

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

No. 77.—VOL. VII.

NOVEMBER, 1879.

PRICE 6D.

THE SANCTUARY OF MEMPHIS, OR HERMES:

AN ABRIDGED HISTORY OF FREEMASONRY AND THE ORIGIN OF ALL ITS KNOWN RITES.

Translated from the French of E. J. Marconis de Negre,

BY N. E. KENNY.

THE recent publication, by Mr. John Murray, of Dr. Henry Brugsch-Bey's great work, "Egypt under the Pharaohs, entirely derived from the Monuments," has led to new inquiries as to the origin of Freemasonry. The aim of the work of Dr. Brugsch is to interpret the stone records of a remote age by the light of recent investigations. Now, there is no doubt that the Egyptians (whose Asiatic, not Ethiopic, descent, is indubitable) were great artificers, and that architecture held high place of honour—often a position nearest the throne—in the land of the Pharaohs. "The office of architect," says Dr. Brugsch, "was the occupation of the noblest men at the king's court. Pharaoh's architects (the Mur-ket), who were often of the number of the king's sons and grandsons, were held in high honour, and the favour of their lord gave them his own daughters out of the women's house as wives." And the feats of those mighty builders of old were worthy of all the honours paid to the designers. Witness the erections of Khufu, of Khafra, and of Mengara; the buildings of Heliopolis, the monuments at Karnak, the tombs at Beni Hassan, the unequalled ruins around Lake Mœris, the Grand Hall of Pillars, and those mystic miracles of stone—the Pyramids—on which M. Rougé, another famous Egyptologist, says:—"Architecture has here shown inconceivable perfection in the cutting and placing of blocks of vast dimensions. The passages of the Great Pyramid remain a model of exactness in building which has never been surpassed." On his stone monuments Dr. Brugsch finds recorded the name and apotheosis of the monarch of Egyptian artificers, Martiser, who flourished forty-four centuries before the Christian era, and was the father of Usurtasen, and progenitor of a race of marvellous architects, only approached by great artists like Mer, Rois, Amenemant, Amenhotep, etc.

I make this reference to the latest book on the storied region of Egypt, because it confirms the opinion of most learned writers, that the home of architecture—the site of the greatest works ever erected by the hand of man (and most probably the wondrous ruins of Baalbec and Palmyra owed

their origin to the "almond-eyed Aignptioi," as Arrian called them)—was the cradle of the most ancient and illustrious Craft of Freemasonry.

I now present an "Abridged History of Freemasonry," from the French of an exhaustive volume on "The Rite of Memphis, by E. J. Marconis de Negre, author of the "Hierophant," "Recreations (Delassements) of the Human Mind," etc., followed by an essay, entitled "Of the Origin, Moral and Religious, of Masonry: its Mission and the Positive Epoch of its Material Institution," by Count S. de Giorgi Bertola, of Rome, Knight of Christ, and Member of Freemasonry, according to the French and Scottish Rites, etc. This latter brochure contains many interesting explanations of the causes of the observances of Freemasonry, with some fairly eloquent concurrent moralising, and may be received as an acceptable complement to the able "Histoire Abregée de Maç." of M. Marconis de Negre, who, it will be seen, claims for France at present the most ancient rite in the world—that of Memphis.

THE TRANSLATOR.

THE origin of Masonry, like that of all the great institutions destined to exercise a potent influence upon the future of the human race, has been lost in the night of time. A thousand contradictory opinions have been emitted upon the subject, a thousand systems have been tried, but to this day no system has sufficed to assume a preponderance sufficiently marked to rally around it a general acquiescence. To attempt to enumerate and to analyse the different opinions would be a work at once fastidious and of but little use. Two facts alone seem well assured by all authors, and may serve as a stand-point. The first is that Masonry has had its origin in the East; the second, that it is a continuation of the ancient mysteries, or at least that it presents to them striking analogies. "Whatever may be the source wherefrom we derive Freemasonry," says Brother Quentin in his "Dict. Maç.," "it is evident that it presents, even its minor details, memories and traditions of the ancient initiation." "It is in Asia," says Brother Valleteau de Chabrefy in his "Masonic Annals," "the cradle of the human race, that we find the most ancient institution of this kind—that of the Brahmans (Brahminy as now known in India). From Asia the knowledge of these sublime truths passed into Africa, where were celebrated the mysteries of Isis, which have a striking relationship to Freemasonry." These two passages sum up, with slight variations, the opinions most generally adopted on Masonry. Both place that origin near the cradle of the human race; both make of it the repository of primitive knowledge; and it is in this sense that the profound St. Martin has said, "Masonry is an emanation of the Divinity," and the Englishman, Smith, that "Adam was the depository of Masonic science, and that he derived it from God."

But if, setting aside presumptuous research, we desire to take into account the motives which have caused to be given to this mysterious science the name of Freemasonry, we shall be free to choose between the opinion of those who derive it from the Tower of Babel—that first and bold attempt of the power of human intelligence—or of those who would wish to rediscover in it the memorial of the Temple of Solomon—that marvel of human art, aided by divine inspiration; or, lastly, from the archaeologists, that in pre-historic times every science was symbolised in a structure, and that, in the language of the poet, when building a city the constructors were not piling up stones but founding institutions.

The banks of the Ganges and those of the Nile were then witnesses of the first initiations. The division of castes, common to the Egyptians and the Indians, and their ternary number (merchants, soldiers, and priests,) indicate clearly enough the three degrees of initiation, even now reflected in political institutions. Few documents are now known, or perhaps extant, as to the Indian initiation. The Vedas, which the Rite of Memphis has been exploring, may give us some light upon the subject. As to the Egyptian initiation, its

renown has run through and pervaded the world, ancient and modern, and all the initiations were her offspring.

The sacred books of the Hebrews render homage to the Egyptian initiation when recording that Moses was instructed in the "sciences of the Egyptians," or, in other terms, that he was initiated.

From Egypt the mysteries passed into Samothrace, and thence were disseminated throughout Greece and Italy. In Persia they had previously been known. Their civilizing influence was such that Cicero did not hesitate to say that "these mysteries have given us life and nourishment; they have inculcated manners and laws to society, and taught men how to live like men."

Christianity came, and expanded the circle of initiation. It extended to all men the benefits of the moral element of the mysteries. As to the scientific part, its (Christianity's) Great Founder neglected it as less essential to His mission. He bequeathed that as a noble pasture to the indefatigable studies of the inquisitive and the wise. Still Christianity was far from absorbing within its bosom all the sacred sciences. Philosophy preserved its independence, although it became Christian. Origen, Justin, Clement of Alexandria, Hermias, and many other Fathers of the early Christian ages are proofs of this. There have even been philosophers who imposed upon themselves the task of reconciling and bringing into concord the Christian dogmata and the philosophic teachings of Paganism. The Gnostics and the Manicheans, anathematised by the Church, essayed a similar work, and their efforts were not devoid of a certain greatness.

Manès, from whom the Secondos have derived their name, was born in the year 257 of the Vulgate era. There was at that epoch in Egypt a man named Scythion, an Arab by birth, fully instructed in the secrets of the Magi; he had the knowledge of hieroglyphy, of astronomic mythology, and practised the most healthy morality. He composed four works, under the titles of "Gospels, Chapters, Mysteries, and Treasures." Ferbulio, his pupil and disciple, inherited his fortune and his works, went to Palestine, and endeavoured to propagate the sect of the Magi. Persecuted there he took refuge in Persia, where he changed his name, and called himself Buddas. Still the priests of Mythra (of Egypt) persecuted him, and he took refuge in the house of a widow, where he died. This widow, having purchased a slave, adopted him, and gave him the name of Curbicus. This young man gained great knowledge from the books of Ferbulio, and, after his example, changed his name for that of "Manès," which signified "conversation" or "assemblage." He founded the sect which bears his name—the Manicheans—to be found in Church history. Pursued by the hatred of the Bishop of Kassan, by name Archelaus, and of the priest Marcellus, he took refuge, in order to escape, in a small castle called "Arabion," on the river Strenga; but he was denounced by another priest, named Triphon, to the King of Persia, who sent seventy-two guards to apprehend him. He was arrested on the bridge of the river at the moment he was betaking himself into a neighbouring town, called Diodoride. The king condemned him to be flayed alive (*le roi le condamna à être écorché vif*). After his death the number of his disciples increased considerably. His doctrines gained followers amongst men of the most elevated intellects; and it is well known that St. Augustin had been a Manichean. The affiliation of the Manicheans with the sages of antiquity is proved by a fact which has not hitherto been observed. The Catholic Church reproached them with believing in two principles, and, consequently, in two Deities. The reproach was unjust, for by their teaching they only inculcated the observance of the three gradations prescribed in Egypt for education—first, Dualism, or belief in two principles; second, Zabaothism, admiration of the forces of Nature; third, Jobaism, or the worship of an only God, a Sovereign independent of the material world. They therefore did not preach Dualism as the true doctrine, but as a way to pass in order to arrive at the manifestation of Truth

in its entirety. Many ages afterwards the Knight Templars embraced this doctrine, whose mysteries they celebrated with the utmost secrecy, and adopted, after its example, the designation of the "Sons of the Widow," and symbolised the death of Manès, under the name of Hiram, architect of the Temple of Solomon.

Arrived at the period of the order of the Templars, we perceive the history of Masonry grow clearer and become more certain and reliable. The Order of the Temple was not the cradle of Masonry, but it was the most noble expression and outcome of it. The Templars preserved its united strength during their brilliant career; and after their destruction we can follow the ramifications which broke up Freemasonry into so many branches.

But from whom had the Templars received the entire collection of Masonic science? From the brethren of the East, whose founder was an Egyptian sage named Ormus, converted to Christianity by St. Mark. But Ormus purified the doctrine of the Egyptians according to the precepts of Christianity. About the same time the Essenians and other Jews founded a school of Solomonic science, which united itself to that of Ormus. The disciples of Ormus, up to A.D. 1118, remained the sole depositories of the ancient Egyptian "wisdom," purified by Christianity and the Solomonic science. This doctrine they communicated to the Templars, who were then known under the title of "Knights of Palestine," or "Brothers of the Red Cross of the East," and it is those whom the Rite of Memphis recognised as its immediate founders.

In 1150, eighty-one of them arrived in Sweden under the guidance of Garimont, and presented themselves to the Archbishop of Upsala, who received from them the collection of Masonic knowledge. It was those eighty-one Masons who established Masonry in Europe.

After the death of James Molay, head of the Knight Templars of France, some Scotch Templars, having seceded at the instigation of King Robert Bruce, ranged themselves under the banner of a new order instituted by that prince, the receptions into which order were based upon those of the Order of the Temple. It is in this incident that we have to seek for the origin of Scotch Masonry, and even for that of other Masonic rites. The Scotch Templars were excommunicated in 1324 by Harminius. This date agrees with that of Brother Cheveau as to the separation of the "Masons of Edinburgh" from those of Memphis, which took place in 1322—that is to say, two years before. The latter remained faithful to the olden traditions; the former founded a new rite or dispensation, under the name of "Heredom of Kilwinning," or of "Scotland."

Hence, then, we find, towards the end of the 14th century, two existent rites—the Rite of Memphis or of the Orient (the East) and the Scottish Rite. Both continued to derive accessions of members in all parts of Europe—the Scottish Rite being greatly aided in obtaining members through the body of Royal Archers in the service of the French kings, and from the numbers of that hardy and warlike race scattered at the time throughout Europe.

It must be observed, however, that Masonry did not become public in France till the commencement of the 18th century, though so long before an institution in England. The first promoters of Masonry in France were, in 1725, Lord Derwentwater (holder only of the title of the gallant young Jacobite beheaded for his share in the rising for the first Pretender, in 1715), the Chevalier Maskelyne, and M. d'Heguelly, who established the first Masonic Lodge in Paris, Rue des Boucheries-St.-Germain, which Lodge was instituted on the 7th May, 1729, by the Grand Lodge of England, under the distinctive title of St. Thomas. Count d'Harnouester succeeded Lord Derwentwater as first Grand Master on the 24th December, 1736, and was replaced on the 11th December, 1743, by the Count de Clermont. The same year the Grand English Lodge of France established itself in Paris, and declared itself independent in

1756. However, Brother Lacorne, delegated by the Count de Chermont, established in 1761 a Grand Lodge, which, although at first disagreeing, fraternised on the 24th January, 1762, through the labours of M. Chaillon de Gouville, his successor; but, in 1765, a complete rupture took place. Those two Grand Lodges anathematised each other, and matters came to such a pass that "work" ceased on the 24th June, 1767. The first Grand Lodge resumed work on the 21st June, 1772. The second did the same on the 24th December of the same year, constituting themselves under the title of the Grand Orient, a title under which it still continues to be known.

On the 5th of March, 1773, the first assemblage of the Grand Orient took place, and it proclaimed its public existence on the 9th of the same month. On the 24th of July following the Duke of Luxembourg, its Grand Master, installed the three chambers which then composed the Lodge, and on the 28th October of that year Louis Phillipe Joseph d'Orleans was elected Grand Master.

The Grand Lodge declared, on the 17th June, 1774, that the Grand Orient had acted both usurpingly and irregular; but, deprived, as it would appear, of influential and capable membership, and without assistance outside, it could merely limit its vindication to a barren contest of pamphlets and misconceived decisions.

During this time the Grand Orient strode forward rapidly towards a Masonic unity, now become desirable, and effected numerous ameliorations.

On the 14th June, 1773, it suppressed the irremovableness of the Venerables, who were then Masters of Lodges from whence issued the grade of *Magister ad vitam* (Master for life). On the 23rd October following the Grand Orient for the first time issued the six-monthly pass-word—a custom which has ever since prevailed. At length, on the 27th December, 1774, the Grand Orient substituted the name of the "Masonic Order" for that of the "Royal Art" (Collection of Precepts).

On the 13th May, 1793, the Grand Mastership was declared vacant in consequence of the resignation of its titular, the Duke of Orleans. And the Grand Orient and the Grand Lodge resumed the business of the Order in 1796.

Through the anxious and careful management of Brother Roitier de Montalau, a contract of union, the need of which had been long and universally felt, was entered into and signed on the 21st May, 1799; and the meeting of the contesting institutions took place on the 22nd June subsequently—the Grand Orient absorbing the "Grand Lodge." Thus terminated the scandalous discussions and dissensions—all anathemas retracted, and all exclusions revoked.

During those quarrels of the Grand Lodge and of the Grand Orient, and even anteriorly, other rites were established in France. On the 15th of April, 1747, Charles Edward Stuart, the grandson of James II. of England, and son of the Prince called the "Old Pretender," opened at Arras a primordial Chapter of the "Scottish Jacobite." In 1754 the Chevalier de Bonneville founded the Hierophant Grand Lodge, named De Clermont. The Knights of the Empires of the East and of the West established themselves at Paris in 1758, and in the following year a Chapter of the Fathers of the R.: S.: was established in Bordeaux. At length, Pirlet founded, on the 22nd of July, 1722, the Cons.: des Chev.: d'Or.: (Council of the Knights of the East); and on the 21st September, same year, the Council of the Empires of the East and West and that of the R.: S.: arrested Masonry from perfection at the 25th degree.

Stephen Morin, a Jew, had received, in the preceding year, authorisation from the Lodge of the Knights of the East and the West to propagate Masonry in America, whence Brother Hocquet in 1803, and Brother Grasse-Tilley in 1804, reported to France, the first with 25, the second with 33 degrees.

Brother Matheus likewise established in Rouen, in 1786, a S. Grand Lodge of the rite of H. of Kilwinning of the Scottish Order at Rouen.

The Grand Orient had long thought it time to reunite under its authority all those dissident and varied rites. On the 27th December, 1801, it had taken into its fold the Knights of Arras; on the 5th December, 1804, it had received to its bosom the Grand Lodge of Scotland, of the ancient dispensation; but this union was broken. It was not until the 16th September of the following year that a definitive concordat or agreement took place; this Council remained independent for the collation of grades above the 18th degree. On the 19th December, 1804, the Grand Orient declared that they recognised all the rites in their entirety. Conformably with this decision it named a Directory of Rites, which was installed on the 25th July, 1805. This Directory was replaced by a Grand College, divided into as many sections as there were recognised rites. For example, the French Rite, that of Herodius; the Scotch, Ancient and Existent (anc. et ac.), of Kilwinning; the Philosophic, with its régime rectified. That same year Joseph Napoleon Bonaparte was elected sixth Grand Master.

Must we here mention a new rite, which, in order to take advantage of this toleration, endeavoured to establish itself about the year 1813, under the name of the Rite of Misraim? [To avoid foot-notes, it may be stated that persons unversed in Masonic researches confound the Rite of Memphis and that of Misraim. The Rite of Misraim has nothing more Egyptian about it than its name, which is that of one of the earliest Kings of Egypt. For the rest, the rite is entirely the result of the imagination of MM. Bédarride. The Rite of Memphis, or the Oriental, on the contrary, is of the highest antiquity, and belongs to the ancient doctrine of Egypt, through Ormus, priest of Memphis, an Egyptian city which possessed the best "sacerdotal college" which ever existed.] That Rite (or ceremony) of Misraim had for its inventors and founders the two brothers Bédarride. MM. Bédarride pretended that their rite had existed in France from the year 1782, and that at the commencement of the century it possessed Chapters at Naples, at Venice, and in the Ionian Islands. It is well known in France, and notorious amongst the initiated of Great Britain and her colonies, that the Rite of Misraim was never heard of before 1817, an epoch in which the Grand Orient proscribed and prohibited it. It no longer exists in Venice, in the Ionian Isles, and in the kingdom of Italy.

The Ionian Islands, before their restoration to the King of the Hellenes, or to the kingdom of Greece, by England, professed only the English and Scotch rites; under French rule they only practised the primordial and the Scotch Rites. Venice, in practising the Egyptian observance, has only since acknowledged that introduced by Cagliostro, seconded by the zeal of Brother Zuliani—the 36th degree of the rite of Memphis. If, from the origin of the Rite of Misraim we pass to its acts, we find that, unable, from its first steps, to go alone, it requested the Grand Orient to recognise it in 1816.

It was on the 14th day of the month, A.M. 5816, that the Grand Orient issued a commission to inquire into this demand; and upon the report of this commission the Grand Orient proscribed this rite on the 27th day of the tenth month, 5817, supporting the decision upon the basis that MM. Bédarride "had not a single regular ritual, and had not been even able to justify their Masonic qualifications."

Struck with the inconvenience, graver still than Masonic irregularity, which the practice of this rite presented, the Grand Orient sent forth another circular, dated 10th of the eighth month, 5821. This circular refers to and confirms the tenour of that of the tenth month, 5817. It likewise ordered, under the heaviest Masonic penalties, all the lodges under its jurisdiction to interdict entrance to the Temple to all members of that rite.

But let us abandon these sad discussions, at the source of which every spring may not be equally honourable, and let us only take care that so noble a

dispensation as Masonry be not tainted by the passions which conceal themselves under its august mantle. One fact—a fact of immense importance—results from this *exposé*, and that is, that the unity of Masonry is lost. Therein lies the great misfortune, for the strength of an institution consists in its unity. But what can avail against fact? It would be folly to attempt to deny or contest it. There is, however, one way of counterbalancing the pernicious influence of these disjointments; and that is, to call the attention of all Masons of the different rites to the moral and scientific genius of Masonry, and to reconstitute the unity of views and thoughts, if we cannot restore unity of action and of power. This is the chief purpose of the Rite of Memphis. Depository of the entire collection of tradition, *the oldest of all existing rites*, it will give them an example of personal abnegation, of Masonic charity, and of disinterested devotion to the prosperity of Masonry. Happy shall it esteem itself if such an example shall have many imitators!

ORIGIN OF ALL THE KNOWN MASONIC RITES.

The Masonic Rite of Memphis, or the Oriental, was brought into Europe by Ormus, a priest of Serapis (*prêtre seraphique*), of Alexandria, a sage of Egypt, converted by Saint Mark, A.D. 46, who purified the doctrines of the Egyptians according to the principles of Christianity. The Ancient, or Scottish Rite, was established in Paris in the year 1725. A manuscript of the Edinburgh Rite, written in the following century, and translated into English, alleges that Scottish Masonry was instituted by the celebrated heresiarch Manès in the year of Christ 304.

The modern or French rite, in which some follow the legend of Hiram, others that of Adouhiram,* whence it is sometimes called "Hiramite Masonry," and sometimes "Adouhiramite Masonry," was founded by Bro. Lacorne, delegated by the Count de Clermont, who established, on the 24th December, 1772, a Grand Lodge, which constituted itself under the title of the Grand Orient. On the 5th of March, 1773, the first assembly of the Grand Orient took place, and proclaimed its institution on the 9th of the same month. The rite of the Strict Observance was created in the year 1734 by Baron Hund, that of Philaethes (from *philos* and *alethes*), or lovers and seekers after truth, in 1773, by Savalette de Loges and Court de Gebelin. This rite had for object the perfection of man and his approach towards that from which he had emanated, following the principles of Martinism, the regeneration of humanity and its restoration to primitive innocence as well as its reintegration in the rights which it had forfeited by original sin! The rite of the Elect of Truth was instituted at Rennes in 1748, and arranged by Mangourit in 1776. The Rite of the Perfect Initiated of Egypt, comprising seven grades, was formed at Lyons, according to a copy of the *Crata Repoa*, of which Bro. Bailleur wrote a translation in 1821 from the original German. The Rite of the Architects of Africa was instituted in 1767. The Rite of Swedenborg, or the Illuminati of Stockholm (a theosophic Masonry, the seventy-second degree of the Masonic Rite of Memphis), founded in 1621. The Rite of Penerty, or the Illuminati of Avignon, established in 1779, and transferred in 1787 to Montpellier under the title of the Academy of True Masons (*Maçonnerie hermétique*). The Rite of Universal Harmony, instituted in 1782 by Mesmer. The Rite of the Xerophagists, founded in Italy in 1746. The Rite of the Phatonic Academy, founded in 1482, under Lorenzo de Medicis, by Marsilius Ficint. The Rite of the Sublime Masters of the Luminous Ring, founded in France in 1780 by Bro. Grant; this rite caused the revival of the School of Pythagoras. The Rite of the Palladium, attributed to Fénelon. The Mesmeric Masonry, founded by Mesmer according to magnetic science, which many manuscripts assure us to have been known to the ancient initiated. The Primitive Rite, or

* This name is composed of two Hebrew words: *Adou*, master; and *Hiram*, life, elevation.

that of the Philadelphi (Friendly Brothers) of Narbonne, established in that city 19th April, 1780, and united to the Grand Orient of France in 1786. The programme of the members who composed it was printed in 1790, under the title of the "First Lodge of the Primitive Rite in France." In perusing it we find a curious fragment upon the character and object of the rite, which appears to us to have a great resemblance to that of Memphis, or the Oriental. According to this document the process is performed by three classes of Masons, who receive ten degrees of instruction. These degrees or classes are not the designations of such or such grades, but of denominations, or selections, or combinations, which it only requires us to unravel in order to elicit an almost infinite number of grades. The special object of the programme seemed to be the rehabilitation or reintegration of intellectual man in his station and his primitive rights. In our days this opinion, however eccentric it may be, has been adopted by profound thinkers like Fabre d'Oliver, Ballanche, etc.

The Rite of Misraim was founded in Paris in 1813 by the brothers Bédarride. We have also the Persian or Philosophic, the H. D. M. Kilwinning (Scottish origin); Scotch Philosophic, of Yorck (English origin); Des Écossais fidèles ou de la VIELLEBRU (the Faithful Scotch, or of the Old Daughter-in-law—a reference in the latter designation to which we have no key, except that the French dispensation came from Scotland); of Zinnendorf; Egyptian, or of Cagliostro; Martinist, or the chosen Coëns; the Eons (Easterns), of Zoroaster; Brothers of the Red Cross, of the Royal Ark, of Palestine, of the Scandinavian Knights, of the Knights of the Desert, of the Knights of the Holy City, Order of Christ, Eclectic Rite, Rite of Adoption for Women, the same according to Cagliostro; Masonic Order of Cucchiora (Trowel) Order of Liberty, attributed to Moses; Templars; Tribunal of Heaven.

With these varied rites on hand, no marvel Bro. E. J. Marconis de Negre should yearn for unity.

NOTE ON THE ORDER OF THE TEMPLE.

The Templars were an Order of Christian Knights, instituted in 1118 by nine notables, amongst whom are named Hugues (Hugh) de Payans and Geoffroi de St. Omer, for the purpose of reconquering and defending Palestine against the assaults and insults of the Mahometans or Saracens. Baldwin, King of Jerusalem, granted them an establishment near the site whereon had stood the Temple of Solomon; thence derived the name of "Templars." Ten years after their institution the Council of Troyes approved of this nascent Order, and St. Bernard drew up its statutes. The Order of the Temple made rapid progress, and counted within its circle members of the most illustrious families of Europe. Its riches proportionately increased so as to excite the avidity of many sovereigns. Philip the Fair was the first who executed the project of laying hands upon the immense wealth of the Temple by inciting Pope Clement V., his creature, to pronounce the abolition of the Order. "The proceeding was atrocious," writes Michelet. "The ecclesiastical judges wrenched, by torture, avowals from its members, and burned, as relapsed 'malignants,' those who afterwards dared to retract those torture-wrung 'confessions.' The Grand Master, Jaques Molay, burnt at Paris with more than sixty Knights, protested his innocence to the last, and *summoned the King and the Pope to appear before God before a year should pass away.* The prediction was accomplished (1314)."

Some wrecks of the Order, escaping from the axe and the butchers, continued the Order of the Temple after the martyrdom of Jacques de Molay and his companions, and by an uninterrupted tradition the Order of the Temple has been perpetuated up to the present day, has preserved the depository of the traditions entrusted to the original Templars; and for the exploits of a chivalrous gallantry which so gloriously signalled its public career it has substituted the noble works which honour, in our days, its philosophic and esoteric life.

Although, correctly speaking, the Order of the Temple is not a Masonic rite, it has at all times fraternised with the Freemasons, and given an example of enlightened literature which we should be happy to see imitated by certain Masonic brotherhoods.

INSTRUCTION OF THE KADOSCH TEMPLAR

(RITE OF MEMPHIS, KNIGHT OF THE TEMPLE, 34TH DEGREE).

The Word : Habamah (the High Sanctuary).

Password : Eliel (Might of God). Answer : Menahem (Consolation from God), Nekam-magghah (vengeance for murder).

Word with Touching : Kyrie (lord).

Words of the "Crossed : " Evar gar eth Adonai bechol ngeth, thamid thehillatho bephi (I will bless God at all times ; his praise shall be ever in my mouth).

Other Words : Bahabah ahhalek im heani (I shall share with the poor with loving kindness).

The reader perceives there is but one Greek word above amongst the Hebrew, which manifests in a way the natal soil of the institution. The fraternal banquets are named *agapes* (Gallicised Greek, meaning love or friendship) ; and those fraternal gatherings are of the highest antiquity, their object being to draw closer the ties of brotherly love amongst the initiated.

As to signs, etc., the following is quoted from the notice of the 13th degree—the Royal Arch, of which we now and again read reports in the daily papers :—“The Royal Arch is a purely English denomination, and should rather be called the Royal Vault. *Signs of admiration* (Rite of Memphis) : one knee on the ground, the head bent towards the left, and the hands raised towards heaven ; *of adoration*, to fall on the two knees. *Touch* (Rite of Memphis) : to place the hands under the arms of the tyler, as if to assist him to rise, saying the Hebrew words, ‘Toub baani amal bab’ (meaning, ‘It is truly good to recompense labour’) ; in answer, the tyler makes the same sign, and says, ‘Jabulum’ (that is, ‘A good Mason’). The Scottish Rite is the same. *Knocking* (Rite of Memphis) : five knocks by two and three. Scottish Rite the same.

THE HEATHER-CLAD MOOR.

I LONG to be off—to be going away
From the smoke of the town (for a long summer's day)
With its close atmosphere and its care-haggard poor—
I long to be off to the heather-clad moor.

For the noise and the hubbub of town I would hear
The sound of the health-giving breeze in my ear ;
The cries of the curlew and moor-game with me
Than those of the city would better agree.
I long to be off.

The purple-crowned heather, the sweet-scented thyme,
The birchen-clothed valley untainted by crime,
The clear winding burn as it flows down the glen,
Are sights better far than the dwellings of men.
I long to be off.

W. CORBETT.

A VISIT TO THE ENGLISH LAKES.

(Continued from page 178.)

WYTHBURN now comes in sight, with its

———"modest house of prayer,
As lowly as the lowliest dwelling."

and, as we get nearer to it, we see how appropriate the description—

"Humble it is, and meek, and very low,
And speaks its purpose by a single bell."

From here the ascent is often made of

———"Blue Helvellyn! hill of hills!
Giant amongst the giants!"

Passing Wythburn "drear Helvellyn," as Hartley Coleridge styles it, is

———"seen
Fairly ascending amidst crags and hills
The mightiest one—associate of the sky!"

Thirlmere, the proposed Manchester reservoir, is next reached, and its banks skirted; we are in

"The narrow valley of St. John,
Down sloping to the western sky;"

and Castle Rock is seen in the distance,

———"with airy turrets crown'd,
Buttress and rampires' circling bound,
And mighty keep and tower;
Seem'd some primeval giant's hand
The castle's massive walls had plann'd
A pondrous bulwark to withstand
Ambitious Nimrod's power."

As we draw nearer we find its extraordinary appearance somewhat warrants Sir Walter Scott's exaggeration. We pass

"Beneath the castle's gloomy pride,"

and over "the nestling stream" that crosses the road. In front rise "stern Blencathara's perilous height," and "dim Skiddaw," who

———"shrouds
His double front among Atlantic clouds,
And pours forth streams more sweet than Castaly."

"Lovely Derwent Water" lays on our left, with its beautifully wooded heights and islets, and Keswick in a snug little corner. We still rattle along up and down hill, with the pleasantest of company: the coachman has just taken the horn and blows a blast to announce our approach, children run after us for coppers to be thrown to them, and with a few more tugs and jolts we roll into the "metropolis of the lakes." We succeed in finding the house to which we are directed, and enjoy a comfortable tea. This over, we ramble about Keswick, and visit the new ordnance model of the lakes, which certainly gives us as good an idea as possible of the mountains and valleys; the scale is six inches to the mile. Some of the houses near Keswick are very picturesque, being covered with ivy and moss, and look like "things of nature." Our survey

finished, we return to our lodgings and retire to rest. The night gives place to a most lovely morning, the sun shining brightly, and the birds chirping merrily. We saunter by the lake beneath the trees, and amid the ferns, intoxicated with the balmy atmosphere.

“ Deep stillness lies upon this lovely lake :
The air is calm, the forest trees are still.”

A glorious walk brings us at last to the famous Lodore Fall, immortalised by Southey, and from his poem most people expect to see a much more magnificent fall than the one that exists. It is very broken and crowded with huge stones rolled from the mountain side; there is not much water, and we climbed and scrambled to the head. It is a wild but beautiful scene, the “water dashing and splashing” between two precipitous crags covered with vegetation. A deep draught of its pure ice-cold water and we are off back again. In the afternoon we walk along the Derwent, “the fairest of all rivers, winding among grassy holms,” and watch the fish sporting in its dappled waters till we come to Crosthwaite, with a pretty little church, containing a monument of the poet Southey and a poetical inscription by Wordsworth. In the churchyard is a neat slab to the memory of Southey, and many ancient grave-stones, among the number that of Hogarth’s family. After tea we take a silent row on the placid lake, and touch at St. Herbert’s Island.

“ This island, guarded from profane approach
By mountains high and waters widely spread,
Is the recess to which St. Herbert came
In life’s decline.”

“ Here stood his threshold; here was spread the roof,
That sheltered him—a self-secluded man.”

We row round the lake till the stars shine and the lights appear; the mountains and islands around us, the beautiful reflection of the glowing sky in the water, and the rapid motion of the boat on the calm surface of the lake, make the situation one of the most delightful. But to descend from the sublime to the commonplace, blisters are the result of our two hours’ row. We seem to like Keswick better than any place we have been to yet, and imagine that nothing can supersede it. The morning brings another fine day, and we again attempt the ascent of Sca Fell; a view of the ordnance model gives us a distinct idea of what we are going to do. We take the Buttermere coach as far as Seatoller so as to lessen the labour. On the road we stop at Barrow Fall, a poor artificial one, and scarcely worth seeing. We also stop at the Bowder Stone;

“ Upon a semi-cirque of turf-clad ground,
A mass of rock, resembling as it lays
Right at the foot of that moist precipice
A stranded ship with keel upturned, that rests
Careless of wind and waves.”

This is a true description of this huge stone, estimated to weigh nearly two thousand tons. We climb to the top of it, and shake hands through the hole underneath it, and give the old woman at the little cottage her expected fee. The coach is resumed again, which leaves a lady and gentlemen at Rosthwaite to walk over Stake Pass. We leave it at Seatoller to go on to Buttermere, while we take the road to Sca Fell. We are gradually getting to the head of the valley, and the dark-green yew trees mentioned by Wordsworth are the next objects that meet our notice.

—“ those fraternal four of Borrowdale,
Joined in one solemn and capacious grove ;
Huge trunks, and each particular trunk a growth
Of intertwined fibres serpentine,
Upcoiling, and inveterately convolved
Nor uninformed with phantasy, and looks
That threaten the profane.”

Immediately after, on the same side, is the world-renowned Borrowdale lead mine, with the charming Sour Milk Gill Fall a few yards off,—

——“the mountain flood
Murmuring from Glaramara’s inmost caves.”

We pass Seathwaite, noted as the wettest place in England, but are not favoured with a shower; the sky and all above is bright and sunny. We now seem to have launched fairly into the “drear deserts of Borrowdale.”

“Here vague and barren grandeur spreads abroad,
And darkness and dismay and danger dwell.
No grassy sward of green is nourished here.

——“Here a wilful, riotous torrent comes
Mad from the mountains, and when July drought
Scorches the hills, here all subdued yet wild
The muttering river drags its lazy course,
And makes hoarse discord with the rocks and stones.”

Ladies and gentlemen are very plentiful, and we meet two or three parties coming from the mountains. We seem almost hemmed in by the heights, and begin to think we are in a *cul de sac*; but the infallible “Jenkinson” points a way out of the difficulty. We go over Stockley Bridge, and scramble up Taylor’s Gill Falls, with a sweltering hot sun above us and “Excelsior” for our motto. Sty Head tarn is the next landmark, or, rather, watermark; it looks very small, but takes some time to walk round. A good many more parties seem to be making the ascent, with the aid of guides. Branching to the left we reach Sprinkling tarn. Suddenly, Derwent Water, with its lovely wooded islands, bursts upon our delighted sight between two crags. It seems a long, long way off, with its blue water, and deep down in the beautiful green valley. Another turn to the right brings us to a rough stony part which has to be traversed; it is very hard, tiring work, and we almost despair ever reaching the topmost height. A streamlet furnishes us with a little water which we carry with us, and it is most refreshing when we do at last reach the summit. Landmarks in the shape of piles of stones mark the way, and the extreme peak is capped with a well-built cairn, twelve feet high. Climbing this we have now reached the height of our ambition, and look around and beneath on the bleak mountains. We can only see about twenty miles around, as there is a slight mist on the horizon; but still the view is very fine and extensive. Five or six gentlemen and two families are our companions on this skyey solitude. The whole lake district is mapped out before us. Black Combe (“dread name derived from storms and clouds”), “Glaramara, home of thunder.”

“Wrynose, set amidst the south,
A hideous child that was deserted
By its mother Cockermonth.”

Helvellyn, and Skiddaw stand out conspicuously, and a host of peaks, too bewildering to specify, surround us. On one side we have the famous Mickle-dore chasm, separating the peak from Sea Fell, once considered impracticable, and now only passed with great difficulty and danger by experienced mountaineers. On the other side, in the distance, we can see the Pillar mountain, with its rock, one of the most delicate and hazardous pieces of mountaineering in England.

——“it almost looks
Like some vast building made of many crags;
And in the midst is one particular rock
That rises like a column from the vale.”

We sit down amid the vast scenery, and eat our well-earned lunch, and then start for Keswick again. My friend foolishly is determined to descend by Pier’s Gill, direct for Sty Head tarn, a difficult and dangerous way; but I

prefer the old roundabout route by Sprinkling tarn as the safest and best known. He will wait for me at Sty Head. I get there in about an hour, and my friend is not there, and after waiting some time I imagine that he must have gone on. The way back is very rough, and I have a few tumbles over the jagged stones and break my flask. The old scenes are passed in quick succession, and night is fast drawing on. I enquire of every person if he has seen anybody resembling my friend, but the answer is always in the negative. Three hours stiff walking and I am once more on the banks of Derwent Water, and have the pleasure of witnessing, through the nearly autumn-tinted leaves of the trees, a most gorgeous sunset. The mountain tops are tipped with gold, the lake ripples the reflection into crimson ringlets, and the silent gliding boats leave a silver trail behind them. The islands, with their dark trees breaking the reflection, lend more beauty to the scene, and in the distance the colour fades into a glorious purple. Nothing is heard but the cawing of crows, the lowing of cattle, and the tiny babble of the water; all wears the aspect of a most delightful fairy scene. Another hour along the shore of this lovely lake, and I arrive at Keswick; and my friend has not turned up! I am most anxious, and make all sorts of surmise, hardly knowing what to do. However, I get my tea, and in an hour-and-a-half he arrives, to my extreme satisfaction and relief, he having found the short cut much the harder and longer way, and losing his umbrella in a gully. "All's well that ends well." We go to the model again, and talk over the routes. Our long and tiring walk inclines us for sleep. Another glance at the town in the morning, and we take the train for Troutbeck, noticing a few Hull faces. There the coach takes us on the road to Patterdale. The weather is dull and damp, but afterwards turns out fine. Gowbarrow Park is very prettily wooded, and we skirt the lake, "where flow'rets blow and whispering naiads dwell," catching a delightful glimpse as we pass by Lyulph's Tower," with its ivy-clad walls. Ullswater looks almost like a sea with its waves flashing in the sun, and "Helvellyn crowned with clouds" at its head.

"Abrupt and sheer the mountains sink
At once upon the level brink."

Arriving at Patterdale, we find good accommodation at the White Lion, and make a hearty dinner. We do not "climb the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn," as my friend is too tired, but take a boat on the lake. The scenery here is very fine, and has a character of its own; but is not so pleasing as Derwent Water. We visit all the islands, about which there is nothing remarkable, and row to the other end of the lake in four hours. The steamer being here, we get some biscuits and start back again; but row as we will, the great boat, intended to hold about a dozen people, will not go three miles an hour, and it is beginning to get dark. When we get half way home we can see nothing, and do not know which side of the lake we are on, nor where the islands and rocks are. All we can do is to row doggedly on, and trust to good luck to keep us away from them. No lights or landmarks, and it is drizzling, uncertain flickering flashes of lightning being our only guide. Our position is not very enviable—in the middle of a dangerous lake in a strange place, nothing to be seen, and a storm coming on. On, on we row, with mechanical perseverance, yet never appear to be any nearer; an interminable time it seems; suddenly swish! and we are stuck fast in the reeds. We back out with difficulty, and try over and over again in different directions, but always with the same result; so we land the boat in a field, and lock it to a fence. *Terra firma* at last! What a relief; now, to find where we are. A thick plantation bars our further progress. This we scramble through at the expense of our clothes and skins, and, after some further trouble, find the high road about a mile from the inn. Leaving the key, and explaining the case to the anxious boat-owner, we get to the White Lion at about eleven o'clock, and

relieve the good landlady's fears for our safety. I have rowed about twenty-two miles, my friend not being an oarsman, and in consequence have no less than thirteen blisters. A hearty supper is very acceptable, and so is bed. We get up early to release the boat, and when in it cannot refrain from having another row. We meet three or four acquaintances we had made at Stake Pass and Keswick. The wind is rather fresh as we go with them to see the "wild stream of Aira." A comely damsel leads the way for Lyulph's Tower (which is covered with ivy, and looks very romantic in the sun), by winding walks, to

———"the torrent hoarse
Fit music for a solemn vale!
The spirit of a mournful tale
Embodied in the sound."

At last we reach the grotto, and gaze on the pretty fall,—

"Where clouds that spread in solemn shade
Are edged with golden rays!"

We return with our genteel guide well satisfied, and as there is no fixed fee we hardly know how to repay such a person for her trouble. However, we get over the delicate difficulty, and finding the boats once more embark on the bosom of the lake. Tying the two boats together we make a novel steering apparatus of one of them for the other, and thus end our morning's excursion. Our friends accompany us to Ambleside after dinner on the coach. The White Lion is a very reasonable place, and well attended. Clergymen abound in the lake district, and many of them have rubbed off the pride of office, and are communicative with their fellow-travellers. On the way we pass the beautiful little lake termed Brothers' Water, from two brothers having been drowned there. Now we are ascending the steep pass of "noble" Kirkstone, "guardian of the mountain way," and here dismount while the horses slowly drag the cumbersome conveyance up between the "fraternal hills." On the left is the peculiar stone,

———"whose church-like frame
Gives to the savage pass its name,"

and from this side seems very much like a Church, "cognizably shaped." The scenery is grand and rugged. When we gain the top of the "aspiring road!" we have excellent views, both retrospective and prospective. A little house is erected here, called "The Travellers' Rest," said to be the highest inhabited dwelling in England, being 1,475 feet above the level of the sea. Here a book is kept, in which visitors inscribe their names. We mount the coach again, leaving "Helvellyn over all things mountain lord," and slide down the other side of the pass with the "shoe" on the wheel, seeming in imminent danger of toppling over. Before us

———"the glorious sun
Makes Winander one wide wave of gold,"

and we rapidly descend on the familiar charming scenery. Down, down we go, one continual descent, till the coach clatters through the narrow archway behind the "Salutation." The driver, as usual, requires to be fee-d. Our old lodging-house is able once more to accommodate us. Tea over, we stroll through "the rustling swing of old Rydal Wood" on to "Rydalmere's white flashing flood," and enjoy a *dolce far niente* on its banks. A lovely sunset flickers on the ripples, the dreamy islands seem to float in a sea of jewels, and the gauzy reflection of the fertile mountains in the water is most inviting. A lame attempt to transfer this scene to paper utterly fails; here, indeed, is scope for the painter to ply his pleasant profession. A boat partly disturbs the reverie, and arrives loaded with small perch, caught by a gay party of ladies. In the stream we find another follower of the gentle craft fishing for

trout. Another night in Ambleside, and then adieu to the lovely land of the poets. We steam away on the bosom of Windermere—

——“this majestic lake, that like an arm
Of ocean, or some Indian river vast
In beauty floats amid its guardian hills.”

We sadly leave the lakes we have learned to love, and take a last glance at “the green banks of joyful Windermere!”

——“with all her radiant isles
Serenely floating on her azure breast,
Like stars in heaven.”

The steamer arrives at Lake Side, where we bid farewell to Windermere with “her green recesses and her islands still,” perhaps never to behold them again. Rain has now set in, which is a sort of selfish comfort to us. We have a long weary day’s travel, with nothing of interest worth mentioning till we arrive at Leeds. Here I bid adieu to my friend, and book for Malton *via* York, where

——“erect in the shade
The solemn cathedral stands up like a warning.”

Arriving at Malton I have a stiff walk through the rain to a friend’s, where I spend three enjoyable lazy days, with every luxury a farmhouse can afford; and thus ends our memorable “Visit to the Lakes.”

HY. CALVERT APPLEBY

THE DAY IS DYING.

——
“Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and skie:
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die.”—*George Herbert.*

THE sun sinks low, with sudden glow,
And through the beams there comes a sighing—
A wailing moan, like warning tone
That whispers, “Ah! the day is dying!”

You’d think there rolled a sea of gold
Beneath the cliff on which we’re lying,
Which in the surge sings solemn dirge
For that the beauteous day is dying.

Now shadows creep across the deep;
And, mingling with the sea-mews’ crying,
Along the shore the echo’s roar
Repeats, “Alas! the day is dying!”

What hopes, what fears, what sighs, what tears,
Has this day seen which now is flying!
Its light is gone, and now alone—
With dews we weep—the day is dying.

MASONIC CRAM.

BY THE EDITOR.

THERE is a great danger rising up like a rock ahead before the good ship Freemasonry in this country: parrot-like repetition—Masonic cram. We live at a time when “cribs” in all studies, more or less, are all but normal, and the evil has touched our Order, so reverential in its traditions and usages of the past, in that unauthorized exposition and unlicensed “aide-memoires” seem to be rapidly coming into fashion. Hence you are often struck with a volubility which betokens nervousness, and a glib repetition of ceremonial which betrays “cram,” and any little incident, or “contretemps,” or interruption, puts the anxious “Mystagogos” out. He has often to hark back, and great is the stuttering, mournful the stumbling. Our beautiful ritual is marred and mangled in an awful manner, and the only feeling of the brethren present is a sense of relief when the ceremonial is over and the “seance” is closed. In my opinion, all this arises from two great and predominant evils: an unhealthy desire to get into office, (which I propose to deal with in another paper), and a very undesirable habitude of private “cram,” instead of public instruction. And what is the remedy? What is the cure for a growing evil, for a now open wound, which may open out into a great sore? I feel sure there is but one reply: attend a Lodge of Instruction, and do not depend on “manuals” or printed aid.

Of late years, in my opinion, far too much has been openly written and publicly explained about Masonic ceremonies and the like, and there seems to be an idea that it is lawful even to discuss before the profane, and in the columns of a Masonic paper, the most abstruse questions of Masonic, (our secret), ritual. From this point of view the *Freemason* has, happily, long dissented, and has for some time tried to emerge entirely, setting in this respect a good example to the Masonic press throughout the world. But still the evil lingers, as anyone acquainted with contemporaneous Masonic literature must honestly confess, and the result has been what the result was sure to be, an eager recourse to unauthorized authorities and doubtful and deficient pages. I think I trace every now and then a growing yielding to this most unsatisfactory state of affairs, in a somewhat stereotyped and unintelligent rendering of our beautiful ritual, which one has to listen to in silent regret. The presiding officer of the good lodge “Jonathan,” 4960, has clearly had recourse to some assistance not recognized by the habits and traditions of her order. He clearly has not been near the Emulation Lodge of Improvement, or the Stability Lodge, or any of those good Lodges of Instruction which abound in the Metropolis, but has worked up his work without reference to Masonic authority, or a Masonic teacher; and yet such teachers are to be found. I can speak, alas, now, of many years ago personally, but I believe my assertion is correct they are not wanting yet to the Masonic enquirer, to the young and earnest Craftsman. It was my lot to be taught my Masonic lore, (which I have never forgotten, though time and conflicting systems may have shaken its symmetry), by two of the kindest and ablest preceptors I ever knew. They are long since gone to their rest, good Masons, kind, genial souls, and peace be to them. But believing that such preceptors may still be found, friendly, zealous, intelligent, and educated, I think well in the *Masonic Magazine* to deprecate a vicious system growing up amongst us, and to hold up to the avoidance of the loyal and faithful Mason this evil of evils, and to protest against idle and irreverent treatment of our goodly ritual, and, above all, MASONIC CRAM.

TRYING TO CHANGE A SOVEREIGN.

BY BRO. S. POYNTER, P.M. AND TREAS. BURGOYNE, NO. 902 ; P.M. ATHENÆUM, NO. 1491

ESSAY THE SECOND.

[ADDRESS BY THE AUTHOR TO THE READER.—The Rev. Baronet, who appears to have succeeded the late Earl of Aldborough as a giver of testimonials, writes, not unequivocally, of a certain wine, "I have tried your sherry, and I never tasted anything like it!" Whatever the merits or demerits of the following contribution to the history of my country, I am confident, dear reader, that when you have perused it you will unhesitatingly pronounce that you never read anything like it.]

PART I.

"Another way."—Mrs. Glasse's Cookery Book.

TRANSACTIONS WITH THE "LONG" FIRM OF CATESBY & CO. (LIMITED)

N.B.—All anachronistic rights strictly reserved.

"I sing a doleful tragedy; Guy Fawkes that prince of sinisters,
Who once blew up the House of Lords, the King, and all his Ministers:
That is, he would have blown them up, and they'd have all been cindered,
Or seriously scorched, at least, if he had not been hindered.

(Chorus) "Bow, wow, wow! Fol de roll de iddy doll; bow, wow, wow!"

"He straightway came from Lambeth side, and wished the State was undone;
And crossing over Vauxhall Bridge by that way entered London:
That is, he would have come that way to perpetrate his guilt, sirs;
But a little thing prevented him, the bridge it wasn't built, sirs."

(Chorus) "Bow, wow, wow! Fol de roll de iddy doll; bow, wow, wow!"

—Old Ballad.

"Please to remember,
The fifth of November,
Gunpowder treason and plot;
I see no reason
Why Gunpowder treason
Should ever be forgot."
—Popular doggerel.



Another Guy.

CHAPTER I.

THE JERKBACK BANK.

IT was a dull, gloomy, foggy November-like morning in London, although it was in reality the beginning of March, in the year 1604-5, when the widow Critchett stood in Legality Lane awaiting the opening of the doors of the Jerkback Bank; for she held a cheque drawn upon that establishment for the sum of seven pounds ten shillings, and she sorely needed the coin.

Now, it was the custom of banking officials in those days to receive the negotiable instrument from the payee and give a written acknowledgment in return. The bearer then joined a long queue of expect

tants, like the wedge-shaped line you may see outside the door of a Parisian theatre, and presently, when his or her turn arrived, a stern-faced cashier would compare the order for payment with the presented voucher, at the same time searchingly, through his *pince-nez*, examining the features of the presenter. In the interval the books of the bank had been consulted to ascertain whether the customer had standing to his credit sufficient funds to meet the demand.

When the widow's turn arrived, the official gravely addressed her in these ominous words:—"We will honour this cheque, madam, for the credit of the concern, but we have long since ceased to have dealings with the drawers." Those individuals constituted, in point of fact,

A "LONG" FIRM!!!

The cheque purported to be given in payment for coals and firewood supplied, and was signed

"CATESBY & Co. (Limited.)"

How came the widow Critchett by that cheque?

That is the question.

The sequel must disclose.

If you come to that, who *was* the widow Critchett?

The following chapter shall inform you.

CHAPTER II.

PETTY FRANCE.

IN that part of the ancient city of Westminster which, in the beginning of the reign of King James the First, was known as Petty France, the widow Critchett kept a small coal, potato, and fire-wood store. The lady was something more than a widow. The circumstance that had made her a relict had even a romantic interest. She was wont to say that her dear departed was killed by a fall from a tree. The fact that a rope round his neck prevented the gravitating body from reaching the earth was an insignificant detail with which she did not consider it necessary to encumber the narrative. In plain truth, however, Mrs. Critchett was what was, in those days, known in thieves' slang as a "hempen widow,"* her late husband having, in an evil hour for himself, experimented in endeavouring to appropriate by manual dexterity what he had theretofore been content to acquire by craft or purchase.

About two years before Mrs. Critchett presented the cheque at the counter of the Jerkback Bank, Mr. Critchett had been seduced into listening to the Great Northern Railway Company's attractive proffer of cheap excursion tickets to behold the entry of his Majesty King James the Sixth of Scotland into his newly-acquired English dominions. At Newark-on-Trent the thrifty excursionist from London, with a laudable desire to defray the expenses of his trip without encroaching on the domestic funds, mingling in the crowd, saw what he conceived to be a profitable opening *à la* Autolycus, and being taken red, or rather silver, handed with a fat Northumbrian grazier's well-stuffed pouch between his lissom fingers, was haled before the newly-arrived Solon, then

* See in Mr. W. Harrison Ainsworth's Jack Sheppard, the Newgate idyll "Nix my dolly."

"In a box of the stone jug I was born;
Of a hempen widow the kid forlorn."

Modern *argot* adopts a beautifully poetical euphemism to describe the euthanasia of Mr Marwood's patients. "My poor man passed away in the autumn, at the fall of the leaf," says the weeping bereaved one. (Vide Hotten's Slang Dictionary.) It would, of course, be rude to let her know that you are perfectly aware that the fatal leaf is constructed of wood, and is the trap-door flap that, when the bolt is drawn, gives way beneath the feet of the sufferer. "It is ill talkin' o' hemp? th' cose of a mon whaes feyther has been hangit," as the illustrious monarch, an episode in whose history I am essaying to narrate, would have observed.

in an ill-humour, impatiently awaiting dinner in the best room of the "Morpeth Arms" Inn, who, after quoting the Pandects, Duns Scotus, the book of Leviticus, Nostradamus, Solomon, Prester John, the great Panjandrum, and Saunders McKelvie, the pawkie baillie of Perth, and muttering something with a chuckle about "Jeddart justice, hang first and try afterwards," ordered poor Caleb Critchett to be at once suspended from the branch of an elm tree which stood too conveniently near, his Majesty adding that he proposed attending the execution in person, and gastronomically observing that "siccan a seet was braw, and ga' an unco' appetete for a haggis, a cockaleekie, or a singgit pow."*

So Critchett swung and the new royal lawgiver dined.†

And Mrs. Critchett was a widow.

Not "tocherless," however, as her husband's judge would have remarked. No; the late Mr. Critchett had prospered in the fence‡ business; "he ought never to have tried his hand at the other, he hadn't got the delicacy of touch for it, poor man," his bereaved one observed, and if report spake sooth Mrs. Critchett was in a position to be a very reliable judge of the character of the deceased's touch, especially when the poor man was partially overcome with liquor; and the establishment in Westminster made a very comfortable home, with enough capital left to carry on a snug and profitable coal and potato business, to which the enterprising lady shortly added the purveyance of "table beer licensed to be consumed on the premises," and also the supplying of the very best of Maryland shag tobacco, from his Majesty's western plantations, the which might be "drunk" with convenience in the well-lighted cellar.

She was a gentle soul, but she had three pet aversions. Her special object of denunciation was co-operative stores; secondly, she detested Scotsmen; thirdly, she hated Jesuit priests.

When, on a gloomy evening in March, 1604-5, she was roused from a placid dream of profits in the little room behind the shop, by the sharp tinkling of the door bell, her first thought, as she looked out and beheld a stranger enter, was of a customer with a Civil Service ticket; her second of a bony north-countryman with a heavy rusty-hilted rapier, six feet long, and a foot of that

* "Singgit pow," a sheep's head dressed in a manner peculiar to Scotland.

† The anecdote, as is well known, is founded upon historical fact. See in Hallam's Constitutional History, in a foot note, an account of the case. The event produced great consternation among the King's new subjects. "If," says a correspondent in Howell's letters quoted by Hallam—I write from memory—"his Majesty takes to hanging men before they are tried, it will not be long ere he hangs them before they are guilty." Nor am I without warrant for the gustatory illustration. "And wretches hang that jury-men may dine." Those who remember the "hanging Monday" mornings in "the good (?) old times" at Newgate will recall the excellent breakfasts provided in the gaol by the Sheriffs, and consumed in the hour during which the suspended bodies were swinging outside. His Reverence the Ordinary, just descended from the scaffold, was generally considered unequalled for the composition of a salad, and indispensable from the wit and jocularly with which he was expected to enliven the meal. The fun was at its height—according to Mr. Raikes (see his diary), who breakfasted with the Sheriffs at Newgate on the morning of the execution of Thistlewood and his companions for the Cato-street conspiracy—about half an hour after the drop had fallen beneath the feet of the five culprits, when the following ghastly episode occurred. One of the sheriff's gold-bedizened flunkies entered the chamber, where the meal was being consumed with much jollification, and borrowed a carving knife! The masked medical student, who had been retained by the Government to perform that horrible part of the sentence—the decapitation—had brought the wrong case of instruments with him. He was very nervous over his revolting task, and the executioner Foxley—Calcraft's immediate predecessor—and his assistant, no less so. When the latter essayed to exhibit to the mob the last severed head with the usual formal announcement "This is the head of a traitor," the gore caused the ghastly relic to slip from his hand and rebound on the platform. The brutal crowd hailed this accident with a derisive cry derived from the cricket-field, "Yah! bntter fingers!!" This incident was narrated to me by an actual eye-witness, who has long ago "joined the majority."

‡ Receiver of stolen goods.

projecting through the feruleless scabbard, "speering" for a "wee bit hayring" and change of "twa farthings for a bawbee"; her third, of a recusant who would clap a loaded and cocked petronel to her breast and demand the contents of her till, and who, when his steeple-crowned sombrero should fall off in the inevitable struggle, would display the small white circle of a tonsure cut in the centre of his tangled locks.

Her first misgiving was right.

The stranger, a stern dark-moustachioed man in a slouched hat, and shrouded in an ample cloak, and wearing large buff boots and a tremendous rapier, demanded "Coals!"

Several tons!

And firewood!

Many gross of bundles!

From fear, so she afterwards said, and for prompt cash, a motive she never denied having influenced her at the moment, she agreed to supply him.

She made out the invoice.

The goods were to be delivered next morning at a house in Lambeth, the address of which was furnished.

The invoice was, at the dictation of the cloaked customer, made out in the name of Mr. Percy. He resided in a tenement adjacent to the Parliament House at Westminster.

Mr. Percy was a gentleman pensioner in the service of his Majesty.

Consequently, he was a civil servant.

Therefore her customer produced a co-operative store ticket and demanded the usual discount.

His name, he said, was John Johnson. "Ha! ha!!" (The parenthetical cachinnation seemed unnecessary, Mrs. Critchett thought.) He was Mr. Percy's "own man." ("Ha! ha!!" again.)

He snatched the pen with which the widow with trembling fingers had made out the invoice, and filled up a cheque for the price of his purchase (less the discount) on the Jerkback Bank.

The document—blank as to the amount—when produced by Mr. Johnson was already signed

"CATESBY & Co. (LIMITED)"!

More parenthesis (in a deep bass) "Há! ha!! ha!!!"

CHAPTER III.

THE LITTLE HOUSE IN STANGATE.

I TRUST I am not wasting my resplendent literary talents on any reader so benighted as never to have heard of Pedlar's Acre. Is not the illustrious hawker who has given a title to that piece of square measure commemorated (with his dog) in a stained glass window in the church of St. Mary, Lambeth? Go to, then! And now you know, or at least you ought to know, where Stangate is, and to Stangate Mrs. Critchett's customer was bound when he left her establishment, after having completed the commercial transaction narrated in the last chapter.

That good lady herself sat fumbling the document taken by her between her fingers and thumbs, and looking at it with an expression that by no means implied confidence.

"I'm like my poor dear man that's gone," she reflected; "I don't care for this paper rubbish; I'd rather have the ready gilt a-chinking in the till. Hows'ever, I'll be at this here blessed bank the first thing to-morrow morning, as soon as ever they opens their doors; and if I touch the rhino, why I'll trot off to Cockerill's, or Rickett Smiths', or Booth Brothers', and see as Mr. Percy has his Wallsend afore you can say Jack Robinson."

You see the fair merchant was not in a sufficiently large way of business to execute a big order without a wholesale house at her back.

And the present chronicler, having enumerated three eminent firms, confidently expects that, in return for this puff direct, not only himself, but his sisters, his cousins, and his aunts, will be gratuitously provided with sufficient store of "nubby ones" to carry them all comfortably through the impending winter.

As for Guido F—; but ha! I er— must er— dis—er—semble. I had very nearly enfranchised pussy from her prison of textile fabric* As for Mr. John Johnson, he took his, the nearest, way from the widow's emporium direct over Vauxhall Bridge to Lambeth.

The observant reader will have remarked the studied gradation of the parenthetical Ha's. Mr. Johnson's last ejaculation was triple; as he left the coal shed his Ha's were quadrupled; and when he paused at the last lamp over the arch nearest the Surrey side, and drew from beneath his ample cloak a Chubb latch key and a paper, which he proceeded to peruse by the aid of the electric light,† he quintupled his Ha's with such vehemence that a passing policeman turned his bulls-eye upon him, when, being convinced that the instrument the suspected one flourished was a genuine Chubb and not a blind or skeleton key, he covered his glowing orb, whistled, and walked on.

That document was an executed agreement between landlord and tenant, printed with blanks, purchased for sixpence at a stationer's shop in Fleet Street, and then filled up in writing and duly stamped at Somerset House. It purported to assign a right to occupy a little house in Stangate, and the name of the assignee was Robert Keyes.

To this tenement the Chubb admitted Mr. Johnson. In an apartment on the lower floor he found the tenant and another person. The room was feebly illuminated by rays from a candle enclosed in a cylindrical piece of ironwork, and standing on a box in the centre, which appeared to serve the purpose of a table. The dim light just rendered visible a terrible inscription on the coffer—"Dynamite.—With care.—This side up." What became of the chest you will learn presently. The lamp may be beheld at this day in the museum of the Bodleian Library in the city of Oxford.

All three individuals were cloaked, and wore long rapiers, tall slouched hats, and jack boots. All three had moustaches that went up under their noses, and noses that came down over their moustaches. As Fawkes—pish! I mean Mr. Johnson—entered, the two others elevated their index fingers, and each glided to a closed window, assuming the while the attitude in which a cautious Spaniard is said to walk—with his beard over his shoulder. The last comer imitated the gesture as he bolted and doubly locked the door by which he had entered. Then all three came back with slow, and measured, and noiseless footfalls to the coffer in the centre of the apartment. Around this they formed a triangle with clasped hands. Then one solemnly ejaculated the word "Bryant!" Mr. Keyes responded with the conjunction "And!" Mrs. Critchett's customer then completed the mystic formula by uttering the syllable "May!" Then all three shouted together the terrible incantation "Bryant and May!" and struck, each with his disengaged hand, a fierce blow on the improvised table, and simultaneously the trio uttered, as with one voice, the fearful assertion "They strike only on the box!"‡ Then they disengaged

* Is this *D.T.* leading-article or fine writing for the familiar idiom "to let the cat out of the bag?"—*PR. DEV.*

† What *does* this mean? Vauxhall Bridge and the electric light in the early years of the reign of James the First?—*ED. M.M.* All right. Refer to the song quoted in the heading—poetical license.—*AUTHOR.*

‡ After this gratuitous advertisement shall I be expected to disburse coin for the "harmless necessary" match, or even the more aristocratic vesta, for the rest of my life?—*AUTHOR.* I am sure I don't know.—*ED. M.M.*

their hands, threw themselves into each other's arms, and in the triple embrace convulsively wept and sobbed with much emotion.

"Take this," in broken accents murmured the utterer of the word "Bryant," as he lifted the lanthorn and placed it in the hands of Johnson. "Take this, and DO YOUR DUTY!" Then, opening the front of the machine, he solemnly blew out the flame burning within.

The group were at once plunged in total gloom.

A darkness that could be felt.

The silence—the solemn silence—was only slightly broken by the voice that had before been heard. This time the words were uttered in the lowest of whispers. The sentence uttered conveyed an awful injunction—

"Keep it dark!"

CHAPTER IV.

UNDER THE CLOCK.

I HAVE been given to understand that those distinguished State prisoners who involuntarily accept the hospitality of Mr. Speaker not unfrequently find their rest disturbed by the booming of Big Ben immediately over their heads, or the constant whizzing and whirring and other undefinable noises and vibrations incidental to the campanological arrangements of the mighty horologe of which the great bell is an accessory. To digress for one moment, I would point out that this apparently trivial subject has found a limner in the artist who has adorned with his able pencil one of the panels in the Peers' avenue. You will remember Lord Macaulay's touching description of the last sleep of Argyll. His Tory persecutor, with anguish distorting his features, gazes upon the peaceful countenance of the sleeping patriot so soon to slumber in that repose which only knows one waking.* "And he can sleep tranquilly like this, who in an hour will be a corpse, while I—alas! I—shall never know refreshing slumber again!" he apostrophises. I have a shrewd idea why the MacCallum Mohr so thoroughly enjoyed his "forty." Depend upon it he had only shortly before been removed from the guardianship of the Right Honourable Mr. Brand, and from beneath the never-ceasing tick tick; tick tick; whiz, whorle and whirr; bing, bom, boom, of the lunacy-engendering clock-tower.

The firm of Catesby and Company (Limited) carried on business on the premises of one of the members of that commercial establishment, Mr. Thomas Percy, who, as a gentleman pensioner, had an official residence adjoining the Houses of Parliament. So far from being anxious to announce "No connection with the business next door," these enterprising partners sought to be enabled to resort to the untradesmanlike device of asserting "It's all the same concern," and with this end in view they busily engaged themselves in tunnelling through the wall that divided the tenements at the basement. They worked chiefly at night, subsisting on cold viands brought secretly into their cellar. Indeed, every day was "cold mutton" day with them, and, from the character of their diet and the nature of their operations, consisting, as they chiefly did, in the active use of the pick, their occupation might be said to constitute a perpetual pic-nic.

They were, one midnight, hacking away at the brickwork as usual, but

* The sturdy Republican, Algernon Sidney, promised the executioner to give a certain signal when he should inflict the fatal blow. Absorbed in his reflections, the dying man omitted to do so. Ketch bent over him as he knelt, face downwards, at the block, and courteously whispered in his ear, "Are you ready, sir? Will you rise again?" "Not till the general resurrection!" roared the undaunted patriot. "Strike on!"—"Life of Algernon Sydney," by A. C. Ewald, vol. ii., p. 318.

making little progress, when a sturdy member of the firm, by name Christopher Wright, enquired of the head partner—

“But when shall we come to the coals?”

“Wait till you reach the wall’s end,” Catesby sternly replied, making his tool ring again as it detached an inch and a quarter of mortar. Something else rang, too, for at that moment ding ding, dong dong, bing bing, bom bom. Clang!

It went on clanging.

The conspirators—I beg pardon—the limited liability company, threw down their picks and spades, crossed themselves and counted the strokes.

It went on clanging.

They shrieked up the stairs for the member of the firm who kept watch above.

John Johnson stalked into the cellar, and his nose came down over his moustache, and his moustache went up under his nose, as he joined the counters.

“Pish! ’tis but the clock,” said he.

“Did you ever hear a clock strike thirteen before?” the others enquired with one breath.

“In Harry Eight’s time Paul’s struck thirteen one night,” growled Johnson. “A sentry heard it on guard on the terrace at Windsor, and, marry, it saved his life, for it proved that he had not slept at ward.”

“That was an accident, gossip,” responded Catesby.

“May-be,” replied the other, “but when I served under the Archduke in Italy and Spain, I marked how the clocks struck from one up to twenty-four, and I have even heard of English time-keepers that do the like. What saith the ballad?

“It struck twenty-four
As he entered at the door,
With his charming and beautiful bride;
But it stopped—short—never to go again,
When the old man died.”

And, humming the refrain, “tick! tick!” of a street song then popular in the shilling ordinaries of Alsatia and the boozing kens of the Clink, the *ci-devant* warrior clanked up the steps and resumed his guard.*

I believe it is not uncommon for “Long” firms to have branch establishments open at the same time in various quarters of the metropolis or parts of the country, each one apparently having no connection with the parent concern. Catesby & Co. (Limited) had at about this period opened a shop at a little house in Stangate in the oil and candle line, under the charge of one Robert Keyes, who lent his name as ostensible proprietor, and this industrious tallow-chandler was ever especially busy with the tarry skippers and pert supercargoes who affected the tumble-down old wooden waterside taverns of Shadwell and Redriff and Limehouse, and even carried on his maritime operations down so low as far-away Purfleet and Greenhithe. From the holds of swift sloops and capacious ketches many heavy rotund barrels were conveyed into the cellars of the little house in Stangate, and thence at night ferried across in the darkness, stored

* “They were one day surprised by the sound of the tolling of a bell, which seemed to proceed from the middle of the wall under the Parliament House; all suspended their labour and listened with alarm and uneasiness to the mysterious sound. Fawkes was sent for from his station above; the tolling still continued, and was distinctly heard by him as well as the others. Much wondering at this prodigy, they sprinkled the wall with holy water, when the sound instantly ceased. Upon this they resumed their labour, and after a short time the tolling commenced again, and again was silenced by the application of holy water. This process was repeated frequently for several days, till at length the unearthly sound was heard no more.”—Jardine’s Criminal Trials, vol. ii. (The Gunpowder Plot.) (Charles Knight.) p. 45. See also the Examinations of the Conspirators; State Paper Office.

in lumbering barges, to Westminster stairs, whence they were rolled into the cellars of Mr. Percy's dwelling next to the Parliament House. What the police were about that they didn't observe these very suspicious transactions, I am sure I don't know, but I dare say Mr. Catesby *did know* how judiciously to sow a few acceptable half-crowns, and Scotland Yard being so near at hand, it is possible that in that quarter the watch was then less vigilant than elsewhere, on the well-known principle that shoemakers' wives are always the worst shod.

By Candlemas Day, 1604-5, no less than twenty of these mysterious barrels were stored in Mr. Percy's cellar. At Lady Day, considerably added to, they were hidden from view by the coals and faggots supplied by unsuspecting Mrs. Critchett.

Shortly after this concealment had been effected, however, came another alarm. Sturdy Kit Wright, early one morning, exhorted, as Gregory was enjoined, to "remember his washing blow," struck such a vigorous whack at the wall with his pick, which was followed by such a crashing uproar over head, that all the members of the firm concluded some important part of the foundations had given way, and they, as usual, fell to crossing themselves, and calling lustily for the trusty Johnson, their sentinel and factotum.

That vigilant warder strode down as unconcerned as ever, and heard of the new alarm with his usual composure.

"It's only Mr. Bright next door having his kitchen chimney swept," he contemptuously observed, and re-ascended the steps.

But he returned almost immediately. His former equanimity had given place to jubilant excitement. His usually composed, though somewhat saturnine, countenance was now irradiated by a broad grin.

"He's sellin' off all his Derby Brights!" he triumphantly ejaculated, jerking his thumb upwards as he spoke.

"Who's sellin'?" "Sellin' what?" "What *are* Derby Brights?" the others, who by this time had recovered from their fright, interrogated confusedly.

"Who's sellin'?" Mr. Johnson sneered. "Why, Mr. Bright's sellin'; the genelman who rents the cellar over there, the other side of that wall you've all been breakin' your blessed teeth and pickaxes against this six months past. I tell you—honour bright!—Mr. Bright is a sellin' his Derby Brights—His kitchen coals, stoopids!" Mr. Johnson added, with ill disguised contempt for the obtuseness of his audience.

Mr. Catesby posed in a dignified attitude. He waved his hand to command silence and attention, and then solemnly announced—

"The firm will purchase the lot!—at market price! on Civil Service co-operative terms, that is to say, discount for cash."

The limited liability co-partners were awed. This was an enterprise so stupendous that—they were musing upon it when—

"And the cellar's to let," Johnson interpolated.

"The firm will become Mr. Bright's tenant, and add that apartment to its already capacious storage," continued the head partner. "We'll pay a year's rent in advance."

So they asked Mr. Bright in, and concluded the transaction over glasses of "old and bitter," and that is how that worthy tenant of Government property sold his fuel and sub-let his holding.

But the price of the one and the rent of the other were included in one cheque, and *that cheque was drawn ON THE JERKBACK BANK!!!*

That cheque was never honoured!

For why?

We know that the account of Catesby & Co. (Limited) with that eminent financial establishment had long before been closed.

When Mr. Bright's back was turned and the "mild Burton" and "old

and bitter" had been quaffed to the last dregs, the partners, all with one accord, began to wink and to apply their index fingers to the sides of their noses, and contemptuously pitched their picks and spades anywhere amongst the fuel. "We shan't want *them* any more," they joyously shouted. "Don't throw them away," remonstrated Mr. Johnson grimly, "they'll do to place on the tops of the barrels,* so that when—" "Hush!" interposed the head partner softly. "Say it will do good for trade—for the business of the firm, you know;" and they all laughed, and fell to dancing in the dark. They capered in a wild *carminole* to an air then extensively warbled by the commonalty. They sang to it also, *avec effusion*, as the French say. It has survived to our own time, and is known as

"DOWN AMONG THE COALS!!!

(To be concluded in our next.

MASONIC HYMN.

BY BRO. JAMES CONWAY, AUSTRALIA.

SACRED Tie, from Heaven descended,
Bind us all as brethren here;
Bond of Truth and Virtue blended,
Let our union be sincere.

Holy Light, illumine our spirit,
With thy sin-dispelling rays;
Shine upon us till we merit
All Thy full refulgent blaze.

God of gods, be our Protector
While to Thee we venture near;
Guard, Creator and Director,
Be with us assembled here.

May our mystic rites be moulded
Ever by thy guiding power;
May their secrets still be folded
In our souls till life's last hour.

May the types we see before us
Guide us through life's thorny way;
Grief perhaps may then come o'er us,
Sin can never lead astray.

Peace with gentle wings will hover,
Holiest, as we wait on Thee;
Then we'll part, our gathering over,
With the word—"Fidelity."

—*Australian Freemason.*

* "Large stones and the iron bars and other tools used by them in mining were thrown into the barrels amongst the powder, the object of which, Fawkes afterwards declared to be, "to make the breach the greater;" and the whole was covered over with a few faggots and billets of wood."—Fawkes's examination, 5th November, 1605.—State Paper Office; Jardine, page 46,

JOTTINGS AT HIGH XII. IN THE HOLY LAND.

BY BRO. ROB. MORRIS, LL.D.

I AM spending a brief hour under a wide-spreading oak east of Bethlehem. Here before me is the field of Boaz. This way came that noble specimen of manhood, spreading "God speed ye's" right and left among his workmen as he came. The same harvest is yellow here to-day. The barley blades, yellow under this meridian sun, are tinged here and there with the scarlet adonis and the blue pimpernel and the rich corn-cockle. Reapers are at work to-day and the gleaners follow after them. But there is no Boaz to wish them "God speed ye," or to distribute the noon-tide refreshments, or to scatter heads of barley "of purpose," that the poorer gatherers may secure it. Need I say there is Ruth here among these gleaners, old, jaded, covetous and shameless as they are? No Ruth in the barley fields of Boaz; for while all nature remained unchanged, humanity has changed to its worse aspect.

And here in this quarter of the suburbs of Bethlehem, if tradition err not, was the pasture where shepherds were watching their flocks by night, when the angelic messenger announced an event not less glorious than that which excited the morning stars to sing together, and all the sons of God to shout for joy. Come out, ready note book! Fall into position, facile pencil! Bestir your laden memories, and let me not leave here until I have made "jottings" enough to recall the time, the place, and the occasion.

"When the building was erected, its several parts fitted with such exactness that it had more the appearance of being the handiwork of the Supreme Architect of the Universe than that of human hands." This thought will occur to the Masonic traveller at all points where great ruins abound. The Kubbet es-Sakhrâh or Dome of the Rock, standing where Solomon's Temple did, has been styled by an experienced traveller the most magnificent piece of architecture in the Turkish Empire. Superior outside to the Mosque St. Sophia at Constantinople, it is characterised by a lofty, Saracenic pomp in the style, by its capacious dome, its numerous arcades, its extensive *plaza* paved with variegated marble, and the extreme neatness of the avenues which lead to it. It is funny to hear the criticisms upon a monstrous work like this. Jealousy, ignorance, the desire to become notorious by suggesting a new theory, all appear in the descriptions of great architectural remains the world over. Even the traveller Bruce, whose honest fame was not overshadowed by any others, was so jealous of the discoveries made in his time at the Great Pyramid as to suggest that the whole structure was but a native hill, hewn down artificially and cased in by Egyptian builders! So with writers upon the Kubbet es-Sakhrâh. The Phœnician builder began at the bottom, deep in the earth. He built for all time. It was only in the defiles of Petra, where the rocky conformation compelled such an inversion of rules, that the workman building his temple began at the top, first finishing the capitals and architraves of columns, then the columns themselves, lastly the pediments.

I have seen a statement, but cannot verify it, that all the steam engines in England in 1848 would require eighteen hours' use to lift from the quarries the stones that compose the great platform on which Solomon's Temple stood.

So natural was it for King Solomon, situated as he was, to send to Lebanon for timber, that we imagine him uttering literally the words in Isaiah lx., 13, "The glory of Lebanon shall come unto me, the fir tree, the pine tree, and the box together, to beautify the place of the Lord's sanctuary; and I will make the place of His feet glorious."

The ancient tools were rude, and of materials no harder than bronze.

Although the numerous references to iron prove that it was a well-known metal in the days of the Hebrew nation, yet the art of hardening it into steel was unknown.

In all the varied professions of which the architect Hiram was the expert, therefore, the metal bronze was essential. It is difficult to conceive any great erections in those distant ages, before the discovery of steel, without the aid of this alloy of copper and tin. Nature herself had suggested it in the *tin pyrites*, which is—copper, 29; tin, 27. Copper was one of the six primitive metals first found in the island of Cyprus, from whence its name (*cypressus*, copper). At present one-seventeenth of all the copper mined annually is procured in the United States. The ancients contrived to get great uses out of bronze. With a sort of pick-axe (for chisels were not and are not known in the East, therefore the Mark Master's Tracing Board is in error on that subject,) all these wonderful works were wrought. The marvellous polish of porphyry and Syenite granite, which can scarcely be imitated with modern tools, was probably executed by driving jets of fine desert sand against it from air machines. It was an imitation of nature; the winds of the desert in this way polished the hardest of stone. Recently Mr. Tilgham, of Philadelphia, Pa., has restored this Egyptian process, and applied it to the cutting of glass and stone surfaces with marked success.

The lime of this country is an excellent article, and makes an adhesive and durable cement. The Bible expression "as the burnings of lime" (Isaiah xxxiii., 12) needs no comment to any one who has seen a lime kiln here. I observed one on my way from Damascus to Beyrout, and was struck with the fact that in the scarcity of wood the kiln was supplied by bundles of thorn bushes, cuttings of vines, and (as some writers say) even dried weeds and grass.

In Smith's "History of Greece" are some interesting details of the statue of the Olympian Zeus, which was reckoned as the masterpiece of Phidias. The idea he embodied in it was that of the supreme duty (*sic*) of the Hellenic nation, enthroned as a conqueror, in perfect majesty and repose, and ruling the subject world with a nod. The statue was forty feet high, and stood on a pedestal of twelve feet. The throne was of cedar wood, profusely adorned with ivory, ebony, gold, gems, and colours. The statue held in his right hand the small ivory and gold image of victory, and in his left a sceptre, ornamented with all sorts of metals and surmounted with an eagle. The robe and sandals were of gold. It was finished about B.C. 457.

As to the almost total destruction of so much of the ancient buildings in this country, it is remarked that the site of a great city in ruins in Palestine may be distinguished from a small town or village by the quantity of hewn stone lying about the open pits, the deeps wells, and vast cisterns. The native stone is friable and easily turns to earth, which explains the accumulation of *débris* from thirty to one hundred feet deep around the base of Mount Moriah. The ornamentation of ancient buildings is beautiful. At Gebal I observed an elegant specimen of the zigzag, a decoration characteristic of the Norman style of architecture, consisting of one or more mouldings running in zigzag lines. It will repay a visitor there to look it up and copy it.

The walls of ancient cities were immensely thick and strong. A reliable traveller was told by an Arab Sheik that he had galloped his horse on the top of the walls of Nineveh, made of sun-dried bricks 2,000 years exposed to time and human spoilers. The wall is yet forty feet high and forty feet at base. The present wall of Jerusalem rises to the average height of forty feet, and is massive and strong.

The perfection with which the great stones at Baalbec and other places were laid so closely, end for end in the walls, is wonderful. It is so of the masonry in the citadel of Pergamos, Asia Minor; the stones are so admirably joined together that a needle can scarcely be inserted between them. Of the temple of Cybele, near Sardis, Asia Minor, two great columns of marble

remain, five feet in diameter and sixty feet high. The Jews at Hebron believe that the large rabbeted stones in the old mosque over Abraham's grave came originally from the walls of Solomon's Temple.

In considering the difficulty of cutting out great blocks from the quarry, it naturally occurs to us what a saving of human life has been the use of nitro-glycerine, or even common gunpowder, to these workmen. A single blast of powder in the quarry of Mount Sorrel, England, has been made to throw down twenty thousand tons of granite. Three hundred such blasts would have sufficed for the supply of materials for the Pyramid of Cheops or the Temple of Solomon.

Observing the accumulation of these costly materials, porphyry, syenite, marble, etc., brought in such enormous quantities from distant localities, we begin to see both how rich and how luxurious the ancient inhabitants must have been, and to what a degree the love of elegant architecture had affected them. As Isaiah says (xi, 7), "Their land was full of silver and gold, and there was no end of their treasures."

The remains of ancient roads in Palestine are mostly Roman, built so solidly and engineered so wisely for the speedy and easy transportation of her soldiers, the glory of her arms, and the perpetuation of her power. Many remains of this road abound here. Could we trace up every fragment of Roman road in the world, we should find its commencement at Rome. Lepsius informs us that the finer materials used in Solomon's Temple all abound in or near Egypt; alabaster at Elosra opposite Suit, sandstone at Selseleh, chalk at Turah, granite at Assuen, Verd antique at Hammamat, red granite at Jebel, Fatireh, and Dochan. As to the locality of porphyry quarries, a few isolated facts suggest that possibly they may be nearer than Sinai. For instance, Dr. Robinson found large fragments of porphyry brought down from the hills by torrents near the south-end of the Dead Sea, and he alludes briefly (in vol. 2, p. 123, "Biblical Researches,") to a cliff of porphyry.

THE CARBONARI.

[We take this interesting article from the *Freemason's Monthly*, Sept., 1879.—Ed.]

THE one objection which the Church of Rome popularly makes against Freemasonry is that it has given rise to political and anarchical associations. This theory was not broached until after Romanism had formed secret societies, notably among them the Jesuits, for the occult aggrandisement of the Church.

It is a fact that the Jesuits attempted the appropriation of Masonry—their agents became members of the society and intermingled with the Fraternity, vitiating the ancient landmarks and corrupting symbolism; but, wearied with their task, they resorted to terrorism to extirpate an institution beyond their power to control.

The Illuminati, accredited as a primary cause for the revolutionary spirit of Europe, were claimed to have been of Masonic origin. Some Masons were undoubtedly Illuminati. Some Masons are Sons of Temperance, but Freemasons and the symbolic or secret Temperance Society are yet not one and the same organisation.

So, in the War of the Liberation of the German people. True, the Tugend-Bund (Union of Virtues), may be considered by some the off-shoot of Masonic morality; yet none pretended that the murder of Kotzebue could be sanctioned by those of its members adhering to the restored temples of Freemasonry. The execution of his fanatical assassin, Charles Louis Sand, was productive of benefit in the searching inquiries as to the Masonic society.

Among other presumptuously affiliated bodies, it is especially charged that the Carbonari are the direct emanation of Masonry. Against the Carbonari have the thunders of the Vatican been particularly levelled. The Vatican feared the Carbonari, as they threatened the loss of the temporal authority. The Italian Carbonari avowedly advocated the union of Italy and the reformation of the Church, but they were in no wise of Masonic origin. They have been the modern advocates of a religio-political principle, conserved for centuries in the forests of France, was transplanted to Italy in 1515, in the train of the army of Francis I., seeking to liberate the oppressed Milanese. As Gustavus Vasa detected the spirit of liberty and charity amid the mountaineers of Dalecartia, so fugitives from regal and ecclesiastical persecution found refuge and hospitality among the wood-choppers and charcoal-burners of the forests of Roussillon and Bourbon. The dense forests of Middle Europe ever afforded a welcome asylum for the political outlaw adopting as a disguise the habits and employment of the honest people. The woodlands of England provided sanctuary for the oppressed fleeing from the persecution of the invader. Nursery ballads narrate the semi-fabulous freaks of Robin Hood and his band of foresters.

The Carbonari, otherwise styled *Fendeurs* (wood-cutters), originated from the protective societies of the working men following this exposed and dangerous business. These peasants, dwelling apart from each other, liable to violence and robbery, invented signs for their mutual recognition, and assembled in bodies for amusement and protection. The disastrous reigns of Charles VI. and VII. peopled the woods with refugees fleeing before a conquering army. Nobles and ecclesiastics, women and children, sought the hospitality of the timber-hewers, and became members of their common family. Knights, learned men, noble ladies and gentle youths, affiliated with the existing fraternity of peasantry, and assumed the emblems of an ancient plebeian calling. Hence dates the rise of Franc-Carbonari, or forest Masonry, existent to the present among the nobility.

The oppressions in Naples, until recently, kept alive the political organisation of the Carbonari in Italy, which in France was simply a charitable and hospitable institution. Since 1814 they have maintained their fundamental doctrines of a United Italy and a Reformed National Church. They have accomplished one half of their work—a United Italy. As Masons, we have nothing to say as to the other moiety; as individuals we might not object to a reformed Church.

The society is in no wise Masonic. Freemasonry seeks to bestow virtues and benefits upon no solitary people or nation. She teaches the sanctity of a universal faith. She has no political or sectarian aims; reaching forward, not for power, but exerting a secret, quiet, but wholesome influence among all men. The following explains a foregoing reference:—

“Augustus Frederick Ferdinand de Kotzebue, a celebrated German writer, historian, critic, and dramatic author, was born in Saxony in 1761. At the age of twenty he went to Russia, where he enjoyed diplomatic dignities; afterwards he resided, as Consul General of Russia, at Berlin for a number of years. His position and the tenour of his writings, which were opposed to liberal ideas that he had originally advocated, excited against him the suspicion of being a spy as well as a traitor to German liberty. His assassination was determined upon by the students of the University, Jena, who, in a Lodge of the *Tugend-Bund*, drew lots as to who should punish the recreant author. It fell upon Charles Louis Sand, who had previously battled in the war of the Liberation, but had resumed his studies after the battle of Waterloo. On the next morning, Sand, clad in ancient German dress, started on his mission, and murdered Kotzebue on the 23rd of March, 1819, with a poignard such as were used by the famous secret societies of Westphalia in the Middle Ages. After proclaiming himself the avenger of German rights, Sand attempted suicide, but subsequently recovered from his wounds. He died beneath the axe of the headsman, in the twenty-third year of his age. Kotzebue is known to Americans as the author of the play called ‘*The Stranger*,’ formerly very popular on our stage.”

A U T U M N.

AUTUMN! chill Autumn! why take all the flowers
 We've cherished and tended the whole summer long?
 Like the herald of Death thou art come, and our bowers
 Are robbed of their beauty, their blossom, and song!

* * * * *

Mournful the strain of the last wandering swallow,
 Vainly it yearns for a home 'neath the sun;
 Autumn's chill blasts over hill over hollow
 Tell him winter is coming—summer has gone.

For his once gay companions and sunshine departed,
 With laments for time frittered in folly away,
 He sobs out a dirge; and then, quite broken-hearted,
 His voice is for ever hushed—ended his day.

Cold though the winds blow, and rayless the day dawn,
 Heavy the rainclouds, dull, cheerless noon's light,
 A robin is perched on a branch of the hawthorn,
 O'erlooking his nest with both pride and delight.

Blithely he whistles his bold song, and cheery
 His mate chirps response to the notes of her love;
 And winds pass unheeded, their moaning so dreary
 His bright eyes ne'er dim, his glad heart do not move.

The swallow lost strength in his useless repining,
 His life of inaction warped energies given;
 Whilst the redbreast, in faith and on duty reclining,
 Learnt in storms, as in sunshine, to yield thanks to Heaven.

* * * * *

“Nay! He who has promised both seedtime and reaping,
 Who gathers His wheat, which must die ere it live,
 Sends me to remind thee, in Nature thus preaching,
 Of a ‘death unto life;’ thou, this warning receive.

“And then, if thou reapest the grain He has planted,
 Binding sheaves with contentment, whate'er may betide;
 Thy notes will ring out in glad tones Heaven granted,
 And life be renewed by a soul satisfied.”

BEATRICE.

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

CHAPTER XIV.

A PERIOD of peace and calm succeeded the eventful scenes I have recently recorded in the truthful pages of this magazine, and the "Idle Club" seemed to gather force and recruits, whether from the reaction of lassitude, or the anticipation of coming events. Even Mr. Miller condescended to join that agreeable "symposium"; and there it was that the waggish Twamley contrived to extract from the somewhat taciturn Scotchman the history of his dealings with the male and female Grogwitz, which I have already recorded in, let us trust, "imperishable records."

As Mr. Miller liked a glass of grog, or whisky toddy, it was not difficult, in that genial circle, to unloose his tongue and obtain his confessions. Little by little, however, whether yielding to the sage philosophic advice of Brummer or the airy nothings of Twamley, Mr. Miller came to think he had better "leave well alone"; and he soon relapsed (taking more snuff than ordinarily) into a contented frame of mind, and learned to laugh heartily at Brummer's experience, as he termed it, of "the state of affairs, matrimonially speaking."

A memorable conversation which ensued at one of these pleasant gatherings (now also things of the past for ever) deserves to be mentioned here, as it not only throws some light on the action of the various "dramatis personæ," but seems replete with wisdom and warnings suitable for all ages and appropriate to all conditions. Indeed, as one remembers and realises it now, we almost think that we are listening to the didactic exhortations of Socrates, the sunny temperament of Plato, and the proverbial sententiousness of Confucius all concentrated into one focus.

They were talking of what some disciple of Darwin or Huxley has termed the "female unit" when dealing with the principles especially of natural or unnatural selection, when the conversation took the following striking turn. Much allowance must be made for the amiable weakness of the "Idle Club" in those eventful days. A large portion were actually on the very brink of the plunge of matrimony, and naturally, poor foolish moths, they would keep encircling the flames which were, ere long, to scorch and consume them! It may be safely asserted, I think, that human nature is always the same, under given circumstances and distinct conditions, at all periods of the world's history; and men in love have always been held, by the wisest of teachers to be "pro tem" in an abnormal "status," whether of feeling, thought, or action, and rather to be regarded with compassion than reprehension, with sympathy rather than ridicule. No doubt at that period they say many words and do many things equally unreasonable and unaccountable on any known principle of the truest philosophy. Nothing but the "old, old story" seems to have any interest or fascination for them, and they believe—yes, actually believe,—in constancy which is often fickleness, in affection which too often wearies, in devotion which is, too often, short-lived; in truth which is, alas, too often, too often, indeed, a hollow and a shallow lie. However, a truce to disquisitions, which are depressing, and platitudes, which are profitless.

One evening they were all assembled together in full conclave and in high force, and much was the noise, thick the smoke, and great the laughter.

"Ah!" Mr. Miller said sententiously, all of a sudden, taking a huge pinch of snuff, "it is a very singular thing, gentlemen, how little we do know of

women here. They have often appeared to me like the Sphinx of Egypt, buried in the sand and the mystery of ages, or like the oracle at Delphi, which, as you know, always said one thing and meant another."

"Ah!" replied Brummer, "vat is the use of complaining about de womans. She is just vat she is and vat she ever will be—the most curious of dis earth's creatures. Whether you take her in youth or middle age or old age, it is always the same. She is still, as de French so elegantly and wittily put it, 'impayable,' both in what she says and what she thinks, what she does and what she does not do. What a warning, my dear Mr. Miller," added Brummer slyly, and laughing heartily, "is dere against hasty, unadvised, and ill-assorted marriages."

Old Mr. Miller responded nothing to this tirade, but went on smoking calmly, and only put down his cigar in an amber tube to take another pinch of snuff. But Twamley, who saw an opportunity, here burst in in full cry and great geniality.

"By-the-way, Brummer," he said, "you promised us a dissertation on matrimony in general and on happy marriages in particular. Let us have it, old boy. There are a great many sentimental goslings here" (think of the cheek of this young man, kind reader) "by whom your philosophy is greatly needed and to whom your sage advice will be very acceptable. For no one can talk like you, Brummer, when once 'the tap is turned on,' and no one has more experience in human affairs or the condition of happiness and unhappiness in this sublunary scene."

My readers will again notice the full force, in these simple words, of sarcasm and flattery combined.

"Vell," replied Brummer, "I will give you all a little bit of my mind, and I hope, Master Twamley, it will do you and the rest of the company present, to whom I looks most pleasantly, much good."

"So mote it be!" said Twamley, who was a distinguished member of the Masonic fraternity, and had a great regard for that old and poetic and sympathetic response.

"It is a very serious thing," began Brummer, in solemn tones, "to contemplate the married state." (Here all the young men laughed out.) "Yes, you may laugh, but you may find out before long, as they say in my Vaterland, 'Meine herren,' dat matrimony, like a good many other things in this world, is 'much cry and little wool.' You Morley, you Lacey, you Twamley, and you young men all, are like young bears with your sorrows before you. Yes, yes; even in matrimony, as in all worldly things, you will find dat dere are more 'bitters than sweets,' that there are more 'kicks than half-pence,' and dat you will all have to 'eat a peck of dirt before you die.'"

The company grew here more reserved and gloomy, the smoke got clearer, and the consumption of mystic compounds more decided.

"It is indeed," continued Brummer, "very alarming to contemplate matrimony "per se" in its normal state and absolute condition among men. Let us take this illustration of marriage just now. What do you see? A couple of people fancy they are in love, from motives of self delusion, passion, or interest, and they are a nuisance to their friends, and a bore to one another. Indeed, such an affliction and infliction are they, that de day of marriage is hurried on by mutual consent, to put an end to a period of nonsense, and weakness, and spooning, which betrays the irresistible tendencies of a hopeless mortality, and lower man himself to a position incompatible with philosophy and wisdom."

And here Brummer looked round for applause, and put on a most sagacious look, but no applause came, and, amid a mute and listening assembly, the great orator thus proceeded.

"Well, these two geese are duly married, as my friend Trollope says in one of his best works, with a 'cloud of curates,' and then vat next? Do you think dat I wish to disclose the 'aporreta' of the honeymoon? Certainly not.

You always give to criminals and lunatics in dis world every indulgence compatible with dere safe custody; at least you ought to do. But 'revenons a nos moutons.' Dese two silly people have now to face one another for life, mark dat, gentlemen. For life—all dis life. Dere is no 'locus pœnitentiæ' for them; no 'animus revertendi'; dere domicile is fixed in de great street of matrimony, and dere they must stay whether they will or no, whether they like it or not. All of a sudden dese two congenial companions and sympathetic souls find dat dey agree in noting. De man likes his club and Newmarket, de wife likes dress and dancing. Dey have nothing to bind or cement them together; dey go their own ways, and before very long, dere friends are again bored with their quarrels and their complaints, as they used to be with their spooning and their tomfooleries. Ah, my friends, think well before you marry, whom you marry, and how you marry. If you can find a true and honest girl who really cares for you, it is well, you will be a happy man; but if you marry for caprice, or pique, or money, or rank, or 'convenience,' you will be unhappy, believe me. A good marriage, a fitting marriage, is a very blessed thing before God and man, but a foolish marriage, a heartless marriage, a senseless marriage, is—is—de very devil."

There was a deep silence when Brummer ceased from his pathetic oration, broken only by Twamley, who said, "Before this lodge adjourns and this child skedaddles, let me tell you a story, ladies and gentlemen, illustrative of the depth of woman's love, and woman's something else." There was a profound silence. "Once upon a time," said Twamley, "there was a gentleman full well-to-do in this world's goods, who gave out that he would only marry a thoroughly good-tempered woman. Many gentle beings were much admired, but found wanting in this absolutely needful characteristic of a suitable helpmate. One young lady, of great good looks, intimated, however, to her friends, that she would 'fix' the recalcitrant hero; and this is how she did it. One evening at a ball she asked him to take her down to supper, and he, nothing loth, joyously complied. As they were sitting side by side, she turned the conversation on good temper. 'Oh!' she said (though she was very bad tempered herself, you ought to know), 'I think nothing of a woman who can't keep her temper. Good temper in a woman is absolutely a duty.' Taking up a dish of strawberry cream, she asked her 'young man' to have some, and by some means (still unknown or unexplained) contrived to spill a portion of it over her new gown. 'Ah,' she said, how stupid of that clumsy waiter; but it is not worth a thought.' So impressed was the gentleman with her angelic disposition, that he proposed the next day and was accepted. Of course, they got married, and a few months after matrimony the fact was too patent to the poor husband that he had actually married the 'worst tempered woman in the world.' So struck was he with the fact and the change that had come over the 'spirit of his dream,' that in one of their daily skirmishes he taxed her with the alteration in her temper, and contrasted what she now hourly was with what she once appeared to be, an 'angel of light.' 'Oh,' said she, 'I simply did you. I put on that sweet amiability. I made you marry me. And as you have taken me for better or for worse, you will have to see me as I really am. I always meant to punish you for your impertinence to my sex, and I will.' Pleasant look out, was it not," said Twamley, "for that confiding husband?"

"Ah," said Brummer "dat is vat I've always said; de womans is very cunning."

"Well," remarked Mr. Miller, for the first time, "a woman, you see, is a woman, and never throws away a chance."

"Rather," chimes in Twamley, "what I think we shall all agree on is, 'that women are queer critters,' and that all the world over the woman is the same, actually the same, whether on the Boulevarts or among the Andes, whether in London or Vienna, Constantinople or New York; she is still the same. Yes,

the same in her ideas and ways, her plans and her pursuits, her giddy sayings and her dark deeds, her pleasant grace, and, if you like, her golden heart."

"*Una est injusti cœrula forma maris,*" sang Ovid of old, which my young friend Pottleton has recently translated so well, if paraphrastically, rather—

"Wherever you go, whatever you see,
A woman's the same, and will always be."

I believe it was the great Moliere who also said—

*"La femme est toujours femme
Et jamais ne sera,
Autre chose que femme
Tant que le monde durera."*

"Good night, gentlemen," here said Morley, "you have given us a good lecture to-night. I hope it will do us all good; but, faith, I doubt it. Like one or two more 'green' goslings, as you call them, I am just now a firm believer in the virtue, and truth, and excellence of woman, and my sentiments are those of a nameless poet, whose words I will try to read to you:—

"TO MY LADY-LOVE IN CHURCH.

"A sunbeam laughs into her face—
The face that knows no stain,
And laughs to see from out their place
Within the window's pane
The olden saints, in quaint array,
Come sliding, gliding down,
To hover o'er her winsome face
And weave for her a crown

"Saint Matthew gleams about her lips,
For all his mien so staid;
And see, upon her finger tips
Saint James's palms are laid;
The loved apostle calmly floats
O'er one so purely fair,
And hoar Saint Peter, with his keys,
Lies tangled in her hair.

"Mine eyes are dazzled with the blaze,
For oh! she is so fair;
Yet do I nought but gaze and gaze,
For glories have no glare.
And then I murmur to myself,
All wond'ring, 'How can she—
This being—in her radiance,
My own betrothed be.'

"Anon the organ's minstrelsy
And all the choir join in,
But she, albeit her silence,
Is holier than a hymn.
Her Jubilate Domine,
Her every look doth show—
And Gloria is writ upon
The brightness of her brow."

As Morley concluded these touching lines with due emphasis, the company incontinently made for the door, and the smoke all at once seemed to mingle with the "circumambient air."

"Oh," said Mr. Miller, as he took up his hat, "such is life."

"Yes," replied Brunmer, "it mostly ends in smoke, which soon vanishes into empty space, and leaves us nothing behind but dust and ashes."

(To be continued.)

NOTES ON LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

BY BRO. GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDELL,

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," &c., &c.

DRS. Wolfe, Cumming, and Pickering, have discovered that three per cent. of the people of Glasgow are subject to colour blindness.

The operations of Captain Eads, for the deepening of the lower portion of the river Mississippi, have been so successful that the largest vessels can now pass safely between New Orleans and the Gulf.

Dr. Spencer T. Hall, "the Sherwood Forester," whose genial and graphic delineations of English scenery have for many years been the delight of a large circle of readers, has now in the press a new work on "The Trent and its Tributaries." Amongst the scenery depicted is not only that of the River Trent through its whole course, but of Dovedale, the Derwent, Wye, and Lathkil, in Derbyshire; the Erewash, Leen, and the streams and lakes of Sherwood Forest, in Nottinghamshire; the Sowe, Penk, and Blythe, from Staffordshire; the Tame, from Warwickshire; the Soar and Devon, from Leicestershire; and every other tributary of consequence; with many touches of history, life, and character. The book will be a welcome companion to the tourist and the angler, as well as for reading by the domestic hearth, in the long, cold nights of winter, when one loves to visit in imagination familiar sylvan scenes, none of which are more lovely than on the bosky banks of our rivers and rivulets.

Bro. William Stonehouse, a respected Past Master of the old Lion Lodge at Whitby, established in 1797, and an active worker in all that concerns the welfare of that romantic borough, has just published an interesting little book, entitled "Tom Keld's Hole," the scene of which is laid in Goathland, and which is a graphic picture of the manners and conversation of the dalesfolk. Besides its undeniable merit as a temperance tale, it will be valued by all who care to study the folklore and dialects of Yorkshire.

Under the title of "The Derbyshire Gatherer," Mr. William Andrews, F.R.H.S., has ready for publication a volume of archaeological, historical, and biographical facts, collections of folklore, etc. Among his contributors are the well-known names of W. E. A. Axon, F.R.S.L.; J. Charles Cox (two of whose able volumes on the churches of Derbyshire I have noticed in these "Notes," the others I have not seen); Dr. Spencer T. Hall; Llewellyn Jewitt, F.S.A.; Frederick Ross, F.R.H.S.; Edward Walford, M.A.; and many others. That certainly fine county seems having full justice done to it; and I hope it will have the effect of causing those who travel in search of health and recreation to spend their money at home, instead of rushing to see other countries whilst their own is little known to them. Those wild ramblers remind me of certain brother Masons who are anxious to climb, as they suppose, to the top of the Masonic tree, by hurrying through ninety-three (so-called) Masonic degrees, whilst they are really ignorant of those of the Craft!

The Town Council of Antwerp have recently purchased, for the sum of £480,000, the art treasures and printing establishment of the celebrated

Christopher Plantin and his descendants. Plantin's biography is a romance of real life. He was born at Mont Louis, near Tours, in 1514, the year after the battle of the Spurs was fought in France, and that of Flodden Field in Scotland. His father, Charles de Tiercelin Seigneur, of La Roche du Maine, was of noble birth, and a captain in the Duke d'Alençon's regiment, and was taken prisoner both at the battle of Pavia and at that of St. Quentin, and died in deep poverty, at the age of eighty-five. Two of the old warrior's sons emigrated to Caen, and changed their names, adopting those of two plants they noticed in passing through a field: one taking the name of Porret, from the porret or leek, and becoming a "leech" and apothecary; the other assuming that of Plantin, from the plaintain or weybread, and apprenticing himself to Richard Mace, the King's printer. At Caen, Plantin married Joanne Rivèire, and then went to Antwerp, where the Town Clerk employed him to bind his books, and lent him money with which to hire a larger shop, known by the sign of the Rose, near the Augustine Church: for houses not then being numbered, tradesmen, like innkeepers at the present day, made their places of business conspicuous by some sign; the booksellers often affixing woodcuts of theirs to their publications, to make their shops better known. Thus one of the early Bolognese printers, *Benedict Hector*, says:—"Purchaser, be aware when you wish to buy books issued from my printing office. Look at my sign, which is represented on the title page, and you can never be mistaken. For some evil-disposed printers have affixed my name to their uncorrected and faulty works, in order to secure a better sale for them." *Jodocus Badius*, of Paris; *Aldus*, of Venice; and others, make similar complaints; proving that there were in the earliest ages of printing, as now, scoundrels fitter for the hulks than a printer's "chapel." Even the Stews upon the Bankside, as we learn from good old Stow, bore such signs as the Cross Keys, the Cardinal's Hat, etc. Our earliest English printer after the immortal Caxton, *Wynken de Worde*, a native of Lorraine, printed and published at the sign of the Sun in Fleet Street; his pupil, *Richard Pynson*, at the sign of St. George, in the same street, close to St. Dunstan's Church, and consequently within a stone-throw of the *Masonic Magazine* office; *Julian Notary*, "without Temple Bar, in St. Clement parish, at the sign of the Three Kings,"—that is, *Melchior*, *Balthazar*, and *Jaspar*, the three so-called Kings of Cologne; *John Butler* (said to have been also a Judge of the Common Pleas), at the sign of St. John the Evangelist, in Fleet Street; *Laurence Andrew*, at the Golden Cross, Fleet Street; *Thomas Berthelet*, the King's printer, at the sign of the *Lucretia Romana*, Fleet Street; *John Haukins*, at the Mermaid, "at Pollis Gate next to Cheapside;" and so on, many subsequent printers adopting the signs and monograms of their predecessors,—as, for instance, *Richard Fawkes*, the St. John the Evangelist; *John Rastell*, the Mermaid; and *John Day*, the famous printer of the Reformation, partly adopted the Sun of *Wynken de Worde*, rising above the horizon, whilst a boy wakens up his sleeping companion with the exclamation—"Arise, for it is Day!"—one of those puns on their own names for which our early printers had so much liking: *Richard Grafton's* rebus of a grafted fruit-tree growing through a tun or cask being one of many examples.* Plantin soon acquired a fame, not only for the neatness of

* May not *Richard Grafton's* rebus have been suggested by the earlier one of *Robert Thornton*, Abbot of Jervaulx, as shown upon a monumental slab now affixed to the interior of the wall of the south aisle of Middleham Church? Within the legend, along with the mitre and pastoral staff of the Abbot, the sacred monogram, and the initials R. T., are a tun or cask, with the branches of a thorn. Although the proper etymology of *ton* in all surnames is evidently from the *town* in which the family had formerly resided, a cask, or occasionally more than one, was a common symbol for the syllable in the middle ages. Thus at *Witnslow*, in Cheshire, we find in the monumental effigy of *Humphrey Newton*, the head supported by three casks or *tuns*.

his workmanship, but also for its accuracy; an example which printers of the present day would do well to imitate. "I am well aware that many illustrious men have flourished as printers," wrote Scribanus; "I have known the Alduses from Italy—the Frobens from Germany—and the Stephenses from France; but these are all eclipsed in the single name of PLANTIN! If they were the stars of their own hemispheres, you, Plantin, are the sun—not of Antwerp, nor of Belgium only—but of the world." High praise this, and like all true praise, well deserved. In early life he was stabbed by mistake one night by some masqueraders at the Carnival, and after his recovering, on going one Friday to the market, he recognised in a shop the very costumes worn by the masqueraders; found out who had hired them on the day he was stabbed, and wisely compounded with them for money with which to buy his first printing-press. Afterwards, like Robert Stephens, he had some of his type cast in solid silver, to secure fine impressions. In 1576—when our Shakspeare was a boy of ten years—the celebrated De Thou paid him a visit, when he found that the wages of his workmen amounted to one hundred golden crowns (£17 1s. 8d. sterling) a day. Besides the famous establishment at Antwerp, Christopher Plantin had also printing offices at Leyden and at Paris. He died in 1589, just after the birth of Hobbes, the philosopher; of George Wither, the poet; and of Spagnoletto, the painter; when the Marprelate controversy was at its height, and Shakspeare and his fellows were protesting that *their* stage-plays had never brought in "matters of State and religion, unfit to be handled by them, or to be presented before lewd spectators."

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.

TWO PICTURES.

AN old farmhouse with meadows wide,
 And sweet with clover on each side:
 A bright-eyed boy, who looks from out
 The door with woodbine wreathed about,
 And wishes this one thought all day:
 "Oh! if I could but fly away
 From this dull spot the world to see,
 How happy, happy, happy,
 How happy should I be!"

Amid the city's constant din,
 A man who round the world has been,
 Who 'mid the tumult and the throng
 Is thinking, thinking all day long:
 "Oh! could I only tread once more
 The field-path to the farm-house door,
 The old green meadow could I see,
 How happy, happy, happy,
 How happy should I be!"

MASONIC READING.

BY R. RAMSAY ORILLA, ONT.

THE great necessity for Masonic study amongst the Fraternity is so well understood, that it appears almost unnecessary to allude to it here; but, after all, it is advisable to urge it again and again upon brethren and Masters of lodges in particular. How pitiful it is to discover the lack of interest that a majority of the Craft take in the literature of Freemasonry. I am not afraid to say that not one Mason out of ten has a single Masonic volume in his bookshelves, unless perchance it be a copy of the Book of Constitutions of the Grand Lodge of his own jurisdiction. From this he studies, and if he acquires a rudimentary knowledge of this *vade mecum* of the Craft, he fancies himself able to argue upon any Masonic subject, and express his views upon any of the abstruse technicalities that have puzzled some of our best Masonic juriconsults. But even this knowledge is greater than thousands ever acquire. Such being the case, it is not surprising that we so often see empty lodge-rooms.

Is there no remedy then for this lamentable state of affairs? Yes. And, although at first it may be difficult to attain to the high position that so many have acquired, still much might be done. The neophyte is the one to be taught. He should be instructed that it is his duty to subscribe for at least one Masonic journal, and there should be a clause in the bye-laws of lodges to the effect that a certain proportion of every initiation fee should be placed to the credit of the Lodge Literary Fund. The amount would be small at first, but it would be a nucleus and one that necessarily must increase.

The young Mason is, as a rule, eager to acquire knowledge, but he is too often left to grope alone in darkness. He thirsts for information, but there are none to give it to him; and after receiving the degrees, and too often not even having been informed that there is anything in Masonry beyond the Third Degree, he drops off, and finally, taking his dimit, is lost to the Craft, for an unaffiliated Mason is literally rotten timber in the Temple of the Lord. The fault lies not so much with this class of unaffiliates as with those who should have taught them. Freemasonry has a history that can be traced in a myriad ways, in different paths and connections, till it is lost in the dim vista of the ancient mysteries of dark ages, when men studied the theory of a Godhead and a hereafter through secrets and symbolism, in order the better to free themselves from the ignorance and bigotry with which they were surrounded.

Masters of Lodges should teach these; but in order to do so, they must study themselves and acquire a thorough knowledge of Freemasonry as it was and as it is. Ritualism is excellent, but it is of very secondary importance to many other branches of Masonic knowledge. Look at our glorious symbolism as taught by Pike and Morris; our wondrous jurisprudence as expounded by Mackey and Simmons; our mysterious history as developed by Findel and Fort. Years and years of constant reading are required to master these subjects, and yet we meet brethren every day who have never heard of any of these Masonic writers. It is lamentable to think of the ignorance which is actually encouraged in many lodge-rooms. Are our lodges merely club rooms in which certain men go to see a pretty *séance*, whilst others attend "to be made Masons?" Surely the Freemasonry of the nineteenth century has a higher and loftier mission than this!

I maintain that we can only change this state of things by impressing upon the candidate the necessity of Masonic reading. Have a library con-

nected with the lodge-room, and encourage Masonic reading. How often, when there has been no work on hand, have I heard the W.M. "run the lectures round the room," and thus enforce every brother to *keep up his ritual*. The system is a good one, but it would be much better if that were alternated by the Master giving a subject for discussion and appointing certain brethren to give their views upon it, and this universal knowledge would soon be acquired.

I want Brethren to get beyond their own lodge-room, to step over narrow restrictions, and breathe the free atmosphere of Masonry universal; and, to do so, Masonic reading must be encouraged. The lodge-room is a school-room, the Master and officers are teachers, and the brethren pupils. As a rule, the pupils, especially the younger ones, are eager to learn; but, in many cases, the teachers are laggards, and, as long as they give the routine lessons (the ritual), they care for nought else. Here is where the damage is done. Brethren, I appeal to you to change these things. Elect no brother to the east, west, or south, unless he knows something of Masonry beyond the ritual of the first three degrees, and is capable of expressing his own views intelligently on Masonic topics. Ignorance amongst the teachers produces apathy amongst the pupils, and such pupils soon leave school in disgust.

Grand Masters and others in authority should more constantly bring this subject before the notice of Masters of lodges, and they to the brethren. It is a disgrace to the Fraternity that Masonic journals *barely exist*; the brains and intellect of the Craft are given with liberality and generosity in order to spread "more light," and yet the veterans in the brotherhood, who have devoted their lives to the diffusion of Masonic knowledge, are allowed to drift down the stream in poverty and want.* The Grand Lodge of Ohio actually voted *one hundred* dollars to "the old man eloquent," who, by means of the *Masonic Review*, had done more for a quarter of a century in the aid of Ohio Masonry than its Grand Lodge had ever done; yet the beloved veteran, Cornelius Moore, was voted *one hundred* dollars! Comment is unnecessary. This is the way Masons encourage those who furnish the Fraternity with Masonic reading. *Fie upon such a comment for the profane and the sceptic to jeer at!*

If Brethren would only strive to grasp the lessons taught by our mystic symbolism, the Fraternity would rise with tenfold strength and accomplish tenfold the good that it now does. The great and good, the philanthropic and benevolent, would take an *active* part in its welfare. It would become not only a great benevolent association, but a gigantic emporium of science, where men of letters and erudition would lay bare their discoveries and display their talents. Masonic reading is, as a rule, such as develops the intellect of man by producing solemn, serious thought, leading his mind from frivolous matters to those of a theo-philosophic character. A reading Mason cannot but be a man of deep thought and liberal ideas. The very character of our mysteries is such as to induce him to contemplate those higher, grander, and nobler mysteries, which have absorbed the attention of the human race from the earliest ages. Should we not, then, by every means in our power encourage Masonic reading? How much better it is for a brother to spend his leisure in "*the search of truth*," as symbolised by a more eager desire to know God in his wondrous mystery, than to devote it to the frivolous literature of the day—trash in many instances; aye, not only useless, but often pernicious? Masters, I appeal to you to guide the neophyte through the flowery paths of Masonic erudition, and then our noble institution will have few ashlar in its holy temple that will not "stand the test of the Great Overseer's Square."

* As lately was done in the case of an illustrious brother, who not only died in want, but was buried without that honour which he had gained by his worth, talent, and character.

CONDITION OF FREEMASONRY IN SPAIN.

THE following communication is taken from the proceedings of the Grand Lodge of Connecticut for 1879, and will give a partial insight of what Masonry has to contend with, and of its present condition in Spain:—

TO THE GLORY OF THE GREAT ARCHITECT OF THE UNIVERSE.

The Most Serene Grand Orient of Spain, Supreme Power of Spanish Masonry.
Order from Chaos.

The Grand Commander and Grand Master of Spanish Masonry, to the
M.W. Grand Symbolic Lodge of———:

We wish you thrice greeting.

Illustrious and M.W. Brother:—This Most Serene Grand Orient feels the greatest satisfaction in having the honour to address your venerable Masonic Centre. The Grand Orient of Spain, which has passed through so many vicissitudes, being a victim for many years to unjustifiable persecutions—to errors and bad faith on the part of the clergy and the civil government, which had almost brought our institution to the border of the abyss, and reduced the mighty sons of light to wretched pariahs—to-day, by a supreme effort, arises in its might; and, after a prolonged silence, has the happiness to announce to you that in the short space of two years since its reorganisation it has succeeded in creating, regulating, and installing the following Masonic bodies, viz.:—136 Symbolic Lodges; 12 several Chapters of the Royal Arch; 11 several Chapters of the Rose Croix; a M.W. Grand Symbolic Lodge; 6 Mother Lodges in the provinces; a General Grand Chapter of the Royal Arch; a Sovereign General Grand Chapter of the Rose Croix; Areopagus of Cavaliers Kadosh, gr. 30; a Sovereign Grand Consistory of Sublime Princes of the Royal Secret, 32; a Grand Lodge of Administration and Revision of Documents; and, finally, a Supreme Council of Sovereign Grand Inspectors General of the 33rd; and last, of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite, which we profess.

Under these circumstances, illustrious and M.W. Brother, the Grand Orient of Spain is able to lift up its head and offer itself to the consideration of its beloved brethren, showing them that, if for a long time it has suffered from internal dissensions, it now has a regular and perfect right to occupy a position among the Masonic nations of the world.

You will observe that, having passed through a long series of misfortunes, without being able to rely upon the support of the civil government, this Grand Orient has found itself obliged to struggle against an ambitious and despotic theocracy, which has occasioned countless martyrdoms in the annals of Spanish Masonry.

With these claims we present ourselves before you, illustrious and mighty brothers. Upon learning our right and perfection in our Masonic labours, we believe that you will have to crown our constancy, and suffer the truth to prevail amid the shadows of error and iniquity.

We hope that the noble Masonic body which you so worthily control will form with the Grand Orient of Spain the fraternal bond which unites us all; and we pray that the Great Architect of the Universe may protect your labours for the greater glory and prosperity of our Order.

Given at this Grand Orient and District of Madrid, March 20th, 1878.

(Signed)

JUAN A. PEREZ,

Grand Commander and Grand Master.

PEDRO P. CASTANERA,

Grand Secretary General.

MUSIC.

WITHOUT music what heart could be happy on earth?
 Without music what soul could be happy above?
 T'was from angels we learnt it—they sang at our birth,
 And they taught us by music to live and to love.

How oft when the mind is depressed e'en to sadness,
 And misery's tear from its fountain must flow,
 Will a touch of thy chords disperse clouds into gladness
 And warm up the heart with a heavenly glow.

So, when in devotion our voices are blending
 With music's sweet chorus, we praise Him who above
 Gave to angels the mission, with mercy descending,
 To teach us by music to live and to love.

F.D.R.C.

ANNIVERSARY OF ST. JOHN.



THE superstitions of the Dark Ages have furnished us with some interesting tales in connection with the 24th of June (St. John's Day). These old traditions of the earlier centuries have *some* foundation to rest upon, but just how much I cannot ascertain. They are interesting stories, and appear like the revelations of buried centuries, when two worlds seemed to be neighbours, and "the old camp-ground" was the border land, where flesh and spirit met in ancient fellowship. As an illustration or example of this, I copy the following from an English work:—

"There is a quaint old tradition which comes down to us from ancient times, tottering under its load of age and replete with superstitions of the past. On the borders of Alsatia there lies a great city, dating its foundation far back to the old Roman days, and rich in those architectural relics of the olden time which are ever so dear to the antiquary.

"Quaint offspring of centurial years, the town of Strasburg stands;
 Rich in the love of a mighty past, in legend and in story;
 Rich in high-hearted, honest sons, a country's truest glory;
 Rich in its old Cathedral Church, with clustering ivy spread,
 The *Santa Croce* of the land, where sleep her noble dead."

"The story runs that once in every twelve months, on the eve of St. John, when the quiet burghers of that ancient city are wrapt in slumber, and when the hour of midnight clangs out from the loud-tongued bell which hangs in the old cathedral tower, the spirits of the stonemasons by whose hands the sacred pile was erected arise from the tomb and once more re-visit the scene of their former labours. Up from the dark and gloomy crypt, along the columned aisles, and vast, dim nave, across the white, gleaming marble floor, chequered with ghostly shadows that stream from pictured oriels, past the stone-carved statues that keep watch and ward with their swords and sceptres, comes the long train of death-like, night-wandering shadows. Clad in their quaint old mediæval costume, the Masters with their compasses and rules, the

Craftsmen with their plumbs, and squares, and levels, the apprentice lads with their heavy gavels, all silently greeting their companions, old and dear, with time-honoured salute and token as of yore.

"While the last note of the deep-mouthed bell is still trembling in the air, reverberating from arch to arch and dying away amid the frozen music of the traceried roof, forth from the western portal stream the shadowy throng. Thrice round the sacred edifice winds the waving, floating train, brave old Erwin himself leading the way; while far above—up above the sculptured saints who look down upon the sleeping city—up where, at the very summit of feathery, fairy-like spire, the image of the Queen of Heaven stands, there floats a cold, white-robed female form, the fair Sabina, old Erwin's well-beloved child, whose fair hands aided him in his work. In her right hand a mallet, in her left a chisel, she flits among the sculptured lace-work of the noble spire like the genius of Masonry.

"With the first faint blush of dawn the vision fades, the phantom shapes dissolve, and the old Masons return to their sepulchres, there to rest until the next St. John's eve shall summon them to earth."

There, reader, I have given you a legend of the olden time. I will not vouch for the truthfulness of the story, but it awakens new thoughts and furnishes fresh topics for reflection. There were certainly some master workmen at the building of that grand old cathedral who deserve more than a shadowy immortality. The name of St. John was revered in that group of workmen, as it still is wherever Freemasons wander or work.—*Bro. Cornelius Moore, in the Voice.*

THE EMIGRANT.

SHE clasped her hand on my arms,
 She laid her cheek on my shoulder,
 The tide of her tears fell warm
 On hands that trembled to hold her.
 I whispered a pitying word
 As the ships moved slowly apart,
 And the grief of the friendless poured
 Its choking weight on my heart.

For graves in the evening shade
 Were green on a far off hill,
 Where the joys of her life were laid
 With love that had known no chill.
 But however her heart might yearn,
 We were facing the freshening breeze,
 And the white wake lengthened astern
 On the rolling floor of the seas.

She quenched the fire of her tears;
 Uplifting her meek, brave head—
 "Or dark or bright be the years,
 I will take courage," she said;
 Smoothing back her loose-blowing hair,
 And her shawl drawing closer the while,
 So she drank in the strong sea air,
 And left the old shore with a smile,