

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE :

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

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HISTORY OF THE AIREDALE LODGE, No. 387,

Giving also, incidentally (by notes of the Foundation of each Lodge in chronological order), a Record of the Progress of Freemasonry in Yorkshire.

BY BRO. J. RAMSDEN RILEY, P.M. AIREDALE LODGE, NO. 387;

Z. MORAVIAN CHAPTER, NO. 387.

SECTION I.—1788 to 1815—(continued.)

IN 1800 the "Masonic Benefit Society, under the authority of Parliament, for the relief and support of the sick, aged, and imprisoned brethren, their widows, children, and orphans, under the patronage of His Royal Highness George, Prince of Wales, G.M.," was established. It had agents and committees in the various counties, those for Yorkshire being as under :

LEEDS.

Bro. John Simpson
" John Hustler Leach
" Robert Sutcliffe
" William Sadler
" John Hepworth
" George Ireland
" Francis Maguire
" John Walker
" Henry Thornton
" Joseph Dalby

Bro. John Wood
" Richard Dalton
" Matthew Mennel.
" Joseph Wood
" Thomas Sherwood
" Isaac Nichols
" James Taylor
" Thomas Foster
" John Smallpage, Provincial
Agent.

HULL.

Bro. Quarten Levitt
" John Scholefield
" Stephen Dickenson
" John Lawson
" Robert Hayes

Bro. George Epworth
" Michael Coltman
" William Ward
" George Lambert
" Matthew Smith.

KEIGHLEY.

Bro. Henry Clapham	Bro. William Robinson
„ Adam Pearson	„ William Grave
„ Stephen Paslow	„ John Buck
„ Jonas Sutcliffe	„ John Green.
„ Charles Tatham	

SHEFFIELD.

Bro. Samuel Robinson	Bro. James Johnson
„ William Rowley	„ Luke Pass
„ John Lamb	„ Aaron Allott
„ William Willey	„ Richard Jessop
„ Joseph Norton	„ John Garnett
„ Thomas Frost	„ Joseph Hinchliffe
„ John Dyson	„ Samuel Tompkin.
„ James Woollin	

BEVERLEY.

Bro. William Wardell	Bro. John Peacock
„ Joseph Bateson	„ Thomas Spenceley
„ Robert Stevenson	„ Robert Peacock
„ Samuel Montgomery	„ William Cash
„ William Acklam	„ William Harrison
„ Francis Tadman	„ Joseph Turley.

RICHMOND.

Bro. George Ewbank	Bro. John Cowling
„ James Galloway	„ Christopher Metcalf
„ Thomas Wright	„ Mark Plues.
„ John Dalton	

WHITBY.

Bro. Robert Mooresum	Bro. Ralph Milner
„ Thomas Brodrick	„ John Storme
„ George Trueman	„ John Summerso
„ Thomas Fishburn, jun.	„ Andrew Allen.
„ John Gardiner	

HALIFAX.

Bro. David Mitchell	Bro. John Holdsworth
„ Peter Mitchell	„ John Hartley
„ Jonathan Farrar	„ William Hartley
„ Bartholomew Frye	„ Richard Ashworth
„ James Shaw	„ John Foster.

YORK.

Bro. John Watson	Bro. Henry Barnard
„ Denis Peacock	„ William Cobb
„ John Munkman	„ Mark Bowman
„ John Marley	„ Edward Peck.
„ William Scruton	

This society was what its title imports, allowing to its members afflicted with sickness, lameness, or blindness, 14s. per week; and to members imprisoned for debt (provided the same was not brought upon himself by notorious extravagance), 4s. per week, with a further sum not exceeding 10s. per week if during such confinement he was afflicted as above; for old age, 6s. per

week; widows, 4s. per week; and 2s. per week additional for every child under twelve until he or she attains that age. In 1802 the society paid to sick, aged, and imprisoned brethren, £625 1s.; and to widows and children, £492 10s. 7d. The principal expense, including salary to the actuary for clerk, messenger, etc., only amounted to £150; whilst in the metropolis there were several medical brethren who volunteered their professional services to its sick members.

In 1801 the Lodge Honour and Perseverance, Cockermonth, No. 436, was removed to Batley.

From an old Grand Lodge circular in my possession, of January, 1803, I copy the following, the substance of which had probably much to do with the general lifelessness of Freemasonry in Yorkshire at this time, as schisms of any kind invariably affect well-disposed, besides the disaffected; and no doubt all the North of England Lodges then were, to a more or less extent, influenced detrimentally by the disaffected Athol Masons:

In consequence of the late resolutions passed at the Grand Lodge, the following extracts are taken from the Book of Constitutions for the information and guidance of the brethren:

That no Lodge can assemble without a Warrant from the Grand Master; and that the persons who have assembled, and still continue to assemble, as Masons, *by virtue of a power from a Pretended Grand Lodge* established in London a few years since, and which is now said to exist under the patronage of the Duke of Athol, are not to be countenanced or acknowledged by any regular Mason under the Constitution of England, on pain of forfeiting the privileges of the society; *the said Convention being a gross insult to the Grand Master and to every Lodge under his auspices*; and the more effectually to discourage these *illegal conventions*, that no regular Mason shall be present at them or give any sanction to their proceedings.

That it is the opinion of the *Ancient Grand Lodge of all England* that the persons calling themselves Ancient Masons, and now assembling in England or elsewhere, under the sanction of the Duke of Athol, are not to be considered as Masons, nor are their meetings to be countenanced or acknowledged by any regular Lodge or Mason acting under our authority, nor shall any of them be admitted into our regular Lodges without being re-made.

In Yorkshire, at any rate, much uncertainty must have existed in the lodges, and no doubt widely different opinions were held amongst the members as to the relative merits of "Ancient" and "Modern" Freemasonry, causing shyness between the brethren, and ultimately a growing neglect of the lodge itself. In the Duke of York's Lodge most of the brethren happily had little, if any, interest in the matter beyond their allegiance to the Grand Lodge (London) as constituting their authority to meet; but I am inclined to think a few of the less influential members, perhaps dissatisfied also with their position in the lodge, entertained views at variance with such allegiance. However, the effect of the non-attendance of the brethren, and the great difficulty of one individual keeping them in unity and working together, must have been deep and lasting upon our excellent Bro. Hawley, and is no less marked on the lodge, the minutes of which at this period foreshadow too surely its inevitable decay. These are written in various bad styles of calligraphy, are full of grammatical and orthographical errors, most indistinct in some cases, and careless in the extreme—a sad contrast to the former minutes, which may be accepted as being of the highest class of their time. Only another extract need be given from minutes during Bro. Hawley's membership, and it was the last St. John's he attended, acting, as before, as W.M. Independently of this circumstance, this extract is inserted on account of an amusing clause respecting the tenure of office of the Wardens and Secretary:

Feb. 7th, 1803 (St. John's.)

The Master then appointed Bro. Wm. Sleaford his senior warden and Bro. John Bennett his junior warden, and Bro. Thomas Ainley his secretary, for the ensuing twelve months, or during their good behaviour, which shall be determined by a majority of the members then present.

In 1803 the Lodge of Three Grand Principles, No. 283, King's Head, Islington, was removed to Dewsbury, as was also the Lodge Amphibious, No. 407, from Stonehouse, Devon, to High Town, in this province. The Allman's Lodge, 575, Almondbury, and Mariner's Lodge, 576, Selby, were also established.

After the St. John's meeting above referred to, and without any record of installation at any time, another brother (initiated in the lodge by Bro. Hawley, September 3rd, 1792), occupied the W.M.'s chair, and on the St. John's meeting, March 4th, 1805, occurs the following minute, which to my mind conclusively establishes the sad state into which the lodge had fallen, as well as the heavy loss it had sustained by Bro. Hawley's resignation. It is the last extract I intend to give from the records of the Duke of York's Lodge whilst at Doncaster:

When the Master deputed Bro. Sleeford as Past Master, and he then invested Bro. Geo. Pollard the late Master, with the jewel of his office, as Master for the ensuing twelve months; the Master then invested Bro. Wm. Sleeford his senior warden.

It is scarcely necessary to point out that as Bro. Pollard considered it imperative that he should be "invested" by *one* Past Master, he had a most convenient way of surmounting an otherwise great difficulty, by creating or "deputing" one for the occasion. The concluding ceremony wherein this questionable Past Master descends to the position of a Senior Warden is a too-evident specimen of the loose lodge-working at this time. The lodge continued a comparatively lifeless existence up to April 7th, 1806, the concluding portion of the minutes on that date being to this effect:

'The business of the lodge being over, it was regularly closed till the first Monday in October, emergencies exempt.

Evidently the lodge was not *then* regarded as defunct. However, on April 21st, 1807, it was removed to the Elm Tree Inn, Bingley, by William Simpson and John Whitley, as is recorded in the minute book. How these two brethren gained possession of the lodge I have been unable to ascertain, as they certainly were not members of the lodge whilst it existed at Doncaster. At this time probably both were itinerant brethren and subscribing members of no lodge. In 1806 the Amity Lodge, No. 224, Preston, was removed to Steeton, in this province.

The first meeting of the Duke of York's Lodge, No. 438, at Bingley, was on May 20th, 1807, and after continuing to work and initiate candidates, etc., up to February 10th, 1808, a regular meeting was held (on the last-mentioned date) "*for the purpose of opening the Duke of York's Lodge, No. 438, in forme,*" which was done in the presence of the following brethren from the Royal Yorkshire Lodge, No. 439, Keighley, and Prince George Lodge, No. 550, Haworth:—Royal Yorkshire, No. 439: Bro. Phineas Smith as W.M., Bro. Wm. Robinson, P.M.; Bro. Thos. Bradley as S.W., Bro. Thos. Fox as J.W., Bro. Geo. Wilson, Bro. Samuel Whitehead, Bro. Jos. Bowman; Prince George, No. 550: Bro. David Bastow and Bro. John Craven; "when William Simpson was invested W.M., and John Allen, Junior Warden." It is a noteworthy and singular coincidence that the present Bingley Lodge (Scientific) is the same number on the Grand Lodge Register now as the Royal Yorkshire was on its visit to the Bingley Lodge at that time. The minutes of the Duke of York's Lodge grew more and more unsatisfactory, and many of them are so badly written and spelt that it has been with the greatest difficulty that I could decipher them even assisted by my intimate acquaintance with Yorkshire dialects. Apparently, however, the lodge could not be said to flourish on its new soil, therefore little of importance took place during its existence at Bingley, as in nearly every instance (excepting

those minutes from which I select a few extracts as illustrative of Freemasonry at the Bingley period) the presiding officers' names are given, after which the rarely varying "no other business being done the lodge was closed in armoney," comprised the general minutes. I am glad to supply the two following extracts, as they show a laudable desire to lay down some rules by which to govern the lodge, which indeed was necessary. The list of visitors to the Lodge of Hope given in the first is also interesting. In 1810 the Phoenix Lodge, 496, was removed to Rotherham, in this province.

July 22, 1810.

Having received a letter from the Lodge of Hope, Bradford, No. 539, an invitation to go to their procession in honour of his Royal Highness George Prince of Wales, our Grand Master's birthday :

Resolved—That the following brothers shall attend :

Wm. Simpson, John Alland, Joseph Wild, Wm. Morris, Samuel Clapham, Chas. Bland, John Hudson, Wm. Booth, Jonathan Walker, John Smith, James Scott.

Further resolved—1st, For the better regulation of our lodge and good government of the same—That this lodge shall in future from this date be opened at our regular lodge nights at 7 in the evening, not to exceed a quarter past, and closed at 10, not to exceed a quarter past, and that under no less a penalty for the Master than to pay a fine of 6d. to the lodge for such neglect.

2nd—That every member shall attend (if possible) at the above-mentioned time, if not shall pay 8d. if he cannot show just cause for such neglect, and if nothing but his usual employment, shall forfeit 4d. ; and if any brother shall not attend the lodge at 7 or a quarter past at a regular lodge night, shall forfeit 2d. for such neglect.

3rd—That every member of this lodge shall pay every month into the hands of the treasurer One Shilling, 6d. of which shall be spent, and the other 6d. shall go to the lodge accounts to defray the different expenses (this is to be paid monthly extra to the fines).

4th—That all officers of this lodge neglecting to attend, such as Master, senior, junior wardens, treasurer, secretary, and tyler, shall forfeit 6d. for such neglect, and all forfeits arising from a breach of those articles, or any of them, shall be paid into the hands of the then acting treasurer for the benefit of the lodge in general ; and any disputes arising concerning those articles shall be finally settled by a majority of the lodge that night.

At a lodge of emergency held October 9th, 1811, these resolutions were amended or modified, as is shown by the minutes as under :—

October 9th, 1811.—Emergency.

When it was unanimously resolved that for the better government of the lodge in future, that this lodge shall be opened at our regular lodge nights at 7 o'clock, not to exceed half-past, and if so neglected the master to forfeit 6d., and if the senior and junior wardens are not there at the time above mentioned shall forfeit 6d., and the secretary and treasurer 6d., likewise the tyler. Close at 10 o'clock.

Art. 2.—That every member of this lodge shall attend at the above-mentioned time if possible, if not shall forfeit to the lodge 3d. for such neglect, and if any brother or brothers shall not attend the second lodge night shall forfeit 6d., and One Shilling for the third. And if such brethren shall neglect for four lodge nights shall be excluded and crossed out of the lodge books.

Art. 3.—That every member of this lodge shall pay at our regular meetings one shilling, exclusive of the forfeits, towards defraying the expenses of the lodge, sixpence of which shall be spent and the other to be entered in a book kept for the lodge accounts.

Art. 4th.—That any disputes arising concerning those articles shall be finally determined by a majority of the members that night.

(To be continued.)

A FRENCH PRIEST'S VIEW OF MASONRY.

FATHER N. Deschamps has just published, at Avignon, France, a notable work on Freemasonry, entitled "*Les Sociétés Secrètes et la Société*,"* which is the subject of a no less notable review in the February number of the New York *Catholic World*, just issued. The statements of both author and reviewer are so much more accurate than usual, and their opinions are so much less seasoned with virulence than are those of the average controversialist, that deem Father Deschamps' work, and the article of his reviewer, worthy of mention to our readers.

Every Freemason knows that our Craft is the handmaid of religion, and hence proscribes *no* religion. It favors no particular creed, but is the friend of all that acknowledge the one true and ever-living God. Its creed (if it may be said to have a creed) is the mother-creed, the basis-truth of all creeds. It says with Pope—the poet, not the prelate :

For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight ;
He can't be wrong whose life is in the right.

Hence Freemasonry is *not* unfriendly to the Roman Catholic religion, any more than it is to the United Presbyterian religion, or any other religion—although when prelate, minister, or layman, of either of these, or any other creed, proscribes Freemasonry, we smile at their anger, and pity their ignorance. Many acts have been done in the *name* of religion, in times past, that religion shudders at now. Murder is no less murder because it is made to assume the form of martyrdom at the stake, as an *auto da fe*, than it is when the assassin's knife perpetrates the bloody deed. So intolerance is no less intolerance when directed against "the handmaid of religion," than when aimed at the peaceful Quaker, the harmless Baptist, or the self-sacrificing Puritan.

Freemasonry proscribes only the baldest irreligion—that of the atheist and libertine. It is the friend of religion, and hence that religion which is inimical to it blindly undermines the very foundation of its own faith in God, for he who has not faith in God is no Freemason.

We have stated that Roman Catholic writers who treat of Freemasonry usually do not *consider* it, but only ignorantly condemn it. And they single out so-called, and often falsely called, Freemasonry in some continental country of Europe, hold *its* faithless character, and possibly erratic action, up to contempt, and say, "from one, learn all." Not so Father Deschamps. We quote his language :

"In those countries" [the United States and Great Britain], says the author of *Les Sociétés Secrètes et la Société*, "thanks to the superior social condition and to the force of political tradition, Masonry has undergone a sort of transformation. It has been fused with the Protestant sects, and has even given a great deal of space in its ritual to the Bible. If religion has not been the gainer by this, the lodges have at least, in this way, lost a great deal of the character which they originally had. But the English and American lodges are different from all others."

His reviewer endorses this language, and manifests the same freedom from ignorance, for he says :—

* *Les Sociétés Secrètes et la Société*, on philosophie de l'histoire contemporaine. Par N. Deschamps. Deuxième édition. Avec une introduction sur l'action des sociétés au XIXe siècle, par M. Claudio Jannet. Avignon : Seguin frères. 1880.

“That the English-speaking Freemasons differ very greatly from all other is, however, beyond dispute. And this ought at once to warn American Catholics that the Masonic literature of Europe can be applicable here only with considerable modifications. The American Lodges, it is well known, number among their members many Protestant ministers, chiefly Methodists and Episcopalians.”

This admission, by two prominent Roman Catholics, that the Holy Bible is (in Masonic phrase) one of the Lights of Masonry, and that “in the United States and other English-speaking countries Freemasonry has so far been free from some of the mischievous influences that dominate the institution in most of the continental countries of Europe” (this is the language of the reviewer in the *Catholic World*), while it by no means states the whole truth, gives a much larger share of it than is the custom of those who are of the obedience of the Pope. We have hope of even the Hierarchy itself, when a priest and a reviewer in one of its official journals unite in rendering, unsought, such testimony.

Father Deschamps, however, does not always see clearly, but, like the blind man in the Scripture, whose sight was restored, he sometimes sees “men as trees, walking.” He traces the secularization of education in European politics to Freemasonry and Freemasons. He attributes even the French Revolution to Freemasonry; deducing also from it nearly all of the political, social, and moral ills of the day. But his reviewer in the *Catholic World* sets him right in this matter. In this connection the language of the latter is so just that we quote it entire:—

“Father Deschamps thinks that ‘Freemasonry alone can explain’ the suppression of the Jesuits. But when he tells us that Voltaire, and Rousseau, and D’Alembert, and Pombal, and Choiseul, and all the rest, even to Pompadour (!), were affiliated to Freemasonry, and therefore Freemasonry must be held chargeable with the origin of the war against the Jesuits, we cannot but ask, What about Calvin, and Fra Palo, the author of the “*Monita Secreta*,” and the whole brood of Jansenism? Surely these, which were very potent factors in this war, had little to do with Freemasonry. And if all the persons whom Father Deschamps names—even Pompadour—were Freemasons, so to, and that not figuratively either, was Frederick the Great, the intimate friend and correspondent of Voltaire. Yet Frederick, the idol of the philosophers, Carlyle’s hero, was also a Freemason and the organizer of Freemasonry, and he it was that offered the Jesuits an asylum, which they accepted. He treated them with great respect, and recommended them in the most flattering terms to other sovereigns as excellent teachers. But Father Deschamps speaks of the Parliaments of France—which had ceased to exist some years before the Revolution—as Freemasons in a body.

“As for the Parliaments, their certificate of philosophico-Masonic affiliation is found in the correspondence of Voltaire and D’Alembert, in the pilgrimages to Ferney made by the councillors and referendaries, and in the numerous letters to the principal members, we might have added, were it necessary.—*Les Soc. Sec.*, t. ii., p. 58.

“This charge against what, with all their faults, were respectable and learned assemblies, containing many worthy Christians, is rendered somewhat vague, it must be admitted, by the ‘philosophico’ prefixed to the word Masonic.

“It is well to remark that the many years’ close attention which Father Deschamps gave to the subject of Freemasonry, while undoubtedly fitting him to pronounce an opinion, also tended, in the natural order of things, to magnify in his eyes the operations of the Craft he had been so long studying. He sees Freemasonry in everything that is anti-Catholic. A similar phenomenon is observable among non-Catholics, for many of whom the illustrious Society of Jesus is a constant bugbear and the source of unnumbered woes. We have all to guard against cant, if we would deal seriously with serious questions. It

is impossible to insist too forcibly on the danger to religion and society that Freemasonry offers, but the right way to avert the danger is to look at it as it is, not to dress it up in so fantastic a guise that Freemasons themselves will be unable to recognize it. Of course, politicians of all parties, unscrupulous as the class have always been, eager to further their own or their party's ends, would enroll themselves among the Freemasons, who were a numerous and influential association, yet it would not follow that all the vagaries, schemes, or theories of these politicians are to be laid at the door of Freemasonry. In fact many, very many, of those who suffered during the Revolution, very many of the *émigré* nobles, were Freemasons."

The justness of the most of this language is apparent. It is especially noteworthy as the utterance of an influential Roman Catholic writer. It shows that it is possible for one to be an enemy to Freemasonry, and yet not blind to the facts of past history or to contemporary events. It is true that all are not angels of light that appear in angelic guise; that some unscrupulous men do wear the livery of Freemasonry; but these do not colour its creed, nor fashion its purpose. It is composed, in the main, of "good men and true." This even its enemies, if ingenuous, must admit. But we quote our reviewer further:

"Freemasonry, then, in the politico-atheistical form which it has taken on the continent of Europe, was not, it may safely be said, the cause, primarily or secondarily, of the Revolution, or the revolutionary spirit. It is rather merely one of the manifestations of a craving for some sort of religion, and for some code of morality, which still exists even among those who have fallen away from the Church of God.

"In France Freemasonry had received the official recognition of the government of Napoleon III., but 'advanced' Freemasons chafed under the restraints which this recognition imposed upon the Order. The Masonic Congress held at Metz in 1869, demanded that the fundamental article of Freemasonry in France, which affirmed the basis of the Order to be the belief in the existence of God, the immortality of the soul, and the love of humanity, should be replaced by the declaration that Masonry has for its only principle the unity of mankind. The promoter of this movement was M. Macé, of the University. M. Macé and his friends were at last entirely successful, for the general assembly of French Masons held at Paris a few years later, by a great majority, and after taking the sense of all the lodges subject to the Grand Orient or central authority of France, abolished the fundamental article in question, substituting it by the declaration that 'Freemasonry has for its foundation absolute liberty of conscience, and the unity of mankind. It excludes no one for his belief.'

It is true, and we sadly admit it, that the so-called Freemasonry of the Grand Orient of France is spurious Freemasonry. It is atheistic. With it English-speaking Freemasonry has nothing to do, and for it has no responsibility. It has fallen from its high estate—it is no longer Freemasonry. The Craft in England, Scotland, Ireland, and America has so declared it. French Freemasons of the obedience of the Grand Orient, and ourselves, are no longer brethren. The fault is theirs, not ours, nor that of Freemasonry.

The following language, used by the reviewer also, is worth repeating:

"It is true Disraeli, too, sees the secret societies in every uneasy movement of the harassed people of Europe. Nor will the impressionable Celts feel any delight in reading that Ireland is dominated by Freemasonry! Nothing could be more absurd.

"The essay on the Knights Templar is particularly interesting. Father Deschamps thinks the knights guilty of the crimes and irregularities charged to them, and he traces, with a few breaks, however, in the evidence, a connection between the suppressed order of the Temple and modern Freemasonry. Freemasonry itself he traces also to Gnosticism, Manichism, and the Albigenses, but he finds the real corporate existence of the institute to have first appeared

in a charter drawn up at a reunion held at Cologne in 1535! Among the signatures to this charter, whose genuineness is acknowledged by respectable authorities, and which Father Deschamps gives in full, are those of several of the leaders of the so-called Reformation, including Melancthon and Coligny."

We may state here that it is surprising that Father Deschamps should have been imposed upon by the alleged "Charter of Cologne," an instrument that no authoritative Masonic writer now relies upon. Indeed it is an admitted, clearly-proven forgery.

After all, our reviewer, in his concluding paragraph, reminds us of the dog that returned to his vomit, for he says:

"Freemasonry, as a secret society, is dangerous to our free institutions; as a Craft it is obnoxious to the true spirit of humanity. It is degrading to a man's dignity to submit himself to a secret, irresponsible human authority. No one can sincerely question that the Catholic Church, in prohibiting her children from becoming members of such secret organizations, has deserved well of the country, and, in this one respect particularly, has done much for the preservation of our political institutions."

But we would accept his reasoning rather than his dogmatic statement. The former is dictated by truth—sometimes diluted, it is true, but still truth, while the latter is subservient to the intolerant view of the proprietor of the See of St. Peter. When will the believers in the Bible, everywhere, credit the Great Bible Society with its faultless principles of Faith in God, Hope in Immortality, and Charity towards the entire Brotherhood? Can such a Society be "dangerous," "obnoxious to the true spirit of humanity," or "degrading to a man's dignity?"—*The Keystone*.

THE WRITING ON THE WALL.

BY VERAX.

I WAS looking over an odd volume of the *Sentimental and Masonic Magazine* for 1793, when I came on the following verses, which, striking in themselves, seem to suggest some thoughts and associations never unsuitable or unseasonable for the Masonic world to grasp and realize:

THE WRITING ON THE WALL.

<p>Festivos inter calices ac poc'la tyrannus Palluit, in muro mystica signa videns, Depinxit quæ dira manus—dum major in horas Et circumserpit largior usque nota. Non tamen aut primus potorun, aut ultimus ille, Talia cui poterant scripta ciere metum. Fortè aliquando animum cretâ aut carbone notatus Terruerit paries, lector amice, tuum. Nammibi (confiteor fassoque ignosce) tabernæ Adverso inscriptæ pariete corda notæ Terribili monitu horrificant, interque biben- dum, Excudit e tremula lapsa lagæna manu. Scilicet hæc nostrum, suspensio examine, lancem Scriptura et loculos arguit esse breves. Si vero portenta immotus talia cernas, Tu gravior nobis lance repertus eris.</p>	<p>In regal pomp the tyrant sups, And, fearless, drains the hallow'd cups When, lo, his stagger'd sight appal The mystic letters on the wall, Which, as the band terrific drew, Broad and more broad each moment grew. Yet not the first of topers he, Nor still, perhaps, the last may be, Whom certain kinds of mural writing Have sometimes been the cause of frightening. At least poor me, I freely own, They oft have into panics thrown, Dash'd from my hand th' unfinished bowl, And almost harrow'd up my soul. E'en you, my friend, at midnight hour, Have felt, perchance, their chilling power; But, if unmov'd such sights you view, It does but prove the maxim true, That, tried in judgment's sober scales, 'Tis "weight of metal still prevails;" Whilst I, who ne'er in that abound, "Am in the balance wanting found."</p>
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Now, it seems to me, unless I am altogether wrong in my theory of Freemasonry, the idea embodied in these effective lines ought to be one familiar to, and welcomed by, all who profess themselves to be, and call themselves, Freemasons. I am quite aware that far too many look on Freemasonry as a pastime; not a reality, a pleasant social meeting, not a serious system of morality, veiled in allegory and illustrated by symbols.

To them all that is grave and solemn, abstruse or elevated, is distasteful. They say, "You are making a mistake;" you are "pitching the key-note too high;" that all such teaching is "too sublimated for them;" that "Masonry is all very well in its way;" but that, though they "do not deny what you say," they see no good in going beyond the "common course" of things, or affecting to be better, or wiser, or more moralizing than other men! Hence they resolutely set themselves against any view of Masonry higher than the mere passing routine of work, the pleasant sociality of refreshment, and the enjoyment of what the Lodge system offers to the friendly, the sympathetic, the congenial, and the intelligent.

It is from this agreeable but short-sighted class that all the objections proceed against anything which would encourage higher literary tastes or intellectual aspirations. It is this mistaken application of Masonry which keeps it down to a low deep level, and ignores steadfastly either lectures or libraries, anything, in fact, which would depart from the dear old dull routine of "other days." I admit at once that it is a mistake, as some do, to "run-amuck" on sociality. In all movements some indiscreet friends always "out-Herod Herod," and "get over the traces;" and far too much is often said against our social system, which is a very good one "per se," and, as far as I know, not now in any sense an abuse.

But then, on the other hand, there is room for a more intellectual side of Masonry, a little more time granted to "instruction," some moment sacrificed to Masonic literature, some small encouragement rendered to lodge lectures and archæological soirees! At present, the "look-out" for anyone who seeks to propound intelligent views or develope antiquarian researches, to illustrate the history, the archæology, the numismatology of the Order, is very dreary indeed; and one can quite fancy that now, as in time past, the aspect of things Masonic and the general course of Masonic lodge life have kept out of the Brotherhood a large class of refined and elevated minds. And yet what scope there is in Freemasonry for the studies of the serious and the researches of the intelligent, how much we have to find out, to lay bare, to unfold, and to ascertain before we can really venture to seek to write a true history of Freemasonry.

So, then, this is the use I wish to make of the idea of the verses quoted above. Freemasonry may go on, as it has done for years, without much attention to literature or with little concern for archæology; it may still continue to be a pleasant retreat and meeting-place for members of various classes of "society" who are fond of the "social circle" and admire the sympathetic tone and genial and tolerant temper of Freemasonry. But its life is weakened and affected, its real true existence dwarfed and kept in by this forgetfulness of one of the essential laws of all true progress in the world. There is in it the germ of weakness and decay which will eventually manifest itself as we all grow tired, after a little, of mere social enjoyment, mere material pleasures.

And this is the history of many a lodge's struggles, the secret of its eventual failure. All the while, amid its gay gathering and festal scenes, the hand-writing was on the wall, and after a few lingering years it passed away—its place on the roll knew it no more; and if memory recalls pleasant days and past friends, it is only with that "sigh" which it so frequently makes for the vanity of human wishes, the frivolity of personal feelings, and the short-lived reality of mortal joys! Is there not, then, in these thoughts and considerations, a useful warning for us all?

A WINTER GREETING.

BY SAVARICUS.

Dedicated by permission to Baroness Burdett Coutts.

A CRIMSON sun upon a winter's day
Rode high in heaven to chase the mist away.
Its genial influence bade the vapour rise,
And, shining forth, lit up the mid-day skies ;
As earth rejoiced, the golden clouds above
Spread joy abroad, and filled most hearts with love.
The storm that raged had all its fury spent,
And now the sun had cleared the firmament ;
A joyful calm with gladness filled the air,
And still, though winter, earth was bright and fair.
Oh, race of man, whose Heaven-born gifts we know,
Remember well the source from whence they flow ;
Stand up for right, ne'er do what seemeth wrong ;
Work hard for truth, 'twill make the puny strong ;
Seek suffering out, and what ye can command
Give to the poor, and with no stinted hand ;
As Nature's smiles do chase the showers away,
So gladly help the sick this winter's day.
A sweet reward each deed of goodness brings,
The heart relieved with its reliever sings ;
Thus bliss twofold one worthy act supplies.
Ye favoured rich, oh, share your golden prize,
From plenty spare a dole, 'tis yours to try
And cheer the cheerless heart and dry each eye.
A goodly trust the power to bless must be,
And some there are whose hands are ever free,
With loving hearts whence kindness sweetly flows,
And "Homes" are built, relieving many woes.
At Pity's call when we the hungry feed,
'Tis Heaven itself that prompts the goodly deed ;
The border-land of bliss we surely tread,
Relieving dire distress to comfort shed ;
And sorrow's grateful prayer with earnest voice
Will upward rise to bid our hearts rejoice.
Why linger, then, or idly stay at home ?
The needy sick have not the power to roam.
A visit made, a soothing word will cheer,
These to the fleeting soul are doubly dear ;
The meanest wretch some consolation craves,
And timely help much mental anguish saves.
Jehovah's Son to save the world was sent,
Too little thought of is the blest event.
With love the Saviour's love we should repay,
And help the weary on their dreary way.
Our duty done, in faith then we can live
Right thankful that we have the means to give.

MASONIC COLLEGES IN BRITAIN.

BY JAS. B. GRANT, 32°.

FROM the beginning of the third century the Romans had to contend almost constantly with the mountaineers of Scotland, a warlike people, the aborigines of their country, and who, like the Welsh or Cambrians, had never been conquered. (It was not until between the years 273 and 1307 that the Welsh were finally conquered by Edward I., son of Henry III., and grandson of John, the hero of English Kings.) It was during this time that the Masons and civilized inhabitants fled to the mountains of Wales, to Scotland, or to the isles beyond. It was among these Masonic refugees that the ancient language was preserved, and with it primitive Masonry, and the knowledge of architecture as practised by guilds of Masonic corporations. After the first barbarous impetuosity of the Anglo-Saxons had been calmed, and more peaceful pursuits taken their place, some of these Masons withdrew from their mountain caves and fortresses, and, returning once more to their homes, promulgated the principles of Masonry among the Pagan nobles and people, and thus toward the close of the sixth century the mild and faithful light of the primitive Masonic doctrine began to diffuse its gentle rays almost to the centre of the seven kingdoms.

The Roman Catholic Church permits none of the faithful to become members of an esoteric body, but it was reserved for the Benedictine monks, whom Pope Gregory I. sent to England to convert the Anglo-Saxons, and at whose head presided Austin, a celebrated priest, architect and Mason, to succeed in gradually opening the eyes of the Anglo-Saxons to further light. In accordance with the teachings of their founder (Austin), these monks and brothers worked more than they fasted or prayed. Austin himself, the first Masonic apostle of England, and first Archbishop of Canterbury, was no less celebrated for his knowledge of architecture than for his other powers of mind and varied acquirements; and it was he who, at this time, began to rebuild and re-establish the ancient Masonic corporations. It was in this manner that at this time, in England as upon the Continent, the Lodges became attached to the convents, and were more or less governed by Monk Masons, according as the leading architects were monks or lay brethren; and from this fact arose the condition that Lodges held their meetings almost exclusively in the convents, where, if an abbot was proposed as Master or Warden of a Lodge, they addressed him as *Worshipful Brother* or *Worshipful Master*, thus establishing a mode of address which has descended even to our own day as the usual one in speaking to or of the first officer within a Lodge.

After the close of the seventh century many of these Abbot Masons made journeys to Rome, to try to induce superior workmen to return with them and settle among the Masons in England. The introduction of these Masons produced a particular modification in the constitution of the Lodges. Masons occupied themselves with architecture of a general character; but some particular members of the fraternity formed themselves into a separate organization, and their aim was to copy exclusively after the Scottish models. From York, therefore, we think we may properly call them *Select Masters*, made frequent journeys to Scotland, where a rendezvous was fixed upon, at which each of them might deliberate, after he had arrived, upon the observations made by others during their travels in the country, and record his own. For this purpose was chosen the valley of Glenbeg, on the north-east coast of

Scotland, opposite the Isle of Skye. Here were two old castles, built in a remarkable manner of stone, with neither lime nor mortar, and which were surmised to have been places of refuge in the wars of earlier times.

Here it was that the Masters assembled in council, and consequently they received the name of *Masters of the Valley or Scottish Masters*.

In Lodge assembled, when they returned from their journeys, all deference was paid ^{to them}, as the most learned members of the fraternity, and to them were entrusted the most particular parts of construction. In this way the Masonic corporations, in connection with the convents and abbeys, became, after the fall of the Roman Empire, the great conservators of science and art; and in so great esteem were the members of this corporation held, that, notwithstanding Britain's low political standing at this time, these Masons created, by their invincible hardihood and activity, an influence which embraced the whole of Western Europe. When a Mason was sent to a distant mission, a body of builders sprang up, no prayers or fastings, but work, hard work, and thus it was that a material edifice soon bore witness to the advent of the spirit of truth and humanity. During the invasion by the Danes, between the years 835 and 870, nearly all convents, churches, and monasteries were destroyed by fire, and with them the records and ancient documents of the Lodges which had been preserved in these buildings where they met. Fifty years afterward the King, Athelstan, desirous to rebuild these monuments, directed his adopted son, Edwin, who had been taught architecture by the Masons in a convent, to assemble in the year 926, in the City of York, all the Lodges of Freemasons scattered throughout the country, to the end that they would reconstitute themselves according to the ancient laws. This was done, and the king confirmed to them all the privileges which were possessed by the free Roman colleges in the time of the Republic. The constitution was at this time presented by the king to the assembly of Masons, and which is called the Charter of York, and proves, in its introduction, the Masonic corporations at this time were very little affected by any of the peculiar doctrines which were subsequently promulgated by councils of the Church. (See the text of this constitution, under the title "Charter of York.") In those days it was customary to dedicate and consecrate to some saint every erection for the worship of God, and with the like idea all the corporations of artists, artizans, and trades chose patron saints. The Freemasons chose St. John the Baptist for theirs, because his feast fell on the 24th of June, date of the summer solstice. This day has always been celebrated by people of antiquity and by the Masons, since the foundation of their fraternity, as the period of the year when, the sun having attained its greatest height, nature is clothed and disports herself in the greatest abundance of her richest products. As successors of the ancient colleges of the Romans, the Freemasons of England conserved these cherished feasts; but, not to come in conflict with the dominant clergy, they were obliged to give their celebration a name not calculated to give offence. It was on this account they were known not exclusively by the name of Freemasons, but often as the Fraternity of St. John, and upon the Continent almost exclusively as St. John Brothers, or Brothers of St. John.

A MASON'S STORY.

(Continued from page 324.)

WE left our hero and his lady love, in our last chapter, on the eve of separation. A few weeks after the events which we then narrated, Penrhyn called at Mr. Morton's house, and asked to see Mr. Morton. He was shown into that gentleman's study, where he was courteously received. Mr.

Morton made it a point always to be courteous to an enemy. "You see," he would say, "one always gains so much by it; if one does not get vexed, one gets an opponent vexed." He carried this theory out in everything. He adopted it in his newspaper wars, in argument, in playing chess, in his dealings with his servants, and with everybody and everything.

"Pray be seated, Mr. Falconer," said he, as Penrhyn entered. "Not there," he continued, as his guest took a chair near the door. "You must come up closer to the fire, it is so very cold; winter seems to cling to us, doesn't it?" and so on, with a heap of small talk, which lasted for a considerable length of time. "I suppose you are leaving us very soon, Mr. Falconer," he resumed, when Penrhyn had answered all these little nothings, and he was obliged to fall back on business. "I suppose you are leaving us soon. Puddleton is not big enough for you. Well, I don't blame you; a young man like you will find plenty of chances of getting on in *this* world."

He emphasized "*this* world" as if he thought Falconer stood a very poor chance in the next.

"Yes, sir," replied Penrhyn, "I leave you to-morrow, and on that account I have come on to see you. I wish to say that I bear you no ill-will for what transpired between us the other night, nor can I blame you. I believe that you acted as you thought best for Mary's interests. But I came to ask you if you will not grant me one parting interview with her before I go away. Remember, sir, I might have gained it without asking you; but I would not stoop to anything so dishonourable. I would rather do without seeing Mary than have her act in direct disobedience to her parent's wishes."

In this very action I see foreshadowed that honour, that scorn of anything wrong, or sneaking, or underneath, which made me in after years worship Penrhyn Falconer as a noble man, and love him as a friend. Ah, Penrhyn, would to God that there were more like you. Would to God that we had all acted as you have ever done. It was ever with you, "truth before self." The world is better for your having lived in it, were it only for the example you set to those who knew you intimately.

Mr. Morton hummed and ha-ad and considered for a few moments, but he evidently saw no way of escape. He did not want to be harsh or unkind, and he might be struck with Penrhyn's straightforwardness. At any rate, he said "I do not object to your seeing Mary, and as you are going away, it would not be well for us to part on bad terms. Will you stop and have tea with us?"

Penrhyn acceding gratefully to this invitation, left Mr. Morton to join Mary. He found her seated in the library, reading an old book containing an account of the "shepherd of Hermes." She did not look up on Penrhyn's entrance, supposing it was her father who had come to search for some book which he wanted. Not until she found herself clasped in Penrhyn's arms, with a loving kiss imprinted on her forehead, did she realize that her loved one was with her once again. In an instant book and all were forgotten, and eager, loving questions were poured out on both sides.

We will not linger over that afternoon spent so happily together. Mr. Morton showed that he could be a gentleman; and as both kept off theological topics, nothing occurred to disturb the harmony of the party. At ten o'clock Falconer took his departure, having promised, at Mr. Morton's request, to look in and see them before he left, on the morrow. It is needless to say that Falconer did not forget to do so.

Next evening, with farewell wishes, and Mary's kiss yet wet on his lips, he left the home of his childhood. His father accompanied him to the station; and the old man's last words to his son were, "Remember, my boy, our creed, for want of a better, is honour. Always keep that intact, and I shall never have cause to be ashamed of you."

The last rays of the moon were illuminating the wild peaks of Derbyshire and the lovely valleys of Warwickshire as the train bore our hero swiftly on, away from those he loved to those whom he knew nothing whatever about.

His destination for the present was a small, old-fashioned town in Surrey. I dare say many of my readers will recognize it as the place where the bold barons drew up the all-important great charter. He arrived in London early in the morning, and drove at once to Charing Cross Station, taking his seat in the next train for his future home. Leaving word with the solitary porter at the local railway station that if Lord Anglesea's carriage should come for him, he would be found at the "Swan" hotel, he took his way thither, and soon found himself discussing a hearty breakfast, while he perused the *Times*. Presently he walked up the quaint High Street of the town, and noticed with some surprise the raised parapets, the quaint tiled roofs, and gabled houses so different to what he had been accustomed to in the north. He made one or two purchases in a shop, and returned to his hotel in a state of amusement at the chronic, ill-tempered, fat old duchess who had served him. As no one had called for him, it occurred to his mind that the best thing he could do would be to write to Puddleton, and let the home circle know of his arrival. An hour or two passed away in this agreeable and inspiring exercise, when, he having stamped his letters and taken them across to the post office, his future employer was announced.

Penrhyn scanned him pretty closely as he came into the room. One of the most remarkable traits of his character was his utter nonchalance. I do not remember ever having seen him flurried or lose his presence of mind. "Not a very formidable looking man" was his mental comment on his visitor. Lord Anglesea advanced towards him. "Mr. Falconer, I presume." Penrhyn bowed. "I trust you are not fatigued after your journey," said his lordship, as he took Penrhyn's hand kindly. "Thank you—no, my lord," replied Penrhyn; "I have breakfasted heartily, and have spent my time in looking over the grounds of the castle; at least, I suppose it to have been such from the appearance it presents."

"I believe that an ancient castle stood on the hill in mediæval times," replied his lordship, "and a subterranean passage existed from thence to the queer looking building you see before you. That is now our town hall. A few hundred years since it was an ancient chapel. To what base uses may we not descend! But time presses, and if you have not got anything to stay here for, my servant will proceed to the station for your luggage, and then we will drive home. But pray do not let me hurry you."

Penrhyn expressed his readiness to depart at any time, and rang for the waiter, that he might pay his bill. This Lord Anglesea would by no means hear of, and insisted on liquidating it himself.

Presently the carriage was announced, and, entering it, they drove homeward, Lord Anglesea taking the reins. Penrhyn thought the streets they drove through the prettiest he had ever seen. On each side grew stately pollard elms, which were just beginning to put forth one or two leaves. It is a lovely place in summer, this quaint old market town, and Penrhyn wished he could only see it at that season. However, he consoled himself with the reflection that other new scenery would ere long open upon his enraptured vision. After a drive across a picturesque heath, dotted here and there with windmills, and whitewashed cottages nestling amid clumps of fir trees, they emerged out on a smooth piece of road, from whence they obtained a delightful view of Box Hill and Leith Hill. Penrhyn gazed enraptured at the view thus opened up to him, and, turning to his lordship, said,

"Macaulay was not wrong, my lord, when he spoke of 'Surrey's pleasant hills.' Our northern hills are grand and sublime, but there is much of terrible majesty in them; while here we see a quiet, pastoral beauty, grand in itself, yet lovely."

"Yes," said his lordship, "we in Surrey have much reason to be proud of our hills and our beautiful valleys, but at the same time, you must remember that we lack the sylvan pleasures of the lakes to which you have been accus-

tomed. However, I propose that our first stoppage shall be, when we leave England, in Italy, so that we may be able to visit the Alpine regions, as I wish to take one or two sketches. Talking about sketches, though," continued Lord Anglesea, "are you fond of the fine arts?"

"Fond, so far as viewing a good picture is concerned, my lord," was the reply, "but if you asked me whether I could draw one, and colour it, I should be obliged to plead 'not guilty.' One branch of fine arts which I am partial to is photography. I could look at photographic scenery all day long. To me it seems a truer delineation of what a landscape really is than a painting."

"That being so, I can introduce you to a gentleman in the town who is an enthusiast in the art, a Mr. Charles Flowerby. He is somewhat peculiar; I expect you will have to visit him somewhat often, as he supplies me with books and papers. Any papers or magazines you would like for yourself, you are perfectly at liberty to order from him, to my account. He will," continued his lordship, drowning Penrhyn's thanks, "give you any amount of matter to talk about on photography, as he has a perfect mania for it. Every Sunday he, in company with one of his friends, tramps up and down the neighbourhood taking views."

Talking thus, they arrived at the "Moat," as Lord Anglesea's house was called. It was

A castellated, antique edifice.

* * * *

Its massiveness and grandeur, and repose
An architectural Eden did disclose.

Round and about the hall, stretching over undulating grounds, waving and rocking in the breeze, like a restless sea, rose gigantic oaks and fir trees, and the wind whistled gently through their leafless branches, making a music like the soft sighing of Æolian harps in mid air.

Penrhyn was met at the door by the stately old butler, who, having been in the family for the last fifty years, was deeply impressed with a sense of his own importance, and the obligation which rested upon him to uphold the dignity of the family, as well as his own. He showed Penrhyn to his room. After having made the necessary changes in his attire, Penrhyn repaired to the library, which he found stored with some of the most rare and learned tomes that ever delighted the heart of a bibliomaniac. Here he spent his time until the dinner-bell rang, when he was joined by Lord Anglesea. After dinner he wandered out into the park, which, as I have before said, surrounded the house; but the cold was so intense that it soon drove him indoors again.

When Penrhyn had been at the Moat a few weeks, Lord Anglesea fell ill, and the proposed journey had to be postponed for a time. In the absence of anything better, Penrhyn sought out the gentleman I have before mentioned—Mr. Flowerby.

Mr. Flowerby was a dapper looking little man, who jumped and rollicked about as if he had some hidden machinery, or springs, in his inside. When Penrhyn first made his acquaintance he was running across the street in a state of great excitement, gesticulating vehemently, after his dog, which had by some means got out of its kennel, and was roaming the streets. It was some time before the dog was safely caught; but by his own exertions, and those of his factotum—a dirty looking errand boy, with an immense cabbage rose in his coat—Stumpy was at last secured and led triumphantly away. Ah, Flowerby, you might have an eccentric exterior; all clever men have, but your heart was good and true. Would to God that there was as much love from man to man as existed between you and Stumpy. I verily believe you could not live without each other.

When the dog episode was concluded, Penrhyn approached Mr. Flowerby, and presented his note of introduction from Lord Anglesea.

"Ah! hum!" exclaimed Mr. Flowerby, dubiously, when he had perused it, "you want to see my photographs, do you, and go out with me some Sunday. Well, we'll see. Where d'ye come from?"

Penrhyn explained that he was fresh from the North, and was anxious to see some of the beauties of the South, before leaving for India.

"Come through this way, then," said Mr. Flowerby, seizing his hand and shaking it rapturously. "Why didn't you tell me before you were from the North? I would have held out the hand of brotherly welcome to you sooner. I come from Leicestershire myself. I went up there only the other day, to record my vote in the general election for the Conservative members. I suppose, being at Lord Anglesea's, you are a Tory."

Penrhyn confessed that he was perfectly independent—that is, neither Whig, Radical, or Tory.

"Then the sooner you become a Conservative the better," said his new friend.

While he was speaking he had been turning over a portfolio of valuable photographic scenery, which had been taken by himself on his sabbath excursions. These he gave Falconer to look over, and begged his acceptance of one or two of the largest and best. It was like thee, Flowerby, to part with thy best scenes. None but those who knew thee could ever know the true kindness and worth of thy character. I was strung to bear the parting with thee, when I left thee; God knows, thou wast the best friend that I ever had.

It was on the following Sunday that I made Penrhyn Falconer's acquaintance. Henceforth a new life was opened up to us all. We were admirably fitted for each other, as we all had our peculiarities and eccentricities strongly developed. Penrhyn could not diminish any of my love for Charley Flowerby, but I found a niche in my heart for him, and the ties of a pure friendship bound us strongly together.

We went out on our expedition that spring afternoon, but we did not take any views. We enjoyed immensely a fifteen miles' ramble by Leigh, and Deane, and Sidloe, crossing and recrossing the sluggish river Mole, whose quicksand banks treacherously deceive many an unwary mortal.

But I must not linger over that or any other pleasant days which in pleasant places we spent together. I was then a lonely lad in a strange place, and the acquaintance formed with these two noble souls had a purifying influence on the whole of my after life.

When we got to know each other better, Penrhyn confided to me the story of his love, and its consequent misery. I tried to console him, and to show him a path which I thought would be better for him, and give him a chance of winning the consent of Mary Morton's father. But it was in vain. Penrhyn's mind was not yet fully alive to any religious influence, and I desisted. His time was not yet come. It was to come, however; and in the meantime the best thing to do was to lead a consistent life, so that he, seeing others' good works, might become even as they.

In the pleasant summer evenings we would roam together mid the forest paths, and Penrhyn would quote poetry as we wandered on and on. I remember one piece, which he used to be very fond of. He copied it for me, and I often turn to it now. It is from Speed's "Marmaduke Clifford." I used to think it applied to his case, and I was not wrong.

But wheresoe'er he went the beauteous image
Of Adeline would to his mind recur;
He walked in woods amidst high trees, whose grim age
Mocked human patriarchs, and heard the stir
Of their unnumbered leaves; there in the dim age
Of day, or at deep noon, he'd dream of her;
He roamed alone 'midst nature's forest aisles,
Or in her hilly galleries—the proud piles

Of human art for human worship reared,
 What are they to great nature's grand cathedral ?
 There God in his own temple may be feared ;
 Compared to this those human hands may cede are all
 Mere mockeries ; what are all the sermons heard ?
 In those, or all the prayers we there may read, or all
 Their mural forms of pious administration
 To the worship of th' Creator through creation ?

Nothing !—the lightning flashing through the sky ;
 The thunder pealing through the startled air ;
 The bright stars marshal'd gloriously on high,
 The convoy of the moon so chaste and fair ;
 The ocean blue, the verdant earth, supply
 A more sublime and boundless house of prayer
 Than the most gorgeous dome that ever man
 Did for the shrine of the Eternal plan.

The matins of the early birds my hymn—
 There is not in earth a more tuneful choir—
 My lamps the stars through solemn midnight dim,
 Earth's fragrance is my incense, and my fire
 The lightning's flash and sunset's dying gleam ;
 My prayerful breath the free air I expire ;
 The thundercloud's my organ, and my preacher
 He who of all is Universal Teacher."

"There," Falconer would say when he had repeated this, "there is true poetry for you. It seems to come from the depths of the writer's heart."

But our pleasant noon-day rambles and strolls by moonlight soon came to a close ; alas ! all too soon. Lord Anglesea became better, and, acting under medical advice, he set off for the Continent, taking Penrhyn with him. Penrhyn paid a visit to Puddletou before he finally left England. He used to tell the story quaintly.

"When I got out of the train," he would say, "I made my way over to Mr. Morton's house, and saw Mary. At first she could hardly believe her own eyes ; but presently she became convinced that it was my veritable self. Then she sought refuge in my arms, which I willingly granted her. Then Mr. Orthodoxy Personified came on the scene, and thought I had come back prepared to swallow all the doctrines he chose to cram me with, and was disappointed to find it was not so. Next Mrs. Morton came, and I was glad to see her. She is a good sort, just like Mary. After this I tried it on at home ; and the governor, when he saw me, looked as he always does when he has made a bad speculation. He evidently imagined it was the proverbial "bad penny" turning up again. But I undeceived the lot of them, and after a pleasant week I came here again. I managed by my most cunning rhetoric to cajole a promise out of Mr. Morton that I should have Mary in three years, so I can go away content.

And so Penrhyn left England. The first place they halted at was a little town, situated on the Gulf of Genoa, named Voltri, and but a few leagues from the mighty Alpine mountains. Here Falconer felt for the first time that nature in all her grandeur and magnificence was being unfolded to him. Compared to this lofty mountainous scenery, the hills which had surrounded his native town—and which, up till now, he had imagined veritable giants—were mere pigmies. He often used to wander out—when not in attendance on his lordship—alone. One of his letters which he wrote to me about this time shows that the God-nature within him was striving to assert itself. He said, "I have been for a long ramble to-day, among the grandest and most sublime scenery I ever beheld. I had walked some distance, and at last I came to a sort of verdant oasis, which had been left untouched by the snow. Feeling somewhat tired, I lay down on the grass and began to smoke my pipe, giving

myself up the while to meditation on what the loved ones at home were doing. Presently the trickling of a little rippling rill smote on my ear, and I abandoned myself to the enjoyment of this truly pastoral scene. After a while, as I listened, it seemed to swell into a mighty river, and then it appeared to descend as a stupendous waterfall. Of course it was all fancy—the only reality being the little brook, which glided over the pebbles, making a sweet music,—but I imagined I could distinguish, from the whirl and eddy of the river, and the roar of the great cataract, and the murmuring of the streamlet, a soft and melodious voice, which seemed to be repeating in my ears, now loudly, then more soothingly, but ever and anon most lovingly; the words ‘like the sound of many waters.’ They are, I believe, in the New Testament. Will you write and tell me where to find them, as I should like to read the chapter?”

I believe that this was God's first revealing of Himself to Falconer. I sent him the chapter, and he wrote back thanking me, and said that he liked it very much.

After they left Voltri they went on to Venice—the fair city of many islands; and here, too, many scenes of beauty read of but never dreamt of, broke on Penrhyn's vision. He was awaking to a new life, and he told me that he was at this time very happy.

They visited Florence, and Rome, and several other towns. At Rome they would both spend hours gazing up into the dome of St. Peter's, or sit listening enraptured while the solemn sounds of the organ floated through the building, hushing every sound but its own. Then, having made a stay of some weeks, they finally left, at the end of October, for Constantinople.

* * * * *

And, in the meantime, whilst Penrhyn is enjoying himself in continental countries—what are those he has left behind him doing?

Mr. Falconer was applying himself, if possible, more diligently to his business. Poor man, Penrhyn's second departure seemed to have cut him more deeply than the first. He had hardly any life left in him. Do not say that unbelieving natures are incapable of love. They can love equally as well as the most devout believer.

Mrs. Falconer went about her ordinary avocations as usual. *She* knew that Penrhyn would not go wrong. If it came to the worst with him, she was certain that all would be lost before honour.

Mr. Morton still continued his researches into futurity—on the predestination and election principles. He grew stupider every day in his creed, but unbended so far as to ask how that young Falconer was getting on; and once he called on Penrhyn's father, who received him very courteously. After this he held himself up to himself as a paragon of charity and forgiveness.

And Mary—what is she doing? Working on in her allotted sphere, thankful that God has given her a something to live for. Every night before seeking her couch, and every morning before leaving her room, she kneels in prayer to her Maker, for herself and Penrhyn, that He would be pleased to guide them both into the right way, and afterwards receive them to glory. Her petitions will not be in vain; for the “prayer of the righteous availeth much.”

(To be continued).

MYSTICISM.

BY MASONIC STUDENT.

IN Mr. Gerard de Nerval's interesting work, "Les Illuminés," we find at page 298 a curious chapter entitled "Du Mysticisme Revolutionnaire," and at page 303 another, "Les Precurseurs," or Forerunners. Though these chapters, as in most foreign writers, abound in paradoxes and perversities, errors and erratic views, as many of my readers probably have never read them, I translate them for their edification to-day, the more so as they touch upon Freemasonry. Those of us who have studied the question of Mysticism and Hermeticism know at once how many are the mistakes into which Mr. de Nerval falls, but his language is eloquent and worth reading. The practical mind of English Freemasons is not likely to be affected either by sentimental theories or misapplied crotchets.

So let us listen to Mr. G. de Nerval:—

"When Catholicism had triumphed decidedly over paganism in the whole of Europe, and constructed thenceforward the feudal edifice which subsisted until the fifteenth century, that is to say, for a thousand years, it could not restrain nor destroy everywhere the spirit of ancient customs, and those philosophic ideas which had transformed the pagan teaching at the period of the polytheistic reaction set on foot by the Emperor Julian." [N.B. He was called the Apostate. "Note corrente calamo" by the P.D.]

It was not enough to have overthrown the last asylum of the Grecian philosophy, and of anterior beliefs, by destroying the "Serapheum" of Alexandria; by dispersing and persecuting the Neo Platonists, who had replaced the external worship of the Gods, by a spiritualistic doctrine derived from the mysteries of Eleusis and the Egyptian initiations; it was further needful that the Church should follow up its victory in all the places impregnated with ancient superstitions, and persecution itself was not so powerful as time and oblivion for this difficult result.

To occupy ourselves only with France, we acknowledge that the pagan worship long survived the official conversions effected by the change of religion of the Merovingian kings. The respect of the people for certain sacred spots, for the ruins of the temples, and the fragments even of statues, compelled the christian clergy to rebuild the most part of the churches on the foundations of the ancient pagan edifices.

Everywhere where they neglected this precaution, and especially in solitary places, the ancient worship continued, as on Mount St. Bernard, where in the last century they honoured the God "Jou" on the spot where the ancient temple of Jupiter once stood, and although the ancient goddess of the Parisians, Isis, had been replaced by St. Genevieve as protectress and patroness, there was still to be seen in the eleventh century an image of Isis, preserved in the park of St. Germain de Prés, piously honoured by the wives of mariners, and which fact obliged the Archbishop of Paris to have it reduced to powder and thrown into the Seine. A statue of the same goddess some years ago was still at Quenpilly, in Brittany, and received the homage of the population.

In a part of Alsace and Franche Comté a worship of the "Mothers" has been preserved, whose figures in "bas relief" are found on many monuments, and who are no other than the great goddesses Cybele, Ceres, and Vesta.

It would be too long to refer to the different superstitions that have taken a thousand forms according to the epoch. In the eighteenth century there

were famed ecclesiastics like the Abbè de Villars, Father Bougeant, Dom Pernetty, and others, who argued that the gods of antiquity were not "demons," as the too severe "casuists" had asserted, and were not even "among the damned." They placed them in the class of "elementary spirits," who, not having taken part in the great struggle which took place primitively between the angels and the demons, were neither destroyed nor cursed by Divine justice, and were able, therefore, to enjoy a certain power over the elements and men until the arrival of Christ.

The Abbè Villars even adduced the miracles as proofs, which the bible itself bears witness to, effected by the Ammonean Divinities,* the Philistines, and others in favour of their people, and added that the prophecies were accomplished by the "spirits of Typhon."

He included among these latter the oracles of the Sibyls, favourable to Christ and the East; the oracles of Apollo at Delphi, which were cited by the Fathers of the Church as witness of the mission of the Son of Man.†

Rationalism and scepticism may find their cradle in Roman Catholic schools! Alluding to this system, the whole of the ancient hierarchy of the pagan divinities found its place in the thousand attributes Catholicism had allotted to the ulterior functions to be accomplished in matter and space, and became what have been called the spirits or the genii, who are divided into four classes, after the number of the elements: the sylphs for the air, the salamanders for the fire, the ondines for the water, and the gnomes for the earth.

On this question of detail alone a division was caused between Abbè de Villars and Father Bougeant, Jesuit, which occupied for a long time the "beaux esprits" of the last century.

Father Bougeant denied vehemently the transformation of the ancient gods into elementary genii, and asserted, that not being able to be destroyed in their quality of pure spirits, they had been destined to furnish souls to animals, as they passed from one body to another, according to their affinities.‡

In this system the gods loved the useful and kindly beasts, the demons ferocious and impure beasts. For this, Father Bougeant cited the opinions of the Egyptians as to facts and that of the gospel as to the reasons.§ These reasonings could be put forth in the middle of the eighteenth century without being taxed with heresy.

It is quite clear that here only reference was made to the inferior deities, such as the fauns, the zephyrs, the nereids, the naiads, the satyrs, the cyclopeans, etc.

As gods and semi-gods they were supposed to have quitted the earth, as too dangerous after the establishment of the absolute reign of Christ, and to have been relegated to the stars, which had been from all time consecrated to them, in the same way as in the middle ages they relegated a rebellious prince, when he had made his submission, whether in his city or in his exile.

This opinion existed fully during all the middle ages among the most celebrated cabalists, and particularly among the astrologers and the medical men. It explains for the most part the conjurations founded on the astral invocations, the horoscopes, the talismans, and the results, whether of holy substances or apparitions, in relation to the movement and conjunction of planets. It is only needful to open a book of occult science to have the widest proof of this.

(To be continued).

* What could the Abbè mean? It is indeed "Hebrew" to us.

† The Christian Sibylline oracles have long been given up as a "frans pia."

‡ Is this then the origin of Mormonic affinity?

§ The modern revival of "metempsychosis" may thus be traced to a Jesuit controversialist. Curious commentary on such childish speculations!

FANCY.

PLEASANT is kind Fancy's realm
 When the mind in dreaming
 Leaves the present for the seeming—
 The thoughts that overwhelm ;
 And far away, would softly gladly still
 The fear of coming sorrow, the sense of passing ill.

Oh, happy, happy dower
 Of harrassed mortals here,
 When we lose the near and dear,
 When dark clouds above us lower ;
 Then to the far unseen to soar soft fancy dares,
 And finds in happy dreams a balm for bitter cares.

Vain, then, the accidents of time,
 Idle its petty losses,
 Its cumbrances, its crosses,
 For ours are hopes sublime ;
 And Fancy cheers our toilsome path with flowers,
 Lifts us from cold decay to bright and peaceful bowers.

W.

 MASONIC LEGEND AND TRADITION.

THE following thoughtful paper is written by our well-known brother, Cornelius Moore, and recently appeared in the *Voice of Masonry*, a very admirable contemporary American journal.

We think it well to reprint it for our English readers, adding a few words and comments of our own.

An evening recently spent in the company of an old and experienced Mason was an interesting one to the writer. The venerable brother had been an active and studious Craftsman from early life ; had read whatever came within his reach in relation to the history of Freemasonry ; had formed opinions concerning the origin and history and growth of the Order, and was prepared to give a reason for his belief. He is, occasionally, quite communicative on this subject, and when in such a mood it is extremely pleasant to pass an hour or two in his company.

On the occasion alluded to I asked his opinion about the origin of Freemasonry—Whence came it ? Were the stories about its organization among the workmen who constructed the Temple at Jerusalem founded on fact ? In brief, what were we to believe about it, or must we leave it where we found it, involved in fiction, legend, and tradition ? He seemed willing to communicate, and I listened with reverence and close attention. I now propose to give you, substantially, his views in reply to my question. I may not hope to recall his exact language, but as near as I can, from my notes taken at the time.

“ Freemasonry, in its form and fashion of to-day, has a history of only a few centuries. Fort has collected most of what is known on that subject, and his work is quite exhaustive ; but beyond the facts and documents he has given us, there is a dim past, through the centuries of which there is an occasional fact that refers to an association either Grecian or Roman, Jewish or Tyrian, probably some from each source, pointing to a real or supposed association of builders. To those half legendary facts we owe the traditions we so often refer to in

the rituals of the present Freemasonry. Even traditions must have *some* basis for support and ours may rest upon the snatches of early history, some of which are facts and some the vagrant fancies of busy brains. Some of them were unquestionably facts—many of them mere theories. Let me give you mine, in which recorded truth and fanciful legend are strangely blended. Solomon was about to construct a magnificent Temple at Jerusalem, the capital of his kingdom, in which God was to be worshipped according to certain forms, and with certain symbolic ceremonies. The Jews knew but little of the art of building; but *men* must be had for this great undertaking, workmen, architects, builders, such as could 'hew the architrave' from the cedars of Lebanon, and square great ashlar from the quarries, who could at least prepare the material from its unshapen forms, and then it would be a comparatively easy task to erect the structure. But most of all did he need a 'cunning artificer,' one capable of comprehending the whole plan of the building, of preparing designs and models for the workmen, and of superintending the construction of an edifice whose original designs were believed to have been furnished by the Supreme Architect of the Universe."

We do not, we confess, quite follow Bro. Moore.

The real "crux" has always been how to explain the fact, striking and clear in itself, that Jews and Syrians worked together at the building of the first Temple.

According to Jewish theories and scripture teaching, such an union seems at first sight so anomalous as to be impossible. And yet no fact in history is more of a fact! Dr. Hook, once vicar of Leeds, and afterwards Dean of Chichester, alluded to this very fact as peculiar and striking.

How, then, can we explain it?

Only, we say it advisedly, by our Masonic traditions, and by assuming that the mysteries of the "Gebalim" contained the realities of primæval truth?

But then Bro. Moore continues:—

"The Tyrians, composing a small kingdom on the sea coast, were renowned as architects. Tyre was but a short distance from Jerusalem; while its king (Hiram) was on the most friendly terms with Solomon. To Hiram, therefore, overtures were made to supply workmen for the great enterprise, and a favorable reply received. The result was an agreement that, for certain considerations, Hiram should supply Solomon with the artists and builders that he needed. The letters which passed between these two neighbouring kings, in the progress of this negotiation, are still extant, and are invested with the seal of unquestioned authenticity. You may read this correspondence, still preserved in that old work called the Bible—reverenced by Jew and Christian the world over. It is found in the second chapter of the first book of Chronicles, and its authenticity is reliable. It will there be seen that Hiram not only supplied the desired workmen for the forest and the quarries, but he found and furnished an artist of extraordinary skill—just such an one as Solomon needed. The king described him as 'the son of a woman of the daughters of Dan, and his father a man of Tyre, skilful to work in gold and in silver, in brass, in iron, in stone and in timber, in purple, in blue and in fine linen, and in crimson; also to grave any manner of graving, and to find out every device that shall be put to him.'

"This man, half Jew and half Tyrian, must have been a rare artist, of wonderful and varied genius. The Freemasons of a century or more ago, in arranging and adjusting the rituals of the degrees, seem to have taken this Tyrian artist under their special care, and, adding fancy to fact, arranged a tragedy as a novelist does his plot, and then passed it upon the neophyte as veritable historic truth! Or, in completing the mystical structure, they may have borrowed some from the Dionysians to complete the ideal, half fact and half fiction, which they constructed from the story of the Tyrian.

"The mysteries of the Dionysians were originally instituted in honour of Bacchus, and looked to Egypt, that *land of mysteries*, for their parentage. The ceremonies at the reception of a novice were solemn and impressive, and, like the Third Degree in modern Masonry, well calculated to test the virtue and integrity of the candidate. More than three days were required in passing the terrible ordeal, and when he reached the object of his ambition, he was welcomed with shouts, and daily instructed in the doctrines and symbols of the association. This was not unlike the legend of the Third Degree, and it is not difficult to trace the relationship.

"In working out the analogies found in the foundation of our mysteries, it is not necessary to enter into a detail of the labours of those Tyrian artists, in conjunction with the men of Israel, in the preparation of the material for, and final completion of, the Temple which rose in almost unearthly grandeur on Moriah. Jew and Gentile wrought together, as though the achievement was designed to prefigure that of the Gospel in later times, when all were to be included in the privileges and blessings of a Temple equally as holy and still more spiritual. On this analogy the fathers founded another legend.

" Now for the corner-stone of another tradition : For seven years the work of constructing that Temple went steadily forward according to the designs of the ' cunning workman ' of Tyre in whom was mingled the blood of the Jew and the Gentile. Israelite and Tyrian toiled side by side, until by the united skill and industry of more than one hundred and fifty thousand workmen the Grand Design was completed. Think you a close and fraternal intimacy had grown up between these workmen ? In their hours of ' rest and refreshment ' they doubtless talked over the history, customs, and religions of their respective nations, with the nature and resulting benefits of a closer union ; and though the sons of Abraham could not, perhaps, formally unite with their co-workers the Tyrians, nor embrace their peculiar dogmas in their entirety, they could unite in some of them. The Israelites, perhaps, would commend the doctrines and duties taught by the Prophets, and instructed their Tyrian associates in relation to the claims and promises—the privileges and blessings vouchsafed to them by the God of Abraham.

" The very rock or timber on which their skill was then engaged would lead to conversation on this subject ; and in the hours of relaxation from toil, while reposing under the deep shades of the forest on the plains of Zarthan, or the sides and summit of Lebanon, would suggest the wonders God had wrought in behalf of His chosen people ; and such themes would lead them to chant the inspired songs of the Hebrew bards, until the mind and language of the Jew glowed under the inspiration of the themes, and the hopes and prospects opening before them, while their Tyrian associates would listen, and wonder, and admire. It cannot be supposed that this free and unrestrained intermingling of workmen, even of different races, could continue for a period of seven years without creating an intimacy as sincere as it was disinterested, and without making each party acquainted with whatever was valuable and desirable in the social, religious, or fraternal institutions of the respective nations. The one was as ready to impart as the other was to receive instruction ; while both were benefited, and received impressions that ages did not obliterate.

" But the great work was finally completed, and the workmen were again to be separated. The Temple, in which the solemn and imposing worship of Jehovah was to be publically instituted and stately celebrated, was dedicated with the most imposing ceremonies that earth had ever witnessed. The Ark, with its sacred deposits, was safely deposited in the ' Most Holy Place.' On his bended knees, ' before all the congregation,' and the vast assemblage which the great event had collected from every part of Judea, the great Monarch of Israel had solemnly consecrated the whole to the worship of Jehovah. And God had appeared in awful majesty over the mercy seat, and accepted the offering. Next to the cloud and the thunder and the earthquake upon Mount Sinai, this was the most solemn and awe-inspiring scene that man had ever witnessed.

" We may reasonably conclude that many of those Tyrian artists who so long and faithfully laboured in the erection of this wonderful structure remained to witness the great events of its dedication ; and, if so, what they saw and heard on that memorable occasion must have made a deep impression upon their minds, and served to confirm them in the truths about which they had heard so much during their seven years' association with their Hebrew friends. Many of the Jewish craftsmen were, no doubt, by this time well skilled in the science of architecture, and disposed to devote themselves to it in preference to their old occupation. They had also, probably, by association with others, witnessed the order, harmony, perpetual friendship and general benefits resulting from a practice of the secret Rites of the Tyrians or Dionysians, and were ready to adopt them if they could be so modified as not to conflict with their own religious opinions and prejudices. The mythological fictions of the Tyrians it were easy to supersede by the great truths of the Hebrew system as revealed in ' the law and the prophets ;' and events which had transpired during the progress of building the Temple (with which every Mason of to-day is familiar) could readily be substituted, in substance, for those prominent in the Dionysian Rites. Here, in my opinion, was the commencement of the ancient guilds or associations of builders of different nations, which grew and spread, as their services were needed, down to the middle ages. The ancient rites and ceremonies of the old builders, adapted to the religious dogmas and ceremonies of the Hebrews, wedded to the moral truths taught in the Sacred Law, and baptized at the Altar of Jehovah. I will not say that it was the Freemasonry of to-day, but it was the beginning of those old guilds of after ages the fruits of whose labours, though many of them in ruins, are the wonder and admiration of still later centuries ; and these later associations of builders constituted the germ out of which grew the Freemasonry of the present.

" Our traditions and legends are linked with the architects of Tyre and Egypt and Phœnicia and Jerusalem ; and these roots of a new and constantly improving system grew from shadow to substance, from root to tree, from germ to structure, until the culmination is now seen in the Masonic fraternity everywhere. Our traditions and legends connect us, more or less directly with those ancient rites and systems, but the particulars are shrouded and lost in the dim obscurity of more than three thousand years. I can account for the origin of Freemasonry, its Jewish lineaments, its adhesion to the moral law of the Bible, and its peculiar secrets, legends, and traditions on no other hypothesis than the one I have given ; if anyone else can, we shall not dispute about it.

"A fact connected with this theory is worthy of thoughtful consideration; the 'cunning workman' who drew the designs of that wonderful Temple was of both Tyrian and Jewish extraction, and combined in himself the artistic skill of one nation with the religious tenets of the other. Jews could not build that Temple, for they had not the artistic skill; Tyrians could not do it, for they were ignorant of the rites and ceremonies of that religious system to be taught within. Jew and Gentile therefore combined to accomplish the work; and to this day, Jew and Gentile kneel side by side around the altars of Freemasonry, harmonizing antagonistic opinions, subduing discordant national prejudices, and thus are gathering the world into a universal harmony."

And here the old brother paused, while, pencil in hand, I looked up from my notes in admiration of the careful thought he had evidently bestowed upon his theory. He may be correct in his reasoning and deductions, and yet there may be latent errors in his views not discernable at first sight because of their plausibility. But what theory can be advanced on such a subject that is absolutely certain and incontrovertible?

What are the facts? Here is an association or fraternity of almost a million of members scattered over the world. In nearly everything they are a unit, their objects, and aims, and purposes the same. The organization is not political, nor ecclesiastical, nor mechanical; and yet it includes men of all religious creeds, of every party in politics, of all professions and callings. As I said at the beginning of this article, "Whence came they?" They did not grow out of the tribal dispersion of the children of Abraham; they are not the fragments of persecuted and scattered crusaders; they are not the outgrowth of a political idea nor a dogmatic creed—"whence came they?"

The Masonic writers of a century and a half ago thought they could answer the question, but the answer has not stood the test of criticism. The clearest and most cultured minds of Europe and America have given the subject very careful consideration. With a deep anxiety about the question, and an earnest desire to solve the problem, oceans have been crossed, libraries, public and private, have been examined; money, and time, and thought have been devoted to this investigation, and yet we are still in the dark. Science has discovered wonders in nature and art; ancient history has become familiar to the school-boy; astronomy has almost become the plaything of amateurs; while nature in air and sea and land has been tortured until its secrets have been revealed; but no man—no nation—no writer—no devotee of library or lodge, no student, ancient or modern, has been able to give us a satisfactory answer to the query—"Whence came they?" Now is not this fact remarkable, and does it not reflect, in some manner, upon the intelligence of Freemasons? We know when creeds and churches took form and organization; we know even when the Roman Church became crystallized into a power that has sometimes ruled the world. We can point out the period when the Roman Empire was established—and when it fell. We can repeat the story of the Patriarchs, and become familiar with the dynasties of Egypt or India,—but when and where was Freemasonry born? Even its own members—the oldest and wisest of them—do not know! After all that has been said and written on the subject, it is still theory—guess-work tradition! Is not this astounding? There are still extant lodges that have been organized for some three hundred years, yet an examination of their recorded transactions gives us no reliable information on the origin and history of the Order!

As we are still, partially at least, at sea on this question, may not the theory suggested in this article by our venerable brother be as nearly correct as any other? Yet we want certainty, or as near to it as can be attained. We want it for the satisfaction of the Craft at large, for the instruction of the neophyte, for the honour of the Order. We want it to refute the errors and reply to the sarcasms and insults of our enemies; we want it to satisfy honest inquirers, and give the world assurance of our interest in an association of which we are proud to be members.

Now, how shall we obtain this knowledge—who will unravel the mystery, or point out the foot-prints of the Order along the track of the centuries from the first impression to the present? Can it not be done?

We agree with Bro. Moore that Masonic history has yet to be written, but confess that we think the time has hardly yet come for it.

We propose in our next number to consider the present position of Masonic history and criticism!

ART FOR ART'S SAKE.

IN a very thoughtful paper, under the title of "Character, and what Comes of It," in *Scribner's Magazine* for January, 1881, appear some remarks and arguments which deserve serious notice and careful consideration.

We do not say that we altogether agree with the writer, but still both his theory and therapeutics (from our moral atmosphere) cannot be overlooked or ignored.

In the first place, the writer propounds the opinion that there is no meaning in the common saying, "Art for art's sake;" and in the second, he asserts that all art creations depend on the moral character of the artist for their value, and even their reality.

As this proposition will be keenly debated—warmly supported by some, vigorously denied by others, we who in the *Freemason* act as "amici curiæ," think it right to place the whole argument before our readers, with such comments of our own, as may tend, without dogmatism or high "falutin," to a thorough elucidation and appreciation of the great and grave question, both for art and morals, involved in such distinct and unqualified declarations. The writer starts with the following clear proposition, however it may be cavilled at by some :

Above all other things in the world, character has supreme value. A man can never be more than what his character—intellectual, moral, spiritual—makes him. A man can never do more, or better, than deliver, or embody, that which is characteristic of himself. All masquerading and make-believe produce little impression, and, in their products and results, die early. Nothing valuable can come out of a man that is not in him, embodied in his character. Nothing can be more unphilosophical than the idea that a man who stands upon a low moral and spiritual plane can produce, in literature or art, anything valuable. He may do that which dazzles or excites wonder or admiration, but he can produce nothing that has genuine value, for, after all, value must be measured by the power to enrich, exalt, and purify life.

And then the writer goes on to say :

If art were an end in itself—if there were any meaning in the phrase "Art for art's sake"—then what we say about character would not, or need not, be true; but art is not an end in itself any more than milk, or flannel, or tilth, or harvest. The further art is removed from ministry, the more it is divorced from it, the more illegitimate does it become.

To strengthen these two positions—serious and startling in themselves—the writer goes on to illustrate by speaking examples what he means and wishes to say :

It is claimed by a certain class of critics that we have nothing to do with the character of an artist or a writer. They forget that a knowledge of a man's character is a short cut to a correct judgment of his work. It is only necessary to know of Edgar A. Poe that he was a man of weak will, without the mastery of himself,—a dissipated man—a man of morbid feeling—a self-loving man, without the wish or purpose to serve his fellows,—to know that he could never write a poem that would help anybody, or write a poem that possessed any intrinsic value whatever. His character was without value, and, for that reason, he was without the power of ministry. His character was without value, and nothing of value could come out of it. His poems are one continued, selfish wail over lost life and lost love. The form of his art was striking, but the material was wretchedly poor in everything of value to human life. No human soul ever quotes his words for comfort or for inspiration. Byron is a more conspicuous example of the effect of poor or bad character upon art than Poe. He was immensely greater than Poe in genius, stronger in fibre, broader in culture, and bolder in his vices. He embodies his character in his verse, with great subtlety, and great ingenuity. Fifty years ago he was read more than any other poet.

Young men drank the poison of his Don Juan with feverish lips, but, the draught over, the book never was taken up again. He wrote wonderful verses, and some of them, written under certain pure and high inspirations, assert his claim to greatness; but, as a whole, the works of Byron have gone out, and are hardly read at all in these days.

We will make one remark, and only one, here. We are not at all sure that the works of Byron are "gone out," and are "hardly read at all in these days." It may be so in America, but we apprehend hardly so in England. Having taken the dark side of the illustration to uphold his views, the writer also endeavours by its "fairer and brighter representation" to enforce the argument he is so anxious to establish. Here are, therefore, strong words:

Our own Bryant, and Longfellow, and Whittier, and Holmes, and Lowell are all men of character, and the outcome of their art is as hearty and healthy as a mountain wind. Knowing any one of these men is to know that their work is good. There is more of the element of ministry in Longfellow's "Psalm of Life" than in all that Byron and Poe ever wrote.

The writer having laid, as he thinks, a good and strong foundation for his animated thesis, now goes on building up steadily his imposing "fabric."

And we invite attention to his words, which are both pregnant with meaning and are intended to lead to certain clear and calm conclusions.

Value in character makes value in verse. Value in character makes value in pictures, in sculptures, in all embodiments of art. It is vain to talk about equalling what we call "The Old Masters" in art, until we can equal the old masters in character. When we have a race of artists who are as religious, as self-devoted, as high-minded, and as fully surrendered to the divinest inspirations as the old masters were, we shall have young masters who will be quite their equals. Petty painting is the offspring of petty character. Artists cannot lift their work without first lifting themselves. It is impossible that a thoroughly bad man should be a good artist of any sort, for let it be remembered, we repeat, that the values of art all rest, and always rest, upon its power of ministry. Art is simply a vehicle for conveying the values of character to the lives of men, and when there are no values of character there is nothing to be conveyed, no matter how beautiful or noteworthy the vehicle may be.

With the next portion of his argument and assertions, while many disagree, many will be disposed to agree heartily and fully.

Great moral harm is often done by studied and systematic dissociation of an author or an artist with his work. We are told that we have nothing whatever to do with the writer or the painter; we have only to do with what he produces. This may be true and right to a certain extent, but what if a writer or painter be notoriously immoral and dissolute? Suppose an actress, with exceptional powers upon the stage, but with a reputation stained all over with scandal, whose sins against social purity are patent, notorious, undisputed—presents herself for our suffrage and patronage—what shall we do with her? Shall we send our sons to contemplate her charms, and review her base career? Shall we visit her with our wives and daughters, and honour her with our dollars and our courtesies? Shall we do what we can to obliterate in her mind, as well as our own, all sense of moral distinctions? We are told that we have nothing to do with the woman. We have only to do with the actress. So we have nothing to do with a preacher, we suppose, only with the sermon. People generally think they have a great deal to do with the preacher, and that the sermon is of very little consequence when it is not the sincere product of a good character.

And then as if to clinch the subject and drive it home, the writer concludes with another illustration, genial and pleasant as it is, of the whole force of his meaning and the entire aim of his article.

Character must stand behind and back up everything—the sermon, the poem, the picture, the play. None of them is worth a straw without it. Thirty years ago Jenny Lind was with us, and with her marvellous gift of song she brought to us an unsullied character. It was an honour to touch her hand, and she went about the land as a missionary of womanly purity. All men and all women honoured her with a higher admiration than her marvellous art could inspire. The noble womanhood which stood behind her voice was an uplifting influence, wherever that voice was heard; and the prostituted womanhood that stands behind other voices that we know, taints every ear that hears, and degrades every heart and life that consents to tolerate it so far as to sit in its presence.

We have read and thought over this able article much, and while we go some way with it—nay, a good way, as all must do—we cannot quite assent to its positions or subscribe to its conclusions. Is it quite correct to say that “art” can only be “art,” judged properly, or of any real artistic value, according to the good or bad character of the artist? It may be indeed “subjectively” to you or me, but is it so, can it be so objectively?

A picture well painted, by whom we know not, affects us with its skill, strikes us by its combinations, and subdues us by its colouring. In the first instance, we do not know who the painter is. Therefore, is not the able and well-meaning writer advancing a paradox when he says that no art has any value which is not the product of an artist of good character. As we said just now, subjectively, it may become so, as the writer puts it, when we know all about the artist; but then that personal or subjective view does not affect the objective question of simple art, in its work and influences. Does the writer mean to contend that an artist of bad character cannot paint as well as an artist of good? that there is a difference in executive effect, or the very art itself? We fear that, like as with all well-meaning people who do not carefully sometimes consider these “premises” and “conclusions,” the writer is running a hare which will lead him a long course, asserting a fallacy which must let him down. We fully go with him, in his admiration of those in all arts, who add “character” to “genius,” and whose works attest the nobility and aspirations of their own high aims and gentle lives. But beyond this we cannot go. We have seen so much evil arise, from the untenable paradoxes of weak but well-meaning people, so much moral harm and mournful reaction produced by an apparently innocent, but really injurious fallacy, that we always think it a pity to make use of arguments which cannot logically be sustained, and feel bound to protest against those unwise propositions, however rightly intentioned, which only serve to disarm friends and encourage the “laughter of fools.” Therefore, agreeing heartily as we do with the writer in most of what he puts forth, we think it better kindly to point out what, in our opinion, is weak and untenable.

SONNET

TO BRO. R. A. DOUGLAS LUTHERGOW, LL.D., F.S.A., F.R.S.L., ETC.,

Written after reading his admirable Life and Collected Edition of the Poetical Works of the late John Critchley Prince, just published.

BY BRO. G. M. TWEDDELL.

FAITHFUL biographer of as pure a bard
 As ever strung his lyre in our dear land,
 Sweeping its chords with a true master's hand,
 But whose whole treatment throughout life was hard,
 Though some few friends proved trusty, but their power
 To serve him kept not pace with the desire;
 I thank thee, that—warm'd with the sacred fire
 Of Truth's high altar, thy spirit's noble dower—
 Thou hast come forth to gather up the strains
 Flung from his well-tuned harp, ere they be lost,
 And “keep his memory green” at any cost.
 Posterity will thank thee for thy pains;
 And every lover of pure poësy,
 While our land's language lasts, will owe a debt to thee.

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.

WAS SHAKESPEARE A FREEMASON?*

IT is said, and evidences of the truth of the statement are not wanting, that elaborate essays have been written, and most satisfactory proof given, that Shakespeare must have been a lawyer, a doctor, a soldier, a sailor, an actor, a gardener, a wool-stapler, a horse-boy, a glover, a schoolmaster, a publican, a poacher, a tanner, a grave-digger—indeed, if a tithe of the statements made respecting him be true, he must verily have “played many parts,” and his “acts” must have numbered considerably over seven ages!

We have in our time listened to grave attempts, made with more or less success, to show that he must have been “a Papist,” “a Jew,” “a spleeny Lutheran,” “an ambitious Churchman,” “a dissentionary rogue,” “a heathen philosopher,” “a pagan rascal”—in brief, he has been trotted out in more characters than we “have thoughts to put them in,” or “imagination to give them shape.” Passing all these inquiries by, however, not as “unconsidered trifles,” but rather as “deserving of high commendation and applause,” we propose to consider within the present limits if there is a fair ground for the oft-asserted statement that Shakespeare was a Freemason!—premising, for general information, that we have it not in intention to rake up and produce, as evidence, any “special word,” “set phrase,” or “certain marks,” whereby his brotherhood might unquestionably be established after a fashion and in a manner unfitting for profane ears, but more by reference to such “covert illusions,” “hidden meanings,” “veiled teachings,” and “symbolic illustrations” as may be sufficiently well understood by the initiated, if not by the general reader.

An eminent Freemason, upon the occasion of his installation as W.M. of the “Bard of Avon” Lodge, in June, 1827, in the course of an admirable address, delivered to a singularly appreciative audience, quoted several passages from the plays of the great dramatist, which, according to his judgment, had not merely a Masonic bearing, but also indicated the possession by the author of very special Masonic knowledge. It was not to be expected that “cabin’d, cribb’d, confin’d” within the narrow bounds of an after-dinner speech, any more could be done in this direction than simply to offer for acceptance a few illustrations; the aptness and the force of which, and the skill exhibited in their selection, produce in our mind a profound regret that one so gifted, so competent, so thoroughly qualified to deal exhaustively with such an interesting inquiry, should have permitted the handsome volume entitled “Shakespeare a Freemason” to be printed and published, without having given himself the trouble—nay, the gratification—of collecting and accumulating further proofs from the vast stores at his disposal: stores of wealth which his skilled hand would have found no difficulty in arranging “in order,” and with his ready pen presenting his brethren “in due form” and “cunning manner” with much additional evidence; for “in faith he is a worthy gentleman, exceedingly well read!”

The inquiry is one in which, in our “salad days,” when we were “green in judgment,” some thirty years ago, we took an absorbing interest—an interest which “age has not withered nor custom staled.” It possessed for us an attractive charm which has not yet entirely left us, for it is, so to speak, the lingering perfume laden with the pleasant influences of the past—*alieni temporis flores*—which has aroused us from the drowsiness engendered by years of apathy and neglect, to accept the challenge of the distinguished brother aforesaid, as conveyed by him in his most instructive and interesting book, to wit

* This very clever article is taken from *The Welshman*.

—that others should aid this inquiry with their own researches, should lend brotherly assistance to strengthen the evidence and proofs, so as to make them not only merely acceptable, but also conclusive.

It is, however, not because we would attribute the fewness of the illustrations in the volume to which we refer to the

Modesty that has not craft to colour,

or that we have any lurking feeling “in our heart of hearts” that the quotations therein given bear somewhat the same comparison with the other subject-matter therein contained, as did Sir John Falstaff’s “halfpenny-worth of bread” to the “intolerable deal of sack” therewith associated; but because we have ventured humbly to think “our ancient skill may beguile us” into contributing some small measure of information to the researches of those who have gone before us in the inquiry, and thus it may be “thoughts speculative their unseen hopes relate in passages of proof.” It is in such a spirit that we have collated and now offer a few illustrations and comments as simply evidences “within the scope of our opinion,” in trustful confidence that no dire consequences may ensue between us and our illustrious brother, because it may be said of us in the present instance—

In one line two crafts directly meet.

There can be very little doubt, we think, that the Great Master was intimately acquainted with, and moreover learned in, “the traditions, forms, and ceremonies” which we are accustomed to associate with “Brotherhoods in Cities;” but we desire to avow at starting that we are not amongst those who insist and declare that he must have been a Freemason simply because of the oft-quoted line in *Love’s Labour Lost*—

I will visit thee at the lodge.

To assume this would be to urge our claim unfairly, to build upon insecure foundations, for it should be remembered that the words thus used were spoken by Armado to Jaquenetta; and, while we have not the slightest objection to admit it to be quite within the limits of possibility that a Freemasons’ lodge might have been intended or thought of, it must also be borne in mind there is not a particle of evidence to show that women were frequenters of, or even admitted at all into, Masonic lodges in those days any more than in our own. One feels more justified in calmly settling down in the conviction that Armado had other intentions in visiting the lodge than the study of the liberal arts, but this interpretation he might resent as an attempt on our part “to enquire too curiously,” so we will say no more about it.

In precisely the same category is the passage in *Titus Andronicus*, where Saturninus, alluding to his brother Bassianus, says—

He and his lady both are at the lodge.

But there are other references to lodges which are not open to an objection of this nature, for example—

The lodge in a warren,

alluded to by Benedick in *Much Ado about Nothing*; again, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, where Justice Shallow accuses Sir John Falstaff thus—

Knight, you have beaten my men,
Killed my deer, and broken open my lodge.

And yet once again in the same play; when Mistress Quickly issues her directions—

The several chairs of order look you scour,

it is by no means an unfair interpretation that she meant the chairs of the

Master and Wardens of the lodge, which, peradventure, might have been holden at the sign of "The Garter!"

Let us pass on, however, to show how intimate must have been the acquaintance with the administration of a lodge. In *Taming of the Shrew*, Biondello, in a conversation with Vincentio, makes use of the expression "My old Worshipful Master;" and scattered through other plays are frequent references to "Worthy Masters," "Potent Masters," "Good Masters," "Elder Masters of known honour," and so on.

The allusion "Warden's Pies" in *The Winter's Tale* is suggestive of pleasant intimacy with the Junior Warden, if not during work, at any rate in his call from labour to refreshment!

"Chaplains" are rather hardly dealt with in *Henry VIII.* as "Teachers of divers and dangerous opinions which are heresies."

The only reference to "a Treasurer" will be found in *Antony and Cleopatra*; but we are given "a Master-Secretary" in *Henry VIII.*; and an allusion to those "who play the Scribe" in *Titus Andronicus*.

Deacons, Masters of Ceremonies, and Organists do not appear to have earned for themselves the privilege of having their names enshrined in any play; perchance as officers they did not exist. If they did, we feel assured they were not only "Officers fit for the place," but also "Officers of great worth."

We find in *Pericles* mention made of "A Sojourner;" and in *Henry VIII.* we find "Pursuivants;" while in *Twelfth Night*, *King Lear*, *Timon of Athens*, and other plays we discover "A Steward." In this last play we find also a passage which can only refer to Inner Guards—

Employed to guard sure their Master.

And, to conclude, the office of Tyler must of a surety be meant in *Othello*, for to whom but a Tyler could Montano speak when he says

Guard the door without.

Touching Lodge observances, etc., it would be easy to multiply illustrations. Let us take two or three at random. For example, what more complimentary remark could be made to a skilled Master of a lodge than

You have made good work, you and your apron men;

or, again,

You have made fair hands, you and your Crafts;

both quotations being taken from *Coriolanus*.

On the other hand, what can be more suggestive of an incompetent Master of a lodge than the observation of Justice Shallow in *Henry IV.*—

He is not his craft's Master, he does not do right.

In *Much Ado about Nothing* there is a delicious snub to those who are given to the performance or non-performance of their duties "by virtue of their office!" Are there no Dogberry's to be found in these latter days?

What more natural and pertinent inquiry from a Master, say to an unpunctual, unprepared Junior Warden, than we chance upon in *Julius Caesar*.

Where is thy leather apron and thy rule?

How widely different was the estimation in which Masons were held in the old days as compared with our own times may be learned from a line in *Henry VI.*—

The nobility think scorn to go in leather aprons.

Turn to *The Tempest*, and see how differently Prospero thought and spoke—

Mark but the badge of these men,
Then say if they be true.

And touching the same badges, it is curious and extremely interesting to note how apt and correspondent is the description often given in *Measure for Measure*—

Lambskins, too, to signify that Craft,
Being richer than innocency, stands
For the facing.

(To be continued.)

AFTER ALL.

BY HENRY CALVERT APPELBY,

*Hon. Librarian of the Hull Literary Club, and Author of "A Queer Courtship,"
"The Fatal Picture," etc.*

CHAPTER VII.

In good name and fame.—*King Henry IV.*

IN our last chapter we left Arthur Humberton, in a time of passion and disappointment, weakly and vainly giving way to despair and rash action. His brilliant hopes had been suddenly and cruelly extinguished, and his moral courage and faith had for the time failed him. Stouter hearts than his have quailed for less. But it was only for a time; and then he saw the folly of his actions, though a sickly, deadening feeling of irretrievable loss still weighed heavily upon him; a dark, depressing cloud seemed as though it could never leave him. He could not easily give up a sort of resigned melancholy that haunted him and made him a kind of machine. His thoughts were often far from his work. He tried to be courageous and manly, in spite of his troubles. His favourite poet told him that

The sweat of industry would dry, and die,
But for the end it works to.

He had now but a vague, uncertain end in view; but he determined to "labour on," so as to be ready to breast the tide that "leads on to fortune," whenever it reached him. Nor did he forget, with regard to his musical studies, the fact that

The labour we delight in, physics pain,

and he found it a welcome, cheering relief.

Days, weeks, and months wore on in slow incessant routine, and "*labor ipse voluptas*" was still Arthur's motto. Fresh joys he found in his work, and his depressing melancholy was fast leaving him, though he by no means forgot its cause. His desire was to be always at work amongst fresh matter, finding a wonderful relief in the variety, and in the fact that his work always filled his mind, to the exclusion, to a great extent, of his troubles. He worked with a steady hope, a gradually increasing power, and a belief that he would one day wake and find himself famous. This encouraged him, and kept him busy. Sketches, songs, sonatas, symphonies, etc., were poured from his prolific pen, and his name was becoming known.

All this not only made him much more of a man, but a hopeful one. Of course he had dark moments amid his work; a strange sensation of isolated impotentiality would come over him at times, and cause feelings akin to despair. But this he always conquered as idle and injurious, and once again with dogged perseverance fought for fame. How many have entered the strife and

turmoil of the same battle, and fought heroically for a time, to come out at last beaten and disappointed, lacking the continuous courage to succeed !

He gathered little coteries of friends around him by his successes ; some of them useful friends, too, who sought his company not for the honour he had achieved, but purely for the pleasure of knowing and communing with the accomplished musician, and for the sake of mutual assistance in the divine art ; and many were the musical practices they had in private, forming most enjoyable evenings of recreation.

At these happy *rencontres* Herbert Redtaper frequently formed one, he being particularly partial to the flute. His clear and perfect notes fitted into the pieces performed with the accuracy of mechanism, and the other instrumentalists took their cue from him, his faultless accompaniment telling them immediately when they were wrong in time.

Humberton's compositions were frequently in request, and this select society professed themselves delighted with them. Though mostly amateurs, they were genuine workers, with their whole hearts in the composition, and it was seldom that they did not do justice to the works they rendered. Humberton's unique style charmed them : its peculiar melodies, singular cadences, combined with a sweet, sympathetic, and chastening harmony, was continually commented on, though Arthur constantly depreciated his own abilities. But he could not disbelieve the unanimous voice of his friends and the public, though he often wondered at the small remuneration he received for his public success. His pieces became popular, yet they brought him very little for it. He was thankful that he was not entirely dependent upon the proceeds of his musical prowess. But, *nil desperandum*.

Amongst his musical friends were his cousins Victor and Violet Cumberland, the former playing the violin exquisitely and the latter having a charming voice. Victor's manipulation of his instrument was something marvellous, while Violet had a tasteful command over her powerful and melodious voice. The two were a concert in themselves sufficient to enchain the attention of an audience for hours. Add to this that Violet was a singularly beautiful girl, with dark hair and eyes, the latter especially noticeable for their intensely fascinating earnestness, and there was no wonder that they were great favourites in the charmed circle of friends. All the gentlemen were hopelessly in love with Violet Cumberland ; she was a dangerous light in an explosive magazine. Of course she was conscious of the charm she carried wherever she went, but she was powerless to avoid its consequences. She could not control the bewitching influence of her eloquent eye any more than the majority of its beholders could resist its alluring influence.

Nor was Arthur Humberton unconscious of her dazzling beauty ; even to him those dark speaking orbs flashed a liquid language that electrified his whole soul with a mystic emotion too deep to understand. He struggled against it, and thought only of his own Olivia, but the attraction was irresistible ; and he was specially favoured with her glowing glances. Many were the whispered hints thrown out, and Arthur was much envied. The graceful, gentle, and clever young lady was considered a fortunate acquisition for her personal charms.

Arthur's rather cold reception of her apparent favours astonished at the same time that it infused fresh hope into her enthusiastic but less fortunate admirers. But Arthur's hopes were elsewhere, and he would not be false to himself and his Olivia for all the lovely sirens in the world. Vain were her enticing arts ; he was proof against them all. Yet did she never abate her evident favours towards him, almost making love to him, while all the little Society wondered at the strange scene, so contrary to their ordinary experience. To Arthur's credit be it said that he strove by every means in his power to inform the beautiful girl of his peculiar situation ; but she either could not or would not understand him, for her conduct remained the same, though mixed

perhaps with more melancholy. Singular infatuation, yet none the less true: the girl seemed to act by an involuntary impulse.

She was his senior, too, and had been engaged to many another; rich suitors she had also, but, seeing him, she had given up all in her admiration of him. The danger was all the greater and unfortunate because she saw and knew the influence she had over him, though he resisted it so persistently, and she persevered in hope, but with growing sadness, paradoxical as it may seem. But human hearts are not constructed on simple lines, and we cannot run and read the mystic problems they present on every side. How few of us understand even the workings of our own hearts!

It pained Humberton to see the humiliation of this lovely girl, in her almost unwomanly revelation of her love for him, which, though not told in words, was too palpably betrayed by her actions to be misunderstood; and he regretted it more because he felt that she was really a most estimable creature, and had there not been an Olivia Phane in the world, he could have returned the love so passionately smouldering in her bosom for him. Yet, how totally dissimilar was Violet Cumberland in many essential features both of character and physique from his own loved Olivia; but the impression made upon his constant heart by the latter was strong, lasting, and ineffaceable, as ever. Yes, there was a quiet subtlety about Olivia much more winning to his nature. Why could not Fate have decreed that *she* should be thus haunting him in person, instead of her being far removed from him? He did not even know if she was constant to him! He had only the negative proof of her being still unmarried. Poor Arthur!

Notwithstanding all Humberton's complicated troubles, he still strove to wear a happy gaiety foreign to his feelings, and succeeded in deceiving some of his friends, partially even Miss Cumberland. Her brother Victor was much younger than Violet, and therefore had little control or influence over her actions. Violet Cumberland was not "smiling at grief," like Shakespeare's Viola, but the "melancholy god" so possessed her that we must

give pity
To her, whose state is such, that cannot choose
But lend and give where she is sure to lose.

But music to her gave the

very echo to the seat
Where Love is throned.

The pure, rich, silvery notes of her delightful voice thrilled through Arthur's frame, telling him of her unfortunate love.

Thus did Arthur live his life in the frequent society of Miss Cumberland, who never failed to attend the musical meetings, and away from his own darling. He sometimes tried to forget everything in his passion for music, but he never succeeded. These amateurs, some thirteen in number, performed several concerts and dramatic representations in public, and were highly appreciated and encouraged. Professor Cribton belonged to the Society, though few of the members liked him. He was too unclean and vulgar, and his playing (on any of the many instruments of which he professed a knowledge) was not finished and refined.

About six months after the formation of the Society, Arthur's eyes were opened to Cribton's real character through one who had known him before. His whole plan of perfidy was laid bare; and, much as Arthur would have liked to have controverted it, he could not but believe the abundant evidence of the man's duplicity, and his anger and contempt were gradually roused. It took a long time for him to find out the real villain he was, and very reluctantly did he withdraw his friendship from one he had known so long and, as he had thought, so intimately. He was vexed, too, at his own short-sightedness, though he was not alone in that respect. Arthur had been systematically flat-

tered (and who is there that is proof against the seductive art) on all occasions by Cribton, who had in return been introduced to the best of society, much to the disgrace of Humberton. It will be remembered that he also invariably arranged for the publication of his *pupils' (?)* pieces, and a handsome profit he contrived to get out of that; for, on Arthur's directly testing the price of one of his compositions, he found that Cribton had only given him about the fourth of their value.

His former paltry remuneration was painfully plain to him now, and his indignation may be imagined. Cribton's consummate selfishness and power of lying were something remarkable. Thus had he worked his way in the world: by cringing to every person of influence, and by awful misrepresentations and backbitings, uttered without the slightest feelings of compunction.

Arthur's brains had helped the "Professor" to a lot of money, and the person without talent took for himself three times the remuneration. This was extremely galling, and Arthur would have liked to have had the satisfaction of thrashing the thievish impostor; but his better thoughts taught him to treat him with contempt. Of course Cribton was "requested" to leave the Society; though, having had a moderate amount of liquor, he arrived as usual the next evening, being too dull to thoroughly understand the situation.

Said the secretary of the society to him, rather astonished at his unexpected appearance, "You would receive my note, Mr. Cribton. I'm sorry we can no longer allow of your presence here."

"Why, how's that?" asked Cribton huskily, a strong smell of brandy pervading the sentence.

"You have already been made acquainted with the facts, and I can only refer you to my letter."

"I don't care; I'm going to play," said the Professor, doggedly.

"We cannot permit it, Mr. Cribton; so you must leave this room at once; you have infringed all the laws of good fellowship and friendship."

"Laws be blowed," said the muddled but stubborn Cribton; "I'm going to stop."

Luckily none of the ladies had arrived yet, and Arthur, who had with difficulty restrained himself till now, was determined to be rid of the disgusting fellow without further delay. So, stepping across the room to where Cribton was standing, half amazement and half stupidity, he said sternly,

"Mr. Cribton, go out of this room immediately, and never darken these doors again, or it will be worse for you."

"Oh, I see," said the Professor, a sudden light seeming to dawn upon him; "you want to defame my character and ruin me, I who have done so much for you, learned you everything, pulled you through all difficulties, and everything," yelled Cribton, excitedly but confusedly.

"Once more, will you go?" shouted Arthur, now thoroughly angry.

"Oh yes, I'll go directly, when I've told these gentlemen of your doings. If it hadn't been for me, gents, he'd 'a been nowhere," said he, jerking his thumb contemptuously towards Humberton, for the position in which he had found himself had almost sobered him. "I've done everything for him, got all his pieces accepted, helped him to make them, and——"

"Liar!" shouted Humberton, unable to control himself at this gross untruth.

"And this ungrateful, sneaking, copying varmint——" Cribton was now getting mixed in his ideas and losing ground, but this was too much for Humberton, and his passion getting the master of him, he did not allow him to finish the sentence, and saved the others the trouble of putting him out of the room, by striking him a blow full in the face and completely stunning him, and at that moment Miss Violet Cumberland and her brother entered the room.

(To be continued.)

A RETROSPECT.

WE print two poems here paginally, as a matter of study of comparison. One is by J. G. Saxe, in the *Keystone*; the other is a famous one by W. M. Praed, the original and parent of all similar productions. It may be doubted, nevertheless, if any of the subsequent imitations—and they are many and clever—come up to the grace and ring of the earlier poem.

SCHOOL AND SCHOOLFELLOWS.

Floreat Etoua.

TWELVE years ago I made a mock
Of filthy trades and traffics :
I wondered what they meant by stock ;
I wrote delightful sapphics ;
I knew the streets of Rome and Troy,
I supped with Fates and Furies,—
Twelve years ago I was a boy,
A happy boy, at Drury's
Twelve years ago !—how many a thought
Of faded pains and pleasures
Those whispered syllables have brought
From Memory's hoarded treasures !
The fields, the farms, the bats, the books,
The glories and disgraces,
The voices of dear friends, the looks
Of old familiar faces !
Kind Mater smiles again to me,
As bright as when we parted ;
I seem again the frank, the free,
Stout-limbed, and simple-hearted !
Pursuing every idle dream,
And shunning every warning ;
With no hard work but Bowney stream,
No chill except Long Morning.
Now stopping Harry Vernon's ball
That rattled like a rocket ;
Now hearing Wentworth's " Fourteen all !"
And striking for the pocket ;
Now feasting on a cheese and fitch,—
Now drinking from the pewter ;
Now leaping over Chalvey ditch,
Now laughing at my tutor.
Where are my friends ? I am alone ;
No playmate shares my beaker :
Some lie beneath the churchyard stone,
And some—before the Speaker ;
And some compose a tragedy,
And some compose a rondo ;
And some draw sword for Liberty,
And some draw pleas for John Doe.
Tom Mill was used to blacken eyes
Without the fear of sessions ;
Charles Medlar loathed false quantities
As much as false professions ;
Now Mill keeps order in the land,
A magistrate pedantic ;
And Medlar's feet repose unscanned
Beneath the wide Atlantic.
Wild Nick, whose pranks made such a din,
Does Dr. Martext's duty ;
And Mullion, with that monstrous chin,
Is married to a Beauty ;

A RETROSPECT.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

'Tis twenty years, and something more,
Since, all athirst for useful knowledge,
I took some draughts of classic lore,
Drawn, very mild, at Harvard College ;
Yet I remember all that one
Could wish to hold in recollection,—
The boys, the joys, the noise, the fun,
But not a single Conic Section.

I recollect those harsh affairs—
The morning bells that gave us panics ;
I recollect the formal prayers
That seemed like lessons in Mechanics ;
I recollect the drowsy way
In which the students listened to them,
As clearly, in my wig, to-day
As when, a boy, I slumbered through them.

I recollect the tutors all
As freshly now, if I may say so,
As any chapter I recall
In Homer or Ovidius Naso.
I recollect, extremely well,
" Old Hugh," the mildest of fanatics ;
I well remember Matthev Bell,
But very faintly Mathematics.

I recollect the prizes paid
For lessons fathomed to the bottom ;
(Alas that pencil-marks should fade !)
I recollect the chaps who got 'em—
The light equestrians, who soared
O'er every passage reckoned stony ;
And took the chalks—but never scored
A single honour to the pony.

Ah me ! what changes Time has wrought,
And how predictions have miscarried !—
A few have reached the goal they sought,
And some are dead and some are married ;

And Darrell studies, week by week,
 His Mant, and not his Manton;
 And Ball, who was but poor at Greek,
 Is very rich at Canton.

And I am eight-and-twenty now;—
 The world's cold chains have bound me
 And darker shades are on my brow,
 And sadder scenes around me:
 In Parliament I fill my seat,
 With many other noodles;
 And lay my head in Jermyn Street,
 And sip my hock at Boodle's.

But often, when the cares of life
 Have set my temples aching,
 When visions haunt me of a wife,
 When duns await my waking,
 When Lady Jane is in a pet,
 Or Hoby in a hurry,
 When Captain Hazard wins a bet,
 Or Beaulieu spoils a curry,—

For hours and hours I think and talk
 Of each remembered hobby;
 I long to lounge in Poets' Walk,
 To shiver in the lobby;
 I wish that I could run away
 From House, and Court, and Levee,
 Where bearded men appear to-day
 Just Eton boys grown heavy,—

That I could bask in childhood's sun
 And dance o'er childhood's roses,
 And find huge wealth in one pound one,
 Vast wit in broken noses,
 And play Sir Giles in Datchet Lane,
 And call the milk-maids hours,—
 That I could be a boy again,—
 A happy boy,—at Drury's.

And some in city journals war;
 And some as politicians bicker;
 And some are pleading at the bar,
 For jury-verdicts, or for liquor.

And some on Trade and Commerce wait;
 And some in schools with dunces battle;
 And some the Gospel propagate,
 And some the choicest breads of cattle;
 And some are living at their ease;
 And some were wrecked in "the revulsion;"
 Some serve the State for handsome fees,
 And one, I hear, upon compulsion.

Alas, for young ambition's vow,
 How envious Fate may overthrow it!—
 Poor Harvey is in Congress now,
 Who struggled long to be a poet;
 Smith carves (quite well) memorial stones,
 Who tried in vain to make the law go;
 Hall deals in hides; and "Pious Jones"
 Is dealing faro in Chicago.

And, sadder still, the brilliant Hays,
 Once honest, manly, and ambitious,
 Has taken latterly to ways
 Extremely profligate and vicious;
 By slow degrees—I can't tell how—
 He's reached at last the very groundsel,
 And in New York he figures now,
 A member of the Common Council

CLIMBING THE GREAT PYRAMID.*

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDART.

THE business of climbing Cheops is begun as early in the day as possible; not that it is a long or difficult task, but because the sun pours his hottest beams in a baptism of fire over the desert, and there is no shade, no breath of fresh and fragrant air, no cooling draught at hand. You alight at the base of Cheops, and are immediately besieged by an army of Bedaweës, who are famous bores. For more than forty centuries these Bedaweës have besieged the pyramid climbers from every quarter of the earth; they have a smattering of all languages at their tongues' ends, and their hands are filled with old coins and new scarabæi, which they swear are old. The sheik is your only hope; every village, every community has its sheik, and his word is law. Purchase his friendship—you can do it with a couple of francs—and you are perfectly safe. He orders three of his "howling savages" to take you in hand, and conduct you to the summit of Cheops. According to the agreement with the sheik, you were to pay so much into his hands upon your return to earth, after having reposed as long as you think fit at the top of the pyramid. Meanwhile no fee is to be given to the three fierce and athletic

* We take this well-written description from an American paper.

fellows who help you up and down, nor are they to ask for any, on pain of the bastinado in case any complaint is made against them. This being considered satisfactory by all parties concerned, you are seized under the arms by two of the Bedawees, while the third gives you a gentle poke in the small of the back from time to time. Once started on this novel ascent, it is quite impossible to abandon it before it is completed to the letter. You may repent and grow dizzy and short-winded, but the strong grip on your arms brings you to your feet again, and you are swung up from one terrace to another, hurried to the right and to the left by a zigzag trail that has evidently been searching for low steps and crevices in the stones, and found them in many cases. Each stone is about the height of a table; it is four hundred and sixty perpendicular feet to the top of the pyramid, and you are permitted to rest three times on the way up.

At first the Bedawee touches your right arm, and asks you if you would like to rest. You scorn the idea, and leap like a chamois from rock to rock, to show him how very far you are from feeling fatigued. He praises your powers of endurance, feels your muscles, and says your legs are splendid. You realise that they must be, for you have evidently astonished him with your strength and agility. *By-and-bye he insists upon your resting for a moment only.* You rest for his sake as much as your own, for you are a little out of breath, and fear that he, that all three of the attendants, must feel fatigued. At this moment a small boy makes his appearance with a jug of brackish water in his hand. He climbs like a cat, and is so little that his head is lost below the edge of each stair as he climbs toward you. That boy follows you to the top, and pours water over your head and hands, and gives you a drink at the slightest provocation, and all for a half-dozen sous. He is getting his muscles in training for the ascents he hopes to make in years to come, for he is born under the pyramid, and he will die under it, some day, unless he happens to breathe his last at the top of it.

Before you are quite ready to start afresh, the Bedawees clutch you, and you go bounding from step to step, sometimes finding foothold for yourself, but oftener dangling in mid-air, with the fellow behind clinging to you instead of lending his aid. When you propose a second rest you are put off with the promise of one a little farther up, and you nearly perish before you come to the spot. There is no pride of muscle, no ambition, no wind left in you now! You sink into a corner of the rock and shut your eyes, for you have caught a glimpse of the sandy sea that is all aglow in the fierce sunshine; and away down at the foot of the pyramid there are multitudes of black objects creeping about like ants, and you know these are men and women, and then you feel as if you could never get to the top of Cheops, and if you did, you know you could never get to the bottom again, unless you were to tumble head foremost down all those frightful stairs; and you grow faint, and call on the water-boy, and find life a good deal of a bore. You don't look down after that. You hum fragments of that unforgettable song, with its highly moral refrain, "Excelsoir," and begin to perspire profusely, and to feel as if you would probably lay your bones on the top stair and give up the ghost on the spot. Resignation, or despair, you hardly know which, has completely cowed you. When you rest the third time one of the Bedawees kindly chafes your legs, straightens out the kinks in your muscles, and says pleasant things to you about the remainder of the journey. He points you to the top, which, sure enough, is only a little farther up, and you begin to wonder if it will be large enough to stand on, or if you will have to straddle it, and perhaps roll down on the other side. It is large enough to build a house on! I ached for a shelter of some sort while I was up there, and having looked over all the world of sand, with the blue Nile flowing through it between shores of emerald, and fields of corn, and groves of palm, I was glad to slide down into the narrow shadow under the highest step, and there rest.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

DEATH has been busy of late in the literary world. Only the other day we mourned the loss of gentle "George Eliot;" then silver-haired Anna Maria Hall was borne from the side of her equally honoured husband; and, latest and greatest loss of all, grand old Thomas Carlyle has been called to quit for ever the scene of his earthly labours. "George Eliot" limned with almost unsurpassed power the lights and shadows of human life; Mrs. Hall, the authoress of a hundred books, brought bright intellect and untiring industry to bear in the cause of morality; and the rugged Scotsman who sleeps in his native North "traced with his golden pen on the deathless page" many a word of wisdom which will influence the world ages hence. Working in widely different positions in the great republic of letters, each of the talented trio sought to further, "so far as in them lay," the interests of honour, truth, and sincerity. Success crowned their efforts, and they have earned a right to be ranked high on the roll of earth's untitled nobility.

Alexander Anderson, the author of "Songs of the Rail," and one or two other collections of simple, yet much-admired poems, has, in the February issue of *Good Words*, a stirring rythmical story of a brave fellow who laid down his life on the altar of duty. He tells how a heavy slab of stone slipped down an embankment into the track of the fast-approaching "Flying Dutchman;" and how a poor platelayer, Jack Chitty by name, realizing the imminent peril of the passengers, unhesitatingly leaped on to the line, and by an almost superhuman effort succeeded, not a moment too soon, in turning the stone out of the train's way. Scarcely had Chitty done the heroic deed ere the steaming engine hurled him to the ground, and instantly crushed the life from his prostrate form. On whirled the uninjured express, its wheels wet with the heart's blood of its brave preserver. Though the incident occurred some years ago, it is forcibly recalled by Mr. Anderson's vivid word-picture.

A pleasant volume, pouring the every-day doings of the inhabitants of the hill-side hamlets and picturesque dales of Cumberland and Westmorland, reaches us from a Yorkshire publisher, Mr. T. Holderness, of Driffield. The book, which is rendered additionally attractive by being enveloped in a thin veil of fiction, is entitled "Nellie Glenn, a tale of the English Lake District," and is from the pen of Mr. George T. Ross, a gentleman already favourably known as a graphic delineator of rustic life and character. His clever sketches of Lakeland life shew him to have a keen eye, and the power of aptly expressing whatever he has witnessed. The story, which serves to string together the more substantial portion of the work, is interesting and well-written.

One of the best of modern magazines is *Harper's Monthly*, emanating from across the Atlantic. Its literary contents are of a high order of excellence, and the accompanying illustrations are many of them simply exquisite. Were our American cousins to challenge us to point out two such well "got-up" serials as their *Scribner's* and *Harper's* amongst our multitudinous array of English magazines, we are afraid we should find ourselves at a loss to do so. Let Fleet Street and Paternoster Row look to their laurels.

Novelties continue to flow from the periodical press. Many of them "come like shadows, so depart;" others attain to a more or less permanent and important position in the journalistic world. Last month we alluded to Mr. Harry Blyth's enterprising story paper, *The Blue Bells of Scotland*, which, we are pleased to learn, is meeting with much favour amongst our brethren be-

yond the Tweed. Recently launched serials include *Land*, a promising six-penny weekly paper published by Cassell's, which ought to find plenty of interested readers in the city and country circles whose wants it aims specially to supply; and *The Common Good* (J. A. Brooks and Co.), a journal projected with the laudable intent of bringing about a better understanding between Capital and Labour. We have no fault to find with the tone of the latter, which is fair and impartial. It appears to be under able editorial control. Let the conductors continue to steer their literary barque clear of the quicksands of party prejudice, and they will not fail to do the "State some service." A sparkling new society serial has sprung into life at London-by-the-Sea, with the distinguishing title of *The Brightonian*. The popular watering place which aspires to be called the "Queen of the South" should be able to support a paper of this description amongst its many inhabitants and visitors. The early numbers are full of piquant writing, and well worth the published price. The little affair at Wimbledon a while ago has caused the advent of the *Volunteer Review*, the aim of which is to set straight the somewhat crooked paths surrounding our reserve forces and their administration. Doubtless it will do good in a much needed direction.

Pan progresses favourably. Mr. Oscar Wilde is, we believe, now the editor, and shortly Mr. George Augustus Sala, whose bright pen has contributed largely to the paper's popularity, will commence a serial in its pages.

Mr. James L. Maclean, of the Caledonian Railway Company, recently concluded a succession of interesting and practical articles respecting the "Duties and Positions of Railway Officials" in the columns of the *Railway Sheet and Official Gazette*. These papers will shortly be issued in volume form, and cannot fail to be of value to all concerned in matters appertaining to the rail. Besides having a thorough knowledge of his theme, Mr. Maclean possesses a taking literary style, as a glance at his gossipy Scotch letter to the *Sheet* is sufficient to show. Messrs. McCorquodale and Co. will publish the volume of collected articles.

To the recent Burns' birthday number of the *Hull Miscellany* Mr. John H. Leggott supplied an able essay on the genius and writings of the famous ploughman poet.

More than a thousand copies of Mr. Andrews's forthcoming work on "Popular Punishments in the Olden Time" have already been subscribed for. The book will be ready at an early date, and will contain much curious information anent the pillory, stocks, ducking stool, and other ancient instruments of correction. The letterpress will be interspersed with illustrations by George Cruikshank, T. Tindal Wildridge, W. Geo. Fretton, F.S.A., etc.

"Bygone Berkshire," a series of carefully prepared historical sketches, are appearing week by week in the columns of the leading paper of the county which they immediately concern. Mr. Henry Calvert Appleby, a writer well known to these pages, is the author.

A number of prominent provincial journals are simultaneously issuing hebdomadal instalments of a fascinating new work of fiction from the clever pen of Mr. Horace Weir (L'Allegro). This novelist seems to be advancing high up the ladder of literature. So far as popular repute goes, at any rate, he is making rapid strides.



PREJUDICE AGAINST FREEMASONRY.

(Concluded from page 352).

WE cannot too often repeat that, while our institution is known to require a firm belief in the existence, a devout reverence for the character, and a cheerful obedience to the laws of the Supreme Architect of the Universe, the Eternal God; while it is evidently built upon, and venerates the Holy Scriptures;* that construction must be a forced one, indeed, which imputes to it principles and plans of irreligious tendency! If it were an immoral or anti-Christian association, how happens it that so many of the clergy are not only members, but zealously attached to it; not only its apologists, but its patrons? For myself, I declare that such is my high reverence for Christianity and my devotedness to its cause, that, did I believe Freemasonry, as it is known and cultivated among us, and as I have been acquainted with it, had a tendency to weaken or destroy the faith of the Gospel, I would openly and immediately renounce the order, and spurn with indignation its badges and its bonds!†

It is equally incredible to suppose it calculated to effect any change of political opinion, much less to promote a revolution in any government under which it may be permitted to operate. For one of the most positive injunctions imposed on a candidate for our Order, and one of the admonitions most frequently repeated in our assemblies, is "to fulfil all civil duties in the most distinguished manner and from the purest motives." This, it is well known, is among our most positive and binding regulations; yet it seems as if our ancestors, fearful of not sufficiently guarding the fraternity against the possibility of being suspected of disloyalty, had judged it necessary, in their general laws, positively to prohibit the uttering of a single sentence in our meetings on any political subject whatever. In the "ancient charges collected from old records" is the following: "No private piques or quarrels must be brought within the door of the lodge, far less any quarrels about religion, or nations, or State policy; being of all nations, tongues, kindreds, and languages, we are resolved against all politics, as what never yet conduced to the welfare of the lodge nor ever will." Again: "as political affairs have occasioned discord amongst the nearest relations and most intimate friends, Masons are enjoined never to speak of or discuss them in the lodge."

* See the Book of Constitutions, chap. i., section i., of God and religion.

† "I have had the honour (said the Rev. Charles Brockwell) of being a member of this ancient and honourable society many years, have sustained many of its offices, and can, and do aver in this sacred place, and before the Grand Architect of the world, that I never could observe aught therein but what was justifiable and commendable according to the strictest rules of society, this being founded on the precepts of the Gospel, the doing the will of God, and the subduing the passions, and highly conducing to every sacred and social virtue. But, not to insist on my own experience, the very antiquity of our constitutions furnishes a sufficient ground to confute all gainsayers. For no combination of wicked men, for a wicked purpose, ever lasted long. The want of virtue, on which mutual truth and confidence is founded, soon divides and breaks them to pieces. Nor would men of unquestionable wisdom, known integrity, strict honour, undoubted veracity, and good sense (though they might be trepanned into a foolish or ridiculous society, which could pretend to nothing valuable) ever continue in it, or contribute towards supporting and propagating it to posterity."—Sermon before the Grand Lodge at Boston, 1750, page 16.

It were easy to quote other testimonies. Were not this note already too lengthy, I would have added that of the Rev. Charles Leslie, a man eminent for his piety and famous for his masterly writings in defence of Christianity against the Deists, etc., but must refer to his discourse entitled "A vindication of Masonry and its excellency demonstrated": delivered before the Lodge of Vernon Kilwinning.

How far Freemasonry interferes with the affairs of government will be best ascertained by one or two extracts from the *Book of Constitutions*. Such an appeal "to the law and to the testimony" is the more necessary, because this has lately become a subject of serious alarm, and because our institutes and rules, orders and ceremonies, though printed and published, are seldom consulted but by the brethren. Others do not read them from indifference; our enemies will not from contempt; or else they fear to bring their assertions to this light, lest they should be reprov'd or confuted. This volume, curious for its articles of remote antiquity, and interesting for its instructive documents, contains the following principles: "Whoever would be a true Mason is to know that, by the privileges of his order, his obligations as a subject and citizen will not be relaxed, but enforced. He is to be a lover of peace, and obedient to the civil powers which yield him protection, and are set over him where he resides or works. Nor can a real craftsman ever be concerned in conspiracies against the State, or be disrespectful to the magistrate, because the welfare of his country is his most happy object."* No man can be invested with the office of master of a lodge until he has signified his assent to those charges and regulations which point out the duty of that station, and promise to submit and support them, "as masters have done in all ages." Among other particulars are these: "You agree to be a peaceable subject, and cheerfully to conform to the laws of the country in which you reside." "You promise not to be concerned in plots or conspiracies against government, but patiently to submit to the decisions of the supreme legislature." "You agree to pay a proper respect to the civil magistrate, to work diligently, live in credit, and act honourably with all men."† Lastly, every candidate, upon admission, is thus charged: "In the State you are to be a quiet and peaceable subject. You are never to countenance disloyalty or rebellion, but yield yourself, and encourage in others, a cheerful conformity to the government under which you live."‡

How strange is it, my hearers, that an institution, thus guarded and fenced against political disobedience, should be suspected of being "the hot-bed of sedition!" Or that anyone should think of imputing to men bound by these ties, governed by these laws, and under these restrictions, "plans of disorganization and rebellion!" Do these principles lead to conspiracy? Are they not diametrically opposite to all disaffection towards "the powers that be, whether it be to the king as supreme or unto governors?" Do they not more resemble the good old loyal doctrine of passive obedience and non-resistance?§ We blush for the ignorance and wonder at the perversity of those who declare that they "view the brotherhood as a hoard of conspirators, who have long waited only for the baleful genius of a Weishaupt to launch out into all the crimes of a revolution."||

That an institution which is founded on love to God and love to man, whose glory is to reward in its members those peaceful virtues which are most friendly to their own internal tranquility and most beneficent and happy to the world,

* *Constitutions*, chapter i., section ii., of government and the civil magistrate.

† *Constitutions*, part ii. Ceremony of constituting and consecrating a lodge, installing the officers, etc., page 84.

‡ *Constitutions*, part iii. Charge of initiating into the first degree, page 126.

§ An aged and orthodox divine, in a sermon at the consecration of a lodge at Ramsgate, in Kent, September 3, 1798, makes this solemn protestation: "As an advocate both zealous and determined, as an advocate for this order, from the strongest conviction of its excellency, both in politics and patriotism, I scruple not to challenge our bitterest reviler to fix upon one single Mason who dare affirm that in any of our transactions, whether public or private, there is a single trait either sentimental or practical, in all our Masonic Order which bears not even the very enthusiasm of loyalty."—Inwood, p. 266.

|| Barruel, vol. 4th of the 2nd English edition, p. 162.

which declares and repeats to all its candidates and in all its lodges that it can never countenance anything contrary to *Morals, Religion, or the State*; which expects and requires the highest reverence to the Supreme Being, obedience to rulers, respect to superiors, kindness to equals, and condescension to inferiors; I say, that such an institution should be declared, or even suspected to militate with religion, peace, and social order, is matter of astonishment. It must require the prejudices of an ex-Jesuit to draw so strange an inference from such opposing premises, or the faculty of Scotch second light to see things less awry.*

Are not Masons, as well as other men, members of civil society, equally interested in preserving its order and peace? Do they not owe their personal and their associate security to the laws, their protection to the magistrate? What possible inducement could they have for endangering that security or forfeiting that protection?

Whatever interferes with the prosperity of any nation, persuasion, or individual, forms no part of the Masonic theme. While the real Mason acts within his sphere he is a friend to every government which affords him protection, and particularly attached to that country wherein he first drew breath.

That is the centre of his circle, the point where his affections are warmest. His philanthropy is by no means incompatible with patriotism; and when he speaks of being free, and of standing on a level with his brethren, he advances no sentiment in militancy with social or political grades and dignities. He admits, and is familiar with, the principle of due subordination. He finds its expediency in his own institution, and he knows it is essential to good government and order in the community. "To be free is one of the characteristics of his profession, but it is that steady freedom which prudence feels and wisdom dictates," a freedom which reason honours and virtue sanctions, a freedom from the dominion of passion and the slavery of vice.

Appeal we to fact, to the history of all nations, and we shall find that Freemasons have always been peaceable and orderly members of society.† Submissive, even under governments the most intolerant and oppressive, they silently cultivated their benevolent plan, and secured it confidence and protection by exhibiting in their conduct its mild, pacific, and charitable tendencies. They excited no factious resistance to established authorities, conspired in no turbulent and seditious schemes, exaggerated no grievances, nor even joined in the clamours of popular discontent. Making it a rule never to speak evil of dignities, nor interfere with the claims of lawful authority, they, at all times and in all places supported the character and obtained the praise of liege subjects and good citizens.

Recur we to the American history. Were Price, Oxnard, Tomlinson, Gridley, leaders in rebellion? Was Warren a seditious person? Or does Washington countenance conspiracy against government? Are not the mem-

* "Nor less avails this optic flight,
And Scottish gift of second sight;
Which sees not only all that was,
But much that never came to pass.
And optics sharp it needs, I ween,
To see what is not to be seen."

TRUMBULL'S "M'Fingal."

† See "An apology for the Free and Accepted Masons, occasioned by the persecution of them in the Canton of Berne." Printed at Frankfort, 1748. 12mo.

And "An impartial examination of the act of the associate Synod of Stirling," by the Rev. Charles Leslie.

In a late British publication is the following observation: "Were there even no other testimony in favour of Freemasonry, the public would not be easily persuaded to look upon that to be big with secret mischief, which is openly espoused by Earl Moira."—"Public Characters" of 1798 and 1799, vol. i., page 24.

bers of the fraternity known? Are they such as are generally thought to harbour inimical designs against the civil or ecclesiastical establishment? Are the lodges principally composed of, or governed by, men suspected of disorganising projects or demoralising views? You will unite in answering No! Scarcely an individual can be found in our Order who can be thought to favour such principles.

But enough surely has been said to convince every candid and unprejudiced mind that the members of the ancient Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons are incapable of a design so base and villainous as "a conspiracy against religion, government, and social order."

And we, my brethren, know, and it is our boast, that a profound veneration for the Christian verity, and a dignified respect for the government, and a patriotic zeal for the welfare of our country, are among our sacred duties and our dearest interests. In this character and conduct may we still be known and respected, continuing to "walk by the same rule, and to mind the same thing."

The officers and members of King David's Lodge, this day to be installed and consecrated, will permit me, ere I retire, to congratulate their establishment, and tender them my best wishes.

While your attachment to Freemasonry and zeal in its cause demand the approbation of all its friends, may your lives and virtues confute the slanderous reports of all its enemies.

May your lodge be beautiful as the temple, peaceful as its ark, and sacred as its most holy place! May your oblations of piety and praise be grateful as the incense, your love warm as its flame, and your charity diffusive as its fragrance! May your hearts be pure as the altar, and your whole conduct acceptable to the offering! May the approbation of Heaven be your encouragement, and may that benignant Being, "who seeth in secret, reward you openly!"

Finally: May we all be accepted of God, workmen that need not be ashamed, rightly discharging the duties of life. May we abhor that which is evil, and cleave to that which is good, approving ourselves to every man's conscience in the sight of God, and be continually making approaches to that state where the credit of virtue is established and secure, and its satisfactions perfect and eternal!
