

No.	Signs of the Houses.	Dates of Constitution.
3.*	Shakespear's Head, <i>Marlborough Street</i>	17 Jan., 1720 ¹
4.	Bell, <i>Nicholas Lane</i> , New Lombard Street	11 July, 1721 ¹
5.*	Braund's Head, New Bond Street... ..	19 Jan., 1721 ¹
6.*	Rummer Tavern, Queen Street, Cheapside	28 Jan., 1721 ¹
7.	Daniels' Coffee House, within Temple Bar	25 April, 1722
8.*	Red Cross, in Barbican	May, 1722
9.*	King's Arms Tavern, New Bond Street	25 Nov., 1722
10.*	Queen's Head, <i>Knave's Acre</i> . This was one of the <i>four Lodges</i> mentioned, p. 109, viz., the <i>APPLE TREE Tavern</i> , in <i>Charles Street, Covent Garden</i> , whose <i>Constitution</i> is immemorial. But after they removed to the <i>QUEEN'S Head</i> , upon some difference, the members that met there came under a <i>new Constitution</i> , tho' they wanted it not, and it is therefore placed at this Number. N.B.—The <i>CROWN</i> , in <i>Parker's Lane</i> , the other of the <i>four old Lodges</i> , is now extinct	27 Feb., 1722 ²
11.*	Castle, <i>Drury Lane</i>	March, 1722 ³
12.*	Bury's Coffee House, Bridges Street (where there is also a Master's Lodge)	28 March, 1723
13.	Queen's Head, Great <i>Queen Street</i>	30 March, 1723
14.	Bull's Head, Southwark	1 April, 1723
15.	Le Guerre, St. <i>Martin's Lane</i>	3 April, 1723
16.	Sun, Lower <i>Holbourne</i>	5 May, 1723
17.*	Mourning Bush, <i>Aldersgate Street</i>	1723
18.	Swan, <i>Long Acre</i> , A <i>French Lodge</i>	12 Jan., 1723
19.	Anchor and Baptist Head, <i>Chancery Lane</i>	4 Aug., 1723
20.	Dog Tavern, <i>Billingsgate</i>	11 Sept., 1723
21.*	Half Moon, <i>Cheapside</i>	18 Sept., 1723
22.	Swan and Cocoa Tree, <i>Whitecross Street</i>	1723
23.	White Horse, in Wheeler Street, Spittlefields	24 Dec., 1723
24.	Forest Coffee House, <i>Charing Cross</i> , the <i>old Lodge</i>	27 March, 1724
25.	Sash and Cocoa Tree, <i>Moor Fields</i>	July, 1724
26.*	Sun, Hooper's Square, Goodman's Fields	1724
27.	Sun, St. Paul's Church Yard	April, 1725
28.	Angel and Crown, <i>White Chappel</i>	1725
29.*	King's Arms, Strand	25 May, 1725
30.	Swan, Long Acre, an <i>English Lodge</i>	Sept., 1725
31.	Swan and Rummer, Finch Lane (where there is also a Master's Lodge)	2 Feb., 1725 ⁵
32.	Mount <i>Coffee House</i> , <i>Grovenor Street</i>	12 Jan., 1726 ⁶
33.	Globe, Fleet Street	9 Aug., 1727
34.*	Fisher's Coffee House, Burlington Gardens	31 Jan., 1727 ⁸
35.	Hoop and Griffin, <i>Leadenhall Street</i>	1728
36.	Royal Oak, Great Earl Street, Seven Dials	1728
37.	Old Man's Coffee House, Charing Cross	1728
38.	Anchor and Crown, King's Street, Seven Dials... ..	1728
39.	Star and Garter, St. Martin's Lane	15 April, 1728
40.	St. George, St. Mary Axe	22 Jan., 1728 ⁸
41.	Fountain, Snow Hill	24 Jan., 1730 ¹
42.	Bacchus, Greville Street, Hatton Garden	1730
43.	Vine Tavern, Long Acre (where there is also a Master's Lodge)	28 April, 1730
44.	Bacchus, Bloomsbury Market	22 May, 1730
45.	Globe Tavern, <i>Old Jury</i>	26 June, 1730
46.*	Rainbow Coffee House, York Buildings... ..	17 July, 1730

No.	Signs of the Houses.	Dates of Constitution.
47.	Queen's Head, Old Bailey (where there is also a Master's Lodge)	1730
48.	Black Lion, Jockey Fields	11 Jan., 1730 ^o
49.	Two Angels and Crown, Little St. Martin's Lane	1731
50.	Three Tons, Newgate Street	21 Oct., 1731
51.	Three Tons, Smithfield	17 Dec., 1731
52.	Old Antwerp, Threadneedle Street	13 Nov., 1731
53.	Fountain, Burrough, Southwark... ..	24 Jan., 173 $\frac{1}{2}$
54.	King's Arms, St. Margaret's Hill, Southwark	2 Feb., 173 $\frac{1}{2}$
55.	Horseshoe and Rummer, Drury Lane	11 April, 1732
56.	Sun Tavern, Fleet Street... ..	12 April, 1732
57.	King's Head, Tower Street	25 May, 1732
58.	King and Queen, Rosemary Lane	21 June, 1732
59.	Oxford Arms, Ludgate Street	29 June, 1732
60.	King's Arms, Dorset Street, Spittlefields... ..	12 July, 1732
61.	King's Arms, Piccadilly	17 Aug., 1732
62.	Hoop and Griffin, Leadenhall-Street. Another Lodge... ..	18 Aug., 1732
63.	Crown, Upper Moor Fields	29 Aug., 1732
64.	Royal Vineyard Tavern, St. James's Park	5 Sept., 1732
65.	Royal Standard, Leicester Square	8 Sept., 1732
66.	Salmon and Ball, Wheeler Street, Spitalfield	15 Nov., 1732
67.	Turk's Head, Greek Street, Soho	12 Dec., 1732
68.*	Ship Coffee House, near the Hermitage-Bridge... ..	2 Feb., 173 $\frac{2}{3}$
69.*	Theatre Tavern, Goodman's Fields	17 Feb., 173 $\frac{2}{3}$
70.	King's Arms, Tower Street, Seven Dials	3 March, 173 $\frac{3}{3}$
71.	Fountain, Katharine Street, Strand	23 March, 1733
72.	Crown, Fleet Market	27 Dec., 1733
73.	Forest's Coffee House, Charing Cross. Another Lodge... ..	173 $\frac{3}{4}$
74.	King's Arms, Wild Street (where there is also a Master's Lodge)	1734
75.	Marleborough's Head, Petticoat Lane, White Chappel	5 Nov., 1734
76.*	Bell, Nicholas Lane, near Lombard Street. Another Lodge (where there is also a Master's Lodge)	11 June, 1735
77.*	Steward's Lodge, Shakespear's Head, Covent Garden, in January, April, July, and October	25 June, 1735
78.	Bear Tavern, Strand	26 Aug., 1735
79.	Anchor, Cock Lane, on Snow Hill	30 Oct., 1735
80.	Ashley's, London Punch House, Ludgate Hill	1 March, 173 $\frac{5}{8}$
81.	Greyhound, Lamb Street, Spittlefields	11 June, 1736
82.	Sun, Fish Street Hill	16 Aug., 1736
83.*	Yorkshire Grey, Beer Lane, Thames Street (where there is also a Master's Lodge)	2 Sept., 1736
84.*	Black Dog, Castle Street, Seven Dials (where there is also a Master's Lodge)	21 Dec., 1736
85.	Blossom's Inn, Laurence Lane, Cheapside (where there is also a Master's Lodge)	31 Dec., 1736
86.	City of Durham, Swallow Street, St. James's	24 Jan., 163 $\frac{6}{7}$ †
87.	Crown Tavern, Smithfield	14 Feb., 173 $\frac{6}{7}$
88.	King's Arms Tavern, Cateaton Street	22 Feb., 173 $\frac{6}{7}$
89.	Three Tons Tavern, Wood Street	22 March, 173 $\frac{6}{7}$
90.	At the sign of Westminster Hall, Dunning's Alley, Bishopsgate Street	30 March, 1737

† Obviously a misprint.

No.	Signs of the Houses.	Dates of Constitution.
91.	Whitechapel <i>Court House</i> , Whitechapel	18 April, 1737
92.	Three Tons, Snow Hill	20 April, 1737
93.	King's Head, Old Jewry	10 May, 1737
94.*	Gun Tavern, Jermyn Street, St. James's	24 Aug., 1737
95.	Black Posts, Maiden Lane (where there is also a Master's Lodge)	21 Sept., 1737
96.	King's Head, St. John's Street	8 Dec., 1737
97.	Fountain, Bartholomew Lane, near the Exchange	27 Jan., 1737 $\frac{1}{2}$
98.	Bacchus, Little Bush Lane, Canon Street (where there is also a Master's Lodge)	17 Feb., 1737 $\frac{1}{2}$
99.	Katharine Wheel, Windmill Street	27 March, 1738
100.*	Angel, Crispin Street, Spittlefields	1738
101.	Gordon's Punch House, Strand	16 May, 1738
102.	Bell and Dragon, King Street, St. James's	1738
103.	Swan Tavern, Fish Street Hill	1738
104.*	Checker, Charing Cross	} Have petitioned to be constituted.
105.	Cameron's Coffee House, Bury Street, St. James's	
106.	Key and Garter Tavern, Pall Mall	

"These and other Grand Masters † (referring to list of Provincial Grand Masters enumerated on the previous page) have also granted *Deputations* at the request of some good brothers in cities and towns throughout *England*, for constituting the following *Lodges*, as recorded in the *Grand Lodge Books* and in the engraven *List*, who have their *Rank of Seniority* at the *Grand Lodge*, according to the *Date* of their CONSTITUTION, viz.":—

THE LODGES AT—

NORWICH, at the *Three Tons*, constituted A.D. 1724, and meet every month on the 1st *Thursday*.

CHICHESTER, at the *White Horse*, constituted 17th July, 1724, and meet 3rd *Friday*.

CHESTER, at the *Spread Eagle*, constituted A.D. 1724, and meet 1st *Tuesday*.

DITTO, at the *Crown and Mitre*, constituted A.D. 1724, and meet 1st *Thursday*.

CAERMARTHEN, at the *Bunch of Grapes*, constituted A.D. 1724.

PORTSMOUTH, at the *Vine*, constituted A.D. 1724, and meet 1st and 2nd *Friday*.

CONGLTON, in *Cheshire*, at the *Red Lion*, constituted A.D. 1724.

SALFORD, near *Manchester*, at the *King's Head*, constituted A.D. 1727, and meet 1st *Monday*.

WARWICK, at the *Woolpack*, constituted 22nd April, 1728, and meet 1st and 3rd *Friday*.

SCARBOROUGH, at *Vipont's* Long Room, constituted 27th August, 1729, and meet 1st *Wednesday*.

LYN REGIS, *Norfolk*, at the *Lion*, constituted 1st October, 1729, and meet 1st *Friday*.

NORTHAMPTON, at the *George*, constituted 16th January, 17 $\frac{29}{30}$, and meet 1st *Saturday*.

ST. ROOK'S HILL, near *Chichester*, constituted A.D. 1730, and meet once in year, viz., on *Tuesday* in *Easter* week.

CANTERBURY, at the *Red Lion*, constituted 3rd April, 1730, and meet 1st and 3rd *Tuesday*.

LINCOLN, at the *Saracen's Head*, constituted 7th September, 1730, and meet 1st *Tuesday*.

† Constitutions, 1738, p. 192.

- LEIGH, in *Lancashire*, at the *King's Arms*, constituted 22nd February, 1730^o.
- BURY ST. EDMUNDS, at the *Fountain*, constituted A.D. 1731, meet 2nd and 4th *Tuesday*.
- MACCLESFIELD, in *Cheshire*, at the *Angel*, constituted A.D. 1731, meet.
- BURY ST. EDMUND'S, at the *Fleece*, constituted 1st November, 1731, meet 1st and 3rd *Thursday*.
- WOOLVERHAMPTON, in *Staffordshire*, at the *Bell and Raven*, constituted 28th March, 1732, and meet 1st *Monday*.
- IPSWICH, at the *White Horse*, constituted A.D. 1732, and meet 2nd and 4th *Thursday*.
- *EXETER, at the *New Inn*, constituted A.D. 1732, and meet 1st and 3rd *Wednesday*.
- DARBY, at the *Virgin's Inn*, constituted 14th September, 1732, and meet.
- *BOLTON LEE MOONS, in *Lancashire*, at a private room, constituted 9th November, 1732, and meet after every full moon, 1st *Wednesday*.
- BURY ST. EDMUNDS, at the *Seven Stars*, constituted 15th December, 1732, and meet 2nd and 4th *Thursday*.
- SALISBURY, at the *Ram*, constituted 27th December, 1732, and meet 1st and 3rd *Wednesday*.
- *BATH, at the *Bear*, constituted 18th March, 1733, and meet 1st and 3rd *Friday*.
- *BURY, in *Lancashire*, at the *Red Lion*, constituted 26th July, 1733, and meet after full moon, 1st *Thursday*.
- STOURBRIDGE, in *Worcestershire*, at the *Dog*, constituted 1st August, 1733, meet each *Wednesday*.
- *BIRMINGHAM, at the *Swan*, constituted A.D. 1733, and meet last *Monday*.
- PLYMOUTH, at the *Mason's Arms*, constituted A.D. 1734, and meet 1st and 3rd *Friday*.
- *NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE, at the *Fencers*, constituted A.D. 1735, meet 1st *Monday*.
- WARMINSTER, in *Wiltshire*, at Lord *Weymouth's Arms*, constituted A.D. 1735, meet 1st *Thursday*.
- BRISTOL, at the *Hummer*, constituted 12th November, 1735, and meet 1st and 3rd *Friday*.
- *COLCHESTER, at the *Three Cups*, constituted A.D. 1735, and meet 1st and 3rd *Monday*.
- GATESHEAD, in the *Bishoprick of Durham*, at the *Fountain*, constituted 8th March, 1735, meet.
- SIREWSBURY, at the *Fountain*, constituted 16th April, 1736, and meet 1st *Monday*.
- WEYMOUTH and MELCOMBE REGIS, in *Dorsetshire*, at the *Three Crowns*, constituted A.D. 1736, meet.
- *NORWICH, at the *King's Head*, constituted A.D. 1736, meet.
- LIVERPOOL, at the *George*, constituted 25th June, 1736, and meet 1st *Wednesday*.
- BIRMINGHAM, at the *King's Arms* and *Horshoe*, constituted A.D. 1736, and meet 2nd and last *Tuesday*.
- BRAINTREE, in *Essex*, at the *Horn*, constituted 17th March, 1736, meet on 1st and 3rd *Tuesday*.
- SHIPTON MALLETT, in *Somersetshire*, at _____, constituted 12th December, 1737, meet.
- LINCOLN, *Above-Hill*, in the *Baily-Wylke*, at the *Angel*, constituted 23rd December, 1737, and meet 1st and 3rd *Monday*.
- HEREFORD, at the *Swan* and *Falcon*, constituted 16th January, 1737, 1st and 3rd *Monday*.
- GLOUCESTER, at the *Wheat Sheaf*, constituted 28th March, 1738, meet.
- *HALIFAX, in *Yorkshire*, at the *Black Bull*, constituted 1st August, 1738.

The Approbation of this Book of the Constitution.†

WHEREAS, at the Grand Lodge on 24th February, 173 $\frac{1}{2}$, the Earl of Crawford, GRAND MASTER, being in the chair, the author, James Anderson, D.D., having represented that a new Book of CONSTITUTIONS was become necessary, and that he had prepared Materials for it, the GRAND MASTER and the Lodge order'd him to lay the same before the present and former GRAND OFFICERS, as in the Grand Lodge-Book.

And our said Brother Anderson having submitted his manuscript to the perusal of some former Grand Officers, particularly our noble brother RICHMOND, and our Brothers DESGUILIERS, COLYER, BAYNE, and others, who, after making some corrections, have signify'd their approbation:

And having next, according to the foresaid order, committed his manuscript to the perusal of the present Grand Officers, who, having also review'd and corrected it, have declared their approbation of it to the Grand Lodge assembled in ample form on the 25th January, 173 $\frac{1}{2}$:

This GRAND LODGE then agreed to order our said Brother Anderson to print and publish the said Manuscript or new Book of CONSTITUTIONS. And it is hereby approved and recommended as the only Book of CONSTITUTIONS, for the use of the Lodges, of the FREE and accepted Masons, by the said GRAND LODGE on the said 25th January, 173 $\frac{1}{2}$, in the Vulgar Year of Masonry, 573 $\frac{1}{2}$.

DARNLEY, Grand Master.
JOHN WARD, Deputy Grand Master.
ROBERT LAWLEY } Grand Wardens.
WILLIAM GRAEME }

JOHN REVIS, Secretary.

A CATALOGUE OF MASONIC BOOKS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

I HAVE thought it well, to aid Masonic Students, in Europe and America, to obtain a correct list of Masonic Books in the British Museum. I have from time to time, and no doubt many others have done the same, made partial lists and retain partial references, but I am not aware of any complete list of such books anywhere extant. By the aid of a friendly "expert" in the British Museum, I can publish in the *Masonic Magazine* such a catalogue, for the absolute correctness of which I can vouch. I may remark that it represents the present system of "reference" now in use in the British Museum, and the latest corrected catalogue. So I hope it will be both useful and valuable to all Masonic Students.

One point I feel bound to advert to. There is "no royal road to learning," and there is no easy method of ascertaining what Masonic books are in the Museum. All brethren interested in the subject must study this catalogue carefully, as they may find the book they seek or the date and fact they want very low down on the list.

But no study is absolutely easy, least of all Masonic Literature. To many it is still an "unexplored country," though to a little band of real students, this catalogue, full as it is, and valuable as a reference, will perhaps tell little they did not know before.

Still, it is a step in the right direction, and as such I venture to believe it will be welcomed both in Europe and America.

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† Constitutions, 1738, p. 199.

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PAST AND PRESENT.

BY SAVARICUS.

I SAT me down to write: thoughts rushing came,
 Until my senses glowed like living flame;
 The Past, the Present, mingled seemed to be,
 And Spirit voices whispered thus to me:—

1ST SPIRIT:—

Are innocence and truth from earth departed,
 The spark of honour gone, and men debased,
 That they with tyrant wrong, for having smarterd,
 All trembling stand, with manhood's mind effaced?

2ND SPIRIT:—

The world to chaos surely soon must come,
 If tyrants rule and courage is struck dumb!
 Look back, behold the heroes of the past,
 How firm, how staunch they stood, and to the last!

1ST SPIRIT:—

Wherefore their craven souls? Are men possessed,
 Or led by Specious Reason far astray,
 From Right and Truth, profanely now to jest
 With sacred things and names, in open day?

2ND SPIRIT:—

All rev'rence unto holy things be paid,—
I weep to see the earth by man is made
A field of carnage, where the thousands slain,
In righteous judgment, will arise again.

1ST SPIRIT:—

In Pagan times the sons of men were brave,
And kings self-made by speech, or warlike deeds;
The boldest warrior dang'rous posts would crave,
And draw the sword to serve his country's needs.

2ND SPIRIT:—

The people "Christian" styled—what misnam'd men!—
Do lust for conquest, fighting now, as then;
The greatest murd'rer highest honour's paid,
And kings and nations bow before the trade.

1ST SPIRIT:—

Oh, horrid tale of war and human woe!
Where is man's *Christian* love, and hope, and faith?
"Thou shalt no murder do," as all must know,
Is God's command, and what the Bible saith.

2ND SPIRIT:—

The learned men in nations called wise,
Upon their learning rest; they *scientise*,
And preach a doctrine of eternal things,
About the *fitness* that *selection* brings.

1ST SPIRIT:—

Ah me! A sad philosophy run wild,
The sacred truths of scripture to pervert;
The wisest man is but Dame Nature's child,
And knows his *origin* is from the dirt.

2ND SPIRIT:—

This true Believers feel, their faith in God
Is firm: the cross He bore, the path He trod,
To them is more than science can reveal,
Or mighty Pundits with their learning feel.

1ST SPIRIT:—

The earth is fair, and all creation's good;
Dire disobedience to it evil brought,
And man's rebellious spirit e'en now would
By Reason seek to know what God has taught.

2ND SPIRIT:—

The *evolution* theorist too far
His great conception drags; he cannot mar
The Works of God, nor uncreate the world
By deep designs, original, unful'd.

1ST SPIRIT:—

Theosophism may lift its haughty head,
And tell its tale; what then? Take Holy Writ,
The Word shall book for book confusion spread,
And like a tow'r of strength in judgment sit.

2ND SPIRIT:—

Anthropomorphous apes? No, never one
Was formed like man; let's say the shining sun,
The source of light and heat, is dull and cold,
And Truth Divine is but a fable told.

1ST SPIRIT:—

Oh! these are Latter Days: the solemn truth
Is much beclouded; man's too Positive;
The Age is hardened, even tender youth
Affect the world, and are demonstrative.

2ND SPIRIT:—

Withal the mind of man is grand and great,
His Knowledge powerful—insatiate;
The earth, the sea, the clouds, and starry skies
He would subdue, and bid new worlds arise.

1ST SPIRIT:—

Ambition, rampant, knows no earthly bounds,
And owns no laws; 'tis dominant of self;
Its creed is greed; o'erreaching, it confounds
The scheme with schemer, mixing rank with pelf.

2ND SPIRIT:—

The blood of myriads shed by despot's hands,
A crimson sea would make to flood all lands;
A sick'ning sight, the earth to shambles turned,
The plains with corpses strewn, the cities burned.

1ST SPIRIT:—

Oh! What a price for human pride to pay!
And what a debt of sin for men to meet!
Can Rulers—Kings enjoy the light of day,
With subjects dead, and dying, at their feet?

2ND SPIRIT:—

Unholy passions bring their just reward,
And Kings, and men, who govern by the sword,
A little day but flourish, then decay,
And crave the mercy they have cast away.

1ST SPIRIT:—

'Tis late to see the error of their way,
When Death hath poised his dart to strike the blow;
The King they served so well is their dismay:
They murmur, "Stay thy hand," and are laid low.

2ND SPIRIT:—

But there are other men both good and brave,
Who from destroying Pow'rs their fellows save;
They stand aloof from war, from drink and gain,
Their hearts' desire to ease a Brother's pain.

1ST SPIRIT:—

We know Affliction, chained to dire Distress,
Oft walks the land, and Famine reaps its fill;
Then hundreds feel how joyous 'tis to bless,
And give their bounty with no stinted will.

2ND SPIRIT:—

Ah, hard the heart that heedeth not the cry,
Where'er it be, of human agony!
And false the hand whose charity is show:
The Perfect Man on earth hath taught us so.

1ST SPIRIT:—

How many things we see unchaste and sad;
The rich oppress the poor, the bad the good,—
Where women work, ill paid, ill fed, ill clad,
And children starve from want of daily food.

2ND SPIRIT :—

In city, town, and village, 'tis the same,—
The good are few, the people much to blame;
They live a thoughtless life, improvident,
And toil with minds on worldly pleasure bent.

1ST SPIRIT :—

When sickness comes, 'tis then Misfortune's face
Appears at once, and Mis'ry follows Debt;
So few foresee the anguishing disgrace
Of Poverty, that they themselves forget.

2ND SPIRIT —

And more, the idle, dissolute, and gay,
By Drink and Smoke are mostly led away;
A gilded vice oft follows close on crime,
As hand in hand the sinful path they climb.

1ST SPIRIT :—

The social sins and vices of the day
Are looked upon as merely venial faults;
Where folly rules, and fashion holds its sway,
A selfish knowledge falsely man exalts.

2ND SPIRIT :—

Materialistic, minds of men have grown,
Their conscience whisp'ring truths their tongues disown;
They *play* the infidel—a foolish part;
No man denies Jehovah in his heart.

1ST SPIRIT :—

The rich a brave example do not show;
The pow'r they have for doing good is great;
Their growing pride and passions overflow,
Along with this they live intemperate.

2ND SPIRIT :—

The Drunken Helot, though a sadd'ning sight,
A moral warning was; his wretched plight
The modern slaves of Bacchus imitate,
The madhouse, death, and hell too sure their fate.

1ST SPIRIT :—

'Tis thus mankind by self-wrought evil falls,
Primeval bliss was lost, the world undone;
The cunning of the serpent still enthral
The human race, or they would drinking shun.

2ND SPIRIT :—

And loathsome gluttons, gloating o'er the feast,
Have wisdom less than any lowly beast;
Convivial men but sensual pleasures seek;—
The subject's coarse, of different things we'll speak.

1ST SPIRIT :—

A kindred spirit wings itself this way
From realms above; her beaming face is bright;
Celestial bliss shines forth in every ray,
And golden pinions flash resplendent light,

1ST AND 2ND SPIRITS (together):—

Hail! sister spirit, greeting thee, we meet,
And view the world out spread beneath our feet;
Such scenes we see of nations filled with woe,
For Earth's fair prospects, tell us where to go.

(To be concluded.)

UNDER THE GARLAND.

A CHRONOGRAPH.

BY BRO. SAMUEL POYNTER, P.M. AND TREASURER, BERGOYNE, NO. 902.—
P.M. ATHENEUM, NO. 1491.

I NEVER go there. Not in the sense of voluntarily repairing to the establishment, that is to say. In fact, I don't know my way there. Whenever I have visited this festive institution I have been "personally conducted" or—the archaic phrase is not much more reprehensible—"run in"; that is to say, some kind and hospitable city friend, possessing an acquaintance with the topography I shall never acquire, has chaperoned me, or ciceroned me—if I may coin a new expression, "I have been there and still would go," generally speaking; but if I wished to do so at any specified time, I should have to consult the Post Office London Directory, and when I had succeeded in fixing the idea well in my mind, that the inn with the ancient sign of the "Garland" is situate in Capuchin Court, and that Capuchin Court is a *cul de sac* leading out of a thoroughfare which all citizens know as Great Saint Bernard the Missionary, which is notorious as the centre of a ganglion of warehouse skirting streets in the busy neighbourhood of Carthusian Square,—when, I say, I had well mastered all this trigonometry, I should still have no resource but to throw myself bodily into that labyrinthine region of the great city, and trust to chance for happily bringing me up with a round turn against the old mahogany bar of the "Garland," just when I least expected it.

I once knew a very delightful old gentleman—he was a retired master—captains they are called by courtesy—in the merchant service, who presented to his adoring—and of course admiring—daughters their one great standard of mental ability, enhanced by morality and prudence, but qualified, alas! by physical infirmity.

"Dear papa's head was perfectly right and sound," so asserted his—in one sense fair, but, in another, rather partial—critics. "And a better head-piece we have never known," which *cela va sans dire*, as the French say. Papa's intellects, instincts, heart, and appetites were all right, but—his legs were so unmanageable! "Ever since he had had his last attack," presumably of gout, and probably not remotely caused by excessive rum and water, "ever since poor papa had had his last attack—when what he had suffered no human being but himself could conceive—darling papa had found his poor dear legs unruly." For they—that is to say, the young ladies, not the legs—described how that whenever the worthy ex-skipper started in the forenoon to take his usual "constitutional" on "the pavement" (for so the space first flagged as a *trottoir* in suburban roads in the early part of the present century continued even in its fifth decade to be known), his erratic supporters, instead of conducting their supposed director in an orderly manner towards that parade—a boulevard fringed by the most decorous and respectable of drapers' and druggists' shops—persisted in bearing him into a by-street, where they became obstinately fixed and rigid—depriving the worthy man of all power of retracing his erring footsteps—in the parlour of "The Three Kings," the honest landlord of which hostelry held out to a thirsty public the allurements of a good dry skittle-ground and a warm and comfortable coffee-room for gentlemen.

Similarly—as Joe Gargery says—I think I could make sure of finding the "Garland" if I placed my back to the Royal Exchange and my face to the drinking fountain, and gave the rein to my legs—if one can be supposed to concede such a preposterous liberty as to give the rein to one's legs—I think I could find it. I know that when I did find it I should be sure of good entertainment: and of its peculiar mode of entertaining I now propose to discourse at large.

And in the first place, why the "Garland?" You remember the saying, "Good wine needs no bush," and how that occult axiom has been interpreted to mean that liquor of prime quality required no advertisement of where it was to be procured. The bibulous

instinct would detect its location, depend upon it. It needed no bush—the ancient indication of the propinquity of a tavern, as we all know—to intimate its immediate neighbourhood. Anent this let me remind you—dear but thirsty reader—how city taverns, in general, retire up alleys—*culs de sac*—snuggle in back yards, and flourish in obscure corners. I will say nothing of their pet names—a dozen instances will recur to the mind of every toiler under the Bel(l) and the dragon of Bow steeple: Doll's, and Jen's, and Charles's, and Betty's. The diminutive by which the old tavern I discourse of is known is Wreath's—Wreath's under the "Garland"—Capuchin Court, Great St. Bernard the Missionary, London, E.C.

But—why the "Garland?" again. Well, if you remember, the "Bush" of the ancient hostelry was not invariably the rough and ready "bunch of greens" carried by Moonshine in the "Midsummer Night's Dream." Sometimes it was fantastically arranged—gracefully entwined, hooped and double hooped, like the rotund vessels within. Hence, I take it, that in ancient times Wreath's hung out for its sign a globular kind of device in twined laurels and ivy, to serve for the traditional bush, and so from this graceful effigy—when garlands were not so rare beneath the shadow of Paul's as they, alas! now are—*vide* Dryden's May Queen, the traditions of Evil May Day, etc., etc., etc.—the sign grew, so to speak, to the house, and the toppers were said to drink, and the tapsters reputed to draw, "Under the Garland."

Whether the original Wreath derived his name from the house he kept, or whether the hostelry adopted its sign from appositeness to the patronymic of its proprietor, it seems impossible at this distance of time to determine. In the church-yard of Great St. Bernard the Missionary, hard by, stands a huge sarcophagus-like monument, all its angles worn off by centuries of exposure to the weather, which purports to be the memorial of "Gregorie Wreathe *Armig.* laite of thys Paryshe," and, so far as I can make it out, the remainder of the inscription essays to inform the puzzled would-be decipherer that this gentleman—for the Latin affix connotes gentility—"deceysed in y^e feare of God, anno domⁿⁱ 15—" and something. Then, apparently, comes an attempt at commemoration of "Awebry, Wyfe of y^e above," and two or three of their children, who, presumably, died young. Mixed up all about this petrified record are some entablatures that were once probably meant for shields; but I am no herald, and even if I could make out the devices—which I cannot—should very soon expose my ignorance if I began to describe, or, gules, embattled, wavy of the first, fezzy, talbot regardant, and so on.

Who was the original Wreath? If you come to that, who was the man in the iron mask? I believe Wreath *Armig.* served Church-warden of his parish about the time Elizabeth is said to have regaled on pork and pease at the King's Head in Fenchurch Street, on her release from the Tower, when morose Mary, her sister, and that lady's saturnine husband, Philip, lived miserably at "Huytal."* I am not about to ask you to believe that Shakespere met Sir Walter Raleigh, and Lord Southampton, and Ben

* "They call it 'Huytal,'" writes the Spaniard of our 'Whitehall,' "but why I am sure I cannot say" (See Motley's "United Netherlands"). The tradition of "Bess" eating pork and pease at the ancient hostelry, but the other day so splendidly rebuilt at the corner of Mark Lane, and where they assume to show the very pewter platter from which the illustrious princess on that memorable occasion fed, is a very pretty one, only, like so many other pretty stories, it isn't true, as it is told. When the royal virgin was released from the Tower, she proceeded to Westminster straightway by water—*vide* Miss Strickland. But I am far from asserting that, with her English tastes, and considering her many visits to the city, she may not, on some occasion, at that excellent tavern, have halted and partaken of what might almost then be regarded as a national dish, and therefore I should be sorry to throw the slightest discredit upon the genuineness of the precious relic now exhibited. On the contrary, I like to think that on that famous expedition to Tilbury, when she harangued her troops there, and, with the lion heart of her great sire beating in her maiden bosom, told the men "whose blood was fet from fathers of war proof" that she thought it "FOUL SCORN!" for a foreign foe to pollute Her Britain with his invading foot, she may have refreshed at the King's Head, on her way to take the train at the terminus of the London, Tilbury, and Southend line, in Fenchurch Street; but, on reflection, that station, like Westminster Bridge in the ballad, "wasn't built till arter that." However, she might have halted for refection at the house, on her way down east, notwithstanding.

Jonson, under the shade of the hospitable "Garland," and I shall not indulge in conjectures as to what flights of wit, and genius, and poesy those ancient oaken wainscotings may have heard—for this reason—the "Garland" never did "a parlour business;" it has been "a bar trade" from the very first day the involved herbaceous circle superseded the vegetable fascine that, when Chaucer was superintending the King's Works at Windsor, and afterwards, when "fat Jack" was carousing in Eastcheap, did duty for its sign.

Yes—a bar business. Do you remember that at the very commencement of this disquisition I alluded pointedly to its old mahogany bar? Now modern "pubs"—Sir Wilfred Lawson—I address you personally, honourable sir, because everybody else is acquainted with the fact—dispense their "poison" over barriers of brightly polished zinc or pewter. The traditional wooden counter dates back to, and beyond, the Hogarthian period—the halcyon days when—so the attractive advertisement ran—you could "drink for a penny, get drunk for twopence, dead drunk for threepence, and have clean straw for nothing!" Wreath's has never adopted the modern innovation. It has never imitated the naval revolution, and substituted metal for timber. There, to this day, you drink wines drawn from the wood over the wood.

Mr. Weller, you will remember, pointed out the elderly and eminently respectable looking Bank of England clerks, at work under the Rotunda, to his wondering son as "Redooeed Counsels, Sammy," and even that astute observer was seduced into the belief that these gentlemen were barristers who in the struggle of legal life had failed in obtaining briefs. Well, the venerable tapsters or servitors "Under the Garland" have an unmistakable Bank of England clerk look about them. They all—there are but three, however—have white hair, are clean shaved, and wear dress suits and white neckcloths—not neckties, mind you; there is a wonderful difference between neckties and neckcloths. No, I mean the kind of linen cincture Beau Brummel used to wind his throat into, not the flimsy bit of white tape our swells tuck under their "all rounds" to-day.

Well, this picture of the ancient gentlemen drawers recalls another peculiarity of "Under the Garland." Its *habitués* know its ways. Strange visitors are nonplussed. There you must never ask for any specified or particular measure of what you require. I should as soon think in the reading room of the Athenæum Club of asking a Bishop to "pass the *Times* when he had done with it," or of informing a Cabinet minister that I would "take Punch after" him, as at Wreath's I should venture upon calling for a quartern of this or a "go" of that. I am certain that the unhappy individual who should thus far ignore the established amenities of the *genius loci* would find one of the whitehaired *patres conscripti* aforesaid gaspingly showing him to the door. No, sir, if you wish to be well received and hospitably entertained at Wreath's you must acquire the manners *de rigueur* of the establishment—you must attempt to master the vocabulary of the natives. If you simply say, "Unsweetened," "Pale," "Brown," "Scotch," or "Irish;"—no more, giving no further description of the liquor, indicating no measure, desiring no specific quantity, the whitehaired ones will unbend—will incontinently draw into crystal tumblers—never into vulgar measures—ye gods, fancy pewter "Under the Garland!"—the proper portion of nectar—will pass toward you a brown Toby Philpot Greybeard containing the coldest, the purest, and brightest of filtered water, and mayhap, if your countenance and demeanour please, will call your attention to a tin of biscuits wherewith you may reflect—the drink being paid for—free gratis for nothing.

How to sing the joys of Wreath's! I don't know how to begin. I seem to be going on by the exhaustive process! What you don't get. Well, you don't get plate-glass windows—*au contraire*—or—to translate for the benefit of such of my readers as enjoy the privilege of styling themselves members of Literary Institutes—quite other. The panes are the very smallest, the sashes, settings, and mullions the very largest in proportion, you can conceive. They speak eloquently, most eloquently, of window-tax days, and again, negatively, seem to protest against window-cleaning days. Dr. Johnson is said to have sneered at the exaggerated importance some people seem to attach to clean linen. Wreath's lights appear to frown at the degeneracy of modern days demonstrated by use of water and whiting, and by antagonism to cobwebs and

dust. Outside, therefore, and from the inside too, for that matter, Wreath's looks—may I use the expression?—frousy. It is bow-windowed—it is lop-sided—it retires from inspection, as it were—it fences and shields itself behind huge balks or bulks of timber almost severed by the indentations where ropes have for centuries been twisted around them, that the brawny arms of countless generations of free vintners might find purchase to lower hogsheads of good liquor into the "Garland's" capacious cellars. I examined these perpendicular balks the other day. They are apparently of black oak. The lower part of each is nearly worn through by the indentations I have described; but in the upper portion can still be traced the remains of delicate wood carving, vine leaves, bunches of grapes, Silenus and his goats, Bacchus astride his barrel, the thyrsus and the trellis, the amphora and the garland—all, all are there. Ah me! how many a thirsty toper—who has years ago "gone over to the majority,"—

"When Bibo thought fit from the world to retreat,"

—a reveller not perhaps altogether like Mat Prior's hero,

"As full of champagne as an egg's full of meat,"

but with quite sufficient of Wreath's best under his belt to render his corporeality for the time vertically unreliable—how many a jolly good fellow, I repeat, has been fain to steady himself by those posts, Wreath's hospitality having been too profuse, or the invitations of boon companions too pressing. What a roaring trade must have been done "Under the Garland" when London was blazing around in the *Annus Mirabilis*!—for Wreath's escaped the fiery purgation of '66. How the thirsty carters, hurriedly removing lares and penates, must have fortified themselves at that wooden bar with strong waters! How frantic householders must have sought therein to "keep their spirits up by pouring spirits down," when in '65 King Pest and in '66 King Flame were holding grim carnival tide around Paul's tower!

The name of Wreath had not departed from the "Garland" when Charles the Second was king. Indeed it has not departed even now; but in those days an actual lineal and direct descendent of the deceased *Armigers*—a free vintner and past master of his company—handled the spigot and gauge "Under the Garland" while the mob burnt the rumps at the posts and chains where the Temple Bar—removed yesterday—afterwards stood, when that wild saturnalia drove Cockneydom mad at the Restoration. I don't know absolutely whether Wreath's rejoiced particularly at the spectacle of the king enjoying his own again. The "Garland" had always been loyal, certainly. Conviviality, gaiety, amusement, always seem, somehow, to be identified with loyalty, as asceticism with the reverse. I am not quite sure, however, whether the association does not sometimes tend to mislead us. I, for one, do not believe that every Puritan gentleman spoke through the nose, despised art and poetry, and denounced divine music as "applying the hair of the horse unto the bowels of the cat." I will not subscribe *de fidei* to the creed that every member of the Parliamentary party in the great struggle wore "plain falling bands" and went close cropped. On the contrary, I do believe that there were some ardent politicians on that side who loved a fine picture, were thrilled at the sight of a pretty face, set off their own in the frame of a point lace collar and a graceful love-lock or two, could turn a copy of verses neatly, perform deftly on the lute or viol de gambo, and even would on occasion behold complacently a stage play or a masque. Mr. John Milton—poet, playwright, and musician—come into court and say if I lie. And, *per contra*, I will not credit that every Englishman who carried his rapier hanging from a baldrick, instead of tuck-wise in a belt, and who adorned his sombrero with a plume and "guarded" his *just-au-corps* with a few feet of gold lace, was thereby and necessarily a *roué*, a seducer, and a traitor. At all events, there were sufficient of the neutral party, the folks

"Who don't trouble their heads with affairs of the nation,
They've enough of their own for to mind,"

as the song says, to constitute a pretty good connection for Wreath's when the pave-

ment of Chepe rang with the measured tread of the footfall of the trained bands marching to the relief of Gloucester. Lord Macaulay has told us how

“———the red glare on Skiddaw
Roused the burghers of Carlisle.”

Wreath's, depend upon it, was doing a thriving business, when its customers, emerging in the darkness, could see the ruddy effulgence of the watchfires in the sky from the “Mount” in Whitechapel eastward, and from the beacon light blazing in merry Islington to the north.* To Wreath's came pale-faced newstellers to narrate in excited tones to excitable listeners how Goring's dragoons were scouring the high roads and streets from Brentford to Kensington. Wreath's found that sorrowing made men thirsty, and women too—though the pretty dears couldn't publicly adopt the bibulous solace—when the bright eyes of fair malignants and sweet precisians were alike dimmed with tears for the loved ones lying stark on Newbury plain and the black moor at Long Marston; nor do I apprehend that Wreath's business fell off—but rather contrariwise—while John Lilburne was denouncing His Highness the Lord Protector, and, when that mighty parvenu was riding solemnly northward to his mansion on the rise at the east side of the hill associated with the name of one of the most famous of Cockayne's heroes, surrounded by his steel-clad life-guards, the corps that formed the model for the establishment, the stalwart members of which, to this day, solace the leisure hours of the nursery maids in the N.W. district of the metropolis, and afford a never-failing source of admiration to the loungers around the Horse Guards' portal. I fancy that, even after the “great and glorious Restoration,” some after-heave of domestic turmoil might occasionally have inspired civic cravings for a “modest quencher.” Thus Wreath's in all probability went on merrily serving “full cups” when the good old city was agitated by Venner and his Fifth Monarchy Men, rioting in Coleman Street hard by, with Mr. Justice This and Mr. Headborough That making domiciliary visits to unlicensed conventicles in adjacent but suburban Goodman's Fields,† within a few months of the first appearance of old Rowley's swarthy countenance grinning from under his black perrwig at his huzzaing lieges from the casements of the Tilt-yard Gallery at Whitehall.

As it may well have been that over Wreath's mahogany bar during the gloomy interregnum—for, while entertaining people of all shades of politics, Wreath's, as we have already pointed out, was pre-eminently a loyal “pub”—swashbuckler city Cavaliers would quaff confusion to old Noll from the pottle-pot, and drink to “the time when the King should enjoy his own again;” while at Gresham's Bouse hard by the news-vendors were selling—as they vend their wares on the same spot to-day—the fiery pamphlet of the unscrupulous royalist Colonel Titus—or was the author, after all, Colonel Sexby?—“Killing no murder,” the *brochure* that put his Highness aforesaid into such a “funk”—pardon the archaism for the sake of the expressiveness—as history records. Do you not remember that the grim old republican warrior who bade Lely paint his portrait, “warts and all,” never recovered the effect produced by that popular publication? That thereafter he would never return by the same route by which he went any whither? That he wore a shirt of chain mail under his clothing, as the late poor Badinguet was said to have done after the Pianori affair? And that his pockets provided a perfect magazine of fire-arms? If “uneasy lies the head that wears a crown,” the occiput of a ruler covered by a felt hat, that has, for precaution's sake, to be lined with a steel skull cap, is scarcely less uncomfortably thatched.

I have no doubt that, although Wreath had, in deference to ostensible public opinion, to put his shutters up,

“——— when that wild wind made work
Wherein the gloomy brewer's soul went by me like a stork,”

* A thoroughfare just off the Camden Road, Holloway, N., is known as Beacon Hill to this day, perpetuating the tradition of the warning light kept burning on that eminence when the Parliamentarians placed the capital in a state of defence against an apprehended siege, A.D. 1643.

† See Howell's State Trials, Vol. VI.; Case of James, the Fifth Monarchy Man.

as the Laureate has it, that bibulous establishment did not find itself irresistibly impelled to give large orders for mourning in the "inconsolable woe" department; and I am rather inclined to think that free vintner Wreath paid his tallow chandler's account for the "dips" wherewith his windows flared on the memorable 29th May, 1660, with much greater cheerfulness than he liquidated his mercer's bill for the crape in which the "Garland" was enswathed on the 3rd September three years before.

It is human nature, after all, as I have above inferred, and the licensed victualler, at all events, may be pardoned if he adopts the impression indicated by the song, that

"Every man who don't stick to the can
Can be but a scurvy patch;"

and therefore I think it highly probable that official Wreath, from his master's chair in Vintner's Hall, proposed the health of his Most Gracious Majesty, after worthy but rapid Richard Humpty-Dumpty, or "Tumble-down-Dick," as he was called, had had his "great fall," with much more sincerity than when he invited his brethren to drink to the sanitary soundness of His Highness the Lord Protector.

I believe Wreath dined at the "Mayor's feast" on that celebrated occasion when Sir Robert Vyner—wasn't it Sir Robert Vyner?—who lived in the old Jewry, don't you know?—entertained royalty—when at three in the morning the chief magistrate of the even then greatest city in the world, and the mighty sovereign of the even then not the smallest empire—both very drunk—hugged each other in the yard outside Guildhall—most likely for mutual support—when civic majesty hiccupped out, "Fore Gad, King, you shall go back and take t'other bottle"—and when Imperial sovereignty cordially stammered in reply, "'Od's fish, Mayor, and so I will."

I say that I believe Wreath, free vintner, assisted, as the French have it, at this symposium, but I am bound to confess that he has left no record, orally or otherwise, of that great historical incident. Probably at three in the morning, after a Lord Mayor's feast, a free vintner in the reign of His Most Gracious Majesty King Charles the Second—whatever he might be under the sceptre of Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria—would not be quite equal to chronicling, if to accurately observing, so eminent an instance of princely condescension.

Tracing, as I do trace lovingly, the history of the "Garland," I think I must conclude that the revolution was too much for the last of the Wreaths. I don't think that, with his Jacobite notions, he can have taken kindly to the "pot-bellied Hollander." I fancy about this period he must have been sensible of the existence in his neighbourhood of a rival—fancy a rival to the "Garland!" Tradition says that a "wine and spirit vaults," still flourishing close by, started as a mughouse about this time, and went in for Protestant principles and Orange ascendancy consumedly. Now I know this establishment, and if a mughouse originally—as I do not say it was not—it has certainly of late years abandoned its primitive low practices. In the Rev. E. C. Brewer's wonderful Encyclopædia, "A Dictionary of Phrase and Fable," I find "Mughouse" is thus defined, "An alehouse was so called in the eighteenth century. Some hundred persons assembled in a large taproom, to drink, sing, and spout. One of the number was made chairman. Ale was served to the guests in their own mugs, and the place where the mug was chalked on the table." Well, this particular establishment is as innocent at this day of anything to do with malt and hops as Wreath's itself. Have I before mentioned that never in its long and illustrious history has the "Garland" demeaned itself to the purveying of beer? "The man who drinks beer will think beer," Dr. Johnson is reported to have propounded. Civic wits—mural philosophers—who have graduated at Wreath's venerable counter, would never have rendered that academy glorious by the lustre their attainments have shed upon its founts of inspiration, had they quaffed porter instead of Nantz—nut-brown ale rather than old brown sherry—or—horror of horrors—a lower depth still in the depths of degradation—"brought their own mugs," a request cheap photographers are facetiously said to make to their patrons.

But I think there is some truth in the tradition that the tavern I have mentioned

was in opposition to Wreath's. I fancy I had a curious illustration of this the other day. Entering the rival establishment, I called for modest refreshment by a term technical to the other "house." "Unsweetened," I requested of the grave tapster. Now, he *was* an aged servitor, if you like. Why, it was only a week or two ago—you see I must digress—I observed the announcement of his decease in the obituary of the *Times*. "At What-you-may-call-it's Wine and Spirit Establishment, Ancientport, William So-and-so, aged ninety odd, for over three quarters of a century the faithful servant and friend of the firm of Spigot and Son."* Well, William put me down at once for using an euphuism, with the plain and unsophisticated utterance, "Gin? Dutch gin, sir. We don't keep English gin." From which I opine that when the Princely Deliverer crossed over from the land of canoes, canards, canals, and canaille, Spigot and Son bade high for the custom of the Ancientport radicals by purveying pure Hollands, and I daresay stuck an orange here and there conspicuously in the bar, *not to be squeezed*.†

There once sat on the bench of our beloved country a very eminent judge, who, during a solemn trial at assizes, disturbed the decorous silence of the court by a sudden command to the usher to "remove that man in the gallery—the man in the nankeen trousers." The unfortunate individual thus conspicuously indicated was incontinently hustled out. Learned Queen's Counsel proceeded with his prosy exercitation, when—some twenty minutes afterwards—this remarkable utterance was ejaculated *per cur*: "Brother Bore'em, I am sorry to interrupt you, but, I wish to observe—NOT THAT I OBJECT TO NANKBEN TROUSERS!" The remark was wholly inexplicable. It has never been explained to this day. The eminent and learned magistrate carried the solution with him, and it was buried in his grave.

Now, I don't object to beer. I don't drink it, it is true, but I have no prejudice against it. On the contrary, I like it. I have forsworn it many years, but sometimes, in the dark hours of the night, I wake from a delirious dream of quaffing the foaming nectar from a metal vessel, and—but then that is nothing to do with the "Garland," where, as I have said, they don't sell beer—and, so, let me resume.

I was seduced into this malt-and-hop digression while tracing the history of the "Garland" during the reign of "Brandy Nan's" dour brother-in-law. Early in that reign, as I have before observed, that eminent free vintner—Wreath—died. Had he lived he would have seen his neighbour and fellow cit., Sir John Friend—the Aldgate brewer—haled away to Newgate, and might have beheld him "going up Holborn Hill in a cart," on that last sad journey to Tyburn, and might have inspected—through a spying-glass—the fee for the hire of which from the peripatetic owner would probably have been no more than one halfpenny—his ghastly physiognomy spiked above ugly old Temple Bar before mentioned; but ere the Friend and Parkins "assassination plot" had been detected Wreath had gone to his rest, and another proprietor of the "Garland," a Pharaoh who knew not Joseph, reigned in his stead. It is, however, more than probable that, had the sainted Wreath remained alive and—kicking, I was going to say—and drawing, he would have owned to but a very qualified interest in the fate of a fellow who lived by brewing and selling that gross beverage, plebeian vulgar beer, and presumed to evince political predilections in common with "free vintners" who were privileged to make fortunes by vending strong waters and generous wine.

I have almost brought the "Garland" down to contemporaneous times. A word or two more to bridge over the interval. I have been told that in that great rush into the city to see old Lovat lay his scoundrelly grey skull on the block in '46, Wreath's turned a pretty penny. I have heard that in the riots of '80, the good ship "Garland" was under the command of a skipper bearing the historical Christian name of Sacheverell, which fixes the worthy drawer's age as being at that date about 69, for the notorious High Church rector of St. Andrew's, Holborn, supplied numbers of infants with baptismal cognomens, in other fashion than conferring them at the font, at the time

* A fact! Of course I have suppressed names.

† "To the squeezing of the rotten Orange," Jacobite toast.

of his celebrated trial. By-the-by, if you find a man bearing the titles Horatio Nelson, you can safely guess that he is about 74 years of age, as the boys called Inkermann and Balaklava and the girls known as Alma and Kertch may be credited now with some four or five and twenty summers. Well, Sacheverell, let us call him, held the "Garland" bravely during the few fearful days of June, '80, and hung out a banner inscribed, "No Popery—the Protestant Religion for ever," and stuck all over the front of the old "Garland" posters displaying the legend, "All true Protestants may drink at this establishment free! gratis!! for nothing!!! " and, they say, liberally watered the liquors consumed as liberally by the pious rabble—and, it is recorded, made a very handsome claim afterwards upon the hundred or lieutenantcy, or whatever the compensating tribunal is called, and, obtaining half of his demand, was not unreasonably satisfied at having saved the establishment from pillage, and at the same time secured a more than adequate price for the refreshment ostensibly gratuitously supplied.

So, while the volleys of the train bands firing from the west front of the Bank of England, up the thoroughfare of the Poultry, reverberated through the apartments of the "Garland," the Protestant mob at Wreath's slaked their religious thirst, and that establishment was by no means damnified. Its bar to this day possesses but one article of adornment. Over the diminutive grate, where a kettle is always hissing, is the portrait in oils, by Dauber—that great city delineator, afterwards R.A.—of its renowned drawer—tapster—proprietor—what not?—Sacheverell so and so—I have forgotten his patronymic. He is represented in orthodox sables and small clothes—a smug clean-shave dman—a cob-webbed bottle grasped in his left hand—while with his right, on the point of a corkscrew, he presents to you, very much foreshortened, a cork, upon the brown disc of which you read, inscribed in a circle, the mystic words, "Black Strap," and, in the centre, the numerals "1746"! 1746, the Tower Hill year—the year of Kilmarnock, Balmerino, and Lovat—the year of the new block and the hired house overlooking the hill, and the moat, and the Beauchamp Tower; the scaffold draped with black, and the hearses drawn up at the side, and the space lined with troops mounted and on foot, and the brave gentlemen with the tartan caps on the doomed heads, and the man in the mask, and the—and the cause of it all—half naked—half starving—more than half drunk—the cause of it all—"the expectancy and rose of this fair state," still, in hundreds of thousands of loyal and gentle minds; His Royal Highness Charles Edward Prince of Wales, Duke of This, Earl of That, Baron T'other, Lord of the So-and-So, etc., etc., etc., Knight of the most Noble Order of the Garter, Knight Commander of the Ancient and Honourable Something, and Chevalier of the Illustrious Something-else, and so on, and so on, and so on, smoking a very short, and very black, and very foul "cutty," gulping down neat whiskey; while inadequately sheltered from the bitter searching northern blast, and the snowy sleet, and the driving rain, and the marrow-piercing blinding mist, on a damp and lonely mountain side, by the heather-thatched roof and the mud walls of a squalid Highland bothy!

THE GREAT PYRAMID.

ITS SCIENTIFIC REVELATIONS.

BY J. CHAPMAN.

No. II.

HAVING prepared the way in the previous number, for the consideration of the three leading features marked in the symbolism of the Great Pyramid, we will now proceed with an examination of the scientific revelations it opens to our view. In

treating this, and subsequent divisions of the subject, the writer is anxious to express his indebtedness to Professor Piazzi Smyth, for the valuable discoveries he made while prosecuting his researches in the Great Pyramid, and will not fail to make use of some of the valuable information which that author has given to the world, first in "Life and Work at the Great Pyramid," 3 vols., 1867; and finally in the 3rd edition, 1877, of "Our Inheritance in the Great Pyramid."

We must, however, premise, for the information of the reader, that all the measurements in connection with this wonderful structure will be indicated by the Great Pyramid inch (unless otherwise stated), which is half a hair's breadth longer, or $\frac{1}{10000}$ th part longer than the British standard inch. This may appear an unimportant quantity; but it forms an important item in the measurement, when considered in connection with the spanning of the sun's distance.

THE GEOGRAPHICAL POSITION of the Great Pyramid is a remarkable feature, worthy of note. "In the midst of the land of Egypt," and "in the border thereof." This description may excite, in the sceptic, a feeling repugnant to our wishes; a minute examination of the locality in which the Great Pyramid is situate will, however, go to prove the severe beauty of Isaiah's statement. What is known as the Delta land, of Lower Egypt, forms the sector of a circle. This open-fan shaped land, with the Great Pyramid erected on its southern apex, gives a peculiar distinctiveness to its position. Whether the soil carried down by the Nile, in its course, has changed the land surface of the Delta of Egypt, or not, during the past 4,000 years, it is not in our province here to determine; but it certainly appears remarkably appropriate that a Delta-shaped monument, like the Great Pyramid, should have been erected on the southern apex of land distinguished by the same particular form as that which characterised the building. Again, let a line be drawn through the centre of the Delta of Egypt, due north and south, and on its southern apex will be found the Great Pyramid, establishing its identity with the "Pillar" named by Isaiah. On this subject we may, however, give the testimony of one of the first Hebraists of the day, Doctor Moses Margoliouth, who, after pointing out the mistake of our translators in rendering the word "MATZAYBHAR," "Pillar," concludes by stating that "we consider Professor Piazzi Smyth justified in his considering the word 'MATZAYBHAR,' in Isaiah xix. 19, to mean a PYRAMID." In connection with this fact, is it not also very singular, to say the least, that this, the largest pile of masonry in the world, should be erected not only in the centre of the habitable land portion of the globe, but on a meridian where there is more land surface, and less sea, than in any other meridian? No wonder that it should be regarded "as essentially marked by nature as a PRIME MERIDIAN for all nations measuring their longitude from, or for that modern cynosure, 'the unification of longitude.'"

The happy choice of the Architect, in his selection of a site for this great symbolic monument, on the northern edge of the Gheeza Hill, on the border of the Lybian desert, is manifest to every Pyramid student. The amount of labour expended in reducing some hundred of acres of the hill's crest, in order to obtain a solid rock-bed foundation for such an immense building, that covers of itself some thirteen and a half acres, and is computed to have weighed over five million tons, will indicate the magnitude of this stupendous work. The completion of the levelling of the crest of the hill brings us to the first scientific lesson,—namely, the ground plan of the Great Pyramid, with its SQUARE BASE, giving four truly oriented sides, facing due north, south, east, and west.

THE ORIENTATION of this Delta-shaped building is not an accidental pointing marked by the uncertainty of the magnetic needle; but fixed with astronomical certainty. It has been tested by the most advanced mathematical instruments, and the result is, that it has been pronounced to be the nearest masonified approach to exact orientation extant.

The base-side length of the Great Pyramid is 9,131.05 inches,—divide by 25, and we then reduce the number into 365.242 cubits,—which will faithfully represent the days in a solar year; and if the base-sides are added together, the fractional parts will supply the extra day, for what is generally known as "leap year."

THE SQUARING OF THE CIRCLE is a mathematical problem that has taxed the efforts of the most advanced scholars Europe has produced, and yet the Great Pyramid, in the most definite form, solves this problem, and, in order to fully establish the matter beyond doubt, repeats the solution. The discovery was first made by Mr. John Taylor, who mathematically proved that the Great Pyramid, in its original condition, was, when its sides were continued to "the summit, in a point,—that *its central, vertical height then was, to twice the breadth of its square base, as nearly as can be expressed by good monumental work, as the diameter to the circumference of a circle.*" This solution of the celebrated problem is not to be found in any other building in the world, and to confirm the mathematical fact, the Architect duplicated the evidence, by the construction of the "area" form of the problem in the compartments of the interior, which in each case gives the same result.

THE METROLOGY of the Great Pyramid is an important subject. It is written, "Just balances, just weights, a just ephah, and a just hin, shall ye have." Metrology has occupied the attention of the learned in all ages. Later efforts in connection with the subject are not the least interesting. The efforts of French *savants* some eighty years ago, to set aside this and other equally important systems, we have always regarded as inimical to human progress. We fully agree with Professor Piazzi Smyth, that the French metrical system ought never to be entertained by Great Britain. The Great Pyramid's divinely appointed standard of measures will make man's works upon the earth *harmonious* with the scale on which God created the earth, or rather ordained it to be during the human period. It will also elucidate facts in every branch of science, while that of others only leads to error and confusion. Capacity, weight, linear and surface measure, are more accurately determined by the Great Pyramid than by any other source. The scientific features of the King's Chamber, by its position in the building, marks it out as specially adapted for registering the standard of measures, seeing that it is free from atmospheric change, and gives a mean temperature of 50° P. = 68° F., which is the mean temperature of all the man-inhabited parts of the earth's-surface, and the most suitable for human development. The internal construction will form part of our future consideration, as we proceed with the lessons it teaches on *History* and *Prophecy*. Within the King's Chamber is found the only piece of furniture (if such it may be called) that the building contains. It is known as the "COFFER," and is regarded as a standard of weight, and capacity measure. Its interior capacity is four times that of the "British Quarter," equal to the "Hebrew Laver," and the "Old Saxon Chaldron," being close upon 71,250 Pyramid inches. Its exterior is double the interior capacity. The length of its sides is, to its height, as the circumference of a circle is to its diameter,—thereby "*squaring the circle,*" which is in harmony with the theorem of the external proportions of the Pyramid. The weight measure of the coffer is one ton, or twenty-five million Pyramid grains.

THE DIAMETER AND CIRCUMFERENCE OF THE EARTH are plainly set forth in the Great Pyramid by the following facts:—The built size of the Pyramid bears a remarkable proportion to the created size of the natural earth. A band of the width of the Great Pyramid base-breadth, encircling the earth, contains 100,000,000,000 square feet. Expressed in Pyramid inches, the equatorial diameter, as given by Colonel Clarke, are 501,577,000, and 501,730,000. From these we compute the equatorial circumference, by multiplying them by π or 3.14159, etc., of the Great Pyramid. Reduce them to Pyramid feet, by dividing them by 12, and next multiply by the Pyramid base-breadth, in Pyramid feet, viz., $9.1\frac{31}{12}05 = 760.921$, we then obtain the following results, —the smaller equatorial diameter gives 99,919,000,000, and the larger equatorial diameter 99,949,000,000; both of them however requiring a small addition, at present not known to science exactly, for the amount of matter, as in continents above the sea-level.

THE EARTH'S MEAN DENSITY AND TEMPERATURE are recorded in the King's Chamber. The Great Pyramid being erected in a latitude of 30°, and in a temperature of one-fifth, it was essentially necessary that it should have the elevation which the inspired Architect selected. Taking the barometric pressure of the King's Chamber at 30 Pyramid

inches, and the temperature as stated, we find the Coffey's 71,250 cubic Pyramid inches of capacity, filled with pure water, will give the earth-commensurable weight standard of the Great Pyramid. The limited space allotted to this paper precludes the working out of these figures, or of adducing proofs in favour of each proposition, we must therefore refer the reader for these to "Our Inheritance in the Great Pyramid," 3rd edition, 1877.

THE SUN'S MEAN DISTANCE FROM THE EARTH is symbolized by the *height* of the Great Pyramid, for if we multiply it by its own factor—the ninth power of ten—we get the sun's mean distance as =91,840,000, British miles. The process by which this fact is brought out establishes it upon a much firmer basis than the newly computed results of the astronomical *savants*, who with the powerful aid of their several national resources, and highest scientific skill, were commissioned to observe the late transit of Venus, in order to secure the sun's mean distance. The results of their efforts were, as prognosticated, uncertain. The objection of the sceptic to the theorems of the Pyramid student—"Working by an accidental set of figures, which gives a certain result, is no proof that the Architect had a design in fixing the erection, in harmony with these stated facts." The answer to this objection (and it is applicable to all the objections which have been urged against every important discovery connected with this inspired building) is, that the design, observable, and in late years observed again with exceeding scientific refinement, in every angle and measurement, of each and every part of the building, goes on to prove such a continued and connected *series* of cosmic truths,—of an order far above the power of man to ascertain for himself in that day and for nearly 4,000 years afterwards,—as infinitely removes it from the chapter of single accidents, to which the sceptic would consign it.

Having noticed some of the leading features which the Great Pyramid presents to our view, in the scientific revelations of its inspired stones, and having pointed out its geographical position, *viz.*, in the centre of the circle, of which the coast of the Delta of Egypt forms an arc, we cannot therefore escape the conclusion that this is *the* "Pillar," "to the Lord in the midst of the land of Egypt," and also "at the border thereof," which is mentioned by Isaiah, and which is now being fully opened out to the comprehension of the willing student. But what for? For the mere pleasure of students and others of the sons of men? Not unless their first purpose in life is to seek to promote the glory of God, and give themselves to His service through Christ Jesus our Lord. For, if you will believe Isaiah, the Great Pyramid's real purpose was, and is, to testify to the Lord of Hosts in *these days*. And if you ask how, we shall enquire of the Pyramid itself in our next paper.

FELL FROM ALOFT.

YES, sir, I've had some narrow escapes, but somehow there has always been a rope handy, or a stay in the way, when I have slipped. Some say as how it's fate, and that you cannot go before your name is called,—no more than a man can be drowned who is born to be shot; but I believe there is a Guiding Power, which, whether it saves or destroys, prints a lesson, never to be forgotten, in the breasts of many who have long lived in the dark,—leading them more surely towards a better life than all the preaching of our parsons would; not but what it is a good thing to have a parson with us sometimes; but bless you, sir, I'm an old man now, and taking all the many ships I've sailed in, I never came across more than a couple of parsons who were looked up to and revered by even the roughest ordinary seamen in the ship. I say ordinary seamen, sir, because just being made men, fresh from the restraints under which boys are kept in the service,

they are the wildest lot with which we have to do, and give us petty officers more trouble and cheek than we know what to do with, and it is two or three years before the wind gets well taken out of their sails.

But I was talking about parsons,—in general, there is too much what we call red tape about 'em. As long as they read the sea prayers every morning and preach a naval pattern sermon of about seven minutes, their duty is over, and we see them no more from year's end to year's end. Then, too, Sunday, instead of being a day of rest, is often a busier morning than any other, because the red tape, as I mentioned before, ordains that all the men and decks shall be inspected by the captain; so that from early dawn till about nine or half-past there is—*notwithstanding* the general holystoning of Saturday—a continual scrubbing, washing, cleaning, polishing, painting, whitewashing, and brightening up going on. You, on shore, sir, have nothing to do but to walk quietly and calmly to your parish church, and take your seat; but with us, after the morning's toil, and the pipe goes "to rig church," there's many a man as damns the church, and parson, and all connected with it, while he is carrying stools or putting capstan bars in position to form seats.

But you are wondering what all this has to do with the case of falling from aloft, which I promised to tell you. Well, then, it happened on a Sunday evening during some unnecessary drill, and whenever I speak of that poor boy's fate I cannot help doing a bit of a growl. An old salt would be nowhere in the estimation of the youngsters if he could not growl well.

But to my yarn: it was on board H.M.S. "Nonsuch," carrying the flag of Vice-Admiral Sir Charles Reefpoint, on the 29th of September, 187—. We left Chefoo on the previous Friday, and were making our way towards Nagasaki, steaming slowly and with all plain sail set, though there was hardly enough wind to keep the topsails full. We had church in the forenoon, and after dinner the usual time to ourselves, when some smoked, and read whatever old newspapers could be got to small circles of listeners; others spun yarns of good old ships, and good old times they had seen,—for with sailors the *last* ship is always the best, the present the worst they have ever sailed in; others spread grass mats under the awnings, or in the shade of the sails, and dreamt perchance of loved ones under colder skies. At eight bells (4 p.m.) we cleared up decks, and then went to supper; and after supper it is usual to go through a little sail drill, known in a fleet as Evening Evolution,—and a very good thing too, to keep the youngsters up to the mark, though under very few Admirals is it carried out on a Sunday. However, we had what we term a smart commander, and he generally managed to get permission to do something or other on Sunday evenings. This evening he "cleared lower deck," with the intention of furling all sail and then setting it again, a piece of uselessness, except for drill purposes, for the wind, though light, was steady, and the weather was quite settled. You see, sir, if the weather is anyways inclined to be squally, or if we are sailing with a fleet, it is the usual thing to shorten sail, and perhaps take in a reef or two before sunset; but bless you, when we are out by ourselves with plenty of sea-room, and a nice steady breeze—especially some of them foreign winds that blow so long one way, that it is a hard job to get them to blow any other—such a thing as shortening sail is not to be thought of. However, as I was saying, we cleared lower deck about two bells first dog—that is 5 p.m., as you call it ashore—and as soon as they piped "shorten and furl sails," I went aloft to the maintop, of which I was captain. Just as I gained the futtock rigging, one of our smartest boys, Jonas May, passed me on his way to the main-topgallant-yard, where he was stationed. He was a bright civil lad, as nimble as a monkey, and in consequence apt to be careless, so as he went by I hailed him, with a "Steady, my lad, steady." He answered back with a merry twinkle in his eye, "Steady it is," and then I lost sight of him, for the orders from the commander on the bridge were coming thick and fast, and we all had to do our utmost to be smart enough, not to have the whole of the evolution to do again. We had taken in all sail and were hauling taut sheets and braces, when a sharp short cry, and the rush of a falling body, caused me to look over the handrail, and then I saw what I shall never forget to my dying day. The outline of a human figure was falling—falling swiftly;

the few seconds that I leaned over, and gazed down with straining eyes, seemed intensified into hours. I could see, as plainly as possible, that the little motion that the ship had, had thrown him slightly out of a perpendicular line to the deck below, and that the chain rail of the port gangway leading forward from the bridge would break his fall. Quick almost as my thoughts had gone the strong chain was snapped, the body toppling over on to the deck below. I had been powerless to move, but now instinctively I turned and looked up at the topgallant-yard, to find confirmed what I had known in my own mind all along—Jonas May's place was vacant. The spell that had held all hands breathless for a few seconds was broken, drill was resumed, and after all sail was once more set I went below. I had not hoped that there would be a spark of life left after a fall of 112 feet, but on nearing the sick berth, I heard an agonizing cry of, "Let me die quietly." I found that one arm had been almost pulled out, the other broken, one leg broken, and the other horribly smashed.

The doctors, knowing that he could not survive, attempted to place the mutilated limbs in the easiest position, but at each touch the heart-breaking cry went up, "Let me die quietly." No other word, nor sign—indeed I think his sufferings were so great that all outward consciousness was gone. Gradually growing weaker as he neared the end, he breathed his last at about a quarter to eight bells (8. p.m.).

There was lots of talk during the night watches, as to the ill luck attendant on sailing on a Friday, but I know that an order came out next day, signed by our Admiral, doing away with all drill on a Sunday; so that, as is pretty generally the case in this life, "Out of the evil good did come." Still, to many who are superstitious—and nearly all sailors are—the tragic event which closed this day's drill will form another link in the chain of evidence necessary to prove, to the unbelieving, that it is, and always *has been*, and ever *will be*, unlucky to sail on a Friday. I have met with some who even go so far as to include cutting nails and corns amongst the list of offences that tempt bad fortune on a Friday. Yet I can scarcely help thinking that to the most bigoted of such believers at some times must come the whisper of "a still small voice" speaking to the merciful guidance of a Hand, stronger than our own to save, to the ever watchful presence of an Eye, tenderer than our own to pity, to the Allwise supervision of T.G. A.O.T.U., without whom not even a sparrow falls to the ground, whose mightiest designs and lowliest works are alike beyond the mind of man.

Yes, sir, I belong to the noble order, or I should not be able to express some of those fine sentiments which have only unfolded themselves to me since I was baptized into light, but I was about to make an end of my yarn, by telling you of the "Funeral at sea" which took place the next afternoon at 4 p.m. I have always thought that a funeral under such circumstances is more solemn than one on shore. 'Tis true we are more like one family than the *stranger* gatherings you see on land, where the few figures draped in sombre black show conspicuous amongst the motley crowds that I have 'ere now witnessed assembled to do honour to their own love of sight-seeing, more than the departed. Not so with us. Every one is dressed in his best,—not a few with black silk handkerchiefs tied round their left arms, the officers with their swords and a like badge of crape. Slowly the grating on which the body rests, covered with the flag so dear to English hearts—the Union Jack—is borne up the after or officer's ladder, and then down the ranks of late silent bareheaded shipmates, the band meanwhile playing softly and lovingly the "Dead March in Saul," whilst above all the white ensign hangs half-mast high. The chaplain in his white robes meets the humble *cortège*, at the starboard gangway, which is open—for the ship has been stopped, and is idly rocking on the glassy surface of the sea—commencing the beautiful service provided by the Liturgy of the Church of England for the Burial of the Dead, the only change made being, "We therefore commit his body to the deep," instead of "ground," and at the word the grating is gently raised, and slides down over the side, whilst from between it and the Union Jack the body drops unseen, a heavy shot at the feet inside the canvas in which it is sewn taking it down at once into the unfathomable depths of the great deep. The usual three volleys are fired, the ship is put upon her course, the grating and flag hauled up by the rope to which they had been secured, the ensign is hoisted

into its place, and nothing remains to tell the tale of what has passed, and no memorial stone is raised to keep green the memory of one who but a few hours ago lived and moved amongst us.

Thank you for your interest, sir, and at any time you are welcome to a few more yarns from the

CAPTAIN OF THE MAINTOP.

BEATRICE.

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

CHAPTER VIII.

IN the meantime all was proceeding at Cayley much as usual, and all its denizens, nay, those mainly interested, were living in happy ignorance of plots and combinations of "tours de force," of amiable conspirators.

The little world rose and went to bed, eat and drank, laughed and sighed, talked of the petty details of the hour with "gusto" or with disapproval, ignorant of any "wolf" to threaten the fold, unaware that their peace or their happiness were menaced in the slightest degree.

How wondrous is the ignorance of man, the unpreparedness of existence!

Persons speak and act, and things take place hourly which strike us with wonder, nay, even fear, and we are utterly unprepared for the event, entirely surprised when we hear of it and discuss it. It would almost seem sometimes that this uncertainty constituted a charm of earthly existence, was one of its contemporaneous conditions, its counterbalancing advantages. It may be that this sense of veriest uncertainty lends a zest to expectation, and gives piquancy to apprehension, though it is in itself, philosophically considered, one of the most affecting, nay, humiliating, aspects of our "poor mortality." How often events come rapidly before us, crowd in upon us, which we say we did not foresee, which we profess never to have anticipated! and perhaps after all it is as well as it is. Life would be very dull, the world very commonplace indeed—more commonplace, if it be possible, than it is—if we foreknew everything here, could arrange confidently, could plan with certainty. I do not, however, think we should, any of us, be much happier, or better, if we knew what must inevitably be, after the lapse of fewer or more stirring years. I think, on the contrary, that it would have a very depressing and deteriorating influence on us.

But to return. At Cayley, as I said before, there were many things happening evidently not "dreamt" of in "their philosophy," though they were keeping the "even tenor of their way," unaffected by fear, unmoved by doubts or forereckoning; and for some reason Cayley had "gotten to be," as we used to say, something dull, and its society languished, in a semi-state, of course, only called into vitality by one or two spasmodic efforts at intervals.

Still, as usual, Beatrice shone forth, the admired of all,—the "pleasantest party," as Twamley would say, in the circle of "this comfortable coterie." The poet evidently had her in his mind's eye,—if with a "fine frenzy rolling" or not matters not,—when he said,—

"And she was flattered, worshipped, bored,
Her steps were watched, her dress was noted,
Her poodle dog was quite adored,
Her sayings were extremely quoted;

She laughed, and every heart was glad,
 As if the taxes were abolished;
 She frowned, and every look was sad,
 As if the opera were demolished."

I noticed at this time that Beatrice seemed to have fits of abstraction and hours of sadness, unusual to that gay, and confiding, and always genial damsel; and Twamley expressed his decided opinion to me that "there was something up." I did not understand then the cause of her apparent dejection. I understood it afterwards, and I appreciate it now. All of a sudden a new impetus was given to society at Cayley, viz., the advent of young Morley from Aldershot, and a good-looking Bro. Sub., the Hon. Henry de Lacy, a younger member of a very old family, gay, good-looking, a true soldier, and a pleasant companion.

The young ladies soon found out that two young officers from Aldershot, who danced well, sang fairly, were first-rate hands at croquet, flirtation, badminton, picnics, and champagne cup, to say nothing of "shandy gaff," were very eligible partners, and most agreeable "mates" (oh, ye young ladies, for shame!); and if mammas sometimes frowned, and aunts looked impressive, well, as they suited the young ladies' "book," to use another dreadful expression, the young ladies suited them to a T.

In a moment Cayley society became vitalized into a most gregarious and agreeable assembly, and more flirtations were carried on than had ever been known in Cayley before.

For the young members of the civilian body, and professional pursuits generally, thought they ought not to be "bowled over," as Twamley said, by the British army, and so they assayed to make themselves more agreeable than ever to those fair charmers of earthly existence who would one day be the wives and mothers of Cayleyites. It is mentioned in Canada as a historical fact that after the disappearance of the "red men," and the "green men," and the "blue men," the Canadian ladies, ignoring "muffins" manfully for the future, condescended to hold "pourparlers" with certain "black-coated" gentry, and smiled graciously on a "civilian element."

And so it was at Cayley: though the heart of the ladies and their sentiment went with the heroes from Aldershot; they were too wise in their generation entirely to throw over their civilian acquaintance; and thus it came to pass that either by juxtaposition, or imitation, or desperation, (heaven save the mark), matters at Cayley took a very philanthropic and genial turn.

Beatrice was in her glory, and in radiant happiness. She and Mr. Morley were always together, and the world at last begun to talk. And then, as they say people always run in couples, Mr. de Lacy and that pretty girl Kate Merewether and young Carruthers and Fraulein Lisette became inseparables, and go where you would, meet as you might, there seemed to be what Twamley called a tendency to "turtle dove it," which was most trying to sensitive people, especially to any one a little smitten, or "smitten hopelessly," himself. That was a gay time at Cayley, and often fondly remembered and talked of afterwards, when hearts were light and cares were few, and all sought to enjoy calmly and peaceably the happiness of congenial intercourse, and the pleasant association of friendship, yes, and of flirtation.

Say what people will, there are some bright moments in our lives which we often would give worlds to bring back, but cannot, and which we never forget, amid engrossing troubles or thronging disappointments.

"You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
 But the scent of the roses will cling to it still."

Ah, my kind friends who read these lines even to-day, I venture to say you have moments when you look back to a sunny period of life tenderly and even wistfully. Life is not now what once it was to you, your "Poll" is not always "kind and fair," your "Rupert" is not always "tender and true," and even amid health and splendour, and greatness and triumph, you recall with a sigh and tear those bright illusions which have left you, those day-dreams which have vanished, those voices which are now still, those

pleasant faces and gentle eyes which haunt you, in crowds or in solitude, with a pleading vision which will not be gainsaid, with a witchery as of old, with a reality which never dies, with words and doings, and solemn associations and loving souvenirs, which "time cannot weaken or decay, much less utterly destroy." Though creatures of the present, we still, all of us, who are living at all, live more or less in the past.

(To be continued.)

MASONRY VEILED IN ALLEGORY.

From the "Scottish Freemason."

MASONRY veiled in allegory! Truly is it so. The human mind is so self-sufficient, so self-absorbed, that to clothe "Truth" in the ordinary every-day garb of the world would have the effect of making men despise and shun it. Yes, verily it is so!

Look around you in the world at large, you find mankind divided into numerous religious sects and forms of faith, each believing his own to be the best, whether this apparent religion is hereditary or acquired. But examine into the hearts of your neighbours, and their actions, and what do you discover? Mankind has certain undefined ideas of religion and morality; and so the world goes on, believing that, in the end, things will all come right, but without "Faith—true and earnest faith." How many are there who give not even a moment's thought to the great principles of life? In their way they are charitable and forgiving, and live honourably. But what is their "Faith?" The simple truths of "Belief in God, Charity, and exact living," are taught them by their Church or religion. But though they hear it often, how little do they consider the depths of the great subject: "Their duty towards God, their neighbours, and themselves." This is the *primum mobile* of all true religion, and is professed by every religious sect or form of worship in the world. The ordinary passengers through this life see the mighty duty "only through a glass darkly." What we have described as the *primum mobile* of all religions is the corner-stone of Masonry. And so Masonry is the handmaid of religion. It belongs to all sects, all religions, but in itself is no religion, because it embodies the main truths of all. Unless led by Masonry, or kindred feelings, would the so-called self-sufficient Christian hold out a helping hand to a poor Hindoo Mohammedan, or Parsee? Yes! he might give him a few coins, but would say in his heart: "*That child of the dust will never see God.*" And that is no ordinary spirit of uncharitableness, but because he thinks that no man can reach heaven, unless he has the same belief as himself, "thus endeavouring to fathom and set bounds to the mercy of the Almighty. Even to come nearer home, we see sects of our own form of faith believing that *they only* can be saved.

No! Brethren, this is not the real thing required. T. G. A. O. T. U. is All-Merciful! He has not formed any for naught. We have, every one of us who are his creatures, all our separate duties to perform in this transitory life. A true spirit of "the Universal Fatherhood of God and Brotherhood of Man" is the surest and soundest basis to commence upon. If you have this, and truly worship and fear God, you can tender your adoration to Him in the manner that seems best to convey your hopes and fears and prayers. It is not then your *outward* but your *inward Faith and Belief* that will bring you nearer to your God. For God seeth not as man seeth: "God looketh to the heart."

Masonry only sets one limit to your religious convictions, "Faith in God," and this most advisedly. It is of itself no religion, but belongs to all sects, religions, and beliefs. It is the groundwork of all, and therefore antagonistic to none but *Atheists*. It is the common ground of universal Brotherhood—"the Brotherhood of Man

founded on the Fatherhood of God," on which all sects and religions can unite. The various churches, religions, sects, and beliefs put these sublime truths before the minds of their votaries day by day, but the pure spirit and essence "is overlaid by dogmas." Masonry will have none of these! it establishes the one fact, the "Fatherhood," and the second fact, the "Brotherhood," comes as a matter of course. Why should it then be "Veiled in Allegory?" Because the human mind requires something to direct its thoughts and aspirations. The human mind is so corrupt that it requires a stimulus—an ideal. Place "Truth" before a man and he will look upon it as a mere matter of course. He may practise it, but it will be mechanically; there will be no pure and free action. Masonry, however, steps in, and by its allegories and symbols, which require time and ability to comprehend, supplies the want—the ideal! It will not make a really bad man good; it may even at times, from imperfect knowledge on the part of its teachers, not have the required effect on material well suited for it, but it will help to direct the fairly regulated mind to higher and better endeavours.

The allegories of course we cannot openly expound. If we did, perhaps the old axiom would apply, and "familiarity would breed contempt." This is not the way with our teaching. One lesson leads to another; and though our teachings and symbols are homely, and what we daily see around us, the familiarity *never* breeds contempt. And why? Because to the listless, the careless, the idle, the uninstructed, from their own inattention, all these allegories, symbols, and mysteries are "as a sealed book." They see the cover, but know nothing of the inside of the volume; but by them a true Mason, as he walks abroad, can easily discern the hand of the Almighty, and thus, even if under temptation to do evil, he finds a means of escape. But it may be said even now: "If Masonry is such as this, if it does nothing but inculcate the good that the various religions preach, what need is there for it? Our answer is this: If religion was united—if it was one and indivisible—truly there would be little need of it. But religion is not united. Instead of there being one religion, there are thousands of sects and forms of belief. The antagonism of creeds has been the cause of more wars and bloodshed than any other subject since the world began. Religion can, and does, teach the Fatherhood of God, but a common ground is required whereupon all sects and religions can unite to further "the Brotherhood of Man." Such common ground is Masonry. Religion, true and pure (we do not mean any of the various forms thereof), *does* its duty in the world, and it thinks no harm of its little handmaid, Masonry, which wins many a votary to its higher standpoint.

To the uninitiated, Masonry is, and ever must continue, a mystery and a paradox. We explain our principles, we tell our aims, which exemplify themselves, but we do not say how we arrive at our goal; we do not tell our rituals, our symbols, our allegories. We who are members of our Order are satisfied and grateful; those of our number who are listless and without aspirations cannot comprehend the full value of the gem that is theirs. Masonry is, we think, a necessity to further the "Brotherhood of Man;" while, by its allegories and symbols, it gives the required stimulus and ideal, for which the corruption of human nature has occasioned the want.

 A MYSTIC LEGEND OF ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST.

 BY JEFFERSON.

 From the "*Masonic Advocate*."

"Proud science scales the skies,
 From star to star doth roam ;
 But reacheth not the shore where lies
 The spirit's home.
 Winds bear the breath of flowers
 To travellers o'er the wave ;
 But hear no message from the bowers
 Beyond the grave."

THE Isle of Patmos lies in the Ægean Sea. It was to that abode of dreariness and desolation that St. John the Evangelist was banished. The decree was a Roman edict, and, consequently, inexorable. The holy Evangelist obeyed it, and, under the escort of Roman centurions, he was taken to this isolated and barren island, where his enemies thought he would never have another opportunity of making a convert. The fame of the man as a moral teacher had excited the attention of many thousands of people, both Jews and Romans, and the authorities began to fear that his prestige would become so great that harm might come to the government. His spiritual theory, as they thought, came in conflict with Roman science—that was enough. The arm of the civil government was expected to protect the people even in their religion, and as there were many things in St. John's preaching which were not comprehended in Roman philosophy, it was not strange that Domitian ordered his banishment. It was an act in full accord with the civilization of the times. Tradition even tells the story that on the order of Domitian the old Evangelist was cast into a cauldron of boiling oil, and finding that even this did not result in his death, he banished him to the Isle of Patmos, where the wild waves of the Ægean Sea, dashing against the rocky shores, made the only music that saluted his ears.

How long he remained on this island we have no means of knowing, but the legendary story which we propose to give will explain the manner of his deliverance and the agencies by which it was accomplished. While yet in the belief of the ancient faith of the Hebrews, St. John had given his name and services to a mystic order then known to the world as the "Elusimans," who taught, as Dr. Weishaupt informs us, "the mysteries of *Illuminism*," which, even the inferior degree, as they claimed, taught the "lost secrets" of the most ancient patriarchs and philosophers. This association, like that of the Craft of Masonry, which some think is the same institution continued in its more modern forms, had its enemies and was bitterly opposed and persecuted by those who believed they were the enemies of the true civilization. It is said that St. John, being a member of this order, was rescued after a number of months, and placed once more among his brethren.

While on this lonely island the great Evangelist spent much of his time in deep religious communion. He had his mystic visions of the future and saw that grand panoramic display which has been given to the world as a revelation of the future and of the moral order and destiny of the human race to the end of time.

The darkness which surrounded him in that benighted and desolate region of the earth made his situation as hopeless as it was forlorn, and left him without a single hope of ever being delivered. Banished from the earth, and shut up in the world of his own thoughts, it was fortunate for his personal happiness that the *light* of a divine Illuminism surrounded him. It was knowledge of the present and the future. The high wrought pictures of rapid changes, of moral revelations, of spiritual life and immortal

d-stiny brought before him, gave him the sublimated confidence of the higher life and, no doubt, inspired his soul with an ecstasy such as no exile ever realised before.

Though not of his peculiar religion, his Illuministic brethren held many consultations in regard to his rescue. They believed him to be a good man and faithful to his obligations, and what he was in his religious belief, they knew was his own right as a man, and on this account they made no difference between him and brethren of other faith. It was this intelligent liberalism that the many did not comprehend, but this ancient body had learned that the *light* of true philosophy knew nothing either of the narrow boundaries of sectarianism or of the moral littleness of bigotry. Hence they acted on this enlightened faith and gave this example of charity, which it would be well if the whole world followed.

How and when and by whom the good Evangelist was delivered has never been definitely made known. It was enough that he was brought back again to the land of his birth, and was again among his brethren—the followers of the Nazarene; Domitian was dead—his tyranny had hastened his murder—and the field of the beloved disciple was once more fully open for the fulfilment of his great mission. With John the Baptist his name has long been sacred among the *Craft*. For many ages the 27th of December has been recognised as the anniversary of St. John the Evangelist, as the 27th of June is of John the Baptist.

The light of the examples of these two distinguished Hebrews has been as the guiding power of the *Craft* for ages, and now, while time may last, the Mystic Tie will never forget the Baptist and Evangelist.

A SAD CHAPTER OF FRENCH HISTORY.

BY LORD RONALD GOWER.

THE following most striking and warning paper which, under the head of "Dead Kings and Queens," has appeared in the Christmas number of *Vanity Fair*, deserves to be read and thought over by all, who do not forget that history repeats itself. Some people say, "À quoi bon?" We reply, "A very great deal indeed," and thank Lord Ronald Gower for the reminder, however unsavoury in itself:—

The other day I came across a somewhat rare little French *brochure*, which, probably, few of your readers have met with. Perhaps a short notice of its contents may be of interest. It is an account of the violation of the royal sepulchres at St. Denis during the First French Revolution, when the Democrats, not content with killing their king and queen, tore from their graves all that was left of their former monarchs, in order, I suppose, to celebrate the new reign of liberty, fraternity, and equality. The account of this proceeding is from the pen of one of the priests belonging to the cathedral. It is undoubtedly authentic, and in its simplicity is more eloquent of the vanity of human grandeur than all the sermons of Massillon, Bossuet, or Flechier.

The work of destruction and sacrilege commenced early in October, 1793, and lasted all the month. The first corpse found was that of Henri IV., the once beloved Henri de Navarre. Some curiosity, if not affection, still seems to have lingered even among those patriots who had constituted themselves body-snatchers, and the Bearnais was propped up against the church wall in his shroud, and became quite an attraction for the crowd. One of the Republican Guards even condescended to cut off the king's grey, upturned moustache, and place it on his lip; another removed the beard, which he declared he would keep as a relic. After these marks of attention were exhausted, the body was thrown into a huge pit filled with quicklime, into which successively followed those of its ancestors and descendants.

On the next day the corpses of Henri IV.'s wife, Marie de Medecis, that of his

son Louis XIII., and that of his grandson Louis XIV. were added to this. The body of the Sun King (as Louis XIV.'s courtiers loved to call him) was as "black as ink." What a contrast to that majestic, bewigged head, as we see it on the canvas of Le Brun and Rigault, must not that poor blackened skull have been! The body of the Grand Monarch's wife and that of his son the Dauphin (rather of Louis XV.) followed. All these, and especially the latter, were in a state of shocking decay.

The following day poor, harmless Marie Leczinska's body was torn from its resting place, as also were those of the "Grand Dauphin," the Duke of Burgundy and his wife, and several other princes and princesses of the same race, including three daughters of Louis XV. All these were in a state of terrible decomposition, and in spite of the use of gunpowder and vinegar the stench was so great that many of the workmen were seized with fever, and others had to continue the gruesome work. By a strange chance, on the very morning that Marie Antoinette's sufferings came to an end on the Place de la Revolution, the body of another unfortunate queen again saw the light of day—it was on the 16th of October that the body of our Queen Henrietta Maria, who had died in 1669, was taken from its coffin and added to the ghastly heap in the "ditch of the Valois," as the pit into which these royal remains were hurled was called; that of her daughter, the once "Belle Henriette," came next; and then in quick succession the bodies of Philippe d'Orleans; that of his son, the notorious Regent; of his daughter, the no less notorious Duchesse de Berri, of her husband, and half a dozen infants of the same family. On the same day a coffin was cautiously opened. This was found at the entrance of the royal vault (the customary position for that containing the latest deceased king), and contained the remains of Louis "le Bien-aimé." No wonder that the body-snatchers hesitated before withdrawing the corpse from its enclosure, for it was remembered that Louis had perished of a most terrible illness, and that an undertaker had died in consequence of placing the already pestilent corpse in its coffin. Consequently, it was only on the brink of the ditch that the body was removed and hastily rolled over the edge; but not without the precaution of discharging guns and burning much powder, and even then the air was terribly tainted far and near.

Shall I go on, or have I already given you a surfeit of horrors, and talked charnel, skulls, and cross-bones too long? I turn the page and find that we are only in the thick of all these dead men's bones and uncleanness, for the Republican Resurrectionists began by the Bourbons and had still to disintomb all the Valois, and further back, up to the Capetian line, and are not content until the almost legendary remains of Dagobert and Madame Dagobert reappear. But I will not make you sup too long on such grisly details. Suffice it to add that, after Louis the Well-Beloved had been disposed of, came in succession, like the line of royal ghosts seen by Macbeth, Charles V., who died in 1380, whose body was one of the few well preserved, and was arrayed in royal robes, with a gilt crown and sceptre, still bright; that of his wife, Jeanne de Bourbon, who still held in her bony hand a decayed distaff of wood; Charles VI. with his Queen, Isabeau de Bavière; Charles VII. and his wife, Marie d'Anjou; and then Blanche de Navarre, who died in 1391. Charles VIII., of whom nothing but dust remained, Henri II., Catherine de Medecis, Charles IX., and Henri III. were disinterred on the morning of the 18th; "after the workmen's dinner," Louis XII. and his queen; and among other less interesting royal remains, the bones of Hugues, Comte de Paris, father of Hugues Capet. And so on the work went till one tires even of the details of the preservation of this or that king and queen. Naturally those who have not been lead-coffined were either bones or dust; but after reading of the state of liquid putrefaction in which Francis I. and his family are found, one strongly sympathises with Mr. Seymour Haden's objection to that form of interment. Can anything be more shocking than to know that all the horrors of decay and decomposition will remain even after two or three centuries have passed over the lifeless form, and that, supposing one has the ill-luck to be thus coffined and one's body removed, "a black fluid, emitting a noxious smell," will run from out our last home, as was the case with those Royal remains during that hot summer month at St. Denis in 1793?

Rather let us all be buried in wicker, and not lead ; or, better still, let us be quickly resolved into fine and odourless ashes in the fashion which Sir Henry Thompson has striven so hard to make popular ; and, above all, let us thank kind Providence that we are never likely to be Kings or Queens of France, and possibly have to undergo the treatment that that most agreeable, but too excitable, nation dealt to its former rulers, their wives, and little ones, so long after they all had ceased from troubling.

MY COUSIN.

BY L. A. JOHNSTONE.

I WAS only her playmate, her cousin,
 She an heiress of Castle and Grange :
 She had lovers,—I daresay a dozen,
 And nobody thought it was strange ;
 On all sides she was worshipped and fêted,
 Like a queen, where she happened to go ;
 Strange enough, she was free and unmated,—
 I was only her cousin, you know.

'Twas last month, we were both at the Hollies,
 Sweet and short seemed that gay week to me ;
 It was Christmas ; among its sweet follies,
 Who so gay and light-hearted as she ?
 On her bidding I still waited zealous,
 Her lovers were pleased it was so,—
 "Poor fellow !" they said ; "who'd be jealous ?
 He is only her cousin, you know."

So besides one or two of those glances
 With which women turn a man's head,
 She vouchsafed me the half of her dances,—
 "It is odd that you suit me," she said :
 Next, she drove all the women distracted,
 Acting Juliet to my Romeo ;
 It was scarcely a part that *I* acted,
 Although only her cousin, you know.

The night came, when the year lay a-dying,
 And we danced his last moments away,
 Far too quickly the swift time was flying,
 And I sailed for Gibraltar next day ;
 Far too soon the last gallop we ended,
 'Neath a branch of the bright misletoe,—
 Then she pouted, in anger pretended,
 "But you're only a cousin, you know."

Then vanished all thoughts of concealing,
 I poured forth the tale of my love;
 I swore I'd remain ever kneeling,
 Till her heart in return I could move;
 First she laughed, then her accents grew tender,—
 "Just fancy, they'd laugh at us so,
 For," she raised her forefinger so slender,
 "After all, we are cousins, you know."

But I proved, 'neath the holly-wreathed rafter,
 While her face with bright blushes was dyed,
 That we surely could stand others' laughter,
 When the jest would be all on our side;
 So, ere Summer can fling round her bounty,
 When Easter's pale lilies shall blow,
 Then my cousin, the belle of the county,
 Will be more than my cousin, you know

Graphic.

"IL SAIT GAGNER QUI SAIT ATTENDRE!"

(Suggested by a paragraph in February's "Monthly Summary" of Magazine.)

WEAK indeed must the heart be that yields to despondency,
 And labours on cheerlessly, yearning for fame;
 If with patience one waits, tho' through long years of drudgery,
 Time will render due homage, and give us a name.

It may not be granted as we deem successfully,
 With trumpets high sounding, and laureate's meed;
 'Tis for us to use gifts which He lends to us—honestly,
 With aim of the highest, and purest of creed.

Thus in some lonely breast a deep chord may be sounded,
 And comfort be drawn soothing bitterest grief,
 Courage breathed to a faint heart, which once like ours bounded,
 Rest given, and refreshment—unfailing relief.

Surely such a reward will be grand compensation
 For long hours of weariness, early and late,
 When that adage we've proved in its best acceptation,
 "He knows how to win, who knows how to wait!"

Etoile

MR. E. M. BARRY ON ARCHITECTURE.

MR. EDWARD M. BARRY, R.A., in his second lecture, recently delivered at the Royal Academy, spoke of Italian Gothic as the precursor of the Renaissance, proposing to follow up the subject hereafter by treating of that important architectural movement. It had been said that the Renaissance had brought us from true principles to false—from the palaces of mediæval Venice to the bathos of Harley Street. It was not fair, however, to charge against the Renaissance the architectural indifference of the Georgian Era. This was a local apathy only, and in France, where the Renaissance had been more thoroughly adopted, architecture had never been abandoned, as it had been with us, to the bricklayer and the carpenter, such as those who built our cheerless London houses on another man's land, thinking more of speedy profit than of architecture. The classic revival arose naturally in Italy, where Gothic art had never thoroughly taken root. The Southern architects worked on different lines from their brethren in Northern Europe. They admitted a spirit of horizontalism, opposed to the verticality of mediæval architecture. Repose and breadth of effect had more charms for the Italians than the variety of parts and the vigorous effects of Northern work. The Duomo at Florence, the largest Gothic building in Italy, has the pointed arch, but in little else does it seem to us really Gothic. Arnolfo di Lapo, its architect, had grand ideas and adopted large dimensions; but the latter are not supplemented by adequate detail, and the design consequently wants scale. Contrasting it with Westminster Abbey, we find that in the nave of the former, 250ft. long, there are only four arches, while in the latter there are twelve arches in a length of 230ft. The width is, respectively, 125ft. and 75ft. In the case of the Abbey, from the artistic skill displayed, the building appears larger than it really is, while at Florence magnificent dimensions are so far thrown away that few can visit the interior without disappointment. Simplicity of plan is observable at Florence, differing wholly from the complex intricacy of Westminster. The basilican arrangement had remained a favourite in Italy, and it has claims on the attention of modern architects. The religious services of the Middle Ages were to a great extent an act of faith. Long naves and aisles were needed for processions, and large choirs for the clergy. For us the necessities of Protestant worship impose different conditions, and the ancient basilicas may therefore furnish a lesson to those who are called upon to accommodate large congregations, in spacious interiors, uninterrupted by columns, and where all can see and hear. The Italian Gothic churches were incomplete without the aid of the sister arts. Painting, sculpture, marbles, enamels, and mosaics were all expected to form part of a completed design, for which the architecture of the building furnished the framework only. Surface decoration, as employed in Italy, was moreover opposed to the Gothic principle of decorated construction, being rather constructed decoration. Strongly-marked horizontal bands and cornices, and the use of single shafts, were also reminiscences of classic times. The windows, small, few, and far between, differ altogether from the flowing traceries of mediæval work elsewhere, while the absence of buttresses completes the contrast. Italian Gothic was, in fact, an incomplete style, a halting-place on the road to the Renaissance. It has lately attracted attention, and has found imitators in this country, particularly in relation to brick architecture, for which it offers some advantages. The presumption is, however, against the adoption of the Southern peculiarities into Northern work. In borrowing, we should take from the rich to give to the poor, and this can scarcely be said of Italian Gothic as compared with the purer types with which we are familiar at home. Some have been led too far astray from English traditions, and for any fusion of details caution and judgment are needed. The danger of being induced to substitute hasty catchwords for thoughtful decisions is always great to the inexperienced, and extension of knowledge imposes increased responsibility. Students may well, indeed, rejoice at the opportunities they enjoy,

which were but lately the exclusive privileges of the few, to investigate the architecture of their predecessors in every land; but while they are studying the art of others they must not forget the dictates of common sense and the special needs of their own age and country.

NOTES ON LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

BY BRO. GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDELLE.

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.

THE Postal Telegraph Service in the United Kingdom delivered upwards of two hundred and fifty millions of words of news, to various newspapers, clubs, news-rooms, and similar institutions, during the year ending with March, 1878.

Mr. Frederick Ross, an industrious and able author, Fellow of the Royal Historical Society, and Member of the English Dialect Society, who for upwards of twenty years has been busy as a bee in collecting materials for a Biographical Dictionary of Yorkshire (for which I am able to vouch he has made a very valuable collection), principally culled in the Library of the British Museum, has published what I may call a chip from the large block, under the title of *Celebrities of the Yorkshire Wolds*. The work is remarkably neatly got up, and does great credit to the printer, Mr. T. Holderness, of the *Driffield Observer*. "Every district of country has its heroes and men of renown; its divines, philosophers, and poets"—as Mr. Ross truly tells us—"a line extending backward, until lost in the misty haze of the remote past." But every district is not fortunate enough to have a Frederick Ross to do for it what he has done for the Yorkshire Wolds in the excellent volume before me. "The tract of country so called (formerly York Wold)," remarks our author, "is situated in the East Riding of the county, and consists of ranges of chalk hills with intervening depressions, extending from Flambrough Head towards Pocklington and Market Weighton, and sloping down hence to the Humber near Welton; and from the north of Beverley to Malton, whence commences the rise of the more elevated hills of Cleveland. Many of the higher points command magnificent prospects—eastward, of the German Ocean, Flambrough Head and Lighthouse, and the Priory Church of Bridlington; north westward, of the Vale of York and York Minster; southward, of the flat expanse of Holderness, the majestic Humber, Beverley Minster, and the churches of Hull and Hedon." And he reminds us that "Wold is a Saxon word, signifying a treeless, bleak, unprotected upland; and such were the characteristic features of the district until the present century, when it was brought under cultivation and planted to some extent with trees;" and how its "multitude of barrows and tumuli, scattered over the hills, indicate a numerous population at a very remote period, reaching far down into the pre-historic ages, when the use of metal was unknown, and sharpened flints supplied weapons of war and agricultural implements." But it is not of the pre-historic period that Mr. Ross has essayed to treat. And yet his "Celebrities" commence at an early date, and are continued to the present time. It is evident that if the Wolds have been barren of timber, they have not been wanting at any period of our history in those good and gifted men who are alike the strength and ornament of the nation that produces them; and great must

have been Mr. Ross's labour to bring together such a valuable mass of materials, which makes one long for the remainder of his *Biographia Eboracensis*, which will be one of the most valuable literary productions connected with his native county. Mr. Ross is a trustworthy author, capable of stating clearly what he knows—and that is much—and it is to be hoped that he will be spared to see his more important work in the hands of the public. I for one am anxious to possess it, as many more must be.

Dioscorides, the wise old Greek botanist—who not only travelled through his own country to study and describe the herbs and their uses, but also visited Italy, Asia Minor, and some parts of Gaul, for the same good purpose—knew that the male shield-fern, in doses of four drachms, “drives out the broad worm,” or what we now term the tape-worm; and for some two thousand years it has remained the best and safest vermifuge known to the faculty; tin and other substitutes being injurious to the constitutions of most patients. The Americans, however, for some years, have been using an oil pressed from pumpkin seeds, it is said not without success.

Under the title of *Lyrics, Sylvan and Sacred*, the Rev. Richard Wilton, M.A., Rector of Londesborough, has published a neat little volume, full alike of poetry and piety, which he commends “to the Reader” in the following appropriate verses:—

“In wood and lane I wander free,
And gather flowers from bank or tree;
And with a loving hand entwine
The hawthorn, rose, and eglantine;
And here I bring the wreath to thee.

Thy happy lot it may not be
To see the lark spring from the lea;
Or breathe the dewy odours fine
In wood and lane.

But there are other fields divine,
Which in dim city may be thine;
Where thou the Flower of Flowers mayst see,
And catch the Spirit's melody;
Nor thine alone, but also mine
In wood and lane.”

As might be expected from a Church of England Clergyman, the religious sentiments in the volume are all orthodox; but there is a catholicity of feeling about the pieces which speaks volumes for the heart and head of their author. Mr. Wilton handles the sonnet with a grace which few have done since the days of Wordsworth, who had truly learnt to “scorn not the sonnet's power.” Such subjects as Ignatius, Polycarp, Justin Martyr, Tertullian, Irenæus, Origen, Eusebius, and Athanasius, are too ticklish to criticise in the literary organ of an Order that seeks to range under its banner, in one firm phalanx of brotherhood, good men of the most discordant theological opinions. Here, in a sonnet on the Hawthorn and the Wild Rose, is a teaching which none can object to:—

“I learnt a lesson from the flowers to day:
As o'er the fading hawthorn blooms I sigh'd,
Whose petals fair lay scatter'd far and wide
Lo! suddenly upon a dancing spray
I saw the first wild roses cluster'd gay.
What though the smile I loved so soon had died
From one sweet flower—there, shining at its side,
The blushing Rose surpass'd the snowy May.
So if, as life glides on, we miss some flowers,
Which once shed light and fragrance on our way,
Yet still the kindly-compensating hours
Weave us fresh wreathes in beautiful array;
And long as in the paths of peace we stay,
Successive benedictions shall be ours!”

Mr. Wilton would evidently enjoy the fine teaching of our Speculative Masonry, as the following sonnet on the Swallow will show:—

“ O, Swallow ; Summer reigns within thy heart,
 As sunshine sleeps upon thy purple wing ;
 For, lo ! thou comest with the brightening Spring,
 And yellowing Autumn warns thee to depart.
 To wait on thy king's march is all thine art,
 And to his flowery train, rejoicing, cling ;
 While tidings of his glory thou dost bring
 Where'er thine arrowy form is seen to dart.
 Oh, that Heaven's Summer in my heart might rest,
 And cheering rays about me I might fling,
 Blessing all others while myself am blest ;
 Then I must follow too my viewless King,
 And catch from him the sunshine of the breast,
 And round me flowers will smile and birds will sing.”

The following sonnet, on the Plain of York from the Yorkshire Wolds, is a fit companion to that of Wordsworth, composed after a journey across the Hamilton Hills :—

“ We gazed upon a mighty sunlit plain,
 Which swept, to right and left, the horizon's bound :
 In its wide arms was many a battle ground,
 But at its heart a glorious Minster fane.
 The sky was bright, and a melodious rain
 Fell from the soaring larks, with silvery sound :
 No note of discord in the air was found,
 Nor on the landscape's face one marring stain.
 Thus, while we sojourn in this world of strife,
 May love to God be still the central thought
 Which sweetly rules and permeates our life :
 Thus may our soul with light and peace be fraught,
 And all our days with grateful music rife—
 An echo from angelic voices caught ! ”

Here are two good sonnets, highly honourable to our ancient operative brethren and to the poet who has sung them ; the first being on the words “ Now or When ” carved on a sundial at Beverley Minster :—

“ On the tall buttress of a Minster grey,
 The glorious work of long-forgotten men,
 I read this Dial Legend,— ‘ Now or When. ’
 Well had these builders used their little day
 Of service—witness this sublime display
 Of blossom'd stone, dazzling the gazer's ken.
 These towers attest they knew 'twas there and then,
 Not some vague morrow, they must work and pray.
 Oh, let us seize this transitory *now*
 From which to build a life-work that will last :
 In humble prayer and worship let us bow
 Ere fleeting opportunity is past.
 When once Life's sun forsakes the Dial-plate,
 For work and for repentance 'tis too late ! ”

The other is on Patrington Church, eighteen miles from Hull, a spacious and elegant cruciform edifice, termed “ the Queen of Holderness,” in whose nave and chancel, transepts and aisles, and central tower surmounted by its lofty spire, the Decorated and Later English styles of Architecture may be advantageously studied by such of the East Yorkshire and Lincolnshire brethren as care to know how Tracing Boards first came into use in our Lodges :—

“ They toil'd the God of Heaven to glorify
 With lavish ornament of nave and choir,
 And lofty tower that shoots into a spire
 Of queenly grace, conspicuous far and nigh.
 But lo ! that slender shaft against the sky,
 Rosed by the dawn, or tipp'd with sunset fire,
 Of home-bound sailors is the dear desire,
 And through the shoals of Humber guides their eye.
 Those patient builders rear'd a stately shrine

For the sweet sacrifice of praise and prayer,
 And earthly use grew from a work divine;
 So the pure life that breathes celestial air
 And points to Heaven, for man will also shine,
 A star of comfort 'mid the waves of care."

"An Autumn Day at Fountains' Abbey" is also well worth quoting:—

"A perfect day!" we cried, 'A perfect day!'
 As round fair Fountains' winding walks we stray'd,
 Where yellowing leaves and mouldering arches made
 The valley rich with beautiful decay.
 The world-famed jewel of those ruins grey
 Was grandly set in gold and crimson shade;
 The sylvan glories dazzle as they fade;
 The crumbling Abbey smiles itself away.
 'Alas!' I murmur'd, 'that this earth of ours
 To wasting Time should its perfection owe,
 And the brief splendour of autumnal bowers:'
 But down Faith's vista, then I caught the glow
 Of fairer landscapes, more enduring towers,
 And deeper, truer joys than mortals know."

These few specimens of our author's Muse will show that the *Lyrics, Sylvan and Sacred*, contain much of what I may term Masonic teaching; and I must say that the Sonnet to Mrs. Charles Tennyson Turner is one of the most graceful compliments I ever read. Mr. Wilton, I see, is the author of *Wood Notes and Church Bells*, which I do not remember to have ever seen, but if equal to the work before me, he deserves to hold high rank among my brother bards of Yorkshire. I purpose having another glance at Mr. Wilton's pleasant poetry in a future number.

Since the introduction of the potato, by Sir Walter Raleigh, from Virginia into England and Ireland, in the days of Shakspeare, its use has become so common among rich and poor that a failure in the crop is a national calamity; and never were old Cobbett's attacks so totally thrown away as on the use of this valuable vegetable. Not that potatoes are now made the basis of "delicate conserves and restorative sweetmeats," or that it is deemed necessary to correct any flatulent effects of theirs by eating them "sopped in wine," or ("to give them the greater grace in eating") that "they should be boiled with prunes," as good old Gerarde, the father of English botany, recommends. Experience, the best of teachers, has demonstrated that what was a new luxury to Gerarde may be made into a cheap article of necessary food, for daily use, to accompany every savory dish that can be sent to the table, whether "fish, flesh, or fowl." But to store them for use in winter, and to be able to come at them in frosty weather, has always been a matter for consideration. A writer in a recent number of the *American Agriculturalist* says:—"In cold weather, when the temperature can be regulated, potatoes keep well enough, but in warm cellars, or during warm spells, I find it difficult to prevent their starting, and we have to rub off the sprouts. I saw at Dr. Hexamer's, a few weeks ago, a contrivance which it seems strange has never been described and figured by the agricultural papers. The doctor takes any old boards or strips, and with them makes little bottomless bins about two and a half feet to three feet square and two feet high—at any rate, large enough to hold five bushels with tolerable accuracy. The corner pieces project an inch below the lowermost strip, and fall short the same amount at the top. Three of these bins constitute a set; two of them are alike, but the one to go on the bottom has a bottom to it, and a cheaply made side door on one side. When the potatoes are harvested these bins are filled, the bottom one first of course; then another is set upon the top and filled, and so on. Thus fifteen bushels are held in a very compact space, and yet the air passes freely through them. These sets of bins are placed side by side, with the sliding-doors accessible. Now when the potatoes need stirring—which they do once in a few weeks, and oftener towards spring—all that it is necessary to do is to raise the door, and take a bushel-basketful out from the bottom and to put it upon the top. Thus every potato in the whole bin is turned, and its relations to air and moisture more or less varied—at least, enough to stop or greatly

to interfere with the first beginnings of sprouting. When necessary, the whole stock may be conveniently 'overhauled' and picked over, one set of bins at a time." The writer ought to have stated that the boxes are not to be made air-tight, but space for the circulation of air left between the boards.

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.

AN HERMETIC WORK.

(Conclusion.)

How Sand, Flints, and the like impregnated Stones may be known, whether they contain little or much Gold.

FLINTS, Sand, Stones, etc., that are White of all sorts, contain the least quantity of Gold, and yet are never without some Volatil, though not to be extracted with profit; but most commonly the Yellow and Red have most Gold, yet not always to answer the charge in dissolving and extracting.

Yellow, dusky, and Black commonly hold much, and where through white, also Yellow Sand and Stones, where Lines are found (like Veins through them) especially if they shine clear and glisten with many little sparks of ☉ close together.

Likewise that Sand is rich with Gold, which appears like Talc, wherein are found some stones, in which Red or dusky Talc appears, even as in all Talc Gold is found, but yet in some more some less.

All Flints and Stones in Brooks, called *Bartenston*, which though appearing white externally, yet after they are made red hot in the fire, and broken in water, appear Yellow like Gold, are sufficiently rich.

Green, Yellow, or Skie coloured Stones, translucent like Horn (Vulgarly called *Horne-stone*) are also for the most part rich.

Also all reddish, Black, and dark, dusky Flints, have always Gold, but for the most part mixt with Iron, which therefore frustrate the Vulgar Labourants *Menstruum*, and so makes it useless.

All Quarze Quarries, the coverings of Mines, and also *Saphir* stones, or other in the Earth in Veins like Metals, or open to the Air or Water, being Coloured, hold Gold.

The Blood-stone, and that which is of kin to it, *Emery*, *Granats*, and *Lapis Lazuli*, do all hold Gold.

The *Granats* hold Corporal Gold, and the first Essence of Gold, some much and more than others, and others but a little: But these aforesaid Stones are so hard, that strong Waters (as *Aqua Fort*) cannot work upon them, yet some remedy may be found to extract them.

In all transparent Amphetams, Sapphirs, Rubies, Amethysts and Jasinths, is the first Essence of Gold, but hard to be extracted.

All (Fluores, Oars and Flowers) used in the Mines of ☉ and (to reduce them to a flux, whether Violet or Purple coloured. Yellow, Red, or Green, are endowed with unripe Volatil Gold, which if you heat red hot, will vapour a kind of Green, Yellow, or Red fumes, and a Snow-white Colour will remain on the stones. Now if any can tell how to save those flying fumes, he may with it Coagulate Mercury into Gold. In like manner by means of Distillation, a Green water may be drawn out of all such like stones, in the which Mercury will Coagulate itself into Gold. This Green water also the ancients have called their Green Lyon, which devours the ☉ or Gold, and prepares a Tincture for) or ♀.

I would say more of this matter, but shall refrain for the covetousness, and wicked men, who seek nothing but the ruine of their neighbour, and to live in pomp and pleasures, who as unworthy, God will have wander in darkness, without this Knowledge. Wherefore let all that by God's Grace have any illumination, beware they communicate nothing to wicked men, though they seem Angels of Light. *Nusquam tuta fides*, There is no faith to be found on Earth. *Soli Deo tu confidas, promissis hominum diffidas, Deus Solus fidem servat, a Mundo fides evulat*; which is, In God shalt thou put thy trust, man's promises distrust as Dust; God only keeps his promised plight; but from the world all faith takes flight. Wherefore I say, let all well-minded men beware of Luxurious, proud, vain, and covetous persons; for these Vices proceed from the Devil, and return again to him, and one can hardly find an honest man, though sought with *Diogenes* his Lanthorn, amongst many: For which cause I shall ere long publish a short Tractate of evil and wicked men, viz. How and whereby to know them by their outward signatures and form, for virtue and vice? And had I known this skill before, it had been a great advantage to have made me beware of such dissembling Impositions.

If any shall hereby reap any benefit, let them give God the praise, and be mindful of the poor: If otherwise, let them believe they are yet unworthy to have such things communicated to them; for truly I have written here so plainly and truly, as no Philosopher ever did before me.

But now nevertheless I confess I have a more easy way for these things, viz. for extracting Gold out of Sand, etc., and such as never was known before to the World.

1. My first Method is with a water of small charge or price, which may be had in plenty without Distillation.

2. My second is a singular Metal, of which Chauldrons may be made, in which these Stones and Sand, with this small priced water are boiled, and yet not corroded or consumed thereby, and after the water shall dissolve any Gold out of the Sand or Stones, then you may draw forth the sand and water with a Scoop or Bowl proper for this use, with holes in the bottom, and a wooden basket strainer thereupon, and so the impregnated water or *Menstruum*, with the Gold, may pass through, and leave the sand or stones behind in the scoop or bowl with the strainer, then pour on more warm water on the said sand, to wash out the remaining Gold and Tincture, and after all is washed out, throw the said sand or stones quite away, as useless.

3. My third *compendium* is, to pour upon the said clear *Menstruum*, which hath the Gold or Tincture, another singular sort of water of small price, whereby all the said Gold and Tincture (at such a height and quantity) in the solvent, will be precipitated to the bottom: and so the clear solvent being freed from the Tincture, must be Canted off to serve again for the like use, as preserving still its own strength and virtue, without any abatement or diminution whatsoever, either by the said water precipitating, or by any other ways whatsoever; and if any be lost or spilt by the usage, it may be easily repaired, by getting more of the same without much trouble or charge.

Now if any should mix any precipitating *Lixivial* Liquor or Lees with the said solvent, contrary to its Nature, and thereby mortifie the solvent by precipitating the Gold (which is done in other processes, and is used in and by my former experiments and trials in this Book about the white sand and stones, etc.), what damage and loss would come thereby; for every time there is occasion to use it, our dissolvent should be destroyed, and the extraction thereby become very troublesome and chargeable; especially being done in Glass or Earthen Cucurbits or bodies; but this way all things cost almost nothing, and may be done in in greater Vessels, and cheaper, and the said waters be without loss. And this kind of extraction may be compared like the making of *Salt-Peter*, where the workman having extracted the *Salt-Peter*, throws away all the ashes and dirt, and puts more matter into the (*Cupam*) Tubs or Bowls, for the like common water extract more.

1. Our fourth *Compendium* is that precipitated Calx or Gold, after the filtration in a bag, is taken out, dried, and by a good, cheap, and singular good matter flux it, is reduced to a body; and so no part of the said Gold will be lost or diminished.

In these four Compendiums for the extraction of Gold, will come profit, but not so much other ways.

Now let none marvel why I reveal not here any of these four Compendiums; I have been enough bitten by the envy of other men: For where they could not understand my writings by their own dulness, though I had plainly enough expressed the matter; and so could not perform the same; they then publicly brought a scandal on me, and reported, that whatever I writ were lyes; Nay, some others have seen the thing performed, and yet afterwards for hatred and envy, have slighted it and me.

But however whilst I live, (by God's Grace and providence) I shall be helpful to my neighbour, by using my Talent to serve them, and like a most bright shining Light will shew the wonderful great mystery of God, to the ignorant and simple people, against the will of all the enemies of Truth, though they fret and vex never so much at it, I have resolved so to do; Yea, behold though my adversaries should all conspire and wholly devour me alive, they should swallow but a mean or lean Morsel of Earth, for *Glauber* should be and remain *Glauber* still, till the consummation of the World, or Ages! now if these men were of the ancient stamp and frame of faith and virtue, they would not detract and scandalize their Innocent neighbour, without deserving ill at their hands.

Let these things be sufficient at this time concerning the extraction of Gold out of Sand, Stones, and Flints.

Now further I say; although every one should use this extraction of Gold for their Impliment or Trade, yet the one would not be a hindrance to the benefit of the other, by reason Stones and Sand are obvious to every body in all Countries, as also the Salts that are useful to extract the same are plentiful, so that nothing is wanting but a lover of the work to set his hand unto it.

Paracelsus in his book of vexation of Alchymists saith, That more Gold and silver is found upon the earth, than in the Bowels thereof, and that often times a Countrey Clown throws a stone at a Cow, which is worth more then the price of the Cow, and it is most certain true and will remain true; for a lye cannot degenerate or exalt it self to a truth; but in its time hereafter shall be punished in eternal darkness with the Devil (as the father and original of all liars.) Without doubt *Democritus* his Laughter, and *Heracitus* his Weeping came from the contemplation of mortal man's eager pursuit after Gold and Silver through great Anxieties, Labours, and Troubles, with loss of health and hazard of Soul and Body, sailing many times through the vast Ocean for it, and tearing open the earth to rush and sink down therein to fetch out Gold and Silver, which is so plentifully and easy to be had upon the superficies of the Earth in every Region and Countrey, as that its (*αυράκεια*) abundance may be had.

Solomon writ not from the purpose saying that great virtue was in Herbs, Woods, and Stones; For that which is fixt in Stones is Volatil in Herbs. As in my little Treatise Printed 1663, demonstrated; although the first *Ens* of Gold (whence Gold may be made) be in both.

We read also in *Esdra*s there is much Earth to Vessels or Pots; but a little powder or dust to make Gold. And all sorts of Earth are not so rich to gain by Extraction of Gold, nor is it to be thought that all Stones and Sand and every one are so rich in Corporal Gold, as to yield any profit; yet they still contain the first *Ens* of Gold, or yield such a Calx, by which (or the help thereof) Good Gold may be made; the which Calx or Powder, if we knew how to extract and order, we would make greater accompt, and esteem it more than of Gold it self. Now since such an Amifying or Goldmaking Powder is so largely extended and diffused in Stones and Sand, etc. Yet it is not easy to beat it or force it out with a Hammer, but only by a peculiar Art, is to be extracted, and perfected; thereupon the multitude of covetous Gold hunters will not believe it no more than Ignorants, who know nothing of the Art; and yet this Art hath been always esteemed amongst Philosophers as their greatest Secret of Secrets, and so hath been preserved amongst them.

Also where *Paracelsus* writes of the first *Ens* or Essence of Gold, he tells us, it may be drawn forth by sublimation; And *Basilius Valentinus* also tells us, That the pre-

paration of the Universal Tincture, may be compared to the distillation or extraction of the burning spirit of wine from the Lees, and may so be obtained; Oh friends, this is truly a sufficient clear comparison; for as in a great quantity of Lees of Wine or Beer, a little of the good spirit is hidden and the residue is a useless mud; and yet that little quantity of spirit is drawn out with profit by means of Distillation out of that great quantity of mud or Fæces, and is thereby concentrated into a little room, and withall is so virtuous and piercing a spirit that one spoonful thereof is more worth, than the whole Runlet or Vessel full of Fæces. Now by such ways or means would the Philosophers have us draw forth and extract the *Primum Ens* or Form of Gold by Art, out of Stones and Sand, though dispersed and diffused far abroad in them, and so to concentrate their virtue and Tincture into a small compass, of the which a very small quantity (if but as big as a Pea) is of more worth and value, than a great Mountain of useless and unprofitable dead Earth.

Further, I would not conceal this from thee, that throughout all *Germany* by, and in the Rivers, are found stones, the which abound with Gold and Silver, and are sufficiently rich; and if you beat or break them to pieces, you will find within some of them some little holes, pits, or concavities, with a yellow or fusky dark powder, which being melted with Borax will yield a silvery Gold, I must avouch and affirm I never saw or knew any mortal man, that understood or observed those stones before, much less the golden powder hid in them; which without doubt is by reason of men's carelessness to find out the Physical great mysteries of God.

Here now I must admonish all men, that it were of great consequence and concernment for Parents to place their Children to be trained up in their youth, with some honest Artist, or workman to teach them that, which in case of necessity might gain them an honest and commendable livelihood. But the rich having a plentiful estate, think they shall leave enough for their Children, never to want; yet if one misfortune or another happens upon them, or upon their Children, as Burning of Houses, or Ships, or Goods lost by pyrats or Thieves, or Creditors fail, or Ships miscarry; Then whither to turn or what course to take they know not, but only to fly away, or live like Vagabonds, or fill a Gaol; and all this for want of some laudable Art learnt in their youth. And thus they become desperate, The one forsakes Wife and Children to Travel to the *Indies*, where not a few are devoured by beasts or Canibals, some drowned or starved, others sell themselves or become Souldiers, and like mad Dogs at last are slain; Others after they have spent their means cannot subsist or provide for their family, and so become vicious livers, and have a miserable doleful life, till they perish and go to hell. All which might have been avoided by learning some good mechanick Arts in their youth, or flourishing conditions. But when difficult and raging times approach, or that too many be of a Trade in a City, the one beggars the other, and so there is no remedy but physick, which may likewise fail. But a Physician might learn something else that would get a livelihood, besides his practice. Then he need not make so many visits to gape for his fees of his poor distressed Patients: And so the Lawyer need not for base Profit sell the Law or their Clients' Cause to prepare himself a seat in Hell, where afterwards to dwell for ever. Nor the Divine be afraid of his Patrons or Benefactors, and so sooth them up in their sins, but preach the truth to all without flattery, and so prefer God's honour, and the people's real good, with a true zeal before his private profit, to the hazard of his soul. So also of all the rest.

Now having declared or toucht this matter, I am passing and go away sighing and mourning, That the Genuine Hermetick Philosophy and Medicine, is so little practiced or esteemed, as also the natural true Alchymy (and not adulterate) which genuine Art is the Queen of all Arts, and shall remain so to the world's end.

When as therefore this art of extracting sand and stones, is so great a treasure and useful as we have heard, and carelessly kickt by men at their feet every where; why do we not rather extract them to nourish our selves and families, and defend us from the injuries of the times, handsomely and honestly. Why do we not I say leave the *Indies* to their own Inhabitants, and manage our own Countries or earth in *Europe* where we dwell, where is abundantly sufficient to sustaine us, for whatever we want; I cannot

but again and again ingeniously confess, that if it were possible to renew my youth, or call back but ten years, I would not neglect publicly to profess and teach the true Philosophy, Medicine, and Alchymy, and so make it to be known demonstratively. But the sand of my glass is almost run, and my day far spent, so that I cannot undertake these so laborious practices, but must leave and resign the fame to others more in their prime of youth and strength, whilst I am fading and vanishing hence. But all the good I can do whilst I live by faithful writing, I shall not neglect for my neighbours profit and advantage, And (God favouring my purpose) I shall shortly publish unheard of Secrets ; here now it only rests to set to an end to this Tractate.

An Admonition to the Courteous Reader.

Whatsoever I have written in this little Book of extracting Gold out of Sand, Stones, and Flints, is so true and certain that there needs be no question thereof. Yet I may tell thee, as soon as this Treatise came under the Press, another way of extracting Gold out of Stones came into my mind far better than the former : By which gold may be drawn out and extracted much sooner and better : because to this my new way, there is no need at all of Kettles of Copper or Brass, etc. but great quantities may be extracted without boyling in or with such vessels, but in others that are every where to be had ; so that one man in this new way in one day may easily extract the Gold out of a thousand (C₁Q) pounds of sand or stones, etc. so that I cannot Chuse but communicate this also (which is far beyond the former). If I shall understand, this may be generally profitable, and gratefully accepted in these bad times and fear of worse. Whereby to be publicly serviceable to my Country, and future generations. And so I commit all to the guidance and protection of the Almighty.

Dated at Amsterdam 26
Anno Dom. 1666. — *July,*
15

CEYLON.

THE ancient capital is still worth visiting on account of its magnificent ruins—the Thuparame Dagoba, more than 2,000 years old, being the largest and finest of the kind in the world. Here, too, is the oldest tree in the world, the original Bo tree, sent over to Ceylon 2,000 years ago, tended by the lineal descendants of the original keeper, and, consequently, older than any family in the world. The following portion of a description of one of the Anuradapura Dagobas is from an unpublished work on the ruined city, drawn up after recent excavations and examinations by Government officials :—

“The most ancient of these Dagobas is the Thuparame, which must have been a magnificent structure in its perfect state. This building is supposed to enshrine the left collar bone of Buddah (some say the left jaw-bone) ; but these relics were always deposited in golden caskets, beautified with profuse settings of gems of great value, before they were enshrined in the sacred edifices erected for their reception. The Thuparame stands on a circular platform, the brick walls supporting it are of great thickness, and on the outside embellished with fine mouldings and pilasters of the same materials, though there can be no doubt that the whole of the outside, including the parapet which once encircled it, was originally covered with plaster, and possibly, too, decorated with paintings. This platform is paved with slabs of granite. On this platform are four concentric rows of graceful octagonal columns. The first row is close to the base of the Dagoba, the second row about two feet from the first, the third about five feet from the second, and the fourth row, the columns and capitals of which are

carved from a single stone, is arranged round the margin of the platform. The capitals of the two first rows are ornamented along their upper edge with grotesque squatting figures, with arms upraised, as though supporting a weight resting on their heads; the third row has eagles standing upright with outstretched wings; and the fourth or outer row is ornamented in a similar manner with quaint dwarfed figures in every conceivable position. The tops of all the columns below the capitals, which are also octagonal, are ornamented with a fringe and tassels of very graceful design, those on the outer columns being of a very different pattern from those on the three inner rows. The height of the inner row of columns is twenty-four feet, the second twenty-two feet, the third nineteen feet, and the outer row (all monoliths) fourteen feet. Between the third and fourth rows of columns there was evidently a wall, no longer in existence, the stone foundation of which, slightly raised above the rest of the pavement, can be very easily traced. The rows of columns round the Dagoba are arranged in quadrants so as to form a rather broad passage to each of the cardinal points of the Dagoba, where there was probably an altar close to its base, where those who came to worship at the sacred shrine laid their offerings of flowers, or articles of value dedicated to the use of the priesthood. Nothing of these altars now remains except a bold moulding of stone above the level of the pavement from which the stonework of these altars sprung; but that they did exist is made the more probable from the fact that similar altars exist in a more or less ruinous state at the Lankrama Dagoba, which, though smaller, was built after the model of the Thuparame. At the east and west sides of the building are fine sets of stone stairs reaching to the platform, fourteen feet above the ground, the steps having been ornamented with carved stones, and wing walls, now thrown down, which were finished off with flat stone slabs richly carved with figures, bearing bowls or vases containing the sacred lotus flowers. These carved stone slabs still remain in position, but some are broken. Opposite the landing of these steps, and in a line with the foundation of the circular wall, which is supposed to have once encircled the Dagoba, will be found a double step, carved out of one block of stone and morticed above to receive the stone door frame, which once formed the entrance. This goes further to favour the supposition of a wall having previously existed. The object of these beautiful stone pillars and wall was undoubtedly to sustain a magnificent conical roof, which would have covered the whole of the Dagoba. The interior of this roof, the Dagoba, columns, walls both inside and out, altars, and, in fact, every thing about the building, must have originally been most gorgeously painted. That it was so is pretty clearly proved by the recent excavations most carefully made both here and in other places, where thin coatings of very fine plaster are found covering the stone and brickwork, with traces of bright colours. At the Ruamveli Dagoba some fine paintings have been brought to light. The height of the Thuparame is sixty-two and a half feet, from the pavement at its base, the diameter of the base fifty-nine feet, and the lower part of the plain bell thirty-three feet."