

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

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Monthly Summary.

THE first Anniversary Festival of our great Charities in 1879, namely that of that most excellent Institution, the Royal Masonic Benevolent Institution, has taken place with great *éclat*, and with greater results.

Two hundred and eighty-three stewards, an unprecedented number, with Brother Woodford as Chairman, and Brother Cubitt as Treasurer, and Brother Terry as Secretary, carried out the details of the festival to the satisfaction of all. We never saw the greater hall better filled, or more genuine enthusiasm when Brother Terry announced the goodly total of £13,850. Of this amount the Metropolis has sent £6,200, and the Provinces £7,400 in round numbers. The amount will no doubt reach £14,000.

East Lancashire, the Province from which the gallant Chairman, Lieut-Colonel Le Gendrie Starkie, came, transmitted the noble amount of £3500.

We congratulate the Craft on this successful and happy inauguration of the Charity Festival of 1879, and hope that Brothers Hedges and Binckes may each in turn have to announce similar zealous friends, and equally pleasant returns.

The consecration of the Creaton Lodge took place on the 10th, with much effect, before a goodly gathering. Our excellent Grand Secretary, the consecrating officer, was gallantly supported on the occasion, and many of Colonel Creaton's friends mustered in fraternal good will.

We augur much for the future career of a Lodge under such a name, so successfully introduced to the Masonic world.

We have not much more to say, as English Masonry seems pursuing the "even tenor of its way," and sipping the sweets contentedly of great material prosperity. We wish we could think that Lodges and Chapters did not too often forget that, as "Charity is better than rubrics" so it is decidedly superior to the claims of the social circle, and the creature benefits of material existence.

It seems to us, that if we manifested a little more economy in our "commissariat arrangements," and did a little more openly and actually for our Masonic Charities, in Lodges and Chapters, as Lodges and Charities, we might greatly improve the "staple" of Masonic feeling, and add greatly to that good opinion, which the outer world is prepared to hold, of our beneficent and mysterious order. *Verbum sat!*

BY-LAWS OF AN OLD LODGE.

WILLIAM JAMES HUGHAN.

WE have lately come across the by-laws of an old Lodge, No. 34, and held for some years at Jersey, by authority of the Grand Lodge of Ireland, which are well worthy of reproduction.

A declaration prefaces the laws, indicative of the basis of the Society, and is as follows:—

1. The Order of Freemasonry is composed of Freemen, who have formed themselves into an association, governed by general statutes and by by-laws.

It has for its basis the existence of one God, the immortality of the soul, and the love of humanity. It has for its object charity, the study of universal morality, and the practice of every virtue.

2. No person can be admitted into Freemasonry or enjoy the rights and privileges thereof—

(a.) Unless he has attained the full age of twenty-one years.

(b.) Unless his reputation and private conduct are irreproachable.

(c.) Unless he exercises a free and honourable profession, and unless he is in comfortable circumstances.

(d.) Unless he is possessed of sufficient education and intelligence to understand and value the doctrines and tenets of Freemasonry.

3. The title of a Mason, as well as the rights and privileges annexed thereto, are lost—

(a.) By the committing of any dishonourable action, proved masonically or civilly.

(b.) By the carrying on of an infamous trade or calling.

(c.) By the violation of the Oath of Fidelity, or by the breach of any of the engagements entered into at the initiation.

(d.) And in certain cases described in the Book of Constitution.

We need say nothing by way of commendation of the foregoing excellent introduction, save to state that we wish they were to be found similarly printed in all by-laws of Lodges.

Various rules are then inserted of a general character, No. 3 requiring that "The officers of this Lodge are expected to study the history of the Craft, its archives and ceremonial, so that the working be perfectly executed." The wisdom of this regulation is evident, though practically it is one much neglected, especially in the treatment by the Craft of their periodical literature, which affords the means at a trifling cost to secure all that is needful for the ordinary Mason at least, as to our history and character.

Rule 7 provides for the nomination of members eligible for the different offices and for the ballot at the succeeding Lodge. In England now the nomination is generally omitted, the ballot being taken for the W. M. by the members placing a cross against one of the brethren's names, on a printed slip of paper, and when folded it is placed in the box. All are eligible for that office who have served as Wardens or Masters, and the one having the majority of votes is declared elected, and can be installed at the next regular meeting, *after confirmation of the minutes*. The other officers are appointed by the W. M., save the Treasurer, who is elected by ballot, and the Tyler, who is chosen by *show of hands*.

Rule 8 refers to the appointment of an Orator or Lecturer, who is specially charged—(1) With the explanation of the symbols of the various degrees, and of the history, doctrines, and tenets of the Order, (2) with the celebration of the feasts of the Order, and of funeral and other ceremonies, etc.; (3) with the examination of unvouched-for visiting Brethren. A few Lodges appoint Orators or Lecturers in

England, but it is far from a general custom. It is adopted, however, in the ancient "Lodge of Antiquity," London.

Rule 10 we like, and is as follows:—

"That a Brother of the Lodge may be appointed to act as Hospitaller who is specially charged—

(a.) To visit all sick and needy Brethren.

(b.) To enquire personally into all applications for relief, and to report thereon to the Lodge.

(c.) To distribute the alms and other relief voted by the Lodge.

The duties of the Treasurer and Secretary are well defined in two other rules, and certainly if these two important officers ever failed in that Lodge, it would not be from any lack of suitable instructions.

The other regulations do not call for mention at this time, save that the twentieth is one that should always be inserted in the by-laws of Lodges, and strictly adhered to.

"That it being the imperative duty of every member to make himself acquainted with the rules and regulations of the Lodge, as contained in these by-laws, that none may plead ignorance thereof; it is resolved that they shall be plainly transcribed in a minute-book of the Lodge, and that each present, as well as future members, shall attach his name to them, in token of his full acquiescence in their import."

These Laws were approved duly by Bro. L. H. Deering, D.G. Secretary of Ireland.

We may refer to other by-laws shortly.

THE GREAT PYRAMID.

BY J. CHAPMAN.

No. I.

THE symbolism of the Great Pyramid is a topic of great import to the ethical student. While it deals with cosmic truths, it also grasps those higher spheres of science which teach man wisdom. The Masonic student will find in the symbolism of this mountain of masonry the grandest corollary to the Scriptures which the world has yet revealed. That "peculiar system of morality, illustrated by symbol," with which the Craft is so richly adorned, will receive from the teachings of this, the noblest pile of masonry, truths not only relating to the history of man and his future destiny; but it also opens out those scientific facts which will remove the doubts and errors of the scientists who have striven in the past to work out some of the greatest problems which their ripened labours have failed to solve.

The reader will be introduced to three divisions of the subject, which may help to fasten upon the mind the several truths the Great Pyramid is intended to reveal. They are the *Scientific*, the *Historic*, and the *Prophetic*.

It is not intended to introduce any new-fangled crotchet, or theory, for the sake of exciting the interest of the reader; but to give the fruit of those researches which have marked the course of some of the most distinguished scholars who have travelled the intricate paths of science. It would not effect that good which the subject is calculated to offer, if the writer was to launch into any wild speculations, or copy the gyrations of the fanatical enthusiast who flies off at a tangent, with a fiz and a force that remind one of a pyrotechnic device, which strain the attention of the observer in following its course, and only leave a few lurid sparks to indicate its premature extinction.

In prefacing our remarks on the teaching of the Great Pyramid, it will naturally be expected that some statement should be made as to who built it. This is a point

open to speculation. Herodotus informs us that it was believed to be the work of Philitis, a Hyksos, or Shepherd King, who by supernatural power invaded Egypt, and subdued it without a battle, and eventually quitted it by capitulation. There are those who hold that this Hyksos was none other than Melchizedek, who is called King of Salem, and by some Jeru-salem. Whether the information gleaned by Herodotus from the Egyptian Priests was worthy of acceptance, or whether they imposed their unreliable traditions upon him, is a matter we must leave for the reader to decide. Captain B. W. Tracey, R.N., who has written an admirable work on "A Scriptural view of the Great Pyramid," in treating this subject has a paragraph which we consider well worth quoting; he states: "How vain and futile have been the efforts of man to unravel the secret of its Builder; and this mighty monument stands on the earth, like Melchizedek, without parentage, to all our 'savants,'—it is beyond them even to imagine where the science of its Architect came from, and all their ideas of it are based on the traditions of Egyptian enmity; which in itself is almost proof positive that it was erected as a witness for good—principally to unfold the truth of His Holy Word." The settlement of the question as to its Builder will not, however, affect the great truths it indicates. Anyone who has studied the construction of the Great Pyramid will not dispute the fact that it was the work of "the grand *Master Masons* of the old times," as stated by Charles Casey, in his work on "PILLARS." There have been those who nevertheless have striven to place the Great Pyramid on the same level as the other Pyramids of Egypt. They say, "Why this above the rest? It was only built as a mausoleum for the mummied remains of old King Cheops." Unmistakable evidence answers the question, and unsettles the statement; but with regard to what it was intended for, that will form the theme of the three subsequent articles, and we will only state here, with regard to its being placed on a *par* with the other Pyramids, that nothing could be wider from the truth, or more difficult for the Pyramid student to accept. It is true the Great Pyramid is *in Egypt*; but it is not *of Egypt*. Its polished and unlettered stones speak in a language most unequivocal, that its exquisitely worked slabs, by their measurements, point to certain cosmic and ethic truths which cannot in the slightest degree be traced in any of the other buildings. As in the case of the magicians of Egypt, in the time of Moses, they assayed to work by their arts the miracles which Moses effected by the power of the Most High, and in some instances they appeared to succeed; but that did not disprove the source from whence Moses derived his power, neither do the other Pyramids by their apparent similarity reduce the Great Pyramid to the same level with the rest. The other Pyramids are filled with Egyptian hieroglyphics, but by their construction there is not one single ray of cosmic light emitted, although the builders had the Great Pyramid before them as a model. The sacred and scientific truths taught by the Great Pyramid were even concealed from the workmen who assisted in its erection, which will explain how it came to pass that there was such a dissimilarity between them and the Great Pyramid on the northern edge of the Gheezah Hill, at the apex of the Delta of Egypt.

While with cautious and tentative steps we tread the paths frequented by such distinguished Pyramid-scholars as Professor Piazzi Smyth, Astronomer Royal for Scotland; Charles Casey, author of "Philitis," etc.; Captain B. W. Tracey, R.N., and others, whose works indicate indefatigable labour, we shall, we trust, be able to establish the triple argument, viz.—the Scientific, the Historic, and the Prophetic character of this unique structure. Should the effort to establish the triple argument be successful, it will then be no difficult matter for the reader to accept the Great Pyramid as the "WITNESS" referred to by Isaiah xix. 19, 20.

TORTURED BY DEGREES.

From the "Keystone."

FOUR hundred years ago men were tortured by degrees—but not for the first time, nor for the last. The "good" Queen Isabella was then on the Spanish throne, with Ferdinand of Arragon for her consort, and Torquemunda for Inquisitor-General. Then of all other times in the world, men—aye, and women and children too—were tortured by degrees. The thumb-screw, the rack, and the pulley deprived them slowly of life, and fire, faggot, and stake often ended their torments. An Innocent Pope (the Eighth)—innocent in name only, but thrice guilty in deed—inaugurated the horrors of the Spanish Inquisition, and thus made it possible for such a heart-rending book to be written as Fox's "Book of Martyrs." It is fortunate for us that those days are past. No one finds it a pleasure, even for conscience sake, to enlighten the world at the stake. But ours is a liberal age—too liberal, perhaps, when, in this country at least, one may say and do pretty much as he pleases. Our liberty reaches license, and hence, although the punishments of the nineteenth century are different from those of the fifteenth, we yet are, in a certain sense, tortured by degrees. Our rules have been changed, but our burdens are still upon us. Thus, the so-called Holy Office is without business, and its inquisitors can no longer enforce their saying, "Believe as I believe, or I'll roast you," yet any man may now be a sort of "Holy Office," and still torture us by degrees.

All our troubles flow from the vanity of men who assume to be wiser than Solomon. We are taught in the Craft that King Solomon, in his supreme wisdom, established but three degrees among the Craftsmen of Jerusalem who were builders of the Temple—viz., Entered Apprentices, Fellow Crafts, and Masters. Now, according to recently published accounts, there are two hundred and eighty-two degrees that claim to be Masonic! Could Beaumont and Fletcher have had prophetic reference to this mushroom growth, when they wrote:—

"There is a method in man's wickedness—
It grows up by degrees."

Surely the world would not suffer if, say two hundred and fifty of these degrees, were to be buried out of sight and hearing! Let us consider this somewhat.

Degrees, when multiplied by hundreds, are costly in money; unduly absorb a man's time from himself and his legitimate business, to say nothing of his family; and fill his head with a lot of verbiage, which likely crowds out knowledge that would be more profitable to him, if not more pleasant.

Jack Kitchener is one of those who is tortured by the numerosity of his degrees. Monday night comes. Supper is just over. Jack jumps up, with the remark—"Wife, I've a Lodge meeting to attend this evening." "Pray, what Lodge?" she asks, "Oh!" he replies, "the A. B. and C. Rite holds one of its meetings to-night." Tuesday evening arrives. Supper is hurriedly dispatched, and Jack is up and going. "And whither to-night?" the wife inquires. "The D. E. F. Rite holds an important Communication to-night." Wednesday comes. The G. and H. Rite meets in high carnival then. Thursday brings with it a Lodge meeting in the "I. J. and K. Rite." Friday is illustrated by a cut from supper to attend a meeting in the "L. and M. Rite," and poor Saturday is crowded also with the "O. P. and Q. Rite." The following week is also full, to the end of the alphabet of rites. And so on from week to week, and month to month, and year to year. Thus, as Dryden says, are—

"Ill habits gathered by unseen degrees."

This multitude of degrees that requires a man with a head for figures to number, is an inverted pyramid, unnaturally based upon a point that is a very diamond for endurance. This pivot-point is composed of the degrees of Ancient Craft Masonry,

These all men (who can) may take with benefit to themselves, and without detriment to their families ; but the large majority of the degrees beyond them grow—

“Fine by degrees and beautifully less.”

The Scriptures appear to be uniform in their testimony on this point. Men of “high degree” are by no means commended, while men of “low degree” are often praised. In Chronicles we read of “brethren of the second degree,” who chanted songs of praise when the Ark of the Covenant was carried up to Zion ; and St. Luke says : “He hath put down the mighty from their seats, and exalted them of low degree.” It is true David wrote, in the Psalms, that “men of low degree are vanity,” but then he added, “men of high degree are altogether lighter than vanity !”

We do well to be faithful to our first love. Let no one ever

“Look in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend.”

By base degrees he meant (whatever Shakespeare meant) the foundation degrees of Ancient Craft Masonry, on which all other Masonry, or alleged Masonry is built. There are in Masonry degrees useful and ornamental, and in mis-called Masonry degrees that are neither one nor the other. We should class the degrees of the Lodge and Chapter as useful, and those of the Commandery and Ancient and Accepted Rite as ornamental. Some Brethren of course will differ from us, but with the majority we are in accord. As to what may be termed the Alphabet Rites, there is no Masonry in them but the name.

What shall we say then of the mills and millers that grind out the multitudinous modern degrees, which promise to outnumber Abraham’s seed ? The millers are doubtless Masons, ingenious men, ambitious men, presumptuous men, and sometimes successful men ; but they cannot make any of their modern rites right. They are not Masonry, and they overlay and tend to obscure Masonry. Think of anyone assuming to overtop King Solomon !

“Angels and ministers of grace defend us !”

THE COUNTRY.

BY M. J. HUGHES.

I LOVE its mountains towering high,
And I love its blue azure sky ;
I love its valleys and its rills,
I love the country and its hills ;
I love to breathe its air so pure,
Its gushing fountains I adore ;
I love its streams, shallow and deep,
I love its harvests so rich to reap ;
I love its fields and meadows green,
Where the skipping lamb can be seen ;
I love to gaze upon its lofty crest,
Where in safety the eagle builds its nest.
I love the country, its peaceful rest,
What nature hath so sweetly blessed ;
I love simple nature, beautiful and grand,
And the country, God’s favoured land.

THE RELATION OF THEISM TO FREEMASONRY.

An Address at the Public Installation of the Officers of Batavia Lodge, No. 109, and Batavia Chapter, No. 112, at Batavia, O.,

From the "Masonic Review."

LADIES and Gentlemen of Batavia; Brethren and Companions of the Mystic Tie,—In addressing so large and intelligent an audience on this Masonic festival occasion, you will naturally expect that my theme will be a Masonic one. At the same time it is very proper that I should choose one that will not only be intelligible to, but of interest and importance to this large body of ladies and gentlemen, numbering, of course, a considerable share of non-Masons.

I have therefore selected as a theme which, I hope, will interest both those who are Masons and those who are not, the subject of the Relation of Theism, or the Belief in God, to Freemasonry.

This is a subject of present interest to Freemasons in all parts of the world. In the lodges of England, Wales, Scotland, Ireland, North and South America, Australia, China, and India, Egypt, Greece, Italy, Germany, Sweden, Holland, Spain, and France—everywhere where Masonry has spread—and I don't know of a civilised nation in the whole world in which it has not spread—there is being discussed these questions: Is there any connection between Theism and Freemasonry? Can a Masonic Lodge rightfully demand that no one shall be admitted who does not believe in God? Does the principle of entire freedom of conscience, which Masonry has always stood up for, require that no belief whatever be demanded? and that the Atheist, provided he be a moral man, in other respects, should be as eligible to membership as a Theist?

It may be a strange thing for you Masons who do not read Masonic journals to be told that such questions as these are being discussed all over the world. You have always been accustomed to the demand that a Mason must believe in God; you have always considered it interwoven with the very texture of the system; you can't conceive how any one could question the proposition that a man to be a Mason must believe in God.

Nevertheless it is true, as I say to you: the question most discussed at present in all the Masonic journals in the world—and I receive them, published in six different languages from all parts of the world—is the question whether there be any necessary connection between Theism and Freemasonry.

This question has been agitated for two years past, and was started in France. It is a very unfortunate fact that in Roman Catholic countries Freemasonry is entirely interdicted to the members of that church by its authorities. The Popes have time and again fulminated their anathemas against Freemasonry for the last 100 years, since Gregory XVI put it under the ban. The result is that in these Roman Catholic countries, where there are but few Protestants, the Masonic Order has got to some extent into the hands of sceptics, whose opposition to Rome does not lead them to form Protestant churches, but into opposition to all religion. These sceptics, who hate Rome, and regard it as the essence of all tyranny, instead of forming societies for themselves, have very largely come into the Masonic Order, and finding themselves strong, and even forming, I fear, the majority of the Masons in France, are now actually engaged in a conspiracy to pervert the whole order, and turn Masonic Lodges into cabals for the discussion and propagation of infidel opinions—mere Positivist debating clubs.

French Masonry has two governing bodies: one is the Grand Orient of France; the other the Supreme Council. The Grand Orient has the most of the symbolic lodges or blue lodges, as we call them, under its control. But it also claims control over the high grades. The Supreme Council claims jurisdiction over the Scottish

Rite grades, but has also symbolic or blue lodges connected with it. The whole system is so entirely unlike our own, that we can make no comparison between them.

A good many years ago the Grand Orient gave permission to its lodges to do as they pleased about admitting Atheists. Many of their lodges have abolished the demand of belief in God, and admitted many who cannot be classed with Theists. And yet they would not, perhaps, like you to call them Atheists. The old Atheism of the French Revolution is not the fashion among the French infidels of our day. The philosophy that is in vogue among them is that of Auguste Comte, who was born at Montpellier in 1798, and died in Paris in 1857. He was trained a Roman Catholic, but broke away from that system, and established the philosophical school of Positivism. His idea is, that we can only know what is susceptible of proof to our senses; the conception of God he dismissed, as one founded only in imagination, not in rational demonstration. The only religion he taught was one of Humanity. He conceived Humanity as being the universal unity of all intelligent existence: and therefore the highest conception for the human mind to reach. For God, whose existence he thinks can never be proved, he substitutes Humanity.

This Comtean philosophy is now the most popular among French non-believers. They don't spend any time in denying the existence of God, and therefore don't wish to be called Atheists; but they glorify Humanity, and propose to pay that adoration and service to it which Theists pay to God. In one word, instead of worshipping God, they propose to worship themselves and their fellow men.

Two years ago these Positivist Philosophers, finding they were very strong in the lodges of the Grand Orient of France, determined to bring out their battering rams and undermine the old system of Freemasonry. Their own constitution had said:—

“Elle (Franc-maçonnerie) a pour principes, l'existence de Dieu, et l'immortalité de l'âme.”

This expressed nothing but the simple truth, that Freemasonry has always had for its foundation principles the existence of God and the immortality of the soul. A proposition was made to strike this out. It was referred to the lodges for a year; at the session of 1877 it was stricken out. They claim that it was done in the interest of entire liberty of conscience; to let every one think as he pleases about whether there be a God, or whether he has a soul. But the practical result is, as no doubt the design was, to give aid and comfort to the Positivist philosophy, in the substitution of the worship of Humanity for that of God.

This year, at the session of September, another move was made to conform the rituals to the change of the constitution; in other words, to strike out from the Masonic work all reference to the existence of God and the immortality of the soul. The consideration of this was postponed to the next year, and referred to a committee; but from the composition of that committee, and the temper of the Grand Orient, there is no doubt that the rituals of French Masonry will in another year be entirely emasculated of all its original features as a Theistic system; and French lodges will become Positivist debating schools, under the stolen and dishonoured flag of Freemasonry.

Perhaps some of you, my hearers, may think it is a discredit to Freemasonry that this state of things could exist. It would be, if we suffered it to go without protest. But the protest against this piratical invasion of the ancient system has been almost universal. Grand Lodges, and Grand Orients, and Supreme Councils of the Scottish Rite, in all parts of the world, have not only uttered an indignant protest, but have withdrawn all fellowship from the Grand Orient of France, and disclaim any sort of affinity with such a system of Masonry as it advocates.

In some nations portions of the Christian Church have become utter rationalists, and deny all the truths of revelation; but as the system of Christianity cannot be held responsible for the designs of bad men who seek to pervert it, no more can Freemasonry, after it has uttered its strong, determined protest against this French

attempt to prostitute its mighty brotherhood into an organism to propagate scepticism.

There has always been a contest in this world between right and wrong, and light and darkness. The cuttle fishes of doubt and unbelief have always been throwing out their ink into the sea that men may not be able to find their way to the haven of rest and peace. The Church is the Church militant in this world, girded with the sword of truth against opposing errors, and the Sons of Light must not expect to get on in this world without a fight for their principles against foes without, and sometimes foes within.

We claim, friends, that the attempt of French Masons to abolish the Theistic character of Masonry is as great a revolution in its character as to change a church into an infidel debating school, and we propose briefly to give some of the reasons for this faith.

1. We say that if anything be a fundamental characteristic—an irremovable landmark of Masonry, it is the Belief in God. Freemasonry began as an association for protection and relief among those who were engaged in erecting temples to the glory of God. Hence they were called Masons; and because such work was regarded as the noblest work in which man could engage, they were called "free and accepted Masons." The association became so dignified by the thought that it was a guild of temple builders that princes and kings entered it as an honour. Finally, from being an operative, it became a speculative society; and after this, every Mason was regarded as one who is erecting a spiritual temple to Almighty God.

Hence, from the beginning, the demand for belief in God has been universal. No one could be made a Mason who did not avow his belief in God. In the change from operative to speculative Masonry, our Masonic forefathers felt that it would be a farce for any man who was an Atheist to call himself a Mason, it would belie both his name and his character.

2. God, in Masonic language, is generally spoken of as the Grand Architect of the Universe. He is the Omnipotent Mason, who has built the Universe, and we who are building spiritual temples of character very appropriately recognize Him as the Grand Architect. In the name of this Grand Architect all Masonic deeds have always been done; a perpetual memento of the Theistic character of the Institution. And to this day the Grand Orient of France itself addresses all of its circulars: à la gloire du Grand Architect de l'Univers. No doubt they will abolish this formula when they revise their rituals, but the fact that they always used it up to the year 1879, and then abolished it, will only serve as an eternal monument that they have been hypocrites and are apostates.

As you might expect, this fundamental character of Freemasonry—its Belief in God—is the web and woof of the whole system as exemplified in its ritual or work. I cannot speak of this with freedom before a mixed congregation; but I can say that every Master Mason knows that the degrees he has taken are full of recognition of, and eloquent instruction upon, the doctrine of God and immortality, and that every Royal Arch Mason knows that the reason why the Craft degrees are called symbolical is because they are symbolical of deeper mysteries, which mysteries are illuminated and explained in the Royal Arch degree. This Royal Arch degree anciently formed a part of the Master's degree, without which the Master's degree has but little meaning. The Royal Arch is the summit of Ancient Craft Masonry, and the reason of it every Royal Arch Mason knows, and perceives at once its bearing on my argument, that Freemasonry and Theism are identically one thing; that the whole system is an absurdity without it. It is the keystone which binds the mighty arch of the whole edifice, without which it would fall into a heap of ignoble ruins. All the dignity of Masonry comes from its eternal testimony to the truth that there is a personal God, who is the omnipotent factor of all things that exist, the Eternal Spirit that pervades all things. As Schiller finely says:—

Und ein Gott ist, ein heiliger Wille lebt,
Wie auch der menschliche Wanke;

Hoch über der Zeit und dem Raume webt
 Lebendig der höchste Gedanke ;
 Und ob Alles in ewigem Wechsel kreist,
 Es beharret im Wechsel ein ruhiger Geist.

Furthermore, in the ancient charges of a Freemason, it is said that a Mason who properly understands the system "can never be a stupid Atheist, or an irreligious libertine, but must be obedient to the moral law." This establishes two propositions: first, that the man who is an Atheist is, in the language of the Holy Scripture, a fool; second, that man is responsible to God as his judge, whose law he must obey on penalty of His infinite displeasure. No man can be a worthy Mason who does not do both: believe in God, and walk in obedience to His holy law.

Freemasonry has always taught that the man who can look on the wonders of the Universe—behold the infinite traces of design in his own body, and in the adaptation of cause to effect—gaze up to heaven and see the sparkling worlds with which the Grand Architect of heaven and earth has shown his wisdom, goodness, and power—and not believe in the existence of God, is to be set down as a fool, he is simply stupid, dazed in his moral or intellectual faculties, and utterly unworthy to be called a Mason.

It has also always taught that Theism and morality are inseparable; that there is no basis for a sound morality but the belief in God and in the sense of responsibility to Him. Hence, in its imperative demand that no one shall be made a Mason unless he be a moral man, it considers that he must necessarily be a Theist. With Lord Bacon, Freemasonry has ever said: "He who revolveth to do every duty is immediately conscious of the presence of the gods."

Brethren of the Mystic Tie! may this issue, which revolutionary Frenchmen have thrust upon us, only prove like a chemical solvent, which shall discover the true gold by precipitating the base metals. Let us only hold the grand landmarks of our Order with a firmer grasp. When the enemy would snatch from us the battle-stained standard which has waved through a thousand battles, let us hold it with a stronger grip, and rather die than surrender. Remember that one man with God is always in the majority. "Magna est veritas, et prevalebit." Truth must conquer in the end, as Milton nobly pictures:—

Satan * * * dilated stood
 Like Teneriffe and Atlas unremoved;
 His stature reached the sky, and on his crest
 Sat horror plumed * * * The Eternal * * *
 Hung forth in heaven his golden scales yet seen
 Betwixt Astrea and the scorpion sign.
 * * * The fiend looked up, and knew
 His mounted scale aloft; nor more; but fled
 Murmuring; and with him fled the shades of night.

FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY.

SOVEREIGN of all the beauties rare,
 With thee not Faith nor Hope compare,
 Hope looks beyond, and Faith above;
 But eastward turns the glance of love.

Faith's hand clasps tight the golden strand—
 Hope's finger points to the distant land—
 Love's hands are open, quick to bless,
 Remove despair, relieve distress.

The arms of Faith and Hope are bold,
To guide the helm, the anchor hold ;
But Love the steady strength will lend,
To each one whom it calls a friend.

Faith stands erect as on a rock ;
Hope forward leans to meet the shock ;
Love bends its supple, yielding form,
While o'er it vainly blows the storm.

Faith moves with slow and steady tread ;
And sanguine Hope leaps far ahead ;
Fleeter than Faith, than Hope more strong,
Love runneth best—it runneth along.

Sovereign of all the virtues rare,
With thee nor Faith nor Hope compare ;
Faith may grow weak and Hope grow cold ;
Love will be young when Time is old.

WHIST.

LOOKING backward down the ages,
Through the dust of rolling years,
Gleaming bright against a background
Dark with tumult, toil, and fears ;
Grateful glimpses as of firelight
Shining out through chilling mist,
Catch we of that care-dispelling,
Rare, time-honoured game of Whist.

Dim the legends and traditions
That surround its natal hour ;
Whence, like some bright streamlet flowing,
Making e'er its banks to flower,
It hath rippled on unfailing,
Cheering many a way-worn heart
That hath sought a brief refreshment
From the world's fierce strife apart.

Ever loved by sage and scholar,
Sought by mean of weary brain,
It alike, at cot or castle,
Still doth favourite remain ;
With its mellow, genial presence,
It hath stood the crucial test ;
Peerless, mid a host of rivals,
It doth wear the victor's crest.

KILLED BY THE NATIVES.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY BRO. SAMUEL POYNTER, P.M. AND TREASURER, BURGOLNE, NO. 902.—
P.M. ATILENÆUM, NO. 1491.

DO you remember the pathetic confessions of Rob the Grinder as to the delusion of associating the idea of innocence with the proprietorship of the tiny creatures Mr. Swiveller would term "the feathered warblers of the grove"?

"I'm sure a cove might think," said Mr. Toodle, junior, with a burst of penitence, "that singing birds was innocent company; but nobody knows what harm is in them little creatures, and what they brings you down to?"

I wonder whether it has ever occurred to any philosopher to propound the appalling connection that exists between profligacy and oysters. At the first view of the matter this would not seem a self-apparent axiom. "An oyster may be crossed in love," so Dr. Johnson is reported to have affirmed. There is nothing in the pebbly look of the bivalve, before the murderous knife prises open his pearly hinges, to suggest demoralization. To be crossed in love expresses the verb passive—to be and to suffer, not to do. To tempt to crime and afterwards to betray to punishment represent verbs very active indeed; and the activity of an oyster!—an oyster may be said to be tempting in one sense certainly, but the idea of an oyster prompting a man to crime is surely too ridiculous to be seriously entertained.

Nay, but let us calmly think the matter over for a while. I suppose you will not deny that, however innocently, the seductive native does, at least, suggest—"not to put too fine a point upon it," let us say somewhat—raffish associations.

There was a music-hall ballad popular a few years ago, the coloured lithographed frontispiece of which represented a gay young blade in orthodox sables, white cravat, and crushed hat, enveloped in a light overcoat, and supposed to emerge from the late Mr. Gye's establishment "after the opera's over;" but, somehow, this festive image did not call up any association with oysters. Rather, did he recall the "Cave" and Paddy Green, with his "dear boy" and his snuff-box, and "the world-renowned *siffleur*" Herr Von Joel, with his brimming bumper of cigars, and the announcement on the programme that the veteran, in consideration of prolonged services, would be permanently retained on the establishment. "How long does perpetuity last in France?" asked, with a sneer, the late "Celui-ci" after his Boulogne freak, when sentenced to imprisonment *en perpétuité*. Alas! what *does* permanence mean anywhere? The gruesome old party whose grisly foot, we are told on poetical authority—

—————"invades alike the door
Of baron's halls and hovels of the poor,"

has given a practical answer to the inquiry, and long ago upset poor Paddy's snuff-box, and broken into smithereens the veteran whistling Herr's cigar tumbler.

No. Oysters and Evans's don't go together. Let us have a better collocation; and here, I pray in aid, as the lawyers say, the memory of some of my male readers, in their—well, say their—fifth decade. Oysters and the opera!—why don't you combine oysters and brown sugar at once? It wouldn't be a greater outrage. No, dear readers, you who have "come to forty year," as Thackeray charmingly sings! Oysters and Oxberry!—oysters and half-price to the play! Little Bob Keeley and Alfred Wigan as the dull schoolboy and the maddened French Tutor in "To Parents and Guardians" and "Rule's," and a "couple of dozen" and bread and butter and brown stout and something hot afterwards! Ah! Oysters *in excelsis*!

That late gallant officer of infantry, Colonel Sir John Falstaff, K.C.B.H.,—which honourable initials, we all know, indicate Knight Companion of the Boar's Head,—was, we are told, not only witty himself, but the cause of wit in others. I am sure I do not know whether oysters are wicked of themselves, and I am not acquainted with any method of diagnosing their ethical condition; but I am quite confident that they are the cause of vice in others. Why do you not always connect them with supper-rooms, and larkish medical students, and green satin, and the Haymarket, and police rows, and two in the morning? In what light do Mr. Flowers and Mr. Vaughan contemplate the innocent mollusc, think you? Do they regard the absorption of the delicacy as conducive to calm mental abstraction and holy meditation—as Mr. Ward does the consumption of his lentils and roots—or do they associate it with knocker-wrenching, carnagrole dancing, police pummelling, green satin wrangling and shrieking, etc., etc.? The oyster innocent! Why didn't Mr. Dando—ha! ha! my reader, whose widening waistcoat proclaims you within the category whilom sung of by Mr. Thackerary! Don't you remember Dando? Talk of Peace as a hero! No! give me Dando—he was a hero if you like.

This noble being flourished—on oysters—during the fourth and fifth decades of this century—or rather, to be more exact, during its eighth and ninth lustres. His appetite for natives was insatiable—his disinclination to pay for those he consumed insuperable. He preyed upon the shell-fish vendors of this great metropolis for ten years. He reduced to practice the great theory of permutation. As how? Marry, thus wise. His *modus operandi* was as follows:—He would quietly enter an oyster shop, and order and consume dozen after dozen of the savoury morsels; five dozen normally sufficed for his modest lunch, but in frosty weather, and when the “bed” has been peculiarly rich in flavour, he has been known to absorb seven dozen. He would then coolly inform the appalled proprietor that he was absolutely impecunious, and kindly give him a lesson in law, in return for his repast, by imparting the information that the transaction constituted only a simple contract debt, to recover which the tribunals of his country, *i.e.*, the local courts of requests—there were no county courts in those days—were open to him.

It is astonishing how much legal lore these rogues pick up. Why, I knew a practitioner—an irregular legal practitioner, let us say, inasmuch as he had no legitimate credentials—who could play upon the fiddle, and who, very adroitly, utilised the 25 George II., cap. 36, sec. 2. This high-minded gentleman would enter a public-house, previously ascertained to be without the protection conferred by that statute, and, while consuming his duly-paid-for beer, abstractedly improvise a theme upon his instrument, to which he would incontinently stand up and dance. Having “taken the floor,” to his own contentment, and the satisfaction of Mr. and Mrs. Boniface and their family, the entertainer would take his leave with some commendatory remark on the quality of the liquor supplied and the wholesomeness of terpsichorean exercise, and—next day—sue the amazed host in a *qui tam* action for a hundred pounds penalty, payable to the informer, for permitting music and dancing on premises unlicensed for that purpose!

Of this kidney was the chivalrous Mr. Noah Claypole, in “*Oliver Twist*.” His lady, you will remember, was subject to be taken ill outside a public-house during “closed hours” on a Sunday morning, and her lord, who had, for her relief, procured from the proprietor “three penn’orth of brandy for the love of God,” improved the occasion in a similar manner to that above mentioned.

But this is a digression. Why, of course it is! “Who deniges of it?” and here I protest once for all that if I am not allowed to digress I can afford you but a very few of the illustrations, numerous and interesting, in support of the proposition which I am desirous of adducing. You know the Cy. Pres. doctrine of the Court of Chancery? You don't? Well, then, I will enlighten you. Roughly speaking, it means this: that if you can't do what you want to do, go as near doing it as you can. If you can't carry out the exact object, try and achieve one cognate with it. Well, oysters and villainy are cognate. Any instance derived from the one throws light upon the other—*q. e. d.*

But how about Dando's application of the doctrine of permutation? Well, I return to the subject of the history of that illustrious man. Return with rapture, for I love to contemplate greatness! Jonathan Wild, the Duke of Wellington, Jemmy MacLeau

the highwayman, the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, the Tichborne Claimant, Mr. Peace, the burglar—eminence in any line has irresistible attractions for me. Historians, but they are not always reliable, have recorded that as Mr. Dando grew famous—when his lineaments became well-known—literally better known than trusted—his appearance in—say the Haymarket, or Cheapside, or the Poultry—would produce consternation. Dismay would seize on the soul of Scott; Sweeting would sweat with apprehension; Pimm would put his shutters up. But, depend upon it, dear readers, these are but the fables of the chroniclers. For why? These purveyors had at all times the remedy in their own hands. They might refuse to purvey. They might require payment in advance. No; Dando never spoilt his market by indiscreet, too frequent, or ill-chosen avatars. He applied the doctrine of permutation, and for ten years flourished and fattened on the choice growth of Colchester and Whitstable,

For this philosopher had adroitly calculated that the *personnel*—the staff, that is to say—of an ordinary oyster shop changes, at least once, in two or three years. Study of the "Post Office London Directory"—even of that ridiculously diminutive publication as it appeared in the consecutive years, '35 to '40—assured him that, taking in the suburban greengrocers—who in those days traded in the delicacy—there were purveyors of the comestible sufficiently numerous to enable him to dispense with the necessity of visiting the same one twice within a reasonable interval; thus his risk of identification was reduced to a minimum—thus, the metropolitan oyster-bed was all before him—where—with due discrimination—to choose; and when, like Alexander, he had conquered that extensive realm, why he could either reperambulate his ground, or recruit himself in the provinces, wherein he could rehearse a new metropolitan campaign.

I have reason to believe that he was carrying out the latter part of the programme I have above imperfectly sketched when that "fell serjeant Death," not to be eluded as he had many and many a time with complacent defiance evaded the mortal "bobby," "run him in" about the year '45. *Requiescat in pace. Si monumentum requiris circumspice*, and you had better do it in the streets of London on August 5th, Oyster Day. "Please to remember the grotto."*

No! Oysters and innocence won't go together any more than singing birds and unsophistication. This is a dark saying: let me proceed to enlighten a perplexed world.

Now, I do not care to deny that I am very fond of oysters. A critic, for whose opinion I entertain—nay, I am bound to entertain—a profound respect, sometimes rather cynically asserts that my character is illustrated by a predilection which she—for the observer is a lady—has remarked to have been only very recently displayed. "It is just like you," says the fair censor; "when oysters were at a price within the reach of a moderate income you never cared for them; now that they can only be obtained at a rate that a moderate indulgence in them would ruin anyone possessing less than the means of the Marquis of Westminster or Lady Coutts—now that they rule so high that even the poor Prince of Wales has to hesitate before he feels justified in treating himself to a dozen, you crave them, and pretend—for it must be only affectation—that you actually enjoy them. It is only another instance of that apeing the acquisition of aristocratic tastes which is such a conspicuous blot upon your otherwise estimable character. It is just like ———," and so on, and so on, and so on.

Now, when this austere young female speaks about oysters ruling "high," lest she should be misunderstood, let me make it quite plain to the uncommercial mind that she does not employ that adjective in the same sense in which it is used when we speak of the condition of the bivalves said to have been desiderated by His late Majesty King George the Second. The delay involved in the protracted journey—close packed in the boot of a lumbering German Schnell Post—between the Dutch coast and the palatial magnificence of Herrenhausen, conduced to the exquisite flavour, from His Teutonic Majesty's point of view, of the succulent delicacy; but the employer of the term "high," in the above wholly supposititious review of my tastes—herself exceedingly addicted to

* A reference to this worthy is made in Thackeray's "Tremendous Adventures] of] Major Gabagan," alluded to below.

oyster-eating—uses it as an altitude of value only. She is as severely critical over her marine dainty as Cæsar was said to be over the reputation of his spouse. What more powerful illustration can I afford than this? This severe connoisseur has never in her oyster-eating life, I *do* believe, experienced, for even the space of one second, the agonising perplexity of the epicure—the spasm of doubt over the mollusc, the flavour of which was open to the most delicate hint in the world of a suspicion of an absence of freshness, and yet was of a *gout* too exquisite wholly to reject!

However, when I come to reflect upon the accusation that I desiderate these delicacies now they are about four a shilling, while I cared nought for them when I could buy as many for a penny, I think the good lady is very nearly right. I plead guilty, and throw myself upon the mercy of the court. Certain it is that I *do* enjoy a dozen occasionally, and it was while indulging in this—by no means modest, nowadays, alas!—refection, the other day, that the adventure befell me and I heard the “o’er true tale,” which I am now about to relate.

Did you ever peruse Mat Prior’s ballad of “The Thief and Cordelier?” Of course you have, because you are a highly-educated, refined, intelligent, and accomplished reader, or you would not have got so far with my discursive lucubrations. You are well versed in the literature, and, more especially, the lyrical literature, of your country—you are! There is a quotation from that song more frequently employed than perhaps any other couplet in the language, and yet comparatively few who cite it can give its derivation. How many times, learned lector, have you, in your career, heard—nay, yourself trotted out—the illustration of the “Squire of the Pad and the Knight of the Post,” who—

“——— now fitted the halter, now traversed the cart,
And often took leave, but was loath to depart.”

How often? Spare your arithmetic. “Once and a million,” as Posthumous says. Well, there is another quotation from the same lyrical legend with which you, erudite but long-suffering peruser, may, not inaptly, at this stage of my exercitation, pelt me withal,—

“But my hearers cry out, ‘What a deuce dost thou ail?
Cut off thy reflections and give us thy tale.’”

Nay, then. Realise your position. I have securely button-holed you. You cannot leave this promised narrative if you would. I have fixed you—you know I have—as the ancient mariner with his glittering eye held the bored, albeit resigned, wedding guest. Like him, “You cannot choose but hear.” You must even bear listening to the assurance that I have much to say to you yet before I can get to *my* tale. My tale! “Story! God bless you, I have none to tell, sir!” and my mind misgives me that, after all, my narrative will be as vacuous as that of Canning’s rather musty,* needy knife-grinder. Nor are my doubts groundless—*experio credo*—woe is me! but before I can tell it to you I must, perforce, explain why I seek to tell it at all. I have to make you understand the weighty reasons which impel me to unburden my mind in print, for alas! as I have above implied, I have orally recited my wonderful narrative many times before.

And every auditor has pronounced it not worth hearing; not because it is incredible. The incredible and the insipid are not always convertible terms—*vide*. “Gulliver’s Travels,” “Baron Munchausen,” and “The Tremendous Adventures of Major Gabagan.” No; my story is worthless. *Lucus a non lucendo*. You can’t see the wood for the trees. Like Dutch pugs, that are so exceedingly ugly that their very uncomeliness constitutes their beauty, this tale is so bald, *jeune*, unprofitable, moralless, and improbable—ye gods and little fishes, how improbable!—that its very combination of bad qualities renders it a tradition worthy of immortal record—a legend the world, when it has it, will not, I am confident, willingly let die. Prince Hal apostrophised the supposed defunct carcase of his boon companion, the eminent commander I have above referred to, with the pathetic remark “that he could have better spared a better man.”

* “The proverb is somewhat musty.”—*Shakespeare*, “Hamlet,” Act iii., Scene 2.

When you have read what I have to recount you will sturdily asseverate that you could better spare a better story.

And, a penultimate digression—by way of illustrative introduction. Poor Albert Smith used to conjure up the verbally depicted counterfeit presentment and image of a dreadful engineer on board a Mediterranean steamboat—an utterly unendurable oracular Jack Bunsby (only worse) of a man, who used to spin a yarn of the most incomprehensible, utterly dull, wholly pointless, absolutely witless, inexpressibly meaningless character—a maundering, parenthetical, involved, monotonous discourse—a threnody, where verbs might have the most contagious fevers, and nominatives enjoy an absolute impunity from catching them—a string of unconnected words that seemed as if cut out of the middle of some illiterate disquisition, so wholly wanting, was it, of either beginning or end—a brain-bewildering lucubration, that reminded you of nothing so much as the proverbial railway train that, starting at no time from anywhere, and arriving at any time at nowhere, stops at all stations on the way—a very rhapsody of words, only not rhapsodical, possessing neither end, nor moral, nor application at all to anything whatever. “It was the dullest and most stupid story I ever heard in my life,” the entertainer would inform his delighted audience, “and I am about to tell it to you.”

Now, I am about to relate a similar narrative. A mystery without a solution. A story without a plot. As positively a very last digression, I will let you into the secret of one of my tastes, that I am very fond of plots; but I must, at the same time, candidly confess that I am not great in concocting them. I can't invent a plot. I regard with never ceasing wonder Messrs. Fawkes, Winter, and Company—that very notorious “Long firm” who devised the Gunpowder Plot, when Scottish Jamie was King. My interest in the Meal-tub Plot, and the Rye House Plot, in his grandson's time, never flags. Why, to this day, there is nothing in the world I so much enjoy as a trip down into Hertfordshire to inspect the *locus in quo* of the conspiracy which cost Lord William Russell his head. As Macaulay tells us of the country parsons, who, anticipating the introduction of the Inquisition into England, boasted of their courage in facing the ordeal of the stake and faggots, and

“——— talked louder and louder,
Of how they would dress for the show,
And where they would fasten the powder,
And if they should bellow or no:”

so, my brethren, I love to wander in those Broxbourne meadows, and mark the place in the narrow lane where Old Rowley's clumsy caroche was to be obstructed, and speculate from between which grey mullions, from which narrow quarrel-glazed * slit, the flash and the puff was intended to issue in that wild device to change a sovereign.

The more, then, that I admire plots the more keenly do I feel and regret my inability to devise one. And so you must, perforce, put up with a wholly plotless story, and—here goes.

At an early period of this exercitation you may recall that I “owned up,” as our American cousins say, to a *penchant* for oysters. The other day—a cold wintry noon—I resolved upon treating myself to a modest dozen, by way of lunch, a resolution confirmed by finding myself, at the usual period for that refection, opposite a newly-opened, smartly embellished, cleanly provided shop, for the sale of oysters only, in Little Stuart Place, which, as everybody knows, turns out of Great Plantagenet Street, in the W.C. district. I had known that tiny *boutique* for years. As one man in his time plays many parts, so may—so does—one shop frequently change its staple. I had known this establishment doing a roaring cigar business. I had seen it blazing with ribbons of a cheap haberdashery character, from which it descended abruptly, and without the slightest notice, into the comestible line—its panes clouded with fumes from a gigantic

* Quarrel—a small lozenge-shaped pane of glass. The bolt from a cross-bow was headed with a blade of this fashion so-called, and the glazing, set in diagonal leaden lines, was named after it.

round of beef, which a pale, perspiring man, in his shirt sleeves, and those turned up, was perpetually slicing, within. Then it as suddenly went into the equivocal photograph line; and anon—I believe some investigation at the Middlesex Sessions led to the change—endeavoured to combine law-abiding and fine art promulgation by appearing in an eruption of cheap and tawdry valentines, some of a character not too refined. I have a notion that it at one time flourished—well, let us say *took its shutters down* each day for a few weeks—under the joint proprietorship of a phrenologist, a learned pig that told fortunes, and a bearded woman; and here it was, with barrels of bivalves displayed, snowy-white naperly draped in front of marble-painted counters; attractive announcements of “Best Colchester natives, 3s., Scotch, 2s., ordinary, 1s., a dozen;” shining castors, crystal cruets, little plates, tiny white loaves, fascinating diminutive pats of butter. No—stop. There was no butter displayed to tempt the hungry oyster-eater, and this hiatus led to my first, or nearly my first, enquiry as I entered the establishment.

The shop appeared to be kept by an oyster merchant—sex uncertain—age apparently about rising three. This petticoated *locum tenens* was amusing itself with the very oddest toy vehicle I ever saw in the whole course of my life. It was a cedar box, which had presumably originally contained a hundred cigars, branded all over with the charcoally indentations verifying the *Floros des Cabanas*, etc., etc., formerly within. This, mounted on wheels and attached to a yard of dirty red tape, was being dragged about the shop floor by the baby, who on seeing me began to cry. “Is there nobody but you minding this shop, my dear?” I enquired, in as reassuring a tone as I could assume. The imp left off blubbering, toddled to a sort of wooden-screened ladder in one corner, and screamed up it, “Father!”—“Father!” at the top of its voice.

There was no reply. To set my little host at his—or her—ease, I pretended to examine the display on the counter. “Why, there is no butter here,” I exclaimed. “Ask your father, my dear, if he hasn’t any butter.” The baby stared for a second or two, then toddled, or climbed rather, up two or three of the steep stairs and ejaculated some disconnected syllables, in which I fancy I detected the words, “Cus’mer”—“Gentl-man”—“Father”—“Butter,” and so on.

Still no reply.

Three minutes’ interval!

Then gruesome sounds above—as of gurgling—as of grumbling—as of furious invective—as of fierce oburgation—horrible sounds—naughty sounds—expletives and self-commination; and from all only to be collected the intelligible syllables, “In bed!” “What do you mean!” I bellowed up the stairs, “Are you in bed, or do you keep the butter in bed?” The child recommenced crying; the muffled thunder above went on rumbling; but I distinctly heard, enunciated through the storm, the awesome words, “Under the bed!”

Certain commercial negotiations, not wholly unconnected—as the penny-a-liners say—with a transfer of a portion of the impecunious Mr. Micawber’s library, were—the readers of “David Copperfield” will remember—not infrequently transacted with the vendee in bed. I recalled the scene, “The keeper of this bookstall, who lived in a little house behind it, used to get tipsy every night, and to be violently scolded by his wife every morning. More than once, when I went there early, I had audience of him in a turn-up bedstead, with a cut in his forehead or a black eye, bearing witness to his excesses over night (I am afraid he was quarrelsome in his drink), and he, with a shaking hand, endeavouring to find the needful shillings in one or other of the pockets of his clothes, which lay upon the floor, while his wife, with a baby in her arms and her shoes down at heel, never left off rating him. Sometimes he had lost his money, and then he would ask me to call again; but his wife had always got some—had taken his, I dare say, while he was drunk—and secretly completed the bargain on the stairs, as we went down together.”

But the row above more forcibly suggested another episode in poor little Davy’s career, when he timidly essayed to sell his jacket at the marine store dealer’s shop in Chatham. Do you remember that dreadful old man—how he swore, how he adjured his viscera—how he yelled out the utterly inexplicable expletive “Goroo,” and

ultimately cheated the wretched little, frightened, trembling, vendor out of two-pence of the miserable eighteenpence consideration?

Well, I had plenty of time to recall these scenes, and to think of several other things, and to ponder and muse over the wonderful allusions to the bed and under the bed. Was he—the proprietor—in bed? Did he keep the butter under the bed? Was he too ill to get up and come down and serve me? and so forth, and so forth.

But for an uncontrollable desire to see the adventure out, I should—as any incurious mortal would—have left the emporium and directed my steps elsewhere to seek a mollusc meal; indeed I had just made up my mind to do so, and was turning my back to seek the door, when my departing footsteps were arrested by the sound of a body seemingly flinging itself down the screened ladder aforesaid.

I turned. It was the shopkeeper; but what a shopkeeper! There was nothing peculiar in his dress—nothing remarkable in his figure, which was that of a comparatively young man, but the face! the face!! so prematurely aged—careworn—so unutterably despairing, dejected, wretched—the countenance of a man of five-and-thirty, with the blue mildew-mould of the neglected week's stubble of a man of eighty marking the lines and furrows of the pinched-in cheeks and drawn mouth. The late Mr. Charles Peace at five-and-forty could and actually did make himself up to look five-and-sixty, and, so counterfeiting, deceived close and experienced observers. Was this a fiction—a counterfeited presentment—or a reality? If the former, what was the motive?

No motive at all apparently. The man who had appeared to hurl himself down the steps and into the shop in a manner demonstratively hostile, dispelled his truculent air as if by magic. The cloud on his countenance at once vanished as he caught sight of me. He was instantly gentle and assiduous, subdued but civil. Butter of excellent quality was at once forthcoming. The Colchesters were succulent. The operator opened them deftly, and handed the hot vinegar with the insinuating air of the most attentive waiter. The imp had ceased from crying, and was happy with its load of pebbles in its cigar-box wagon. I had already counted five of the fiat shells denuded of the delicious natives, spread in row before me—when!

My purveyor had introduced his murderous blade into the sixth bivalve, and was in the act of prising it open and exposing its hidden treasures—when!

Another customer entered!

The former expression—or rather an expression resembling the former, but devoid of any recurrence of a defiant, or hostile, or belligerent aspect—came back to the features of the wielder of the knife as he gazed upon the new-comer. A look of such utter despair, horror, emotion, fear, bewilderment, as I had seldom seen before and trust never to behold again, upon the countenance of any human being!

But the absorbing mystery was that there was apparently nothing in the appearance of the new-comer to inspire this evidently involuntary expression of aversion. He was a cheery, rosy-looking man of middle age, respectably dressed; and carrying one of those cheap black square small portmanteaus which irresistibly suggest the travelling canvasser or order collector.

This impediment he placed upon the sawdusted floor, and addressed me at once in an easy tone,—

“Fine day, but frosty, sir.”

There was not much in this. Then he turned to the man behind the counter and, rapping upon that barrier with a bronze coin, ordered sharply,—

“A penny oyster.”

Meekly, submissively, patiently, the tradesmen left my seventh Colchester unopened and, turning to another barrel, produced and prepared a diminutive specimen of his ware.

The stranger peppered it, and applied vinegar, and swallowed it; the shopkeeper, depositing the bronze piece of money in his till, resumed his attendance upon me.

“I'll take another,” said the stranger, and the performance was repeated. Then with a brisk, “Good-day,” addressed to myself, this humble customer departed. He of the apron opened my eighth, and began to unburthen his soul to me.

"He's 'ad two to day—all at once! I never knew 'im to do such a thing afore. Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord!"

He paused after opening my tenth, with the true tradesman like glance at the shells, and as if to assure himself that I had sufficient to go on with; then, availing himself of the interval, he stuck his steel in the cutting board before him,—where it remained quivering, emitting a kind of Æolian harp accompaniment in a minor key while he continued his dismal recital,—drew a cotton handkerchief from his pocket, with which he agitatedly wiped his fevered brow, and resumed—his narrative—not his oyster opening,—

"He's allus a-doin' it!" he went on, "night AND day! It killed my poor dear wife! It's a-killin' me—soft'nin' of the brain! Oh! Ah!! Yes, indeed!!! He don't never do it all at once as he's done to day. That wouldn't be so bad—only half so bad, arter all. Why, last night he cum in *Heighteen times*—HEIGHTEEN TIMES runnin'—at intervals of from twenty minutes to a hour, and 'ad one penny hyster each time! NO MORE! I was a-runnin' up and down them blessed stairs attendin' to him—CUSS 'IM!—from seven o'clock till twelve! No matter what I'm a-doing or iajjin'—my forty winks, my dinner, the buz'm of my fam'ly, shavin'—look at my gills now, sir, all thro' 'im—attendin' a customer—Lord, I'm allus a-lookin' for it,—forrud I must come! 'A penny hyster!' There's a young 'ooman as sings at penny readin's lodges in my one pair back, and whenever she's a-practisin' a song about 'the clang of the wooden shoon,' I thinks of the clink of the penny bronze, and cries like a babby! Yes, sir, you're right; that makes eleven; you'll want one more, sir. Lord, where was I?"

"It's been goin' on for years"—he dropped his voice to a mysterious growl—"ever since hysters has been a-gettin' dear. It was the same at the shop I 'ad afore this, and the one I 'ad afore that. It began soon after Hangelina and I got married. Pore Hangelina! well, she's well out on it. Never more than one at a time—never afore to-day, and then I spose he caught your heye, sir, and for once in his life felt ashamed. You hoberved a reluctance on my part to come down and attend on you—well, warn't it nat'ral? I thought he'd turned up again. So he did, you see, on'y a minute arter. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord!"

"Who is he?" I enquired.

"A monster, sir, my evil genius—my—but there, it's no use. That's the dozen, sir. Any more, sir? No? Three and two. Two florins. If I give you a shillin', have you two-pence, sir? It's fate, sir—my destiny, sir. I'm the sport of a demon, sir, and have been for years. I sometimes think he must be a disappointed former lover of my late wife's, sir, and that this is his mean revenge; but lor, my pore departed Hangelina allus assured me she knew nothin' of him, and o' course she 'ated 'im for his treatment of me, like poison, sir—poison! I wish one of them there penny fish had been fed on strychnine for his sake."

"But it appears to me," I urged, "that you have the remedy in your own hands. Why do you not refuse to serve him? Why don't you speak to the police?"

The saturnine scowl that had before convulsed his countenance was pleasing by contrast with the ironical sneer that now disfigured it.

"The perlice!" he replied. "What do we pay rates and taxes for? What for? Why, I'll tell you. To keep a pack o' lazy scamps in hidleness and prowling up and down, and goin' on night duty, and collarin' watches, and runnin' honest folks in, and lettin' rogues go! Yah! the perlice! Why, I asked '79' on my beat for his opinion as a legal functionary, and as I 'old that what's not paid for is worth nothing, I gave him three angry porticoes* for a fee, and what did he say? Why, says he, 'You keep a refreshment house, licensed,' says he, 'and you're bound by the terms of your license to supply every customer as comes in and offers to pay, so long as your shop is open.'"

* Angry porticoes? Can it be possible that the honest man means Anglo Portugoes? the only form in which the state of my finances permits me to enjoy the marine luxury. A rise in my salary would enable me to soar above such bivalvular substitutes—*verb.* GUB. *Sat.* I trust the abbreviated substitution, implying that employers and wise men are not always synonymous terms, will not be deemed rude, and that my refined hint may not be thrown away. P. R. DEV.

I must not be taken as acquiescing in the absolute accuracy of the learned constable's legal proposition because I did not at once proceed to controvert it. I bade my entertainer farewell and went on my way musing.

It was only the other day I passed through Little Stuart Place again in taking a near cut north-south-west. I looked at my oyster shop, but the shutters were up: nailed to the centre one was a black-bordered card on which was legibly inscribed in a fair commercial hand,—

“Closed to-day in consequence of the funeral of the late proprietor.”

“Rest, rest, perturbed spirit!” as Hamlet pathetically adjures his father's ghost. His tormentor had killed him at last, then. Like Captain Cook, he had been killed by a native—if those imported aliens can be politely held to be entitled to the indigenous appellation—an Anglo-Portico native, at all events—the last oyster had slain the opener. I have in my possession the very club with which the above eminent navigator was brained. Every *savant* ought to have one. No collection can be considered complete without it. When I look at my South Sea weapon, I think of my frantic host, and it suggests that of him also, ephuistically, the epitaph might be written, “Killed by the Natives!”

TIME'S CHANGES.

BY MATTLE W. TORREY.

The songs we sang in other years
 They greet us now no more;
 The loves that roused our hopes and fears
 Are vanished now, and o'er.
 The friends we love are scattered wide,
 Familiar scenes are changed;
 And hearts that once were true and tried
 Are lifeless or estranged.

The lip the sweetest smile that wore;
 The cheek that bloomed most fair;
 The voice that charmed us long before,
 With music rich and rare;
 The eyes whose lightest glance could still
 Our hearts with love enthral,
 Whose smile could bless, whose frown could kill,
 Are changed or vanished all.

The way was bright before us then,
 The coming day seemed fair;
 We mingled with our fellow-men,
 With hearts to do and dare.
 The hopes of youth are faded now,
 Its fevered dreams are past:
 And time, upon our furrowed brow,
 His silvery shade has cast.

We, too, are changed, but not in heart!
 Old times may do his worst;
 He cannot from remembrance part
 The Things we loved at first.
 The eyes may dim, the cheeks grow pale,
 The snows of age may fall;
 Yet shall our memories never fail
 To heed affection's call.

BEATRICE.

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

CHAPTER VII.

MR. MILLER proceeded on his way to the great Grogwitz's, according to the address given him by Mr. Docket, namely, Quality Court, Catterington Square!

As he was on his way, Mr. Miller thought, as he was going on a "voyage of discovery," and as his "sitting" might be protracted, sensible man as he was, that he would fortify his inner man with a "wee bit o' luncheon," and so he turned in to a well-known "Luncheon Bar," where he was soon comfortably and profitably engaged in enjoying a well-cooked and well-served meal!

Do my readers ask where? I feel that the shade of mystery must still hover over this commodious haunt!

Oh! happy days of verdant youth! Oh pleasant hour of a friendly pilgrimage, when with the "true and trusty" we sallied forth in quest of a modest yet digestible repast, and found it, *con amore*, under thy humble roof, and protected by thy glittering sign! As I write, worn and old, the room seems filled with the voices, and faces, and laughter of yore, though I perchance am the sole survivor of that "merrie company," which loitered so complacently and "daffed the world aside" so cheerily, in that well-known sanctum, years on years ago,—“Consule Planco.” The “Cæcuban” is still to the fore, no doubt, for other carousers; for myself, such gay gatherings are but the dim memories of the past, ghosts which come in with silent tread, and then fade as silently away.

Mr. Miller, however, got a very good luncheon at a very reasonable rate, and then hailing a hansom, proceeded on his venturesome quest, as our young men like to put it.

Oh, ye young men of ours, if you would not despise our good old English “undefiled,” and would give up the barbarisms of a retrograde slang, and the childishness of factitious verbiage, how much better for us all it would be! Still, as a veracious chronicler, I must be fair even to our young men.

We had “slang” in my youth, but it was of a very mild sort,—nothing, in fact, like that classic lingo which I defy any one to understand to-day. I do not wonder that they are giving up Greek, as a dead language; but what I do wonder at is, that those wiseacres who are so perversely ready to do so—some of those who have signed a recent petition to the Universities, for instance—do not, out of compliment to our cultured young men, suggest “slang” as a living language! Surely in this case “exchange” would be no “robbery!”

I see that among the lamented White Melville's remains is a famous hunting song termed, “Drink, puppy, drink.” How very appropriate such a strain will be in the Syren voices of our young ladies to our young men just now! Well, a truce to disquisitions.

In due time the easy-going hansom deposited Mr. Miller at the entrance of Quality Court.

Mr. Miller, being a canny Scot, discharged “cabbie” forthwith, though not without a protest, and, boldly entering “Quality Court,” rung the bell at No. 2, where stood the modest house of the mysterious Grogwitz. A smart maid-of-all-work answered the bell, and Mr. Miller, presenting his own card and Mr. Docket's note, was ushered by the young woman, (with a sort of smile on her countenance,) into a dingy little waiting-room, of which the principal ornaments were a large “photo” of Grogwitz, (presumably himself), and a globe of mournful, unhealthy-looking gold fishes.

Mr. Miller used to like to say afterwards that he had hardly ever seen such a place as Quality Court, and the few glances he obtained of it made a deep and lasting impression upon him. Originally inhabited by a colony of clear-starchers and glue manufacturers, etc., it had become a sort of collection of offices for peculiar trades

and special callings. A few diamond merchants, one or two commission agents, some of those mysterious gentlemen who go everywhere and do nothing, and always have an office in the city, one or two patriotic exiles from foreign lands, one or two teachers of languages, and, lastly, our friend Grogwitz. There was an air of mildewed shabbiness about the place, which was perhaps not to be wondered at; "and the quantity of dirty men, and slip-shod women, lounging about the court," Mr. Miller said, "was most trying to the optic and the olfactory nerves."

However, we have left Mr. Miller in Mr. Grogwitz's waiting-room, and thither we must return to him.

All of a sudden the door opened, and Mr. Grogwitz himself appeared.

"Ah," he said, "my friend Mr. Docket sends you to me, and says it is a very peculiar case! Well, vat can I do for you?"

We need not follow Mr. Miller through his "confession" to his new "confessor," but we may simply recount that, after a long and patient audience, the great man summed up the result of it in these remarkable words:—

"Well, it is a very difficult case, and will be a very expensive one. I cannot do very moch in it, but I will introduce you to Madame." (Here Mr. Miller winced.) "She is very clever, very clever indeed, at such leetle tings, and if it is put in her vay, I feel sure she vill make you to succeed—as indeed you ought to do. Well, before we begin, you must be so good, my dear sare, as to give me a leetle cheque, (naming the sum), for nevare, nevare have I known money so tight, so bad to get in."

Now Mr. Miller did not so much mind the cheque as Madame; for he filled up the former, though he evidently shirked the latter. But Grogwitz, who knew his man, cut the Gordian Knot by opening a door, saying, "Oh, here is Madame. Mr. Miller wishes to speak with you, my dear."

I would rather draw a veil over the next half-hour: the more so, as I do not think it will edify my readers. At the end of it Mrs. Grogwitz most gracefully undertook "the commission," and Mr. Grogwitz said, in the rapture of his soul,—

"Ah, you will not repent you of your bargain. Madame is a very clever woman; she can do anything—almost anything—and I always leave soch matters in her hands with perfect confidence."

"Well," said poor Mr. Miller, "I hardly know what it is she proposes to do. My object (oh! the old rascal) is to prevent a certain young lady marrying a certain young man, and all you say is, your wife "is sure to succeed—she is sure to succeed!"

"Vell," said Mr. Grogwitz confidingly, "you must leave that to her. We cannot explain everything. Have you ever seen Beaumarchais' 'Barbier de Seville?'"

"Never," said Mr. Miller loftily, "never; I don't go to the playhouses."

"More is the pity," replied Grogwitz, "for you would have seen a very clever performance at the Comedie Française, when Bressant and Victoria Lafontaine acted, in the olden time especially, and you would have been introduced to that great character, Monsieur Bartolo! Ah, Bartolo is a grand conception! He says, and I agree with him, 'There is nothing like la calomnie,'—calumny, as you call it, lying, if you like, and that is the principal employment (and here he laughed) of us special agents. We do not do what we have to do openly, we could not do it, for fear of some good friends of mine in Scotland Yard; but we do do it sorreptitiously, as you say, by taking away a person's character, for instance."

"Oh! ah! yes!" said Mr. Miller, not knowing quite what to say.

"Madame is quite *au fait* at that sort of work, and I can assure you, my dear sare, we will prove ourselves worthy of your confidence, and execute the commission vith vich you have honoured us vith perfect success."

Oh, worthy trio! Happily for us all, roguery and villany do not always succeed in this poor world of ours, and the Grogwitzes in general often find the laws too strong, and the police too "eute" in particular. Yes, kind readers, let us conclude this chapter with the good old axiom, true if ancient, ever new if old, ever seasonable and unchanging, *L'homme propose, Dieu dispose!*

(To be continued.)

LES FRANCS-MACONS.

Extracted from "Mes Recapitulations" by J. N. Bouilly, member of many Literary Societies 1774—1812. Paris: Louis Janet, Libraire-Editeur. No date.

AVANT de décrire la scène étrange que j'annonce, il est indispensable que je donne une juste idée de cette antique association sur laquelle on a tant écrit, contre laquelle on a répandu tant de mensonges, inventé tant d'absurdités. L'honneur et la reconnaissance m'imposent le devoir de récriminer en faveur de la Franche-Maçonnerie, où j'ai trouvé tant de jouissances de l'âme, les plus doux, les plus nobles éfranchements de l'amitié, des consolations dans les peines, des secours dans les dangers, le plus saint amour de l'humanité, le plus grand respect pour la religion, les mœurs, les lois, et le maintien de l'ordre social. . . . J'ai, depuis soixante-six ans, parcouru tous les rangs, étudié les différentes classes de la population, fréquenté des réunions dans tous les genres ; j'ai cherché longtemps l'association la plus sûre pour celui qui sait aimer et sentir ; pour le philanthrope qui exige autant d'égards pour ses opinions, que lui-même il respecte celle des autres ; où l'immortalité de l'âme ne soit point une chimère, l'hypocrisie un masque séduisant, la bonté une faiblesse de caractère, la bienfaisance une ambition déguisée, le vrai talent un despotisme, l'opulence une séduction, la puissance une tyrannie . . . où tout soit au contraire soumis au même rite, enchaîné par le même serment, courbé sans humiliation, sans le niveau d'égalité. . . . Et je n'ai pu trouver tous ces avantages que chez les Francs-Maçons bien convaincus de la haute mission qu'ils ont à remplir sur la terre.

Je l'avouerai franchement, les discordes civiles ont fait filtrer chez eux des esprits turbulents, des médiocrités présomptueuses qui osent prétendre à la célébrité ; des agents secrets de cette caste usurpatrice, ennemie irréconciliable de l'égalité des droits sociaux ; des émissaires de l'intolérantisme qui veut tout asservir à son pouvoir. . . . J'avouerai encore que, parmi les loges trop nombreuses qu'on a laissées s'établir en France, il en est de véritablement indignes de l'initiation qui ne font de la Franche-Maçonnerie qu'un trafic ; de leurs mystères, qu'une épreuve affrayante ; et de leurs banquets, qu'une orgie. . . . Mais ce ne sont là que de ces abus inévitables que produisent les temps et les circonstances. L'observateur impartial ne doit porter ses regards que sur cette masse d'hommes de bien qui sont parvenus aux plus hauts degrés de l'ordre Maçonique ; et dont la majeure partie compose le sénat, ou le *Grand-Orient*, où l'on compte des officiers de la couronne, des pairs et des maréchaux de France, des généraux de tout grade, d'anciens magistrats ; ce que le barreau Français a de plus éloquent, la littérature de plus distingué, le commerce de plus honorable ; et surtout ce que la classe moyenne a de plus probe et de plus agissant : je veux dire ces industriels, ces artisans infatigables, ces modestes marchands en tout genre, composant tout à la fois la force, la richesse de l'état ; et qui, dans les loges Maçoniques, mêlés et confondus avec les grands du jour et les plus hauts célébrités, forment ce faisceau précieux, impérissable, où chacun est compté pour ce qu'il vaut, où chacun joint du titre d'homme qu'il a reçu du Créateur. C'est, en effet, en lui rendant grâce, la main sur le cœur et les yeux levés vers lui ; c'est en suivant ses préceptes admirables, qu'environ trente-cinq mille Français, réunis sous la même bannière et soumis au même signe, à la même parole, font entre eux un cours de morale primitive, de devoirs civiques, d'amour de ses semblables, de dévouement au monarque, de concorde, et de paix, en prenant pour devise et pour règle ces belles paroles de Salluste : * " Consolidons tous les moyens d'union . . . Extirpons tous les genres de discorde ! "

On ne sera pas étonné, d'après ce tableau fidèle, que l'ordre Maçonique remonte jusqu'aux premiers âges du monde. Il a servi tour à tour la religion, les peuples et les

* Firmenda sunt concordia bona, et discordia mala expellenda.

rois, les sciences, les arts, et surtout l'humanité. Les Egyptiens en transmirent aux Grecs les rites, les mystères ; et cette grande nation, source féconde de tout ce qui donne une idée du génie de l'homme, les a répandus sur la surface du globe. Mais ce fut principalement dans l'antique Albion que les Francs-Maçons construisirent des temples à l'instar de celui bâti par Salomon. On lit dans les vieilles chroniques de l'Angleterre, qu'au dixième siècle, sous le règne d'*Aldestan*, fut établie une loge régulière de Francs-Maçons, présidée par le Prince *Edwin*, frère du roi. Au douzième siècle l'Ordre fit construire le temple de Strasbourg ; et bientôt ses associations formèrent dans l'Europe entière une chaîne immense, indestructible. Aux treizième et quatorzième siècles, presque tous les souverains et les héros les plus célèbres furent initiés aux mystères de l'Ordre. En 1245 on ne pouvait être grand d'Angleterre, sans appartenir à *l'art royal*. Henri VI. lui-même voulut en donner l'exemple. En 1500 la Maçonnerie fut dirigée par l'Ordre de Malte ; et l'on sait tout ce qu'elle produisit alors de grands hommes et d'illustres guerriers. Bientôt Henri VIII. s'en déclara le protecteur : ce fut avec l'équerre et le compas des Francs-Maçons que ce monarque posa la première pierre de l'Abbaye de Westminster. Enfin, au commencement du dix-septième siècle, l'illustre *Georges-Payne* fut élu Grand Maître de l'Ordre que transporta chez nous *Lord Waters*. Le Duc *Dantín* reçut de lui la Grande Maîtrise ; après ce dernier, elle passa dans les mains du Comte de *Clermont* ; et, depuis cette époque, la Maçonnerie Française fut dirigée par des princes du sang royal, entourés de tout ce que la nation comptait de plus grand, de plus célèbre dans les différentes classes de l'ordre social.

A ce récit historique et fidèle de l'antique, de la noble origine de la Franche-Maçonnerie, joignons une peinture abrégée des jouissances qu'elle procure, des ressources qu'elle présente ; elles sont incalculables. . . . Un voyageur est dépouillé par des brigands de tout ce qu'il possède : il gagne la ville prochaine, s'informe quels sont les initiés à l'ordre ; et, à l'instant même, il retrouve une famille. . . . Un pauvre plaideur arrive de province, pour revendiquer un héritage qui lui dispute un homme puissant ; c'est en vain que celui-ci l'accable de son crédit, l'effraie par ses menaces ; l'opprimé ne perd pas courage ; il est Maçon : il raconte ses malheurs ; et, à l'instant même, un des premiers orateurs du barreau prend sa défense, et lui fait restituer tous ses droits. . . . Un vieux militaire se présente dans un loge, moins affaibli par ses longs services que par un chagrin profond. On l'interroge ; il n'ose répondre : pressé de questions, il avoue que la campagne de sa vie est atteinte d'une maladie mortelle ; mais que sa modique pension de retraite ne lui permet pas de lui procurer les ressources de l'art. Aussitôt les plus célèbres médecins appartenant à l'Ordre Maçonnique s'établissent auprès de la malade, qui retrouve, par leurs soins fraternels, la vie, la force, et le bonheur. . . . Enfin, un père de famille, chef de bureau, réformé après trente ans de service, est au moment de placer ses économies, l'unique ressource de sa famille, chez un de ces grands spéculateurs, aux dehors imposants. Sa ruine sera complète ; mais, averti par un financier Franc-Maçon, connaissant bien la place de Paris, il découvre que l'intrigant est un joueur de Bourse, entaché de deux ou trois banqueroutes ; en un mot, "un de ces jongleurs de probité," dit Juvénal, "qui s'imaginent que l'honneur est comme les ongles, et qu'il repousse."

Mais ce n'est pas seulement dans sa patrie que le Franc-Maçon trouvera des secours, des avis et des consolations, c'est dans tout le monde civilisé, c'est dans les régions les plus lointaines. En Suisse la loge nationale de Berne lui offre un asile ; à La Haye le Prince d'Orange devient son appui ; à Stockholm il trouve un frère dans Charles-Jean ; à Berlin Frédéric-Guillaume lui prouver qu'il est le digne héritier de Frédéric-le-Grand. Dans les trois royaumes il recevra l'accueil le plus flatteur de tout ce qu'il y a d'illustre dans le gouvernement, la marine et le commerce. . . . Traverse-t-il l'immensité des mers, il trouve à Saint-Domingue le Grand-Orient d'*Haïti* ; à la Havane le conseil consistorial ; à la Caroline la grande loge de *Charlestown* ; à la Louisiane celle de la Nouvelle Orléans ; aux Etats-Unis, à Rio-Janeiro, à la Martinique, à l'île de Bourbon et jusqu'en Colombie, des frères affiliés au Grand-Orient de France, qui tous s'empresseront de lui prouver que, de quelque nation qu'ils soient, les Franc-Maçons n'en forment qu'une.

Pénétrons plus avant, et prouvons que la puissance de nos liens fraternels est is

forte, qu'elle s'exerce même entre ceux que les intérêts de la patrie ont armés les uns contre les autres. Comment oublier ce combat sanglant de Trafalgar, où la marine Française, obligée de céder à la supériorité des forces, au génie d'un ennemi fameux, résolut de mourir plutôt que de tomber aux mains du vainqueur? *Nelson* avait donné l'ordre qu'on ne fit point de quartier. Les vaisseaux des deux parties, confondus dans leurs mâts et leurs cordages, étaient si étroitement serrés les uns contre les autres, que la surface de la mer n'offrait plus qu'un champ de bataille où se formait la plus horrible mêlée. Chaque pied de pont était disputé, défendu, acheté par un grand nombre de mourants et de blessés qui poussaient mille cris douloureux et d'éternels adieux à leurs frères d'armes. Dans ce choc épouvantable, au milieu des tractus flamboyantes, au bruit des armes et du feu de la mousqueterie, plusieurs marins Français, au moment d'être précipités dans les plots teints de sang, se rappellent que la Maçonnerie est, chez les écossais, un véritable culte, ils hasardent les premiers signes connus; on leur répond: ils font celui de détresse, bien légitime en pareil cas; et plus de cent soixante d'entre eux sont emportés sur les bras de leurs ennemis, déposés à bord, comblés de soins et rendus à la vie. La fraternité, plus puissante que la gloire, se fait entendre: l'humanité retrouve son empire, et la victoire gémit sur ses lauriers.

Que ne puis-je retracer ici les soins touchants, les secours ingénieux et les preuves innombrables d'un dévoûement fraternel, que reçurent nos guerriers sur les rives de la Bérésina, ainsi que tous ceux de nos prisonniers en Prusse, en Russie, qui appartenaient à l'*art royal*! Jamais, non jamais la sainte humanité ne grava dans ses annales de traits plus admirables. On eût dit que l'ombre du Grand-Frédéric, de ce fondateur d'un des plus beaux rites de la Maçonnerie, veillait sur nos malheureux compatriotes, et qu'il criait à ses guerriers: "Ne distinguez ni la nation, ni les uniformes! . . . Ne voyez que des frères; et songez à vos serments!"

Mais pour varier ces sombres couleurs, rapportons ici l'anecdote historique et tant de fois racontée par *Désaugiers*, avec cette verve bachique et cette heureuse bonhomie qui le caractérisaient. Il était à Saint-Domingue, à l'époque de l'insurrection des noirs. Égaré dans les mornes, poursuivi par un parti d'hommes de couleur, il tombe dans leurs mains: on l'attache à un arbre; encore quelques instants, et il expire sous le fer meurtrier des insurgés. . . . Loin de se laisser abattre à l'aspect des armes qu'on charge en sa présence, il improvise quelques refrains, invoque *Piron*, *Panard*, et *Collé* de lui préparer un petit coin dans les Champs-Élysées où il puisse encore chanter et boire. . . . Ne fût-ce que de l'eau des Léthé . . . Cette joyeuse résignation frappe celui qui doit commander l'exécution: il s'approche du chanteur, qui fait, au hasard, un signe Maçonique; l'homme de couleur lui répond; l'autre alors fait le cri de salut des *enfants de la lumière*; le chef des noirs le couvrant aussitôt de son corps, dit à ceux qu'il commande: "Il est mon frère; et si vous tirez, je dois mourir avec lui." L'escouade reste immobile silencieuse. . . . Et la Maçonnerie conserve à la France son chansonnier le plus aimable, et le meilleur des hommes.

Enfin à cette époque de pénible mémoire, où les puissances de l'Europe, coalisées contre nous, pénétrèrent dans notre patrie. . . . Nous avons compté d'assez glorieuses journées, pour avoir le courage d'avouer quelques défaites. . . . A cette époque, dis-je, où l'invasion de l'Europe nous mit au pouvoir du vainqueur, le musée de Paris réunissait tout ce que le monde civilisé avait produit de chefs-d'œuvre. Le ressentiment et l'avidité voulurent non-seulement reprendre ce que nous avions conquis, mais nous dépouiller de nos propres richesses. On allait procéder à leur partage entre les diverses nations campées dans nos murs; lorsque *Denon*, directeur du musée, et qui s'était fortifié dans l'*art royal*, en étudiant en Égypte l'intérieur des pyramides, reconnut dans le Commissaire Anglais un des plus hauts dignitaires du rite écossais, avec lequel il s'était rencontré dans la loge royale de Berlin. Il le somme, au nom des *enfants de la vraie lumière*, de secourir ses frères; lui rappelle ce que ceux-ci avaient fait dans d'autres temps pour les maçons de la Grande-Bretagne: et la capitale de la France conserve son trésor le plus précieux, ce musée qui la fait surnommer dans les deux mondes la métropole des arts.

Ainsi donc, depuis huit siècles entiers, dans les régions lointaines, même parmi les hordes sauvages; en paix, comme en guerre, au milieu du plus horrible carnage, comme

au sein de fêtes civiques ; au palais des rois et dans l'humble retraite du philanthrope ; sur le vaisseau amiral et sur la barque du pêcheur ; dans les camps, à la ferme, au musée, à la tribune publique, à l'oratoire des différents cultes, partout où l'on adore l'Éternel, partout où le cœur bat pour ses semblables, la Franche-Maçonnerie s'étend et pénètre comme les rayons de l'aurore ; partout elle féconde le cœur de l'homme, l'agrandit et l'épure : aussi a-t-elle en France pour emblème, le soleil dardant ses rayons, et pour devise : " De lui nous vient la lumière et la force."

Je prie mes lecteurs de m'excuser si je suis entré dans tous ces détails ; mais ils étaient indispensables pour leur prouver que cette Franche-Maçonnerie, tant persécutée par ceux qui redoutent la vraie lumière, et si décriée par les sots qui la méconnaissent on ne peuvent la comprendre ; que cet *art royal* enfin qui s'étend sur l'un et l'autre hémisphère, et que le Grand-Frédéric lui-même avait surnommé *le lien de peuples*, offre à l'homme doué par la nature de l'amour de ses semblables, et surtout avide de connaître les vérités primitives, éternelles, un attrait, des jouissances, en un mot une dignité d'être qu'il chercherait en vain dans le monde qu'égarant les préjugés, et qu'asservissent les passions. Je n'aurai pas de peine, alors, à convaincre les personnes sensées et de bonne foi, que le Franc-Maçon ne saurait, sans une lâcheté qui le rendrait indigne de ce titre, entendre calomnier ses frères, nier le bien qu'ils répandent, ridiculiser leurs mystères, sans les défendre avec toute la chaleur qu'inspire le devoir d'un initié . . . C'est ce qui m'arriva dans les salons de Madame la duchesse de Berri. Elle avait, étant Napolitaine, une prédilection bien naturelle pour la musique italienne ; et les premiers chanteurs des Bouffes se réunissaient souvent chez son altesse royale, qui m'avait fait l'honneur de m'inviter à ses brillants concerts. Quoique je ne fusse partisan de l'école italienne dont la savante mélodie ne pouvait me faire oublier l'expression dramatique de la musique Française à laquelle je devais mes succès les plus honorables, je me fis un devoir de répondre aux ordres de la princesse ; et je me rendit au soir au pavillon marsan où se trouvaient réunis les anciens et les nouveaux grands, luttant ensemble avec une prétention curieuse pour l'observateur impartial. Je me trouvais au milieu de tous ces hommes titrés, simplement vêtu, sans la moindre broderie, et sans le plus simple ruban ; a qui me faisait remarquer de tous ces courtisans chamarrés de leurs insignes. Aussi l'aimable duc D * * * qui se plaisait à cacher l'éclat de sa naissance sous les dehors les plus modestes, me dit-il avec une grâce ravissante, et m'honorant d'un serrement de main : " Il n'y a qui vous ici de véritablement décoré ; vous ne l'êtes pas." " Vous vous trompez, Monsieur le duc," répliquai-je, avec émotion : " vous venez de m'accorder la plus belle décoration que je pouvais désirer." Bientôt je fus abordé par les généraux *Rampon*, *Lawriston*, et plusieurs autres officiers dignitaires du Grand Orient de France dont je présidais alors la première chambre, et qui vinrent échanger avec moi le salut fraternel. La conversation tombe sur les Francs-Maçons, et soudain vient s'y mêler le Comte D * * * qui s'était vanté de me *laver la tête*, lorsqu'il me rencontrerait chez la digne mère des enfants de France. Je l'attendais de pied ferme et me disposais à le combattre par quelques plaisanteries qui mettraient les rieurs de mon côté. Mon adversaire paraissait être au moins sexagénaire, ainsi que moi. Il était encore vert pour son âge ; il portait la tête haute, et son coup d'œil, sans être spirituel, avait une certaine dignité. Sa voix était aigre et tranchante ; et sa bouche, à moitié liante, laissait découler ses paroles avec une insouciance qui en détruisait l'expression. Ce n'était point par ce qu'il disait, qu'il prétendait se faire remarquer ; mais par le haut rang qu'il occupait à la cour et surtout par son illustre race. Il me rappelait, en un mot, ce portrait, si énergiquement tracé par Salluste, des superbes patriciens de son temps ; mais qui je ne répéterai point, pour donner à celui-ci tous le temps de se gourmer à son aise et de promener tantôt avec dédain, tantôt avec une humilité remarquable ses regards incertains sur tous ceux qui l'entourent.

On parlait donc de la grande influence qu'a, dans un état, la Franche-Maçonnerie ; et l'on citait à ce sujet divers souverains qui s'étaient fait un devoir de se placer à la tête de cette importante association, afin de la diriger vers le bien public et les intérêts de la couronne. . . . " Ne me parlez pas des Francs-Maçons," dit le comte, en me regardant de la haute région où il se croyait placé. " Je ne saurais entendre prononcer

ce mot-là, sans m'imaginer voir un ramas d'athées, de songes-creux à faire pitié, de séditionnaires. Je ne conçois pas, parole d'honneur, comment le roi n'en fait pas justice." "Mais le roi lui-même est Franc-Maçon," lui dis-je, en souriant. "Hein ? qu'osez-vous dire ?" "Que j'eus en 1788, à Versailles, l'honneur de me trouver auprès du comte d'Artois, à la belle loge des Trois Frères." "Allons donc ; c'est impossible." "Quand j'affirme que je l'ai vu, il serait assez étrange qu'on osât me démentir. . . . Et j'ajouterais, Monsieur le Comte, avec tout le respect que je porte à la mémoire de vos ancêtres, que vous stigmatisez un peu lestement une association respectable." "Ah bien, oui, respectable ! . . . Est-ce que vous en faites partie ?" "Sans doute ; et je m'en fais honneur." "Et c'est dans les salons de son altesse royale que vous osez l'avouer ?" "Mais vous ignorez donc encore que son altesse royal est la veuve d'un Franc-Maçon—titre au quel il dut trois fois la vie ? Je vous croyais plus initié dans les secrets de la cour. Vous ignorez donc encore que la duc de Berri devait être élu notre grand-maître lorsqu'il fut atteint du fer d'un assassin ?" "Tout à qu'il vous plaira," reprend l'homme de cour, en se mordant les lèvres ; "mais je n'aurai jamais le moindre rapport avec ce que vous appelez *les enfants de la lumière*." "Parbleu, Monsieur le Comte, ne vous en dépendez pas tant. . . . On voit bien que vous n'êtes point de la famille." Plusieurs éclats de rire échappent, à ces mots, aux officiers généraux placés derrière moi ; et le comte, comprenant par là toute l'application de ma plaisanterie, rougit de colère, se redresse, et me demande ce que signifie l'apostrophe que je viens de lui adresser. "La vérité pure et palpable," lui répliquai-je avec fermeté ; "vous ne pouvez appartenir à ceux que vous traitez de séditionnaires, d'athées et de révolutionnaires. . . . Cependant," ajoutai-je, en riant malgré moi, "je vous prévins que, dans ce moment même, vous en êtes environné. Comment cela ? Vous verrez de saluer avec déférence le maréchal Macdonald : c'est notre premier grand-maître-adjoint. . . . Vous seriez tout à l'heure la main du vieux général Rampon : c'est notre grand conservateur. . . . Vous causiez il y a peu d'instants, avec l'excellent duc de Maillé, avec les ducs d'Havre, de Luxembourg : ils sont tous nos officiers d'honneur. . . . Le brave Maréchal Oudinot, les généraux Maison, Lauriston, nous appartiennent également par les liens sacrés de la fraternité." "Hélas ! oui," dit aussitôt l'un d'eux aussi malin que spirituel, et désignant ses dignes frères d'armes : "nous sommes de ces séditionnaires, de ces songes-creux à faire pitié, comme l'est notre cher auteur des contes aux enfants de France. . . ." "Ah ! mon général," repris-je en souriant, "vous allez achever de me brouiller avec Monsieur le Comte ; il n'aime pas mon ouvrage. C'est au point qu'il a porté la gracieuseté jusqu'à dire qu'il me ferait l'honneur de me laver la tête, la première fois qu'il me rencontrerait chez son altesse royale. . . . Je le supplierai toutefois de vouloir bien ajourner ce second baptême, jusqu'à ce que je puisse trouver un parrain." "Je me fais un devoir d'être le vôtre," me dit un des officiers généraux, avec cet élan d'un Franc-Maçon, toujours prêt à défendre son frère. . . . "Et moi je vous offre d'être votre marraine," ajoute aussitôt une des dames d'honneur de la princesse, aussi distinguée par ses qualités morales que par la grâce répandue sur toute sa personne. "Il y a assez longtemps," continua-t-elle, "que vous êtes notre ami, notre défenseur ; nous devons à notre tour vous venger." Ces mots charmants firent battre des mains à tous les grands personnages dont j'étais environné ; cette scène divertissante attira madame qui, semblable à la charmante duchesse de Bourgogne, courait toujours vers l'endroit où retentissaient les accents de la gaieté. Son altesse royale se fit instruire de ce qui venait de se passer : elle ne rit elle-même aux éclats : et jetant un coup d'œil grave et désapprobateur sur l'imprudent détracteur des Francs-Maçons, elle le força de battre en retraite, en déclarant tout haut que je n'avais fait dans mes contes à ses enfants, qui remplir ses intentions ; et qu'elle necesserait de les défendre contre tous ceux qui oseraient en blâmer les principes. De nouveaux applaudissements couvrirent ces paroles énergiques d'une princesse et d'une mère ; et le vieux conteur, habitué à prendre la nature sur le fait, ne put s'empêcher de remarquer que si, parmi les gens de cour, il en est beaucoup dont l'inimitable urbanité, et la connaissance des hommes inspirant pour eux un profond respect ; il en est aussi quelques-uns dont l'arrogance et l'inconsidération pourraient faire croire au moraliste observateur que le brillant saint-esprit placé sur la poitrine d'un courtisan, ne le rend pas toujours le plus spirituel du monde.

 THE GRAVE OF WILL ADAMS.

TWICE within the last half-dozen years it has been my lot to spend a week or two at Yokoska, a village about sixteen miles from Yokohama, the picturesque beauty of whose surrounding scenery, once seen, can never be forgotten. The place is of importance, too, boasting a spacious dockyard, with several docks, finished and unfinished; large workshops, fitted up with all the latest improvements in modern machinery, even to a 100-ton steam-hammer, which an intelligent Japanese hammerman, waiting for his "heat" at an adjoining forge, assured me had never been used; building-sheds and slips which have lent their aid in bringing into existence Japan's iron-clad navy; and, lastly, there is a two-storied brick building running away in a straight line for more than a mile, and containing all that is required in the art of rope-making. The supervision is, I believe, French; but the workmen are in all cases native, and the Mikado's Government have always evinced the deepest interest in the progress and success of the vast establishments at Yokoska. But it is not its artificial wonders which charm a visitor to this gem of watering-places in the far East. Standing on the shore of the dockyard and looking seaward, you gaze at a small land-locked bay, whose rocky and precipitous sides are crowned with the luxuriant growth of tropical vegetation, terminating in a series of hill-tops, each of which has a beauty of its own. On the summit of one, just opposite, stands an old temple. It looks not half a mile distant; but well do we remember three weary hours of climbing, one afternoon, before we stood within its sacred portals, and also that about twenty minutes sufficed for an almost headlong tumble down again, after which we discovered there was a good road on the inland side. Turning round and leaving the dockyard, we are at once in the native village, built between two hills, with its houses of bamboo and paper, the fronts open to the street, and the floors grass matted—such tempting pictures of coolness and repose that we cannot resist sitting down for a few minutes to breathe the well-known hospitality of Japan. At the end of the street there is a surprise in store for us; for, having turned our backs upon the dockyard and the sea, we were far from feeling clear as to our whereabouts, when we suddenly came out upon a sandy beach, extending away on our right as far as eye could reach, whilst the gentle undulations of the vast expanse of water before us told plainly that it was no landlocked bay, but the swell of the great Pacific. But the sands lie not in our way now. Turning over the leaves of my Journal, I find, some weeks later, this:—

"O! pleasant hours spent on that shelly strand, or idly lying on some grassy knoll amongst its leafy bushes, watching the deep blue sea that fringed the glittering sands."

Retracing our way through the village, we pass out by a road skirting the dockyard bay into a lovely valley, the track winding gently upward to the hills beyond. We soon come to the small village of Hemi-mura, where Adams settled down in the autumn of his days, with his Japanese wife, son, and daughter, supreme ruler of an estate comprising nearly a hundred households, over whose members he had absolute power of life and death. Close by, in the temple of Tookoozan Yo Odoshi, are several relics, brought by Adams to the country nearly three hundred years ago. They are highly prized and well looked after, but we managed to get a peep at them after the priest had unlocked some half-dozen gates and doors. They consisted of Siamese images and scrolls, the former apparently solid gold, though, as our unholy hands were not allowed to *touch*, that fact remains to be verified, spite of the assurances of the attendant priest.

Resuming our way, which soon began to grow more rugged and steep, we soon caught two or three very lovely views of the valley far below on our left, whose sloping sides were covered with fields of ripening corn, whilst a tiny stream meandered midway between, feeding the green paddy (rice) enclosures, which followed its course in a series of terraces. Remembering the toilsome nature of our way last year, we determined to try, if possible, a lower road, and were rewarded by finding a delightfully shady lane,

which wound gently round the hill for nearly a mile, having on either hand a thick pine forest, into whose depths on our left we could look down through a labyrinth of deep-brown trunks, and now and again catch patches of green and gold in the valley far below. A flight of roughly-hewn steps at the last brings us to the summit of the hill on which stands the monument that marks the resting-place of Will Adams and his Japanese wife. A first glance shews us that several of the trees have been cut down, thus altering slightly, though in no way materially, the very good view which appeared some time since (November 1873, I think) in the *Illustrated London News*. Ascending the seven steps, we pass through a small gate on to a platform, where stand the jealously-guarded Japanese memorials of the first Englishman who trode their soil. The larger monument on the left is sacred to the memory of Anjin-sama, the name given by the natives to Adams; that on the right is in memory of his Japanese wife.

In front of each pillar is a small hollow, in which the pious pilgrims who pass this way may deposit offerings, which no doubt are collected by the priests of the neighbouring temple, who look after both the grave and relics of Adams. The stones bear native inscriptions, but our guide did not possess enough knowledge of English to translate them. A frequent iteration of the name Anjin-sama, with a reverent genuflection towards the monuments, served to show that the memory of Adams is still kept green around the neighbourhood in which he lived and died. One can readily imagine that the Japanese are lovers of the picturesque, for the view from the spot whereon we stand is most magnificent—hill and dale, with ever-changing beauties succeeding each other to the water's edge, where the coast-line may be traced in its very irregular windings, forming here and there very pretty capes, bays, and peninsulas, with miniature islands dotting the silvery surface of the sea in wild profusion. But the shades of evening are already deepening around, so we retrace our road, discussing by the way the Fates that led Will Adams to be buried where he lay.

Considering that we had no Pocket Encyclopædic Biography, our facts may not be, "like *Cæsar's* wife, above suspicion." Nevertheless, I give them without alteration.

Imprimis. Who was Will Adams?

The first Englishman that set foot in this sunny land—born somewhere in Kent, near Rochester, and was a pilot in the days of good Queen Bess.

What brought him out here?

His duty as a pilot, having undertaken to conduct a squadron of merchant-ships, seeking a profitable market for their merchandise, to this part of the world.

Out of five ships, *Faith, Hope, Charity, Fidelity, and Good News*, one only, the *Charity*, reached Japan, and that after great hardships and severe sufferings on the part of the crew.

And is this the spot where they landed?

Oh, no. Further down the coast, on the western island of Kiu-Siu, somewhere near the town of Nagasaki, where the Portuguese Jesuits had already established a settlement.

Of course the Portuguese were highly indignant at the audacity of our countryman in introducing John Bull to the scenes of THEIR labours?

Yes; said they were pirates, on which they were seized and taken in galleys through the beautiful inland sea to Osaki, some two hundred and fifty miles nearer to this place, Yokoska; thrown into prison, but treated kindly, till, after several interviews with the Emperor, in which they managed to convince him that the English were THE people of the future, and not the Portuguese, they were set at liberty. Adams found the ship plundered and taken to one of these bays round here—perhaps this very Yokoska. Be that as it may, "his occupation was gone," and nothing remained for him but to set up a new trade.

Which he did?

As a shipbuilder, gaining so much favour that in a few years he became a personage of great influence at the court of the Emperor, and greatly assisted the Dutch in forming trade relations with Japan.

And now that he was *up*, he was *down* upon all Spaniards and Portuguese. Those old fellows no more followed the Bible teaching than do the church-going people of to-day.

But Adams left a wife and daughter in England. Strange that he made no attempt to get back to them!

He did at first, but permission was refused, and after that he had gained power and place, the honour of a native wife (an honour in some countries oftener bestowed than wished for) was offered to him; so that when later he was granted the Emperor's free permission to depart, he had already a wife, son, and daughter, a comfortable estate, over which he was despotic ruler, but which *realized* would bring him but little ready money, so that his position would have suffered very considerably by the exchange.

Then she was struck off the books without the aid of our modern Divorce Court machinery?

Not exactly, for Adams never forgot the distant lady in Kent, and in his will left his property to be equally divided between his Japanese and English wives, though I should certainly think that the one on the spot got the best of it, considering that in those days there were few lawyers to take a lion's share in litigation.

Nor was Adams forgetful of the advantages to be gained by his own country in extended commerce, for he wrote home glowing accounts of the resources of the country, from which the Dutch East India Company were drawing ever-increasing revenues; and as a consequence our own East India Company sent out an expedition which, after meeting with much jealousy and opposition from the Dutch, made a Treaty with the Emperor, Adams being appointed resident agent at a salary of £100 a year.

And so Will Adams lived revered and respected amongst the humble occupiers of this beautiful valley, and that when he died he was not forgotten is evinced by the humble monument we have just seen.

"Requiescat in pace."

But here we are at Yokoska. After our walk I propose—to use an American term more forcible than elegant—that we "liquor."

FURUYA.

THANKFULNESS.—A CONFESSION.

O! FATHER bless, whilst I confess, my thankfulness to Thee
 For health restored, for strength renewed, in this Thy hand I see;
 Now give me grace and give me *mind*, to dwell in Thee and live,
 At home, abroad, by night, by day, Thy holy presence give.

When sore affliction laid me low, and I was in distress,
 Thy mercies they came down to me, Thy love was measureless:
 These comfort gave, my pains relieved, my thoughts all upward fly,
 And consolation sweetly came, 'twas pardon from on high.

I cried to Thee, my grief was great, and helpless was my state,
 But Thou, my Lord, my strength, my shield, my soul on Thee did wait,
 My heart was full of Hope and Faith, and strong in this belief,
 That Thou would'st heal and raise me up, and give my pangs relief.

Like gentle showers, aid came down, my sorrows too had fled,
 And in my gratitude to Thee, my soul was upward led;
 And may my thanks in prayer draw nigh, at morning, noon and night,
 To seek Thy face, for guidance ask, Thy countenance and light.

BRO. T. BURDETT YEOMAN.

AN ALLEGORY.

BY GARTER.

"When each by turns were guide to each."

"HE'S a young Turk if ever there was one," said my nurse Mrs. Diogenes, as she gave me a slouching down with soap and water.

"They say they are going to educate them and make them like respectable Christians," replied the under-nurse Maria, as she gave me a good shaking and put me to bed.

I was so much impressed with being like a young Turk and going to be educated like a respectable Christian, that when I fell asleep I began dreaming about Congresses and Cabinet Councils.

I thought I stood upon a precipice, and a figure approached towards me.

"Good-morrow, young sir," it said.

"Good-morning," replied I politely.

"Being young," said the figure, "you can't possibly be expected to know much of me, therefore you must allow me to introduce myself. I am the Right Hon. Knowledgers."

"Really," said I, as I inclined my head in acknowledgment of the introduction.

"Yes, really," replied he. "Most people are anxious to make my acquaintance; and," said he pointedly, "they generally *rise* in my presence."

At this hint from the Right Hon. Knowledgers I rose politely, and began thinking of something it would be proper to say.

"Ah!" said he condescendingly, "I see we are but slightly acquainted; and unless we become more intimate, I fear I cannot be of much service to you. Tell me, however, what you were thinking of?"

"The world," replied I.

"The world!" echoed he. "I'm afraid you would not be appreciated there unless in the first instance you were taught how to shoot. I think," continued he, "it would be advisable for you to pay a visit to our Congress, and perhaps from out of our councils you may gather the guidance to direct your young idea."

Saying this, with a quiet gesture he indicated the way; and before I had time to thank him he was gone.

Making my way in the direction indicated, I entered the Gates of Knowledge, and was received by a comfortable-looking personage.

"Pleased to see you," said he. "Your entering here shows you possess a particle of that which I am generally accorded to have in entirety; consequently I am called the Right Hon. Sensus. Do you feel cold?" he asked, as if I had been left out in the cold.

"I am rather," replied I, as if not wishing to talk too much about my own ailments.

"Then warm yourself by the fire," said he. "I suppose you know the capacity to feel warmth and cold is one of your senses, and when you adapt your senses towards ameliorating heat or infusing warmth, you act sensibly. Do you agree with me so far?"

"Certainly," said I.

"Tell me one of your senses," said he.

"Seeing," I answered.

"Precisely," he agreed; "and when you see that which is conformable to your natural characteristics, and apply it thereto without regard to its being fashionable or a *mode* adopted by others whose individualities are the opposite of your own, you see sensibly, and seeing sensibly, you act sensibly. Do you agree with that?"

"Yes," replied I dubiously; "but perhaps it is easier to follow a fashion than to follow one's senses."

"I don't know about its being easier," said he; "but it is certainly not quite so common as it might be. What other sense strikes you at the present moment?"

"Hearing," I answered.

"Good," he answered; "and when you hear that which is applicable to the purpose, you hear sense, and when you endeavour to follow it out you act sensibly."

"And when," said I, bowing to him politely, "one coincides with that which is sense one agrees sensibly."

"Sensibly expressed," replied he, smiling agreeably. "Can you tell me another of your senses?"

"Smelling," I answered.

"Yes," replied he; "and when you smell a rat and don't go near it you smell sensibly."

I laughed pleasantly at this witticism, which showed I had a fund of humour within me.

"What other sense have you?"

"Taste," I answered.

"Yes," replied he slowly, as if considering his words; "but you cannot use taste sensibly unless you cultivate it assiduously, therefore I'll take you on to the next room and introduce you to my friend the Right Hon. Tastus." Saying this, he conducted me into a room. The moment I entered it impressed me with a most pleasurable sense. I know now, though I did not at the time, that it was the sense of beauty which diffused itself about me.

The Right Hon. Tastus received me with a few words, which in a moment put me at my ease, that I did not feel as if I was talking to a stranger. My attention was attracted towards a beautiful case of ferns at the further end of the room.

The Right Hon. Tastus, observing my attention, asked me if I collected ferns. "It is," said he, "the only natural thing in the room. The other objects you see about you—such as ornaments and pictures—are copies from nature."

Every moment, as my eye caught view of some fresh object, the more charmed and pleased I became; and when I tried to analyse why it should be so, it seemed to be because everything harmonised and accorded with each other appropriately and harmoniously, and the thought couldn't help striking me, how much trouble and care must have been taken in arranging the different objects, and how incongruously they might have been placed in the hands of those who did not know how to use them—say, for instance, in the hands of my friend the Right Hon. Sensus, who in spite of the sense of his maxims was somewhat common-place.

Observing me looking at a cabinet containing a variety of beautiful things, he asked me if I knew how it was he had arranged them so effectively.

On my replying in the negative, he said,—

"Before I arranged this room I studied minutely one of the most beautiful pieces of scenery I could find. I dissected every shade and leaf and sunshine, and saw how one colour blended with another. It took me a long, long time before I could effect anything like that which I beheld in landscape, because mine were only attempts which sometimes aimed at too little and at other times at too much; consequently there was no satisfaction in the result; it was only when I came to understand and appreciate the properties of a natural element I began to produce natural results, which I need not tell you are the only true ones."

"Do you not think, though," said I, "that one can produce natural effects without the study you say you had to undergo?"

"It is barely possible," replied he; "because when I refer to nature I allude to nature in a purely uncorrupted state. Not to impulses or effects prompted by bodily ideas, which may be good or bad, according to the constitution from which it emanates."

He spoke in pleasant, clear, vibrating tones, that I caught myself catching his accentuation.

He smiled, and asked me if I was fond of studying languages, for, said he, "I need not tell you that language is the embodiment of good taste."

I acquiesced in that, and asked if the acquirement of many languages was not a matter of great difficulty.

"The first principle," said he, "you will of course grant me, is sound; endeavour, therefore, to articulate clearly any sound you may wish to produce. If you look well at the word you want to say before you speak it, you will seldom fail to pronounce it rightly, because if you see that a word contains *three* letters, you will not, unless there be very good reason, either by custom or convenience, think of pronouncing it as if it were a word of *two* letters only; and if you study order and arrangement, you must perforce speak grammatically, because to do otherwise would be contrary to your sense of harmony, which may be called completeness. If you study words that go to make up a language, you may, if you choose, speak, in a short time, as many as occasion requires; the thorough mastery and knowledge of *one* language is the key-root to all others."

I thought there was much to be digested in this view of language, and agreed in silence to what he said.

"I presume," said he, changing his tone in a cordial and friendly manner, "you are fond of a good dinner, and consider yourself a judge of wine."

I modestly replied in the affirmative.

"Then," said he, "take a hint by way of good feeling, and if you would preserve your taste keep clear of all excesses. The sweetest of sweets will in time become nauseous if taken in excess, and the strongest spirits will, if overdosed, lose their flavour, and taste as tasteless, though with worse effects, than water. You may, however," said he, "occasionally make mistakes in using ideas through want of discrimination. I know of no one whose example would be of more value to you in teaching you to shoot straight than that of my friend the Right Hon. Tactus, who will be pleased to see you."

As I entered the room of the Right Hon. Tactus, I found the table already laid for dinner. In a few moments the Right Hon. Tactus told me where to sit; and as I took my place I couldn't help feeling as if the very chair and table were made expressly for me, so entirely at my ease did I seem to be. I couldn't help noticing how quietly, gracefully, and delicately the Right Hon. Tactus presided, and how when he carved he seemed to put the knife and fork in the exact spot to sever a joint with ease; and when I tried to think as to how I should afterwards describe him, I could think of no other description but that he appeared to be exactly as he should be.

Unlike my former friends, he asked me no questions, but threw out suggestions, so that before I knew what I was about I found myself actually giving my own opinions and my own ideas; and I must say I felt pleased and even somewhat amazed at some of the ideas thus drawn out of me, as it were, and I couldn't help appreciating the manner in which the Right Hon. Tactus led me through such subjects that I was most conversant with. I could not define in any way the manner of the Right Hon. Tactus, except that he seemed to see so very clearly and manipulated at sight whatever he had to do. I noticed also the perfect formation of his hands, which perhaps accounted for the way in which he delicately and lightly touched upon everything, and I also noticed the easy grace of his movements, and how perfectly self-possessed he was. I learnt afterwards that he had conducted many difficult and delicate negotiations with the most perfect unconsciousness of their difficulty, and that he had the faculty of saying the right thing at the right time, and appearing in the right place at the right moment, and although he had a number of enemies to contend against, they were generally good-humouredly disposed towards him. When I came to consider whether the faculty which the Right Hon. Tactus possessed might be learnt, the more subtle did it appear to me; and although I thought it might to a certain extent be cultivated, yet if it were not part of the natural self there would be a missing link wanting in such a man's administration. I couldn't help admiring the Right Hon. Tactus very much, and feeling also that he was worth it; for whatever might be said regarding his lack of

scholarly acquirements, he must nevertheless have exercised a great deal of thoughtful consideration, or he would never have had the faculty of hitting the right nail on the head. The Right Hon. Tatus gave me much food for consideration in a quiet, gentlemanly way, and delicately suggested that as I might occasionally have to have my wits about me, it would be as well for me to see the Right Hon. Witicus.

Passing, therefore, into the next room, I found myself in the presence of the Right Hon. Witicus. He impressed me as I looked at him with a variety of emotions. Sometimes the expression of his face had such a look of ridiculous merriment that I could barely keep my countenance, and at other times his eyes twinkled so horribly maliciously that I thought the two letters in the alphabet most serviceable for me to remember would be my p's and q's. The Right Hon. Witicus, however, received me pleasantly, and asked me how I was getting on. "I," said he, "found it somewhat strange at first, for here you live on air, whilst heretofore I lived upon my wits."

I ventured to ask him if he ever fared sumptuously on his wits.

"No," replied he; "it is only a contented mind knows how to feast."

I couldn't help feeling somewhat curious to know how it was possible to live on one's wits, and frankly expressed my curiosity. "There are various ways," replied he. "One of the most prevalent is that of devising schemes by which the advantage to be accrued turns out to have been all on one side. You see that box over there?" said he, indicating an elaborate money-box, that seemed to be all mahogany and brass plate. I looked at the box in question, and on the brass plate was engraved, "The Bank warranted to give the most interest."

"Perhaps," said the Right Hon. Witicus blandly, "you would like to put your money in a money-box!"

Being of a trustful nature myself, it did not occur to me to ask the Right Hon. Witicus, in the face of such an assertion as the brass plate contained, if the box was soundly made, consequently I congratulated myself what a capital thing it would be to put it where I could get the most interest—consequently I dropped my coins into "The Bank." The Right Hon. Witicus then took the box out of my reach; but as he was moving it the bottom fell out and the money with it, which the Right Hon. Witicus picked up and pocketed.

I candidly confess that this proceeding did give a great deal of interest indeed; and when I demanded an explanation, the Right Hon. Witicus smilingly told me the screws were too loose for the box, "and," said he, elaborately and grandly, "I regret to inform you we shall not be able to declare a dividend. If," said he, "I can offer you any consolation on the termination of this most unfortunate affair, I can only say we all of us more or less have to pay for our experience."

I thought, though I was polite enough not to say so, that I at all events had had to pay for my experience.

"Racing and gambling," continued he, "offer great inducements to ready wits—so much so that there are many practices connected with those matters too disreputable to be mentioned, and it is to the credit of the young idea to be ignorant of them altogether. In using my wit," continued the Right Hon. Witicus, "I have laughed away foibles, delusions, and eccentricities. I have made dulness sparkle and gravity smile. I have corrected oddities and peculiarities. I have brought out a man's best part, and in self-defence have exposed weak points. I have ridiculed unmercifully conceits and shams. I have caricatured all would-be characters. I have cracked jokes and distorted words. I have brought forth laughter, and stung too deep for tears. I have been flattered and courted as well as hated and feared."

As I took my leave of the Right Hon. Witicus, he said, "Allow me to introduce you to an Utopian practice of restoring your coins, and suggest that you see my friend the Right Hon. Prudentus."

Before the Right Hon. Prudentus could receive me I was informed it was necessary for me to present a credential, consequently I mentioned I was there by the instigation of the Right Hon. Knowledgers, whose name at once procured me an audience. The Right Hon. Prudentus appeared to me to be an exceedingly plain, precise sort of

a person, and although there was nothing about him to excite my sympathy or admiration, there was a look of substance about him that inspired my respect. I couldn't have imagined him ever being in any hair-breadth escapade or danger, and he gave me the impression that if there was a five-barred gate to be jumped over he would have gone round the corner, or else have waited until it was opened for him. He had the quiet settled look that perfect safety gives; but it was more the safety arising from caution and precaution than from the fearlessness of fear. He was engaged when I entered the room in the examination of large ponderous account books. In various pigeon-holes were deeds on parchment and deeds on paper, bearing conspicuously the stamp of the country's revenue; innumerable receipts, agreements, settlements, letters minutely folded up, labelled, ticketed, and dated; various books of reference, telegrams from all parts of the Universe, almanacks, guides, Bradshaws and directories, large copying letter presses, and bundles of red tape.

"Be good enough," said he "to sign your name in that book; the time you came in and the time you go out. I can only give you a quarter of an hour; every minute I sit here is money to me."

"I shall remember the time," said I, "without signing the book; it is just one o'clock," I added, consulting my watch. He at all events, I thought, would remember number one.

"I transact business with no one," replied he sharply, "of which I have not the record down in black and white."

I felt somewhat annoyed, I must confess, at this punctiliousness, though as I reflected I came there with the view of learning business, I accordingly with a good grace signed the book.

"Punctuality, accuracy, and precision," continued he, "are the essence of business. I make no allowances; I tolerate no excuses; I believe in no promises; I admit of no impulses; I exonerate no recklessness; I sanction no negligence; I calculate assiduously; I estimate statistically; I systemize on principle, in hospitalities and charities; I pay fairly and I exact fairly; I borrow nothing and I lend nothing, except on business principle, securities and interest; I wager nothing and I bet nothing; I take all the advantages I can and I reap all I can get; I control my likes and dislikes according to circumstances, possible rewards and payments; I have no feelings, prejudices, or antipathies in matters that are business to me; and I am respected as a sensible, wealthy business man by Aldermen, Borough Members, Common Councilmen, and Lord Mayors. Your quarter of an hour is up, and I must wish you good morning."

I made no comment to the Right Hon. Prudentus, except that I thought it must be pleasant to reap the benefits of prudence than to be so constrainedly prudent oneself.

I was then shown into the room of the Right Hon. Defendus, and found there many evidences that *defence* and not defiance was a law of nature. There were various papers relating to administration and organisation, regarding naval and military matters, various books on education, rules for the punishment and discipline of outrageous brutality, and various appliances for self-defence. The Right Hon. Defendus received me with the grave politeness of a polished veteran.

"The army," said I, entering into the subject at once, "is one of your principal means of defence."

"It is the highest," replied he. "Our army is our reserve which we keep in reserve, and go on reserving, consequently we can never be said to be beaten."

I thought that was wise certainly.

"We are perfectly capable of fighting," said the Right Hon. Defendus, calmly; "but in Utopia we have long ago discontinued the atrocious practice of butchering people, regarding that as one of the savage customs of the dark ages. Our officers by their general bearing, cultivation, and intelligence, do more to civilize and save us from the encroachments of ill-conditioned, uncivilized, quarrelsome people than any amount of gunpowder and shot could do."

"The navy?" I hazarded.

"Is the principal means of our communicating with all parts of the Universe

consequently we are enabled to smooth away misunderstandings with all nations, even with the inhabitants of the Arctic regions."

"Then," said I, "I may presume that defence is security, and security peace?"

"And peace enjoys a comfortable nap," said the Right Hon. Defendus, pleasantly, which put me in mind of the proverb, "Of sleeping dogs beware;" and I could not help thinking that a brave man was more to be feared than a prudent one.

My next visit was to the Right Hon. Honestus. I found him engaged in paying a number of bills. He was not so rich as he might be, he told me, for his conscience was never at rest until he had discharged his obligations and acted up to his principles. He said the only principle he could understand was to pay what he had to pay and say and do what conscience and duty dictated; and he said that at times he got so confused by the various offers and suggestions made to him by strategists, manoeuvrers, and financiers, that he had resolved to live in Utopia, and that, as he was under no obligation to any one, he was called an independent member. I thought that, although it was a pleasant thing to see an honest man, it was a pity honesty was not so rich as he might be.

I now prepared myself with grave demeanour for my interview with the Right Hon. Judgmentus. I was told it was contrary to the dignity of the Court for me to ask him a question, but that I might be admitted into the Council Chamber and listen to the judgment he was pronouncing; and gather from judicial lips the decisions of justice. As with grave and respectful demeanour I entered the Council Chamber, it struck me, as I gazed upon the dignified, passionless face of the Right Hon. Judgmentus, that such a man could have had no loves and no hates, no likes and no dislikes, or regard to persons generally or individually; or that, if he had, he had held them subservient to his judgment. I marked how accurately he seemed to divine and decide a point; how clearly he discriminated, and how minutely he weighed a particle and held it up disembarassed of its previous conflicting distortions; how thoughtful, rightful, and earnest were his enunciations, and how mercifully he blended mercy in his decisions; and with what penetration, concentration, gravity, decorum, and majesty he held his office; and what a grave, responsible, dignified office a judge's was.

As I quitted the Council Chamber, I made my obeisance to the Right Hon. Judgmentus, in grave respect to righteous judgment.

I was now given to understand that the Right Hon. Criticus was waiting to interview me. I felt, of course, desirous to favourably impress him, as I imagined he would be a man of vast knowledge and acquirements; consequently when I was admitted to his presence I modestly expressed the diffidence I felt at meeting so eminent a man, distinguished in various branches of learning and science.

"You mistake," said he frankly; "I have not achieved distinction in anything I have taken up; in fact," said he, "I have never got further than the rudiments."

I said, "Oh, indeed!"

"It is, however, for that reason," said he, "that I excel in the post I fill. I became a critic rather through want of general information than of general knowledge. For instance, whenever I hear a Bill proposed, which through some want of capacity in not being able to grasp the context I fail to understand, I at once rise to say, 'I cannot in any way see the utility of the Bill or comprehend on what ground it is based, nor can I in any way see how such a Bill can possibly be passed;' and I generally conclude by denouncing it as one of the most unprecedented, unsatisfactory, derogatory measures that were ever brought before an assembly of reasonable men. Then follow at once a host of replies; and in those replies are generally suggestions worthy of consideration. Consequently the Bill is discussed and improved, and unsuspected talent brought out and developed."

I ventured to ask him if he ever turned his attention to scientific researches and books and pictures.

"Regarding scientific researches," said he, "I candidly confess they are too deep for me to fathom off-hand, and I am never tired of inquiring the reason why and raising discussions thereon, and I take to myself the credit of bringing out and developing the properties contained in fire, air, light, and water, electricity, anatomy, medicine, and

mechanics. As to pictures," said he, "if I perceive a picture skyed or floored, but which, however, strikes and pleases me, I generally say in my opinion it possesses considerable talent. I may possibly be wrong, of course; but then if I were entirely proficient in art I should pass by such a picture as being too inappropriately placed to be looked at. Regarding books," added he, "I cannot possibly criticise them without reading them through."

I thought a young idea should not be too critical, and therefore I did not attempt to criticise anything the Right Hon. Critic said.

My next visit was to the Right Hon. Medicus, to whose presence I was at once admitted without being kept waiting in an antechamber, where I should no doubt have begun to think about my ailments, and have told my friends to-morrow what a large practice the Right Hon. Medicus must have. As I glanced round the room I noticed various plans for sanitary preservation, such as testifying to the benefits arising from swimming baths, Turkish baths, sponge baths, and shower baths; laundries for the rich as well as laundries for the poor; well-constructed stoves, good cooking utensils, cookery books, and cleanly kitchens; free use of lavatories, suggestions from engineers for effective drainage, and abundant supplies of purified water; plans relating to gardens, parks, and grounds, for outdoor exercise, games, and healthy recreation; and I actually noticed a book—I hope it was *Worth's* latest fashion—in which dress was real, appropriate, comfortable, and harmonious.

The Right Hon. Medicus looked so bright, fresh, and healthy, that I could not help saying,—

"You are looking remarkably well."

"I am glad you think so," said he, "for I confess I do exercise some management and take some trouble regarding my health."

"It is a great blessing," said I, "to enjoy good health."

"Very great indeed," replied he, "and I often used to think it strange so many people whom I attended would put themselves to so little trouble regarding its preservation, but indulged in careless and negligent habits until illness laid them up. I do not of course refer to all cases, as many of them were unavoidable, and could only be cured or treated by medical knowledge; but of the many cases I have attended hundreds of them were due to neglect of mere simple rules of sanitary management."

"What advice," said I, "did you give people regarding their diet?"

"I told them," he replied, that "*good sense* was good *saUCE*, and that their own feelings were their best guide, and that that which occasioned them the slightest uneasiness they ought not to take."

I said, "Are you really clever enough to cure a diseased mind as well as a diseased body?"

"As to the mind," said the Right Hon. Medicus, "it is of course too complex for me to sum it up in a few words; but I think the mind depends on the mental training and preservation of health, and that no one with the facilities afforded in *Utopia*, once in possession of their five senses, should be allowed to believe that they are or held to be irresponsible for their actions."

I rose to take my leave, having beforehand neatly wrapped up the fee.

"In *Utopia*," said the Right Hon. Medicus, smiling, "I can afford to attend a patient *not* for the sake of his fee."

"Nevertheless," said I, "the fruit of one's knowledge is worthy of payment."

The Right Hon. Medicus pressed my hand gently, and bowing politely, we said adieu.

I then passed on to the room of the Right Hon. Imaginatus.

Light and fancy glanced about me, and many were the effects I saw resulting from imagination.

I saw buildings graced, edified, and beautified by architectural poetical imagining; I heard voices sweetened and tuned by poetical inspirations; I saw many beautiful objects, forms, and ornaments produced by imaginary conceptions; and I discovered many happy effects prompted by imagination.

I turned to the Right Hon. Imaginatus.

"Tell me," said I, "have you no reality, but do you exist only in delusion?"

"I have no delusion," said he, "my ideas flow from light and fancy, and so quickly do they fly I cannot follow them in their flight; I have rendered national histories familiar by reproducing their characters; I have shown up individualities clothed in shams and vanities; I have depicted wrongs and abuses and brought about redresses; I have shown this life and that life diverted from each other by wide social gulfs; I have refined and cultivated by depicting characters with graces to grace a duke, and I have depicted nature's kindly feelings in labourers of the soil; I have imagined melodious melodies and grand inspiring sounds; I have imagined scenes, forms, and faces, and made them into pictures; I have built castles in the air, and reproduced them on the earth. All these things," said he, "I have imagined; there is one I believe."

I moved in the direction in which the Right Hon. Imaginatus had turned, and looking straight before me, I saw the emblem of Faith, by its side the Holy Bible. Rising by it, grandly, solemnly, reverent, and beautiful in its structure, stood forth an old Abbey (the church): above it gleamed in shining letters of gold, "Restored since the Reformation." I bowed my head silently in acknowledgment of Faith, and lo and behold, "I opened my eyes, and I came down from the heights of fancy into the world's reality, and I thought maybe imagination might be akin to truth."

THE PROPOSED RESTORATION OF THE WEST FRONT OF THE CATHEDRAL CHURCH OF ST. ALBAN'S,

BY THE FREEMASONS OF ENGLAND.

*Under the patronage of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, G.M. of the Grand Lodge of
England, and many most other influential Brethren.*

WE have great pleasure in printing this circular, and as it has been decided to form a Central Committee for the purpose of enabling the Freemasons of England to restore the whole, or portion, of the west face of the Abbey, we beg to add that subscriptions are received by C. E. Heyser, Esq., 47, Wilton Crescent, London, S.W., and that the maximum is £5. Any lower sum, however, will be accepted. We shall recur to the subject in the next number of this Magazine.

"At the last annual meeting of the Provincial Grand Lodge of Hertfordshire, held at Watford, on July 26th, 1878, a proposal was brought forward to the effect that the Freemasons of England be invited to subscribe towards the restoration of some special portion of the Cathedral Church of St. Alban's, in memory of St. Alban, the first reputed Freemason in England, and a Committee, with power to add to their number, was thereupon appointed to consider the subject, and to take such steps as they might think desirable for collecting subscriptions and otherwise promoting the object as brought forward in the original proposal, subject finally to the approval of the Provincial Grand Lodge of Hertfordshire.

"Two meetings of the Committee have already been held. At these meetings it has been unanimously resolved to endeavour to carry out the original scheme, and after a personal visit to the Cathedral, it is proposed to undertake, should the necessary funds be forthcoming, the restoration of the whole of the west front or of one, or more, of the three magnificent, but sadly dilapidated, porches at the west end of the building.

"These porches may justly be considered not only to exhibit the most beautiful architectural details in this grand Cathedral, but from the extreme delicacy and beauty of their design, they cannot be excelled by any other examples of this or any other date throughout the kingdom. They were built by Abbot John de Cella, at the commencement of the thirteenth century, and formed part of a magnificent design for the reconstruction of the nave of the Abbey Church, which from want of the necessary funds was only partially carried out. The style of architecture is that commonly known as 'Early English' or 'First Pointed,' and may well compare with similar examples to be

found at Lincoln, Ely, Salisbury, and Wells Cathedrals, the Western, or Galilee, Porch of Ely Cathedral bearing a special resemblance to the central porch at St. Alban's.

"It is this central western porch which the Committee propose first to undertake, and their proposal has been most strongly approved by the Executive Committee for the Restoration of the Cathedral, who are specially anxious to see this portion of the work taken in hand, as this will form the completion of the main structural repairs, which have been going on for several years. The Architect's estimate for the restoration of the central porch is £2,500, and for each of the side porches £2,000, or for the entire west front, £9,000. These sums appear at first sight very large, but very much will have to be done on account of the decayed and mutilated condition of the stone work, and the cost of reproducing and repairing the elaborate details of the design will necessarily be considerable. Of those portions which have at some time been wilfully destroyed, sufficient fragments have been discovered to enable the Architect to restore the porches in accordance with the original plan of Abbot John de Cella.

"There can be no question as to the improvement which will be effected by the careful restoration of the west front. At some period, probably in the sixteenth or seventeenth century, some economical repairs were carried out. The outer portions of the north and south porches were cut away, and a plain and unsightly wall built up, which has entirely concealed the said north and south porches, and the early English arcade on each side of them. Part of this wall has now been removed and numerous fragments of great architectural interest have been discovered, which will, as previously stated, enable the Architect to reproduce almost with certainty the original design.

"It must be acknowledged that the Cathedral (till recently the Abbey) Church of St Alban's has special claim to the consideration of English Freemasons. The history of the Abbey and its Church is most closely connected with St. Alban, who is reputed to be both the first Freemason in England, and the founder of the first lodge in this country, in the year A.D. 287. During the present era of Church restoration much has been done by the Freemasons of the various provinces, and in many of the Cathedrals the Brethren have recently provided the necessary funds for the repairing of special portions of the buildings. It is therefore earnestly hoped that the present scheme will commend itself not only to the brethren residing in the province of Hertfordshire, or within the diocese of St. Alban's, but, from the national character of the object, that it will be generally received with favour by the Freemasons throughout England, and that they will assist in renewing the work which their brethren of the 13th century actually executed.

"To carry out this object it is proposed to invite subscriptions, from 1s. up to £5, from all individual brethren who may be disposed to contribute, and for this purpose an account has been opened at the London and County Bank, Lombard Street, E.C., and St. Alban's. Such subscriptions may be sent direct to the Bank, or to the Hon. Secretary, and as soon as a sufficient sum has been received, the approval of the Provincial Grand Lodge will be obtained, and the necessary instructions given to commence the work. It is therefore to be hoped that the Freemasons of England will willingly come forward and embrace the present opportunity of doing honour to the memory of St. Alban, the first member in England of that Brotherhood which now holds so brilliant a position in the society of our country, and the founder of that first Lodge which has been the origin of so numerous and glorious an offspring."

GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE.*

CHAPTER III.

ON THE STYLE OF BUILDING IN GERMANY WHICH PREVAILED FROM THE EIGHTH TO THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

ON comparing the ancient churches of Germany with each other, we discover in their style of building two leading differences, all others being mere gradations or combinations of them. The first, and earliest, is foreign, and came from the south; it is by no means rude, having been originally a highly finished style of building, but it latterly degenerated. The buildings of this kind are distinguished by forms and decorations either Roman or imitated from the Roman, but especially by flat, or at least not very high roofs, by semicircular arches and vaults, and by the great solidity of their

* 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.

construction.* The SECOND and more modern style of building still retains the semi-circle, but begins to substitute for the southern flat gable end, that of the high roofed, which is more suitable for a northern climate.† To harmonise with the shape of the roof, the forms of the towers are pyramidal, and the windows and vaults in the pointed arch style‡, whilst all the minor ornaments still preserve the semi-circular form. It was only at a later period that the decorations, and all the minor and subordinate parts of the main building assumed the shape of the pointed arch.¶ Of this latter style are the grandest works of architecture which Germany possesses, works which will remain an object of admiration for ages to come.

These are the chief features in the church architecture of Germany, observable in ancient buildings. They show how a northern peculiar style was gradually formed out of the foreign southern one, and they are by no means in contradiction to history, although we are still ignorant of the many causes which may have influenced the improvement of the art.

Prior to the sway of the Romans in Germany, and in those parts which they did not occupy, architecture was undoubtedly very rude. Although the want of precise information leaves us in uncertainty about its state, yet the picture which Tacitus draws of the Germans of his time shows how little they cultivated the arts in general. The southern provinces of Germany, however, and the countries on the Rhine, being governed and reclaimed by the Romans, received an earlier and more extensive civilization; and Roman architecture flourished therein, as is evident from the numerous remains of buildings of that period. When Christianity prevailed in the Roman empire, churches also were erected in Germany, as appears from ancient documents; especially in Austria, Bavaria, and on the Rhine. I am not, however, acquainted with any remains in Germany, of that more ancient species of Roman Christian churches with which Italy abounds. After the lapse of ages of devastation, the authenticated history of our country begins only with the reign of Charles the Great; with whom, not a Gaul, but by birth and descent a German, commences the series of our architectonic documents. It is well known, that in his court, as in that of the earlier kings of the Franks, whatever related to science and art was of Roman origin. Architecture—which, more than any other art, depends on the influence of religion; the temple being with many nations its only, and amongst all, its highest object—became a necessary art, through the diffusion of the Christian religion; and was practised in the way it had been applied to the buildings requisite for public worship in the Greco-Roman empire, since the reign of Constantine. The cathedral of Aix-la-Chapelle, and the portico of the ancient convent of Lorsch,§ near Worms, on the road called the *Bergstrasse*, are, as far as I can judge, the only buildings of the time of Charles the Great extant in Germany. The latter is in a very corrupt Roman style; such as we perceive after the fall of the empire in buildings, sarcophagi, and paintings.¶

The disparity which is observable between the civilisation of Italy and Germany existed also between the several provinces of Germany itself. On the Rhine, and in the south of Germany, cities arose when these countries belonged to the Roman empire; and in such cities flourished the arts of peace, and the Christian religion; whilst the

* Of this style are the portico at Lorsch, the cathedrals at Spire, Worms, Mentz, Aix-la-Chapelle, the convent churches at Paulinzell near Rudolstadt, at Schwarzach near Rastadt, at Ilbenstadt in Wetteravia.

† Of the style that still retains the semicircle, but has in this age high gable roofs, are the west side of the cathedra at Worms, the St. Paul's church in the same place, the western tower of the church at Gelnhausen, and others.

‡ See the churches at Gelnhausen and Limburgh.

¶ See the church at Oppenheim, No. 32 to 37 of Moller's plates.

§ See plate I of Moller's work.

¶ This view of the first development of German architecture which Professor *Fiorillo* drew from documents, and which he gives in the introduction to his excellent History of the arts of design, was impressed upon the ditor from his examination of the ancient buildings themselves. A long residence in Italy, where he examined with particular attention the edifices of the times of the decline of the Roman Empire still remaining, enabled him to compare the ancient buildings of Germany with those of Italy, and thus to arrive at safe and steady conclusions.

north and east of Germany were still uncivilised and addicted to paganism. The introduction of Christianity among the Germans, and their gradual civilisation, proceeded, with very few exceptions,* from the southern and western parts of Germany. History also teaches us that the clergy themselves directed, at that time, the building of churches and convents. Under these circumstances, the influence of the ancient paganism of the Germans, upon the style of church-building, which d'Agincourt and several other historians assert, appears to me neither probable nor historically proved; religious ceremonies and church-buildings were introduced at that period from abroad, and did not proceed from, nor were they improved by the Germans, who were split into many separate nations, or tribes, without any common tie. Hence, the buildings of those countries that were first civilised, and from whence the arts passed into other places, are of the highest importance in the ancient history of German architecture; and it is in the south and west of Germany, that the farther improvement of the art must so much the more be sought for, as all external circumstances were there more favourable to its success.

I have no knowledge of any buildings of the ninth century. In the tenth and eleventh century, several important churches were built in Germany, as the cathedrals of Spire, Worms, Mentz, and many others, which are still in existence, and astonish us by their solidity and magnificence. The leading form of these churches, as of those which were built at the same period in England, France, and Italy, is, in imitation of the basilicæ, a long parallelogram with side naves, a strongly marked cross nave, which represents the arms of the cross, on whose intersection there is frequently a *louvre*. The chancel ends with a semicircle on the plan, and the whole has very thick walls, with comparatively small openings, and without any tall or aspiring pillars. In the drawings of these buildings, we find in all the windows, gates, and arched aisles, the pure semicircle. The nave is high; the covering frequently consists of groined vaulting; but raised in the shape of cupolas, and often with flat timber coverings: on the exterior, the gable is usually of little inclination, and in the upper part of the building there are rows of small pillars in the wall. The horizontal line still predominates generally on the whole exterior, contrary to the style of building of the thirteenth century, in which all the parts of the building seem to aim at rising still higher. The profiles of the parts and ornaments are almost all, without exception, of antique origin; and several, as for instance the continually recurring attic base, are perfectly correct in their forms. From what has been stated, it is evident that the invention of this style of church-building can by no means be claimed by the Germans; though there are in the composition, as well in the parts as in the *tout ensemble*, many individual peculiarities in these buildings, the attentive examination of which fills us with a high respect for the taste and technical ability of their builders.

The difference between these German churches and the Roman basilicæ consists in the almost general covering of the interior with vaulting. The consequence of this was that it became necessary to substitute pillars for the isolated columns which supported the flat wooden roofs, and which were too weak to bear vaults, or to connect the pillars with the columns. Yet there are still a few churches found, which, together with the flat covering, preserve those ranks of isolated columns of the ancient basilica; as, for instance, a church at Ratisbon, and the convent churches at Paulinzell and Schwarzach. Although the columns which were introduced as ornaments of the pillars were originally in imitation of the Roman series of arches, they were soon justly altered. The isolated column was proportioned to its height, and to the load which it was intended to carry. But the column, which is used as an ornament of the pillar, has nothing in common with the destination of the isolated column; it only forms *part* of the pillar. D'Agincourt labours under a misapprehension when, on comparing the columns, he separates the light staffs in the pillars of the churches of the Middle Age

* Christianity is said to have been propagated in the North East of Germany, by missionaries from Byzantium. It would be of high interest if churches should still be discovered which attested this fact, as is the case, for instance, with several churches in Rome.

from the columns, in order to show their disproportion as columns. They are one and the same with the pillars, which bear, in general, a very beautiful and exact proportion with their load and the height of the vaults. Even in this originally foreign style of church-building, the German architects appear to have had the merit of having divested it of every thing that could have reminded one of the heterogeneous timber construction and horizontal covering, and of having treated it as a pure and consistent stone construction applied to vaults. To have left out under the vaults the friezes and cornices, which had no object in such a situation, appears, therefore, no matter of reproach, but was, on the contrary, perfectly in character.

Towards the latter end of the twelfth and in the beginning of the thirteenth century, important deviations from this ancient style of church-building were introduced. The high northern roof took the place of the flat southern gable,* and the introduction of this high pitched gable brought along with it the use of the pointed arch, instead of the semicircular one, in order to introduce more harmony with the other parts of the building. When the roof and the vaults were thus raised, it was proper that the inferior part of the building should also receive a comparatively greater height; hence, all the proportions of the columns, capitals, vaults, towers, etc., became slenderer towards the latter end of the century, and the flat pilaster spreads more outwards, and rises as a flying buttress. After all the essential parts of the building had thus been altered in their forms and proportions, the details and decorations of the earlier style of building were yet retained for some time. The edifices of this period, though possessed of many beauties, are yet full of anomalies. Circular and pointed arches, rising pillars and vaults, intersected by horizontal cornices, form the most disagreeable combinations. The crisis which marks every transition into another state, and which throughout nature in general is momentarily discordant and disagreeable, bears visibly the same character here. This heterogeneous combination of the ancient southern style of building with the new one, which, in the main, agreed better with the climate, lasted but a short time. The sound sense of the German architects was not long in discovering that such heterogeneous parts could not be employed without disturbing all proportions; perhaps they were also influenced by a wish to introduce some peculiar style of their own in lieu of the old one. The buildings above-mentioned show, in a very interesting manner, how the architect resolved gradually to replace all the subordinate parts of the ancient style by others more corresponding with the leading forms that were now adopted. In the year 1235, when the church of the Teutonic order of knights was begun at Marburg, and soon after finished in the same style up to the western gate or porch, the alteration of this style of building appears to have been perfectly accomplished. The high gable and the pointed arch prevail throughout, and each of the individual parts is in perfect harmony with the whole. This church, besides being constructed and finished in a masterly, skilful, and workmanlike manner, is distinguished by the greatest simplicity and elegance, the happy combination of which is not easily met with in such perfection. After this appropriate, peculiar, and rational style of building, which in its leading forms corresponds with the climate and building materials, and in its parts with the *whole*, had been thus improved, we behold it quickly brought to the highest perfection in many admirable architectural works. As early as the year 1248, they began to build the cathedral of Cologne upon its present plan, and in the year 1276 the porch of the minster at Strasburgh, under the direction of *Erwin von Steinbach*; two structures which, though unfinished, will be the admiration of all ages, from the boldness of their design, the beauty and elegance of their parts, and the excellence of their execution. This new style of building prevailed almost at the same time in all the countries of Europe, and we find its influence upon all the churches built in this and the following century. To analyze the principles on which this style was formed is not within the scope of this essay, and can never be successfully attempted before the principal edifices built in this style have been more

* The editor frequently met with buildings, particularly the portico at Lorsch and the convent church at Ilbenstadt, in which the original low gable upon which a higher gable had been placed at a later period was still to be recognised.

accurately examined and considered. The great impression which these churches, particularly their interior, make upon the mind of every unprejudiced person, on that of the intelligent and well-informed, as well as that of the uncultivated and ignorant, is truly wonderful; they combine the simplicity and majesty of the groves of the forest with the richness and beauty of its flowers and leaves—all is variety, greatness, and sublimity. The golden age of this style continues from the middle of the thirteenth to the latter end of the fourteenth century. The desire to produce something new and still more beautiful, as it had caused the decline of the ancient Roman, and afterwards, in the seventeenth century, that of the Italian style of architecture, occasioned likewise the decay of the German style of church building. To a severe regularity of forms succeeded arbitrary petty decorations; and whereas the best examples of the thirteenth century are ornamented with fruits and flowers, the edifices of the fifteenth were themselves frequently in the form of plants,* a freak which seems to overstep the bounds of architecture. This style of building, having outlived its prosperity, was the more easily superseded in the sixteenth century by a more modern Italian style.

As the question has of late been frequently started—"Whether the style of architecture of the thirteenth century, and its forms, might not be applied and used in our times," it may not be improper to discuss it in this place. The art which produced the Strasburgh minster, the cathedral of Cologne, and other masterpieces, is splendid and sublime—but it was the result of its time. The condition of public and private life at that period, the relation of the respective states and individual cities to each other, the situation of commerce, and, above all, the religious zeal which everywhere animated every order of persons, exerted a powerful influence on the origin and improvement of this style of building. The great architects of the Strasburgh minster, of the cathedral of Cologne, and of all the most distinguished buildings with which we are acquainted, were adapted to their own age; they and their works are only the result of the time in which they lived. We may admire and imitate these works, but we cannot produce the like, because the circumstances under which that style of building arose are now no longer the same.† If we attempt to apply their detail, their windows, gates, and ornaments, etc., to the edifices of the present day, we shall produce an incongruous and absurd composition, because the parts are not homogeneous with the whole; and the disproportions and incongruity would be so much the more striking as the originals from which they are borrowed are grand and splendid.

But though it seems unadvisable again to introduce the style of building of the thirteenth century, yet a more intimate acquaintance with it is both instructive and useful. It has already been observed, how much architectural works are calculated to inform us respecting the earlier civil and ecclesiastical situation of nations, and how these documents of stone afford, to those who can read them, the most lively picture of centuries that are lapsed; but, even independent of this high interest in the eyes of the philosophical historian, they offer an abundant harvest to artists and friends and patrons of the arts. Very few Greeks and Romans have carried technical ability and a strictly correct calculation of the proportions between strength and burthen so far as the architects of the churches of the thirteenth century. The boldness and lightness of their structures will long continue unrivalled. Not only were the buildings of these great masters erected with the smallest possible expenditure of building materials,‡ and are still in excellent condition, but the arrangement of the whole, and the proportions of the parts also, are so well calculated, that their edifices appear much larger than they are in reality, whilst it is exactly the reverse with most of the works built in the antique

* See Moller's plates of the minster at Ulm and the *fac-simile* of the two tabernacles.

† The case is very different with the Grecian style of building, which we are still in the habit of applying daily. Fancy and religion predominate in the German architecture, but the Grecian is the result of an enlightened understanding and of a correct sense of the beautiful. It strictly limits itself to what is absolutely necessary, to which it strives to impart the most beautiful forms; and on this account it will never cease to be capable of application to our purposes.

‡ The vaults of many very large churches are only from nine to ten inches thick, and the outer walls, though more than sixty feet high, are frequently but two feet thick.

style, and particularly with St. Peter's church. As the greatest art consists in producing the grandest effects with the smallest means, the churches of the thirteenth century are, in this respect, highly instructive to the thinking artist. To these advantages, as connected with the study of the architecture of the Middle Age, must be added another no less important. By these we learn that harmony, beauty, and propriety are not limited to one style of building nor the authority of great names,* but that every work of art is to be judged only by the laws of inherent perfection; and that every building which appears discordant in its parts and unsuitable to its purpose, is bad, whether it be called Gothic, Grecian, or Roman. That all artists may be convinced of this truth is much to be desired, for there is not a science or art in which ancient custom, and the adoption of antiquated pretended rules, are so frequently connected with a total neglect of the eternal rules of the human understanding, as architecture.

The neglect of the architectural works of Germany has lately, however, been succeeded by a more correct estimation of their merits, which are daily more appreciated. Since such eminent men as Göthe, Herder, and George Forster have so loudly proclaimed the veneration in which they hold those masterpieces, the attention of the public has at least been awakened. By their publications of ancient architectural works, and their historical researches, Messrs. Boisserée, Büsching, Costenoble, Fiorillo, Frick, Hundeshagen, Quaglio, Stieglitz, and many others,† have already acquired just claims to the gratitude of an enlightened public, and we may confidently look for more important publications at their hands. But as the number of ancient buildings, which either have remained unknown, or are only imperfectly known, is so very considerable, and as many of them are perishing from year to year, it is very much to be wished that the governments of the several German States would publish historical and critical catalogues of the remarkable ancient buildings in their respective dominions, in which the bad should be carefully separated from whatever is worthy of being preserved. Independent of affording correct information of the buildings still existing, these works would thus be placed under the safeguard of the public eye, and the fear of public disgrace would put a stop to the vandalism of ignorant subordinate magistrates, who, in many places, do not scruple to consider and use such ancient buildings as excellent stone quarries.‡

* Several of the ancient writers on architecture are of opinion that every building is good only as it approximates the Roman or Greek style of architecture. This proposition is pretty nearly as correct as if we should say: "The rose is a beautiful flower, the lily is not like the rose, consequently the lily is ugly."

† The restoration of the magnificent castle of *Marienberg*, in Prussia, which was proposed by and is now under the direction of President Von Schoen, by means of voluntary contributions, deserves to be mentioned here, as a distinguished instance of a proper estimation of the monuments of art extant in our country.

‡ The Grand Duke of Hesse Darmstadt, to whose enlightened mind nothing that can promote the arts and sciences is foreign, issued a proclamation in 1818, whose object was to preserve the antiquities extant in the Grand Duchy, and to make them more generally known. As the editor does not know any other country which has similar regulations, he thinks that the contents of this proclamation will not be deemed uninteresting. It runs thus:—

Louis, by the grace of God Grand Duke of Hesse, etc., etc. Considering that the monuments of ancient architecture still existing, are among the most important and most interesting documents of history, and afford instructive views of the early manners, civilisation, and civil constitution of the nation, thus rendering their preservation highly desirable, we have decreed as follows:—

1. Our Board of Works is to procure correct catalogues of all the remains of ancient architecture which, either in a historical point of view or as works of art, are worthy of being preserved, and to have their present situation described, and the other monuments of art extant in the same, as paintings, statues, etc., particularly mentioned.

2. The said Board is to invite the learned of every province, who are best acquainted with its history, to co-operate in the historical preparation of such catalogues, for which purpose the requisite documents are to be communicated to them out of the archives.

3. The principal of these buildings, or those which are in the most ruinous state, are to be delineated, and the designs, together with the descriptions, to be deposited in our Museum.

4. The Board of Works is to submit to our approbation the list of the buildings deemed worthy to be preserved or delineated, to correspond respecting their repairs with the requisite authorities, and to make the requisite proposals to us on the subject.

5. If it should be thought proper to make alterations in any of these buildings, or to pull them

down, it is to be done only under the cognisance of the said Board, and with our approval in the requisite cases.

6. If in digging, or on other occasions, relics of antiquity should be discovered, our public functionaries are to take care that they be carefully preserved; and notice of their discovery is to be immediately sent to the Board of Works, or to the Managers of the Museum.

7. All public functionaries are enjoined carefully to watch over the preservation of all the monuments recorded in the aforesaid catalogues, for which purpose the latter are to be printed and communicated to them.

Darmstadt, January 22nd, 1818.

(Signed)

LOUIS.

(To be continued.)

NOTES ON LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

BY BRO. GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL.

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

DR. OSGOOD, addressing the New York Genealogical and Biographical Society, in April, 1878, says of that metropolis:—"The old city has almost wholly passed away within this generation. The buildings most associated with life, our homes and churches, have disappeared, being crowded out by the pressure of business. Hardly a man lives where he lived thirty years ago, and few children of mature years live where their fathers lived before them. There is but one church of any great importance (old St. Paul's) that is a century old, and our most conspicuous churches have sprung up within a few years. The old city has gone, and the new city has been built too much in a hurry to admit of its being of a sufficiently memorial character. Our new wealth has not been associated with high culture or artistic taste; and costly houses have been built by the acre, without much historical significance or æsthetic dignity. With the rise of rents and the increase of luxury, the great middling class, which is so essential to the best interest and character of a community, has suffered, and, to a great extent, been driven away. In this way, and in many other ways, the city has lost its expected harvest of culture and numbers, and its face does not tell its history. What a pity it is that there is so little that meets the eye to remind us of the men who have made their mark in the community, and of the nations that have built up the city in its greatness. Those of us who have paid our public tributes to Cooper, Irving, Verplanck, Bethune, and other noted men, of our own citizens, and to the masters of European culture and civilization, would especially like to see their names, and, if possible, their faces, in our public places. England has Shakspeare in bronze here; New England has Webster and Franklin; Germany has Schiller and Humboldt; France has Lafayette; Italy is to have Mazzini and Victor Emmanuel. When will Holland have Rembrandt?—Rembrandt, the father of the new humanity in art; the democrat of light, shade, colour, and form; who put upon canvas what Dickens put into print, and who with his pencil affirmed the Protestant right of private judgment, and brought out the man from the pomp of courts and the conclaves of priesthoods into open day. Sons of Holland, make room for your Rembrandt here! Something has been done and is doing to meet this deficiency in our great Park. Some of our

churches are testifying that we are a historical people, that we have persons and principles, ideas and events, to remember. But the true basis of memorial art is easily recognized, and all attempts to gather collections of art without a historical purpose and connection are meagre and unsatisfactory—either in danger of becoming affairs of personal or family pride, or of dainty taste and capricious curiosity. We need the truer view of art that shall make the whole city historical, and enable us to remember our national and local benefactors by generous association without obtruding private personality. Our halls, galleries, academies, parks, churches, and our great stores and markets, should tell a story of the old time and the new. Art, that has all times for its own, should make up for the lack of antiquarian relics, and a great building dedicated to history should be sacred to art, which is the daughter of history and the recorder of life. . . . With its reverses and disappointments, this city keeps and exalts its place as the centre of American life and thought and enterprise. Its press and its pulpit, as well as its bar and medical faculty, its schools and its commerce, gain power over the whole nation. With all of our temptations and extravagances, our people have not lost their head, nor forgotten their birthright. The best men are finding each other out; the native American blood is assimilating the best foreign elements, and public opinion is becoming more patriotic, and religion is more truly catholic. You know how to put down a mob, and to crush a threatening treason, and you are not likely to unlearn that well-learned manhood. There is an old-fashioned loyalty to good institutions, with generous sense of what is due to the spirit of the new age. There is a peculiar largeness and geniality here that is correcting our excessive individualism, and giving promise of earnest life and original spirit in our culture and fellowship. We have not forgotten the God of our fathers. He is with us as with them. In this faith we interpret life and its record in this generation."

According to a report of the Provincial Grand Lodge of Wiltshire, given in the *Freemason* of November 16th, 1878, "Bro. F. H. Goldney, the Provincial Grand Treasurer, afterwards said that he had prepared a History of Freemasonry in the Province of Wiltshire. To save time, he would not read it, but he begged to present it to Lord Methuen [the Prov. G. M.], and he would afterwards have it printed for distribution. The History had been some little trouble to get up, as the records of Freemasonry in the Province were few and scattered before the time that his Lordship undertook the government of the Province. Bro. Goldney then presented the manuscript to Lord Methuen."

This is as it should be; and not only will every intelligent Mason in the Province of Wiltshire feel indebted to Bro. Goldney for undertaking such a task, but I for one cannot but wish that the same was done for every Province in the United Kingdom and its Colonies.

The first Will in the English language now known to exist is dated in the year 1463, and deposited in the Ecclesiastical Court at Bury St. Edmunds.

There are few men so well acquainted with all that relates to the interesting district of Weardale, in the county of Durham, as William Morley Egglestone; for he has made its history and topography his favourite study for years. Knowing this when he announced, for publication by subscription, his *Stanhope Memorials of Bishop Butler*, I was bold enough to say that the work would be looked for with interest, and the result has justified the prediction. Dean Stanley, preaching in the fine old Cathedral of Durham, on the twenty-fifth of March, 1878, spoke of Bishop Butler as "the greatest prelate who ever filled this see of Durham—the greatest theologian, in some respects, that ever adorned the English Church;" and Bartlett has remarked that the life and character of Butler "is not to be regarded as the exclusive property of any section or party in the Church of Christ, but as the common property of Christendom:" two passages which Mr. Egglestone has appropriately taken as mottoes for his book, which no personal friend of the good Bishop could have compiled in a more reverent spirit. "The fact alone that Butler's *Analogy* was written at Stanhope, in the County of Durham," says our author, "is enough to make that

country town revered, without taking into consideration that its Church of St. Thomas is one of the oldest and most interesting in the North of England. Stanhope is situated on the banks of the river Wear, and is said to be the prettiest place in western Durham. It gave name to an illustrious family, has its Castle, its Hall, the seat of the Fetherstonhalghs, its historical associations, and can boast of rich scenery in its immediate vicinity. Weardale was intimately connected with powerful Bishops, from Hugh Pudsey down to Anthony Bec, and onward to Hatfield, Wolsey, and Cuthbert Tunstall. Here were situated the great hunting fields of these kings of the Palatine, and here they repaired, followed by numerous trains of county landowners, to hunt the fallow deer in the forest."

The late Bishop Philpotts, writing to the Archdeacon of Lincoln (Dr. Goddard), January 25th, 1855, says of Butler, to whom he had "been accustomed to look up as the greatest of uninspired men," that when, "after an interval of eighty years," he became his successor in the rectory of Stanhope, one of his "earliest employments there was to search for reliques of" his "illustrious predecessor;" and he adds:—"I examined the parish books, not with much hope of discovering anything worth recording of him, and was, unhappily, as unsuccessful as I expected. His name, indeed, was subscribed to one or two acts of vestry, in a very neat and easy character; but, if it was amusing, it was mortifying to find the only trace of such a man's labours, recorded by his own hand, to be the passing a parish account authorizing the payment of five shillings to some adventurous clown who had destroyed a 'founmart,' or wood-marten, the marten-cat, or some other equally unimportant matter."

One other thing, of more importance to the character of Butler, Dr. Philpotts *did* find, viz., a tradition that he was "very kind" to his parishioners and benevolent to the poor, as one can easily believe of him, who, when translated from the See of Bristol to that of Durham, could write:—"If one is enabled to do a little good, and to prefer worthy men, this indeed is a valuable of life, and will afford satisfaction in the close of it; but the change of station in itself will in no wise answer the trouble of it;" and, again:—"I foresee many difficulties in the station I am coming into, and no advantage worth thinking of, except some greater power of being serviceable to others; and whether this be an advantage entirely depends on the use one shall make of it. I pray God it may be a good one. It would be a melancholy thing, in the close of life, to have no reflections to entertain one's self with, but that one had spent the revenues of the Bishoprick of Durham in a sumptuous course of living, and enriched one's friends with the promotions of it, instead of having really set one's self to do good, and promote worthy men. Yet this right use of fortune and power is more difficult than the generality of even good people think, and requires both a guard upon one's self, and a strength of mind to withstand solicitations, greater, I wish I may not find it, than I am master of." Good Bishop Butler was no hoarder of "filthy lucre," but is recorded to have said to his under-secretary, Mr. Emm, "I should feel ashamed of myself if I could leave ten thousand pounds behind me." "On being solicited to support a project which he approved," says Bartlett, "he made inquiries of his house-steward how much money he had then in possession, and on being told five hundred pounds, he exclaimed, 'Five hundred pounds! What a shame for a Bishop to have so much money! Give it away—give it all to this gentleman for his charitable plan.'"

Although not a native (Dr. Butler having been born on the eighteenth of May, 1692, at the ancient town of Wantage, in Berkshire, where his father was a retired draper), yet he was most intimately connected with the county of Durham; being presented by Bishop Talbot, in 1721, to the living of Houghton-le-Skerne, near Darlington, and four years afterwards he was transferred from there to that of Stanhope-in-Weardale, one of the richest in England, having at the same time a prebend's stall in Durham Cathedral. On the twenty-seventh of July, 1750, he was nominated by King George the Second (then in Hanover) to the bishopric of Durham; elected at Durham, September 7th; and installed, by proxy, November 9th. He died at Bath, June 16th,

1752. "During the short time that Butler held the See of Durham," writes the county historian, Surtees, "he conciliated all hearts. In advanced years, and on the episcopal throne, he retained the same genuine modesty and native sweetness of disposition which had distinguished him in youth and in retirement. During the ministerial performance of the sacred office a divine animation seemed to pervade his whole manner, and lighted up his pale, wan countenance, already marked with the progress of disease, like a torch glimmering in its socket, yet bright and useful to the last." And an earlier historian, Bro. Hutchinson, remarks:—"He was of a most reverend aspect, his face thin and pale; but there was a divine placidness in his countenance, which inspired veneration, and expressed the most benevolent mind. His white hair hung gracefully on his shoulders, and his whole figure was patriarchal."

Mr. Egglestone regrets that "no monument of this great man exists" at Stanhope,— "not even a tablet in the church, where he ministered for fifteen years, records that he wrote the *Analogy* on the banks of the Wear. His parsonage has been rebuilt, the church has been 'restored,' and its fittings replaced; the town has been modernised by new buildings; the castle is not old; and the very market cross which the rector passed on his way to church was demolished seventy years ago. It is, however," he lovingly adds, "something to hear, at this day, the very bells which called our rector to his ministerial duties, to look upon the very sun-dial which he erected, to handle the very cups he handled when he administered the sacrament, and even to contribute a mite to the very plate on which the charitable pastor laid his offerings." Indeed, everything, however trifling, that remains at Stanhope, which Bishop Butler can be conceived to have touched, or even looked upon, is carefully described in the most ardent spirit of a hero worshipper; nay, the very officials and tradesmen whom he would know are, as it were, summoned from their graves before us. The story told by Mr. Egglestone of Bishop Butler and "the Rev. Joseph So-and-So," however, is of older date, and belongs to Butler, Duke of Ormond and the Curate of Islay, and shows how the anecdotes of one man are often in the telling transferred to another of the same name; just as the destruction of the monasteries are all over the country commonly attributed to Oliver Cromwell, instead of to Shakspeare's "Cromwell, servant to Wolsey," who became the willing tool in the work of spoliation of the rapacious monarch, Harry the Eighth.

Much curious matter, interesting to the antiquary, is incidentally introduced by Mr. Egglestone, who has produced a really good book, which no one who wishes to know all they can either of Bishop Butler or of Stanhope can afford to be ignorant of. It has wonderfully refreshed my recollections of a few pleasant summer days' rambles in that romantic neighbourhood, and I can confidently recommend it to the readers of the *Masonic Magazine*. The authorship, printing, binding, and illustrations are all alike good.

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