// THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:
A MONTHLY DIGEST OF
FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

No. 68.—Vol. VI. FEBRUARY, 1879. Price 6d.

Monthly Summary.

WE have little to report except that all is flourishing with English Masonry.

We have to deplore the loss of three very worthy Masons, Bros. Head, Boyd, and Commander Scott.

Bro. Head was well known to the Craft as an active friend of the Masonic character, whose kindness and whose zeal was proverbial among the London Brethren; while Bro. Boyd perhaps may be estimated as the "Facile Princeps" of all English Royal Arch Working. He was ever ready to communicate his "light," which was great, to those who sought for instruction and information, and he was most emphatically a "Bright Mason." Commander Scott, not perhaps much known, was a zealous Masonic Student, one of that little band who appreciate Masonic Literature, and welcome Masonic research. We wish we had more like him. We have yet, we fear, to learn a good deal and advance much as regards the bulk of our order, before we realize that there is something more artistic than a "Menu," something more intellectual than the "Knife and Fork Degree." It is sad to think even to-day, what an up-hill struggle in this, as in all Masonic jurisdictions, the kind provider of good Masonic Literature has to go through and overcome.

Too many, alas, weary with the struggle, "give up" and "give way," and one by one our "literary combatants" leave us for more congenial pursuits, more paying avocations. We can only hope that in Masonic Literature the French adage is still good, "Il sait gagner, qui sait attendre"—"He knows how to win, who knows how to wait." "So mote it be."

THE SCOTTISH CRADLE OF FREEMASONRY.*

WE are pleased to reprint the following able review of a very interesting book from the *North British Daily Mail*:—

On the richly storied seaboard of Ayrshire, from the stately birthplace of the Bruce on the rocky Carrick coast to the pleasant bay at the Northern extremity of Cunninghame, where the aggressive power of the Norwegian invader was finally broken, there is no spot more attractive to the archæological student than that which is dominated by the massive tower of the Abbey of Kilwinning. To the lover of the picturesque the place is not without its charms, for it overlooks the sylvan glades of Eglinton, there is an old-world air about the town that nestles round the Abbey, and the view seaward includes a most magnificent sweep of land and water, terminating in that peak-crowned island whose sublime beauties make it the gem of the Clyde. Even the modern associations of Kilwinning are in happy keeping with the dignity of its external aspect. No one who is familiar with the region can turn to the spot without having the image recalled to his mental view of that chivalrous nobleman who in the central years of our century so worthily sustained the brightest traditions of the ancient house of Montgomerie, and, in spite of his sentimental adherence to a worn-out political creed, did more than all the other local members of the hereditary aristocracy put together to sweeten the breath of society by his broad human sympathies and his fraternal regard for the poor. Who that was alive forty years ago can forget the Tournament, the young Earl's expensive and mistaken attempt to restore the most picturesque pastime of days that were dead and could never be recalled—a revival of which the envious clouds conspired to make a failure, but which was still a splendid failure after all? Who that was wont to attend the shooting at the Papingo some thirty years since does not remember the spectacle of the genial Earl, when he had won the prize and been proclaimed the Captain-General, gallantly going through the customary dance at the Cross with auld Tibbie Glen? The literary and theological associations of Kilwinning are by no means such as anyone dare despise. Robert Baillie, a true master-spirit in an age of great men, the writer of those famous Letters which form one of the most graphic contemporary records of the mighty Constitutional struggle of the seventeenth century, was parish minister of Kilwinning; and in the same pulpit which the Principal of Glasgow adorned, old Ferguson preached those discourses which have still so much vitality left in them that a skilful prophet of our own day, Dr. John Cumming, has extracted from them (forgetting to mention the fact) many of his brightest gems. These are claims to distinction which by themselves would entitle Kilwinning to hold up its head with any parish in the land; but they are far from exhausting its features of historic interest. For it can boast, with perfect justice, we believe, that it was the birthplace of Freemasonry in Scotland; and when another decade has passed the Archers of Kilwinning will be able to say that four hundred years have come and gone since their ancient society was instituted, and the custom began of shooting at the Papingo, which Sir Walter has described with so much spirit in "Old Mortality," and which continues to be practised down to the present day—the most venerable celebration of the sort that holds its ground in this kingdom of Scotland, or, for that matter, in Great Britain, so far as we have ever heard. Nor is this all. The Druids' Grove, situated in a sequestered nook a mile north from the Abbey, its three-hilled altar now crowned with trees, carries the mind back to pre-historic times, when the solemn

* History of the Mother Lodge, Kilwinning, from the Earliest Period till the Present Time, with Notes on The Abbey. By Robert Wylie, Secretary of the Mother Lodge, Kilwinning, and P.G.S. for Ayrshire. Glasgow: John Tweed.

recesses of the "forest primeval" were lighted by the beal-fire, and witnessed the bloody rites of antique superstition. There is every reason to believe that the Abbey of Kilwinning is one of the few religious houses which can trace a distinct connection with the early hagiology of Scotland. A cœnobium or monastery existed there at least as early as the opening years of the seventh century; and this was in all probability one of those religious centres which owed their existence to the evangelistic labours of the Culdees, for St. Winning, who gave his name to the spot, is believed to have been one of that noble band of primitive Christian missionaries who carried the Gospel message in its single integrity to the people of Scotland centuries before Augustine landed from Rome on the shores of Kent. St. Winning had received his training for the ministry from Columba in the school of the prophets which that great teacher founded in the island of Iona. "Is it too fanciful to suppose," asks the author of the book which has suggested these remarks, "that the religious fervour of the South-western Lowlands, which found ever-memorable expression in the revolt against Prelacy in the seventeenth century, may have been at first kindled by St. Winning and others such as he, who were animated by a spirit of Christian self-sacrifice? Is it too fanciful to suppose that to this remote, yet full-welling fountain-head of change, the piety of so many succeeding generations may be traceable? As a fact these proto-missionaries came to the West—to that isle of the Hebrides where the Church of Iona was founded—later to various points along the Western coasts; and, also, as a matter of fact, the men of the West have been historically distinguished for the ardour of their religious prepossessions." This thought, which we accept as much more than a mere fancy, is indeed one which, as Mr. Wylie justly adds, makes the name of Winning smell "sweet as buds in spring, though his body has lain in the dust for more than a thousand years."

On the site of St. Winning's Kirk (for the word "cell," as it is now understood, conveys an utterly erroneous impression), the Norman Sir Hugh de Morville, High Constable of Scotland, built the Abbey in the year 1140. According to Timothy Pont, it was a "faire and staitely" structure, "after ye modell of yat of Glasgow, with a fair steiple of seven score foote of height yet standing quhen I myselve did see it"—which was towards the close of the sixteenth century. The monastery was one of the richest ecclesiastical establishments in Scotland, enjoying revenues equal to £20,000 sterling; but at the Reformation short work was made both with the edifice and the princely income of the priests, only a remnant of the former being left to indicate its original splendour, and the latter being distributed amongst the local aristocracy.

The presumption is, of course, that Kilwinning became the cradle of Scottish Freemasonry in connection with the building of the Abbey, the "Mystery" being introduced by an architect or master-mason from the Continent. Unfortunately the Cartulary of the Abbey has been lost. But the masons' marks on the broken walls and mouldering ashes of the Abbey—lithographed copies of which Mr. Wylie has reproduced from the minute books of Mother Kilwinning—are varied and numerous, some very beautiful in design; and they form a chapter of special interest to the craftsmen. A contract in the archives of the Grand Lodge of Scotland proves that the Lodge of Scoon and Bertha, now Scoon and Perth, proceeded from the Lodge of Kilwinning about 1193. The documentary evidence, however, is exceedingly scanty; and it need hardly excite surprise to find that the obscurity in which the birth of the Mother Lodge is shrouded has led to many controversies, most of them conducted with quite unnecessary heat, and some of them never likely to be permanently settled. As much as is possible in the way of solving the questions in dispute seems to have been accomplished in the volume before us. Mr. Wylie entered upon his task with the modest design of furnishing his brethren with a small brochure on the Mother Lodge and a few notes on the Abbey; but the work grew on his hands, and the result now lies on our table in the shape of a handsome and richly illustrated book of nearly 400 pages, into which he has gathered all the materials available for forming a judgment on the various points in dispute. His regard for the Mother Lodge, previously evinced by many years of devoted service in the promotion of her interests, is too

sincere for him to wish to assert for her any title whatever to which he does not honestly believe that she has a valid claim; and he advances no conclusion without a frank and candid statement of the grounds on which it is based, the contrary assertions of other writers being fully cited and fairly met. We shall be considerably surprised if the event does not prove that he has administered, by his patient, critical investigation, a deathblow to the design, explicitly avowed of late in high places, to affiliate the Kilwinning Lodge to the leading Lodge of the Scottish capital—to depose the Provincial Guild from the high position of mother to the subordinate place of daughter. The incisive nature of the criticism which Mr. Wylie brings to bear on this proposal may be indicated by a reference to his remarks on the obscurity of the birth of the Mother Lodge. "That very obscurity," he reminds his opponents, "is itself a proof of her exceeding age. If she had begun to exist in 1642, the date of her oldest minute-book now in the Charter chest, or in 1599, the date of the Schaw Statute, she would have had no legendary fame. The fact that Holyrood Abbey was build in 1128 by masons whom King David brought from Strasbourg will not of itself suffice to nullify the all but universal belief in the primogeniture of Scotch masonry at Kilwinning. If the building of a Scottish abbey, and the formation of a Scottish lodge, must have been contemporary events, then to the first ecclesiastical edifice built in Scotland must belong the honour of the institution of masonry, as a trade fraternity, in our country. But I am not aware that this has been contended for in so many words. No doubt it is presumed that the balance of probability is in favour of the earlier building; but even if this rule of probabilities were a better guide in the past than in the present—for, in these days we know that it is the unexpected which happens—is it likely that tradition would pass by the Metropolitan Abbey, set as it was on an unrivalled eminence in view of the nation, and shown in the searching light which beat upon Holyrood, and fix upon Kilwinning as being the birthplace of Scottish Freemasonry?" This is admirably put; and it is a question which the advocates of the opposing view will find some difficulty in answering. Clearly the tradition that has for so many hundreds of years assigned the priority to the Kilwinning Lodge is not a thing to be sneered away as of no practical account. In certain quarters it has been alleged that the Mother Lodge sold her rights; but Mr. Wylie demonstrates, by citation of the agreement, that the sole object of the union between the Mother Lodge and the Grand Lodge of Scotland was the concord of the Masonic Fraternity, and the obvious desirability of having only one Grand Lodge in Scotland. The historian of the Lodge of Edinburgh dismisses, in a very contemptuous fashion, the statement that the head masonic courts of the St Clairs were held in what he is pleased to call "the isolated village of Kilwinning." But Mr. Wylie quietly invites his attention to the fact, of which he seems to have been ignorant, that the Roslin family had at one time the most intimate connection with Kilwinning and its Abbey, for in 1541 Henry Sinclair became Abbot, or perpetual Commendator of Kilwinning. At a still earlier date—viz., in 1491—we find the King expending a large sum on an entertainment given by his Majesty when holding high festival at what the Edinburgh partisan designates "the isolated village."

Enough has been said to indicate the nature and value of Mr. Wylie's historical argument, which is conducted throughout in a temperate, candid, and altogether becoming spirit. The materials have been most admirably arranged, and the style is simple and lucid. The descriptive portions of the work are exceedingly graphic, and at times, as in the presentation of the legend of St. Winning, the author rises to a strain of genuine eloquence. The account of the Order Heredum de Kilwinning, established by King Robert the Bruce, and which enjoys the highest celebrity in France, is the fullest we have seen. The old Schaw Statutes, discovered in the charter-room at Eglinton Castle, are printed in full; and the other features of the book embrace a very complete illustrated account of the St. Clairs and of the chapel and castle of Roslin, extracts from the old minute-book of the Mother Lodge, Sir Alex. Boswell's song in her honour, most interesting tributes to the memory of such departed worthies as W. Cochran-Patrick and Hugh Conn, poetical pieces by the late James Manson (a Whistle-Binkieite) and Archibald M'Kay,

the historian of Kilmarnock, and an article on Burns and Freemasonry. From these samples it will be perceived that Mr. Wylie's historical essay is exceedingly diversified in its contents, and that he has overlooked few, if any, of the topics that properly came within the scope of his work. It remains to be added that upwards of two hundred pages are devoted to condensed reports of all the occasions on which the office-bearers of the Mother Lodge have officiated at the laying of foundation-stones from the time of the Burns Monument on the Banks of Doon (1820) down to the Kilmarnock Monument to the Ploughman-Poet (1878). Theser eports are leaves of local history of the utmost interest, and of great permanent utility. They tell us much concerning piers, harbours, bridges, hospitals, town halls, schools, and churches; and they rescue from the oblivion of newspaper columns some of the wisest, wittiest, and most eloquent orations that were ever uttered in this western region of Scotland by some of its noblest sons. It was a happy thought to embody these speeches in a book, and their presence will make this volume one which no future historian of our westland shires can safely overlook. Meanwhile, it is sure to find a large circle of delighted readers; and these will not only unite in thanking the author for the manner in which he has performed his labour of love, but also in paying a tribute to the publisher for the excellent get-up of the volume, and especially for the lavish supply of illustrations which, unlike so many contemporary engravings, are really worthy of the name.

BRO. HUGHAN'S NEW WORK.

AS we know many will be interested in the above, we have procured a few particulars as to the new work by Bro. Hughan—viz., "A Numerical and Numismatical Register of the United Grand Lodge of England."

The Introduction will refer to early Freemasonry, the whole of the allusions to the craft in the "Natural History of Staffordshire," by Dr. Plot, of A.D. 1686, being given *verbatim et literatim.* The "Articles of Union," of A.D. 1813, have also been carefully reprinted from an original copy by Bro. Harper. Then follows an account of many curious points in the histories of old Lodges as to numeration, etc., and many particulars are afforded as to the "modern" and "ancient" Lodges, before and after the "union." The "Arms of the Freemasons" receive careful attention from Bro. Hughan, those adopted by the Grand Lodges before December, 1813, and by the United Grand Lodge being fully considered, and indeed more so than ever before, the Arms of the "United Grand Lodge," in appropriate colours, forming a unique and special feature of the work, in fact is placed as the frontispiece to the volume; which, as we have said before, is to be dedicated to the R. W. Bro. Sir Albert W. Woods, Garter (P.G.W.), the G. D. of Ceremonies. The subject of Masonic Numismatics is not neglected, for several pages are devoted to that purpose, and in which the Masonic tokens and medals of this and the last century are enumerated, from those soon after the institution of the Grand Lodge down to the Royal Installation Medal struck by Bro. Kenning quite recently.

Sketches are also presented of the special Medals and Jewels belonging to the following Lodges:—

ROYAL MEDALS.

Lodge of Antiquity, No. 2, London.
Prince of Wales's Lodge, No. 259, London.

COMMEMORATIVE AND SPECIAL MEDALS, ETC.

Grand Stewards' Lodge, London.
1. Grand Master's Lodge, London.
4. Royal Somerset House Lodge, London.
9. Albion Lodge, London.
10. Westminster and Keystone Lodge, London.
16. Royal Alpha Lodge, London.
29. Lodge of St. Alban, London.
41. Royal Cumberland Lodge, Bath.
67. Star in the East, Calcutta.
76. Lodge of Economy, Winchester.
534. Polish National Lodge, London.
And others.

JUBILEE MEDALS.

356. Harmonic Lodge, Island of St. Thomas.
390. Australian Lodge, Sydney, N.S.W.

SPECIAL CENTENARY JEWELS.

7. Royal York Lodge of Perseverance, London.
23. The Globe Lodge, London.
22. The Neptune Lodge, London.
39. St. John the Baptist Lodge, Exeter.
43. St. Paul's Lodge, Birmingham.
70. St. John's Lodge, Plymouth.
82. Foundation Lodge, No. 82, Cheltenham.
105. Fortitude Lodge, Plymouth.
111. Restoration Lodge, Darlington.
112. St. George's Lodge, Exeter.
137. Lodge of Amity, Poole.
139. Britannia Lodge, Sheffield.

Also a Roll of all the ordinary Centenary Lodges, and particulars of the Freemasons' Hall Medal of 1780, the Inauguration, Royal Installation, and Charity Medals, etc. The whole of the Lodges that formed the United Grand Lodge in December, 1813, will be arranged in numerical order, with all the changes effected in 1832 and 1863, and the numbers by which they were distinguished immediately before the "union." Also a list of extinct Lodges. The plates of medals will be as follows:—*Plate* 1.—Obverse and Reverse of the Antiquity "Royal Medal." *Plate* 2.—Grand Master's Lodge, No. 1. Royal York Lodge, No. 7. Obverse and Reverse of Royal Somerset House Lodge, No. 4. *Plate* 3.—The Royal Medal of the Prince of Wales's Lodge, No. 259. *Plate* 4.—Centenary Medal. Westminster and Keystone Lodge, No. 10. Royal Alpha Lodge, No. 16. Star in the East Lodge, No. 67. *Plate* 7.—Inauguration Medal. Royal Installation Medal. Freemasons' Hall Medal and Charity Medal. Subscriptions should be sent at once to *Bro. W. J. Hughan, Truro; 10s.* 6d. per copy, post free,

In Memoriam.

H.R.H. THE PRINCESS ALICE MAUD MARY, GRAND DUCHESS OF HESSE DARMSTADT.

Obit Dec. 14th, 1878, Ætat 35 Years.

OH, let the universe of love now weep,
And mourn a Princess dear to every one;
Her name, and fame, in mem'ry's mine we'll keep,
With reverential care 'till life be done!

To praise the good is poor respect to pay,
Where goodness dwells it blesseth and is blest;
A passing tribute let us give to-day,
And shed a tear o'er ALICE, now at rest.

The loss is sad, and must be keenly felt,
The clasping hand, the well-loved voice to miss,
"Thy Will be done;" the blow is kindly dealt,
'Tis earthly joy exchanged for heav'nly bliss!

So fair a life, from childhood's budding days
Expanding to the genial light of love,
A rare effulgence sheds, and by its rays,
We trace the golden path of peace above.

When loved ones die, the parting rends our hearts,
A solemn silent spell is cast around;
The grief we feel a holiness imparts,
Our tears are dried with rev'rence most profound.

And now a nation's grief, sincere and true,
From land to land extends with light'ning speed;
Let loyal hearts their fealty ever shew,
And ask for aid Divine in every need.

SAVARICUS.

THE IDEAL.

"BE good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do lovely things, not dream them all day long;
And make life, death, and that vast for ever
One grand, sweet song."

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

THE REALITY.

"SO GOOD, SO KIND, SO CLEVER."*

"So good, so kind, so clever"—'tis the right order;
Base, shaft, and capital—a perfect column;
'Tis what we deepest prize when near the border
Of death so solemn.

* See Letter of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales to Lord Granville.

So good; with hope well fixed on right foundation,
On "Rock of Ages," like thy father dying;
Thus right at heart, fulfilling each relation,
On Heaven relying.

So kind to all, from highest to the lowest;
Soother of sorrow, living to shed bliss;
Ah! tender mother, thine own death thou owest
To thy child's kiss.

So clever, cultured deep in various learning,
Well hast thou all thy gifts and graces worn;
O'er thee, in deepest sorrow, fondly yearning
Two Empires mourn.

"A grand, sweet song's" thy life; its notes are stealing
O'er million hearts, in myriad darkened homes;
The mighty power of goodness thus revealing
Where'er its music comes.

Down here, is all the gloom and bitter weeping;
(O may thy dear ones find sweet solace given!)
Up there, a holy festival they're keeping
With thee in Heaven!

J. O. J.

IN MEMORIAM.

C. T.

Ah! "kindly light,"* that leads the mourners on,
Through mist and cloud, to yon eternal clime,
Where life and growth are measured not by time,
And full-orbed Love crowns love on earth begun.
Weep not, sad hearts, for her, who now hath won
The crown of joy that fadeth not away,
Where, in the light of everlasting day,
Lost "angel faces" wait her near the Throne.

Weep not, but pray, for those to whom are left
The toil and burden of the lonely years,
Life's sunset sky of all its glow bereft,
And distant hopes as yet half-seen through tears:
So, living as she lived, in faith and hope,
May they, and we, yet climb the mountain's cloud-girt slope!

E. H. P.

Addington; December 7th, 1878.

---

* Dr. Newman's hymn, "Lead, kindly light," was sung before the Service for the Burial of the Dead began.—*Guardian.*

GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE.*

(*Continued from page* 313).

CHAPTER II.

ON THE ROMANO-GRECIAN STYLE OF ARCHITECTURE, FROM THE INTRODUCTION OF CHRISTIANITY AS THE RELIGION OF THE STATE IN THE ROMAN EMPIRE TO THE EIGHTH CENTURY AND ON ITS INFLUENCE UPON THE ARCHITECTURE OF THE REST OF EUROPE.

TO form a correct notion of this style of architecture it will be necessary to consider the forms of earlier buildings.

The edifices of Egypt are distinguished by their uncommon durability. They have no inclined roofs; their covering consists of very large and thick stone plates, disposed horizontally; and the strength of their columns, the proximity of these columns, as well as the horizontal direction of the roofs and openings, are natural consequences of this kind of construction.

The Grecian buildings, which also are very durable, display, moreover, the most beautiful proportions. They had timber roofs covered with tiles of burnt clay, or of marble. Large edifices had flat timber coverings; but smaller ones, like the outward colonnades, are covered with stone: hence the Grecian columns, which, compared to the Egyptian, have no heavy burthen to support, are more slender than the latter. The use of timber coverings, and the necessity of employing large stone masses, is the cause (as in the Egyptian architecture) of the horizontal covering of the inner rooms and colonnades, as well as of the doors and windows. Vaulted roofs and arched doors and windows were not in use. Both the Egyptian and the Grecian edifices, whilst they are suitable to the climate, the building materials at hand, and the purpose for which they were erected, possess at the same time the greatest harmony in their forms. They are free from inconsistency and disagreement.

Colonies of Greeks diffused their civilization through Lower Italy. The temples of *Pæstum* in *Magna Græcia*, at present the kingdom of Naples, belong to the best works of Grecian architecture. This species of art flourish also at Rome: but, whatever the beauty of the plan and of the construction of the buildings peculiar to the Romans, of their basilicæ, their amphitheatres, bridges, aqueducts, streets, and baths, yet the Roman temples, which are imitations of the Grecian ones, though more splendid and more extensive, have not that simplicity of form nor that purity of style which characterise the Grecian edifices. The Hetrurians in Middle Italy, judging of them by their works, were a highly civilized people. They practised architecture with the most distinguished success, and, like the Egyptians and Greeks, they were not only acquainted with the art of constructing buildings of large blocks of freestone without the aid of mortar, but also erected the most durable vaults.† The Romans, situated in the centre between Magna Græcia and Hetruria, and more addicted to war than to the arts, adopted both the Grecian and Hetrurian architecture, and employed both vaults and colonnades in their buildings. The remains of Mecænas' villa at Tivoli, the Pantheon, and many similar works, excite astonishment by their magnitude, and delight the beholder by their excellent and ingenious construction of the large vaults which have been preserved unimpaired. To harmonize with the vaulted roofs, wherever they occurred, the openings of doors and windows were likewise provided with vaulted coverings; but columns,

---

* An Essay on the Origin and Progress of Gothic Architecture, traced in and deduced from the ancient edifices of Germany, with references to those of England, etc., from the Eighth to the Sixteenth centuries, by Dr. George Moller, first architect to the Grand Duke of Hesse, etc.

† The *Cloaca maxima*, that admirable common-sewer to carry off the dirt and filth of Rome, was built by the Tarquinians, and may be regarded as the work of Hetrurian architects.

unable to support the pressure of large vaults, lost, through the introduction of the latter, their principal destination. Having been retained as ornaments in vaulted buildings, they were employed in the situations *disengaged* from the walls, as in the interior of the Pantheon; or half *engaged* with the walls, as in Mecænas' Villa, in the Theatre of Marcellus, and the Coliseum. This combination of vaults with columns and horizontal architraves, parts totally heterogeneous at their origin, affords, in my opinion, a very simple solution of the riddle which the specimens of later Roman and Byzantine architecture, as well as those of the Middle Age up to the latter half of the twelfth century, offer throughout the different countries of Europe by the frequent disharmony of their forms and construction. To solve this, a number of hypotheses have been invented. If, as in the Temple of Peace, enormous cross vaults could, though but in appearance, be rested on columns and their friezes, there was no reason why, in smaller distances, they might not likewise be connected by arches, instead of horizontal architraves. And as columns were already in most cases considered as mere decorations, requisite for effect, and might be omitted without prejudice to the stability of the building, the Romans did not scruple to introduce them even in places where they were to serve merely as ornaments without any apparent object.

In this stage of decline was the Roman architecture anterior to the invasion of the barbarians, under Diocletian, the last emperor before the introduction of the Christian religion. In the baths of this monarch at Rome we find large groined vaulting on columns, counterpoised by flying buttresses in the exterior, which were subsequently so much improved in larger churches. In his palace at Spalatro, the colonnades of the court-yards are connected by means of arches resting directly upon the columns, and over the *Porta Aurea* (golden gate), the principal entrance of the palace, there are rows of lesser columns also connected by arches, as decorations. All this shows, that the decline of the empire was also attended by the decay of the arts; and that this decay was brought on by the Romans themselves, a long time before the invasion of foreign nations.

When Constantine removed the seat of the Roman empire to Byzantium, and Christianity became the only religion of the state, it seemed likely that architecture should have derived a new splendour from the extensive buildings which the Emperors erected to embellish their new residence.* I do not know whether any of the edifices that were then built at Byzantium are still in existence: but when we observe how the buildings at Rome, particularly the Triumphal Arch of Constantine, as far as it was renovated at that time, are constructed, we are soon sensible to what extent unfortunate Rome had already declined. The decay of the arts and the decline of the general prosperity, introduced, after Constantine's time, the custom of pulling down old buildings to erect new ones with their materials. It is evident that the columns and parts of the old buildings thus applied could not possibly suit the new edifices. A total neglect of exact proportions was the natural consequence of this ruinous practice. The style of building probably underwent less alteration in dwelling-houses and strongholds, or fortresses, on which the existence of empires depended in those times more than in ours. The walls and towers of the palace at Spalatro, and many other edifices of that period, still manifest considerable stability; and the frequently tottering empire of the East was often indebted for its preservation, during eleven centuries, to the solidity and height of the walls and towers of Byzantium. But the style of building edifices for public worship was much more extensively altered. The temples, which at their origin had never been destined to receive large congregations in their interior, were either not sufficiently roomy to serve as churches, or they were at first regarded as having been profaned by the worship of the heathen gods. Their place was supplied by basilicæ, partly with flat timber roofs, as was generally the case, and partly vaulted. Churches were rarely built on a circular or polygonal plan, after the model of the Pantheon or of the Temple of *Minerva Medica*. The want in these round churches, of a chancel, of vaulted aisles on each side of the nave, and of a portico, frequently induced

* See *Gibbon's* History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.

the architects to erect in the middle of the building four transepts of equal dimensions in the shape of a Greek cross, which style of building appears to have been in great favour, particularly in the Greek empire. The church of St. Sophia at Constantinople, those of St. Vitale at Ravenna, and of St. Constance and St. Agnes at Rome, as well as the cathedral of St. Mark at Venice, although it was built at a later period, but entirely in the Grecian style, and the cathedral of Pisa, are evidences of this combination of domes and circular churches with colonnades and the shape of basilicæ.

The practice of filling the voids of large and small arched openings with columns, which, though they do not contribute to the solidity of the building, yet seem essential supporters, and frequently give the whole a light and at the same time rich appearance, was introduced by the Byzantines. The first example of it is, however, found in the Pantheon at Rome. This practice is particularly characteristic, and appears of great importance in the architecture of the following centuries.

All the buildings which, from Constantine down to the ninth century, were erected within the limits of the former Roman empire, bear witness to the corrupted Roman architecture of Diocletian's age, with the additional alterations which the use of churches, the custom of building with old materials, and the continually sinking state of the empire and of the nation, necessarily introduced. The irruption of the Goths and other barbarians who inundated the provinces of the Roman empire did not probably introduce any material alteration in the state of the art, except that of hastening its fall. I cannot possibly accede to the opinion of those connoisseurs who ascribe an individual and peculiar style of architecture to the Goths and Lombards in Italy and Spain, to the Franks in Gaul, and to the Saxons in England. On examining their works, it will be found that the Roman architecture of the fifth and sixth centuries, with some few modifications, prevailed in these countries; and the circumstance is easily explained. The conquerors did not exterminate the old inhabitants, but left to them exclusively, at least in the first periods of their invasion, the practice of those arts of peace upon which the rude warrior looked with contempt. And, even at a later time, the intimate connexion with Rome, which the clergy, then the only civilized part of the nation, entertained, and the unceasing and generally continued use of the Latin language in the divine service, gave considerable influence to Roman arts and sciences. This must have been so much the more the case, from the constant obligation of all free men to devote themselves to war; whereby the practice of the arts was left almost exclusively to the clergy. The taste for fine proportions was almost entirely lost in these barbarous ages, and architecture became little less than a mere slavish imitation of earlier forms. Yet it appears that the art of preparing mortar, and the selection of building materials, as well as the knowledge of solid construction in their structures, for which the ancient Romans were so eminent, were fortunately preserved.

It will be proper to mention here a passage in the epistles of *Cassiodorus*, the senator and chancellor of Theodoric, the Gothic king, who reigned in Italy from the year 493 to 525, in which he describes the state of architecture in his time. *Triaboschi* quotes it in his History of the Sciences in Italy (third volume, page 68). Speaking of the then existing works of art which excited his admiration, *Cassiodorus* gives a particular description of the very great lightness and elegance of columns in the following terms:—"*Quid dicamus columnarum junceam proceritatem? Moles illas sublimissimas fabricarum quasi quibusdam erectis hastilibus contineri et substantiæ qualitate concavis canalibus excavatas, ut magis ipsas æstimes fuisse transfusas; alias ceris judices factum, quod metallis durissimis videas expolitum.*"* This passage, if clearly and correctly translated, and confirmed by the architectural monuments of that time, would be of immense interest to the history of architecture. I do not know of any building, from the time of Theodoric down even to the tenth century, to which this description seems to apply. The basement of the palace, which is supposed to have been built by Theodoric at Terracina, is entirely in the Roman style. The church of *St. Apollonaris* at Ravenna is a common basilica, like the many that have been erected before and after,

* *Cassiodori* Opera, Venetiis MDCCXXIX, page 103.

and the front of the convent of the Franciscan friars in the same town, which is said to have been the entrance to the palace, bears the greatest resemblance to the *Porta Aurea* of Diocletian at Spalatro. All these buildings are very far from being in a light or daring style; they are, on the contrary, extremely heavy. One *Aloysius*, and the well known *Boetius*, a native of Rome and a Roman senator, whose skill and knowledge are frequently praised by Cassiodorus, are mentioned as the principal architects of Theodoric; and this is a strong confirmation of the Goths having no peculiar style of architecture, but that their edifices were built by Romans, and in the Roman style. Even all the buildings erected in Europe at a later period, from the seventh to the tenth century, as, for instance, the south gate of the cathedral at Mentz, have, it is true, pillars in recesses, but of a very heavy antiquated form, not agreeing in the least with the description of *Cassiodorus*. The gates of St. Leonard's church at Mentz, on the contrary, and those of the church at Gelnhausen,* as well as many other works which were erected towards the end of the twelfth or in the beginning of the thirteenth century (consequently full six hundred years after the reign of the Goths in Italy), appear so completely to correspond with that description, that one could fancy Cassiodorus had these buildings before his eyes. His description therefore seems to possess few criteria of inward credibility, and must continue unintelligible until the buildings still extant in Italy, of the time of Theodoric, are more accurately, and more critically, examined and described than they have hitherto been. But were it even demonstrable that architecture had been at that time such as the quoted passage of Cassiodorus seems to describe it, yet the art could not be ascribed, as *Tiraboschi* seems to do, to the Goths, who, as warlike nomades, only invaded Italy in Theodoric's time,—and to whose reign *Narses*, the general of the Greek empire, had put an end in the year 552, their sway having lasted only fifty-nine years;—but rather to the Byzantine Romans, among whom we must search for all that was preserved of arts and sciences.

The Lombards, who, in the year 568, overran Italy after the Goths, and whose reign continued to the year 774, were in the habit of building much, and appear to have quickly attained a higher degree of civilization than the Goths. The twenty-fourth plate of *d'Agincourt's* History of Architecture exhibits the church of St. Julia, near Bergamo, that of St. Michael at Pavia, and the round church of St. Thomas at Bergamo, which are ascribed to the Lombards. As far as it is possible to judge from these plates, which are on a very small scale, and admitting, what however still requires proof, that the delineated buildings are really the original churches erected by the Lombards, the same remark will apply here which was made above, respecting the edifices built under the sway of the Goths. The Lombards, a rude invading people, adopted the civilized manners of the conquered, as well as their architecture. Considering the very imperfect knowledge of which we are hitherto in possession, of the style of building of the Lombards, it is certainly erroneous to ascribe to them, as but lately has been done, even down to the eleventh century, and after they had already left the scene for three hundred years, any material influence upon the architecture of the west and north of Europe. Still more erroneous is it to give the appellation of Lombardic to the style of church building which prevailed in France and Germany during the Middle Ages.

* See the plates to Moller's work.

BEATRICE.

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

CHAPTER VI.

MR. MILLER had for some time been forming a grand resolution within his own mind, and having taken a few extra pinches of snuff, determined resolutely to put it into execution. He accordingly got into the "night express," and telling his daughter that most important business with his lawyer required his presence in London, started for the great metropolis, with aims and ideas peculiar and pressing. How many men often find it needful to go to London to see their lawyer, leaving their domestic circle with bustling complacency, whose journey, if one followed, and whose real errand, if one knew, might well cause us to smile, if sadly, at the weakness and gullibility of human nature!

How wonderful it seems sometimes to find one's self amid the streets and noise of London, especially when one has left some peaceful little village home amid the grand shires, or grander hills, and the "country side!"

There all was gentle dulness, and calm repose; here all is bustle and uproar. There was an old nobleman in days gone by who liked to talk of the "blessed lights of London;" and no doubt much may be said for the attractiveness of London to the gregarious and the citizen of the world. "The sweet shady side of Pall Mall" is still sweet to many of both sexes, and there is no place to which you get more accustomed than London, with all its peculiar ways, queer people, and sensational living.

London, however, to many is only a place of mournful memories. To them its noisiest thoroughfares are empty streets, peopled only by the sad wan ghosts of the past, and whether it be Pall Mall or St. James' Street, Piccadilly or Rotten Row, Charing Cross or Whitehall, aristocratic Grosvenor or *rotourier* Golden Square, the present fades away, even amid its crowds and colours, and "war paint" and "war cries," and leaves for them, after a long flow of years, the scenes, the voices, the faces, the fantastic kaleidoscope of the past!

Mr. Miller put up at a comfortable hotel, kept by a countryman, famous for "cock-a-leekie" and "whisky toddy;" and, after due ablution and a real Scotch breakfast (oh! my digestion), started off to see his lawyer.

Social life in London has charms for many, but is, I confess, on the whole disappointing and dispiriting. We hear now of "American Colonies" and "habitual visitors" filling our grand hotels, and new and gorgeous "hospitia," but I think in this respect, not only have we a good deal to learn from Paris, for instance, and many another great continental centre, but hotel life at the very best is the least comfortable of existences! Better far a cottage at Putney, or a *gîte* at Eastbourne! You know beforehand every item of furniture, heavy and sad; you can "discount" every detail of the *menu*, dyspeptic and commonplace; and you know that all the time you are paying highly for what you could get much better for yourself.

Still, as travellers must both be lodged and fed with good entertainment for "man and beast," probably Mr. Miller did as well as he could do.

The firm which transacted usually Mr. Miller's most important business was one of the most respectable in the metropolis (all Scotchmen, let me observe), and when the senior partner had listened gravely and serenely to his respected and wealthy client (though a smile passed over his face once or twice), he said to him, though with suave deference of manner, "This, Mr. Miller, is business hardly of our kind; but I will give you a letter to a friend of mine, who is not quite so particular as we are, the great Mr. Docket (for he is really great in his way), of Tipton Square." Having written the note, and marked it "very private," he shook hands with Mr. Miller and bowed him out;

but no sooner was Mr. Miller gone, than he said to his confidential clerk, who came into the room with some legal documents, "That old fool is going to make a confounded ass of himself;" and here the excellent senior partner of "Brixton, Milbank, and Holloway" showed great irritability, and his confidential clerk had a *mauvais quart d'heure* of it, you may rest assured. Time, which heals all wounds, and the recollection of that important entry, "long and confidential interview according to appointment, £2 2s.," no doubt soon soothed that worthy individual's feelings, allowing him to say with some one of old, *Meâ virtute me involvo*—as some one has translated it, "I wrap myself up in my own napkin." And so let us follow Mr. Miller on his unaccustomed pilgrimage to Tipton Square. I need not describe that well-known locality to my readers: suffice it to say that the houses are mainly let out in chambers, occupied by solicitors and special agents, and agents not special, and agents for whom Chief Inspector Shore has often a very keen look out, in fact by a colony so various in its epitome as perhaps not badly to illustrate the motley and even questionable character of a large portion of the denizens of the great metropolis.

By the way, what an important usage it is, and how much is involved in the expression, "my lawyer."

How often in average, and for the matter of that above the average, English society do we hear the words, "I will go and see my lawyer!"

Oh, happy vision of a confiding past! oh, thin reality of a helpless present, or bright anticipation of a *bilious* future!

Still, let us not say one word against such "needful bricks" in our great social pyramid, against a useful, energetic, and long-suffering profession! Let us venerate them as indelible portions of the British constitution, let us laud their efforts, but tax their bills!

Mr. Miller entered a smart new set of chambers, and walked up to No. 4. A knock at the outer door, on which "Docket and Co." were inscribed on a small brass plate, was opened by a youth with a Jewish cast of features; and Mr. Miller, sending in his card and the note, was ushered into the presence of the sagacious Mr. Docket—for Mr. Brixton had so spoken of him sententiously to Mr. Miller, when he said, "Mr. Docket's a very sagacious man, my dear sir, and quite up to all this sort of business." But as "expectations" are often destined to disappointment here below, Mr. Miller did not find himself yet at the end of his journey.

For when Mr. Docket had looked slyly at Mr. Miller over the letter which he kept in his hand, and at the letter, and had heard Mr. Miller's own statement, he said,—

"Well, I do not do this sort of thing myself exactly, but I shall be glad to put you in the way of doing it. I will send you to Grogwitz."

"Grogwitz," replied Mr. Miller; "who is Grogwitz?"

"Never heard of Grogwitz, my dear sir?" said Mr. Docket; "I thought everybody had heard of Grogwitz! Everybody goes to him, my dear sir, under peculiar circumstances. Does a great deal of business, my dear Sir. But you will have to pay. I see my old friend Brixton" (how Mr. Brixton would have winced had he heard this speech) "says you don't mind money. You had better go to him at once. My fee is—hum, hum—we will not fill up the blank, suffice it to say it was paid. By the way," said Mr. Docket confidingly, "one word of caution, Beware of Madame."

"Eh, oh, ah," said Mr. Miller, "Madame!" And Mr. Docket winked, and Mr. Miller winked, and our readers must suppose that something very mysterious and recondite was intended by the warning and the winks.

And then, after a most friendly farewell, and a grin from the Jewish youth (who got a shilling), Mr. Miller pursued his onward journey.

What made Mr. Docket throw himself back into his chair and laugh heartily? What made him rub his hands, and smirk for five minutes successively? What made him call Docket junior and tell him the story, and show him a little crossed cheque with animated countenance and cheery face?

If my readers feel very interested in Mr. Miller's proceedings, or wish to learn the *eclaircissement* of this great mystery, let them read Chapter VII. in the March number of Bro. Kenning's excellent Magazine.

(To be continued.)

MASONIC LIGHT.

By Permission to Bro. W. T. Howe, G.P., P.M., 1445 *and* 1460; *P.Z.,* 217.

LIGHT, holy light, Masonic light,
It maketh crooked things aright;
It drives despair and fear away,
And turneth darkness into day.

As years roll on, and Time grows old,
Masonic Love, it ne'er gets cold;
But Hope and Life, these always thrive,
In this our grand Masonic hive.

Some cannot, will not, understand
The power of this mystic band;
Whate'er they say, they all confess
Their spite and hate is powerless.

Yet we will strive, and we will do
All that is right, the wide world through;
We have no fear, we have no hate,
Our work of love don't hesitate.

Our tenets, they are sound and good,
Anathema they have withstood;
For our support's built on the rock
Which scoffers scoffed at, and did mock.

Our temples, they're enshrined in love,
This essence cometh from above.
His guardianship is over all:
We in our prayers Him Father call.

And whilst our labours in Him rest,
We are his children ever blest;
His o'ershadowing is our strength;
His charity, it knows no length.

Whate'er our toils, they're justly sweet:
We humbly worship at His feet,
And ask His blessing on the work;
In all our acts no guile doth lurk.

He fills our garners ev'ry year,
And multiplies our treasures here:
The helpless and the orphans' cry
Is hushed to silence, mystery.

Our gracious teachings, they instil
And freight the brethren with "good will.
This stands a witness for their deeds,
And will outlive all human creeds.

At home, abroad, on land or sea,
You're sure to find Craft Masonry,
'Tis wondrous strange, but 'tis a fact,
The Brethren form one grand compact.

And whilst we thus give God the praise,
He will our minds for ever raise,
And fill our hearts with earnestness;
This by His Spirit we confess.

T. BURDETT YEOMAN, W.M., 1460.

August, 1878.

ART-JOTTINGS IN ART-STUDIOS.

BY BRO. REV. W. TEBBS.

MURAL DECORATION—"DISTEMPER."

THE last mode of applying colour-ornamentation to wall-surfaces, that is, the last which we are able to fairly describe as coming under the head of "art," is that known as "distemper" (French, *détrempe*), or painting in tempera, sometimes called, too, "size-painting," by which last designation the mode of painting, or at least the "vehicle" employed, is pointed out.

Distemper, then, in opposition to "fresco," with which it is sometimes confounded, is painted upon a dry surface somewhat more like the spurious kind of "fresco," known as "Fresco Secco." It is not, however, exactly like the last-mentioned process, because in that the crystallized surface of the dried lime-plaster has first to be removed, whilst in "distemper" the colour is applied directly to the dried and finished surface of the wall. As we noticed before, the name is in reality descriptive of the vehicle, which is a kind of "size" or glue.

Of the materials employed in this branch of painting we will speak presently; meanwhile, let us just notice that, although it is considered a species of work of a very inferior character, fit only or mostly for such "processes" as might be more aptly put under the heading of "Decorative Manufactures," yet we find that it is an indisputable fact that some of the Old Masters frequently executed pictures, either in whole or in part, in "distemper." When they did this they usually oiled the work subsequently, and thus gave to it the character of a painting in oil. Thus Paul Veronese is said to have sometimes begun his pictures in "distemper" and then finished them in "oil"; for his skies he certainly frequently employed the process in question.

The chief modern use to which "distemper" is put is that of "scene-painting" at the theatres. The work may be "broad" and even coarse, but the effect is too well known to need description here; and anything more true to Nature than some of the tree-scenes of Mr. Fenton, or more exquisitely beautiful than some of his sea-pieces, it is hard to imagine. Some of the so-called "transformation scenes" in the pantomimes are almost too gorgeous for description. Whilst mentioning, as a scene-painter, Mr. Fenton, we ought not to neglect such names as those of Messrs. Telbin, Beverley, etc.; all of whom, though working in this ruder style, are still as truly artists as any of their brethren of the brush who paint the dainty cabinet-picture of finished miniature;

inasmuch as the pictorial art, whilst it can never exactly reproduce the wonders of Nature, yet attains to its greatest excellence when it presents their resemblance in the most striking and pleasing manner through the eye of man, to his brain—through his bodily sight to his intellectual understanding. The colours used in "distemper" are mostly of a commoner kind than those employed in the more delicate branches of art, and are applied in a moist state, being mixed with a kind of watery glue which is formed of size and whiting.

The glue or size is simply a fine kind of gelatine, and is usually made from the clippings of hides, hoofs, and ear and tail-pieces of cattle-skins, which are deprived of their hair by the action of lime, and then boiled in water until the animal jelly has been dissolved out. Whiting is another name for carbonate of lime in a somewhat purified state; to produce it chalk, *i.e.* carbonate of lime, is ground and washed free from impurities, after which the finer particles of it are collected and run into moulds.

There remains now, as it seems to us, but one other kind of murial decoration: we do not call it a special division, because it is more properly only a way of using some of the other modes of applying colour to wall-surfaces,—always setting aside, of course, the ordinary painter's tool and the whitewasher's brush—we mean "stencilling."

STENCILLING would hardly deserve the name of "art," so mechanical is it in its application, but that it is necessary for an artist to make the design that is to be produced,—and reproduced, again and again,—by means of the stencil-plates.

A design then having been prepared, a number of metal or cardboard sheets are procured equal in number to the colours or shades of which the design is composed. Every part of the design pourtrayed in one colour or shade is cut out of one of these plates, the same process being followed until every shade has its perforated plate.

These plates are then used one at a time, and, having been accurately adjusted so that the portion of the design perforated in it shall come into its proper place, the operator rubs the particular colour belonging to it on to the wall. When all the plates together with their respective colours have been thus employed, the figure is completed. The same process is repeated over and over again until the whole wall-surface intended to be decorated is covered.

We now seem to hesitate as to whether we shall include here the decoration of walls by means of paper applied to them; but, having once got as far down the artistic ladder as "stencil," and having incidentally mentioned "whitewash," there really seems no reason why we should not include "paperhanging" in this paper on Mural Decoration.

WALL-PAPERS, then, have in ordinary use completely taken the place of "stencilling," but in these days, when there is a rage for "the antique," and when anything, however atrociously ugly and commonplace, that can be shown to have been in use by our ancestors—the more remote and uncultivated such ancestors having been, the better—our wall-papers are extensively made to represent the ruder forms of the earlier mode. Some day, perhaps, as we seem to move in cycles, we may make believe to be advancing, and so get to those startling designs of our grandfathers, where huge posies as big as cauliflowers, and as staring as advertising posters, presented to us, too, in every colour in the rainbow, or out of it, may again come into vogue; and then, if we still "advance," we may hope to reach once more the designs, exquisite in form and colour, design and detail, of our neighbours across the channel; and then—well,—

"Après nous, le deluge."

At first the paper on which the designs are printed used to be made into lengths of twelve yards by pasting together sheets of the size of "elephant" (32 by 22 inches); but, since the invention of the paper-machine, "webs" can be produced of any length.

Upon the web it is usual to spread very evenly a coat of "ground" colour with a perfectly smooth surface, and on this the design is subsequently printed.

When "papers" were first produced, these designs were printed by means of "stencil" plates, as the walls themselves had been previously decorated; but in a little time a hint was taken from calico-printing, and engraved wooden blocks took the place of the plates. This process is of course the exact reverse of "stencil," just as the engraving of the metal plate is of the block for the woodcut.

These blocks were usually of pear or poplar-wood, and extended the whole width of the paper; as many blocks being required as there were shades, just as was the case with the older-fashioned plates.

The paper being laid on a table, a lever brought one of the blocks, which had been previously coated from the colour-tub, to bear upon it; it was then shifted along and the process repeated until the whole length was covered with that single portion of design. The piece was then taken to the drying-room until it was ready to pass under a second block, which printed another portion of the design in its own particular shade of colour upon it; which operation was repeated until the whole design was complete.

The same improvements that have been introduced into the printing of textile fabrics have, however, found their way into paper-printing, and the work is now usually done by means of the cylinder-machine. In this machine the different portions of the design are engraved on a series of copper cylinders which are constantly supplied with colour. By this mode, in which each cylinder puts its part of the work in at the proper time and place, the piece only passes through the machine once, and is thus finished in a few seconds.

Wall-papers are susceptible of many descriptions of finish. Thus, "glazed" or polished papers have the ground prepared with gypsum or Plaster of Paris, and the surface is dusted over with steatite, or French chalk; when dry this is rubbed hard with a burnishing-brush until an even polish is obtained. "Flock" papers have the portions of the design intended to be raised printed in "encaustic" instead of colour, and the "flock," being then evenly scattered over the surface, it adheres to the portions rendered adhesive. This "encaustic" consists of linseed-oil, boiled with litharge, and ground up with white lead; whilst the "flock" is made of the shearings of woollen from the cloth-mills. These are washed and dyed with various colours, then stove-dried and ground in a mill which breaks them short, and they are next sifted to the various degrees of fineness required. Where "gold" is used, it simply takes the place of the "flock" in the last-mentioned process, and when the "leaf" is properly fixed, the surplus is brushed away with a hare's-foot or other soft brush.

In some of the finest French papers the designs are hand-painted, when the decoration becomes at the same time more beautiful and more expensive.

There are some two or three other processes, which space precludes our entering into now, but which we propose to touch upon in our next paper, which will conclude this branch of the subject and allow us once more to get back to the domains of painting as an art pure an simple.

GOOD-BYE.

MAJOR WHYTE-MELVILLE'S "Good-bye" appears almost prophetic, as we read it now. We quote the last two stanzas:—

Hush! a voice from the far-away!
"Listen and learn," it seems to say,
"All the to-morrows shall be as to-day."
The cord is frayed—the cruse is dry,
The link must break, and the lamp must die.
Good-bye, Hope! Good-bye! Good-bye!

What are we waiting for! Oh! my heart!
Kiss me straight on the brows! And part!
Again! again!—my heart! my heart!
What are we waiting for, you and I?
A pleading look—a stifled cry.
Good-bye, for ever! Good-bye! Good-bye!

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

OLD RECORDS OF THE LODGE OF PEEBLES.

From the "Scottish Freemason."—Continued.

Peebles, December 27th 1718

THIS being St. John's Day the Honourable Society of Masons mett and proceeded thus, after prayer the Honourable Company proceeded to an examination of entered apprentices and Fellow Crafts and which was done *hinc illæ* to the general satisfaction of the whole Brethren. Upon which a lite being made for clark consisting of Mr Porteous, Mr Taitt and Andrew Turnbull rols being called and votes marked Mr Jo Taitt was chosen—as also John Hyslope, John Friar and John Ker being in the lite for Deacon and putt to the vote John Hyslope was elected, as also David Whyte was chosen Warden for this insheuing year, and John Ker continued box Master, and Mr Duguid was chosen Kie Keeper of the said Box.

Expended for Dinner seven pound—three shilling scotts. The Honourable Company this day gave up to David Whyte present Warden a bill of 20 sh Str granted be him to the said Society and hereby discharge him of the samin, the Deacon signing this in the name and by the appointment of the Honourable Society

Sic Subtr JOHN HISLOPE

John Ker being chosen box Master and Thesaurer (treasurer) for the Honourable Company was charged with the soum of Fortie two pound, six shillings and eightpence Scotts as followes—*

[Here is inserted a list of bills and dues by the brethren to the above amount.]
The following brethren chose these marks :—

JOHN TAIT	Mark
RICHARD WHITE	,,
JOHN KEY	,,
WILLIAM NICOLE	,,
ROBERT SCOTT	,,
ADAM SALTONE	,,

* Scotch money,—Any brother may find its value by consulting our arithmetical tables. We there find that—

2 Pennies	Scotts is	1 Bodle,	or 1/6 of 1d. sterling.
2 Bodles	,,	1 Plack,	or 1/3 of 1d. ,,
3 Placks or 12 Pennies	,,	1 Shilling or 1d.	,,
20 Shillings	,,	1 Pound or 20d., 1/8	,,

To modern financiers the fees eligible by our old brethren may not appear exceedingly high, but when we consider that wages, etc., were paid accordingly, the "composition" charged seem high enough for the times.

JOHN FRIER ,,

FRANCIS GIBSONE ,,

ALEXANDER VEITCH ,,

WILLIAM BROTHERSTANE ,,

JAMES SHIEL ,,

Peebles December 28th 1719

The which day the Honourable Company of Masons belonging to the Lodge of Peebles mett, being the first lawfull day since St. John's day—and after prayer proceeded to an examination of entered Aprentices and fellow crafts which was performed to general satisfaction of the whole Members. Upon which a lite consisting of John Hyslope, David Whyte and John Friar for Deacon being made, and putt to the vote, John Hyslope was chosen Deacon—for ys year. As also David Whyte was continued Warden, John Ker continued box master, as also Andrew Veitch was chosen Kie Keeper—Mr Jo Taitt was continued clark to the Honourable Society—

Absent—Francis Gibson, John Remmage, Andrew Turnbull, Robert Rutherford, all the rest of the Members present payd in their years dues, as also the former absents.

John Ker being chosen Thes'er and box master to the Honourable Company was charged with the following soums of money—(list)—

Summa 33lb 01 sh 04 d

ANDREW TURNBULLE chose his mark thus

Peebles December 27th 1720

The which day the Honourable Company of Masons belonging to the Lodge of Peebles mett being St. John's day—and after prayer proceeded to an examination of entered apprentices and fellow crafts which was performed to the generall satisfaction of the whole brethren, upon which a lite consisting of the following persons for Deacon for the ensueing year was made—viz John Hyslope, David Whyte and John Friar younger—And the same putt to a voice, itt carried John Hyslope Deacon for the ensueing year, as also David Whyte was continued Wardene for this year, also upon a lite made for box master, John Ker, Andrew Veitch with Baillie Wmsone (Williamson) and putt to the vote, it carried unanimously Baillie Wmsone, A lite for Kie Keeper being made John Wood Merchant y was chosen as also Mr Jo Taitt was continued their clark—chosen for their officer this ensueing year, Patrick Sanderson.* Absents—Baillie Remmage only all the rest of the members having payed in their quarter dues—

Mr John Williamson late Baillie of Peebles being this day chosen Theser' and Box Master to the Honourable Society was charged as followes—(list)—

Summa is 34 lb 10 sh 6 d

Eodem Die The Honourable Company enacted yt in all time comming each Member of this Lodge shall pay in to the Theser' one shilling scotts quarterly, and the present Theser' or box master to be charged with the samen from this day.

Peebles December 27th 1721

The which day the Honourable Company of Masons belonging to the Lodge of Peebles mett being St. John's day—who after prayer proceeded to an examination of Entered Apprentices and Fellow-Crafts—which was performed to the generall satisfac-

* This is the first time the "Officer" of lodge is referred to, but whether it was the office of Tyler or some other, is not named.

tion of the whole Brethren. Upon which a lite consisting of the following persons—viz John Hyslope John Friar and Francis Gibsone for Deacon for this ensueing year—and putt to the vote it was unanimously carried in favour of Francis Gibsone—Deacon for the ensueing year—as also John Hyslope late Deacon was made choise of as their Warden, Mr. John Wmsone for their Theser' John Wood their Kiekeeper, and Mr Jo Taitt continued their clerk—

This day Alex^{r} Thomson servator to James Haisty Mason was admitted and entered apprentice to the sd Lodge, he paying into the Box six pounds Scotts for his composition, chose for his intenders John Hyslope and Robert Scott—made choise for his mark thus— his composition also pay^{d}.

As also John Bruce who was formerly admitted a member choose for his mark this ◁

Mr John Williamson being chosen Box Master to this Honourable Lodge, received the following charge—(list)—

Sum 37 £ 13 sh 04

Peebles Febry 1st 1722.

The which day was legally admitted and entered a Member of Honourable Company—Thomas Brotherstons Cowper Burges of Peebles and was broke in composition three pound eighteen shillings Scotts money when eighteen shill spent at his entry, pay^{d} out by the Deacon—the sd Thomas chose for his intenders Mr Jo Taitt and John Neilson.

Peebles Febry 5th 1722

This day John Ker younger smith there was legally entered and admitted a Member of this Honourable Company—and was broke in composition two pounds Scotts money for which he gave his Bill—and chose for his intenders John Hyslope and Patrick Sanderson.

Peebles December 27th 1722

The which day the Honourable Company of Masons in the Lodge of Peebles conveened being St. John's day—who after prayer proceeded to ane examination of the entered Aprentices and Fellow crafts, which was performed to the generall satisfaction of all concerned—upon which a lite consisting of the following persons, viz Frances Gibsone, Baillie Wmsone and John Friar for Deacons for the insuing year—and being putt to the voice it carried Baillie Wmsone—as also John Hyslope was continued Warden.

John Ker was chosen Box Master, and John Wood was continued Kie Keeper—The Honourable Company appoints a committee of their number—viz Baillie Wmsone—Francis Gibsone John Hyslope and clark with any other of the Brethren that can conveniently meet, to meet upon the 29th of January 1723 in order to draw up a new charge and regulate their other affairs with respect to Bills in yr Box—

John Ker younger pay^{d} in his composition being 2 lb Scotts and lifted his Bill which was in the Box.

R. S.

(*To be continued.*)

THE YULE LOG.

CHRISTMAS EVE, 1878.

THE Yule Log's burning in the grate,
The sparks are rising merrily,
And as thro' the solemn years of fate
Musing I sit, and wanderingly,

I see soft faces glad and fair,
 I read old stories of the past,
I watch gay castles in the air,—
 Alas! all fading fast.

In joyous mood I seem to stand,
 Mid gatherings and fanes of yore:
I build mud-castles on the sand,
 On youth's far-distant sun-burnt shore.
In quaint review they pass me by,
 A long procession lov'd and dear:
The bounding step, the laughing eye,
 The noble presence calm and clear.

How fancy carries me away,
 Amid life's onward ceaseless flow,
To pleasant scenes, in glad array,
 Amid the hours of "long ago!"
Before me seem to gather clearly
 The golden dreams of buoyant youth,
I hear some tones I once loved dearly,
 Voices of tenderness and of truth.

Ah, how fantastic are the changes
 Which seem to pass in vivid light,
As memory o'er the long past ranges,
 And summons up each old delight!
Mountains and hills and seas are welling,
 In molten fire, before me plain,
And palaces, a homely dwelling,
 Are lighting up that glad champaign.

Oh, pleasant visions! Fancy's hour,
 Usurps o'er me its blissful reign,
And in its talismanic pow'r,
 Makes me once more a boy again.
I feel as once I felt and trusted,
 I speak as once I spoke of old,
Ere memory itself grew rusted,
 And mated with a heart as cold.

Alas! the Yule Log has expired,
 Its ashes only now remain,
Just as when youth, with glad hopes fired,
 Has had to give them up again.
I turn away, the room is dimming,
 All is so cold, serene, and still;
My Yule Log's gone, no longer sparkling
 With dreams and forms at Fancy's will.

W.

NOTES FOR A HISTORY OF FREEMASONRY.

BY A. BERTON.

Translated from the "Chaine d'Union" for the "Masonic Magazine."

WE give these eloquent "Notes," though we need hardly say that we do not profess to agree with their sentiments or be bound by their conclusions.

But our brethren may well see the product of thought and ability, though they are not likely to accept Bro. Berton's facts without a large "grano salis."

The origin of Freemasonry is lost in the night of time. I do not wish to speak more specially of Freemasonry such as we see it to-day, with its institutions clearly defined, its unity under governments, under different forms, its regular performance, but of the companies of unknown Masons or others from which it is derived. In all times the feeble and the humble have felt the need of union and of alliance amongst themselves to resist the powerful, the oppressors; they have had to league together to defend the right against power. And no one is ignorant that the struggle of right against power is the history of humanity since its origin to our own days. Scarcely had the earth germinated with men, when the combat commenced; the strongest killed the weakest, or made him his slave. For thousands of years slavery, like a leprosy, covered the world, and generations came and went, the one making, the other leading as a part on earth, a miserable existence, for the happiness and easy life of some tyrants.

Nevertheless revolt appeared. The slaves formed two great classes—labourers and artisans. The labourers kept in the fields, far from the eye and the hand of the master, enjoyed a greater liberty and a better lot. It was the artisans specially that the yoke pressed upon most heavily, charged to supply the pleasures of the tyrant, to build and to adorn the palace—in one word, to approach and to serve him nearest of all.

It is therefore among these last, that the first ideas of liberty germinated.

Individually too feeble, they formed unions, and gave birth to those great associations with which kings have had more than once to reckon. Witness the contract entered into, three or four thousand years ago, for the construction of a tomb, between Ramses, King of Egypt, and a tribe of independent Masons, a contract engraved on stone, sealed in the tomb, and re-discovered about twenty years ago, in the ruins of the monument, by our illustrious Champollion. Witness again the convention made between the King of the Jews, Solomon, and the Tyrian Masons of Hiram, a convention freely made, and after discussion on one side and the other, as we can see in the Bible.

Before proceeding, I wish to answer two objections which present themselves, quite naturally, when we study the origin of Freemasonry. The first is this: Why is it that Masons have alone favoured these associations?

It is probable—nay, it is certain—that the Masons have not been in antiquity the only ones to league themselves to recover liberty. The rebellion of the Helots among the Greeks, the revolts of the slaves among the Romans, and their retreat to the Aventine Mount, are sufficient proofs of this. But if we consider that it is by those of their works which have traversed the ages that the Egyptian, Assyrian, and other Masons have left us their monuments and their associations, we shall easily understand that all trace is lost of the associations of other artisans. Except some pottery, some jewels, found here and there in the tombs, what monument remains to us of those distant epochs besides the labours of Operative Masons? The second objection is the following: How is it that the historians of those times do not speak of the Masonic associations, do not describe their practices, their mysteries, etc. We must not forget that these associations were necessarily secret; the members had too great an interest in silence to divulge the secrets, and even if they had spoken, that would not be a sufficient reason.

The initiator of Eleusis, of the Druidical ceremonies, etc., could also have committed indiscretions, and, nevertheless, who can find described to-day the Druidical mysteries or those of Eleusis?

The origin of Freemasonry, that of *Masonry* "*Free*," independent, withdrawn from the arbitrariness of tyrants, giving their labour for a great salary—the origin being established, I shall pass rapidly over the first periods which ensued. I will not describe the building of the cities of Egypt, disappeared to-day, or the pyramids, still to the fore; I will not point out the construction of the works of the Kings of Assyria, or the covering of their sumptuous palaces with those statues which, the visage calm, and the hands on the knees, have passed through so many ages to come to us; I will only indicate the labour of Masons at the Temple of Jerusalem, their porticoes among the Greeks, their temples and their aqueducts among the Romans, the cathedrals with which they have covered Europe in the Middle Ages, all gigantic labours, and durable, in the greater part of which we find the square and the compass, speaking arms which we still see on our Masonic blazon.

In the ninth century Athelstan, King of England, made a general Association of the Operative Masons in his kingdom, gave them a private constitution, and placed at their head his eldest son, with the title of Grand Master. From this epoch, Freemasonry, such as we know, commenced its development. The various lodges which worked in the kingdom had a common link, the Masons' special sign of recognition.

It is no longer a secret. It begins to admit into its bosom men strangers to the rule of Masons, but it still distinguishes them from its ancient members; they are only honorary members. Freemasonry includes Operative Masons and Accepted Masons, or strangers to the "Metier" of Masonry. It is only in 1703 that this distinction disappears; on July 14th the Lodge of Saint Paul's, of London, now the Lodge of Antiquity No. 2, decrees that the "Privileges of Masonry shall no longer be restricted to Operative Masons, but entrusted to men of various professions, provided they are regularly approved and initiated into the Order" (Preston's "Illustration of Masonry").

It is then from 1703 that the Freemasonry dates such as we know and practice to-day. It is in this epoch that the last stone has been laid of the foundation of the Order; the modifications it will subsequently go through when spreading all over the land will only be modifications of detail, and of less importance.

In 1721 English Masons founded at Dunkirk the Lodge "Amitié et Fraternité."

In 1725 Lord Derwentwater, the Chancellor Maskelyne, M. de Hegnelty, and some English noblemen, established another Lodge at Paris, at Nure's, Hotel Keeper, Rue des Boucheries, a lodge of which the name is lost, but which figures on the early list of English Lodges as No. 90.

In 1742 there were at Paris twenty-two, and more than one hundred in the rest of France.

At this epoch, that is to say, at the commencement of the 10th century, Freemasonry had assumed a new character. It was no longer the Operative Society of former times, for persons of all conditions, strangers to the profession, noblemen, had hastened in great numbers to range themselves under its banners.

And here we conclude Bro. Berton's Notes, the more so as we do not find any point of interest to us in the few concluding ones!

We give the Notes simply as a study of Masonry. We do not profess to admire their tone, their temper, or their spirit. Indeed, we think the underlying theory most mistaken and mischievous, though we do not doubt the sincerity of the writer.

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 IX.

NOT WISELY BUT TOO WELL.

A YEAR had passed away since the events related in our last chapter. It was the middle of autumn—lovely September weather—and Mildred and Aunt Fanny were staying at Seaton Carew on the coast of Durham, where they had once been before. She knew all about Marmaduke, yet her heart yearned to him as of yore. When everyone spoke of his conduct as shameful, a man going about as a bachelor for two or three years, and deceiving his own father all the while, being a married man, they declared it was monstrous, and they were not surprised at his father cutting him off in his will, she bravely took his part. But the General's awfully sudden death somewhat stopped the gossip for a time, and there were not wanting those, strange to say, amongst the ladies, who pitied Marmaduke, and said they believed he had been the victim of some designing wicked woman. How near they were to the truth you, gentle reader, know. In all this Mildred, who had been so silent before, now came boldly to the front, and no one dared in her presence to say one word against her heart's idol.

At Seaton Carew in the same lodgings with them at a large house at the corner of the Green, from whence you had a lovely view of the splendid reach of sand, three miles in length, the sea, and the noble range of Cleveland Hills with Roseberry Topping in the background, there was staying an invalid lady,—a showy fair-haired looking woman she had been, but she was very faded now. This lady died, she had been ill long: no one seemed to know anything about her, but about a month after a new tombstone was placed in the little churchyard over a newly made grave—the grave of the invalid lady —and Mildred passing it on her way to church read the inscription thereon:—

Sacred to the Memory of
GEORGIANA MATTHEW,
Only daughter of Jeremiah Jarvis,
of Colchester, Essex,
Died 25th, September, 186—,
Aged 32 Years.

Then Mildred knew her rival was dead, and a strange feeling of happiness stole over her—a happiness undefined—undefinable. Two or three mornings afterward there came a letter to her, re-addressed, from St, Benet's, which moved her strangely. It ran as follows:—

Hotel de Flandres, Bruges,
DEAR MISS BETHUNE,— 1*st Sept.*, 186—.

I do not apologise, though a perfect stranger, for addressing you now, as I feel sure beforehand that you will forgive me. Yesterday, on coming to this hotel on my wedding trip, I heard that an Englishman was staying here very ill. On making further inquiries, I discovered his name was Mathew, the landlord spelt it Mathieu; but I thought I recognised it as the name of a former brother officer in the Dragoons. Accordingly, I sought his room, and was much troubled to find that the invalid was indeed my dear friend Marmaduke Mathew, that he had been very ill and had be-

come blind, an affliction brought on by a too close study of the old masters in the galleries here. It appeared that for the last twelve months he had been most assiduously painting in Antwerp and the Flemish towns, and striving to win himself a name as an artist. He had got a few commissions from travelling Englishmen by painting Reubens' great pictures in Antwerp Cathedral and other places. He had never, it appears, fully recovered from the yellow fever, and in the midst of his painting at Bruges he was suddenly seized with this dreadful calamity. He had had warning of it, he said, for some time, suffering a good deal from a weak state of the eyes for some months previous. He appears to have no friends, and seems in a low way. He would not allow me to write to his brother, who, it appears, has treated him very badly, and told me he did not think he had any friend in the world but you. He did not indeed authorise me to write to you, nor does he know I have done so; but I feel sure, and my wife does to, that I am not wrong in doing so. We leave this on the 4th or 5th, and you may be sure anything we can do for my poor friend shall be done. Yours truly,

MERVYN KNOLLYS.

Mildred could scarcely get through the letter for her tears; but she resolutely stopped herself at last, and looking up at her Aunt Fanny, who was glancing kindly at her now and then with a heart full of sympathy—and a face that expressed it—she said in a quiet way there was no answering,—

"Auntie, I am going to Bruges."

"To Bruges! my dear, what next— ?"

Mildred, without another word, gave her aunt the letter and left the room."

In a few minutes she had hurried across the town, and made her way to the vicarage.

"Is the vicar at home!" she asked.

The vicar was at home. Mildred without any preface asked if she might have a copy of a certain certificate. The Vicar said, "Oh, certainly," and gave it to her there and then—for the registers were kept in his study. After paying for it and thanking him with grave politeness, Mildred went off straight to the railway station, and thence to West Hartlepool, where she found a steamer started for Antwerp that night. Booking saloon passengers for two, she went quietly back to Seaton and told her aunt what she had done.

Mildred was accustomed to rule her aunt in her quiet way, and it is not altogether surprising that Miss Bethune should elect to go with her dear niece, old though she was, rather than let her go alone, as she was resolved to do.

It was a lovely autumn night when they started in the good ship "Fairy Queen;" the sea was as smooth as glass all the way, and they enjoyed the trip amazingly. Mildred was in the highest of spirits, and her aunt wondered at their buoyancy, for her niece had never looked more beautiful than she did now in the bloom of perfect womanhood. In forty hours or so they were at Antwerp, and the same night they were at Bruges. They went straight to the Hotel de Flandres, and were fortunate in getting beds—for the town was full of tourists, coming and going.

CHAPTER X.

A NOBLE WOMAN AND HER REWARD.

THE next morning, soon after breakfast, having previously made the acquaintance of Mervyn Knollys and his wife (a charming woman), they consulted Mervyn about seeing the patient.

He had already seen the doctor and explained to him that some very old friends of Captain Mathew had come from England to see him, and he had made no objection.

Accordingly Mervyn had seen Marmaduke: he was dressed and sitting near the

open window of his apartment—half bedroom, half boudoir—feeling the soft breezes and listening to the lovely carillon from the Belfry of Bruges. The little camp bed he used was in an inner chamber beyond.

There was a piano in this room, and he had taught himself to play a little, and used to wander over the keys in his poor blind way, making a sad sort of music, which pleased himself if it pleased none other. It had been decided that Mervyn should prepare him for the visit, and accordingly he came up to him, and said,—

"Well, Saint, old fellow, how are you to-day?"

Marmaduke smiled sadly at the old nickname, but answered,—

"Oh, I am very well, thank you—very well, thank God," he added gravely.

"There are some English people here."

"Are there? that's no uncommon occurrence, I think?"

"No, certainly not. One of them sings splendidly," Mervyn says awkwardly.

"Does she? Ah, I am fond of music."

"A very good-natured girl. I daresay she would sing to you if you like. My wife told her about you, and she seemed interested."

"You are very kind; but I should not like to trouble anyone: besides, the room."

"Oh, the room's all right, old fellow. We are abroad now, you know; the bedrooms are more like drawing-rooms here," Mervyn added cheerily.

"Well, if you think it's all right; perhaps Mrs. Knollys would come in."

So presently Mildred and Mrs. Knollys stole into the room, and the latter introduced Mildred as her friend, who tremblingly and rather pale sat herself down to the piano, and sang Arthur Sullivan's beautiful song, "Looking back." Then she sang "Once Again," and Mrs. Knollys could see Marmaduke's poor sightless orbs fill with tears as he listened to her.

> I linger round the very spot where years ago we met,
> And wonder when you quite forgot, or if you quite forget;
> And tender yearnings rise anew for love that used to be,
> If you could know that I was true, and I that you were free.
> Ah, Love, once again, meet me once again,
> Old love is waking, shall it wake in vain?

Such were the words that Mildred sang to him—and strangely moved he seemed to be as she warbled them in lovely sympathetic tones that would have melted any soul to tears.

Mildred, glancing up and seeing the poor blind eyes filling, and the nervous fingers trembling, rose abruptly, came and knelt down by his side and burst into a flood of tears.

Then Mervyn and his wife quietly withdrew, and the gallant young officer laughed quite defiantly at his wife because she said she was crying, whilst his own eyes were full of tears.

Neither spoke for some minutes, but something told Marmaduke who it was, and he said,—

"Mildred, is it you dear?"

"Yes. I have come to you."

"But you do not know all."

"I know everything."

"And you can forgive me?"

"Forgive you, Marmaduke! am I not a woman?"

"The only true woman I ever met."

"Do not say so."

Then there was a pause, and Marmaduke heaved a sigh—a bitter, painful sigh; it was sad to hear. Mildred looked up at him with such a look of love and forgiveness as an angel might have given.

"Marmaduke, dear?"

"Yes."

"Do you remember the letter you wrote me years ago?"
"Aye, do I not?'"
"Have you changed?"
"No! I wish I had."
"Why?"
"I ought not to love you. I am married."
"Your wife is dead."
"Dead!"
"She died at Seaton Carew, in Durham, a month ago."

At these words poor Marmaduke nearly swooned away; he had been very ill, and still was very weak.

Mildred gave him some water and bathed his forehead with her dainty hankerchief, suffused with aromatic vinegar she had in her pocket, and he soon revived.

"And you will leave me soon, I suppose," Marmaduke said mournfully.
"Never, dear. Do you know what I am going to do?"
"No, how should I?"
"Well, if you give your consent, I am going to marry you."

Then Marmaduke took her hands in his; she was kneeling at his feet, looking up into his face, but he could not see; and then he kissed them passionately, and completely broke down; and when Mervyn and his wife came back he was sobbing like a child. That gallant soldier discovered the reason when he picked up from the floor a paper which fell out of Mildred's portmonnie, and he handed to his wife the certificate of Mrs. Matthew's death.

* * * * * * * *

Within a week they had returned to England, Aunt Fanny, Mervyn, and Mildred.

Mervyn had good-naturedly, at the express request of his wife, left her with her maid, in Bruges (she had a sister at the *Couvent des Dames Anglaises* there whom she used to see almost daily), to take charge of Marmaduke back to England.

Within six months they were quietly married, and Mildred led her blind penniless husband from the altar with a prouder air than if he had been a prince.

* * * * * * * *

Last year two important events occurred. Mrs. Mathew presented her husband with a son and heir (they had been married four or five years, and living upon Mildred's £300 a year in quiet style at St. Benet's), and Marmaduke's elder brother died.

So the little man is heir after all to twenty thousand a year, and they have just gone into the Abbey, which has undergone extensive alterations to fit it for their reception.

There is not a single person in St. Benet's but rejoices at Mildred's good fortune, and no one thinks the less of her because she proposed to her husband. Lady Ida married the County Member after all, for Sir Hugh Tracy, a distant connexion of the late General's brother-in-law, succeeded him. Lady Tracy is a great friend of Mildred and her husband, who she vows she never would have married, for she could not bear him. But this is only fun, and the two families are very intimate. Mildred is a pattern wife to her blind husband.

FINIS.

AN HERMETIC WORK.

(*Continued from page* 240).

CHAPTER IV. (*continued*).

JOHN RODOLPH GLAUBER'S EPISTLE TO THE READER.

SATAN with his Followers seeks nothing more, than the destruction of Mankind, and to hinder him from the gifts and favour of God. Wherefore I desire thee not to slight or judge of these things rashly, which thou knowest not; but first prove and try them thoroughly, and although you should fail (as it may easily happen to the inexpert), yet blame not my writings or good intentions, but your own unfit Capacity, or inexperience, for I write nothing here, but what I have often effected, and can perform and prove true every hour. Consult therefore first with other more experienced searchers, whom I may hope have not all erred and lost their labour in so easy a work, even a boy of ten years old may understand it possible and Fecible.

Nevertheless believe not that I should set down here the manner of extracting Gold in lumps or great quantities for profuse usage, but I shall rather take heed and beware of that.

N.B. Now as I said throughout all parts of the world, and in every sort of Sand, Pebbles, and Stones, is held good Gold, excepting Limestones, which alone seldom or never have any Gold, else in all Rocks of GreetyS and, Flints of whatever colour; also in Gravel, Scurffe, or Ballast on Mountains, Valleys, in the bowels of the Earth, the Sea, Ponds, Pits, Rivers, and Floods, (none at all expected) there is Gold to be found, but Sand and Stones hold most in hot countries; and although they be white, clear, and shining, without the least colour, yet there is some Gold; yea, even sometimes in clay grounds, and in artificial baked Tyles and Bricks.

THE FIRST KIND OF PROOF.

Take white Sand or Flints, wherein you think there is not the least Gold, to which joyn three parts of *Minium*, or any other powder or Calx of Lead, flux this mixture in a Crusible covered in a wind Furnace, or by blast of bellows, and so let them flow well together for one hour, and it will turn to yellow glass, then pour it forth lest by delay it pierce the Crusible, and run among the ashes. Powder this glass, and mix therewith half its weight of *Sal Alcali*, or Soap, or Pot Ashes; then put this mixture into an Iron Pot or Crusible, where you may first put Nails or other Bits of Iron, then Flux this in the Fire and the glass of Lead will be reduced into a body again by the said Iron, pour out this into an ingot or Cone, and the *Regulus* of Lead will sink to the bottom, and the Flints or Sand (like Scurffe and Dross) will swim on the top, but the Lead will contract such a black roughness, that it will not easily flow. For the which take this remedy. Place this *Regulus* in a Wind Furnace, and upon one ounce of the melted Regulus cast a Dram, or something more of Salt Peter, and let them flow together. Then the *Sal Nitre* will draw the black roughness from the Lead into a Scurffe, which being poured forth and melted again becomes tractable and white, and will easily flow upon a Test, but if you have not the skill to effect this work, put your black rough Regulus of Lead into such a Crusible or Test, as the vulgar call Treibscerbe (which is like a large hard Crusible bottom), cover it, and let it purge itself in the fire for half an hour, or at least for a quarter, and it will be white and tractable. But the washing or cleansing by Salt Peter is far better; weigh a penny weight, dram or scruple of this, and a like quantity of Lead, Test them in a hard fixt Copel apart, and this Regulus will hold a grain of Gold, and the Common Lead, only a grain of Silver.

THE SECOND KIND OF PROOF.

Take one part of white Flints or Sand, mix thrice the quantity of Salt of Tartar, or any other Alcali, and therewith fill a third part of a Crusible (but not more, lest it run over), let it stand half an hour to be glowing red, and it will turn to a white Pellucid

glass, pour it into fair water, or rather into a Lee, and the Sand or Flints will be dissolved into a thick Oil or Water. ☞ In this water digest for an hour or two, half an ounce of filed, rasped, or rather scraped Lead, and the Lead will extract a spiritual Gold from the said Water or Flints, and will thereby become yellowish; which take forth dry, and Test on a Copel, and you shall find a Grain of gold, but out of so much common Lead will be only a grain of Silver, which is the proportion to be found in any Lead, whence you may certainly conclude that white Flints and Sand contain in them spiritual Gold, the which *being joined with metals become Corporal.*

THE THIRD KIND OR MANNER OF PROOF.

Dissolve ♄ or Lead in *Aqua Fortis*, and pour it forth into Salt Water, and all the Lead will precipitate and fall to the bottom, in a white Calx or Powder: mix three parts of this calx with one part of powder of Flints or Sand, and add half so much Salt out of Lees or other Alcali, mix them and put them into an iron Crusible, where old Nails or bits of Iron be put in, fill it to the top and cover it close for half an hour to melt and flow, till all the sharp corrosive spirits in the Lead be mortified by the Iron, and then the Lead will be reduced to a body as before, which cast into a Taper-pointed Ingot or Cone, and the Regulus of Lead will sink to the bottom, the which must be washt and cleansed by Salt Peter, or in a fixt Copel under a Tyle, till it purge out the dross or fæces, then Test it, and as much of the same Lead severally apart, and the one yields a grain of Gold, and t'other only a grain of Silver, as before is sufficiently expressed.

The true manner of proving all Flints, Rocky Stones, Pebbles, and Sands, etc. Legitimately and Infallibly; whether they contain much Gold or little; with a plain Reason for all.

Take four ounces of Sand or Flints, or other Stones, neal them red hot in a Crusible, and quench them in cold water, and so they become tractable to be beaten or ground to powder. Put these four ounces of powder into a Glass Cucurbit or Retort, and pour thereon two ounces of *Aqua Regis*, to moisten the said powders very well and thoroughly, and let it stand so in warm Sand for half an hour, and the said *Aqua Regis* will extract all the Gold out of the Flints or Sand; to which pour on two ounces of warm water, and stir it very well about, then strain or filter it through Cap Paper, and the water will pass through the paper with the Tincture, and leave the Sand alone in the Paper; then pour on more warm water into the Paper, and let it run through the Sand again, and so it will wash away all the remaining Gold and Tincture out of the Sand, and carry it into the Receiver, which is likewise to be added to the rest; then pour upon this impregnated water or Liquor, some ordinary Lees or rather some spirit of Urine, and it will so mortifie the *Aqua Regis*, that the Gold will presently precipitate in a yellow powder to the bottom; cant off the water and wash the said Gold with more fresh water till the powder of Gold be sweet and perfectly clean, after dry it very warily, else the said Gold will fulminate with that force as to break the glass in pieces, and whatsoever else is about it. But if you mix a little powder of vulgar brimstone to the said Calx or powder of Gold, and let it glow in a glased Crusible, then it will not fulminate at all. After this mix therewith some Borax and reduce it in a Crusible. And thus you may know what quantity of Gold is contained in the rest of the Sand or Flints of that nature. N.B. Unless perchance the said Sand or Flints have Iron mixt, whereby then the Gold will become Pale and Brittle. Now in such a case you need not presently mix the said Calx of Gold with Borax, because both the Gold and Iron would be reduced together, and so would be adulterate, and disappoint you of your expectation in that Trial. But such mixt Gold must be separated from the Iron on the Test with Lead, and so your proof will be good and without error.

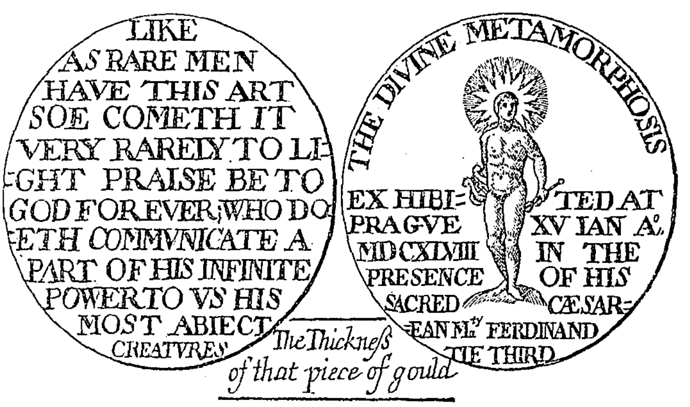
There is another sort of trial and proof of Sand, Flints, and Stones, etc. But since this way is easy and sufficient, we shall rest herein.

N.B. Yet my Council is, instead of *Aqua Regis*, to make use of spirit of salt, which will be cheaper, with ☽ and ♂ for a Loadstone, and Antimony for the flux.

Now learn the difference of natural, corporal, solid Gold, and that which is volatil and spiritual, which is the *Primum ens Auri*, or first beginning of Gold. ☞ Consider therefore that corporal Gold by corrosive waters or Salts, is easily extracted and reduced, but the spiritual is not so.

But now the reason that corporal Gold, by the aforesaid proofs and experiments, is

always extracted and drawn forth, and happens upon this account, for although in the said white Sand there may be no corporal Gold at all, yet by the aforesaid proofs, some is extracted, though truly not much, nor more than the Silver was which the Lead contained, *which was used in the said trials. Note therefore that the said Silver in the* melting drew the said spiritual Gold out of the said Flints, Stones, or Sand; so that *thereby it became tinged and transmuted into corporal Gold; the which was very apparent* hereby, for that no more gold was found than the quantity of Silver contained within the said Lead; and as it was in the other parcel of common Lead, used in that Trial; for if more corporal Gold had been in the Sand or Lead, it must necessarily have exceeded the quantity of Silver in the said Lead, for the Silver contained in the said Lead mixt



Count Rusz, uppermost Hill master in Steyer and Carinthiæ (two Provinces of high Germany) hath with one only graine of Tincture transmuted three pounds of Quicksiluer into pure gold fixt in all assayes & proofes out of which was cast this piece of Gould

with the said Flints, could not fly away in the air, to leave room only for so much corporal Gold, and therefore the cause that the Silver remained not Silver (as in the common Lead was), that it was transmuted and turned to Gold, by the Tincture, and spiritual Gold drawn out of the first *ens* of Sand, Stones, and Flints, and must be ascribed to the said first *ens* or spiritual Gold contained in the said Sand, Stones or Flints.

Now I have written this book only for the extraction of corporal Gold out of Sand, Stones, and Flints, etc., but we leave the spiritual Gold for the philosophers, that they may make their Stone out of it.

Wherefore, N.B. Whoever seeks to draw Gold out of Land, Stones, and Flints, etc., Let them choose such Stones, Land, etc., out of which they may draw corporal gold, with good profit which the Womb of common, white Sand, and Fints cannot bear or bring forth.

The reason nevertheless, I wisht you to take white sand or flints, etc., to make experiments and trials, was because every one might see, that in all kind of Sand, good Gold is contained, though out of all it cannot be profitably extracted, by reason the

white Sand and Flints, etc., are often without corporal Gold, but never without spiritual Gold, by the which nevertheless Silver may be tinged, and transmuted into good Gold as may plainly appear by and in the aforesaid practice and trials.

But now the philosophers seek not corporal Gold but spiritual, and they will know where, and in what subjects the spiritual or first essence of Gold is most plentifully contained, and how to get the same with ease. Therefore, although the said first essence of Gold be in white Sand, and white Flints, etc., yet the said Philosophers will not meddle with that so willingly, nor will any expert true Philosophers, tye themselves so to one subject, as not to use any other thing to get their Tincture. To whom it is well known that the first essence of Gold is found in everything throughout the whole earth; for where ever there is any Sulphur, there may be had the first essence of Gold to have their Tincture. But now in all Vegetables, Animals, and Minerals, there is a Sulphur certainly known and found, therefore in all parts of the world, the matter of the Philosophers' stone may be had everywhere, so that the poor may have the same without charge, no less then the rich, according to what the Philsophers doe proclaim, saying their matter is everywhere, and you may have the same in any parts of the world without money, and it meets you, and is trod on under feet, and cast out on the Dunghills; for so the true Philosophers do say, and write. Also a true Philosopher will not require or need much Gold for his Medicine; for if he have but half an ounce which he brings to perfection, it will suffice for his whole life, and be in his power to multiply, and bring it to perfection as often as he please, and necessity shall require.

So that it may easily be demonstrated, that not only Gold, but somewhat more rare, (viz.) the true Tincture is in Stones, which the ancients did intimate in these words. *Auro quid melius Jaspis*, etc., What is better than gold, a *Jasper Stone, etc*, So *Paracelsus* exceedingly commends *Red-Tale Granats Antimony*, and *Lapis Lazuli;* expressing further, that the Tincture or first essence of Gold may be gotten out by sublimation, etc., Take notice also further, that the first essence of Gold may be found in any other small or meaner Stones, and amongst the first and chief of these, viz., the Blood stone, *Sythydis Magnesia*, *Pedemontana*, *Emery*, and such like.

In the which also it is so fixed, that to possess it there needs no other art, but the manner of extracting it, and giving it ingress by Gold. On the other side, the first *ens* of Gold, in the Vegetable, Animal, and Mineral Sulphurs, *Marcasites* and *Antimony* are had in plenty, but are so volatil, that those little stones are to be preferred.

But now in brief I shall shew, that in stones (of which hot countries had most Gold), there is not only fixed Gold, but also volatil; whence the true Tincture may be perfected. For whoever can make the first essence of Gold that is in Stones volatil, and gather it by distillation, doth get a graduating water by which our quick fluid Mercury or Quick-silver may be coagulated to good Gold. And whoever can join, and marry this volatil first essence of Gold to corporal Gold, and this with that to be made one, and procure ingression, he may hope for more good, and may expect undoubtedly to enjoy the same to a better use and profit. For that the first essence of Gold is more useful and needful to prepare the Tinctures than corporal Gold itself, as not a few Philosophers have signified by the following words, who say, *Gold and Silver are not made by them unless this first essence do effect it.*

The first *Ens* also of Gold, which lies hid in all Vegitables and Animals, doth Coagulate Mercury, even to Yallowness, but not constant and fixt; but if it be made fixt, it also fixeth and Coagulateth with constancy, but doth not so before. It remains therefore most assured true, that where ever Sulphur is found, there is also the first Essence of Gold, and where the first essence of Gold is, there is also the Tincture, wherefore, being Sulphur is found in everything of the world, to the least Herb, Stone, and Bone. It follows that also out of any little Herb, piece of Wood, little Stone and Bone, etc., the true Tincture may be prepared.

Now this our new light doth not profit him that is blind, and will presume and resolve to be so still.

More of this you may find in my third Century and also in the first part of my Spagyrick *Pharmacopeia.*

(*To be continued*).

AN EVENING WITH ADELPHOI LODGE.

PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND, U.S.

From the "Freemasons' Repository."

IN what consists the rare charm of Masonry? Why is it that Craftsmen are so drawn together, and find such delight in the intercourse which they are privileged to share as Brethren? Wherefore is the Lodge a magnet so powerful? Questions such as these are often suggested by those who stand outside our Institution—those who express their astonishment, not always in the most courteous terms, that sensible men can be interested in the things which to the prejudiced or ignorant critic appear alike devoid of form and satisfaction. Even within Masonic lines the sweet charm of our great Brotherhood is not always understood, nor is it the easiest task for the mind well instructed in the mysteries of the Masonic art to sum up and make apparent the full potentialities of its influence.

On special occasions, however, and under certain favourable conditions, we come to a large and delightful realization of the noble charm Masonry diffuses, as we gain an experimental knowledge of its power to stimulate the best feelings of the heart, and to develop noblest thought. Then, as the holy teachings of the Masonic symbols and legends are unveiled before us in all their beauty—as the solemn ceremony is enacted with due attention to all its details, we enter into the full meaning of that which is represented before us, and we are moved to the profoundest depths of our spiritual natures by what we behold and participate in. Then it is, when Brethren who are Masons in deed, as well as in name, assemble in the cheerful Lodge room, and when an air of blessed harmony fills the place, while an intelligent zeal directs all the services, that there comes answers to the questions, what is Masonry worth, and wherein its influence? Then appear the light and glory of our ancient Institution, and we cease to wonder that noble and true men in all ages have knelt around its altars and confessed its marvellous power.

The conditions we have indicated as conducive to this most favourable appreciation of Masonry appeared to be well nigh fulfilled at a recent meeting of Adelphoi Lodge. This Lodge is not old in years, and hence it lacks those elements of influence which rest in great age, an illumined history, the prestige of names and events belonging to the record of former days. But Adelphoi, though a young organization, includes a band of experienced Craftsman; men who have drunk deeply at the fountains of Masonic teaching, and who have the ability and the consecrated purpose to establish a model Lodge. So they have sought to plan and organize, gathering the best of material, and uniting it so firmly and happily that the result must needs be blessed to themselves and helpful to the general interests of the Craft in this jurisdiction.

Adelphoi Lodge, as most of our readers know, has apartments of its own in the Elizabeth Building on North Main street. These apartments are convenient and attractive, in every sense adapted to the uses to which they are designed. The principal hall is cheerful, well lighted, and well furnished—just such a Lodge room as disposes the Brother to rest and reflection, whilst it affords proper aids to Masonic work. Here were gathered on the occasion referred to almost the whole membership of the Lodge, together with a number of visitors, including the Grand Master of Masons in this State, M. W. Charles R. Cutler; Past Grand Masters Doyle and Van Slyck; R. W. Bros. Blanding, Carpenter, and others. It was a company of interested and intelligent Brethren, all in sympathy with each other and the occasion. The Master of Adelphoi, R. W. Bro. Stillman White, assisted by officers perfectly conversant with their respective duties, conferred the third degree. The work was faultlessly rendered. The extreme ritualist could hardly have pointed out a defect in the speaking of the text or the enactment of the ceremony. But better still, the spirit of intelligent discernment

breathed through all the service, making the underlying and spiritual elements of the degree clearly visible and duly impressive. There was even a sublime pathos brought out at the more tragical part of the ceremony, touching the hearts of the Brethren and causing them to appreciate, perhaps better than ever before, the grand, heroic lessons bound up in the legend that gives character to the second section of the sublime degree.

During the conferring of the degree several appropriate selections of music were rendered by the favourite Orpheus Quartette, consisting of Bros. Baker, Greene, Brown and Flint. This contributing influence of excellent music was both appreciated and enjoyed by all who were present.

After the work came an earnest address from the Grand Master, who appealed to the Brethren to illustrate practically the fidelity which had been represented to them in the evening's ceremony, and to ever cherish the hope of a resurrection to life immortal, that so they might not falter nor fail in the time of trial.

An ample collation was served in the supper room adjoining the hall. Here the Brethren gathered in social accord and sympathy, and several hours passed delightfully away. We should say that there was time enough for this festival afterpart, as the Lodge was convened at five o'clock, allowing supper to be fixed at eight. Speeches abounding in wit and sentiment, and not without a touch of moral purpose, were made by the Grand Master, and by Brethren Doyle, Van Slyck, Addeman and others, so causing the hours to glide swiftly away until the time of separation came. And then, as the farewells were spoken by this company of Brethren and true friends, it was not so difficult to estimate the secret influence of Masonry, which teaches the sublimest lessons of truth and love while it binds congenial souls together as by links of steel.

REVIEW.*

THE power of song to influence the human mind has been proverbial in all ages. Reverence and devotion have been fostered by it, and by its means men have been in days gone by taught and strengthened, stirred up and encouraged to acts of virtue and deeds of daring. The precepts of morality clothed in the garb of versification have ever found a ready acceptance and a willing ear, whilst stirring deeds done by our ancestors in days of old are remembered and kept alive for us to emulate when recited in taking metre.

In the history of mankind song has ever played a most important part, and if the grosser passions of our fallen humanity have been pandered to by the prostitution of the poet's noble powers, so the heaven-born genius, rousing the nobler purpose of man's soul, has by means of his divine gift roused the flagging patriotism of an entire people.

We are not, therefore, surprised to find that advocates of the Temperance Cause have sought aid and found it in no little degree in the form of musical utterance, for Mr. Bowick, the editor of a book that has just passed through our hands, "Temperance Song," says in his preface, "The Temperance movement owes much to the power of song. And it has itself produced song-writers of no mean order." As proof of this assertion Mr. Bowick mentions such well known names and gives specimens of the writings of the Revs. Paxton Hood, Jabez Tunnicliff, R. Gray Mason, Mr. Edwin Morris, and Dr. Burns.

Most wisely, the selection being intended for "Home" as well as "Temperance-

* "The Standard Book of Song," for Temperance Meetings and Home Use, edited by T. Bowick. London, W. Tweedie & Co.

Meeting" use, a great part of the book consists of hymns, songs, and poems which are not "Temperance" productions so-called, but are verses incentive to high and holy work of every description, encouraging to earnestness of purpose and perseverance, and teaching where strength always can and will be found; the value of this book will be apparent when we select from the names of authors such specimens as those of Horatius Bonar and Charles Mackay.

Perhaps one of the prettiest poems in the book is one entitled "Your Mission," by E. H. Gates. It is so thoroughly in accord with our own teaching, that we quote it:—

"If you cannot on the ocean
Sail among the swiftest fleet,
Rocking on the highest billows,
Laughing at the storms you meet;
You can stand among the sailors,
Anchored yet within the bay,
You can lend a hand to help them,
As they launch their boats away.

"If you have not gold and silver
Ever ready at command;
If you cannot to the needy
Reach an ever-open hand;
You can visit the afflicted,
O'er the erring you can weep;
You can be a true disciple
Sitting at the Saviour's feet.

"If you cannot in the conflict
Prove yourself a soldier true—
If, when fire and smoke are thickest,
There's no work for you to do;
When the battle-field is silent,
You can go with careful tread,
You can bear away the wounded,
You can cover up the dead.

"Do not, then, stand idly waiting,
For some greater work to do;
Oh, improve each passing moment,
For these moments may be few.
Go and toil in any vineyard,
Do not fear to do or dare;
If you want a field of labour,
You can find it anywhere.

Possibly one of the best of the Strictly "Temperance" songs is an anonymous one:—

* * * *

"Mourn for the tarnished gem—
For reason's light divine,
Quenched from the soul's bright diadem,
Where God had bid it shine.

"Mourn for the lost, but call,
Call to the strong, the free,
Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall
And to the refuge flee.

"Mourn for the lost, but pray,
Pray to our God above,
To break the fell destroyer's sway,
And show His saving love.

One more quotation from the "Hymns and Songs for Special Occasions," which is too good to be passed over, although it, too, is anonymous :—

THE NEW YEAR.

"We are standing on the threshold, we are in the opened door,
We are treading on the border-land we have never trod before;
Another year is opening, and another year is gone.
We have passed the darkness of the night, we are in the early morn;
We have left the fields behind us o'er which we scattered seed;
We pass into the future which none of us can read.
The corn among the weeds, the stones, the surface-mould,
May yield a partial harvest; we hope for sixty-fold.

And sincerely do we hope that the editor of this little book, which is simply a labour of love, will get it. Heartily do we commend it, even apart from its distinctive character, as a treasury of household song; and, when the editor shall have issued, as he intends, an edition with music and words coupled together, we do not for a moment doubt that he will reap a substantial reward for his labours.

W. T.

THE WHITE ROSE OF THE CHEROKEES.

From the "American Freemasons' Magazine."

" O'er the dark waters, without sail or oar
She drifted on, at mercy of the waves.—*Anon.*

A VENERABLE old man sat in a country inn, before a ruddy fire. Without, the rain was pouring down in torrents: within, a group of idlers, travellers, prevented, like the old man, by the inclemency of the day, from pursuing their several routes, were snugly ensconced in corners, endeavouring to while away, as best they could, the lagging hours.

A party, seated around a table in the centre of the room, were engaged in a quiet game of whist. A peddler, who kept one eye on a pack of Irish linens, lying on the floor beside him, studied with the other a last year's almanack. A little short man, with a stump of a pipe between his lips, sat with his head thrown back and his feet resting on the jam of the fire-place; at the same time contemplating with great apparent satisfaction the little cloud of smoke that curled slowly up from under his nose. The landlord, as fat and rosy a specimen of humanity as can well be manufactured out of good wine and fat beef, went hither and thither, bustling about among the guests and servants with the air of one who evidently felt that a rainy day had brought with it a world of business.

The old man before the fire gazed among the coals as if he was endeavouring to construct out of them a piece of fiery mosaic: he was very silent—evidently a stranger to all about him. He was cleanly clad in cloth which must have been the product of a domestic loom; his face was a good deal wrinkled, and the hair, which hung over his old-fashioned coat-collar, was white as cotton. The little dark man who was smoking, now and then squinted up his eyes and looked at him through the smoke, as though he was trying hard to make out who and what he was. At length he made bold to address him.

"You are from the West, stranger, I take it?" he queried.

The old man nodded.

"From Missouri, or, it might be, from Arkansas?" continued the little man.

"I live a hundred miles above Council Bluff," answered the old man quietly.

"Good gracious! above Council Bluff, did you say? Why, then, you must be right among the red skins. You are surrounded by Indians, aren't you?"

The old man smiled and looked at his eager questioner.

"Yes," he said. "The Winnebagoes are just above us; below are the Sacs and Foxes; if we cross the river we get among the Omahas, the Otoes, the Iowas, or the Kickapoos. Our country is certainly an Indian country, We have few white neighbours."

"I dare say that you are a trapper," continued the little man. "You live there for the peltries that you can gain. Come now, do tell us all about it. I have read Capt. Bonneville's adventures, and was mightily interested in the book. May be, you can tell us as great stories as he does. For anything we know, you may be the Captain himself."

The old man shook his head.

"My name is Comstock," he replied. "I have not the honour of being in any way related to the adventurer you speak of. I have never met with him or read his book. Moreover, you misjudge my occupation; I am not a trapper."

The little man looked at the old gentleman more keenly than ever.

"You trade with the Indians, then?" he said. "Do you belong to the Hudson Bay Company, or to the Northwest Company? Exciting times those fur traders have: I should like to be among them myself. If it wasn't for the old woman and the children at home, I'd be on my way there to-morrow."

"No," said the old man; "I am not a fur trader; I never bought a peltry in my life."

"Is it possible that you own a farm there? Married an Indian, perhaps, and emigrated with the nation? Many did the same. You have a family among the Indians, hey? It's too cold for cotton, I take it, up where you are; and then, again, where do you find a market?"

"I have neither wife, farm, nor Indian children," said the old man. "I have but one relative that I know of in the wide world—one connected to me by ties of blood, I mean. That is a daughter. The Indians call her 'The White Rose of the Cherokees.'"

The little man was evidently nonplussed. He did not like to pursue his queries further; and yet it was easy to see that he was half dying with curiosity. The peddler, too, changed the position of the hat upon his temples, and looked up from the almanack wonderingly. The whist-players had been attentively listening to the conversation; and the landlord, who had happened in, as his custom was, to look after the fire, stopped upon the hearth, with one hand resting upon the mantel-piece, and gazed into the strange old gentleman's eyes with an expression upon his rubicund face, which said, as plainly as words could have done, "Who in the deuce are you then?"

The whist-players, who about this time had finished their game, now came in a row about the fire.

"Come, old man," said one of them, "you have excited the curiosity of all these good people—that is very evident; now tell us what you do among the Indians, and how did your daughter win that very pretty *soubriquet* of hers, 'The White Rose of the Cherokees?'"

The old gentleman hesitated.

"There is little of interest, I fear," he said, "in my history: and yet, if you have a mind to hear it, gentlemen, upon this rainy day, I will relate it to you. My name, as I before said, is Comstock. The first that I can recollect of myself, I was, together with two hundred children, an inmate of an orphan asylum, or perhaps it might have been more properly called a Foundling Hospital. It was, at any rate, a charitable concern; the children were all picked up from the dregs of society, and scores of them were ignorant of their parentage. I made many inquiries of the beadle and the matron in regard to my father and mother, but from neither could I obtain any satisfaction. The matron said I was picked out of a ditch, she believed, somewhere—among so many brats she could not be expected to know the history of all. The beadle, who was a profane fellow, cursed my inquisitiveness, and declared that I need not be over anxious to know who my relations were; none of them were any too respectable.

"Among all the miserable little wretches with whom I daily came in contact, there was only one fact that interested me in the least—only one child for whom I entertained a particle of affection. This exception was a little gentle girl, named Susan Cameron. I often shared with her my scanty and burnt porridge—I loaned her the only marble of which I was the fortunate possessor—I helped her about her studies—I shielded her from punishment, sometimes voluntarily suffering in her stead. She early learned to look to me for protection, and to threaten those who disturbed her with my displeasure.

"When I was twelve years old I was bound out to a hotel-keeper. I hated to leave Susy, and we shed not a few natural tears over the separation. I had not been long in my situation before I learned that a table waiter was needed in the establishment. I made bold to mention my friend, and found that she could fill the place. She also was bound out to my master, and we went on together with lighter hearts than we had ever carried before. When Susy was eighteen, and I was twenty-one—to make a short story out of a long one—we were married, and soon after moved away to a frontier settlement in the far West. I had picked up and saved two hundred dollars. With it I bought a small piece of land, and on it erected a log cabin. On one side of us were Indians; on the other, poor emigrants, adventurers like ourselves.

"Nature meant me to be a quiet and domestic man. Had I had a worthy and gentle mother, I should have idolized her. Brothers and sisters would have lived deeply in my heart: but I had nobody to cling to but my gentle wife, and I loved her with a strength and depth of affection seldom equalled. Our little log cabin, which Susy's taste adorned more than you would have supposed it possible for woman's taste to have done, was to both of us a sort of earthly heaven. Our affections and wishes never strayed beyond it. After a youth of hardship, we hoped for an old age of love and peace.

"A little daughter was born to us. She was her mother's exact image, and she grew in stature and loveliness every day. Our Indian neighbours often came to see the 'white papoose,' as they called her. They brought her presents, too, birds' eggs, sea-shells, and feathers. The first berries that opened in the woods were among their offerings. The 'white papoose' was a great child in their estimation.

"Among the Indians there was one named Okafenka. He was a Freemason—the only one that I could discover in the neighbourhood. He often came to our cabin. He called me 'Brother'—for I, too, was a member of the Fraternity—and seemed greatly pleased with the bond of union that existed between us.

"Time sped rapidly away. Indian hostilities began. The first intimation I received that my red neighbours were not as friendly as ever came from Okafenka. He came to my cabin, but refused to partake of our hospitalities; he sat in sullen silence upon the threshold and gazed straight before him without moving a muscle or saying a word.

"'What is the matter with my red Brother?' I said, approaching him, and laying my hand upon his arm. 'Why does he refuse to eat with the pale face? For many seasons he has been our friend. How have we offended him?'

"The red man did not deign a reply. He sat as moody and taciturn as before. My wife motioned to Lucy, our little daughter, to approach him. He had always been extremely fond of the child—had her a hundred times upon his lap, and suffered her to play with his shot-pouch and moccasins. But this time he gently repulsed her.

"'My white Brother,' he said, hastily starting up, and drawing his blanket about him, while the feathers which ornamented his head trembled with the excitement that shook his powerful frame—'there are he-wolves in the thicket; their eyes are like balls of fire, and their teeth are like sharp swords. Beware, my Brother! when you least expect it they may make you their prey. The white sister and the pretty papoose are not safe. Before this moon shall die out in the heavens their blood may crimson your hearth-stone, or they may grind corn in the camp of the enemy. The braves will seek my blood if they find out I have told you this; but you are my Brother, and I could not see you perish like the mown grass. Away! away! Okafenka must be seen coming here no more.'

" And before I had time to recover from my surprise, he had left the cabin threshold, and plunged forward into the woods.

" My wife and I sat sorrowfully down to meditate upon the meaning of the warning which we had received. Was it possible that our Indian neighbours were planning mischief against us? Must we leave the home where we had been so long happy together, and the little property which we had succeeded in amassing, to the ravagers of the wilderness? But one answer could be given to these queries. The air about us, like that which hung over Jerusalem, previous to its final destruction by the Romans, seemed filled with that portentous sound, 'Depart!' So we arose, and began to prepare for removal. I went to the field after the horses, while Susy gathered together what few articles of wearing apparal we could take with us.

" My friends, I am an old man. The scene which followed my departure after those horses has been dwelt upon in my mind a thousand times; but I shrink from its recital now, as I would do were the blood of Susy still fresh upon the sod.

" When I came back, my cabin was in flames, my wife a corpse in the front yard —her throat cut from ear to ear and her scalp gone—and my daughter a captive.

" It is not in the power of language to paint my desperation. What was I to do? I was single-handed, and the Indians were thicker than Sennacherib's host. They had my child in their possession. They were familiar with all the fastnesses of the wilderness; they could, if they chose to do so, elude my most daring pursuit.

" I was sitting like a statue of stone beside the dead body of my wife, when I heard a rustling sound behind me, and looking up saw an Indian brave, dressed and painted for warfare, with his hatchet glittering in his hand. I did not feel a thrill of fear. Had he smitten me then and there, I should not have offered resistance. Life did not look to me worth having.

" 'You do not know Okafenka, then,' he said. 'He is dressed as a warrior, so that the braves may not be suspicious that he is friendly to the pale face; but I will follow on and look after the white papoose. Why did you not fly as I bade you? Did I not tell you that he-wolves were in the thicket—with teeth like swords and eyes like fire? They came down thicker than the leaves of the forest upon the home of the pale face, and Okafenka could not save his Brother's squaw and papoose. The white Brother should have gone instantly, as I bade him. But it is too late now to save the squaw. The papoose shall be looked after; and, by and by, I will bring her back to you. Okafenka is afraid that the eye of the braves may be upon him; he may not stay to talk longer now. He will come again, bringing the little white squaw with him; not a hair of her head shall be injured. And the Indian vanished away in the thick wood.

" I determined to trust my child, after mature deliberation, to God and the Indian Freemason. I could do nothing more; and so, after burying my dead, I waited patiently for Okafenka's return. Two years went by without bringing a word from him—two wretched, anxious years, as you may well suppose. At the end of that time, the Indian returned. But he was alone, and I saw at the first glance that something had happened.

" 'The little white squaw,' he said abruptly, 'was sold by the Cherokees to the Winnebagoes. There she was admired for her pale face and her curly hair. Okafenka watched long, hoping to steal the white squaw away, but he could not do it. The Winnebagoes loved her too well. But what has now become of her he cannot say, She is nowhere in the Indian nation. At first he thought the Winnebagoes had sold the " White Rose of the Cherokees," as they called her, and he asked them about it, but the old chief, who was her Indian father, said, No, no; she has gone among the pale faces again. The White Rose was too pretty for the lodge of the red man of the wilderness. I did not believe him. His face was the face of the turtle dove, but his tongue was the tongue of the serpent. I went away among the Sacs and the Foxes, the Otoes and the Kickapoos, but the white squaw cannot be found. She must be dead. She is nowhere among my people.'

" You may imagine my grief at the announcement. I stood at forty-five alone in the world—a hopeless, miserable man. I thought of my unacknowledged birth—

of my dark and half-starved childhood—of my murdered wife and captive daughter —and almost cursed the God who gave me being. But Okafenka could not persuade me my daughter was not still a captive among the red men. I determined to go myself among all the tribes—to suffer any and everything, if need be, to rescue my child. I accordingly purchased a mule, and set out upon my travels.

"I went among the Nez Perces, the Blackfeet, the Crows, the Arickas, the Koiways, and, indeed, no tribes in the vast western wilds escaped my vigilant eye. Sometimes I was near being roasted alive by them—sometimes I went for days without food, and often I owed my escape from dangers to Okafenka, who, although he constantly affirmed that the little white squaw could not be found, still kept on in my tracks, and would not desert me. Eight years were spent in this fruitless search. My daughter, if she still lived, had been ten years a captive. She must have grown to woman's stature, and become inured to habits of Indian life. She had from her earliest childhood been with them a great deal; and I feared she would prefer her Indian home—perhaps her Indian husband and children—to her own race, even should it be my good fortune to discover her.

"It was towards night-fall, when one day, a hundred miles above Council Bluff, I turned my jaded animal into a footpath, which I supposed led to an Indian village. As I went forward, however, I saw, rising before me, what I instantly recognized as the home of a Christian missionary. It was a small frame house, enclosed and painted. The windows were sashed and glazed, and hung with curtains of white cotton. The yard was cleanly swept, and the trees were trimmed up as they are often found around a southern dwelling. In one corner of the yard stood the school-room; it was an humble dwelling. While I was looking at it, out came pouring a flock of Indian children of all ages and sizes. Soon the missionary himself appeared. He was a middle-aged man, with a mild benevolent countenance. He stopped upon the doorstep when he saw me approaching the house. It did not often happen that a white man, I imagine, claimed his hospitality.

"'Can I spend the night here?' I asked. 'I am fatigued with travelling, and do not feel that I can go further.'

"'Certainly,' he replied, and as he spoke, he stepped forward and took the saddlebags from my head. We entered the little cottage. A slender, delicate, and flaxenheaded woman stepped forward to welcome me. She was introduced by the missionary as his wife. She looked to me young enough to be his daughter; but there was a happy smile upon her lips and a bright light in her eye as she welcomed her husband and his guest.

"The room was pretty enough to be a fairy's bower. A square piece of brilliant carpet covered the centre of the floor. A table, with a rosewood writing desk and work-basket, stood in one corner; a few vigorous green plants were growing on a stand by one of the windows; a tumbler with some white violets in it lent a fragrance to the apartment; a small harp stood in another corner; books and work scattered here and there.

"There was something about the missionary's girlish bride that made me think of Susy Cameron. True, one was the child of poverty and ignorance, the other was a creature of elegance and refinement; but the cast of features was the same. The voice sounded in my ear like a voice long hushed in the silence of the grave. I could not keep my eyes off the woman. She was about the age of my child. Was she my lost Lucy? No—it could not be! A girl who had been raised among the Indians would not know how to sew, read, cultivate flowers, and play upon the harp. I was turning away with a sigh from the contemplation of her face, when the missionary's eye met mine.

"'My wife,' he said, 'is very young and fair. She has been called the "White Rose of the Cherokeees." Do you think the epithet was misapplied?'

"I uttered a scream, and jumped to my feet. 'My long lost daughter,' I cried, 'my long lost daughter! Come and embrace your father!'

"Our mutual transport was great, you may rest assured.

"The story of my daughter's captivity is soon told. Okafenka's tale was strictly correct. She was sold to the Winnebagoes, and was adopted by one of their chiefs. Mark Ford, a young Moravian missionary who about that time penetrated to the wilds of the West, to carry the lamp of salvation to benighted souls, was surprised to find in the wigwam of Osquantum a fair young English girl. He asked and learned her history. He redeemed her by paying a large sum to Osquantum, and then sent her to the States to be educated. While I had been seeking for her among savage tribes, she had been quietly pursuing her studies in one of the most fashionable seminaries of the day. After she had completed her education, she rewarded the young missionary by bestowing upon him her hand. She transplanted to his home in the wilds the graces that he had cultivated, and the tastes and comforts of civilized life.

"Okafenka's joy was nearly as great as my own, over what he still persisted in calling her, the little white squaw. But poor fellow! the seeds of consumption were in his constitution, and he soon died. He was buried on the mission premises, and a weeping willow now trails its long branches over his grave. It was planted by the hands of the 'White Rose of the Cherokees.'

"Such, my friends, is my history. You know now why I live among the children of the West."

A murmur of approbation ran around the old man's auditors.

"The tale is a good one," said the little dark man, removing at the same time his pipe from his lips. "I am a Freemason. Let us give three cheers to the memory of Okafenka, the Indian Brother, and three more to the old man's daughter, 'The White Rose of the Cherokees.'"

SKETCHES OF CHARACTER.

No. II.

MR. SLOPER.

WHEN I was first introduced to Mr. Sloper, I took a dislike to him for various reasons, good or bad, real or imaginary, and therefore my description of him is probably not absolutely impartial, and must be taken *cum grano salis*. Many are the sympathies and antipathies of life, and just as there are many people with whom you "cotton" at once, or who "cotton" with you, so there are many so entirely anti-sympathetic with you that you antagonize them, and they antagonize you "incontinently" and forthwith. I do not profess ever to have liked, nor do I now profess to like, Sloper; and probably he is in the same position, and never has and never will like me. But so it is; and as things that can't be cured must be endured, so this melancholy state of affairs cannot be mended by you, kind reader, or anyone else, I merely mention this little fact in order to put you on your guard, if you think my colouring flaring, or my account a little "loud," to use one of our young men's elegant and expressive "parts of speech," convenient expletives of slang vernacular. Sloper may be a very "cheerful party" at home, *in gremio maritali*, as some strong-minded lady writer puts it, which means with the "wife of your bosom," or in domestic society, or anything else you like. He may be a good man of business, and probably is; he may be a loyal citizen and a respectable ratepayer; but for all this, he is, to my mind, a highly disagreeable member of the "body politic" of society, and I will give you my reasons, whether you find them "good, bad, or indifferent."

In the first place, he is "too civil by half." I always distrust a man who sinks his

voice and "soaps" an utter stranger, and always seeks to say "what is pleasant," and always elaborates a compliment. I confess here that I belong to an older school of manners and ideas, and perhaps, therefore, am unable and incompetent to give an opinion on the subject. But life, in my view of it, is too important for all such "trivialities," and for all such social triflers and *flaneurs* as these—"loungers," as we may Anglicise the expressive term—I have little patience and much contempt. The man who is "too civil by half" to your face, when he hardly knows you, is pretty sure to slander you behind your back, (if that be not an Irish bull), when you leave the room; and as a general rule, he is both a marplot and a mischief-maker.

And so Sloper always appears to me in this light, disagreeable as it is. He repeats, he exaggerates, he insinuates, and he sneers; he always has a tale of scandal, or a whisper of discredit even of those he knows the best; and his conversation is always, to my mind, boring and benighted in the highest degree, in that he never raises himself above the tittle-tattle of dubious society, or those conventional *canards* which always betray the "bad form" of the *gobemouche* who collects them, who listens to them, and, above all, who repeats them!

Now, as I said before, Sloper probably has his good points, and others may regard him from a friendlier point of view; but as I am colouring my canvass strongly, and with perhaps pre-Raphaelite minuteness, I do not feel inclined to sacrifice truth for sentiment, or reality for possibility. But then, as I said before, I don't like Sloper; and as Sloper don't like me either, perhaps he thinks my bluntness rudeness, and my "downright Dunstableness" vulgarity!

So tastes and opinions differ, and will do so while the world lasts!

If any of you, kind readers, meet Sloper, give him a wide berth, for he is not worth knowing; he will make mischief if he can; and you will find that when all that factitious suavity has disappeared, and the mask is withdrawn, you have to deal with one of those "rolling stones" of society who do more harm than good, in that they have no high aims or sincere strivings, but are shallow-hearted and fickle, without reality of character, earnestness of will, or even true nobility of disposition!

I hope that I have not done injustice to the excellent Sloper, who no doubt enjoys life greatly *more suo;* but I paint him as I find him; and though I bear him no ill-will whatever, I never do see him without a shrug of the shoulders, and a sigh of contempt!

OBITUARY FOR 1878.

WE have to deplore during 1878 the loss of the following worthy, and many of them distinguished, members of our Order:—

Richard Woolfe, P.M. 286, Past Z. and member of many of the higher degrees, who devoted much time to antiquarian, historical, and geological studies; J. Sutcliffe, P.M. Harbour of Refuge Lodge, West Hartepool, etc.; W. Doyle, Liverpool, P.M. 667, P.P.G.J.D. West Lancashire, etc. etc.; H. H. Wright, J.P., of Bolton and Southport, W.M. No. 37; the Right Hon. George William Baron Kinnaird and Rossie, K.T. (the deceased brother was Provincial Grand Master of Perthshire East for fifty years, also Grand Master of Scotland for two years, and in that capacity laid the foundation stone of the New Harbour at Dundee, and presented an address to King William IV. expressing the abhorence of Grand Lodge at the attack on his Majesty's life); Charles Bennett, P.M. 25, official shorthand writer to Grand Lodge; George Nelson, Limba Magna, near Leicester; Major George Barlow, P.M. 321; Dr. J. V. Worthington, P.M. 220; Bentley Shaw, P.M., P.Z., etc., who was an ardent worker and promoter of the Charities, and whose loss will be severely felt in the province of West Yorkshire;

John May, of Plymouth; John Miller, Deputy Grand Master of Madras; John Henderson, P.M. 829, Woolwich; J. B. Forshaw, of Ormskirk, W.M, of the West Lancashire Lodge, 1403; G. Bubb, P.M. 190, St. James's Union Lodge; Prince Lucien Murat, for a while President of the Masonic Lodges of France under the Empire; R. Wentworth Little, P.M., and founder of the Rose of Denmark Lodge, 975, Secretary of the Royal Masonic Institution for Girls, etc. (Bro. Little was most active in all true Masonic work, and was deservedly held in the highest esteem; his loss will be long felt by a large circle of sympathising friends); Thomas Austin, P.M. 933, and P.Z. 933; John Luter, of Cowes, of late years Tyler of Medina Lodge; Dr. J. M. Cunningham, of Sussex, P.M. 315, and 811 Brighton; J. Verity, J.W. 1194, Isleworth; W. Brasier, of Margate, Union Lodge, Kent, P.Z., etc.; Albert Schmidt, of Jersey; W. W. Squires, of Nelson, New Zealand; S. H. Wagstaff, P.M. 1216, P.Z., etc.; J. R. McDaniel, Past Grand Commander of Virginian Templars, at Washington; the King of Hanover, Past Grand Master of the Old Grand Lodge of Hanover; Robert Bagshawe, P.G.M., and P.G.P. of the Province of Essex; Samuel James Harvey, of Camberwell, P.M. Skelmersdale Lodge, 1658; Sir F. M. Williams, Bart., M.P., Deputy Grand Master of Cornwall, a Past Grand Warden of England, and a munificent supporter of the charities; J. A. Gooch, of Norwich, W.M. Lodge Prudence; W. Cowling, P.M. York Lodge, 236; C. Jardine, P.M. 140, St. George's Lodge (drowned in the Princess Alice disaster); R. D. Duckett, of Lodge 228; William Winch, of the Lodge of Unions, 256, Margate; William Smith, C.E., P.G.S., P.M., and P.Z. 33; F. W. Thiel, P.M. of Canterbury Lodge, 1048, New Zealand; Samuel Tomkins, Grand Treasurer; Foster White, P.G.D., Treasurer of St. Bartholomew's Hospital; Edwd. Beckwith, New Cross; Geo. Law, of the Lion and Lamb Lodge and Jerusalem Chapter; John Millwarn, P.M., at Longmore, near Buxton; William Henry Sleeman, P.M. Gosport Lodge, 903; John Nealds, Secretary Royal Alfred Lodge, 777; John Johnstone, proprietor of the *Standard;* J. Bond-Cabbell, J.P., of Cromer Hall. Norfolk; John Bosworth, P.M. 1328; George Woodley, of the Star of the East Lodge, 880, Island of Zante; John Green, P.M. Lion Lodge, Whitby, 312; John Lemon, P.M. and P.Z. 327, Wigton; Francis Fellows, S.W. of Lodge 192; Woolf Lions, P.M. 1326, and P. Prov. G. Reg. Middlesex; Walter Graham, Lodge St. Andrew, 418, Auckland, New Zealand.

The *Times* gives us the following admirable summary of the general deaths in 1878, which we transfer gladly to the Magazine, as deserving note by all our readers.

The record of "Death's Doings" for the year that has now reached its close is rather a long one, and contains in it several names of world-wide note. It is remarkable also for the many blanks which have been caused in Royal circles in Europe and in other parts of the world within the past twelvemonth.

Among the crowned, or once crowned, heads of Europe and other Royal circles there have passed away the following:—Victor Emmanuel, King of Italy, and his rival, Pope Pius IX.; the Dowager Queen (Christina) of Spain, and the young Queen Mercedes, of Spain; George, ex-King of Hanover; the King of Burmah; Prince Henry of Reuss-Kostritz, and his Princess; Charles, Duke of Schleswig-Holstein; Prince Lucien Murat; the Archduke Francis Charles, father of the Emperor of Austria; the little Princess Marie of Hesse-Darmstadt; and last, though not least, her mother, our own Princess Alice.

To the above must be added five members of "the Sacred College of Cardinals" (who rank with Royalty)—namely, Brossais-St. Marc, Amat, Berardi, Franchi, Cullen, and Asquini.

From the roll of the Peerage of the three Kingdoms the following have passed away:—The Duke of Cumberland (ex-King of Hanover); the Earls of Dysart, Russell, Ashburnham, Lauderdale, Northesk, Bathurst, Ravensworth, and Leitrim; the Marquises of Ailesbury and Tweeddale; the Countess of Newburgh; Viscount Southwell; Lords Kinnaird, Chelmsford, and Dynevor; and the Baroness Gray.

The following Baronets have died since the commencement of the year 1878:—Sir Richard Griffith, Sir George C. Colthurst, Sir Frederick M. Williams, Sir Courtenay J. Honywood, Sir William Miles, Sir James Grant-Suttie, the Rev. Sir Thomas E. Wilmot

Blomefield, Sir Thomas S. Dyer, Sir James Milne Innes, Sir Frederick L. Arthur, Sir Francis H. Goldsmid, Sir William Stirling-Maxwell, Sir John Wemyss, Sir Leopold Cust, Sir Murray Howell-Murray, Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy, Sir John Powlett Orde, Sir George Grant-Suttie, Sir George Hill, Sir Richard A. O'Donnell, Sir Francis Wheler, Sir George Clay, Sir Gerald G. Aylmer, Sir John A. Cathcart, Sir John Ennis, the Hon. Sir Edward Cust, Sir James Buller East, Sir Stapleton T. Mainwaring, Sir Henry C. Montgomery, Sir Richard Sutton, Sir William Gibson-Craig, Sir Frederick W. Frankland, and Sir William Hayter. Of the above baronetcies those of East and Howell-Murray appear to have become extinct.

The following Knights of various orders have paid the debt of nature:—Sir Thomas Myddelton-Biddulph, K.C.B., Sir James J. Chalk, Sir George B. L'Estrange, Sir Hastings R. Yelverton, G.C.B., Sir William Snagg, Sir Michael Galway, K.C.B., Sir Alfred T. Wilde, K.C.B., Admiral Sir William J. Hope-Johnstone, K.C.B., General Sir John Garvock, G.C.B., Sir John W. Awdry, Sir George Back, Sir Francis Grant, P.R.A., Sir C. J. Readymoney, Sir Thomas Duffus Hardy, Sir James Carter, Sir William O'Grady Haly, K.C.B., Sir James Coxe, the Hon. Sir Frederick William Grey, G.C.B., Sir Henry J. W. Bentinck, K.C.B., Sir William Grey, K.C.S.I., Admiral Sir William Hutcheon Hall, K.C.B., Sir George Biddlecome, C.B., Sir Philip M. N. Guy, K.C.B., Sir William Yardley, and Sir Thomas S. Sadler.

The following deaths have caused vacancies in the present House of Commons:—Sir William Stirling-Maxwell (Perth), Mr. Richard Bright (East Somersetshire), Mr. Alexander C. Sherriff (Worcester), Mr. James Sharman-Crawford (county Down), Sir Francis H. Goldsmid (Reading), the Right Hon. Russell Gurney (Southampton), Mr, Philip Wykeham-Martin (Rochester), Mr. Henry W. Ferdinand Bolckow (Middlesbrough), Mr. Peter Ellis Eyton (Flint), Mr. George H. Whalley (Peterborough), Sir Frederick Martin Williams (Truro), Mr. John Dunbar (New Ross), Professor Richard Smyth (county Londonderry), the Hon. Eliot C. Yorke (Cambridgeshire), and Colonel James Duff (North Norfolk).

The following ex-Members of Parliament have died during the past twelve months:—Lord Montagu William Graham, Mr. William Vansittart, Mr. Edward King Tenison, the Right Hon. Sir William G. Hayter, Mr. Henry Broadwood, Mr. Edward Bolton-King, Sir W. Gibson Craig, Mr. George Moffat, Mr. Allan Eliott-Lockhart, Mr. Robert Hollond, Mr. Samuel Carter, Mr. John Forster, Mr. George Duncan, Mr. Edward R. Rice, Mr. Henry T. Prinsep, Mr. John Towneley, the Right Hon. William F. Tighe, Mr. William M'Cormick, Colonel W. T. Powell, Mr. Nicholas Kendall, Mr. Richard Bremridge, Mr. Charles H. Frewen, Mr. Robert J. Bagshaw, Sir John Ennis, Mr. Charles H. Barham, Mr. S. S. Dickinson, Mr. Reginald J. Blewitt, Sir George Colthurst, Mr. George Thompson, Mr. John W. Miles, Mr. John Dove Harris, Sir James B. East, Lord J. F. Gordon Hallyburton, Mr. T. B Horsfall, and Mr. Michael Sullivan.

In the legal profession we shall miss the names of Chief Justice Monaghan; Judge Keogh; ex-Chief Justice Creasy, of Ceylon; Sir James Carter, late Chief Justice of New Brunswick: Mr. C. W. Goodwin, Assistant Judge at Shanghai; Mr. T. Chitty, the eminent special pleader; Mr. W. G. Lumley, Q.C.; Mr. J. T. Schomberg, Q.C.; Mr. Henry Prendergast, Q C.; Lord Chelmsford; Mr. Joseph Kay, Q.C.; Mr. John W. Carleton, Q.C.; Sir William Yardley, formerly Chief Justice at Bombay; Sir James B. East, author of the "Term Reports," "East Reports," etc.; Sir John W. Awdry, formerly Chief Justice at Bombay; Sir James Jell Chalk, late Secretary to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners; Mr. Russell Gurney, Q.C., Recorder of London; Mr. Thomas M'Donnell, Q.C.; Mr. John Murphy, Q.C.; and Sir William Snagg, Chief Justice of British Guiana.

Among the clergy we have lost Dr. Selwyn, Bishop of Lichfield; the Bishop of Cork, Dr. Gregg; Bishop Mackenzie, ex-Suffragan of Nottingham; the Rev. Dr. Mozley, Regius Professor of Divinity at Oxford; the Rev. Edward Caswall; Dr. Williams, ex-Bishop of Waiapu, New Zealand; Dr. Saunders, Dean of Peterborough; the Bishop of Ossory and Ferns; the Archbishop of Rennes; Dr. B. P. Symons, ex-

Warden of Wadham College, Oxford; Dr. Llewellin, Dean of St. David's; the Rev. Craufurd Tait, son of the Archbishop of Canterbury; the Rev. Dr. Duff, of Edinburgh; the Ven. Dr. Jackson, Provost of Queen's College, Oxford, and Archdeacon of Carlisle; Monsignor Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans; the Archbishop of Tarragona, in Spain; Dr. Kynaston, late High Master of St. Paul's School, the Rev. William G. Clark, of Cambridge; the Rev. Dr. Booth, F.R.S.; the Bishop of Louisiana; the Rev. J. M. Chapman; the very Rev. A Daunt, Dean of Cork; the Rev. Canon Jenkyns; the Rev, George Williams; the Bishop von Ketteler; the Rev. Robert George Baker; and the Rev. Thomas Thomson Jackson, D.D., *Emeritus* Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of Glasgow.

In art, science, and literature we have lost Sir Francis Grant, the President of the Royal Academy; Sir George Gilbert Scott, R.A.; the "inimitable" George Cruikshank; Mr. Bury Palliser, Dr. Doran, F.S.A; Mr. George Clarkson Stanfield; Mr. Charles Summers, the sculptor; Mr. George Gilfillan; Major Whyte-Melville, the novelist; Mr. George Henry Lewes; Mr. John Penn, the eminent engineer; Mr. Joseph Bonomi, the antiquary; Mr. Samuel Bough, R.S.A.; Miss Susan Winckworth; Robert Gibbon, the "Pitman's Poet;" M. J. Hain Friswell; Southey's son-in-law, the Rev. J. W. Warter; Mr. Frederick P. Cockerell, the architect; Dr. Robert Carruthers, editor of the *Inverness Courier* and author of the "Life of Pope," etc.; Mr. Edward Wilson, of the *Melbourne Argus;* Mr. Henry Dawson and Mr. Joseph Nash, artists; Mr. Robert. Wallis, landscape engraver; M. Danton, painter and sculptor; Lamy, the celebrated chemist; M. Becquerel, the electrician; M. Regnault, director of the Sevres Porcelain Manufactory; Mr. G. W. Lovell; Mr. H. T. Riley; and M. Gustave Courbet, the French artist.

Among the miscellaneous celebrities at home and abroad who have died during the year are Mehemet Ali Pasha; M. Garnier-Pages, the French Republican; Mr. George P. Bidder, the "Calculating boy;" Mr. Frederick Gye, Mr. Charles J. Mathews, Mr. Alfred Wigan, and Mr. Samuel Phelps, the actors; Mr. Gustave Wallis, the botanist; Dr. Robert Wallis, formerly Librarian of the College of Surgeons; Carl von Gebler, the historian; Orelie, the unfortunate "King" of Araucania; M. George Payne, of sporting celebrity; Madame Van de Weyer, the Duchess of Argyll, Lady Seymour, mother of the Marquis of Hertford; the Dowager Lady Abinger; Lady Elizabeth Pringle; Dr. Quin; Lady Watson; the Countess Ariosto, last descendant of the poet; the "Queen of the Gipsies;" Lady Dalling and Bulwer; Lady Wentworth; Colonel Cameron; Director-General of the Ordnance Survey; M. Ernest Quetelet, the astronomer; the Rev. W. Main, F.R.S., head of the Radcliffe Observatory at Oxford; Sandille, the South African rebel; Herr Petermann, the geographer; M. Bulgaris, General Palikao, General della Marmora; M. Raspail, the veteran and eccentric Republican orator; Prince Tcherkassky, of Russia; Father Secchi, the Italian astronomer; General Tulloch, of the Madras Army; Lady Wentworth, wife of Byron's grandson; Comte de Diesbach, Deputy of the late National Assembly at Paris; Don Ribero, ex-President of the Spanish Chambers; Mrs. John Bright; the Marquis d'Audiffret; Mrs. Grote; Dr. Millingen, the surgeon of Lord Byron; Mdlle. Beatrice, the actress; Mr. Bayard Taylor, United States Minister in Germany; Senor Pardo, ex-President of Peru; Marshall Baraguey d'Hilliers; Madame de Dufaure; the Dowager Lady Grantley; Herr Kohler; Prince Lucien Murat; the Dowager Lady Nelson; M. Alexander Viollet le Duc; the widow of Rossini, the composer; Mdlle. Lucy Prevost-Paradol; Mr. Andrew Murray; the Duc de Montmorency; Baron Raphael Erlanger; General Duplessis; Lady Coleridge; Mr. William Cobbet; Lady Hamilton Chichester; General Bertrand; M. Claude Bernard; Marshal Benedek: General Albatucci; Field-Marshal Airoldi; Tweed, the "Tammany Ring" celebrity; James Fazy, ex-Dictator of Geneva; and Henry Vincent, the Chartist lecturer.

TEN YEARS AFTER.

"Nous avons changé tout cela."

TEN years ago, when she was ten,
I used to tease and scold her;
I liked her, and she loved me then,
A boy some five years older.

I liked her, she would fetch my book
Bring lunch to stream or thicket;
Would oil my gun, or bait my hook,
And field for hours at cricket.

She'd mend my cap, or find my whip.
Ah! but boys' hearts are stony!
I liked her rather less than "Gyp,"
And far less than my pony.

She loved me then, though Heaven knows why,
Small wonder had she hated,
For scores of dolls she's had to cry,
Whom I decapitated.

I tore her frocks, I pulled her hair,
Called "red" the sheen upon it;
Out fishing I would even dare,
Catch tadpoles in her bonnet.

Well, now I expiate my crime;
The Nemesis of fables
Came after years,—to-day Old Time
On me has turned the tables.

I'm twenty-five, she's twenty now,
Dark-eyed, pink-cheeked, and bonny,
The curls are golden round her brow;
She smiles, and calls me "Johnny."

Of yore I used *her* Christian name,
But now, through fate or malice,
When she is by my lips can't frame
Five letters to make "Alice."

I who could joke with her, and tease,
Stand silent now before her;
Dumb, through the very wish to please,
A speechless shy adorer.

Or if she turns to me to speak,
I'm dazzled by her graces;
The hot blood rushes to my cheek,
I babble common-places.

She's kind and cool—ah! Heaven knows how
I wish *she* blushed and faltered:
She likes me, and I love her now;
Dear, dear! how things have altered!

Graphic. G. B. S.,

THE THEATRES.

(From our Dramatic Correspondent.)

WHILE all our London theatres have succeeded in producing pieces more or less in accordance with, what I may term, the mental elements of the season, I think that the reproduction at "The Princess's" of Charles Reade's famous English drama, "It is Never Too Late to Mend," is the most important and must take the place of honour in my letter to day. It will be remembered by many playgoers that when this play was first produced, som thirteen years ago, it provoked much adverse criticism, not for its faults as a drama, but because it was a play with a purpose, that purpose being to show up in the most emphatic manner the unchristian horrors practised in some of our, so-called, model prisons. To day that adverse criticism is dead, and the model prison is not quite so model. The reception accorded to "It is Never Too Late to Mend" on Boxing Night is sufficient evidence that as a play it possesses all the elements of success, and it needs no prophet to foretell a long run. While all concerned in the acting deserve great praise, a special word of commendation must be said for Mr. Charles Warner, as *Tom Robinson*. With one exception, I have never seen him to better advantage. He played the part, by no means an easy one, with the care and grace so natural to him, and with that perfect finish which denotes the true artist. As regards the mounting, scenery, appointments, etc., it would be superfluous to say anything, for ever since "The Princess's" has been in the hands of Mr. Walter Gooch, these requisites of success have had no rivals in London; he spares neither time, trouble, nor expense in presenting to his audience the authors' "children" clothed in right royal fashion.

Of the Pantomimes there is not much to say: they are all written on the old lines, and present few if any original characteristics. Mr. Blanchard, as usual, supplies "Drury Lane" with its holiday programme, and has this year selected "Cinderella" for his theme.

Some of the lines and songs in Mr. Frank Green's burlesque, "Jack and the Beanstalk" (Covent Garden), are in the worst possible taste, and a bit of witticism against one of our cleverest dramatic authors can only be attributed to envy.

The "Surrey" Pantomime is this year written by Joseph Mackay, and dressed, I believe, by his brother, Wallis Mackay. The "Surrey" has for many years enjoyed the reputation of producing the best Pantomimes, and certainly that reputation will not be forfeited this year. "The House that Jack Built" is really worth seeing.

That exceedingly clever comedy, "Pink Dominoes," has been transferred to "The Philharmonic," while at its natural home, where it lived so long, "The Criterion," "The Little Quiriti" troupe have commenced a series of operas which will continue up to the end of January.

The following theatres, "Strand," "Folly," "Vaudeville," "Globe," "Haymarket," "Olympic," "Gaiety," "Adelphi," all retain their old programmes; while at "The Royalty," now under the able management of Miss Santley, "Cinderella," a sweet little comedy, and "Tita in Thibet," afford a most pleasant evening's entertainment.

Last on my list comes "The Alhambra," not, however, because it is the least worthy of notice, far from it. I question if anything equal to the grand spectacular representation of "La Poule Aux Œufs d'Or" is to be seen elsewhere in Europe, and the ballet divertissement, "The Union of Nations," is the most gorgeous and withal the most artistic both for colouring and grouping that "The Alhambra," famous as it is for its ballets, has ever presented. The cast, with one exception, is good, the singing of Mlle. Riviere, Miss Soldene, Miss Loseby, Mr. Knight Aston, and M. Bruet being most effective and calling for frequent applause. The one exception is the part of *Chanticlero*, personated by Mr. E. Righton. I take this exception because it is a sorry sight to see so good an actor as Mr. Righton playing the fool:—the motley does not become him. His reputation as a first-class comedian is established, and this being so makes it the more surprising that he should condescend to undertake to play a part to which ample justice might be done by some poor fourth-rate actor for forty shillings a week.

SIDE WING.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

BY H. E. W.

A RUSTLE of sheeny satin,
  A glimmer of jewels rare,
A shimmer of foamy laces,
  And a breath of lilies fair.
A bride at the altar standing;
  A priest to act his part;
And the golden fetters are fastened,
  That only death can part.

The bride is wondrous lovely;
  Men worship her eyes of blue,
Maids envy the flash of her diamonds,
  But they would not if they knew
That the heart 'neath those rare old laces
  Is throbbing with bitter regret,
And the golden head laden with jewels
  Is trying so hard to forget?

The idyl of one sweet Summer
  She forgot he was poor. And—well,
Those ashes at home on her hearthstone
  Might a tale of a slighted love tell.
She loved him, perhaps. But, remember,
  That love is a poor worthless thing,
And cannot be counted as real
  Without at least one diamond ring.

So she crushed the regret and the heartache,
  Laid the past and its treasures aside,
To think of her silks and her jewels
  And her wealth as the great banker's bride—
To dream of the trip o'er the waters—
  And the Winter to spend in old Rome—
A season at beautiful Paris—
  And wonderful *fêtes* when at "home!"

The wedding was certainly brilliant,
  But conscience was there with its sting
And the opera music just splendid—
  Not ballads that they used to sing;
And the flowers, rare, costly exotics—
  May they prove half as dear to her sight
As that poor faded bunch of meek daisies
  She burned with his letters, last night.

Ah, well! What's the use of lamenting?
  It's the way of the world, you know;
And more hearts than one are in mourning
  When the form wears the garments of snow,
And the gold that so often we covet
  May cover a sea of despair,
And out from the measure of sorrow
  Each mortal receives his full share.