suffered to go abroad without a strong keeper to attend him. To chronicle his melancholy moanings seems to me scarcely worthy of Mr. Littleton's blank verse. When he flings himself from the cliff, and so ends his miserable existence, one feels it somewhat of a relief to be rid of him, and is (very wickedly, no doubt) tempted to wish that some other Hamands had followed his example. With the lovely Esmeldine it is widely different, and she certainly merited a better fate than to destroy herself for so worthless a fellow. That Mr. Littleton has healthy sentiments only needing fair play within him, the following lines, from his *Cerus and the Goddess of Poesy*, will show:—

“Sweet Poesy! the muses' power—thou hast
A blessing of thine own, which thou bestow'st
Upon but few, the sons of Genius, whom
The muses have inspired, whose lofty souls,
Fill'd with thy pow'r, ascend the skies of bliss.”

I do not write thus in the least to discourage our young author from pursuing poesy—far from me be such a wish—but to urge him by all means to curb his fancy from dwelling too much on unhealthy subjects, and to use his God-given genius for the enlightenment and elevation of the human race. I will look with interest for his second poetical volumè.

Rose Cottage Stokesley.

A SIMILAR CASE.

JACK, I hear you have gone and done it.
Yes, I know—most fellows will;
Went and tried it once myself, sir,
Though you see I am single still.
And you met her—did you tell me?
Down at Newport, last July,
And resolved to ask the question
At a *soirée*? So did I.

I suppose you left the ball-room,
With its music and its light;
For they say love's flame is brightest
In the darkness of the night.
Well, you walked along together,
Overhead the starlit sky,
And I'll bet—old man, confess it—
You were frightened. So was I.

So you strolled along the terrace,
Saw the summer moonlight pour
All its radiance on the waters
As they rippled on the shore;
Till at length you gathered courage,
When you saw that none were nigh—
Did you draw her close and tell her
That you loved her? So did I.

Well, I needn't ask you further,
 And I'm sure I wish you joy;
 Think I'll wander down and see you
 When you're married—eh, my boy?
 When the honeymoon is over
 And you're settled down, we'll try—
 What? The deuce you say! Rejected—
 You rejected? So was I!

A REVERIE.

On distant hills a gallant host is standing
 Armed to the teeth in goodliest array,
 Noble in presence, and in port commanding,
 Like those we often see on festal day;
 May all of good be with them! Let us pray,
 We who in far-off England watching now,
 That God may shield them in the deadly fray,
 And give bright laurels to each soldier-brow.
 May the "Old Lion" hold its onward way
 'Mid treacherous Afghan, and 'mid subtle foe:
 And if the cannon-throats like war-dogs bay,
 And angry hosts in the dark dust lie low,
 Where England's gallant soldiers onward press,
 Ready for "Queen and country," aye, to die,
 May a good angel be near to aid and bless,
 And lead them on to honoured victory.

Idle the chant of Peace! Where treachery dares
 To sap the mighty Empire of the Seas,
 For covert sneers or childish taunts who cares?
 We cannot listen to the craven's pleas.
 Old England's up and doing! Down she'll cast,
 In her roused might, into the veriest dust,
 The foe who dares, forgiven in the past,
 To brave her kindly patience, ever just,
 Forbearing and enduring. But when her sword she draws,
 She draws in earnest. Woe to him who has to meet
 That sword so heavy, only drawn in a good cause,
 So keen, so avenging, and so fleet.

A.
