THE

MASONIC MAGAZINE

FOR 1879-80.

VOL. VII.

LONDON: GEORGE KENNING, 198, FLEET STREET;

1, 2, 3, 4, LITTLE BRITAIN, AND 197, ALDERSGATE STREET, E.C.

LIVERPOOL—2, MONUMENT PLACE. MANCHESTER—47, BRIDGE STREET.

GLASGOW—9, WEST HOWARD STREET.

PREFACE.

WITH the Seventh Volume of the MASONIC MAGAZINE, Publisher and Editor greet their friends and supporters once more. But they think it but fair to say that, while they thank "old friends" warmly and sincerely for kind and continued patronage, they yet trust, in the current year, to make the acquaintance of numerous "new friends," in order to keep up the Magazine itself, and to provide and advance the general character of Masonic serial literature in England. For one thing is clear in this world, as in other matters, it cannot be all "giving," and the Publisher and Editor would not be doing their duty as honest Masons, if they did not appeal for enlarged Masonic sympathy and support in the upholding and development of the MASONIC MAGAZINE. Still it is a fact, "bene notanda" too, that it has reached its Eighth Volume, and, with this announcement and reminiscence, fraternally commended to the notice of the Craft, we commence, gratefully and hopefully, with July (D.V.) a new volume of the MASONIC MAGAZINE. Let us trust that better days are in store for Masonic Literature.

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THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

No. 73.—Vol. VII. JULY, 1879. Price 6d.

FREE MASONS' HALL GRAND LODGE LIBRARY LONDON, W.C.

ON OLD ENGLISH BIBLES.

MOST Masons will have noticed the difference between passages from the volume of the Sacred Law interwoven in the lectures and other Masonic working and the same passages as given in our ordinary Bible. The explanation of this difference is, that Masons have retained the renderings of versions in use before our present Bible was in existence.

This circumstance makes the study of the early, and now disused, versions of peculiar interest to the working Mason, as in them he will find many words and phrases that have been handed down orally for upwards of 300 years, and are perfectly familiar to him, although unknown to the popular world—for example: the artist whom Hiram, King of Tyre, sent to King Solomon is well known to all Master Masons as Hiram Abif; this name does not occur in our present Bible, but may be seen in the early ones.

The latest date at which we have found the title Abi, or Abif, is in two of the three folio Bibles issued in 1549, namely, that printed by John Daye and William Seres, and the one printed by Raynalde and Hyll.

The fact that Masons, at their Lodges and Instruction Meetings, employ words and texts taken from a version of Holy Writ that has been for more than 300 years completely lost sight of, proves the verbal accuracy with which Masonic lore must have been handed down from generation to generation, and is also evidence of the antiquity of the Order.

We now propose to describe in chronological order the various versions of the Bible that have succeeded each other, to give certain tests by which they may be distinguished from one another, even in the absence of the title-pages and colophons, and to say a few words in passing about the men who were engaged in the work of translating, revising, printing, and issuing the different editions.

Coverdale's Bible of 1535.

Internal evidence proves that this, the first English Bible, was not translated directly from the original text, but principally from Luther's Bible.

Coverdale tells the reader "to help me herein, I have had sundyre translacions, not only in Latyn, but also of the Douche interpreters, whom, because of their singular gyftes and special diligence in the Bible, I have been the more glad to follow for the most part."

Coverdale was the translator, but by whom he was engaged on the work, and by whom the expense of the translation was borne, is not certain.

From the evidence we have it is most likely that the real originators of the work were some of the Bishops and influential laymen of the Church of England.

Sir Thomas More was, doubtless, one of the prime movers of it, and his associates were members of the "new learning" party. These men were not, and never intended to be, enemies or antagonists of the Church, but were amongst her most faithful sons.

Had it not been for the frightful excesses in Germany at that time, the Bible would have been translated into English, and circulated here long before it was, for almost every country in Europe had been in possession of the Bible in their own language for nearly half-a-century before it appeared in an English form.

For many years war has raged hot and strong as to where, and by whom, the first English Bible was printed. The controversy has, however, been settled at last. It was printed at Antwerp, by Jacob Van Meteren.

The honour of this discovery is due to Mr. Henry Stevens; for although the volume itself tells the day it was finished, where it was printed: by whom, or for whom, or under what circumstances, no historian or bibliographer had given much more than negative information, until Mr. Stevens was fortunate enough to turn up a biographical notice, by the Revd. Symeon Ruytinck, of Emanuel van Meteren, appended to the History of Belgium, published in the Flemish language, at the Hague, in 1614, and in French, at the same place, in 1618.

It appears that as it was doubtful what reception the book would meet with from that amiable monarch, King Henry the VIII., it was thought better it should be printed abroad.

The entire edition was sold in sheets to James Nycholson, Southwark, who also purchased the blocks of the woodcuts with which it was illustrated.

The Bible could not be imported into England bound, in consequence of an act of Parliament made to protect native bookbinders.

We possess an official black letter copy of the acts of the session of 1534, the title of which is as follows:—

"Anno XXV, Henrici viij, Actis made in the session of this present parliment holden uppon prorogation at West mynster, the xxv daye of Januarye, in the xxv yere of the reygne of oure mooste dradde soueragne, lorde King Henry the xiij, and there contynued and kepte tylle the xxx daye of Marche than next ensuyng: to the honour of god and holy church and for the common weale and profyte of this his realme. Londini. in officina Thomæ Bartheleti typis impres. cvm privilegio ad impremendvm solvm.

"Cap. XV is "An Act concernyng prynters and bynders of boks.

"Whereas by the prouisyon of a statute made in the fyrste yere of the reygne of Kynge Richarde the thyrde, hit was prouyded in the same acte, that all straungers, repayryng into this realme, myghte laufully brynge into the sayd realme printed and writen bokes to selle at theyr lybertie and pleasure, By force of whiche prouisyon there hathe comen into this realme sithen the makynge of the same, a marueylous nombre of printed bokes, and daylye dothe."

It goes on to say that the bookbinders have so increased in England that there is not employment for them, therefore the act of Richard III. is repealed, and that from the feast of Christmas next no one

". . . . . shal bie to sel ageyne printed bokes brought fro any parties out of the Kynges obeysance, redye bounden in bordes, lether, or parchement, uppon peyne to lose and forfayte for every boke the sum of syxe shyllynge eyghte pence.

"And that no persone shal bye of any straunger any maner of printed bokes, except onely by engrose and not by retayle, upō peine of forfayture of vjs. viijd. for euery boke so bought by retayle.

"The one halfe of al the sayd forfaytures to be to the use of the Kynge, and the other moytie to the partie that will sue by byl, playnt, or information, wherein the defendant shal not be admitted to wage his lawe nor no protection, ne essoyn shalbe unto him allowed."

That Nycholson bought the woodcuts used by Van Meteren in Coverdale's Bible is proved by his edition of 1537 having impressions from the same blocks, and having the same side ornaments of the titles.

There is only one woodcut in the folio Bible of 1537 (that of Jonah), which is not in that of 1535. The edition of Matthew's Bible, printed by Petyt and Redman, in 1540, has the first and New Testament titles printed from the 1535 blocks.

The same may be said of the Bible printed by Raynalde and Hyll, in 1549. Of course the letterpress is different in each case.

The edition of Matthew's Bible, with E. Becke's peculiar notes, printed the same year (1549) by Day and Seres, contains forty-nine impressions from the identical woodcuts used by Van Meteren.

Richard Jugge used Van Meteren's woodcuts of the four Evangelists (the Man, the Lion, the Ox, and the Eagle) in his revision of Tyndale's New Testament in 1552, and in its re-issue in the "Fysshe" Testament of 1553.

The large map in the Bishops' version of 1574 is the same as appeared in the first English Bible.

What became of the type used by Jacob van Meteren has never been discovered, for, excepting that the word "Lorde," in Roman letters, may be observed in the 1537 edition, none of the type of Coverdale's 1535 Bible has ever been found in any other book.

Mr. Francis Fry, who is the greatest authority, living or dead, on the subject of English Bibles and Testaments, has spared no trouble, expense, or talent in searching, at home and abroad, for traces of Van Meteren's type, but without success.

The title of this Bible is, "Biblia, the Bible that is the Holy Scripture of the Olde and New Testament faithfully and truly translated out of Douche and Latyn into Englishe, MDXXXV."

The colophon is, "Prynted in the yeare of our Lord MDXXXV, and fynished the fourth daye of October." The size of the book is small folio, measuring about 12 inches by 8 inches.

It met with anything but a warm reception in England, and the publisher had great difficulty in selling it.

To effect the sale of the book, Nycholson cancelled the original Antwerp title, and issued a fresh one, with new preliminary matter.

We do not know of any copy, excepting the Earl of Leicester's, that has Van Meteren's title as it was brought to England with the unbound Bible. When this book arrived from Antwerp it had no dedication to the King, but, finding it sold badly, Nycholson inserted a dedication to Henry VIII. of five pages long, and nearly as fullsome as that "to the high and mighty Prince" in our present version.

It is not certain how many years Coverdale's first Bible hung on Nycholson's hands, but in 1537 he printed two editions in English type, one in folio and the other in quarto. This he may have done to help off the Antwerp edition, for some copies of the first edition have the name of King Henry's "dearest just wyfe, and most vertuous Pryncesse, Quene Jane," in the dedication, instead of Anne.

As Henry was not married to Jane Seymour until May 20th, 1536, it is plain that all the copies of the 1535 Bibles could not have been sold for a considerable time after that date. It is possible that the leaves of dedication with Queen Jane's name may have been supplied from the second edition of 1537. To mix up editions in this way, seems not to have been considered blameworthy.

August 16th, 1550, Christopher Froschover, of Zurich, printed another quarto edition of Coverdale's Bible for "Andrewe Hester dwellynge in Paules Churchyard at the sygne of the whyte horse."

The type of the preliminary matter of this edition is different to the angular German type of the text of the book, and is believed to have been printed in England, as it is the small old English letter then common.

This book was reissued in 1553 by Richard Jugge, just before the death of Edward VI. Coverdale's Bible is divided into six parts :—

1. Genesis to Deuteronomy.
2. Joshua to Esther.
3. Job to Solomon's ballettes.
4. The Prophets.
5. The Apocrypha.
6. The New Testament.

It contains some peculiar readings :—

Genesis viii.—" She bare the olive leaf in her nebb."
Judges x.—" Cast a pece of mylstone upon Abimelech's heade and brake his brain panne."
I. Kings xx.—" And shott the King of Israel between the mawe and the lunges."
Psalm lxxiv.—" They cutt downe all the sylinge of ye sanctuary with bylles and axes."
Isaiah v.—" No one faynte nor feble amonge them, no, not a slogish, nor slepery persone."
I. Timothy vi.—" But waysteth his brayne aboute questions, and stryuynges of wordes"

Of the early life of Coverdale not much is known. He was born in Yorkshire about the year 1488; he was educated at Cambridge, and took priest's orders in 1514; he afterwards became an Augustine monk. Although infected with Lutheranism, he was never so violently opposed to the Church as many were with whom he was associated.

He devoted much of his life to the translation, and frequent revisions, of the Bible, but he appears always to have acted under the direction, and at the expense of others. He says—" Accordynge as I was desyred, anno 1534, I toke the more vpon to set forth this specyall translacyon."

Again he tells us, that books from which he was to translate were put into his hands which he was glad to " followe for the most parte accordynge as I was required."

And in the dedication he wrote for Nycholson to add to the second issue of the first English Bible, he says—" as the holy goost moued other men to do the cost hereof, so I was boldened in God to laboure in the same."

Coverdale was consecrated Bishop of Exeter, according to the ritual of the new ordinal, on August 30th, 1552, two years before the death of Bishop Veysey, who had been forced out of the see to make room for a man of more pliant disposition.

In the next reign, Coverdale in turn was deprived of the see, and imprisoned.

At the request of the King of Denmark to Queen Mary, he was released, and allowed to leave England.

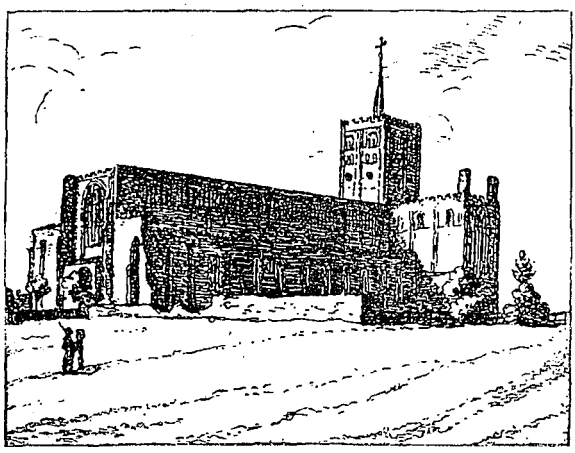
As it may be supposed he would do, he took up his residence in Geneva, where he was associated with Whittingham, Calvin, and others of similar opinions.

He returned to England early in Queen Elizabeth's reign, and was inducted to the living of S. Magus, near London Bridge, but as he declined to be bound by the laws, or conform to the rites and usages of the Church, he had to be removed from his office.

Coverdale died May 20th, 1567, and was buried under the chancel of S. Bartholomew's Church, London, and when that church was destroyed in 1840, his remains were removed to the Church of S. Magus.

(To be continued.)

ST. ALBAN'S ABBEY.



Southwest View of the Abbey at St. Albans.
Drawn 1775, Engrav'd & Publish'd Jany. 1786, by T. Carter, Wood St., Westr.

THE noble Abbey, now the Cathedral Church, of St. Albans, stands on the spot where St. Alban, the Protomartyr of England, was beheaded in the year 303. Albanus was born at Verulamium, and went to Rome, where for seven years he served in the Roman army. He then returned to England, and, having been converted to Christianity by a certain St. Amphibalus, about whom very little is known, was the first to suffer martyrdom in England, during the dreadful persecution organised against the Christians by the emperor and tyrant Diocletian. The site of his martyrdom was on the hill on the opposite side of the river Ver, or Verulam, to that on which the old Roman town of Verulamium once stood, and of which portions of the walls still remain. A church is said to have been erected on the spot by the first Christian Emperor, but was soon afterwards destroyed, and lay in ruins for many years. At length, in the year 795, Offa, King of Mercia, fired by the zeal which had been awakened by the record of St. Alban, as given by the Venerable Bede, in his Ecclesiastical History, founded the Monastery in honour of St. Alban, which soon became one of the most important Ecclesiastical establishments in England.

Of the numerous conventual buildings existing up to the period of the Reformation, only the Abbey Church and principal gateway now remain. The broken ground on the south side of the Church marks the site where the various buildings once stood, covering the whole space between the Abbey Church and the river, which is distant from it about 250 yards. There is little doubt that careful excavations would reveal the ground plan of the Abbey, and would bring to light many interesting architectural remains. During some excavations last year, for the purpose of laying new gas pipes on the south side of the Church, the lower portions of the north wall and west front of the Chapter House were discovered, and details of late Norman architecture of the most ornamental and interesting character were temporarily uncovered.

On the subject of the architectural details of the great Abbey Church very much has already been written; and for a more complete account than our

limited space will allow, the reader should refer to Buckler's "Abbey Church of St. Albans," and to Nicholson's "Guide to St. Alban's Abbey;" also to Bro. James Neale's most admirable and careful work, in which all the more important portions of the building are beautifully illustrated.

This noble building furnishes admirable examples of every period of architecture. The walls are in great measure composed of Roman bricks and tiles, taken from the walls of the adjoining town of Verulamium, which had been carefully selected by the last Saxon Abbots in anticipation of the rebuilding of the Church. There are many other examples in England where Roman materials have been used for the constructive portions of early Ecclesiastical edifices, as at Brixworth, Northamptonshire, and St. Botolph's Priory Church, Colchester. The earliest ornamental portion of the existing building is probably to be found in the transepts, where, in the triforium, are to be seen a series of balusters of the Saxon type, which are said to have been preserved from the original Church of King Offa, when the Abbey was rebuilt by Abbot Paul in the year 1077. This theory is to a certain extent supported by the fact that these balusters do not seem to fit into or belong to their present position, and they may therefore have been retained from the earlier building, though they might very well belong to Abbot Paul's time, as similar balusters exist in two churches at Lincoln, which are know to have been built after the period of the Norman Conquest.

Shortly after the battle of Hastings, the Abbot, by his opposition to William the Conqueror, fell into disgrace; but Abbot Paul, of Caen, having been appointed in the year 1077, at once commenced the rebuilding of the Church, on a scale far grander than anything which had been previously attempted. Archbishop Lanfanc had already set the example by rebuilding the Cathedral at Canterbury, of which the crypt is still remaining, though it has been asserted that not a vestige of his work now exists, the Cathedral having been entirely rebuilt by Priors Ernulph and Conrad, at the commencement of the twelfth century. Great works were also in progress at Norwich, Rochester, and Winchester Cathedrals, of which we have considerable remains at the present time, but the design carried out at St. Albans was of a more ambitious character than that of any of the co-eval buildings.*

The remains of Abbot Paul's work are the magnificent central tower, by far the grandest Norman tower in England; the western portion of the north and south presbytery aisles, the transept choir and choir aisles to the west of the tower, and the six eastern bays on the north side of the nave. The architecture is of a massive and plain type, the walls being of great thickness, and the piers of unusual size; the windows are also larger than are generally found in Norman architecture. The tower arches are very lofty, and in the choir, nave, and transepts we have the usual arrangement of triforium and clerestory above the main arcade. The whole of this portion of the fabric, including the core of the piers, arches, &c., is composed of Roman brick and tile, obtained from the old town of Verulamium as above mentioned, as furnishing the most convenient quarry in a part of the country where no building stone is to be obtained. The outer and inner surfaces seem to have been covered with a thin layer of plaster, and the inner walls and arches were probably adorned with decorative painting and masonry patterns, of which possibly there are some remains, though the extensive system of mural painting still existing on the Norman arches, etc., was probably for the most part executed in the latter half of the twelfth or beginning of the thirteenth century.

The next work in point of date is probably of the time of Abbot Robert de

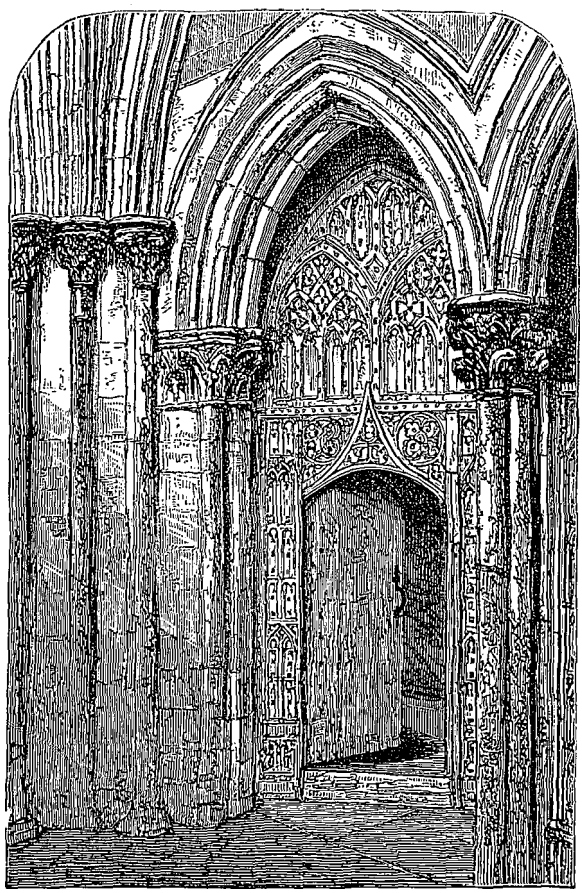
* The Church of the Great Abbey of Bury St. Edmunds has the reputation of having been the longest Norman building ever erected, though it is known that the Norman nave of Winchester Cathedral extended farther westward than the existing one now does; but these works were both later than St. Albans, the only original work at Winchester Cathedral remaining in the transepts.

Gorham, and is to be found in the passage on the south side of the south transept, commonly called "The Slype." Here we have in either wall of the passage a very elaborate arcade of interlacing Norman arches; the arches themselves are ornamented with a series of large knots, and on the face of one or two of them is a beaded pattern, called in "The Glossary of Architecture" the interrupted arched, which is, it is believed, unique. The capitals are also much enriched with carvings of groups of figures, beaded foliage, etc. The architectural features of the Chapter House, to which allusion has already been made, prove it to be of about the same date as the "Slype," and of about the year 1160.

The elaborate system of decorative painting round the Norman arches, within and round some of the windows, and on the vaulting of portions of the aisles, probably date from the end of the twelfth century. The only colours used are red, crimson, and a dull ochre yellow, arranged as masonry patterns round the arches, and with a wonderful variety of chevrons, lozenges, and floral ornaments within the soffit or under side of the arches; also bands painted in imitation of cables, and ornamented with vine leaves and other decoration round the heads of the windows and arches, and in several cases imitation shafts with painted foliated capitals. Within the spandril of the arch opening from the south transept to the south presbytery aisle is painted a seraph of a type similar to those to be found in the Crypt Chapel at Canterbury Cathedral; at Kempley, Gloucestershire; and Copford, Essex. The decorative painting at St. Albans is far more complete and elaborate than can be found in any other Ecclesiastical edifice in England of this period, and furnishes an admirable example of the manner in which our churches were beautified by painting even at this early period.

Towards the close of the twelfth century, Abbot John de Cella, probably fired by a praiseworthy zeal to emulate the magnificent style of architecture in which Bishop Hugh had commenced the rebuilding of his cathedral at Lincoln, formed the ambitious design of reconstructing the nave of the Church. How far his design was carried out is very uncertain. We know, however, that he removed the roof and pulled down the western portion of the nave; that he then commenced at the west end, and that his work was of the most exquisite and elaborate character; in fact, so expensive were his designs that, as we learn from Matthew Paris, he exhausted every possible channel for obtaining funds, and numerous mishaps to his new work occurred, which, combined with the disappointment engendered by his inability to carry out the work, finally caused him to abandon the scheme, and, it is said, broke his heart, and it was left to his successor, William de Trumpington, to complete the work on a far simpler plan. The scheme of John de Cella certainly contemplated the erection of two western towers, the foundations of which still remain, though there is no evidence to show whether they were both or either completed. The general design would seem to have been somewhat similar to that now existing at Wells Cathedral, where we find work of about the same date. The only portion of the work of de Cella now remaining are the three splendid western porches; only the central one is now complete, and the stonework of this is unfortunately much mutilated and decayed. A large fifteenth century arch has been built on its exterior face, and at this time probably, when the large western window was put in, the high pedimented gable was destroyed, and the roof of the porch lowered to its present pitch. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the design of de Cella's work. The central porch, with its beautiful arcade of trefoil-headed arches, the shafts and foliated capitals of Purbeck marble, the three niches above the doorways and those over the arcades at the sides, can compare with the most beautiful architectural works of this or any other period in England. The great western Galilee porch at Ely Cathedral is of the same date and very similar in design. The north and south-west porches have had their exterior

portions cut away, and till quite recently were concealed by a blank wall, which has now been partially removed; they are also of most admirable design, and are, as in the case of the central porch, enriched with Purbeck marble shafts, and beautifully foliated capitals, also with elegant arcading and a profusion of the dogtooth moulding—the distinctive ornament of the early part of the thirteenth century. Springing from the piers at the back of the marble shafts are rows of beautiful crockets imitating bunches of foliage; they much resemble the details to be found in Italian architecture, and are of an unique character in England. At Lincoln Cathedral, in the eastern transepts, in a similar manner crockets spring from the main piers at the back of the clustered columns. A considerable amount of blue colouring



THE WESTERN PORCH.

still remains on the mouldings of these porches. It is probable that the upper part is the work of Abbot Trumpington, and not of de Cella.*

* The movement which has been recently instituted to make an appeal to English Freemasons to subscribe towards the restoration of the west front of St. Alban's Cathedral, as a memorial to St. Alban, the first reputed English Mason, and the founder of the first Masonic Guild in England, especially contemplates the restoration of these three beautiful porches. The greatest care will, it is to be hoped, be taken in dealing with such admirable work, so that the character of the ancient details may be retained unimpaired by unnecessary modern additions. The appeal will, we trust, meet with a generous response, so that a worthy memorial of St. Alban and the Craft of the present day may be carried out,

After John de Cella's death Abbot William de Trumpington, who ruled the Monastery from 1214 to 1235, continued the work and completed the rebuilding of the western portion of the nave. His work is of a far simpler character than that of de Cella; no Purbeck marble shafts and no unnecessary ornamentation was introduced. The design is, however, very beautiful, the engaged shafts supporting the arches with their bold and deeply-cut mouldings, the double arches in the triforium highly enriched with dogtooth, and the well-proportioned lancets in the clerestory formed into a continuous arcade on the exterior, present a combination which cannot fail to excite the admiration of all who take an interest in our English Ecclesiastical architecture. The brackets or corbels supporting the groining shafts of the roof, which Abbot Trumpington probably erected, are most exquisitively carved. Some of the windows in the south transept and in the aisles, all enriched with the dog-tooth ornament, also belong to this period.

It was during this time that we read that one Walter de Colchester, a celebrated painter, was employed in beautifying the Church. We probably have remains of his work in some of the unique series of paintings of the Crucifixion, to be found on the western faces of the Norman piers on the north side of the nave. There are five in all. The eastern one seems to be the earliest, and may have been painted at the end of the twelfth century. Below the Crucifixion is the not very common subject of the Coronation of the Virgin. The next three, which vary in style and date (the eastern being the earliest), represent the Crucifixion above and the Annunciation below. The one on the western Norman pier also pourtrays the Crucifixion—the figures of our Saviour and of the Virgin and of St. John are painted black, and it has been suggested that a special sanctity attached to this painting. The work of Trumpington suddenly terminates at this pier, the upper part of which has been cut away, and the early English capital and a portion of the column inserted. It is supposed that there was a desire to preserve this painting, and thus at this point the work of rebuilding the nave was arrested.

After the death of William de Trumpington the work of rebuilding was steadily continued by his successor, John de Hertford (1235 to 1260). During his Abbacy the Presbytery, or Choir, to the east of the tower, and the Retrochoir, or Feretory, where now stands the noble shrine of St. Alban, were constructed. The advance in the style from the work of Trumpington is very clearly defined by the lighter and more slender mouldings, and the more acutely pointed arches, which much resemble those in Westminster Abbey, with which they correspond in date. The groined roof also probably belongs to this period, though we know that the painting at present existing on it was either first executed or thoroughly restored by John de Whetehamstede, in the fifteenth century. The large windows on the north and south sides are very interesting, as showing one of the earliest examples of the approaching transition from the early English, or first pointed, to the Decorated—second pointed, or Geometrical style of architecture, as it is variously denominated. The beautiful east window of the Presbytery was probably completed by Abbot Roger de Norton (1260 to 1290), the immediate successor of John de Hertford, as this window affords us an admirable example of the pure Geometrical style of architecture. It is probable that at this time the first addition was made to the building, the work previously described being simply a rebuilding in the style of the period on the ground plan of Abbot Paul's original Church. This addition was the Ante-Chapel, built on at the east end of the Retrochoir and presbytery aisles, and intended as a vestibule to the Lady Chapel, which was probably projected at this time. The Ante-Chapel consists of a central portion and north and south aisles, which form the eastern portions of the presbytery aisles, and were, as was commonly the case, the sites of special altars. These chapels are separated from the central portion by two decorated arches,

and remain as a proof to future generations of Freemasons of the beneficence and importance of the Brethren of the latter part of the nineteenth century.

supported on a lofty octagonal central column. A very beautiful arcade, varying on the north and south sides, runs round along the wall, and at their eastern end is a very beautiful window of the pure Geometrical style, that in the south Chapel being especially admired for the elegance of its composition. This window has, unfortunately, been renewed, with the exception of the tracery in the upper portion, and the new appearance of the stone work, and also the fact of the mullions being more massive than those originally existing, detract much from its interest. The work in the Ante-Chapel was probably completed during the abbacy of John de Berkhamstede (1290 to 1301), and the Lady Chapel commenced by his successor, John de Marynes (1301 to 1308), though mainly built during the period when Abbot Hugh de Eversdon presided over the Monastery, viz., from 1308 to 1326.

This Lady Chapel, sad though its present state is, is justly regarded as a gem of architectural art, and great must have been the enlightened mind which was able to design so intricate and elegant a work. There are numerous points which even in this superficial sketch deserve special mention. A very beautiful arch opens from the Ante-Chapel to the Lady Chapel, and on the west wall on either side of it, and on the north and south walls of the chapel immediately within the arch, are rich canopied niches, formerly containing effigies of saints, and with beautiful foliage in the upper portion, still shewing considerable traces of the gilding with which it was once enriched. Foliage of a similar character, though rather earlier, is to be found at Southwell Minster, in Nottinghamshire. On either side of the Chapel are three windows, all very beautiful in their design, and all differing in the arrangement of the mullions. Within the splay of the windows are a series of small niches containing statuettes of saints, and on the jambs and within the splays of the windows is a profusion of the ball flower ornament—the distinctive moulding of the Decorated period. In this example the ball flowers are joined by a twining stem, which very much increases the beauty of the design. This is certainly the finest example, and also one of the earliest, of a not at all common form of decoration. Other examples of the ball flower ornaments connected by a twining stem are to be found round the lantern of Ely Cathedral, built by Alan de Walsingham about this same time round the parapet of the south porch at Bishop Canning's Church, Wiltshire; also at Bloxham, Oxfordshire; Rushden, Northamptonshire; Over, Cambridgeshire; and about twenty other examples might be adduced. On the exterior of the Lady Chapel, the cornice, though much mutilated, shews the same design, the ball flowers being mixed up with heads and other devices, but all are connected by a similar twining stem. 'Besides the rich ornamental carving, the splays of the windows have been further decorated with elegant arabesque patterns painted on a red ground, and probably co-eval with the windows. On the south of the altar are three beautiful canopied sedilia, of the late Decorated period, being of a date subsequent to the earlier portions of the Chapel; these, from their height, have interfered with the eastern window on the south side, of which only the upper sides now remain, terminated and joined by a cross transom so as to form a triangle, each of the sides being curved outwards. A beautiful wheel window at Boyton Church, Wiltshire, encloses four similar triangles. Within the triangle is a wheel or circle, containing very rich tracery. The eastern window is perhaps one of the most elaborate designs in the Cathedral. Within, and partly filling up the upper mouldings, which are very beautiful in their arrangement, are inserted small crocketed canopies, adding greatly to the richness of the general details of the window. Only three other examples of this arrangement are known in England, viz., at Merton College Chapel, Oxford; Dorchester Church, Oxfordshire; and Barnack, Northamptonshire. Such are the most remarkable points of interest in this beautiful Lady Chapel; and, it is hoped, that in the course of the restoration which is now being slowly carried on, the

exquisite and intricate details of the work will meet with the care and consideration which they so thoroughly merit.

It was about this time, viz., about 1320, that the Norman bays on the south side of the nave suddenly fell. Abbot Hugh de Eversdon at once commenced the rebuilding, and the beautiful arches now remaining at the east end of the south side of the nave are of his time. The design was evidently intended to harmonise with the earlier work of William de Trumpington, the arches being of the same proportions, and the triforium and clerestory being also on the same plan as the earlier work. The columns and capitals are almost exact copies of the older work; but the mouldings of the arches are more numerous and less bold, and the enrichments of the triforium arches are more elaborate though less effective than Trumpington's work.

The main structural work, as now existing, was thus completed; and though succeeding Abbots made some minor additions and alterations in the particular style of their respective periods, no more important changes were made in the fabric of the Abbey Church.

To Richard de Walyngforde (1325 to 1335) or to Michael de Mentmore (1335 to 1349) has been ascribed the rebuilding of the great Cloister, the ornamental panelling of which still remains on the exterior of the south wall of the nave. To this period Bro. Neale also assigns the beautiful shrine of St. Alban, so recently discovered and so admirably put together by our respected Bro. J. Chapple, the Clerk of the Works. As is now well known, the numerous fragments of the shrine were found closed up in the west wall, which bounded the footpath through the Ante-Chapel, now happily diverted round the east end of the Lady Chapel. The whole shrine is composed of Purbeck marble, and is a very beautiful specimen of pure Decorated architecture. There is a lower panelled table with four quatrefoils on the north and south, and one on the east and west sides. Above is an arcade of cinquefoil-headed arches, within richly carved and feathered canopies, and above again is a cornice, with foliage and other ornaments. Within the arches are a series of panels with a delicate network of tracery and remains of gilding and red and blue colouring on them. The whole surface of the shrine is covered with ornaments, figures of the founder and others on pedestals, the martyrdom of St. Alban, censing angels, etc. Within the lower arcade were probably exhibited some of the relics of the Saint, while the "feretrum" or portable shrine was placed on the top of the present structure, and was only carried about on grand festivals, and then only the important relics it contained were shown. The whole composition is of remarkable merit, and should be carefully studied by all who visit this noble building. In its arrangement it must have been very similar to the earlier and more perfect shrine of St. Edward the Confessor, still remaining at Westminster Abbey. The celebrated shrine of St. Thomas à Becket, at Canterbury Cathedral, also occupied a similar position, and, from the appearance of the present pavement, seems to have been somewhat similar, in size and character, to the examples at St. Albans and Westminster Abbey.

During the long rule of Thomas de la Mere the stone screen between the nave and choir was erected, above which formerly hung the Holy Rood, viz., a large sculpture of our Saviour on the Cross, with the Virgin Mary and St. John on either side. The shrine of St. Amphibalus, which has also been recently discovered, belongs to this date. It is composed of white stone, and the style of architecture is very curious and of quite a foreign type. Abbot de la Mere seems to have brought over some Flemish artists. His own magnificent brass, one of the finest in England, was probably executed during his lifetime, and is undoubtedly of Flemish workmanship. It is now placed in the Chantry Chapel of Abbot Whetehamstede, and is remarkable for the fact that the rich enamelled brass covers the whole surface of the stone, instead of being let into portions only of the slab, as in the great majority of instances.

This distinction marks the foreign character of the work, and the well-known examples at St. Margaret's, King's Lynn, and at Newark, of similar design, are all known to have been of Flemish workmanship. At North Mimms Church, Hertfordshire, is the brass of a priest, so nearly coinciding in date and character with that of Abbot de la Mere, that it is most probably by the same hand.

Mention should here be made of the series of the matrices of the brasses of other Abbots and great personages now let into the pavement before the high altar. With few exceptions the brass plates have been torn from their bed in the stone, but it is possible from their outline to assign a probable date to them, and appropriate some to the Abbots whom they are intended to commemorate. One by the inscriptions running round the slab have been proved to be in memory of John de Berkhamstede. Another slab is nearly 13ft. long, and another very little smaller; and these when perfect must have been among the very finest brasses in the kingdom. At Canterbury Cathedral are also the matrices of numerous very fine brasses; but the only existing and perfect specimen of the brass of an ecclesiastic of a size to compare with these is one of Bishop Robert Wyvil, in Salisbury Cathedral.

It is probable that at this time also the four large mural paintings on the south face of the four western Norman piers on the north side of the nave were executed, as the various figures are under canopies similar to that on the brass of Abbot de la Mere. The figures are all very large, and represent: (i.) on the western pier, St. Christopher, as he is usually depicted, bearing the infant Saviour over the water. This is a common subject in mural paintings, and one which in the fifteenth century is supposed to have been painted in a conspicuous place on the walls of nearly every church in England; many examples still remain. (ii.) St. Thomas of Canterbury (à Becket), also a not uncommon subject in mural paintings (for list of other examples see *Archæological Journal*, vol. xxxv., pp. 278-279); (iii.) St. Citha or Osyth; and (iv.) Edward the Confessor relieving St. John, who is in the guise of a pilgrim. This last, from an inscription below it, has been thought to be a portrait of William Toode, a bailiff of St. Albans, and Joan his wife, and not to be of earlier date than 1440; but it more probably represents St. Edward, as, has been suggested, no examples of contemporary portraits in mural paintings being known to exist in England in so conspicuous a position.

It was during the rule of Abbot de la Mere that the Decorated style of architecture began to give place to the Perpendicular, which has been called the specially English style of architecture. In this style was built the great Abbey Gatehouse, still standing at the west end of the church, a massive structure which has since been converted into various uses, such as the town gaol, etc.

The next improvements to the fabric seem to have been made by John de Whetehamstede, who, with an interval of ten years, presided over the Monastery from 1420 to 1464. In his time the watching loft on the north side of the Retrochoir was erected, a wooden construction adorned with very quaint carvings, in which the monks could keep watch at night over the shrine of St. Alban. An inscription on the east side of the eastern tower arch records that this abbot had the ceiling of the Presbytery painted with the "Agnus Dei" and the Eagle of St. John, in allusion to his titular saints—St. John the Baptist and St. John the Evangelist. This painting still remains in perfect condition. The ceiling of the Choir to the west of the tower is also said by some to have been painted in Whetehamstede's time, though by other authorities its date is placed at about 1390. The present beautiful ceiling was only recently accidentally discovered under a more modern system of colouring, similar to that (?) still existing in the nave. The ceiling is flat, and divided into square panels, on each of which is an angel holding a shield charged with the arms of some royal or special benefactor to the Abbey, and

encircled by a scroll, on which is a sentence from the "Te Deum." It is also recorded that in his time the Lady Chapel was embellished with painting, and a small portion of the painted roof remains. The ceiling of the Ante-Chapel has also been painted, and some traces of colour still remain.

At this time, also, the beautiful monument of Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, on the south side of the Retrochoir, was erected. Abbot Whetehamstede was a personal friend of the great duke, the honest Protector of his nephew King Henry VI. It is a curious fact that, though he could safely have expressed a severe opinion as to the cause of the sudden death of the duke, he furnishes us with the only contemporary testimony that the duke died a natural death, caused by excessive mental grief and anxiety; whereas all the other writers of this period boldly assert that the sudden death of the duke was owing to foul play. The monument which originally formed the north side of a Chantry Chapel is a very beautiful specimen of Perpendicular work, adorned with rich canopies, numerous heraldic shields, etc. It is said to have been formerly decorated with colour. On the south side of the high altar is the Chantry Chapel of John de Whetehamstede, erected during his life time, of very plain character, and now occupied by the brass of Abbot de la Mere. At this time, also, were inserted the large windows at the end of the transepts and at the west end of the nave; and it is probable that at this time, also, the nave roof, about which there has recently been so unfortunate a controversy, was lowered to its present pitch. The western doors also seem to belong to this period.

The noble high altar screen was erected by William de Walyngforde (1476 to 1484). On this screen was formerly fixed a celebrated silver cross, the position of which can be distinctly traced. The screen is ornamented with numerous canopied niches, formerly containing images, and much adorned with colour. It is of the same character as those remaining at Winchester Cathedral; at Christchurch Priory Church, Hampshire; and St. Saviour's, Southwark; and is certainly equal in beauty of design to any of these contemporary examples. During this abbacy the chapel of St. Saviour was added on the south side of the Lady Chapel, a small structure, shewing clearly the decline in art which was now rapidly setting in.

The only other addition worthy of mention is the fine Chantry of Abbot Ramridge (1492 to 1524), on the north side of the Presbytery. This is perhaps the finest example of late Perpendicular architecture remaining, and exhibits in its details very clearly the influence which the Italian or Classical style was beginning to assert—a style which, for a subsequent period of 300 years, entirely superseded the Gothic architecture, which the improved taste of the present day has again learned to appreciate and admire.

When we read the letter of remonstrance directed by Cardinal Morton, Archbishop of Canterbury, in the time of Henry VII., to the then Abbot of St. Albans, admonishing him on account of the extreme profligacy which was being openly indulged in by the Abbot and the Monks, we can hardly expect to find much money or reverential care expended on the Abbey Church at that time. There can be no doubt that if, as pointed out by Mr. Froude in an article in one of his works called "Short Studies on Great Subjects," the state of St. Alban's Abbey was a fair specimen of the moral condition of the religious houses at the commencement of the sixteenth century, the action of Henry VIII. in dissolving the Monasteries, even though partially prompted by unworthy motives, was fully justified by the monstrous immorality which was being committed in these establishments, which had been originally founded by great and pious men to the glory of God and for the religious instruction and improvement of the people.

Such is a superficial account of the architectural details of the noble Abbey Church of St. Alban's, which has been fortunately preserved to our time through the generosity of a certain clothier named Stump, who, at the

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time of the Reformation, came forward and purchased the Abbey Church, which he then presented as a parish church to the town. Since his time much damage has been done by mistaken zeal, neglect, and bad taste; but we still have remaining a structure which, from the admirable details of its various parts, will form a constant object of admiration to those who take a genuine interest in our English Ecclesiastical architecture.

BEATRICE.

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

CHAPTER X.

THOSE were days of much excitement at Cayley when we used to meet and talk over what was doing, what was going to happen, and what would actually be the upshot of everything. I am afraid that our little gatherings sat long, and were all but interminable in their consumption of small talk and cigarettes, in their "outcome" of tobacco-smoke and cooling liquids.

There is nothing which so "wets" burning "moral indignation" as plenty of company, sympathy, and creature comforts; there is "au contraire" little that so stamps out everything sentimental as silence, solitude, the bare board, and short commons. This, though apparently a paradox, is the truth; at any rate it is in matters that concern the "sayings and doings" of us all, the hopes and dreams of wayward youth, the associations of society, and the personal longings and aspirations and rights and wrongs of humanity—both the abstract and the concrete in those petty affairs which make up, nevertheless, the "bone and the marrow" of this sublunary scene.

I hope that I have expressed myself correctly, and not laid myself open, above all, to the learned reproofs of Dr. Dryasdust, or the caustic criticism of Professor Cockroach!

We were all sitting round a little table in the best room of the "Royal Oak," in much curiosity if in high spirits. Twamley, as usual as he said was intent on developing of science, and proving the value of natural history by expatiating on the sanitary influences of tobacco, when Brummer came in in the greatest state of excitement in which I ever beheld my worthy friend, or probably ever shall behold him. Good old Brummer, despite queerness of manner and verbiage, and habits and opinions, had a warm heart within, and he was fairly now roused, and his whole identity pervaded by a sense of intolerable wrong.

"Oh, my friends," he said, sharply, half in English and half in German, "Clinker is come, and is of opinion dat it is a very bad case. I have therefore telegraphed at once to the 'little gentleman in black' I once mentioned to you; not de Teufel, let me observe, for I see that infamous fellow Twamley is grinning, but a very useful and important member of society. Besides, as Clinker tells me, Grogwitz is here himself; they are either on the eve of success, or contemplating some great villany. De female Grogwitz and de little jackhal are generally enough, but when they stick fast, as they sometimes do, in de mud, den de great Grogwitz comes himself."

"Ah," but said Twamley, "I wish I knew what you mean to do. Grogwitz I suppose will say it's all fair and 'special agency,' etc., and what can we do? nay, for the matter of that, how can the police interfere?"

"Ah, vell, my friend," replied Brummer, "dere are tings not known of in your philosophy. Wat we are to do is—this, to get these worthies out of

Cayley with the least possible delay, and that is why I have summoned Clinker here, and that is precisely what will be the end which the 'little gentleman in black' hopes to accomplish."

"I have already spoken to our own superintendant, and he is quite ready to help us, if only he sees an opening. But as you, my most learned Medico, most truly observe—the affair is a very difficult one, as we say in Germany, full of 'schwierigkeit.'"

"By the way," he said, "don't you think we had better see Clinker?"

To this proposal there was an unanimous assent, and Mr. Clinker was properly introduced and warmly received by what Mr. Weller would call the "assembled selections." He modestly said he should "not object" to a glass of B. and S., and being provided with a pipe, for—as Brummer remarked, "he has, like myself, a weakness for that excellent institution to which so much of the comfort of society may fairly be attributed,"—he gave his opinion in the following lucid sentences.

"It is a very bad case, gentlemen, a very bad case indeed. You have to deal with as big a———(well, never mind,) as lives on the earth, and as for the woman, gentlemen, she is about the most dangerous party I know of. I don't think so much of Kirschenwasser. His habits render him useless, and he is such an ass that he never does anything right, so that he need not be feared at all. Of course their game is clear, and the only thing for us to do is to checkmate them at once. To tolerate their impertinence, or to wink at their wickedness, is the height of folly and recklessness, as they will only add villany to villany, and insolence to insolence."

"In fact," Twamley put in, "vires acquirunt enudo," but as he was requested unanimously to "shut up," Clinker went on,

"I understand from Mr. Brummer he has something to say to these parties, and if the same view is entertained by certain individuals whom Mr. Brummer has asked to pay us a visit from London, I think we shall soon see them say farewell—yes, a 'long farewell'—to Cayley. But as I have a good deal to do, you'll excuse me, gentlemen, if I wish you all good morning," and, gravely bowing, Mr. Clinker withdrew. So that little "caucus" broke up, only to meet in the afternoon under still more excited circumstances, for in the meantime Patey had amused himself by carrying the war into the enemy's quarters, and had a bit of a "scrimmage" with Mr. Kirchenwasser, which did not improve that worthy individual's personal appearance, or tend to his personal comfort, but which that promising young man, with much worldly wisdom, wished not to have talked about more than was necessary.

We had all gone in to one of Mrs. Mortimer's afternoon teas, and found that every one was in an undoubted state of excitement. Mr. Miller looked very sedate and not comfortable, I thought, though he took a deal of snuff, Mrs. Mortimer seemed bothered, while Beatrice, and Morley, and Twamley, and Miss Jane Morley, and Mr. Lacy, and Miss Merewether, and Mr. Carruthers, and Fraulein Lisette, all were in the highest spirits, the only persons rather puzzled or pondering being Brummer and myself, the doctor and his wife. Indeed, as Mr. Miller was a good patient of the doctor's, it was quite clear that for some reason or other that very worthy individual did not approve of Mr. Morley's proceedings, and his good wife took a very lachrymose view of things in general and marriage in particular, especially in the case of Morley and Beatrice.

"Don't you think, Mr. Tomlinson," she said to me, as we were all looking on at the croquet, "that impecunious marriage is a bad thing?"

"Yes," I said, "my dear madam, but still I can tell you a worse thing by a long way,—loveless marriage."

"Ah," she said, "there is so much sentiment in the idea of matrimony. Young people fancy themselves in love, and they marry, and they have nothing to live on, and their friends have to keep them. There would be much less

unhappiness in the world if prudence and forethought were more considered in our matrimonial arrangements, if people were not allowed to marry unless their present was comfortable and their future provided for."

"I don't agree with you, most agreeable of preachers," I replied. "Society is in a very 'hard and fast' way of mercenary desperation just now. It is not virtue, or talent, or kindness, or compatibility of disposition, or mutual likes and harmonising tastes, which are the 'inducements' to matrimony. Money and money, how much they have, what they can afford, how they can live, what they can do—these are the motive causes, the salient arguments for the matrimonial voyage. Now, without depreciating money or deprecating a 'quantum suff,' I have a strong conviction, after some experience, that the happiest couples are those who start on 'moderate means,' humble even as this world regards them, who learn to 'bear and forbear,' and who appreciate the luxury both of doing without much and being able to obtain more. For a young man and young woman to begin life's journey with great wealth, not knowing the value of money, not counting the limit of gold, is too often utterly destructive of after happiness. But to learn to live together on mutual dependence and trust, to share each others' wants, wishes, longings, pleasures, is a good trial for us all, and serves to make that marriage a prosperous and a contented one, where normal well-to-do-edness with moderate wealth is the rule, and abnormal means with a full exchequer is the exception. Besides, our young people want to remember that money is, after all, one, though a needful, ingredient, no doubt, in personal contentment, not everything—no, not by a 'long chalk,' as our young men have it—and too often turns to utter dross, and ends in dust and ashes for those who seek to make it the link of affection, or the end of happiness here."

"Ah, my dear madam," I said at last, "let us set our faces against that material and mercenary view of things, which, in my humble opinion, is the reason why so many marriages turn out so ill, and why couples who might be the happiest of the happy here often end their career in bitterness, and tears, and severance for ever.

Brummer, who had come up while I was speaking, here chimed in.

"Yes," he said, "ma chere madame, I agree with my friend Tomlinson dat marriage is a very peculiar institution, very delicate, very dubious. I hope I do not offend you; for who can tell how two people can get on together? and den dere is no possible separation, remember; no change, no practicable agreement to be quit of each other. No, there you are tied together, for good or evil, for your lives, and if you don't get on well, wat den? If you do it's all right. Many a young man or young woman struck with dis or dat, thinks dat he or she is in love, and goes and gets married. Himmel, they forget dat they have mutually to see de same face, to hear de same voice, to share in de same life, to form one of de same tête á tête for ever here below, and den, after a little, when sentiment is over, and when novelty is forgotten, dey find dat dey have made a great mistake, a very great one indeed, de greatest of all mistakes, for which there is no remedy, no cure. So dat if peoples marry thoughtlessly it is very bad; if peoples marry for money it is still worse, and de only possible chance of matrimonial happiness lies in dis one little fact, dat mutual affection and mutual sympathy are de foundation stone of that gay and glittering building which Hymen raises. I have known many people repent of being married, but I have never known a case where, if one of de two, or both, happily, had good principles, there was not some consolation to be found, when all else was of the darkest and the dreariest around."

"What makes you all look so serious?" said Twamley coming up, "and what in the name of the 'beaux yeux' of 'Madame Dottore' are you talking about so grandly?"

"We are talking about marriage," I said.

"Marriage," replied Twamley, "well, that is enough to make any body look blue and be very serious. I don't so far know anything about it myself. I have great doubts about it, but if I do ever venture on that 'perilous sea,' it will be with a 'little craft' of my own, 'all taut,' as the sailors say."

"Aha, Master Twamley," I put in, "so you, too, are thinking of the journey to 'Castle Dangerous,' are you?"

"I said not so," was that ingenuous youth's reply, "and if you wish to hear what my views on this most important subject really are, I'll give them to you confidentially this evening."

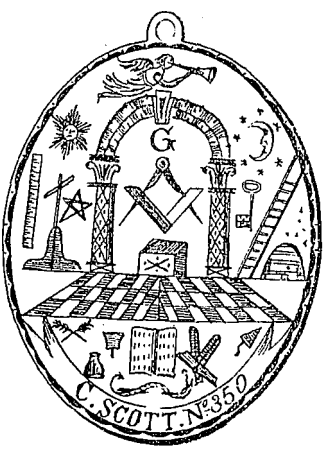
And so, kind readers, you must wait until the next chapter.

(To be continued.)

CURIOUS MASONIC JEWELS.

WILLIAM JAMES HUGHAN.

In my "Numerical and Numismatical Register of Lodges," just published, I allude to a curious jewel sent me by our lamented Bro. Commander Scott, R.N. Since then the editor of the *Masonic Magazine* has seen it, and who, thinking it valuable, as I do, has had it engraved for his numerous readers to study for themselves.



OBVERSE.



REVERSE.

Its exact age is not known, but it is probably of the latter part of the last century. When it came into the possession of the father of Commander Scott, he had his name engraved thereon. From him it came to his son, and then to me. It is of silver, and weighs about three-quarters of an ounce. The engravings of the obverse and reverse are so accurate that I need not describe either, one having reference to the Craft, and the other chiefly to the Knights Templars' degree, which, some years ago, was frequently given under the wing of the Craft Charter, its presence being supposed to regularize any other Masonic meeting.

There are many silver jewels preserved in various collections, some being

in the Grand Library of the Supreme Council, 33°, London, and we know of several in the United States. We have drawings of many of these, some being at least a century and a half in age. Bro. Michael Furnell (Prov. G.M. of North Munster), some time deceased, had several curious sketches of old jewels, copies of which were kindly sent me by Bro. Dr. Bell, D. Prov. G.M. of North and East Yorkshire. They date from A.D. 1730 to late last century.

No. 1.—Date 5767 (A.D. 1767) on the coffin, has a number of Craft emblems engraved thereon, representing the usual surroundings of a Lodge. The *reverse* has a variety of emblems, some probably beyond the 3°.

No. 2.—Date 5730 (A.D. 1730), looks quite its age, the symbols being all antique and appertaining only to the three degrees. The *reverse* bears the singular legend—"The Glory of God is in keeping the Word." Within the border all is plain save the figures "1730" engraved.

No. 3.—Without date, refers to a variety of degrees—Craft, Ark Mariner, Arch, K. T., etc., on the obverse and reverse. A legend on the obverse cannot now be deciphered. It is possible one of the figures has reference to the Royal Order of Scotland. Probably engraved about A.D. 1770.

These three jewels are *oval*, and about the same size as the engraving already alluded to.

No. 4 is circular, having two Corinthian columns on a pedestal, above being the "All Seeing Eye," and between them a globe spanned by a pair of compasses. Motto—"*Virtute et taciturnutate.*" The *reverse* has 47th prob., Square, Level, and Plumb Rule, Compasses above, or rather over the Bible, above being the Sun and an open hand on each side (the palms to the observer), a ladder resting on the thumb of the *left*, and a sword on the thumb of the *right*. Motto—"*Amor* * * * * *benevolentia.*"

No. 5 is oval, but much smaller than the other, and refers mainly to the Royal Arch degree. *All apparently are of silver.*

We have been favoured with the sight of some valuable silver jewels, owned by Bro. James Newton, P.M., etc. (Bolton), one evidently being either an old Lodge or (more probably) Arch jewel. Legend on obverse—"*Sit lux et lux fuit.*" Reverse—"*Amor honor justitia.*" On one side are a number of columns artistically arranged, and on the other a building in course of completion, man ascending steps, etc.; various tools scattered about. Its weight is $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. Another weighs three-quarters of an ounce, but is larger than the present engraving, only much thinner than the jewel first described. Its character, however, is not remarkable.

I might mention others, but as they are noticed in my "Masonic Register," or would require a lengthy description, I must defer any more sketches for another opportunity. One very remarkable jewel has already appeared in the *Masonic Magazine*, now in use in the Humber Lodge, Hull. Its size makes it quite a giant amidst the ordinary medals.

FREEMASONRY.

LONG ere the shapeless earth had taken form,
Long ere the laughing stars in heaven were set,
Long ere the sulph'rous clouds, with lightning warm,
Had veiled with gloom the moon's pale coronet,
Before the sun's bright beams in glory met
The heaving ocean of chaotic space,
The corner-stone of Masonry, complete,
Was laid to guide the future human race
In paths of truth and wisdom, by Divine command.
Thus has it ever stood—thus will it ever stand.

At length the earth upheaved her rounded form,
The ocean sung his joys in thunders forth,
The sun burst through black clouds and struggling storm,
The stars smiled brightly on the budding earth—
Amid glad songs an universe had birth;
The mountains shouted gladly to the hills,
The laughing rivers gurgled forth their mirth,
While, softly answering, sung the little rills,
The tall palms, hymning low, their solemn music woke,
And proudly reared his monarch crown, the giant oak.

Nations came gladly forth, and breathed and died;
Proud dynasties arose and sunk again;
Still truth and wisdom, proudly, side by side,
Presided o'er the ever-changing plane
Of mundane greatness; while the linked chain
Of human events slowly glided by,
And as they passed, to nations, kings, and men,
Would they the *square* of *ordeal* apply;
While angels, waiting, gazed in rapture on our race,
And wrote the eternal record in the Holiest Place.

While yet the destinies of earth advanced,
And social bonds among mankind were wrought,
The SQUARE and COMPASS in men's minds enhanced
The noblest efforts of the noblest thought.
The truths of virtue, by those emblems taught,
Sunk deep into the bosoms of the great;
Their lessons pure, with wisdom ever fraught,
Did rule the destinies of man and state,
The hero, poet, sage, in admiration turns,
And from those emblems still a loftier wisdom learns.

Grandly, at length, an Altar doth arise;
The HOLY WORD, the COMPASS, and the SQUARE,
Are placed upon it: upward to the skies
Sweet incense doth ascend upon the air,
Mingled with tones of deep and earnest prayer.
Too holy is the scene for vulgar gaze,
For heavenly gifts are consecrated there;
In mystic veils doth wisdom shroud the blaze
Of the pure incense rising from the mystic shrine,
And whispers in soft tones, "'tis sacred! 'tis Divine!"

Forth go the wisest sages day by day,
And each beside that mystic Altar learns
To bow before, and his tribute lay
Upon its shrine; thus gently to it turns,
The spear of Washington, the lyre of Burns.
The man of learned lore towards it flies,
And an immortal name on earth he earns,
As he, in fond delight, "Eureka" cries.
Upon that sacred place, 'mid symbols deep enshrined,
Lies hid a mystery—the future of mankind.

Still may Masonic light for ever rise,
To guide us as through fading scenes we roam,
To that blest bourne above the azure skies—
That place of peace—that pure celestial home
Where light doth reign, where shadows never come,
Where angels in white robes, all waiting, stand,
To guide our spirits upward from the tomb,
And welcome us to their celestial band.
Upon the sacred Altar still may brightly shine
In peace, the THREE GREAT LIGHTS, with radiance divine.

TRYING TO CHANGE A SOVEREIGN.

IN TWO ESSAYS.

With Illustrations by the Author.

BY BRO. SAMUEL POYNTER, P.M. AND TREASURER BURGOYNE, NO. 902; P.M. ATHENÆUM, NO. 1491.

ESSAY THE FIRST.

INTRODUCTORY.

ATTEMPT I.

PART I.

THE CAPTAIN TURNS HIS BUCKLE.

IN mediæval times, and since, biting the thumb,* or turning the buckle of the belt, was an implied provocation intended to incite to a hostile encounter.

Nothing could be farther from the mind of the Captain and Lieutenant of the Household Brigade on duty as subaltern commanding the body guard at Buckingham Palace in the early evening of the 10th day of June, 1840, than a belligerent manifestation, when at 6.15, railway time, he turned the buckle of his sword-belt preparatory to unclasping the same; for that gallant officer was contemplating "mufti" and a stroll to the club.

You must understand that it was contrary to regulation to leave his post while Her Most Gracious young Majesty was within the walls; and indoors she had remained during her juvenile husband's trip to Woolwich, where he had been reviewing troops that fine summer afternoon.

Prince Albert passed through the gates on his return about four o'clock, and at a few minutes after six the guard was called upon to turn out as Royalty sallied forth for the usual ante-prandial drive in the park.

The vehicle carrying the illustrious pair was of that build which, since christened by the name of its chief occupant, is now known as a "Victoria." It was drawn by four horses controlled by two postillions. No military escort, only two mounted equerries, Colonel Buckley and Sir Edward Bowater, riding slightly in advance; no fuss; no need to make the slightest pretence of clearing the road. There is a crowd it is true, but a good-humoured, readily-accommodating, happy, cheering, well-dressed, populous mob of royalty-loving loungers. Now we have SIDNEY SMITH'S authority for saying that a

* See "Romeo and Juliet," act i., sc. 1.

mob is a mob, even if it be made up of bishops; but probably the demeanour of the Right Reverend Bench in enforced contiguity would—well, let us hope so—be a little more dignified and restrained than the bearing of a congregation of Whitechapel and Newgate Market butchers, and Kensal New Town roughs. You see there are mobs and mobs. Well, this particular mob or crowd was a very well-behaved assemblage, and as their fair young Queen—it seems a weak platitude, for it is a bald truth, to say the idol of her people—issued from her palace gates, with her handsome husband by her side, a something more than mere wild cheering—a thrill—an influence unexpressed and inexpressible, but felt, seems to us, as we who have arrived at middle life recall it now, to have anticipated the sublime apostrophe of her future glorious laureate:

> "Revered! Beloved! O you that hold
> A nobler office upon earth
> Than arms or power of brains or birth
> Could give the warrior kings of old!"

It is necessary, dear reader, that you should understand the egress from Victoria's town domicile as it appeared in those days.

The unsightly shop-front like screen of buildings, suggested, I believe, by the late Prince Consort, had not then been erected, and the fourth side of the square, facing the park, consisted of a light iron palisading, broken in the centre by the superb portal of the Marble Arch, now adorning the Tyburn Gate entrance to Hyde Park. This formed the "sublime porte" giving ingress and egress to Majesty. On either side, at some little distance from the centre, insignificant swing gates admitted dukes, footmen, officers of the Guards, equerries, tradesmen, knights' bannerets, the police on duty, baronets, the domestic servants and the followers of the females serving in that capacity, Serene Highnesses, and—and such small fry.

Between the piers of the Marble Arch, then, Her Majesty drove in among her adoring subjects.

Do you wonder that the people cheered? Consider. This comely young creature; this nation's hope; this more than "expectancy and rose of the fair state," was in the first golden glow of glorious womanhood. Not only was she invested with the interest that invariably surrounds a bride, for she was but four months, to a day, married; not only had she come, fair flower, to a throne from which she kept, everybody hoped for ever, a detested uncle, bearing a hated name; but there were people, scarce past middle age, in that expectant crowd, who could carry their minds back to the days when a fair girl, as intensely adored—like this sweet princess, looked up to as our Old England's pride—and, cut off in early bloom, was all too soon, alas, consigned, dust to dust, to a cold vault beneath the flaccid effigy, grand product of Canova's magic chisel, which enshrines her beloved memory 'neath the roof of St. George's Chapel at Windsor.

Surely, surely, *that* is a tomb "watered by a nation's tears."

. . . . . .

It was then, when the captain on guard saw the back of the carriage, that he gave a sigh of relief and—turned his buckle.

. . . . . .

Plate and eye of that vinculum had not parted company when the martial wearer became aware of external commotion.

There was a rush and a roar, and, if in a royal palace we may use such an expression, a "row," without the railings. "Something up, Sir," curtly, but not discourteously, said the old Scottish non-commissioned officer in subordinate charge of the guard at the gate, addressing his commander. The serjeant makes for the minor portal. The officer follows, and they see and they hear—

. . . . . .

Some very attenuated and rather shabbily clad legs and arms—limbs belonging apparently to one and the same human being, but so windmill-like,

swinging up and down, that they appear, á la Spectrope, or wheel of life, to be the members of twenty—are swaying about in the midst of a great crowd of excited people. They are the appendages of a man, or rather a boy, a male human being, now up, now down; a mob, and every individual in it trying to get a hit at the unhappy owner of the swaying limbs, to strike him, to claw him somewhere; striving eagerly, wildly, to clutch at his hair, to scratch his face, to tear his already sufficiently ragged garments. The blows aimed at the diminutive terror-stricken wretch fall as often as not on the tall glazed hats and the blue "claw-hammers" of two stalwart policemen who, the custodians of, defend their seedy prisoner, one on either side. I dare say the worthy peace officers had never heard of the obnoxious Dutch statesman who was torn to pieces by an enraged mob in the streets of Amsterdam some two hundred



years before, or they would have concluded that the assailants intended to "De Witt" their captive—a verb, converted from a proper noun—which for generations afterwards popularly expressed the unpleasant process of being torn limb from joint by an exasperated crowd.

Once or twice the constables have narrowly escaped "losing touch" of their prisoner; they have been nearly overborne by the seething, roaring people; they have been down on the ground, all three, captors and captive, rough and tumble; you can see that by earth-stains on constabulary obsolete white duck trousers. But they fight for the narrow wicket in the palace railings. Brave A.00 while clutching the trembling wrist of his prey with one hand, never relinquishes grasp with the other of a common horse pistol, with a huge percussion lock of now antique construction, converted in all probability from still more ancient flint and pan, a coarse weapon, with

blackened barrel, and smelling of recent discharge. "It was *smokin'* when it was given to me," A. roars through the railings to the rallying soldiers, looking eagerly behind as if to identify the individual who had thus enfeoffed him; the sturdy working-man in the crowd; half withdrawing as if bashful and ashamed of sudden notoriety, half advancing as if possessed of a curiosity too strong to be overcome, the idle artisan gazer at Royalty's gay progress who had wrenched that weapon and its fellow hot from the wretch's hand; he, frantically terrified little creature, whom the police drag with great difficulty through the narrow opening, closed by main force against the pressure of the indignant people by the guard within, pushed to in the faces of the roaring crowd whom the sentries without, strive, with crossed muskets, to force back from the iron barriers. Through this *grille* come the shrill screams of the women—"Monster!"—the term was probably suggested by the remembrance of the infamous Renwick Williams, who, in 1790, was convicted at the Old Bailey, of cutting ladies' dresses and wounding the fair wearers—innocent and unsuspecting promenaders of London thoroughfares—in a peculiar and revolting manner, fifty years before; but cockney criminal traditions are long-lived. "Monster!" "Wretch!" "Fiend!" "Hanging's too good for him!" "He'll be drawn and quartered!" "Good job too!" "I'll go and see it for one!" Then for a background of sound you have the hoarse adjurations of the men—"Kill him, guards!" "Bay'net him on the spot!" "Shoot him!" "Yah! yah!" "Why don't you order out a firin' party, Cap'en? there's a nice brick wall there, jist 'andy!" "Cuss 'im, coward!" and many other cockney imprecations. The piteously imploring object of this emphatic denunciation clings to his disgusted captors as his most trustworthy protectors. Do you want to know what he looked like? Well, I cannot exactly tell you. There is some idea on record of how he was imaged by the popular mind. It is HABLOT K. BROWNES's—our old friend Phiz's—sketch of him from the engraving representing the interior of Mrs. Jarley's wax-work show, where dear little Nell, wand in hand, is describing the effigies.*



Observe the white apron and pewter pot, accessories obviously intended to convey some connection with the licensed victualling trade. I think that on this memorable evening the bemauled potboy must have looked something like this.

Well, he is hurried across the quadrangle and out, still in close custody of course, by another gate. By some artifice the attention of the mob is distracted—diverted in another direction, and there is no longer any physical impediment to the stripling being "run in" to the Gardener Street Police Station, where he is presently charged before the inspector on duty—What with? What had the trembling and whining figure been doing?—the inspector says "up to?" Throwing stones? Breaking down the branches of the trees? Picking, or attempting to pick, promenaders' pockets? Smashing? † Well, something like it. Time was, not so very long before, when counterfeiting the king's coin, you know, or endeavouring to pass it as current, was a matter of High

* "Master Humphrey's Clock." First edition, vol. i., "The Old Curiosity Shop," p. 251.

† Smashing—archaic term—Passing, or attempting to pass counterfeit coin.—*Vide* Hotten's Slang Dictionary.

Treason. Now, this young man—he—*He* had been TRYING TO CHANGE A SOVEREIGN!!!

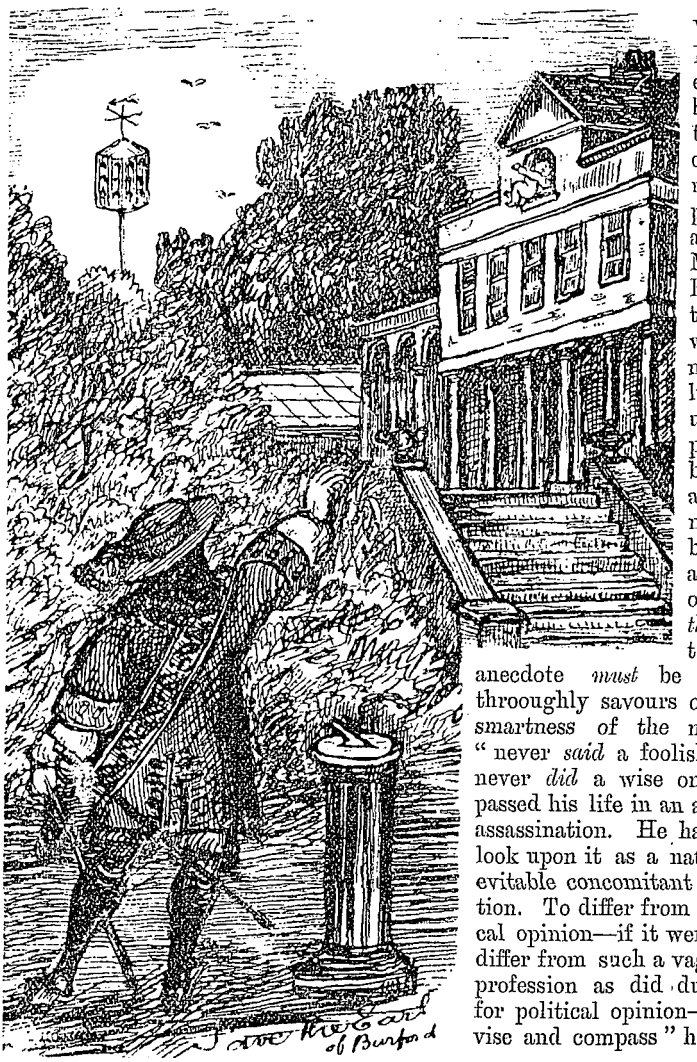
. . . . . .

It could not be "attempting to pass and utter, etc.," for the Sovereign *was*—Ah! let us in awful gratitude to Him who has the hearts of Kings in His rule and governance, and dost dispose and turn them as seemeth best to His godly wisdom; let us, nearly forty years since this sad day, after close upon forty years of wise, benign, wholesome, Christian rule; let us, my brethren, I repeat, be reverently thankful that we are still enabled to say, may we long be able to say, *is*—A GOOD SOVEREIGN!

. . . . . .

Part II.

A BAD SOVEREIGN.



When James, Duke of York, expressed to his Royal brother his concern at the numerous reported plots to assassinate His Majesty, old Rowley is said to have replied with more humour than politeness, "Be under no apprehension, brother; rest assured that nobody would be such a fool as to kill *me* in order to make *thee* king." I think this anecdote *must* be true. It so throughly savours of the caustic smartness of the monarch who "never *said* a foolish thing, and never *did* a wise one."* Charles passed his life in an atmosphere of assassination. He had learned to look upon it as a natural and inevitable concomitant of royal station. To differ from him in political opinion—if it were possible to differ from such a vague, nebulous profession as did duty with him for political opinion—was to "devise and compass" his death; for

* But see note *post*.

what more natural according to Stuart notions, when you cannot convince your opponent disputant, than to desire to brain him and put him out of the way of differing from you for ever. Thus, from the affair of the wretched ribbon weaver, the *ci-devant* Whitechapel "small-coal" man, JOHN JAMES, at the beginning of his reign* to the sad case of the heir of princely Bedford at the end, every political critic was regarded by the "merry monarch" as a latent regicide, while almost certainly during the whole five-and-twenty years the probable bearers of poignards and primed pistolets were to be found in foreign adventurers lisping lewd lays in the French or Italian tongue to the lute or viol de gambo, the black-browed scum of France and Italy, caressed in Whitehall, and idly gossipped with in the Mall.

Acquainted with assassination and the ways of assassins! Why, while in exile in the Low Countries, Charles, assuming the command of the Archers of Bruges, whose captain is, by traditional usage, called their king, taking this rank in order that his father's "asses"† might address him as "your Majesty," then, be it remembered, a comparatively modern title, and so, probably, the more highly esteemed, without embroiling the States of their High Mightinesses with a neighbouring potentate, he, of the wart on the nose, notorious for standing no nonsense—while enjoying this Bartlemy fair dignity—the saturnine swarthy wanderer—whom ALICE LEE, in Woodstock, you will remember, would not, with all her loyalty, admit to be other than hard featured—was not unfamiliar with the idea of danger from the knives and "hand-pieces" of fanatic precisians on a continental tour, "personally conducted," though, to do them justice, their political opponents in this matter "bettered their instruction," as witness, among others, the leading case of Dr. DORISLAUS. But I will hazard asserting the brief proposition that "Charley over the water" never lost a wink of sleep, or the enjoyment of a "lark" whenever the opportunity arose, whether in the shape of a bottle of Rhenish with a friend, or a flirtation with a fair and fat Fleming, from fear of being "potted" by a puritan's piece. The fact is, Charles the Second had no taint of the coward in his composition; and I am not asserting this as in any way to his credit. He had very little of the opposite quality about him either. With men like him cowardice or valour is but a matter of physical constitution—mental temperament. He was simply indifferent, self indulgent, lazy, phlegmatic. I am inclined to take his contemporary's (JOHN SHEFFIELD, Earl of Mulgrave, afterwards Duke of Buckinghamshire) view of his character, rather than to adopt the popular notion, and to believe that he was not even a *roué*, a voluptuary, in the sense in which the term is commonly, understood. It will seem surprising to many people to doubt that he was a man of warm passions. Yet, men of ardent disposition are commonly found the most sensitive to the torture of jealousy, but certainly this was a pang Charles never felt. His insusceptibility to this feeling was notorious. He is popularly supposed to have been passionately attached to Nell Gwynne. His reported dying entreaty, "not to let poor Nelly starve," is like moribund Nelson's expressed anxiety for another *ci-devant* Drury Lane heroine—historical; yet one of the best relished and most frequently aired jokes of that not too refined court, and let off without scruple in the presence of Royalty itself, who roared with laughter at it like the rest as often as it was repeated, was on the very delicate subject of the preference the lady exhibited for her military lover, Major Charles Hart, over her princely admirer. The soldier she was want to call her "Charles the first"; the sovereign

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* See this case, with its reference, incidentally alluded to in "Under the Garland," *Masonic Magazine*, vol. vi., p. 452.

† "Of a tall stature and of sable hue,
Much like the son of Kish, that lofty Jew;
Twelve years complete he suffered in exile,
And kept his father's asses all the while."
ANDREW MARVELL.

by his legitimate title, "Charles the Second." The "Old Joe" will bear repeating here, how the saucy puss is said to have procured an earldom for her baby. Charles was strolling in the grounds of Lauderdale House, Highgate—Nell's temporary abode. When the mamma appeared at an upper window, and, holding the infant aloft, threatened to throw him forth unless his Royal papa conferred a title upon him on the spot, the King is reported to have roared out in alarm, "Save the Earl of Burford." *Si non vero e ben trovato.* A somewhat similar story of improving the occasion is told of a young lieutenant who picked up and restored the first Napoleon's hat when it was blown off at a review. "Thank you, *Captain*," politely said the Emperor, not observing that only one of the restorer's shoulders was adorned with an epaulette. "In what regiment, sire?" promptly enquired the subaltern. The great man smiled, and, appreciating the readiness displayed, kindly answered, "In my own;" and so the young fellow's wit changed his one epaulette into two and obtained for him his company.

Digressive? Yes; granted. But some relief surely from the deadly perfume-laden "golden gallery" of Whitehall, and the "sad stories of the deaths of Kings," or the means thereunto tending, to which we must return. A little touch of the sauntering monarch may be permitted for a moment as he strolls among the prim flower beds and between the leaden statues and among the yews, cut to resemble cones and cheeses and crowing cocks, over the well-rolled gravel paths of the Highgate country house. I wonder whether Royalty's digestion was ever disturbed, as he looked from the dining-room windows, on his frequent visits to Nelly, at the great house over the way,* where the balusters of the staircase were formed of effigies of the stout ironsides and musqueteers, who at Edgehill and Naseby

> "——stood back to back in God's name,
> And fought it to the last."

I wonder whether he ever felt queer as he thought of who used to live there, and whether it ever brought up associations in his mind of the Banquetting House window, and the scaffold hung with black, and the two men in masks, and, above all, of the last solemn enigmatical utterance as the riband and jewelled George passed from the dying one's hand to that of his faithful spiritual director—"Remember!"

Depend upon it, he sauntered past this edifice with all these sad reminiscences gliding off his memory "like water off a duck's back," for he *was* a "saunterer," as his noble delineator accurately phrases him. He sauntered through life. He sauntered into death, and, though he escaped the violent exit he never seems to have dreaded, there is little doubt that, however unconcerned he may have been, he, between his early manhood and his grave, ever strolled perilously near to the muzzles and daggers of the unscrupulous—foreign tools mostly, no doubt—violent fanatics, who, whether to secure the reign of "King Jesus," or later, the regal triumph of Lucy Walters's engaging son—of rabid Whigamores or scheming Jesuits, who saw the restoration to Old England of its ancient title of the Island of the Saints, through submission to the glorious rule of Louis Quatorze—each party thought the end justified the means, and were alike desirous of changing a sovereign.

And Charles knew it perfectly well all his quarter of a century of sauntering *un Roi fainéant* through the Mall and about the Cockpit and Courts of Whitehall; in his lumbering journeys between Oxford and Newmarket and London. In the *ennuyèd* hours he passed at the playhouses, during his vapid chats with his bored sultanas, bored by his thousand times reiterated "long story" of the flight from Worcester fight, with the introduction of tiresome

* Formerly the country (!) house of His Highness the Lord Protector Oliver Cromwell, now the Convalescent Hospital for Children, in connection with the excellent charity in Great Ormond Street, W.C.

Colonel Careless and that well-worn "stock property" the Boscobel oak. The tall, swarthy man, striding at a great pace in early morning across the parade ground, stopping ever and anon to give a stranger his hand to kiss, and bestow "God bless you": strolling down the Mall at noontide, the little puppy dogs carried by a page in a basket, mamma spaniel waddling uneasily, and looking upwards anxiously, by the boy's side; Charles throwing corn to his beloved ducks; Charles mimicking Clarendon at the council board; leaving his chair of state after the manner of his grandfather to lounge over the chimney-piece, and have a "crack" with Buckingham and Sedley, turning the gravest State matters to jest and ribaldry.* At, in, and during all these times old Rowley was thoroughly aware that the assassin's knife was sharpened and ready, that the silver bullets† were cast and awaiting ramming down in the murderer's ever handy "piece," whether military or fowling; that the learned Doctor something or other—generally a Dutch name with a Latin termination—was fully prepared with a reproduction of the horrible historically infamous *aqua tofana* or a supply of the contemporaneously notorious "succession powder" wherewith to qualify Majesty's chocolate or to sweeten Majesty's coffee, presented by the little black boy on bended knee; the negro with the jewelled aigrettee and plume, and wearing the badge of servitude in a silver collar, and gyves of the same, and bearing the equivocal beverage on a golden salver.

He of the invariable sable suit and peruke. Don't you remember anent that huge black wig, how he peevishly complained of a stage tradition, not even now entirely obsolete, and which he would seem to have thought intended to convey a personal reflection? "They always represent villains on the stage in black wigs," said Majesty petulantly, "whereas 'tis well-known that the greatest rogue in England" (alluding of course to the ostentatious "cauliflower" of Dr. Titus Oates) "wears a white one." The brain beneath that sable structure knew all the danger I have above sketched, and the man was perfectly indifferent. I do not qualify this by saying—appeared to be—for I verily believe he was.

"If the public only knew," said an eminent railway engineer to the talented author of "Under One Roof," "the risks they run, especially the "shaves," which take place in every railway journey of any length that they undertake, they would stay at home or set up the coaches again"—the latter

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* Rochester's epigram, quoted above, notwithstanding. Says the grave and scandalised clerk attending at the Council table—"All I observed there was the silliness of the King, playing with his dog all the while, and not minding the business, *and what he said was mighty weak*" (*Pepys's Diary*). It is, perhaps, hypercritical to remark that "mighty weak" seems paradoxical.

† In the examinations taken about the Popish plot, more particularly those in which Dr. Tonge, the vicar of St. Michael's, Wood Street, was the informant, references to silver bullets were frequent, conspicuously so in the personal warning given by one Kirby to Charles himself. So many of our old traditional superstitions are disappearing from the popular memory, that I may be pardoned for now and again attempting to crystallise one or two. Thus the alleged conspirators seem to have conferred the brevet rank of diabolical majesty upon Charles. "The devil can only be killed by a silver bullet," was a notorious canon of folk lore in the seventeenth century. Readers of Sir Walter Scott will recall that the belief is constantly referred to in "Old Mortality," and will remember that "bonnie Dundee," the dashing but callous James Grahame, of Claverhouse, met his death in the moment of victory from a silver missile. An old Covenanter in the Whig army, lying wounded on the field of Killiecrankie, beheld the triumphant general riding slowly along surveying the scene of hisconquest. "The de'il can ne'er be killit but by a siller bullet" the old man reflected, and remembered, too, that as a douce yeoman serving the "cause" "in the fear of the Lord," his doublet, as behoved him, was secured by silver buttons. He removed one, rammed it home in his piece, and watched his opportunity. It soon came. Dundee, well within range, uplifted his left arm to give an order, thus exposing the solution of continuity between the breastplate and back piece forming his life-guardsman's cuirass. The auld Whigamore "potted" him immediately, and James the Second's ablest lieutenant was sent "to join the majority."

alternative by-the-bye appears almost in process of adoption. Tom Hood has expressed the same apprehension more poetically—

> "Ah me; it makes one shudder to think
> How often humanity stands on the brink
> Of the grave, without any misgiving!"

Now Charles the Second, as I have said, perfectly well appreciated the risks he ran every day of his life, but we have never heard that he experimented with a ball-proof coat of mail, as the late Celui-ci and Old Noll are said to have done. I never read that he wore quilted silk armour beneath his *just-au-corps* as his grandfather (blown up, in more senses than one, Henry Darnley's son) did under his doublet. I do not know whether he relied upon his unpopular brother as his buffer, as the retort I have quoted would seem to imply; the witty king would probably have substituted a "d" for the initial letter had he lived in the present day and adopted its slang—which no doubt he would have done *con amore*—for, attached as he was to James, the "merry monarch" was too acute an observer of human nature to be insensible of his brother's defects. Probably Macaulay's estimate of James the Second differed in no essential respect from Charles's contemporaneous view. The Duke of York, according to the historian, was mentally a very dull man, possessing about enough capacity to have carried him, with a decent amount of credit, through the routine duties of such an office as clerk to the Admiralty. If there be any truth in physiognomy, his portraits, especially those in the National Portrait Gallery at South Kensington, bear out this view.

But in whatever light the king regarded his brother, certain it is that no English monarch was ever in such constant peril of assassination, for no English monarch was ever so accessible as Charles the Second.

The fifth monarchy insurrection, and certain minor incidents springing from it, at the actual commencement of his reign, absurdly tortured into an assassination plot—the Popish plot, the "Meal tub" plot, the Rye house plot. Conspiracy succeeded conspiracy; warning followed warning throughout a quarter of a century, and the tall, robust figure, in deep mourning, never intermitted any of his usual habits. He used to say, and he spoke from some experience, that of all the climates of the earth the English was after all the best—the most enjoyable, the most convenient—for that there was never a day out of the whole three hundred and sixty five in the year in England that a man could not get abroad for at least an hour or two at some time out of the twenty-four. *Experto crede.* Every day he was walking; up early, taking tremendous "constitutionals," and striding along at a pace that few strong men could keep up with for any length of time; midday and afternoon saw him sauntering about the parks, approachable by everyone, from the highest to the meanest. A noteworthy instance of this accessibility is afforded by the first preposterous imputation of an attempt to change a sovereign soon after the Restoration.

Venner's *émeute* in Coleman Street has been treated of already in these columns.* It is uncertain whether the hero of the following tragedy was concerned in this affair; the probability is that he was.

One John James, who had followed the calling of a "small coal man"—don't you remember Thomas Britton, the musical "small coal man," immortalised by Mat Prior—

> "Though doomed to small coal, yet to arts allied,
> Rich without wealth, and famous without pride,——"

etc.? Well, John James, of Goodman's Fields, finding the itinerant hawking of fuel in a poor neighbourhood too severe a strain upon his constitution, took to weaving, then, and even now, a not uncommon form of East London

* See an allusion to this petty revolt, and to John James's case, in "Under the Garland," *Masonic Magazine*, vol. vi., p. 452.

industry. Weaving, like shoemaking, and indeed all other sedentary occupations, induces profound excogitation, and in this case, as is usual, much reflection impelled excercitation; in short, John James felt called upon to "'splain and 'spound," and the arena that opened to him was an "unlicensed conventicle" in Bullstake Alley, Whitechapel. Bullstake Alley! how suggestive of the amusements of our ancestors, how redolent of the associations of the propinquitous dead meat market in Aldgate. Well, to Bullstake Alley came blue-smocked slaughtermen from the adjacent shambles to hear "godly Master James" "preach the Word." It don't even to this day appear very clear what "word" it was that Master James preached. Our only record is from the more than rather tainted source of a "Crown evidence"—a fellow who, refused admittance to the "schism shop," seems to have poked his head out of the back window of a neighbouring house and heard all he could. I have no doubt that there was not much difficulty in hearing Master James's voice from the adjacent premises, and can readily credit that the "testifier" "cried aloud and spared not," that he banged the cushions adorning the rostrum from which he spouted. Don't you imagine you see it, dear reader—"the big auld Bible," probably like Burns's, "ance his father's pride"—the ledge at the side supporting the hour glass? Can't you fancy you hear the "hum" of the "dour" audience at some peculiarly savoury "bit;" or when the "preaching glass" is turned, intimating that another hour of godly exhortation impended? though whether the hum then were given as testifying gratification or expostulation this deponent sayeth not. At all events Crown evidence runs away and fetches Mr. Headborough of the Tower Hamlets, who incontinently lays hands on Mr. James, and hauls him before the resident justice of the peace in Goodman's Fields hard by, who makes out the preacher's mittimus to Mr. Keeper of his Majesty's Gaol of Newgate. At the trial the king's witness swears, and can't be shaken;—there is'nt much chance of his being shaken, to be sure, for the services of "counsel learned in the law" to cross-examine are in those days exclusively reserved for his Majesty; "Culpabilis" must shift as well as he can for himself. The Crown informant then swears that he heard John James pronounce "that the king was a bloodthirsty and tyrannical king, *and so of the nobles*" [the italics are my own, for there is evidently an ellipsis in the report here], "and that the cup of their iniquity was almost filled with the blood of the saints a year ago" [alluding to the executions following Venner's outbreak—*ante*, see note]; "but the putting of the covenanters to death in Scotland had (to fit them" [*i.e.* presumably the king and the nobles] "for destruction) filled it fuller; and he was sorry he had neglected his opportunity of fighting the Lord's battle, but hoped that if ever he had it again he should consider it more fully."* Poor John James! A statute, suggested by angry remembrance of the Banquetting House window and the scaffold, draped with black thereafore, and the men in visors, and the block with the staples,† had within a year enacted that anybody compassing or devising the death of the king, etc. (following, of course, the old precedent of 25th Edward III.), should suffer the penalties of treason; and that anyone endeavouring by preaching, speaking, writing, printing, etc., to change their sovereign, should be liable to imprisonment and sundry other pains and penalties. No lawyer, since the revolution, would doubt that the poor small-coal man's offence, even if proved, at the very worst only came within the second or minor offence

* Trial of James, the "Fifth Monarchy" man.—Howell's State Trials, vol. vi., p. 85.

† Cavaliers always alleged that Cromwell, in insolent exultation over the martyred monarch, had staples screwed in the block, with cords ready, so as to pull the sufferer to the floor in case he should refuse to "lay him down." I once possessed an old Common Prayer-book with an engraving of the execution as a vignette to the service of the 30th January, in which I remember these accessories were very distinctly delineated. That volume has long since been destroyed; but, if I mistake not, corresponding representations may be found in Mr. Crace's wonderful and valuable collection illustrative of Old London, at South Kensington,

legislated against by the statute. The restoration judges, however, like the foul sycophants they were, ruled differently: they carried to an extravagant extreme the *Mens rea facit reum* theory, and held that a spoken sermon constituted an "overt act" of high treason, not only within the recent statute, but *semble* within that of the Plantagenet monarch, as years afterwards other Stuart Judges held (*vide* the leading case of Algernon Sydney), to the eternal shame of English lawyers, that an unpublished essay—a mere philosophical speculation—found in manuscript in the writer's desk, was evidence of "compassing the death of the king." It took three "big-wigs" to try the Whitechapel spouter. Three king's counsel "took up their parable" in three separate speeches against him. He tried ably, but vainly, poor wretch, to point out that the eavesdropping witness was mistaken or perjured, but this was sternly disallowed as "objecting to the king's evidence." He "humbly conceived" that his case was not within "the mischief of the recent statute," but he was sharply though somewhat illogically, told that this was "impeaching the wisdom of Parliament and not to be borne." Ineffectively he urged that an overt act of treason required to be proved by the evidence of at least two witnesses, whereas here there was but one. "How do you find the prisoner at the bar?" says the clerk of the court as the jury re-enter, and after their names have been re-enumerated—"Guilty or not guilty?" "Guilty." "Guilty, and that is the verdict of you all?" "It is." "Of what goods and chattels possessed?" "None to our knowledge." "Gaoler, look to him," says the junior judge. Do you know what this meant, reader? If you have ever had the agony of attending a capital trial you will have observed that as the verdict is given, when my lord is fumbling under his desk for the black cap, two stalwart warders start up as if by magic, one on either hand of the convict. They are there ostensibly to support fainting nature, should it give way under that terrible ordeal; but they, also though now—God be praised—only traditionally, represent a much more ghastly ceremony formerly "*de rigueur*." In Scotland, for instance, when the terrible word "guilty" was uttered, the "deempster," or "doomster," clad in a close-fitting black doublet and hose, upon which was rudely indicated in white the osteology of the human skeleton, used to spring up by the side of the moribund and then and there "*tie his thumbs!*"

In England, Richard Brandon, of Rosemary Lane—ordinary avocation, rag-seller; overtime employment, "supreme executive" or hangman—the fellow who was carried to his loathed grave in Whitechapel churchyard in a coffin ornamented with "hanging ropes in wreaths"—the *bourreau*, who was said to have cut off royal Charles's head; in England, at the words "look to him, gaoler," Brandon, or Squire Don or Dun* (see your Hudibras), or Jack Ketch, would appear as Mr. George Conquest suddenly makes his avatar through a trap door as Trappistino in "Venice," and incontinently, in the presence of the whole court, proceed to pinion his victim. "What are your usual days of execution, Captain Richardson?" Ermine would enquire of the attendant keeper. "Tuesdays and Fridays, my lord," would be the ready reply. "Mr. Attorney," says big-wig, "you can move for judgment to-morrow morning, and we will give you a rule for Tuesday" or Friday, as the case might be, and so poor John James disappears from view, and goes to—to prepare his soul for the great change impending—to make his peace with his Creator—to arrange sadly and timorously his mundane affairs? Nothing of the kind. To wrangle with gaolers and tipstaves and catchpoles, over fees and lodging

* I have an idea that this fellow, Richard Brandon's immediate successor—Richard having succeeded his father Gregory in his loathsome office—was Richard's son; the appointment was then, as is well known, not infrequently hereditary, and that he avoided recognition by his execrated sire's patronymic, by simply dropping the first syllable.

money and garnish,* and how to raise coin to satisfy the hundred and one harpies who cluster round the condemned before the gallows, as the carrion crows shall swarm about his *disjecta membra*, on Ludgate or Traitor's tower on London Bridge, after body and soul have parted under the doomster's rope and dismembering chopper.

I do not—Heaven forfend that I should—write "without book." Here is the simple record:† "The hangman, also, the day before his execution came to demand money *that he might be favourable to him at his death*" (the italics throughout are my own). "He" (the condemned) "asking what would satisfy him? the hangman *demanded twenty pounds!*" (fancy twenty pounds!—about eighty of our modern currency—of a poor Whitechapel hawker—weaver!) "But John James, pleading poverty, he fell to ten pounds; but, in conclusion, told him if he would not give him five pounds he would *torture him exceedingly!* to which John James said *he must leave that to his mercy*, for he had nothing to give him."‡

But about the accessibility of the "Merry Monarch." He was always a gentleman, you know. Yes; Charles was a gentleman. Godly Master Peter Plaintext, the follower of John Fox, one of the Society of "Friends"—the people called "Quakers"—waits upon him—one of a deputation—at Whitehall—Grinning Etherege combing his wig; Sneering Sedley using his toothpick; Cynical Buckingham contemplating his handsome features in a hand mirror; are there—all, be sure, ridiculing the "put" with the high-crowned beaver which Peter makes no pretence of removing. The Monarch doffs his own sombrero. "Put *on* thine hat, friend Charles," says Broadbrim, with the benevolent intention of setting Royalty at its ease. "Your pardon, friend," replies the swarthy sovereign, sweeping the ground with his plumed castor, "In this apartment it is usual for but one person to be covered at a time!"

Mrs. James has seen Squire Dun tie up her husband's thumbs; has beheld him haled downstairs to the "condemned hold;" has wandered wearily back to Whitechapel to her crying children and to her future—of washing and charing for Tower Hamlets' poverty-stricken housewives, to get bread for her babes' ever-gaping mouths, for their chronically craving maws. Poor Mrs. James, I say, hears of her Monarch's affability, and determines to make one last supreme effort for the life of her and her little ones' bread-winner. "The king's face should give grace," you know, and this particular king's face is to be readily enough gazed upon. So the poor despairing woman betakes herself to the foot of the stairs leading to the gallery off the parade ground in St. James's Park, and now beholds her gracious sovereign lord, courtiers, pages, snarling spaniels, *décollétée* gay women, ogling lute players, copper captains, *et hoc genus omne* returning from their daily lounge. Poor East End widow, let her tell her own sad story.

"In the interval betwixt his" (*i.e.*, John James's) "casting and condemnation upon the fourth day of the week, in the evening, his wife, by the advice of some friends, endeavoured to make address to the king to acquaint him with her husband's innocency and the condition of those loose persons who had falsely accused him; which she put in writing, lest she might either want an opportunity *or not have courage enough to speak to him*" (italics mine). "And, with some difficulty" (I suppose in getting speech of him, the royal attendants conjecturing the poor woman's errand; there never was any difficulty in

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* See the case of the Fleet warders and torturers, Huggett, Bambridge, Corbett, and Acton, A.D. 1729. Do you not remember Hogarth's engraving of the witnesses and the *torturing* engines before the Committee of the House of Commons?

† See note *ante*, How. St. Tr., vol. vi., p. 88.

‡ See also *ibid*, *ubi supra*, the other extortions practised by prison harpies upon the poor wretch and his miserable wife during the whole time of his captivity.

meeting with him) "at last she met with the king, as he came out of the park going into the gallery, where she presented him with the paper which, on the backside was endorsed, 'The humble request of Elizabeth James,' acquainting him also by word who she was, to whom he held up his finger and said, 'Oh! Mr. James, he is a sweet gentleman!'" (the affability of Royal irony,) "but, following him for some further answer, the door was shut against her, which was all she could obtain at that time. The next morning she came again to the same place, where she had not long been but the king came out of the gallery to go into the park, whom she followed down the stairs, imploring his answer to her request, who then replied, 'That he was a rogue, and should be hanged.' One of the lords attending him asked him of whom he spake; whereunto the king answered, 'Of John James! that rogue, he shall be hanged; yea, he shall be hanged.' And so she came away, satisfied in conscience that what she had done was but her duty."*

Talk of the amazing condescension of Messieurs Pike and Pluck! Why, that was nothing to the affable urbanity of England's merry monarch.

Well; they hanged John James, of course. Squire Dun don't seem to have got even his five pounds, and also appears to have been baulked of the alternative gratification of torturing his victim "exceedingly," for the Sheriffs, we read, allowed poor John to hang half-an-hour before having his carcase cut down for the usual legal evisceration, and, I believe, even ordered the supreme executive to jump from the gallows on to the shoulders of the suspended body, and supreme executive's lieutenant to hang on to the dangling legs in order to assist dissolution. But then, probably, the Sheriffs were Cockney Covenanters, and knew no better; at all events, they seem to have thought it no such great sin to combine loyalty and duty with humanity.

Exit Mrs. James. Did she live, and wash and "do chores"—I mean, do charing, for Rosemary Lane and Knockfergus tradesmen's wives until all the Puritan world went screaming mad for "King Monmouth," I wonder? Was she earning her ninepence a day and glass of strong waters from the ladies of Aldgate carcase butchers when Mrs. Gaunt (burnt for it, however) was harbouring the fugitives from Sedgmoor in her neighbourhood? Above all, did she survive to point out to John James the second, when the Dutch deliverer was blown over by a Protestant wind, that his mangled father's "good old cause" was triumphant after all?

Away, saunterer! I have no patience to examine your subsequent perils. Awfully tedious and intricate are the details of the Rye House affair, with its "main"—in which, probably, Russell and Sydney *were* implicated, as Somers and Halifax evolved a similar design subsequently—and its "bye," with involved assassination, with which, let us have the happiness of thinking, our English patriots had nought to do. The main and the bye adjectives reappearing in this miserable Broxbourne scare as they had figured in Babington's conspiracy a hundred—in Raleigh's affair and the Gunpowder Plot eighty—years before. Away, trifler! Well might you apologise for the unconscionable long time you were in dying, dawdling minion of Ludovicus Magnus. You did harm, but you did good. Your foul quarter-of-a-century of mischievous laziness brought to a head a social fester that took but three years of fierce inflammation to burst and discharge. You and your dull, "duffing" brother! Nearly a generation were we Englishmen—though, thank God, very, very few of us by the foul device of assassination—feverishly "trying to change a sovereign."

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* "State Trials," vol. vi., *ubi sup.*

THE AGAMEMNON OF ÆCHYLUS.*

THOSE of us who remember Agamemnon, probably in Dindorf's text, will not be sorry, perhaps, to recall an ancient acquaintance with the text of one of the most sterling, and affecting perhaps, of Greek plays. Unless, indeed, we join in that childish and senseless outcry against Greek, which our own times have witnessed, and which is, in our opinion, a disgrace to those statesmen and prelates who have so pandered to the vulgar ignorance of a money-making epoch, we shall rejoice to be reminded of an old friend in the effective paper of Lord Carnarvon's translation. Our Pro Grand Master is alike a distinguished Statesman, an effective orator, a judicious ruler, and now he claims, and not in vain, something of the "afflatus" of the poet. And though it be true, "vivere fortes ante Agamemnon;" if it be undeniable that other orators have tried to render effectively the startling periods of Strophe and Anti-Strophe, if we can recall gratefully Milman and Plumptree, and others, there is no reason why we should not welcome this graceful attempt of Lord Carnarvon to bring the Grecian words of a Grecian dramatist before our English thought and culture. Not that we fancy the effort ever will be very successful. The English mind is not the Greek mind, and, unless we are wrong, the increase in our own time of "passionate moanings" which tells us how "burning Sappho loved and sung," which attempt to revivify the mythology and manner of old Greece, the aspirations and dreams of a "Hellas," dead and gone for ever, are not likely, after the gloss of novelty or the craze of fashion, to be fruitful or permanent. But still we can all feel interest in that "weird" play of Agamemnon, which, with its mystery and its awful gloom, the meaning and the menace of the chorus combined, is always affecting, and, to say the truth, oppressive to the mind. We feel the coming horrors, we realize the approaching blow, and yet we can neither mitigate the one nor ward off the other. Clytemnestra is to our minds a hateful picture, a bold, guilty, unscrupulous woman, and Lord Carnarvon has well caught the concealed irony of the Greek, which represents this "faithless spouse" professing, as other faithless spouses have done, great "anxiety" for her lord's return. She, forsooth, who has betrayed him in everything!

> "What brighter radiance of created things
> Can bless the vision of a loving wife,
> Who in the open gateway stands to greet
> Her lord returning from war's dread alarms?
> Go then, and bid him, whom his people love
> *Hasten to come; and coming, he shall find*
> By his hearth-side his wife, like watch-dog true,
> All love to him, all terror to his foes;
> Such as he left her, and in all things like,
> Guarding th' unbroken signet of her trust."

FREE MASONS' HALL GRAND LODGE LIBRARY LONDON, W.C.

Let us compare with Lord Carnarvon's skilful rendering the literal French of "J. G. De La Porte du Theil," printed at Paris, "typis reipublicæ, anno iii." the only good work which that name can cover.

> "Quel jour plus fortuné pous une femme, que celui où elle voit res portes s'ouvrir à un époux, vainqueur dans la guerre, & sauvé par les Dieux? Hérault, retournez: dites-lui, qu'il reparoisse promptement, assuré de l'amour de son peuple; qu'il vienne retrouver dans son palais sa fidelle épouse, telle qu'il l'a laissée, gardienne de sa maison, à lui seul attachée, ennemie de ses ennemis, & qui, toujours la même, n'a pas violé, pendant sa longue absence, le depôt de l'hymen: aussi pure que l'or, elle n'a ni connu de plaisir, ni écouté de discours, dont elle ait à rougir."

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* *Agamemnon, translated from Æchylus by the Earl of Carnarvon.* London: John Murray, 1879.

Well done, Clytemnestra! We have also a very poetic representation of the sad reminiscences of the chorus, which Lord Carnarvon has turned into "octosyllabics" of much grace and pathos, and which we shall again venture to compare with "Du Theil's" literal French prose.

"Those who went forth to war return
No more to us; but in their room
The hero dust and funeral urn
Are sadly borne to their last home.
The God who rules war's usury,
Changing life to ashes dry,
Who holds the scale with even hand
In the rude shock of spear and brand,
Send from Troy's war-wasted plains
A few scorched and scanty grains,
Relics of each gallant wight,
Stored in urn who fell in fight.
And loud the cry goes up for him,
The strong of heart, the stout of limb;
Or him, the warriors killed in strife,
Who perished for another's wife.
And round and round,
With hateful sound,
The envious whispers come and go,
And wrath, and bitterness, and woe
'Gainst the Atreidæ twain;
For those who in a foreign grave
Take their last rest—the young and brave
All in their beauty slain.
Mingled with curses deep and loud,
The tale is passed from man to man;
And still my longing grows to scan
What the blind caves of night do shroud.
The jealous Gods are swift to mark
The man of blood; the Furies dark
Swift to hurl him to disgrace
From his pitch of power and place.
Passeth strength and fadeth bloom
In the land of endless gloom."

"On a vu partir les gages les plus chers; il ne revient, à leur place, que des urnes & de la cendre . . . . . Celui qui fait échanger les cadavres contre l'or, qui, dans les combats, tient la balance des armes, Mars, ne renvoie d'Ilion à de tristes parens, qu'un déplorable reste recueilli sur le bûcher, une poudre légère, renfermée dans un vase . . . Ils gémissent . . . . ils rappellent, l'adresse de celui-ci dans la guerre, le trépas glorieux de celui-là . . . . . & pour qui? . . . . . pour une femme étrangère . . . . Peut-être murmurent-ils tout bas; mais, un regret jaloux accuse, en secret, les trop vindicatifs Atrides . . . . . En effet, une tendre & belle jeunesse a trouvé son tombeau sous les murs d'Ilion; la terre conquise ensevilit les vainqueurs."

Cassandra is one of the most touching pictures of the "great tableau vivant." Her sad prophetic words still can move us! She still seems to rise before us, a dim shadow of the past, surrounded with the pathos, the reality, the tenderness of ages.

"Gods! I'm consumed by the prophetic fire—
Woe's me, Apollo, Slayer of the Wolves;
This human lioness, the base wolf's mate,
What time the generous lion's far from home,
Shall murder me. Aye, as she whets her sword
To slay the man, like one who drugs the bowl,
She pours into the cup of wrath my life,
Repaying by my death my bringing here.
Why wear I then the symbols of my art—
The prophet's necklace, the diviner's staff?
They shall not live at least to see my doom—
Go to destruction, whither I go too,—
Go and enrich some other hapless maid.
Aye—He himself looks on and sees me scorned.

Unjustly scorned by friends and foes alike,
Tricked in these idle gawds—Apollo, He
Now strips me bare of my prophetic robe;
And I, who have endured to bear the name
Of *poor, starved, lying vagrant*—I, on whom,
A prophetess, the prophet God has wreaked
His vengeance, now am led to Death's dark road;
And 'stead of altar in my father's house,
The block now waits me with its murderous stroke.
Yet shall we not fall unavenged by Heaven,
For there shall come one to requite our death:
A mother's slayer, one who shall exact
Price for a father's life. Yes, though afar
He wanders exiled and outcast from home,
Yet shall he come to gladden his friends' eyes,
And place the crowning and the coping stone
On this dark cruel work of destiny.
For a great oath is registered above,
That his dead sire lying with upturned face
Shall bring him home. But why make I this moan—
I who have seen the ruin of fair Troy,
I now who see her conquerors in turn
By Heaven's decree departing to their place?
Shall I not also go and dare to die?
I make my prayer unto the gates of Death,
That without moan or struggle, while life's blood
Flows freely 'neath the mortal stroke, my spirit
May pass away, and my eyes close in night."

Du Theil's rendering shows how very truly and closely Lord Carnarvon has kept to the original, and which fact the fine words of the Greek so remarkably attest. Alas, it carries back through long, long years, and surrounds us with pleasant forms, frank faces, warm hearts and hands, now silent and motionless in the grave, as we recall when we first repeated before the kindest of Greek Professors,

"Papai, vîon 'to pur eperchetai de moi;
Otototoi Lukei Apollon."

Let us compare this rendering with Du Theil's next literal version:—

"Dieux! Quel feu me dévore! O Ciel! . . . O Apollon, Dieu destructeur des loups! Triste Cassandre! . . . Cette lionne, qui, dans l'absence du lion généreux, s'est unie avec un loup, va t'immoler, malheureuse, à ton tour: elle cherche une excuse, tu serviras de prétexte à sa fureur. C'est pour le punir de m'avoir amenée, dit-elle en aiguisant son poignard, qu'elle égorge son époux. Pourquoi gardé-je encore ce sceptre, ces couronnes, qui n'ont fait de moi qu'un objet de risée? Vains ornemens, soyez brisés avant ma mort; c'est tout ce que je vous dois. Allez parer quelqu'autre infortunée. Viens, Apollon, viens reprendre cette robe prophétique. Sous cet appareil, tu m'as vu en butte aux railleries, certes trop injustes, & de mes amis, & de mes ennemis. Traitée, comme les femme à prestiges, de misérable, de mendiante, de famélique, j'ai dû tout endurer. Aujourd'hui, Dieu prophète, à quelle mort mènes-tu ta prophétesse! Au lieu de l'autel où mon père fut immolé, c'est sur le plus infame tronc que je vais être égorgée. Toutefois, les Dieux ne laisseront point ma mort impunie. Bientôt, celui qui doit la punir reviendra. Rejeton matricide, vengeur de son père, maintenant, exilé, errant loin de cette terre, il reviendra, pour combler les maux de sa famille; l'imprécation d'un père mourant le ramenera. Mais quoi! étrangère, ai-je donc à déplorer les maux de cette maison! J'ai vu le destin d'Ilion; celui de ses vainqueurs est une justice des Dieux . . . . Allons . . . . . il le faut . . . . supportons mon trépas, puisque les Dieux l'ont irrévocablement juré . . . Portes des Enfers, je vous invoque, ouvrez-vous! Que la mort, au moins, me frappe d'un seul coup; que mon sang s'écoule à grands flots; & que mes yeux se ferment sans effort!

Poor Cassandra! Praed, in striking lines, has endeavoured to depict her fate:—

"They hurried to the feast,
The warrior and the priest,
And the gay maiden with her jewelled brow;
The minstrel's harp and voice
Said 'Triumph and rejoice!'—
One only mourned—many are mourning now

" 'Peace! startle not the light
With the wild dreams of night!'—
So spake the Princes in their pride and joy,
When I in their dull ears
Shrieked forth my tale of tears,
'Woe to the gorgeous city, woe to Troy!'—

" Ye watch the dun smoke rise
Up to the lurid skies;
Ye see the red light flickering on the stream;
Ye listen to the fall
Of gate and tower and wall;
Sisters, the time is come!—alas, it is no dream!

" Through hall and court and porch
Glides on the pitiless torch;
The swift avengers faint not in their toil:
Vain now the matron's sighs;
Vain now the infant's cries;—
Look, sisters, look! who leads them to the spoil?

" Not Pyrrhus, though his hand
Is on his father's brand;
Not the fell framer of the accursed steed;
Not Nestor's hoary head,
Nor Teucer's rapid tread,
Nor the fierce wrath of impious Diomede.

" Visions of deeper fear
To-night are warring here;—
I know them, sisters, the mysterious Three:
Minerva's lightning frown,
And Juno's golden crown,
And him, the mighty Ruler of the sounding sea!

" Through wailing and through woe
Silent and stern they go
So have I ever seen them in my trance:
Exultingly they guide
Destruction's fiery tide,
And lift the dazzling shield, and poise the deadly lance.

" Lo, where the old man stands,
Folding his palsied hands,
And muttering, with white lips, his querulous prayer:
'Where is my noble son,
My best, my bravest one—
Troy's hope and Priam's—where is Hector, where?'

" Why is thy falchion grasped?
Why is thy helmet clasped?
Fitter the fillet for such brow as thine!
The altar reeks with gore;
O sisters, look no more!
It is our father's blood upon the shrine!

" And ye, alas! must roam
Far from your desolate home,
Far from lost Ilium, o'er the joyless wave;
Ye may not from these bowers
Gather the trampled flowers
To wreathe sad garlands for your brethren's grave.

" Away, away! the gale
Stirs the white-bosomed sail;
Hence! look not back to freedom or to fame;
Labour must be your doom,
Night-watchings, days of gloom,
The bitter bread of tears, the bridal couch of shame.

"Even now some Grecian dame
Beholds the signal flame,
And waits, expectant, the returning fleet;
'Why lingers yet my lord?
Hath he not sheathed his sword?
Will he not bring my handmaid to my feet?'

"Me, too, the dark Fates call:
Their sway is over all,
Captor and captive, prison-house and throne:—
I tell of others' lot;
They hear me, heed me not!
Hide, angry Phœbus, hide from me mine own!"

We wish we could have lingered longer over Lord Carnarvon's book, which we think cannot fail to find both readers and approval! We are glad to see our Statesmen unbend from sterner duties and point to us the "moral" how great has been the value of our public school education. Remembering how Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. Gladstone are equally distinguished as writers, as well as foremost in the arena of public opinion, we always rejoice when we behold our younger Statesmen following the path of those older names, which still shed such lustre on the history of our common country, and where, as with Lord Carnarvon, he not only manifests that he is the inheritor of a great name, but that the gifts of the writer and the poet have also descended upon him It has given us most hearty pleasure to call attention, if very imperfectly, to our Pro Grand Master's work in the pages of the "Masonic Magazine."

LIFE OF THE PRINCE CONSORT.*

WE think that Mr. Martin is quite right in thus lengthening this most striking and interesting biography. There is a tendency just now to abbreviate and slur over everything as if we were all anxious to "get to the end of a long story," so that the lives of the eminent and the departed too often represent a few spasmodic utterances, and are often summed up in a startling succession of paragraphic arrangements. Mr. Martin, happily for us all, has a higher, a truer idea of his "metier" and his duty. The late Prince Consort was a very remarkable man: one who has left his imprint on the "sands of time;" one who is not likely to be soon forgotten, even amid the thronging tumult of the years as they hurry by us. His was an "ideality" we like to realise, a personality we like to keep before our eyes. Greatness and goodness mark that strong character and that well-balanced mind, and, amid much that is mean, and meaningless, and crouching and cowardly in their most hateful forms, just now the Prince Consort seems to stand out in clear and graceful contour, a "preux chevalier," a true knight in word and deed, to whom chivalry was a meaning as well as a name, and who almost towers above the heads of his "paladins" in the clearness of his conceptions, the honesty of his intentions, the simple truthfulness and fidelity of his life, and the happy purity of his heart and mind. It is very remarkable how greatly the characteristics of the Duke of Wellington seem to be reproduced in Prince Albert. Both are animated by a sense of duty to the Queen, both are marked by an utter abnegation of self; both make the Crown the centre of all attraction and sympathy for themselves, the fountain of honour, the reward of loyalty; both are equally ready to "go anywhere or do anything," provided they have the approbation of the Sovereign, can defend her interests, uphold her honour, vindicate

* Vol. IV. By Theodore Martin. Smith, Elder & Co., 15, Waterloo Place.

her fame, or extend her glory. It is pleasant in these self-seeking times to remember the heroic lines on which such characters are cast, and to remember that if it be true that the world is "governed by little wisdom" after all, all that gives reality to its myths or cohesion to its chaos, is that greatness of the individual life, that goodliness of personal bearing, which are still the "grace and glory of this mortal state." For they still serve to assure us, amid sceptical tendencies and idle philosophies, that though "L'homme propose, Dieu dispose," and that, just as with His great moral government of the world in which we live to day, it is after all only the great, the good, the virtuous, and the sublime who outlive the pitiless dust of death, or the encroaching hand of time. If we look back to day, how few memories survive. Some writer, intent on a paradox, may seek to make a hero of a Robespierre, or a Mirabeau, or a Cagliostro, or a Madame Roland, the conquerors, the legislators, the great kings, the "grandes dames" who have come and gone, like painted Fantoccini. But the stern Nemesis of justice and honesty, of moral truth and living virtue, smites down with relentless and critical condemnation those who on any pretext or for any end, for gain or glory, for personal convenience or private advantage, have left the "narrow path" of right and duty, their "outcome" may be an "outcome" of success; but, alas, when the veil is lifted, how sadly tarnished it is with the lies, the craft, the baseness, the weakness of earth. How successfully in Mr. Martin's "honest story" the late Prince Consort stands out, a noble picture, true in its very truthfulness, great in its very greatness. Some foolish persons have said that "too much praise has been accorded," and that Mr. Martin has become the "courtier instead of the biographer." We utterly deny the truth of either statement. In our humble opinion the value of Mr. Martin's work and the honesty of his utterances are to be measured by the richness of his materials and the absorbing interest of the subject. With such speaking witnesses before him of the unselfishness, the honour, the high aims, the noble aspirations which ever marked the Prince, his "geist," his modesty, and his thorough mastery of all the complicated machinery of statecraft, his wise warnings and his just judgments, what other view could Mr. Martin submit? Nay, we will add, what other judgment will posterity record? To us it is quite refreshing, amid petty aims and little men, the "dwarfed ambition" of the hour, the idle gains and worthless applause for which so many seem to live; to note this pleasant personality, calm in danger, serene in prosperity, unmoved and undaunted by interest or approbation, and to realize how in courts as in humble cots, the "life" of the good man on earth is still ever lived out as before God on high, and that amid things temporal and passing, his hopes, and expectations, and ultimate great reward are centred alone on what is undying and eternal. Such lives as that of the late Prince Consort are very useful to us all just now, when we seem to be drifting into hollow materialism, or virulent scepticism, when life has no other charms for many but that of immediate enjoyment at any cost, and when childish frivolity and a hurtful laxity seem to be usurping a dark authority over bewildered minds and plastic wills. From the idle dreams of the epicurean, from the roseate hours of the sybarite, from the gross indulgence of the materialist, from the callous reveries of the rationalists, the life of the Prince Consort seems to recall us all in a voice which still "speaketh" from the solemn sadness of the grave, like as with a trumpet's tone, reminding us that duty, honour, love and loyalty, faith and trust, virtue and highmindedness, unselfishness and self-abnegation are not unmeaning words, but have a great reality and a true spirit, which it is our highest blessedness and wisdom to realize and respect. And here we are compelled reluctantly to stop. We might have filled our pages with numerous extracts, but, as the reviewer in the *Times* so well and tersely puts it, "as one reads the present volume of the Life the interest goes on increasing, and the difficulty is to make selections for notice when page after page has its

special attraction. Delightful glimpses of the domestic life of the palace, charming pictures of the children of the Royal household—although these are not too numerous—are interspersed through the memoranda on political affairs that abound in curious revelations, and are valuable materials for history." We may, we think, fitly close our imperfect notice of a very charming book with another extract from the remarks of the same able reviewer: "While the political interest of this volume is extreme, thanks to those absorbing public anxieties which had engrossed the Prince's thought and time, comparatively small space is devoted to domestic matters, with the exception of the marriage of the Princess Royal. But before taking leave of a most fascinating book, we cannot resist quoting a charming passage in a letter from the Prince to his daughter at Berlin about the little Princess Beatrice, who was evidently a great pet with her father:—'The little aunt makes daily strides, and is really too comical. When she tumbles, she calls out in bewilderment: "She don't like it; she don't like it;" and she came into breakfast a short time ago (with her eyes full of tears) moaning, "Baby has been so naughty; poor baby so naughty," as one might complain of being ill, of having slept too badly, etc.' In the concluding volume, which will be anxiously expected, the domestic interest will be painful enough."

W.

BROTHER GOULD'S "FOUR OLD LODGES."

WILLIAM JAMES HUGHAN.

THE title of the work affords but a faint idea of its contents, and, indeed, from the varied character of the volume by our able brother, Robert Freke Gould, it would not be easy to suggest a description which would embody the chief features of the book. The main object is to elucidate the eventful history of "The Four Old Lodges, Founders of Modern Freemasonry, and their Descendants," and also to present "A Record of the Progress of the Craft in England, and the Career of every Regular Lodge down to the Union of 1813," to facilitate which we are favoured "with an Authentic Compilation of Descriptive Lists for Historic Reference." The work is most appropriately dedicated to the R.W. Bro. John Havers, P.G.W., "In admiration of unrivalled services rendered to English Masonry, within living memory," and is published for the benefit of the Masonic Charities by Brother Spencer, Great Queen Street.

Bro. Gould has endeavoured to do justice to the Lodges which formed the *Premier Grand Lodge of the World* in 1717, and has succeeded beyond our most sanguine expectations. There were, as we all—or should—know, four Lodges which assembled at the "Apple Tree" in 1716, and agreed to meet annually to "chuse a Grand Master from among themselves till they should have the honour of a *noble* Brother at their head." Accordingly, on St. John the Baptist's day, "the Assembly and Feast" was held at the "Goose and Gridiron," and the first Grand Master was installed. No "Attendance Book" has been preserved, so we cannot tell who were the company on these occasions, but Bro. Gould has traced many interesting facts as to this Assembly and its subsequent history, and made the account most readable. What cannot be said for all Masonic Historians, he has compiled the particulars from authentic sources, after most painstaking exertions, to be preserved from errors of any kind. The first of the four of these four old Lodges still exists in the "Lodge of Antiquity," No 2. The *second* apparently appeared on the Roll until 1736, and was struck off at the *re-numbering in* 1740. At least, this seems to us the

most reasonable opinion, based on a careful consideration of the abundant evidence submitted by Bro. Gould. The *third* demands more attention than we can well afford or devote for the present article, as the reasons *pro* and *con* as to Brother Gould's views on the subject are very numerous, and would require the reproduction of many pages of the work to duly enable the able writer to properly state his case. In brief, we may say that *original* No. 3 (which assembled at the *Apple Tree* Tavern, and under whose wing the first Grand Lodge *pro tem.* was held in 1716), after removing to the "Queen's Head," "upon some difference, the members that met there came under a *new Constitution*, tho' they wanted it not" (*Dr. Anderson*, A.D. 1738), and from A.D. 1740 its number became 10, until 1756, when it was raised to 6. From 1814 it has been No. 12. Bro. Gould claims, that, as the continuity of the meetings of the Lodge had not been interfered with, its position as original No. 3 *is still preserved*, and that, consequently, whatever its number may be on the Roll at the present time, the "Fortitude and Old Cumberland Lodge" is in reality the original No. 3.

We have offered a few objections to this view of the matter, which have occurred to us while in correspondence with Bro. Gould on the subject, some of which have been entirely removed by his subsequent discoveries whilst searching amongst the old records in Grand Lodge, and which are clearly explained in his excellent work. We still fail, however, to see any point in the members declining their privileges, if they were to retain them notwithstanding, and to accept a *new Constitution*, as Dr. Anderson states, is surely equivalent to resigning their time-immemorial usages. Bro. Gould has found that the Lodge objected to their being placed lower on the Roll, but on what grounds we still profess it difficult to understand, after again perusing the account of their difference, added to which, it appears to us that the members of the original No. 3 accepted a *new Constitution*, or joined a later Lodge, *not* that the junior Lodge joined No. 3, which, to our minds, makes all the difference. The various paragraphs in the work relating to Lodge precedency are most interesting, and display a deep insight into the history of the old Lodges, as well as a complete mastery of all the intricate details of the various re-numberings and chronological arrangements by the G. Secretaries, and Pine (the engraver), and others. The work is without a rival, and never is likely to have one, all that is possible being accomplished, and the author most readily acknowledges the aid received from other students of the Craft in his admirable volume.

The information as to the old taverns, distinguished members of the "Four Old Lodges," early customs of the Fraternity, the ancient guilds, the Masonic body in its operative and speculative character, its position and privileges last century, is so varied and complete that we cannot do more than pronounce the volume to be thoroughly practical and perfect in all its details, and a *multum in parvo* for all Masonic students, who, for certain, can never feel too much indebted to the author for the vast attention and considerable time he has devoted to these really important subjects. In fact, it contains so much that it has only been kept from being unduly bulky by the use of small type, the numerous notes being still smaller, and the whole so solid that it takes many hours diligent perusal to even cursorily manage the 82 pages. In our "Numismatical and Numerical Register of Lodges," just issued, we take the numeration from 1863 back to 1813, immediately before the Union, through the changes of 1832 and 1814. Brother Gould takes up the chain of evidence at 1813, or rather 1792, and traces every Lodge of the *Moderns* through all the re-numberings of 1781, 1770, 1756, and 1740, to the original numbers of the Lodges existing before that period, and in the several tables enriching the volume *all the Lodges of the "Moderns"* (whether subsequently erased or otherwise) are given, with full descriptions. This has been the most laborious part of the work, and is, in reality, its special value, as it is impossible to procure these engraved Lists and Calendars in any one library—that of

the Grand Lodge, even, being short of several—and their being thus united in one volume will always entitle Brother Gould to a warm place in the hearts of Masonic students, as one of their most trustworthy and accurate historians. We should have liked to have seen the numbers arranged consecutively, as in our "Masonic Register," though, of course, the labour would have been much more, and so it is hardly fair to wish it, especially as, if a little trouble be taken, it will enable any Brother to trace a Lodge through all its numbers. We append a list of all the old Lodges still existing to 1740, in the form we suggest, which we have compiled from Bro. Gould's work and our "Masonic Register":—

EXISTING LODGES TO A.D. 1740.

1863.	Name.	Location.	Date.	1740.	Numbers. 1756.	1770.	1781.	1792.	1814.	1832.
	Grand Stewards	London	24 June, 1735	115	70					
2	Antiquity	do.	Immemorial	1	1	1	1	1	2	2
4	R. Somerset House	do.	do.	2	2	2	2	2	4	4
6	Friendship	do.	17 Jan., 1721	4	3	3	3	3	6	6
8	British	do.	19 Jan., 1722	5	4	4	4	4	8	8
10	Westminster & K.S.	do.	28 Jan., 1722	6	5	5	5	5	10	10
12	Fortitude and O.C.	do.	27 Feb., 1723	10	6	6	6	6	12	12
14	Tuscan	do.	25 Nov., 1722	9	7	7	7	7	14	14
16	Royal Alpha	do.	May, 1722	8	8	8	8	8	16	16
18	Old Dundee	do.	March, 1723	11	9	9	9	9	18	18
20	R.K. of Antiquity	Chatham	28 Mar., 1723	12	10	10	10	10	20	20
21	Emulation	London	1723	18	13	13	12	12	22	21
23	Globe	do.	18 Sep., 1723	22	16	16	15	14	25	23
26	Castle of Harmony.	do.	22 Jan., 1724	34	22	21	19	18	29	27
28	Old Kings Arms	do.	25 May, 1725	38	25	24	22	21	34	30
29	St. Albans	do.	31 Jan., 1728	43	26	25	23	22	35	32
33	Britannic	do.	17 July, 1730	62	37	33	29	27	42	38
35	Medina	Cowes, I. of W.	17 Feb., 1733	99	57	39	33	31	48	41
37	Anchor and Hope	Bolton	9 Nov., 1732	93	55	46	36	33	51	44
39	St. John the B.	Exeter	11 July, 1732	86	239	48	38	35	53	46
41	R. Cumberland	Bath	18 Mar., 1733	101	59	49	39	36	55	48
42	Relief	Bury	26 July, 1733	103	61	51	40	37	57	50
43	St. Paul's	Birmingham	1733	109	64	53	41	38	58	51
45	Strong Man	London	2 Feb., 1733	98	68	57	44	41	61	53
46	Old Union	do.	11 June, 1735	114	69	59	46	43	62	54
48	Industry	Gateshead	24 June, 1735	117	72	61	48	44	64	56
51	Angel	Colchester	1735	126	76	64	51	47	67	59
52	Union	Norwich	1736	131	80	66	52	48	68	60
55	Constitutional	London	2 Dec., 1736	135	84	70	54	50	70	62
56	H. of Brotherly Love	Arundel	21 Dec., 1736	136	85	71	55	51	72	64
58	Felicity	London	24 Aug., 1737	147	90	74	58	54	75	66
59	Royal Naval	do.	27 Jan., 1738	166	100	77	61	57	79	70
60	Peace and Harmony	do.	3 May, 1738	158	96	80	64	60	82	72
61	Probity	Halifax	12 July, 1738	162	97	81	65	61	84	70
64	Fortitude	Manchester	1738	165	99	83	67	63	87	77
66	Grenadiers	London	25 Oct., 1739	178	110	89	73	68	92	79
67	Star in the East	Calcutta	1740	185	117	93	77	70	93	80

In conclusion, we commend the work to the hearty support of the Craft wherever dispersed, and we feel certain it will be as much appreciated by our Brothers in the United States as in this country, as they have a similar interest to us in the early history of the Grand Lodge of England. We congratulate Bro. Gould most sincerely on the completion of his labours, and we also offer our congratulations to the printers, who have done their difficult work exceedingly well. It only now remains for some one to do a similar work for the *Ancients*, or *Athol Masons*, for which the materials are but scanty.

SUMMER.

ALL nature greets thee, Summer, and in kind
Welcomes the warmth and gladness thou dost give;
The azure sky, the soft and balmy wind
Laden with songbirds' music from each grove,
Led by the lark, who early mounts to sing
His morning notes of joy to heaven's King.

Gladly we hail thee! every leaf and flower
Lifting its dainty face to heaven's bright sun,
Revels in thus unfolding, and has power
To cheer the labourer when work is done;
As home to wife and little ones he wends
He greets e'en wayside flowers as his friends.

And birds and beasts and flowers act their part
In deep responsive gratitude, and blend
Each with the other, till one vast glad heart
Renders it's homage to the Maker, Friend;
Obeying the rich fullness of the Word,
Enjoining us to "Magnify the Lord."

And cans't thou, then, O man! be slow to give
The praise He claims e'en from the grassy sod?
Shall lesser creatures, teaching thee "to live,"
Thus stamp thee as defaulter to thy God?
Nay! rather lead the choir with fervent voice
Of thankful praise, and swell the grand "Rejoice!"

Chilton. ETOILE.

FREEMASONRY IN KELSO.

To the Editor of the Masonic Magazine.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,—As you did me the honour about a year ago to quote in your valuable Magazine some of the old minutes of the Ancient Lodge of Kelso, No. 58, under the above heading, permit me to give a slight sketch of Freemasonry in Kelso from the beginning of last century to the present date.—I am, dear Sir and Brother, yours truly and fraternally,

W. FRED. VERNON.

Until the year of grace 1867 Kelso was a *terra incognita* to most persons residing at a distance from the Borders, saving and excepting a few devoted disciples of old Isaac Walton, who, tempted by the finny prey to be found in the classic streams of Tweed and Teviot and their numerous tributaries, would annually visit our beautiful little Border town. A few ardent admirers of our illustrious brother Sir Walter Scott knew the place as the residence of the great magician during his boyhood, for here he first imbibed a taste for ballad literature, which culminated in the collection of the "Minstrelsy of the

Scottish Border," first printed in Kelso by Bro. James Ballantyne, in 1802, at the office in Bridge Street, from whence the *Kelso Mail*, started by Ballantyne in 1797, is still issued. The excellence of the typography attracted general attention, and no wonder, for the copy which lies before me as I write would have done credit to the metropolitan press, and made people when they read the imprint—"KELSO, printed by James Ballantyne"—enquire where Kelso was. In the same year in which the "Border Minstrelsy" was published, Bro. Ballantyne was the R.W. Master of Kelso Lodge. Kelso was also known to a few, a very few, admirers of architecture, who would make a pilgrimage to the Borders to see and admire the beautiful structures of the ancient masons, as exhibited in the ruins of Melrose, Dryburgh, Kelso, and Jedburgh Abbeys. But to the general world Kelso was, I may say, almost unknown until the year 1867, when her Majesty was graciously pleased to visit it. Then the press-gang came down upon our quiet little town, took down all the particulars about everything they could discover about us, and made us known to all the world. It is just possible, however, that there still exists somewhere someone who has not the remotest idea of the whereabouts of Kelso, and in case such an one should be a reader of your Magazine I will very briefly describe our position.

The town of Kelso is situated on the north bank of the river Tweed, exactly opposite its junction with the Teviot; it is in the county of Roxburgh, and is distant by road 42 miles south-east from Edinburgh, 23 miles west from Berwick, and about six miles from the English Border. It has a population of about 4,000 inhabitants, is accessible by rail from all parts of the country, and, although it is not exactly one of the tourist-haunted places, the scenery here, though not of a bold romantic nature, is exceedingly beautiful, and would well repay a visit. The more one travels in search of the picturesque, the more one is delighted on his return with the scenery around Kelso. Cowper's lines are peculiarly applicable to this place.

> "Scenes must be beautiful which daily view'd
> Please daily, and whose novelty survives
> Long knowledge and the scrutiny of years:
> Praise justly due to those which I describe."

But that this paper is concerning Freemasonry in Kelso I would be tempted to enlarge upon the beauties of our scenery about here. Here, however, instead of any prosaic description of mine, I will quote the words of Dr. Leydon, in his "Scenes of Infancy:—

> "Bosomed in woods where mighty rivers run,
> Kelso's fair vale expands before the sun,
> Its rising downs in vernal beauty swell,
> And, fringed with hazel, winds each flowery dell;
> Green spangled plains to dimpling lawns succeed,
> And Tempé rises on the banks of Tweed.
> Blue o'er the river Kelso's shadow lies,
> And copse-clad isles amid the waters rise;
> Where Tweed her silent way majestic holds,
> Float the thin gales in more transparent folds."

The most conspicuous object in Kelso is the venerable ruin of the Abbey. This Abbey, which was founded in 1128 by King David the First, was doubtless the origin of Masonry in Kelso. Melrose Masons claim their institution from the building of the Abbey there in 1136, and Kilwinning Lodge, or "Mother Kilwinning," as it is called, standing No. 0 on the roll of Scottish Lodges, claims the founding of the Monastry there in 1140 as the introduction of Masonry into Scotland. Having no documentary evidence to prove the origin—the documents as a rule not going farther back than the middle of the seventeenth century, it is not altogether unreasonable to assign the institution of Masonry in the various parts of Scotland to the period at which the Abbeys were erected. If this be accepted, then the Lodge of Kelso

can claim a greater antiquity than Melrose, Mary's Chapel, or Mother Kilwinning. Our records unfortunately only go back to 1701, but as they mention "former sederents," and as they mention acts or laws of which there is no record, we may safely conclude that our Lodge was in full working order long before 1701. So much for its antiquity. Let us now rapidly review the progress of Freemasonry in Kelso from the above authentic date down to the present time.

From the earliest record extant—27th December, 1701—we find the Worshipful Masters of this Lodge to have been men of position. On the death of the W.M. Deacon Faa, in 1702, Sir George Pringle, of Stitehill, was elected Master, and in succession after him the next four Masters were landed proprietors, with estates in the neighbourhood, while some of them were representatives of the lesser barons, or commissioners for the shire of Roxburgh in the Scottish Parliament. Throughout the history of the Lodge occur the names of several gentlemen of influence and position who occupied the position of R.W. Masters of the Lodge, notably in 1750-51, when Dr. Wm. Ormston (?), of Hendersyde, held that office, to which he was again elected in 1757-58-59; in 1764-65 William Kerr, of Chatts, was Master, and during the years 1766-67-68-69-70-71 James Dixon, of Ednam, a native of Kelso, and Past Senior Grand Warden of England, was R.W. Master of the Lodge. Nearly all of the names of the other Masters are those of the leading merchants or professional men belonging to the town. About the beginning of the present century the Lodge appears to have reached the acme of prosperity, as we find in the year 1804 that his grace William, Duke of Roxburgh, a Master from the Prince of Wales Lodge, London, applied to be assumed a member, "and proper trial having been made of his knowledge in Masonry, he was accordingly assumed amidst the unbounded applause of the Lodge." About this time we find several other gentlemen of the county joining.

In 1807 the fees were raised so as to keep the Lodge more select, and the consequence was that a few years afterwards one or two Masons thought there was room for another and less aristocratic Lodge, where the fees and dues would be lighter. Five Brethren therefore started a Lodge, which they denominated the "Kelso Tweed Lodge," and, without leave—asked of or granted by Grand Lodge—began on the 16th of May, 1816, "to make Masons on purpose to raise money to defray the expense of a Charter for the Lodge:" rather an irregular mode of proceeding. At this meeting four apprentices were entered, and from this date to the 25th of June inclusive, they held nine meetings, and initiated altogether twenty members into the craft. On the recommendation of the Kelso Lodge and St. John's Lodge, Jedburgh, Grand Lodge granted a Charter on the 5th of August, 1816. There was in connection with this Lodge a benefit society, which existed till the 12th of April, 1841, when it was dissolved and the funds divided. The total funds amounted to £378 9s. 8d., of which one-fourth (£93 6s. 3¼d.) went to the Lodge, and each member received a dividend of £1 4s. 3d. per pound, according to the amount he had paid in of quarter dues. The benefit society scheme was never again attempted by the Lodge.

To revert to the old Lodge, we find the number of members on the roll in 1705 to be 40, and in 1741, 47. The meetings were well attended, as, out of a total of 47 members, it is recorded that 44 voted upon a certain question. In 1747 the Lodge recommended that the off-going Master in time-coming make an oration to the "Lodge upon the science of Masonry, not only for the instruction of the weak, but for the conduct of the more experienced, and that the Master in office do the same at the end of his first year:" a very sensible recommendation. There old Brethren had the true spirit of Masonry in them: we find them at one time giving 50 guineas towards building a bridge over the Tweed at Kelso, and at a later period, when the work was not progressing for lack of funds, getting a subscription of 20 pounds from Grand Lodge for

the same object. They also subscribed towards paving the streets of Kelso and bringing water into the town, towards an organ for the Episcopal chapel, towards establishing a dispensary, and towards raising recruits for the army. This last event is so novel and interesting that perhaps I may be excused if I quote the minute referring to it in full.

At a special meeting of the Lodge, on the 12th of February, 1778, "The Right Worshipful moved that Bro. Lieut.-Col. William Brown, of the Swan in Chelsea, of the Athol Highlanders, being now in town, and levying men for his Majesty's service in the corps raising by the Most Worshipful his Grace the Duke of Athol, Grand Master of England and Grand Master Elect of Scotland, he had, at his request, assembled the Lodge to take into consideration the proper means of supporting the Noble Grand Master in his efforts to assist his King and country in the present unhappy and unnatural rebellion subsisting between Great Britain and her colonies. The Brethren unanimously resolved to testify their zeal for their Sovereign and their respect for the Noble Grand Master, by marching with Lieut.-Col. Brown at the head of his recruiting party, beating up for Volunteers for the Athol Highlanders, and, accordingly, marched from the Lodge in procession through the town, and, at the same time, offered a bounty of three guineas over his Majesty's allowance to every man who should enlist in that corps within one month from this date under any sergeant or officer commissioned by Lieut.-Col. Brown. Every person so enlisting having a certificate from Lieut.-Col. Brown of his having enlisted according to the true intendment of this offer, on producing which to the Right Worshipful Master, he will authorise the treasurer to pay the said bounty. The Brethren also resolved that printed advertisement to this purpose should be handed about and pasted up in different parts of the town.

On returning to the Lodge-room, Brother Brown requested he might be assumed a member of this Lodge, and proper trial having been previously taken before admitting him to the Lodge, he was assumed a member, and paid his dues, being five shillings to the Lodge and a shilling to the officer."

The loyalty and patriotism of these old Brethren were rewarded by a letter of thanks from the Most Noble and Worshipful Grand Master, the Duke of Athol. In my next I intend bringing down the records of "Freemasonry in Kelso" to the present day.

(To be continued).

THE POET.

WHO is the Poet?—He who reads
Romances in the budding flowers,
Who smallest things of Nature heeds,
Sees life in death and sun in showers;
Delights to wander in a glade
Where sweetest songbirds loud are singing,
Or listen to the music made
By peals of thunder loudly ringing.

He loves the solemn ocean's shore,
On ocean's mysteries loves to ponder;
He loves to hear the cat'racts roar;
By murm'ring rills delights to wander.

The primrosed Spring, the rose-crowned noon
Of Summer, bring to him their treasure;
The Autumn, with its harvest moon,
And snow-robed Winter, give him pleasure.

When stars light up the world above,
And the pale moon its watch is keeping
On all within its sphere that move,
And men on earth are calmly sleeping—
Or dreaming dreams of gladsome things
Or horrid shapes, at which they cower—
At such an hour the Poet sings,
Moved by some hidden mystic power.

As he is Fancy's wayward child,
He wanders, in imagination,
O'er desert places bleak and wild,
Or places rich with vegetation.
His moods change with each changing scene—
Now high with mirth, now low with sorrow,
Now wishing he had never been,
Now hoping for a brighter morrow!

W. CORBETT.

NOTES ON LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

BY BRO. GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL.

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

THE firemen of Paris have succeeded, in three months, in extinguishing 251 out of 319 fires, without deranging or damaging the rooms or their contents, by burning in each case a few pounds of carbon de sulphide, so as to produce large volumes of carbonic and sulphurous acid, both of which are known to be excellent extinguishers of fire.

In quoting the beautiful dedication of our gifted brother, Dr. R. A. Douglas Lithgow's "Pet Moments" to the Poet Laureate, a word was misquoted: for the line should have been—

"The conquests of thy genius still *revered.*"

instead of (as given) "*reward.*" But the volume would not suffer much in the estimation of my readers through a single mistake, being brimful of true Masonic teachings. Here, for instance, is a fine philosophy which we all shall be the better for acting up to:—

"To err is human; and the best
From right's straight path may sometimes wend,
But yet hope's cheerful words attest
'It never is too late to mend!'

"And though again, and yet again,
You may have raised a fallen friend,
Still faithful to your trust remain,—
'It never is too late to mend!'

"Then, if a weaker brother err,
Let kindness with your counsel blend,
And of success do not despair,—
'It never is too late to mend!'"

The following tribute to two of the best delineators of character in our glorious English literature pleases me much :—

"The glory-roll of England bears a name
Which love and genius will for ever guard
Within the portals of immortal fame!—
The glorious name of Avon's peerless bard!—
Of one, but one, if not inspired, yet far
Exalted in the altitude of mind
Above his fellows, like a full-orb'd star
Amid the lesser hosts: who judged mankind
And human nature as a demi-god,—
Sounded their depths and shallows, and pourtray'd
With master hand, their faults and foibles; awed
A wond'ring world by mirrowing each shade
Of life and character,—and deftly limn'd
Men's passions, virtues, vices, hopes, and fears;
SHAKSPERE! whose genius shall remain undimm'd,
While English hearts throb on through future years
Of smaller magnitude, yet softly bright,
And chaste as Hesperus, serenely gleams
Another orb, which sheds its hallow'd light
(Like Hope's fair iris-tints through lovers' dreams)
Over the spacious round, where Fame records
The worth of Britons. Oh! how sweet the name
Of him, who, spurning tinselly rewards
And empty titles, stamp'd the brand of shame
On foul injustice,—trampled on the head
Of base hypocrisy, and boldly strove
To tear the mask from ignorance: who sped
The streams of kindness, charity, and love
Through homes and hearts innumerable; sought
The people's welfare and his country's good,—
To aid the poor and weak; and ever wrought
To bind all men in love and brotherhood;—
Who shed a halo round our hopes and fears,
And taught us to be heroes in earth's strife,—
The gentle master of our smiles and tears,—
DICKENS, the Shakspere of familiar life!"

Fine, too, is the allusion to those immortal mansions from whence all goodness emanates, which every true Mason hopes, by square conduct, level steps, and upright intentions to arrive at :—

"There is a land of beauty, rest, and peace,
Beyond the limits of life's angry sea,
Where love Divine with gentle sway presides
Amid the bowers of immortality."

Here, again, is "A Seasonable Appeal," truly Masonic in character; for the genuine Freemason is one to whom the distressed will never have unburdened their sorrowing souls in vain :—

"How many homes around us now are drear,
And bare, and comfortless! how many souls
Are drooping now in hunger-smitten forms,
Which shiver in the scanty, tattered rags
Of dire distress; without a fire to warm;
Without the bare necessities of life;
The parents' hearts with silent anguish wrung,—
The sickly children crying out for food!
O men of wealth! this is a time to prove
The texture of your hearts,—*your gratitude*
For all the benisons on you conferr'd!
O men, my brothers! leave the shrine of Self,

And stretch your hands out to these starving ones
Within a stone-throw of your happy hearths!
Open the purses which 'Our Father' hath
In loving kindness for you amply fill'd,
And help our honest and deserving poor,
Our needy Brethren!—for we all are His!
Think what they suffer,—what they must endure,—
The pangs of hunger, misery, and cold,—
No smile to cheer, no hope to bear them on;—
(Unless that certain hope beyond the grave!)
Their little circle pining, mayhap thinn'd
By sateless death, or prostrate by disease,
And yet all this unmerited by crime!"

And then follows a powerful appeal for the poor children, "powerless to express" those sufferings which the poet's pen so well delineates. Not that he is any advocate for that indiscriminate alms-giving which sinks instead of elevating the receivers. He urges us to be "Up and be Doing" in a hopeful song, set to music*; telling us truly:—

"It is useless to mope o'er our troubles all day,
And to rail at the lot we inherit;
Bear in mind that success is the crown of hard work,
And we all receive more than we merit.
Though the past has been dark, though the present is drear,
And a storm o'er the future be brewing,
Bright sunshine will smile, ere a very long while,
If you only be up and be doing.
Then get up like the lark, and to work like a man,
The dictates of conscience pursuing;
And to o'ercome the strife in the battle of life,
Never yield, but be up and be doing!

"Never think it beneath you to dirty your hands,
If duty require you, but do it;
For however humble a duty may be,
If righteous, you never can rue it.
As you steadily plod o'er life's dangerous road,
The chart of the past keep reviewing;
Yet, while you look back o'er the desolate track,
Still keep travelling on, and be doing!
Then get up with the lark, etc.

"The drop that is constant will wear out the stone,
So if fortune be slow to reward you,
Be cheerful and patient, and toil on in hope,
And your conscience, approving, will guard you.
Make hay while the sun of your youth brightly shines,
Or else all your lives you'll be rueing
The time you have spent, and the chances you've lost,—
So don't fret, but be up and be doing!
Then get up with the lark, etc."

But I must pause. The extracts I have given are sufficient to prove that Bro. Lithgow is a true poet in an age of pretenders; and if "Pet Moments" be the blossoms of youth, what rich fruit may we not expect from the later summer and early autumn of his life! I notice that Provost and Co., of Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, are the publishers of the volume; and I hope it will receive, as it certainly deserves, a good sale.

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.

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* Published by Hopwood and Crewe.

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

No. 74.—Vol. VII. AUGUST, 1879. Price 6d.

OLD ANTIQUITY.

THIS famous lodge—famous alike from its immemorial existence and actual work, and bound up with so much that is historical in the annals of English Freemasonry—has come before us recently, in the installation of H.R.H. Prince Leopold, and we are pleased to record the fact in the pages of the *Masonic Magazine*. Its history has yet to be written; its documents have yet to be critically considered and collated.

A correspondent of the *Times* says:—"The lodge is remarkable for being the oldest English lodge in the Craft, if not the oldest authenticated lodge in the world. It possesses many rare and curious Masonic relics. The mallet used last night was that employed by Charles II. to lay the foundation-stone of St. Paul's Cathedral, and was presented to the lodge by its then Master—Sir Christopher Wren. This mallet is made out of a piece of wood of the cathedral which stood where the present one now stands. A piece of stone dug out when the foundations were laid, and belonging to the Roman temple which preceeded the Christian Church, is another curiosity which the lodge obtained from Sir Christopher Wren. Some of the lodge furniture in exquisite taste was designed and presented to it by the great architect. The trowels used by the Duke of Sussex to lay the foundation-stones of Hammersmith Bridge and the Caledonian Asylum are also the property of this lodge."

The following account of Prince Leopold's installation is taken from the *Freemason* of June 28th:—"Lodge of Antiquity (No. 2).—This famous and ancient lodge assembled in unwonted numbers on Wednesday last, at its monthly meeting at Freemasons' Hall, for the purpose of initiating a candidate for Freemasonry in the first place, and then of installing H.R.H. Prince Leopold as W.M. The lodge opened at four, and Mr. Frederick Lasseter being in attendance, was balloted for, accepted, and was initiated into Masonry by Bro. W. Hope, W.D.M. With that great and customary virtue of punctuality (not a Masonic virtue, by the way,) for which our Royal Family are so distinguished, H.R.H. Prince Leopold, attended by Bro. the Hon. Alexander Yorke, was announced soon after five. At this moment the lodge-room presented a very striking and pleasant 'coup d'œil,' the numerous 'red collars' contrasting agreeably and effectively with the dark blue of Grand Lodge and the light blue of the Craft. H.R.H. having been presented by Bros. Col. Creaton and Sampson Pierce, Past Masters, Bro. Col. Stuart, the oldest Past Master of the lodge, proceeded to instal H.R.H. in the chair of King Solomon! The ceremony, which followed the old ritual of the Lodge of Antiquity, and which slightly differs from the form in customary use, was most ably rendered by Bro. Col. Stuart. After

Prince Leopold had been installed and received the due 'Honours,' the Past Masters of the lodge first of all, and then the members of the lodge, were presented to His Royal Highness. The W.M. then proceeded to close the lodge in a very workmanlike style. The brethren subsequently adjourned to a banquet, which was served in the Ladies' Drawing-Room, Freemasons. Tavern, under the distinquished presidency of their Royal Master. He gave, after grace was said by the Chaplain, the usual loyal and Masonic toasts with commendable clearness and forcible brevity, and responded to the toast of 'The W.M.,' most ably proposed by the Installing Master, Bro. Col. Stuart, in most feeling and eloquent words. He also proposed 'The Health of the Past Masters of the lodge,' alluding both warmly and humorously to the services of the past Grand Officers, members of the lodge, Bros. Col. Stuart, Col. Creaton, the Grand Treas., the I.P.M., and Erasmus Wilson, who had so patriotically brought Cleopatra's Needle to this country, and the members of the medical and legal professions present. Bro. Woodford returned thanks for the Past Masters, and remarked that H.R.H. that evening was installed W.M. of one of the oldest lodges in the world, and which, in one sense, might not unfairly be termed the mother lodge of Masonry, as far as England, and all lodges hailing from England, were concerned. After the retirement of His Royal Highness, the other toasts were proposed, concluding with 'The Tyler's' toast. The brethren separated at an early hour, having spent a most enjoyable and unforgettable evening, to be carefully noted as an 'alba dies' by the excellent Secretary, Bro. Barron, in the imperishable records of 'Old Antiquity.' We may observe that the arrangement of the tables was most artistic, reflecting the highest credit on Bro. Best, and the banquet was one which called for all praise as regards all concerned, whether as to the careful skill which planned it, or the 'cuisine" which produced it. Among those present we observed Bros. P.M's. Col. Stuart, Creaton, Swinburne, Rae, Sampson Pierce, Master of Ceremonies; Erasmus Wilson, Holmes, Philbrick, Barron, Wharton Hood, Woodford, I.P.M.; the D.M., Bro. Hope; Parker Deacon and Greetham, Senior and Junior Wardens; Pontifex and Twynam, Senior and Junior Deacons; Stephen Pearce, Letchworth, Moore, Hilary Skinner, Taggart, Joliffe, Organist; Lasseter, and Speight, Tyler, P.G. Tyler for Surrey. Several of the brethren were abroad, and were unavoidably absent. There were no visitors except Bro. the Honorable A. Yorke."

In the *Times* of Thursday, June 26, appears the following interesting article:—"Prince Leopold's installation last night, at the Freemasons' Hall, as Master of the Lodge of Antiquity is an event of greater public interest than the majority of Masonic proceedings. The office which Prince Leopold now fills was worthily filled by his great-uncle, the Duke of Sussex, for thirty-four years. This association with a Royal personage is not, however, the only or the greatest distinction of the Lodge of Antiquity. William III. was initiated into Masonry in this lodge, which then bore the name of St. Paul's, and in which Sir Christopher Wren officiated as Master for eighteen years. It received from him what is both a treasure and a curiosity—that is, the mallet or gavel used by Charles II. to lay the foundation-stone of St. Paul's Cathedral, and formed out of a piece of wood of the original structure. He also gave it a fragment of the stone of the Roman temple which stood on the site of the present cathedral, and which was dug up when the foundations were laid. Some of the lodge furniture was designed and presented by the great architect, so that the members can boast of possessing many things of almost national value. It is appropriate that a body such as this should have at its head one whose literary and artistic tastes are so much in sympathy with its history, and who is well qualified to perpetuate the traditions of those Masters who have adorned the position to which he has been elected. Even the general public, to whom Masonry may not be a subject of particular concern, cannot but feel gratified that a body so venerable as the Lodge of Antiquity should continue to deserve

and maintain its exceptional place among Masonic societies. The pretensions of enthusiasts about the great age of Masonry may not unreasonably excite the scorn of unimaginative critics. The stories which tell how St. Alban introduced the Order into Britain are in keeping with other fables in the legendary annals of this country. Extravagant claims naturally excite scepticism, and almost justify the rejection of any story as pure fiction. While no person competent to form a decision can soberly uphold the statements concerning the ancient, if not prehistoric, character of Freemasonry, yet it is quite as rash to argue, as is frequently done, that the whole system is but a thing of yesterday, and was the invention of some clever men in the eighteenth century. That Freemasonry, substantially the same in kind as that which now exists, was practised in this country as far back as the time of Henry VI. is by no means improbable. It has been surmised that the King himself was a member of the Order, though nothing more is proved in support of this than that he left behind him a manuscript containing certain parts of Masonic ritual. In his reign the operative Masons were very unpopular, and an Act was passed forbidding them to hold their 'chapiters and congregations.' It is possible that, about this time, the change may have begun which eventually transformed the operative into speculative Masons, substituting for the forms and rules under which buildings were actually constructed the mere theoretic Masonry of the present day, in which a peculiar system of morality is veiled in allegory and illustrated by symbols. The several steps of the process have never been clearly traced. There is no doubt, however the result may have been achieved, it is a noteworthy one. The existence of such a lodge as that of Antiquity, working under an immemorial constitution, and over which Sir Christopher Wren presided as Master, carries back the Order in this country to a period sufficiently remote to satisfy any reasonable person, and even to endow it with an archæological *status*. However well-founded the doubts may be as to the right of Freemasons to claim an ancient origin for their Order, it is indisputable that the Order itself is widely diffused over the earth and wields an extended power. Not long ago we published some statistics on this subject, and these figures could not fail to produce a strong impression. There is no civilised country in which many Masonic lodges cannot be found, and the more civilised the country the greater the number of these lodges. Russia is the only nation concerning which no Masonic statistics are forthcoming, the reason being that in Russia Freemasons have long shared with Jews the antipathy and condemnation of those in authority. Nowhere do Freemasons abound more than in the United States, and nowhere are they now held in higher honour, yet there was a time when they were the opprobrium of citizens of the North American Republic. When Miss Martineau visited the United States and wrote her 'Society in America,' she found the Masonic order the object of general denunciation and antipathy. Commenting on what she heard, she wrote that "a bad institution is overthrown." It is obvious that the Order must subserve some practical end, otherwise it would not have survived the overthrow of forty years since. Across the Atlantic it can make no pretensions to a long traditionary past; its introduction on North American soil dates from the middle of the eighteenth century. Washington and Franklin are numbered amongst the earliest as well as the most notable American Freemasons. Indeed, when Washington died at Mount Vernon his funeral was conducted by his Masonic brethren in the Virginian Lodge, of which he had long been a member. It is no unusual thing in the United States to see an important personage take part in a Masonic demonstration; President Johnson, for instance, walked in the procession at the opening of the Temple in Boston, and, simply because he was a Freemason, was heartily welcomed by thousands who detested his politics. In the great cities of the Union, such as Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, the Masonic temples are the most striking architectural structures. Perhaps the love of parade which predominates in

the breasts of citizens of the United States causes those of them who are Freemasons to indulge in more public display than is consonant with the principles of a society which professes to have the exclusive custody of important secrets, and which conducts its business in strict privacy. But Freemasonry, like many other institutions, has its ranks, its degrees, and also its offshoots, and those parts of it which are least useful are the most demonstrative. One addition to the ordinary degrees is that of the Knight Templars, being an attempt to carry on the tradition of the old foes of the Saracens and conquerors of the Holy Land. This degree is a favourite one in the United States, partly because the clothing is very showy and partly because all its members cease to be plain Jones, Brown, and Robinson, and become, for the time being, Sir Thomas Jones, Sir John Brown, and Sir Joseph Robinson. It is their custom to have an annual gathering in some city, where they parade in public and march about with a mock military air. When the International Exhibition took place in Philadelphia in 1876, the Knight Templars assembled there to the number of eight thousand, and proved themselves to be the most extraordinary sight which had been provided for the astonishment of the foreign visitors. In this country and in other European countries Freemasons are seldom seen in public, and are not often the subjects of comment, except in a Papal Bull. Yet in Europe, as in America, they are neither few in number nor wanting in influence. A curious and interesting list might be compiled of the distinguished persons who have been Freemasons. Many men of note have been active members of the Order. The supposition that Cardinal Wolsey presided over a lodge may be classed among unauthenticated stories. There is evidence in favour of Bacon being a Freemason, which every understanding reader can gather from a perusal of his 'New Atlantis.' An ingenious attempt has been made to prove that Shakespeare belonged to the Craft; but, then, what is there that Shakespeare has not been credited with having done? Most of our countrymen of note during the last and the present century are known to have been Freemasons. In Prussia the Great Frederick was not only a Freemason, but was the head of the Order; both the present German Emperor and the Crown Prince have followed the example set them by the illustrious consolidator of the Prussian realm. Germany numbers such men as Lessing, Herder, Fichte, and Goethe in the Masonic ranks. The latter, like his brother poet Burns, employed his poetical talents in celebrating the merits of the Order. Late in life Voltaire became a Freemason, and the majority of noteworthy Frenchmen since his day have also been members of the fraternity. It is supposed, not without reason, that the Masonic lodges were instrumental in fostering the First Revolution in France. Not long ago the Grand Lodges in this country and the United States severed their connexion with that of France, on the ground that the latter had expunged from the formula of initiation the expression of belief in a Deity. Indeed, the French have always been disposed to practice Freemasonry after a fashion of their own. They even turn the lodge meeting to a very practical purpose—that of promoting great engineering enterprises. M. Littré, being recently mentioned among those persons who deserved credit for setting on foot a scheme for piercing the Isthmus of Panama, declared in explanation that the project had really been conceived in the Lodge of Clémente-Amitié, of which he became a member in 1875. Should Freemasons' lodges add the furtherance of engineering to the practice of charity and good-fellowship, they will assuredly become more important bodies than even their advocates have deemed possible. In dealing with the pretensions of Masonry it is necessary, indeed, to pass judgment in the dark. The general public cannot repose full confidence in a secret society, whether, like that of the Freemasons, its objects are the practice of charity and the recognition of the personal equality and mutual dependence of mankind, or whether, like that of the Jesuits, its aims are the advancement of the Church of Rome. Perhaps, if the Freemasons and the Jesuits disclosed

their secrets, they would lose little that was worth keeping, and the world gain little that was worth having. So far as has been shown, the five or six million Freemasons who inhabit the earth have never deserved the denunciations which the head of the Roman Catholic Church has often levelled against them. Notwithstanding the condemnation of successive Popes, the order flourishes in such purely Roman Catholic countries as France, Spain, Portugal, Italy, Belgium, Mexico, and Brazil. In France there are 287 lodges; in Spain, 300; in Portugal, 22; in Italy, 110; in Belgium, 15; in Mexico, 13; and in Brazil, 256. In the United Kingdom there are nearly two thousand lodges, while in the United States the number nearly reaches ten thousand. During the worst days in our history, when Parliament in a frenzy of terror passed laws against secret societies, the society of Freemasonry was specially excepted. The Act of 1799 exempts the lodges of Freemasons from the pains and penalties inflicted upon United Englishmen, Scotsmen, Britons, and Irishmen, doing so on the ground that Masonic meetings are in a great measure directed to charitable purposes. The Act of 1817, which was designed to carry out the intent of that of 1799 more effectually, specifically exempts Freemasons and Quakers from its operation. Indeed, those persons who have seen the palatial establishments for the education of the sons and daughters of Freemasons, and the asylums for the old and destitute, which are maintained by English Freemasons cannot doubt that the Order amply justifies its existence in this country. When our Royal Princes associate themselves with Freemasonry, they not only follow an excellent family example, but they perform duties which cannot but heighten their popularity. In undertaking to discharge the active functions of Master of the Lodge of Antiquity, Prince Leopold will certainly receive the thanks of all the Freemasons who glory in a lodge which is the centre of many venerable and cherished traditions of the Craft."

The *Freemason* has the following leader on the subject:—"Prince Leopold was, on Wednesday last, installed W.M. of the Lodge of Antiquity, amid a goodly gathering of its members and the manifest rejoicing of all present. That most ancient and distinguished lodge has a history, alike unique and remarkable, and it is very fitting that it should be presided over by one so qualified to adorn the Master's chair as H.R.H. Prince Leopold. He is well known to Englishmen and to Masons by his artistic taste and æsthetic culture, and his zealous desire to extend the great blessings of scientific study and sound education. He is a student, and a successful student, moreover, of more than one branch of general and special knowledge, and his public utterances have been warmly hailed and heartily appreciated by all who have had the pleasure of listening to them. There is also a special interest in the fact to 'Old Antiquity,' as its members like to term it, that Prince Leopold succeeded H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex, thirty-four years Master of the lodge. It is this historic connection of the Lodge of Antiquity with the annals of our Order and, above all, with the Royal Family which renders it so desirable that so distinguished a lodge should claim as its head a member of that Royal House, ever ready to take its share of the burdens of benevolent labour and of social amenities which devolve upon them, as citizens of the greatest monarchy the world has ever seen. The history of the Lodge of Antiquity has yet to be written, and its many documents are still to be collated. It cherishes the tradition that King William III. was initiated among its members at Hampton Court Palace, and certain it seems to be that it was in existence in 1691, and, probably, very much earlier as a purely operative lodge. Indeed, it stands without a rival, the head of English Freemasonry, and though now No. 2 by the fraternal arrangements of the Union of 1813, under the great-uncle and grandfather of Prince Leopold, it is, strictly speaking, the real and original No. 1 of English Freemasonry. Let us hope that the union begun on Wednesday last between the Lodge of Antiquity and Prince Leopold may long be cemented

and preserved, and that under his distinguished presidency it may long retain its high character and its distinctive system, its prestige at home and its popularity abroad."

We also append to this a leader from the *Freemason* with respect to the interesting article in the *Times*, in order to render this little reference to an interesting subject complete:—"In a very able leader, mainly with respect to the Lodge of Antiquity, the *Times*, on Thursday week, gave us a very remarkable and readable 'leader' on Freemasonry. Not that the article professed to be very antiquarian, or very profound, or even, perhaps, very critical, but it skimmed over the ground easily and pleasantly, and laid before a very large circle of readers a well-written and philosophically-conceived essay on certain features, salient and significant, which Freemasonry presented to the mind of the writer, and which deserves, therefore, respectful attention, and, above all, fraternal criticism. In a great deal which the writer there affirms we agree most heartily; in some points, however, we are compelled honestly to dissent from his views, most conscientious, no doubt, as they are, and certainly lucidly and eloquently expressed. We quite agree with the writer that in dealing with the antiquity of Freemasonry we must always carefully distinguish between the 'legends of guilds' and the 'facts of history.' But then, our good friend and probably brother, who is so clear a writer and so keen a critic himself, falls amusingly enough into the same very error he has just so characteristically reproved. Whatever may be the real antiquity of Masonry, it is probably co-eval with the Masonic guilds or sodalities, and hence, no doubt, much of the doubt and obscurity, and the incorrect assertions and exaggerated claims which have arisen and which marked most undoubtedly the lucubrations of many Masonic writers, ancient and modern. But, as we said, if the writer of this interesting article complains of undue acceptance of 'legends,' why has he fallen into the same mistake by treating the so-called Locke MS. and the alleged endorsement or transcript of Henry VI. as a reality, when that so-called MS. has long been abandoned by experts as a 'pious fraud?' And why, above all, does he suggest the absorption of the speculative element into the operative guilds as 'possible' in the 15th century, when it is clear from countless evidences which might be adduced that such transformation could not and did not take place until about the middle of the 17th century? We are not quite sure either whether we can accept as indisputable facts one or two statements in respect of the Lodge of Antiquity itself, with all due submission to the writer. There is in existence no evidence that King Charles II. laid the foundation-stone of St. Paul's; all existing available evidence declares that Sir Christopher Wren laid it himself. But it is just possible that the tradition may allude to some special ceremony at St. Paul's with which King Charles II. was connected, and we do not know, except for historical truth's sake, that it matters much one way or the other. The gavel was undoubtedly given to the Lodge by Bro. Sir Christopher Wren. The statement of the initiation of King William III. is also only a 'tradition,' and we are not aware of any document in the possession of the Lodge of Antiquity which mentions the fact as a fact. We venture to say all this in order to point out that even in 1879 how difficult it is to separate 'tradition' from 'history,' and how that, as it has been said, how true it still is—

> 'Tradition, oh, tradition, thou of the seraph tongue,
> The ark which binds two ages, the ancient and the young.'

We thence learn a lesson of caution as to blaming older writers. We do not agree with the writer when he seems to contend that there is some truth after all in the favourite Ultramontane complaint that the 'French lodges were instrumental in fostering the French Revolution.' We do not think that any evidence of such a tendency really exists, but much, very much, to the contrary may be adduced. That in some of the lodges extreme views of

politics may have prevailed is not unreasonable or impossible to suppose, but all the lodges, both under the old 'Grande Lodge de la France' and the 'Grand Orient,' were plunged into 'sommeil' or inactivity by the Revolution, and only emerged from torpor and silence after the 'reign of terror' was over. That one or two bodies, quasi-Masonic, like those of the 'Philosophic Scottish Rite' and the 'Philaletes,' and, above all, the 'Illumines,' may have encouraged the revolutionary movement, is, we think, provable, but the pure Masonic Craft Lodges in Paris and the departments, to their honour, be it said, did not sympathize either with the principles or proceedings of the French Revolution. The writer unconsciously and unintentionally exaggerates an imperfect data, the number of Masons in the world, which, instead of 6,000,000, may be reduced to the more modest tottle of 1,500,000, and he hardly, in our opinion, does justice to the 600,000 Craft Masons in the United States, inasmuch as the Templar body, popular and numerous as it is, is only after all about one twenty-fourth part of Craft Masonry and of Master Masons. But having said all this, which we feel it our duty, as the *Freemason*, to say, we beg to remark that we are greatly pleased and flattered to think that, in such marked contrast with much we have to wade through about Freemasonry, the *Times* has favoured us with an article, alike so able and so interesting, so favourable, and so fair to our Order. It is, we venture to think, a sign of the times in which we live, alike suggestive and satisfactory, and we can only commend the article to the notice of all our readers in both hemispheres, as, despite a few, perhaps, unavoidable errors, slight after all, in theory and assertion, it will alike repay careful perusal by the Masonic student and archæologist, by all who love Freemasonry, by all who are proud to claim the name of Freemasons."

IN MEMORIAM:

LOUIS NAPOLEON. CHISLEHURST, JULY 12, 1879.

Oh! ending sad of hopes all bright and fair,
Oh! close of many prayers and loving pride,
A widow'd mother's grieving sadly there
For one to stand no more in duty at her side.

We mourn him truly, deeply, one and all;
The high, the low; and English soldiers crave
With whom he nobly shared what fate might fall,
Comrades in life and death, to guard his honour'd grave.

Strange paradox of years! While memory flings
Its solemn colouring over time and fame,
Amid her soldiers, sailors, statesmen, kings,
England will ne'er forget Napoleon's name.

We sigh for such a fate, in such young years;
We mourn glad powers quench'd, great gifts no more;
But yet we trust, amid our falling tears,
That brave boy in his death has reached a deathless shore.

FREEMASONRY IN KELSO.

BY W. FRED. VERNON, P.M. NO. 261, AND R.W.M. 58, SCOT.

(Continued from page 45.)

IT was not until the year 1753 that the lodge applied for a Charter of confirmation from the Grand Lodge, which was granted in due course, the date of it being "the sixth day of February, one thousand seven hundred and fifty-four years." The name of the brother who was mainly instrumental in persuading the brethren to own the authority of Grand Lodge deserves to be recorded and his memory kept green. He was a collector of Excise, and his name was James Lidderdale. He affiliated into the lodge in 1752, and, being an enthusiastic Mason, was a great acquisition to the Craft in the district; for he rose, not only to be Master of Kelso Lodge, but Provincial Grand Master over the Lodges of Dunse, Haddington, Selkirk, Old Lodge of Peebles, Cumberland Kilwinning Peebles, and Kelso. Up to the 18th of June, 1754, the lodge was worked only in the Apprentice and Fellow Craft degrees, but upon that day some brethren, who had come from Edinburgh to assist at the laying of the foundation-stone of Kelso bridge the day previous, formed themselves into a Lodge of Masters, and raised five brethren to the sublime degree, which was regularly worked from that day forth.

We find these worthy old Masons were given to hospitality, as well as generosity, instances of which were given in our last, and that they frequently entertained visiting brethren, as instanced by the following two notable examples. In 1757 the Right Honourable and Most Worshipful Charles Sholto Douglas, Earl of Aberdeen, Grand Master of Scotland, being in the town for a short time, visited the lodge, along with Bros. William Scott and John Lumsdean, Esqs. Again, in 1785, the celebrated æronaut, Vincent Lunardi, having visited the town for the purpose of making an ascent in his balloon, a special meeting was called to entertain the distinguished visitor, who was made an honorary member of the lodge. At this meeting he gave a graphic account of his balloon ascent from the town a few days previous, which is carefully recorded in the minutes. In the old minute-book he has inscribed his name—"Vincent Lunardi, of Lucca, Italy, October the 25th, 1785," and immediately below he has made a very fair sketch of his balloon. There are many other instances of the brethren of this lodge entertaining strangers, but we will only note one more, which shows, perhaps more than either of the instances I have quoted, or any of the others recorded, the true fraternal spirit which pervaded our old Kelso brethren. From November, 1810, till June, 1814, there resided, on parole, in Kelso, a number of French prisoners of war, as many as 230 being at one time located here. Notwithstanding that the French were at that time considered the natural enemies of our country, and that the national feeling and prejudice against them amounted almost to a mania, we find these worthy Masons entertaining their French brethren upon St. Andrew's Day, 1810, not many days after their arrival, and doing what they could to render the unfortunate position of their foreign brethren as pleasant as possible. "The Right Worshipful," says the minute of the above date, "in addressing them, expressed the wishes of himself and the brethren to do everything in their power to promote their comfort and happiness, after which he proposed the healths of the brethren who were strangers in a foreign land, which was drank with enthusiastic applause." This was true Masonry.

Another very pleasing feature in connection with the past was the strict observance of St. John the Baptist's Day. We may note here, *en passant*, that

this old lodge is invariably spoken of as "St. John's Lodge," and even in the minutes of Tweed Lodge it is so designated, although the Charter does not warrant the assumption of the name of our patron saint, it being there simply styled the Lodge "Kelso." It may have been owing to the regular keeping of the festivals of St. John the Evangelist and St. John the Baptist that the lodge was so called, or it may have been a tradition handed down from the time of the building of the abbey of Kelso, which was dedicated to *St. John the Evangelist* and the Virgin Mary. The very first minute we have, dated "Kelso, 27th of December, 1701," seems to favour the latter idea, as it begins thus—"The whilk day the companie of the honourable Lodg of Kelso, *under the protection of Saint John*, having met there and considered all former sederents." Anyway, whether the lodge was originally called St. John's Lodge or not, our ancient brethren kept both St. John's days in proper style. We find frequent mention of their meeting in the lodge-room, and walking in procession to the church or Episcopal chapel, for with true charity these brethren were not narrow-minded or bigoted, and could worship T.G.A.O.T.U. either in the homely Presbyterian form, or in the more ornate liturgy of the Episcopal church. St. John the Baptist's Day, 1764, falling upon a Sunday, the brethren met on the Monday, "and walked in procession to the chapel," when the Rev. Bro. Richard Wallis, assisted by the Rev. Bro. George Marsh, rector of Foord, conducted Divine service, an eloquent sermon being preached by Bro. Wallis from Ephesians ii., 19-22, "Now therefor ye are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellowcitizens with the saints, and of the household of God; And are built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner *stone;* In whom all the building fitly framed together groweth unto an holy temple in the Lord: In whom ye also are builded together for an habitation of God through the Spirit." On St. John's Day, 1769, Bro. Wallis preached from I. Corinthians xiv., 40, "Let all things be done decently and in order." On St. John's Day, 1777, the Rev. Bro. Marsh, rector of Foord, preached to them from I. Thessalonians iv., 1, "Furthermore then we beseech you, brethren, and exhort you by the Lord Jesus, that as ye have received of us how ye ought to walk and to please God, so ye would abound more and more." In 1789 the sermon was preached in the parish church by the Rev. Bro. Shiel, minister of Westruther, from Galatians vi., 2, "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ." With such a religious observance of Masonic festivals Masonry flourished, as it deserved, in those days. The sight of these worthy old brethren "busked in their braws," walking in procession to the place of worship, must have impressed the outsiders and onlookers, and given them a favourable opinion of our Order. In fancy we picture these good old Masons, in their quaint and picturesque costume: three-cornered hats, tie wigs, knee breeches, black silk stockings, burnished shoe-buckles, white gloves and aprons, bedecked with the insignia of their office, and green silk sashes, walking solemnly to church, headed by a band of "musick," consisting of a "hautboy, drum, fife, and three fiddles."

It is not worth while detailing here the numerous ceremonials the lodge assisted at, especially as I have already given copious extracts about some of these proceedings in the history of the lodge, published last year in the columns of the *Scottish Freemason*. Connected with one of these ceremonials, however, I find in the *Kelso Mail* of June 28th, 1819, the following lines, written by James Ruickie, Tyler of St. John's Lodge, Hawick, which were recited at the Kelso Lodge on the anniversary of St. John the Baptist, 1819, on the occasion of laying the foundation-stone of the monument to Thomson the poet. Although these lines are not recorded in the Masonic books, yet, as they are connected with "Freemasonry in Kelso," and are of no mean order, I make no apology for introducing them here.

"TO THE SHADE OF THOMSON THE POET."

While *Winter* rages, girt with icy chains,
And shakes his drifty locks o'er moor and dale;
While cheering *Spring* shall decorate our plains,
And opening buds adorn the lovely vale;
While *Summer* flings her odours all around,
And Nature's choirs pour forth their tuneful voice;
While yellow *Autumn* loads the fertile ground,
And makes the thankless sons of men rejoice,—
So long, departed Bard! thy page will shine;
So long thy name to Scotia shall be dear;
So long shall genius at thy sacred shrine
Pay to thy urn the tribute of a tear.
The weight of years this monument will stain,
None from the spoils of Time can it secure;
But *Thomson's* name immortal will remain,
While *Seasons* roll and sun and moon endure.

Concerning Tweed Lodge we find in the minutes nothing of any importance beyond the attendance of the brethren at the various meetings, and the resolutions passed thereat. There seems, however, to have sprung up a feeling of jealousy amongst these brethren towards the brethren of the old lodge, as we find the following recorded in the minute for December 27th, 1821:—"The motion for a ball was again brought forward, when it was agreed by a great majority that a ball amongst the brethren take place, and that in case of a Masonic procession taking place to lay the foundation of a stand at the new Race Course, Berry Moss, to be held on the evening of that day, and that the management of the same be invested in the committee or office-bearers of the lodge. It was also agreed that our lodge take no part in the procession unless invited on equal terms, and enjoy the same privileges with the brethren of the Kelso St. John's Lodge."

This feeling may have been engendered by the older and more aristocratic lodge taking precedency, as it was justly entitled, in any public ceremony, and in being very exclusive, as we find by the minute for December 27th, 1824, which says "Several of the brethren having made a complaint that they were refused admission into the Kelso St. John's Lodge, it was resolved that an enquiry be made into the reason why they were refused." On the matter being again brought before the lodge in February, 1825, we find "it was carried by a majority that no enquiry should be made upon the subject." If the conduct of some of the brethren at this meeting was a sample of their general behaviour, we cannot wonder at their being refused admittance to the other lodge. We note in the minute that two members were fined for swearing, and one for interrupting a member while speaking, their conduct being described as "very disorderly," two brethren "swearing and insulting the Chair and office-bearers, that the Wardens were obliged, from the insults they had got, to leave the lodge before it was shut." For the credit of the lodge it must also be recorded here that at a meeting the following week three of the brethren were expelled by a majority of twenty-seven to three. The secretary has been too careful to preserve the offensive and disgraceful language in the minutes, an altogether unnecessary proceeding, as we could readily believe, with such a majority against them, that they richly merited their severe punishment.

Last month reference was made to the breaking up of "Tweed Lodge Society" and the distribution of the funds in 1841, but it was not till the year 1850 that these funds, or, rather, what was left of them, were invested; for during the nine years the sum of £90 seems to have dwindled considerably, as the comparatively small sum of nineteen pounds sterling only was invested then in shares in the Kelso Gas Company. I may add that these shares are still the property of the lodge, and that the interest accruing from them is now the principal source of regular income of this lodge. With the exception

of assisting at various public ceremonials, Masonic and otherwise, there is nothing recorded in the minutes of more than local interest; the meetings were not held very regularly, and sometimes only twice a year—on St. Andrew's and St. John's anniversaries. The ceremonies of initiation, passing, and raising, were crude in the extreme, and were frequently accompanied by such rough samples of practical joking as almost endangered the limbs of the candidates, and certainly altogether terrified them. I believe that this tom-foolery and burlesque of our beautiful service was actually believed by the initiates to be part of the ceremonies of Freemasonry! It is no wonder that our Craft gets into disrepute when such disgraceful scenes are transacted or tolerated in a lodge; these, combined with the orgies sometimes held after the lodge is closed, and supposed by many to be inseparable from Masonry, have proved to us a bye-word, a reproach, and a stumbling-block. To the honour of the lodge and the credit of the Craft there arose a champion in our midst, one who had been initiated with the usual rough accompaniments and in the crudest manner—Bro. James Steel, than whom there is not a more respected or keener Mason in the Borders. He it was who, being then a very young Mason, and seeing a candidate grossly ill-used during the ceremony of initiation, put his veto upon such a course of proceeding, and, by his determination and example, gradually weeded out the abuses that had for so long disgraced the meetings of this particular lodge in Kelso.

We return now to continue the history of the old lodge, from the date last mentioned, 1819, to the close of the year 1831. The meetings were regularly held, and there are several records of public ceremonies, but there are no minutes for the year 1832, and no meeting was held till St. Andrew's Day, 1838, when we notice that the R.W.M. "in the course of the evening alluded to the dreadful calamity of cholera which had prevented the lodge from meeting at any period during the year 1832, and, with much feeling and propriety, remarked he believed that all over Scotland it was a year lost in the annals of Masonry." St. John's Day was held this year, but from that day to the 26th of December, 1843, no meetings are recorded. The scourge of cholera above referred to no doubt had a good deal to do with the discontinuance of the meetings; but there is also no doubt that the great political wave which swept over the country during the Reform agitation had also a very detrimental effect upon the attendance of the brethren. Politics and Freemasonry are ever kept apart; but during this period, when party feeling was so strong on the Borders that even life-long friendships were sacrificed to political partizanship, we cannot feel surprised at its being then felt even by the brotherhood. An attempt was made to revive the interest in the lodge in 1843, and a meeting was appointed for January, 1844, to initiate members; but no candidates appeared. So the second and third degrees were given to those brethren who had not already been passed and raised. For St. John the Baptist's Day, 1844, there is a minute, but no business is mentioned, and this appears to have been the last meeting of the old lodge until the event detailed below.

As the history of the two lodges are converging, I must now return to Tweed lodge. In January, 1869, a proposal was made to remove the meetings of that lodge from the Cross Keys Hotel, but the matter was then abandoned. A year or two after it was proposed that Tweed lodge should try and get the name and number of the old lodge; but this matter also fell through. It was discovered that the goods belonging to the Lodge of Kelso were in the possession of a widow in the town, and that they could be got for a small sum, which was accordingly given for them, and an endeavour made to revive the old lodge; but it was unsuccessful. It was not until the month of April, 1878, that Grand Lodge sanctioned the resuscitation of the ancient lodge, upon payment of arrears, and it was decided by a very large majority of the members of Tweed, convened for the purpose, to amalgamate the two lodges, and at the same time to secure a place of meeting apart from a public-house or

hotel. Against this decision the minority protested, and in order to come to an amicable settlement, it was arranged that the same amount which had been paid by Tweed Lodge for the old goods should be paid back to that lodge by the members of the resuscitated lodge. The resuscitation took place on the 8th of May, 1878, when the three surviving members of the old lodge resident in Kelso called a meeting, and invited such of the brethren of Tweed Lodge as wished to affiliate. Bro. Robert Swan, who was initiated in the Kelso Lodge in 1827, occupied the chair, while Bro. George Craig, who affiliated into the lodge in 1825, having been made in 1819, acted as S. Warden, and Bro. George Purves, who was initiated in 1831, acted as J. Warden. Fourteen brethren, including all the office-bearers of Tweed Lodge, were affiliated that evening, and Bro. Swan, who made a very touching speech upon the occasion, was nominated for the office of R.W.M.

This Lodge, which is No. 58 on the roll of Scottish Lodges, bids fair in its rejuvenescence to rival the prosperity of its former days. The brethren since the resuscitation have met on an average once a fortnight, in a beautiful hall they have leased, the furnishing and embellishing of which have cost them over one hundred pounds. Since the 8th of May, 1878, when there were only three surviving members, there have been twenty initiations, which with affiliations brings the membership up to fifty-four. On the anniversary of St. John the Baptist, the 24th of June, this year, the Masonic hall was solemnly consecrated by the R.W. Bro. R. F. Shaw-Stewart, Junior Grand Warden and R.W.M. of the Lodge of Edinburgh (Mary's Chapel), No. 1, assisted by the V.W. Bro. the Rev. T. N. Wannop, Grand Chaplain, and D.P.G.M. of East Lothian, and other office-bearers of the Grand Lodge of Scotland (the Provincial Grand Master elect, Bro. the Right Hon. the Earl of Haddington, not having been installed as yet), in the presence of a large assemblage of brethren from the various Border lodges.

With this demonstration I might fitly conclude this sketch of Freemasonry in Kelso, but that no account of Freemasonry in Kelso will be complete without a special reference to Bros. R. Swan and J. Steel, to whom I have only casually alluded. Bro. Robert Swan, who officiated at the resuscitation of the old lodge, and who was made the R.W. Master by the unanimous votes of the brethren, is a true connecting-link between the past and the present, his uncle, Henry Swan, having been the R.W.M. of the Lodge in the years 1798-99. He himself is a Mason of no recent date, as we have already mentioned, having first seen the light of Masonry in the year 1827, exactly fifty-two years ago. But time has by no means quenched his enthusiasm for the Craft, in which he continues to take a deep interest. To his assistance the lodge in a great measure owes its present vitality; and he is always ready to counsel, advise, and support any movement calculated to advance the Order. Of Bro. James Steel it may be said that, although his connection with Masonry is comparatively recent, he has done so much for the Craft in Kelso that his name is thoroughly identified with it all over the Borders. But for his zeal and energy, and the unselfish love he has for Masonry and Masons, Freemasonry in Kelso would long ago have been a dead letter. As we mentioned before, he was the champion who boldly stood up against the abuses which characterised the meetings of the lodge wherein he was made; and it was he who took such an active part in the revival of the old lodge as to make it an accomplished fact. No meeting of the lodge seems complete without him, and he is always ready to assist in the work of the lodge, and many a young Mason has had reason to thank Bro. Steel for his assistance, encouragement, and advice. As an instance of how inseparable his name is from Masonry, I may give the following anecdote:—A few years ago he erected at the end of his premises a large flag-staff, surmounted by a gilded salmon, to indicate the direction of the wind. Instead of the usual cardinal points of the compass, Bro. Steel had his initials "J.S." and the letters "F.M." to indicate his busi-

ness—that of fishmonger. Shortly after its erection an individual, who had been attracted by the glittering salmon and was intensely gazing up at it, was heard to exclaim, "He need na' hae been at the trouble o' putting up F.M., for a' body kens he's a *Freemason*." This from an "outsider" was an admirable compliment to our worthy brother. It is the fervent wish of every Mason who knows them that these two brethren, P.M. Swan and P.M. Steel, may long be spared to the Craft which they so much love and adorn.

I have now brought this sketch of Freemasonry in Kelso down to the present hour. We have seen that the majority of brethren hailed with delight the resuscitation of the old lodge and the removal of their place of meeting to a hall unconnected with a public-house; and we have also seen that a few brethren, desirous of continuing their mother lodge in the hotel they had been accustomed to meet in, still continue their meetings there. If out of this opposition there springs up a healthy rivalry, a desire to emulate each other in good deeds, and in advancing the true principles of Masonry, then this state of affairs is not to be regretted. Besides, the fact of its being known that there are two lodges in the small town of Kelso in full working order will serve as a stimulus and an example to other towns, and induce them to infuse a little more life into their Masonic gatherings.

SARAH BERNHARDT.

TO call thee woman, it were fair enough,
For in this word enshrined is all that's good;
But men are apt to think they look upon
A rare embodiment of *Arts*—*five*-fold—
When they gaze on thee.

The fortune-favoured land
That gave thee birth, and nursed thee well,
Stands out before the world as genius crowned
By many *sons* and *daughters*, famous "for all time."
Minerva-like didst thou spring forth, but from
Apollo's brain; and now in thee do we
Behold the *god's* fair child.

If it is so,
Oh, let the earth rejoice to welcome thee,
And happy mortals honoured homage pay:
Or art thou by *Mnemosyne* sent to us
All clothed in flesh, and wearing, daintily,
The mantle left by *Goujon* years ago?
Whilst *Poussin's* power, joined to *Thespic* grace,
Great lustre sheds upon thy charming gifts.

Howe'er it be,
The world is much adorned
By such as thee, who raise refinement's arts,
And give to life that higher tone—admired,
Besought, and often fixed beyond our reach:
To France, thy country, great renown belongs,
And greater now that peace and plenty reign;
A deathless fame her noble artists bring,
When sculptors act, and painter-poets sing.

SAVARICUS.

TRYING TO CHANGE A SOVEREIGN.

IN TWO ESSAYS.

With Illustrations by the Author.

BY BRO. SAMUEL POYNTER, P.M. AND TREASURER, BURGOYNE, NO. 902; P.M. ATHENÆUM, NO. 1491.

ESSAY THE FIRST *(concluded).*

ATTEMPT I.

PART III.

MODERN HIGH TREASON.

"The judges all ranged; a terrible show."—*Beggar's Opera.*



WITLESS AS THE MODERN BRUTUS.

WHEN the individual whom I —anticipating a subsequent judicial decision — have termed "Witless," was arrayed at the rail of the Gardener's Lane Police Station, he presented a more composed appearance than when we last saw him hustled across the quadrangle of Buckingham House. Indeed, his bearing was not without a *soupçon* of swagger, as Mr. Inspector, having heard what the excited witnesses had to say, opined that it was "a Secretary of State's matter." The prisoner, being interrogated as to his name and quality, replied without hesitation that he was called Edward Oxford, and that his avocation was that of barman—by no means to be identified with potman. We do not think, for instance, of confounding a landing waiter with a weigher, a skilled artisan with a labourer, or Mrs. Molly the cook with Slut the scullery maid. He was a barman, at present out of employment; his last place, which he had quitted about ten days before, had been at the "Hog in the Pound," a tavern still extant at the corner of South Molton Street, Oxford Street. His present residence was with his mother and sister, at

6, West Place, West Square, Lambeth. Thereupon Mr. Inspector sends off to Downing Street, and Witless stalks off majestically—left foot forward—halt—bring up right foot—right foot forward—halt—bring up left foot, *á la* N. T. Hicks, a great transpontine tragedian of my boyhood's days—stalks off—casting sublime scowls of defiance at the minions of power—to his dungeon. Not unhappy. By no means. Those were sweet words that fell from Mr. Inspector, "This is a Secretary of State's affair." The *ci-devant* potboy, the present proud barman out of work, is a Prisoner of State on a charge of HIGH TREASON!

Two-penny-half-penny traitor that he was, the words had more magic, more meaning in them to the poor boy then, than they would possess to a lad of his age—he was scarcely two months over eighteen years—now. During forty years this offence has almost come to be relegated to the category of antiquarian crimes—a kind of turpitude to be gazed at in a museum as it were—to form the subject of a dry legal disquisition to a class of pupils, but only very rarely to be brought out into the light of day as a matter of solemn actual practical public enquiry. But in 1840 men's minds were more familiar with the terrible theme. The then recent reign of George the Third has alone contributed fifteen volumes to the collection of thirty-three* forming the well-known series of State Trials, which, as everybody must be aware is a compilation of law cases, chiefly, of course, involving charges of treason; or nearly as many volumes as are required to contain the trials of all the preceding reigns, of which records have been preserved.† To be "hanged, drawn, and quartered" was a very familiar expression in the mouths of the multitude during the first half of this century. Men not well past middle age were personally familiar with the details of the vast number of trials and executions for treason in Great Britain and Ireland, which had horrified Europe during the last thirty years of Farmer George's golden reign. It is well that we, living in happier times, should remember this when we recall with a shudder the atrocities of our neighbours under the contemporaneous Convention and Reign of Terror. Men who would not in 1840 own to having as yet began to grow old remembered seeing and hearing Colonel Despard, as he stood pinioned and nightcapped on the top of the new gaol in Southwark, in 1803.‡ Men yet undoubtedly young had beheld

* Vol. 34 is the index; see note, *post*.

† This statement is worth analysis. The invaluable collection known as "Howell's State Trials"—and I hope that I shall not be charged with an undue fondness for Newgate Calendar kind of literature when I avow my belief that it is the most interesting work in the language;—if I am, I can readily vindicate myself by referring my accusers to an article on this subject in the sixth volume of the *Cornhill Magazine*, page 351, which will at least demonstrate that I err in good company—this wonderful compilation is contained in thirty-four volumes octavo. Of these the first seventeen contain all the investigations, of which reports are extant, prior to the reign of George the Third; the following fifteen the trials during that reign. Of the two last volumes, vol. 33 comprises the trials of the following reign, a great portion of the book being taken up with the very interesting proceedings relating to the Cato Street conspiracy, referred to in the text, *post*; and the last, vol. 34, is exclusively devoted to an exhaustive index. It probably seldom occurs to lovers of fiction how much of the ore smelted down into new shapes to furnish their favourite recreation has been excavated from this mine of wealth to novelists and sensational writers generally. No attempt has been made to continue *this* particular compilation down to the present date, or, indeed, to any date more recent than 1820. It seems a pity that no enterprising publisher can be found to offer terms to some ambitious young author capable of undertaking such a task. With the exception of an independent work in two volumes, by a learned member of my own profession, the late W. C. Townsend, Esq., Q.C., which gives in a sketchy fashion a few of the more important cases down to 1840, a range of just upon sixty years is left entirely unchronicled. It must not be forgotten that the latter part of this interval embraces the many important and interesting enquiries carried out in connection with the Fenian conspiracy.

‡ I had the account, from the lips of an actual spectator, in 1855. If there can be anything ludicrous in connection with such a ghastly topic, the way in which the poor colonel was dragged to the scaffold, involving a solemn traditional mockery, supplies some relief. The Cabinet remitted all the other parts of the revolting sentence but the hanging,

Thistlewood's dignified composure, in such marked contrast with the ruffian demeanour of some of his dying companions, as he ascended the platform in front of Newgate, in 1820.* Prosecutions for high treason, executions for high treason, formed, in short, as lately as 1840, common topics for general conversation, as sensational murders do, alas! now, and it cannot be doubted, from what subsequently transpired, that Edward Oxford's boyish and exceptionally weak mind was debauched with nonsense about Brutus and Charlotte Corday and Ankerstroem and Damiens, and the other lay figures constantly trotted out in the then extant "penny dreadfuls," for there were penny dreadfuls, only they were coarser and more dreadfully dreadful dreadfuls than those now current, even in those days.

So that Witless in his cell had the consolation—before other solace came, of which I shall speak in the proper place—of feeling that he was a prisoner of state, and that the least dignified apotheosis he could attain was to have the surgical attendance of a professor in a mask, and his severed capital held up to the view of an awe-stricken mob as the head of a traitor!

Is vanity confined to a class, think you, gentle reader? Is it to consider too closely, to speculate whether even into a well-furnished, vaulted apartment in the Tower, to some immured one, moving in a higher sphere of life than any of which poor Oxford had a notion, some gleam of comfort has not penetrated in the thought that the thinker would be the leading actor in the grand tragedy, where he would march behind Mr. Gentleman Gaoler bearing the processional axe with its edge turned outwards, and where my Lord Steward would stalk, carrying his white wand of office between treble rows of robed and coronetted peers, and would stop three times in his progress and make three several obeisances to the throne, before solemnly taking his seat on the awful chair of justice?

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decapitation, and *drawing*. The last they would not forego. Now, according to Blackstone, vol. 4, "drawing," formally meant, and formerly actually involved, dragging the condemned along the ground, by a rope tied round his legs, to the place of execution, and this torture the judgment literally ordains; but, says the learned author of the commentaries, "usually a sledge or hurdle is allowed to preserve the offender from the extreme torment of being dragged on the ground or pavement." This quaint view of indulgence seems of a piece with the same legal sage's well-known vindication of the humanity and propriety of the English law in burning women for high or petit treason, instead of hanging, eviscerating, and dismembering them, a dictum which is worth reproducing. "But in treasons of every kind the punishment of women is the same, and different from that of men. For, as the natural modesty of the sex forbids the exposing and publicly mangling their bodies, their sentence (which is to the full as terrible to sense as the other) is to be drawn to the gallows, and there burned alive." Those who are familiar with the details of the execution of Miss Blandy for the murder of her father about the time Blackstone's commentaries were written (see the Newgate Calendar, and the case is also referred to in Boswell's "Life of Johnson,") will appreciate the grim irony of this affectation of modesty and decency on the part of our great grandfathers. But to return to Colonel Despard. As he was to be executed on the roof of the prison where he was confined, and, as the ministers insisted that he should be "drawn," this grimly humourous expedient was had recourse to. The conventional sledge was introduced into the prison-yard, and the condemned man entered it at the door of the staircase leading to his cell, and was then "drawn" across the flagged space to the foot of the stairs leading to the tower on which he was to die—a distance, say of twenty yards! When the late lamented Mr. Thurtell was in a similar situation to that of Colonel Despard, only brought about by vulgar—very vulgar—murder, and not by aristocratic treason, he is reported to have said, "It may not be becoming in a man in my position, but I think I should die happy if I could but be allowed to read Pierce Egan's account of the fight between Langham and Tom Spring in yesterday's *Bell's Life*." Oh for a collection of the exemplary last sayings of great men! The unhappy moribund officer was a gentleman and a scholar, and he might, while he was being jolted over his score of yards of pavement, have quoted, with great propriety, the line a year or two before in everybody's mouth, emphasised so deservedly by John Philip Kemble in Ireland's spurious Shakespearian tragedy of Vortigern and Rowena—"Would that this solemn mockery were o'er!"

* I had the particulars of this execution also from an eye-witness. Some curious details "not generally known" I may give to the world—I hope in the columns of this magazine—one of these days.

Master Oxford's equivalent for all this grandeur—that is to say, from his point of view—began to be conferred at once. Whenever he came, showing his grinning face* against the grating of his cell-door, privileged gazers, admitted by the favour of Mr. Inspector, or the sergeant on duty, or some of the braceletted rank and file bribed by a shilling, came and stared their fill at "the pot boy who had shot at our Queen." Do you deride him, reader, because he posed? Why, you would do the same in such a position. Remember, you are liable to be drawn and hanged and quartered. Don't grudge some alleviation to the impending inconvenience in a temporary attitudinising as hero of the situation.

Alleviating solace number one comes in the form of a surgeon. Witless grins more than ever. He knew that Government wanted, and would probably have, his head; but he had no idea that he had attained to such an extremely dignified position that anybody could require his hair; but the doctor snips off some, and we are told afterwards—a long while afterwards—that "several members of Parliament actually applied to Mr. M'Cann, the surgeon, for a small portion of the lock of hair which he cut off Oxford's head; but they were disappointed of obtaining any, Mr. M'Cann having previously given it to several distinguished patients of his!"†

But what an insignificant visitor is a general practitioner compared to the Keeper of her Majesty's privy purse, and a peer a privy councillor—Witless is holding a reception, and his usher, the constable, throws open the cell-door and announces Sir Henry Wheatley and the Right Honorable the Earl of Uxbridge. I daresay Witless knew enough of current history to be aware that his noble visitor was the son and heir of that renowned marquis who had left one of his supporters beneath a cenotaph in far away Waterloo village, though I do not know if he had ever heard the epigram that wittily points out that the last shot fired in the great battle was directed by Providence to correct the extravagance of Nature, "for one leg was enough for him who never meant to run," if I quote correctly.

Witless comes forward politely. "Is the Queen hurt?" he enquires anxiously. Says the Earl, not unreasonably, "How dare you ask such a question?" Then Witless poses. He had been shooting a great deal lately. He was a very good shot with a pistol—a better with a rifle. Poor fool, was he so very ignorant as to be insensible that his every enquiry, his every bragging remark, was probably hammering down a nail in his Newgate shell? The peer, of course, gathers from the tone that this poor creature is one of the wretched, weak, ignorant agents that revolutionary committees have in all ages been in the habit of using, and, afterwards, disavowing and deserting. He frowns, and observes—"You have now fulfilled your engagement." The prisoner replies, ah! poor fatuous fool! "No, I have not." His questioner indignantly responds—"'Your have, sir, so far as the attempt goes.'" "To that he was silent."‡

As the night wanes visitors wax fewer. The State Prisoner coils himself up on the bench in his cell and snatches an hour or two of broken sleep. With his hunch of bread and butter and conical pint cup of coffee from the shop round the corner, brought by kind-hearted constabulary in the morning, comes the delicious news that he—he—Edward Oxford—the hitherto undistinguished barman—is—can it be possible?—to be examined at the Home Office, before a special sitting of her Majesty's Privy Council. None of your

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* That he could never refrain from laughing in any circumstances, solemn or ludicrous, was the great point to prove his insanity, afterwards mainly relied upon on his trial. "It is said that during his examination" [*i.e.*, on the capital charge] "he could not refrain from his habit of laughing."—"Annual Register," vol. lxxxii. (1840), page 247.

† Ibid.

‡ Townsend's "Modern State Trials," vol. i., page 117.

common police courts for this illustrious *détenu*. No, he is worthy of interrogation by no less potential a tongue than that of the Prime Minister himself. The Frankenstein who has created the monster that "run him in," the Power in a white waistcoat, shall sit upon him. "Why is Sir Robert Peel like a counterfeit shilling?" "Because he's a bad Bob!" was the conundrum and answer Republican Witless had often propounded and replied to over the bar of the "Hog in the Pound," anent the great Tory statesman. The hero of Waterloo, too, would probably be there; but Witless mentally referred to him as "Old Nosey," and, perhaps—perhaps—but no—Majesty and Majesty's husband would be too timid to face again so redoubtable a would-be tyrannicide, so resolute a successor of Brutus.

But it does not appear that Witless found the Privy Council assembled in any very great numbers to do him honour. There was a peer, it is true—Lord Normanby—that was something; and an Under Secretary of State, Mr. Fox Maule—but that was nothing; and Mr. Mark Phillips and Mr. Hall, of Bow Street—less than nothing. "The Attorney-General, the Lord Chamberlain, and the Controller of the Household, were also present." Here is a grand opportunity for posing, and the "drawer" cannot resist indulging. The witnesses have simply told that he had, the evening before, placed himself with his back to the fence dividing the Green Park from Constitution Hill—that, when her Majesty's carriage approached—the Queen, contrary to her usual custom, on this occasion sitting on the left-hand side of her husband, and therefore nearest the garden-wall and farthest from the prisoner—that, when the Queen appeared, he drew a pistol from his breast-pocket, presented it and fired—that the young and fair monarch crouched (I should think she did)—that Prince Albert stood up—that Oxford, distinctly exclaiming "I have got another" then drew another pistol with his other hand, aimed and fired again—that then "*Her Majesty arose in the carriage and looked round, with no fear on her countenance neither.*"* The traditional courage of her noble race is exemplified here. Then came the scrimmage I have attempted to describe.† One of the witnesses seems to have been mistaken for the culprit. Clayton, a cabinetmaker, wrenches a pistol from Albert Rowe, the nephew of an onlooking spectacle-maker, which Albert had just snatched from the prisoner. Says Clayton to Rowe—"'You confounded rascal, how dare you shoot at our Queen?' I spoke in a loud voice. The prisoner said—'I give myself up; I will go quietly.' I took hold of his coat; the mob rushed in and seized me, and knocked the pistol out of my hand on the ground. The police took me to the station-house, where I was locked up in a cell and searched." (Pleasant for the innocent Clayton.) "When I was brought from the cell I saw the prisoner in the inspector's office. He turned round and said, 'Is the Queen hurt?' I said to him, 'What did you put in the barrels?' He said, 'I have answered a dozen questions; there have been a dozen persons asking me questions, and I shall answer no more.'"

Then came the opportunity for Witless to pose and cackle *á la* Sim Tappertit, and thus he delivered himself—

"A great many witnesses against me. Some say I shot with my left, others with my right. They vary as to the distance. After I fired the first pistol Prince Albert got up, as if he would jump out of the coach, and sat down again as if he thought better of it." (A touch of sardonic humour here.) "Then I fired the second pistol. That is all I shall say at present." Being asked to sign this statement when it is written down, he subscribes the record cheerfully, and then, secretly hoping for the dignity of the Tower, but finding that, in licensed victualling vernacular, his case will only "run to" the insignificance of plebeian Newgate, he resigns himself to his fate and a hackney

* Townsend's "Modern State Trials," vol. i., page 115.

† See our number for July.

cabriolet—sighing at the idea of the degradation involved in that vulgar modern substitute for the barge with the halberdiers and the rowers in the Queen's livery, and the pursuivant with the silver greyhound embroidered on his sleeve —"Take him, Topham!"*—and the Clerk of the Council, bearing the parchment warrant with the great dangling seal, and the procession down the Thames, and the reception by Mr. Lieutenant and the scarlet-clad warders on the slimy steps of Traitors' Gate.

"The result of the examination was," as I have above indicated, "the prisoner's committal to Newgate, to be tried for High Treason. He met his sister in a passage of the Home Office, and she embraced him affectionately."† Poor girl! Perhaps she had not ascended to the requisite degree of patriotic enthusiasm to contemplate unmoved the euthanasia of eight o'clock on Monday morning outside the debtors' door.

The trial is so thoroughly a matter of general contemporaneous history that it is not worth while here to indicate more than one or two of its leading features. The importance of the inquiry warranted the presidency of three judges, the senior being the Lord Chief Justice of England; and, accordingly, on the morning of Thursday, the 9th of July, Lord Denman, Baron Alderson, and Mr. Justice Patteson took their seats on the Bench at the Central Criminal Court, and the Attorney-General, Sir John Campbell (afterwards Lord Chief Justice and Lord Chancellor), with the Solicitor-General, Sir Thomas Wilde (afterwards Lord Chancellor as Lord Truro), Sir Frederick Pollock (afterwards Lord Chief Baron), and Mr.—afterwards Mr. Justice—Wightman, appeared as counsel for the Crown. Poor Witless, who had for legal assistants a bright young advocate, cut off shortly after—all too early—Mr. Sidney Taylor, and the Mr. Bodkin who subsequently, as Sir W. H. Bodkin, sat for so many years as the Rhadamanthus, the terror of strumpets and rogues in Hicks's Hall—Witless, on being placed at the bar, giggled with much gratification at seeing the array of wigs thought necessary to prosecute him. Furthermore, he had been told that the bench, crowded with gentlemen in plain clothes almost hustling the three judges, afforded accommodation to certain illustrious —even royal—personages, native and foreign, curious to witness the proceedings; and the accused was hilariously eager to have them pointed out by name, and worried the assistant warders to that end, until, wearied by his importunities, they bade him be quiet and listen to the indictment. Poor Witless grinned again when that document appeared framed under the great Statute of Treasons of Plantagenet Edward, and, doubtlessly, felt much inward gratification in anticipating how well the whole affair would read in next Sunday's *Weekly Dispatch*, and what a grand engraving of the scene would adorn the front page of *Lloyd's Penny Police News*. But the complacent smile of satisfaction changed into a grin of disappointed vanity when it appeared, after all, that a statute of George III. (suggested, probably, by the numerous attempts, attacks, and assaults, of which only two ever came on for trial,‡ made during his long reign upon that

‡ "Take him, Topham," cant saying applied to the pursuivants or officers of the Privy Council, known by the badge of a silver greyhound embroidered on the right sleeve. Topham, from his long tenure of office, furnished the generic name for these catchpolls, as, in our grandfathers' time, Townsend stood sponsor for a long succession of Robin Redbreasts—so-called from their habit of wearing scarlet waistcoats—or Bow Street runners.—See notes to "Peveril of the Peak."

† "Annual Register," vol. lxxxii. (1840), page 247.

‡ Kit Wake's case in 1795; where, for hooting at the King as he went in State to open Parliament—shouting, "Down with him," and "No George," and even going so far as to mob his Majesty to that extent that one of the Royal carriage windows was broken—a wretched working man, with a wife and family, was sentenced to (and suffered) *five years imprisonment, and to enter into sureties to keep the peace afterwards for ten years*; and the mad trooper Hadfield's case, in 1800, which had a similar termination to that of Oxford. The attempt by Hadfield immediately inspired the legislation by 39 and 40 Geo. 3rd, cap. 93.

eminently respectable monarch) had deprived the proceedings of much of the dignity of a State trial by enacting that investigations into this peculiar species of overt acts of treason should be conducted in the manner observed in ordinary trials for murder and wilful and malicious shooting. All that remained for glory, then, was the grand, rolling, high-sounding, fine old English sentence that British law in its wisdom had left unchanged; the doom to suspension and decapitation, to mutilation and evisceration, that Emmett had heard unmoved—that, on that very spot, and only twenty years before, Thistlewood had received with a smile and a pinch of snuff. But, of even that melancholy triumph a low-souled jury were bent upon depriving poor Witless. He, or his advisers rather, said that he was mad, and the round dozen in the box believed it. The evidence in support of the insanity theory was curious. When his lodgings were searched, the day after the attempt, the Police found a sword and scabbard, a black crape cap with two red bows, a powder flask with gunpowder, a bullet mould, five bullets, and twelve or fourteen percussion caps. But, in addition to these articles, they discovered some documents in manuscript. One purported to be the rules and regulations of a club called "Young England," the members of which assumed fictitious or, as the manuscript had it, "*factitious*," names, such as "Justinian," "Augus*tia*" (*sic.*), "Fredeni," "Othoe," etc. The nonsensical production, evidently inspired by some hazy, ignorant recollection of the constitution of the famed Vehmgericht, need be but very briefly alluded to here. One or two extracts are rather funny, however. Take the eleventh rule, for instance, which seems to have been the result of Hibernian inspiration:—"That no member will be allowed to *speak* during any *debate*, nor *allowed to ask more than two questions*." The first and fifth are conceived in the true "'Ercles vein:"—"1. That every member shall be provided with a brace of pistols, a sword, a rifle, and a dagger; the two latter to be kept at the committee room." "5. That every member shall, when he is ordered to meet, be armed with a brace of pistols (loaded) and a sword to repel any attack; and also be provided with a black crape cap, to cover his face, with his marks of distinction outside." One more excerpt. Observe the supreme silliness of the following:—"9. That whenever any member is ordered down the country, or abroad, he must take various disguises with him—as the labourer, the mechanic, and the gentleman, all of which he can obtain at the committee-room. The other papers purported to be three letters or summonses to attend meetings of this mysterious body, too good not to be disinterred. No. 1 is addressed to Mr. Oxford, at Mr. Minton's, High Street, Marylebone, and dated from "Young England," May 16th, 1839, wherein a Mr. Smith, signing himself "Secretary," informs the pot-boy that "Our Commander-in-Chief was very glad to find that you answered his questions in such a straightforward manner. You will be wanted to attend on the 21st of this month, as we expect one of the country agents to town on business of importance." The next, also from Mr. Smith, and addressed to "Mr. Oxford, at Mr. Parr's, Hat and Feathers, Goswell Street," has the true conspirators' chorus ring about it, and, as bathos, the conclusion is incomparable. It is dated from "Young England," Nov. 14th, 1839:—"Sir,—I am very glad to hear that you improve so much in your speeches. Your speech the last time you were here was beautiful. There was another one introduced last night by Lieutenant Mars—a fine, tall, gentlemanly-looking fellow; and it is said that he is a military officer, but his name has not yet transpired. Soon after he was introduced, we were alarmed by a violent knocking at the door. In an instant our faces were covered, we cocked our pistols, and with drawn swords stood waiting to receive the enemy. While one stood over the fire with the papers, another stood with lighted torch to fire the house. We then sent the old woman to open the door, and it proved to be some little boys who knocked at the door and ran away." The last letter, subscribed as before, dated from "Young England," 3rd April, 1840, a couple of months

only before the attempt for which Witless was then taking his trial, is addressed to "Mr. Oxford, at Mr. Robinson's, Hog in the Pound, Oxford Street," and summons the conspirator very peremptorily to attend a meeting of the Club that evening, to consider "some communications of an important nature from Hanover." The bathos with which the missive ends is again exquisite, "You must attend, and if your master will not give you leave, you must come in defiance of him." Surely all this must have been in Dickens's mind when he, but very shortly afterwards, pourtrayed the career of Sim Tappertit, in "Barnaby Rudge."

Well, the articles were produced, and the documents and letters duly read. "But what gave rise to no little surprise," as Barham says in "The Jackdaw of Rheims," was the singular fact, incontestably proved, that document and letters *were all in the handwriting of the prisoner himself*—summonses to attend the imaginary meetings of a mythical society, addressed by himself to himself. Yes, so it was; the republican association "Young England" had no other existence than in the disturbed brain of the cachinnatory visionary drawer of "Meux's Entire"; the "properties" had no use but to be contemplated with grinning gratification in the garret of the "Hog in the Pound," where the pot-boy patriot slept—and—and *dreamt!* All this was relied upon by his sorrow-stricken friends to prove the plea of dementia. He was fond of scribbling; he had some idea of rhyme; he couldn't address the public-house nursery-maid, his sweetheart, without seeking to kindle the risibility of the letter-distributor by the form of the direction of the letter.

"Fly, postman, with this letter bound,
To a public-house—the Hog in the Pound,
To Miss Chittenden there convey
With *speedility* (*sic*) obey;
Remember, my blade,
The postage is paid."

The Solicitor-General, in his learned reply, caps this rhythmical superscription with another—

"This is for David Pollock, Esquire,
For him in Elm Court enquire
On the first floor, look no higher,
There you'll catch him!

"He'll pay you twopence for this letter,
He never paid it for a better;
If he does not, like a setter,
Watch him!"

and, sententiously deduces Mr. Solicitor, "Doggerel poetry in the direction of a letter was no proof of insanity."

I wonder if Master Oxford had ever heard of the parody, then popular, upon "My lodging is on the cold ground," the song that is said to have changed the sleeping apartment of the singer, Moll Davies, from the cold and muddy ground, under a bulkhead in Covent Garden Market, to the Royal bed-chamber at Whitehall. It is not wholly unconnected with poor Witless's profession, and so he had probably heard it, and, as it might have inspired him, I'll quote it:—

"My lodging is in Drury Lane,
A parlour that's next to the sky,
Exposed to the wind and the rain;
But the wind and the rain I defy.

"Such love warms the coldest of spots,
As I feel for Clorinda the fair,
And she lives by the scouring of pots,
In Dyot Street, Bloomsbury Square."

Not much more cogent evidence of insanity than writing rubbishing rhyme—good heavens! what multitudes would escape punishment if such proof were

held sufficient—was afforded in the description of the unhappy boy's youth and lineage. He had always, as I have said, been given to laughing, even idiotically, and yet, like the ruthless boy who "took a holiday from school to see the kittens drowned," was irritable, cruel, perverse, and moody. His father and grandfather, the latter an old Greenwich pensioner, had been sad drunkards. The former had, when in liquor, frequently been adjured in the spirit of the refined terms of the pathetic American ballad, "Father, refrain from larrupping mother." The latter had never attended to the poetical exhortation, presumably by the same author, "Daddy, abstain from liquoring up." Again I say, if getting drunk and thrashing one's wife are proofs of insanity, there is plenty of impunity to be had. The prisoner himself had once run away to go to sea, and, with the egotism so conspicuous in his feeble character, had written to his mother, asking her whether she would'nt feel proud to see him return, as he assuredly should, "Admiral Sir Edward Oxford." Gracious! if running away to go to sea when you are a lad, and fancying that the boy's straw is to be speedily exchanged for the Admiral's thwartships cocked hat, is to consign one to a mad-house for life, why the present writer has been very near incurring that species of seclusive restraint, that's all.

But the jury were mercifully disposed; and more, they were weak and illogical, and so a very little evidence of insanity went a long way with them. They were illogical thus: Although, of course, strict search had been made, no bullets were ever found, and there has always been considerable doubt whether the pistols were loaded with ball or not—that is to say, whether this silly youth ever really did have any intention of changing his sovereign. Had it not been for his fondness for pistol practice, and his inability to refrain from swagger thereanent—one of the witnesses at the trial, however, deposed that he had heard it remarked to the prisoner, at a shooting-gallery, that he was more fit to shoot at a hay-stack than at a target—and his foolish braggadocio speeches when taken into custody, there would have been very little evidence against him of any overt act of treason; although, of course, in any case he had been guilty of a most brutal outrage. What evidence of attempting his young Queen's life there was to affect him he had himself boastfully supplied. The jury then, being in doubt on this point, returned the special verdict—"We find the prisoner, Edward Oxford, guilty of discharging the contents of two pistols; but whether or not they were loaded with ball has not been satisfactorily proved to us, *he being of unsound mind at the time.*" The Attorney-General fastened on the words I have italicised, and claimed under 40 Geo. 3, cap. 94, that the prisoner, being acquitted on the ground of insanity, should be imprisoned during her Majesty's pleasure. But the prisoner's advocate was quite as sharp. "This is not an acquittal on the ground of insanity," he contended. "By negativing the fact that the pistols were loaded with ball, or, rather, by returning that the prosecution have not made out that fact affirmatively, which is indispensable to a conviction, the finding becomes an unqualified verdict of 'Not guilty;'" and this it was impossible to get over without sending the boxful back to their room to reconsider the point. But now they had had a hint given them of a possible expedient whereby they could reconcile humanity with duty. So they returned into Court again with a verdict which Lord Denman construed as "Not guilty on the ground of insanity," and his lordship added that the acquitted one would, nevertheless, be confined in strict custody as a matter of course. "The prisoner walked briskly from the bar, apparently glad that the tedious trial was over:" so says the contemporaneous record; and, as he disappears down the gloomy stairs leading from the dock of the old Court, so does he virtually vanish from the page of history. True, we catch faint glimpses of him occasionally during the next forty years. He is basket making at Bethlehem Hospital—not the old Bedlam outside Moor Gate, where

"Cibber's brazen brainless brothers stand,"

or stood, rather—but the handsome asylum in St. George's Fields. We hear of him at Broadmoor—a kind attendant on his sick fellow captives, beloved and respected by keepers and kept alike, the trusted and trusty servitor of the establishment where he has been for so many years immured, where he will almost certainly die. He is fifty-seven years and three months of age now; thirty-nine years of that period he has passed in a captivity that, whatever its physical alleviations, can have been, can be, no other than sorrowful. Forgive me, poor prisoner, if I have laughed at thee; and yet, I have not laughed at thee, but at those foolish boyish freaks of so-called principle thou hast, I doubt not, long since learned to laugh at thyself—no! not to laugh at—to contemn, to despise. For my part, I like to think, to this day, that the whole affair was the outcome of the silly "Young England" vision, that the bullets were as tangible, and only as tangible, as that paper-valiant society, and that, after all, Edward Oxford, blazing off his powder in the park, posed in a foolish attitude involving, it is true, the commission of a dastardly and wicked act, but that he was wholly innocent of the crime of really "trying to change a sovereign."



SINGULAR CEREMONY IN MAKING ALNWICK FREEMEN.

AMONGST the many curious customs that have been enacted in "Merrie England" in the olden time, perhaps the ancient ceremony of making freemen at Alnwick is as singular as any of them. Annually on St. Mark's Eve, met in the Town Hall the officials of the Corporation, with the candidates for the freedom, and the freemen, with a sprinkling of the public. The young men then established their right as freemen to the governing power, locally known as the "Four-and-Twenty." They paid their fees, swore loyalty to the Queen, fealty to the lord of the manor, and obedience to the Common Council, and were then enrolled. The young freemen afterwards treated each other at the different public-houses, and looked forward with joy, hope, and fear to the coming morrow. We are told: "On the morning of St. Mark's Day the houses of the new freemen are distinguished by a holly tree planted before each door, as a signal for their friends to assemble. About eight o'clock the candidates for the franchise, being mounted on horseback and armed with swords, assemble in the Market Place, where they are joined by the chamberlains and the bailiff of the lord of the manor (the Duke of Northumberland), attended by two men armed with halberds. The young freemen being arranged in order, with music playing, march to the west end of the town, where they deliver their swords. Then they proceed, under the guidance of the moor grieves, till they reach the ceremonial well, where their friends await their arrival. The young freemen being arrived at the well, immediately prepare for immersion, and, after divesting themselves of their proper garments, they are soon equipped in a white dress and cap ornamented with ribands. The sons of the oldest freemen have the honour of taking the first leap, and being arranged accordingly, when the signal is given, plunging into the ceremonial well, they scramble through the pool, and after being well drenched, they are assisted out of the puddle at the further end in a rueful condition. They then resume their former dresses, remount their horses, and proceed to perambulate the remainder of their large common, of which they have become free by this achievement." The late Mr. Tate, historian of Alnwick, states: "The famous Freeman's Well is four miles south-west of Alnwick, and is situated on the declivity of a high hill called the 'Freeman Hill.' It is fed by a powerful spring, and is properly dammed up some time before the 25th of April by rustics employed by the Corporation authorities. When filled with water it is about one hundred feet long, from six to fifteen feet broad, and from three to five feet deep. To impede the progress of the freemen in plunging through the well, turf dykes are built across, and straw ropes fixed from side to side; and that these traps to catch the unwary may not be visible, the rustics take care to stir the mud from the bottom, so that the water is rendered a disagreeable puddle." In the *Lonsdale Magazine* for 1832 a contributor says: "They re-enter the town sword in hand, and are met by women dressed in ribbons, with bells and garlands, dancing and singing. These are called Timber Waits. The houses of the new freemen are on that day distinguished by a great holly-bush, as a signal for their friends to assemble and make merry with them after their return."

Respecting the origin of this serio-ludicrous practice, it is traced by tradition to King John. It is related that during his residence at Alnwick Castle curiosity suggested to the monarch the idea of arraying himself as a palmer for the purpose of visiting the peasantry in disguise, and like another Haroun Alraschid, thus ascertaining the opinions of the people with regard to their king. The tale goes: "Upon St. Mark's Day, thus disguised, he sallied forth,

and finding a foot-path, pursued it until he came to an avenue bordered on both sides with whins, which conducted him to the well, where he found three tinkers solacing themselves by the side of the fountain, who desired him to sit down and tell them the news. He did so, supposing his end was in fact answered; but their uncouth conduct and scurrilous conversation soon convinced him of his mistake. After making themselves merry with mocking him, they led him a little below to a boggy bottom, where the strand insinuated itself, and caused the king to travel to and fro, until daubed with dirt from head to foot, when they suffered him to depart. He hastened home, and as he passed through Alnwick street the people crowded about him, believing that he was either mad or drunk. Tired with their inquiries after the cause of his dirty condition, he testily told them that 'All their posterity should tread in his footsteps.' He reached the castle, and despatched an armed party in pursuit of the tinkers, who were soon overtaken and brought before the king. Two were ordered to be instantly executed; the third, to whose interference, he alleged, he owed his life, was presented with a handsome sum of money and set at liberty. He then made a law that if three tinkers were ever in future found travelling in company two of them should be hanged; and in consequence of the people's ludicrous laughing at him, he made a decree that no man should enjoy the freedom of Alnwick until he had travelled through the same slough that the king had just travelled through." The custom of "going through the well," as it is termed, was performed for the last time in 1854, when the moor was enclosed. Two more years they rode the boundaries, but refused to go through the well.

Hull. WILLIAM ANDREWS, F.R.H.S.

ACROSTIC.

A'S the apprentice, full age and free born;
B is the bible on which he is sworn;
C is the cable-tow, noosed in one part;
D is the dagger that points to his heart;
E is the entrance for which he has sought;
F is the faith by which it is bought;
G is the gavel, or sometimes styled maul,
H is the Hiram for order to call;
I is the Inner Guard, armed with a sword,
J is the Junior Warden, his lord;
K is the knock to be given but thrice;
L is the lodge which opes in a trice;
M is the mason in jewels so bright;
N is the novice who now sees the light;
O is the O.B. he should not forget,
P is the password he doesn't get yet;
Q is the question that's put from each chair,
R is the response he must give when he's there;
S is the sign by which he'll be known;
T is the token that's given and shown;
U is the use to be made of the pair;
V is the volume, with compass and square;
W, Wardens, who sit south and west;
X the 'xample they set to the rest;
Y is his "yes" when asked for his coin;
Z is the zany who's frightened to join.

H. S.

BEATRICE.

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

CHAPTER XI.

TWAMLEY being, as the old Latin Grammar used to teach me—and you, kind reader, at least many of us (years ago, in a good old schoolroom which I can see now, listen to the voice and feel the cane of the worthy pedagogue), "*ingenui vultus puer, ingenuique pudoris*," we awaited his confidences on what Brummer called "de most ticklish of affairs" with intense interest and impatience. And so, when at last we were all assembled on that eventful evening, when the smoke was heavy and silence profound, Twamley, modestly giving a preparatory cough, thus addressed us:—

"You want to have my opinion of matrimony; well, you shall have it. Marriage always appears to me like a dose of physic, which the doctor says you 'must take,' assuring you with grave face that 'it will do you a world of good.' It may be like the grey powder of infantine hours cunningly disguised with sugary particles; it mry resemble the good blue pill and black draught of normal British indigestion; it may be very close akin to the more unpalatable dose of castor oil ingeniously given in coffee, or brandy, or whisky, or milk; or it may resemble the lighter and convenient influence of Hunjadi Janos, or the somewhat sharper taste of Carlsbad salts. Whatever else it may be, it still is only, in my opinion, a dose of medicine, which may do you good, or may not do you good, accordingly as your medical attendant realizes the true 'diagnosis' of your complaint, and treats you properly, or makes a 'little beefsteak,' as the Frenchman says, 'and dat is all.' It may do you good, great good; it probably does so in nine cases out of ten, I do not deny; but it may do you harm, and in the tenth case you assuredly 'come to grief.' So, though I am professionally interested in the 'British patient,' and like that amiable individual much, respecting weaknesses which are many and sacred to me, I yet think that it is a good thing to get on without medicine as much as you can—to make it quite the exception to the rule; and matrimony being an 'abnormal state of things,' it is not to be hastily encouraged or lightly praised. At the same time, as I said before, there is no rule without an exception in this world, and, as the schoolmen used to say, 'the exception proves the rule:' if some day, like Benedict, I confess that I 'write myself down an ass,' don't blame or deride, but pity and judge leniently your ancient friend."

"In my humble opinion, Twamley," I replied, "your extreme incoherence and your simple misquotation of the 'Bard of Avon,' Bro. Shakespeare, as the Freemasons call him, proves to me that you are in a very desperate state, and I, for one, regret from the bottom of my heart your theories and your illustrations, your platitudes and your preconceptions."

"Ah, my friend," broke in Brummer, "you do not know vat you are talking about. In my experience, which is greater than yours, I have seen very many happy married people, though I admit, because it is equally true, that marriage, like a railway journey, has its perils. Philosophically speaking, as Fichte would say, it is not so easily defensible, because it is an union which is practically indissoluble, except under very peculiar circumstances, between two people, who hardly know often if they really care for each other. But then, on the other hand, what has marriage not done for the world and society? We all of us who read the old classic writers know well what a sad picture they give us of the normal state of man, what a mournful representation they

all concurrently draw of the degraded position of woman; and then, ven we look back on dese eighteen hundred years, where a true religion has given grace, light, and hope, and peace, and purity to a whole world—all humanity, remember—we see at once that wherever woman has obtained her true position, there all de graces of the domestic life, all the virtues of the public life, flourish and abound. If to-day, anywhere, woman is treated as a slave, the inmate of de harem, the victim of the cruelty, de savagery, de lust of man—dere private vices are rampant—den dat people is going fast to decay and to de devil. Ah, vy vill we not render to voman de justice dat is her due? Vy vill we not confess, as confess we may with a clear conscience, that to woman we owe all that is ennobling, all dat is elevating, all dat is precious, all dat is sublime, alike in de home, de *Heimath*, as in that national and public life about which we prate so much, and often talk such nonsense. So, though I do not deny dat dere are some incongruities and difficulties in marriage, as I told you, half in jest, half in earnest, this very morning, never let us laugh at matrimony, my friends 'au serieux;' de man is a fool, a rascal a 'vaurien' who does so."

I do not know whether my good friend's words will have the same effect on my readers they had on us, but, as all the young men seemed deeply affected (which is something for our young men) by Brummer's eloquent tirade, I felt pretty sure myself they had all made up their minds to "follow suit."

At this moment who should walk in but the "doctor," and, as he was greeted with "Doctor, how are you; and what's your opinion of marriage? here's Brummer been laying down the law in the most dogmatic way," the doctor delivered himself incontinently of the following neat little speech.

"Marriage," said the doctor, "hum, ha, gentlemen, I hardly know what to say about it. On the whole I think I am an advocate for it, though I am quite aware of its 'pains and penalties.' Some of my best patients are 'married people;' some excellent patients of mine are 'old maids and old bachelors.' Indeed, on the whole, I think the chances are pretty nearly even, and as I heard a great many years ago as a medical student at Epsom, 'heads *I* win, tails *you* lose.' I think, as I said before, it is all about pretty nearly 'even' in this best of worlds, and I do not think it matters much (except for society and the census returns) whether people are married or unmarried. It's all a matter of convenience, arrangement, comfort, compatibility, family consideration, and the like. I have no sentiment myself, and I don't believe anyone else has; and as for marriages of pure affection, they are nonsense; love and all that sort of rubbish may suit poets and such sort of fellows, but it does not "run" in practical life. Give me another cigar and a glass of 'B. and S.' Let's have a rubber at whist."

We all protested against the doctor's views, but, being a man of independent mind, he did not care, and, for the matter of that, I should not wonder much if he spoke literally as he thought. And here I *must* stop today.

Can I introduce any more serious subject, my dear boy? Can I treat properly any less important matter, my fair young woman? Certainly not; and, therefore, feeling as I do myself, awe-struck, when I draw near this most "important phase of social and domestic life'—as Prodder says, the "question, sir, of the 'our,"—I leave to another chapter the developement and elucidation of those manœuvres and mysteries which so seriously affected for a short space of time the peaceful progress of Cayley, and our little happy circle.

(To be continued.)

HISTORICAL LUCUBRATIONS.

No. I.—The Merry Monarch.

I WAS looking over the "memoirs" of the Count de Grammont, as they are called, the other day, and it struck me that a short paper "thereanent" might be acceptable and seasonable for Bro. Kenning's excellent magazine, which I hope will secure ere long all the support that it deserves from our Order, for which Bro. Kenning caters so industriously and effectively and liberally, in so many ways! And I am induced to do so because, every now and then, I see notices and remarks about that special epoch of our national history which, it appears to me, are hastily assumed, and based on no right estimate of the facts as they really are.

The memoirs of Grammont, or rather the work of Anthony Hamilton, give us the lightest and the gayest, and I am inclined to think the truest, picture of the Court of the "Merry Monarch" which exists! And when we master his lively passages, and realise the scene so minutely painted in before our eyes, we have no difficulty, it appears to me, in discovering why Charles II., despite obvious faults, errors, and shortcomings, lived and died in the genuine affection of the English people. He was, as we all know, the eldest of the three sons of Charles I., by Henrietta Maria, daughter of Henry IV. of France, and whose unfortunate Roman Catholic zeal as a mother succeeded in perverting him, as well as his brother the Duke of York and his youngest sister, to the Roman Catholic Church, as she had promised the Pope before her marriage. (See Mrs. Everett Green's interesting work.) The Duke of Gloucester, who died young of the small-pox, a prince of many graces, virtues, and gifts, was the only one of the sons of Charles I. who remained faithful to that religion for which his father died. The Princess of Orange, the oldest daughter of Charles I., also was unperverted. Here we find the secret of all King Charles the Second's mistakes and errors, the "suppressio veri" and the "suggestio falsi" as to the religion in which he lived and died, but which may be far more truly charged on the quasi-paganism of an unscrupulous Communion than on him. If any one wishes to realise what his death-bed was,—sad, most sad,—let him read Barillon's letter to Louis XIV., giving an account of it, in Dalrymple's valuable work, and where, curiously enough, despite ingenious cavils, it is distinctly said that King Charles did mention (I venture to think to his credit, after all,) "poor Nelly." But notwithstanding this mournful light which is now let in upon dark passages and obscure intrigues in the reign of Charles II., such were his many natural gifts and graces, despite a somewhat saturnine cast of countenance and his dark face and complexion, that he was sincerely mourned by the English people, and, as he wittily said to James, "No one will kill *me* to make *you* king."

Fond of athletic exercises—the best walker of his time—and who has left behind him the remarkable statement that the "English climate was the best he knew, because you can be more out in it than any other," he was probably taught by adversity—and none had encountered greater hardships or humiliation—to be a most genial companion, a gay and pleasant "citizen of the world." That he was capable of business, Pepys tells us; that he was himself most courteous and affable, and easy of access, Evelyn assures us; that he was tolerant of rebuke, Ken's history reminds us; that he was anxious to make proper appointments in Church and State, Johnson clearly points out. His was, no doubt, a character of curious contrasts and strange caprices; but seeing it now, when the authentic light of history is full upon it, I think we discern alike its good and bad points, its baser alloy and yet its redeeming

gold. I am simply speaking of his character as a mortal; when I touch upon its moral features, I fear I can say but little of praise, much, alas! the reverse.

But such as he was he commended himself to the English people by his love of English life and English manners, his kindness and his gaiety of address, his equability of temper, his toleration, and, above all, his dislike of persecution and punishment.

In later years, when he was soured and "weary with the march of life;" when plots and conspiracies no doubt were rife; when he was told, and perhaps believed, that his own life was not secure; with that feeling of "misanthropy" which comes over the mere man of the world, or that sense of ingratitude which sometimes sways the strongest mind, he yielded, in my opinion most unwisely, to the advice of those fatal counsellors who darkened his last hours, and who ere long undermined and overthrew the throne of James II. But it is impossible not to feel pity for one meant for better things, in himself so amiable, kind, cheerful, pleasant, and warm-hearted; and Mercy, which ever speaks with a seraph voice, seems still to say to us, "be moderate in censure and modest in reproach. We are all mortal and erring."

The moral life of the Court of King Charles II. was as bad as bad can be, and no one more clearly mourns and condemns it than honest and loyal Evelyn. But to-day, when we loudly deplore and strongly censure, let us remember that the excess of the Restoration was only the reaction from the Puritanism of the Revolution, and that believing, and not without good reasons if contemporary writings may be credited (pray study them, if worth while, kind reader, now lying in the dust and silence of the British Museum—this, as the showman says, "his metaphorical, ladies and gents), believing, I say, that the Revolution affected austerity and preciseness for bad purposes, that the long faces and the gloomy doublets were "fetid hypocrisy" and "cruel humbug," those who hailed the glorious 29th of May alas plunged in hot haste into all the revel of open license, as if forsooth that was the best reply and antidote to a mere pretence or imposture. Most lamentable mistake, parent of innumerable follies, and we may even say "countless crimes." Nothing, I say, could be worse, and all honour to the great bulk of the English people, which, avoiding fanaticism on the one hand and profligacy on the other, still maintained that love of virtue and that hatred of vice which have made them, and still make them, in the good providence of God, a "wise and understanding people."

But I have wandered a little from my "text," and made I fear a somewhat prosy sermon of my humble little paper. But if the kind readers of the *Masonic Magazine* have followed my hasty pen, they will, I think, agree with me that we are bound to pass a lenient sentence on one who, notwithstanding grave errors and weaknesses and follies and faults, retained to the last the warm regard of our good and loyal English people, was liked in life, regretted in Death! Thus history, true to itself, and following sacred authority, paints for us great folks and little folks as they really are, not as they ought to be (a distinction we often forget), and leaves us, in all reverence and humility, to "point the moral" and illustrate the tale.

I may perhaps be tempted to continue this little series of papers, as the "seria mista jocis" are especially suitable for Bro. Kenning's excellent magazine, for which I venture to hope and predict a successful future.

VIXEN.*

WE have seldom read a story with more sincere pleasure, or one more healthy and agreeable in all its features, or one, we make bold to say, which we could have safely placed in the hands of our young people, than "Vixen," lately appearing in *All the Year Round*. And pray observe this recommendation of the tale, kind readers, at present somewhat a "desideratum" in respect of those many works of imagination, or no imagination, which pour forth from a prolific press. Miss Braddon has written some works, as we all know, which, however clever as compositions and brilliant as word painting, cannot, in our honest opinion, be safely recommended either for moral improvement or useful reading, to the young especially. Without saying more to-day, they are, we venture to think, too vividly sensational and too dangerously suggestive to be read with safety by the imaginative or impulsive; indeed, by any. Their moral somewhat resembles a needle in a haystack, which it is almost impossible to find. One of Dr. Johnson's tests for a good and sound book was that it could be "read aloud." Now we believe that "Vixen" may safely be read aloud, and will do much good by its gentle and truthful homeliness, and its kindly pictures of uneventful ambition and country life. Miss Braddon seems to have been deeply affected for good, and by a love of the true, the fair, the natural above all, amid the forest trees and furzy heaths and fresh breezes of Hampshire dells and wolds, and all Wykehamists especially will enter into her realistic descriptions of a "Country Side," which none who once knew ever forget, which all who still know love truly. In "Vixen" the characters all come out clearly and consistently, most compact and yet most real! We still see before us the old Manor House, and the stout, good old squire, hunting to the last, stately of form and kindly of heart, like another squire we wot of, with his old servants, his old ways, his old crotchets, his old wine, and his old friends. We behold, too, that weak, goodnatured, lackadaisical woman his wife, without a thought but her complexion or care but for her afternoon tea, or dream or aspiration but "Theodore's" dresses, most becoming and somewhat expensive. As the family doctor says sententiously, "she must be rather difficult to live with;" but still she meanders and maunders through life, talking continually of her "dear Edward." And oh, ye complaining married men, who grumble so loudly and so long at your wives' extravagance in dress, what would you say to her little bill at Theodore's of £1,500? We confess that we cannot sympathise with Vixen's mamma; and yet it may be true, after all, when she "passes away" from "dress and diamonds," and milliners' bills affect her no more, we shall find—as often happens here—that she has had more good qualities than we had given her credit for. Vixen herself is to our minds simply charming, both in her originality and her high spirits, her meekness and her ready wit, her loyalty and her truthfulness, her loving ways and her "golden heart." She constitutes a most attractive picture of a sunny, and of a warmhearted and noblehearted English girl. Rorie is not very "strong," perhaps, but yet he is very honest and loyal and English, too. Committing an act of weakness, which he bitterly deplores, and nearly shipwrecking the happiness of two lives by unmanly compliance with a heartless family arrangement, he is luckily saved by his better genius and—Vixen. Lady Mabel is charming, both in her selfishness and her affectation, her good points and her bad points, her love of flowers and Beethoven, her asthetic tastes and her literary aspirations. Miss Braddon's strong brush has drawn in inimitable contour and appreciative colouring a clever, polished,

* "Vixen." By Miss Braddon.

agreeable, unfeeling women of the world, not caring a jot for anything, or anyone really, in the world but her orchids and her poetry. And yet we must not do injustice to her. She will fill well her position in society, she will receive her husband's guests with infinite grace, she will do her duty in her "own sphere," she will make an excellent wife, and be a clever, conversational woman. But yet she is too unimpassioned and sublimated forus; we prefer warmth and truth and friendship and affection to all the showy qualities and all the most ethereal emotions in the world. Captain Winstanley is a well-conceived and powerfully drawn character—no inapt representation of many men we know and meet with day by day. He is a hero without a heart and without a concern—but himself! He may have been struck with Vixen's golden hair and truthful heart and happy grace; but "Prudence," the great friend of all such, whispers, "Forget youth and good looks; remember the jointure of the comely widow; leave sentiment to the young, the hairbrained, the fantastical; you are worth a good settlement, a well-cooked dinner, a comfortable balance at your banker's!" And so Captain Winstanley marries the still fair and well-to-do widow, and is, no doubt, happy, contented, and considerate—in his way. After the poor weak lady's death, his "Nemesis," alike amusing and becoming, meets him in the plain and illiterate heiress of a Hebrew moneylender at Frankfort. And with still more of wealth, he enjoys life at Monaco and Paris, and we trust that he is happy at last; but we confess rather to hope that his second wife will prove more than a match for him, and keep him in order and have her own way. We delight, however, in his maiden aunt, who, living in an old Manor House in Jersey, and having been disappointed in her own youth, has given herself up to an universal religion and a sort of "Hymen of Humanity." It is a sublime idea, worthy of that quaint benevolent soul. Miss M'Croke is the model of governesses, the best and sweetest of friends, who, though she confides with the faith of a fatalist in Vixen's charioteering, cannot understand why the ponies will "stand up on their hind legs." We need not go through the other characters who fill up the Watteau-like scene, as they are only accessories, not principals. But we must not forget Lord Mallow, a warmhearted, excitable Irishman, who, in love with one woman, marries another, but will, nevertheless, be the kindest of landlords, the coming man for Home Rule and a regenerated Ireland! But bedad, as Paddy says, "when will that be?" We commend "Vixen" to our readers, whether old or young, married or single; they will, we are certain, like it as much as we do, and, when they put it down, thank Miss Braddon for one of the most pleasant and agreeable of novels.

AN OLD MASONIC CHAIR AND ITS HISTORICAL ASSOCIATIONS.

THE VICE-REGAL DAYS OF LORD BOTETOURT AND OLD WILLIAMSBURG LODGE, NO. 6, VIRGINIA.

A FEW months since there was to be seen at the wareroom of a prominent furniture dealer of Richmond, Va., whither it had been sent for repair, a quaint relic of the past which, from its history and appealing associations, was invested with far more than ordinary interest. It could not have been otherwise than attractive to the least thoughtful, but to the many in our midst who enjoy the privilege of fraternity in the most honourable and beneficent Order of the Ancient Free and Accepted Masons it was endowed with golden memories.

What! an old chair? Yes, but it was more than a century old, and around it lingered the aroma of the courtly days of the vice-regal Botetourt; tradition claiming that it was one of the three chairs presented by that loved and so lamented royal governor to the Masonic fraternity, in the then colony of Virginia. In what distinctive lodge they were first used is not now known, the earlier records not having been preserved, but it is claimed that they constituted a part of the furniture of Williamsburg Lodge, No. 6, when it was first constituted on the 6th of November, 1773, on which date was also instituted another lodge, named in honour of the Governor, Botetourt Lodge. Lord Botetourt will be remembered, too, as the donor of that "warming machine," of "elegant design," the old stove now preserved with meet reverence in the eastern hall of our State Capitol.

The old chair in question—the Master's—is of mahogany, and now, from age, almost ebon hued. It measures in height four-and-a-half feet, and is furnished with arms, each terminating in a lion's head, the supports of the chair being correspondingly represented by the legs and clawed feet of the same king of beasts.

The back of the chair is quite straight, and is covered with elaborate carving in relief. First are represented three columns, representing the three orders of architecture—the Doric, Ionic, and the Corinthian—equi-distant from each other, and allowing a marginal space on either side, upon which branches of the acacia tree find place, whilst between the columns, the Masonic emblems, the square, the compass, etc., are represented. Above and centrally is displayed an armorial bearing, as follows: *Between 3 towers, a cherion, az. bearing a pair of compasses extended.* Crest. *On an esquire's helmet, a tower.* On either side of the arms appear respectively the national emblems of England and Scotland—the rose and the thistle. When it is recollected that with the lodge at Williamsberg originated the proposition to form a State Grand Lodge, and that within its portals was consummated this important action, the peculiar interest which clings to the old chair will at once be apprehended.

Here, on the 6th of May, 1777, met a Convention composed of delegates from the then five existing lodges—Norfolk Kilwinning, Port Royal Cross, Blandford, Williamsburgh, and Cobin Point Royal Arch Lodge—the delegates from Williamsburgh lodge being Bros. Wm. Waddill and John Rowsay. Bro. Matthew Phripp was elected President, and Bro. James Kemp, Clerk.

A Committee was appointed for "drawing up reasons why a Grand Master should be chosen," and the Convention adjourned to meet on the 13th of May, proximo: at which meeting, Bro. Matthew Phripp not being present, Bro. Duncan Rose presided. The report was presented, but no election held. Adjourned to the 23rd of June following, when Bro. James Mercer presided.

At this meeting "His Excellency Bro. General George Washington" was recommended "as a proper person to fill the office of Grand Master," and an "appointment" made for another Convention on the 1st day of June ensuing. The Convention appears not to have met, however, until the 13th of October, 1778, when Bro. Rev. Robert Andrews presided, and Bro. W. Waddill acted as Secretary. "The Right Worshipful Bro. Warner Lewis, Past Master of Botetourt Lodge, being nominated to the office of Grand Master, declined the acceptance thereof; and then the Right Worshipful Bro. John Blair, Past Master of the Williamsburg Lodge, was nominated and unanimously elected, who was pleased to accept the office. * * *"

The membership of the Lodge has been ever most distinguished, and it was, doubtless, during its session held in the period of our struggle for independence, honoured with the presence of General Washington, Lafayette, Count d'Estaing, Generals Knox and Hamilton, and other distinguished patriots who are known to have been members of the Masonic Fraternity. Among its later members was General William B. Taliaferro, late State Grand Master.

The writer embraces this opportunity to render a grateful acknowledgment to his friend and brother, Dr. John Clopton, of Williamsburg, Va., for information kindly afforded him towards the preparation of this hasty and brief sketch.

R. A. Brock,
Member of Richmond Lodge, No. 10.

Richmond, Va., Dec. 19th, 1878.

A HUNDRED YEARS FROM NOW.

BY MISS MARY A. M'MULLEN.

THE surging sea of human life for ever onward rolls,
And bears to the eternal shore it daily freight of human souls;
Though bravely sails our bark to-day, pale Death sits at the prow,
And few shall know we ever lived, a hundred years from now.

O, mighty human brotherhood, why fiercely war and strive,
While God's great world has ample space for everything alive?
Broad fields uncultured and unclaimed are waiting for the plough
Of progress that shall make them bloom a hundred years from now.

Why should we try so earnestly, in life's short, narrow span,
On golden stars to climb so high above our brother man?
Why blindly at an earthly shrine in slavish homage bow?
Our gold will rust, ourselves be dust, a hundred years from now.

Why prize so much the world's applause? Why dread so much its blame?
A fleeting echo is its voice of censure or of fame;
The praise that fills the heart, the scorn that dyes with shame the brow,
Will be as long forgotten dreams a hundred years from now.

O, patient hearts that meekly bear your weary load of wrong;
O, earnest hearts that bravely dare and, striving, grow more strong,
Press on till perfect peace is won; you'll never dream of how
You struggled o'er life's thorny road a hundred years from now.

Grand, lofty souls, who live and toil that freedom, right, and truth,
Alone may rule the universe, for you is endless youth?
When, 'mid the blest with God you rest, the grateful lands shall bow,
Above your clay in rev'rent love a hundred years from now.

Earth's empires rise and fall, O, time, like breakers on the shore;
They rush upon the rocks of doom, go down, and are no more;
The starry wilderness of worlds that gem Night's radiant brow
Will light the skies for other eyes a hundred years from now.

Our Father to whose sleepless eyes the past and future stand
An open page, like babes we cling to Thy protecting hand;
Change, sorrow, death, are nought to us if we may safely bow
Beneath the shadow of Thy throne a hundred years from now.

—*Eclectic.*

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ON OLD ENGLISH BIBLES.

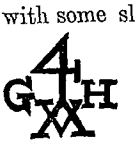
(Continued from page 4.)

Matthew's Bible.

THE next version is known as "Matthew's Bible."

This is made up of a part of Tyndale's translation, a part of Coverdale's, the whole revised by John Rogers.

The New Testament is taken, with some slight alterations, from Tyndale's last version — the edition of 1535-4, known as the G. H. edition, from having on the second title page the combined initials of the translator, and the printer: Guillaume Hytchins, William Tyndale's alias, and Jacob van Meteren. It was published under the assumed name of Thomas Matthews in 1537, by Grafton and Whitchurch, in folio.



Collation—Title, "¶ The Byble, which is all the holy Scripture: in whych are contayned the Olde and Newe Testament, truely and purely translated into Englysh by Thomas Matthew. ¶ Esaye j., Hearcken to ye heauens, and thou earthe geaue eare: For the Lorde speaketh. MDXXXvij. Set forth with the kinges most gracyous lycece." The title has on the reverse "These thynges ensuynge are ioyned with thys present volume of the Byble." The second leaf begins on* ij. with "The Kalender," 4 pp. with "An Almanack," at the bottom of the fourth page. The next leaf,* iiij. begins "¶ An exhortacyon to the studye," &c., 1 p., with J. R. in large letters at the bottom. On the reverse is "¶ The summe and content," 2 pp. On the reverse of the fifth leaf begins "¶ To the moost noble and gracyous Prynce Kyng Henry the eyght," &c., 3 pp.—Signed Thomas Matthew, with the capitals H. R. beneath. Next comes "¶ To the Chrysten Readers" and "A table of pryncypall matters," 26 pp. Then follows "¶ The names of all the bokes of the Byble," and "¶ A brief rehersall of the yeares," &c., 1 p.; on the reverse is a large woodcut of Adam and Eve. Twenty preliminary leaves in all. Genesis to Solomon's Ballet 247 folioed leaves, the reverse of the last blank.

The second title is in red and black, with a border of sixteen woodcuts —"The Prophetes in English Esay to Malachy." The upper corners of the reverse has R. G., and the lower E. W., in capitals, with a woodcut in the centre.

The third title has also fifteen woodcuts round it, and in the middle "The volume of the bokes called Apocripha." On the reverse is a prologue "¶ To the Reader"; text folioed 2 to 81, followed by a blank leaf. Then the New Testament title page like the first title. The text is folioed 2 to 109, ending on the recto.

On the other side is "This is the table wherin ye shall fynde the Epistles and Gospels after the vse of Salisbury," 5 pp. On the next leaf is the colophon "¶ The ende of the Newe Testament and of the whole Byble. ¶ To the honoure and prayse of God was this Byble prynted and fynesshed in the yere of our Lorde God a, MDXXXvij. It has 78 woodcuts. The Psalms are divided into five books, and the Canticles printed in red and black. The running titles, signatures, marginal notes, etc., are all in Gothic letter. A full page contains 60 lines. It was printed at Antwerp by the same person who printed Coverdale's Bible of 1535. In this Bible three verses of the 14th Psalm "not being in the Hebrew" are omitted.

Grafton, one of the publishers, brought a copy of this Bible from Antwerp, and gave it to Archbishop Cranmer, and begged him to obtain royal authority for

its distribution, and the king licenced it, "to be sold and read of every person without danger of any act, proclamation, or ordinance, heretofore granted to the contrary." Thus the title "Authorised Version," commonly given to the book of 1611 without any reason (for no authorisation was ever conferred on our present Bible by Church, King, or Parliament), would be with more propriety applied to Matthew's version.

Grafton also presented Cromwell with six copies, and begged to be protected from the competition of German printers residing in England, as he knew it would be difficult to dispose of the 1500 copies of which the edition consisted. This version abounds in interesting readings. We should like to give several examples, but to avoid taking up too much space, two or three must suffice.

In the fifth chapter of the first of Kings, after speaking of Adoniram—"At the commandemente of the king, they brought great stones, and that fre stones, and hewed thereto, to laye in the foundacyon of the house. And Solomon's masons, and the masons of Hiram, dyd hew them, with them of the borders."

In the second chapter of the Second Book of Chronicles, the message sent by Hiram, king of Tyre, to King Solomon, is thus given:—"And now I have sent a wyse man, and a man of understandynge, called Hiram Abi, and is the sonne of a woman of the daughters of Dan (how be it hys father was a Tirian); and he can skyll to worcke in goulde, syluer, brasse, yron, stone, tymbre, scarlett, jacinct, bysse, and cremosin; and graue al maner of grauinges, and to find out al maner of sotle worcke sett before hym."

In the fourth chapter our Grand Master is again mentioned:—"And al theyr vessels dyd Hiram Abi make for King Solomon for the house of the Lord of bright brasse: In the playne of Jorda dyd the king cast them, in the thicke earth, betwene Socoth and Zaredatha."

Abi, or Abif, as Coverdale's Bible of 1535 has it, is a title of honour, meaning father, but the rendering in our present version "Hiram my father's" does not convey the original idea as accurately as the term Hiram Abif does. We have on the authority of a learned Rabbi, the chaplain of one of our West Yorkshire Lodges, and who also is a Companion of the Royal Arch, that the Craft has retained the correct word. At the request of the writer, our Hebrew brother carefully examined the passage in its original language, and the conclusion he arrived at was, that the rendering in the old English Bibles is a better one than that of our present version. We hope that in the new version now in preparation, the old term Abif will be restored.

We have examined early printed German Bibles, and old versions in many other languages, and excepting the Vulgate, which has "Hiram pater," the title "Abif" is retained in every one of them.

Another word in use amongst Masons, which has been omitted from our present Bible, occurs in the ninth chapter of Ezechiel, which in Matthew's version reads as follows:—"Go thy waye throw the cytye of Jerusalem, and and set this marke Thau upon the foreheades of them that mourn and are sorry for the abbomynacyons that be done therein." "But for those that haue this mark Thau: se that ye touch them not."

There is a valuable note respecting the Tau in another early English version, explaining why "Tau" is the sign of life, which we hope to quote later on.

It is interesting to notice that the description given in Exodus of Bezaleel, corresponds in every particular with that given in Chronicles of Hiram Abif.

We are told Bezaleel was "filled with wysdome, understandyng, and knowledge, to worke in gold, siluer, and brasse, and with grauinge of stones to sett, and keruynge in wood, and to worke al maner of sotle workes."

"And Ahaliab of the tribe of Dan, hathe he fylled with wysdome of hearte, to worke al maner of grauen worke, in jacinct, scarlett, purple and bysse."

Four hundred and seventy-five years after, we find it recorded that Hiram

Abif was the son of a widow of the tribe of Dan, and his ability as a craftsman is described in the identical words used in Exodus to describe the skill of one who occupied a similar relation to Moses, as Hiram Abif did to King Solomon.

Most Masons will have noticed that in the quotations from the Bible which occur in our working no reference is made to verses; for instance, "In the latter part of the twentieth chapter of Exodus it is recorded;" then follows a quotation from Matthew's Bible.

The reason verses are not mentioned is that old English Bibles were divided into chapters only, and had no verses, the letters A. B. C. D. and E. down the side afforded the only means of reference to any particular line or passage.

The first English Bible divided into verses was the Genevan version of 1560, which we shall have subsequently to notice.

A quaint rendering in the ninety-first Psalm, which is common to several early English Bibles, is as follows:—"So that thou shalt not nede to be afrated for eny bugges by nyghte, nor for the arowe that flyeth by daye." The meaning of the word "bugge" in this passage has given rise to much difference of opinion, but by turning to another place in the same book, in which the same word occurs, all difficulty vanishes.

In the prologue to the Exodus we find this sentence—"He which hath ye spirit of Christ is no more a child: he nether learneth or worketh now any longer for payne of ye rod, or for feare of bugges, or plesure of apples, but doth al thinges of his own courage."

This clearly shows that "bugges" is synonymous with the old English word "bogie, or boggart," so all the learned explanations that have been given are unnecessary.

Two folio reprints of this version were issued in 1549. One printed by Reynalde and Hyll, the colophon of which is as follows:—"To the honoure and prayse of God was this Byble prynted and fynisshed in the yeare of oure Lorde God a MDXXXvij.; and nowe agayne imprented, and fynished the leaste daye Octobre, in the yeare of oure Lorde God MDXLIX. at London, by Wylliam Hyll and Thomas Reynalde, typographers. God Save the kynge.—Cum. privilegio." On the reverse of the title there is a table of contents, then "a Calendar and Almanac," 4 pp. "An exhortacyon," etc., 1 p.; "The summe," etc., 2 pp. "To the Christen readers," and "a table of principal matters," 27 pp.; "The names of all the bokes," "A brief rehersal," 1 p.; "Unto the reader W. T.," 3 pp. Genesis begins on the reverse of folio 1. The other title pages are to the Psalms, Apocrypha, and New Testament.

The first title is especially interesting, from the woodcut border being from the same blocks as the first English Bible of 1535, only differing in the setting of the texts in the various cartouches. Unfortunately this is generally missing, and has to be supplied in fac-simile.

At the end of the prologue to the book Exodus there is an explanation of the vestments ordered by the Most High, to be worn by the Priests when engaged in their respective offices at the tent or tabernacle erected on consecrated ground at the foot of Mount Horeb in the wilderness of Sinai:—

"Brestlappe, or bresflap, is soche a flap as thou seest in the breast of a cope."

"*Ephod, is a garment somewhat lyke an amyce, saue the armes came throwe, and it was gyrd to.*"

"Tunicle, moche like the uppermost garment of the deaken."

"*Worship, by worshippyng whether whither it be in the old testamēt or ye newe, understād the boweing of a mans self vpō the grounde, as we (oftymes we knele in ouer prayers) bowe our selves & lye on our armes and handes, wyth our face to the grounde.*"

As this Bible was issued in the second year of Edward the Sixth, the vestments then in use in the Church of England are plainly shown.

No Bible could more appropriately form a portion of the furniture of a Masonic Lodge than the Abif Bible, and should any Brother wish to obtain a copy for presentation, the writer would be willing to spare one from his collection.

The other reissue in 1549 of Matthew's Bible was printed by Daye and Seres. The text does not differ greatly from Matthew's, but the notes have been altered, very much for the worse, by Edmunde Becke, who has added a dedication of three pages to the preliminary matter.

As a specimen of Beckes' notes we append the one to I. St. Peter:—"He dwelleth wyth hys wyfe accordynge to knowledge, that taketh her as a necessary healper, and not as a bonde slave. And yf she be not obedient and helpful unto him, endevoureth to beate the feare of God into her heade, that thereby she maye be compelled to learn her dutie, and to do it."

The woodcuts in the Revelations closely resemble those in Flemish and other Bibles printed about the same period; but in this Bible the woodcuts are explained by the following doggerel, one line being printed on each side the cut:—

1st Figure.

By the Starrs in hys hand we may wel se
What maner of men our preachers should be.

2nd Figure.

In the middest of his church sytteth God in majestie,
To whom al hys favthfull geue honoure, and glorye.

3rd Figure.

Pale hypocrytes, enemies to Goddes Gospel,
Bring death in their doctrine and dryue us to hell.

4th Figure.

The sainctes that we prayed to, lo, where they lye,
And they that were our spokes men herke how they crye.

6th Figure.

The Lord hath his numbre, whom he doeth preserue;
Their soules shall not perishe, though theyr bodies sterue.

7th Figure.

The prayers of godly men that do lyue here,
And they that before God so pleasant appere.

8th Figure.

Oute of the dark, pytte came locustes fell,
To vex them that lyueth not after the Gospell.

9th Figure.

The doctrine and laws of these beastes cruel
Drawe the thyrde part of men unto hell.

10th Figure.

Goddes worde is swete in the mouth of the faythfuI,
But bitter in the bealy, to the flest it is painful.

11th Figure.

The Popes parte is caste out and geuen to the sworde
When the Churche is measured wyth Goddes word.

12th Figure.

Goddes chosen Churche trauayleth here alwaye,
And bringeth forth Christe both nyght and day.

13th Figure.

The open enemye is most ougly in syghte,
But the wolfe in the Lambes skyne doeth a the spight.

14th Figure.

The electe of God onely can singe the songe
That soundeth on the herte, and not on the tonge.

15th Figure.

At the tyme appointed by God's secret wyll,
The sykle shal cut downe boeth good and yll.

16th Figure.

The seuen trompettes and the seuen scales,
Declare the same thinges that the seuen vialles.

17th Figure.

The Princes of the earth euerye one
Have with this whore wrought fornicacyon.

18th Figure.

The Romyshe marchauntes, the Priestes of Bal
Do wepe, houle, and crye, at Babylon's fall.

19th Figure.

All flesh is kylled with the ij edged sworde,
Which after the spirit is called Goddes worde.

20th Figure.

For euer lyeth Sathan bound in chayne,
Though in his members he be louse agayne.

21st Figure.

A beautyfull cytye, most semelye to se
Are the faythfull folowers of Godee's verytye.

Matthew's Bible was again reprinted by N. Hyll in 1551. The title is in red and black, within a compartment, formed by two large woodcuts at the top and bottom, and four smaller at the sides. The lower woodcut is like that in Coverdale's Bible of 1535. The colophon states that it was "Imprynted at London by Nicolas Hyll, dwelling in Saynct John's Streate, at the coste and charges of certayne honest menne of the occupacyon, whose names be upon their bokes." As honest men were not common in the reign of Edward VI., it may be well to record some of them. They were—"Abraham Veale, Robert Toye, Richard Kele, Thomas Petyt, John Wyghte."

John Rogers, the Editor of "Matthew's" Bible, was born about the year 1500, near Birmingham. He entered Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, and took his B.A. degree in 1525. He obtained a rectory in London in 1532. He gradually imbibed the religious opinions then obtaining in Germany, and left England, and took up his residence in Antwerp, where he held the post of Chaplain to the English Company of Adventurers—an office that had been previouly filled by William Tyndale. He soon became tired of keeping his vow of celibacy, and in 1537 married Adriane Pratt, the same year in which the Bible he edited for his relative, Jacob van Meteren, was issued under the assumed name of Thomas Matthew. In 1548 he returned to England, and was on the 10th of May presented to the rectory of St. Margaret Moses, and the vicarage of St. Sepulchre. He obtained the prebendal stall of St. Pancras at St. Paul's Cathedral, on the 24th August, 1551: another stall being at the same time held by Gabriel Donne, who was one of the agents employed to capture Tyndale, and who for this vile service had in 1539 been made Abbot of Buckfastleigh Abbey, in Devonshire. Thus Tyndale's friend and Tyndale's betrayer were prebendaries at the same time at St. Paul's. John Rogers was Divinity Lecturer at St. Paul's, and also held the Rectory of Chigwell, in Essex. In 1553 Edward VI. died, and in August of the same year the Lords of the Council ordered "John Rogers, *alias* Matthews," to remain in his house as a seditious preacher, and on the 4th of February he was cruelly put to death.

(To be continued.)

MY INITIATION INTO THE ABYSSINIAN MYSTERIES.

BY HIRAM AFIB.

[We take this most amusing little skit, which conveys, however, a sound moral, from our able contemporary, the *Masonic Review*, of Cincinnati, U.S., with a short and pardonable adaptation.]

THERE was a little club of us, about twelve in number. We all lived in the same city, not very distant from each other, were all Freemasons, and comparatively young men; that is, from 25 to 40 years of age, and most of us married men. We formed a very pleasant coterie of friends, no great differance in our circumstances and social condition, and our families being generally acquainted, our houses were always open to each other, where we spent many pleasant evenings; altogether we were a good set of fellows.

One day Harry Shaw said to me: "Hiram, you have never taken the Abyssinian degrees, have you?"

"Abyssinian degrees! what in the name of all the gods at once are they? I never heard of them."

"Never heard of the Abyssinian mysteries? Why, you're not half a Mason."

Now, if there is anything that piques a bright, active Mason, such as we all were, it is to be twitted about having neglected some part of his Masonic education; and so I asked—

"Have you and Charley Rhoads and Will Stevens and the rest of the boys taken these degrees?"

"Certainly!" said Harry, "We have all taken them, and we have a Charter from the Invisible and Immortal Magnate to confer them."

That sounded very big, and woke up my ambition. "Well, I don't care if I do. What do they cost?"

"Only fifty dollars." And then he naively added, "There is a banquet thrown in; so that you get the worth of your money back."

It was all arranged. The petition sent in—$50 sent in—and I duly waited, not without some slight impatience, my election. Finally, the word came that I was all right, and the evening set for my initiation into the Abyssinian Mysteries. It was a summer evening in the month of August. Our lodges of Masons were closed: our families, most of them, were in the country, and the boys were rather hungry for some work to do, when I received notice to repair to the "hidden apartments of the Mysteries"—so the notice read.

It was the house of Ed. Johnson, whose family was all gone to the country. Ed. had a large house, fitted up with all modern conveniences. I wondered why they should have an initiation in a private house, rather than a hall; but I had a misplaced confidence in my friends, and supposed it all right.

I arrived about eight o'clock, and found the house looking very dark: inside shutters closed, shades all down, and, indeed, no light visible. On ringing the bell, I was admitted by Harry Shaw, who said, "Welcome to the neophyte, who seeks more light by penetrating the deepest shades of the abyss." At the time I thought the word "abyss" had some reference to Abyssinian. I was conducted by my guide through the dark passages to the bath room. Here a dim light was burning, by which I noticed a suit of dark clothes, resembling the overalls of a labouring man. Here my guide said in a sepulchral tone—"Neophyte, I am about to leave you. If you ever expect to leave this place, and see the light of day again, divest yourself of all your apparel, and robe yourself in suitable apparel for the descent into the dreary shades." With this he turned the key, and I proceeded to do as directed, and after more than sufficient time, there came a knock of an indescribable kind,

followed by a rubbing motion, and at length a deep bass voice—"Neophyte, art thou ready?" I answered, "Yes." "Art thou willing to take upon thee the vows appertaining to these awful mysteries?" "I am willing." With this the door was unlocked, and I had just light enough to see that my new conductor was apparently a negro of the most unadulterated ebony hue. He carried in his hand a little torch, which only served to make darkness visible. "What!" I thought to myself, "do they have darkies in this Lodge?" I began to have misgivings that I had been inveigled into some conventicle of clandestine Masons.

My guide conducted me to a large room, which I recognised by the dim light as the main family room of Ed. Johnson. Here I was ushered into the presence of about a dozen more apparent darkies, all as black as ebony. Not only were the faces as black as night—only the whites of the eyes gleaming with chalky whiteness in the taper's dim light—but they were all robed in black, with black cowls over their heads. Every man held in his hand a drawn dagger, which had an awful sinister look in the dim light. Altogether it was rather a trying position, and although I believe I am a man of courage, who has faced danger and death on the battlefield, I must confess I rather wished I was well out of the business. But, of course, I was going to brave it through now, no matter what might happen.

Here I was bid to kneel down in the centre of this group of goblins, damned or whatever they might be, and a long rigmarole of vows propounded of which I have precious little recollection now. I remember there were a good many questions, with promises that I would "never, never, no never;" to which, as I had seen H.M.S. Pinafore a shore time before, I thought to myself—"no never, that is, hardly ever." I don't know, indeed, but I may involuntarily have muttered something of this, for I thought I heard an audible snicker among those gloomy conspirators.

Well, this ceremony ended, I was solemnly addressed—"Neophyte! thou art going to descend into the deepest abodes of the lost spirits beneath. Whether thou shalt ever ascend again will depend on thy fidelity and courage." With this all disappeared except two of these cowled gentry. I was left in total darkness. In a few moments I was taken by each arm and led I knew not whither. At last I found myself seated on a stool, in some sort of narrow box. Then a deep voice thundered—"Is all ready?" From beneath another deep voice sounded—"All is ready." Then one of them with me said—"Neophyte, farewell, we shall seek thee next in the shades." With that I found myself going very rapidly downward; the descent was about thirty feet, but it seemed in the darkness and the uncertainty about a hundred. I came down with such a shock as threw me sprawling off the stool on which I had been sitting—I had gone down the dumb waiter into the coal-cellar, with a rapidity which nearly took my breath away. Here I was immediately seized by strong invisible arms. Loud cries responded—"Who is this that dares to penetrate the gloomy abodes of Hades?" I thought to myself that I would never do it again if I could once get off; but I said nothing.

Then came an animated conversation as to what should be done with me, which ended in a fiendish proposition to consign me for ever to the flames of Tartarus. Suiting the action to the word I was taken into another cellar, where I could see a fire blazing in the furnace, the light coming from whose open doors revealing a negro dressed in scarlet—horns on his head, a pitchfork in his hand. "Take any shape but that," I involuntarily said to myself.

Arrived at the furnace door, I was the subject of another parley—some were fierce for my commitment to the flames—and the reason given was, that I, a white-livered, pale-faced man, had dared to invade the ghostly shades, where black was the orthodox colour. At last the argument was brought to an end by a happy suggestion that I should be painted like the rest—black. This was accepted, and I became the involuntary victim of burnt cork, until I looked like a twin-brother of the other Abyssinians. The furnace door was

then closed, and I was taken up a pair of stairs, where I was informed a new trial awaited me. Being now an Abyssinian, who had penetrated the deepest shades, if I was true blue, fire would not harm me; I must therefore submit to be blind-folded, and undergo the ordeal of fire. I must be immersed in a bath of molten lead, which was already prepared. If I could stand that ordeal I was worthy of the highest honours as a full-blown adept in the Abyssinian Mysteries. With this I was seized by three or four strong men, and I braced all my sinews, expecting to be dipped in pretty hot water at the very least. The sensation which ensued was the exact opposite. I was seated in a bath tub of the most icy description. The scamps must have prepared it with salt and snow; and on a hot August evening, after such an excited and hot experience as I had passed through, the contrary shock to that which I had expected may be imagined.

This over, I was pronounced a tried and accepted adept in the mysteries, and I was reconducted to the bathroom, where I had originally prepared myself, and after enjoying a capital bath and after redressing, I was invited forth to the dining-room. Here I found all my friends clothed and in their right minds, looking like gentlemen and scholars; and we spent a very happy hour in consuming an elegant supper, and in a hearty flow of spirit. It began to dawn, amidst the jokes of the supper table, that I had been really "sold." I had taken a bogus degree; and my fifty dollars had gone to furnish these gay boys a supper, which they were evidently enjoying at my expense.

Finally, I innocently told them that was my diagnosis of the case. The discovery was greeted with hilarious laughter. "Well," said Ed. Johnson, "say nothing about it, and we will have another supper out of some other neophyte, as ardent for degrees and as green as you were."

"I wont do it," I said, with virtuous indignation, "I am going to blow on this whole thing, and if the editor of the *Masonic Magazine* will give me space to do it, you will all find your pictures taken for the August number."

THE BUDDING SPRING.

THE budding spring will have an end,
And into summer grow;
The blooming summer will descend
To autumn's russet glow.
The mellow autumn next will glide
Along to winter's frost,
And all we cherished will have died—
Be swallowed up and lost!

We see the flowers bud in spring,
In summer see them bloom,
We know the frosts of autumn bring
Their glories to the tomb.
The winter snows become their shrouds,
And hide them out of sight;
Beneath impenetrable clouds
Of everlasting night!

So 'tis with man—but not with man,
When spring is on the earth
He enters on his little span—
Is ushered into birth.
We see him bloom in summer time,
In autumn pass away,
To enter a congenial clime
Of never-ending day.

W. CORBETT.

THE DIDOT SALE.

[We are anxious to render the *Masonic Magazine* an useful record for the Masonic student, archæologist, and bibliophilist, and we therefore think it right to preserve a record of the sale which appeared in the *Times*, and which is simply invaluable to book collectors for the accuracy by which it is marked, and the facts and figures it so effectively sets before us. It must have taken much time and patience to prepare, and seems deserving of a better fate and a longer existence than the ephemeral appearance of a daily journal. To the *Times* the sincere thanks of all lovers of books are justly due.—ED.]

THE greatest event in the world of old books and manuscripts this year has been the second Didot sale, brought to a close in Paris on last Saturday, after six days' struggle among the bibliophiles. The number of lots was slightly over 500, but all were of such high intrinsic value and importance that the amount of money produced by their dispersion is equivalent to about £37,000 of our money; to which sum we have to add the charge of 5 per cent. which is made in France upon the proceeds of each article sold by auction, and which is payable by the purchaser. A French book-auction presents a scene not easily realised by those who have only attended similar gatherings in London. The promoter of the sale is usually a bookseller who is the proprietor's agent, and who, sitting below the *commissaire-priseur*, or auctioneer, at one side, proclaims the number and the name of the lot, which are repeated in louder tones by the crier and the *commissaire-priseur* himself. The first bid is also made by the agent in the fashion of what we call a Dutch auction, and at the lowest price mentioned by him the real bidding begins, amid such a stentorian reverberation of sounds as is never heard in our quieter English auction-rooms. At the Didot sale, the old rivalry between the two nations that fought at Cressy and Agincourt was renewed, but in a more friendly way than in the days of the Black Prince and Henry V.; and if "the bulldog islanders" carried away some of the treasures that had excited the cupidity of the French libraries, it may to some extent be considered that they were reaping part of the harvest sown of yore by the knights who battled against Joan of Arc.

The preceding remarks may serve as a fitting introduction to the notice of two objects of extraordinary value, Nos. 17 and 19, the former of which brought 76,000f. and the latter 18,500f. The first of these two was the costliest lot of the sale, bringing, as it did, more than double the price of the manuscript which stood next to it in money value. It was a missal, believed to have been executed for Charles VI. of France as a present to his daughter Catherine, on her marriage with Henry V. of England, and to have been in the possession successively of our Henry V., Henry VI., Henry VII., and Henry VIII. But we must confess that the *provenance*, as the French style it, is not clearly proved. The manuscript has been in the hands of the monks of Tongerloo since 1545, when it was sold by them by "un nommé Gilles." In the catalogue this is said to have been "lors du schisme sous Henri VIII.," but the statement is far from satisfactory. The property of monasteries and cathedrals was easily stolen or alienated in 1545, but the contents of the Royal hereditary library (omitting all reference to the ugly gap between Henry VI. and Henry VII.) would not be so easily transferred to foreign hands. It is admitted that the first two leaves of the manuscript—which form the whole basis of the assignment of the missal to Charles VI. and Henry V.—are additions made early in the 16th century; in one of the two instances it is supposed that the new leaf was a copy of the actual original which had been lost by attrition; but the assumption is gratuitous, and a tradition of over three centuries is not sufficient to identify the Didot manuscript with what it is asserted to be. We have no doubt that the circumstances were sufficiently

weighed by the authorities of the British Museum, who would never allow a manuscript which had been in the possession of four English Kings of the Tudor race to fall back into French ownership. This remarkable manuscript fetched considerably over £3000.

In many respects, to an English connoisseur, the most interesting object in the entire sale—its genuineness is undoubted—was the Prayer Book which belonged to, and was constantly used by, the great English warrior, Sir John Talbot, Lord Talbot, and first Earl of Shrewsbury, renowned by Shakespeare for his real worth, and celebrated by Voltaire and in French tradition for many fictitious characteristics. The portrait of the veteran antagonist of the Maid of Orleans—who with the Black Prince and Sir John Chandos form the great trino of illustrious Englishmen who fought in the wars for sovereignty in France—is found more than once in the volume, along with some English prayers and rhymes which may have been written by the hand of Talbot himself. The book has had a strange fate. Left in France after Talbot's heroic death, which happened in battle in 1453, when he was over 80 years of age, it fell into impenetrable obscurity until 24 years ago, when a Breton collector bought it from a peasant and transferred it to a dealer from whom M. Didot obtained the treasure. We are sorry to record that a book of such extraordinary interest was not secured for our national library, nor apparently for the present Lord Shrewsbury; but it was bought by an English bookseller, Mr. Quaritch, himself an amateur and collector of fine manuscripts.

We now proceed to give details of the more important lots, in their numerical order, and of the prices fetched by each. The first 45 were manuscripts, which, at a total of nearly £20,000, fetched an average of £445 each, notwithstanding the depression of value prevalent throughout the civilized world, so that at the present time, things of great intrinsic worth now seem to bring greater prices than ever before.

No. 1 was a Latin Bible of the 13th century, a manuscript of ordinary character, but bearing the name of its French scribe, Arnulphus de Camphaing (Camphin), and fetched 2,300f. (Labitte); 3, a French translation of the Bible, written on vellum in the first half of the 15th century, but supposed to have been copied from a 13th century codex, valuable like all versions of the Scriptures in vernacular tongues before the Reformation—10,000f. (Fontaine); 4, a Latin Psalter for liturgical use, executed in the Abbey of St. Martin, at Tournai, in 1105 (dated manuscripts are rare)—10,200f. (Bibliothèque Nationale); 5, a similar Psalter, with miniatures of French execution, of the 13th century—9,500f. (Fontaine); 6, a similar manuscript of French execution and very small size, also of the 13th century—2,600f. (Labitte); 7, a Latin Evangeliarium, a collection of Gospel lessons, in Carlovingian writing of the 9th century, with plates of gilt metal on the outside, decorated with carved ivory and gems—probably of 10th or 11th century work—6,000f. (Quaritch); 8, another Evangeliarium, of the 10th or 11th century, with exterior ornaments of metal and Limoges enamel (13th century)—3,800f. (Fontaine); 9, another Evangeliarium, executed about A.D. 1050, by Gerard, Abbot of the great Benedictine house of Luxeuil—15,000f. (Bibliothèque Nationale); 10, a collection of 30 miniatures illustrating the life of Christ, and executed in France about the year 1200—9,000f. (Labitte); 11, "Sancti Beati in Apocalypsin Commentaria, et S. Hieronymi Explanatio Danielis," a MS. written in the south of France (Aquitaine), or in the north of Spain, about A.D. 1200; with 110 miniatures characteristic of the best style of the epoch and the region—a monument of singular importance for the history of old French art, which has been carefully described and eulogised by Count Bastard in his *Peintures et Ornemens des MSS.* It fell, after a splendid competition on the part of the Bibliothèque Nationale, for 30,500f. to Mr. Quaritch. The same English collector bought, for 15,300f., the next lot, 12, the Visions of the Apocalypse, a MS. of the 14th century, containing 96

miniatures, with Latin text extracted from the Scriptural book and written in scrolls and on the borders—an extremely beautiful work of art, the archetype of the celebrated "Block-book Apocalypses," two of which occurred at a later period of the sale; 13, the Latin Bible-history of Peter Comestor, with miniatures, of French execution, and dated A.D. 1229—5,000f. (Labitte); 14, "Graduale Romanum," a manuscript written in some Benedictine monastery of Northern Italy, in the 11th century—3,900f. (Labitte); 15, "Graduale et Sacramentarium," also a Benedictine manuscript with miniatures, executed in the Abbey of Ottenbeuern, in Suabia, about the year 1150—20,100f. (Téchener.) A similar manuscript to this—apparently belonging, like it, to a series of liturgical volumes, illuminated by or for the Abbot Isengrim, when the monastery was restored after its destruction by fire in 1142—was in Sir William Tite's possession, and afterwards sold at Mr. Bragge's sale in London a couple of years ago. 16, "Missale Ecclesiæ Parisiensis," manuscript of the 14th century, with miniatures—8,100f. (Téchener.) No. 17 was the extraordinary "Missal de Charles VI.," of which mention has already been made; large in size, and richly decorated with numerous miniatures and other ornaments, it attracted more attention than any other MS. of the collection. 18, "Missale Ecclesiæ Turonensis," a MS. of the beginning of the 16th century, with a few magnificent miniatures—20,000f. (Fontaine.) No. 19 was the Talbot "Livre d'Heures," already mentioned, which we must consider to have been, from an English point of view, the most interesting lot in the sale. 20, "Ghetide," a Dutch Prayer Book of the 15th century—1,600f. (Labitte); 21, Horæ, a Prayer Book, illuminated, about 1480, for René II., Duke of Lorraine, with miniatures, one of which represents the defeat of Charles the Bold at Morat—6,000f.; 22, Horæ, the Prayer Book of Antoine, the "Grand Bâtard de Bourgogne"—7,000f. (Labitte); 23, a similar "Livre d'Heure," executed towards the end of the 15th century, and believed, but on very slight grounds, to have belonged to Mary Queen of Scots—10,000f. (Fontaine); 24, a similar French Prayer Book—2,900f.; 25, a similar French Prayer Book, said to have belonged to Catherine d'Armagnac, Duchess of Bourbon, in 1484—12,900f. (Fontaine); 26, "Horæ," a fine Dutch Prayer Book, some of the miniatures in which were attributed, with little reason, to the hand of Memling 20,800f. (Fontaine); 27, "Officium B. V. M.," MS., of Flemish execution, written about the end of the 15th century, in silver letters upon black vellum—11,500f. (Labitte); 28, Anne of Brittany's Book of Hours, according to the use of Rouen, a beautiful MS., with remarkably fine miniatures—18,000f. (Labitte); 29, "Horæ," very small, but fine, which had been in the collection of the Rev. Theodore Williams—1,950f. (Quaritch); 30, another "Livre d'Heures," of the early part of the 16th century, which afterwards belonged to Anne of Austria, the Queen of Louis XIII.—27,000f. (Fontaine); 32, the "Rationale Divinorum Officiorum" of Durandus, the celebrated work which forms the foundation of all study upon the history and practice of the rites of the Roman Church, in an Italian hand of the 14th century—3,900f. (Quaritch); 33, the "Moralia in Job" of Pope Gregory the Great, a MS. in Lombardic characters, stated in the sale catalogue to have been as old as the seventh or eight century, but which was probably a couple of centuries younger—3,000f. (Quaritch); 35, "Bonaventuræ Breviloquium," a MS. of the 14th century, remarkable for its binding of enamel and gems—1,800f. (Labitte.) The same purchaser—who was reported to be buying for the Didot family—gave 13,100f. for the next lot (36), "La Saint Abbaye," an unpublished spiritual allegory, with other ascetic pieces, forming a single MS. volume, adorned with miniatures of great beauty, executed in the early part of the 14th century. To him likewise fell No. 37—a tiny volume whose only claim to respect was that it had been written by the famous calligraphist Jarry in 1645. The penmanship was exquisite, but there was no ornament, yet it brought the price of 8,000f. No. 38 was the "Decretum" of Gratian, the basis of the

canon law—a MS. of French execution in the 13th century—3,500f. (Fontaine.) 41, 42, and 43 were pieces of Cicero, the first ("Lælius" and "Cato Major") a pretty MS. of Italian art-work late in the 15th century; the third ("De Finibus" of similar age and also decorated by an Italian artist; the second remarkable, as a classic ("Lælius," etc.), for its age, which was the ninth century. They fetched 1,280f., 3,700f., and 700f. (Quaritch.) 44, Jehan de Rovroy's French translation of the "Strategemata of Frontinus," a MS. of the 15th century, with four miniatures—6,600f. (Téchener.) No. 45, which brought the enormous price of 25,000f., was a minute volume, consisting of but a few painted leaves, which was yet one of the greatest curiosities of the sale. This was the "Livre d'Heures"—facetiously so styled in the author's lifetime—of the witty and licentious Count de Bussy-Rabutin, cousin and correspondent of the more famous Madame de Sévigné. The burlesque prayers which it contained as text to the eight pictures which still adorn it had been carefully erased, evidently in the time of the Grand Monarque, but the illustrations remain. They are portraits of Anne of Austria, the Duke of Buckingham, Gaston d'Orléans, Madame de Montespan, Mademoiselle de la Vallière, and others who were the objects of scandal in the time of Louis XIII. and Louis XIV., but not in their proper costume or appearance, being attitudinized and arrayed in the characters of St. Sebastian, St. Cecilia, St. Agnes, and other saints of the religious Livres d'Heures. Such a book must have been cautiously guarded and concealed in the time of Louis XIV.; indeed, it is evident from the care which was taken to destroy the ribald text (of which a few words are still decipherable) that the owner distrusted its safety even in after-days. There is probably no other copy in existence, although it is conjectured, from certain words used by Boileau, that the Livre d'Heures of Bussy-Rabutin was known to circulate in copies among a chosen few 200 years ago. The painting of the portraits was assigned in the catalogue to the celebrated artist Petitot.

(To be continued).

THE POWER OF SONG.

BY W. FRED. VERNON, R.W.M. AND BARD, LODGE KELSO, NO. 58.

OH, how I long my soul in song
Ever to pour in measured lay,
On soaring wings, o'er earthly things,
To mount in tuneful melody.

Clear of the soil and its turmoil,
My soul, unfettered, would expand
In loving theme, till it would seem
That love and music filled the land.

With vig'rous fire, my sounding lyre
Would wake the echoes far away;
Till all around should list the sound,
And while it lasted, ling'ring stay.

Now soft and low, the words would flow
Like gently breathing summer winds;
Of Hope I'd sing, and peace would bring
To poor distressed and troubled minds.

Now swelling strong the notes prolong,
And to each honest heart appeal;
My trembling wire would all inspire
With ardent patriotic zeal.

Or wild and free, like stormy sea
When beating on the rock-bound shore;
'Mid trumpets' blare that rends the air,
I'd courage to the warrior pour.

But these above I'd sing of love:
I'd sing of gentle love, and strong,
Till hearts would melt, because they felt
And owned the power of love and song.

NOTES ON LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

BY BRO. GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL,

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

WE hear much of "the amenities of American newspapers," but it would be no difficult task for our Transatlantic cousins to cull from English journals numberless paragraphs which would stand as a sort of set-off against their own. Thus, for instance, a daily provincial leader-writer terms Sir William Harcourt "a kind of cross between an elephant and a jackass," and adds that he "would fain have his mammoth braying mistaken for the roar of the lion; but the pendulous ears are always discernable." I like a spirited article as well as anyone, and can laugh at a good satire, even when all my sympathies are with the person satirised. It is a weak cause that will not bear the test of ridicule: but abuse is a poor substitute for argument; and every writer should regard literature as a sacred calling, to be used for the elevation of the human race, and never to be prostituted for pay or party.

Cheshire has long been famous for its cheese, so much so, that many a licensed victualler has adopted it for the sign of his inn, to indicate that eatables as well as drinkables were to be had within, that in Wine Office Court, Fleet Street, being a case in point. In a paper recently read before the Cheshire Chamber of Commerce, by Mr. Roger Bate, upon "Cheshire Dairy Farming and its Milk Produce," it was stated that in the early part of the present century it was thought that ninety thousand cows were kept for cheese-making, a great portion of this produce being sent to the metropolis; but during the last quarter of a century Cheshire cheese had been finding its way into Lancashire and Yorkshire rather than to London. This may be perfectly correct; but Cheshire cheese, to my certain knowledge, has been known and appreciated both in Lancashire and Yorkshire for more than a quarter of a century. But most of the cheese used now throughout the country is American. The growing demand for new milk and fresh butter in our great towns has diminished the making of English cheese, because milk and butter at once bring in that ready-money which the farmer so much needs, whilst cheese-making, like breeding and fattening stock, raising corn-crops, etc., requires a much longer time to produce a cash return.

"Among the most untranslatable of modern poets," says the *Standard*, "Heinrich Heine has always held a chief place, and this not so much on

account of the rare grace and beauty of his poems as the peculiarity of the genius which inspired them. In this latter respect they stand almost alone." Here is a little gem as Englished by my very dear friend the late Eta Mawr, whose translations of their "native poets" have been highly commended by literary Germans, and by such competent critics as Lord Lytton, Sir John Herschell, Dr. Dick, and others :—

"The blue eyes of the spring
Are peeping from the grass;
They are peeping in the violets
Which I gather as I pass.

"I pluck them, and I think
That all the thoughts which spring
Within my hidden bosom
The nightingale doth sing.

"Yes! what I feel she sings,
Till echo joins the tone;
The secret of my heart
To all the world is known."

I have had occasion to express my disappointment more than once, after searching for the grave of some child of genius whose name is familiar to every reader, at having to return totally unsuccessful in my researches. It is a feeling rather of sorrow than of surprise that comes over one on such occasions. One of my oldest living literary friends—for Death has thinned our ranks considerably during the five-and-thirty years that have elapsed since our names first appeared in print together, and our thoughts and feelings were first privately communicated to each other—thus pithily puts it, in the "preliminary chapter" of his delightful "Literary Reminiscences and Gleanings:"—"Judging by experience, the graves most difficult to find are those of authors and artists. Generally speaking, parish clerks do not know them; and if, by dint of questions put to obliging newspaper editors, and by patient research in silent consecrated acres, you succeed in finding the stone—if stone there be—which covers the departed man of mind, it is possible his name will be absent, or if present be introduced in characters so small and insignificant that you marvel the merit which drew you so far from your path can be so poorly represented. On the other hand, the graves easiest to trace are those of successful traders. Enter any churchyard or cemetery you may, these favourites of fortune will be found sleeping beneath the weight of the largest tombs and the eulogy of the longest inscriptions. Yet, after all, these elaborate monuments can win merely the passing glance of curiosity, while the simplest stone, when bearing a notable name, attracts the pilgrim from afar. So the spirit of Justice hovers above the churchyard, and the spirit of Freedom keeps her company. Here is no shrinking from the empty purse, or the unfashionable form; freed from the trammels of pride, mind mingles with mind, in a communion purely spiritual, dispensing with the formality of a card. It was surely on such republican ground that Diogenes affixed his tub, and, doubtless, to grave-stones that Shakspere alluded when he wrote of the sermons which stones convey." It is no small recommendation of a book which one has read many years ago, to be able to take it up and read it again and again with renewed interest. This I have done with Mr. Procter's "Literary Reminiscences;" and I need only repeat a portion of what I wrote nineteen years ago :—"One cannot help wishing, as we read Mr. Procter's genial book, that should we ever have our own name engraved on a tombstone, some kindly hand, like that of Sylvan's, may once or twice in a generation come to 'clear the weeds from off *our* grave,' to remove the moss and lichens which obliterate the inscriptions, and pay a shilling to some poor sexton to brush off the dust and repaint the stone."

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.

THE FANCY FAIR.

A "TRUTH"-FUL PICTURE.

I MET a group of Frenchmen three,
Roving from stall to stall,
Eager the fancy fair to see,
Held in the Albert Hall.
Press'd by the crowd, and puzzled sore
Which way to turn or gaze:
"Ma foi," said one, "voyons d'abord
La Comédie Française!"

They gain'd the spot where Sarah stood
In robe of creamy hue;
Where Samary in sportive mood
Around bright glances threw.
Fair Reichemberg's enchanting smiles
For worlds they'd not have miss'd,
And Broisat's captivating wiles
What mortal could resist?

Further they went, but not heart-whole,
And each in triumph wore
A trophy in his button-hole
That was not there before;
And as they jauntily sped on,
Thought they: "We'll now compare
Which has the prize of beauty won,
La France ou l'Angleterre."

But when of Langtry's witching eye
They felt the magic power;
When temptingly beguiled to buy
From Castlereagh a flower;
When Gerard, Wheeler, and Sassoon
Admired in turn had been,
Then must the gallant Frenchmen own
The like they ne'er had seen.

They paused where Guinness held her court,
And marked how by her side
Incessantly fresh *chalands* brought
The season's loveliest bride;
On Oliphant they gazed intent,
So exquisitely drest;
And in cigars a fortune spent
With sweet Cornwallis West.

They linger'd, bound by beauty's spell,
Until the close of day,
Then turn'd, with look of sad farewell,
Reluctantly away.
But often to those Frenchmen three
Will memory recall
A sight worth coming miles to see,
The fair of Albert Hall.

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

No. 75.—Vol. VII. SEPTEMBER, 1879. Price 6d.

THE SECRET DOCTRINE OF THE TEMPLARS.

BY THE EDITOR.

WE have had our attention lately called to a work published in 1872 by M. L'Oiseleur (A. Durand et Pedone Lauriel, Paris), which is termed "La Doctrine Secrête des Templiers," and which professes to give us the true explanation of their secret teaching, and the real cause of their suppression by Pope Clement V. It is a work somewhat difficult now to obtain—only two hundred copies have been printed. We had never seen it before, though we had taken a reference to it from a foreign writer, and having—thanks to our bookseller—obtained, after some research, a copy of it from Paris, we think it well to make known its contents to our readers. The main point of interest connected with it is the publication *in extenso* for the first time, though Dupuy had alluded to the MS. of an account of certain proceedings, professedly in 1310, at Florence, by the order of Clement V., before the Archbishop of Pisa and the Bishop of Florence, taken from a MS. in the Vatican Library, Rome (*Vaticanus*, 4011). We may observe, "en passant," that M. L'Oiseleur says nothing of the actual age of the MS., but he seems to assume all through its contemporaneity with 1310. This, however, is a most important point, and requires looking into, as, if it is the original document of 1310, it has a very great value "per se;" if a later transcript, it becomes at once of much less importance as evidence. The fact of its being written on "paper" seems to point to a "transcript" rather than to an original. All M. L'Oiseleur tells us is that, transcribed for him (he does not seem to have seen it himself) by an able "paleographist," it was "collated" for him with the original by the well-known Chevalier Rossi. No doubt his name is a sure guarantee of the fidelity of the "collation," but we should have liked his opinion as to the exact age of the MS. Beyond this, despite the able treatise and special suggestions of M. L'Oiseleur, there is no new light thrown on a most difficult and "vexata quœstio." Even to this hour, it is all but impossible to decide what is the real truth, or even what are the exact facts of the case.

Were the Templars merely a secret association, obnoxious to the Pope and Philippe le Bel by their immense riches, their pride, their military power, their exclusive privileges, their interference with matters of State, and their corrupt morals? Or had they, in consequence of their contact with the East, imbibed alike Oriental vice and Oriental heresies? This is what we want to know to-day. The Abbé Vertot said, years ago, this problem, "the despair of historians, is the most impenetrable enigma which history has left to pos-

terity to unravel;" and, with Napoleon I., we are inclined to doubt whether it ever will be "possible, after five hundred years, to pronounce distinctly on the actual innocence or guilt of the Templars." All we can do is to offer a reasonable, but partial, explanation, at the best, of what must, we fancy, ever remain a mystery, like the "Man in the Iron Mask," to tantalize us with its dark doubts, and with its impenetrable obscurity.

The question of the guilt or innocence of the Templars has been made, as L'Oiseleur shows, like many other questions in the world, a mere question of party. Voltaire and Raynouard, to attack both the monarchy and papacy, have pronounced the Templars positively innocent, all the allegations against them false, all the witnesses bribed, and their own self-accusations obtained by torture and tyranny. At the same time we say this, we agree with one remark of Voltaire's, that it is "wrongly to understand mankind if we think that there are societies which can support themselves by immoral habits, and lay down a law of immodest iniquity." The very accusations against the Templars seem to suggest, on the other hand, doubt and improbability. Nicolai, Grouville, Wilcke, Von Hammer, and many others, have believed that they have discovered traces, not only of a secret, but of an "heretical" association, which had grafted the worship of Gnosticism, etc., on the most fearful vices of the East.

There is a third view, which, up to the present, has never been carefully elaborated, which would contend that all these statements, grossly exaggerated and ignorantly amplified, only point to physical trials, the actual corporeal "tentamina" of the mysteries of old reproduced in a Templar Chapter, and thus linked on to Freemasonry. No doubt the argument is very potent and pressing, which, at first sight, may be drawn from admissions which seem both clear and consistent. As L'Oiseleur put it well, "the mystery which surrounded their receptions, the initiation slow and progressive of those received, the silence which was imposed upon them," and many other points noted by him, seem to show that the suspicion alike of a dreadful heresy as of a horrible depravity had lead Clement V. to suppress the Order, which, considering its otherwise brilliant services, had but a short existence, as, founded in 1118, it expired in 1312. Certain it is, M. L'Oiseleur shows us that Clement, in his two Bulls—"Vox in Excelso" and "Considerantes Dudum," for the first time, we believe, given without suppression, according to the French of the Abbé Belet, founded on Hefelé, in this work accuses distinctly, Molai, his principal officers and knights, not only of fearful moral crimes, but of distinct and most dangerous heresy. We are aware that too much stress must not be laid on this isolated fact, as the accusation of "heretical pravity" is an old habit of Rome and the Inquisition, and has been brought before now against many innocent victims. But still, the fact is unquestionable, and is a fact, moreover, which has hardly been done justice to in some disquisitions we have seen on the subject. Indeed, in the first Bull occurs this remarkable passage, overlooked by most writers:—"Some of them have also confessed other crimes, both horrible and dishonouring, which, for the present, we keep silence on." Another fact also comes out from recent inquiries. In 1867 Pere Theiner, the able librarian of the Vatican, tells M. L'Oiseleur that there is no trace of an original process against the Templars, "either in the library or the secret papers of the Vatican. There is, indeed, the inquiry at Florence," he says, "twenty-six folios. Private inquiries made by Clement V. against the Templars in the Island of Cyprus, in Greece, in the patrimony of St. Peter, in the Duchy Urbino, in several ecclesiastical provinces of France and Italy, which are very important, very voluminous, and more or less favourable to the Order. Some of these inquiries are on parchment, and contain one hundred and one hundred and fifty folios." But there are also in the Vatican extracts from the English proceedings against the Templars to which Pere Theiner does not allude, curiously enough. It may, however, fairly be doubted, we apprehend, whether

this statement of Pere Thenier does actually exhaust all extant MSS. on the subject in the Vatican, as the "doctrine of reserve," familiar to the members of the Society of Jesus and to the Casuists of the Church of Rome, has long prevailed at the Vatican Library.

If Munter's statements be true, other documents exist, but we fear also, on his part, a tendency to a "fraus pia." Thus, as ever, "history repeats itself," and we poor students of to-day have still to deal with the "suppressio veri" and the "suggestio falsi." Hard lines for us to have to steer safely between this Scylla and Charybdis of veritable history.

It is interesting to note how that another fact "creeps out" of these inquiries, whose "outcome" is unfavourable to the Templars! Contemporary writers accuse them of pride, arrogance, interference with affairs of State, natural weaknesses, and even unnatural offences! Common sayings current among all classes of society, known and quoted by many writers, all point to habits which are evil, luxury which is alarming, and crimes which are dishonouring and degrading!

We are not bound to take all the statements of Matthew Paris and William of Tyre, for instance, except "cum grano salis," but we cannot shut our eyes or ears to certain facts and declarations from such a "consensus" of writers as exists undoubtedly upon the point.

In 1272 the Council of Saltzburg already proposed to reform the Templars and unite them with the Hospital of St. John. In 1273 Gregory X., and in 1289 Pope Nicholas IV., sought also to reform them and the Hospitaliers as well, and it is quite clear that, for some time previous to their fall, inquiries had been made, by Papal authority, secretly into their habits of life and the scandals so widely propagated respecting them, their morals, and—above all, their faith!

Now, this is a very important point, as it disposes of the charge of "sudden vengeance" and merely "interested cupidity" in the otherwise startling proceedings of the French King and the Roman Pontiff. And then this question forces itself upon us—Had the Templars secret regulations and a "Secreta Receptio," over and above their regular and authorised reception? There is no trace in their known rules or commonly received ceremonial of anything wrong or even suspicious. In the form of reception, which may be seen in many works, all is decorous and devout. But then, it is said that they had certain "points of the Order" which were communicated in special and secret reception alone, and on penalty of death for violation of the secret, to all professed Knights and Chaplains of the Order. The word "points" has always appeared to us to decide a connection of some kind with the Masonic guilds, it being a Masonic technical word.

No such "secret points" are, however, extant, nor has any publication of documents bearing on this head taken place to which the slightest real authority can be attached. Munter's posthumously published MSS. are open to the gravest suspicion. Dupuy, in his remarkable work, "Histoire de l'Ordre Militaire des Templiers"—first published by his brother after his death in 1651, and of which a condensed form, which we have, was published at Brussels in 1751—states that the fifty-first witness admits that he made this statement to a lay friend, and which we translate from the French:—"If even you were my father, and that you could become G.M. of the Order, I should not wish you to enter into our body; for we have three articles which no one will ever know, except God and the devil, and we ourselves, Brethren of the Order." This statement is obtained, however, after torture, "Bene notanda est."

In the inquiry at Paris, a certain Raoul de Presle, a lawyer, declared that Gervais de Laon, Ruler of the Temple at Laon, told him that in the "Chapter General of the Order, there was a matter so secret ('quidam punctus adeo secretus'), that if, for his misfortune, any saw it, were it the King of France

himself, no fear of torture would prevent the members of the Chapter from killing him immediately." Gervais de Beauvais also said to him several times, "that he possessed a little book which he would willingly shew him, and which contained the statutes of his Order, but that he possessed another and a more secret one which, for nothing in the world, would he consent to show him!" We must take these statements for what they are worth.

Curiously enough, however, it is stated in the Bull of suppression:—"When they received brethren into the order, these were obliged, in the very act of their reception, to swear that they would reveal to no one the manner of their reception, and swear that they would remain faithful to this vow."

We may come, we think, then, to this conclusion safely, that there was a "Secreta Receptio," but what that was, and to what it tended, we must still we think, speak with great hesitation, and certainly not with any certainty—above all, dogmatically.

We must always remember that the admissions of the Templars must be divided into two classes: those obtained by torture; those obtained through spiritual influence without torture, and which still remain transcribed and, no doubt, coloured by the prevailing animus of the Church of Rome on the subject. Torture was used in France unsparingly, and to some extent in the Tower of London, but not at York, or Florence, Sicily, Brindisi, Ravenna, Pisa. In Germany, Spain and Portugal, practically, the Templars were acquitted! Now all this has to be borne in mind when we come to the Roman Catholic charge of heresy.

Von Hammer's "Baphomet and Gnosticism" seem to reduce themselves into "Mahomet and Islamism," and these again seem to be explained by the eager credulity, or the preconceived views of examining Inquisitors and Prelates and Clerks. If the statements of the Florence inquiry are to be accepted, the Templars worshipped a demon (Lucifer), and were "Luciferi Luciferians;" their Chaplains omitted the principal words of the mass, and absolution was given only in the name of the Great Creator, and they had a "Head" which they openly worshipped as an idol. The Saviour was said to be a "false prophet," and was represented by the "good thief." And, altogether, these defenders of Christendom were unbelieving heretics, worshippers of an idol and a demon—even the Evil Spirit; their habits were deliberately foul, and their morals horribly and disgustingly degraded!

We recommend our readers, who might be startled by these words of ours, to read carefully from page 33 to page 55, under the heading, "Idée Generale de la Doctrine Secréte des Templiers," in M. L'Oiseleur's work. We confess that we do not believe in any such statements, for the reasons, above mentioned, that they are practically the representations of preconceived opinions and the Roman Catholic fear of heresy. We say nothing now of their inherent absurdity and incredibility. Indeed, M. L'Oiseleur goes on to show that, in many of their views, if truly represented, the Templars must have impinged on the doctrines of the Gnosticism of the early ages, the Paulini or Paulicians of the ninth century, the Cathairi of the eleventh, and to have worshipped a spirit of good and evil!

They were also infected, L'Oiseleur points out, according to the statements of the Inquisitors, with the peculiar and hateful views of the Euchetæ or Enthusiasts, as well as with those of the Bogomiles and the Albigenses. But, as we said before, we think all this is a manifest exaggeration of which no proof exists. The Gnosticism of Von Hammer and the Gnostic chests have been given up, and may not these allegations be given up too?

One witness says that all these trials were a "trufa"—in Italian, that is a jest or practical joke—and we fancy that we see in all these allegations nothing but the corporeal trials, perhaps the burlesques, of "earth, fire, and water," of personal courage and religious devotion, which, in an order like the Templars, exposed to death for the faith, if mistaken, was excusable, and if sensational,

was not actually intended to be irreligious; but which in the hands of unbelieving, or wicked, or immoral men might be fearfully abused.

We do not see, despite M. L'Oiseleur's able work, that the question is any nearer advanced to its decision. If it be true that to Wm. de Beajeu, G.M. (as appears from a Paris witness), all these secret receptions are to be attributed we find, perhaps, the explanation of their origin in secret associations existing, in the East, the Templars, availing themselves of their secret Chapters, forming an inner secret fraternity of their own. Indeed, one witness at Paris describes a ceremonial which seems to us both significative and worthy of note. He says that he was deprived of light, and then admitted into the Chapter. He was not a Knight, but a serving brother. Having been previously left in solitude and darkness, he was led round the Chapter more than once, and lastly admitted on a corporeal oath; but he mentions nothing improper or indecent.

Are all these allegations, whether of indecency or heresy, the interpolations of inquisitors or prelates, anxious to uphold the infallible Bull of an infallible Pope?

To our minds, the point in dispute is still an open question, and one which probably must still remain an enigma to general and Masonic students. That the Templars who died for the Cross were heretics, is, to our minds, simply incredible. That they were men of openly shameful lives and horrible vices is alike, as we think, most improbable. That they were mortal and therefore weak, enforced celibates and therefore exposed to great temptations, is, we think, likely to be true; that they were not impeccable, and were corrupted by wealth and luxury, is also probably, nay undoubtedly, the case. But their worship of an idol resolves itself into a "Reliquary"; their Islamism and grosser criminalities into the necessity of supporting the Bull of condemnation, and is a "post hoc propter hoc," or is the product of the actual ignorance of the inquisitors. If proofs exist of a "secret receptio," they seem to point to a Templar fraternity, which may have adopted as an universal formulu, "Le Dieu superieur du Ciel," T.G.A.O.T.U. Be this as it may, we leave the matter practically as we found it, inasmuch as we cannot accept the Florence inquiry either as truthful in itself or as representing to us the actual opinions and practices of the Florentine Templars in particular, or the Knights Templars in general. But M. L'Oiseleur's pamphlet deserves study.

We fear we have made this paper all too long, but we have tried to place the matter fairly and fully before our readers.

OLD LETTERS.

BY MAX.

From the New York Dispatch.

I LOOKED in the twilight this evening
In a drawer guarded safe by a key,
Where the ghosts of my childhood are hidden
And the eyes of the world cannot see;
And there in a corner, forgotten,
Neglected and yellow and worn,
I came on this bundle of letters,
With the edges all tattered and torn.

Oh, Alice, the perfume of roses
Has returned thro' life's turmoil to-day,
With the breath of the lilies and myrtle,
And a song of the birds far away;
Three faded old letters have brought me
The glory and Spring-tide of youth,
With the delicate odour of childhood,
And a sensitive honour of truth.

Ah! here is a chapter from Charlie,
And the daintiest missive from May;
He writes of his conquests at polo,
She describes the last drawing-room day.
And now they are married and settled
In an elegant house in Mayfair,
His uncle has left him a fortune,
And she drives in a carriage and pair.

This paper is crowded with verses
(It is useless to mention the name);
The critics came down on their author,
And extinguished his ardour and fame.
A letter from Mary encloses
Just a curl from her child's golden hair,
And here is a bow of blue ribbon
Katie lost at a ball, on the stair.

This brief little note is from Flora,
Written scrawling and hurriedly sent;
Her passion that year was an artist,
And a dear little cottage in Kent.
"To know him," she writes, "is to love him;"
Would you say that to-day, little Flo?
For now she has married a marquis,
And this season they ride in the Row.

These few are the records of friendship
That I trust to the end to retain;
How many dark days they have brightned,
Bringing peace to the heart and the brain.
And here are some letters were written
By a loved one in years passed away,
And still it is sweet to peruse them
As I sit in the twilight to-day.

I tie them together and place them
In a corner away from the rest,
Where never a stoic may see them,
Or the proud turn them into a jest.
Perhaps it is foolish and childish,
But my eyes have grown misty with tears:
The sight of these letters is haunted
With the ghosts of "life's beautiful years!'

THE OLD CHARGES OF THE BRITISH FREEMASONS.

WILLIAM JAMES HUGHAN.

No. 1.—The Scarborough MS.

BRO. the Rev. A. F. A. Woodford, M.A., and I, have had many a search after old Masonic MS. Charges, *or Operative Constitutions*, and by his desire, I hope from time to time to report, through the medium of the *Masonic Magazine*, any additions to our treasury. The first of the present series is the "Scarborough MS.," the name selected appearing to me the most appropriate to describe this valuable document, because an endorsement on the MS. refers to a private Lodge having been held in that town as follows :—

"We * * * * That att A private lodge held att Scarbrough in the county of York, the tenth day of July, 1705, before William Thompson, Esq., President of the said Lodge and severall others, brethren Free Masons, the severall p'sons whose names are hereunto subscribed, were then admitted into the said Fraternity.

Ed. Thompson
Jo Tempest
Robt Johnson
Thos Lister
Samuel W. Buck
Richard Hudson"

It is but fair to observe that though I have inserted the year 1705 to the foregoing transcript of the endorsement, others have claimed that it should be 1505, but not apparently with any justice. This Masonic MS. was in the possession of the Rev. J. Wilton Kerr, of Clinton, Canada, A.D. 1860, and was published on August 22nd of that year, in the *Mirror and Keystone*, Philadelphia, when under the editorship of the late Bro. Leon Hyneman. Bro. Kerr stated then that he considered the correct date was 10th July, 1505, but our lamented Bro. Hyneman expressed his doubt on that point, and then the matter dropt, no notice being taken of the document until quite recently, when Bro. Jacob Norton, of Boston, U.S.A., drew my attention to its character and value. On enquiry, however, he found that the MS. was missing, and for a time no clue was obtainable as to its whereabouts. Happily, however, the interest of the editor of the *Craftsman and Canadian Masonic Record* was enlisted, an appeal was made in the January, 1874, number of that most useful magazine for an active search, and soon it was found and placed in the hands of the Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Canada, *an exact transcript* being issued in the following month in the *Craftsman*, the editor of which concurs with most who have studied the subject, in "unhesitatingly declaring the date to be 10*th* July, 1705." The reasons given by the editor for his decision is "that the figure has been altered, a microscopic examination showing a difference in the colour of the ink between that part of the figure which makes a good seven, and that part which has been added of the seven has been transformed into a five. It is a very awkward and unsymmetrical five as it stands; remove the part supposed to be added and a very good *seven* remains." Our brother editor, to make extra sure, furnishes an extract from Higden's Polycronicon of 1493 (printed in the same magazine in the previous month) and a MS. in order to prove that "no competent person can doubt for a moment that the Canadian charge is the *most modern* of the three.

I thought it quite possible myself that, accepting the endorsement as of the year 1705, that the name of the president might be traced in the York Records, and because Bro. Woodford and I were unable to find it (though more than one Thompson is mentioned, only not the *same Christian name*), I

communicated with Bro. W. Cowling, of York, who has done so much on behalf of that city, Masonically (but, alas, since then he has been numbered with those that are *past*); and, after a careful examination of the registers, he was unable to find a "William Thompson" on the roll. It is very likely, however, that the lodge which thus assembled at Scarborough was an offshoot of the old lodge at York. A few years later a lodge was warranted there by the Grand Lodge of England (London), and later on another was chartered under the York authority.

The MS. is certainly about the latter part of the seventeenth century, or early in the one following, and therefore may fairly be placed at A.D. 1700 *(circa)*. The endorsement, of couse, must be of a subsequent date to that of the MS. itself, the latter probably being from five to twenty years the senior.

We are all pleased to know that, through the kindness of Bro. the Rev. J.W. Kerr, the MS. under consideration has become the property of the Grand Lodge of Canada; and, certainly, so pleasing a result attending the first notice of the document by Bro. Norton, and then its search being so zealously undertaken by the editor of the magazine and Grand Secretary Harris, abundantly illustrates *what may yet be done in the tracing of other MSS., if more brethren would be similarly earnest and enthusiastic in such matters.*

The present transcript is from the copy printed in the *Craftsman* for February, 1874, which was made *verbatim et literatim* from the *original*. Not so the copy in the *Mirror and Keystone*, which was termed a *translation*, or a modernised version.

The "Scarborough MS." has nothing special to recommend it, save the curious endorsement, it being in the main as the generality of the "Old Charges" of the seventeenth century, and as it lacks the "Apprentice Charge," peculiar to the "Harleian" (1942), "Hope" MSS., etc., it is nothing like so valuable as either of these documents; but it forms another link in the chain of evidence, all tending to exhibit our descent as Masons from the operative Sodalities of the Craft.

It agrees in many points with the *Gentleman's Magazine* MS. and several of the York Rolls.

It is probable that a more careful collation with other MSS. by an expert would lead to the correction of several of the words transcribed for the present copy from the original; but on the whole it is doubtless a very fair reproduction of the ancient document.

The might of the Father with the Wisdom of his most Glorious Sonn through the goodnesse of the Holy Ghost three persons in One Godhead be with vs att our beginninge, and give vs grace Soe to governe vs in our Livinge that wee may come to his Blisse that never shall have Endinge.

Good Brethren and fellowes our purpose is to tell yo how and in what manner this Craft of Masonry was begun and after how it was founded by worthy Kings and Princes and other Worshipful men, And also to them that be here wee will declare unto them the charge that belongeth to every Mason to [a word is illegible here] for if you take heed thereof it is well worthy to be kept for a Craft and curious Science, There is Seaven Severall Sciences of the which it is one of those followinge; The ffirst is Gramer which Teacheth a man to Speake truly and write truly; the Second is Rhetoricke which teacheth a man to speake faire & in subtill Tearmes; The Third is Lodgicke which teacheth to discerne truth from Falshood; The Fourth is Aretmaticke that teacheth to accompt and reckon all manner of numbers; The Fifth is Geometrie which teacheth to meete and measure of the Earth and of this Science is Masonry; The Sixth is Musicke which teacheth Songe and voice of Songe Orgaines and Harpe, the Seaventh is Astronomie which teacheth the course of the Sun and Moone and other Ornaments of the Heavens; The Seaven Liberall Sciences which be all by one Science that is to say Geometrie;

Thus may a man prove that all the Sciences in the World are found by Geometrie for it teacheth Measure Ponderation, or Weight of all Manner of Earth, and there is noe man that worketh of any Craft but he worketh by some measure nor noe man that Buyes and Sells but by Measure and Weight and all this is Geometrie And Craftes men and Merchants find other of the said Sciences and especially Plowmen and Tillers of Ground as Corne, Vines plants and Setters of Fruites for Gramer nor Astronomie, nor any of the other can finde a man one meat, or Measure without Geometrie where fore we thinke that Science most worth that findeth all other; This Science was first found out by one Lamecke in the 4th of Gene: and Lamecke had two Wives the one called Ada and the other Sella by Ada hee begott two Sonnes the one called Jabell the other Juball, And by the other Wife he had a Sonn and a daughter, and these Four Children found the beginninge of all Crafts in the World, This Juball was Eldest Sonn and hee found the Craft of Geometry and hee parted Flocks of Sheep in the Feilds and First Wrought House of Stone and Tree Gen: 4th and his Brother Jabell found Musicke of Songe, Harpe and Organe, The Third Brother found Smith Craft as of Iron and Steele and their Sister found weaveing These Children did know that God would take vengeance for Sinn either by Fire, or water Therefore they Writt the Sciences which they found in two Pillars of Stone that they might be found after the Flood the One Stone was called Marble that cannot Burne with Fire the other was Saturns and that cannot drown in the water

Our intent is to tell yo. in what manner these Stones were found that these Sciences were written in the great Hermaraynes that was Sonn vnto Cus, and Cus was Sonn vnto Sem, wch was sonn vnto Noah the same Hermeraynes that was after wards named Hermes the Father of Wise Men, Hee founde the two Pillars of Stone, and the Sciences Written there hee taught to other men and att the makeinge of the Tower of Babion there was Masonry First made much of and the Kinge of Babilon that high Nimwroth was a Mason Himselfe and Loved the Craft as itt is said and when the city of Ninive and other Cityes of the East should be made Nimroth the Kinge of Babilon sent thither sixty Masons at the desire of the Kinge of Ninive his Cozen and when hee sent them forth hee gave them a Charge on this manner That they should be true each of them to other and that they should Love truly togeather and Serve their Lord truly for their pay for that the Craft might have Worshipp and all that belonge to him this was the First time that ever Mason had charge of his Craft.

Moreover when Abraham and Sarah his Wife went into Egypt he taught the Seaven Sciences and he had a Worthy Scholler named Euclid and he learned right well and was master of all the Seven Sciences and [in] his daies itt befell that the Lords and Estates of that Realm, had soe many Sonns that they had gotten some by their Wives and some by other Ladies that they had not a competent maintenance for them, wherefore they made great sorrow, then the Kinge of the Land called a great Councill to Know how they might releive their Children honestly as Gentlemen should vnder a condicion that they would grant me a Comission that I may have power to rule them honestly as those of that Science of Geometry for to worke in stone all manner of Worthy Worke that belongeth to Building Churches Temples, Tower and all other manner of Buildinge. And he gave them a charge on this manner first they should be true to the King and to the Lords that they Served and that they should love well togeather and be true each One to other and call each other his fellow or Brother and not Servant nor Knave nor any other foule name and that they should truly deserve their pay of the Lord their Master they served and that they should ordaine the Wisest of them to be Master of the Worke and neither for loue riches, nor favour to sett another that hath little cunninge to be Master of the Worke whereby the Lord should be evill served and they Ashamed, and also that they should call the Governor of the Worke Master the tyme that they wrought with him

and many other Charges that were to Longe to tell, And all those he made them Sweare a great Oath they vsed in that time and Ordained for their reasonable pay that they might Live Honestly and also that they should come and Assemble to gether every yeare Once and consult best how to serve the Lord for his profitt and their Owne Worshipp and to correct within themselves him that had Trespassed against the Craft, and thus was the Science grounded there, and that Worthy Master Euclid, gave it the name of Geometry and now it is called through all this Land Masonry.

Long after when the Children of Israell were come into the Land of promise King David began the Temple att Jerusalem which was call Templum Domin and he Loved well Masons and Cherished them much and gave them good pay, and he gave them the charges and manners that he had learned of the Egyptians left them by Vclid, and other charges more that yow. shall afterwards, After the decease of Kinge David, Solomon his Sonn finishinge the Temple which his Father had begunn and he *sent for workemen into divers* Countries and gathered to gether Eighty Thousand Workers of Stone and were all named Masons and he Chose out of them three Thousand of them that were Ordained Masters and Governors of his Worke and there was a Kinge of an other nation which men called Hiram and he loved well King Solomon and he gave him Timber for his Worke, and he had a Sonn called Aynon and he was master of Geometry and Choise Master of all his Masons, and was Master of all his Gravinge and carvinge and all other manner of Masonry that belongeth to the Temple and this Solomon confirmed both charges and the manners that his Father had given to Masons and thus was that worthy Craft Confirmed in the City of Jerusalem and many other Kingdomes.

Curious Crafts men Travilled into divers Countries some to Learne more Craft and Cunninge and Some to teach them that had but the Cunninge and So it befell that there was Curious Masons that was called Naynus Grecus that had been at the Buildinge of Solomons Temple and was come into France and there he taught the Science of Masonry and there was one of the Royall line called Charles Martell and he was a man that loved well this Craft, and he came to this Naynus Grecus and Learned of him the Craft, and took of him the charges & manners and afterwards by the Grace of God he was Elected Kinge of France, and when he was in this State he tooke Masons and did help to make men Masons, and Sett them to Worke and gave them both the charge and the manners that he had Learned of other Masons confirming them A charter from yeare to yeare to Hold their Assembly where they would and thus came the Craft into France.

England all this While was void of Masons vntill St: Albons and in his daies the Kinge of England Walled the Towne that is called St: Albons, Now this St: Albon was a Worthy Knight and Steward to the Kings Household and was Governor of the Maysons That made the Towne Walls and loved them well and cherissed them right much and he made there pay right good (*i. e.*) two shillings six pence a Weeke and three pence to their Nousyon before that time through all this land a Mason tooke but a 1 penny a day & his meate till St. Albon mended it, and got them a Charter of the Kinge and Councell for to hold a Generall Councell and gave it a name of Assembly and there at he was himselfe and helped to make Masons and gave them charges as yow. shall here afterward Right soon after the death of St: Albon there was Great Warrs in England so that the Craft was almost lost vntill the time of Athelston a Worthy King and he brought the Land to rest and peace he Builded many great great Workes as Churches, Abbyes Castles and many other Buildings he loved well Masons and he had a Son called Edwin he loved Masons much more than his Father did and he was a great Practiser of Geometry vseing much to talke with Masons and learned of them the Craft afterwards for the love he had to Masons he was made One himselfe and got of the King his Father a Charter and Commission to hold every yeare once an Assembly with in the Realme of England, to

Correct within themselves defaults and Trespasses that were done within the Craft and he held himself an Assembly att Yorke and made Mason and gave them the charge and taught them the manners of Masons commanding that rule to be kept hereafter and gave them the Charter and Comission to keep that it should be preserved amongst them from time to time.

And when the Assembly was mett he made a cry that all Masons Olde and Young that had any writeinge or vndstanding of the charges that was before in this Land or in any other they should bring them forth and there was some found in Greeke some in French some in English and some in other Languages, the intent of them were all One and he comanded a Booke to be made thereof to Testifie how the Craft was first found comandinge to be read when any Mason or Masons should be made, that soe they might Know their Charg, and from that time to this Assemblyes have beene kept and certaine Charges have beene given by Masters and Fellowes.

Here follows the Worthy and Godly Oath of Masons every man that is a Mason take heed of this charge and if yow finde your selves guilty of any of these that yow. may a ment and especially yow that be charged now to take heed that yow keep it for it is great perill for a Man to forsweare himselfe vpon a Booke.

Tunc vnus Senioribus teneat librum ut illi vel ille ponant vel ponat manus Super librum et tunc preceptæ deberent logi.

The First is that yow. shall be true to God and holy Church and that yow. vse noe herisie no error in your vnderstandinge or by the teaching of Indiscreete men, Also yow. shall be true Leige men to the King without Treason or falsehood and that yow. shall Know no Treason but that yow. warne the King or his Councell there of yow. true One to another (That is to say) to every Master and Fellow of the Craft of Masonry and shall doe to them as yow. would they should do to yow. and that every One Keep true Councell of Lodge and Chamber and all other Councell that ought to be kept in the way of Masonry and that none shall be theifes nor in theivish company to his knowledge but be true to the Lord and Master that yow. serve and to see to his profitt and Advantage, And also that yow. call Masons your Fellowes and brethren and no other foule names nor yow. shall not take your fellowes Wife to Comitt villany with her nor desire his daughter or servant to defile her or them, yow. shall pay truely for Your Table where yow. board That the Craft may have honour wher ever you goe These be Charges in Generall that belongeth every Mason to Keepe, both Masons and fellowes I will now rehearse other charges singular.

First that no Master shall take vpon him any Lords Work or other Man's but that he Know himselfe be able and sufficient in Cunninge to performe and end the same so that the Craft have no Slander nor disworshipp but that the Lord may be well served and truly, Also that no Master take worke but att reasonable rates the Master to live Honestly and to pay his Fellowes truly as the Manner is Also that no Master or Fellow shall supplant other of their worke (that is to say if he have taken worke or stand Master of the Lords Worke he shall not put him out if he be able in cunninge to end the same, Also that no Master or Fellow take an Apprentice for lesse Terme than Seaven yeares, and the Apprtice be able of his Birth and of his Limbs as he ought to be and also that no Master Fellow take no allowance to be made Mason without the Assent of his Fellows att the least 6 or 7 And that he that shall be bound and made Mason be and able ouer shires (vizt) that he be free borne and of good Kinred and no Bondman and that he have his right Limbs as a man ought to have And that no Worke be put in trust with any that vse to take Journey and that no Mason give pay to his Fellowes but as they do serve, Aud that no Fellow slander an other falsly to the losse of his good name, and that noe ungodlie answere be made to any within the Lodge or without and every Mason shall prefer his Elder, before him, and that none shall play

att Hazard nor any other play whereby they may be Slandered And that no Mason shall be Comon Ribald in Lecherie, And that no fellow goe into the Towne on the night without a fellow that may bear him Witnesse that he was in an Honest place And that every Master and Fellow come to there Assembly if it be within 50.tie miles if he have any warneinge and Stand there at the reward of Master and Fellowes, and that every Master and Fellow if he have Trespassed should stand att the reward of Master and Fellows to make them accord if they may and if not then goe to the Comon Law And that no Mason make Moulds square nor rule to any Ruell Lyers And that no Mason sett Liver within a Lodge nor without to Heir moldstones with noe mold of his Owne makeinge, And that Strange Fellowes should be Cherished when they come Over the country and sett them on Worke as the Manner is (that is to say) if he have moldstones in place he shall sett him a Fortnight att the least on Worke and give him his hire, And if there be no stones for him he shall refresh him with money to bring him to the next Lodge, and also ye and every Mason shall serve truly the Workers and truly make an end of your Worke be it Taske or Journey if yow. may have your pay as yow. ought to have.

These Charges that we have received & all other that belong to Masonry yow. shall Keepe so help yow. God and Holido me, and by this Book to your power. Finis.

GOD BLESS THE PRINCE OF WALES.

WRITTEN FOR MASONIC GATHERINGS BY BRO. FRED. VERNON, W.M. AND BARD LODGE KELSO, NO. 58, S.C.

IN all true Mason's lodges
Where loyalty prevails,
We raise the ready chorus,
God Bless the Prince of Wales.
Should danger ever threaten,
Or foes assail the throne
We'll help our Royal brother,
And make his cause our own.

Chorus.—In all true Mason's lodges,
Where loyalty prevails,
We raise the ready chorus,
God bless the Prince of Wales.

May our Great Master guide him
Through life's mysterious maze;
May "Wisdom, strength, and beauty"
Uphold him all his days;
May he live "within the circle
Wherein no Mason fails;"
So shall our prayer be ever,
God bless the Prince of Wales.

Chorus.—In all true Mason's lodges
Where loyalty prevails,
We raise the ready chorus,
God Bless the Prince of Wales.

WITHIN THE SHADOW OF THE SHAFT.

With a Vignette Illustration by the Author.

BY BRO. SAMUEL POYNTER, P.M. AND TREASURER, BURGOYNE, NO. 902; P.M. ATHENÆUM, NO. 1491.

A story I've heard in my youth,
I can't tell whether serious or funny meant;
I don't mean to vouch for its truth—
Once a man ran away with the Monnyment.
Up Fish Street Hill swiftly he flew:
A watchman who saw it quick followed it,
When what did this sharp fellow do?
Why, he made but one gulp and he swallowed it!
Ri-fol-lol-de-iddity, Ri-fol-lol-de-ido, &c.—*Old Song.*

"Where London's column, pointing at the skies,
Like a tall bully, lifts the head and lies."—*Pope.*



EVERY one of my esteemed readers will probably find this magazine in his or her hands on the recurrence of the two hundred and thirteenth anniversary of the outbreak of that terrible devastation, to be thereafter for ever numbered among the tremendous catastrophes of history and known as the Great Fire of London.

Of this event, of its associations, surroundings, scene, and of the society amidst which it occurred, I propose to gossip, I hope pleasantly and not altogether unprofitably, in the ensuing paper.

Of course you know Monument Yard. I grant that if, like the swell in the song, you "never go east of Temple Bar," your acquaintance with that quadrangle will be limited to the information you derive from an occasional paragraph hiding in the remotest corner of your daily journal, as if ashamed of itself, imparting the market rates of "green fruit," under which denomination I believe oranges, lemons, and pine-apples are comprised. I know a certain little maiden very dear to me who delights in propounding the utterly absurd and insoluble conundrum "Why is a raven like a writing-desk?" Now, why should Monument Yard remind me of Sherwood Forest? The flora of that rustic haunt has never, so far as I have been taught, included the aristocratic pine, the lemon that imparts acidulated piquancy to the middle-class grog, or even the humble orange that assuages the thirst of our Sarah

and her 'Arry on 'Ampstead 'Eath on her 'oliday, or refreshes Tom the shoeblack when he indulges in threepenn'orth of moral drama in the gallery of the "Vic." That noble, eminent, and intelligent Peer, Lord Dundreary, you will remember, failed to trace any association between cows and shrimps. (Don't, now! I know it is easy enough to pun and say shrimps are good at Cowes.) Well, at first sight, Robin Hood and "Keeling & Hunt" seem as unanalogous. But, dear reader, I will tell you how, when standing within the shadow of the shaft, Sherwood glades and Fish Street Hill flag stones dissolve and blend one into the other. I remember when I was a boy I heard something of a debtor of one of the big fruit firms here being made an outlaw. They did very wonderful things when I was a boy. I believe that in the flesh the defaulter was smoking a cigar on the pier at Boulogne-sur-Mer, like Mr. Grissell the other day, the while his legal simulacrum or constructive presence was "put to the horn," as they call it in Scotland, and denounced at market crosses, and "proclaimed" by the sheriffs, or their officers, here, there, and everywhere. Jack Cade in the play laments "that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment; that parchments, being scribbled over, should undo a man." Why, when I was a boy, they scribbled over parchment certain mystic words, and impressed a big black, dirty seal upon it, gritty with absorbing sand, and pounce, as it was termed, and called it a "capias utlagatum," and sent it to the sheriff, and then he figuratively tortured the absent victim by horning him, and proclaiming him, and announcing that he was without the law, which some would call a blessed state, and I think it was generally believed that everybody might kill him if they could catch him, and I know I pictured him striking down the red deer beneath the boughs of the Nottinghamshire beeches, and sitting "under the greenwood tree," with a Maid Marian on his knee, "dipping his beak in the Gascon wine," as Thackeray sings, and carolling merrily the praises of an outlaw's life; whereas, in reality, he was lounging in Mr. Merridew's library at the corner of the Rue de l'Ecu, burying his nose in yesterday's *Times*, or turning a quiet, if not strictly honest, penny, by a little punting at billiards in that well-known estaminet in the very small and very shady by-street behind the Tintelleries, in the ancient city of Boulogne-upon-the-Sea, which we all know is at least as far as Sherwood Forest from Monument Yard.

I like Monument Yard. I relish the smell of the "green fruit." I contemplate with never failing enjoyment the stalwart men in white frocks, with cords round their waists like Capuchin friars, and silver gorgets on their breasts, representing, I believe, wine tuns, like the army officers of a past generation, and adorned capitally, or endorsed, with great masses called porters' knots, giants, who sometimes lumber heavily up the steep tributary lanes, Atlas-like, with a ton or two of oranges in frail bulging boxes on their heads and backs, and sometimes stroll up in quite a *dégagé* manner, chatting with each other, and with their knots hanging behind, between their shoulders, like the "bags" of the Lord Mayor's footmen. These Herculean individuals are called Fellowship Porters, I am given to understand. Is it from the good fellowship they appear invariably to display towards each other, I wonder? Their employment is to unload the fruit clippers from the Mediterranean lying at the adjacent quays; and to see them drink beer is an abiding pleasure.

I look up, as I stand here, and wonder which was the window of Mrs. Todgers's establishment for commercial gentlemen; where were the leads where the incorrigible little Bailey terrified onlookers by cleaning the lodger's boots with acrobatic accompaniments? That is the door—that dungeon-looking portal—where Mr. Moddle vanished with Miss Cherry on their expedition aloft; and, surely, the man collecting the three-pennies there to-day must be the same cynic who chuckled behind his visitors' backs at the reflection that "they didn't know what was afore 'em, or how many stairs they had to go up;"

a philosophical corollary as applicable to the state of life they were then presumed to contemplate as to the exploit they immediately proposed to perform.

When I was a boy, it appears to me now, that summers were more summery, winters more winterly, and pantomimes more pantomimic than they are at the present time. I have an idea that well-known familiar scenes were more frequently represented in the harlequinade then than now. There is something too drearily abstract in seeing a pair of carpenter's flats representing Mr. Suet, Butcher; Mr. Cabbage, Greengrocer; and Mr. Lather, Barber; but there is an enjoyment deliciously concrete in beholding an accurate representation of—say, the Thames Embankment, or Covent Garden Market, or Monument Yard. If theatrical managers burn with anxiety to adopt the hint, and their consciences impel them to a material expression of appreciation, cheques and Post Office orders made payable to theirs truly may be addressed to me, under cover to the editor.

Well, in one of the first pantomimes I ever saw, Monument Yard was represented. The clown was a very funny man—clowns are never funny now. He was an avowed imitator of Grimaldi—and that veteran was even then alive—and he sung a song, a verse from which, remembered after a lapse of more than forty years—for I have never seen it in print—I have taken as one of the texts of this discourse. It was to the tune, well known to our grandfathers, called "Madame Fig's Gala," which, again, was the air of the old Irish song, "The night before Larry was stretched," and in our father's time was adopted for—

"George Barnwell stood at his shop door,
A *customer hoping to find, sir*;
His apron was tucked up before,
And the tails of his coat were behind, sir.
A young 'ooman came by that way;
Says she, "George, I've deserted your shop o' late,
But look sharp, young feller, I say,
And just tip us two penn'orth o' chocolate.
Ri-fol-lol-de-idity, Ri-fol-lol-de-ido," *etc.**

Why, 'twas only the other evening I heard Lionel Brough, the best Tony Lumpkin I have ever seen, troll forth the old air, in praise of "The Three Jolly Pigeons," in the wonderfully perfect reproduction of little Goldy's immortal comedy at the Royal Imperial (late the Aquarium) theatre.

In Eastcheap, "within the shadow of the shaft," dear reader, you shall see the true effigies and presentment of the larceny my text records, sculptured, actually carved out of cork, and displayed under a glass case in the shop window of an artificer in the mystery of bark-cutting. Alas for my burlesque attempt at reproducing my juvenile impression of this work of art in the rough vignette to this chapter. But, please, kindly "piece out my imperfections with your thoughts" as *Chorus* implores in Henry V.; and if you feel any curiosity to see how the cork-cutter has treated the ballad, go and look for yourself, for, as Macaulay's Roman ballad hath it in downright terms:—

"And there it stands unto this day,
To witness if I lie."

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* It will be observed that I have quoted the above stanza with the peculiarities of pronunciation Mr. Samuel Weller would certainly have displayed when he carolled the melody, which, doubtlessly, he frequently did. That he was well acquainted with the Cockney tradition of the guilty grocer's apprentice we learn from almost the first moment of Sam's welcome introduction to us. When Mr. Perker, the solicitor, is about to quote a case reported by those great legal authorities, Barnwell and Adolphus, he is interrupted by Sam:—"Never mind George Barnwell; everybody knows what sort of a case his was, tho' it's always been my opinion, mind you, that the young 'ooman deserved scragging a precious sight more nor he did. Hows'ever, *that's neither here nor there.*" We are very extensively and very opportunely reminded just now, anent a most meritorious work, Dickens's "Dictionary of London," that "Mr. Weller's knowledge of London was extensive and peculiar." The same adjectives would, no doubt, accurately characterise that young gentleman's acquaintance with our invaluable Cockney legends.

If I wander within the shadow of the shaft, or rather, down to its extreme extent, where, at mid-day, I have somewhere read, the simulacrum of the "vase, vomiting flames," falls, down that narrow alley which leads into Pudding Lane, I come to No. 25 in that redolent thoroughfare—that steep tributary to Thames Street where the odour of Messrs. Keeling and Hunt's green fruit is disagreeably commingled with the "ancient and fish-like smell" of adjacent Billingsgate. Here, at No. 25, stood the house of Master Faryner, the King's baker, where, at midnight on the 2nd September, 1666, the great conflagration broke out. Formerly, there, an inscription appeared upon the front of the house commemorating the disastrous event, but this was removed many years ago, for the rather incredible reason that the crowds congregating to read it impeded the traffic of the narrow thoroughfare. Now, before we leave No 25, Pudding Lane, gentle reader, two or three reflections suggest themselves. First, the name Faryner. Is this name a mere coincidence, or does it mark the late continuance of the ancient custom that connected the patronymic with the avocation? For Faryner, if not the exact equivalent of Boulanger, baker, means at all events Farrimier, flour seller, and bakers still sell flour, I believe; but I do not profess to know anything of domestic matters. Then, again, note the title—the King's baker. I believe Mr. Lemann, who sells such excellent biscuits, near the Royal Exchange, is entitled to blazon "the Lion and the Unicorn, fighting for the crown," over his door, by reason of his crisp comestibles having been, from time to time, munched by Royal molars. Mr. Game, the meritorious butcher in Cannon Street, claims a similar privilege, I understand; and I rather think that the capital pies of Mr. Dorling, pork-butcher, and historian of Leadenhall Market, have earned him like honour; but I imagine Mr. Faryner's claim to be the royal purveyor was closer than either of these. Remember, he was in the immediate vicinity of the Royal Palace of the Tower of London, then not infrequently visited, if not actually occupied, by majesty, and the breakfast rolls, if required, would scarcely have cooled in their short passage between Pudding Lane and the royal apartments in the Wardrobe Tower or the Queen's privy garden, And now a word or two as to the urn vomiting flames—and this is as convenient an opportunity as any that will occur, for me to protest that I do not pretend in this paper to give an historical, or statistical, or philosophical account of this memorable event in the history of the world's metropolis. If you are devoured by curiosity to know how many acres of ground were in four days covered with rubbish—how many parish churches were destroyed—how many shops and warehouses were laid in *ruins*, are there not Clarendon (the life), Oldmixon, Kennet, North, Burnet, Evelyn, and Pepys to consult? Go to them. Mr. Seymour Haden,* in his excellent lectures on etching, tells us that real art should be rather suggestive than imitative. Well, I am suggestive, or, at least, I try to be, and only propose to use Pope's tall bully, pointing at the skies, as a sort of lay figure, a colossal prop on which I will hang what fantastic drapery I like—whatever rubbish comes into my head—anent *annus mirabilis*. Having let off which atrabilious protest, let us return to our urn. You all know, I suppose, that the monument is two hundred and two feet in height, and that if you measure from its base in a south-easterly direction, you will find that that exact distance will bring you to the site where the great fire broke out. It is said, as I have indicated above, that at a certain moment of the day—but I am not astronomer enough to tell you which—the shadow of the finial capital falls upon the very spot. Now, what is that capital? It is easy enough to answer, "An urn or vase vomiting flames." No doubt; but the reply, correct as it is, is not exhaustive. If you look up at the apex (it has been recently regilt, and seems to challenge close inspection) you will say that it is, at the least, a very

* "Etching," by Mr. Seymour Haden. *Magazine of Art.* Numbers for July and August (Cassell, Petter and Galpin).

funnily shaped urn. I believe in the tradition that it was intended to represent the probably mythical fire-ball that, thrown into the baker's wood store, originated the conflagration. The first idea of Wren, in designing the monument, was to pierce the shaft with loopholes—as, indeed, he subsequently *did*—but to add to each slit a protruding tongue of lambent flame, gilt so as to convey the impression of a column on fire—a very tawdry notion, if I may be allowed to be so presumptuous as to say so—then, above the corona of the gallery, he proposed to place a pedestal surmounted by a huge gilt Phœnix, of course emblematising Augusta* rising again from her ashes. Whether this was suggested to him by the incident, so often narrated that I am half ashamed of repeating it here, or not, it is impossible to say. I have already, *mea culpa*, convinced my readers that I am incorrigible in my habit of crystallising old traditions. It is said that when Wren had found the architectural centre of St. Paul's Cathedral among the ruins, he called for a workman to bring a flat stone to mark the spot. The man took at random a slab lying near, among the rubbish, and when it was turned over it proved to be the covering for a tomb, and displayed, in deeply-indented characters, the word "*Resurgam.*" *Si non vero e ben trovato.* Probably the story is apocryphal, but it is, at all events, worth presevering. Wren, however, certainly had the Resurgam idea in his mind when he projected the Phœnix, but, reflection suggesting that the resistance offered to the wind by the outstretched wings would probably endanger the safety of the entire fabric, induced him to abandon the idea. Then, still clinging to the notion of the "column in flames," he proposed to substitute for a capital a gilt statue of His Majesty Charles the Second, in the habit of a Roman warrior. How fond royalty used to be of being represented in Roman military costume. But, in the meanwhile, and during the seven years the column was in building, the fever of the Popish plot broke out. Perhaps the incongruity of a mast-headed monarch on the top of a burning shaft—a St. Simeon Stylites with his support consuming beneath him—struck the artistic mind; but most probably the roused passions of the citizens caused them to recur to the fireball theory, and forced them to adopt for an ornament a representation of the device by which every loyal Protestant then believed Popish villainies had destroyed the opulent city. So we arrive at the conclusion that the top of the monument is crowned by an urn vomiting flames, or a vase shaped like a fire-ball: "Vich-ever you please, my little dears; you pays your money and you takes your choice."

And now about the fire-ball. This hypothesis of the origin of the fire seems solely to rest upon the testimony of a crack-brained Frenchman, one Hubert, who to be sure vouched his testimony with his life. The particulars of his case are very obscure. The papers containing the various examinations connected with the outbreak of the fire, taken by order of the House of Commons,† contain only remote references to the unhappy Frenchman; but it may be gathered from the contemporary historians that he was a watch-maker from Rouen, in Normandy, a Roman Catholic—or Papist as he is called in those chronicles—no doubt, although some assert that he was a Norman Huguenot; but there does not seem any sufficient ground for asserting, with some of the heated writers, that he was a member of the Society of Jesus. He gave himself into custody when the fury of search for incendiaries was at its height, and, on his own confession only, was tried, and, against the opinion of the learned judge who presided on the trial, found guilty and executed. The keeper of Newgate was directed in the brief interval that elapsed between trial and execution to conduct him over the ruins, and this sad excursion he seems to have taken on

* Augusta, the Roman name for London:—

"*Behold Augusta's glittering spires increase,*
And temples rise, the glorious works of peace."—*Cowper.*

† Howell's State Trials, vol. 6, page 810.

horseback "by reason of his lameness;" so we have this little ray of light thrown on the darkness of the enquiry, that the *soi disant* incendiary was a cripple. The gaoler took him blindfolded from Newgate down to a part of Thames Street near the Tower. He then removed the bandage and called his attention to the vast area of ruins and rubbish that extended for two good miles in a westerly direction before him; but Hubert denied that he had kindled the conflagration in that place; he said it was further up the street, nearer the river, nearer the bridge foot, so they wended their way westerly, keeper, convict, catchpolls, gobemouches, J.P.'s, until they arrived at the foot of Pudding Lane. "V'la," says the Frenchman, and, being allowed to dismount, scrambles painfully over the rubbish until he comes to the site of Mr. Faryner's bakery, and then he points out how he set fire to that tradesman's establishment by means of ignited fire-balls at the end of a long pole thrust through the windows of a little outhouse where the good man kept his store of billets, faggots, and shavings. "I knew," the poor baker had said before the committee, "that it was through no fault of mine the disaster arose, for there was but one fire left burning in my house that Saturday night, and that was on a brick bottom in my bakehouse, and I visited it and raked it all together the last thing before I went to bed." Poor frightened Faryner. They say that, though Hubert led his party straight to the site of the *boulangerie*, the baker himself, like hundreds of other honest citizens, was unable to find the spot where his shop had formerly stood. There exists a tradition that after the late transmogrification to form Charterhouse Street, the Holborn Circus, and the Viaduct, the Alderman of the Ward, coming home late one night, was found weeping, because he had lost the way to his own street door in a neighbourhood where he had dwelt for sixty years; but then, probably his worship had been dining with his Company.

Well, they hanged poor Hubert. It was said that he intimated that he had some very important disclosures he could make to the committee, and that the chairman had ordered the prisoner's attendance at the next sitting at noon, but that "they"—who "they" were I haven't the slightest idea—caused the poor wretch to be hanged at nine o'clock that morning, so that, when the committee proceeded to business at twelve, they found themselves in the disappointing situation of my Lord Tomnoddy, Lieutenant Tregoose, and likewise Sir Carnaby Jinks of the Blues.

> "Hullo! I say, here's the deuce to pay;
> The fellow's been cut down and taken away;
> What's to be done? we've lost all the fun."

etc. But perhaps the grimmest part of the whole sad story is that it appears to be incontestable that the poor demented creature actually didn't arrive in London from France until the Monday night, when the fire had been actually two whole days in full blaze.

Those who have anything to do with the administration of the criminal law are familiar with the fact that for the perpetration of every great crime some few poor half-witted, usually drunken, creatures will voluntarily offer themselves victims to justice. It amounts to a mania. But in these days these self accusations are suspected, tested, investigated, and the invariable result is the discharge of the prisoner with more or less of a warning. Only the other day, in that horrible *cause célèbre*, which will be known in domestic history as the Richmond murder, an instance of the folly I am expatiating upon occurred. In Hubert's case, however, it is remarkable that although the judge who tried him looked upon the self-criminatory details as a cock-and-bull story, expressed his opinion that the Frenchman had adopted the course he took as a self-regarded venial method of committing suicide, yet he took no steps to arrest the execution of the sentence of the law, and even seems composedly to have assisted the despairing man to attain his object.

(To be continued.)

ROMANTIC EPITAPHS.

BY WILLIAM ANDREWS, F.R.H.S.,

Author of the "History of the Dunnow Flitch," "Historic Romance," "Old Stories Retold," etc.

IN this paper we have brought together a number of romantic epitaphs, gathered from the quiet resting places of the departed. It will be observed that several of our examples would furnish ample materials, in the hands of skilful writers, for expansion into three volume novels. To make clear the allusions contained in the epitaphs, and add interest to the subject, we give notes. Had we withheld our remarks in presenting our first example, the charm of romance would not have been dispelled; but we think our readers will prefer fact to fiction, and in the interest of history we deem it right to submit the truth, and nothing but the truth, as far as we are able to do so.

In St. Peter's churchyard, Barton-on-Humber, there is a tombstone with the following strange inscription:—

"Doom'd to receive half my soul held dear,
The other half with grief, she left me here.
Ask not her name, for she was true and just;
Once a fine woman, but now a heap of dust."

As may be inferred no name is given; the date is 1777. A curious and romantic legend attaches to the epitaph. In the above year an unknown lady of great beauty, who is conjectured to have loved "not wisely, but too well,' came to reside in the town. She was accompanied by a gentleman, who left her after making lavish arrangements for her comfort. She was proudly reserved in her manners, frequently took long solitary walks, and studiously avoided all intercourse. In giving birth to a child she died, and did not disclose her name or family connections. After her decease, the gentleman who came with her arrived, and was overwhelmed with grief at the intelligence which awaited him. He took the child away without unravelling the secret, having first ordered the stone to be erected, and delivered into the mason's hands the verse, which is at once a mystery and a memento. Such are the particulars gathered from "The Social History and Antiquities of Barton-on-Humber," by H. W. Ball, issued in 1856. Since the publication of Mr. Ball's book, we have received from him the following notes, which mar somewhat the romantic story as above related. We are informed the person referred to in the epitaph was the wife of a man named Jonathan Burkitt, who came from the neighbourhood of Grantham. He had been *valet de chambre* to some gentleman or nobleman, who gave him a large sum of money on his marrying the lady. They came to reside at Barton, where she died in childbirth. Burkitt, after the death of his wife, left the town, taking the infant (a boy), who survived. In about three years he returned, and married a Miss Ostler, daughter of an apothecary at Barton. He there kept the King's Head, a public-house at that time. The man got through about £2000 between leaving Grantham and marrying his second wife.

The churchyard of Sutton Coldfield, Warwickshire, contains a gravestone bearing an inscription as follows:—

"As a warning to female virtue,
And a humble monument of female chastity,
This stone marks the grave of
Mary Ashford,
Who, in the 20th year of her age, having
Incautiously repaired to a scene of amusement
Was brutally violated and murdered
On the 27th of May, 1817.

Lovely and chaste as the primrose pale,
Rifled of virgin sweetness by the gale,
Mary! the wretch who thee remorseless slew
Avenging wrath, who sleeps not, will pursue;
For though the deed of blood was veiled in night,
Will not the Judge of all mankind do right?
Fair blighted flower, the muse that weeps thy doom,
Rears o'er thy murdered form this warning tomb."

The writer of the foregoing epitaph was Dr. Booker, vicar of Dudley. The inscription is associated with one of the most remarkable trials of the present century. It will not be without interest to furnish a few notes on the case. One Abraham Thornton was tried at the Warwick assizes for the murder of Mary Ashford, and acquitted. The brother and next of kin of the deceased, not being satisfied with the verdict, sued out, as the law allowed him, an appeal against Thornton, by which he could be put on his trial again. The law allowed the law of appeal in case of murder, and it also gave option to the accused of having the appeal tried by wager of law or by wager of battle. The brother of the unfortunate woman had taken no account of this, and accordingly not only Mr. Ashford, but the judge, jury, and bar were taken greatly aback, and stricken with dismay when the accused, being requested to plead, took a paper from Mr. Reader, his counsel, and a pair of gloves, one of which he drew on, and, throwing the other on the ground, exclaimed, "Not guilty; and I am ready to defend the same with my body!" Lord Ellenborough on the bench appeared grave, and the accuser looked amazed, so the court was adjourned to enable the judge to have an opportunity of conferring with his learned brethren. After several adjournments Lord Ellenborough at last declared solemnly, but reluctantly, that wager of battle was still the law of the land, and that the accused had a right to his appeal to it. To get rid of the law an attempt was made, by passing a short and speedy Act of Parliament, but this was ruled impossible, as it would have been *ex post facto*, and people wanted curiously to see the lists set up in the Tothill Fields. As Mr. Ashford refused to meet Thornton, he was obliged to cry "craven!" After that the appeller was allowed to go at large, and he could not be again tried by wager of law after having claimed his wager of battle. In 1819 an Act was passed to prevent any further appeals for wager of battle.

Let us next deal with an instance of pure affection. The churchyard of the Yorkshire village of Bowes contains the grave of two lovers, whose touching fate suggested Mallet's beautiful ballad of "Edward and Emma." The real names of the couple were Rodger Wrightson and Martha Railton. The story is rendered with no less accuracy than pathos by the poet:—

"Far in the windings of the vale,
Fast by a sheltering wood,
The safe retreat of health and peace,
A humble cottage stood.

"There beauteous Emma flourished fair,
Beneath a mother's eye;
Whose only wish on earth was now
To see her blest and die.

"Long had she filled each youth with love,
Each maiden with despair,
And though by all a wonder owned,
Yet knew not she was fair.

"Till Edwin came, the pride of swains,
A soul devoid of art;
And from whose eyes, serenely mild,
Shone forth the feeling heart."

We are told Edwin's father and sister were bitterly opposed to their love. The poor youth pined away. When he was dying Emma was permitted to see him,

but the cruel sister would scarcely permit her to bid him a word of farewell. Returning home she heard the passing bell toll for the death of her lover.

"Just then she reached, with trembling step,
Her aged mother's door—
'He's gone!' she cried, 'and I shall see
That angel face no more!'

"'I feel, I feel this breaking heart
Beat high against my side'—
From her white arm down sunk her head;
She, shivering, sighed and died."

The lovers were buried the same day and in the same grave. In the year 1848 Dr. F. Dinsdale, F.S.A., editor of the "Ballads and Songs of David Mallet," etc., erected a simple but tasteful monument to the memory of the lovers, bearing the following inscription:—

"Rodger Wrightson, jun., and Martha Railton, both of Bowes; buried in one grave. He died in a fever, and upon tolling his passing bell, she cry'd out My heart is broke, and in a few hours expired, purely thro love, March 15, 1714-15. Such is the brief and touching record contained in the parish register of burials. It has been handed down by unvarying tradition that the grave was at the west end of the church, directly beneath the bells. The sad history of these true and faithful lovers forms the subject of Mallet's pathetic ballad of 'Edwin and Emma.'"

Forton Churchyard, Staffordshire, contains a plain tombstone to the memory of two maiden ladies, with the following inscription:—

"Beneath this Tomb are deposited the Remains of
Jane Hewett and Honor Darwall who died October 28, 1800, aged 71. October 29, 1800, aged 64.
United by early and sincere Friendship
They dwelt together upwards of forty-five years,
Redeeming the Time
In Piety towards God and in works of mercy to their Fellow Creatures.
In their death they were not divided.
Reader
In their Example follow Christian morals,
Hold fast the Christian Faith;
So, like them, shall you receive the Hope
Which maketh not ashamed."

We find in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. 71, p. 126, some interesting particulars of the lives of these two long-attached and loving friends, as follows:—"The above two were maiden ladies, and distinguished themselves by a noble example of sincere and affectionate friendship. They were no relations by birth or family alliance, but became acquainted very early in their youth. A strong and inviolable attachment to each other ensued. When they became possessed of their respective fortunes, and settled in the world, they made the same dwelling their common home, in the town of Newport, Shropshire, where they lived together in the strictest amity and friendship with each other, charitable to the poor and much respected by the whole circle of their acquaintance, upwards of forty-five years. During some time of the long period they experienced a reverse of fortune in the loss of a considerable sum of money which they had placed in the hands of some gentleman, who became a bankrupt. Their loss was very unequal. The one had to lament the loss of a great part of her all, while the other experienced but a small reduction. However, this unequal change in their circumstances produced no alteration in their disposition towards each other; but, if possible, was a stronger bond of union. When their fortunes were thus unhappily reduced they perceived that, in case of the death of either, the survivor would be too much confined by the mere income of her own property. To prevent which each made her will, by which she bequeathed the interest of her all to the benefit of the survivor, at whose death it was to be distributed among each one's respective relations. "Their

last bed of sickness exhibited a scene truly affecting and interesting to the feelings of every tender heart. She that was first taken ill had the misfortune to break her leg. When both were confined, each perceived the awful exit of one, if not both, was approaching; and, as long as strength would permit, she that was most able went every day into the room of her friend to take a final adieu! and when her strength was exhausted she was carried by the attendants. At these affecting interviews they bathed each other's hands in tears, and expressed an heartfelt wish that it might please God to permit them soon to meet again in a happy eternity. Heaven smiled and heard the pious prayer; and the angel that took away the soul of her that first departed was, a few hours afterwards, despatched to release the struggling soul of her absent friend, and to unite them in bonds of love for ever."

A lover at York inscribed the following lines to his sweetheart, who was accdentally drowned, December 24, 1796:—

"Nigh to the river Ouse, in York's fair city,
Unto this pretty maid death shew'd no pity;
As soon as she'd her pail with water fill'd
Come sudden death, and life like water spill'd."

In the churchyard of Plumstead a gravestone contains an epitaph to the memory of James Darling, who died July 25th, 1812:—

"Weep not for me, my parents dear,
There is no witness wanted here,
The hammer of death was given to me
For eating cherries off a tree;
Next morning death to me was sweet,
My blessed Jesus for to meet.
He did ease me of my pain,
And I did join His holy train;
The cruel one death can't shun,
For he must go when his glass is run,
The hour of death he's sure to meet,
And take his trial at the judgment seat."

Respecting the foregoing, we may state that the boy was caught by the owner of a cherry tree stealing the fruit. The man obliged him to continue eating, and to such an excess as to cause his death.

On the north wall of the chancel of Southam Church is a slab to the memory of the Rev. Samuel Sands, who, being embarrassed in consequence of his extensive liberality, committed suicide in his study (now the hall of the rectory). The peculiarity of the inscription, instead of suppressing enquiry, invariably raises curiosity respecting it:—

"Near this place were deposited, on the 23rd April, 1815, the remains of S. S., 38 years rector of this parish."

A monument in Bakewell church, Derbyshire, is a curiosity, blending in a remarkable manner business, loyalty, and religion:—

"To the memory of Matthew Strutt, of this town, farrier, long famed in these parts of veterinary skill. A good neighbour, and a staunch friend to Church and King. Being Churchwarden at the time the present peal of bells were hung, through zeal for the house of God, and unremitting attention to the airy business of the belfry, he caught a cold, which terminated his existence May 25, 1798, in the 68th year of his age."

We will next present particulars of an individual, known by those who were contemporary with him as Vin Eyre, by trade a needle-maker, and a notable character in Nottingham in his time. We are told that he was a firm and consistent Tory in politics, taking an active interest in all the party struggles of the period. His good nature and honesty made him popular among the poor classes, with whom he chiefly associated. A commendable trait in his character is worthy of special mention, namely, that, notwithstanding frequent temptations, he spurned to take a bribe from any one. In the

year 1727 an election for a Member of Parliament took place, and all the ardour of Vin's nature was at once aroused in the interests of his favourite party. The Tory candidate, Mr. Borlace Warren, was opposed by Mr. John Plumtree, the Whig nominee, and, in the heat of the excitement, Vin emphatically declared that he should not mind dying immediately if the Tories gained the victory. Strange to relate, such an event actually occurred, for when the contest and the "chairing" of the victor were over he fell down dead with joy, September 6th, 1727. The epitaph upon him is as follows :—

"Here lies Vin Eyre,
Let fall a tear
For one true man of honour;
No courtly lord,
Who breaks his word,
Will ever be a mourner.
In freedom's cause
He stretched all his jaws,
Exausted all his spirit,
Then fell down dead.
It must be said
He was a man of merit.
Let Freemen be
As brave as he,
And vote without a guinea;
Vin Eyre is hurled
To t'other world,
And ne'er took bribe or penny.
True to his friend, to helpless parent kind,
He died in honour's cause, to interest blind.
Why should we grieve, life's but an airy toy?
We vainly weep for him who died of joy."

In the churchyard of Kirk Hallam, Derbyshire, a good specimen of a true Englishman is buried, named Samuel Cleater, who died May 1st, 1811, aged 65 years The two-lined epitaph has such a remarkably sturdy ring about it, that it deserves to be rescued from oblivion :—

"True to his King, his country was his glory,
When Bony won, he said it was a story."

A FEW DAYS ON THE YORKSHIRE MOORS.

WE are rattling away at a glorious rate from busy, bustling, merchandising Hull, in the express train for Leeds. We are leaving our home in the aforenamed town, to take our well-earned holidays for the recuperation of mind and body. To describe the many and various thoughts that flit through our minds would be difficult; suffice it to say, we feel a sense of freedom and light-heartedness very different from any we have lately experienced, and are looking forward with confidence to a merry and health-giving holiday. It is harvest time; the reapers are out in the fields gathering the "golden grain" so necessary to life, and the rapidly passing panorama is one of rustic splendour. The sun is just setting, and

"The West with evening glows"

most gorgeously, only to give place after a few more hours to its rival, the harvest moon. As the scene changes, and the tints in the sky begin to fade away, we can almost imagine that the rhythmical roar of the train is beating time to

that rich hymn of Mendelssohn's. Our reverie, however, is soon brought to a conclusion by a change in the speed,

"And ruddy roofs and chimney-tops appear
Of busy Leeds, upwafting to the clouds,"

and we find ourselves sliding into the "clamour and clangour" of the New Station. A scene of confusion ensues, and after several inquiries, we leave our train and enter another, puffing and panting, to take us to Ilkley. A whistle and a shriek, and we are off, past the smoky factories and furnaces, and roofs of crowded houses, once more into the open country. We just manage to get a beautiful glimpse at the picturesque and ivy-clad ruins of Kirkstall Abbey; a mere shell left to teach the sad story of its past grandeur and monastic opulence. Another half-hour's shunting and stopping, and we are at the end of our journey; posting sundry pre-writtten epistles as to the safe translation of our respective bodies, we make the best of our way to one of the modern hydropathic establishments. On arriving, we soon make the acquaintance of one of the proprietors, and are allotted to room No. 75, the only difficulty being how to remember the way back through a maze of staircases and passages. The proprietors conduct all arrangements in a methodical manner, and no pains are spared to do all for the comfort of the pleasure-seekers (by far the greater number) and the invalids. At supper we witness proofs of the invigorating climate in the appetites of both sexes, and we ourselves do justice to the meal. At the other end of the room amusements are being carried on in programme order, to enliven the tedium of the evening and establish some sort of social sympathy. Dancing occupies most of the time, and some very fair performers are exercising the art of "the light fantastic toe."

"All *goes* merry as a marriage bell,"

and we are getting pretty well acquainted with the physiognomy of the visitors, when—a sudden dimunition in the light warns us that bed-time approaches. The interruption is hardly Byronic, but sufficiently abrupt to cause a sigh of regret that the lively scene has closed so soon. Order is heaven's first law, and we must submit, the only alternative being to seek a repetition in the arms of Morpheus. Next morning we wake early, and ramble through the village before breakfast, to increase our appetites, and find the weather very cold but invigorating. Ilkley village is simplicity itself, prettily situated on the banks of "swift Wharfe;" the churchyard contains three ancient Saxon crosses, with heads and figures carved on them, which the antiquary delights to investigate. Some of the tomb-stones bear curious inscriptions. After breakfast, announced by the not unmusical tattoo of a gong, we climb up Rumbles Moor, to where sparkles a gurgling stream of the pure, cold water for which this neighbourhood is famed. The panorama below is very beautiful, and the air bracing, and the morning is well spent in healthy exercise on the moor, though it is rather boggy in some places. Our feelings are somewhat akin to those of the writer of the following appropriate verse:—

"How pleasant for a little while to leave
The stifling atmosphere of crowded streets,
And breathe the air these lovely vales receive
From heath-clad moors with their ten thousand sweets.
Oh, how refreshing everything that greets
The jaded sight—whether of hills so bold
Or meadows broad, within whose dark retreats
Wharfe wends his way like Euphrates of old."

And when tired of sauntering in the valleys—

"How grand on Ilkley's heights, 'mid crag and fern,"

to climb and enjoy the prospect gained by the exertion.

In the afternoon we wend our way in the rain (a plentiful commodity here), towards the "Hanging Rocks," the "giants" of the place, and clamber up the "Cow and Calf," two large detached portions, so called from their resemblance to those animals. They are literally covered with the names of ambitious, and certainly persevering mortals. Some, more philanthropic than the rest, have conspicuously carved texts of scripture for the benefit of their fellow creatures; one, with letters a foot long, being the bare quotation "I AM." Others, "THOU GOD SEEST ME." "WHAT MUST I DO TO BE SAVED?" and the answer, "BELIEVE ON THE LORD JESUS CHRIST, AND THOU SHALT BE SAVED." "BE SURE YOUR SINS WILL FIND YOU OUT," was signed "REV. COSKER YEADON," but dateless. The longest, a labour of love, which covers about twenty feet, winding amongst the illustrious names of the visitors, runs thus:—"THAT IS AS A DYING SAINT IN THE MIDST OF HIS SORROWING CHILDREN LATELY SAID, 'TRUST HIM, TRUST HIM, TRUST HIM; HE'S WAITING TO'——(here a piece of stone is broken off), 'HE'LL SAVE YOU, HE'LL SAVE YOU, JUST NOW, THAT'S MY DYING TESTIMONY.'" (Dated) "May, 1835." The rain obliges us to shelter, and we find a lamb partly fastened in the rocks, which we liberate, greatly to its satisfaction. The next event is the arrival of a youth with hammer and chisel; we are sheltering from a heavy downpour of rain, so cannot help noticing every detail. He ascends the "Cow," and finding a convenient spot, commences to cut in the rock (perhaps it is a text of scripture!). Through the drenching rain he never desists, so we leave him, and return to write a few letters and have a game of croquet on the wet grass. The library is not very extensive, consisting only of a dictionary, testament, Goldsmith, and Daniel Quorm; oh, and a book on Cyprus! In the evening the amusements are repeated, after which all retire to their respective rooms. A beautiful morning awakes us, and, devouring breakfast, we stroll along the walks and up the "Panorama Rocks." From here is a magnificent view of the country for miles, the river below in the valley being most exquisite. Further on, Whernside is visible, and the head of the Nidd Valley. On returning we dine, pay our bill, and

> ——"in joyous mood we hie
> To Bolton's mouldering Priory."

The scenery gets more and more beautiful as we advance, and passing the rustic Bolton Bridge, the Augustinian Priory comes in view;

> ——"full fifty years
> That sumptuous pile, with all its peers,
> Too harshly hath been doomed to taste
> The bitterness of wrong and waste."

Yet,

> ——"In the shattered fabric's heart
> Remaineth one protected part,—
> A chapel like a wild bird's nest
> Closely embowered and trimly drest."

Certainly a lovely sight, pleasantly situated as it is in the woods, by the side of the gay sparkling river. The stepping stones are covered with the water, and my friend essays to cross over them, but gets very wet in the attempt. Here Landseer has painted one of his most famous pictures of the ruins—

> ——"Its hoary walls,
> More eloquent in ruin than the halls
> Of princely pomp, their solemn features raise
> Mid thick embowering elms.
> Old Wharfe flows sparkling by with pensive sound,
> And heathery hills look down through purple haze."

And we may say, the delicate lines of the ruin rising above the surrounding foliage, and the murmuring waters below, all combine to make a veritable fairy-land for the poet and painter to revel in. The noble hall of the Duke

of Devonshire is close by. Conning a few of the ancient gravestones we take a last lingering look and go onward. The landscape is perfectly sylvan, and we are enchanted with it. Coming to the entrance to the woods, we are informed we cannot go through them on Sunday, and have to retrace our steps to regain the high road. In doing so we again come in sight of the Abbey where

> "Graceful and rich the creeping ivy crawls
> Around each bust, high on the Abbey borne;
> Kindly it clasps the old cemented walls,
> Grown grey with age and with the weather worn."

A few herds of pretty coloured cattle enliven the way, and somewhat tired we reach Barden Towers. Here we partake of some exquisite milk, almost like cream, and proceed to investigate the ruins of what was once the home of Henry Clifford, the "Shepherd Lord." There is nothing very remarkable about it except its plainness, and its reputation simply rests on history. We climb the topmost brick, and are informed it is against the rules, when we descend. "Where ignorance is bliss, etc." The house we stop at is part and parcel of the old church, which is peculiarly built almost beneath it. The curiosities of the place are some ancient oak drawers, etc. The landlady is very talkative, and soon relates the history of the house. Eating a hearty supper, we retire once more to bed after an enjoyable day. Four other young men in the house are on a fishing excursion. Up at five, we go to bathe in the river through the dewy grass, after which enjoyable exercise we walk on to the "Strid."

> ——— "lordly Wharfe is there pent in
> With rocks on either side.
> The striding place is called the "Strid,"
> A name which it took of yore:
> A thousand years hath it borne the name,
> And shall a thousand more."

This is a very narrow part of the river, bounded by rocks so near to each other that it can be jumped with ease in several places, the only danger being, however, the treacherous slipperiness of the stone. It was here that the unfortunate young Romillé, commonly called the "Boy of Egremond," lost his life in attempting to cross it. The Abbey is supposed to have been erected by his mother in memory of the sad accident.

> "A pious structure, fair to see,
> Rose up—this stately priory!"

Just below the "Strid," the swollen river roars and boils in fearful tumult, pent up between the rocks. Here many accidents have occurred to those venturesome mortals who, attempting the leap, have jumped once too often. An eccentric old gentlemen used to visit this place every year and perform the feat, and, notwithstanding the danger, many persons come annually for the same object. We could not leave this romantic spot without taking a sketch, vague enough, but sufficient to remind us of the place. The beautifully shaded paths in the wood abound with ferns of many species, and form charming "lovers' walks," and no doubt many a lover's vows have been whispered under the old secret-keeping oaks in this

> "Sweet glen of beauty, famed in song and story,
> For all that poets love and painters dream."

On our return, breakfast is ready for us and we for it, which finished, we pay our bill and start for Pateley Bridge, and leave the place

> "Where moorlands rear their crags on high,
> Like solemn sentries o'er the Wharfe."

A long tiring walk we have over Pockstone and Appletreewick moors, scarcely

meeting any one. We at last, however, reach Stump-cross, having experienced the unreliability of a rustic's half-mile. Lunch, here, is very acceptable. Our object was to visit the cavern of this place, but the people are so busy with the grouse shooters that they cannot attend to it. Sportsmen are here in plenty; but our way is across Bewerley moor to Pateley Bridge, which we reach about three o'clock; the streets are very steep, and some of the houses are antiquated. In the distance Brimham Rocks can be seen in bold relief against the sky: we get there over Pateley Moor at half-past four. The stones are not very striking objects in the distance, looking more like trees; but when approached have a singularly isolated appearance. Nine hundred and ninety feet above the level of the sea, yet exhibiting convincing proofs of the wearing action of water, these grotesque wonders, indeed, strike awe into the beholder. Considering some of their peculiar shapes and properties, there is little wonder that they are considered by many as Druidical remains; we, however, are inclined to believe those who designate them as *lusus naturæ*. What human ingenuity could have shaped the "Idol Rock," a huge mass of millstone grit, about two hundred tons weight, supported on a pedestal only a foot in diameter? The rocking-stones are very large, being estimated at one hundred, fifty, thirty, and twenty tons respectively, and moving with the greatest ease when touched. When we take into account the fact that these rocks are exposed to all the inclemencies of the weather, it seems really wonderful that they should remain so long in one position. The "Baboon's Head," "Serpent's Head," and "Pulpit Rock," are appropriate designations given to some of them; the "Chimney Rock," with a funnel-like perforation passing through it. From here a splendid view is had of the Nidd Valley and its surroundings. Near this is the "Boat Rocking Stone," weighing about forty-tons; an opening in the Rock is called the "Lover's Leap." Other fanciful names are "Tom Taylor's Chamber," the "Druid's Cave, Pulpit, Parlour, Bedroom, and Coffin," the "Giant's Head and Neck," etc. The "The Great Split Rock" is a large mass of stone about a hundred feet in circumference, with a rent in it four feet wide. The "Cannon Rocks" form another peculiar feature; they consist of large pieces of perforated stone, upwards of twenty feet long, and the aperture about twelve inches in diameter. One of them is called the "Druid's Telescope." Further on are the "Boat Rock" and "Crown Rock," with an opening on one side called the "Druid's Oven," and on the other side another, called the "Courting" or "Kissing Chair;" the "Stelling Crag," "Porpoise Head," "Sphynx's Head," "Boar's Snout," and "Hawk's Crag," so named because a pair of hawk's annually build there; also, "Flower Pot Rock," "Ærial Altar," "Foxholes," and "Rhinoceros Rock." Near the house is what they call the "Druid's Circle;" the "Mushroom Rocks" and "Hare's Heads" are adjacent; "Graffa Crag" and "Beacon Crag" are contiguous, the latter receiving its title from a beacon being placed there when the first Napoleon threatened to invade England in 1803. Another rock is called the "Noonstone," because the sun shines on one of its sides at that time of day. The "Wishing Corner," "Dog's Head" (a very good representation), "Oyster Shell," "Crocodile's Mouth," etc., are further samples of appellations given to their seeming appearance, in which there is plenty of scope for the imagination.

Getting tea in the guide's house there, we descend for Ripon, where we arrive in time to hear the celebrated horn blow. At the "Temperance Hotel" we make the acquaintance of a young fellow who knows the neighbourhood, and we arrange to go together to Studley Royal, the seat of the Marquis of Ripon. We saunter round old Ripon in the morning, noticing the conspicuous town arms with the famous spurs. To-day, we have indeed a treat in store for us; the sun shines resplendently, and promises a glorious day. The walk to the park is delightful; on reaching the long and beautiful avenue of limes, we see straight before us the new church of St. Mary, and

behind, in a direct line, the noble cathedral of Ripon. Conveyances have already commenced to bring their living loads, and the timid lovely deer bound away into the woods, and the remembrance of them is like a dream. On the right is Studley Hall, never shown to visitors. An old woman shows us over the new church, built in 1871, at great cost. The foundation was laid by the Marchioness of Ripon. The interior is most superb, every detail seems to be perfected, and the whole church is one gorgeous mass of beautiful fret-work and gilding. No expense has been spared; painting, marble of every description, and mosaic work, are here, almost equalling the finest specimens to be seen on the Continent. It certainly far surpasses anything we ever saw before, and a whole day would be well spent in investigating its beauties. We reluctantly leave this elegant building, and enter the grounds, after paying the fee, and inscribing our names in a book. A lake is the first thing that takes our attention, surrounded by banks as smooth as velvet. It is kept in the neatest order, with the water falling in perfect precision over a series of stone steps, and the edges studded with statuary, the gladiators forming a striking group. The "moon" and "crescent" ponds are seen further on through the trees, with statues of Bacchus, Neptune, and Galen on their sides. The "Temple of Piety" and "Octagon Tower" are seen at the other side. Many large trees have been planted in the grounds at remote dates, of beech, oak, yew, and fir: and a hemlock spruce (*Wellingtonia Gigantea*) and sycamore are remarkable instances. We pass statues of Hercules and Antaeus, along the primmest of walks, till we come to the "Temple of Piety," with a basso-relievo of a celebrated Roman lady, and busts of Titus and Nero. A few yards more, through a tunnel, and we reach the Octagon Tower, from which a splendid view of the whole grounds can be had. Every now and then we cross rustic bridges with mimic waterfalls beneath them, and breaks in the trees afford charming views with a set purpose to surprise. The "Temple of Fame" is the next view-point, after which we gain "Anne Boleyn's Seat," also called the "Surprise Temple." This is supposed to be the finest of all the views; formerly, the guide used to take the visitors behind the seat, and, throwing open the doors, expose the startling scene; now you do it yourself. The ruins of Fountains Abbey are in the centre, and before them stretches a beautiful lake, the most picturesque scene that could be imagined. Ebenezer Elliott fitly describes it:—

> "Abbey! for ever smiling pensively
> How like a thing of nature dost thou rise,
> Amid her loveliest works! as if the skies
> Clouded with grief, were arched thy roof to be."

Walking round the lake we pass "Robin Hood's Well," and reach the extensive ruins;

> ——"those ancient towers,
> Where never now the vespers ring,
> But lonely at the midnight's hours
> Flits by the bat on dusky wing."

On the left are the foundations of the Abbot's house, barns, stables, kilns, tan house, dovecotes, and forges. Two immense yew trees are close at hand, all that remain of what were once known as the "Seven Sisters;" and the old mill runs on as merrily as ever, fed by the "still Ure." Crossing the bridge, we come to the ancient "Gate House," or "Porter's Lodge," and enter the church by the great west door, which had formerly a curious Galilee porch in front. The ruins are awe-striking in their immensity, and pensive thought fills the visitor who walks within them; the large windows denuded of all their fret work and ready to totter altogether; the hollow shells of the great tower and hall; the dismal cloisters, dark and damp, and suggestive of the stealthy tread of some cowled monk; all tend to inspire one with the solemnity of the place, where, ages ago, the monks exercised their vigils, and the abbots used their authority. The other remaining conventual buildings are the kitchen, base

court, brew-house, cellar, and Hall of Pleas. A short distance from the buildings are the "Echo Rocks," where there is a distinct echo from the Abbey walls. We go out by the rustic lodge and banqueting house, through the park and back to Ripon, very well satisfied with our morning's ramble. After dinner we visit that venerable Gothic structure, the Minster, dedicated to St. Peter and St. Wilfred. It is built over the ruins of the ancient monastery, founded about 661 A.D. There is some beautiful early English workmanship in it, and the grotesque carving on the pews is minutely finished. The "Bone House," or "Crypt," used to be the centre of attraction, filled as it was with human bones of past generations. They are now removed and buried in the churchyard. The other part of the old monastery, almost as famous, is that known as "St. Wilfred's Needle," about which many conjectures have been made. According to Camden it was used as a test for female chastity. It is gained by a flight of steps descending from the east end of the nave. On the reputation it has gained, our guide says he has helped thousands of ladies and gentlemen through the needle, and we, not to be behindhand, pass through it as well. We now leave the Minster, having just time to catch the train for Harrogate, situated on the edge of Knaresborough Forest Moor, our next destination. Half-an-hour's ride brings us to that most famous of watering-places; there everything is changed; all the buildings are well-built and modern, and the town is thronged with gay visitors. The "Old Sulphur Well," redolent of "rotten eggs," is next visited, and our curiosity tempts us to taste the water, to show our superior courage. But, never again! Language fails to express our feelings as, after roaming the town and viewing the various buildings, we dejectedly enter the Chalybeate Spa Grounds, and endeavour to catch the spirit of the skating, the intricacy of bowls, or the playfulness of lawn tennis. It is no use, the remembrance of those unearthly sulphur wells sticks to us yet. We "fly the rank city," and "shun its turbid air," the iron horse taking us to Knaresboro', another contrast from the modern town we have just left. Ascending the wall-like city we walk about the remains of the old castle, so famous in history, and down the "crystal Nidd," to where we can see the celebrated "dropping well," near which the renowned Mother Shipton was born. We purpose going to it in a boat, but suddenly find there is a fall in the river, and narrowly escape being pitched over; disappointed we content ourselves with a gentle row up "unquiet Nidd," and then take the train for Leeds, thus ending our pleasant but short excursion in Yorkshire for the time, to visit the lakes in the west,

"And shape (our) old course in a country new."

HY. C. APPLEBY.

BEATRICE.

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

CHAPTER XII.

THE day after the one on which I have recorded all the expletive and exhaustive eloquence of the speakers on that most serious question of matrimony, the most serious in one sense for us all, old and young, here—that day was a day long to be remembered in that quiet town by its startling

incidents and its affecting episodes. Indeed, to this hour many of the inhabitants talk of what took place with "bated breath" and suppressed emotion, as if of something very awe-inspiring and weird, and those who keep diaries have no doubt jotted down the occurrence of that day with a large amount of underlined passages and notes of admiration and exclamation. We all of us (the writer pleads guilty to the soft impeachment) are too fond of underlining our words, and our dear female friends, our fairest and our most cherished, come out very strong in this particular. Indeed, if you wish to judge of the strength of their wrists, by the vigour of their "dashes" and interlineations, you would hesitate in coming to "close quarters" with them, or anything that betokens a "scrimmage," as Mrs. Finnigan has it. But this, as our French friends so elegantly express themselves—*en parenthese s'il vous plait.* It appears that early in the morning of that eventful day, a "little gentleman in black," who had come down by the mail train, had had a long interview with the sagacious Brummer, and after that he had been duly fortified with a good breakfast, went with Brummer to pay a visit to the distinguished Grogwitz, his fascinating spouse, and the intrepid and modest Kirschenwasser. They found these worthies in the comfortable hostelry afore mentioned, with the remains of a savoury (if strongly smelling) breakfast on the table, and the two masculine heroes were solacing their agitated nerves, and strengthening their impaired digestions, with cigarettes and "B. and S." But they were very comfortable, and they made old Brummer's eye gleam in somewhat a peculiar manner when he saw them, because, as he said afterwards, "when I beheld these two rascals fattening on the fat of the land, and remembered how many honest poor wanted the necessaries of life—sapperment, that is all—I thought a very great deal to myself indeed, a very great deal, I assure you." When the waiter introduced the two visitors as "Gentlemen on business to see Mr. Grogwitz," Grogwitz rose with the greatest alacrity and amiability on his face, though his better half gave a sort of sulky look, which even took the appearance of fright, and Kirschenwasser was already too "tight" to care much about anybody or anything.

But Grogwitz's countenance, when he recognised the "gentleman in black" and Brummer, was most amusing. He looked at his wife, but she had sat down, apparently very much alarmed, and in a sort of indistinct gurgle he stammered out, "Ah, my friend, vat brings you to these parts? Your servant, sir. I tink I have seen you someveres," speaking to Brummer.

"Yes, Mr. Grogwitz," said Brummer, very civily, but firmly and slowly, "You are quite right, you have seen me someveres, I need not now say vere. You know me very well, and so does that charming lady there. I have come here to have a little quiet conversation with you on a very pressing subject, and I have no doubt that with the aid of your friend and my friend here, who has been good enough to accompany me, the business I am upon will be brought to a speedy and satisfactory conclusion."

"I really do not understand," was Mr. Grogwitz's reply, though he spoke hesitatingly, and his face glistened with fear, and his hand shook visibly, "to vat you can possibly allude, worthy sir, or vat business you can ave wid me; least of all do I understand vy our mutual friend should have honoured me with a call." The mutual friend merely bowed, his time for speaking had not yet come. "Do you," Grogwitz said, turning to his wife, "do you understand, my dear?"

But the fair Grogwitz for some reason, either because she knew too much, or knew it would be of little avail, evidently was not anxious to "show fight," and her whole response consisted of two emphatic sentences: "It's no go, Grogwitz,—we had better mizzle."

Elegant and appropriate apostrophe!

"Mizzle!" who says anything about whetting one's whistle," chimes in drowsily Kirschenwasser. "I am very dry; I want some more liquor."

The look the fair lady gave the speaker would have crushed a heart of stone, but it is always useless being reasonable, or indignant, or argumentative with a tipsy fellow wakened up, and when the laughter of the two visitors had ceased, Mr. Grogwitz was heard to remark, "There is no use, I suppose, going on with dis little affair."

"No, you may be quite sure of that, Grogwitz," said the "man in black," for the first time breaking a somewhat ominous silence, "you had better clear out of this. I give you until the 'express' train at three to pack up, pay your bill, and be off; and after that, if I see you and Madame in Cayley, or this intelligent and highly accomplished youth here, you know as well as I do what must happen."

All that Grogwitz then said, in answer, seemed to be summed up in this—"It's very hard, but as it can't be done, it can't."

"Then I am to understand," old Brummer now said, looking hard at both gentlemen and lady, "that it is settled that you all have to leave Cayley at three, not to return, either in person or by representatives of any kind; that you give up this infernal business, and depart in peace, and are no more seen or heard of here?"

The lady this time did not speak, but she nodded her head impressively twice.

"Is it a bargain, Grogwitz?" said the "gentleman in black."

"Vell, yes," was Grogwitz's reply, with lowering look and angry scowl, "but it is a bargain all on one side."

"Never mind, Grogwitz," here broke in Brummer, "or you, Madame; 'all is well,' remember, 'that ends well.' It is not the first time I have seen you, or met you, or had to do with your little proceedings. The only wonder is that the law has not got hold of both you long before this. But then the law in England is very slow, though it is very wise and very sure—remember that, good folks—at last. If you will take my advice, do not trust too much on apparent 'success,' or 'prosperity,' or 'leave,' or 'license.' The pitcher vich goes too often to de vell gets broken at last; and justice, please bear in mind, sooner or later, always overtakes, as a general rule, even here, those who perversely set themselves against law, propriety, and right. Good-bye, Madame, good-bye, Monsieur; remember our conversation." And as nothing more was said, the two companions slowly withdrew, evidently congratulating themselves on the termination of a very disagreeable scene, and thinking clearly, moreover, that the affair had turned out much better than they had any right to hope or to expect.

Indeed, the "gentleman in black" as he descended the stairs with Brummer, seemed to show this, for he said, in a cheerful way, "I congratu- you, Mr. Brummer, on so happy and successful a termination of a very difficult and delicate affair. There were great, very great, difficulties, legally, in the way, but, as I remarked to Tomkinson only the other day (you know Tomkinson, Mr. Brummer), you only require a little firmness and decision to 'pull through' the most hopeless matters."

When the two reported the result of their interview at the "Royal Oak," where the "Quorum" had assembled in much excitement, even Twamley, affected, as he said, "internally and externally by the 'genius loci,'" whatever he really meant by that, great was the jubilation. Mr. Clincher was loud in his approbation, for he said, "I have known a good deal about them for a good many years now, and more dangerous parties you can't come across, and if even you can manage them you can't their "aides," male and female, for they are simply "vile." If anything, the females have a pull for the better, but that pull is not very much—it is about decimal point 49 to the square inch. "Gentlemen," said Clincher solemnly, "I have a proposal to make t you; let us all go to the station and see them off."

The proposal was rapturously acceded to, Twamley remarking "that they really could do nothing less than show such polite attention to two such dis-

tinguished personages. In fact, he thought," he said, "we ought to present them with an address."

"I am sorry, Clincher," the "gentleman in black" here broke in, laughing, "that I cannot stay any longer here, for I must go up by the express train myself, I think you had better go with me, but I think there can be no harm in your suggestion, the more so as our mutual friends are very 'slippery birds' indeed. Very much so!"

A great many speeches were made, and a great many affecting replies were offered, and there was a sort of general satisfaction, which could only resemble the leader of the House of Commons when he sees that his majority is still as faithful as ever, or when a money lender finds that the interest is paid up on that little "billsh" which he never "expechted to recovers."

Accordingly, a little before three we sallied forth incontinently for the station, and very soon after, to do them justice, Mr. and Mrs. Grogwitz appeared. Poor Kirschenwasser's fate was a melancholy one, and I think it right to record it here for the warning of some young friends of mine, who will go on nip, nip, nipping all day long, and who will be able assuredly, if they live to old age, to sing with intense pathos, "In the days that we went nip, nip, nipping, a long time ago." Kirschenwasser, what with excitement and "B. and S.," was so very bad, that, though the waiter and the boots pumped upon him for a quarter of an hour (see the process in "Pickwick"), at Mr. Grogwitz's special request, receiving 1s. 6d. each for their labour, and a compassionate housemaid burnt feathers under his nose, and rubbed his forehead with aromatic vinegar, he was so far gone when he got into the street—so unsteady, and so pugnacious—that Cayley No. 3, with the assistance of Cayley No. 4, took him at once to the lock-up as "drunk and disorderly." He did not, therefore, accompany his chieftain and his chieftainess to the "little village," but being fined next day by the worthy mayor, after a most impressive lecture, was seen out of the town by the Superintendent, also by the express train.

Well, Grogwitz and his wife departed at the time appointed, and madame's good-bye to Brummer was most amusing and characteristic. "You have treated us very ill," she said, "but if you knew us better, Mr. Brummer, you would know we always do the best we can for our most respectable clients."

"Oh yes, my dear," said Grogwitz, "you are always right. We have been very badly treated, but, gentlemens, I forgives you all."

The whistle screamed, and the "express" flew away, and having raised our hats and made our adieux more than once to the "gentleman in black," and Mr. Clincher, we returned to our "rendevous" with light hearts and rejoicing minds.

That evening, after a good dinner, Brummer said most pathetically, "Gentlemen, I am very happy to think we have taught one or two folks a good moral lesson to-day, and now let us drink 'De Ladies, God bless them all.'"

(To be continued.)

NAPOLEON, EUGENE LOUIS:

PRINCE IMPERIAL OF FRANCE.

Born March 16th, 1856. *Massacred June* 1st, 1879.

OH, Destiny! mysterious, dread power,
That awed the sires, and now hath doomed the son!
How soon, how cruelly thy vengeful hour
Hath boomed, and Death thy stern behest hath done!

"The Prince is fallen!" "Fallen, said ye? Dead?"
"Caught unawares, and butchered as he stood;
Unhorsed, and wounded, as his comrades fled;
Outnumbered by a cursed Zulu brood
Who crawled, unseen, around the little band,
Rushed wildly forward, then, and assegaied
Our brave young comrade, helpless to withstand
A host of yelling fiends. The Prince is dead!"

* * * * *

"Lift him up tenderly! the fair, brave boy!
Thank God the savage dogs have left him here,
Nor sought his fair young beauty to destroy!
Now lay him gently on our lance-made bier;
Wind the old flag around his mangled breast,
And bear him to the camp with mournful pride!
Nay, weep, my lads! Our tears our love attest
For Gaul's brave prince—for England's sake who died!"

* * * * *

Flow on ye deep, but unavailing, tears,
For Death the cruel victory hath won;
In sorrow's kinship land with land appears,
The hearts of men and nations beat as one!
Ah, such a deed as nations now deplore,
In War's ensanguined record has no place!
The nameless massacre on Afric's shore,
Dread land of doom to Gaul's Imperial race!

Oh, English hearts are sad to-day,
And mourn with unaffected grief
The closure of a life so brief,
From home and kin so far away.

Away in Lybia's savage land,
A royal exile from his own,
Heir to the Gaul's Imperial throne,
Slain by a fiendish Zulu's hand!

Not proudly leading on his men,
Nor in the battle's foremost fray,
The brave young soldier fell that day,
Never in life to smile again.

Butchered, without an arm to save,
By swarthy hosts! Ah, cruel end!
Without a comrade to defend,
He finds a soldier's lonely grave.

Son of old England's staunch ally,
With English soldiers reared and taught,
For England's cause he nobly fought,
In England's cause thus soon to die.

Oh war! can aught extenuate
The reckless, guilty ordinance
That sent the noblest son of France,
Then left him to his cruel fate!

Oh, England blushes deep with shame
For Error's bloody sacrifice;
But, deeper still, that cowardice
Should sully those who bear her name!

Oh, France! let not thy children mar
The nations' grief for thy dead hope;
In thine eventful horoscope,
The chastest, brightest, purest star!

Mourn France, and in thy sorrow prove
Thy magnanimity of soul;
And from the Past's envenomed scroll
Let pity's tears each blot remove!

A Prince by nature as by birth,
He followed Virtue's good old plan
As Nature's own true gentleman—
The rarest, fairest flower on earth.

Sacred to Worth, through smiles and tears,
His life is writ on Virtue's page;
And o'er the bosom of the age,
Glows with the light of blameless years.

Above his love-enhallowed tomb,
Where England folds his sire to rest
Upon her broad, maternal breast,
Shall Virtue's amaranthine bloom

Shed fragrance through the coming time;
And memory's chaste, mournful spell
Relume the life of him who fell
For England's honour, ere his prime!

* * * * *

Oh, God! encompass and defend
The childless widow in her woe:
On her Thy loving care bestow;
Be Thou her Comforter and Friend!

R. A. Douglas Lithgow.

THE GOOD MASONRY CAN DO.

WHETHER Masonry does all the good it can do is a question, and depends very much upon the character and disposition of its votaries; but there is no doubt that Masonry can do an immense amount of good in this world. If the brethren obey its teachings, and act up to its injunctions, it will be well for themselves and their fellow creatures. What are its primary and most important lessons? "To believe in God; to love your neighbour as yourself, and this, too, in its widest and most extended interpretation. "Faith, Hope, and Charity" are its watchwords. "Temperance, Prudence, Fortitude, and Justice" are its cardinal virtues. Surely this contemplation alone is enough to make a deep impression on a serious mind; aye, and even some effect on the more wayward; the lesson is so simple that it can be understood by the weakest intellect. Every human mind led to this sublime contemplation, and thereby induced to action, adds to "Good" No. 1. How then, is it that this simple teaching is so little understood? Because the rulers, who should be the teachers, have never been properly taught themselves, and have, therefore never thoroughly grasped the subject, The mind, then, being roused to action, is led to contemplate the "Supreme Being, to believe in Him, and to worship Him;" this accomplished, the practical exemplification follows, viz., the "love of one's neighbour" —"Good" No. 2. If Masonry stopped here, it would have achieved its highest earthly aims; but it does more, it goes on developing this feeling of "love for your neighbour," and becomes practical. "Brotherly Love, Relief, and Truth" now come on the stage. "Brotherly Love" is more than mere almsgiving; and attribute comes more particularly under "Relief!" Brotherly Love thinketh no evil; it defends the character of an absent brother; it is ever ready to pour consolation into the bereaved soul, and to comfort the weak hearted. This is enough for "Good" No. 3. "Relief!" In how many ways can we exemplify this "Landmark?" It is open to all, the richest and the poorest; moreover, the needy are ever present with us. We would like here to illustrate a few good deeds of Masonry that have been brought to our notice.

"A good old Treasurer of an American Lodge, who enjoyed his turkey at Christmas times, always liked to feel that his poorer brethren enjoyed the same good cheer as himself at that season of happiness and peace. He therefore, by his own contributions and funds placed at his disposal, annually distributed presents of turkeys for the Christmas dinner to a number of poor brethren, and so assured himself that the needy, at least for once in the year, had a substantial meal." Again, take the example of a Lodge at Tournon, in A.D. 1854. "The brethren at their first meeting, which was to be concluded by a banquet, remembered that while they were faring sumptuously others in the same town might be actually starving; a subscription was therefore raised, and bread was distributed to all the poor of the town." Again, in the same year, "a poor man, near Dusseldorf, received into his hut a distressed wayfarer who had fallen at his door, and though his own means were very scant, tended and supported him in his sickness without making his action public. The Mason's Lodge of that city, on hearing of this great generosity, at once voted a sum of money to this truly good man." We could go on *ad infinitum* in chronicling the good deeds of individual members and lodges. To descend once more to the practical: in times of great sickness or epidemics, a lodge, or any number of brethren thereof, can follow the example of the Louisiana Relief Lodge, and form visiting and burial committees. "Truth!" Her ewe have another great characteristic of Masonry. The mere inculcation of such a divine ordinance should, of itself, recommend a Fraternity that enforces it as a necessity. Sixthly, we come to the "improve-

ment of the abilities that are given us." It is the duty of every man to try and improve himself; the more a man does for himself, the more will the Great Architect do for him! Masonry, especially, teaches this lesson in a second degree; and, in furtherance of the design, orders its votaries to devote their attention to "Liberal Arts and Sciences." Masonry, therefore, teaches industry and a thirst for knowledge, and in this search for it brings the earnest student to contemplate that greatest of earthly lessons—"the knowledge of one's self." We could go on enumerating other good things that Masonry can do, but we prefer to stop here for the present, as we consider we have supplied enough matter for consideration at one time.

Surely no person, whether a brother Mason or profane, can say that Masonry is devoid of good lessons, and useless. No doubt men can teach and practise the same without becoming Freemasons at all, but all are not so inclined. It is well, therefore, that such a society should exist, and inculcate its doctrine for good; so that those may be left to contemplate and practise them that would otherwise never think of their importance. Seriously, then, we must acknowledge that though Masonry is a power for good, its votaries and adherents do not pay sufficient attention to its teachings. Why are brethren so apathetic when they have so much in their power? Why neglect to do what they promised they would at their initiation? One great reason is that sufficient caution and inquiry is not employed in choosing their candidates! Numbers, far too great, are received who would have been better left in the profane world. Many of these even rise to be rulers in the Order, and so, from bad examples being set, the neophytes are led to think lightly of what to them should be "the whole duty of man." We should like to see a better spirit at work; that Masons should not be so in name only, but in spirit and truth. Too much attention is given to exoteric and too little to the esoteric lessons and practices of the Order. Too little is done to exemplify that greatest of all Masonic charateristics, "Charity." Money will do a great deal, but sympathy and kindness will often do more. Money will relieve actual want, but personal attention and nursing will alleviate sickness and soften grief. Without love for God, there will not exist the love of one's neighbour. If brethren do not improve their talents, they will never understand that greatest of all lessons, "knowledge of one's self."—*Scottish Freemason.*

CHARTER OF SCOONE AND PERTH LODGE, A.D. 1658.

Charter.

In the Name of God, Amen.—To all and sundrie persones whome thir prittis doe belong. Witt ye ws the persones under-subscryvers, maisters, ffriemen, and fellow crafts, measones resident within the burgh off Perth, That whair ffor sameikle as We and our predecessores have and haid, ffrom the Temple of temples building on this Earth, (ane vniforme communitie, and wnione throughout the whole world,) ffrom which temple proceided one in Kilwinning, in this our nation of Scotland, And from that of Kilwinning many more within this kingdom, Off which ther proceide d the abbacie and Lodge of Scoon, built by men of art and architectorie, Wher they placed that Lodge as the seconde Lodge within this nation, which is now past memorie of many generationes, And wes upheld be the Kings of Scotland for the tyme, both at Scoon and the decayed citie of Bertha when it stood, and now at Perth, heid brugh of the shirefdome thereof to this verie day, which now is ffour

hundreth thriescoir and fyve yeires since or therby. And during that ilk space the said Masteres, friemen, and fellow crafts, inhabitants within the said brugh of Perth, wer allways able within themselves to mayntayne ther first liberties, and are yet willing to doe the same, as the Masters, friemen, or fellow crafts did formerlie, (whose names we know not.) But to our record and knowledge of our predecessoris, Ther cam one from the North countrie, named John Mylne, ane measone, a man weill experted in his calling, Who entered himselff both frieman and burges of this brugh, Who in proces of tyme, (by reasone off his skill and airt) wes preferred to be the Kings M^atie's M^r Measone, and Master of the said Lodge at Scoon, And his sone Johne Milne, being (efter his father's deceis) preferred to the said office, and M^r off the said Lodge in the reigne off his Majestie King James the sixt of blesed memorie, Who, by the said seconde John Mylne, was (be the King's own desire) entered ffrieman, measone, & fellow craft. And during all his lyfetyme he maintayned the same as ane member of the Lodge of Scoon: So that this Lodge is the most famous Lodge (iff weill ordored) within this kingdome. Off the which name of Mylne ther hath continowed severall gennerationes M^ris. Measones, to his M^aties the Kings of Scotland, and M^ris off the said Lodge of Scoon, till the yeir One thousand six hundreth and and fiftie sevin yeires, at qch tyme the last M^r Mylne being M^r of the Lodge of Scoon deceased, And left behind him ane compleit Lodge of measones, friemen, and fellow crafts, wh such off ther number as Wardens and others, to oversie them; and ordained that one of the said number should choyse one of themselves to succeid as Master in his place. The names of whose persones ffollowes; To Witt, Thomas Craich, measone and Warden, then James Chrystie, James Wilsone, Andrew Norie, John Wast, James Roch, and Johne Young, all measones, friemen, and fellow crafts, who efter ther true and Lawfull Deliberatione, Understanding that the said Lodge could not stand without ane Master: THERFOR, they all in ane voice, wnanimouslie ffor keipeing of wnion and amity among themselves, Did Nomynat and mak choyce of the said James Roch to be Master of the said Lodge during all the days of his lyfetyme: And the said Andrew Norie (to be Warden theroff also during his lyfetyme, or as the saidis Masters and fellow crafts findis it convenient. And We, the saidis Masters, Warden, and bodie of the said Lodge off Scoon, resident within the brugh of Perth, Doe bind and oblies ws, and our successoris, to stand and abyd to the whole acts maid by our predecessoris. And confirmes the samene, Wheroff the tennor of a pairt of them ar to follow; To Witt, that no frieman, not residing within this brugh, tak upon him to contradict any true thing that the ffrieman, resident within the brugh, speakis, acts, or does, nor goe to noe other Lodge, nor mak ane Lodge among themselves, Seeing this Lodge is the prin^le within the shyre. And if any frieman or ffellow craft tak himselff to any other Lodge, He shall not be holdin to return hither again to this Lodge, till he first pay the triple off that which he payed, either to our Lodge or to the Lodge wer he wes last: And to be put cleane from the company of the Lodge he was last in, and to suffer the law of our Lodge at our pleasure. Lykas, we doe confirme the said James Roch, M^r off the said Lodge, and Andrew Norie, Warden, foirsd, with the consent of us all ffor themselves and ther successores foirsd, to put the foirsd act to executione (with our consent) agst the transgressoris. As also the acts following: To Witt That no Master within the brugh or without shall tak another friemans work till he first give it over, and be payit for what is done. Secondlie, that no Master goe betwixt another Master to seik work ffrom any persone with whom the first M^r is aggrieing, till once he be quyt the bargane. Thirdlie, That no frieman tak another friemans prenteis or journeyman to work with him, either belonging to this Lodge or any other, except they have ane frie dischairge from ther Master, nor reseve any entered or unentered, except for twentie dayes space onlie. And if they be discharged of

FREEMASONS' HALL GRAND LODGE LIBRARY

Master, they are to have ther vott in the Lodge and Law theroff, iff they serve heirafter, ffourthlie, That all ffellow crafts that are past in this Lodge pay to the Master Warden and ffellow crafts of the samene, The sowme of Sixteine Pund Scottis money, besyd the gloves and dews therof, with Thrie Pund Scottis at their first incoming to the Lodge efter they are past. And yt everie entered prenties shall pay Twentie merkis money, with ffourtie shilling, at ther first incomeing to the Lodge, besyde the dews thereof. And yt non shall be holden to be cau^r^ for others, but if they doe not jmmediatelie pay the sowmes aforsd, they are to have a cautioner, not belonging to the sd Lodge, for the dew and lawfull pay mentherof. ffyfthlie, that no entered prenteis shall leave his Master or Masters to tak any work or task work above ffourtie shilling scottis, nor tak a prenteis. And if they doe in the contrair, they are to be debared from the libertie of the said Lodge as ane fellow craft in all tyme to come. And Lastlie, Wee, and all of ws off ane mynd, consent, and assent, Doe bind and obleidge ws, and our successoris, to mantayne and wphold the haill liberties and previledges of the said Lodge of Scoon as ane ancient frie Lodge, ffor entering and passing within ourselves, as the bodie therof, residing within the brug of Perth as sd is: And that soe long as the Sun ryseth in the East and setteth in the West, as we wold wish the blessing of God to attend ws in all our Wayes and actiones. IN TESTIMONY wherof we have submit it the samene with our hands Att Perth, the twenti fourt day of December, Jajvjc and ffiftie Eight yeires (1658).

J. ROCH, M^R^ MEASONE.
ANDRO NORRIE, WARDEN.

James Chrystie
John Strachane
Lawrence Chapman
Androw Christie
Matthow Hay
Henie Mateson
Andrw Stewart
Thomas Craigdellie
Johne Mill
John Watson
A Donaldson
D Broune
James Whytte
Wal Thomson
David Cochren
John Condie
Edward Kicking
Andrew Buchan
An Balanquall
Jo Fyffe

Will Grahame
John Newton
C Rattray
Alex Ritchie
Ja Massone
A. Ritchie
Alexander Chrystie
Androw Norrie
Johne Haggartt
James Irvine
Matthew Imrie
Thomas Roch
John Robertson
Robert Strachane
James Roch, yo^r^
James Alexander
James Gou
Matthew Barland
M L Dobie

MIND YOUR OWN CONCERNS.

MIND your own concerns, my friend,
For they are yours alone;
Don't talk about your neighbour's faults,
But strive to mend your own.
Suppose he does not always lead
A truly pious life;
What matter if he sometimes frets,
Or quarrels with his wife?
Don't meddle—let him know, my friend,
Your better nature spurns
To act the spy on him or his—
Just mind your own concerns.

Yes, mind your own concerns, my friend,
And presently you'll find
That all your time is occupied,
And you've quite enough to mind.
Why need you care if Snooks or Spooks
Should wed with Sally Jones?
What matter if your neighbour C.
A half a million owns?
The money is not yours, my friend,
Though golden stores he earns,
So do not envy him his wealth,
But mind your own concerns.

Yes, mind your own concerns, my friend,
It is a better plan,
Than always to be spying out
The deeds of brother man.
Remember that all persons have,
Though hidden from your view,
Thoughts that to them of right belong,
And not at all to you;
And also bear in mind, my friend,
A generous nature worms
No secret from a neighbour's breast—
So mind your own concerns.

A LECTURE.

BY BRO. F. H. S. ORPEN, D.D.G.M. GRIQUALAND.

WORSHIPFUL Sir, Worshipful and Worthy Brethren,—I have long felt a burning desire to communicate to the brethren of our noble Craft my own ideas as to its nature, its object, and its origin, but have been deterred from doing so by a fear, first, that I might be wrong in the conclusions at which I had arrived, although resulting from some study, and from much thought; and secondly, that I might, perhaps, if I fully divulged my own thoughts, be looked upon as infringing upon one of the landmarks of the order by introducing into a Freemason's Lodge some elements, whether of political or religious discussion. After hearing, however, the other day the able and interesting lecture delivered by our distinguished and Worshipful Bro. Warren, I have come to the conclusion that an attempt to elucidate the origin and objects of Freemasonry, if undertaken in a truthful and philosophic spirit, can only be condemned by those who fail to appreciate the real grandeur and sublimity of the noblest and most ancient society ever established by man. The prohibition of such discussions is not, I feel convinced, the result of any wish on the part of our predecessors to prevent the free interchange of thought among us on any subject the discussion of which might possibly bring benefit to our Order, or to humanity in general, but is merely a rule laid down wisely and properly, no doubt, to prevent the introduction of topics likely to induce discord where harmony and peace should always reign.

Being conscious, therefore, of no enmity or ill-will towards any religion whatever, and feeling no animosity towards any man for the particular shade of political opinion to which he inclines, I feel that, as an old Mason, and one who has taken some pains to study the subject, I am justified in freely stating my ideas before the largest and most influential body of Freemasons in South Africa, and while so doing I must beg of you, my brethern, to divest me, wholly and entirely, in your minds, of any authority with which as a ruler of the Craft I am officially invested. I now appear among you merely as a brother (an elder brother, it may be, to most of you), and in that capacity I wish to communicate my thoughts as a brother to brethren, who are quite welcome to agree with, or dissent from, what I may advance. On other occasions and at other times I shall not fail to use to the best of my ability, and in as salutory a manner as I can, such authority as I possess; but, on the present occasion, I particularly desire not to be considered as speaking with authority, or "ex Cathedrâ."

There can be little doubt that most of you have often felt some degree of wonder *why* we are called *Masons*, and thought it strange that a society, which at present has no connection with any constructive art, should have acquired such an appellation. The fact of our using, symbolically, the tools of *Masons, architects, and draughtsmen*—although, as you will presently see, it naturally follows from the origin of our Order—must itself, in the opinion of thinking men, rather require explanation than afford a reason for our being so designated.

Here I must beg of you to remember that when in a Craft lodge I speak of Freemasonry, I speak of it as defined by our constitutions, and allude merely to that pure ancient Freemasonry which consists of but three degrees, namely, the Entered Apprentice, the Fellow-Craft, and the Master Mason, including the Holy Royal Arch.

I have no desire to undervalue what are called the higher degrees, being myself in possession of many of them, but being in reality chivalric, religious,

or philosophical scions, engrafted upon the purely ancient Craft, I cannot, in what I am now saying, identify them with the parent tree. They have, and have had, their uses. They are, many of them, noble and chivalrous; but, as regards my present subject, they have no other connection with ancient Freemasonry than the fact of their refusing to receive any candidate who is not a Master Mason, and thus ensuring that, whether any order be Masonic or not, yet its members must all be Masons—a compliment to our Craft which, before I have done, I trust you will appreciate as much as I do.

I have lately read a so-called "History of Freemasonry," written by an able and erudite brother in Germany; and he, having, I presume, been trained as a historian, founds all his conclusions upon his researches into written or printed documents—just as though it were possible that written records could exist of such a society as ours, the very essence of whose policy is, and has been, to prevent the existence of any such records as could furnish an historian with materials for research, or an antiquary or critic with data for critical exegesis. The brother to whom I allude cannot succeed in tracing any recorded history of the craft farther back than the Middle Ages, and hardly beyond the discovery of the art of printing, and his conclusion is that our society in its present form is merely the result of an attempt to found an universal and fraternal brotherhood, upon the customs and usages of various guilds or lodges of Operative Masons, who in their internal government differed but little from the associations of any other craftsmen in an age when every trade was supposed to be possessed exclusively of its own secrets, or, as they were commonly called, its mysteries; indeed, it is, historically, but yesterday that the goldsmiths, fishmongers, cordonniers, fletchers, and merchant tailors, had, in common parlance, the mysteries of their several crafts.

Why, then, should the supposed founders of such a society as ours (with ceremonies and rituals, allusions, legends, and symbols, far too archaic in their nature to be ascribed to any such a source) have especially chosen the practices of masons or builders as a foundation whereon to raise such a superstructure? Man is prone to symbolism, and symbols in plenty, well adapted for most of our purposes, might have been adopted from any other handicraft. Stonemasons were not the only tradesmen who had guilds or unions among those eminently municipal people, the Romans, or their imitators among the European fragments of their empire; and in those old days symbolism was as rife among craftsmen of all trades as among those who erected the fanes of mediæval Christianity, or among the chivalric originators of the so-called science of heraldry.

No, my brethren, I utterly repudiate and disbelieve the assertion that Masonry has sprung from any such source, or that the originators of the Craft were men capable of such deception as to invent legends and rituals, implying an origin in the remote past, for a society which they themselves were founding in the days of England's Harrys or Edwards. Yet such must have been the case were the conclusions of the brother I have referred to correct; and he himself, although he professes admiration for our Order and reverence for its founders, must acknowledge that, if he be not mistaken, that society is a fraud and its founders impostors. I cannot and will not subscribe to the opinion that a pure and wholesome stream can have its source in pollution—that truth and justice, freedom, charity, and brotherly love can be the salient characteristics of a society founded by impostors, or that a mere association of tradesmen for exclusively trade purposes can have originated what may well be designated the exponent of the purest form of natural religion.

So far, I think, I have shown that our past history is not to be sought for in impossible annals of the transactions of our ancient brethren, and that any such research must (however laboriously or critically conducted) lead to utterly untenable and ridiculous results.

We must go far beyond and behind the often fabulous records of mediæval

Europe to search out the origin of our Craft, and lay aside all hope of finding any carved or written records created for the purpose of informing succeeding generations of mankind of our history or our doings, our principles or our internal polity. It is not by direct evidence, but only by induction, that we can arrive at a probable solution of the question—Whence are we?

I do not for a moment suppose that Freemasonry in its present form, and adapted as it now is to embrace all nations, kindreds, creeds, and languages in one common brotherhood, has been exactly what it now is from the commencement. Progress and change are inseparable from all human institutions, and development is a law of nature; but I do maintain that the main principles and leading features of the Order have been handed down to modern times unaltered and unimpaired, and with gradually increasing improvements and more widely spreading adaptability, from the ancient fathers of our race, who flourished, taught, and believed before the birth of Grecian refinement and art, and long before Roman jurisprudence created corporate bodies or craftsmen's guilds.

All the records of antiquity, whether mythical, poetical, or sacerdotal, tend to prove that among all nations in the earliest times there were men who, using the reason God had given them, had logically inferred from long-continued observation of the phenomena of nature, and the wonderful adaptation of all created things to the purposes they had to serve, that such a state of things, and that such an universe so beautifully constructed, must have had an originator, a one great Architect, endowed with a power, a will, and an intelligence far beyond our poor intellects to conceive. To the minds of such men the idea of more than one such Architect was impossible, and the conclusion that only one such existed must have been as clear to them as to the well-known Paley, or the authors of the Bridgewater Treatises. We have a well known instance of such a man in Socrates, and may well be certain that he was but a modern in comparison with many of his predecessors. To men who thought out this problem, and who looked upon the state of human affairs around them, it must have been equally plain that the great First Cause must be as good and benificent as powerful, and that, as a result of his goodness, it was absolutely necessary to believe in a resurrection and a future life, without which justice would not be done to those who in this life suffered inordinately, or upon those who here flourished and prospered beyond their deserts, or in spite of their demerits.

To us, who are now reaping the fruits of the experience and thought and research of thousands of generations of our race, all this may naturally appear but truisms; but it was far different in the infancy of mankind. Then the race was in its childhood, and, like a child, it dealt far more with fancy than with hard reason. The childlike commonalty of the ancient world looked upon the sun and the moon and the stars, and all the host of heaven, with wonder and with awe. They could not but notice the wonderful power of the sun in causing their crops to grow and their fruits to ripen; the increase and the multiplication, not only of men, but of animals and plants, were to them the most wonderful phonomena in nature, and the power which caused reproduction appeared to their minds the greatest and most inscrutable. Mingling reason and fanciful speculation, they elaborated from this idea, not only sun and moon worship, but the worship of innumerable other so-called deities—some benign and some malignant—as either they or their symbolic representatives favoured or prevented the increase of plants, animals, or men, or tempered or embittered the seasons upon which so much depended.

Among a race of children with the stature and passions of men, such as these ancient ancestors of ours, those few who, as I have already said, had reasoned out, with the help of exceptional intellectual strength, the conclusions arrived at by modern writers upon natural religion; those few, I say, must have, by sheer force of brain power, acquired influence and predominance

—an influence and a predominance which, being human, they were loth to lose. They thought it better not to throw pearls before swine, nor to give strong meat to babes; and having naturally, by superiority of intellect, obtained leading positions among their contemporaries, they encouraged among their inferiors all such religious notions as had already obtained a hold on their minds, retaining for themselves the power of communicating to their pupils, or to such among them as showed an aptitude for culture beyond their fellows, such moral and religious lessons as should raise them above the grovelling multitude, sunk in ignorance and in the mixture of superstition and debauchery, which was the natural result of the primæval reverence of untutored childish minds for those powers which caused reproduction throughout nature.

Thus in the ancient world there arose a class—a priesthood, a hierarchy of men superior in intellect to their fellows—willing to initiate into their body such persons as could prove themselves fit for such promotion, but yet who, conscious of their own superiority and of the utility of retaining it, assumed the lead, at first with a good purpose, no doubt, of those whose primitive religion was a belief in a chaos of discordant and antagonistic powers, whose attributes were, in many cases, earthly, sensual, and devilish.

Believing, as all the men of antiquity did, that virtue and courage were synonymous, and that those cabable of the greatest bodily endurance were also the best and safest recipients of a wisdom which, in the words of Solomon, is strength, this hierarchy of intellect, having constituted itself also a hierarchy of religion (if, indeed, the polluted polytheism of those days could be called a religion), established rites and ceremonies, by means of which those whose fortitude enabled them to persevere through their initiation were instructed in what to us seems the self-evident truth, that "The Lord our God is one God," and its dependent corollaries that there is a life beyond the grave, where there will be an equitable adjustment of rewards and punishments, and that, consequently, the gross beliefs of the multitude were utterly incredible and without foundation.

Thus in the archaic days of Egypt, India, and Chaldea we find society consisting of two divisions—the few holding all the power, all the knowledge, and the only true idea of religion which then existed; while the many remained, as was most natural, in a state of, not only political, but intellectual thraldom to those who looked with loathing and contempt upon their gross and sensual system of polytheism. The few, nevertheless, recruited their ranks, and maintained a succession of their order, by the initiation of such as they found fittest for their purpose, and to prevent the acceptance of candidates unfitted by physical or intellectual weakness to become leaders among men, as well as for the purpose of rendering it impossible for others than those they deemed worthy to obtain, surreptitiously, even an inkling of their secrets, they instituted long probations, severe mental and physical trials, and oaths and obligations calculated to deter the bravest from a breach of trust, knowing as they did that some germs of true religion and morality were to be found even in the wildest and most fanciful, as well as in the grossest and most debased, forms of polytheistic worship, and that through their religious fears lay the safest road to an ascendancy over their fellows. They organised no open crusade against the creed of the multitude, but, wisely in their generation, assumed the leadership, and constituted themselves the hierophants of religions which they knew to be ridiculous, and which, by means of initiation, they eradicated from the minds of those best fitted for the reception of truth. They let it be generally known that by various successive steps it was open to the multitude by probations and trials, to attain to degrees of knowledge of the nature of which that multitude had no idea, while yet the power and greatness of its possessors rendered it an object of ambition.

(To be continued).

NOTES ON LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

BY BRO. GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL,

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

The *American Agriculturalist* remarks:—"Some striking figures are presented in the report of grain receipts at New York City alone. Reducing the 4,675,271 barrels of flour to its grain equivalent, and we find that during 1878 the canal and railroads delivered at one port no less than 149,270,128 bushels of grain of all kinds, against 98,637,058 bushels in the previous year (1877), a gain of 50 per cent. But few persons can have an adequate idea of even one million bushels. Here is a help to one's conception: Load this 150,000,000 bushels upon wagons, 30 bushels to each; arrange them in line, giving each team about 26½ feet, and the line of teams carrying this grain would extend 25,000 miles—or, clear around the world!"

"Shadows from the Cross: Poems," by the author of "The Ministry of the Bible," is the title of a neatly got up little volume just published by Remington and Co., of Arundel Street, Strand, and is from the practised pen of a very amiable Cleveland clergyman, who ought to have given his name on the title-page, as it is perhaps the best poem he has yet sent forth to the public. It is dedicated to the Queen:—

> "Lady, royal by birth, royal by deeds;
> A better royalty than blood—for blood
> Not always yields this fruit."

It is, however, no book for the common reader, being (like a certain play which "was never acted, or, if it was, not above once," because "it pleased not the million"), as Hamlet has it, "caviare to the general." For myself, I confess, I would have liked Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Percy Bysshe Shelley, William Mason of Gisbrough, and others—our author included—all the more had they been less mystical. Under a despotism, whether of Church or State, where liberty of the press and free speech are punished as the gravest of all offences, men are justified in dealing in enigmas; but with us, who exclaim with Wordsworth,—

> "In our halls is hung
> Armoury of the invincible knights of old:
> We must be free, or die, who speak the tongue
> That Shakspere spake, the faith and morals hold
> Which Milton held;"

and in this fast rushing age, when we have so much to learn, and so little time to learn it in—so that we are perishing wholesale by heart disease, paralysis, apoplexy, and softening of the brain—I would fain inculcate on every writer and speaker who loves his fellow-men (and to him who does not *silence* is indeed a virtue) the desirability of making our messages clearly understood, not only by a select few, but also by the many, seeing that every man and woman has thinking capacity of *some* degree of brain-power, however you may measure it. There is nothing very ambiguous, however, in our poet's opening lines on the Carpenter of Nazareth:—

"These rays of sunset in the pane
Strike twilight's hour: rest is near.
Sweet rest!—the rest of thought and prayer:
His plane hath moved upon some knots
Not harder than men's hearts."

And beautiful are the lines:—

"These sunset rays that greet his toil—
The evening star and growing moon,
The sheep laid on the mountain's slope,
The lilies closing on the lake—
Are all his Father's voice to him:
One love hath made his heart all love."

Into the theology of the poems I must not enter here: as a literary composition the little volume is fair game for criticism, even in the neutral pages of a *Masonic Magazine*; and the quotations I give will commend themselves alike to our numerous and beloved Israelitish as well as our Christian Brethren; as, for instance, the following able description of the diffidence with which the recluse first launches his high thoughts on the world:—

"Yet souls much bent with solitude
Grow timid when their thoughts, long nursed,
Should leave their birthplace for the world,
And live in living words and deeds:
They know them in their sanctuary—
They are their children and their love—
But will they know them in the world,
Clothed by the tongue, midst battle din,
In sharp-edged word to meet a lie?
Or if, behind opposing foes,
The skeleton form of Death should rise,
Will they be their dear offspring still?
And will they follow them and die,
Content that Death shall make them live?
Their sleep is calm behind their veil,
And waking, they meet friendly eyes—
Their path is wide as sea and land:
Should they keep hid, and let the world
Stand to its anchors, or go back
To the old Chaos and dead sun,
And other orbs fill heaven with souls?"

Fine, too, is the thought—a sentiment worthy to be nursed in the bosom of every Mason who is really anxious to make himself more serviceable to his fellow-creatures:—

"Yet, what if all the summits show'd—
Sweet valleys brilliant in the sun,
Broad plains with cedars in their lap,
And seas and lakes as old as Death—
He might call his; and sin remained:
A thief redeem'd was more than these."

Leigh Hunt has well sung the Power of Gentleness; and that of heavenly Love over hellish Hate is ably depicted by our author:—

"The priests heap'd fire on fire,
And threatening hell to drive out hell,
Increased its flame; for men were saved,
Not by a consciousness of hell,
But some sweet breath, they knew not whence,
That made them list, and hear a stir
In a dim corner of themselves—
Then say to their lone tear that fell,
'I will arise, I am not dead!'"

Wise, also, is the teaching, veiled in allegory and illustrated by symbols :—

"Men look'd outside to find the foe
That crept to them without a breath,
Then sheathed his tempting with a glow
That broke to death and dust when touch'd,
And left the conscience lit with pain,
As if a two-edged sword it pierced,
And flaming cherubs on its gate
Were driving Eden from the soul :
Let them look in, for there he lay
Who made their passions fire and smoke
With one light thought that stay'd a night,
Then led them out to innocent blood
To murder or defile, and break
Every commandment in their way.
Old lies, in Eden told, had bred,
And fill'd the heart with evil things,
That raised a cloud 'twixt it and God,
Though He still sent a gracious rain."

Of how many may it be truthfully said :—

"For he, light armour on his soul
Wore against shafts from evil eyes,
Blinded by selfishness and lust,
That saw the noblest motives vile ;
The noblest powers, Satan's gift :
And all the venom of loose words
Would strike him through a hundred pores."

And would that of every Mason it could be said, as it ought :—

"Thus arm'd in spirit, he went forth
With gentle voice, to break men's bonds,
Woven by appetite let loose,
Or passions dominant : *all that bound.*"

How beautiful is the following Isaiah-like picture :—

"Where the sands narrow, and lone path
Led to a mountain's stream that fell
To swell the Jordan's tide, she saw
A lion quench his midnight thirst,
Then roar to summon all the beasts
From cave and woodland, bordering heights,
And further grounds that fed mild flocks.
Then all obey'd—the wolf and boar,
The tiger, and the fiery snake
That strikes a death-pang with his tongue,
Peaceable kine, and goats with young—
All met without mistrust or fear ;
And one sweet child, with shepherd's crook,
Companioning the lambs that stray'd,
Fearless of asp about his feet,
Or for his charge that pluck'd the tufts
Where bear and lion laid their head."

But is our author quite correct in his natural history? Leaving out the family of snakes without poisonous fangs (Laurenti's *Natrix*), and allowing learned naturalists like Cuvier, Professor Owen, Dr. A. Smith, Retzius, Duvernoy, Fontana, Clift, Muller, Cantor, and others, to enlighten the students of the hidden mysteries of serpent-life in general, I will merely remark that no snake or serpent whatever "strikes a death-pang with his *tongue*," but with peculiar fangs or teeth, generally hidden in the gums, which convey the poison in small canals from inside the head of the reptile, as the slight pressure on

edges of the leaves of the common stinging nettle forces its acrid secretion into the skin of the child who may inadvertently touch it in gathering its posy of wild flowers. Then, again, in the line—

> "The death the Jews have fix'd is slow,"

our author forgets that crucifixion was essentially a Pagan mode of execution; the Jewish one of stoning to death, and, indeed, all other capital punishments, being more or less brutal. The ancient Persians, Carthaginians, and Romans all practised it, and it was the conquerors of the world who forced it into Judea; and we must never forget that it was the Jews who shortened the sufferings of the crucified. I mention those two slight inaccuracies, partly that they may be corrected in that new edition which the little volume is sure to reach, and partly to prove that my wish is not to puff the book, but to give it an impartial review. Here is a good passage :—

> "I judge not by his face downcast;
> Fear hath not made him stoop, but thought:
> The weight of his own soul hath bent
> A frame of slender build, and grief
> That men are blind of their own will.
> They seek not for the truth, but forms—
> To build dull pyramids of lies
> That swell conceit and personal pride,
> Whilst half their conscience whispers—'Lie,'
> And they to stifle it build more;
> Yet in the dead of night they hear—
> For sleep is feverish on a lie—
> And conscience, then a stronger force,
> Makes a thin penitence that dies
> When the sun rises as before."

And again, how catholic—I had almost said Masonic—in the true sense is the teaching :—

> "The common people love this man:
> Sympathy from his broad mind falls out,—
> North, south, and east, and west of it:
> It is like some great globe that yields
> Wealth from all sides of sea and land,
> Lit by a never-setting sun.
> He calls himself 'The Son of Man'—
> A modest title for his width
> Of heart and mind—for his large soul
> Forgets he is a Jew, and flows
> Like some great river, through strange lands,
> And fertilises with its thoughts
> Barbarian, Scythian, bond and free,
> Naming the slave 'a child of God,'
> And shining hope upon lone paths
> Where fallen women weep and stray.
> * * * * *
> This patent of nobility
> Is on some parchment in his soul
> That holds the signature of God;
> So can afford humility,
> And to contemn external glows,
> And love the poor, for whom he stoops
> That they may feel his summer air,
> And fear no frost upon their griefs."

Vigorous as true is the sentence :—

> "This drunken rabble's blast on him
> Is from the priests, who hire a mouth:
> He knows it, and forgives."

Here is a passage or two on the expulsion of our first parents from Paradise, not totally unworthy of the pen of Milton :—

"Then instantly they saw 'the lie,'
For though the air was still, from it
New thunder peal'd within themselves,
And frequent lightnings struck their soul,
And they beheld their footsteps track'd;
And twilight flowing o'er the vale
Seem'd like some chariot sent from God,
With flaming cherubim above,
And swords drawn pointing to the ground,
Till they, like deer affrighted, fled
To the next thicket in their path;
Yet still the cherubim pursued.
That night no flower lost its bloom,
No leaf changed colour on a branch;
The stream its white mist as before
Sent heavenward, when Arcturus rose;
But they lost Eden from their soul,
And 'conscience' threw its own dark gloom
On every grove that erst was bright."

From these extracts it will be seen that our author is a thinker, and one of those many kindly souls in the Church who do not substitute a few narrow opinions for broad practical piety and benevolence; one of that truly noble class who, whether or not they have undergone the fine ceremony of Initiation among us, are really prepared in their hearts to be made Masons, practising the angelic maxim of "Peace on earth, goodwill towards men!"

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.

ADVICE GRATIS.

BY A CELEBRATED MEDICO AND BROTHER.

TAKE the open air—
The more you take the better,
Follow Nature's laws
To the very letter;
Let the doctors go
To the Bay of Biscay;
Let alone the gin,
The brandy and whisky.

Freely exercise,
Keep your spirits cheerful,
Let no dread of sickness
Make you ever fearful;
Eat the simplest food,
Drink the pure cold water—
Then you will be well,
Or at least you "oughter!"

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

No. 76.—Vol. VII. OCTOBER, 1879. Price 6d.

A LECTURE.

BY BRO. F. H. S. ORPEN, D.D.G.M. GRIQUALAND.

THE ceremonies of initiation became gradually more and more elaborate, and soon required scientific and mechanical appliances for producing startling effects upon the neophyte, and making an ineradicable impression upon his mind. Such appliances could not be constructed or fitted up by any but those who understood their object, nor could they be used either in the open air or in buildings accessible to eavesdroppers. Temples, therefore, had to be constructed, which, in accordance with the policy of the hierarchy, were outwardly and ostensibly intended for the worship which obtained among the multitude in the time and country, but whose elaborate recesses and adyta must necessarily have been constructed by initiated adepts; and as almost all the great buildings of antiquity were temples, raised at a time when dwellings were constructed of so perishable a nature that few, if any, remains of them are now to be found, it naturally and necessarily followed that the names masons and architects became synonymous with adepts—the initiated or the like, and these old builders had, like ourselves, their signs and tokens of mutual recognition.

Such, my brethren, I believe to have been the origin of our Craft. It had no single fountain-head in any one country; but, like language itself, it arose and developed itself spontaneously in various places; and, in all, its distinctive characteristics were three in number.

1. Its members believed, but divulged not to others, their belief in God, the G.A.O.T.U., and in a future state.

2. They were all, more or less, conversant with the constructive arts, more especially with architecture.

3. They conducted all their proceedings in secret, and had private means of mutual recognition.

The ancient mysteries of Egypt, of India, of Greece, and of Rome were therefore, I believe, identical with Freemasonry. They were, it is true, at times polluted and prostituted, for no human institution is free from such a liability; but, nevertheless, in all times their essence, when divested of their temporary coating of sensuality or superstition, was the same, and this essential rallying point of them all was monotheism and a belief in a life beyond the grave.

The doctrine of the immortality of the soul was among them all, and in all countries taught and inculcated, not only directly but by legends and allegories, the doctrine remaining the same, while the legends and illustrations used to impress it on the mind of the candidates, have varied almost endlessly with time and place.

The rising and the setting of the sun, his departure from the northern hemisphere in winter and his summer return, the symbolical loss and recovery —or death, resurrection, and apotheosis—of various real or mythical heroes, have each and all been used for the purpose of symbolical instruction; and from no form of initiation in any country, from the most ancient times to the present day, has such instruction conveyed in such a manner ever been absent.

The writer I have mentioned would assign to our origin a date coincident with that of the erection of various noble edifices built for Christian worship in the middle ages, simply because he can trace no written record or mention of us as Freemasons beyond that time; but I maintain that when the pyramids of Egypt and its temples were erected, *we* were there; when the rock-hewn palaces and temples of India and Arabia were carved, we were there; and we were also the builders, not only of the Temple of Solomon, but of all the temples of Greece and Rome. In all these ancient countries we used the local religion itself, however superstitious or polluted, as a means to an end, making those of its votaries, who were fitted to receive the truth, use their own creed and its ceremonies, but as a step towards something more noble and more true.

The only ancient creed which openly and unreservedly proclaimed the one true God of the Freemasons was that of the Hebrews, although even these at times, like other men, polluted their religion with superstitions as gross as those of other countries. What wonder, then, that Hiram and his Masons should fraternise with those whom they found to be so much in advance of other nations at the time, or that the temple then raised should have exhibited a more elaborate design and a greater beauty than any other fane of ancient days. Is it not natural that enthusiastic Masons should lend to the work their utmost ability, and that the first temple ever erected avowedly and solely for the worship of the one true God should have drawn together, not only the persons, but the hearts and souls of men. What wonder, either, that its erection (coupled with the circumstances connected therewith) should have taken such a hold upon the imagination of the fraternity that it has ever since formed such an era in our traditions, that, together with its introduction into our ceremonies of legends not before in use, it has become a common belief that we date our birth from the building of King Solomon's Temple. I have already said that our ancient brethren always from the beginning inculcated the doctrine of the immortality of the soul by *some* legends or symbols; it matters little what such legends or symbols were, were they but appropriate, and fitted to make a lasting impression on the mind. Isis and Osiris, Noah, and others have at various times, from the commencement of the world till now, been made to illustrate this truth. Death, resurrection, and apotheosis have been ascribed to gods, demigods, and men by persons of all creeds and languages, but ever with the same object.

I think I have now said enough to let you see, my brethren, that my ideas of our origin and object are very different from those of the writer I have mentioned. While repudiating all obligation on the part of mankind to accept, or subscribe to, any religious dogmas whatever, our fraternity has ever held to the pith and marrow of true religion; and while so doing, and thereby trying to elevate and improve mankind, our skilled brethren have in all ages exemplified in stone the characteristic aspirations of the age in which they lived. In the infancy of our race, when the childlike hearts of men were filled with wonder and admiration at the tremendous power of the Almighty Architect, the cyclopean architecture of the time, emulating in some cases the mountains themselves in vastness, and in others the columnar structure of

Staffa and the Giant's Causeway, was a fitting illustration of the ideas which then filled the human mind. In our youth, when love and beauty held sway, did we not illustrate the fact by the inventions of Grecian architecture. In manhood did we not originate the forms of Gothic temples, whose interiors remind one of the vast solitudes of primæval forests, imitating in stone the stems of pinegroves closed in with leafy tracery, and calculated to awaken in early manhood that reverence and awe which result from the feeling that one is alone with his Creator. Does not this style also aptly illustrate the age of chivalry, when the proud but humble men, half Norman and half Teuton, subordinated all things first to faith, and then to honour, and made even their devotion to lady-love a part, and let me say, not unworthily, no insignificant part, of their devotion to their God.

Thus, my brethren, the Freemasons have for ages played no insignificant part in the history of mankind. In Archaic times we, quite unquestioned, took the lead; as ages rolled along our tenets became more widely spread. One nation, the Hebrews, and they alone, as a nation, accepted our theism; but they neglected much of our other teachings. The brotherhood of man—the doctrines of brotherly love, relief, and truth, in short what is summed up in the saying "Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you," as well as the doctrine of the immortality of the soul, were for ages rejected by many, if not by all, the Jewish people, while energetically inculcated by the leaders of eastern religions in India. Yet, among the more civilized communities of Greece and Rome we held ever increasing sway, until in their palmiest days no one with any pretensions to gentility could dare to confess himself one of the unitiated. The almost universality of initiation into the mysteries among all who pretended to respectability in the more enlightened days of Greece and Rome reduced in no degree the obligations of its recipients to secrecy, and the sentence of Socrates to death by hemlock is by many ascribed to his advanced ideas being considered, when publicly taught, as a revelation of the mysteries. Many of the Hebrew nation at a later period also were condemned to violent deaths upon a similar charge, merely because their national religion and policy, being a theocracy founded upon monotheism, came so near to the tenets of our ancient order as taught in initiation. So firm a hold had the principles inculcated in our ancient mysteries obtained upon the minds of men some 1800 years ago, that many, possibly the majority, of the Gentile converts to the christian religion looked upon it as merely an elaboration, simplification, or new phase of ancient initiation, so much so, that the very name of *the Mass* is but a corruption of a formula used equally by the old hierophants of our mysteries, and by the first Christian Priests, when the exoteric portion of their ceremonies was completed and the esoteric rites were about to commence: *Ite missa est*, that is to say, "Begone ye profane, ye are dismissed." I think, my brethren, that by this time you will believe with me that no human organization has ever held such sway, or had such a great effect upon the minds of the human race, as has our noble and ancient order. It is a pity that we see now-a-days so many gaining admission into our ranks who, without an inkling of our derivation or descent, and with but a very vague notion of our deepest and most permanent principles, go through life, and even attain to rank and office among us, with no other idea than that certain ceremonials, which to them have no signification, constitute our only distinction from other men. I shall be glad if what I have said should lead some of you to really study the matter and see whether my conclusions be without foundation; and still more shall I rejoice should it induce all of you to believe, as I do, that we constitute the oldest and most permanent depository of those great truths that I have mentioned; that, while creeds and politics may vary as they please, and sects and denominations multiply over the face of the earth, till bickerings, heartburnings and polemical disputes have become a disgrace to civilized men, we yet have a firm hold of the fundamental points

of the true religion, which teaches that the Lord our God is one God, is our God, our Father, our Creator, our King, our Judge; that he is all powerful, and all merciful, and all wise; that every son of Adam is to each one of us a brother worthy of our sympathy and entitled to our assistance, and that there is a life beyond the grave. While we hold to these our ancient tenets we need never fear that any true man, whatever creed he may profess, can with any truth accuse us of heresy, or, when he knows us, refuse us his adhesion; and at the same time when, as now, we find theologians disputing about the fashion of a garment or the colour of a vestment, "tithing mint, anise, and cummin, and forgetting the weightier matters of the law," we may rejoice that, accepting all reverent worshippers of the most High, we now stand as we have ever stood, as the upholders of truth against the attacks of atheism and materialism on the one hand, and the encroachments of Ultramontanism and intolerance on the other. All Glory to the most High.

SOME NOTES CONCERNING A DORMANT LODGE ON THE SCOTTISH BORDER.

BY W. FRED. VERNON, R.W.M. NO. 58, AND P.M. 261, S.C.

ONE sometimes comes across traces of Freemasonry which existed in out of the way places; and, having seen reference made in the minutes of the old lodge of Kelso, No. 58, to a lodge at Yetholm, we determined to make enquiry concerning this dormant lodge. For this purpose we made several excursions to the village, but for some time our labour was in vain. We could find out neither Mason nor anything Masonic, and we were even informed that there never had been a lodge in Yetholm. Knowing, however, that there *had* been a lodge there, and feeling sure that traces of it must exist in the district, we, although "baffled oft," did not despair of ultimate success in our research. We argued that although the brethren might all have been gathered to their fathers, their sons or some other relative might be alive who remembered their talking about Freemasonry; and even if we did not find out any such, we might find a diploma, or an apron, perhaps, that would lead to something else—perhaps to the paraphanalia, working tools, minute books, or even the charter of the lodge. Even supposing the whole of the lodge properties dispersed far and wide, we calculated that the charter would scarcely be wilfully destroyed, and, if it were not hanging framed in some cottage, it might be lying forgotten in some old closet or chest, where it had been deposited for safe keeping many years ago. Our enquiries were accordingly not abated, but were personally resumed as opportunity offered, and we have no doubt that we were often looked upon pityingly by some of the good folks of the village as one who had a want—which we decidedly had, but not in the sense they imagined—or as one who was troubled with "thick-coming fancies," or had a lost lodge on the brain. As we could not stay beyond a few hours in the village on each occasion of our visit, we got the assistance of a resident, Mr. George Dodds, who sometimes accompanied us in our search, and, in our absence, continued the enquiry. In fact, but for his kindly assistance we would have made little speed, for he knew everybody and everyone knew him; and, although he was at first dubious about the existence of the lodge, as he had never heard it mentioned, yet our anxiety and determination seemed to convince him, and he threw himself into the search with a zeal not only as if he had been an interested brother like myself, but as if he had been a born

Masonic antiquary, like Bros. Murray Lyon and Hughan; and he at last found traces of what we were in search of in the possession of an old widow, whose husband had been a Mason. Upon his communicating to us this intelligence we hurried up to Yetholm; but, alas! to be disappointed once more, for upon our arrival we found that the old lady in whose possession the documents had been had departed this life the evening previous. Leaving instructions that any papers with writing on, or any articles of a Masonic character, were to be carefully put aside after the funeral, we awaited the course of events. Some few days afterwards we received a parcel containing two thin folio books, containing the laws and a list of "Members belonging to the Lodge from its first beginning in the year of our Lord 1745," together with the charter granted to the "Beaumont Lodge, Yetholm, No. 237," on the 7th of May, 1810.

Before proceeding further with the slight sketch of this lodge—for the sketch must be slight, as the materials we have to work upon are very meagre—we think a short description of Yetholm will not be out of place. The town of Yetholm is divided into two villages—Kirk Yetholm and Town Yetholm. The former, on the right or east bank of the river Beaumont, is the more ancient, being the original village. Mention is made of the church as far back as 1233; while Town Yetholm, which is situated on the north of the beautiful valley watered by the Beaumont, although now the more important portion of the town, is much more modern, no mention of it being known before the sixteenth century. The two portions are at some little distance from each other, the river which runs between them being spanned by a bridge erected in 1836. Kirk Yetholm stands on the right bank of the Beaumont, on the base of one of the Cheviot Hills. It has long been the head-quarters of several gipsy tribes. In the days when they were persecuted and driven from county to county, the village of Yetholm being situated close on the Border, and in the immediate neighbourhood of the Cheviot mountains, amongst the fastnesses of which they could seek shelter, this place was admirably adapted as a safe place of abode. As Jeffrey, in his history of Roxburghshire, says—"On the executors of the law of either kingdom attempting to enforce obedience to the statutes, it was easy for the Gipsies to retire across the ideal line to the friendly side, or penetrate the recesses of the Cheviot mountains, in which they might mock the utmost efforts of their pursuers. In these wilds they could have no difficulty in procuring provisions from the numerous herds of deer and other animals with which these mountains then abounded. Following the range of the Cheviot Fells, they could make incursions into the very heart of Northumberland, and, under cover of the same wilds, they might travel to the west seas." The king was usually chosen from the strongest tribe; and the Faa's, a well-known name on the Border, being a very powerful tribe, supplied more than one soverign to the gipsies here. This tribe is extinct, and the throne is now occupied by Esther Faa Blythe, a descendant of the Faa's in the female line. Queen Esther receives visitors at her "palace," Kirk Yetholm. The principal attractions about Yetholm are the pure air, the abundant streams for fishing, and the beauty of the scenery, which is very varied, ranging from the quite pastoral beauty of the valleys to the wild and romantic scenery of the hills. Our worthy secretary, Lodge 58, Bro. H. W. Thomson, thus sweetly sings of Yetholm in his "Emigrant to Teviotdale:"—

"The daisied bank whereon I lay
And planned my boyish hopes—
Watching the cattle, red and white,
Upon the Cheviot slopes.

"The Beaumont hurrying from its source
Among the mountain rills,
And spreading down the valley past
Sweet Yetholm on the hills."

Yetholm is situated just a pleasant walking distance from Kelso, being but seven-and-a-half miles distant, and for the benefit of those who are unable to "drive their own pair" there is a daily public conveyance between the two places.

To return to the old lodge. The older minute book (if minute book it can be called, seeing it contains no regular minutes) has, in addition to the laws, lists of the various members, with the dates of their initiation, etc. The second book contains the laws as revised on the 27th of December, 1811, a register of members, with their marks, who subscribed to the laws, and a list of the members, with the date of their entry, down to the close of the lodge. The meetings seem to have been held pretty regularly until 1820, but from the 28th of December of that year until the 27th of December, 1833, which is the last meeting recorded, there does not seem to have been any meetings held.

We copy the title page, laws, and other extracts *verbatim*. The following is the title page :—

"THE BOOK.

CONTAINING THE LAWS FOR REGULATION

THE LODGE.

Also

THE NAMES OF ALL THE MEMBERS BELONGING TO THE LODGE, FROM ITS FIRST BEGINNING

In the year of our Lord, 1745. *January 3rd day was a constitute Lodge of free Masons, meet then, at Town Yetholme. The names of the Brethren who constitute this Lodge that day.*

Was. ALEXANDER BAILLIE, Gentleman, Master.
PATRICK MURRAY, of Cherrytrees, Esq.
HENRY DAVIDSON, in Mowhaugh.
WILL. DAVIDSON, Kirk Yetholme.
JOHN YOUNG, in Belfoord.
WILLIAM KERR, Toun Yetholme."

On the next leaf are the laws as follows :—

"THE LAWS OF THE LODGE.

first Article — All the Fellows of the Lodge is to meet at Toun Yetholme, on St. John's Day, to Dine with the Master of the Lodge. Wherever the Lodge is kept, and if any Member is absent, that Day unless a sufficient excuse he is liable to a fine not exceeding one pound Scotts money.

Second Article — Every one must that Day appear with a white apron, and Clean White Gloves, or forfeit one shilling sterling.

3rd Article — If any member is absent three years successively he thereby Deprives himself of the benefitt of the Lodge, and cannot then claim, any interest thereto unless upon conditions that the Lodge is pleased with, and then he may be admitted again.

4th Article — Any member that is guilty of any malverss wheather by word or deed shall be lyable to the censure of the Lodge and if he will not submitt thereto shall be extruded the Lodge and not received again unless owning his fault, and giving satisfaction to the Lodge for his misdemeanour.

5th Article — All Differences that may happen in the Lodge shall be agreed, by the majority of Votes. The Master being Preses. who having two votes, in case of Equality in Votes.

6th Article — Every Member is to pay threepence sterling each quarter of the Year, to the Treasurer, no member must be dyficient of his quarter payment, more than a year, or else he obliges himself to pay threepence sterl. for Defficiency.

7th Article — The Masters and others officers belonging to the Lodge, is to be chosen every two Years. On St. John's Day by votes, and must serve the Lodge acording to the office designed them.

8th Article — A general meeting of the Fellows of the Lodge shall be kept at Toun Yetholm the Second Wednesday of December Yearly, to order everything necessary for the use of the Lodge on St. John's Day.

9th Article — Every one that is made a free Mason, is to pay the sum of Ten Shillings sterling, to be disposed of as the Lodge pleases, and to cloath the Lodge, with white Gloves, as ordinary.

10th Article — Any one that is made a Mason, is to pay the Sum of Five shillings sterling for the use of the Lodge.

11th Article — If any stranger desires to be made a free Mason at any time the Master may conveen as many as he pleases and enter any they paying the ordinary stated Sum, to be applyed for the use of the Lodge.

12th Article — These former Articles, We, the present Members of the Lodge, have all agreed too, to be rules for the government of the Lodge, and that ever article is to continue in force until the Lodge finds it necessary for altering, or breaking, any, of them. It being aways in the power of the Lodge to Dissolve, or enact, Laws, as they see fit, for the good of the Lodge and ordered them to be writen in the Book for the preservation, and subscribed by John Walker present Master of the Lodge, in the Year one Thousand Seven Hundred and forty Six Years. written by him and Subscribed for Confirmation

(Signed) JOHN WALKER.

13th Article — The first quarterly payment falls Due on the last Wednesday of March. The Second quarterly payment falls due, the last Wednesday of June. The third quarterly payment falls Due the last Wednesday of September. The fourth or last quarterly payment on St. John's Day, which if not payed all, then, are fined according to the 6th Article.

14th Article — According to the 12th Act, it is left in the power of the Lodge, to enack, or break Laws, as they see proper, for the good of the Lodge. it is therefore understood that any Alterations, or Additions of the Laws, is to be offered or made, by the Brethren, that are in the H—— O—— of Masonry, none of the J—— D—— is to have a vote in anything, that makes an new act unless the S—— O—— sees proper, but as in the Government of all Societys as well as in this the Laws that are at first Made for Government may be defective, or bear one or more Interpretations, the Brethren of an J—— O—— both aright to give their judment, on any act of the Laws, or in anything that is to make a new Act, or in the Altering of any Old Act, it not being in the power of the H—— O—— to make or alter Laws *without the knowledge of the whole Lodge.*

15th Article — No Act of the Lodge is to be a stated Law till inserted in this Book, and this Book with other utensils belonging to the Lodge, is to be Kept in the Masons Box, and whoever is Grand Master is to keep the Key of the Box, and to make the box and Key forthcoming to the Lodge when called for, and he who is chosen Collector to have the Key of the Inner box, and to be accountable to the Lodge for what Money he Collects, once a year if demanded by the Lodge.

16th Article — That in case the Master with the rest of the officers of the Lodge, should see fit to call the Lodge together at any time it is necessary to have, one, to warn all the Lodge, if such a meeting be necessary, who is to be chosen by votes, as the other officers are, and must not refuse to officiate when duly chosen but in regard of his trouble, because of some of the members of the Lodge having at a distance, he is therefore to be free'd of his quarterly payment for his pains, upon his discharging his office peaceblely.

17th Article — It is appointed that Seven Members of the Lodge or any number above, but not below, *must attend the quartely meeting which must meet* on the last Wednesday of the mouths, as in the 13th Act whose office it is to inspect The Treasurers Books, and see that all Bills be right Drawn and see whatever is for the good of the Lodge. They are to be chosen yearly on St. John's Day but not by votes. The G—M and W—S having the sole power of nominating, any they please, and if any of the number, of the Quarterly Meeting be absent from their days of meeting the presents has a power to fine them not exceeding threepence Sterling, but if the absent thinks, he has a lawfull excuse, and the meeting should still fine him, he may appeal to the first Grand meeting thereafter."

At the very outset we find the lodge meeting with misfortune, for a little more than a year after its formation two of the original members died, as is quaintly recorded in the following entry :—

"The Lodge having on St. John's Day 1745 chosen John Walker to be G. Master of the Lodge. Likewise ordered Him to get a Book wherein He should write all the Acts and what else was necessary for the use and government of the Lodge, as was agreed on that Day, and that this Book should be subscribed by every Fellow of the Lodge the next St. John's Day, which He did, and gave it into the Lodge but in the Spring Quarter 1746 Dyed (greatly Lamented by the Lodge)

Allexander Baillie, Belford
Patrick Murray of Cherrytrees Esq.
Both of the number of the first founders of this Lodge
And on St. John's Day 1746
This Book was begun to be subscribed by the
Society of free masons, And these are the Brethren's
Subscriptions following, with their ——— following their names."

There are nine signatures with marks appended upon this page; upon the next are eight, and upon the next five, in all twenty-two signatures; but these did not constitute the whole of the members at that date, as about the middle of the book we find a register as follows:—"From This Part is a List of all the Brethren belonging to the Lodge from its first beginning, viz., on January 3rd, 1745, with an account of the day and the year of their being admitted into the Society of Free Masons;" and we find that in December, 1746, there were twenty-six members, and up to the end of the century there were entered altogether eighty-seven members. Deducting the names of the two brethren deceased, there ought to have been twenty-four members subscribing the book on St. John's Day, 1746.

The following is a specimen of the official list of members:—

1746		The names of all members belonging to the Lodge
These Six Brothers meet at Yetholme *January 3rd* 1745 and that Day	j	*Alexander Baillie, Belfoord* Dyed February 1746
	2	Patrick Murray of Cherrytrees Esq. Dyed March 1746
	3	Henry Davidson in Mowhaugh
	4	William Davidson Kirk Yetholme
	5	John Young in Belfoord
	6	William Kerr in Yetholme
These Three were made free Masons and That Day	7	John Walker Toun Yeltholme
	8	Robert Kerr Toun Yeltholme
	9	James Walker Hayhope
These Three being Masons before but not incorporated with any Lodge joined this Lodge also	j0	Thomas Jordan Toun Yelthome
	ii	Walter Davidson Kirk Yetholme
	i2	Robert Jordan Toun Yetholme
These Two was made free Masons on Fastern's Even* 1745.	i3	William Walker Halterburn
	i4	William Alexander Lintoun

It will be seen by the above that the lodge was first formed by six brethren, who were joined by three others at the first meeting, when three candidates were made Masons. There were other two initiations or making in 1745, and ten the year following; in 1747 there were four entered, and five in 1748, the number of meetings in each year being four. Further on we come to another

* Fastern's Even or Shrove Tuesday, a day still celebrated in many towns and villages on the Borders by foot and hand ball matches; "Bá day" as it is often called. In Melrose and Jedburgh the game is played in the principal streets, and for the protection of their windows the shopkeepers have to put up their shutters. Every village urchin can tell when Fastern's E'en or "Bá day" comes by the following rhyme:—

"First comes Candlemas,
Then the new moon,
The first Tuesday after
Is Fastern's E'en."

division of the book, with a title as follows :—"This Part contains The names of all the Brethren who is admitted into the H—— O—— of Masonry, with an account of the Day and the year of their being admitted into this H—— D—— of M——, their names being Inrolled according to their Seniority in this D—— of M——."

This list must refer to the Master's degree, as the letters H—— O——, S—— O——, and S—— D—— in the following extract evidently means Holy Order, Sublime Order, and Sublime Degree. It will be seen that in those days candidates were not hurried through the different degrees in one night. Compare the dates in the following with the dates in the previous extract:—

1746		The names of all members in the —— of M— according to their Seniority in this H— O— of M—— belonging to the Lodge.
These being the Founders of this Lodge and being old masons cannot remember the time of their being admitted into This H—— O—— of M—— But	j	Alexander Baillie Belford Dyed February 1746
	2	*Patrick Murray of Cherrytrees Esq. Died March 1746*
	3	Henry Davidsone in Mowhaugh
	4	William Davidsone Kirk Yetholme
	5	John Young Belfoord
These four entered to this H—— O—— at the first beginning of this Lodge viz. on January 3d 1745 and	6	John Walker Yetholme
	7	William Kerr Yetholme
	8	Thomas Jerdon Yetholme
	9	Walter Davidson Kirk Yetholme
These three entered to this S—— O—— of M—— on fastern's even 1745 and	i0	James Walker Hayhope
	ii	Robert Kerr Yetholme
	i2	Robert Jordan Yetholme
This one entered the S—— D—— of M—— on ye first Wednesday of February 1746	j3	William Walker Halterburn

The records in this book close with the year 1810, and the new book, which is arranged upon the very same plan as the above, a brief entry of names and dates, has at the beginning a revised code of laws dated December 27th, 1811, in the main similar to the old laws. There is a new one of later date, however, which runs as follows :—"According to the Resolution of the Lodge on March 31st, 1813, it is agreed, according to the order of the Grand Lodge of Scotland, that the fees of entrance into the Lodge for future shall be one pound four shillings sterling, and fees for raising thirteen shillings sterling, which is to take place on every member entered and raised after the above mentioned date." The last date of an entry is December 27th, 1822, the candidate being James Dodds, mason, Yetholm, and appended to his name the note "*January 25th, 1825, entered in the Grand Lodge Book.*" Turning to the end of the book we find the following "Register of Raisings :" "The Charter was obtained May 7th, 1810, and the Members dated before that time are those who purchased it," by which we are able to note that there were eighteen Master Masons in the Lodge at the time of obtaining the charter, and the latest date in the Register of Raisings is December 27th, 1833, when Robert Gibson, joiner, Yetholm, who was entered, as we find in the list of entrants, November 30th, 1819, was "passed to the H—— O—— of Masonry." This must have been the last act of the lodge according to the books now in our possession. Besides the charter, which is signed by the Hon. William Maule, M.P.* (Acting

* First Lord Panmure.

Grand Master), William Inglis (Acting Substitute Grand Master), and others, the only other document connected with this lodge is a printed certificate, with blanks to fill up, of which the following is a copy:—

"CERTIFICATE.

In the East there is Light where peace and silence reign, and the Light shineth in the Darkness, and the Darkness comprehendeth it not.

We the Right Worshipful the Master and Wardens of the BEAUMONT LODGE, Yetholm, do hereby certify to all men enlightened, that Brother regularly entered an apprentice, passed Fellow Craft, and as a diligence due to his zeal and capacity, have given unto him the Sublime Degree of Master, and as such have admitted him into our most mysterious and secret work, and as such we recommend him to all our Brethren, properly constituted throughout the Globe.

Given at the Beaumont Lodge, Yetholm, on the Registry of Scotland, No. 302, under our Hand and Seal, this day of in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and and of Masonry five thousand eight hundred and

Master.
Secretary Senior Warden.
Junior Warden."

The above notes comprehend all we have been able to learn about this lodge. What has become of the box and other articles belonging to the lodge we know not; we are afraid they are irrecoverable, but the articles we have in our possession will remain in safe keeping, to be handed over to the *Beaumont Lodge* should any brethren at any time desire to resuscitate it.

BEATRICE.

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

CHAPTER XIII.

MR. Miller had for some time past been an assiduous visitor at Mrs. Mortimer's, where his platitudes and his attentions seemed to be well received, at any rate by the widow, and if Beatrice did not appear much to care either for his honeyed words or tender smiles, Mrs. Mortimer herself did duty for both, and soon both mamma and daughter rolled into one. Indeed, Twamley suggested that if Mrs. Mortimer would take compassion on Mr. Miller it might soothe him under a great disappointment, and as this was cordially received at an afternoon tea, when much nonsense was, as usual, spoken, with an arch look from Beatrice and a merry laugh from Agnes Miller, it became to be "within de possibilities of de future," as Brummer liked to put it. Beatrice, in the meantime, pursued the "even tenour" of her "way," which was about as good a "way" as I know anywhere and under any circumstances to be pursued by any mere mortal living amid the pages and the mazes of this sublunary scene. If to be always kind and considerate, genial and gentle, pleasant to all, but specially pleasant to one, then did that gay and goodly maiden well merit the admiration of all who knew her, who saw her graceful form, watched her cheery smile, admired her rippling hair, or were fascinated by her agreeable words. Of course, my dear Mrs. Potterby, you will see I must have been a lover to describe such a "paragon of perfection," as Mrs. Granley told the Archdeacon a certain Grace Crawley was. Perhaps I was, but what then? Is there any punishment for admiration? Is there any impropriety in "tendresse"? I hope not. I am aware that some people

think all such subjects utter trash, fit only for sublimated geese and ganders; but what a sorry world this would be, after all, without love. Remember, love is one thing, matrimony another; and "fore George, sir," as Captain Lacey liked to say, "a very different thing," "very, yes, my dear, very." It is not always the people who fall in love, or even who love each other, who get married, or "marry themselves," as an Irishmen put it. No, love is like a game at blind-man's-buff, or "Spillekins;" we do not always get the right man or the right woman. Years ago, at a famous church, some twelve couples came to be married, and after the ceremony was over, the intelligent curate said in a silvery voice, "Sort yourselves, good people." "If you please, sir," said one unfortunate and timid young man, "you have married me to the wrong woman." "Very sorry indeed, my good man," replied the affable curate, "but it is too late now, it can't be remedied; and after all," he added, philosophically, "it does not much matter, I should think."

I do not vouch for the truth of this story. It is a legend, a pious one, and believed in by many who know and love the old church where the scene is placed.

Marriage, in my opinion, is thus ever marked and marred by the strange contradictions of life. The most unlikely and the most unsuitable people get joined to each other for any or no imaginable reason, and I need not add how striking are often the contrasts of content and uneasiness, joy and sorrow, harmony and discord in the married life, so much so as to make many old bachelors, like "old Tom Quince," immortalized by Praed, pride themselves and boast of their single freedom, tranquility, and blessedness. How often does it happen that people who ought to have married each other do not, and either get married to another, and lament their hard lot, or else go on moping and wretched to the end of their career. One recipe for matrimony I beg to offer, for happy matrimony—never "throw a chance away," and when your "dear deceiver," your own adored Jezabel, is in the "take me while I'm in the humour" style, take her, my boy, and be happy with her.

Some people are proverbial for never knowing their own minds or making them up, and more happy unions are hindered for want of a little goodly decision than some folks are aware of. I do not know anything happier than a well assorted marriage. I know nothing more miserable on this earth of ours than a couple not meant for each other, a couple with nothing in common but the chance coupling of an infelicitous union, which has bound in adamantine chains those who hardly know their own minds, know less of one another, and who positively on both sides preferred someone else.

How often does it happen that you throw away a chance, and then you meet him or her once so much admired, cherished, valued, but now severed by matrimony for someone else from you for ever here, and you say to yourself, "I have made a mistake, a great, a great mistake!" Oh, regret *too late!* Oh, sorrow unavailing!

I have travelled so far on this little journey of "love" that I leave but little space, I fear, for anything else, whether sentiment or any other emotion; and as I do not want to get "mixed up," I think it well to conclude this chapter with, I fear, the trite remark, that marriage is a "lottery" with "one prize," but "very many blanks."

I trust that my readers will appreciate duly the little "homily" I have read to them on a "much worn subject," and if they do not agree with all I profess or propound, if they like neither my views, nor my illustrations, nor my moral, well, I shall not quarrel with them for disagreeing with me, but shall be quite willing to own that they are in the right in their views of this recondite and delicate subject, and that I am utterly and decidedly wrong.

(To be continued.)

ODE SACREÉ A L'ETERNEL.

PAR FR. PROF. DUFLOS.

ETRE infini que l'homme adore,
Qu'il sent et ne peut concevoir ;
Soleil sans dèclin, sans aurore,
Que l'esprit seul fait entrevoir,
De ton immortelle lumière,
J'ose, du sein de la poussière,
Contempler tes traits ravissants ;
Agrandis, élève mon âme,
Et qu'un pur rayon de ta flamme,
Anime, échauffe mes accents.

Qui *peut sonder ton origine ;*
Des temps, tu précédas le cours ;
Par toi-même, essence divine !
Tu fus et tu seras toujours.
Quand des ans tout subit l'outrage,
Sur l'abîme on rien ne surnage,
Tu demeures fixe et constant ;
Et *dans la marche mesurée,*
Tous les siècles à ta durée ;
N'ajoutent pas un seul instant.

Auteur de tout ce qui respire,
Tout est plein de ta majesté ;
Point de limite à ton empire,
Ton empire est l'immensité.
D'un seul regard ton œil embrasse
Le vaste océan de l'espace,
Trop borné pour le contenir ;
Et devant elle la pensée,
Au-delà des temps élancée,
Fait comparaître l'avenir.

Dans ton sein le germe de l'être,
Dormait de toute éternité ;
Et l'Univers entier pour naître,
N'attendrait que la volonté.
Tu dis, et le flambeau du monde,
Chassant l'obscurité profonde,
Commença le cours des saisons ;
Ton souffle animant la matière,
Sur sa masse informe et grossière,
Versa les fleurs et les moissons.

Tu dis au ver caché sous l'herbe :
" Sois obscur, ramper est ta loi ; "
Au *lion farouche et superbe :*
" Des déserts tu seras le roi ; "
A l'aigle : " L'air est ton domaine,
Que de ton aile souveraine,
L'audace etonne les humains ; "
Tu dis à l'homme ton image :
" La raison, voila ton partage,
Sois le chef-d'œuvre de mes mains."

SACRED ODE TO THE ETERNAL.

Bro. Prof. Louis Duflos.

[Bro. L. Duflos has been one of the teachers in the Masonic Girls' School, Dublin, for the last eighteen years.—Ed.]

INFINITE Being whom man adores,
Whom he feels, but cannot comprehend;
Sun without rise or fall,
Of whom the soul alone can have a glimpse;
I dare contemplate, from the bosom of the dust,
Thy radiant countenance;
Enlarge and elevate my soul,
And grant that one pure ray of Thy flame
May animate and enkindle my tongue.

Who is there can fathom Thy source;
Thou didst precede the course of time;
Essence divine! alone Thou wast;
Alone Thou wilt for ever be!
When all time shall cease,
Unchanged and constant
Over the abyss where nothing else survives
Thou wilt remain;
And in their measured course
All ages add to Thy existence not an instant more.

Author of all that breathes,
Full of Thy majesty is everything;
Without bound or limit is Thy empire,
Thy kingdom is immensity.
Thy single glance at once embraces
The vast ocean of extended space,
Yet all too limited to contain Thee;
And before which Thy thought,
Darted beyond all time,
Brings into view the future.

The germ of being in Thy bosom
Slept from all eternity;
And the whole Universe to spring into existence
Awaited but Thy will.
Thou spoke, and the world's *flaming torch*,
Chasing the deep obscurity,
Commenced the season's course;
Thy breath given life to matter,
Shed over its rude and shapeless form
Harvests and flowers.

To the poor worm hid in the grass Thou saidst:
"Be thou obscure and creep; such is thy law;"
To the lion fierce and majestic:
"Of the deserts thou shall be king;"
Then, to the eagle, thus:
"The air is thy domain;
Let the bold daring of thy royal wing astonish man;"
Thou said'st to man, Thy image:
"Reason is thy portion,
Of My hands be thou the master-piece."

Quand du soleil, l'avant-courrière,
Au monde annonce la clarté ;
Je vois, dans sa douce lumière,
Le sourire de ta bonté.
A l'aspect du jour, la nature,
M'offre, dans sa riche parure,
De ses dons l'éclat somptueux ;
Et dans l'ombre de la nuit même,
Brille à mes yeux le diadème,
Qui ceint ton front majestueux.

Cessez de créer des fantômes,
Mortels aveugles et pervers ;
Qui, combinant de vains atômes
Osez expliquer l'Univers.
Me direz-vous en quelle source,
L'astre du jour, ouvrant sa course,
De ses feux puisa les torrents ?
Quel pouvoir lin marqua sa route ?
Quel bras à la celeste voûte,
Suspendit ces mondes errants ?

De l'infini sonde l'abîme,
Athée, esprit audacieux ;
Prends ton essor, d'un vol sublime,
Parcours l'immensité des Cieux.
Interroge au sein de l'espace,
Ces corps radieux dont la masse
Roule dans un cerile enflammé ;
Qu'ils parlent ! mais pour te confondre,
A ces témoins peux-tu répondre :
C'est un Dieu qu'ils ont proclamé.

Oui, d'une cause universelle,
Partout éclatent les effets ;
Partout, Providence éternelle,
Tu te montres dans tes bienfaits.
Qui pourrait nier ta puissance ?
De toi découle l'existence,
Le néant conçut à ta voix ;
Au-dessus des Cieux et des âges,
Tranquille ; tu vois tes ouvrages
Suivre tes immuables lois.

Ma gloire est d'invoquer ton Etre,
Et mon bonheur de te bénir ;
Si je suis né pour te connaître,
Que suis-je pour te définir ?
En vain, l'intelligence humaine,
De sa lueur pâle, incertaine,
S'efforcerait de m'célairer ;
A mon cœur tu te fais entendre,
Qu'ai-je besoin de te comprendre,
Quand tout me dit de t'adorer.

When early morn, harbinger of the sun,
Announces to the world his coming light,
I see, in its soft down,
The smile of Thy beneficence.
At day's bright aspect,
Nature, in her rich attire,
Presents the sumptuous splendour of her gifts;
And even in shadowy night,
The diadem encircling Thy majestic brow,
Glitters before my eyes.

Mortals, perverse and blind,
Cease to create idle conceits;
And, essaying to combine vain atoms,
Dare to explain the universe;
Say, can you tell the source
From whence the morning star, commencing his career,
Derived the torrents of his flame?
What power marked out his course?
What arm suspended from the celestial vault
Those whirling spheres?

Atheist, audacious spirit,
Fathom the depths of the infinity;
Take thy flight on lofty wing,
And traverse heaven's immensity;
In the gulf of space
Interrogate the radiant orbs
Whose masses roll in fiery circle round
To confound thee. Let them speak.
To these witnesses canst thou reply?
It is a God whom they proclaim.

Yes, of one universal cause,
In every part the evidence shines forth;
Eternal Providence, every where
Thou showest Thyself in Thy bounties.
Who can deny Thy power?
From Thee flows life perpetual;
Chaos itself conceived at Thy voice;
Tranquil above the heavens
Thou seest Thy works
Follow their laws immutable.

It is my glory to invoke Thy name,
And my happiness to bless Thee:
If I am formed to know Thee,
What am I that I should define Thee?
In vain may human reason,
With its pale, uncertain light,
Try to enlighten me;
In my heart Thou makest Thyself felt.
Why need I comprehend Thee,
When all things tell me to adore.

MASONIC AND ANTI-MASONIC PROCESSIONS, CARICATURES, ETC.

BY BRO. JACOB NORTON.

GUILD processions during the Middle Ages were common both in England and on the continent. A guild usually turned out on its own patron saint's day, but in some places all the guilds would parade the streets on the Baptist's day. The Reformation in a measure destroyed faith in saint patronage. Thus, the goldsmiths in London, after the death of Henry VIII., broke up the image of their patron saint, and destroyed their great cup with an image of the same saint on the top. From that time, with the exception of the Lord Mayor's show, guild processions ceased altogether. After our *so-called* "Masonic revival," public Masonic processions were revived—*the only revival of an old custom*, as far as I know, which the new Grand Lodge effected, *and a very foolish revival it was*. From 1721 to 1728, both inclusive, the Masonic processions and grand feasts were held either on the Baptist's or on the Evangelist's day, but afterwards saint day processions were discontinued. The annual feast and procession, as long as processions continued, varied between January 30th and May 2nd.

In 1721 the brethren marched on *foot* from the Queen's Arms to Stationers' Hall. In 1728 *coaches* were added to the show. In 1730 *chariots* as well as coaches *processioned*. In 1734 a band of music, consisting of trumpeters, kettle-drummers, French *horners*, and *hautboysers* enlivened the brethren while marching. In 1739, instead of *one* band they had "three sets of music;" how many more sets of music would ultimately have been required for a Masonic procession no one knows, but the following four Masonic processions were disturbed by burlesque procession, about which more will be said hereafter. These four processions took place March 19th, 1741; April 27th, 1742; May 2nd, 1744; and April 18th, 1745.

"From hence in *leather aprons* drest,
With tinsel *ribbon* on their breast,
In pompous order marched the train.
First *two*, then *three*, then two again,
As through the street they passed along,
All *kinds* of *music* led the throng:
Trumpets and kettle drums were there,
And *horns*, too, in the *front* appear.
* * * * *
Girls left their needle, boys their book,
And crowded in the street to look;
And if from laughing we guess right,
They were much pleased with the sight.

The above satire was provoked by a Masonic procession in Boston, U.S.A., in 1739. Another poem of the same style was published by the same author in 1750 or 1751; but satirical poetry did not stop Masons from making a public display of themselves. It required no less than four mock Masonic processions in London ere the brethren became sensible that their revival of Masonic processions was foolish.

The first Masonic opposition manifested itself by the formation of the "Gormagon Order," which, according to Dr. Mackey, was in 1724. The said order came from China. Confucius seems to have been its founder; the chief officer was called the "Grand Volgi." The said order, by command of the Volgi, was frequently advertised between October 26th, 1728, and 1730. The nature of the advertisements I do not know; it is probable, however, as the

said order seems to have originated either in imitation of Freemasonry, or may be to burlesque it, that the Gormagons may also have made public parades. In Henry Carey's poems, printed in 1729, we have the first satire against Masons, combined with the Gormagons.*

"The Masons and Gormagons
Are laughing at one another,
While all mankind are laughing at them;
Then why do they make such pother?

"They bait their hooks for simple gulls,
And truth with bam they smother;
But when they've taken in their gulls,
Why then! 'tis—welcome brother."

Hogarth seems to have seized the opportunity of making a penny out of the Gormagons. In Nichols and Stevens' edition of Hogarth, printed in London in 1810, I found a caricature, and underneath was printed, "The mystery of Masonry brought to light by the Gormagons," and it is stated that the following lines were also printed on the plate:—

"From Eastern climes transplanted to our coasts,
Two oldest orders that creation boasts
Here meet in miniature, exposed to view,
That by their conduct men may judge their due.

"The Gormagons, a venerable race,
Appear distinguished with peculiar grace.
What honor, wisdom, truth, and social love;
Sure such order had its birth above.

"But mark, Freemasons, what a farce is this!
How wild their mystery! what a bum they kiss!
Who would not laugh who such occasions had?
Who would not weep to think the world so mad?"

The editors of the Hogarth before me admit that the year when that caricature was engraved is unknown, but they intimate that it probably appeared about the year 1742, memorable for the anti-Masonic caricatures exhibiting the Masons and "Scald Masons" in front of the Somerset House. As this is a mere conjecture I beg leave to differ from the opinion of the said editors. The caricature may be divided into three groups; first, a musician seated on the ground, and four Gormagon dignitaries (Confucius is one of them). One of these holds in his hand the *moon*, another the *sun*, the third wears a breastplate with a goose engraved thereon, and Confucius has a long beard reaching his knees. The second group is *indelicate*, but I shall describe it the best way I can. It consists of a donkey, on which a woman is squatted; her indelicate part behind is bare, and spotted with beauty spots; a ladder, with a dozen or more staves, is also placed across the back of the donkey, and at the back of the woman a man, dressed in a tunic, has his head poked through between the staves of the latter, and his mouth in close contiguity to the *beauty spots*; to this the doggrel refers, "What a *bum* they kiss." The third group is a man and woman laughing. There are some other things on it, but they need not be described. Now, with the exception of the *sun* and *moon*, which are certainly appropriate symbols for a Chinese order, whose emperor is a descendant from the sun and moon, there is not a solitary Masonic emblem then in use among Masons on the said caricature. The ladder was not made into a Masonic symbol till about forty years after 1742. Now, if the said caricature had been engraved in 1742, and was designed to ridicule the Freemasons, surely something unmistakingly *Masonic* would have formed a prominent part thereon. If the figure with his mouth close to the *beauty spots* had been designed to represent a Freemason, Hogarth would have invested it with some kind of a Masonic insignia. But, as already stated, there is

* Carey was the author of "God Save the King," and of "Sally in our Alley," etc.

nothing on the picture to indicate Masonry; besides which, the Gormagons probably collapsed soon after 1730. There is certainly no mention made of their being advertised after the above year. Why, then, should Hogarth have engraved a Gormagon caricature in 1742? It is my opinion, therefore, that the plate was originally designed as a Gormagon caricature in 1730, or thereabouts; that, after the disappearance of the Gormagons, the plate naturally became dead property; but when a rage was created in 1742 for anti-Masonic caricatures, the inscription under the plate and the poetry were added. In short, this *Masonising* of the Gormagon caricature (if my theory should be right) may in future be numbered among the "tricks in trade." I shall only add that the editors admit that the plate had been tinkered; that in the earlier plate was mentioned the name of Sayers, for whom it was engraved, and in the later copies that name was omitted. The plate seems also to have changed owners, all which tends to strengthen my suspicion that the *Masonisation* of the caricature was an afterthought.

Until I saw the edition of Hogarth before me, I knew of but two anti-Masonic caricatures. One of these was designated as a "Geomatrical Procession of the Grand Miserable Masons, as they were drawn up over against the Somerset House, in the Strand, on the 27th of April, 1742. Engraved by A. Benoist." The other (a copy of which can be seen in Hone's Every Day Book, vol. ii.,) has the following inscription:—

"The solemn and stately procession of the Scald Miserable Masons, as it was martialled on Tuesday, the 18th of this instant, April."

Mr. Hone remarked that the year when the above plate was published was unascertainable, but certain pecularities in the mode of printing, etc., led him to suppose that it was printed some years before 1742. I have, however, ascertained that in 1745 the 18th of April was on Thursday, and that on that day the Grand Lodge had its *last* public procession.* The inference thereof is, that the above plate commemorates a procession of the miserable Masons in 1745.

From this edition of Hogarth I learn that the public newspapers noticed some of those processions, and the dates correspond with the dates of the Masonic feasts and processions, as stated in Masonic constitutions. Thus the Masons turned out on the 19th of March, 1741, and the *London Daily Post* of the 20th has the following notice:—

"Yesterday some mock Freemasons marched through Pall Mall and the Strand as far as Temple Bar in procession. First, went fellows on jackasses, with cowhorns in their hands; then a kettle-drummer on a jackass, having two butter firkins for kettle drums. Then followed two carts, drawn by jackasses, having in them the stewards with several badges of their Order. Then came a mourning coach, drawn by six horses, each of a different colour and size, in which were seated the Grand Master and Wardens, the whole attended by a vast mob. They stayed without Temple Bar till the Masons came by, and paid their compliments to them, who returned the same with agreeable humour that possibly disappointed the witty contriver of the mock scene." Again—

"April 28th, 1742. Yesterday being the annual feast of the ancient and honorable society of Freemasons, they made a grand procession—from Brook Street to Haberdasher's Hall—where an elegant entertainment was provided, and the evening was concluded with that harmony and decency peculiar to that society. But some time before the society began their cavalcade a number of shoe blacks, chimney sweeps, etc., on foot and in carts, with ridiculous pageants carried before them, went in procession to Temple Bar by way of jest to the Freemasons, at the expense, as we learn, of one hundred pound sterling, which occasioned a great deal of diversion." And still again—

* In 1747 the G.L. unanimously prohibited public Masonic processions.

"May 3rd, 1744. Yesterday several of the mock Masons were taken up by the constable empowered to impress men for his Majesty's service, and were confined till they can be examined before justices."

The mock procession of 1745 being already demonstrated, it therefore proves the tenacity of Masons in clinging to old nonsensical customs; for no less than four anti-Masonic processions were required in London in order to stop Masonic *processionising*.

Besides the two caricatures, exclusive of Hogarth's, already mentioned, a caricature, designated "The Freemason's Downfall, or the restoration of the Scald Miserables," was published in 1742, price twopence. Another, of the same year, was published by Hurst, Chanse, and Co.; and I believe that still another one is described of the same year. So, we see, that quite a mania was created about that time for anti-Masonic caricatures.

It is only necessary to state that Paul Whitehead, the poet, was believed at the time to have been the chief contriver of the "Scald Miserable" processions. Dr. Carey, surgeon to the Prince of Wales, also took part in an anti-Masonic show, for which Bro. Frederick Prince of Wales dismissed him from his service. I have no doubt the brotherhood were glad of it, and probably more than one Masonic enthusiast told Dr. Carey, "Sarve you right." It is my firm belief, however, that Messrs. Whitehead and Carey deserve the thanks of the English Masons for having been instrumental in abolishing the *nuisance* of Masonic processions; and I believe that if his H.R.H. the present Prince of Wales could witness the *tomfoolery* of Masonic processions in America, that, as Grand Master, he would request the Grand Lodge to have marble statues of Whitehead and Carey placed in the most conspicuous part of Freemasons' Hall, for having weaned the English brethren from public *processioning*.

HONESTY AND TRUTH.

THERE are two things of purest ray
  Which should be learned in early youth,
And always fondly cherished—they
  Are Honesty and Truth!

These, firmly planted in the heart,
  May bid defiance to the wiles
Of soft hypocrisy, whose art
  Is treachery in smiles.

Temptation's shafts will harmless fall
  Upon the heart that's firm and true;
Seductive Vice in vain will call—
  Will nothing hurtful do.

Be honest! Then, though dreary days
  Of want should come, and men should blame,
Upon them thou may'st proudly gaze,
  Not hide thy head in shame.

Be truthful! Then, whate'er betide,
  Thy conscience will be pure and free!
With Truth and Honesty to guide,
  Thy life must happy be!

W. CORBETT.

WITHIN THE SHADOW OF THE SHAFT.

With Illustrations by the Author.

(*Concluded from page* 114.)

BY BRO. SAMUEL POYNTER, P.M. AND TREASURER, BURGOYNE, NO. 902; P.M. ATHENÆUM, NO. 1491.

"Nor could thy fabric, Paul! defend thee long,
Though thou wert sacred to thy Maker's praise;
Though made immortal by a poet's song,
And poets' songs the Theban walls could raise.

"The daring flames peep'd in and saw from far
The awful beauties of the sacred quire;
But, since it was profaned by civil war,
Heaven thought it fit to have it purged by fire."

—*Dryden.—Annus Mirabilis.*



IT is very true that the public demanded a victim, and it might not have been possible, with reference to the excited state of the popular feeling and the safety of the community, to have interposed between the citizens and *their self-sacrificing prey*: and here it may be convenient to examine whether the cockneys had any just or reasonable ground for the apprehensions which undoubtedly the vast majority of them entertained.

Hubert's story was that he was hired in Holland to come to England on his wicked exploit. Now, we were, as is well known, at war both with Holland and France then, and people always lend ready ears to the tales of the machinations of their enemies. But there is another circumstance, to which I think historians have not given sufficient prominence, that, to my mind, goes very far in justifying the inhabitants of the metropolitan city in their expressed apprehensions that the calamity was occasioned by design rather than by accident.

I find in the *London Gazette*, "No. 48, from Thursday, April 26, to Monday, April 30, 1666,"—observe, at least four months before the fire—the following singular item of news:—

"At the Sessions in the *Old Bailey*, *John Rathbone* an old Army Colonel" (*i.e.*, in the then disbanded Parliamentarian Army, of course), "*William Saunders*, *Henry Tucker*, *Thomas Flint*, *Thomas Evans*, *John Myles*, *William Wescot*, and *John Cole*, formerly Officers or Soldiers in the late Rebellion, were Indicted for conspiring the Death of His Majesty and the overthrow of the Government; having laid their Plot and Contrivance for the Surprisal of the *Tower*, the killing his Grace the Lord General" (Monk, Duke of Albermarle) "Sir *John Robinson*, Lieutenant of His Majesties *Tower of London* and Sir *Richard Brown* and then to have declared for an equal division of Lands &c. The better to effect this Hellish design THE CITY WAS TO HAVE BEEN FIRED." [These latter Capitals are mine, the italics and the capital initials are reproduced as in the text] "and the *Portcullis* to have been let down, to keep out all assistance; the Horse-guard to have been surprised in the Inns where they were quartered; several Ostlers having been gained for that purpose. The *Tower* was accordingly viewed and its surprise ordered by Boats over the Moat and from thence to Scale the Wall. One *Alexander*, who is not yet taken, had likewise distributed sums of Money to these Conspirators; and for the carrying on of the design more effectually, they were told of a Council of the great ones that sat frequently in *London*, from whom issued all Orders; which Council received their directions from another in *Holland*, who sate with the States; and that the third of *September* was pitched on for the attempt, as being found by *Lillies**" (*sic*) "Almanack, and a Scheme† erected for that purpose to be a lucky day, a Planet then ruling which Prognosticated the downfall of Monarchy. The evidence against these persons was very full and clear, and they accordingly" (*sic*) "found guilty of High Treason."

No doubt they were all executed, but it is somewhat singular that the case has escaped the observation not only of the various compilers of the numerous Newgate Calendars extant, but also of the learned and industrious editors of that work I am constantly eulogising, the "State Trials."

It will thus be seen that while, when the disastrous event did at last take place, people generally ascribed it to Roman Catholic intervention, a few months before it had been thought quite possible that disappointed Puritanism could be guilty of such a deed of dire revenge. Thus, both the great religious parties in dissent have been debited with meditating the crime.

But the account is interesting, if even the almost exact identity in date existing between the contemplated device and the event itself, is placed no higher than as a mere coincidence. It will be remembered that the fire actually broke out between one and two in the morning of Sunday, September the 2nd, or, to put it colloquially, on Saturday night, after the business of the day had been transacted and the shop closed. Now, it will have been observed above, that Monday, the 3rd, had been fixed upon by the conspirators for the deed—the 3rd September, a date, of course, sacred to Presbyterian and Independent brooders over reform and the wickedness of the Restoration times. It was the day of the victory of Dunbar, of the "crowning mercy"—as Cromwell called it—of the Worcester fight, and the anniversary on which the great Protector himself had died. I cannot help fancying that Master Lilly's "scheme" was "squared" in more senses than one, and that the date suggested the result rather than that the process produced the date.‡

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* The noted Lilly, then in high repute as a Professor of Astrology.

† That is to say, the diagram, on paper, called a House or Scheme, according as it was applied to an individual Nativity or an Enterprise.

‡ The case had not escaped the shrewd eye of common-sense Mr. Samuel Pepys.—See "Diary," under date 13th December, 1666. My view of Lilly's character is amply borne out

A very extraordinary story was told to Bishop Burnet by Dr. Lloyd, afterwards Bishop of Worcester. According to that prelate, "one Grant, a Papist, had some time before applied himself to him" (Lloyd), "who had great credit with the Countess of Clarendon* (who had a large estate in the New River that is brought from Ware to London), and said he could raise that estate considerably if she would make him a trustee for her. His schemes were probable, and he was made one of the board that governed that matter; and by that he had a right to come as oft as he pleased to view their works at Islington. He went thither the Saturday before the fire broke out and called for the key of the place where the heads of the pipes were, and turned all the cocks that



by the writer of a clever paper on the Great Fire and the charlatan's connection therewith, which appeared in *All the Year Round*, N.S., vol. ii., p. 317 (number for September 4, 1869). This article refers to a private letter only discovered in 1866, or three years before, addressed to Lord Conway in the country by his steward in London, containing some interesting details *of the catastrophe, of which epistle I have in this paper freely availed myself*

* This was the mother of the notorious "Nan Hyde." She, when a widow, married Edward Hyde, then a struggling barrister, afterwards to become illustrious as the great Lord Chancellor and Earl of Clarendon. Although the daughter of Sir Thomas Aylesbury, the Master of the Mint, when the lawyer made her his second wife she was a brewer's widow from, I think, Ampthill in Bedfordshire. At all events, it was somewhere down that way, and her first husband's investments in real property might very reasonably be supposed to

were then open and stopped the water, and went away and carried the keys with him. So when the fire broke out next morning, they opened the pipes in the streets to find water, but there was none. And some hours were lost in sending to Islington, where the door was to be broken open, and the cocks turned; and it was long before the water got to London. Grant, indeed, denied that he had turned the cocks. But the officer of the works affirmed that he had, according to order, set them all a-running, and that no person had got the keys from him besides Grant, who confessed he had carried away the keys, but pretended he did it without design."

On the other hand, it is but fair to state that it was asserted afterwards, when Burnet's history was published, that Grant was not elected a Director of the New River Company until after the date of the fire, and could not therefore have had the control he was alleged to have possessed.

But there is one very funny illustration of the social customs of our forefathers supplied in the introduction to this story. We are are told, anent the *modus operandi* of Sir Hugh Myddleton's scheme, that "the constant order of that matter was to set all the pipes a-running on Saturday night, that so the cisterns might be all full by Sunday morning, *there being more than ordinary consumption of water on that day.*" Evidently hebdomadal lustration was sufficient for Carlovian cockneys. The institution of matutinal tubbing as then was not. "Clean in my person? I should think I am," said the sweep. "Why, I washes all hover reg'larly once a week."

Graven deeply on the base of the shaft, in the fever-heat of the public mind at the time of the Popish Plot, general opinion recorded that not accident, but diabolical design, destroyed the wonderful city. Chipped out by Roman Catholic chisels in the following reign, the legend disappeared to reappear under William, our Dutch deliverer. Thirty years afterwards the little crook-backed Catholic poet denounced the tradition as a calumny in the couplet I last month quoted as a text. Yet it remained for a hundred years after that, until the cession of Roman Catholic emancipation, about fifty years ago, led the Corporation of London to perceive that the perpetuation of an unproved accusation was anachronistic bigotry, and so the indented libel was obliterated, let us hope for ever.

I purposely use the word libel, for I hold that even if it should ever be proved that the great fire of London was the result of design, there is yet a much longer step to be taken before we can fasten the crime upon any religious party. At present, so far as available evidence goes, the sect then in disfavour —the Puritans—seem implicated in a graver degree than their polemical opponents of the ancient faith. It does not follow, however—even excluding the hypothesis of accident—admitting design—that theological motives had anything at all to do with the catastrophe. Burnet, very hesitatingly, admits that there was a belief prevalent in his time that the fire was the result of a belligerent retaliatory blow: "That which is still a great secret is whether it" (*i.e.*, the fire) "was casual or raised on design. The English Fleet had landed on the Vly, an island lying near the Texell" (*sic*), "and had burnt it; upon which some came to De Witt,* and offered a revenge, that, if they were assisted, they would set London on fire." The candid bishop, however, acquits the Hollander, for he goes on to say, "He" (*i.e.*, the Dutch Prime Minister) "rejected the proposition, for, he said, he would not make the breach wider nor the quarrel

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have been on the line of the New River from Ware to Clerkenwell. She brought the lawyer a good and much-needed fortune, but it would appear from the above story that some part of it was—certainly her New River shares were—strictly settled on herself. Of course it is a matter of common knowledge that this fair New River shareholder, the brewer's relict, became grandmother to two ladies who were afterwards—one as Consort, and the other as Regnant —Queens of the United Kingdom.

* See an allusion to the subsequent fate of this eminent statesman in "Trying to Change a Sovereign," *Masonic Magazine*, vol. vii., No. 73 (July, 1879), p. 22.

irreconcileable. . . . He made no further reflections on the matter till the City was burnt. Then he began to suspect that there had been a design, and that they had intended to draw him into it, and to lay the odium of it upon the Dutch. But he could hear no news of those who had sent that proposition to him."* There is, a little later on, a still more interesting passage, although it probably bears traces of the exhibition of warmth of feeling evoked at the time of the Popish Plot: "Tillotson, who believed that the City was burnt on design, told me a circumstance that made the Papists employing a crazed man" (it will be remembered that Hubert, who was executed, was in all probability insane) "in such a service more credible. Langhorn the Popish Councillor-at-Law, who for many years passed as a Protestant,† was despatching a half-witted man to manage elections in Kent before the Restoration. Tillotson being present, and observing what a sort of man he was, asked Langhorn how he could employ him in such services. Langhorn answered it was a maxim with him in dangerous services to employ none but half-witted men, if they could be but secret and obey orders; for if they should change their minds and turn informers instead of agents, it would be easy to discredit them, and to carry off the weight of any discoveries they could make by shewing they were madmen, and so not likely to be trusted in critical things."‡ No one who knows me can charge me with lack of reverence for, much less with want of tenderness in dealing with, the former standard faith of my beloved country. As Mr. Morley says of Edmund Burke,§ I never have, I trust I never shall, lose "a large and generous way of thinking about the more ancient creed," but I am bound in candour to admit that principles and practice like those of Mr. Langhorn, whether existent in fact or popularly believed to be adopted by members of the Roman Catholic Communion, without due enquiry made, will go a great way to account for, if not to justify, the distrust Protestants felt towards them during the latter half of the seventeenth century. It will be noticed that Burnet dismisses without a word the indubitable fact that the mad (supposed) agent Hubert did not appear upon the scene until the flames had been spreading for three whole days and nights.

Of the fire itself there is little more to be said. Everybody knows how it raged until the night of Wednesday, the 5th of September, and then stopped suddenly—not (at that point at all events) arrested by artificial measures—at Pie Corner, near Smithfield, thus having ravaged Old London from the South-East to the North-West. One Puritan preacher founded on the fact of the localities of the commencement and conclusion of the conflagration a punning argument that the disaster had been brought upon the city by a too general indulgence in the vice of gluttony since the Restoration. Said he—from a Nonconforming pulpit—"the calamity could not be occasioned by the sin of blasphemy, for in that case it would have begun at Billingsgate" (even then, it appears, a locality notorious for good fish and bad language); "nor lewdness, for then Drury Lane would have been first on fire; nor lying, for then the flames had reached them from Westminster Hall" (rough on the lawyers, this); "no, my beloved, it was occasioned by the sin of gluttony, for it began at Pudding Lane and ended at Pie Corner."

While the termination of the shadow of the shaft is said, as I have before observed, to denote at a certain hour of the day the site where this terrible episode in our Metropolitan chronicles began, the spot where it at length

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* Burnet's History of His own Time. ‡ Ibid.

† Such deception seems to have been not unfashionable. The learned gentleman had illustrious examples for his dissimulation. His Majesty—although indubitably a Roman Catholic—passed for a member of the Church of England to his dying day; Majesty's brother, H.R.H. the Duke of York, an even more bigoted member of the Church of Rome, was content to be taken for a sincere Protestant for the greater part of his life.

§ "English Men of Letters." Edited by John Morley. Burke, by the Editor (London: Macmillan and Co., 1879), p. 4.

happily terminated is not without a memento. Over against the wall of the "Fortune of War" public-house, at the corner of Cock Lane, West Smithfield, stands the nude figure of a very fat boy, supposed to emblematise the grossness of the peculiar sin the Nonconformist divine in his sermon associated with the event, with an inscription giving the respective dates. Formerly this interesting youth was represented with a scroll depicted running across his protuberant epigastrium, bearing the legend "This Boy is in Memory Put up for the late Fire of London, Occasioned by the Sin of Gluttony, 1666." This inscription has, however, long since been effaced. Pie Corner is at the Giltspur Street end of the notorious Cock Lane, where the first spiritualistic or rapping *séance*, a hundred years ago, imposed upon the superstitious credulity of the great Samuel Johnson. The name Cock Lane induces me to doubt whether, notwithstanding the worthy divine's theory, the title Pie Corner has anything whatever to do with gastronomy. I am inclined to think that it is an euphuistic corruption of Pyx Corner. "By Cock and Pie" was a well-known euphuism in ancient times of an awful oath by the Sacred Host—the body of God, and the Holy Vessel* in which it was carried to the bedside of the moribund. In our own day such compromising substitutes as "Hang it," "Darn it," "Blooming," etc., etc., are frequently used in place of expletives more profane or in a greater degree disgusting.† I incline therefore to think that the terms Cock Lane and Pie Corner have an ecclesiastical origin, not perhaps altogether unconnected with the adjacent church of St. Sepulchre or the extensive and neighbouring foundation of St. Bartholomew. Defoe, in his History of the Plague, mentions a tavern with the sign of the Pye "over against the end of Houndsditch." This hostelry, however, did not profess by its title any allusion to a culinary preparation. A pye—a bird—was the ensign; but I am inclined to attribute even this instance to a sacred origin, become in course of time corrupted and forgotten. It is well known that in Roman Catholic times in England (as now on the continent) religious emblems were frequently employed to denote commercial establishments. Our Pye Corner, which, it will be observed, has nothing to do with the sign of the tavern there situate, had, at all events, become known by its present title as early as Shakespeare's time, for the readers of our great poet will remember that Dame Quickly indicates it as a resort of that "ossy" and impecunious warrior, Colonel Sir John Falstaff. "He comes continuantly" (*sic*) "to Pie Corner (saving your manhoods) to buy a saddle." I am sure I don't know why the good lady thinks it necessary to employ an apologetic tone; but, at all events, such is the information she furnishes to the catchpolls when she desires to have her gallant debtor "run in."

It was long a theory that the conduct of the King during the tremendous five days was analogous to that of Nero on a similar occasion, and Evelyn has given some little countenance to the belief. On the whole, however, this view does not seem to be well founded. Both Charles and his royal brother appear to have acted with zeal, judgment, and vigour, and so far to have justified the perpetuation of their effigies in high relief on the pedestal of the column. But Old Rowley and James of York "wore their rue with a difference." While it seems certain that the former was appallingly impressed by the magnitude of the disaster that had befallen his capital, the latter, we are told, in the midst of his exertions displayed a considerable amount of levity and flippancy. "The citizens were not well satisfied with the Duke's behaviour; they thought he looked too gay and too little concerned."‡ Such is the testimony of a

* Remember poor red-nosed Bardolph's fate in the French campaign that culminated so brilliantly at Agincourt:

"For he has stolen a pyx, and hanged must 'a be."—*Henry V., act iii., sc.* 2.

† Since writing the above, this subject has been exhaustively treated in a series of correspondence in the *Daily Telegraph*, under the title "Popular Ways and Words."

‡ Burnet's History of His own Time.

contemporary chronicler, a bitter personal opponent it is true; but then, he was the opponent of a man who we all know could look on with composure, if not with curiosity and enjoyment, while his fellow man's legs were being crushed with wedges driven in by powerful mallets between the flesh and the steel boots in which the sufferer's limbs were encased. Charles seems to have taken some care that the fugitives from the fire shouldn't starve, at all events. He ordered a supply of seamen's biscuits to be sent to them in the suburban fields from the stores at Chatham, but the poor famishing creatures rejected them, according to Mr. Pepys, which, from what we gather of the composition of these comestibles in a later generation, from the works of Smollett and Fielding, was perhaps not much to be wondered at. One Mr. Valentine Knight was laid by the heels "for having presumed to publish in print certain Propositions for the rebuilding of the City of London with considerable advantages to His Majesties revenue by it" (what these advantages were to be nowhere appears), "as if His Majesty would draw a benefit to himself from so Publick a Calamity of his people, of which His Majesty is known to have so deep a sence" (*sic*) "as that he is pleased to seek, rather by all means to give them ease under it."* This affected indignation is indescribably comic. Fancy Old Rowley, in his chronic state of impecuniosity, rejecting "considerable advantages to His Majesties revenue!"

All know how the "*Resurgam*" prophesy was aided in its splendid fulfilment by the transcendent abilities of our Grand Master, Sir Christopher Wren; but I have often thought that the magnificently eloquent exhortation, inscribed in letters of gold, appropriate to its simple, yet grandly impressive, dignity, over the inner door of the northern porch of the great architect's masterpiece, "*Lector, Si Monumentum requiris, Circumspice!*" is too generally limited in its application to the superb pile containing the designer's tomb. As I read it I feel enjoined to look around, piercing with the eye of imagination and memory the splendid walls encompassing me about, and beholding the true monument of the mighty Craftsman in the forest of spires and towers with which his genius, during a score of years, enriched and adorned his beloved Augusta, whom, Phœnix-like, he lived to behold arise in new beauty from the ashes of dread 1666.

Two or three scraps relating to the fire remain to be gathered up, one not without a trace of the humorous. The poor feeble Lord Mayor, Sir Thomas Bludworth, who hesitated to blow up houses in order to arrest the progress of the flames, was borne in countenance by those barristers of the Inner Temple who remained in town—very few, of course, for it was about the middle of the long vacation—who declined to invade the rooms of their absent learned brethren, and endeavour to save a lawyer's tools—his books—because an unauthorised entrance into a man's tenement was a trespass, and exposed the intruder to an action *quære clausum fregit!* Resolute James of York was undeterred by any such scruples when he exploded his powder barrels in the cellars of the houses that stood between the advancing flames and the palace of the Queen Dowager, at Somerset House, in the Strand.

It is probably not so generally known or remembered as it ought to be that Wren's broad design for rebuilding the city was of an enlightened and even grand character. An idea of its general outlines may be obtained by remembering that New Cannon, Victoria, Moorgate, and King William streets, the Thames Enbankment, and the Holborn Viaduct—great public improvements effected in our own time—were all essentially parts of Sir Christopher's scheme, propounded two hundred years before, and declined to be adopted by the bigoted citizens with a *non possumus*, based upon an ignorant resolution—*Stare super vias antiquas*. But one innovation—in the shape of the introduction of a new form of commercial enterprise—*did* find favour with the inhabitants

* *London Gazette*, No. 91, from Thursday, Sept. 27, to Monday, Oct. 1, 1666.

of the restored metropolis. The great, convenient, profitable, and increasing system of Fire Insurance undoubtedly owed its adoption by, if not its origin in, this country to the great conflagration of 1666, when Charles and James enacted the parts of amateur firemen—a *rôle* I think royalty has sometimes subsequently not disdained to assume.

As for you, illustrious brothers, without the slightest respect or reluctance, I now bid you farewell. I never look upon you in your preposterous Roman habits, cuddling each other on the base of the shaft,* but I am reminded of the old story of the refined Lord Mayor's polished Greek toast. It was about the time the brothers Adams constructed the buildings on the site of the scene of poor Lady Jane Grey's brief triumph, Durham House, in the Strand. It was the day of new streets and fashionable piazzas. For a century after the "great upheaval," that demon the "speculative builder"—only he wasn't so bad then as he is now—worked his own sweet will with cinereous Augusta's "eligible site," and bran new thoroughfares opened out in all directions. Finsbury, Fitzroy, Grafton, Bloomsbury Squares, all appeared to spring from the ground at once. Well, old Farmer George's two brothers—the Dukes of Cumberland and Gloucester—dined at the Mansion House, and their host, to evince himself a man of letters, elegantly toasted the royal pair as "the Adelphi." An outraged, but illiterate, Alderman present started up and roared out, "Oh, I say, come; the West End aint agoin' to crow over the City in this here way. If you tostes the new streets, why—HERE'S FINSBURY SQUARE!"



THE ADELPHI.

* The tail piece is a fancy sketch, and of course has not been even suggested by the alto-relievo, as seen from the bottom of Arthur Street, and alluded to in the text.

THE GOLDEN WREATH.

I STOOD at the tomb, in the Invalides,
Of the great Emperor past and gone;
Two giants in marble guard the gate—
There, in Death's sleep, rests the mighty one.

Golden and purple, the light streams in
From the painted windows on either side;
'Neath the dome, in the great sarcophagus,
Lies England's enemy, in his pride.

Far away, in a sea-girt isle
Named after an empress and English saint,
No longer feared, as an exile died;
Ah! who could, with truth, his thraldom paint?

All Europe had trembled at his frown,
At his nod the nations had ceased to be;
King and Kaiser he had cast down—
They sued for mercy on bended knee.

For all the glories of modern France
Had come through him, and her place was high;
With Buonaparte she had lived by the sword,
And with the sword she was like to die.

They brought him back to the land he loved,
And laid him low with the pomp of war;
They reared a noble sepulchre,
And followed, in crowds, his funeral car.

Another Napoleon lived and died,
The glory of France had waxed and waned;
The cannon had sounded at her gates;
Her very life's blood from her was drained.

Fickle and faithless she had been,
For she drove her Emperor from his throne;
And the faithful friend in exile here,
All courtesy was by England shown.

Three mournful years, and then he went
The way we must all go, soon or late;
But he left his beautiful wife and child:
"All things come unto those that wait."

And the young Prince grew to manhood's prime,
Sighing for glory and great renown;
Making his study the art of war,
Waiting for his Imperial crown.

The home of the exile—England's isle,
Was as the City of Refuge sure;
But he came of a race of warriors,
And he longed for the fame which should endure.

And when Isandula's fateful fight
Struck the nation with great dismay,
He, like to a true chivalric knight,
Offered his sword in the light of day.

The heir of the greatest of England's foes,
The son of a faithful and firm ally,
Was not ashamed, in his gratitude,
To arm for her, and fight manfully.

And the young Prince went to that distant land,
No man in England should say him nay;
And the sorrowful mother he left behind,
To plead for his safety, and watch and pray.

But the swarthy savage in ambush lay,
And pierced him through with his dreadful dart,
So he died from the wounds of the asssegai,
And with sorrow was smitten England's heart.

They gave him a stately funeral,
By English Princes his pall was borne;
The Queen, with her loving sympathy
Consoled the mother, now so forlorn.

As the grand procession moved away,
With mitre and cross, and pomp of war,
All on that sunless summer day,
With the thousands that came from near and far.

With the clank and glitter of shining steel,
Even the skies began to weep;
We mourned for the mother, yet she could feel
"He giveth his beloved sleep."

And the Queen we love, with her own fair hand,
Laid a golden wreath on his bier that day;
"Poor boy," she said, as she placed it there,
"Here's a crown that no one shall take away."

Mysterious are the ways of God,
Nevermore cometh now songs nor laughter;
"What I do thou knowest not now;
"But thou shalt know," saith He, "hereafter."*

Oh! childless mother; oh! Empress fair,
Narrow the road, but the way is straight;
Thy son and thou shalt have crowns in heaven;
"All things come unto those that wait."

EMRA HOLMES.

* Cardinal Manning, preaching the funeral sermon, took for his text the words quoted.

A VISIT TO THE ENGLISH LAKES.

WE have just taken tickets for one of Cook's circular tours in the Lakes, after having spent a few very enjoyable days on the Yorkshire Moors. It is their tour No. 12, and the route is as follows:—From Leeds to Skipton, thence to Clapham (for the caves), Grange-over-Sands, Lake Side, up Windermere Lake to Bowness and Ambleside; coach *via* Grasmere, Dunmail Raise to Keswick, rail to Troutbeck, coach to Ullswater (Patterdale), coach *via* Brother's Water and Kirkstone Pass to Ambleside, returning *via* Windermere Lake to Ulverston, Carnforth, and Leeds, or *vice versa*. We intend to go to them in the order mentioned; and ours is the delight of those who have never seen the Lakes before. The train starts immediately, and we bid "Good-bye" with merry hearts ready for anything. What a blessed institution Cook's tickets are! A little book, and the whole of your plans are arranged and your troubles over. We tear joyously away from smoky crowded Leeds. A bright, cheery morning it is, too, and seems to augur well for the rest of our journey. We travel along the

> ——"Aire, whose crystal waves reflect
> The various colours of the tinctured web,"

when we come across that neat little town, "renowned Saltaire," with its immense factory, founded by the late lamented Sir Titus Salt.

> "Sequestered in this lovely dale,
> Here Art and Wealth at length prevail."

On—on we speed, with the moors on both sides of us, and the purple heather looks quite dazzling in the morning sun. Soon, however, they assume a more imposing height, and the majestic forms of Pennygant and Ingleborough, with their surrounding fells, come into sight,—

> "By lofty hills bounded, and furze-covered moors."

It is here, at the foot of Ingleborough, we purpose breaking our journey, to visit the Clapham Caves. The way lies through the pretty and tastefully laid out grounds of Ingleborough Hall, belonging to Mr. Farrar; they are of park-like extent, with a good-sized lake in the centre. We, at last, find the cave, with its peculiar opening, after wandering about for two hours. It differs from those in Derbyshire in having a flat roof; and the stalactites and stalagmites are in great abundance, though not very pretty. The cave is divided into two parts, the old and the new, according as they were discovered; the stalactites, etc., in the former are brown, and in the latter white. Through the whole cave runs a small stream, collecting in rather dangerous pools here and there; it swarms with white rats and fresh-water crustacea. Our guide names the several parts as we proceed. The "Vestibule" or "Eldon Hall," "Pillar Hall," "Abyss," "Jockey's Cap" (a stalagmite supposed to have taken 265 years to grow), "Belfry," "Giant's Hall," and "Church Bells," a series of stalactitic formations from which he produces a weird effect by tapping them with a stick: they give out a musical sound not unlike church bells in the distance. Our visit over, we trace our steps back to the village, and get some tea. My companion, in his usual easy-going manner, causes us to miss the last train for Ambleside; so, with many stoppages, we only get as far as Grange. The journey there is rather novel, travelling with the sea on both sides of us for miles. Grange is picturesquely situated on a richly-wooded slope of Yewbarrow, and commands an entire view of Morecambe Bay. The houses rise neatly one above another in tiers, framed in the foliage of the trees.

It is now dark, and nothing is heard but the murmur of "the sad sea waves," as we seek our needful rest. In the morning we leave by the early train for Lake Side—

"Wooded Winandermere, the river-lake,"

where we embark on the snug little steamer, which bears us on

"The bosom of the steady lake."

The scenery gets more and more beautiful as we advance inland, and

——"the bed of Windermere,
Like a vast river, stretches in the sun."

The steamer is crowded, and the weather is grand, so we see the views to the best advantage; they are really superb. The silver lake, bordered by the emerald and purple mountains, and dotted here and there with beautiful islands, ever changing, impresses us with a most favourable idea of the country. We call at the Ferry, with its inn shaded by tall trees; then pass Belle Isle (the largest) with its mansion—

"A Grecian temple rising from the deep,"

and remarkable in history as the residence of "Robin the Devil." We next call at Bowness, a famous place for boats and fishing. On the left we get a glimpse of Wray Castle. We call at Lowwood, possessing a large modern hotel, and peep at "Dove's Nest," once the residence of Mrs. Hemans; then leave "silver-sounding Windermere,"

——"with all its fairy crowds
Of islands that together lie
As quietly as spots of sky
Amongst evening clouds,"

and reach "white-walled Ambleside," where we soon find lodgings, though the place is very crowded. After refreshing the inner man, we walk towards Rydal, the home of the poet.

"Our pathway leads us on to Rotha's banks,"

a tributary of the Brathay, a few yards above Windermere—

"Lovelier river is there none
Underneath an English sun;
While its lucid waters take
Their pastoral course from lake to lake,
Till into Windermere sedate
They flow, and uncontaminate."

Nature has put on her brightest garment, and "freshly wave the woods of Rydal;" ferns grow in abundance by the road side, and the trees form a cool shade to walk under. We pass the little village of Rydal, with its chapel—

"Lifting her front with modest grace,
To make a fair recess more fair,"

endowed by Lady le Fleming. We now saunter on to where

——"the mere
Seems firm as solid crystal, breathless, clear,
And motionless; and to the gazer's eye,
Deeper than ocean, in the immensity
Of its vague mountains and unreal sky."

It is a little beauty; studded with green islands, it looks like a gem set in the mountains. "Here," says Mason, "Nature has performed everything in little which she usually executes on her larger scale, and on that account, like the

miniature painter, seems to have finished every part of it in a studied manner." Sitting on the veritable "Poet's Seat," a mound of rock overlooking the lake, we gaze our fill; a small boat ripples the water and breaks the reflection, the blue sky setting off the green mountains to perfection. We resume our way until

> ——"the steep
> Of Silver How, and Grasmere's placid lake,
> And one green island, gleam between the stems
> Of the dark firs, a visionary scene."

To-day is a busy one; the Grasmere annual sports are being observed, consisting of wrestling and running feats, etc., which, however, we did not come to the lakes to see, so take a boat on the "peaceful Grasmere," which is rather larger, but not quite so pretty as Rydal. As we gently glide along, we can say, with Mrs. Hemans:—

> ——"the hues that steep
> Your shores in melting lustre, seemed to float
> On golden clouds from spirit lands remote."

A short pull brings us to the "one green island," on which we land, and on which the Prince of Wales has sported; there is an outhouse built on it, with a poem of Wordsworth's written on one of its stones, beginning, "Rude is this edifice," etc. Here we can fully appreciate the words of James Payne:—

> "O lake most fair, set round with mountain guards,
> Sweet birds, swift streams, eternal waterfall,
> Crag lichen, and wild vale flowers."

After our pleasant survey of the lake we repair to the old parish church, with its grey tower dedicated to St. Oswald.

> "Not raised in nice proportions was the pile,
> But large and massive—for duration built,
> With pillars crowded, and the roof upheld
> By naked rafters, intricately crossed,
> Like leafless under-boughs, mid some thick grove,
> All withered by the depth of shade above."

A pretty little cottage behind it, in "the little nook of mountain ground," called Allan Bank, was inhabited for some years by Wordsworth. We enter the church, and are struck with its simple appearance. On one of the inner walls is a medallion portrait of the poet, with an appropriate inscription. Coming out, we are in the burial-ground, described by Professor Wilson as—

> ——"a little churchyard on the side
> Of a low hill that hangs o'er Grasmere Lake,
> Most beautiful it is—a vernal spot
> Enclosed with wooded rocks, where a few graves
> Lie sheltered, sleeping in eternal calm."

Wordsworth, in his "Excursion," also says:—

> "Green is the churchyard, beautiful and green,
> *Ridge rising gently by the side of ridge,*
> And mantled o'er with aboriginal turf
> And everlasting flowers."

In a quiet corner, sheltered by a yew-tree raised by himself, and surrounded by the graves of his family, is

> ——"the tomb
> Of the great poet of simplicity."

Behind is that of Hartley Coleridge, and, a few yards further, a slab to the memory of Arthur Hugh Clough, a college friend of the present "Poet Laureate." At the other end of the churchyard is buried Wordsworth's faith-

ful servant. We cannot resist plucking a leaf from the red-berried yew over Wordsworth's grave, as a memento of the hallowed spot. Coming back, we take the higher road past "the rustic wishing-gate," from whence there is a beautiful view of Grasmere. We

> ———"stoop before the favoured scene,
> At Nature's call, nor blush to lean
> Upon the wishing-gate."

We soon reach our lodgings again, very well satisfied with our afternoon's ramble, and the sound of Stock Gill Force, as it dashes close to our bedroom, does not prevent our going to sleep. In the morning we wake soon after five, and prepare to ascend Sca Fell; the weather does not look very favourable, but we are bent on going. We take the road by the New Church, in which is a memorial window to Wordsworth, and pass the little village of Clappersgate, with the "often varied voice" of the Brathay singing on our left. Soon the lakelet Elterwater comes in sight, with its rustic village and Elter Hall above it. On our right we have Loughrigg—a rugged "beautiful piece of upland"—with the tarns at its base, "whose banks in unprofanèd nature sleep." Wordsworth likens it to Lake Nerni, or Speculum Dianæ, overlooked by Mount Calvo. We are now in "Little Langdale fair to see," with Silver How, Wansfell, Langdale Pikes, Pike o' Stickle, Lingmell Fell, and many other mountains, all towering above us. It commences to rain, and umbrellas are found useful. We cut our names in the rocks as a sort of pastime, and, strange to say, they are seen by two of our Hull friends who unexpectedly catch up to us —quite a pleasant *rencontre*. The valley now narrows considerably, and nothing is to be seen above but mist and clouds; meanwhile it pours with rain. We ascend the Stake Pass through the long grass, getting drenched with the rain. On reaching the summit, of about two thousand feet elevation, we wade through a sort of marsh, enveloped in the clouds. Soon we gain Longstrath beck, where we leave our friends on the way to Keswick. We lunch under difficulties, and then retrace our steps, as it would be worse than useless to attempt the ascent of Sca Fell, all the mountains having put on their "caps." Going back we meet two Londoners, and by the aid of our invaluable "Jenkinson" we set them on the right path for Wastdale Head. A sloppy walk brings us to Dungeon Ghyll Hotel, and we ascend the mountain and see the fall. It is a very pretty one in a dark narrow cleft, ninety feet high, but with very little water. A natural bridge is formed of two stones wedged in at the top, over which we cross, as Wordsworth loved to do.

> "Into a chasm a mighty block
> Hath fall'n and makes a bridge of rock.
> The gulf is deep below,
> And in a basin, black and small,
> Receives a lofty waterfall."

We cannot help mentioning also the weird legend of Coleridge's :—

> "In Langdale Pike and Witch's Lair,
> And Dungeon Ghyll so foully rent,
> With ropes of rock and bells of air,
> Three sinful sextons' ghosts are pent,
> Who all give back, one after t'other,
> The death-note to their living brother;
> And oft, too, by their knell offended,
> Just as their one! two! three! is ended,
> The devil mocks their doleful tale
> With a merry peal for Borrodaile."

Leaving "Dungeon Ghyll the gloomy," we meet two Richmond fellows, who are agreeable companions back to Ambleside, where we arrive about half-past six in the evening, having been out twelve hours. After a substantial tea we

indulge in a game of "nap" with the two other visitors, and inscribe our names and opinions in the never-failing visitors' book. In the morning we get up *too late for the ten o'clock coach!* But we hardly regret having to stay a little longer at Ambleside, and visit the Mechanics' Institute, and look at the papers; then we go to Stock Gill Force, a very fine double waterfall, about seventy feet high, and rather full of water. The grounds, into which threepence entrance is demanded, are tastefully laid out with ferns and a few rustic seats. Dinner over, we purpose seeing "fair Rydal Mount," a lovely cottage-like building, almost hidden by a profusion of roses and ivy, before leaving, and take the nearest road to it.

"Low and white yet scarcely seen,
Are its walls of mantling green;
Not a window lets in light
But through flowers clustering bright;
Not a glance may wander there
But it falls on something fair."

Wordsworth makes the beautiful fall the subject of a poem:—

"While thick above the rill the branches close,
In rocky basin its wild waves repose.
Inverted shrubs, and moss, and gloomy green,
Cling from the rock with pale wood-weeds between;
Save that aloft the subtle sunbeams shine
On wither'd briars, that o'er the crags recline;
Sole light admitted there, a small cascade
Illumes with sparkling foam the impervious shade."

We reluctantly leave the sylvan scene after feasting our eyes on it, and catch the afternoon coach for Keswick. A polite and intelligent Austrian seated with us is delighted with the scenery, which he describes as "too beautiful," and praises the lakes beyond anything he has seen, the Rhine included. One of the company treats us to a little amateur horn blowing. "A second time in Grasmere's happy vale," we gain fresh views from the coach of Coleridge's house, Rydal, and Grasmere, "which meets our last lingering look with farewell gleam," as we pass the celebrated Swan Inn. We now see Helm Crag for the first time, with its "strange fantastic summit, round yet jagged and splintered," resembling "a lion and a lamb," or, according to Wordsworth:—

"The astrologer, sage Sidrophel,
Where at his desk and book he sits,
Puzzling on high his curious wits;
He whose domain is held in common
With no one but the ancient woman,
Cowering beside her rifted cell
As if intent on magic spell;
Dread pair, that, spite of wind and weather,
Still sit upon Helm Crag together."

Others say these "gaunt, shapeless things" resemble "a mass of antediluvian ruins," or "some gigantic building demolished," and "a number of stones jumbled together after the manner of the Druids." We leave "The ancient woman seated on Helm Crag," and make the pass of Dummail Raise, with a cairn forming the boundary between Westmoreland and Cumberland. Steel Fell looms over us on our left, and Seat Sandal on our right. This cairn is said to have been formed in 945 by the Anglo-Saxon king Edmund, to commemorate the defeat of Dummail, the last king of Cumbria. Tradition says that Edmund put out the eyes of the son before his father, and then put them both to death.

(To be continued.)

THE CURATE'S LAY.

From the Graphic.

THE DREAM.

AT College, ere I came down here and took this Curacy,
Imagination painted fair the Cleric's life to me;
And people used to tell me, and I read of it in books,
How my happiness depended not upon my mind, or looks,
For every one viewed kindly, and all the world would dote
On the man who donned the snow-white tie and wore the long black coat;
And they'd talk of widows largely-dowered, and maidens fancy free,
And the slippers these fair devotees would love to make for me,
With under-vests, and worsted things they make and sell at fairs,
I don't know what you call them, but you hang them over chairs.
Now I know that they were laughing and sneering all the time,
As we laugh at the Policeman in the Christmas Pantomime.
For, oh! my friends (pray do not start, I am not going to preach),
How weary are the lessons which experience can teach:
And listen while I try to tell my disappointment sore
In the cruel stern *reality* (of) those pleasant dreams of yore.

THE REALITY.

'Tis true that in my lodgings I am comfortably off,
But then there are two babies, and they have the whooping-cough;
They have also *had* the measles; and folks say these "little dears"
(I do not *always* call them thus) go on like this for years!
And it isn't pleasant, when I'm tired, and want to go to sleep,
To lie awake through half the night, and hear those babies weep;
Nor am I *happy* when the weather isn't over dry,
And I sit indoors and try to read, while the children cough and cry.
When I want a pair of slippers, I walk off to the town
And buy a pair of shiny ones. The man says, "Reach me down
Those ones upon the topmost shelf; they're marked at two-and-three;
They're very cheap and lasting, sir; they'll suit you to a T."
And when I have a fearful cold, or hoarseness in the throat,
I get no box of lozenges, no little pinky note;
But I put my feet in mustard, with a hot towel round my head,
And I drink a cup of gruel before I go to bed.
Though there are many widows here, and maidens fair abound,
That they have any care for *me* is more than *I* have found;
Yet rude men laugh and say, "Sly dog," and slap me on the back;
And ask me, "What's the price I ask for slippers by the sack?"
And they wink their eyes, and poke my ribs, and talk of pretty girls,
And wonder if I like them with their hair smooth, or in curls.
My character is changing fast, as disappointment sours,
In solitary wretchedness I pass my evening hours;
And if this goes on much longer, I must take sea-chaplain's pay
"For it isn't what I looked for," as the man says in the play.

E. R. G.

NOTES ON LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

BY BRO. GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL,

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

AMONG the many true poets to whom Lancashire has undoubtedly given birth—would that one could always add a comfortable subsistence—the name of John Critchley Prince stands conspicuous. He is, most assuredly, a Prince among modern Poets; and time will not tarnish, but brighten his coronet. His biography, more than that of my acquaintances generally, is truly "a romance of real life;" and his poems—sweet and vigorous, and ever full of sterling stuff—are among the rich treasures of our English literature. Though never initiated among us into the mysteries of our dear Craft, yet his writings abound with those noble sentiments which are the very soul of Freemasonry. Thirteen years have now elapsed since the conqueror, Death, wrested the lyre from the poet's grasp, yet, strange to say, without any serious action being taken to collect and preserve his excellent literary productions, or even without any outcry being made by the people, for whom he sang, for the thing to be done. The fact is, that the few years of unexampled commercial prosperity—which any sound thinker knew was too inflated to last long—did much to demoralise all classes of the people: the ignorant workman wasting his wages, and traders and manufacturers of all grades seeking to amass large fortunes, not by a life of careful industry, but in fewer years than it would take to ripen a newly-born daughter into Miss-in-her-teens. And, for this, among other of our national sins against prudence, we are now righteously punished. We have been too devout worshippers of Mammon to have either time or inclination to think of poets or poetry. We shall be wiser by-and-bye. In the meantime the numerous lovers of poor Prince's writings will be glad to learn that there is now preparing for the press a collected edition of his poems, edited, with a new memoir of the poet, by our gifted brother, Dr. R. A. Douglas Lithgow, F.R.S.L., himself a brother bard of some promise, as the readers of the *Masonic Magazine* are by this time aware. "Prince," as our literary Brother well observes in his prospectus, "belongs to the class of Artizan Poets, and few men have added more nobly to the Literature of Labour; yet there is no strain of 'class' in his compositions, and the perfect melody of his verse is as remarkable as its intellectual quality. He had, in a marked measure, the gift of song, which dignifies even the meanest topics, and throws a halo of beauty over the sternest scenes. There is a healthy tone pervading them which strongly contrasts with the meretricious display of some who were more happily placed than Prince. Of no man could it be more truly said that 'he learned in suffering what he taught in song.' His poetry is the genuine reflex of an ardent and emotional nature, and mirrors alike the brief joys, the many sorrows, and the keen remorse which made up his life." Bro. Lithgow's Life of Prince, for which he has been diligently collecting for some time, is to form one volume, and the Poems two volumes. The price to subscribers being only fifteen shillings for the three volumes, and the edition limited to a thousand copies, the whole ought at once to be bespoken. Prince is one of those true poets whose works never die; and, as one of his friends and admirers whilst he was "in the flesh," I rejoice that he has now fallen into the hands of so competent and sympathising an editor as our good brother.

It was on the 29th of September, 1513, that Vasco Nunez de Balboa discovered the South Sea, to which Magelhaens, eight years later, gave the name of the Pacific Ocean, on account of the calm weather that he found there; and we find Drake, the "singe"-er of the Spaniards' beards, the first Englishman to reach its shores, when the future poet for all time, William Shakspere, was a lad of nine years, romping among the wild flowers of Welcombe, and in the quiet streets of Stratford-on-Avon. From that time to our own day, various proposals have been made to cut a canal through the Isthmus of Panama, so as to connect the two oceans of the Atlantic and the Pacific, and so shorten the sea route. M. de Lesseps, whose persevering ingenuity accomplished the Suez Canal a few years ago, is now organising a scheme to carry out the dream of more than three centuries and a half; so slow is the march of Progress. Forty-seven miles of land only separate the two oceans where the railway, opened throughout for traffic January 28th, 1855, now runs. The *Scientific American*, however, is reviving a plan published in its columns thirty-four years ago as quite practical and less expensive than the canal, which is to haul the laden vessels from sea to sea across the Isthmus on a ship railway. The late Horace Day, Captain Eads, and several eminent engineers have long been convinced of the practicability and economy of the ship railway, which they have asserted could be constructed at one-third of the cost of the canal, capable of conveying the largest vessel, with its crew and cargo, from the moment it is taken charge of in one sea to its safe delivery in the other, in twenty-four hours. Verily, if all nations would agree to spend the money, mental ability, and physical strength, now worse than wasted in war, over developing the arts of peace, and so truly civilising the world, what a paradise we could soon make of it. Every grand idea is but a day-dream until reduced to practice.

Whilst the French are contemplating admitting the cooling waters of the Mediterranean Ocean into a large, low-lying, arid tract of land in the north-western part of Africa, so as to render Algeria both more commercially valuable and healthy, our American cousins, whose energy is indomitable, are contemplating the cutting of a short canal to convey the waters of the Pacific into an ancient sea-bed, now a dry desert, between the State of Arizona and Southern California, which is said to lay a hundred yards below the level of the Pacific, and to measure two hundred miles in length by fifty miles in breadth. Its western side is only forty-five miles distant from the Gulf of California, and as there is a lake twenty miles long about midway, the canal to be cut would only be some twenty-five miles. The work could be accomplished in six months, and the expense is only estimated at £200,000. Besides its great uses for navigation and as an immense fish-pond, its effect on the climate of the adjoining States would probably be very beneficial.

The Freemason—but for which we "Britishers" would know almost nothing of the doings of the Craft throughout the world—contains an account, contributed by Bro. A. Fabien, of the initiation of a candidate for Freemasonry in France, "altogether in the bosom of the air, in the basket of the grand balloon of Paris," written up in the "Aerostatic Lodge," by 48° of latitude N. and 29° of longitude W. of the meridian of Paris, "at 900 metres of altitude above the profane world," August 12th, 1879. "We explain to him," writes Bro. Fabien, "that if he thus dominates the profane world which he sees very far off at his feet, it is an emblem of the height to which Masonry seeks to elevate the souls of men above all human passions." The duty of the Tyler in keeping off all cowans and intruders from Freemasonry must have been far from irksome. The French correspondent of *The Freemason* does not inform us whether the brethren adjourned from labour to refreshment up aloft, and, if so, how the viands tasted "altogether in the bosom of the air." Well, Bro. Fabien's communication is much more interesting than the dull

and dreary lists of names of members present at a Lodge, with which so many reports are sadly overloaded. If it be necessary, as I confess I fear it is, to minister a little to the vanity of Masons to entice them to read a Masonic periodical, I, for one, had rather risk my neck in a balloon than herd safely on the solid earth with those un-Masonic Masons.

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.

ON AN OGAM INSCRIPTION.

THE forthcoming part of the "Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy," for their department of Polite Literature and Antiquities, is devoted to a memoir, by the Right Rev. Dr. Graves, Lord Bishop of Limerick, on a most remarkable Ogam inscription found on a stone monument from the Killeen of Aghlish, a disused burial ground in the parish of Minard, in the county of Kerry. For twelve or thirteen centuries, Dr. Graves thinks, it had stood at the head of a Christian grave, but recently, to save it from being carried away by some mason who wanted a lintel-stone, it had been removed to the museum of the Academy, where, it is to be hoped, it will find for all future time an abiding resting-place. The monument, in addition to the Ogam inscription, has also inscribed upon it the cross known as the Irish cross. The outline of the cross is formed not by straight lines, but by arcs of circles, and the cross itself is surrounded by a circle. Examples of it occur on fifth or sixth century Christian monuments in Ireland, and it may be seen worn on the breasts of Irish children on every anniversary of St. Patrick's Day, whence it is often called Patrick's Cross. The question of the probable origin from an Eastern source of this form of cross is discussed in the memoir. There is also to be found on this monument a remarkably disguised form of a cross, known to antiquaries as *swastika*, a form which only appeared in the Roman Catacombs towards the end of the third century, and held its ground on the monuments of the fourth. Into Ireland it was probably introduced in or soon after the time of St. Patrick. The Ogam characters are distinct, and the Bishop has little doubt as to reading them as follows: "MAQI MAQA—APILOGDO," the first two words being on the right, the third being on the left hand side of the stone. A great deal of interest attaches to the determination, after very careful consideration, that the third word is the Ogam equivalent of Aedhlogodh, which is the genitive case of a well-known proper name belonging to a chieftain living in the sixth century, and in the neighbourhood of the place where the monument was found. The chieftain Maeltuile, called the Lord of Kerry, was the son of Aedholga, to whose memory there is strong probability this monument was inscribed. "At one time," the Bishop concludes, "I might not have appealed with so much confidence to the testimony of the ancient pedigrees recorded in our manuscripts as, to establish my case, I have here done. But a more careful examination of some of these documents has led me to take a different view of the subject. It cannot be denied but that some of these pedigrees are merely ancient. Thus the 'Book of Leinster' is itself a manuscript nearly 800 years old."

A CATALOGUE OF MASONIC BOOKS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

(Continued from page 505, Vol. VI.)

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7755 *bb.* Bandel, J. A. von.: Schutzschrift Benedicti XIV., etc., die Freymauerer. 8vo, Costanz, 1751.

7755 *bb.* Philaretus pseud.: Schreiben Eines Frey-Maurers von Marpurg, etc. 4to, Frankfort, 1752.

7755 *bb.* Conrad, M. G.: Mehr Licht! Kritische Betrachtungen über die Freimaurerei. 8vo, Zurich. 1877.

7755 *bb.* Woodward, J. H. H.: How to Defeat Masonic Scoundrelism. 8vo, Cincinatti, 1876.

7755 *bb.* Smith, Hon. J. T.: Light, a Lecture at Masonic Hall, Melbourne. 8vo, Melbourne, 1870.

7755 *bb.* Giddins, E.: An Account of the Savage Treatment of Captain William Morgan for Publishing the Secrets of Masonry. 8vo, Boston.

7755 *bb.* Freemasons: Grand Lodge of Connecticut, Proceedings of. 12mo, Hartford, Con., 1796.

7755 *bb.* Freemasons: Grand Lodge of Connecticut, Constitutions and Bye-Laws. 12mo, Hartford, 1799.

7755 *bb.* Freemasons: Grand Lodge of Wisconsin, Appendix to the Proceedings of. 8vo, Madison, 1859.

7755 *bb.* Rouher, C. E.: Enthüllungen Aus Den Freimaurerei. 8vo, Budapest, 1876.

7755 *bb.* Morgan, W., Freemason: Serious Call, or Masonry Revealed. 8vo, Boston, 1829.

7755 *bb.* Vermont, State of: Anti-Masonic State Convention, Proceedings of. 8vo, Montpelier, 1833.

7755 *bb.* Uslar, H. von.: Die Freimaurerei in Unseren Tagen. 8vo, Wolfenbüttel, 1876.

7755 *bb.* Freemasons: Grand Orient do Basil Discursos Recitados, etc. 8vo, Rio-de-Janeiro, 1865.

1369 *i.* Everett, E.: Thoughts on the Excitement in Reply to a Letter. 8vo, Worcester, 1803.

1369 *i.* Massachussets, No. 4: Fourth Anti-Masonic State Convention. 8vo, Boston, 1833.

1369 *i.* Krause, K. C. F.: Die drei Ältesten Kunsturkunden der Treim. 8vo, Dresden, 1819, 2 vols.

1369 *i* 11. Sprague, W.: An Official Report, etc., of Rhode Island on Masonry. 8vo, Providence, 1832.
1369 *i*. V . ·. , J. M. de: La Messe et ses Mysteries, etc. 8vo, Paris, 1844.
1369 *i*. S . ·. , F. M. R. de: La Maçonnerie, etc., des Religions. 8vo, Paris, 1833.
1369 *i* 18. Kloss, G.: Bibliographie der Freimaurerei. 8vo, Frankfurt, 1844.
1369 *i* 20. 1 Freemasonry: A Collection of Letters on F. 8vo, Boston, 1830.
1369 *i* 20. 2 United States of America, Anti-Masonic Convention, The Proceedings of, etc. 8vo, Philadelphia, 1830.
1369 *i* 20. 3 Freemasonry: Masonry the same all over the World. 8vo, Boston, 1830.
1369 *i* 20. 4 Ritner, J.: Vindication of General Washington, etc., to Secret Societies. 8vo, Boston, 1841.
1369 *i*. Bertola, G.: De L'Origine Morale et Religieuse de la Mac. 8vo, London, 1841.
1369 *i*. Freemasonry: Jachin and Boaz. London, 1812.
1369 *i*. Brainard, W. F.: Masonic Lecture at Union Lodge, New London. 8vo, Boston, 1830.
1369 *i*. B . ·. , J. C.: Précis Historique de L'Ordre de la Franc-Maç. 8vo, Paris, 1829.
1369 *i*. Pennsylvania: Proceedings of the Anti-Masonic Convention. 8vo, Harrisburg, 1830.
1869 *i*. Pennsylvania: Ahiman Rezon Abridged, etc. 8vo, Philadelphia, 1783.
1369 *i*. Freemasons: Freemasonry in Europe, etc. 8vo, London, 1846.
1369 *i*. Freemasonry in England: The Early History of. 2nd edition. London, 1844.
1369 *i*. Hutchinson, W.: The Spirit of Masonry. 8vo, London, 1843.

THE DIDOT SALE.

Continued from Page, 93.

THE section of printed books commenced with (Nos. 46, 47, 48, 49) four of those curious volumes to which we apply the name of block-books or xylographic books, and which are generally supposed to have formed the link between the manuscripts of older times and the typography which started into existence in the middle of the 15th century. There are critics who imagine that all block-books are later productions—cheaper popular stereographs, in fact—than the first essays of the printing press; but it is an undoubted fact that manuscripts are extant in which we find initial letters, or small figures of saints bearing legends, printed from wood or metal upon black spaces, dated in some instances several years earlier than the universally-admitted birthday of the first child of typography. No. 46 was the "Ars Moriendi," a book of which several xylographic editions are known to have to be printed, some of them extant in unique copies, as in the instance of Didot's volume. It was bought by the Bibliothèque Nationale for 18,000f. 47 and 48 were two different editions of the "Apocalypse Block-book," concerning whose proper sequence as to date the critics have not been quite in agreement. The first, which was probably of the earliest extant edition, brought 14,500f., and the latter 5,900f. No. 49 was the "Opera Nova Contemplativa," a block-book which bears the printer's name and residence (Venice), and has been shown to

be not anterior to 1510, but which is remarkable as the only Italian block-book known. It was bought by the Bibliothèque Nationale for 1,300f.

No. 50 was the first Greek Bible printed by Aldus, 1518, which was cheaply bought by Mr. Ellis for 100f. 51, an odd volume, printed on vellum, of Schoeffer's Latin Bible (Mentz, 1462)—1,700f. (Labitte); 53, the Latin Bible of Robert Estienne (Paris, 1540), in a binding executed for the celebrated scholar and book-collector, J. A. de Thou—1,300f. (Labitte); 64, "Psautier de David en vers libres, par Blaise de Vigenère" (Paris, 1588), in the binding of Henri III.—1,050f. (Fontaine); 66, Greek New Testament (Paris, R. Estienne, 1550), in a 16th century binding—1,800f. (Labitte); 67, "Le Nouveau Testament," Lyon, without date (about 1474), one of the first books printed in the French language—3,550f. (Labitte); 70, "Durandi Raconale," the first edition of the work, printed on vellum at Mentz, by Peter Schoeffer, in 1459—6,500f. (Cohn); 73, "Missale Ecclesie Cathalaunensis," the dedication copy of the Chalons-sur-Marne Missal, printed on vellum, at Paris, in 1543—3,600f. (Labitte); 74, the Rouen Missal, printed by Nich. Le Roux (who also printed several of our English Sarum books)—1,000f. (Labitte); 75, Utrecht Missal, printed on vellum, at Paris, in 1497—1,655f. (Bibliotheque Nationale); 76, the Missal of Monte Cassino, printed by L. A. Giunta, at Venice, in 1506—7,000f. (Téchener); 77, Roman Missal, of Hieronymite use, printed at Saragossa by Georg Coci or Koch in 1510—2,300f. (Ellis). Nos. 80 to 155 comprised the collection of printed Horæ or Livres d'Heures, illustrated with engravings, and dating from 1488 to 1556, for which M. Didot was more especially renowned; 80 was a Pigouchet, on vellum, of 1488—1,020f. (Labitte); 83, "Heures de Rome," Simon Vostre, 1497—1,580f. (Labitte); 85, Horæ, of Salisbury use, with some prayers in English, printed by Pigouchet for Vostre in 1498, the only copy known—3,200f. (Quaritch); 86, "Heures de Rome," a beautiful copy on vellum, with very fine engravings—3,000f. (Quaritch); 90, "Heures de Lion," on vellum, Pigouchet, 1502—1,520f. (Morgand); 92, "Horas de Nuestra Señora," Higman for Vostre, undated (about 1507), printed on paper—1,530f; 93, "Heures d'Autun," printed on vellum, by Higman for Vostre, 1512—1,720f. (Lortic); 94, Heures de Rome," Vostre, 1506, on vellem—1,680f. (Ellis); 95, "Heures de Xaintes," Vostre, 1507, on vellum—1,300f. (Ellis); 97, "Heures de Rouan," Vostre, about 1508, on paper—1,600f. (Labitte); 98, "Horæ secundum Romanum usum," Vostre, about 1508, on vellum,—1,500f. (Quaritch); 103, Vérard's "Grandes Heures de Rouen," about 1488, an undescribed edition, on vellum—7,970f. (Fontaine); 106, "Horæ secundum usum Lugdunensem," printed by Jean du Pré at Paris about 1491—1,150f. (Quaritch); 107, "Hore ad usum Parisiensem," believed to have been printed by Gering at Paris about 1494—3,100f. (Ellis); Nos. 108 to 116 were Horæ printed by the Kerver family; among which the highest price (1,100f.) was fetched by No. 110, Theielman Kerver for Guillaume Estace, about 1501. Of those printed by the Hardonins (117 to 122) the highest price (1,000f.) was fetched by No. 119. Nos. 125 to 134 were printed by Geoffroy Tory and Simon de Colines, illustrated with those beautiful engravings and arabesque ornaments which have made Tory's name famous, and which marked a new departure in French art, the abandonment of the Gothic style and the adoption of Italian and classical taste. No. 126, "Horæ secundum consutudinem Ecclesie Parisiensis," Tory, 1527, on paper—2,900f. (Lortic); 127, "Horæ," on vellum, Du Bois for Tory (1527)—3,500f. (Chon); 128, "Horæ Romanæ," Tory, 1529, on vellum—4,300f. (Labitte); 130, "Horæ ad usum Romanum," Oliver Mallard, 1542, with Tory's engravings — 3,000f. (Quaritch); 148, "Diurnale Imperatoris Maximiliani," printed on vellum by Schönsperger in 1514—3,000f. (Labitte); 150, "Psalterium Virginis," printed in the Monastery of Tzenna, near Magdeburg, about 1494 or 1495, illustrated with designs in which the richly emblematical imagination of the artist has run into curiously grotesque

pictures, 1,400f. (Ellis); 153, "Officium beatæ Marie Virginis," Venice, 1545, on vellum, 2,000f. (Cohn). No. 157 was a copy of the rare second edition of "Lactantius," printed by Schweynheim and Pannartz at Rome in 1468—1,420f. (Quaritch); 159, "Hieronymi Epistolæ," Mentz, Schoeffer, 1470—3,000f. (Ellis); 167, "L'orloge de Sapience," printed on vellum by Antoine Verard at Paris in 1493, 9,500f. (Téchener); 168, a collection of ascetic pieces printed by Günther Zainer at Augsburg about 1470, in which is included the first edition of the famous "Imitatio Christi"—1,500f. (Fontaine); 170, "Monte Sancto di Dio" of Antonio Bettini di Siena, printed at Florence in 1477, and celebrated as the first book containing copper-plate engravings—4,800f. (Cohn); this book would probably have fetched a much higher price if opinion had been unanimous concerning the genuiness of the engravings; 174, "Justiniani Institucones," printed by Peter Schoeffer, at Mentz, in 1468, on vellum—6,900f; 178, "Coustumier de Poictou," Marner, 1514, an unique copy on vellum—5,500f.; 179, "Coustumes du Pays de Bourbonnoys," printed on vellum, at Paris, in 1521, and the only copy known—5,000f. (Duc d'Aumale); 183, "Ordonances Royaux," Paris, 1582, in a binding of the time—3,350f. (Téchener); 187, the "Somme Rural" of Jehen Boutillier, the first book printed at Abbeville, 1486—3,000f.; 191, "Bonifacii Liber Sextus Decretalium," printed by Peter Schoeffer in 1465, on vellum—4,500f. (Ellis); 202, "Cicero de Officiis," etc., Schoeffer, 1465, the first edition of the first printed classic, on vellum—6,050f. (Quaritch); 231, "Le Jeu des Eschez," a French translation of the celebrated Chess-book of Jacopo di Cessole, printed at Paris by Vérard in 1504, with woodcuts—3,400f. (Quaritch); 233, "Briefue Instruction pour Tous Estats," by Girard Corlieu, Paris, 1588, entirely printed in the peculiar type called *caracteres de civilité*—1,200f. (Quaritch); 238, "Inginstizia del Duello," by G. B. Susio, Vinegia, 1555, in a binding executed for the famous Anne de Montmorency—5000f. (Flammermont); 258, Ambroise Pare's curious treatise on "la maniere de traicter les plays faicres tat par hacquebues que par fleches," Paris, 1552, the dedication copy to Henry II., printed on vellum—6,000f. (Quaritch); 264, Th. Blouet, "Pronostication," only interesting as having been printed at Lille in 1503—1,380f. (Bibliothèque Nationale); 277, "Modelbüch," an early collection of designs and patterns for lacework, Cologne, 1545—1,900f. (Quaritch); 278, Vecellio, "Corona dell Donne," designs for lace-work, Venice, 1592—1,100f. (Labitte); 284, "De Artificiali Perspectiva," by Jean Pelerin surnamed "Viator," 1505, the first book printed in the old episcopal city of Toul, and also the first treatise on the subject of perspective in art—2,080f. (Quaritch); 289, "Champ Fleury" of Geoffroy Tory, first edition, Paris, 1529, with woodcuts—820f. (Quaritch); 291, "Livre Artincieux," a book of designs for painters, Anvers, 1540—1,220f. (Quaritch); 295, "Vitruvius et Frontinus," first edition, printed at Rome 1486—1,100f. (Quaritch); 306, "Æsop and other Fabulists," in Latin, an undated edition, attributed in the sale catalogue to Johann Zainer, of Ulm, but which seemed rather to be from a Cologne or Dutch press—1,550f. (Quaritch); 311, "Tewrdannckh," the famous allegorical romance written by or at the suggestion of the Emperor Maximilian upon his marriage with Mary of Burgundy, first edition, Nuremberg, 1517, printed on vellum—5,820f. (Labitte); 342, Albert Dürer's three celebrated sets of woodcuts in folio size (1511); "The Life of the Virgin," "The Passion of Christ," and the "Apocalypse" in figures, bound in one volume—4,800f. (Bibliothèque Nationale). The price marks an astonishing advance in the commercial value of Dürer's work, as the three pieces in this instance were of the inferior issue which is recognized by the appearance of a printed text on the reverse of the woodcut-pages, which in the superior state is left blank. 343, Dürer's "Passion," in quarto size, with engravings on copper, date 1511—1,720f. (Bibliothèque Nationale); 350, "Trachtenbuch," a book of costumes engraved on wood, by Jobst Amman, 1577—1,070f. (Quaritch)

357, "Passio Christi," about 1509, with engravings of Hans Wechtlin, a much rarer book than the contemporary and similar "Passions" executed by Hans Scheuffelein and the Master V.G., fell at the unusually low price of 630f. (Quaritch); 360, "Looszbuch," a curious woodcut volume of figures for the divination of destiny, Strasburg, 1546—320f. (Quaritch); 365, Lucas Cranach's "Passional Christi und Antichristi," a fine series of woodcuts satirically contrasting the life of Christ and the pomps of the Papacy—450f. (Labitte); 377, Sebastian Brandt's "Ship of Fools," in Latin, with woodcuts, the edition of the March kalends of 1498—580f. (Fontaine). No. 381 was a remarkable curiosity, being a set of 44 drawings of the "Dance of Death," assigned by many excellent critics to the hand of Holbein himself, and with some show of evidence, which, however, would not go far to satisfy any severely logical investigation. It fell for 20,000f. to M. Fontaine. 382, "Simulacres de la Morte," Holbien's designs in the first edition of Lyons, 1538, 1,700f. (Labitte); 393, "Jac. Phil. Bergomensis de Claris Mulieribus," the edition of Ferrara, 1497, which is prized for its fine woodcuts—1,520f. (Fontaine). 394, "Hieronymi Epistolæ," Ferrara, 1497, with woodcuts—1,400f. 395, "Predica dell Arte del Bene Morire" of Savonarola, with woodcuts, Florence, 1496—1,420f. 397, "Meditationes Cardinalis J. de Turrecremata," printed at Foligno in 1479, a rare book, equally remarkable for its typographical beauty and for its woodcuts, which were probably the first productions of Italian art in that branch of engraving —3,250f. (Quaritch); 398, "Libro de la Ventura," Milan, 1508, a woodcut book of fortune-telling—700f. (Quaritch); 401, the second Rome edition of Cardinal Turrecremata's "Meditations," mentioned above under No. 397, Ulrich Hahn, 1478, with the same woodcuts as had appeared in the first edition of 1467—2,400f. (Ellis); 404, the first edition of the Aldine Poliphilo, Venice, 1499, with woodcuts from designs attributed to Giovanni Bellini—1,820f. (Labitte); 411, "Transformationi" of Lodovic Dolce, with woodcuts, Venice, 1553, a large paper copy in old Venetian binding—1,620f. (Quaritch); 420, "Thesoro de la Passion," Saragossa, 1494, a very rare book, believed to be the first with woodcuts which was printed in Spain—2,050f. (Quaritch); 421, "Terentius," printed at Lyons in 1493, with woodcuts—2,100f. (Revanat); 424, Holbein's Bible prints, the first edition of Lyons, 1538, with Latin text—1,950f. (Bancel); 425, the second edition of 1539—1,620f. (Labitte); 454, "Josephus," printed at Lyons in 1566, with engravings by Woeiriot, unique—2,000f. (Ellis); 464, "La Danse Macabe," printed at Paris by Guy Merchant, 1490, with remarkable woodcuts — 5,100f. (Labitte); 465, "La Danse Macabre," the edition of Cousteau and Menart, Paris, 1492—5,350f.; 466, Compost et Kalendrier des Bergers," Paris, 1493, with curious woodcuts—5,000f.; 484, "L'Amour de Cypido et de Psiche," Paris, 1546, a tiny volume with fine copper-plate engravings attributed to Jean Cousin—2,200f. (Morgand); 494. "Méditations de la Passion," Paris, 1578, with woodcuts; dedication copy to Henry III.—1,300f. (Labitte); 505, "Sacre de Henry II.," 1547, 1,680f.; 507, "Entrée de Henry II. á Paris," 1549—1,750f. (Bibliothèque Nationale); 508, "Spectacles Dressès à Rouen à Henry II.," 1551—2,700f. (Labitte); 514, "Entrée de Henry IV. en Rouen," 1596—1,300f.; 518, "Entrée de la Reyne Mére dans les villes des Pays-Bas," 1632—1,520f.; 521, "Sacre de Louis XV., 1722—1,100f. The last lot in the catalogue is No. 525, "Feste delle Nozze del Gran Duca Francesco e della sua Consorte Bianca Capello," Florence, 1579, which brought 690f.

Thus ended the second Didot sale, after six days of unwearied competition.

GOD KNOWS THE BEST

Some time, when all life's lessons have been learned,
And sun and stars for evermore have set,
The things which our weak judgments here have spurned—
The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet—
Will flash before us out of life's dark night,
As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue;
And we shall see how all God's plans were right,
And how what seemed reproof was love most true.

And we shall see how, while we frown and sigh,
God's plans go on as best for you and me;
How, when we called, He heeded not our cry,
Because His wisdom to the end could see.
And even as prudent parents disallow
Too much of sweet to craving babyhood,
So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now
Life's sweetest things, because it seemeth good.

And if, sometimes, commingled with life's wine,
We find the wormwood, and rebel and shrink,—
Be sure a wiser Hand than yours or mine
Pours out this potion for our lips to drink.
And if some friend we love is lying low
Where human kisses cannot reach his face,—
O, do not blame the loving Father so,
But wear your sorrow with obedient grace.

And you shall shortly know that lengthened breath
Is not the sweetest gift God sends his friend;
And that sometimes the sable pall of death
Conceals the fairest boon His love can send.
If we could push ajar the gates of life
And stand within, and all God's workings see,
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,
And for each mystery could find a key.

But not to-day! Then be content, poor heart!
God's plans, like lilies pure and white, unfold;
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart—
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.
And if, through patient toil we reach the land,
Where tired feet with sandals loose may rest;
When we shall clearly know and understand,
I think that we will say "God knew the best."

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

No. 77.—Vol. VII. NOVEMBER, 1879. Price 6d.

THE SANCTUARY OF MEMPHIS, OR HERMES:

An Abridged History of Freemasonry and the Origin of all its Known Rites.

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

BY N. E. KENNY.

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

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

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

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

THE TRANSLATOR.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ORIGIN OF ALL THE KNOWN MASONIC RITES.

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

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

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

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

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

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

NOTE ON THE ORDER OF THE TEMPLE.

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

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

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

INSTRUCTION OF THE KADOSCH TEMPLAR

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

The Word: Habamah (the High Sanctuary).

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

Word with Touching: Kyrie (lord).

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

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

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

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

THE HEATHER-CLAD MOOR.

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

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

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

W. CORBETT.

A VISIT TO THE ENGLISH LAKES.

(Continued from page 178.)

WYTHBURN now comes in sight, with its

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

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

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

From here the ascent is often made of

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

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

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

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

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

and Castle Rock is seen in the distance,

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

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

"Beneath the castle's gloomy pride,"

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

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

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

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

> "Deep stillness lies upon this lovely lake;
> The air is calm, the forest trees are still."

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

> "*This island, guarded from profane approach*
> By mountains high and waters widely spread,
> Is the recess to which St. Herbert came
> In life's decline."
>
> "Here stood his threshold; here was spread the roof,
> That sheltered him—a self-secluded man."

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

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

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

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

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

> ——"the mountain flood
> Murmuring from Glaramara's inmost caves."

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

> "Here vague and barren grandeur spreads abroad,
> And darkness and dismay and danger dwell.
> No grassy sward of green is nourished here.
> ——"Here a wilful, riotous torrent comes
> Mad from the mountains, and when July drought
> Scorches the hills, here all subdued yet wild
> The muttering river drags its lazy course,
> And makes hoarse discord with the rocks and stones."

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

> "Wrynose, set amidst the south,
> A hideous child that was deserted
> By its mother Cockermouth."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

> ——"erect in the shade
> The solemn cathedral stands up like a warning."

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

HY. CALVERT APPLEBY

THE DAY IS DYING.

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

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

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

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

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

Kelso. W. FRED VERNON.

MASONIC CRAM.

BY THE EDITOR.

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

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

TRYING TO CHANGE A SOVEREIGN.

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

ESSAY THE SECOND.

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

PART I.

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

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

N.B.—All anachronistic rights strictly reserved.

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

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

—*Old Ballad.*



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

—*Popular doggrel.*

CHAPTER I.

THE JERKBACK BANK.

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

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

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

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

A "LONG" FIRM!!!

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

"CATESBY & Co. (Limited.)"

How came the widow Critchett by that cheque?

That is the question.

The sequel must disclose.

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

The following chapter shall inform you.

CHAPTER II.

PETTY FRANCE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

So Critchett swung and the new royal lawgiver dined.†

And Mrs. Critchett was a widow.

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

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

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

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

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

‡ Receiver of stolen goods.

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

Her first misgiving was right.

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

Several tons!

And firewood!

Many gross of bundles!

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

She made out the invoice.

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

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

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

Consequently, he was a civil servant.

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

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

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

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

"CATESBY & Co. (LIMITED")!

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

CHAPTER III.

THE LITTLE HOUSE IN STANGATE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

‡ After this gratuitous advertisement shall I be expected to disburse coin for the "harmless necessary" match, or even the more aristocratic vesta, for the rest of my life?—AUTHOR. I am sure I dont know.—ED. *M.M.*

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

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

The group were at once plunged in total gloom.

A darkness that could be felt.

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

"Keep it dark!"

CHAPTER IV.

UNDER THE CLOCK.

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

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

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

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

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

"But when shall we come to the coals?"

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

It went on clanging.

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

It went on clanging.

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

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

"Pish! 'tis but the clock," said he.

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

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

"That was an accident, gossip," responded Catesby.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

That cheque was never honoured!

For why?

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

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

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

"DOWN AMONG THE COALS!!!

(To be concluded in our next.

MASONIC HYMN.

BY BRO. JAMES CONWAY, AUSTRALIA.

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

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

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

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

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

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

—*Australian Freemason.*

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

JOTTINGS AT HIGH XII. IN THE HOLY LAND.

BY BRO. ROB. MORRIS, LL.D.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE CARBONARI.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

M.McM.

AUTUMN.

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

* * * * * * *

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

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

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

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

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

* * * * * * *

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

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

Chilton. ETOILE.

BEATRICE.

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

CHAPTER XIV.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I believe it was the great Moliere who also said—

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

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

"TO MY LADY-LOVE IN CHURCH.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(To be continued.)

NOTES ON LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

BY BRO. GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.

TWO PICTURES.

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

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

MASONIC READING.

BY R. RAMSAY ORILLA, ONT.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CONDITION OF FREEMASONRY IN SPAIN.

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

TO THE GLORY OF THE GREAT ARCHITECT OF THE UNIVERSE.

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

Order from Chaos.

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

We wish you thrice greeting.

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

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

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

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

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

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

(Signed) JUAN A. PEREZ,
Grand Commander and Grand Master.
PEDRO P. CASTANERA,
Grand Secretary General.

MUSIC.

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

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

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

F.D.R.C.

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ANNIVERSARY OF ST. JOHN.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE EMIGRANT.

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

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

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

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

No. 78.—Vol. VII. DECEMBER, 1879. Price 6d.

THE LEGEND OF THE QUATUOR CORONATI.

From the Arundel MSS.

Incipit Passio Sanctorum Martirum Claudii, Nicostrati, Simphoriani, Castoris, Simplicii, vi. Idus Novembris.

TEMPORIBUS quibus Dioclitianus perrexit Pannonis, ad metalla diversa sua presentia de montibus abscidenda, factum est dum omnes artifices metallicos congregaret, invenit inter eos magne peritie arte imbutos homines nomine Claudium, Castorium, Simphorianum, Nicostratum, mirificos in arte quadrataria. Hi occulte, Christiani erant custodientes mandata dei, et quicquid artis operabantur in sculptura, in nomine domini nostri Ihesu Christi sculpebant.

Factum est quodam die imperante Diocletiano, ut simulacrum solis cum quadriga ex lapide thaso artifices cum omni argumento currum, equos vel omnia ex uno lapide sculperent. Eodem tempore omnes artifices cum philosophis cogitantes, ceperunt artis hujus delimare sermonem. Et cum incidissent lapidem magnum ex metallo thaso, nonconveniebat ars sculpture, secundum preceptum Dioclitiani Augusti.

Et multis diebus erat contentio inter artifices et phylosophos. Quadam

Here Begins the Passion of the Holy Martyrs Claudius, Nicostratus, Simphorian, Castorius, and Simplicius.

IN the days when Dioclitian went to Pannonia, that he might be present at the hewing out of various metals from the mountains, it happened that, when he assembled together the workers of metal, he found amongst them some men, by name Claudius, Castorius, Simphorian, and Nicostratus, endowed with an art of great skill—wonderful workers in the art of carving. They were Christians in secret, keeping the commandments of God, and whatever work they did in the art of sculpture they did in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ.

It happened on a certain day, as Dioclitian was giving orders for the workmen to carve an image of the sun, with his chariot, chariot horses, and everything from one stone, that at that time all the workmen deliberating with the philosophers began to polish their conversation on this art; and when they had come upon a huge stone from the metal of Thasos, their art of sculpture was of no use, according to the command of Dioclitian Augustus.

And for many days there was a contention between the workmen and

autem die convenerunt in unum omnes artifices septingenti viginti duo, cum phylosophis quinque ad textum lapidis, et ceperunt venas lapidis perquirere, et erat mira intentio inter artifices et phylosophos. Eodem tempore Simphorianus confidens in fide quam tenebat, dixit ad co-artifices: Rogo vos omnes, date mihi fiduciam, et ego invenio cum discipulis meis Claudio, Simplicio, Nicostrato et Castorio. Et querentes venam metalli ceperunt sculpere in nomine domini nostri Ihesu Christi artem, et bene consequebatur sculptura secundum preceptum Augusti.

philosophers. But on a certain day all the workmen came together into one place, seven hundred and twenty-two, with the five philosophers, to the surface of the stone, and began to examine the veins of the stone, and there was a wonderful purpose amongst the workmen and the philosophers. At the same time Simphorian, trusting in the faith which he held, said to his follow-workmen: I ask you, all of you, give me your confidence, and I will find it out, with my disciples, Claudius, Simplicius, Nicostratus, and Castorius. And, examining the veins of the metal, they began their art of carving in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ. And their work met with success, according to the commands of Augustus.

Et facta est sculptura sigilli solis in pedibus viginti quinque. Hoc autem nunciatum est Dioclitiano Augusto, et letificatus est. Eadem hora ibidem in partibus Pannonie precepit edificare templum in loco qui appellatur ad montem pinguem, et ibidem constituit et posuit simulacrum et deauravit, et cepit in eodem loco sacrificiis et unguentis et odoribus letari et dedit dona artificibus.

And the sculpture of the image of the sun was made in twenty-five feet. But this was told to Dioclitian Augustus, and he was glad. In that same hour there, in the district of Pannonia, he ordered a temple to be built in the place which is called "Mons pinguis;" and there he established and placed the image and gilded it, and began in the same place to rejoice with sacrifices, libations, and incense; and he gave large gifts to the workmen.

Eodem tempore delectatus est Dioclitianus Augustus in arte et nimio amore captus precepit ut ex metallo porphyritico columnas vel capitella columnarum ab artificibus inciderentur. Et vocavit ad se Claudium, Simphorianum, Nicostratum et Castorium atque Simplicium. Quos cum gaudio suscipiens, dixit ad eos: Desidero per peritiam artis vestre capitella columnarum ex monte porphyritico incidi. Et ex precepto abierunt cum multitudine artificum et phylosophis. Venientibus autem eis ad montem porphiriticum qui dicitur igneus, ceperunt incidere lapidem in pedibus quadraginta uno.

At the same time Dioclitian Augustus took delight in the art, and, seized with an excessive love for it, gave orders that columns, or capitals of the columns, should be cut out from the porphyry by the workmen. And he called Claudius, Simphorian, Nicostratus, Castorius, and Simplicius to him, and, receiving them with joy, he said to them: I desire that the capitals of the columns may be hewn from the porphyry. And by his order they departed with the crowd of workmen and the philosophers, and when they came to the mountain of porphyry, which is called fiery,* they began to hew the stone in forty-one feet.

Claudius omnia in nomine domini nostri Ihesu Christi faciebat, et bene sequebatur eum ars. Symplicius autem qui erat gentilis, omnia quecunque

Claudius did everything in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, and his art served him in good stead. But Simplicius, who was a Gentile,

* igneus.

faciebat, non erant convenientia. Quodam autem die dixit ad Symplicium Nicostratus: Frater, quomodo tibi ferramentum tuum confringitur? Simplicius dicit, Rogo te tempera mihri ut non confringatur. Respondit Claudius, et dixit: Da mihi omne ingenium artis. Et dum dedisset omnem sculpturam ferri, dixit Claudius: In nomine domini Ihesu Christi, sit hoc ferrum forte, et sanum ad facienda opera. Et ab eadem hora cepit Simplicius omnen artem quadratariam cum ferramento suo, sicut Simphorianus bene et recte operari.

Tunc Simplicius miro amore et studio cepit inquirere a Simphoriano quod esset genus temperamenti, quia nunquam frangebantur argumenta ferramentorum, quod ante non ita erat. Dicit ei Simphorianus, unacum Claudio: Ergo frater miraris intemperatione ferramentorum? Creator qui est omnium ipse facturam suam confortabit. Respondit Simplicius ad Simphorianum et dixit. Nunquid deus Jovis ipse non fecit omnia hec? Respondit Claudius: Frater age penitentiam quia blasphemasti, nesciens quid loquaris. Deus quem nos confitemur ipse omnia creavit, et Ihesus Christus filius ejus dominus noster et spiritus sanctus, non autem quem tu dicis dominum. Quare non cognoscis quia ex nostris manibus exculpitur? Nescis quia et solem nos per sculpturam artis fecimus, et ipsum nichil est?

Eadem die ipsis altercantibus, jussit Diocilitianus Augustus ex metallo porphyritico pegas et conchas sigillis ornatas cavari. Tunc Simphorianus, Claudius, Castorius et Nicostratus ceperunt in nomine Christi cavare conchas, et pegas, et lacos cum sigillis et centaris, cum magna tenuitate artis. Simplicius vero quicquid in artem misisset manu, confringebatur. Tunc dixit ad Simphorianum: Adjuro te per deum Solem, ut dicas mihi quis est iste deus qui omnia creavit, in cujus nomine vos artem bene operamini. Respondit Claudius ad Simplicium, et dixit: Placitum est insensu et visu oculorum tuorum quod nos facimus? Respondit Simplicius et dixit: video nescio

whatever he did was of no use. But on a certain day Nicostratus said to Simplicius: My brother, how is it your tool is broken? Simplicius said: I beg you temper it for me that it may not break. Claudius replied, and said: Give me all the implements of your art. And when he had given him his carving tools, Claudius said: In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ let this iron be strong and fit to work with. And from that hour Simplicius began his carving with his own tool, like Simphorian, well and properly.

Then Simplicius, in his wonderful love and zeal, began to enquire what was the kind of tempering, because the fittings of his tools were never broken, which was not so before. Simphorian and Claudius say to him: Do you, then, brother, wonder at the tempering of the tools? He who is the Creator of all things will show kindness to his creation. Simplicius replied to Simphorian, and said: Did not the God of Jove Himself do all these things? Claudius replied: My brother, repent, for thou hast blasphemed, not knowing what you say. The God whom we confess Himself created all things, and Jesus Christ, His son, is our Lord, but not whom you call Lord. Why, do ye not know that we carve with our own hands? and do ye not know by our art of carving we fashion this image of the sun, which in itself is nothing?

On the same day as they were disputing, Dioclitian Augustus gave orders for fountains and shells ornamented with images, to be hollowed out of the metal of pophyry. Then Simphorian, Claudius, Castorius, and Nicostratus began, in the name of Christ, to hollow shells, fountains, tanks with images and drinking cups, with a great delicacy of art. But whatever Simplicius took in his hand for his work was broken in pieces. Then he said to Simphorian: I adjure thee, by the god, the sun, to tell me who is that God of yours who created all things, in whose name you do your work so well? Claudius replied to him, and said: Is what we do agreeable to your sense and sight? Simplicius

quam precationem, quam occulte precamini. Declarate mihi hanc preccationem dei vestre, ut mea vobiscum fruamini amicitia. Dicit ei Claudius: Et est in te pura amicitia? Respondit Simplicius: Vere pura, nam et vos cognovistis ecce intra quinque annos, qualiter vobiscum operatus sum. Dicit ei Simphorianus: Si potes credere, dicemus tibi et artem consequeris, et vitam eternam habebis. Respondit Simplicius: Desiderio desideravi scire deum vestrum, et supplico vobis. Dicit ei Claudius: Ecce hoc est quod tibi dicimus fideliter ut credas dominum Ihesum Christum dei filium, et baptismum percipias, et omnia ministrabuntur tibi. Respondit Simplicius: Ergo noli tardare, ut vobiscum unanimis sim, et in arte et in religione.

Et ceperunt querere sacerdotem, et invenerunt Episcopum in custodia carceris religatum nomine Quirillum de Antiochia adductum, pro Christi nomine vinctum, qui jam multis verberibus fuerat maceratus in tribus annis. Ad quem venientes nocte Simphorianus, Claudius, Nicostratus, et Castorius unacum Simplicio, invenerunt in catenis cum aliis multis confessoribus. Et ingressi ad sanctum Quirillum Episcopum miserunt se ad pedes ejus et rogaverunt eum ut baptizaret Simplicium. Cunque hoc audisset beatus Quirillus Episcopus gaudio magno repletus dixit ad Simplicium: Fili vide si ex toto corde credis, et omnia ministrabuntur tibi. Et respondentes Claudius, Simphorianus, Nicostratus et Castorius, dixerunt sancto Quirillo rem gestam de ferramentis quid obvenisset. Et tunc sanctus Quirillus Episcopus gratias agens deo omnipotenti, dixit ad Simplicium: Fili, vidisti virtutem in operatione vestra, modo tantum fideliter crede. Respondit Simplicius cum lacrimis, et dixit: Et quomodo jubetis ut ostendam credulitatem meam? Dixit Sanctus Quirillus Episcopus: Ut credas Christum creatorem omnium rerum, et omnia simulacra manu facta respuas. Respondit Simplicius: Ego credo quia

replied, and said: I see you use some kind of prayer, which you pray in secret. Make known to me this prayer of your God, that you may enjoy my friendship. Claudius said to him: Is this friendship of yours sincere? Quite sincere; for ye know yourselves how I have worked with you for five years. Simphorian said to him: If you can believe we will tell you, and you shall follow our plan and have eternal life. Simplicius replied: I have desired with a great desire to know your God, and I beg you to tell me. Claudius said to him: This is what we say to you, that you must believe faithfully on the Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, and must be baptised, and all things will minister unto you. Simplicius replied: Do not delay then, that I may be of one mind with you, both in our art and in religion.

And they began to search for a priest, and found a bishop, bound in prison, by name Quirillus, who had been carried from Antioch in bonds for Christ's name, and had been afflicted with many stripes for three years. And to him Simphorian, Claudius, Nicostratus, and Castorius, coming by night with Simplicius, found him in chains with many other confessors; and, entering in to the holy bishop Quirillus, they cast themselves at his feet, and besought him to baptize Simplicius. And when the blessed bishop Quirillus heard this, filled with great joy, he said to Simplicius: My son, see that you believe with your whole heart, and all things will minister unto you. And Claudius, Simphorian, Nicostratus, and Castorius replying, told the whole matter to the holy Quirillus, what had happened about the tools. And then the holy bishop Quirillus, giving thanks to Almighty God, said to Simplicius: My son, you have seen the virtue in your work, only faithfully believe. Simplicius, with tears, replied, and said: And how do ye bid me show my belief? The holy bishop Quirillus replied: Believe that Christ is the Creator of all things, and reject all images made with hands. Simplicius replied: I believe that Jesus Christ is the true

vere deus est, verus Ihesus Christus. Et facto eo secundum consuetudinem catecumino, baptizavit eum in nomine patris et filii et spiritus sancti in carcere. Et dimisit eos et reversi sunt ad opera sua.

Et ceperunt cavare conchas ex lapide porphyritico cum sigillis et herbacantis. Et in qua hora mittebant manus suas ad opera, in nomine Ihesu Christi operabantur cum signo crucis. Unus autem de phylosophis intuens et videns, quomodo sine signo crucis nichil faciebant, sed utebantur omni hora signo Christi in opere, contristatus est vehementer, et dixit ira plenus: Hoc genus magice artis est quod facitis signum, nescio ad quam crudelitatem pertinens, et per ipsum omnia prospera vobis aguntur. Respondit Claudius et dixit: Nescis phylosophe quia hoc signum quod fuit ante ad crudelitatem, ad vitam perducit eternam qui credit in Ihesum. Respondit philosophus: Non potest crudelitas mortis ad vitam perducere. Respondit Claudius et dixit: Deus et dominus Ihesus Christus ipse dixit. Qui invenit animam suam perdet eam, et qui perdiderit animam suam inveniet eam. Respondit philosophus: Ergo et vos Christum sequimini colentes eum? Respondit Claudius: Vere in ipsius signo et virtute omnia opera manuum nostrarum facimus; quia sic nos docuit doctor gentium beatus Paulus Apostolus dicens, Quicquid facitis, in nomine domini facite. Respondit philosophus: In cujus nomine domini? Respondit Simphorianus: In nomine domini nostri Ihesu Christi. Dicit autem ad eum philosophus: Et si ipse est dominus deus, quomodo morte subjacuit? Simphorianus respondit: Bene dicis quia morti subjacuit, tamen si scis quia mortuus est; quia surrexit cognitum tibi non est?

His ita altercantibus, multi ex artificibus quadratariis crediderunt in verbis et doctrinis beati Simphoriani, et dixerunt ad alterutrum: Melius nobis est ut in arte juvemur, et fortes esse possimus per ejus nomen qui mortuus est et resurrexit.

God. And this being done, as is the custom with a catechumen, he baptized him, in the prison, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. So he dismissed them, and they returned to their work.

And they began to hollow shells from the porphyry with images and "herbacantis" (?). And whenever they put their hands to the work, they worked in the name of Jesus Christ, with the sign of the cross. But one of the philosophers looking on, and noticing how they did nothing without the sign of the cross, but every hour made use of the sign of Christ in their work, was very grieved and full of anger, and said: This sign that you make is a kind of magic art, belonging to some sort of cruelty, and by its means all your work is performed successfully. Claudius replied, and said: Do ye not know, O philosopher, that this sign, which was first a sign of cruelty, leads him to eternal life who believes on Jesus. The philosopher replied: The cruelty of death cannot lead to life. Claudius replied, and said: God and our Lord Jesus Christ Himself has said, He who finds his soul shall lose it, and he who shall lose his soul shall find it. The philosopher replied: Do ye then follow Christ and worship him? Claudius answered: Truly through His sign and might we do all the work of our hands, for the h ly apostle Paul, teacher of the Gentiles, taught us to do so, saying, Whatever ye do, do in the name of the Lord. The philosopher replied: In the name of what Lord? Simphorian replied: In the name of our Lord Jesus Christ. But the philosopher said to him: And, if he is God the Lord, how was he subject unto death? Simphorian replied: You say rightly that he was subject to death; yet if you know that he died, do you not know that he rose again?

And as they were thus disputing many of the masons believed in the words and doctrines of the blessed Simphorian, and they said one to another: It is better that we should have help in our art, and that we should be strong through the name of Him who died and rose again.

Eodem tempore jubente Dioclitiano perfecta est concha porphyritica cum mala et herbacantio per manus Claudii, Simphoriani, Castorii et Nicostrati, et allata sunt ante conspectum Dioclitiani Augusti. Et placuerunt ei omnia, et dono multiplicavit Simphoriano, Claudio, Castorio et Nicostrato.

Tunc Dioclitianus dixit: Volo columnas cum capitibus foliatis abscidi de monte porphyritico, dictantibus Claudio, Simphoriano, Nicostrato et Castorio. Hoc audientes philosophi indignati sunt vehementer, quia jussio Dioclitiani urgebat. Accedentes autem ad montem, designaverunt partem lapidis qui incideretur, Tunc oraverunt et fecerunt signum crucis Christi, et dictantes et dolantes. ceperunt artifices quadratarii incidere lapidem ad collarium columne, et operabantur cotidie per menses tres. Explicita autem una columna mirifica arte perfecta, dixerunt philosophi ad Claudium, Simphorianum, Nicostratum et Castorium et Simplicium: Vos qui dono locupletati estis, date operam in aliam columnam incidendam. Quare a nobis discere disideratis artem? Respondentes ii quinque dixerunt: In nomine domini nostri Ihesu Christi in quem confidimus, incidimus et hanc aliam columnam, sicut et priorem. Et dantes operam, cum summo studio intra dies viginti sex inciderunt aliam columnam. Tunc philosophi indignantes dixerunt: Hec carmina non sunt nisi magice artis.

Et ita sculpentes facturas diversi operis dabant studium, et bene sequebatur eos ars consilio eorum qui nichil per peritiam artis philosophie faciebant, nisi in nomine Christi operabantur nitide. Hoc videntes philosophi, suggestionem dederunt Dioclitiano Augusto dicentes: Summe princeps et ornator seculi, magnum est consilium precepti vestri et mansuetudinis in opera montis designati, ut lapis pretiosus incidatur ad mirificum ornamentum reipublice vestre, et multa opera clara facte sunt

At that same time, at the command of Dioclitian, the porphyry shell was made with "mala et herbacantis" by the hands of Claudius, Simphorian, Castorius, and Nicostratus; and their work was brought to the notice of Dioclitian Augustus. And everything pleased him, and he heaped gifts on Simphorian, Claudius, Castorius, and Nicostratus.

Then Dioclitian said: I desire foliated columns with capitals to be hewn from the mountain of porphyry under the supervision of Claudius, Simphorian, Nicostratus, and Castorius. When the philosophers heard this they were very angry, because the command of Dioclitian was urgent. But going to the mountain they shaped a part of the stone which was hewn. Then they prayed, and made the sign of the cross of Christ, and the masons superintending and chipping the stone began to hew it at the collar of the pillar, and worked daily for three months. But when one column was exposed to view, fashioned with wonderful art, the philosophers said to Claudius, Simphorian, Nicostratus, and Simplicius: You who are rich in this gift; give your labour to the hewing of another column. Why do ye wish to learn the art from us? the five replying, said: In the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, in whom we trust, we will hew this other pillar as we did the first one. And giving attention to their task, with great exertions they hewed out another column in twenty-six days. Then the philosophers were angry, and said: These are nothing else but charms of magic art.

And so, they took pains in carving objects of varied workmanship, and their art served them in good stead, on the plan of those who did nothing by skill of the art of philosophy, but performed exquisite work in the name of Christ. When the philosophers saw this they made a suggestion to Dioclitian Augustus, saying: Mighty Prince, adorner of this age, great is the sagacity of your command and clemency in this work of carving the mountain, that the precious stone should be hewn for the wonderful

in columnarum metallo, miroque labore serenitatis vestre. Dioclitianus Augustus dixit: Vere delector peritia horum hominum. Et fecit omnes quinque aspectibus suis presentari. Quibus letus ita dixit: Per virtutem deorum, quia sullimabo vos divitiis et donis, tantum sigilla precidite de monte hoc porphiritico. Et jussit victorias et cupidines et conchas iterum fieri, maxime autem Asclepium.

Et fecerunt conchas, victorias, cupidines et Asclepii simulacrum non fecerunt. Et post aliquantos dies obtulerunt opera sua in diversa ornamenta sigillorum. Similiter letificatus Dioclitianus Augustus in peritia artis quadratarie; dixit ad Claudium, Simphorianum, Nicostratum, Castorium, atque Simplicium: Gaudeo valde in studio artis vestre. Tamen, quare non ostenditis amorem, ut deum Asclepium cunctarum sanitatum dolaretis? Pergite nunc cum pace, et date operam in hoc simulacro. Et leones fundantes aquam, et aquilas et cervos et gentium multarum similitudinem operamini.

Tunc abierunt et fecerunt secundum consuetudinem.

adornment of your kingdom; and many beautiful works have been made in the metal of the columns and with the wonderful labour of your highness. Dioclitian Augustus said: I am verily delighted with the skill of these men. And he caused them all five to be brought into his presence, to whom in his joy he spake thus: By the power of the gods, I will elevate you with riches and presents, only cut me out first images from this mountain of porphyry. And he bade them make images of Victory, Cupids, and more shells, but especially an image of Æsculapius.

And they carved shells, Victories, and Cupids, but did not make an image of Æsculapius. And after some days they offered their work of images with their varied ornamentation. Dioclitian Augustus was equally pleased with their skill in masonic work. He said to Claudius, Simphorian, Nicostratus, Castorius, and Simplicius: I rejoice much in the skill of your art, yet why did ye not show your love by carving an image of Æsculapius, the god of health? Go now in peace, and give your attention to this image, and fashion lions pouring water, and eagles and stags and likenesses of many nations.

Then they departed and did according to their custom.

A DESIRE.

LET me not lay the lightest feather's weight
Of duty upon love. Let not, my own,
The breath of one reluctant kiss be blown
Between our hearts. I would not be the gate
That bars, like some inexorable fate,
The portals of thy life; that says, "Alone
Through me shall any joy to thee be known."
Rather the window, fragrant early and late
With thy sweet, clinging thoughts, that grow and twine
Around me like some bright and blooming vine;
Through which the sun shall shed his wealth on thee
In golden showers; through which thou mays't look out
Exulting in all beauty, without doubt,
Or fear, or shadow of regret from me.

—*Scribner's Monthly.*

THE MORAL AND RELIGIOUS ORIGIN OF FREEMASONRY:

Of its Mission and the Positive Epoch of its Material Institution.

By Count S. de Giorgi Bertola, Knight of Christ and Member of Freemasonry according to the French and Scottish Rites.

TRANSLATED BY N. E. KENNY.

THIS *brochure*, dedicated "A son Altesse Royale, le Duc de Sussex, Grand Mâitre de l'Ordre Maçonnique de Trois Royaumes de la Grand Bretagne, Colonies," etc., etc., etc. (the abbreviations are the author's), was printed for Count Bertola, without the medium of a publisher, and only a few copies—*exemples de luxe*—were taken from the press. Had the text been as faultless as the binding, the task of translation would have presented few difficulties. But foreigners have often reason to complain where their productions are not subjected to the critical eye of an efficient "corrector of the press." This was notably the case with Signor Salvini's Italian version of his plays of Shakespeare, printed with such marvellous inaccuracy in Paris, and afterwards so accurately produced here in London. THE TRANSLATOR.

ALMOST all those who have written on Freemasonry have themselves erred, or have desired to set others astray through leading them by false pathways. Some have seen in it merely a subordinate institution of the Knights Templar; others make its origin go back to Solomon and to the ancient Patriarchs; some make it descend from the Crusades; some only wish to see in it a disorganised association, instituted by Manès, or by the Old Man of the Mountain; and, again, there are others who judge it as anti-religious and heresiarchal; and, finally, others regard it as a political secret institution in permanent conspiracy against all the constituted powers of the State. The natural cause of these errors should be attributed, not only to the changes and alterations which this famous association has experienced, according to the different circumstances in which it has found itself since its origin, but also to the interests of certain selfish castes, jealous to preserve an oppressive and anti-social domination over the masses.

The first of human institutions was the constitution of family, in which the father exercised, without dispute, the natural right of ruling. Afterwards came the assemblage of two or more families, preserving to each chief his natural authority in the inner council, and naming amongst them a kind of arbitrator or supreme chief, who often took the name of Patriarch.

Those kinds of communities having, in process of time, multiplied and enlarged, were followed by bodies of people, some stationary, others nomads, to whom they gave the general designation of tribes.

It was not until after the formation of the tribes that the words "people" or "nation" could be reasonably enunciated for the first time; and even, in order that the application of these terms might be correct, it was necessary that those tribes should bind themselves together by general interests, by uniformity of language, and by territorial residence. It is the sedentary tribes alone, then, speaking the same tongue, and occupying the same region, who could be really termed nationalities.

Nomad hordes, wandering from one country to another, in order to arrive at nationality, employed for the most part violence and numerical superiority, or created a new nation in the climates of their choice, or amalgamated themselves with nations already established, and few amongst them continued to

lead an anti-social life, to which is given—I do not well know the reason why—the designation of "savage."

It is indisputable that the human race ought to be considered under two general conditions—the state of nature and the social state; but we must take good care not to apportion too small a part to the first, because it is distant from us, in order to enrich the other amidst which we live. In investigating mankind from this double point of view, we must seek to ascertain by what revolutions of ideas and circumstances man has passed from one to the other of these two conditions.

Those who have pretended, and still pretend, to circumscribe the state of Nature to what is properly called "savage life"—which is not more savage than is Nature herself—have committed, and still commit a very grave mistake, for the true state of Nature could only cease when the word "nationality" was for the first time pronounced. It has always been said that society derived its origin from the collecting together of many men—yes, origin, for if we would go up to the beginning of everything, we could only stop at God himself. But here the matter bears quite another aspect; here we have to treat of a material constituted fact, and for myself, I maintain that this fact—this society—had no existence until nationality was established.

The primitive assembling together of families formed only a temporary community, which, being liable to be dissolved from one moment to another, could not constitute a society.

The formation of tribes, although on a grand scale, until the taking possession by these same tribes of a given region, must naturally undergo the same consequences, because it was constituted according to the same principle as the community of families.

The history of the Israelites furnishes us with a proof of this, for that people never found themselves in their true social condition until they were put in possession of the promised land, and had established a general constitution of state and government.

The word "Society" only implying an united people, living under the rule of the same institutions, and having each individually the same rights to exercise, and the same duties to fulfil, I have then reason to aver that the social state only commenced when nationalities were constituted.

To take a man in a state of nature, bring him into society, give to him by the knowledge of his duties and of the sacred principles of social order the means of acquiring the qualities which would befit him to associate with his equals, and lead him to perfection and happiness, here you most certainly behold the intention and the origin of the first initiatory ceremony of the primitive schools in which they laboured to mould man for society by teaching him to repress his harmful passions by the exercise of those which are useful.

The writings and monuments which remain to us from antiquity teach that in the first period of known societies some man superior to his fellows turned them from a wandering life and of partial community to adopt the social state. He was at the same time the founder of the religious mysteries, which formed, in his hands, the separation between the sacred and the profane. The same man was the inventor of music—of the harp—the first chant of the divinity and the discovery of all the harmonies are attributed to him.

Behold, then, the associations of men and the establishment of mysteries forming an identical institution through the cares of a sage—inspired, doubtless, by the Almighty. This institution has maintained itself, and the ceremony which accompanies this admission of men into society became, amongst all civilised peoples, an act at once political and religious.

But society soon degenerated. The need of rendering it perfect made itself felt by those who had preserved the ideas of morality as a fruit of primitive institutions; the necessity of re-establishing the institution in the

bosom of that very society which it had formed, and to fashion out of it the perfection of social order.

Then, instead of taking the man of nature to make a social being of him, society took up social man in order to perfect him. To arrive at this end the most surely, there were started initiatory colleges, depositories of knowledge and of truths the most useful, and studies the most profound—mathematics, geometry, astronomy, navigation, art of healing—all was taught in those private schools.

The dogma of the existence of God, the investigation of the laws of nature, were the object of initiative primitive study. The discoveries which resulted from this study became the science and the secret of the initiated. Agriculture was at once the daughter and the nurse of society. She (agriculture) was, with astronomy, which was to be her guide, one of the principal objects of "works;" hence comes it that the mysteries were named after Ceres and the Sun, which, for the initiated, meant but culture of the earth and observation of the stars. These studies led the Adepts to a knowledge of the general laws of the universe, and to the discovery of the good or evil which men experience; Those studies went further still, and transported the students beyond the limits of existence. Men living in a state of nature could only recognise the rewards or punishments of this life. Already civilised and instructed men could cast their regards and base their hope on another future; for there they saw recompense of the good which they might have done and the punishment of the evil which they might have committed. The Elysian Fields were the prize of the just, and Tartarus the lot of the criminal. But this same Tartarus, recognised and accepted by our primitive initiated, was not of a nature, as it is in our days, to dishonour the Divinity.

Hope, which is the star that shines upon man from his first wail to his last sigh, is not extinguished even in his grave. Seek this consoling power, and you will find it everywhere. Run throughout all Nature; ask her, and she will tell you she sees nothing but hope; seek there amongst men, and you will find it seated in the core of their heart; ascend to the heavens, and you will meet it; descend to hell, and you shall learn that even there hope is not without foundation. [It would be much to be desired that some theologians should be tempted to confute publicly the opinion I have here enunciated in reference to Hope.]

Ah! the dogma of the knowledge of God, professed in the initiative schools, is very much more vast and expansive than is that which the theology of later ages has been pleased to burden with false soothsayers. We know that God is Justice itself, but we are not, at the same time, ignorant that he is likewise of infinite mercy.

God, in creating humanity, knew the frailty, inborn and inherent, in that portion of His creation, and that, notwithstanding the intellectuality with which He had enriched it, it might havestrayed from the path of right-doing and virtue; but who is it that can penetrate the decrees of the Eternal? As for us mortals, we are content to reverence His exalted wisdom, and we console ourselves, in our human peripatetics, by again remembering without ceasing that the Great Architect of the Universe has said, "Nothing in the heavens, and nothing beneath the heavens, shall be eternally lost!" Why, then, should it be Man who is the masterpiece of Creation?

It was in the schools where they professed similar dogmas that Orpheus, Pythagoras, Moses, Thales (of Miletum), Epicurus, Lycurgus (the Spartan law-giver), Plato, Solomon, and the other wise men of old have borrowed those torrents of light with which they have dazzled posterity. Thither repaired from all lands men desirous of knowing the truth. Those were the schools of wisdom which refused to open to Constantine, stained with the blood of his kindred—to Alexander (six centuries before), guilty of the murder of his friends, and some others less famous in name and in wickedness, and likewise little worthy of entrance.

To be convinced that the ceremonies of these "mysterious initiations" constituted an act truly solemn and religious, by which man quitted the state of nature to pass into the state of society, and whose object was his perfecting and his progress in sociability, or social life, it suffices to follow the developments given of it by Homer, Apuleius, Diodorus Siculus, Diogenes of Laertium, Herodotus, Plutarch, Jamblicus, Clement of Alexandria, Strabo, and many others, who were, for that reason, accused of indiscretion by their initiated contemporaries.

Just the same one can acquire conviction as to the identity of the Masonic initiation with this olden institution, if they search into what remains to us of ancient rites—those which present relation and analogy, although Masonry offers us to-day no more than an imperfect image of its brilliant existence—but the ruins of its greatness—but a system disfigured by progressive alterations, the result of events and circumstances—the thread of which appears broken for us, but upon which given positives permit us to establish solid conjectures. Like Freemasonry, the ancient institution had its degrees, to which all the initiated were not indiscriminately admitted. I will say more—Freemasonry is but a continuation of the propaganda of the ancient schools.

Let us follow the Neophyte into the courts of his reception. We see him at first left to himself, to his reflections, afterwards travelling, wandering hither and thither, deprived of the light; and if decency, fruit of social morality, opposed his becoming like man in a state of nature, it is as much as is permitted to the sages, being allegorically brought near that condition. Such were, likewise, the preparations for the initiation to the grand mysteries: they depict the state of isolation—of ignorance of the natural man. He is deprived of metals because they are the productions of the social arts. Society, which protects and defends, has itself need of defence; it must, then, inspire in the Neophyte virtue, the courage which consists in the moral strength of the soul as well as in the vigour of the body; and, in order to confirm one's self in these good dispositions, the Neophyte was subjected to long and rigorous tests, reduced now-a-days to formulæ as simple as possible, so as not to destroy the basis of the institution.

After being assured of the aspirant through all those means, they demanded of him the secrecy necessary in order that the society should not be exposed to impositions whereto a single indiscretion might open the way.

At last he is one of us, this Neophyte. He receives the light as a symbol of the instructions which should be given him; afterwards, you clothe him. Consider what clothing you give him—the first of which man has been compelled to make use, that which must necessarily have preceded all other habiliments which demand the slow and progressive perfection of the arts. You enjoin on him never to appear before his brethren without being invested with this "habit"—a necessary advice to him to whom no inculcation has yet demonstrated this decorous necessity. His new condition demands that he should communicate with his equals—you accord him the means of doing so—he receives from you the password. You give it to him as if to a being absolutely new, entirely ignorant; you add to that the dumb language of signs. In this you follow the first primæval custom which necessity established, and which was practised in the first initiations, whereby were taught the elements and principles of languages. In admitting him into the society, it appears just to make him know the benefactors of the institution: he learns from you the name of him who originally set metals to work. You give him the explanation of objects which strike his eager regards—the imperfect remains, the feeble semblances of the great instructions of the olden ages. You make him see the rough stone, manifesting to him that it is the symbol of man abandoned to mere natural instinct, but which, in order to be employed in the building of the Temple—emblem of the social edifice which was the original triumph of the institution—must needs be chipped and squared by the chisel

of wisdom and the hammer of severity, in order to remove the defective points which prevent its co-ordination with others. You give him tools: he learns how to make use of them, to work, and knows that work is the heritage— the appanage of Society; he knows that it is a tribute imposed on all its members; he partakes afterwards of a fraternal banquet as an emblem of the advantages and the enjoyments attached to the acquittal of this sacred liability.

This brief explanation is doubtlessly sufficient to show that the object of the olden initiation, of which our Masonic Order merely perpetuates the rites, has for motive the admission of man into Society and the study of all the virtues which social order imposes.

But what human institution is free from the vicissitudes to which all nature is subject? This has been testified by the common lot of all the works of mankind. How could such an institution have been propagated without alteration, in the midst of the persecutions of blind ignorance against philosophy? How could it traverse the ages of barbarism which succeeded a wise and learned antiquity without participating in the pervading corruption? Could it resist the torrents of revolutions, or the overthrow of empires?

(To be continued.)

A REVERIE BY THE SEA-SIDE.

AS I stood in silent sadness
On that far and fragrant shore,
The bright waves in buoyant gladness
Seemed to cheer me evermore.
And the clouds above me, sailing
In their vagabond career,
Brought a message all unfailing
In its language calm and clear.

"Bear thee up," I heard them saying,
"Poor desponding, lonely heart,
Though mournful thoughts thy mind be swaying,
Unforsaken still thou art.
In God's Providence believing,
March thou onward on thy way;
Passing sorrows, earthly grieving
Melt before His better day."

As I reverently listen,
Gentle tones float round me now,
Loving eyes they seem to glisten,
I see dear face and placid brow.
So I turn to sacred duty,
So I smile with chastened glee
At those scenes and forms of beauty
Which greet me ever by the sea.

W.

THE LAST ATTEMPT:

Being the final effort of Bro. Sir Walter Scott at Metrical Composition

BY W. FRED. VERNON, R.W.M. NO. 58, KELSO, S.C.

SOME months ago there was placed in my hands, by Bro. J. B. Kerr, of the Commercial Bank at Kelso, some manuscript which had lately come into his possession, with a request that I would decipher it. The task was not a very difficult one, although one or two words were almost illegible; the characters were cramped, not careless; in fact, the effort was only too apparent, and though sadly differing from many specimens I had seen from the same pen, but some peculiarities or characteristics I had noted in the writer's style under happier circumstances were distinctly recognisable. The manuscript I refer to was the last attempt of the hand that had filled thousands of folios with charming, clear, running, ready writing which had delighted millions of readers, and shall yet delight many more. It was the last effort of the hand of the minstrel who had struck the lyre of his country with no uncertain sound, to once more make its chords vibrate to tuneful measure. It was, in fact, the last attempt of the mighty magician of the North, Bro. Sir Walter Scott, at metrical composition.

The verses which follow were written by him when in Italy, in the spring of 1832. They were written at the request of the "Countess of Wallingluss, a Russian lady." In that finest of biographies, written by the loving hand of his son-in-law, Lockhart does not mention this lady by name, but there is an allusion to a lady having requested him to do something to which he had a great repugnance, but to which request he, nevertheless, promised compliance. On being asked why he had promised to comply with her request, he gave the pathetic answer that as he was not good for much now he thought he should try and oblige everybody. The following is the result of the attempt:—

"Lady, they say thy native land,
Unlike this clime of fruits and flowers,
Loves, like the minstrel's northern strand,
The sterner share of Nature's powers;
Even Beauty's powers of empiry
Decay in the decaying hours,
Until even you may set a task
Too heavy for the poet's powers.

"Mortals in vain—so says the text—
Seek grapes from briars, from thistles corn:
Say, can fair Wollenluss expect
Fruit from a withered Scottish thorn?
Time once there was, alas, but now
That hour returns not, ne'er again;
The shades upon the dial cast
Proceed, but pass not back again.

"Yet in this land of lengthened day,
Where April wears the Autumn's hue,
Awakened by the genial ray,
Thoughts of past visions strive to flow;
The blood grows warm, the nerves expand,
The stiffened fingers take the pen,
And———."

These are the very last words ever penned by the great wizard, our illustrious brother,* ere his mighty instrument "dropped from his nerveless grasp."

* Sir Walter Scott was a member of the lodge of St. David, Edinburgh, in which he first saw light on the 2nd day of March, 1801.

They are the last flicker, the last scintillation from the great luminary, visible but for a moment, then utterly obscured in the rapidly approaching night. Sad, sad and deeply touching are these last lines wrung from the overwrought brain of one of Scotland's most gifted sons, who sank into a premature grave in his stupendous efforts to work off his liabilities. It is touching to read how he had to be hurried home from the Continent, and how he arrived in London about the middle of June, more dead than alive, having escaped the fate of dying in a foreign land like his predecessors, Fielding and Smollett. How he lay for three weeks in the St. James's Hotel, Jermyn Street, in an almost continuous state of unconsciousness, exciting the sympathy of all classes of the community, who crowded the street and made daily inquiries as to the state of his health. How he was conveyed on board a steamer early in July, and conveyed to his native city in a state of stupor, how he was driven from Edinburgh in his carriage to his romantic seat on the banks of the Tweed, and how, as he approached that dear spot, his wandering eye recognised the familiar scenes and his mind again awoke to comparative clearness. These latter days are full of touching incidents. Once more did he endeavour to wield the pen, having insisted upon being taken to his desk to write, and his daughter Sophia having placed a pen in his hand, the quill fell from his paralysed fingers and dropped upon the paper. Realising his incapacity, he burst into tears. Kindly sleep came to his relief, and for a while he forgot his grief in slumber, only to awaken again to a remembrance of his pitiful condition, upon which he raised himself in his chair and pathetically cried, "Friends, don't let me expose myself—get me to bed—that's the only place." He died on the 21st September, 1832, aged sixty-one years.

There is always something sad in witnessing the breaking up of the physical powers, and in thinking of what *has* been "so sad, so strange, the days that are no more; but there is something more inexpressibly sad in seeing the gradual breaking up of the mental power. To die in harness is not such a hard lot. Talfourd, Thackeray, Dickens, Hood, Bronte, Gaskell, and many more have died with their mental power undiminished, and left fragments of work of great promise, but to die in harness, and have your last days embittered by pain and poverty, as did Fielding, Smollett, and Goldsmith, is a very hard and a very sad lot; but to die before your time, to die mentally while you yet live, is the saddest of all. The story of Sterne's† death is one of the most painful pages of history; sad, too, is the record of the last days of Swift, but I think my readers will agree with me that the premature decay of the mental faculties, as exhibited in this melancholy memorial of one of our most gifted countrymen, this last attempt of a once brilliant mind, is the saddest phase of all, betokening the rapid approach of that night in which no man can work. The pathos in the last lines is touching in the extreme.

> "The blood grows warm, the nerves expand,
> The stiffened fingers take the pen!"

And then the reaction, darkness dense and impenetrable. Truly may we say, with Shakespeare,

> "It is too late: the life of all his blood
> Is touched corruptibly; and his pure brain
> (Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house)
> Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
> Foretell the ending of mortality."

† Laurence Sterne was not a brother, but a monumental stone was erected to his memory "by two brother Masons." W. and S. are the initials of their names. Can any brother inform me who they were? *Their* virtues led them to be more than a "little blind" to his faults, if we are to trust the sculptured epitaph. A singular error is perpetuated upon this stone, the date of Sterne's death being given as "September 13, 1768," instead of the 18*th of March*, 1768. This mistake would seem to prove that the monument had not been erected till a considerable time after Sterne's interment.

FOTHERINGHAY CASTLE.

A Paper read at a Meeting of the Leicestershire Architectural and Archæological Society, held in the Town Library, Guild Hall, Leicester, on the 27th of May, 1878, by the Rev. J. B. Dickson, LL.D.

"Die schönste aller frauen, welche leben,
Ist auch die Jammernswurdigste von allen."
Schiller.

THE name of Fotheringhay, which the present Vicar warns me not to spell without the "h," has, like most names of places, undergone various changes in the course of time. In "Domesday Book" we have it Fotheringeia. Leyland writes it, Foderingeye. In the same context, I may observe in passing, he spells Church, Chirch, showing that our word comes from the same source as the High German Kirche, the Plat-Deutsch, Kerk, and the Scotch Kirk, all derived, if not from Crux, certainly from KYPIAKH. It is odd that in the same passage Leland, forgetting or careless about how he had spelt the name of the village and castle, writes Foderingey, without the final "e." It is also written, Fodringhey, Fodringeye, Fodringey, Foderingaye, and, finally, it has settled into Fotheringay, or Fotheringhay. It is a marked instance of the uncertainty of ancient spelling before words became crystallised into permanent forms. Fotheringhay seems to come from Fèdan, to feed, and Ha, or Hay, a meadow. The only authentic description of the Castle I have come across is contained in a survey in the 21st year of James I. It consisted of two principal parts. The first a keep on the higher mound, and the second a large fortification on the lower. The first was reached through a double moat, and consisted of two stories, called upper and lower chambers, containing "goodly lodgyngs." From this you descended by a broad staircase to the lower fortification in which the "Great Hall" was situated. The Nen and a Mill brook formed part of the double ditches. Besides the Mill brook there was a pond—both have disappeared. The Castle I find must have been standing in 1624, 38 years after Mary's death, and 21 years after the accession of her son to the throne of England. That it was ordered to be demolished by James, I had long believed, but after searching in vain for any historic proof to that effect, I have come to the conclusion that no such order was ever issued by him. Popular instinct, generally right, said it should have been so done by James, hence the tradition. The real destroyers, animated by no penitential sentiment, were the owners of the Castle and Manor at a later date. It became, in fact, a quarry for building purposes. The only picture in existence of this Castle is said to be at Windsor. I have experienced a difficulty in determining where the "Hall of Presence," as distinct from the "great hall," was situated. Sir Walter Scott says Mary was beheaded in the same hall in which she was tried. But this must be a mistake. For after passing from her own chamber in the keep to the room in which she was tried, she there found Shrewsbury, Kent, Paulet, Drury, and others ready to accompany her to the "great hall." It was in this room, "the presence chamber," the scene took place between her and Kent, when she implored him to grant her the presence of her ladies in her last moments. Afterwards she said, "*Allons donc*," "Let us go," and descended, as a historian says, the "great staircase to the hall." By the term "great staircase" we might suppose the "hall of presence" in which she was tried was not on the lower height, but on the upper in the keep. But even Archdeacon Bonney, according to the

Vicar of Fotheringhay, was unable to determine this. The Harleian MS. calls it "an entry next the great hall." This seems to show it was a chamber on the lower part of the mound, and not that occupied by the keep. "Entry," rather a curious expression, may mean a wide corridor of the castle leading into the "great hall." In this MS., I may observe in passing, Andrew Melville, Sir Robert's brother, master of Queen Mary's household, and who was found by her in this "Entry" kneeling in tears, is always called "Melvin." No such name occurs in the history of Scotland. In verses, by courtesy called a poem, published in 1797, the same mistake is made. While I am about it let me say that Schiller in his fine drama, Maria Stewart, takes extraordinary liberties with names as well as historical facts. He calls one of the two ladies who accompanied Mary to the "great hall," Hannah Kennedy—her real name was Elizabeth; and he devotes one entire scene to an interview between Mary and Elizabeth, which, of course, never took place. But we must not be too hard upon Schiller, when our great dramatist actually creates a sea-coast for Bohemia.

Had Mary obtained her dearest wish, Elizabeth would probably have been won to mercy, and her life would have been spared. But Burghley and Walsingham were too astute to permit her to come under the personal spell of the Queen of Scots. Elizabeth, however, did visit Fotheringhay in one of her progresses, but that was before Mary was brought thither. Another correction I must make, and then have done with this part of the subject. In the "History and Antiquities of Northamptonshire," by Bridges, I find, "It appears too, that in the twenty-second year of his (Edward IV.) reign he was here with Alexander, King of Scotland, who then promised to do fealty and homage to the King of England for the realm of Scotland within six months after he should be in possession of the crown. And covenants were then signed and sealed at the castle by both princes." This extraordinary statement, made on the authority of Rymer, in his Foedera, and copied into "The Beauties of England and Wales," and perhaps into other standard works, I have not been able to verify in the original; but, if it be correctly quoted, Rymer was strangely in error. No Alexander, King of Scotland, was either on or off the throne in the time of Edward IV., and most assuredly no Scottish King visited Fotheringhay during his reign. Alexander I. died in 1124, Alexander II. in 1249, and Alexander III. in 1286; whereas Edward reigned in the last quarter of the fifteenth century. The fact is it must have been the Duke of Albany, brother to King James III., a man of ambitious temper, who, having made an extraordinary escape from Edinburgh Castle, had fled to France. Taking advantage of James's unpopularity, and wishing to recover the town of Berwick, Edward invited the Duke of England, baiting his invitation with a promise of the crown of Scotland, on condition of his acknowledging Edward as Lord Paramount of that kingdom. This accounts for Albany's presence at Fotheringhay, and his promising to do fealty and homage to the Crown of England, as Balliol had done before him. Even Archdeacon Bonney, in his excellent and accurate work, after citing the passage very much as he found it in Bridges, with the exception that he added "calling himself" King of Scotland, hazards the conjecture "that it is probable that the person here mentioned was one of the family of Balliol." The Archdeacon felt, with a true instinct, that Rymer could not be right; but he failed to get at the true historical personage. In Mr. Hill of Cranoe's excellent work, "The Chronicle of the Christian Ages," I find the following entry under date A.D. 1482: "The Duke of Albany, brother of King James, laid claim to the Crown of Scotland. King Edward concludes a treaty with Albany at Fotheringhay." This settles the matter. Never have I felt more the necessity of remembering the caveat "Don't believe anything you see in print," than in preparing this paper. Familiar with the place where Mary Stuart was born, I had long wished to see the place where she died, for after all it is her name

that lends an imperishable interest to Fotheringhay. Most men, whatever their politics or creed, find a charm in the ground she trod, the scenes she looked upon, the palaces she dwelt in, and the strongholds "against whose bars she beat out her tameless life." That it was in this diocese the last scene of the tragedy was enacted, that it was in the now vanished fortress of a neighbouring county Mary Stuart spoke her last words, breathed her last prayers, and yielded up her last sigh; that it was in the Cathedral of Peterborough she lay for a time in the dishonoured majesty of death, revived in me the purpose of my youth to see the place where she suffered and the shrine where she lay.

That shrine I have visited; and, now settled within a day's drive of Fotheringhay, I said to some of my neighbours, "Let us go to Fotheringhay." "Fotheringhay! Why go there?—there is nothing to see!" No, there may be nothing outside the Church to see; the Castle may have passed away, but the ground is still there on which it stood; the river still winds by the meadows on which it looked, and the woods still dream on the landscape that saw its grandeur and its gloom. Accompanied, then, by some members, of my own family, I set out. Arrived at the village, we went at once to the Castle. The Castle! it is true, then, there is nothing to see! Not one stone is left upon another to mark even its outlines! The mound with two small plateaus —both covered with deep verdure—we soon climbed and looked wistfully around. It was a beautiful afternoon. The sun, like a great eye, shone down from a sky clad in a white veil of lawn, delicate as that which the "Queen of the Castle" wore over her fair form three centuries ago. In the air, bright, pure, and still, lay the village with its church, asleep; not a child's voice waked the echoes of the one deserted street; not even a peasant was seen to toil in the quiet fields; the Nen flowed, or rather stood, in glassy curves at our feet, and the woods shone dark in the distance, crowned with sunshine. Nature, man, and even time, seemed asleep in stillness and repose. The eye resting at last on a huge, boulder-like, lump of masonry near the river, awoke imagination and memory, and, silently as Amphion's walls, arose the mass of limestone and mortar to its ancient place in the restored fortress. There, then, stands the work of De St. Liz (or de Senlis), second lord of Northampton and Huntingdon. Maud, daughter to the Countess Judith, niece of the Conqueror, and wife of Waltheof, the stout Earl of Northumberland, takes her pleasure with her ladies in those flower-decked meads by the river, or sits amidst them in the hall, laughing and gossiping, as their bright needles glitter and fly over the tapestry destined to clothe its cold bare walls. The great baron and founder of the Castle passes among the shadows. His place is taken by David I., King of Scotland, who, by his marriage with Maud, becomes the lord of "Fodringey" Manor and Earl of Huntingdon. They also pass, and on their steps comes David's son, Henry, Earl of Huntingdon, whose sons, Malcolm the Maiden, and William the Lion, afterwards Kings of Scotland, with another David, inherit the Castle and Manor. As these figures glide past us we cannot resist the reflection how strange it seems that, with a connection so close and so early between the royal families of England and Scotland, the two nations should have remained so long apart in deadly hostility as the opening of the seventeenth century! National antipathies die slowly. John de Balliol and Devorguilla de Balliol next emerge—the Balliols, whose descendants played such an important yet base *rôle* in the history of Scotland. With them pass Mary Aylmer de Valence (de Valentia), wife of the Earl of Pembroke, who made a figure in the Scottish wars. A more important life now stirs in Fotheringhay. After the decease of John de Bretagne, Earl of Richmond, who preceded Mary de Valence, Edmund of Langley, fifth son of Edward III., and created Duke of York, is in possession. The Castle of De St. Liz is falling into decay; but under his auspices it rises in greater magnificence and splendour. He adds the keep, built in the shape of a horse fetterlock,

which, with a falcon in it, was the favourite device of the family of York. Richard, son of this Edward, was created Earl of Cambridge in the Parliament at Leicester in 1414. Next, who is this mounting his war-horse in the court-yard of the Castle? It is Edward Plantagenet, Duke of York, setting out for Agincourt, where he led the vanguard of English archers. And now the dead soldier, who lost his life in the midst of the victory his prowess contributed to win, is borne along the street of the village to his tomb, where lie "princes descended from Kings and from whom Kings are descended." Next see Richard Plantagenet plotting with the Nevilles for the crown. His dream ending at Wakefield in a head severed from the body and crowned with a paper crown, his mutilated remains, brought from Pontefract, pass through the village to their resting-place among the royal tombs. But who is this closeted in the Castle with Edward IV., that man well-proportioned and tall in stature, and comely in countenance; that is to say, in the words of an ancient Scottish author cited by Scott—"broad-faced, red-nosed, large-eared, and having a very awful countenance when it pleased him to speak with those who had displeased him?" The Duke of Albany, brother of James III., plotting with Edward for the Crown of Scotland. But a still more remarkable figure now comes up strutting moodily by the banks of the Nen. His look, as a boy, is sickly; something very like a hunch is on his back, although it may be nothing more than a full curve accompanying a stooping figure, and as he saunters by himself he gnaws his under-lip. It is Richard, Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III. of England, who first saw the light in this Castle. Here, then, on this very spot there was a portentious birth as well as a tragic death—the birth of Richard of Gloucester, the death of Mary of Scotland—names imperishable in history and enshrined in the immortal verse of Shakespere and of Schiller. Richard was no more the sheer villain of the dramatist, from whom the generality of people, as well as the great Duke of Marlborough, get their history, than Mary was the bold, bad woman of Froude, whose episodes are brilliant, but whose work from its narrowness of insight and purpose is scarcely impartial history. In proof of Richard's abilities, we have the fact that Edward IV. selected him to accompany the Duke of Albany to Scotland to appease the troubles there. But much of his life, despite his ability, his accomplishments, and his enlightenment, stains the imagination and revolts the conscience and justice of mankind. Both the grim birth and the tragic death at Fotheringhay supply riddles to history, perplexing alike reason and research. The life that first breathed at Fotheringhay expired on Bosworth Field (which I have visited with deep interest), and near the chamber where we now sit lie its dishonoured ashes.

Following him a fair historic form next lends charm as well as interest to Fotheringhay—*Elizabeth of York*, in whom at last the red and white roses were united. On her Henry of Richmond bestows the Castle and Manor of her ancestors, the Dukes of York. Next in the royal—but spite the union of the houses of Lancaster and York, still darkly shadowed—pageant, see Catherine of Arragon, wife to Henry VIII., diverting her thoughts from her faithless spouse, if she can, by repairing and "beautifying" the Castle, as the shadow of a great wrong falls on her weary steps. Then a more powerful and fortunate figure holds revel in the halls of Fotheringay. Attired in sumptuous robes and splendid with jewels, which even a Bishop's rebuke must not touch, and for which rebuke he was threatened with the loss of his head, the Virgin Queen Elizabeth appears, escorted by knights and ladies gay, if not passing fair, with hawk and hound waking the echoes of the woods to the music of the hunting-horn, or wandering by the Nen "in maiden meditation fancy free,"—no, she never was "fancy free"—a weak, vain, and irresolute, yet on occasion an able, proud, and courageous woman, and a great sovereign, the source of priceless blessings to her people, in the haughty days of absolute monarchy, but chiefly through the statesmanship of Cecil and Walsingham. She leaves

memorials of her visit in a bequest and some words to her ancestors. Last scene of all:—Mary Stuart, removed from Chartley, enters the Castle, the last of her twelve English prisons, the scene-search of her forced removals during the eighteen long mournful years of her captivity. There she is, and what is she? Simply the most superbly gifted, the most royally born, and the most unfortunate, some say the most guilty, of her time, the enigma of the historian and the moralist of her sex and the ages. Tall in stature, majestic in presence, with features so pure and perfect, so delicate and refined, that while the noblest hearts worshipped, artists despaired to paint their charm; the most beautiful as she was the most hapless of all the handsome, but ill-fated House of Stuart; the most eloquent of her brilliant contemporaries; graced by literary taste and the accomplishment of verse; endowed with a voice capable of melting pathos, touching "fine spirits to fine issues;" generous to profusion; proud with the pride of her long-descended and illustrious ancestry, yet winning all hearts by her condescension and her sympathy, matchless in her withering sarcasm and lofty scorn, yet the most subtle and accomplished politician of a great age, the centre, in fact, around which for years the policies of statesmen and of kings revolved, only to be baffled, successful only by violence; the pivot on which the fortunes of our present civilization for good or evil turned, and crowning her brief, but troubled life by a fortitude and trust in death which at once abashed and amazed her judges and her executioners; she stands out in these halls one of the most striking, as she is one of the most inexplicable, figures in the great gallery of time. Shadows, indeed, haunt her steps and stain the lustre of her powers, dimming into doubt the eyes which would fain see only exaggerated virtues and high impulses passing into faults and possibly crimes, through the bad example of a vicious and unprincipled Court in which her early years had been spent, and the bewildering conflicts of a new world emerging amid clouds, and darkness, and storm, into the light of a new day. The key to that woman's fate as to her life and character lies where? You will search for it in vain in the historian's page. No hand seems to have seized the key, and, like that flung into her own Lochleven, jealous time may long wash over it fathoms down, until some inspired fisherman of history recover it. It is easy to form a theory (with Lingard and Froud), still more easy to marshal evidence in support of it; but I believe the solution of her life-problem, as that of all the more powerful natures, with their broad lights and deepening shadows, lies in those thoughts too deep for utterance, if not too deep for tears. The stand-point from which this woman must be judged may have been reached by some; but what they have seen has been described by none. The silent heart, perhaps, and the all-knowing God alone see the springs and the meaning of the mystery. There she is then, this much maligned and fiercely hated, this much loved and passionately lauded, princess in the "hall of presence" refusing to acknowledge the jurisdiction of the Commissioners of Elizabeth, more than a match for a whole tribe of Burghleys; and heedless of the cause, scanning with a woman's curiosity the features of her judges. And see it lightens; she has flashed out some scathing rebuke with a peerless scorn which silences for a time the wily sagacity practised in a thousand snares. She is their superior not only in rank and birth, but in sheer force of genius. Hurling back upon her adversaries the broken arrows of their accusations, see her, after two days' torture, rising in cold scorn, and demanding to be heard in Parliament, or to speak in person with the Queen, and then, with perfect self-possession, leaving—mark the irony of history—the hall of her ancestors! Ah, it is all very strange, and very moving, this connection of Fotheringhay with Scotland and Scotland's last Queen. But, the door of her chamber in the keep opens on that cold February morning, and there stands Mary Stuart, attired as if for some solemn festival. Passing through the hall of presence, she is arrested by Melville in tears; where are

Du Preau and her ladies? Denied her; but the appeal—"I am cousin to your Queen, of the blood of Henry VII., a married Queen of France, and anointed Queen of Scotland," secures Elizabeth Kennedy and Barbara Mowbray as witnesses of her death. "*Allons donc.*" And in the great hall she sees three hundred knights and county gentlemen awaiting her. Outside, on these slopes and meadows, and in the village, thousands of people are collected.* What a scene! The block is covered with black, the scaffold is covered with black; the low rail is covered with black also; the Sheriff's guard of halberdiers are ranged on the floor below; the axe leans against the rail, and two masked figures stand on either side of the scaffold at the back. Then comes the struggle between the old and vanishing world and the new, between the Dean of Peterborough and Mary of Scotland, in which Fletcher's tongue fails and Mary triumphs. Then the white veil is removed, the robe of black satin, the jacket of black satin looped and trimmed with velvet, and after one of her ladies has handed her a pair of crimson sleeves, there she stands in crimson velvet and crimson satin, "on the black scaffold with the black figures all around her, blood red from head to foot." Then follows the end. This scene, with her sayings, is unequalled in dramatic force by anything in history, or in the literatures that claim Sophocles, Schiller, and Shakesprare as their chiefs, and unparalleled also in its intense and awful reality. Thus came the end—for we must not linger, of Mary Stuart, and with it all historic interest in the Castle. Then that silence settled down on Fotheringhay which has never since been broken—that silence in which I stood, that silence which I have brought with me into this chamber, the silence of mystery, the silence of the past, the silence of death. One word—sitting in this ancient chamber, breathing the atmosphere of the past from our studies, and with that past looking at us from these tomes, it is well we should recognise the truth that one of the most potent factors in our own lives, characters, and destinies worked in the events we have been reviewing.

At Fotheringhay, in the wisdom of Divine Providence, who brings light out of darkness, the flames of war which had reddened the skies of two nations for nearly one thousand years began slowly to be quenched. Time completed the union, and now, after a vain attempt to rekindle the smouldering fires, the two peoples are happily united in affection and loyalty to that throne on which, as the descendant of Mary Stuart, good Queen Victoria sits, reigning over a loyal and prosperous, a free and united people.

"The Scottish land
Holds out her hand,
No longer in gauntlet mailed,
For Scot and Sothron each other have hailed
A brother band,
Whose hostile brand,
In our halls of peace hangs only to rust,
Since the wars of our fathers slept with them in dust."†

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* To see and hear of a woman put to death without a trial before her peers! "Let the heavens fall, but let justice be done": "Strike, but hear," sounded from the past that day in vain.

† From an Ode by the writer.

THE OLD CHARGES OF THE BRITISH FREEMASONS

WILLIAM JAMES HUGHAN.

No. II.—Browne and Crane's MS. (portion missing).

COPY from an ancient parchment roll, written in old Norman English about the date of 1600, and said to be a true copy of the original found amongst the papers of Sir Christopher Wren, who built St. Paul's Cathedral, London. This parchment roll belonged to the late Rev. Mr. Crane, a very learned divine and most zealous Mason, and who was for many years Grand Sec. for the Province, when Sir Robert S. Cotten (father of the present Lord Combermere, and now R.W.P.G. Master) was the Provincial Grand Master for Cheshire.

Bro. S. Browne,
Secretary and Treasurer of The Cestrian, 615, Chester,
A.L. 1852, December 4th. (Endorsement.)

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ordained for their reasonable maintenance that they might live by it honest be as well and also that they should come assemble theyre and that they should have counsell in their castle how they might work the best to serve their Lord for his p'fit and themselves if they had . . . . . And thus was the Craft of Geometry grounded there. that worthy Master gave it the name of Geometry and it is called Masonic and it happened long after the children of Israel came into the land of which is now called is the country of Jerusalem King David began the temple of Jerusalem that is with them Temple the same King David loved well Masons and authorized them and gave the said payment and he gave the same charge which they were charged with all in Egypt afterwards, and after the decease of King David Solomon that was Son unto David performed the Temple that his father had begun. And he sent after Masons of divers Lands and gathered them together for that he had some four thousand workers of Stone and they were named Masons And he had three thousand of them which were ordained to be Masters and overlookers of this Work And there was a King of another region that men called Hyram and he loved well King Solomon and he gave him timber for his work and he had a Son who was named and he was Master of Geometry and he was chief Master of all his Masons and Master of all the graving and Carving work and of all other Masonry that belonged to the Temple and this Witnesseth the Holy Bible in Libro Rega Quarto Capita And this same Solomon confirmed all the charge and manners that David his Father had given to Masons. thus was the Worthy craft of Masonry confirmed in the Country of Jerusalem and in many other glorious Kingdoms. Right Renowned workmen walked abroad into divers countries some because of learning more skill and some to teach their Craft to others And so it befell that a curious Mason that had been at the Building of Solomon's Temple which was called Raymus afterwards came into Brauins and so the craft of Masonry to the Brenithmen. For there was one of the Royal Line of France that was called Charles Martill and he loved well this craft and he drew to him the Braymins aforesaid and learned of him the Craft and took upon him the charge and manners of Mason and afterwards by the grace of God he was elected to be the King of France when he was in his stall he took to him many Masons and made Masons there that were none before. And he gave them charge and manners and good payment he had learned of other masons and confirmed them and charter them from year

to year to hold their assembly and he cherished them much and thus the craft came into France England all this season stood void and as for any charge of Masonry until the time of St. Albon & in his time the King of England was a Pagan & and he walled the town that now is called St. Albons & for in St Albons time was a worthy knight & and he was Chief Steward to the King & he had god name of the Realm & also of the the making of the town walled & he made their payment right good standing as the realm did require for he gave them every Week three shillings per houre to their dooble wages. Whereas before that time throughout all the whole land a Mason took but one penny a day & next to the time of that St Albon did it he got the charter of the King and his Counsell & and gave it the name of a Semble and thereat he was himself and made masons and them charge which of all here hereafter right long after the death of St Albon. There came great warriors into England throughout divers nations for that good rule of Masonry was destroyed unto the time of King Athelston that was a worthy King in England & he brought the land into rest and peace and builded many great works of Castles & Abbays & many other divers Buildings & he loved masons very much & he had a son that was named Edwin & he loved masons much more than his Father had done before him for he was full of Practise in Geometry himself. Wherever they drew him to commune masons for to learn of them the craft & afterwards for love that he had to masons and to the craft he was made Mason himself & he gat of his Father the King a start & a comission for to hold every year an assembly where he would wherever in the realm and for to correct among themselves statutes and Trespass if it were done in the craft & he held himself an assembly at York & there he made Masons & gave them charts & taught to them the manners of Masons & commanded that rule to be holden ever after & to them he Betook the charter & comission to keep. & made ordinance that it should be ruled from the king when these assemblies were gathered together. he made a cry that all Masons both old and young that had any charts or writings of the things that were made before in this land that they should shew them to the chief there were some in Greek some in English and some in other languages and the Intent thereto was found and there was a book commanded to be made thereto & show the craft was first made and found & it was commanded that it should be read and told when any Mason should be made and to give him his charge & From that day unto this Masons have been kept in that Form & order as well as men might own it Furthermore at Divers assemblies have & added certain charges more & more by the best advice of Master & Fellowes.

Here followeth the worthy and Godly Oath of such as are made Masons Tunc unus equa senioribus teneat Libra & illi vel ille ponant vel ponat manus si per libra & tunc precepta debent Equi. Every man that is a mason take heed right well of this charge if you find yourself guilty of any of these that you may amend you against especially you that been to be charged take good heed that you may Keep this charge for it is a great P'ill for a man to forswear himself on a Book the first charge is that you must be true man to God & Holy Church and that you use no heresy nor error by you understanding or by the teaching of discreet men Also you shall be true Liegmen to the King without treason or falsehood and that you shall know no treason but that you amend it & you may or else ware the King and his counsell thereof. Also you shall be true one to another that is to say to evirie Mr & fellow of the craft of Masonry that bene Masons allowed that you do to them as you would they should do to you and also that every Mason keep true Counsell of Lodge and chamber. & all other counsell that ought to be kept by way of Masonry and also that no Mason shall be theif neither in companie as farforth as he may know And also that you shall be true to the Lord in whom you trust truly for to doe all things to his p'itte and advantage & also that you shall call Masons your fellowes & Brethren & no other foul name nor you shall not

take your fellowes Wife in Villany. neither desire ungodly his daughter nor servant to his Wife & you shall pay truly for your table as it meet where you go to board & also that you do no villany in the house whereby the craft shall be slandered These be the charges in general that every Mason should hold both Master and fellowes.

Reherse. I will now other charges singular both for Master & Fellows. First that no Master shall take upon him any lords worke nor other work but that he know him able & cunning for to perform the same For that the craft have no distinct mark thereby but that the Lord may be well and truly served. Also that no Master take no work but that he shall take it reasonable for that the Lord may be truly served with his own good & the Master to live honestly and pay his fellows truly as the man of the craft doth require & also that no Master nor fellow shall supplant other of their work that is to say if he have taken a work or stand Master of a Lords Work you shall not put him out if he be unable of cunning for to end the same & also that no Master take nor desire to be allowed for his prentice but in seven years and that the prentice be able of his birth and limbs as he ought to be and also that no Master nor fellow take no allowance to be made Mr without the assent of his fellows & that at the least Five or Six. And that he that shall be made Mason be free born & of a good kinred & no bondsman & that he have his right limbs as a man ought to have And also that no Mason put no lords Work to such as are wonte to go on jurney Worke And also that no Mason shall give to his fellowes no pay but as he shall deserve for that he be not deceived by false workmen & also that no Fellow slander falsly another behind his back to make him lose his good name or his word he gave & also that no fellow whether in the lodge or whether out speek any answer ungodly to another Without reasonable cause and also every mason should pause for his Elder and put him to worship And also that no Mason should play at Hazards nor no other play whereby they may be slandered and also that no Mason shall be no comon riball in Sotherie to make the craft to be slandered And that no Mason go into the Town in the night time there as is a lodge of fellowes without a fellow that may beare him Witness that he was in honest place Also that every Master & fellow come into the assembly if it be within Fifty miles about & if he have any warning thereof & stand at the reward of Master and fellows & also every Master & fellow if they have any wise trespassed should stand at the reward of Master and Fellowes to make the accord if they may & if they may not accord them then to the common Lawe. And also that no mason make moulds square nor rule to any rougthe Layers & also that no Masons let a Master in a Lodge nor Master out to hew mould stones whatever nor mould of his own making And also that every mason shall receive and treat strange fellowes when they come in the country & set them on Work as the manr is that is to say if he have mould stones he shall set them fourthwith at the least aweek and Give him his hire and if there be no stones for him to work he shall refresh him with money to bring him to the next lodge & also ye shall every Mason serve truly the worker. Be it Task or be it jurney that you may have your pay as you ought to have. These charge that we have reckoned. & all after that belongs to Masons. you shall be bound to keep. So Help you God and holidome you this book to your power. These be the Future Charges. First that you shall be true to god the holy church the prince & to his Mr and Dame whom he shall serve & that he shall not steal the goods of his Master & Dame nor absent himself from their service. nor go from them about his own pleasure by Day or by night. without License of the one of them and that he do not commit adultery or Fornication in his Masters house with his Wife daughter or servant of his said Master & that he shall keep counsell in all things and shall be said or done in the lodge or chamber by Mason or Fellow being Master or Freemason & that he shall not keep any disobedient argument against any

of them nor disclose any secret whereby dissention may arise amongst any Masons their fellows or prentice and renew the behoof and himself unto all free Masons being swerne brethren unto his said Master & not to use in Hazard diceing or any other unlawfull gaming nor to haunt any Tavern or Alehouse not to waste any mans goods without License of his Master or any other Freemasons. and that he shall not commit adultery nor Fornication in any mans house where he shall Work or be tabled & that he shall not purloin or steall the goods of any person nor willingly suffer harm to be done or consent thereunto during his prenticeship but to withstand the same to the utmost of his power & thereof to inform his master or some other Freemason with all convenient possible speed. Undena Metalla. Semper Ferrn valibn sine bonis stagnis critula fir quoyr plumbum astimul Alomina Sunt has Undena Metalla. Septe Artis Liberalis. Tam loquint Dia vera dent. Verba roto Mus ramit Ar undat quoq pond : as volit. asti. Vera Copia &c.

J. L. HIGSOM.

FREEMASONRY ATTACKED AND DEFENDED.

By Bro. Clifford P. McCalle.

[We take this most valuable and able article from the Philadelphia *Keystone*, and thank our brother for it. It ought to be read by all Masons.—Ed. *M.M.*]

OUTSIDE adverse criticism of Freemasonry is usually founded upon both ignorance and prejudice. Those who attack the Masonic fraternity are unacquainted with its purpose, its methods, its history, and its character; and, added to this, they are stimulated to underrate it by a prejudice which a few unwise men are continuously striving to spread abroad in the community. Certain religionists, among whom the Reformed and United Presbyterians are chief, traditionally, if they do not formally, teach that all "secretism," and secret societies, are born of the devil, and hence that Freemasons must be children of the devil and doing his work. And they do not merely assert this as their opinion, but they strive to substantiate it by pretending to expose what Freemasonry is and teaches. But their exposure is simply a travestie, without the shadow of a basis of truth. We will give a fair example of this unfair method of criticism, and ourselves expose a recent exposure.

A brother has sent us a copy of the *Reformed Presbyterian Advocate* for September, 1879, a monthly published in Philadelphia, which purports, on its cover, to be edited by two reverend gentlemen. He has, further, called our attention to an editorial article in it, entitled "Masonry," and asked us to answer its false and malicious charges. This we shall briefly do, and in doing so shall simply and fairly state facts which we, and all Freemasons, know to be true.

The first libel is, that "Masonry is an immoral, ungodly institution." Now, Masonry, according to its own showing, is "a beautiful system of morality, veiled in allegory and illustrated by symbols," and every brother knows (and *no other can know*) that throughout Freemasonry the purest morality is taught in the working of all the degrees. The language of the Holy Bible, and especially of the New Testament, is continually upon the lips of the Master of the lodge, and is spoken reverently, impressively, and with the best effect upon candidates. We assert, without fear of contradiction from any one who knows, that the morality of Masonry is the morality of the Bible. But then, ours, if not an immoral, our enemy says, "is an ungodly institution." Pray how could this be? The word of God always lies open in

both our lodges and Royal Arch chapters, when *they* are open; God is openly worshipped in prayer, reverently said, at the opening and closing ceremonies; our lodges are dedicated to God—how, then, can Masonry be ungodly? When white is black and chalk is cheese, it may be; but not until then. Freemasonry is, ostensibly and really, theoretically and practically, a godly institution.

The second libel is, that "it claims to be a religion, a saving religion." It claims nothing of the kind. It is religious, but not a religion. It aims to make men better and happier; and recognizing that only the good can be truly happy, it seeks to plant the seeds of virtue and morality in the minds and hearts of all of its initiates. It uses the Bible because the Bible is an efficient ally—the most efficient ally—to that end. Freemasonry lacks every element of a religion. It has no formal creed, no ministering priests, no sacrifices, and no religious ritual. It does aim to make "good men and true," and so far is the "handmaid of religion," but it aspires to be no more than that. Will not the Reformed Presbyterians allow us to be their servants? Has jealousy reached this point? Instead of being *zealous* of good works, these people are *jealous* of good works.

The third libel is, that Masonry "is an unchristian institution." This is equally untrue as the previous assertions; and it is untrue in all senses. First, Freemasonry is not in any sense adverse to Christianity; nor is it adverse to any form of religion. For the reason that it stands neutral between all religions, it is often falsely charged with being irreligious and unchristian. It was never designed to be a religion, but it was intended to comprehend in its membership good men of *all* religions. It has accomplished this result, happily, and it has subserved a glorious purpose in making men of different religions to live together in peace, in the lodge, and, as a necessary consequence, afterwards in the outer world. Masonic lodges during the middle ages (as we learn from our old charges) were distinctively Christian and Roman Catholic, but at the so-called "Revival" in England in 1717, the Craft broadened its platform: and became, what it remains to this day, positively pro-religious, but unsectarian, because it was designed to be cosmopolitan and comprehend in its membership good men of all nations and creeds upon the face of the whole earth. Its broad principles of charity may well be emulated by sectarians of every name—Reformed Presbyterians and Baptists, Episcopalians and Methodists, Roman Catholics and Jews, Trinitarians and Unitarians. All of the liberal spirited in these denominations will admit that those who truly love and serve God below will be welcomed to the bliss that awaits the servants of God in heaven in the great herafter; but these are far from mingling together, or living peaceably, here below—*it is only in the Masonic lodge that these differing religionists can sit as it were in heavenly places*, with words of fraternal regard on their lips and mutual love in their hearts. It is exactly true that the peace and harmony which reign in a Masonic lodge make it, so far, "like a little heaven below." Freemasons, then, are not unchristian but they *are* filled with the spirit of Charity, which is the very spirit of Christ and of Christianity.

The fourth libel is, that "there is no Christ in Masonic prayers." In answer to this we would remark, all are familiar with the "Lord's Prayer," which is known as the "model prayer." Is Christ's name mentioned in it? notwithstanding which we presume it is acceptable to God, and answered in mercy as quickly and effectually as though it were formally offered in Christ's name. In the first place we say, then, in reply to this fourth libel, that even though Christ were not named in Masonic prayers, these prayers are offered to the one only true and living God, and will be heard and answered by Him as certainly as will the Lord's Prayer. But, in the second place, prayer *may be* offered up in a Masonic lodge in the name of Christ. It is not usual because it is not necessary, but there is no landmark to prevent or forbid it.

The fifth libel is, that Masonry "teaches that all Masons will be saved, whether believers or unbelievers, Christians or Pagans, etc." It teaches nothing of the kind. It asserts nothing whatever of the future. It deals with *the now*, not with the hereafter, except indirectly. If making men better here will make them happier hereafter, then probably it accomplishes lasting good; but it does this only incidentally. Freemasonry holds up no scheme of salvation, professes to supply or supplant no religion, and is simply its servant and handmaid. Under this head we may notice the allegation, that "at death Masonry removes its members from the lodge below to the Grand Lodge above." To which we remark, "which things are an allegory." It is true that obituary eulogists love to use the phrase, "the Grand Lodge above," yet it is but a pretty figure of speech which has very little meaning in it. It is the language of panegyric, of benediction, of trust and hope rather than of belief. Nothing can be argued from it, for it is but a complimentary figure of speech, used, and rightly used, on the principle of *nil nisi bonum*.

The sixth libel is, that Masonry "is a soul-destroying institution." The reader may well ask—*Can* this be so, when clergymen of almost all denominations are active Freemasons? Then have the souls of many of the world's greatest benefactors and most exemplary Christians been destroyed! Then does the immortal Washington now lift up his eyes, being in torments! Who has constituted these Reformed Presbyterians an "inquisition," to misrepresent, vilify, and sit in judgment upon their fellow-men? Freemasons, leave *them* to be judged by their God, and let these slanderers and libellers follow our charitable example.

We need say nothing more; we would rather not have said so much. We always reluctantly say a word in defence of Freemasonry. Its works are its best defence. But when it is openly, persistently, and falsely maligned, and that, too, in "the city of brotherly love," we cannot but tell the truth, and shame the allies of the—other side.

BEATRICE.

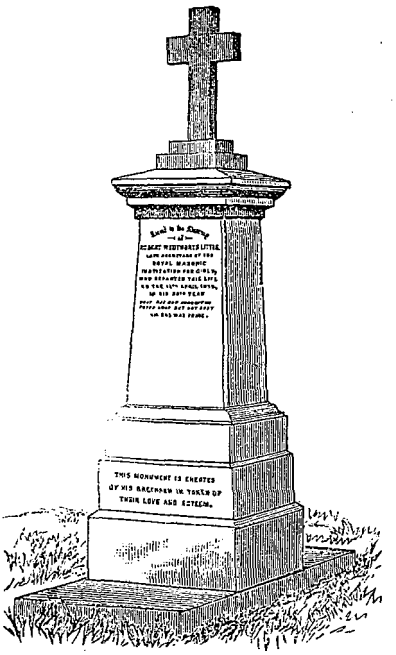
BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "OLD, OLD STORY," "ADVENTURES OF DON PASQUALE," ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

POOR Mr. Miller was for a time in great tribulation, inasmuch as the amusement being over the reckoning had come in, and whatever else Grogwitz could or could not do, it was quite clear he knew how to "charge." Still, as there are many things in life which have to be borne with patiently and serenely, whether it be a talkative wife, a troublesome servant, or a heavy bill, so in due time Mr. Miller paid his little account, and recovered his wonted equanimity. I do not think that ever again in this "daily pathway of life," or in this "humid vale of tears," as sensational writers like to say, will Mr. Miller ever trouble the accomodating Grogwitz under any circumstances whatever, and so we will leave that remarkable individuality, his fascinating female accompaniment, and the ingenious and agreeable Kirschenwasser in that region of forgetfulness and shade which perhaps, however, best accords with their retired lives, their normal pursuits, and their peculiar modesty of thought, speech, and action. But it has struck me as I have been describing

this touching little episode, how very "queer," after all, say what we will, making and the marring of our "fortunes," to use the language of the world, all that in fact constitutes the happiness of existence, the charm of home, the kind readers, are the "pros and cons," the "ups and downs, the "ifs and ands" of life, on how little here depend often our happiness or our sorrow, the peace of the present, the hope of the future. And hence, in the morbid philosophy of the hour, it is well, I think, to remind ourselves from time to time, that we are not, as the old tragedians liked to put it, under "inexorable fate;" or that for us "perpetually annoying Furies" stand on the watch to punish and to upbraid, or that when stern Atropos snips for us our little thread of life, we are cast into immeasurable and unutterable and eternal gloom. I need not and will not in these light pages enter into a heavy discussion as to what the Grecian tragedians really felt, believed, and taught. There was, probably, in the cultured and expanded minds of Æschylus, Sophodes, and Euripides, illuminated to some extent by the mysteries, a sort of belief in a superintending Divine Providence, an avenging and retributive Nemesis of good or evil for pure lives and for base lives. But there was also a sterner teaching of "fatalism" which we cannot, if we would, ignore; there is a "stoicism" which, however philosophical "per se" from a purely worldly and earthly point of view, is neither religious in theory, nor edifying in practice; and to-day we hear men talking, and read much in our serial literature, as if these gloomy views of an effete superstition were still the great "factors" in the follies and struggles of emancipated humanity. It is this mistaken view of things which leads to so much of the confusion, the errors, the vices of the hour. If it be true that on a very little here hinges often the happiness of a whole life, be it long or be it short; if it be the fact that we often may augment or diminish our individual peace of mind by the merest trifles, so to say, comparatively speaking; if this be a strong proof of the mortality, the uncertainty, the transitoriness of human life at the very best, and is a truth we too willingly forget, it does not and cannot shut out the other as certain fact and truth, that all the while, plan as we will or strive as we may, we are ever here under the superior control of an all-wise and omnicient Providence. What men call mostly chance, fate, fortune. "good luck," or "hard lines." all this is, after all, only the result of certain laws, overruled and directed by T.G.A.O.T.U., who, having accurately determined the limits of good and evil, pain and pleasure, joy and sorrow here, will reward or punish us accordingly as we obey or disobey His Divine injunctions. And such is, after all, of the "old, old story," a truth new if old, and old if new, which deserves to be remembered and realized by us all alike, be we who we may. Many of the impatient struggles and useless complaints of us poor mortals of to-day, many of our impatient wrestlings with what cannot be avoided, and what must be for us and ours, would be given up, if only we would but think and act on the belief that we are all here, as we are told in Lodge, under the "all-seeing eye of God the most High," and that whatever we purpose or plan, hope or fear, essay or complete, all is before Him with whom "we have to do." It is this great and grave truth, of a truth the greatest and the gravest, which lends such importance to life in all its parts and details, mighty or minute, normal or abnormal, and should warn us all how through all these outer things we should seek to pass on confidingly and courageously, trusting and triumphantly, to that felicity of our being, in which alone true rest, and true consolation, and true peace, and true satisfaction can be found for weary, sojourning, suffering, dying man, in which love is perfected, affection purified, and truth made firm for ever in the higher happiness of illuminating knowledge and Divine goodness. I fear to some of my readers these words, homely as they are, and simple as they are, may seem somewhat in the sermon line: but if so, let them accept them kindly as they are meant well. If my readers have any interest left in the fortunes of Beatrice and Co., let them look on to the pages of the January number of the *Masonic Magazine.*

THE WENTWORTH LITTLE MEMORIAL.



THE Monument, of which the above engraving is a faithful representation, is composed of white marble in the form of a Pedestal, and is surmounted by a cross of the same material. The design was selected by the widow of our deceased brother, it having been settled at a meeting of subscribers that her wishes should be consulted.

The cost of the Monument is £37, including the following inscription :—

SACRED TO THE MEMORY
OF
ROBERT WENTWORTH LITTLE,
LATE SECRETARY OF THE
ROYAL MASONIC INSTITUTION FOR GIRLS,
WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE ON THE 12TH APRIL, 1878,
IN HIS 39TH YEAR.

GONE, BUT NOT FORGOTTEN;
PAST AWAY, BUT NOT LOST.
HIS END WAS PEACE.

THIS MONUMENT IS ERECTED BY HIS BRETHREN
IN TOKEN OF THEIR LOVE AND ESTEEM.

The inscription is cut out and filled with lead, so that it is imperishable. The cost has been paid out of the fund contributed by the brethren, a complete list of which appeared in *The Freemason*, amounting to £250. We had hoped the fund would have been very much larger, and much regret to observe the absence of many well-known names with whom Bro. Little worked in the Masonic quarries, and whose names should have been among those who desired to pay tribute to departed worth and genius.

TRYING TO CHANGE A SOVEREIGN.

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

ESSAY THE SECOND.

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

(Concluded from page 217.)

"When having searched the dreary vault with portable gas light, sirs,
About to fire the powder train at witching hour of night, sirs:
That is—I mean—he would have used the gas but was prevented,
'Cause gas, you see, in James's time it hadn't been invented.
(Chorus) "Bow, wow, wow! Fol de roll de iddly doll; bow, wow, wow!

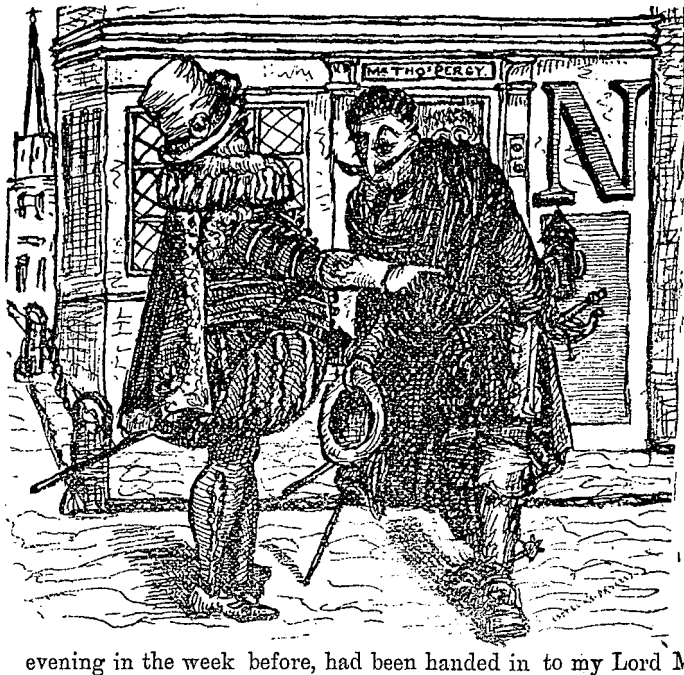
"And when they caught him in the fact, so very near the Crown's end,
They straightway sent to Bow-street for that brave old runner Townsend:
That is, they would have sent for him for fear he is no starter at;
But Townsend wasn't living then, he wasn't born till arter that.
(Chorus) "Bow, wow, wow! Fol de roll de iddy doll; bow, wow, wow!

"So then they put poor Guy to death, for ages to remember;
And boys now kill him once a year in dreary dark November:
That is—I mean—his effigy for truth is strong and steady;
Poor Guy! they cannot kill again, because he's dead already.
(Chorus) "Bow, wow, wow! Fol de roll de iddy doll; bow, wow, wow!"

—*Old Ballad.*

CHAPTER V.

SOMETHING THE MATTER WITH THE GAS.



NOW, the two most eminent experts in handwriting then existing in Londonwere named Netherclift and Chabot; and His Majesty, on Sunday, the Third November, 1605, sent for them to the Palace, to give their opinionupon the caligraphyofamysterious postcard which, on a certain evening in the week before, had been handed in to my Lord Monteagle, as he sat at supper at his suburban retreat in delightfully rural Hoxton. Everybody knows all about this preposterous document; so I do not propose to inflict its contents upon my readers. When the experts reached the Presence

Chamber, and after they had made the usual obeisances, they looked up and beheld Majesty squatted on a three-legged stool in an attitude which is now known as the Anglo-Saxon. The great throne, swathed in canvas, stood unused behind the monarch; Majesty's paduasoy doublet was threadbare and greasy; one of Majesty's stockings displayed a very palpable hole, the other bore unmistakeable indications of having been recently darned. Majesty fidgetted about on his seat, and twiddled nervously with the tags or points of the ribbons that attached his doublet to his hose; Majesty's beard, which was cut spade-wise, was—from reasons not desirable to enter into, but which appeared to be not wholly unconnected with Majesty's tongue being somewhat too large for Majesty's mouth—not agreeable to contemplate. His Grace,* being thoroughly at his ease, was pleased to be condescending. After addressing his visitors in a long Latin oration, based upon the theories of some long-since-forgotten Roman author, the Sovereign deigned to crack a joke—I am afraid not worth reproduction—"The whilk he had heard, ye ken, frae the varra moothe o' the worthy Mess Muicklejohn, o' th' auld keeirk at Pe—e—e—e—bles, an' ye'll a' ken Mess Muicklejohn, kimmers, an' the guid story anent the meenester and the baker's wife an'—" but here Majesty was seized with such a fit of laughter at some undisclosed reminiscence—hilarity in which his courtiers dutifully but sycophantically joined—that the business of the audience was necessarily suspended until the Sovereign of Great Britain and France and Lord of Ireland had recovered his breath and re-adjusted his points, some of which had burst or become unfastened during a paroxysm of mirth scarcely compatible with regal dignity. When gravity returned Majesty submitted the epistle to the inspection of the artists, "the whilk," as he was graciously pleased to obseve, "it maun e'en be premeesed that we need nae weezards nor warlocks—Gude defeend us—nor ony *sic cattle*—in *skeermeellageography* or siccan leeke to dee-cee-pher. The pouwer that aye rules th' airts o' a' Chreestian Keengs an' Preences an' Governors havin', thanks be, endooed us wi' a *perspeeiacitee*—or as *they ha't amang the Southrons*—a *perspeecuitee* to peneetraite a' sic vaneetees."

I believe the opinions of these eminent experts may be found in the State Paper Office. I can give some notion of them by a quotation from an old ballad:

> "Now, old King Cole on his cheek had a mole;
> So he sent for his Secretaree,
> And he bade him to look in his fortune-telling book,
> And to read him his destinee!"
>
> "So this conjuror did look in his fortuue-telling book,
> And, with a wise sigh, quoth he:
> 'A mole on the face says that *something* will take place,
> But not what that something will be!'"

Messrs. Netherclift and Chabot were, I must admit, treated rather shabbily. They were not escorted to the buttery batch and asked "What they'd take?" and I don't believe they either of them received a single penny by way of fees or conduct money. Angus M'Auslane, of "Abairdeene," who had the honour of undressing His Majesty that evening, has, indeed, informed me, and I see no reason to doubt the truth of his statement, that his royal master, in getting into bed, was graciously pleased to observe that though "Corbies deed na' peek out corbies een he had weel peek-it their feulish hairns an' aye savit his bawbees."

The next day being Monday, the day before the proposed opening of Parliament, Majesty rehearsed the speech from the throne in this wise, holding the while the postcard in his hand:—

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* The title "Majesty," occasionally used to describe the Sovereign in the third person, was not generally employed in directly addressing or even alluding to the monarch until some years after this time. "Your," "His," or "Her," "Grace" was the proper term at the period of which I write.

"Ye maun a' ilka ane on ilka marrow shank o' th' haill o' ye gi' muckle thanks, whaur thanks are due for bein' blessed wi' a Sooveeraign of unco' clear min' an aye oonparalleeled weesdom—Ken ye a' what this skirl means? Kimmers a'; your monarch's unpreeceedented reasonin' faculties ha' peeirceed the varra veesceera o' the meesteeree. There's

"SAETHING THE MATTER WI' THE GAS!!!"

CHAPTER VI.

BLUE PETER FLYING AT THE FORE.

WHICH means sailing. And Sir Thomas Knyvett, the resident J.P. at Westminster, requiring sailing orders, when Majesty's decision was communicated to him, referred to the learned Peter, who was then and is now, and may he for ever be, the eminent and respected Assistant Judge of the Middlesex Bench of Magistrates.

To Peter Sir Thomas went and wept. Majesty had done him the honour to grant him an interview, and thereat to curse him for a "pawky Southron fule." Blue Peter—the barristers practising before him affectionately but waggishly called him Blue Peter, because he was deeply read (see ?)—in reflecting upon this instance of Royal penetration, did not very essentially differ from his monarch's estimate of Sir Thomas's intellect, but he prudently kept his opinion to himself, and, confiding to the "unpaid one" some information he had just derived from reading a then recently published work, by a French visitor to the Metropolis,* sent for the Lord Chamberlain; and, after a few minutes' interview, called a Hansom, and clapping Sir Thomas and my lord inside, bade the driver "fly" like the—well, never mind—to Scotland Yard!

There, as is well known (see the eminent authority upon our criminal system I have quoted in a note), the plunder of Metropolitan thieves is stored up until their manumission, or the completion of their respective sentences, enables and entitles them to reclaim it. Also their wardrobes are taken charge of until they are in a position to exchange gaol livery for the unconspicuous habiliments of enfranchised life.

* * * * * * *

An Inspector of Metropolitan Police acted as valet.

* * * * * * *

In that museum somebody was changing his clothes. As he did so he sung softly,

> "Cloth of gold do not despise, though thou art matched with cloth of freize;
> Cloth of freize be not too bold, though worn in place of cloth of gold."

* * * * * * *

Sir Thomas Knyvett re-entered his hansom in the company of an individual of unmistakeably humble exterior.

When the hansom was discharged at the corner of Parliament-street, the usual altercation took place about the fare, which necessitated the J.P. stating who he was, and, on threatening to convict Jehu on the spot and endorse the offence on his license, that much-put-upon individual condescended to take double his fare and retire.

CHAPTER VII.

THE OPERATIONS OF THE "LONG" FIRM ATTRACT THE NOTICE OF THE AUTHORITIES.

NEXT door to the Parliament House was a tenement, on the front door-steps of which there stood, apparently on guard, an individual, hooded by a slouched sombrero; he was shrouded in an ample Spanish cloak, and he was likewise accentuated—so to speak—by a pair of jack-boots, and emphasised with a pro-

* M. Milhaud: "Six Days' Experience of London Life." Paris, 1879.

jecting length of six feet of Andrea Ferrara. He was a man whose moustache went up under his nose, and whose nose came down over his moustache.

To this sentinel an individual, habited in cloth of frieze, slouched up, and thus diffidently accosted him:

"If you please, I have called from the company to inspect the gas meter."

"You be blowed!" ejaculated the sentry coarsely.

"That's what I apprehend you will be—up!" responded the other, "if your service is in the condition I conjecture it to be in."

"Bully for you!" inconsequently replied the cloaked individual, blocking up the doorway with his huge person.

"Don't be impertinent," said the other. "Who are you, young fellow? What's your name?"

"John Johnson, own man to Master Percy, of kin to his Worshipful Lordship the Earl of Northumberland, and one of his Majesty's Gentleman Pensioners," was the reply. "What's yours?"

"My name is Norval," responded the interrogator, absently. You see Scotland and Scottish subjects were in everybody's mind at that time.

"Yes, I know," interrupted the other; "that's when you're on the Grampian Hills, and a precious sight too many of you have come off the Grampian Hills lately, but as you're not stuck up there now, you know, why your name can't be Norval at present. The fact is, I know your name better than you do yourself."

"Can it be possible?" reflected the Lord Cham——, I mean the wearer of the frieze jerkin, "that my dis—ger—er—rise is—er—penetrated—er—but —er—no—it can—*not*—be," so he enquired aloud, "and what *may* my name be, then?"

"I don't know what your name *may* be *then*. I *know* what your name is NOW," the sentry confidently responded: "*your* name's Walker."

"Nay, then—I——"

"I tell you your name must be Walker," abruptly broke in the other—and he accompanied the assertion with such a significant movement of the toe of his right jack-boot that the *soi disant* inspector made no further attempt to explain his mission, but forthwith made a prudential and strategic movement to the rear.

"THAT cock won't fight," was all the account he condescended to give of the interview and of his failure.

Says Peter, when he heard all about it, "Leave it to me."

When Peter was a gay and smart young barrister—pish! I mean bachelor—he had seen that inscription prominent in a gin shop window in Drury Lane—it meant that the customer might safely trust to the purveyor's discretion in the commingling of the desiderated fluids.

Then he confided his idea to Sir Thomas Knyvett, and that worthy beak—a worthier never voted for cutting down barristers' fees on a court prosecution—winked, and signed a search warrant.

At midnight precisely the slouched sentinel on duty at Mr. Percy's residence was accosted by three individuals. One was a portly gentleman, in doublet and trunk hose; another an uneasy-looking party in a frieze jerkin; the third, a stalwart Inspector of the A Reserve.

"This is a rummy business," said the Police officer, interposing, as the magistrate engaged the cloaked warder in conversation; "I hold here a warrant of Sir Thomas Knyvett, a Westminster justice, to search these here premises. Fact is, some of the king's stuff has been collared from the wardrobe hard by, and from information I have received—in short—I must search the crib, and that's all about it."

John Johnson started, and, *en regle*, cried, "Ha! Ha!!" Then he withdrew the shade from a bull's-eye lanthorn he produced from behind his back, and the light flashed upon a tiny, thin, black streak, meandering along the

floor from the street door until it was lost in the darkness of the further recesses of the corridor. To this black seam he was about to apply the light —when—a warning injunction recurred to his mind—

Keep it dark!

And in an instant he covered the light, and all was shrouded in the deepest gloom.

A voice—

"Do your duty!"

Those words! Ah! John Johnson—otherwise Guy—but, ah!—no matter! he remembered them, then! They rang in his ears as the handcuffs clinked and clamped his wrists together. They rebuked him as, prone on his back, feeling the head of a halberd at his throat, and the muzzle of a petronel at his temple, he knew that all was lost—that the armed host—for the watch, with staves and bills and torches, had by this time come up—had rendered further resistance hopeless; that he was a doomed captive; that at the critical moment —critical for his individual fate in particular and for the future career of the "Long" firm in general—he had omitted to remember the readiness, promptitude, and despatch enjoined him in the solemn injunction—

DO YOUR DUTY!

CHAPTER VIII.

WHAT BECAME OF MRS. CRITCHETT'S COALS.

THE hostelry bearing the sign of the "Fox under the Hill,"* hard by the ancient palace of "Old John of Gaunt, time-honoured Lancaster," was licensed by the Strand division of Magistrates to serve chops and kidneys and Welsh Rare-bits up to one a.m. During the day it was known as the house of call for coalheavers, but at night, when the murky porters had retired to their peaceful beds in Marsh Gate or the Stratton Ground, gilded youth occupied the comfortably curtained boxes they had vacated, and quaffed hock and seltzer and champagne cup from the pewters wherefrom, in the daytime, the coalies had quenched their craving thirst. Now, Sir Thomas Knyvett, when Guy—I beg pardon, Mr. Johnson—was haled away for temporary safe custody to the Westminster Round House, and when the Lord Chamberlain in the frieze jacket—there, it must out—had scuttled off hot foot to rouse Majesty out of bed, and tell him the news of the arrest—when all this had happened, I say, Sir Thomas addressed A Reserve with the remark:—

"You'll want some coalies to do this job, I'm thinking."

"But where are we to lay hands on them at this time of the night?" urged the other.

"I can get the address of a dozen at the 'Fox under the Hill,' in the Savoy

* "The Fox under the Hill" was, in ante-embankment days, a little river-side public-house, reached from the Strand through the dark arches of the Adelphi. It then stood on the very brink of the stream, and was much affected by Cockney amateur boating men and coalheavers. Now, between it (for its shell is still standing, and may be seen with even the gilt inscription of its sign on the facia board undefaced, from the Adelphi-terrace, on the Strand, and from the base of the obelisk on the Embankment, sides) and the river bank stretches the magnificent boulevard of the Thames Embankment. The old house has been deposed from its riparian propinquity by at least a hundred and fifty yards. One of George Cruikshank's *boyish sketches with rough power delineates "coalheavers dancing in front of* the 'Fox under the Hill.'" Under the name of "David Copperfield," Charles Dickens narrates some of his own experiences, where he describes himself as a boy, wandering down from the blacking warehouse near Hungerford stairs, to see the coalheavers amusing and regaling themselves at this pot-house. I was somewhat surprised, in the late Mr. John Forster's life of Dickens, to observe his statement that he had minutely examined the locality and had been unable to discover any trace of this old tavern. That he could not have searched in the right spot any curious reader may readily convince himself in five minutes the next time he walks down the Strand or up the Embankment.

precinct hard by," said the active magistrate; "you know under special licence that house is open for an hour after midnight. I'll be back in ten minutes," and he trotted off with much alacrity.

Fortune favoured his worship. You will remember that it was on a Monday night. Now, some half-dozen coalies had been religiously keeping that saint's day after their manner. They had, it is true, started from their homes somewhat late in the morning, rather bemuddled from the effects of the previous day's booze, carrying their implements with them, and virtuously resolved to devote what remained of the day to honest and remunerative employment; but, as usual, finding that at the accomodating "Fox" they could anticipate or discount their prospective week's earnings in beer, there they had remained, drinking, dancing, quarrelling, and fighting, until late in the evening, when the proprietor desiderated their room rather than their company—the former being required for the dashing Howards, Percies, Ratcliffs, Seymours, and Talbots (not the dogs, though sometimes there are puppies to be found even among aristocratic families), who nightly resorted to the shades under the hill. So Boniface bade his stout barman and willing potboy hale the begrimed ones into the parvise of his establishment, and fling their fantails and mattocks out after them. There Sir Thomas found the rejected customers tranquilly slumbering, and with difficulty awakened them sufficiently to make them understand that he required their instant services. The sturdy labourers, however, stoutly asserted, with many superfluous expletives, that they would not handle coal shovel that night for love nor money, and the worthy magistrate's expedition was wellnigh proving fruitless, for, having tried the latter inducement, he probably concluded that the former was not likely to prove more potent. The stubborn half-dozen, too, were still further incited to stand out by one of their number who was in the habit of spouting the rights of man and denouncing tyrannical capitalists and a bloated aristocracy from beneath the Reformer's Tree in Hyde Park, to a numerous but dirty audience, on fine Sunday afternoons, to the accompaniment of a brass band, bedecked with orange and green and blue ribbons, and red rosettes, playing the "Marseillaise" woefully out of tune. This patriot essayed to stir up the spirit of resistance among his companions, by rather irrelevantly reminding them that they were ruined by Scottish cheap labour, but one of them, who was too far gone in drink to follow a logical proposition, bade him rather rudely, "Shut up!" and effectually silenced him by offering to fight him there and then "for a pot."

In this strait Sir Thomas happily bethought himself of the powers of the law, and so successfully applied some propositions expressed in bad Latin, explanatory of the Statutes of Purveyors, from the "Mirror of Magistrates," that he convinced the—by this time—trembling plebeians that to refuse the King's press to assist at providing His Grace's stuff or performing His Grace's needful labour would expose the recalcitrants to the penalties of a *præmunire*, or, at least, a danger of such intangible terror, that at length they shouldered their spades and grumblingly followed him.

By two in the morning of the memorable Tuesday, the fifth of November, 1605, the widow Critchett's coals and faggots of firewood had been packed in sacks and panniers, and removed to His Majesty's cellars underneath the royal kitchens in the palace hard by, and then, while the perspiring labourers refreshed themselves with large measures of Barclay and Perkins, the astounded magistrate and policeman, who had by this time been joined by my Lord Chamberlain, emancipated from frieze and again clad in embroidered doublet and hose, wearing his chain of office and carrying his white staff—the awe-struck trio, I say, discovered—what?—

Imprimis—as Sir Thomas wrote in his report:—

So many dozen of Guinness and Bass's empty beer bottles.

So many more dozen of glass vessels that had once contained Gilbey's sherry and Foster's port.

Numerous ginger beer bottles—good honest brown stone affairs, not the tawdry glass decanters that hold the deteriorated stuff they delusively call ginger beer in these degenerate modern days.

Some soda water and lemonade flasks.

Hundreds of bushels of brick and mortar rubbish.

A score or so of iron picks and crows and shovels.*

And beneath all this, and at the termination of the little black streak of dust leading from the street door—

Thirty-six barrels of patent blasting double-mealed

GUNPOWDER!!!

CHAPTER IX.

THE "RESERVED SIGHTS" OF THE TOWER OF LONDON.

MAJESTY in a dirty, coarse, old night shirt, sitting shivering, partly from cold and partly with terror, on the side of his bed, sleepy, muddled, and slobbering, at three of the clock on a dark drizzling November morning, was not calculated to communicate an impressive idea of a monarch presiding at an important Cabinet Council. Yet in the royal bedchamber were then assembled bearers of the most illustrious names recorded in history, some of the highest and mightiest nobles of the two kingdoms of England and Scotland.

Opposite Majesty stood a captive, scowling and manacled, and surrounded by halberd-bearing Yeomen of the Guard. He was a tall, swarthy, becloaked and bebooted varlet, and beheld with much indifference, not to say contempt, the forest of glittering steel with which Majesty's ministers hedged Majesty about; not altogether to Majesty's satisfaction, who seemed to the full as much afraid of the protective blades around him as of the defiant blade before him.

At His Grace's dressing-table—cleared for the moment of Eau-de-Cologne flasks, Ryphophagon, combs and brushes, and Brilliantine, and best Persian Dentifrice—sat the grave Clerk of the Council, who, addressing the prisoner, remarked interrogatively—

"Name? John Johnson? Eh?"

"Not a bit of it," replied the unabashed *ci-devant* "own man," "write it down GUY FAWKES! profession, soldier; formerly in the service of His Highness, the Archduke; sometime carrying a spontoon in the army of His most Catholic Majesty of Spain and the Indies."†

"Bide a wee, bide a wee," squeaked the trembling figure on the bed, "let me e'en eenteerogaite him. What thocht ye to do, sirrah, with a' that muckle poouder found yonder?"

"To blow you and your beggarly Scotch following back to your native naked mountains," roared the captive fiercely.

This reply produced a clink and a rustle among the bare blades and some half-dozen of their wielders.‡

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* See *ante*, p. 217, number for November.

† I confess to having taken a slight liberty with strict historical truth here for the sake of dramatic effect. The actual admission of his real name and former pursuits by the arch-traitor, was not, in fact, made until two days afterwards, viz., the 7th November, when it had been discovered from papers found on his person.

‡ "He further declared 'that when the King had come to the Parliament House that day, and the Upper House had been sitting, he meant to have fired the match and fled, for his own safety, before the powder had taken fire; and that, if he had not been apprehended that night, he had blown up the Upper House when the King, lords, bishops, and others had been there.' Being asked if his purpose had taken effect what would have been done with the Queen's Majesty and her royal issue, he replied that 'if they had been there he could not have helped them.' Being further asked who were party or privy to this conspiracy, he answered that 'he could not resolve to accuse any.'" [John Johnson's examination, 5th November, 1605, State Paper Office.] "Being asked by the King how he could conspire against his children and so many innocent souls, he answered, 'Dangerous diseases require a desperate

"Saul o' me body, Sirs, a bauld traitor," gasped the monarch.

"The question now is, Sire," said the principal Secretary of State, with a low obeisance, "what is to be done with him?"

"The morn's morn is jaist a free day at the Toower," mused Majesty, "and thaur'll be unco' muckle folk there. Hech, Sirs, I ha't it. Jaist scribble an order mon to our Lieutenant, Sir William Wade, to let the gentleman inspect the resairved sights,"*—here His Highness chuckled with much satisfaction—"and send him doon in ane o' our ain barges wi' a wheen musqueteers and halberd bearers, and kimmers, get ye a' gane, and Prinnie MacPhairson, ye loon, help me back into bed, for I'm unco' cauld and—hark ye, mon—leave the whusky-bottle hard by on the mantle, and the wee thing they ca' an Etna burnin', for I maun e'en requeer some toddy i' the nicht."

* * * * * * * * *

It was five in the morning when the renowned Guido Fawkes beheld the reserved sights. Their chief interest to him consisted in a frame, with rollers, sheaves, levers, ropes, and pulleys, level with the ground, on the basement floor of William Rufus's keep. Here, too, was a small cell or cavity scooped out of the twenty-five feet thickness of the foundation wall, and so constructed that its occupant, when it had one, could neither stand, sit, nor lie down. Into this hole they crumpled poor Guy, and then they shut and double-locked and bolted the door upon him, and left him to reflect upon the reserved sights he had been privileged to behold.

Just as they closed the door—

"Hath this place a name?" moodily enquired he.

"It is called the 'Little Ease,'" sternly responded his gaolers.

"Little Ease!" he wildly reflected, as the portal clanged to. "Small *ees*! and my sentence will be

A CAPITAL ONE!"

CHAPTER X.

THE ONLY PYROTECHNIC DISPLAY.

THERE are many roads to Rome. We have poetical authority for asserting that there are also more than one road to heaven. There are two roads from London to Highgate. One runs to the eastward of the renowned hill, and is popularly supposed to be that by which the traditional Dick Whittington climbed that eminence. The other is on the west, and Lady Coutts's estate is thereon situate. Now, as you take this occidental route, you pass by a mamelon on your left, which is known to this day as the Parliament Hill. On the afternoon of Tuesday, the 5th November, 1605, two or three moody-looking individuals were grouped on the summit of this mound, staring wistfully at the great city lying at their feet. They were unencumbered by the damp sheets which the news boys in the road below were vending, shouting "Last 'dishun—Special! Openin' o' Parliament—King's Speech!" They heeded not these seductive announcements. We are told by Milton that

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

These watchers were standing and waiting above; the news-boys were running and serving below.

Watching and waiting for what?

For a Pyrotechnic display.

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remedy;' and when questioned as to his intentions by some of the Scotch courtiers, he told them that 'one of his objects was to blow them back into Scotland.'"—MS. letter of Sir Edward Hoby to Sir Thomas Edmondes.—"Jardine; Gunpowder Plot," p. 78. Well might King Jamie dub him a bold traitor.

* The dungeons, bastions, Lieutenants' lodgings, and other parts of the fortress not shewn to ordinary sight seers, and for which a special order is required, are termed the "reserved sights."

And it didn't seem likely to come off.

The day was wet.

Perhaps the powder was damp, and the touch-paper of the set piece wouldn't ignite. Perhaps Messrs. Brock's workpeople had struck.

"Bloody with spurring, fiery hot with haste," a horseman galloped up the hill.

The watchers closed around him.

He exhibited to them a yellow envelope which he had already torn open, and from which he had withdrawn a grey flimsy-looking document. It was a Post-Office Telegram form, and it bore these suggestive words in addition to the necessary addresses.

Cut	Company	in	liquidation	all
members	made	Contributories	J	copped
Game	up	Fireworks	postponed	no
money	returned	meet	at	Dunchurch

The company dispersed, the horseman—only stopping to be sworn in at the Horns upon the Horns—dashed through Highgate, and was soon far off on the great northern road.

But *a*, though not *the*, pyrotechnic display did come off, only not in London.

A hundred miles away a few desperate men, hunted by the *Posse comitatus* from Ashby St. Leger, in far off Northamptonshire, through Dunchurch, haled from Coughton, were brought to bay at a farm-house known as Holbeach, in Staffordshire.

As yet Oliver Cromwell had not delivered his famous injunction to "keep your powder dry," and the ammunition of such of the scared members of the "Long" firm as were still at liberty was considerably wetted.

Picture the scene. Within, around the hearth of the farm-house, some dozen frantic men. Without, catchpolls, and militia, and J.P.'s, and sheriffs, and under-sheriffs, clamouring for admittance in the king's name.

"Dolts, dry your powder on the hearth," screamed the head of the firm within.

"Constables, set fire to the outbuildings," roared the sheriff of the county without.

In a box deposited upon the hearth was exposed a quantity of black granules. In the midst thereof a white linen bag holding some score of pounds of powder more. There is a fiz, a bang, a roar; fire within, fire without. Some half-a-dozen scorched, smudged, writhing figures prone on the floor—two or three of them desperately wounded—struggle to their feet, sword in hand.

"Stand back to back * * * *
And fight it to the last!

or words to that effect, shouts Mr. Catesby, only, you see he couldn't quote Lord Macaulay, because that peer, like Townsend the runner, in the verse of the ballad I have used for a text at the head of this portion of my paper, "wasn't born till arter that."

Posse comitatus without crowd back in considerable confusion at the explosion within. When the smoke has somewhat cleared away, an active member of the Staffordshire constabulary picks up a white linen bag from among the rubbish.

"What's this?" says he.

They all crowd round.

Powder, and unexploded! *

"And what is this?" enquires another, picking up some charred and blackened fragments of wood, on which are still to be discerned traces of painted characters. The high sheriff deciphers "Dynamite, with care! This side up." And so that is what became of the box.†

Bang! phiz! bang! The arquebusses are aimed through the windows. Down go two eminent members of the firm, the two Wrights. They have each lost the number of his mess, as the sailors say in a naval action. A sheriff's officer, one John Streete, "to make assurance double sure," rams two bullets well home in his musquetoon, and pots the head partner, who is then standing back to back with the King's gentleman pensioner. Both balls pass through their bodies. Mr. Catesby dies decently on the spot. Poor Tom Percy is dragged from beneath his comrade's body, mortally wounded, to expire next day.‡ The remaining contributories, fearfully maimed, and blackened, and scorched, are hauled out through the smoke and flames, to be forthwith committed to ward; and this was, after all,

THE ONLY PYROTECHNIC DISPLAY.

CHAPTER XI.

IN THE PALACE COURT (YARD); MR. JOHNSON'S LAST APPEARANCE ON ANY STAGE.

THERE is an apartment in the Lieutenant's lodgings of the Tower of London, over the chimney of which is a very elaborate piece of carving in the Inigo Jones style of ornament, commemorating certain meetings that took place therein in the spring of 1605-6, where a dozen or so individuals whose noses came down over their moustachios and whose moustachios went up under their noses, were catechised and examined prior to being fully committed for trial in connection with the great powder plot. To that apartment several men literally carried in a sheet, or a blanket or so, a very limp and ghastly figure—and well he might be, for all his limbs were dislocated—fresh—if you can call his condition fresh—from making personal acquaintance with one of the reserved rights of the Tower, namely the rack. The limp and writhing creature was Mr. John Johnson, properly Guido Fawkes, Esquire, son of an estimable ecclesiastical solicitor in the grand old minster city of York. What poor Guy maundered forth while stretched on that gruesome frame was duly chronicled and "used against him,"—as they say in the present day at the Police Courts—and his co-partners, when they appeared on their trials for High Treason shortly afterwards at the Guildhall. True, the learned Peter maintained that evidence by written examination savoured of the oppressions of the Civil law, and was not admissible in trials for life but only in suits in the Chancery and Star Chambers. He said they *couldn't* do it, but the fact is they *did* it. I believe a man wriggling in the stocks once received similar consolation from his legal adviser, but all Peter could do was, after the last sad scene I am about to report, to protest by writing a big folio volume which nobody ever reads and which has for centuries been relegated to the

* A fact; see Jardine, p. 85. Mr. Catesby's address to Thomas Winter was actually in these words, "Stand by me, Tom, and we will die together."

† See *ante*, November number, p. 213

‡ This was a lucky shot for Master Streete. He lived to draw two shillings a day awarded him by the Crown for this service, until well in to the reign of Charles I.

dustiest topmost shelves of the Lincoln's Inn and Bodleian libraries. The result of using the written examinations was that on two successive mornings the citizens had the cost and trouble of placing a man bearing a halbert at every door in the line of way of two dreary processions, in which blanched bound men, riding on wheelless sledges with their backs to the horses, and hangmen and their assistants with naked weapons, looped halters, hideous flesh forks, and cruel knives, facing their victims, played prominent parts. The procession on the first day halted at the West End of St. Paul's Cathedral, and after it had performed its business there, a cart, followed by a howling mob, proceeding from that spot, drove up the Old Bailey to Newgate. Its destination was what afterwards became known as Jack Ketch's kitchen in that cheerful building, and its contents I would rather not describe. The next day the second procession took a longer journey. It wended its way to the Palace Court Yard at distant Westminster. There the same dreary business took place that had occupied the previous morning in London's city, and there the hero of these pages, politely described by Sir Edward Coke as "the devil of the vault," made his last bow to a public for whom he had been a subject of interest for many months past, and that evening he and his fellow sufferers appeared upon Traitor's tower at the Southwark End of London Bridge, and on the summits of some of the city gates, like popular actors,

IN SEVERAL PIECES!!!

CHAPTER THE LAST.

SHOWING HOW THE CLERGY-CO-OPERATIVES CAME TO AN END.

Good Mrs. Critchett saw with great satisfaction in her "Weekly Lloyd's" that the two clerical members of the now disestablished "Long" firm had been captured at Hendlip House some time after that celebrated company had been compelled to discontinue its operations. She also read, shortly after that, how one of them, Father Oldcorne, had died in public. A month or so elapsed and the worthy dame was transacting a little operation in "Regents" at the Borough Market, when she was hustled by a great and noisy crowd following a cart going in the direction of Traitor's Tower. The good lady was swept on by the mob and found her attention attracted to four vacant spikes on the summit, to which a man was clambering by aid of a ladder. This individual, when he had reached the roof, stooped to a companion below, who passed up to him certain very nasty looking black masses that appeared to be quarters of venison very far gone and yet which presented some resemblance to human hands, and feet, and legs, and arms. When the spikes had been duly crowned with these "block ornaments" which the adorner contemplated with much satisfaction, the good soul enquired of a neighbour whose *disjecta membra* had been thus elevated.

"Why it's old Father Garnet, the Popish priest, as they've been topping this morning for the powder plot last November," said the by-stander thus accosted.

Mrs. Critchett looked long and intently at the ghastly relics. "And the Parsons too!" she murmured, "to go in for takin' the bread out of the poor ratepaying shopkeepers' mouths. You greedy villain!" she cried, as she shook her fist aloft,

"THAT'S WHAT YOUR CLERGY CO-OPERATION HAS BROUGHT YOU TO!"

THE END.

FRATERNITY THE TRUE MISSION.

From the Corner Stone.

"Those wondrous symbols that can retain
The phantom forms that pass along the brain,
O'er unsubstantial thoughts hold strong control,
And fix the essence of the immortal soul."

BUT if they are received and practised as bald ceremonies—as but the dried husks and skins from which the goodly grain and wine have been lost—what further need has the world of them? Has the ark of the covenant been removed from the tabernacle? Has Shiloh left the temple? We may go on adding to our numbers day by day, filling our halls with paraphernalia, our coffers with treasure, and the streets with pompous processions; but if the soul of Masonry has departed, what profit is all this, either to us or the world?

The great importance of preserving the exact forms of Masonry is, that the exact symbolism shall also be preserved. Else it will corrupt with time under the "improvements" of Vandals, or worse than that, the meretricious additions of degraded tastes. But the true life is independent of the form, and the latter may continue whilst the former has fled. Yet, to him who hath eyes to see, the emblem will ever be rich with instruction, the symbol ever glowing with meaning.

When the riches of the art treasures of ancient Greece were being conveyed by the haughty conqueror to Rome, he threatened the sailors that if they were lost, they should be compelled to replace them at their own expense—a replacement somewhat difficult, it would seem. But many, in these times, appear to think it the easiest of things to replace that portion of the forms of Masonry which they have lost, from the workshop of their own crude fancies. In Oriental tale, the slave of the lamp, at Aladdin's order, finished but twenty-three of the twenty-four windows of the grand hall of his palace, and we read that the treasures of the Sultan's empire were vainly exhausted in the attempt to finish the twenty-fourth, and the effort was given up in despair. But these brothers undertake not only to finish the Masonic temple, but to remodel it from the north-east corner to the *sanctum sanctorum*. Replacing the lost art with their own chisels! ornamenting the windows of its high halls with paint and stucco and carved excrescences from "chaos come again!"

The answer to the sternly questioning time is this: Masonry, with all its ancient forms, lives because it is necessary to mankind that it should live. It finds expression in fixed forms, because those forms, more universally than any other, convey to its membership the grand ideas, the fundamental principles upon which it is based. You can no more replace them by new forms than you could replace a lost Venus de Medicis or Apollo Belvidere. It is not an insurance or mutual relief association. It is not religious or even moral merely. It is all these and more. It is an ideal system, built upon the brotherhood of those who consent to "walk together in unity."

"Though, like two twigs which from one stem diverge,
Their growth, perhaps, doth tend toward different points;
Yet search unto the root, they still are joined—
One sap pervades the twig, one blood the brothers' veins."

There is a kind of men who sneer at idealism—who, as we have elsewhere written, if an attempt is made to carry the thought from the cold and temporary details of business to higher spheres, exclaim, as did the brothers of Joseph, "Behold! the dreamer cometh." Here is Masonry, the miracle of the time, which lives to teach men that they have duties and affections, hopes and aspirations, which take hold on something beyond the material wants; and many a barren tongue replies, "Behold! the dreamer cometh." Masons, even, who have passed through the wonderful series of our symbolic teaching, when we attempt to lift their minds to the true intent and meaning of all, are often found who say, "We have corn, wine, and oil; and what more is needed?" Much, dear brother, much. You have not yet unravelled the mystic web; you have not yet attained the true light; you have heard the syllables, but you have not grasped the thought within. . . . Alas! if we undertake to say *to what* we are "raised," and from the full heart express the light to which we believe our eyes are thus opened, we shall hear from many a blinded brother, "Behold! the dreamer cometh."

The crowning glory of Masonry is its ideal character—an idealism which, gaining lodgment in the true Masonic heart, elevates, refines, purifies and ennobles. *Fraternity*—that is the grand idea which Masonry inculcates. A fraternity based upon moral worth, cemented by charity, not of the pocket, but of the heart.

There has been liberty enough—perhaps too much for national welfare there has been equality enough—perhaps too much for the higher not to have been contaminated by the lower; but of fraternity there has been too little—how much too little let the wrathful times, now so sadly "out of joint," bring back the melancholy answer.

Man can not live alone. He may not separate the object of his existence from that proposed by the Supreme to humanity.

Without the sentiment of fraternity, knowledge, of whatever immensity, is a delusion and a snare. Without this sentiment, welling up ever from the heart of man, he cannot be a true Mason, though we pile degrees and orders heaven-high upon him. It is not what is placed upon him which makes the Mason, but that which finds admission and genial resting-place in the warm heart within.

"Love, O my brothers! and revere ideas. Ideas are the words of God. Superior to all of country, superior to humanity, is the country of the intellectual, the city of the spirit, in which the believers in the inviolability of thought, in the dignity of our immortal soul, are brothers. * * * Reverence enthusiasm; adore the dreams of the virgin soul and the visions of the first days of youth, because these dreams of earliest youth are the fragrance of Paradise, which the soul retains in issuing from the hands of its Creator. Respect, above all things, your own conscience; have on your lips that truth which God has placed in your heart, and, harmoniously uniting, bear ever erect your banner, and boldly promulgate your faith."

The old man who, with years, has lost faith in humanity, is the dreariest sight the angels can look down upon; the saddest, perhaps, is the young man who early forgets that he *should be* a brother, and *is* but an alien stranger.

NATURE.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

AS a fond mother, when the day is o'er,
Leads by the hand her little child to bed,
Half willing, half reluctant to be led
And leave his broken playthings on the floor;
Still gazing at them through the open door,
Nor wholly reassured and comforted
By promises of others in their stead,
Which, though more splendid, may not please him more:
So Nature deals with us, and takes away
Our playthings one by one, and by the hand
Leads us to rest so gently that we go
Scarce knowing if we wish to go or stay,
Being too full of sleep to understand
How far the unknown transcends the what we know.

NOTES ON LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

BY BRO. GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL,

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

THE newspapers inform us that there are 197,617 miles of railway in the world, of which 81,841 are in the United States.

Under the somewhat humorous title of "An Hour with a Sewer Rat, or a few Plain Hints on House Drainage and Sewer Gas," Bro. Bailey, of Darlington, has just published an interesting little volume from the pen of Bro. George Gordon Hoskins, F.R.I.B.A., who, I observe, is also the author of a book called "The Clerk of the Works," which I have not seen. I always feel glad to hear of men who really know something about bringing rude matter into due form belonging to our once operative Craft; and though I never had the least wish to make it once more a trade guild, or even an architectural and antiquarian society, I had much rather that it became either than a mere free-and-easy, however select and respectable, and I know scores of brother Masons of a sort, who, notwithstanding the fine moral teaching which they cannot fail to hear whenever they attend a lodge, would fain make it into something like the defunct Order of Ancient Bucks. I have known an otherwise worthy brother appointed Grand Superintendent of Works for one of our most important Provinces, who did not know even the names of the different orders of architecture, and could not tell an Ionic column from one of the Corinthian. Such appointments deservedly bring our dear Craft into disrepute; and with so many good architects enlisted under our banners, ought for henceforth and for ever to be avoided. Frank Buckland says—"I have such an opinion of the rat's cleverness, that I almost believe he takes in our weekly newspapers and periodicals;" and Bro. Hoskins has made this paragraph his motto,

That both rats and mice occasionally "take in" (to their stomachs) both, when hungry, there can be no doubt, and if some of the said weeklies afford as little nourishment to the bodies of rats as to the minds of their readers, the poor rats are to be pitied for not receiving fair remuneration for their useful scavingering. Notwithstanding Mr. Buckland's high estimate of the rat's intelligence, I have somewhere read that he is really a very stupid animal. Leaving naturalists to settle this question among themselves as best they may, and honestly acknowledging myself no very great admirer of the rat tribe generally, nor of the Norway rat in particular (though having strong sympathies with the poor water-vole so perseveringly persecuted at the hands of the ignorant, who don't know the difference between it and the savage Scandinavian), I am in love with Bro. Hoskins' Sewer Rat, because he has made him "discourse"—not like the "pipe" Hamlet offers to Polonius, "most eloquent music"—but certainly "full of wise saws and modern instances," such as a shrewd old observant rodent that runs up and around our drains would be sure to remark if he had Bro. Hoskins' gift of utterance, and knew that Bro. Bailey would publish them. As the whole book may be bought for eighteen-pence, it is not fair to "gut" it, but I must try to show my readers that in these days of penny-catch bookmaking the little volume really has something in it. "Our town is a pleasant town," says Bro. Hoskins in his opening, "a clean town with picturesque surroundings, and on the whole a healthy town. The local authorities of our town have a way of their own in doing things, and if their way is not quite what every one could wish it to be, it is very much better than the way adopted by the like authorities in some of our neighbouring towns. One of the chief characteristics of the aforesaid authorities of our town is a *penchant* for the formation of new roads, the repairing of old ones, and the almost immediate breaking up of both, for some cause or other in connection with the sewerage, gas, or waterworks. Whenever we see new material laid down, or hear the snorting of the steam roller, we may almost safely predict that a chasm will very soon be opened, barricaded during the day by rough timbers and earth from the excavation, and dimly illuminated at night by a monster coke fire, presided over by a superanuated navvy. Not very long ago something was wrong with the main sewer opposite my offices. We had had, I think, the road repaired and neatly rolled about a week before, but now picks and shovels were at work, barricades erected, and as night came on, the inevitable coke fire and watchman (?) made their appearance. Having a press of work at this time, I had returned to my office after the usual hours, with the object of making a push. Preparatory to resuming work, I sauntered to the window. There was the coke fire crackling away, and there the superanuated navvy, smoking his pipe, and resting his back against an inverted wheelbarrow, the fire throwing a red glare on the ridges of the heaps of earth thrown up from the excavations. Suddenly I saw a large rat cross one of these ridges and disappear into the surrounding gloom on my side of the road. I left the window, poked up my fire, and fell to work. A quarter of an hour had perhaps passed when I had occasion to look up from my work to get an instrument. At the same moment my eyes met two others, small, black, and piercing. On the top edge and on the left-hand corner of my drawing-board, sat a rat, a fine, well-conditioned, intelligent looking fellow, with a self-satisfied air, and a fierce moustache *à la Empereur*.

"A well-fed rat, rotund and hale,
Not knowing either Fast or Lent."

If I had been surprised by his appearance on my drawing-board, imagine my utter astonishment when he spoke. 'Road up again,' said he." And they at once enter into the instructive conversation recorded in the little book before me. Cowper, in his "Pairing-Time Anticipated," opens by singing:—

"I shall not ask Jean Jaques Rosseau
If birds confabulate or no;
'Tis clear that they were also able
To hold discourse, at least in fable;
And e'en the child, who knows no better
Than to interpret by the letter
A story of a cock and bull,
Must have a most uncommon skull."

To all who wish to see the real causes of many common defects in drainage, I can confidently recommend Bro. Hoskins' little book. The first part, in which Mr. Rat is allowed a fair share of the conversation, is as interesting as a fairy tale, or as the fables ascribed to old Æsop. The second portion, though containing much useful information for the practical man, is dry as dust when compared with the former; and I do not wonder that the rat should have "made tracks," as no one likes to be denied a fair share in the conversation; and I strongly suspect the workman's dinner was not the sole cause of the sudden departure. Bro. Hoskins seems to me to have *scamped* his work in this latter portion, and I strongly advise him to re-write it for the next edition (which is sure to be called for) in the same attractive form and style as the first part, and he will secure a larger circle of readers; and by spreading broadcast his excellent ideas on drainage, he will thus, as every Freemason ought, make himself more serviceable to his fellow-creatures, for he not only has ideas to express, but knows how to express them.

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.

FREEMASONS' HALL GRAND LODGE LIBRARY LONDON, W.C.

LIGHT.

THE day is fast declining, the sun is nearly set,
Night's hours are closing o'er the gay and sad;
One voice is heard, above the jar and fret,
Which e'en in warning soothes and makes us glad:
"Night gives you rest, but life's best hours are those
'Twixt dawn and eve—each moment bears a freight
Of deeds and words, which at the evening's close
Are past recall; 'twill then be all too late."

Sorrow comes, too, o'er hearts both strong and weak;
Life's disappointments hang across our way;
Lov'd ones are taken; joys for which we seek
Shrink from our grasp; all hastens to decay.
Still that sweet voice, above the noise and roar
Of rushing storm-waves, bids us look to One
Who waits to crown those who have learnt to soar
Through strength in Him, their shelter and their sun.

"Let there be light"—and gladdening sunshine's ray,
Beaming with joy and love's warm healing balm,
Shall chase the hills which throng our path away,
And give in grief's deep darkness peace and calm.
And when life's evening closes, and our hearts
Have learnt submission, strengthened by His might,
We then shall hear, as soul from body parts,
His voice in sweet command, "Let there be light."

ETOILE.

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

No. 79.—Vol. VII. JANUARY, 1880. Price 6d.

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TARSHISH; ITS MODERN REPRESENTATIVE.

BY BROTHER H. BRITTAIN, F.R.HIS.S.

IN this paper we would purpose to bring together, into as concentrated form as possible, many facts and statements concerning the ancient maritime and commercial power, Tarshish; and from them endeavour to place upon the modern nation the mantle of a vigorous and valorous race, whose flag was to be found in all the ports of the then inhabited earth.

The name Tarshish is to be found, first, in that one source to which all resort, the Scriptures. Lexicographers tell us that the name can be applied alike to "isles," "coasts," or "banks of rivers." In the margin of Isaiah xx., 60., the word "country" is placed as a substitute for "isle." It is also said that, in the Hebrew, Phœnician, and cognate languages, one word is used to signify islands, sea-coasts, or even countries.

The term Ophir appears to be used also as interchangeable with Tarshish. In the I. Kings xxii., 44, it is stated that "Jehoshaphat made, or had, ten ships *of Tarshish* to go *to Ophir* for gold." Of the same circumstance, it is recorded, in II. Chronicles xx., 36, that Jehoshaphat "joined himself with (Ahaziah) to make ships to go *to Tarshish*." Again, in II. Chronicles viii., 18, Hiram's servants are said to have "went with the servants of Solomon *to Ophir*." But it is also said, in II. Chronicles ix., 21., "Solomon's ships went *to Tarshish* with the servants of Hiram." For description of these ships see Ezekiel xxvii.

The first mention of Tarshish is to be found in Genesis x., 4 and 5, "and the sons of Javan, Elishah, Tarshish, Kittim, Dodanim. By these were the isles of the Gentiles divided in their lands, every one after his tongue, after their families, in their nations. Javan was a son of Japheth, as also Gomer, Magog, Madai, Tubal, Meshech, and Tiras." Of Japheth, we find it written (Genesis ix., 27), "God shall enlarge Japheth, and he shall dwell in the tents of Shem." By his descendants, therefore, would Japheth be enlarged. Gomer and Javan are the two out of the seven sons of Japheth whose descendants are particularly mentioned. And, of all the names given, none have been more provocative of enquiry than the son of Javan Tarshish.

From the remark made in Genesis x., 5, it is clear that Javan's sons were not restricted to some particular country—"By them were the isles of the Gentiles divided." Was the meaning of the name of the one man, Tarshish, prophetic of the work he, through his children, would do in colonising the

islands and coasts of the nations? Was the name of the man, Tarshish, perpetuated also by his descendants naming the places after him? If this be so—and why not—we shall not be surprised at finding the name Tarshish, or traces of it, in places differing as to clime or position.

If we refer again to the I. Kings x., 22, we find the record reads—"For the king (Solomon) had a navy of Tharshish with the navy of Hiram; once in three years came the navy of Tharshish bringing gold and silver, ivory (margin, elephants' teeth), and apes, and peacocks." Another record in I. Chronicles xx., 35 to 37, is, that the ships made by Jehoshaphat and Ahaziah to go to Tarshish were made in Ezion-Gaber. And again (I. Kings xxii., 49), they were to go to Ophir for gold.

Ezion-Gaber, the port to Tarshish, was at the head of the Red Sea, the now route to India and the East Indies. Josephus asserts Ophir to be an Indian region (see Antiq. Jud., lib. viii., c. 6, sec. 4); and Ophir and Tarshish are used interchangeably.

Malacca, or the Malayan peninsula, was known as the Golden Chersoneus. We must remember also that India, Ceylon, Malacca, or, in other words, the East Indies, produced the articles enumerated in the list of exports brought by the navy of the Tharshish.

Ophir is declared to be in India by Hesychius and Suidas. Le Poivre, in his "Voy. d'un Philosophe, etc.," p. 123, states that Ophir is still the name used in Sumatra, Malacca, and the Eastern Archipelago to designate the gold mine. Onescritus, the historian, in the time of Alexander the Great visited Ceylon, and brought back an account of its wealth. The Greeks embarked in the Indian trade, so also did Egypt under the Ptolemies and the Romans.

In Tamil, or the language of Ceylon, *kapi* (apes), is the same as in Hebrew. *Iboha*, the Sanscrit for ivory, is in Tamil, *ibam*. In the Tamil, *tokei* is peacock; in Hebrew it is *tukeyim*.

We gather from the foregoing statements that the term Tarshish covers a large area of the East Indies.

2. In Ezekiel xxvii., 12 and 25, Tyrus was thus addressed: "Tarshish was thy merchant, by reason of the multitude of all kinds of riches; with silver, iron, tin, and lead they traded in thy fairs. The ships of Tarshish did sing of thee in thy market; and thou wast replenished, and made very glorious in the midst of the seas." The Septuagint version translates Tarshish, in these two passages, "Carthage;" the Vulgate also, in the 25th verse, translates Tarshish, as "Chartaginensis." Bochart (Sac. Geog., lib. 3, c. vii., p. 165), says that Polybius mentions Tarsecum in an account of a league between Rome and Carthage. The name "Peni," or "Pheni," was a name given to the Carthagenians. Tyre was in Phœnicia. The phrase "Merchant of Tarshish," in Ezekiel xxxviii., 13, is translated in the Septuagint as Carthaginian merchants. The Septuagint translates, "ships of Tarshish," in Isa. xxiii., 1 and 14, "ships of Carthage." Hence, from the above, we find that the term Tarshish is found in another direction, and applied to a place in North Africa.

3. For another fact in connection with Tarshish, we will refer to Jeremiah x., 9: "Silver spread into plates is brought from Tarshish, and gold from Aphaz, the work of the workman and of the hands of the founder; blue and purple is their clothing: they are all the work of the cunning men."

From this statement we conclude that the Tarshish here mentioned was a manufacturing place or country. And it is to be noted that the sacred books of the Cingalese consisted of silver spread into plates, on which the writing was inscribed.

4. Another fact concerning Tarshish is to be gleaned from Ezekiel xxxviii., 13, and Isaiah lxv., 9. It is that Tarshish must be a merchant power. The first passage states, "Sheba, and Dedan, and all the merchants of Tarshish." The second, "Surely the isles shall wait for me, and the ships of Tarshish first."

5. In connection with Tarshish being a merchant power, we remark also that the Septuagint of Isa. ii., 16, is, "Ships of the sea." The common version reads, "Ships of Tarshish." Here, Tarshish and the sea are equivalent terms. Thus far, we see that Tarshish is to be found in connection with places or countries east and west of Tyre; that it is connected with commerce, with manufactures, with money productions, and with the sea.

To proceed farther in the investigation of our subject. The recurrence of Tyre and Tarshish in the same passages of the scriptures cannot have failed to have been noticed. It is possible, and highly probable, therefore, we should contend that, before proceeding to find out traces of Tyrian enterprise, that in finding out where Tyre made its influence felt and known, we should also find some clue to Tarshish also at times. We all know that Tyre (and Sidon) was in Phœnicia. It is known also that the Phœnicians were very jealous as to their knowledge of distant countries being made known. A remarkable instance of the secrecy and fidelity among them is recorded by Strabo (book iii., 5.) He gives an account of a Phœnician commander who ran his ship on a shoal in a voyage from Gades to the Cassiterides, because he was followed by a Roman Galley. On his return to Tyre, he was compensated by the State for the loss incurred by his act. The same historian says (Strabo, iii., 150,) Tartessus id the portion lying south of the Bætis, or Guadalquiver. The Bætis was calles the "Silver-bedded Tartessus," by Stesicherus. Claudian names the greater part of Spain and Portugal Tartessus. See Claudian in Ruf., i., 101. Tarseuim, says Stephanus, was a city near the pillars of Hercules.

In the Essays, Ethnological and Linguistic, by James Kennedy, L.L.B., pp. 56 to 58, we find the information given which follows. The first accounts of Italy tell us of a people already settled there, known as Tyrrhenians. The principal writers of antiquity, with one exception (Dionysius Halicarnassus), agree in stating that these people were a colony of Lydians. Tacitus mentions the Sardians as producing a decree of the Etruscans acknowledging their descent from Lydia. Virgil calls the Tiber the Lydian Tiber. The name Tyrrheni is found also in Greece, confounded with that of the Pelasgi, and with other names in which the syllable Tyr is prominent. Lydia was in Asia Minor (modern Smyrna). In Mysia, north of Lydia, was the river Tarsius. Müller and Niebuhr place the Etruscan era about B.C. 1000, *circa* of Solomon and Hiram. F. W. Newman, in "Regal Rome," says the Etruscan era belonged to the era of Phœnicia, and of Egypt.

To come nearer to the parent city, Tyre. Josephus, lib. i., 6, states that Cilicia is called Tarshish. Its chief city was Tarsus. And a river named Tarsus was known in Cilicia, a province of Asia Minor.

The Mediterranean was known, also, and named as a sea of Tarshish. Jonah, in order to avoid the fulfilment of his mission, found a ship going to Tarshish, and embarked in it.

It is recorded that about B.C. 610, Marseilles (Marsala) was founded by Phœnician colonists; and that the same people founded colonies at Agde, Antibes, and Nice. An inhabitant of Marseilles, B.C. 400, went on a voyage past Spain, Aquitaine, Armorica, through the channel to the isles of Shetland, and then on to Jutland.

Kenrick, in his Phœnicia, says that Melos, one of the Cyclades, was colonized about B.C. 1200; North-Western Sicily about B.C. 736.

It was about B.C. 813 that Carthage was founded, and B.C. 1100, Utica; B.C. 1189, Gades. (Velleius Paterculs says about 80 years after Troy was taken—B.C. 1209—a fleet of Tyrians founded Gades, and Utica a few years afterwards by the same people). Pliny says (Nat. His., 16), writing B.C. 77 or 78, "Utica was built eleven hundred and seventy-eight years ago." Pomponius Mela, iii., 6, mentioning temple of Hercules at Gades, says the foundation of the temple was from the time of Troy.

Carteia, near Gibraltar, was a Phœnician colony, and noted for preparing a

famous mackerel sauce. Going farther westward, the Canary Isles were discovered by the same people. And in the interior of Spain, Hispalis, or Seville, was founded by them. Farther, it is recorded that, B.C. 610, Africa was circumnavigated by a Phœnician vessel.

Sir G. C. Lewis, in his "Survey on the Astronomy of the Ancients," p. 448, says that "the voyages of the Phœnicians to Cornwall for tin, and to the coasts of the Baltic for amber, pass equally as historial facts." Herodotus names the portion of Britain known as the Scilly Isles, if not all Britain, the Cassiterides, or lands of tin. Appian tells us that the Spaniards of his time used to perform the voyages to Britain in half a day.

In Clemens Romanus we meet with the phrase "*the utmost parts of the* west." This was used when speaking of the Apostle Paul's labours. The west included Spain, Gaul, and Britain. In the Epistles of Paul to the Romans Spain is mentioned; and a native of Britain also—Claudia, who was married to Pudens, or Linus. See Rom. xvi., 13, and II. Tim. iv., 21. Martial mentions Claudia by name (Epig. 54, book xi.); and Rufus or Pudens (Epig. 13, book iv). It is worthy of notice that about this time, another British lady was accused in Rome of having embraced a foreign superstition: Pomponia Græcina, wife of Aulus Plantus, the first governor of Britain, and a distinguished general of Claudius. See Tacitus, Annal, book 13, chap. xxxii.

As bearing on this point, we would mention that the Jews in England record a decree of Augustus Cæsar in their favor, C.E. 15. In a work published by Aben Ezra, entitled the "Epistle on the Sabbath," in the prefix it is stated, "I, Abraham Aben Ezra, the Sephardy, have been in one of the cities of the island called 'the End of the Earth.' Aben Ezra visited England in the reign of Henry II. The classical phrase is, '*ultimos Orbis Britannos;*' the scriptual, "the isles afar off."

Godfrey Higgins, Esq., in his "Celtic Druids," points out that the early Greeks knew more of Britain than the Greeks of Strabo and his time. Of Ireland he states, p. 107, "Orpheus, or rather Onomacritus, mentions Ireland; but, says Bochart, 'he learned the name and site of it from the Phœnicians: the Greeks at that time had not sailed into these parts.'" Onomacritus lived 560 years before Christ. Polybius, who lived only 124 years before Christ, acknowledges they knew nothing of the northern nations. "*Itaque multa potuisse illis esse perspecta de occidentalis oceani insulis quæ Polybius ignoraverit,*" says Bochart, speaking of the trade of the Phœnicians to these islands.

(To be concluded.)

THE LEGEND OF THE "QUATUOR CORONATI."

From the Arundel MS., 91.

Concluded from page 241.

TUNC abierunt et fecerunt secundum consuetudinem et operati sunt omnia excepto simulacro Asclepii.

Post aliquos vero menses illi dederunt suggestionem Augusto

THEN they went away and did according to their custom, and performed all the work except the image of Æsculapius.

But after some months the philosophers suggested to Diocletian Augus-

Dioclitiano philosophi, ut videret opera artificum. Et jussit omnia in campo afferri. Et dum allata fuissent, Asclepius non est presentatus secundum preceptum Dioclitiani Augusti. Et dum nimio amore ipsum requireret, suggestionem dederunt philosophi Dioclitiano Augusto dicentes: Piissime Cesar et semper Auguste, qui omnes homines diligis, et es pacis amicus, sciat mansuetudo tua quia hos quos diligis Christiani sunt, et omne quicquid imperatum fuerit, in nomine Christi faciunt. Respondit Dioclitianus Augustus et dixit: Si omnia opera eorum in nomine Christi magnifica esse noscuntur, non est crudele sed magis gloriosum. Responderunt philosophi dicentes: Ignoras piissime, quia precepto pietatis tue, non obediunt, conscientia crudeli, et ideo noluerunt artis munificentian in edificationem simulacrum dei Asclepii ostendere imaginem. Dioclitianus Augustus dixit: Deducantur ad me isti viri.

Et cum vocati fuissent Claudius, Simphorianus, Castorius, Nicostratus et Simplicius, dixit ad eos Dioclitianus Augustus: Scitis quo affectu et gratia diligeret vos mansuetudo nostra, et pio amore vos foverim? Quare non obedistis preceptis nostris ut sculperetis de metallo porphiritico deum Asclepium? Respondit Claudius: Pie semper Auguste, obedivimus pietati vestre, et servivimus claritati tue, imaginem vero hominis miserrimi nunquam faciemus, quia sic scriptum est: Similes illis fiant qui faciunt eo, et omnes qui confidunt in eis.

Tunc exarserunt philosophi adversus eos, dicentes ad Dioclitianum: Piissime semper Auguste, vides perfidiam quomodo pietati vestre, superbo sermone loquuntur. Dioclitianus Augustus dixit: Non execrentur periti artifices, sed magis colantur. Philosophi autem dixerunt: Ergo

tus that he should see the work of the workmen. And he ordered everything to be brought into a public place; and when they had been brought the image of Æsculapius, which Diocletian Augustus had ordered, was not displayed, and when he, in his excessive desire, demanded it, the philosophers made a suggestion to Diocletian Augustus, saying: Most glorious and august Cæsar, who lovest all men, and art a friend of peace, let your clemency know that these men whom you love are Christians, and perform whatever is commanded them in the name of Christ. Diocletian Augustus replied, and said: If all their works are known to be magnificent by the name of Christ, it is not a matter for reproof but rather of admiration. The philosophers answered, and said: Knowest thou not, most upright emperor, that they are not obedient to your kind commands, through a reprehensible knowledge, and therefore would not display the magnificence of their art in the building of an image of the god Æsculapius. Diocletian Augustus said: Let those men be brought to me.

And when Claudius, Simphorian, Castorius, Nicostratus, and Simplicius had been summoned, Diocletian Augustus said to them: Know ye with what affection and favour our grace has loved you, and how I encouraged you with a loving consideration? Why do ye not obey our commands that you should carve an image of the God Æsculapius out of the porphyry? Claudius replied: Most generous Augustus, we have obeyed your grace, and have been subservient to your mightiness, but an image of that most wretched man will we never make, for it is written, "They that make them are like unto them, and so are all those who put their trust in them."

Then the philosophers were enraged against them, saying to Diocletian: Most revered Augustus, you see their perfidy, how they answer your grace with haughty words. Diocletian Augustus said: Skilled philosophers should not be hated, but rather honoured. But the philoso-

serviant precepto pietatis vestre, aut nos invenimus qui faciant secundum voluntatem clementie vestre. Dioclitianus Augustus dixit: Inveniantur doctiores hujus artis? Philosophi dixerunt: Nos procuravimus viros, religione suffultos. Dioclitianus Augustus ait: Si de hoc metallo procuraveritis ut deum Asclepium faciant, et hos sacrilegii pena constringit, et illi magni erunt apud nostram mansuetudinem.

Tunc ceperunt philosophi cum Claudio, Simphoriano, Nicostrato, Castorio et Simplicio, habere altercationem dicentes: Quare in arte vestro preceptis domini piissimi Augusti non obeditis et facitis ejus voluntatem? Respondit Claudius et dixit: Nos non blasphemamus creatorem nostrum, et nos ipsos confundimus, ne rei inveniamur in conspectu ejus. Philosophi dixerunt: Claruit quia Christiani estis. Dixit Castorius: Vere Christiani sumus.

Tunc philosophi elegerunt alios artifices quadratarios, et fecerunt sculpentes Asclepium ante conspectum suum. Et cum vidissent simulacrum ex metallo preconisso et protulissent ante philosophos, post dies triginta unum philosophi nuntiaverunt Dioclitiano Augusto Asclepium perfectum.

Et jussit Dioclitianus deferri simulacrum. Et miratus est, et dixit: Hoc artis ingenium ipsorum est, qui nobis in artis sculptura placuerunt. Philosophi dixerunt: Sacratissime princeps semper Auguste, hos quos declarat serenitas vestra in arte quad rataria peritissimos esse; id est Claudium, Simphorianum, Nicostratum, Castorium et Simplicium, innotescat mansuetudini vestre, eos sacrilegos Christianos esse, et per incantationum carmina omne genus humanum sibi humiliari. Dioclitianus dixit: Si preceptis justitie non obedierint, vera est locutio suggestionis vestre, ferant sententiam sacrilegii.

Et jussit cuidam tribuno Lampadio nomine, sub moderatione verborum cum philosophis audire dicens: Justa examinatione eos proba. Et in quos

phers said: Therefore let them obey your command or we find others to do according to your wishes. Diocletian Augustus said: Can there be found men more skilled in this art? The philosophers said: We have procured men supported by love of the Gods! Diocletian Augustus says: If you have obtained men to make the image of the god Æsculapius from this metal (and he constrains them by the, punishment of sacrilege) they, too, shall be great through our generosity.

Then the philosophers began to dispute with Claudius, Simphorian, Nicostratus, Castorius, and Simplicius. saying: Why do ye not obey the commands of our most revered master, and do his will? Claudius replied, and said: We do not blaspheme our Creator, and confound ourselves, lest we be found guilty in his sight. The philosophers said: It is evident you are Christians? Castorius said: Truly we are Christians.

Then the philosophers chose other workmen in masonry, and they carved Æsculapius before their eyes. And when they saw the image from the [preconisso] square metal, and had brought it to the philosophers, after thirty-one days the philosophers announced to Diocletian Augustus that the image of Æsculapius was finished.

And Diocletian ordered the image to be brought to him. And he marvelled, and said: This is the genius of those men who have pleased us with their art of sculpture. The philosophers said: Most sacred and ever august prince, let it be known to your clemency that these men whom your grace declares to be the most skilful in the masonic art, namely Claudius, Simphorian, Nicostratus, Castorius, and Simplicius, are heretic Christians, and, by the charms of incantations, the whole human race is humbled to them. Diocletian said: If they obey not the commands of justice, and the word of your accusation is true, let them bear the judgment of the heretic.

And he ordered a certain tribune, Lampadius by name, to listen to them, together with the philosophers, with temperate words, saying: Try them

inventa fuerit querela falsi testimonii, reatus pena feriantur.

Eodem tempore Lampadius tribunus jussit ante templum solis in eodem loco tribunal parari, et omnes artifices colligi, et Simphorianum, Claudium, Nicostratum, Castorium et Simplicium et philosophos. Ad quos publice et clara voce Lampadius tribunus dixit: Domni piissimi principes hoc jubentes dixerunt, ut veritate a nobis cognita inter philosophos et magistros, Claudium, Simphorianum, Castorium, Nicostratum et Simplicium, clarescat si vera accusatio esset.

Inter partes clamaverunt omnes artifices quadratarii, invidiose moniti a philosophis: Per salutem piissimi Cesaris tolle sacrilegos, tolle magos. Videns autem Lampadius tribunus, quia invidiose clamarent artifices, dixit: Causa adhuc terminata non est, quomodum possum dare sententiam? Philosophi dixerunt: Si non sunt magi, adorent deum Cesaris. Continuo jussit Lampadius tribunus Simphoriano, Claudio, Castorio, Nicostrato et Simplicio, adorare deum solem, ut destruatis consilium philosophorum. Qui respondentes dixerunt: Nos nunquam adoramus manuum nostrarum facturam, sed adoramus deum celi et terre, qui est imperator perpetuus et deus eternus, dominus Ihesus Christus. Philosophi dixerunt; Ecce cognovisti veritatem, renuntia Cesari. Tunc Lampadius tribunus jussit eos retrudi in custodia publica.

Post dies vero novem, invento silentio renunciavit gestum Dioclitiano Augusto. Eodem die et philosophi accusabant eos invidiose principi dicentes, si hii evaserint perit cura deorum. Iratus Dioclitianus Augustus dixit: Per solem quod si non sacrificaverint deo soli secundum morem antiquum et monitis non obedierint, diversis et exquisitis eos tormentis consumam.

with a fair examination. And in whom complaint of false witness is discovered, let them be smitten with the punishment of guilt.

At the same time Lampadius, the tribune, ordered a tribunal to be prepared in the same place before the temple of the Sun, and all the workmen to be assembled, and Simphorian, Claudius, Nicostratus, Castorius, and Simplicius, and the philosophers. To whom publicly, and with a loud voice, Lampadius, the tribune, said: Our most revered lords and princes have given this command, in order that the truth between the philosophers and masters, Claudius, Simphorian, Castorius, Nicostratus and Simplicius may be made known, and it may be clear if this charge is true.

Then all the workmen, instructed by the philosophers through envy, cried out: For the safety of our most revered Cæsar away with the heretics, away with the magicians. But Lampadius, the tribune, seeing that the workmen were crying out through envy, said: The trial is not yet completed; how can I give sentence. The philosophers said: If they are not magicians, let them worship Cæsar's god. Straightway Lampadius, the tribune, commanded Simphorian, Claudius, Castorius, Nicostratus and Simplicius to worship the Sun God, that you may confound the purpose of the philosophers. They, replying, said: We do never worship the work of our own hands, but we worship the God of heaven and earth, who is the everlasting Ruler and Eternal God, the Lord Jesus Christ. The philosophers said: So thou hast learnt the truth, tell it unto Cæsar. Then Lampadius, the tribune, ordered them to be thrust into the common prison.

But after nine days, quiet being restored, they told the matter to Diocletian Augustus; on the same day, also, the philosophers accused them, through envy, to the prince, saying: If these men should escape, the worship of the gods is destroyed. Diocletian Augustus said, in anger: By the sun himself, but if they sacrifice not to the Sun God according to custom, and obey not my instructions,

Mox Lampadius tribunus jussit ut alia die in eodem loco ante templa solis assisterent. Et dixit Lampadius tribunus; introducantur ambe partes, et philosophi et quadratarii. Et introductis, Lampadius tribunus dixit: Veniant accusatores et dicant quod eis imponendum sit.

Introeuntibus autem philosophis, unus nomine Crisolitus philosophus dixit, ad Lampadium tribunum: Quid docuit intelligentia tua? Quid amplius queris cognoscere? Dixit Lampadius tribunus ad Claudium, Nicostratum, Simphorianum, Castorium et Simplicium, quod jusserunt piissimi principes cognitum vobis est? Dixerunt ii quinque, Nescimus. Et dixit illis, ut sacrificetis deo soli et antiquis numinibus detis honorem. Respondit Claudius et dixit: Nos damus honorem deo omnipotenti et Ihesu Christo filio ejus, in cujus nomine semper speravimus, et post tenebras ad lucem venisse confidimus. Lampadius tribunus dixit; Et que lux tam vera quam dei solis? Claudius respondit: Christus qui natus est de spiritu sancto, qui illuminat solem et lunam et omnem hominem venientem in hunc mundum, qui vera lux est; ubi tenebre, non sunt ulle. Lampadius tribunus dixit: Rogo et commoneo vos, nolite perdere tantum amorem et gratiam Dioclitiani principis. Melius ergo nostis quia piissimus princeps tantum gratus est omnibus hominibus, ut omnes tanto affectu veneretur quantum fratres et filios, maxime cultores deorum. Simphorianus unacum sociis dixit: Piissimus princeps tantum debet curam habere hominum, ut deum celi non offendat qui est creator omnium rerum. Nam nos curam habemus ne peream us in futuro seculo, ubi ignis non extinguetur.

Tunc Lampadius a tribunali surrexit, considerans preceptum Dioclitiani, et iterum retulit rem gestam

I will consume them with various and exquisite tortures.

Soon Lampadius the tribune gave orders that they should be present on another day in the same place in front of the Temple of the Sun God; and Lampadius the tribune said: Let both sides be brought in, with the philosophers and the masons. And being brought in, Lampadius said to them: Let the accusers come forward and say what is laid to their charge.

One, by name Crisolitus, a philosopher, said to Lampadius the tribune: What has your knowledge taught you? What more do you seek to learn? Lampadius the tribune said to Claudius, Nicostratus, Simphorian, Castorius, and Simplicius: What the most revered princes ordered you, you well know. The five said: We know not. And he said to them: That ye are to sacrifice to the Sun God, and give honour to the ancient Deities. Claudius answered and said: We pay honour to Almighty God and Jesus Christ his Son, in whose name we have always worked, and we trust after darkness to come to Light. Lampadius the tribune said: And what light is so true as the light of the Sun God? Claudius replied: Christ who is born of the Holy Spirit, who illumines the Sun and Moon and all mankind who come into this world, who is the true light, in whom is no darkness. Lampadius the tribune said: I beg and advise you, do not throw away so great a love and favour that Prince Diocletian has for you. It is better then that you should know that our most pious Prince is so gracious to all men that he honours all men with a great affection as brothers and sons, but especially the worshippers of the gods. Simphorian, together with his companions, said: The most pious Prince ought to have such a care for men that he should not offend the God of Heaven, who is the Creator of all things. For we have a care lest we perish in the life to come where fire will never be quenched.

Then Lampadius rose from his judgment seat, considering the command of Diocletian, and again related the matter

Dioclitiano Augusto. Tunc Dioclitianus Augustus artem eorum considerans, precepit Lampadio tribuno dicens; Amodo si non sacrificaverint et consenserint deo soli, verberibus scorpionum eos afflige. Si autem consenserint, deduc eos ad mansuetudinem nostram.

Post dies vero quinque iterum sedit in eodem loco ante templum solis, et jussit eos sub voce precona introduci. Et ostendit eis terrores et genera tormentorum. Quibus ita locutus est Lampadius tribunus dicens: Audite me et evadite tormenta, et estote cari et amici nobilium, principum, et sacrificate deo soli. Nam jam loqui non est apud vos sermonibus blandis. Respondit Claudius unacum sociis, cum magna fiducia, dicens: Nos non pavescimus terrores, nec blanditiis frangimur, sed timemus tormenta eterna. Nam sciat Dioclitianus Augustus nos Christianos esse, et nunquam discedere ab ejus cultura.

Iratus Lampadius tribunus, jussit eos spoliari, et scorpionibus mactari sub voce precona dicens; precepta principum contemnere nolite.

In eadem hora arreptus est Lampadius tribunus a demonio, et discerpens se expiravit sedens in tribunali suo. Hec audiens uxor ejus et familia cucurrit ad philosophos cum mugitu magno, ut divulgaretur Dioclitiano Augusto. Hoc cum audisset Dioclitianus Augustus, iratus est vehementer, et nimio furore dixit: Fiant loculi plumbei et vivi in eos recludantur et proiciantur in fluvium.

Tunc Nicetius quidam thogatus qui assidebat Lampadio fecit preceptum Dioclitiani Augusti et fecit loculos plumbeos et vivos omnes in eis clausit, et precipitari jussit in fluvium. Sanctus autem Quirillus Episcopus hoc audiens in carcere, afflixit se vehementer et transivit ad dominum, qui omnes passi sunt sub die sexto Idus Novembris.

Ipsis diebus ambulavit Dioclitianus

to Diocletian Augustus. Then Diocletian Augustus, considering their art, ordered Lampadius the tribune, saying: Henceforth, if they have not sacrificed and consented to worship the Sun God, afflict them with stripes of scorpions. But if they consent, lead them to our grace.

But after five days he again sat in the same place in front of the temple of the Sun, and ordered them to be led in by voice of the herald. And he showed them the terrors and various kinds of the tortures. To whom Lampadius spoke thus, saying: Listen to me, and escape the tortures and be dear to and friends of the nobles and princes, and sacrifice to the Sun God. For it is not now for me to speak to you in gentle words. Claudius replied, with his companions, with great confidence: We fear not terrors, nor is our purpose broken by soft words, but we fear everlasting torments. For let Diocletian Augustus know that we are Christians, and will never depart from His worship.

Lampadius the tribune, enraged, commanded them to be stripped and beaten with scorpions, by proclamation of the herald, saying: Despise not the commands of our princes.

In that same hour Lampadius the tribune was seized by an evil spirit, and tearing himself, expired sitting in his judgment seat. When his wife and family heard this they ran to the philosophers with great wailing that it might be made known to Diocletian Augustus. When Diocletian Augustus heard this he was violently enraged, and said with excessive fury: Let coffins of lead be made, and let them be shut up alive therein, and cast into the river.

Then Nicetius, a certain citizen, who sat by Lampadius, performed the order of Diocletian Augustus, and made coffins of lead, and shut them all alive in them, and ordered them to be cast into the river. But the holy Quirillus, the Bishop, when he heard of it in his prison, was deeply grieved, and passed to the Lord, all of whom suffered on the sixth day of the Ides of November.

In those same days Diocletian Au-

Augustus exinde ad Syrmem. Post dies vero quadraginta duos quidam Nichodemus Christianus levavit loculos cum corporibus sanctorum, et posuit in domo sua. Veniens vero Dioclitianus ex Syrmi post menses undecim ingressus est Romam, et statim jussit in thermis Trajani templum Asclepii edificari et simulacrum fieri ex lapide preconisso.

Quod cum factum fuisset, jussit ut omnes militie venientes ad simulacrum Asclepii sacrificiis ad thurificandum compellarentur; maxime urbane prefecture milites. Cumque omnes ad sacrificia compellerentur, quattuor quidam cornicularii compellebantur ad sacrificandum. Illis autem reluctantibus, nuntiatum est Dioclitiano Augusto. Quos jussit ante ipsum simulacrum ictu plumbatarum deficere. Qui cum diu cederentur, emiserunt spiritum. Quorum corpora jussit Dioclitianus in platea canibus jactari. Que etiam corpora jacuerunt diebus quinque.

Tunc beatus Sebastianus noctu cum Sancto Melchiade episcopo collegit corpora, et sepilivit in via Lavicana miliario ab urbe tercio, cum sanctis aliis in arenario. Quod dum eodem tempore sed post duos annos evenisset, id est sexto Idus Novembris et nomina eorum minime reppariri potuissent; jussit beatus Melchiades episcopus ut sub nominibus sanctorum martyrum Claudii, Nicostrati, Simphoriani, Simplicii et Castorii, anniversaria dies eorum recoleretur, regnante domino nostro Jhesu Christo, qui cum patre et spiritu sancto vivit et regnat deus per omnia secula seculorum. Amen.

gustus journeyed from thence to Syrme. But after forty-two days a certain Nichodemus, a Christian, raised the coffins with the bodies of the saints, and placed them in the house. But Diocletian Augustus, coming from Syrme after eleven months entered Rome, and immediately commanded a temple of Æsculapius to be built in the baths of Trajan, and an image to be made from the [preconisso] squared stone.

When this had been done, he commanded that all the soldiery coming to the image of Æsculapius should be compelled to offer incense with sacrifices, especially the city militia. And when all were compelled to sacrifice, certain four [cornicularii] wing-officers were compelled, but when they resisted it was told Diocletian Augustus. And he ordered them to be put to death in front of the image itself with strokes of the plumbata.* And when they were beaten for a long time they gave up the ghost, whose bodies Diocletian ordered to be cast into the street to the dogs. And their bodies lay there five days.

Then the blessed Sebastian, with the holy bishop Melchiades, collected their bodies by night, and buried them on the road to Lavica, three miles from the city, with the other holy men in the cemetery. Whilst at the same time this had happened—namely, on the 6th of the Ides of November; but two years later and their names could with difficulty be found. The blessed Melchiades the bishop ordered that under the names of the holy martyrs Claudius, Nicostratus, Simphorian, Simplicius, and Castorius, their anniversary should be observed, our Lord Jesus Christ reigning, who with the Father and Holy Spirit liveth and reigneth, God through all eternity. Amen.

THE END.

* Thongs weighted with leaden balls.

THE OLD CHARGES OF THE BRITISH FREEMASONS.

WILLIAM JAMES HUGHAN.

No. III.—The "Melrose MS." No. 2 of A.D. 1674.

THE "Melrose MS. No. 2" is really a copy of one much older, which for the sake of reference, etc., is termed No. 1, of the year 1581 or earlier. Until quite recently no mention has been made of this valuable document, either in print or in any other way *that we know of*, and it has only been through the well directed efforts of Bro. W. Frederick Vernon, P.M., &c., Kelso, that the craft has been informed of so curious and valuable a version of the "Old Charges." In some respects it differs from all other known MSS., and though in point of age the "Melrose MS. No. 2" is the junior of several, yet as respects its evidence of being a transcript of one of 1580 *(circa)*, it is more valuable than the majority of MSS. of the 17th century.

Of the records of the ancient lodge at Melrose we are in part aware through the researches of Bro. W. P. Buchan, of Glasgow, and other brethren, and more still will be communicated now, as Bro. Vernon is interesting himself so kindly in the matter, having also a special aptitude for that important department as the author of the history of the old Lodge at Kelso, &c.

Copies of the "Old Charges," however, is our special duty to attend to, and respecting the one now before us, we have to state that the version occurs in connection with the records of an old Lodge at Melrose, which has been working for, it is supposed, centuries, and has not yet joined the Grand Lodge of Scotland. The MS. purports to be an extract made by "A. M.," in Dec., 1674. Bro. Vernon has traced "A. M.," and finds him to have been Andro Mein, evidently a member of the Lodge (probably the clerk), and, moreover, has come across a document of A.D. 1675 by the *same writer*, the handwriting being the same as in the MS., which is a "Mutuall agreement betwixt the Massones of the Lodge of Melrose," and proves the existence of the Lodge to have dated back some "tyme bygoine," before 1670. The date of the *original* MS., of which No. 2 of 1674 is a copy, is approximately fixed by the year of the certificate at foot, which is 1581, and which is appended to the present transcript, carefully made by Bro. Vernon, who has kindly and most fraternally sent it to us for publication in the *Masonic Magazine* in our series of "Old Masonic Charges." Those familiar with the "Kilwinning MS." in Bro. D. Murray Lyon's "History of No. 1 Edinburgh," or in our "Masonic Sketches and Reprints" will see that the "Melrose MS." is not a copy of that document, but a transcript of a version nearly a century older thon when that ancient Lodge is known to have obtained its version of the "Old Charges."

We need not particularise the reasons for our statement as to their mutual independence of each other, and also their mutual dependence on some *English original*, for both refer to the allegiance due to the *King of England*, but shall refer to the subject again at a more favourable opportunity. We may remark, however, that the amount of payment, the length of the "cable tow," the titles of certain officials, and much of the text differ in many respects from the "Kilwinning MS.," and at all events quite sufficient to prove that the Melrose MS. No. 2 is *not* a copy of the "Kilwinning," but a transcript of one much older. After the usual "Invocation," the allusion to King *Priamus* would appear to be an error of the transcriber in 1674, but our good Bro. Vernon assures us it is *Priamus*. It should read *Princes*. The reference to "all other Chrystian men," after the

description of the "Seven Sciences," though unusual, is not out of place when addressed to professed Christians as the Charge undoubtedly was in 1581, and so also in 1674. The "Apprentice Charge," after the ordinary laws, is not in the "Kilwinning MS. *as* in the *Melrose*, neither is it in the "Aberdeen" and "Aitcheson Haven" MSS. The rehearsal of the "Covenant" is another peculiarity of the "Melrose." To conclude, we desire to thank Bro. Vernon for his discovery on behalf of the Craft Universal.

WITH ye might of ye father of Heaven with ye wisdome of Ye glorious sone, and through ye Goodness of ye holy Ghost that be thrie persons in one Godhead, be with us at our beginning and give us grace as to Instruct us heir in our beginning that we may come to his bless that never shall have an end Amen. All Brethren and follones our purpose is to teach you and what maid ye sience of Masonrie to begin and after found out by worthie King PRIAMUS and by many other Worshipfull men, also to these that be heir present we will Declare ye charge for every tren mason to Keip in faith which is worthie to be keipit in masonrie for a worthie sience. For there is VII. Liberall siences, of ye which ye names of them be these, Ye first is GRAMMAR and that teacheth a man to speake truely and write truely. Ye second is RHETORICK and that teacheth a man to speake fair in some terms. Ye third is LOGICK and that teacheth a man to deserne truth from falsehood. Ye fourth is ARITHMETICK and that teacheth a man to reckon all kind of numbers. Ye fifth is GEOMETRIE that teacheth a man to mette the height breadth lenth and thickness of all things. The sixth is MUSICK that teacheth any man the sience of sound of voice Tongue, Organ, Harp and Trumpett. The seventh, ASTRONOMIE that teaches a man to know, ye course of ye sun ye moon and starrs. These be ye sevin liberall sciences the which seven be all found by ye science that is Geomeetrie, and a man may prove that all ye sciences in ye world was found out be Geometrie for Geometrie teaches a man to mett misur pounds raliat [ponderation] and weight of all things in ye earth for there is no man that worketh any science, but he worketh by some weight or measure and no man that buyeth or selleth but by some weight and measure and all this is GEOMETRIE, these merchants and all other Chrystian men and all other ye 7 sciences, and especialie plowmen and tillers of ye ground for all manner of grains seeds and vines and for all setters, sowers and planters of other fruits, for by Grammer, neither Astronomie nor none of the Seven Liberall sciences can no man find, met, or misure wt out GEOMETRIE therefore ye science was first begun before Noah's flood. Ther was a man called LAMECH as it is written in the fourth Chapter of Genesies verse 19th Lamech took unto him two wyffes, ye name of ye one was ADAH and ye name of ye other was Zillah verse 20th and Adah bare Jaball, he was the father of such as dwell in tents and of such as have cattell, verse 21st and his brother's name was Tuball, he was the father of such as handle ye Harpe and Organe, verse 22nd and Zillah shee also bare TUBALL CAIN and Instructur of every artificer in Brasse and Iron and ye sister of Tuball Cain was Naamah, and these four children found found ye beginning of all science in ye world, and ye elder son Jaball found out Geometrie and he parted, flooks of sheip and lands in ye fields and first wronght houses of stone and it is noted in ye chapter forsaid that his brother TUBALL found ye science of musick, toung, song, organe and harpe. The third brother TUBALL CAIN found the science of Gold and Silver, Copper, Iron and Steill and ye Daughter NAAMAH found the science of weiving, and these children knew weill that God wold take vengeance for sine either by fyre or water, therefore they wrot Ye Sciences they had, in two pillers of stone that they might be found after Noah's flood, ye one stone was MARBLE, for it would not burne with fyre, ye other is called Latterns for it wold sinke in no watter.

Our Intent is to tell you how, and in what manner these stones was found, that these sciences was written in. Great HERMINES, that was* ye which* was Shems sone, he was Noahs sone. This same HERMINES afterwards called HERMES ye father of wisse men, he found ye two pillars of stone and ye sciences written on them, and he taught to other men att ye building of ye Tower of Babylon, them was Massons much mad of and ye King of babylon height Menbroke was a masson himself and loved weill ye science as it is with all ye Masters of that art, and when ye Cittie of* and other Citties in ye East should be mad, Membroke King of Babylon sent 21 masons together at ye* of ye King of NINEVEH his Cusin, and when he sent them forthe, he gave them charge on his manner, that they should be treu, on to another, and that they should live treully together and that they sould serve ther Lord treuly for ther pay, so that ther Master may have worshipe and all that love him.

Another charge he gave unto them and this was ye first tyme that ever Massons had charge of this science. Moreover, when ABRAHAM and Sarah his wyff went into Egypt, and ther he taught ye VII siences ty the Egiptianes, he had a worthie scholar EUCLYDE and he learned right weill and was a Master of the sevin Liberal sciencs and in his dayes it befell that the Lords and states of the Realm, had so many sones, that they had some by y^{r} wyffes and some by other Ladyes of the Land, for that Land is a hoot and plentifull land of generation, and the had no competent living for their children, wherefore they had much caire, and then the King made for Counsell and parliament to know how they might provid y^{r} children honestly like Gentlemen, and they could find no maner of way and they did make a proclamation throughout all ye land, if y^{r} wer any man y^{t} could informe them, that they should come to them and he should be rewarded for his Travell, after that this proclamation was made then cam this worthie clerk Euclyde and said to ye king and to all his great Lords if that they may live honestly as gentlemen under condition, that you wil grant me commission that I may have power to rule them after ye manner of ye science, and ye King and all his Lords granted and sealed his Comision, and then ye worthie Doctor took to him his Lords sones and taught them ye science, GEOMETRIE in practise for to work in stones all manner of worthie works that belongeth to buildings as Tempels, Castels and Toures, and he gave them a charge in his manner. The first was that they should be true to ye King and to ye Lord that they serve, and that they should love on another, & y^{t} they should call one another Brother or ffellow & not his servant nor slave nor by any uncomely name & that they should Duly Descerve y^{r} pay of their Lord and Master, and that they should ordain the wisest of them to be over y^{re} Lord's work, whereby y^{re} Lord might be weill served and they commended, and also y^{t} they should call the goverigner of y^{r} work Master so long as they served him, and many other more y^{t} wer too long to recite, and to all these charges they mad them sweare a great oath, y^{t} men used to swear in those days, and ordained them a reasonable pay that they might live honestly, and also y^{t} they should assemble together onc in ye year, y^{t} they might serve y^{r} Lord for his profit and y^{r} own worship, and to keep count w^{t} in themselves, for him y^{t} hath trespassed against ye science, and thus was ye science grounded y^{r}, and that worthie Master EUCLYD, gave it the name of GEOMETRIE and now it is called throughout all the land Massonrie, long after ye children of Israll cam out of ye Land of Egept y^{t} is called among us ye contrey of Tarkyn and the same King DAVID loved Massons weill cherished them and gave them good pay and he gave them charge as he had learned in Egypt by artificers and other charges more that you shall hear afterwards. And after ye desyce of King David, Solomon his son performed ye Temple that his father had begun, and he sent for Massons into Divers Contreyes and

* Blank in original.

gathered them together, so that he had fourscore thousand of workers of ston & were all named massons and he chuse out of them 4000 that wer ordained to be Masters of his work. And furthermore there was a King of another Land called HIRAM, he loved King Solomon, and gave him Timber for his work, and he had a son that was Master of Geometrie, and he was cheuse M^r^ of all ye Massons, and he was M^r^ of all carving and he was Master of all manner of Massonrie, that belonged to the Tempell and this is witnessed in the Byble I Kings 5th Chapter and this same Solomon confirmed both Charges and manners that his father had given to massons, and thus that worthie SCIENCE of Masonrie is confirmed in ye country of Hiram, and in many other Contreyes, and these craftsmen walked about in Divers Contreyes some by use of learning mor knowledge, and some to teach them that had but litell, and it befell that y^r^ was a curious masson called NAMIOS that had been at ye building of SOLOMON'S TEMPLE, and come into Franc & there he taught ye science of Massonrie to french men, and there was of regallyne of france that height CHARLES MARTELL he was a man y^t^ loved weill such a science and he drew to this Namois Greitius abovesaid, and learned ye scienc and laid upon him ye charge and ye manners and afterwards by ye grace of God was elected to be KING of FRANC, and when he was in this state he tooke massons and maid massons that wer non and sett them in worke and gave them both the charge, manners, and good pay, as he had learned of other massons and confirmed them a Charter from year to yeare and should assemble when they would, he cherished much and so came this science of MASSONRIE into FRANC and Ingland, in all this time there was no charge of Massonrie knowin in England till saint Allbons tyme, and in his tyme ye King of Ingland was a pagan and he did wall ye towre that is called Saint Albons. And Saint Albons was a worthie Knight and Stewart of ye Kings House and had goverance of all ye Realm & also of ye building of ye tower walls and loved weill the massons and Cherished much and made y^r^ pay right good for he gave them ii^s^ vi^D^ in the weike and to others that were none he gave iij^D^ in ye weike and befor that time tyme throughout all ye land, a mason had but a penny a day and his meat untill Saint Albons amended it, and got them a CHARTER from the kings general counsall to assemble together and was y^r^ himself, and maid masons and gave them y^re^ charge as you shall heirafter heare. Right affter the decease of Saint Albons, there came into England, Divers Warrs of Divers Countreys for that cause the Rule of Massonrie was detested unto ye tyme of KING Athelstons dayes that was a worthie King of Ingland and brought this Land in rest and peace, and buildit many great works of Saint Albons town, and many other buildings and loved masons weill, and he had a son named EDWINE and he loved masons much more that his father, He was a great practiser in Geometrie and gave himself to talk much w^t^ masons, and has maid massons himself and for the love he had to science, and to the masons, he gatt of his father ye King a Charter or Commission y^t^ they should assemble every year where they would within the Realm of Ingland to correct such tresspases as was committed in ye science. And he did hold his assembly at York and there he maid masons and gave charge and taught them ye manners, and commanded that order to be keipt and maid an ordinance that they should be ruled by ye King, & when ye assemblie was gathered together he made proclamation, That all masons old or young y^t^ had any writings or understanding of the charge or the manners, that were made in the land, or any other that they should show them forth and when it was provided, there was some in French, some in Greek some in English, and some in other languages, and ye intent of them was found all on, and he did make a book thereof, and how ye science was found and he commandid that should be read when any mason was made, and to give them his charge and from that time to this present, ye manners of masons to be keipit in that form, as men might keip and govern. And furthermor all certain assemblies there hath been ordained certain charges by the best advice

of Masters and fellows. *Tunc unus majoribus tenet Librum et ille vel illi ponare manus super Librum et tunc precepta debent Legi.* Every man that is a mason take good head to this charge, for if any find any man guilty, in any of these charges, that he amend it—against God and that he may take good head, to keep this charge right weill for to swear a man upon a book is a great perill and charge.

The first charge is y^t^ they be treu to God, and ye Holy CHURCH and that he use neither errour nor heresie, be discreet and wysse men, and also be you treu to ye KING of ENGLAND w^t^ out treason or any other falshood but if they amended they may or else warn ye King of Ingland or the counsall also you shall be treu one to another that is to say every mason of ye science of masonrie, they that be mason allowed you should Doe unto you and also you shall keep truely all counsells allowed, yea shall be of the Lodge, and of the Chamber, and other counsells that ought to be keipit in the way of masonrie and that no mason use any* by there ffellows also far as they doe know and also that you shall be treu to your Lord and Master, that you serve and treuly see his profitt & advantage and also y^t^ you shall call masons your brothers or fellows, and no other name, also you shall not take your fellows wyfe in villany, or wrongly Desyre his Daughter nor his servants, nor putt him to no dispraise, and also that you pay treuly for all your meat and Drink when you go abroad, whereby the science must be stained.

These charges belongeth to every treu mason generally to be keipit—now will I Rehearse other charges singular for M^r^ and fellows, first that no master shall take upon him and Lords works except he be able to perform it, so that the science be not slandered y^r^ by, but the Lord may be weill served with his own good. And the master so live honestly & truly and to pay his fellows their Deutie after the manner of the science, and also that no M^r^ nor fellow supplant on other of his mark (Silicit) if he have taken a work and stand for M^r^ in any Lords work yea shall not putt him him out, except he be unable of knowledge to end ye work, and also, that no master nor fellow shall take a prentice w^t^ in ye terme of vii years, and y^t^ he be able, y^t^ is free born and whole of his limes, as a man ought to be, and also y^t^ no M^r^ nor fellow take no low men to be maid mason w^t^ out the consent of his fellows, at ye least vi or vii years, and he y^t^ shall be madid masone be able in all degrees (y^t^ is to say) freeborn and of a good kindrid and trew and no bond man, and also that non take no prentice except he have sufficient occasion to occupy 2 or 3 of his fellowes at the least and also y^t^ no M^r^ nor fellow take no Lords worke by task which had wont to goe by journey. Also y^t^ every M^r^ shall give to his fellow his payment as he doth deserve, as y^t^ he be not deceived by no false work. Also y^t^ non slander on another behind his back to make him lose his good name, or his goods, also that no fellow within the Lodge or without may sweare either ungodly or reprehensible w^t^ out reasonable cause and y^t^ every mason reverence his elder and put him to worshipe, and also y^t^ yea shall doe no villany w^t^ in where ye go to boarde nor use no Lecherie, nor buy no Land whereby the science may be slandered, also y^t^ no man goe into ye toune in the night time, whereas a Lodge of fellows be, unlesse he shalle have a fellow w him, y^t^ he may beare him witness y^t^ he was in ane honest place, also that every master or fellow that hath trespassed against ye science, shall stand at ye ward of his fellows, to make them agree if they can, if they cannot, They may go to ye common law also y^t^ no M^r^ nor fellow mollest or swear or make any stryffe within the Lodge or without amongst the hewin mould stons, also y^t^ every M^r^ or fellow shall come to ye assemblie if it be within 40 myles about him, if he have any warning & have trespassed against ye science, for to abide ye ward, of his M^r^ and fellows, & also that every M^r^ and fellow shall receive and cherish strange masons when they come out of other countreys, and sett

* Blank in original.

them in worke as ye manner is (Scilicet) mould stones when they com into this place, he shall refreshe them with money into ye next Lodge, also y^{t} every mason should serve the Lord treuly for his pay and every mason or M^{r} treuly to make end of his work be it task, or journey, and see y^{t} ye have the covenant rehearsed all other y^{t} belong to masonrie. Ye charge was never given to any frie masone before this worthie clarke Euclyd did give y^{m}, there is no frie mason neither M^{r} nor fellow y^{t} ought to take any more prentices during his life tyme but thrie, which prentices he must take for vii years (y^{t} is to say) The first of them seven yeirs after he be frie mason, and then vii yeirs after his yeirs is expired to take another, and as ye next and y^{t} he ought to take no more except he cause ane Lodge to be set and have the leave if all his masters and fellows of ye set Lodge and y^{t} ye prentices so taken are lawfully taken and they y^{t} are otherways taken are not lawfully taken. They that are lawfully taken, after they come out of their prentisschipe ought not to be name loses but they ought to be named frie men from their M^{r} or fellows if they have their M^{rs} Discharge and all other y^{t} are not lawfully taken are to be namit loses, there ought neither M^{r} nor fellows, make no frie mason except one of his lawfull prentice nor he ought not to be made frie mason except he give in his (say) before ane sett Lodge to see what he can begin from ye ground and furnish to ye tope for staining of a noble scienc. There ought no frie mason neither M^{r} nor fellow y^{t} taketh his work by great to take any Loses, if he can have any frie masons or lawfull taken prentices, and if he can have none of them, he may take as many as will serve his turne and he ought not to let y^{m} know ye priviledge of ye compass Square, levell and ye plum-rule but to sett out their plumming to them, & let them work between y^{m} w^{t} a lyne, and ought not to let them know any more for putting down ye noble science and if there come any frie mason, he ought to displace one of ye Loses, and put in his brother y^{t} taketh worke or if y^{r} come one of ye lawfull taken prentices likeways, and if he or neither have no work for them he ought to give them money, to bring them to ye next Lodge or next frie mason, also if any M^{r} or fellow have any lawfull taken prentices doe run away and doe come there to M^{r} or fellow he shall sett him in worke till he can send his M^{r} word of him, and also if he pay any wages he shall answer his M^{r} and for ye performance of these covenent. We do swear, so God us helpe and holy dome and by the contents of this book to our power—fines.

Extracted be me AM upon the 1. 2 3 and 4 dayes of December anno MDCLXXIIII.

Be it knouen to all men to whom these presents shall come that Robert Winsester hath lafuly done his dutie to the science of Masonrie in witnes whereof I, John Wincester his Master frie mason have subscrib it my name and sett to my mark in the Year of our Lord 1581 and in the raing of our most Soveraing Lady Elizabeth the (22) Year.

MICHAEL FARADAY.

BY BRO. J. H. LEGGOTT.

MICHAEL FARADAY, the son of James and Margaret Faraday, was born at Newington, a southern suburb of London, on September 22nd, 1791. His father was a blacksmith, and had but recently come to reside in London. He had removed with his family from a small Yorkshire village, near Settle. Though a clever workman, James Faraday did not at once find employment, and was therefore compelled to seek parish relief.

Michael was the third child; the other members of the family were Elizabeth, Robert, and Margaret. Being poor, the parents of Faraday could not (if they had wished) give him more than the most elementary education. Little is known of his school life, and we are led to believe that nothing occurred of a remarkable nature to indicate the future scientist. We do know, however, that his home training was of the best character, for both parents strove to bring up their children in habits of industry and the love of God.

School days were soon over, and the boy had to begin his fight with the outside world. He found a situation as errand boy with a Mr. Riebau, in Blandford-street, Manchester-square. His duty was to carry round newspapers to his master's customers, and many a weary trudge he had in all weathers. So faithfully did he perform this disagreeable duty that, at the end of a year, his master was willing to take him as an apprentice to the bookbinding business, and that without any premium. The new apprentice soon took the liberty of looking at the inside as well as the outside of the books put into his hands, and as he read, his mind seems to have been excited to a process of thought and enquiry.

His thirst for knowledge increased daily, and he most earnestly perused the works that came in his way. Among the earliest of these were Mrs. Marcet's "Conversations on Chemistry," and the article on "Electricity" in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and others of a like character. These directed his mind into that channel of investigation which has made him the foremost man of his time in that particular pursuit.

In the first dawning of his genius he was an experimentalist. He was not content to believe the statements he read, but must test the results for himself, and so, with such apparatus as his own ingenuity could provide, he started on his career as a "practical philosopher."

He himself tell us, "I made such simple experiments in chemistry as could be defrayed in their expense by a few pence per week, and also constructed an electrical machine, first with a glass phial, and afterwards with a real cylinder, as well as other electrical apparatus of a corresponding kind."

It must not be imagined that performing experiments with such rude apparatus was an easy task. Much patience was required, and we doubt not Faraday often found it necessary to "try again." He did "try again;" every failure was made a success by repeated effort. Michael had that about him which would not allow of his being beaten. There was no disposition to say "that the problem was too difficult." He was seeking for truth, and he meant to find it. Thirsting for knowledge, he desired to attend some lectures on natural philosophy, and was enabled to hear those of Mr. Tatum, through the kindness of a brother, who supplied the necessary funds out of his small earnings. He took rough notes of the lectures, and afterwards wrote them out carefully, adding sketches of the apparatus used. In this way was cultivated a love of detail, which grew with him, and contributed greatly to his success. Faraday's master took much interest in these scientific tendencies of his apprentice, and helped him as far as he could. He was fond of speaking with his customers about his doings, and one of these, a Mr. Dance, was so pleased with the lad that he took him to hear the lectures of Sir Humphrey Davy, at the Royal Institution. This was just what Michael wanted, and he was not slow at making the best use of his opportunities. He again freely used his pencil, and afterwards wrote out full notes of the lectures he heard. Soon after this an accident happened which brought about an introduction to the great chemist. Sir H. Davy was one day performing experiments with a highly explosive substance when the vessel broke and so injured Sir Humphrey's eye as to prevent him using it for a short time. Consequently, he had to seek temporary assistance from outside. Faraday was recommended by his friend, and accepted as writer. He held this office but a few days, and then went

back to his bookbinding. But he was now more anxious than ever to relinquish his trade, and follow scientific pursuits. His term of apprenticeship was completed, so that he was free to look about him with a view to finding work congenial to his tastes. Whilst an apprentice he had ventured to write to Sir Joseph Banks, then President of the Royal Society. He received no reply. His strong desire to be engaged in some scientific occupation now induced him to write to Sir Humphrey Davy (whose acquaintance he had already made), expressing his wishes and asking for some employment. Unlike Sir Joseph Banks, Davy replied, kindly pointing out what a harsh mistress science was, and recommending him to stick to his trade. Shortly after this an assistant was required in the laboratory, and Faraday was sent for. He had an interview with Sir Humphrey, and was engaged to help him at a salary of 25s. per week, to commence from March 1st, 1813.

Now he was happy. He had obtained the wish of his heart, and was peering with wistful eyes into the mysteries of nature. His new master was still busy on the explosives, so that Faraday very early learnt something of the danger of his post, for by the middle of April he had experienced four explosions, one of which stunned him so much as to leave him unconscious for a while. Yet in spite of all this, the love of his work increased upon him, and he was soon quite at home as chemist's assistant. He became more earnest than ever in the pursuit of knowledge, was admitted a member of several societies, and at once took a position as a prominent member. Five or six of the members of the City Philosophical Society met him weekly at his rooms to read papers and discuss the subjects in order to improve each other in style and pronounciation. We are told in his own words: "The discipline was very sturdy, the remarks very plain and open, and the results most valuable." Towards the end of the year he went on a continental tour with Sir Humphrey Davy. We have only to read his journal to find with what zest he entered upon every strange scene, and how minutely he observed everything that was passing. In 1815 he was advanced to a higher position in the laboratory, and a year later his salary was increased to £100 per annum. At this time Davy was prosecuting the study of flame, and it is recorded that he was "indebted to Mr. Michael Faraday for much able assistance."

But Faraday was now to take another great step. He began to lecture and to write. His first lecture was delivered before the City Philosophical Society, and his first paper appeared in the Quarterly Journal of Science. Dr. Gladstone, his biographer, says, "The lecture was on the general properties of matter; the paper was an analysis of some native caustic lime from Tuscany. Neither was important in itself, but each resembles those little streams which travellers are taken to look at, because they are the sources of mighty rivers; for Faraday became the prince of experimental lecturers, and his long series of published researches have won for him the highest niche in the temple of science."

On June 12th, 1821, Mr. Faraday was married to the daughter of Mr. Barnard, a silversmith. He himself calls this "an event which more than any other contributed to his happiness and healthful state of mind." Writing from Birmingham, some time afterwards, he says, "After all, there is no pleasure like the tranquil pleasures of home, and here—even here—the moment I leave the table I wish I were with you in quiet. Oh! what happiness is ours! My runs into the world in this way only serve to make me esteem that happiness the more."

The members of the Royal Institution became acquainted with Faraday's ability as a lecturer quite accidentally. Professor Brande was giving a course of lectures in 1824, Faraday helping him; but one evening, the Professor being absent, his assistant took his place, and "lectured with so much ease as to win the complete approval of his audience."

In 1825, through a change in the management of the institution, he was given a position of much greater influence and responsibility. From this time he figures more or less as a public man. His growing reputation brought him enquiries from all quarters; amongst the rest one from the illustrious Louis Napoleon in his island prison.

Through a period of nineteen years Faraday continued his lectures at the Royal Institution, delighting his audiences by the extreme simplicity and richness of his style.

Ever since his entrance upon the duties of his office, Faraday was diligently and patiently engaged in original experiments for the purpose of discovering new facts, and he continued his efforts during twenty-seven years. He never worked without taking full notes, and it is to this fact that we are indebted to him for the inimitable work, "Experimental Researches in Chemistry." One who is well able to judge describes it as "one of the most marvellous monuments of intellectual work, one of the rarest treasure-houses of newly-discovered knowledge with which the world has ever been enriched."

His growing reputation soon brought him into contact with the philosophers of the day, and also caused him to receive many offers of lucrative employment. But he was so wedded to philosophy that he despised the gain, and, in a spirit of the purest and most admirable unselfishness, prosecuted his labours for the good of the world rather than his own. He never hesitated, however, in regard to public bodies to give his opinion on matters referred to him, always after the strictest enquiry and careful consideration of the minutest detail, regardless of the possible remuneration. Learned societies from all parts sought him as member, and the universities conferred honorary degrees. The extent to which the former was carried may be gathered from the fact that the celebrated electrician, P. Reiss, of Berlin, once addressed a letter to him as "Professor Michael Faraday, Member of all Academies of Science, London."

We see in Faraday a man of remarkable simplicity of character, linked with such strength of will as enabled him to continue the pursuit of his object under most unpropitious circumstances. If he had not been firm in purpose, we should never have heard of him as Professor Faraday. Few men are met with who can joyfully throw away a fortune when they see the road to it open before them, as he did, content to work for the good of the world. It would be an herculean task to enumerate the branches of industry which have been created, or altered, or in various ways benefitted as the result of his discoveries.

In 1835 the Government offered to Faraday a pension of £300 per year, which he accepted. In 1858 the Queen offered him a house at Hampton Court, in front of the palace. Here he spent a large portion of his remaining years.

Michael Faraday was a truly religious philosopher. He was a member of the body of Christians called Sandemanians. Strictness of rule and discipline is a primary characteristic of these people. We find that on one occasion Faraday had to smart under their severity. He was an elder of the church, and one of their preachers, and in the latter capacity especially he seems to have been much esteemed. His intense earnestness imparted irresistible eloquence to his words, and caused all to feel that he was deeply imbued with the power of the Spirit. In all the relations of life there was a sweet and modest tenderness which drew all hearts to him. We cannot do better than conclude this paper with the words of Dr. Gladstone, the author of "Michael Faraday," a short but able biography, to which we are indebted for much of our information. He says:—"That he exercised constant self control without becoming hard, ascended the pathway of fame without ever losing his balance, and shed around himself a peculiar halo of love and joyousness, must be attributed in no small degree to a heart at peace with God, and to the consciousness of a higher life." On August 25th, 1867, he died. There was a philosopher less on earth, and a saint more in heaven.

THE OLD AND THE NEW YEAR.

BY SAVARICUS.

NOW from the page of ever fleeting time,
Another year will soon have passed away,
And twelve full months be added to the past.

* * * * * * *

'Tis New Year's Eve! And I alone keep watch.
Scarce hath the Christmas with its cheer gone by;
The blushing holly, mixed with mistletoe,
Doth still adorn the homes of rich and poor;
It tells sweet tales of scenes of mirth and joy.
Yon bough of Mistletoe, with berries fair,
Hath been the silent witness to caress
And kiss, and vow of everlasting love.
What games of romps, of forfeits, slipper hunt,
And merry-makings it doth now recall!
Whilst Brother Holly's red and rosy face
Hath smiled upon the gay and festive scene,
Where Age and Youth, with fond and happy hearts,
Bade the Old Year a brief but bright adieu,
And raised each voice to welcome in the New.

'Tis New Year's Eve! And I, alone, keep watch.
My lonely wake is full of fantasies;
Old friends come back in visions of the past,
Dear faces flit across my mental sight,
And happy days of Youth, now long gone by,
Come crowding fast on mem'ry's magic wing,
Till years to fleeting moments are reduced.
Methinks how fair and green the meadows look
Where wandered once a fond and youthful pair
Bound by united hearts and plighted troth,
Rapt in the music-strain of skylark's song,
Else lost to all in their ecstatic bliss.

How sad the change!
Earth is no longer bright; the fairest flower
That ever bloomed was not so fair as *one*
Who passed away from earth to heaven;
A bud of beauty broken from the stem,
And gone before its rare perfection's known.
The best beloved oft do the soonest die.
And man, like flowers and trees, must fade and fall;
Both pass away, but with distinction great.
Those whom we love on earth we hope to meet
Again in Paradise, to share with them
In all the glories of eternity.

The flowers, though fair to sight, bloom but to die,
And are for ever gone—transient, but bright!
It is not so with man, who dies to live
Th' eternal life, and reap a just reward;

To dwell with spirits kindred to his own,
In utter darkness lost, lamenting much;
Or in refulgent light, for ever blest.
The good are happy in the world of love;
To them Jehovah's everlasting power
Shall be a meed of universal joy.

E'en now a spirit from another world
Doth seem to lighten up my lonely room;
Ethereal, its soothing presence brings
A blissful comfort from the realms above.

Now all is calm!
And as the chimes of distant village bells
Float on serenely through the midnight air,
I humbly kneel, and list to sacred songs,
In unison ascending unto heaven
From man's rejoicing heart.

The Old Year's gone! It's joys and sorrows o'er;
With its last breath it whispered "peace and love,"
And promise gave of better times to come;—
A future free from worldly care and pain,
But full of bliss and bonds of Brotherhood,
Where Faith shall reign, and Godlike gifts abound,
And Wisdom walk with Virtue hand in hand;
Where Peace be-crowned exultant moves along,
And joyous Plenty joins the goodly train.
The world of strife become *the Golden Age*
Of Love and Joy, of Song and Happy Days,
Where couchant Lions are like the harmless Lambs
And birds of sweetest song are tame and free.
Blest Man! To whom the earth, with beauty clad,
Now yields her choicest fruits with lib'ral hand;
And doubly blest in such halcyon scenes,
Let mankind dwell contented with their lot—
So may it be, and all the earth rejoice.

The New Year's come! Fresh as a summer's morn,
And like a babe just born scarce knows the world.
The midnight watchers pray, and greet the year
With songs of praise and joyous jubilants.
All hail to thee! Thou child of Father Time,
Be thou the wished-for advent, promised—sent—
The harbinger of universal peace,
That war may cease, and nations live content.
Then Art and Science, not misused by man,
Dire ills and death no more to him will bring;
But good men, working in the paths of Truth,
Till Earth's or Nature's secrets stand revealed,
Will by their knowledge triumph over all.
Man, girt with glory bright, transformed will be,
For ever happy, innocent, and free.

* * * * * * *

To this fair end may all progression tend,
And evil cease; the world exempt from sin,
With The New Year, would a fresh course begin.

THE RUINS OF PALENQUE.

M. F. MALER describes in the French *La Nature* some important results obtained by him in a recent visit to the famous Mexican ruins of Palenque. Taking the Palace of Kings for his point of departure, he made excursions in all directions. He came upon innumerable heaps of stone, the last remains of once solid monuments. He found hundreds of houses, partly standing, partly demolished; small bridges; aqueducts in which, even now, the water flows so fresh and pure that M. Maler and his companions could not help taking a drink of it. The number of temples and palaces still standing on their pyramidal base, more or less great, is (counting the large Palace of the Kings with its tower as a single edifice) exactly a dozen. The result of M. Maler's researches relative to the great extent of the ruined city, especially in a east and west direction, is quite in accordance with the accounts of the oldest explorers. He only disagrees with those modern explorers who, having only visited the buildings situate close to the Royal Palace without penetrating further into the almost impenetrable forest, have cast doubts upon the abundance of the ruins. M. Maler describes in detail one of his new discoveries —a temple hitherto ignored, which contains in its sanctuary a mysterious sculpture with a figure of a cross, affording much food for thought to American archæologists. To give an idea of the incredible thickness of the forests in these wild places, M. Maler states that the new temple is at no great distance from the centre of the ruins, being quite close to the Temple of the Cross (known long ago) and the Temple of the Trophy. These three temples are situated at a short distance from the Royal Palace, towards the south-west—that is, in the direction of the Cerro Alto del Palenque, with their façades towards a little triangular space, of which they occupy the three angles. They are built on an almost identical plan, which may be called the typical plan of the temples of Palenque. Each of them is raised on a pyramid, which, in the case of each of the temples already known, is detached on all sides, while in the case of the newly found one, it rests against the slope of the Cerro Alto. The distance of one temple from the other did not appear to exceed 150 mètres, and of the commencement of one pyramid from another not 50 mètres. On the platform of the pyramid, at a length of, perhaps, 40 mètres, rises the newly-found temple, which, from its base to the verge of the stone roof, does not exceed a height of eight mètres. It is built entirely of calcareous ashlars, dressed along the edges. The façade, or external part of the vestibule, once formed, like the two neighbouring temples, by four pillars which support the stone roof, has, unfortunately, already yielded to the sad work of vegetation, which is to be regretted, as the pillars were generally ornamented with superb figures in stucco richly painted. The bottom of the sanctuary, in the central chamber, is adorned with sculptures, the most curious at Palenque. They are executed on three slabs of calcareous stone, of one mètre 81 centimètres in height, by two mètres 89 centimètres in total breadth. The two pillars which support the vaults of the sanctuary were formerly, as in the other temples, decorated with sculptured figures on large slabs of calcareous stone, which unfortunately have disappeared. Some fragments of these figures, representing richly-vestured personages, still lie on the threshold. The sculpture at the bottom of the sanctuary is still perfectly preserved and quite visible, notwithstanding its feeble relief. On a species of pedestal rises a cross, of a design even more striking than that of the neighbouring temple so well known. The cross is surmounted by a strange head, bearing on its neck a collar with a medallion.

Above the cross is seated a bird with a hieroglyphical head; to the right, a man is placed on a graceful leaf-ornament. This personage is not habited in the manner of the great lords of Palenque; he represents, without doubt, one of the people, as does the woman on the opposite side; the latter holds in her hands an offering. Both man and woman have the mouth open as if speaking. Four rows of *Katun* (or magic writing signs), on the right and left of the group, contain, no doubt the legend as to the worship to which the temple was dedicated and the epoch of its foundation.

THE FLOWERS UPON THE GRAVE.

AS I passed by a rural church,
And by its graveyard small,
There caught my eyes a bunch of flowers
Upon a grassy knoll;
It spoke of Spring—of other days—
Of frosts and Autumn's fall.

The grave was but a common grave,
The flowers decked its head;
No tombstone told the name or sex
That lay amongst the dead;
It brooked not, name and age and sex
And earthly life were fled.

What brooks it if no tombstone mark,
When years have passed away,
To an unfeeling eye the spot
Where lies in common clay
A certain one well-loved and prized
In a far distant day.

If we have lived a life of love,
And scattered joys around,
We need no stone to mark the place
Where we lie in the ground;
In those we loved and who us loved
Remembrance will be found.

An emblem was that bunch of flowers
Of sweet affection's tie,
Affection that when born to life
Shall never, never die,
But shall with space, eternity,
And endless beauty vie.

W. CORBETT.

THE MORAL AND RELIGIOUS ORIGIN OF FREEMASONRY:

Of its Mission and the Positive Epoch of its Material Institution.

By Count S. de Giorgi Bertola, Knight of Christ and Member of Freemasonry according to the French and Scottish Rites.

TRANSLATED BY N. E. KENNY.

(Continued from page 246.)

THE catastrophe which subjected this sublime institution to the most sensible changes was the tragic fall of the unfortunate Knights of the Temple, who had brought it from Palestine and Egypt—scenes witnesses of their perilous labours and of their heroic constancy. At that unhappy and ever-memorable epoch it received another form and change of direction. It became in their hands an instrument of vengeance, as a means to recover that which they had lost.

If we must admire anything in the abuse which they made of the mysteries of initiation, it is the ingenious mode by which they made use of it in part to apply to their designs.

It is no longer the Initiated—they have become Masons. Their object is to rebuild the Temple—in other words, to re-establish the order of the Templars. The Temple of Solomon served them for an emblem, and it is upon this allegory, admirably sustained, that has been based the fable of Hiram, and of all his workmen and architects, which is to be found repeated in all the grades of Masonry—to wit, especially in Apprentice and Companion. Many high grades even have undergone alterations, but it is easy still to perceive the primitive object of the initiatory institution through all the changes which their fiction had necessitated.

The colour of the Lodge—the Sun, the Moon in the first two grades—evidently appertain to the initiation in the grand mysteries, and recall the study of astronomy, which formed one of the principal occupations of the initiated. The columns, J. and B., appear to belong more particularly to the Temple of Solomon, of which the Templars had guard, and whence they derive their designation. It is, however, still doubtful if these columns do not take their origin from the initiatory institution, credence to which may be assumed from the inscription which they bore, and which signifies that in order to free them it is necessary to possess courage and wisdom—qualities otherwise essential for Freemasons to prepare themselves for triumph in the future.

The word "Orient," used to designate the place which the Venerable Master occupies, as well as the principal dignitaries, and the Brethren holding high grades, applies equally to and constitutes the analogy between the ancient and reformed mysteries.

All the temples were at one time aligned or laid out (tournés) with a western aspect—that is, from east to west. It was in the east that initiation took its birth; so likewise was it that in this region of the world the Order of the Templars was instituted; and it is thence (the East) that the brothers established throughout Christendom received the instructions of the chiefs of the Order.

The answer to the three questions of morals demanded from the recipiendary Mason was the same as that for the neophyte initiated in the ancient mysteries.

But the primary mysterious allegories do not present to the mind of the Mason arrived to the degree of Knight of the Temple anything more than the

persecutions of Clement V. and Philip the Fair (of France)—monsters for ever execrable—than the overthrow of the Order and the cruel death of the innocent Jacques Burg de Molay, whose name is incessantly recalled to him by the initials of the sacred words of the three symbolic grades.

The recipiendiary and the formula of reception, the doffing of armour, the taking off of clothes, the body half naked, the clank of arms and of chains, and all the texts and concurrent ceremonies are for him (the recipient) but the image of the miseries, the vexations, and the torments which his brothers have suffered.

The wealth of the Order caused its ruin by exciting the envy and the cupidity of the ruling powers; this is why the recipients are divested of all the metals, emblems of corruption.

The examination and the interrogatory of the aspirant for Masonry represent to him the indicatory interrogations which must be submitted to the Knights of the Temple.

The "Three Voyages" which the aspirant is compelled to pass through transfigure the voyages or travels of the Grand Master Molay, who had set out from the head-quarters, or "generalat," established in the Isle of Cyprus, to proceed to Paris, to repair from Paris to the Court of Rome, in defence of his Order, and afterwards sent back by the Pope for his judgment.

The grade of Master, respecting which every notion of the heart announces human frailty, was meant to recal to the initiated the shortness of life, the obligation of well fulfilling his lot and his career upon earth—and the necessity of death—irrevocable fiat—in imparting to them (the initiated) that grand hieroglyph of nature, and it was disposed of in this manner so formidable to the unthinking. It is merely an allegory as to the death of Molay under the name of Hiram. Here it is then: there is the Master who was assassinated—his murderers are Philip the Fair, Clement V., and Squin de Florian; the search for the body of Hiram is nothing more than the seeking for and carrying off which took place of the dead body of this last Grand Master of the Order of the Temple, whose flesh left his bones—which is expressed in the sacramental words "M.·.B.·.M.·."

This deportation was effected by nine brothers, disguised as Profane Masons, in the number of whom was the Chevalier Aumont.

The Three Strokes of the Reed, during the three journeys repeated in these grades, as well as the Memento Mori, represent allegorically the accusal, the judgment, and the death of the Grand Master.

The grades of the Elected wholly refer to vengeance for the martyrs of persecution, and sufficiently explain themselves, so as to need no further interpretation.

I cannot help here making a note. There has been a Chevalier Aumont in almost every phase of French history, from the bridge of Montereau, illustrated by Tanneguy du Chatel, down to the present. Many descendants of the family are self-consolers here in London, individually adopting the motto of Le Moustier, "*Quand on n'a pas ce qu'on aime faut aimer ce qu'on a.*" Members of the Perfect Elect of the Scotch and of the Architect and Royal Arch were the most important degrees of the ancient initiation. Therein was explained to the Adept the dogma of the existence of God as the primal moving power; therein also they raised the initiated to the dignity of High Priest—taught him to render to the Sovereign Master a worship pure and disinterested, devoid of all superstition. Such have been the grades which earned for the unfortunate Knights Templar the uncalled-for and gratuitous accusation of impiety and idolatry. It is true that, faithful to their oath—faithful to the doctrine which they had received from the Priests of Egypt—they practised secretly this sacred culture or observance in subterranean cells, or places known to the initiated alone. But to them it was less an act of religion than an homage paid to the most ancient mysteries of the world, in which besides they

saw nothing contrary to the teachings of that gospel for which they had so often shed their blood.

The Lost Word, Found Again, in these grades, and preserved with such precious care on the Pedestal of Science, is the secret of these grades, and those of Masonry, which were suddenly secreted at the moment of the arrest of the Knights Templar, and afterwards found by those who escaped from suppression and torture.

The grades of Knight of the Orient and of Prince of Jerusalem are the exact and faithful history, under ingenious emblems, of the state of misery and captivity in which lived the unhappy Templars during their proscription.

The grade of the Sovereign Prince Rose †.·. which, with some kind of reason is the last one of modern Masonry, is the emblem of the fall and of the re-establishment of the Order. It is utterly wrong for even malignity to insinuate that this grade had for object to turn into ridicule the mysteries of the Christian religion. The truth is that the New Law is in this instance but an allegory, just as the Old Law was made use of in preceding grades. What is called the first point of the Rose-Croix (Rosicrucian, commented on by Lord Bulwer Lytton in one of his wondrous novels) represents the moment of the fall of the Order, and the consternation which prevailed amongst the Knights. The Cross is the symbol of torture and punishments; the Rose is the image or emblem of the Grand Master, who, like the pelican, sacrificed himself for his children. The second point configures the resurrection of the order, re-established under Masonic forms, which, like the Phœnix, was reborn of its ashes on the mountain of Heredom.

I have said that with a show of reason the grade of Sovereign Prince Rose †.·. is the last one in modern Masonry; I ought rather to have said that in what regards the morals and the mind of the ancient institutions and of existing Masonry, this grade is in effect the last and most sublime. All the other grades are but the complements or subsidiaries of the materialism of the Order.

Thus, the grade of the Knight of the Sun was amongst the adepts of old the school of the natural sciences (physiology), the degree of initiation in which was involved, before the eyes of the initiated, the great book of Nature, wherein they studied its laws, and essayed to penetrate its secrets through the decomposition of bodies or substances; and that study, by inspiring the neophyte with admiration for the author of so many wonders, disposed him to His recognition and gratitude. It was this precious grade which subsequently gave place to the estrangements and mysticisms of alchemy.

The other grades are but allegorical recitals of the various events, the most marked, in the history of our Order; the knowledge of that secret history, if this history were made known, would justify this assertion, which in this instance is by no means conjecture. Their apparent incoherence should be attributed, on the one hand, to the ignorance in which we are involved with regard to most of those occurrences; and, on the other, from default of that unity which should of right and necessity exist between the members of a numerous body, dispersed over two hemispheres, and ever restricted to profound secrecy.

Besides, their explanation would add nothing to the knowledge we derive from the high grades, and, above all, from that of Kadosch, which may, with just title, be designated the key of the administrative mechanism and the Masonic regulationary rule.

We know the primitive object of our mystic association; we are aware in what points unfortunate circumstances caused it to deviate from the principles of the primitive institution. But these circumstances exist no longer for us: time has done us justice. Our grades shall serve as tests which the proselytes will pass through, as our ancestors passed through events which are now recalled and retraced; we shall respect those grades as a memorial of the byegone, yet regard them concurrently as depositories of the learning of the sages, and shall make them subserve to the perfecting of social order,

The accusation has been made, and even in our day the Masonic Order is ceaselessly accused of being "pernicious to the safety of the States," and in permanent conspiracy against the sovereigns of the nations.

If, as I have just proved, Masonry has no other origin than that derived from the continuation of a dogma born with society, and which has always had for its mission to teach men to know and venerate divine truth, and to inspire in them the love of virtue and abhorrence of vice, I cannot perceive how the existence of this Order can be considered "pernicious." You say—"But why surround yourself with mysteries?" To which I shall boldly reply—We have left you the liberty of communicating the traditions of the sublime truths which our order has always professed, and whose discovery has cost our brethren so many ages of constant study.

Let those who so virulently accuse us of retaining a secrecy the most inviolable tell us if your grim and sombre prisons have never resounded with the groans of our brethren buried alive, and if your axe is yet unstained with our blood—blood shed that we might preach our doctrines in the open daylight.

Some ingenious sophist will answer me, perhaps, that since we enclose ourselves in the most absolute secrecy, our Order becomes useless, or is metamorphosed into an egotistic or selfish sect. Oh no! a thousand times no! For you, potentates of the earth—you who have calumniated without cessation and traduced and denounced us by your bulls, ukases, and proclamations, you know well to your cost and loss that the shaking of your tyrannic power, which in the byegone weighed so cruelly on the masses, emanated solely from our areopagi or councils, and that the spark which lit the flame of social emancipation escaped, notwithstanding the inexorable restraints of your persecutions, from the sacred fire that burns in all hearts which are truly Masonic.

And let there be no mistake as to what I have just said, and no kind of deduction drawn as to any sort of avowal which would lead to the belief that the Masons are in any way like a "permanent conspiracy," for I shall tell to all of you into whose hands this treatise may fall that all those who have assumed to render odious the Masonic Order, by gratuitously associating with it ideas subversive of social order, have lied to their own profit alone, and villify without one iota of reason.

Ah! yes, truly, we conspire in our Lodges; but with us it is justice which enters the lists against injustice—morality against depravation—knowledge against ignorance—tolerance against bigotry or fanaticism—fraternity against selfish egotism!

Behold here what our weapons are! and our battle-field is humanity throughout the globe.

(To be concluded.)

BEATRICE.

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

CHAPTER THE LAST.

TIME, which, as some one has said, "always seems to look through a kaleidoscope," has passed on since first I began my little story, and to-day, in Bro. Kenning's magazine, I seem, as it were, to be looking back on

those "fantastic atoms" and "coloured particles" which fill up the scene of this patchwork and disjointed story. But so it is, and, as every tale must have an end, that of Beatrice must come to a close. Yes, I fear and feel it is time that the curtain falls, the lights disappear, the gay puppets disport themselves no more on the sportive stage. As their humble, if pleasant, shadows vanish from my gaze, I claim the story-teller's privilege, whether of east or west, to fill up the scanty and incomplete outline with a few pre-Raphaelite touches of minutest colouring and concluding detail. "Beatrice," like a good many other stories I have read, will have, let me hope, a little interest for some one, and so, if only one charitable soul is touched by the words of the writer, for that kind patron, to say nothing of my good friend the publisher, I will just add a few "touches of the pencil," and then offer the completed picture to the lenient criticism of the thoughtful and the just. They say "after the calm comes the storm," or "vice versâ." I think it matters little, as both propositions and axioms are equally true, and equally sound; and so, after all these "preliminary preludes," and after these "animated skirmishes," the more serious business of all begins.

First of all, there arose in Cayley a dreadful rumour that Mr. Miller, the rich old widower, was actually going to marry the still good-looking and genial widow, Mrs. Mortimer. I am not going to stay to enter upon that solemn topic—"Ought widows to marry?" Suffice it to say, that widows do marry every day, and I fancy that, on the whole, society is none the worse for such unions. Indeed, a good deal may be said on the advantages of marrying a widow "per se," but this is just one of those "moot points" on which no two people agree. There are, it is clear, "widows and widows," and though I do not profess ever to be above "sentiment" or beneath "principle," I yet do not see, if all is suitable and pleasant, why the widow, after a "proper period," may not again become the helpmate of an admiring husband. But I speak with diffidence on the subject, believing that opinions generally vary, whether male or female, on this knotty problem of our social life. However, Dame Rumour for once was true, and Mr. Miller actually did marry Mrs. Mortimer, to the astonishment of some, the amusement of others, the sneers of a few, and the warm congratulations of very many. Mr. Miller was a "canny Scotchman," and knew well what he was about when he obtained for himself a kindly and comely woman to do the honours of his hospitable board, and soothe his temper, and attend to his comfort when he had a fit of the gout. I am afraid that the "superior creation" is a very selfish one after all! Beatrice married the "man of her heart," and has never repented of her bargain. I wish all poor girls were equally fortunate. It wounds me to the heart often to note the "shipwreck" which some make of their happiness through simulated affection or ideal sentiments. "All is not gold that glitters," and there may be a feigned flattery of emotional sensibility which is too often assumed to be "love," and is incorrectly deemed to be affection. How soon does "*reality*" *strip off the* "*varnish*" *of hasty passion or crafty interest.* I am bound to say, that no really happier couple exists anywhere than Beatrice and her husband; and there is a small Beatrice of whom her husband thinks almost as much as he does of her statelier prototype.

Mr. Lacey, of course, married Kate Merewether, and a better-looking or more contented pair you cannot meet anywhere to-day, even when marriages are hasty, and couples often ill assorted enough. Some of us may remember a charming picture of Mrs. Lacey which adorned the walls of the Academy last season. Miss Jane Morley and Twamley are, perhaps, as two thoroughly happy personages as can be found in Her Majesty's Dominions. She married for worth, talent, a good heart, and a true man, and mutual affection, and she had her reward. Twamley is as gay as ever, and the last joke I have heard of was, that when he was told that his dear Jane had borne the happy "sposo" "twins," his only reply was, "Well, that is a strongish order."

Agnes Miller found a very agreeable husband in Major Taunton, R.E., and Carruthers married the arch and merry Lisette, old Brummer settling a very handsome marriage portion on the young couple. Brummer and I are beth still unmarried, Brummer always declaring that he thinks "he prefers his liberty and his pipe. For de woman's ways and de woman's temper might interfere gith the placidity of a 'philosopher.'" Jorrocks and his wife are greatly flourishing, these numerous marriages adding a good deal to the worthy doctor's business.

When I was last at Cayley there was a tremendous gathering for three christenings, and as Twamley remarked, the amount of caudle consumed was "positively fearful!" Ah well, I am not so young as I was; but I often think of gay doings and kindly faces, and old days, and of friends, and I am glad to have introduced my readers to a few pleasant people, and above all, Beatrice, who is still my ideal of one of the "brightest and best of Earth's daughters," Have I not been as good as my word, kind reader? I have told *you a little, stupid, prosy tale of true love,* and made it all end well. Come, for once be genially tolerant. After all, we are sick—are we not, of dreadful scenes and awfully wicked men and women? Let us rejoice to think that our heroes and heroines are something like the very people you and I, kind friends, have known and talked to, and lived with, and loved hugely, during these passing years of Life.

In an age of realism let us seek, at any rate, to be real, and let us not be ashamed to confess that we disavow that "sensationalism" which exalts vice and parodies virtue, and renders honour and truth, loyalty and constancy, man's duty, and woman's faith, but the "baseless fabric of a dream."

THE END.

A SONNET.

BY JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE.

UPON the threshold of another year
Let me shake off the clinging mire of sin,
And with a reverent feeling enter in,
Thoughtful as if my final hour were near;
And let me supplicate for light to cheer
My darkling soul, that stumbles through the gloom
Which shrouds the uncertain pathway to the tomb—
The end of all our strife and struggle here.
True aspirations towards the good should clear
My grief-beclouded mind; good thoughts should bring
The power to do a good and holy thing,
And make me strenuous, steadfast, and sincere;
Good deeds should help me o'er the rugged way
To a diviner realm. Let me begin to-day.

LENORA.

[Berger's Lenora still retains its hold on the interest and imagination of many, and as we see from time to time new translations of this famous poem appearing, we have remembered one of the best versions we ever read, and which appeared about forty years ago anonymously in one of the light and amusing publications of Bro. Albert Smith. We give it, therefore, to our readers to-day, with the original preface of the translator.—ED. *M.M.*]

THERE have been so many excellent translations done of this powerful ballad, that some little apology should be made for offering the present one to the reader. But the metre of the original has not been strictly preserved in any I have seen; and, in consequence, the poem loses much of its impressiveness. In the following attempt I have carefully kept to the metre; and in some lines the words are in the exact order of the original: indeed, I have sacrificed everything to make it as close and literal as possible. But for this intention, many of the verses might have been considerably improved.

LENORA, at the blush of day,
From heavy slumbers started:
"Art dead, or faithless, Wilhelm, say,
How long must we be parted?"
He was with Frederick's armed might,
At Prague, and there engaged in fight;
Had sent no word or token,
To prove his health unbroken.

The Empress and the Prussian King,
Weary of constant striving,
Their stubborn natures softening,
Saw peace at last arriving.
And all the troops rejoiced and sang,
With kettle-drums' and martial clang,
Their arms with green boughs twining,
Towards their homes inclining

And everywhere—all, all around,
From roads and pathways meeting,
Both old and young, with joyous sound,
Went forth to give their greeting.
"Thank God!" the child and wife outcried,
And "welcome" many a happy bride;
Lenora, only, misses
The warm embrace and kisses.

And up and down, amidst the brave,
She flew, each name repeating;
But none the information gave
Of all that warlike meeting.
And when the train had passed elsewhere,
She tore her locks of raven hair;
To earth her fair form flinging,
Her hands in frenzy wringing.

Her mother ran to her, and cried,
"With mercy, heaven, invest her;
What ill can my dear child betide?"
And in her fond arms pressed her.
"O, mother—gone is gone for aye,
The world and all may pass away.
God has no kindness done me,
Oh woe! oh woe! upon me!"

"Help, God! help! leave us not unblest;
Pray to him to befriend us.
What is His will is for the best;
God! God! some comfort send us!"
"Oh, mother, mother! foolish plea!
God has done nothing well for me!
My prayer's unhelp'd, unheeded,
Shall never more be needed!"

"Help, God! the true believers know
Their gloom His aid can brighten;
The hallowed sacramental vow,
Thy misery shall lighten."
"Oh, mother, this consuming rage,
No sacrament can e'er assuage;
No sacrament e'er taken,
Has power the dead to waken."

"List, child. Perchance thy lover now,
In distant lands united,
In falsehood has renounced his vow,
To some new marriage plighted.
So let him go. His love thus o'er,
His heart shall never profit more;
When soul and body sever,
His pangs shall last for ever."

"Oh, mother, mother, gone is gone!
The past, the past is ended!
Death—death is now my gain alone.
Why was I born unfriended?
Be quenched my light—be quench'd for aye,
In night and horror die away.
God has no kindness done me,
Oh woe! oh woe upon me!"

"Help, God! nor into judgment go
On this poor child's expressions;
What her tongue says she does not know:
Record not her transgressions.
Forget all earthly woe like this;
Think but on God and heavenly bliss;
Then to thy spirit's panting,
No bridegroom shall be wanting."

"Oh mother! what is hell—or bliss—
That thus you speak about it;
I knew but heaven in Wilhelm's kiss,
And all is hell without it.
Be quench'd my light—be quench'd for aye,
In night and horror die away.
On earth, without my lover,
All happiness is over."

Thus her despair o'er every sense
And through each vein was raging,
And war against God's Providence
Most rashly she was waging.
She wrung her hands and beat her breast
Until the sun went down to rest,
And up in heav'n's arch beaming
The golden stars were gleaming.

Hush! listen! listen! tramp—tramp—tramp!
A courser's steps she counted,
The rider next, with clattering stamp,
Before the porch dismounted.
And listen! at the gate a ring
Sounds faintly—softly—kling-ling-ling!
And then come, through the portal,
These words, dintinctly mortal:

"Holla! open the door my pet;
Watchest thou, love? or sleepest?
How art thou mooded tow'rds me yet?
And laughest thou, or weepest?"
"Ah, Wilhelm! thou! so late at night!
I've watch'd for thee in sorrowing plight,
And undergone much chiding.
Whence com'st thou now, thus riding?

"We only saddle at midnight,
From far Bohemia, hither,
I rous'd myself late for the flight,
And now will bear thee thither."
"Stay, Wilhelm, stay! The wind doth rush
Loud whistling through the hawthorn-bush.
Here—heart's love—let me hold thee,
My warm arms shall enfold thee."

"Let the wind whistle through the haws,
Child—let it whistle stronger.
Now clinks my spur; the black-horse paws;
I dare not tarry longer.
Come—come; truss up thy dress, and spring
On my black-horse, behind me swing.
To reach our couch to-day, love,
One hundred miles away, love."

"And must I ride one hundred miles
To our bride-bed to-day, love?
And hark! the church clock tolls meanwhiles,
Eleven! doth it say, love?"
"See here! see there! the moon is high;
We and the dead can swiftly fly.
'Tis for a bet we're flying
To where the couch is lying."

"Yet say—where is thy bridal hall,
Thy nuptial bed—where lies it?"
"Far—far from hence!—still, cool, and small,
Eight slender planks comprise it."
"Hast room for me?" "For me and thee!
Come, gird thy dress; quick, mount with me.
The guests are there to meet thee;
The doors wide open greet thee."

The fair girl quickly dressed, and sprung
Upon the horse behind him;
And round the trusty rider flung
Her lily arms, entwined him.
And hurra! off! away! the steed
Flies like the wind, with whistling speed,
The horse and rider quivering,
And sparks and pebbles shivering.

And right and left—on either hand
Before their eyes quick sunder'd,
How flew the lawns, and heaths, and land!
And how the bridges thunder'd!

"Dearest, dost fear? The moon is high!
Hurra! the dead can swiftly fly!
Dost fear the dead, my own love?"
"Nay—leave the dead alone, love."

What sound is that of clang and knell?
Why do the ravens flutter?
Hark, the death-song! and tolls the bell!!
"Bury the corpse" they utter!
A funeral train was coming near;
They bore the coffin and the bier:
The hymn, the croak resembled
Of frogs in ponds assembled.

"After midnight inter the dead
With knell and lamentation;
Now, my young wife I homeward lead
With bridal celebration.
Come, sexton, with thy choral throng,
And drawl us out thy bridal song!
Come, gabble, priest, thy blessing,
E'er tow'rds the couch we're pressing."

The clang was still'd; vanish'd the bier,
Obedient to his calling:
And all beside—less and less near
Behind his horse was falling.
And further—faster still—the steed
Flies like the wind with whistling speed;
The horse and rider quivering,
The sparks and pebbles flying.

And left and right, how swift in flight
Pass'd hedges, trees, and mountains;
How flew on right, and left, and right,
Towns, villages, and fountains.
"Dearest! dost fear? The moon is high!
Hurra! the dead can swiftly fly!
Dost fear the dead, my own love?"
"Ah, leave the dead alone, love!"

See there! about the gallows height
Round the wheel's axle prancing,
Seen dimly in the pale moonlight
A shadowy mob is dancing,
"Halloo—there! Rabble! Ho! come here!
Come, mob, with me—and follow near!
Our wedding-dance be skipping
When we to bed are tripping."

And quickly on the mob did rush
Behind them noisy-clattering,
As whirlwinds through the hazel-bush
Send down the dry leaves pattering:
And further—faster still—the steed
Flies like the wind, with whistling speed;
The horse and rider quivering,
And sparks and pebbles shivering.

How flew they in the moon's wide light,
Soon into distance speeding!
And over head, how quick in flight
Were heavens and stars receding.
"Dearest! dost fear? The moon is high!
Hurra! the dead can swiftly fly!
Dost fear the dead, my own love?"
"Oh, leave the dead alone, love!"

"My steed! methinks the cock doth crow;
The sand is just expended;
My steed! the morning air, I know—
Quick, hence! our course is ended:
Achiev'd, achiev'd now is our ride!
The nuptial chamber opens wide!
The dead ride swiftly striving!
The goal, the goal's arriving!"

And swiftly tow'rds an iron grate
With tearing speed they thunder'd:
With a slight switch he strikes the gate,
And lock and bolt is sunder'd.
The doors unfolded, creaking wide,
And over graves still on they ride,
With tombstones round them gleaming
On which the moon is beaming.

Look! in the twinkling of an eye,
Ho! ho!—a ghastly wonder;
Piecemeal the rider's garments lie
Like tinder shred asunder.
A skull, of tuft and queue bereft,
A naked skull alone is left!
A skeleton before her
Holds scythe and sand-glass o'er her!

The black horse wildly snorts and rears,
And breathes forth sparks; and shrinking
From underneath them, disappears,
Quick vanishing and sinking.
Wild howling fills the welkin round,
And groans from the deep grave resound.
Lenora's heart, just shivering,
'Twixt life and death is quivering.

And now beneath the moon's pale glance,
Round in a circle scowling,
Link'd hand in hand, the spectres dance,
And to this tune are howling:
"Forbear! forbear! though breaks the heart,
'Gainst God in heaven take no part.
Now from thy body sever,—
God save thy soul for ever!"

EXTRACTS, WITH NOTES, FROM THE MINUTES OF THE LODGE OF FRIENDSHIP, NO. 277, OLDHAM.

By the Rev. Joseph Harrison, M.A., 18°, S.W. No. 277; Prov. G.C. (Mark) Lancs., Prelate of the Palatine Chapter Rose Croix.

THE Warrant of the Lodge is dated August 22nd, 1789, and was granted on the petition of Bros. Jonathan Raynor, Joseph Dunkerley, and Isaac Clegg, by the P.G.M. of Lancashire, John Allen, acting for H.R.H. the Duke of Cumberland, G.M., and countersigned by William Hall, Dep. P.G.M.

The No. was 554 in 1791 and 463 in 1793, as appears from the Cash Book. There is no mention of the number in the minutes. It does not appear that the ceremony of Consecration was performed. The minutes simply state that "The Lodge of Friendship opened on Wednesday, the 2nd day of September, 1789, at five o'clock in the afternoon, in due Form at the 'Ring of Bells,' Oldham, by the Lodge of Sincerity, Bull's Head, Manchester."

Including the W.M., twelve Brethren were present; one member was "absent on business." Bro. Jonathan Raynor, the first W.M., was made a Mason in Lodge 354, attached to the 49th Regiment; the S.W. in No. 213 of the Grand Lodge of Ireland; the J.W. and three other Brethren in the Union Lodge 534, Ashton-u-Line; two brethren from Lodge of Relief, No. 40, Bury; one brother from No. 92, and another from No. 58, Grand Lodge of Scotland; and one from the "Fleece," No. 393, Manchester. The three brethren last named are styled "P.M." The Social position of the brethren forming the Lodge may be gathered from the business of each; the W.M. was a "weaver;" four were "cotton manufacturers," a "hat manufacturer," an "inn-keeper," a "tailor," a "shoe-maker." Three candidates were "admitted Entered Apprentices"; one of these was the Rev. Miles Wrigley, A.M."

Lodges of Emergency were held on the following day, and the 6th and 19th of the same month, at the last of which "Br. the Rev. Miles Wrigley, A.M., was passed a fellow craft, and rais'd to the sublime Degree of a Master Mason."

There is no mention of the presence of visitors until the eight meeting, held on October 28th of the same year, when the names of twelve brethren from the Union Lodge, No. 534, St. John's Tavern, Manchester, are given. The Union Lodge, No. 534, is said above to have been held at Ashton-u-Lyne.

On the 8th of December following it was resolved to hold the Lodge at the Angel Inn:—"Pursuant therefore to this agreement the Box was this evening removed in due form and good harmony."

January 1st, 1790, Festival of St. John. The second W.M. was installed, and held office for six months. This continued the term of the office until 1815, when the W.M. was elected to hold office for twelve months; but this arrangement was again put aside in 1820, when the W.M. was elected for half a year; in the following December the W.M. was elected for a year, and this rule has subsequently been observed. It was usual to ballot for all the officers of the Lodge until January 1822, when the W.M. and Treasurer, only, were voted for.

July 21st, 1790. A Br. gives notice that he "Wishes to have a Certificate in 3 months." The first notice of subscriptions appears in the Treasurer's Book at this date. Each member paid 9d. every Lodge night, 6d. for expenses and 3d. for charity. The fee when a candidate was proposed, or, as the minutes give it, "reported," was 10s. 6d., and another 10s. 6d. on initiation.

August 10th, 1791, Seven Brethren are "made moddern masons, enter'd, past, and Raised."

At several meetings this year and subsequently till 1840, Brethren were "made Pass Masters." Probably these Brethren were *nominally* Past Masters, upon whom only the Royal Arch degree was conferred; and a certificate stating their rank would be issued from their Lodge. See "Records of Old Lodges, *Masonic Magazine*, Vol. IV., page 6.

Feb. 16th, 1791. A visiting Br. was present from "the Lodge of Fortitude' held at James Taylor's, Bottom of Hollinwood, under the Ancient Grand Lodge of York." We have not been able to find any other mention of this Lodge.

Dec. 17th. J. R., (the first W.M.) was "sencered for his bad Behaviour and he asked Pardon of the Lodge and received it."

March 7th, 1792. "The Lodge closed in good harmony with the Master's Lecture;" and on April 4th, with the "Enter'd Apprentices Lecture."

Augt. 9th. Two Brethren were "fined for going before the lodge closed in the penalty of one shilling per member by the consent of this body."

Sept. 26th. The Lodge was summoned for 5 o'clock, "but on account of the Master's forgetfulness and his not coming till 8 o'clock it was opened then."

Oct. 23rd. The Lodge closed "In hopes to meet again in good health and in fresh Masonic Vigour the month following."

Augt. 21st, 1793. "The Lodge removed without one dissenting Voice to Br. Woods on Account of Bad wase and worse language" and "so Farewel Mr Lawson." Brother Wood was an Inn-keeper and the W.M. at the time. The *name of the House kept by him does not appear.*

Decr. 5th. The Lodge opened at 11 a.m. It was an emergency meeting, at which a Brother was raised. Closed at 2 p.m. and the minutes state "After this we proceeded to Royton on business." No trace of the nature of this "business" appears.

Decr. 11th. In the Cash Book the following items occur:—

	£	s.	d.
"To 30 pair of Flannel Drawers for the use of our army abroad	3	5	0
Carriage of the same to London		2	7

Oct. 28th, 1795. Six Brethren were made Mark Masons.

July 20th, 1796.

"The Lodge was called for emergency on the occasion of the funeral of our late worthy Br. John Rowbottom."

"In the Cash Book is the following item:—

	£	s.	d.
"To preaching Bro. Rowbottam's sermon	1	1	0"

These items also occur:—

	£	s.	d.
"2 dozen of Aprons	1	7	0
"Gloves		14	10"

The Clothing was provided by the Lodge for many years.

At this emergency meeting the following chapters attended:—

Philanthropy, Werneth,
Trinity, Manchester.

There were brethren also from Lodges in the neighbouring towns. Can any one tell us whether the charters of the two Chapters mentioned have been attached to any other Lodge?

Novr. 29th, 1797.

In the Cash Book it appears that £2 2s. was lent to Bro. W. R. "on his watch untill valued." At the next meeting 3s. 6d. was paid for "valuing and repairing" the watch. *Its value is stated to be £2 2s., but nothing further is recorded about it.*

At one meeting this year "10 Brn. were made moddern," & "4 Brn. made pass masters."

March 28th, 1798—a "Subscription towards the support of the war, £7 7s.", appears in the Cash Book. A local Almanack for the year 1880 gives the following :—

"May 26th, 1794—The Freemasons beat up for military recruits." There does not appear anything in support of this statement, though the Brethren were certainly loyal, as proved by the above grant of money, and 30 pairs of Flannel Drawers in 1793.

June 12th, 1799—"This Lodge was Opend But Theopelus Turnor disturbed the peas and good harmoney at 8 o'clock."

Oct. 9th—The Secretary occasionally whiled away his time with another Brother in scribbling doggrel rhymes on the pages of the Minute Book. We have :—

"James Potter is my name
and England is my nation
oldham is my dwelling place
and christ is my salvation."

After which comes, in another hand—

"O save him from rhymes like these
and mind his bacco and his cheese."

Jany. 8, 1800—"but a fue Brothers atendded the lodg was not opened But there was peas haud good harmoney."

Decr. 28th, 1803—"Agreed to advance the price of making masons from £2 12s. 6d. to £4 4s. Cd.—viz., £1 1s. 0d. at the report & £1 1s. 0d. for each step."

	s.	d.
"Augt. 15th, 1804—By a gift to Brothers prisoners in Lancaster Castle	10	6

Sep. 19, 1804—Discussion "whether two steps or only one taken on a night." Agreed that two might be taken.

"Liquor to be Determined next night whether we are to have it as usual or on a better Plan."

Novr. 14th—Resolved to move the Lodge to another house.

Decr. 27th—Agreed that "the Lodge shall stop here at this house until we find a Sufficient reason to remove," . . . "after Due trial of the Landlord that is coming to Occupy this house."

Feby. 13th, 1805—Twelve Brethren were "made Mark Masons."

March 18th, 1807—Monthly subscription raised from 9d. to 1s. The "quantity of liquor to come in to be at the option of the Master and Brethren."

Augt. 12th—A visiting Brother "from the Lodge at Wearneth" paid 1s. What Lodge was this ?

"Agreed to summons John Harrop & John Heywood to answer to their conduct on joining a lodge of Orange People whether they mean to remain in our lodge or entirely give up the Orange Lodge as our members will not allow them to sit with us; Except they decline the Orange."

June 8th, 1808—"The moment the Lodge was opened Bro. Scott informed the brethren that Wm. Rutledge, Esq., Captain in the 6th dragoon guards requested to be made a Bro. when the W.M. and the rest of the officers and Brethren agreed to give him the entered apprentice step to-night and exalt him to the degree of a Master Mason to-morrow night."

On this night Br. Rutledge was initiated, and made Fellow Craft and Master Mason on the following night. The fee of £4 4s. was paid.

Jany. 4th, 1809—Monthly subscription raised from 1s. to 1s. 6d.; 1s. to be spent in liquor & "6d. funded for relief."

The "liquidation"—i.e., the G.L. and the P.G.L. dues, were paid in addition to the monthly subscription. A minute to the same effect occurs on the 21st of June following. The "liquidation" to be paid in February was 2s.

Jany. 25th—Resolved to give a yearly subscription of 10s. 6d. to the Medical charity.

March 29th—Resolved that William Tristram having appealed to this Lodge concerning a censure cast upon him by the Lodge of Hope, Bradford, it is the opinion of this lodge that the affair ought to be referred to the Grand Lodge, & that it is not meet for any private lodge to interfere in any difference betwixt a Lodge and any Individual the merits of which they consider themselves incompetent to decide upon & that this be signified to the Lodge of Hope at Bradford."

"2—That it appears to this Lodge that Brother Luke Tristram has been initiated into the Misteries of antient Masonry contrary to the book of Constitutions of the Grand Lodge of England that in conformity to such constitutions we are under the necessity of excluding the said Luke Tristram unless he is willing to pay his fees or give such satisfaction as the Lodge may require that the said Brother Luke Tristram did pay his fees and make full satisfaction to the Lodge an account of the above resolution."

April 26th—"Luke Tristram made in first step."

Nov. 22nd—Br. J. B. was dismissed from the lodge for breaking his obligation as a M.M. by immoral conduct.

June 27th—St. John's Festival opened on this day, Sunday, at 1 p.m.; closed at 8 p.m.

The last record of the first minute book is dated July 11th, 1810.

(To be continued.)

ACROSTIC.

THE budding grace of youth fair promise did foretell—
Her perfect womanhood has proved that promise well.
Endearing are the charms of Denmark's choicest flower,

Pre-eminent her life—unrivalled to this hour.
Rare chance that made her ours—old England's own—to love,
Innate, her goodness spreads like sunshine from above.
No king had fairer child, or prince a gentler wife,
Coequal stands her name with all that's good in life;
Effulgent light from thrones almost divinely shines:
Surrounding kings and queens by many hopeful signs.
So should all shine and live, a light of love and worth,

On peaceful missions bent, right gladly going forth.
Fair field for pleasant tasks, a nation's heart must be,

Where reigns loyal love, and as the air is free:—
A love of right and home, of sweet affections gained;
Led ever upward till celestial life's attained.
Each year we live on earth, a lasting peace we crave,
Supremely loving her whose heart is good and brave.

SAVARICUS.

A CATALOGUE OF MASONIC BOOKS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

(*Continued from page* 188.)

11475 *bb.* 1 — Vignoles et Du Bois: La Lire Maçonne ou Recueil de Chansons des Franc Maç. Nouvelle ed. 8vo, La Haye, 1787.

11475 *bb.* 2 — Freemasonry: Régale Maçonnique Al' usage des Lageste. 8vo, La Haye, 1787.

8145 *h* 1. 44 — Freemasons: The Freemason's Vindication. Folio.

11475 *aaa.* 1 — Masonic Songs: Recueil de Chansons Maçonnes. Nouvelle ed. 12mo, Jerusalem, 1753.

11475 *aaa.* 2 — Masonic Songs: Preface Allegorique. 12mo.

11475 *aaa.* 3 — Freemasonry: Receuil de Chansons Nouvelles de la Maçonnerie Acrostiche. 12mo.

4783 *bbb* 13. Hyneman, L: Freemasonry in England. 8vo, New York, 1877.

4224 *dd.* Freemasons' Hall, Lond.: Proceedings of a General Meeting held held at. 8vo, Lond., 1870.

11521 *aa.* Freemasons: Gesäuge für Freimaurer, etc. 12mo, Weimar, 1813.

11474 *b.* Per. Pub. Paris: La Lyre Maçonnique Etreunes Aux Francs-Maçons. 12mo, Paris 1809.

1892 *d.* 22 — Freemasonry: The Mysteries of Freemasonry, taken from a Manuscript. 4to, Lond.

8365 *bbb.* Freemasons' School, etc.: Laws and Rules Proposed for the F.'s School, etc. 8vo, Manchester (1871).

11521 *e.* Freemasons: Vollstädiges Gesanbuch für Freimaurer. 8vo, Berlin, 1810.

PP 1056 *c.* The Scot's Masonic Magazine. 8vo, Edin., 1833. No. 1 only.

PP 1056. The Sentimental and Masonic Magazine. 8vo, Dublin, 1792, etc.

PP 1057. Herme's ou Archives Maconniques. 8vo, Paris, 1818-19.

PP 1058. The Indian Freemason's Friend. 8vo, Calcutta, 1861, etc. (New Series)

PP 1059. The Quarterly Masonic Reporter, No. 1. Melbourne, 1865, 8vo.

PP 1059 *c.* The Australian Masonic Magazine. 8vo, Melbourne, 1864, etc.

PP 1059 *bb.* The Masonic Examiner, Nos. 1 to 6. 4to, London, 1871.

1369 *k.* Freeman, A. F. on Freemasonry. 8vo, .

1369 *k.* 1 — Massachusetts (House No. 73): Report by a Joint Committee, etc., on F. 8vo, 1834.

1369 *k.* 2 — Massachusetts (Senate No. 87): Report on Secret Societies and Monopolies. 8vo, 1836.

1369 *k.* Clavel, F. T. B.: Hist. Pittoresque de la Franc-Maçonnerie. 8vo, Paris, 1843 (Deuxieme ed.)

1369 *k.* Oliver, G.: Historical Landmarks and other Evidences of Fy. 2 vols. 8vo, London, 1846.

1123 *h* 29. Merzdorf, J. F. C. T.: Die Symbol ve der Masonei. 8vo, Leip, 1836.

1123 *h* 27.28. Acerrellos, R. S.: Geschichte der Freimaurerei. 8vo, Leip., 1836. 4 vols.

1123 *f* 40. White, W. H.: Constitutions of the Ancient Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons. 8vo, London, 1841.

1123 *f* 39. Williams, W.: Constitutions etc., of Free and Accepted Masons. Part 2nd. 8vo, London, 1827.

1123 *f* 38. Oliver, G.: History of Freemasonry. 12mo, London, 1841.

1123 *f* 36. Fraser, A.: An Account of the Proceedings at the Festival of Freemasons. 8vo, London, 1813-17.

1123 *f* 37. Oliver, G.: The Antiquities of Freemasonry. 8vo, London, 1823.

1123 *f* 35. 1 Finch, W.: An Elucidation of the Masonic Plates. 8vo, London.

1123 *f* 35. 2 Finch, W.: A Masonic Treatise with an Elucidation. (2nd Ed.) 8vo, Deal, 1802.

1123 *f* 35. 3 Killick, R. W. M.: Two Masonic Addresses in Lodge of Freedom Gravesend. 8vo, London, 1804.

1123 *f* 35. 4 Freemasonry: The History of Freemasonry. 8vo, Edinburgh, 1804.

8275 *bb* 5. 14 Newcastle-upon-Tyne: Articles, Rules and Regulations of the Ancient Masonic Benefit Society. 12mo, Newcastle, 1811 (?).

8275 *bb* 1. 9 Freemasons, Newcastle-upon-Tyne: Articles, Rules and Regulations of, etc. 8vo, Newcastle, 1817.

11475 *aa.* Freemasons: Recueil de Chansons, etc., des Franc-Maçons (Nouvelle ed.) 8vo, Jerusalem, 1752.

11475 *ccc.* Freemasons: Recueil de Chansons Vers, Discours and Reglemens, etc. 8vo, Amsterdam, 1758.

Not Placed Freemasons: An Appeal to the Inhabitants of Vermont, etc. 8vo, Middlesbury, 1829.

„ Massachusetts Commonwealth of *Anti-Masonic* Convention: Brief Reports of the Debates. 8vo, Boston, 1830.

„ United States of Amer: Anti-Masonic Conv., Proceedings of the 2nd, etc. 8vo, Boston, 1832.

„ Vermont, State of: Anti-Masonic Convention, Proceedings of, etc. 3 pts. 8vo, East Randolph, 1829-31.

„ Renucci, J. E.: Refutation du Discours de M. Littre, etc., dans la Franc-Maç. 8vo, Paris, 1875.

„ Caubet (—): La Francmaçonnerie. Lettre A Mgr. L'Evéque D'Orléans. 8vo, Paris, 1875.

„ Veneizuela: Freemasons of. Circular de La M.·.R.·.G.·.L.·. 4to, Caracas, 1874.

„ Champagny, F. de Count: La Franc-Maçonnerie. 8vo, Paris, 1875.

PP 2472 *r.* Ephemerides: The Freemason's Monthly Remembrancer. 16mo, London, 1861-2.

PP 2472 *re.* Ephemerides: Cosmopolitan Masonic Calendar. 16mo, London, 1871, etc.

PP 2472 *rc.* Ephemerides: The Universal Masonic Calender. 24mo, London, 1869.

PP 2472 *rg.* Ephemerides: The Freemasons' Kalendar and Directory of North Wales and Shropshire. 24mo, Oswestry, 1877.

PP 2472 *g.* Ephemerides: The Midland Masonic Calendar. 24mo, London, 1863

PP 2472 *ra.* Ephemerides: The Devon and Cornwall Masonic Calendar. 24mo, Davenport, 1865.

PP 2472 *rb.* Ephemerides: The Hampshire and Isle of Wight Masonic Diary. 8vo, Portsmouth, 1865.

PP 2512 *e.* Ephemerides: The Freemasons' Calendar and Directory. 12mo, Dublin, 1848 and 1852, etc.

PP 2472 *rd.* Ephemerides: The Freemasons' Calendar for Durham, by W. Brignall, 16mo. Durham, 1869.

PP 2472 *rf.* Ephemerides: The Masonic Calendar for Durham, by J. H. Coates. 16mo, Sunderland, 1874, etc.

PP 2493 *ga.* Ephemerides: Freemasons' Calendar. 8vo, London, 1788.

PP 2493 *gaa*. Ephemerides: The Freemason's Calendar. 8vo, London, 1781.
PP 2472 *p*. Freemasons Calender and Pocket-Book. 8vo, London, 1870, &c.
164 *f* 54. Freemasons: Les Fri-Maçnos Hyperdrame. 8vo, Londres, 1740.
164 *f* 52. Freemasons: Les Fra-Maçonnes Parodie, etc. 8vo, Paris, 1754.
164 *b* 25. Freemasons: The Freemasons. An Hudibrastick Poem (2nd Ed.) 8vo, London, 1723.
82 *e* 36. Freemason: The Generous Freemason. 8vo, London, 1731.
4
112 *d* 41. Freemasons: A Freemason's Answer to the Pamphlet entitled Jachin and Boaz. 8vo, London, 1762.
112 *d* 40. Slade, A.: The Freemasons Examined. (2nd Ed.) 8vo, London, 1754.
112 *d* 39. Freemasons: Masonry Farthur Dissected. 8vo, London, 1738.
112 *d* 38. Prichard, S.: Masonry Disected. (3rd Ed.) 8vo, London, 1730.
112 *d* 37. Freemasonry: The Secret History of Freemasonry. 8vo, London, 1775 (?).
704 *g* 19. Anderson, J.: Constitutions of Free and Accepted Masons by John Noorthouck. 4to, London, 1784.
704 *f* 30. Oliver, G.: The History of Initiation. 3 Courses of Lectures. 8vo, London, 1829.

BENEFICIENTIA.

GO as thou art, plain verse of mine,
Thy language clothes a thought;
Welcome or not, go forth to find
Thy place, though unbesought.
No potent voice,
No numbers choice,
To fascinate are thine—
Yet mutely go,
Thou may'st reflow,
Gladly, in coming time, chance line.

The pen and mind, as fellow-friends,
Together may avail
To move aright, and make amends
Wherein all else might fail.
Their patient dint
Perchance imprint
A moral well worth note—
Exemplar high
To multiply
For good, in God's own day, remote.

As touched by alchemistic wand,
Like ores in secret mine,
The crudities from spirit bond,
Transmute and precious shine—

When but His fire
Our souls inspire,
His Holy Will exalts,
And human *Wrongs*—
Vindictive thongs—
Finds naught to scourge us for *its* fault.

Forth! then, fruit of the present hour,
Like rays of living light,
With all thou hast of living power,
Pierce some dark place of night!
In kindly cheer,
Afar or near,
Speak as thou dost to me!—
And, prayerful, plead
That Heaven's meed
May crown our life *eternally*.

REV. HENRY G. PERRY, M.A.

OUTLINE OF A MASONIC LECTURE ON MASONRY IN JAPAN IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

I ASPIRE only to introduce this subject as being one of some interest to the Craft in this country, and the following remarks are merely intended to be suggestive to the more experienced brethren, who may have opportunities to investigate this matter.

I find nothing worthy of attention previous to the arrival of foreigners in Japan, early in the sixteenth century; but in searching for material with which to elaborate some notes I have gathered during the decade that I have passed in Japan, I have met many peculiar facts upon which I have formed the following theory.

Towards the latter end of the sixteenth century, the great power that the Jesuits wielded had drawn down upon them the jealousy and illwill of other sects, which finally culminated in their expulsion from Japan.

About this period the foreigners who visited or resided in Japan had greatly increased, and consisted of men of various European nations, and what more likely that there were amongst these many Masons, and that they should not only establish lodges, but that many natives would be initiated into the mysteries of the Craft.

The position of foreigners in this country three hundred years ago was not the same as that of to-day; they were not there "on sufferance," despised and watched, but were treated as honoured guests, and associated with the highest in the land, on an equal footing, aye, and intermarried with daughters of the nobles of the land, who were not despised after by their own countrymen for so doing, as is the case nowadays. The children of these marriages and the other native relatives would doubtless be the first to be initiated into the craft, and soon a large number of brethren would exist sufficiently numerous to combine, if necessary, for mutual protection.

It is my opinion that the Jesuits excited the powerful opposition of the Masonic body, and that the decline of the Ashikager line of Shoguns gave them

opportunity to gain great influence with the administration of Nabornager, Hide-yoshi, and Iye-yasu, 1575 *et seq.*

The astute natives would soon perceive that here was a powerful coalition, that admitted to its ranks men of various creeds; that held "charity and good works" as its leading tenet; that the members were liberal, intelligent, and good members of society; and, that, moreover, the strict secrecy that surrounded the society gave greater power to the principal leaders.

Here was something that might be judiciously used as an offset to the scheming priests, a medium between the borrze and the Jesuit, and is it not most probable that this alone would induce the far-seeing Iye-yasu to attempt to penetrate the secrets of the craft, with a hope to mould its influence to his own ends? Finding it impossible to have full sway, that the craft was not so plastic as to be induced to prostitute its power to the political uses of a tyrant usurper, no doubt it would likewise become a mark for persecution, and become involved in the general downfall and expulsion of Christians.

A large number would however still remain. Unlike Christian worship, Masonry does not call for public observance of its rites, and for generations the craft would continue to exist, men would be able to make known to one another that there was a common bond between them, although hitherto perfect strangers, or know how to make known their prior claim to help in time of need, and many of the Japanese tales of those troubled days contain passages that fully bear out my theory on this point.

By carefully studying the punishments introduced about this time, the professor of Christianity will recognize that crucifixion became the most degrading species of judicial torture and execution, at the time that the Takugawa regime persecuted and uprooted Christainity, degrading the emblem of the creed to the lowest depths.

A Master Mason will likewise study judicial suicide and some other modes of capital punishment with no little interest. What applies to crucifixion might as well apply to the penal code of the Craft: an attempt might have been made to degrade the Order, but it may have been partially foiled by some influential craftsman who would be eager to remedy the evil caused by some brother to the Order. (Further particulars cannot be put in writing for judicious reasons).

There are numerous stories of the Japanese during the latter part of the seventeenth and begining of eighteenth century of mysterious documents carefully preserved in secret by the natives—precious heirlooms. Several of these are matters of history, and there is evidence to support my theory that these documents were most likely the more important vouchers of the Masonic Lodges, warrants, lists of affiliated brethren, etc., and in some instances the certificates of ancestors.

In a country like this, where the risk of fire is so great that every person considers seven years the average duration between being burnt out of house and home, besides the thorough system of espionage, it would be most difficult to preserve secretly any large collection of documents—this is even proved by the great rarity of *bona fide* Buddhist or of Sinto documents of old date.

Had the documents I allude to have been other than those connected with the proscribed creed, there would have been no occasion for concealment, and there could hardly have been any paper of importance connected with religion that would have created so much commotion as that document found on the person of an old woman who was crucified at Osaka during the early part of the present century.

Not having the qualifications in Masonry, and, therefore, not the experience necessary to pursue this subject as deeply as I could wish, I must leave it for the present in the hands of the elder brethern.

(The above was written in Japan some time back.—C. P.)

THE LEVEL AND THE SQUARE.

OUR Masonic poet, Robert Morris, has given us, as from a perennial fountain, more than three hundred effusions in form of odes and poems; but none wear so well with old admirers, none secure so speedily the favour of the newly-initiate, as his conception of August, 1854, which has "gone through all the earth" under the name of "The Level and the Square." It is the Masonic song of the age, tending to the immortal.

Eighteen years since, Bro. George Oliver, D.D., eminent above all others in English Masonry, and the Masonic writer for all time, said of this piece:—"Bro. Morris has composed many fervent, eloquent, and highly-poetic compositions—songs that will never die,—but in 'The Level and the Square' he has breathed out his depths of feeling, fervency, and pathos, with brilliancy and vigour of language, and expressed his faith in the immortal life beyond the grave."

We meet upon the LEVEL, and we part upon the SQUARE:
What words sublimely beautiful those words Masonic are!
Come, let us contemplate them—they are worthy of a thought;
On the very walls of Masonry the sentiment is wrought.

We meet upon the LEVEL, though from every station come—
The rich man from his mansion, and the labourer from his home;
For the rich must leave his princely state outside the Mason's door,
While the labourer feels himself a *man* upon the Checkered Floor.

We act upon the PLUMB—'tis the order of the GUIDE;
We walk upright in virtue's way, and lean to neither side;
TH' ALL-SEEING EYE that leads our hearts will bear us witness true
That we still try to honour God and give each man his due.

We part upon the SQUARE, for the world must have its due;
We mingle in the haunts of men, but keep our manhood true;
But the influence of our gatherings is always fresh and green,
And we long, upon the LEVEL, to renew the happy scene.

There's a world where *all are equal*—we are hurrying toward it fast;
We shall meet upon the LEVEL there, when the gates of death are past.
We shall stand before THE ORIENT, and THE MASTER will be there,
Our works to try, our lives to prove, by HIS unerring SQUARE.

We shall meet upon the LEVEL there, but nevermore depart:
There's a MANSION, bright and glorious, set for the "pure in heart;"
There's a MANSION and a welcome, and a multitude is there
Who in this world of sloth and sin did act upon the SQUARE.

Let us meet upon the LEVEL, then, while labouring patient here,
Let us meet and let us labour, though the labour is severe.
Already in the western sky the signs bid us prepare
To gather up our WORKING-TOOLS and part upon the SQUARE.

Hands round, ye Royal Brotherhood, close in the Golden Chain:
We part upon the SQUARE below, to meet in Heaven again.
Each link that has been broken *here* shall be united *there*,
And none be lost around the THRONE who've acted on the SQUARE.

Periodically published in Masonic journals, quoted in a thousand orations, seen in fragments in innumerable epitaphs, musically wedded to sixteen airs, declaimed by travelling performers, and embodied in many "Gems of Reading," this effusion deserves, best of all, to herald our sketch of The Well Spent Life.

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

No. 80.—Vol. VII. FEBRUARY, 1880. Price 6d.

THE RECORDS OF AN ANCIENT LODGE.

BY. W. FRED. VERNON, P.M. NO. 58, S.C.

BELIEVING that anything which tends to throw a light upon the ancient working of the Craft must be of more or less interest to the brethren generally, we have for some time past devoted our leisure to the ransacking of lodge records whenever or wherever they could be obtained. The results of some of our investigations in connection with the Lodge of Kelso, whose records date from 1701, and the Lodge of Yetholm, which was started in the ever-memorable year of 1745, have already appeared in these pages and in the *Scottish Freemason*, in which we are now giving extracts from the minute books of the Lodge of St. Ebbe, No. 70 on the roll of Scottish lodges, whose admirably kept records date from 1757. In the present series of papers we purpose giving extracts from the minute book of a lodge which claims to be one of the oldest lodges in Scotland. Bro. Murray Lyon, in his admirable work, the "History of the Lodge of Edinburgh," says truly that "The Scotch are less ambitious than the English in their ascription of remote antiquity to the introduction of the Masonic Fraternity into their country. While their southern neighbours," he says "hold it to have been organized at York, in the time of Athelstane, A.D. 926, Scottish Freemasons are content to trace their descent from the builders of the Abbeys of Holyrood, Kelso, Melrose, and Kilwinning, the Cathedral of Glasgow, and other ecclesiastical fabrics of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries." If, in the absence of documentary evidence, we were to accept the dates of the erection of these ecclesiastical buildings as the dates of the introduction of Masonry into the various districts of Scotland, and the lodges now representing these districts were to take rank accordingly, it would be found that Kelso stood first, Edinburgh second, Melrose third, and Kilwinning fourth. Kelso Abbey was finished and solemnly dedicated to St. Mary and St. John on the 2nd of May, 1128, the year Holyrood was begun, while Melrose was not erected till 1136, and Kilwinning till 1140. Upon the roll of Scottish lodges, however, Kilwinning stands as No. 0, Edinburgh No. 1, Kelso No. 58, and Melrose, not having ownedfealty to the Grand Lodge, has no standing—is, in fact, unrecognised. It is from the records of this unrecognised lodge that we purpose making extracts. There are very few lodges, either in England or Scotland, which can produce documentary evidence of having been in existence over two hundred years; but this the lodge under con-

sideration can do, and while we regret the position it occupies in, or rather out of, the Masonic world, we cannot but reverence it for its antiquity when we remember that its records date in almost unbroken succession from the year 1674 down to the present time.

We are aware that the field which we are now gleaning has been previously gone over by other Masonic gatherers; but as we have never seen the result of their researches, and believing that there are many similarly situated with ourselves, we now lay before the readers of the *Masonic Magazine* what we have been able to pick up. Even in a well gleaned field the latest searcher may pick up a few handsful of grain which lay unnoticed by those who had preceded him. That such is the case in the present instance we have strong reason to believe, as, in looking over the old documents of Melrose Lodge, the first which arrested our attention was a copy of the ancient charges, which appears to have been overlooked by others. A verbatim copy of this charge we had the pleasure of sending to Bro. Hughan, who published it in the last number of this magazine.

It is worthy of note that the place of meeting of this old lodge, down to the year 1743, was not at Melrose, but at Newstead, or Neusteid as it is called in the old documents. It is situated on the right bank of the Tweed, about a mile east from Melrose, and stands upon part of the Roman station of *Trimontium*. It was the *stead* of the abbey founded by David I., and it was situated about midway between the two religious houses of *Mailros* and *Melros*. As there is a great similarity in the names of these two religious houses, and the one is apt to be confounded with the other, we think a short account of the former will not be out of place here.

Mailros was established by Aidan, Bishop of Lindisfarne, in the year 636, in the reign of Oswald, King of Northumbria; Coldingham, Tyningham, and Abercorn, belonging to the same episcopate, were founded not long after. The first Abbot was *Eata*, selected by Aidan himself, and under him St. Boisil, or Boswell,* was Prior, and it was while these holy men held office, in the year 651, that the famous St. Cuthbert became an inmate of the monastery of Mailros, in which he succeeded to the office of Prior on the death of Prior Boisil in 664. The monastery was burned by Kenneth II., in 839, but was rebuilt not long after. From 1098 down to 1136 Mailros continued a dependency of Coldingham, when David I. exchanged the church of St. Mary of Berwick for it, and annexed it to his house of Melros which he had founded about two miles farther up the Tweed. It was at the village of Newstead, which lay half-way between these two religious houses, that the lodge held its meetings. When they first held them there is nothing now to prove, but from the fact that the lodge was large and flourishing in the middle of the seventeenth century, and that reference is made to former years of which the minute book contains no record, we can safely claim for it the indefinate antiquity of an existence from "time immemorial."

Like most of these ancient minute books, the want of chronological continuity is very confusing, and one has to be very careful in the search for a continuous journal of the transactions of the lodge. The minute book, which is a small quarto volume, contains 284 pages, from page 1 to 233 being numbered in regular order, but on the last-named page, after the number, we find the following notice:—"Turn to the beginning of this side of this Book," which being done by turning the book upside down, and beginning at the end, we find the first page after the fly leaf numbered as 234, and then regularly numbered for the following fifty pages, until we come again to the bottom of page 233, where the break occurred. But although the pages are thus regularly numbered, the minutes are by no means regularly entered; sometimes they are at one end of the book and sometimes at the other, and

* From whom the picturesque village of St. Boswells, situated about three miles from Melrose, takes its name.

one page will sometimes contain entries of various dates, while again several pages contain entries under the same date. For instance, on the very first page, where one would naturally expect to find the first entry, there are several entries, or rather memoranda, but the most conspicuous is a line in large characters across the whole page thus—

neufteid the 13 of Januarie 1678.

This, of course, is misleading, but a glance at the page shows that it has been used for scribbling purposes, and for the casting up of sums, one memorandum bearing the date 1686, the others being undated; in fact, one of them, evidently much older than the date above given, runs thus :—

" at melrois ye day of
reseived from W^m draw —— nist — 04 — ii — 8
and for ye einglyshe monnie — 03 — 03 — 6
Souma 7 — 15 —02
and of that guven out to robert mein master
and —— —— 3 — 5 — 0 (4 — 9 — 0"

On the following page (2) the entry is dated 1729, and on page 3 there are two entries of the respective dates 1679 and 1682; but on page 4 there is what is no doubt the earliest entry in this book, which runs as follows :—

" 28 dcr 1674.— The s^d day it is ordained be the voyce of the lodge y^t no M^r should tak aprentice undr seven yeirs being bound, as also it was condecendet on, y^t w^n any aprentise is entered they most give aught—pund Scotts for meit & drink & fortie Shilling Scotts for the use of the box, by & allow y^m suficient gloves.

" mair the forsd day it was condescendet on y^t w^n ever a prentice is mad frie mason he must pay four pund Scotts w^ch four pund Scotts is to be stowet at the pleasour of the lodge, by and allow y^m sufficient gloves, and it is also condescendet of by thes afordsds y^t no prentise nor fellow craft shall be receved bot on Saint Jou's day, heir after the forsd day."

The opposite page (5) is occupied by a drawing representing two pairs of compasses interlaced upon a shield. As the ground is painted blue and the compasses yellow, they might be described as compasses or, saltier-wise upon a field azure. Three of the compartments thus formed are ornamented by a trefoil with irregular stem. The colour is laid on very thick and smudgy, and is not in keeping with the drawing, which is very carefully executed. The back of this (page 6) is blank. Page 7 contains entries for 1681, but for the next in chronological order we must turn back to page 3 where, we find the following :—

" Upon the tuentie siven day of dec^r 1679 a serten number of Measons hath told siventin pund four shillen 8 penis scotts in the boxe be Longing to the measons witnessed be Robert Bunye Jo^n Mein townheid, Allx^r Mein, Thomas Bunye mester And Ro^bt Mein tounheid witness y^r And^w mein Boxe Liaster acceptd under his hand viz——

" All this being found after the expense was taken out it being at night

" Alex^r. Mein	witnes	Andrew Mein	accopt
Johne Mein	witnes	John Mein	accopt
Robet Mein	witnes	Rob^t Bunye	witnes
Thomas bunye	wines "		

The minutes next in order we find at the end of the book, on page 236; they are as follows :—

" Neusteid ye 27 of December 1680

" John turnbull was entered ye forsd day James mein son to alex^r was entered ye fors^d day be John mein osler his master John houlet In Dalkeith was entered ye fors^d day be David mein masson in Dalkeith his master

" (signed) David mein "

And on page 245 the following, of same date :—

" The 27 of dece^r 1680

" Ef^tir the Boxmaistres accompts wer takine in. Ther was ffound in the Box ffyftie marks Scotts as is declared be Androw mein m^r masone Alex^r Mein wardine, wittnesses George Hall, Thomas Bunyie and John Men in Westersoftlaw

"(signed) Andro mein
Alex^{r} mein
George Hall wittnes
Thomas bunyie wittnes
Jo: Mein witnes

"Off the above writn ffyftie merks, payed out to Johne mein osler*——— the soume of Sevine pund, thrie shillings Scotts qr of the s^{d} Jo^{n} discharge the Boxm^{r} as witnes his hand day and year fors^{d} "(signed) John Mein"

Page 7 contains the following entries:—

"Upon St. John's day being the twentie seiven day of december——fourscor and Ane yeir Jo^{n} Bunye sone Law^{ll} to Robirt was entered and Received fr[ee] to the tread And Robert Bunye his father his master And

"Lykways the s^{d} day Jo^{n} Bunye sone Law^{ll} to Jo^{n} Bunye elder is entered and Receivet—into the tread and the fors^{d} Robert Bunye is his Master And Alex^{r} Mein sone Law^{ll} to Andrew Mein elder is bound and obliged to be cationer for him for his Continuing Remaining w^{t} his master Alex^{r} Mein"

"27 of December 1681 It was found yat James mein sone to James Mein in Dalketh was entred at Dalketh and not on ye 27 of december wher for they are to be anserable for it ye next St John's Day 1682"

There is no reference to this irregularity in the minutes for 1682, and the entries under that date are very meagre, and are to be found at the end of the book on page 236, between memoranda for 1680 and 1685; they are as follows:—

"Neusteid 27 december 1682
"Thomas mein was entered and Robert Bunye was his Mester"
"Neusted 27 dec^{r} 1682
"Georg tullie was enterd and Georg bell was his master"

We cannot find any entry for 1683, but upon page 238 is one for the following year:—

"At Neusteid the† day of december 1684 it is fastlie compted be the measons in the lodge of melros what the trou expence of the building of the loft and seat in the kirk of melros is the wholl soume is 242^{lb} 13^{s} 6^{d} I say tua hundrith ffortie tuo pund thretin shillin six penis"

On the fly-leaf at the end of the book is the following memorandum, written in very faint characters:—

"29 dec^{r} 1684 ther is in 16 s^{n} 2^{d} in the box"

And these two entries comprise all we can find in the minute book for this year. For the following year there are two or three entries scattered up and down the book; for instance, there is one on page 12 as follows:—

"December 28 1685

"Given out to John mein osler upon ye fors^{d} day of December for meat & Drink & making of it readie	ls 11	Sh 0	D 10"

This is the first mention we have of these old brethren "keeping the feast of the good Saint John," but we find several entries of the same nature following. On page 236 there is a nearly obliterated minute or memorandum of the same date, as follows:—

"28 December 1685
Patrick Steven entred & Georg falk was his Master
Thomas mein & John mein was his Master
——— & Richard mein his Master."

Again, on page 238 we find another entry for this date,

	lb	S	D
"December 28 1685 The fors^{d} Day y^{r} was laid in to ye box of money	21	00	00"

The next in chronological order is on page 19, and is to this effect—

"Neusteid ye 27 of December 1686 yeirs
"The whlk day we under Subscriband in name and behalf of ye rest of ye massons finding ye truble y^{t} we have had in tyme bygain y^{t} the thesaurer had In not getting readie

* Obliterated in original. † Blank in original.

money when prentices comes in & others y^t^ is past frie to ye trade viz doo all consent herwy^t^ alow & ordain y^t^ none be receivet after this day forsd w^t^out readie money [*or suficient caution found for ye money] laid douen ye s^d^ tyme when they are entred as witness our hands

	"Andro Mein
Thomas bunye	Alex^r^ Mein
John Mein	Robert Bunye
fide Willson	
Robert Golatter	John Mein
John Fow	John Mein yr
Andro ——	daved Mein
Androw Mein	Robert L——
John Mein	Robert Mein
George Gullie	John Counye"

In another part of the book we find this short memorandum of same date,

"Dec^r^ 27 1686
John Mein son to John Mein tounheid was entred ye for^sd^ day & his father cautioner for him."

Upon page 8 the following for the next year—

"27 of December 1687 given to thomas ormiston for keeping of ye seat	— 01 — 00 — 00
Mair ye fors^d^ Day to John Mein Osler for Meat & Drink & tobacco.	— 07 — 17 — 06
Mair for paper	— 00 — 00 — 06
Suma . .	— 08 — 18 — 00
Item y^r^ was resting of money in ye box . . .	13 — 00 — 02"

The above is another evidence of the old brethren keeping the *feast* of St. John.† There are many other entries to the same effect.

Upon the same page we find the following :—

" 25 of ianuarie 1688 reseveid fra John Mein toun heid the soum of ten pund Scotes conform to his ticket that he reseved wh the s^d^ day."

" May 2d 1688. Recevit fra andro mein elder ye soume of eleven pound Scots according to his ticket which was lying in ye box & Delivered to him ye same Day"

" 27 of December 1688
received fra robert Currie elder 4 pund four shillin Scotes the fors^d^ day recivied fra Mungo Park nin pund sixten shillin Scotes 27 Dec^r^ 89 he pay^d^: 1 — 4 — 0 fra robert Mein four pund four shillin Scotes fra Georg tully four pund ten shilin Scotes."

Page 9 contains entries for 1690 and 1703, but the following occur on page 12 :—

" 27 December 1688	lbs	S	d
Given out to John Mein osler upon the for sd day of desember for our dener and his pains for making it redie	13	— 04	— 02
And to the lad for keipein of the set in the kirk . .	02	— 00	— 0"

" 27 December 1688
At six aclock at night the soum of fortie thrie pund fiuentin shilling twa pence Scots money and four shilin Scotes for his b[r]oken mony aloud in the box the forsd day.
the forsd day reseived fra Andro trumbil the all by gon annill rentes for his ticket counted in with the said soum
Soumae . . . . . 44 — 01 — 02
all which deliuered in to the box befor witneses."

---

* The words placed within brackets are inserted in the margin in the orginal.

† It may interest some of our readers to know that the members of this old lodge still keep the festival of St. John the Evangelist religiously, when they have a torch-light procession through the town of Melrose to the ruins of the beautiful abbey, which they illuminate with coloured fire, having special permission from the superior, His Grace the Duke of Buccleuch, to do so, and afterwards dining together. We believe the procession on last St. John's day, Saturday, the 27th of December, 1879, was much smaller than usual, owing to the severity of the weather; still, over one hundred members mustered in spite of the elements, marched to the abbey, and dined in the Corn Exchange.

The entries for the year 1689 are very short, there being all we can find under this date :—

"27 decr 1689 Received from Andru turnbull 85 the a rent of 6 lbs Scots and discharges him"

"27 decr 1689
put in the boxe thirtie six pund
Item Recived in tickets thretie siven pund
Summa of what is wt in the box of money and tickets on this day being the 27 decr 1689 73lb 0s 3d"

and for 1690 the following :—

"27th decr 1690 told and put in the box of money furst	19 : 17 : 4
And of tickits the fd day put in the boxe	38 : 3 : 0
The totall is	58 : 0 : 4"
"Nota for fynes in 27 decr 1690, viz	
Jon Hislop for his Living the Compine without Live.	0 — 3 — 4
Wm deancks	0 — 3 — 4"

The following is rather a remarkable entry, and must have been written after dinner :

"27 decr 1690 fd is votted that everie meason that takes the place in the kirk befor his elder broyr is a grait ase
27 decr 1690 in St Jons day found in the box of money besyd what was befor taken out — 32 — 07 — 0"

We will conclude this instalment by giving the records for the years 1691 and 1698 :—

"Monday the 27 Decr 1691 told and put in the boxe of money first twellve pund And of cards and tickets viz

Obligatn be Thos Bunye	11 : 0 : 0
Obligatn be James Mein Dalkith	29 : 10 : 0
Obligatn be James Mein brigend	06 : 00 . 0
Obligatn be Andro Mein	11 : 00 : 0
Obligatn be Jon Mein tounheid elder	12 : 00 : 0
Ticket be Andro turnbull	06 : 00 : 0
Ticket be Jon Reink	04 : 10 : 0
Ticket be Tho Mein Tounheid	04 : 10 : 0
Obligatn be Jon Mein	16 : 00 : 0
Obligatn be Jon Bouar	10 : 00 : 0
Ticket be Andro Willson	01 : 03 : 0
Obligatn be Andro Leithen	11 : 00 : 0
Obligatn be James Mein byrs	11 : 00 : 0
X Robert Buney's bond.	X05 : 00 : 0
	113 : 13 : 0"

"And not of those that have payd ther arents for ther tickits till this day being the 27 decr 1692 viz

Jon Renie	0 — 5 — 6
Thomas Bunye	0 — 13 — 2
Jon Mein elder	0 — 14 — 4
Andro Litkin	0 — 13 — 2
James Mein bridgend	0 — 07 — 2
Jon Bouay	0 — 12 — 0
Robert Bounye & and James Mein	0 — 14 — 0
John Mein Cudibuts	0 — 13 — 2"

In our next we will give a copy of an interesting document of date 1675, and continue the extracts from the minute book.

(To be continued.)

TARSHISH; ITS MODERN REPRESENTATIVE.

BY BROTHER H. BRITTAIN, F.R.HIS.S.

(Concluded from page 282.)

LET us now refer to Moore's "History of Ireland," published in Dr. Lardner's "Cyclopædia." Moore says (vol i., p. 85):—"Ptolemy's map of Ireland marks Ivernis, or Hybernis, as chief city of the Iverni, dwelling in the district comprised between part of Cork and that part of Kerry lying between the Promontorium Austrinum, or Mizen Head, and the river Kenmare, anciently called Iernus."

On the north-west coast of Spain is another river, known as Ierne, and a promontory, Ierne.

From pages 7 and 8, vol. i., of Moore's history, it can be gathered that Festus Avienus gave an account of the voyage of Himilco, left in one of the temples of Carthage. This account, still existent in the 4th century, states that Himilco sailed northwards, along the shores of Spain, to the Æstrumonides, or tin isles. Hiberni and Albion are named. The commerce carried on by the people of Gades with the tin isles is named, and he states that the husbandmen or planters of Carthage, as well as her common people, went to those isles. This implies that permanent colonies had been founded there. This expedition is placed before the reign of Alexander the Great.

Bochart says the Phœnicians called Ireland *our-nae* (Hebrew), that is, *ultima habitatio*, and that Albin implies the East. Athœnus writes "that Phileas, of Taurominuim, was in Britain 160 years before Cæsar." Gades is named in a poem of Taliessin (the appeasing of Ludd) as Gafis.

> "A numerous race, fierce they are said to have been,
> Were thy original colonists, Britain, first of isles;
> Natives of a country in Asia and the country of Gafis,
> Said to have been a skilful people."

Is Gabis a capital of Gabaza, a province of Usbek Tartary?

As connecting Britain and Spain, let us note that Evora or Eboracum was York, and Evora is to be found in Portugal; that Brigantea, the country of the Brigantes, was in Yorkshire. Brigantia is also to be found in Portugal.

To bring our notices of this part of Phœnician knowledge of distant countries to a conclusion. According to the statement in Ezekiel xxvii., 12, tin was known at Tyre B.C. 600. Herodotus states that the Phœnicians had discovered mines in Samothracia. He also mentions the Cassiteredes and the river Eridanus, from whence amber came. Larches says this river is the Rhodaune, which empties itself into the Vistuala, near Dantzic.

"The strong city Tyre" is mentioned in Joshua (xix., 29). And tin is mentioned as one of the spoils of the Midianites (Numbers xxxi., 22). So early are we led to conclude that Tyrian enterprise and commerce had found its way into the distant isles. In a recent number of "The Jewish World," a paragraph appeared giving an inscription found in Northumberland (near South Shields, we believe), in which the name of a Palmyrene was found. The Venerable Bede died possessed of pepper, cimamon, and frankincense. Volney, in his travels (vol. ii.), says the trade of Palmyra extended to India and the East Indies. The builder of Tadmor or Palymra was Solomon, the wise Master-builder.

The name Phœnicia appears, according to one author, to have its origin in the far East. From the work "India in Greece," by E. Pococke, we glean the following remarks: "In Afghanistan, district of Bhini-Badam, near Logurh, is *Saidan*. The first inhabitants were the Phainicas;" and to show that emigrants from hence carried the names of their parent country with them, gives instances, from which we select a few: "In Canaan, Acho—Acho, on a branch of the Indus, near Basham, in the North of Cashmier; in Canaan, the river Kishon, *Carmel*, and Dor; in the Punjaub, the river Kishon or Kishen-gunga—river Dor on the west and Carmel a little to the south; in Canaan, Megiddo; in India, Magadha; in Greece, Makedonia. In Canaan and Afghanistan we have Gaza, Dan, and Gad: in Canaan, Cabul; and the same in the Punjaub."

A strong support for the above, and also for the assertion that the ancient nations were not so ignorant of the various continents as is presumed, will be found in a valuable paper by Hyde Clarke, Esq., in the Royal Historical Society's Transactions (vol vi.); article, "On the Epoch of Hittite, Khita, Hamath, Canaanite, Lydian, Etruscan, Peruvian, Mexican, etc." Most valuable comparative tables are given by him to show how closely linked these various peoples must have been. To do justice to them copious extracts should be given; but this we cannot do. He says: "It was from India, and not from Babylonia, that we may, as said, assume that the stream of civilisation passed toward the Pacific; and in India will yet be found the origin and remains of early letters, the influence of which to this day will still be recognised." In Sanscrit gold is Makshika; compare Mexico.

Take the name *Carmel*, in the Punjaub Carmel; in Canaan, Carmel; in Cappadocia, Asia Minor, Carmala; in Greece, Cromi (Arcadia); in Italy, Cremona; in Spain, Karme (Luntanca). Or Sidon, in Canaan; Saidan, in Afghanistan; Sidena, in Asia Minor, Lycia; Sithonia, in Greece (Macedonia). Compare Erech (Genesis x.) with Arica of Peru; Calneh with Calanoche of Peru; Ninue, or Nineveh, with Unanue of Peru; Calah with Colacote, Peru; and Resen with Charasan, Peru. River names, as well as others, are given, which can be identified with names occurring in New Granada (South America), India, Italy, Greece, Spain, Britain, Hibernia, and Asia Minor.

The ancient geographers must have been acquainted with Australia and the Australian islands, although their knowledge was lost by their successors.

Is it not a strange coincidence that the rendering of Isaiah xli., 12, in the Vulgate, is "et ecce illi et aquilone, et mari, et isti de verva *australi*" the Southern land?

Let us now, as a link, also, to connect various districts together, take up another phase of this subject of Phœnicia.

Godfrey Higgins, Esq., in his "Celtic Druids" (p. 117), gives an engraving of a Phœnician coin, brought from Citium, by Dr. Clarke. The one side has on it engraved "the lamb;" the reverse, the "rosary and the cross." Coins from Marathus in Phœnicia, from Cyprus, Cilicia, and Lycia, present, in addition to the usual ansate cross, the equal-armed cross. Upon Phœnician vases also, and stone monuments, frequently in Asia Minor and also upon the coins of Philistine Gaza is the sacred cross sign, Swastika. "The monuments of the Assyrians, Persians, Phœnicians, and peoples of Asia Minor, display a yet simpler cruciform figure as a religious emblem, occurring partly alone, partly in combination with others." The Budhists of India used the Swastika cross; "mostly, indeed, in a somewhat curved type." The Labarum cross of ancient Bactria, as it appears on coins of the Bactrian king Hippostratus (circ. A.C. 130) is pretty much the same as that on the coins of Constantine the Great.

"Upon urns and vases of ancient Etruria, as well as in the neighbouring districts of Upper Italy, it is well known that cruciform characters have been observed." "Upon a mortuary urn of Etruscan work, discovered, remarkably enough, at Shropham (Norfolk)," also. In varied forms, upon coins of the

anient Gauls, shown from the neighbourhood of Bourges, of Arthenay, and of Choisy-le-Roi, the cruciform or wheel-shaped signs occur. The sign of the god Thor contains the Swastika symbol. For much information bearing farther upon the subject of the Cross, see Zoeckler's "The Cross of Christ," edited by the Rev. Maurice J. Evans, B.A., to which we are indebted.

The T symbol of the Druids, marked upon trees, is well known to us. Then in the opposite quarter of the globe we have the cross of the Incas of Peru, and the cross in Yucatan.

In a work entitled "The Lost Ten Tribes, etc.," by Dr. Moore, we find an engraving approaching the Royal arms of England. It is taken from the gates of the large tope at Sanchi, or Sachi. We may plainly see on it the cross of St. George, the shield of Britannia, the star-spangled banner, and the lion and unicorn (so named). The shield of Britannia and the lion are Buddhist symbols. The prototypes of the lion and unicorn may be seen crouching at the feet of Budha, as he sits on his marble throne, at the entrance of the vast rock Temple of Ajanta.

Yes, the conclusion to which we have arrived at is, that Tarshish is now represented by the British Isles. The energy, commerce, and enterprise of the old Tarshish flag is still in being, under the "Union Jack" of Great Britain. Tyre, itself fell, because it forgot its true mission was to exalt its Architect and Builder, God, and not itself. Its heart was uplifted because of its riches. Full of beauty and wisdom and understanding, it was as the garden of God. Perfect from the days of her creation until iniquity was found in her. To her antitype of these days the same mission was given. Shall the commerce and wisdom He gave bring on us the same result? Let us see more to it, that the foundation be built indeed on brotherly love, religion, and truth, more and more, until the perfect day, when the Sun of Righteousness shall arise with healing in His wings.

But there is another phase of Tyrian life which must not be overlooked, this, too, an important one, namely, its union with Israel.

From the time of Joshua, in which it was spoken of as "the strong city," through its varied career to its downfall, we do not find it as an opponent of Israel. As a coadjutor, through it Israel had to blossom and bud, and fill the earth with fruit. The same power that smote Israel smote Tyre, and sent them into confusion among the nations.

It was to the same Lord, the God of Israel, that the wise master-builders of Israel's first Temple turned. Alienation and forgetfulness of the foundation they first held in right and truth, brought to their successors, each alike, sore punishment. To the second Temple, each alike contributed its share of work; again, to fall, to rise no more?

Looking forward into the future, the Psalmist of Israel wrote "The kings of Tharshish and of the isles shall being presents."

And the seer of Israel could cry aloud—

> "Surely the isles shall wait for me,
> And the ships of Tarshish first,
> To bring thy sons from far,
> Their silver and their gold with them,
> Unto the name of the Lord thy God,
> And to the Holy One of Israel,
> Because he glorifieth thee."

In that attempt of Gog, prince of Rosh, Meshech, and Tubal to take possession of the mountains of Israel, recovered and occupied once more, we find Tarshish opposing him face to face. How significant the passage "Sheba, and Dedan, and the merchants of Tarshish, with all their young lions, will say to thee, Art thou come to take spoil? Hast thou gathered thy company to take prey, to carry away silver and gold, to take away cattle and goods, to take great spoil?" For Israel; not against Israel. Are Israel and

Tarshish to be found as one? Now it seemeth we look through a glass darkly, then, to be known as we are known. The whole house of Israel are Judah and Ephraim, not vexing, or vexed at, each other any more. If it be true that this nation of ours represents, or contains within its ample folds, covering so many fair regions of the earth, the house of Israel, then it may be well said—

"Oh, Britain! thou who art so great and free,
As oft thy children vaunt, and foes confess,
Think that thy might was not conceded thee
To scorn thine elder sister and oppress.
No; 'twas to aid, acknowledge her, and bless:
For God hath fixed her dwelling-place apart,
And given her gifts that thou dost not possess;
Hurt not her shieldless form with envious dart,
But bear her by thy side with nobly generous heart."

So mote it be.

THE SOUTHERN SCOURGE.

Masonic Charity.

BY CAPT. SAM. WHITING.

A WAIL is borne upon the breeze,
Men hear it and aghast they stand;
It sweeps across our inland seas
And o'er our Western prairie land.

We hear of scores of dauntless men,
And women, too—God bless the dears!
Who sought the sufferers' bed, and then
Reliev'd their pains and dried their tears.

While Yellow Fever's pois'nous breath
O'erwhelmed our Southern land with woe,
Scores of our brethren sank in death
'Mid terrors that we ne'er may know.

Forth to the van that brotherhood,
Whose charities are world-renowned,
Came forward and unflinching stood,
While yet a suff'rer could be found.

Oh! laurels won on fields like these,
How more enduring far than those
By bloodshed gain'd on lands or seas,
Where men in deadly conflict close!

"We know no South, we know no North,"
This motto teach Columbia's youth;
And speed our glorious watchword forth
"Fraternal Love, Relief, and Truth."

THE MORAL AND RELIGIOUS ORIGIN OF FREEMASONRY.

Of its Mission and the Positive Epoch of its Material Institution.

By Count S. de Giorgi Bertola, Knight of Christ and Member of Freemasonry according to the French and Scottish Rites.

TRANSLATED BY N. E. KENNY.

(Concluded from page 305.)

THE most subtle theologians could not resist or refute our arguments, which are nothing else than the practical tradition of the word of Christ; and then, too, instead of opposing us with valid or solid reasons, they have lavished upon us, and would still anew desire to inundate us with the irresistible arguments of calumny, persecution, dungeons, irons, the faggot, and the scaffold.

I have said that our doctrines are but the practical tradition of the word of Christ, and here is the proof: Three hundred years before the Christian era the initiatory schools were amongst all the peoples, the Hebrews alone having turned their backs *(ayant tourné les dos)* upon the laws of Moses, had them not. There existed amongst them, however, a sect which occupied itself with social reform; those were the Recabites. In the midst of those Christ was born. (And here I would premonish the reader against any erroneous interpretation of my opinion relative to the divinity of Jesus Christ, by protesting, beforehand, that no one more than I believes in the revelation of which Christ was the propagator, as the organ or instrument of God, whose spirit was in Him.) The spirit of the Eternal was in Him, because as to Him there was the angel (the messenger) in his face. His parents, compelled to fly into Egypt, remained there some time, and returned to their own land, leaving Jesus Christ in the Temple of Isis, wherein he had been initiated, thanks to the precocious development of his intellectual faculties.

It is a vain task to contradict what I am about to say by certain passages in the Gospels, and especially by that written by St. Luke, in which it is said that "Christ every year accompanied his parents to Jerusalem." . . Every year! Yes, but those years only which he passed amongst his people, and regarding which the Gospel believes that it can dispense with precision as to epoch or number. Contemporary historians of the Divine Master, and especially Flavius Josephus, who wrote the history of the Hebrews in the reigns of the Emperors Vespasian and Titus, declare positively that the "Nazarene" left his country as a boy, and did not return thither, nor reappear therein, until some months before his tragic end. The total absence from the world's scene of Christ during twenty years is clearly explained by the twenty years which the initiated were compelled to pass in the interior of the Temple before arriving at the grade of Master and becoming authorised to communicate with the profane. Look at it in another view, or, as English writers say, on the other hand. How could it be supposable that historians (and it was just then in the heart-time of Rome's greatest chroniclers), and even the Gospels, should have buried in profound silence the existence of twenty years of a Being so extraordinary as was the "Saviour," if he had really

lived amidst the same people amongst whom, towards the end of His course on earth, He worked so many prodigies? May it not be seen that, although I may not have on my side the historians of the epoch, their silence would not in itself confirm that which I suggest?

On His return to Palestine, at the age of thirty-two years, He set himself to go amongst the Tribes of Israel, preaching everywhere the heavenly doctrine. He soon had proselytes in crowds, to whom He spoke more often in parables, as was the custom of the school from which He came; but His parable was clear, precise, and its point had no need of explanation. This was one further step which the inspired One of the Omnipotent had made for the Order. He fell a victim for the propagation of His doctrine. After His death His disciples opened many schools. They took as the angular stone (Petros) of the edifice of the social reform the Divine Master, who the first had dared to preach publicly the mysteries to the peoples.

Persecutions were set loose against the disciples of Christ. Schism likewise supervened to increase the confusion. The fall of the Roman Empire, instead of being a fortunate event for the propagation of the true light, was simply fatal to it. The Papacy assumed its place on the broken throne of the Cæsars, and it was it (the Papacy) which adopted the most monstrous schism which could ever have existed, and which has involved so many deplorable consequences . . . . Falsification of facts, alteration of tradition, adoption of absurdities, employment of brutal force—no means, in a word, were spared by that sacrilegious court to stifle the light and uproot the society.

Beside the sepulchre of Christ there existed, since the year 1118, a military and religious Order, a severe conservator of morality, of the initiatory schools and of the tradition of the word of Jesus. This Order, of which Hugues Payens and Geffroi de S. Aldemar were the founders, assumed the title of Templars, or Knights of the Temple.

The Heresiarch of Rome, who pridefully designates himself "God upon Earth," was affrighted by the increasing power of the Templars, who in Europe alone possessed, in 1312, nine thousand brotherhoods and lordships. Clement V., of execrable memory, was not long in finding in Philip the Fair, King of France, a worthy accomplice in the extermination of the Order, ready to take possession of their wealth.

Who is ignorant of the history of this shameful persecution of the Knights Templar? What Mason who does not ceaselessly recall to memory the 13th of March, 1344—that day of blood and infamy? We recall all this with grief profound; but, at the same time, we cease not to trust in Divine Justice when we find in our memories that the Grand Master of the Templars, James Burg de Molay, from the platform of the scaffold, invoking the anger of heaven upon the persecutors and butchers of the Templars, summoned *(ajourna)* Pope Clement V. and King Philip le Bel to the tribunal of God, and that, in truth, both those wicked men died at the time predicted by their illustrious victim.

It is from that lamentable epoch that we date the material organisation of our modern Masonry. As to its spiritual origin, we derive *that* from the first initiative schools which appeared upon the earth; for, just as the Egyptian Temples were the inheritors and continuators of the primitive initiatory schools, so Christ, the Saviour of the human race—the Divine Revealer—was the Inheritor, the Continuator, and the Reformer of the mysteries of the Temple and of the Schools, in the same way as the Templars were the inheritors, continuators, and conservators of the dogmata of Christ, of the Temples and initiatory schools. So our modern Masons, being the heirs, continuers, and propagators of the doctrines of the Templars, we are enabled to trace back our origin from those up to Christ, from Christ up to the Egyptian Temples, and from those Temples up to the primitive or primal initiatory schools. In brief,

existent Masonry simply owes its origin to the first moral and religious inspiration which made iteslf understood upon this terrestial orb.

Now, if the moral origin of Masonry is henceforth incontestably fixed, it remains for us to ascertain in what manner and at what precise epoch its material institution was established.

It is now twenty-two years since I have had the honour of being a member of the two rites—Scottish and French. I have likewise been initiated into the mysteries of the Knights of the Order of Christ—an Order which is but the immediate continuation of that of the Templars, and which was, in its inception, the master-key of the Masonic Institution; and I have never ceased to inform myself, by reading works upon Masonry, as to the causes which have constituted that Order. The result of my studies upon this subject has led me to the conviction that the greater portion of our books have been simply written in frivolity and caprice, where elsewise we do not meet with the seal of ridicule and of fable. Here is the historic truth of our institution:—

After the fall of the Order of the Knights Templar, those who were not devoured by the stake or decimated by the axe dispersed amidst the various parts of Europe, concealing their existence from the eyes of all, and grieving over the catastrophe of their assassinated brethren. However, those unfortunate proscribed ones soon began to unite in small communities, and to assemble in places impenetrable to the profane. It was then that the organisation, the statutes, the mysterious watchwords, the batteries, the signs, the steps, the touches *(attouchements)*, and, in fine, that which constitutes the materiality and the ceremonial of Freemasonry, was co-ordinated, and when the first lodges of this new Order were constituted.

It is, then to the Templars—to the hunted and persecuted remnants of the proselytes of James Burg Molay—that we owe our existence; or, if it may be better expressed, it is that we Masons of to-day who are the Templars of the bye-gone. Nevertheless, it is doubtful if we should have been able to constitute ourselves into perfect communities, if, in the time even of persecution he whom, in our mysteries we designate Cirus, had not shielded us with his royal protection.

This Cirus is no other personage than the magnanimous Denis, king of Portugal, who, rejecting with indignation the Bull which the avaricious and sanguinary Clement V. had forwarded to him from Poictiers in 1308, refused to repair to the "general convocation" then being held at Vienne, in Dauphiné (France), wherein was decided the extermination of the Order of the Knights of the Temple.

Denis, who conjoined to goodness of heart a wisdom most profound, limited himself to the sequestration of the property of the Templars, with the design of restoring it in better times, and secretly protected the Knights, whom he advised to keep scattered, and on their guard against the fanatic fury of the Roman See and of the people excited everywhere against them.

In this condition of affairs he concluded with the kings of Castile and Aragon (who had at first given way to the torrent) a treaty, by which those sovereigns mutually engaged, in case of a final demolition of the Order, not to permit the Pope to dispose of the goods or property of the Templars in their States. The wisdom of this treaty made itself felt when, in 1312, the Pope bestowed the possessions of the Templars upon the Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem.

The opposition of these three combined kings made a marked impression on Clement V., and he thereupon made an exception in favour of those monarchs. This blow averted, and some other difficulties obviated, the real intentions of King Denis began to be manifested. From the time of the Bull of abolition there was nothing to do in the matter of extermination or execution in Portugal, because the Knights of the Temple had disappeared.

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all their property was in the hands of the king, who, having dismissed an administrator whom the Pope had sent him, set himself against the Hospitallers taking possession.

Pope Clement V. died, and then the Portuguese Templars reappeared. They were assigned pensions or liens on their sequestrated property; they were treated with honour and distinction, and they were permitted to assume in public acts the title of "heretofore Knight of the Temple."

John II. succeeded Clement V., and the ambassadors whom Denis sent to him carried on with the new Pope a negotiation which lasted for six years. It is most probable that this diplomacy had, on the part of the King of Portugal, the re-establishment, *pur et simple*—that is, real and in fact—of the Templars in his kingdom. Finally, at the conclusion of so prolonged a negotiation, the Court of Avignon (successive Popes had a long sojourn in this grand old place in France, for, whilst they excommunicated the monarchs of superstitious peoples, monarchs who had minds of their own used them as puppets) granted King Denis everything except the word Templar—a designation which was superfluous and not essential, since it accrued from the residence of those Knights in the neighbourhood of the Temple. It was decided that this denomination should be replaced by that of the "Knights of Christ." This was the title given to the brethren in their statute, and which they assumed, indifferently with the other, in public acts and proceedings. The Bull which approved these dispositions or settlements, was issued in 1319.

All the documents relative to what I have above advanced as to the protection of King Denis and the re-establishment of the Order of the Templars under another title, are now deposited in the royal archives of Lisbon, where I myself have read and examined them with the most critical and scrutinising attention.

Nevertheless, the Order of the Knights of Christ very soon degenerated from its primitive mission, and became little more than a religious confraternity entirely subject to the Vatican. The Order of the Knights of Christ became, even later still, a civil order, which, prodigally bestowed without discrimination or restraint, depreciated and mayhap stigmatised the Institution. But if the Templars, who reappeared in Portugal under a new constitution, degenerated from their principles, it was not the same case with those who, spread over the two hemispheres, had founded, in the time of persecution, the Masonic Institution. This Institution has been faithful to its principles. See the centuries (more than five and a half) since its institution, and how gigantically it has grown, notwithstanding the innumerable fluctuations of fortunes it has undergone, and in the midst of a social condition corrupted by the most revolting egotism. The fury of kings and the hatred of the Vatican have exhausted all their thunderbolts against the moral which we teach. Our fathers have been faithful to their sacred mission in many ages of strife and struggles, and we who are inheritors of their doctrine—although we have no longer now to battle against mere brute force—shall assail, man to man, the hideous monsters of corruption and of vice, inculcating our dogmas in the face of day, and inspiring into all the human race those sentiments of brotherhood, religion, love, tolerance, justice, kindliness, and pity which alone can lead society to that perfection for which man has been created by the GREAT ARCHITECT OF THE UNIVERSE.

MASONIC HYMNS AND ODES.

IT cannot be denied that the traditions and associations of the Craft furnish abundant material for poetic uses. Masonry has an impressive ceremony and a suggestive symbolism seemingly well calculated to invite a treatment in flowing verse. And then there are interwoven with the system deep and tender sentiments such as give force and beauty to the truest poetry. Notwithstanding all this, the poetic fancy has not been largely manifest in our Fraternity, and poets of extraordinary merit have been exceedingly rare among Craftsmen, as indeed they are in the world at large. But though Masonry may not have inspired the production of any great epics or historic poems, it has evoked a multitude of songs and hymns, good, bad, and indifferent, albeit the vast proportion of these productions, we are sorry to say, is wretchedly bad. Masonic hymnology shows a good deal of chaff with now and then a few grains of wheat. The lyric poems of the Craft are not alwas freighted with "thoughts that breathe and words that burn," nor are the ideas that enter into these songs always set to harmonious numbers. We would not disparage, however, the poetry that has been written to illustrate or enforce the teachings of Masonry; nor would we hold in light estimation those odes that have long been used in the ceremonies of the Order, and the songs that have added zest to so many social occasions when brethren have met in free and joyful fellowship. Many of the old-time ballads and songs have passed into oblivion; only a few remain that have come to be historic among the Craft, and which are still said or sung by brethren in their assemblies.

The "Entered Apprentice's Song," by Matthew Birkhead, an actor, who flourished about the time of the "Revival," belongs to this latter class. Little is known of Birkhead except that he wrote this song, which soon became popular, and has held its place even to the present day. It has endured so long that it challenges our respect, whatever its defects may seem to be.

When we come down to the time of Robert Burns we find a genuine poet —one who was indeed "born, not made." This greatest bard of Scotland, both for his genius and his humanity, is crowned with an immortality of honour and love. He wrote the ballads that the people love to sing—the tuneful verses that thrill the heart and set the blood swiftly coursing in the veins. Burns was a Mason, devotedly attached to the Order, and the Craft is indebted to his muse for several odes of a most pleasing character. To the brethren who elected him an honorary member of St. John's Lodge at Kilmarnock he sent the following lines:—

"Ye powers who preside o'er the wind and tide!
Who marked each element's border,
Who formed this frame with beneficent aim,
Whose sovereign statute is order;
Within this dear mansion may wayward contention
Or withered envy ne'er enter;
May secresy round be the mystical bound,
And brotherly love be the centre."

Burns wrote songs of a convivial character for his brethren to sing, and some of these songs would be out of place and character if used by Masons of to-day. But under the inspiration of his Masonic relations and attachments, the poet composed two songs of exceptional merit and popularity. His

"Auld Lang Syne" is one of them, and his "Farewell to the Brethren of St. James Lodge, Tarbolton," is the other. We copy two stanzas of this beautiful and pathetic ode:—

"Adieu! a heart-warm, fond adieu!
Dear brothers of the mystic tie!
Ye favor'd, ye enlighten'd few,
Companions of my social joy!
Tho' I to foreign lands must hie,
Pursuing Fortune's slipp'ry ba',
With melting heart, and brimful eye,
I'll mind you still, tho' far awa'.

"Oft have I met your social band,
And spent the cheerful festive night;
Oft, honor'd with supreme command,
Presided o'er the Sons of Light;
And by that Hieroglyphic Bright,
Which none but Craftsmen ever saw;
Strong mem'ry on my heart shall write
Those happy scenes when far awa'!"

Thomas Moore was a Mason. His was a true Irish heart, and well did he love his native country, albeit he had no great admiration for other and more distant lands. He wrote several minor poems that contain allusions to the Craft, and his "Angel of Charity" was intended to set forth the distinguishing grace of Masonry and of true religion. We give the closing verse:—

"Hope and her sister, Faith, were given
But as our guides to yonder sky:
Soon as they reach the verge of heaven,
There, lost in perfect bliss, they die.
But, long as Love, Almighty Love,
Shall on His throne of thrones abide,
Thou, Charity, shall dwell above,
Smiling for ever by His side!"

It does not accord with the purpose of our present writing that we should attempt to enumerate the names of the Masonic poets and song writers of our own land or time. Their name is legion. Rhode Island has furnished a fair proportion of this number. Thomas Smith Webb was a maker of verses as well as a maker of degrees, and his "All hail to the morning that bids us rejoice" is one of the best known and most widely used melodies of the Craft. The present governor of the State, Bro. Van Zandt, has written many lines of sweet sentiment and exalted truth for Masonic occasions, though of late he has done less in that direction than some of his brethren and friends could wish.

Among the well-known writers of Masonic songs and poems, now living, mention ought certainly to be made of Albert Pike and Robert Morris. The last-named brother has written more than two hundred brief poems on various themes suggested by the work and teachings of the Masonic Institution. His lyric ode, "The Level and the Square" is known to the whole Fraternity, and finds a place in every collection of Masonic hymns and songs. Others of his poetic writings are hardly less popular, and some of his productions will surely outlast the present generation. One of Brother Morris's most instructive hymns is that entitled the "Five Points of Fellowship," in which the duties of a brother are set forth with great clearness and beauty of expression. Bro. Albert Pike has not written a great deal in verse, but what he has produced bears the impress of his wonderfully vivid imagination, together with the pathos of a generous heart and the evidence of a most intimate acquaintance with the Masonic system. We close this article, already made much longer

than we intended, by quoting the first and last stanzas of Bro. Pike's "Masons' Holy House":—

"We have a holy House to build,
A temple splendid and divine,
To be with glorious memories filled;
Of rights and truths to be the shrine.
How shall we build it strong and fair,
This holy house of praise and prayer,
Firm-set and solid, grandly great?
How shall we all its rooms prepare
For use, for ornament, for state?

"Build squarely up the stately walls,
The two symbolic columns raise,
And let the lofty courts and halls,
With all their glories blaze,
There in the Kadosh-Kadoshim,
Between the broad-winged Cherubim,
Where the Shekinah One abode,
The heart shall raise its daily hymn,
Of gratitude and love for God."

[The above is reprinted from our contemporary the *Freemasons' Repository*.—Ed. *M.M.*]

SOME CONVERSATION WITH AN ANCIENT DRUID.

"In yonder grave a Druid sleeps."—*Collins.*

I WAS a bachelor, and just thirty-three years old (ah! that was a long, long time ago!), and had seen a little bit of life in my time. My father left me independent when I was only eighteen, and since then I had spent most of my time in study and travel. I had a strong constitution, and could combine the two without injury to my health. Antiquarian subjects delighted me most, and I generally managed to suit my excursions to this taste. In this pursuit, and the study of the beauties of nature, I had traversed every part of interest in good old-fashioned Yorkshire, which is my native county. I had rambled in the beautiful sublimity of the lake district, and investigated every nook and corner of its loveliness. Ah! with what poetic thoughts it fired my youthful brain! But that is all past. I next went to rugged Wales, and made myself acquainted with its romantic scenery. I had a regular craze for travelling; nothing could stop me. Cornwall and Devon next attracted my attention, and there I found much food for speculation. In islands I had visited—the salubrious Isle of Wight, and Jersey, Guernsey, Alderney, and Sark—and knew all their distinctive traits. I had also visited the ancient island of Anglesea (the Druids' refuge) and the curious Isle of Man, and liked the latter far the best. I could not hear of the famous lakes of Killarney without going to see them; and soon after that visit I was climbing the stupendous landscapes of Scotland. In fact, I had seen most of the beauties of the British Isles, including the Orkney and Shetland Islands, and the Scilly Isles. So I then determined to go abroad, and compare foreign scenery to our own.

I first went to the bleak "Fjords" of Norway, and ascended that country's lonely heights; I then passed through snowy Russia, which had very little interest for me. Denmark I found a much pleasanter country, and Germany still more so. I spent a long time there, and thoroughly explored the beauties of the Rhine until I knew them by heart. Many a hard climb have I had in the Alps and Switzerland; but I was always repaid for my exertion by the lovely scenery, and never once disappointed. After this I visited the romantic ruins of Italy, Sicily, and Greece, and there I was more in my element than ever. I even penetrated as far as the great capital of Turkey, Constantinople.

For two years after these travels I explored the antiquities of the Holy Land, and thought I should never have been able to leave it; but fresh fields awaited me, and whilst I could still furnish plenty of "copy" for the press, I desired to visit the wilds of Africa. There I many times risked my life, and it is ten thousand wonders I am here alive to tell my tale. Not content with these adventures I sought fresh ones in Arabia, Persia, Afghanistan, Beloochistan, and India. China, Japan, and the East Indies were next visited, where I caught the fever, and had another narrow escape of my life. This, however, did not hinder me, for I soon afterwards visited Australia, and stayed there nearly a year. From there I sailed for San Francisco, and travelled through many of the United States, and downwards through Mexico and Central America. I next journeyed to the plantations in the West Indies, and spent a most enjoyable time there. After this I traversed the grandeur of South America, from Brazil to Patagonia, and then returned to England by Spain, France, and Belgium, whose scenery seemed perfectly paltry after seeing America.

I had now been away seven years from my native land, and had seemed to have lived another life all the time. On reaching my homely seat in Surrey, a rush of old recollections came over me, and reconciled me once more to home; in fact, I had become rather tired of my rambling life, and I settled down at the old place for three years. I had become strangely altered, and hardly any of my friends knew me at first.

Those three years I wrote voluminous accounts of my travels and investigations, and found plenty to employ me. I had scraped up a lot of information (for I was an energetic young chap then, as you may have guessed) that was not generally known. My books were well received, and through them I obtained a few honourable titles. At the end of this time I again felt a desire to travel, being just thirty-three years old, as I at first stated.

By my being a bachelor you must not imagine that I had never felt the delight of love. I had been fondly, wildly in love with one of the sweetest of girls, who, however, died prematurely; and ever since I had remained single. That was sixteen years ago; now I am the father of a large family.

As I said before, I had again a wish to travel; and this time I intended to visit that most beautiful nook in all our island, romantic Derbyshire. I already knew most of its lore and antiquities, but, strange to say, had never crossed the borders of the fertile county; so, in my usual impulsive manner, I set out at once.

First I proposed to make Buxton my head-quarters for a while—Buxton, so far-famed for its waters. Well, I had been there a week, and seen a good deal in the neighbourhood, and I expected to stay there about three days longer, and then go on to Matlock. It was Tuesday, and a bright, sunny day, when I made up my mind to visit the famous circle of stones named Arbor Low, about seven and a half miles from Buxton, near Parsley Hay. With my stick for a companion, and my lunch in my pocket, I sallied out, and in two hours reach the spot. It is a bleak, desolate place, and the stones, laid down with such precision, remind one more of a cemetery than anything else. There is nothing very remarkable about them; nothing to see; all is left to the imagination, all record to conjecture.

I sat down to muse on the various scenes that had been enacted within the limit of that narrow and mysterious circle, whilst I also refreshed the inner man with the comestibles I had brought; and I made a good meal, too, which, washed down with a copious draught of sherry and water, made me feel in quite a happy mood. I had just finished, and was almost thinking of departing again after I had made my notes on the size, situation, and circumstances of the peculiar stones to which I had turned my back, when a tall, venerable looking man, in a long white beard reaching almost to his knees, suddenly appeared in front of me. From whence he came I could not tell, for as far as I knew there was no one near when first I came, and there hardly seemed time for him to have approached from any distance. But there was no doubt about the fact that he was there; and, at my involuntary start and shudder, he said:—

"Don't be afraid; I live close to" (there was no habitation near, as far as I could see!). "I have observed you measuring the stones, and making memoranda of their position, etc. Is not that so?" he enquired; and I answered in the affirmative, not able to overcome a sort of terror with which he seemed to inspire me.

"I thought perhaps you would like to know a little more of their origin than appears upon the surface; and, as I am in a position to offer you that knowledge, I come to make you aware of it, and to give you the opportunity of availing yourself of the information, if you care to do so."

My curiosity was now thoroughly aroused, and, despite a certain feeling of dread which possessed me, I determined to accept his offer, come what might, and murmured out my thanks for his proposal. But, instead of supplying me at once with the information, he said:—

"I cannot let you know these secrets now, but if you will come a week to-day, at this hour, and ask no questions, and speak to no one on this subject, I shall then be willing to enlighten you."

This seemed a strange proposal, and I questioned him for its reason; but he only repeated what he had said. After a little consideration I again accepted his offer, and promised to be there that day week, and left him sitting on one of the stones. During the week I wondered what would be the end of this strange adventure, for its reason I could not account. But, determined to brave all dangers, I was there at the appointed hour, and found the old man waiting for me. He led the way to one of the stones at my approach (which I now observed had been raised on its side since my last inspection), and below which there was an opening in the earth, approached by a rude flight of steps. My guide beckoned me to descend, and, hesitating slightly, I followed him, wondering strangely what would happen next. When I had reached the bottom of the stairs I heard the stone at the top fall with a loud clang, which shot a pang through my frame. Now I was in the power of this being, for evil or good, and I hardly knew how to act. Preserving a calm demeanour, I thought they were, perhaps, vain fears on my part, and that this old man was, most probably, a sort of hermit, who lived here all alone, and whose intent would be perfectly harmless. I turned towards him, and, almost echoing my thoughts, he said, "I live here all alone, and have done for many years, and can show you some curious sights; you are not afraid of a few dark passages?

I ventured to answer in the negative, being relieved to find that he was the only inmate of that dismal place, though I could not help imagining I might be the victim of some ruse, and that I should never see the light of day again. Through two or three long dark passages I followed my guide, and then we entered a large square room, lined with oak and furnished with curtains. "This," said he, "is a council-room of the MODERN DRUIDS."

Scarcely had he uttered these mysterious words than from behind the curtains rushed four old men, similar to himself, and seized upon me. So well timed and unexpected was their attack that I had not the least power to resist,

and I found myself completely powerless in their grasp. Now my fears had been fully realised, and I saw, when too late, the folly of trusting myself, at first, to the old man's seeming simplicity,

The one who had first accosted me now addressed himself to my janitors in some strange tongue, and they bound my arms behind my back, bandaged my eyes, and led me away. Then there really was a still-existing order of those terrible fanatics, the Druids, and I was indeed in one of their dens. There was no doubt about it, the cords that bound me told me that only too plainly. After a seemingly long journey they stopped. I heard a door open, and I was brutally thrust in, and fell on my face, while the door clanged behind me. I was stunned for some moments, and knew not what had happened. Gradually I recovered my senses, and, as I did so, I shuddered to think of my situation, and tried to collect my thoughts. First of all, by painful scrubbing, I managed to remove the bandage over my eyes, and found that all around it was perfectly dark. I trembled to think what my fate would be; it appeared nothing less than death. I determined, by a superhuman effort, for I was falling into a lethargy from the effect of the fall, to discover the full extent of my situation. Painfully I staggered to my feet, for I was still bound, and I carefully felt for the wall. When I found this, which seemed to be made of wood, I groped along and soon came back to the same place, having come to the conclusion that the room was about circular, for there were no corners in it. In fact, I was in a sort of well. I thought of all the horrible terrors of the Inquisition, of the frightful tales of Edgar Allan Poe and of his "Pit and the Pendulum." Was I reserved for a similar refinement of cruelty? Had this new order of Druids, as they styled themselves, secured me for a victim to their rapacious superstition? I threw myself on the floor, and, in an agony of despair, I tried to shut out my thoughts; but it was impossible. Nothing but the one idea of a fearful death haunted me, and my imagination called forth every conceivable horror. No doubt I was to be offered up to their God as a reconciliation for one of their sinning fiendish souls. Oh, horror! Again I started to my feet; I could not bear to remain still with my terrible thoughts. I now began to feel an intolerable itching, which I could not relieve by scratching. Was this part of their torture? Was I to be slowly tickled to death? Oh, frightful! Most frightful of deaths! It was excruciating torture! My flesh began to blister, and I could not find a moment's rest. I rolled on the floor in agony, and fancied I could hear suppressed laughter near me. Was I affording sport to my tormentors? But I would not, and strove to remain perfectly still, but found it impossible; my torture was too intense. Vainly I tried to relieve myself, and felt that I must go mad. I cared not what became of me if I were only put out of my misery. I prayed for death, as a sweet deliverer from my troubles. I frantically struggled to release my hands, but could not. My agony kept increasing, and I felt that my fate was to be devoured by innumerable fleas. No pain I ever recollected before could bear comparison with this: to be slowly bitten to death by the smallest and most insignificant of insects; to die by inches—piecemeal. My torment could not last much longer, and it became so great that I fell into a sort of stupor. When I awoke I found myself laid on a triangular altar, stripped of my clothing and extremely uncomfortable.

I was dazed by the light, and tried to collect my senses. Where was I? Suddenly I recollected on seeing the old Druid who had first spoken to me, and I rapidly followed up the train of events that had followed since then to the time of my insensibility, after which all was a blank. A shiver of terror ran through my frame; I was brought here to be sacrificed. I still suffered horribly from the itching of my skin, which was swollen and blistered. The four Druids who had first seized me were standing round me, dressed in white, with gilt or golden girdles round their waists, and the oldest one was seated on a sort of throne. He was addressing the others in an unknown language.

My arms were still bound, and on another altar I observed a pile of fruit and bread blazing, while one of them poured wine and water on to it as an offering to God. Round the walls, which were similar to the so-called council-room, were bunches of dried herbs and curious designs. On my right side, uncomfortably near, was a large furnace, red hot, and near it a crate the size of a man's body. Oh! horrible! I was to die the most fearful of deaths—death by slow roasting! while these fiends in human shape drew their paltry prognostications from the frightful contortions of my body. Hotter and hotter I became, and I felt that the altar was being acted upon by some invisible mechanism. Nearer and nearer I was being drawn towards the flaming furnace, while my skin was crackling with the heat, and the Druids intently watched my convulsive movements. Vile, devilish faces; I hated them almost worse than the flames. I was securely fastened to the altar, though allowed sufficient room to move slightly. Long this could not last, and I nerved myself to turn closer to the fire, so as to put an end to my misery. But I could not get near enough for that; only near enough to torture myself more, and an unearthly laugh broke forth from the eldest demon Druid. The suspense was awful! Nearer and nearer drew the altar, and I thought every moment must be my last; the agony must have reached its climax; but no, I still lingered, and the torture always increased. When would it cease and kill me? Oh! to be relieved from my misery! The chief Druid muttered something to his brethren, and then approached me with an ivory hand attached to the end of a wand. With this he struck me three times, which seemed to relieve me somewhat from my sufferings, though I still wished they would end my existence. Then he took up a golden knife and held it above me, while he repeated some incantation. Oh! the suspense, the horrors of that moment! Why did he not kill me at once? The knife dangled tormentingly in the air, and I wished, yea, longed for it to release me from life. It descended, and I closed my eyes, awaiting my fate. But it had not descended on me. Some further ceremonies had to be performed; my torture was to be extended. He stooped and dipped the knife into a basin, and sprinkled me with some drops of liquid, which turned to steam almost immediately; again he did this, and the third time he plunged the knife into my chest, and his eyes sparkled as he watched the sanguine blood flow from the wound. Nerved with the strength of despair, I snapped the already half-burnt cords by which I was bound, pulled the knife out of my bleeding breast, and, seizing the beard of the glaring demon, I plunged it deep into his face, uttering a frightful yell, and I found myself——stabbing the ground with my pocket knife (with which I had been cutting my lunch), and grasping the grass with the other hand. The sun was shining brightly, though big rain-drops fell, announcing a storm. I had fallen asleep near an ant-hill after my lunch, and that accounted for the intolerable itching I had experienced, but for my horrible dream I could not account; I had never deemed it possible for man to be so tortured by his imagination. No *real physical* pain could have been worse, and I shall ever remember, with a shudder, my visit to Arbor Low, in Derbyshire, and those

"Sights of ugly death within mine eyes."

Hy. Calvert Appleby.

LOST.

BY SAVARICUS.

MY saddened heart with sorrow swells,
The lapse of time all hope repels;
The dear one lost by shipwreck dire
My fondest thoughts did e'er inspire.
We met, to part as lovers true,
And looked on life with cheerful view;
Our plighted troth, sincerely given,
By ruthless fate was early riven.

My lot was cast in foreign land,
A future good and grand was planned,
To labour on, no more to roam,
And fill with joy my settler's home.
The years went by, my promised bride
A yearning felt to live beside
The one she loved in far off wild,
Where freedom dwelt and fortune smiled.

Oh! joyful news!—a message sent—
By cable wired—more vigour lent
To heart and hand to "speed the plough,"
And chase dull care from off my brow.
The loved one comes! She's on the sea,
And sailing fast to port and me;
Protect her, God, from storm and foe,
And gentle gales auspicious blow.

Oh! day by day I wait and mourn,
In silence drear I feel forlorn;
No ship that bears my treasure comes,
My loneliness my heart benumbs.
At last the tidings sad I hear,
Of deep distress and helpless fear;
The ship and crew were tempest tost,
O'erturned, engulphed, and all were lost.

In solitude I live and sigh,
The hand of fate who can defy?
My heart's great grief is hard to bear;
It burdens life with trying care.
I sit and think of that loved shore
Our footsteps trod in days of yore;
I dream that floating o'er the sea
The form I love alive I see.

I start, the vision leaves my sight,
And cold and dull is morning light;
I hate the sound of joy and mirth,
And pray for rest, if e'en in earth.
My spirit quails before the blow;
Bereft of love I am laid low;
I live to bear my life's fell cross,
And, working, grieve for my sad loss.

SKETCHES OF CHARACTER.

No. III.—Popplewell.

POPPLEWELL is one of those butterflies of society who are always gaudy, if agreeably evanescent. We all of us can recall a Popplewell to-day, who basked for a time in the sunshine of the social circle, in the genialities of domestic intercourse, and who has disappeared from the "world's vortex" and our acquaintance, and who is somewhere, we believe or suppose, but we know not and perhaps care not. He is like a ship we meet at sea, or a traveller we confront in the desert, or a party we parley with up the Rhigi: we speak, we meet, we part with "much oblivion" on both sides. If Popplewell has not succumbed to fate; if the cruel sisters have not snipped in two his petty and discoloured thread of life; if no accident has supervened to rob society and friends of so glittering and gay a companion, Popplewell is probably retired to a quiet village, or is married and has half-a-dozen children (enough to quiet any one), or has to face a termagant and pay the bills of an extravagant angel, or is shrouding himself in one of Her Majesty's colonies, or in the United States, or on French or German or Spanish or Italian or Swedish soil, from miseries and matrimony, from the wife of his bosom, from the friends of his heart. Popplewell, as he looms large before me to-day, with his white shirt and choker and general genteel waiter appearance, is not to me a prepossessing person in appearance or manners, in tone or morals. As a rule, he talks loud and thickly, bullies his wife and his servants, knows little, but "jaws" a good deal. He is neither respectable nor cheery, pleasant nor sociable, considerate nor charitable. He delighteth in "canards" and scandal, in agreeable "tit bits" of hopeless "gobemoucherie." Though a waiter on Providence, an habitual diner out, one who picks his friend's menu to pieces as well as he does his character, he is not in any sense a kind host. True it is he giveth dinners, but they are generally dreadfully trying. The wines are bad, the entrées are cold, the cooking is detestable, and the conversation is vapid. He has the audacity to offer to his friends "dinner sherry." Everybody is ill at ease, and bored, and boring even my charming neighbours, Mrs. Murray and Mrs. Hale, or that portly and pleasant bon vivant, Crawleigh Watson. Thus, as you see, kind reader, intelligent patron mine, Popplewell is to my mind, as I hope he is to yours, a Drone and not a Bee in the great hive of society. He takes your money and wine, but he gives us little of his own; and I often ask myself why were Popplewells created? and what possible use can he be of in the general framework or special outcome of society? This I think is one of those mysteries we shall never know here. If I could think that Popplewell had one kindly aspiration or one goodly aim beyond the mere indulgence of sybaritic selfishness or a deuced bad temper, I would freely forgive his petulance and his foppery, his childish ignorance and his hopeless "niaiserie." But alas, such is not the case, and so I can only add my final conviction that Popplewell is a "fraud," and that he really neither adds to the pleasure or delectation of society, and is, on the contrary, a nuisance, a drawback, and a bore. But alas, my friends, there are many Popplewells!

AUTHENTIC CRAFT HISTORY IN BRITAIN.

BY THE EDITOR.

WE were struck much with this heading in our contemporary the *Freemason of Sydney*, as we have been long looking for and desiderating an authentic history of Craft Masonry in Britain. We therefore eagerly perused the article itself, but to our great disappointment found it was only a re-arrangement of portions of Bro. Fort's interesting work, and which is, as we have often said, really and truly a masterly contribution to the great history of Freemasonry. We think the "compiler" ought to have said as much, as, though he cleverly paraphrases and condenses in turn Bro. Fort's language and arguments, yet the substance is undoubtedly Bro. Fort's, and Bro. Fort's alone. As however the compiler has woven a history of Freemasonry cleverly enough together, we propose to reprint it to-day, pointing out, as we go on, unavoidable errors and some regrettable mistakes. The two chapters read, however, very well, and it is because we think that some may be misled by a certain unhistorical treatment of facts and episodes in our history, that we have deemed it only fair and well in the interests alone of Masonic justice and truth to point out the source whence these chapters are derived, the mistakes which they unavoidably perpetuate, and the uncritical treatment of facts which they often endorse.

"CHAPTER I.

"The earliest reliable account concerning Masons in Britain is to be found on the walls of the Melrose Abbey Church, establishing the fact as early as 1136 Britain depended on Master Masons imported from abroad. John Moreau (born in Paris) was the master-builder employed in erecting these sacred edifices."

The compiler is wrong here. We have authentic relations of Craft Masons long before this time working at Jarrow, York, Ripon, Beverley, Chichester, and elsewhere, and working "more Romano," and the "opus Romanum." The christian guilds came in with Augustine and carried on the work of the earlier Roman guilds during the Roman occupation, which the Collegium Fabrorum no doubt had established in Britain.

"Half a century later, William of Sens, a French Master, came to England to rebuild the decaying Cathedral of Canterbury and other Abbeys, and for many years after the Master Masons were foreigners, and incorporated by royal authority."

William of Sens had a bad accident during the work, as Professor Willis records, and was succeeded by "William the Englishman." Thus the argument of mere foreign work falls to the ground.

"It is generally believed that at the city of York, in year 926, an assembly of the Craft was held, and that they received a charter as a corporation, with Edwin as Grand Master. The foundation of this tradition concerning this York convocation rests upon the assertion of Anderson—simply on a bare narrative, as he gives no authority, nor made he any search. Anderson also states that a history of this event was written in the time of Edward IV., 1475, and alleges that a copy of the Gothic articles had been made during the reign of Richard II., between 1367 and 1399—nearly 500 years subsequent to the time assigned for this legendary assembly. The very general decline of literature and classical knowledge which ensued after the terrible devastations to which the whole of England was exposed, is the subject of a letter to Alfred the Great to a friend, lamenting the almost total extinction of learning in his kingdom; and that, although at the close of the eighth century, a knowledge of Greek was so universal that women wrote and spoke it fluently; yet in his day,

about fifty years before the alleged assembling of Masons at York, "there were comparatively few persons who were able to understand the Church Service in the English tongue, or translate a Latin epistle into their own language." It was highly improbable that any of those who are said to have framed those ancient charges and regulations for the government of the Craft in the tenth century were at this epoch able to comprehend Greek, when England was sunk into a lamentable state of barbarism and intellectual darkness. So far as relates to the French language, in which a portion of these famous records are claimed to have been drawn up, it will suffice to say that in the year 926 no French idiom existed as a written language. Unity of traditions between the mediæval English and French Craftsmen points to France as the earliest and nearest source whence Masonic knowledge was procured. *The time fixed for the date of the York assembly, in the year* 926, *is purely and entirely conjectural.* No portion of the manuscript contains the slightest allusion to that or any other period, but merely states that Masonry was introduced in the time of Athelstan, who, according to more recently written legends, held a grand convocation at York, and that he made proclamation at that time for all records pertaining to the Craft to be produced before him. Upon what authority this assemblage of Masons has been referred to a definite year is unknown, but it is to be presumed, from the fact that Edwin, an English prince, lived about the year 926. As to the style, orthography, or lettering of the manuscript, nothing attests the assumption that it was written in the year 1390."

The tradition of the great assembly at York may fairly be considered one of the oldest traditions of the English Craft, and may as fairly be traced back to the Masonic poem, whose age we will consider later. In all probability Anderson saw a copy of the MS. called Matthew Cooke's, but considered the articles written in the time of Richard II. Masonic historians were then somewhat uncritical, but did not wish intentionally to deceive. Anderson probably also knew about the Masonic poem. In that poem are words which profess to represent a portion of a speech of Athelstan of the ancient "Cyte" York. The tradition, is probably true, and we have in this really and truly the meeting of a grand operative assembly. But the writer forgets that we have also a Masonic tradition mentioning an assembly under Alban or Albanus six hundred years before the time of Athelstan. The date 926, so much objected to by the writer, is clearly governed in some way by the reign of Athelstan. Nine hundred and twenty-six is a later date, however, and as to the statement that in 926 no French idiom existed in a written language, this is altogether erroneous. Norman French was then in full vogue.

"The same reasoning which ascribes it to the close of the 14th century will admit of assigning an origin to a much later, perhaps to the middle of the 15th century. However this may be, the manuscript which is lettered and numbered in the library of the British Museum as Royal 17, A1, has been copied from an older and more ancient parchment, or transcribed from fragmentary traditions. Certain portions of the manuscript bear internal evidence of having an evident reference to a remote antiquity."

The date of the Masonic poem is a moot point. Much internal evidence points to an earlier rather than a later date, and so it was adjudged by Casley, no mean authority, and others could be mentioned. Mr. Bond thinks its transcription is about 1425, not later, and that date he also assigns Cooke's MS. We confess we see no reason to depart from Casley's view of 1390.

"The manuscripts assert that at the mythical Masonic convocation at York there were records written in Greek (the Lansdowne MSS., No. 98, say there were some in Hebrew), showing to what extent these early English Masons acknowledged themselves indebted to the Grecian or Byzantine artificers The old chronicles of the Craft further relate that Masonry was introduced into France by Naymus, the Grecian, who instructed Charles Martel in the Science. The first known Master Masons on British soil were foreigners, and Frenchmen—John Moreau and William, a native of Sens—the former of whom, early in the 12th century, was Master of Scottish Masons; the latter, in 1176, rebuilt the Cathedral of Canterbury. It is well known that William the Conqueror deluged the whole of England with foreign artificers, whom he brought with him, and the almost utter extinction of the Anglo-Saxon social element, either by proscription or gradually merging into the Norman, rendered it necessary that public edifices should be erected by competent workmen imported from abroad. France, at this time, possessed such artisans, because, according to the admission of the quaint chronicles alluded to, *long prior to this epoch*, Naymus, a Grecian, had carried the science of Masonry into France, and taught it to Charles Martel, conceding upon the force of tradition, that

Masonic art, or the rules of architecture, were also produced upon French soil by a Grecian or Byzantine operative. It is none the less singular or significant, that the Parisian stone-cutters, in the year 1254, asserted their independence of certain civil duties, by reason of an exemption or prescriptive right, which they traced, through all the intermediate changes of time, directly to the same Charles Martel. Forty-nine years after the death of William, the Norman King, Moreau laid the foundation walls of that gorgeous fabric, Melrose Abbey, and, in a lasting record, alleged himself to be the Master of all Masonic work along the river Tweed, on the south border of Scotland, and in Glasgow. Whatever traditions and usages the French stone-masons possessed at this epoch, without doubt, passed over with them into England, and through them obtained currency in that kingdom. The translation of the legend of Charles Martel, and a knowledge of Naymus Graceus, together with such usages and customs of the fraternity as were practised by the Freemasons of France in Great Britain, may be placed at this era. This view of the subject under consideration has an undoubted weight of reason and evidence, both legendary and historical, over the visionary assumption that all, or nearly all, Masonic rites and ceremonies, besides the mediæval art knowledge of the Craft, are the lineal descendants of the ancient Roman building colleges, especially when it is stated that the relentless power of the early Emperors of Rome crushed out the vital forces of these associations, and actually forbade them co-operate existence. Mention is also made of other French Master Masons who followed in the tide of travel towards England. The erection of the most important Cathedrals on British soil was conducted by French architects."

We agree with the writer as to the effect of the Roman building colleges, but, as we said before, they were christian sodalities which came with Augustine, which Wilfred, and Benedict Biscop, and Alfred, and others brought over from Rome. Undoubtedly the old laws of the French Mason guilds, as published by Depping, confirm our tradition of Charles Martel. But there is not much evidence available of foreign builders until the Norman conquest, when the "Novum ædificandi genus," according to William of Malmesbury, came in with Gundulph and others. Probably then Gallic and Teutonic guilds came into England, though some of the earlier chronicles seem to attest the fact that the monks were mainly their own builders, masons, and architects at that special epoch. It is not correct to assume that the legend of the Quatuor Coronati was of Teutonic use mainly. It was really of cosmopolitan use, as "Hagioligies" are mentioned containing it in the seventh century, and it is in the Sarum Missal of the tenth century, long before any use of it can be traced in Germany. All that you can say truly is, that the German operative guilds emphasized the legend. Neither is it correct to talk of a sort of invasion of England by Teutonic workmen. Those who came after the conquest came principally from Normandy, and in the Fabric rolls we have undoubtedly German names, but they are the exception to the rule. Most of the great master Masons were Englishmen. English Masons also went into Germany, and so far we have never been able to trace any remains of German teaching or German customs. The German rules are subsequent to the early ones in the Masonic poem and Matthew Cooke's MS., and there is a wide difference between those of our prose constitutions and those of the German constitutions. On the whole it is a pretty idea, but it is not a realistic one, and gives way to a careful criticism.

"That the German Masonic fraternity exercised a decided influence upon architecture in Great Britain at an early age is undeniable. The earliest records now extant, relating to the stonecutters of Germany, allude to four Christian engravers, who had received the crown of martyrdom under Diocletian for refusing to perform certain work to be used in the decoration of a heathen temple. When the German Masons arrived in England, they brought with them a thorough and practical knowledge of the secret details of that art which constitutes the chief attractions of Gothic architecture. They also naturally carried over the usages, customs, and traditions which were current among the fraternity in their native country, and doubtless many things still practised in the tiled recesses of Masonic Lodges, at all traceable to German or Teutonic sources, are evidently the contribution of both the Gallic and German Masons, who, thus early in the history of Freemasony had imparted their several legends to their British brethren."

It will be seen that on the whole we go with the writer and think that, despite some excusable mistakes, he has given us a good glimpse of early

Craft history. It is lucid, and intelligent, and correct in itself, though marred Masonically by its want of generous acknowledgement of "Fort's" invaluable labours, and also by a too ready acceptance of Bro. Findel's patriotic, but mistaken, theory that English Masonry came from Germany. We have evidence of Craft Masons existing in England long before the German Steinmetzen, and a good deal of evidence on this point is still hid away, and will yet be forthcoming. The Masonic poem represents a condition of the guilds, probably in Saxon times, as the poem is evidently old, and may be a translation of Norman French. There is a curious old poem called "Pars Oculi" still missing. Probably a portion of the poem will be found in that, if it ever turns up, and that would certainly represent the 11th or 10th centuries. Whether the actual date of the only known copy existing of the Masonic poem so far is 1390 or 1420 matters really very little. The poem represents, as is supposed, a much earlier date. We shall continue our remarks on the second chapter in next magazine.

EXTRACTS, WITH NOTES, FROM THE MINUTES OF THE LODGE OF FRIENDSHIP, NO. 277, OLDHAM.

By the Rev. Joseph Harrison, M.A., 18°, S.W. No. 277; Prov. G.C. (Mark) Lancs., Prelate of the Palatine Chapter Rose Croix.

(Concluded from page 314.)

THE second Minute Book dates from August 1st, 1810.

Jany. 2nd, 1811. "Resolved that 10s. 6d. shall be sent yearly to the fund of charity."

Jany. 9th. Three brethren made Mark Masons.

July 3rd. Resolved that the "abstent brethren" be struck off the books, and that "a circular letter be sent to other lodges informing them of the fact."

Feby. 10th, 1813. "Resolved that Br. P. F. is struck off the books of this Lodge in consequence of an oath being taken against him, at the new Bailey Court-house, by Br. A. C."

If a Br. is 12 months in arrear of his subscription, he is not to be considered a member, and "his liquor to be stopped until he appears at the lodge again."

June 24th. Br. J. B. "struck off the books for defrauding the Brethren wilsfully, and knowing at the same time that he was defrauding them."

The W.M. empowered to inform "Frances Astley, the Provincial, that Br. J. B. and Br. P. F. are struck off our books, and are not thought worthy of either being members in our Body or any of the fraternity."

April 25th, 1814. "This being a Lodge of Emergency on the Glorious event that as taken place in the Deliverance of Europe from the Tyranny of Bonaparte, the lodge was opened in peace and good Harmony at 11 o'clock."

June 1st. Resolved that "Mr. J. B., (see minute for Novr. 22nd, 1809,) having requested a Certificate from this Lodge, it was unanimously agreed to return him this answer. That he, having been expelled this Lodge, we are of opinion that we cannot undo what has been done."

July 27th. Every officer absent, except for reasonable cause, to be fined 1s. and every other member 3d. 5s. per member to be paid at each festival of St. John for the expenses of the day. Visitors the same.

Sep. 28th. Br. P. I. to be admitted to the Lodge during sickness "without being charged."

Feby. 26th, 1817. "Betwixt this 60th page and the next page 61 five leaves were tore out of the Book by David Ogden or his order, who had intruded himself into the Lodge without being elected or being a member. The entries following are written at one time to serve private purposes, & James Potter, the Secretary, said he was ordered to report several members present when they never appeared."

April 30th. The Lodge was held at the Angel Inn, when Daniel Lynch, Esq., the Depy. P.G.M., and his officers attended. A motion was carried that the Lodge be removed to the Spread Eagle, and the Depy. P.G.M. granted a dispensation for the removal.

The minutes of this meeting are entered in two places, on pages 61 & 82. The first record in the writing of Br. James Potter, and the second in that of Br. James Cocks.

May 28th. On this night the Lodge was held at the "Spread Eagle," at 9 o'clock, and another lodge was held at the "Angel," at 8 o'clock. The W.M. of the former was Br. Thomas Potter, and of the latter Br. Thomas Cawley, with whom were three other members, whilst Br. Potter opened the lodge with six Brethren present, besides the "Outer Guard." The Lodge at the "Angel" continued to meet monthly until April 22nd, 1818. There were never more than 6 or 7 members present. The degrees of E.A., F.C., and M.M. were conferred on a Candidate, Thomas Walton, on the same evening. Reference will be made subsequently to this Brother. No other working appears to have taken place in this "illegal lodge," and the minutes are of no interest.

Items from Cash Book:—

1817. Dec. 17th.—By Liquor and dinners for Masters in settling the difference £5 16 0

1817. By a Lodge of Emergency called to see if the Difference would be Accomidated betwixt the Brothers that have absented from the Angel to the Spread Eagle . . . 7 4

Feby. 18th, 1818. The Lodge was held at the "Spread Eagle." "An application was made to the P.G. Master, F. D. Astley, Esq., by James Cocks, to remove the Lodge from the "Spread Eagle" to the "Angel" Inn, according to a resolution passed unanimously on the 12th of December last at a Lodge of Emergency, convened by regular summons, and in a few days a dispensation arrived, dated about the fourth of March, 1818, of which the following is a copy:—

"Know all whom these presents do concern, that I do hereby permit, order, and direct that the Lodge of Friendship, No. 519, shall be removed from the "Spread Eagle" to the "Angel" Inn, in Oldham.

(Signed) F. D. Astley,
P.G. Master.

March 18th. It is stated that the "cause of removing the Lodge from the "Angel" was "obviated by the removal of the Landlord."

April 22nd. The Provincial G.M., with his Deputy, Wardens, and Secretary were present, but no mention is made of the proceedings.

May 20th. The Prov. G.M. and his officers were again present. It is stated that "David Ogden" (who "had intruded himself into the Lodge," and was the illegal W.M.) "was paid off all demands whatever on the Lodge and his receipt on a stamp taken for the same."

After this date nothing seems to have destroyed either the peace or good harmony of the Brethren.

June 17th, 1818. Festival of St. John. "Br. James Butterworth having,

twice over, entered himself, and been admitted as a member of this Lodge, affirming that he had formally withdrawn himself from the Lodge of Unity, No. 49, in Oldham, and produced not his certificate, alledging that No. 49 not having regular meetings, he could not obtain one within the Time; and afterwards, without any notice, saying he still belonged to the Lodge of Unity, leaving this Lodge without ceremony. To prevent a recurrence of this, it is resolved unanimously that the said James Butterworth shall never again be admitted as a member of this Lodge." This and the minute of August 12th, 1807, are the only references to the Lodge of Unity, No. 49, at Werneth, Oldham.

The candidate on whom the three degrees were conferred in the illegal lodge on Novr. 19th, 1817, having left Oldham for Halifax, it was resolved to write to one of the Lodges at that place, stating the facts, and requesting them to "enter, pass, and raise" him "without further charge," as he had paid the "whole fees," or to inform him that it would be done in the Lodge of Friendship."

Oct. 21st, 1818. The regular Lodge was postponed to this date "on account of Oldham fair."

A letter was read from the Union Lodge, 377, at Manchester, "declaring H. K., a painter, expelled from all Masonic privileges for twenty-one years!"

Sep. 29th, 1819. The Lodge was adjourned, as the "room was engaged by the Coroner." The inquest, as appears from local records, was on the body of a man who died of wounds received at Peterloo, Sepr. 7th, 1819, and was declared "null and void."

Sep. 20th, 1820. It is recorded for the first time that four Brethren received Certificates from Grand Lodge. Previous to this date the Lodge had issued its own certificate to those who had been made in it. Frequent items appear in the Cash book for sealing wax and ribbon; and there is also an account for the purchase of the seal, an impression from which is sent herewith to the editor, and another account for re-cutting it.

March 13th, 1821. Resolved "that Lodges of Instruction be held in five ensuing months at the following brethren's houses," &c.

April 12th. A Candidate was proposed and accepted. The following note, written by a later hand, is added, "who was unanimously accepted in open lodge, and, to his great disgrace, unanimously expelled, 18th June, 1823."

July 10th. "Resolved that this Lodge be, and the same is hereby adjourned to Thursday, the 19th inst., for the purposes following, that is to say, To celebrate the Coronation of our Illustrious Patron, His gracious Majesty, King George the 4th, and also the Festival of Saint John." No record occurs of the adjourned meeting.

March 6th, 1822. A "Lewis" was initiated.

June 18th, 1823. "On this evening W. L. was, by unanimous consent of the Lodge, suspended from it" for conduct unbecoming a Mason.

Under, is the following—"The above is a lye."

June 29th, 1825. A Brother in Philadelphia presented a picture, "representing the distinction of a Masonic Hall in America."

Dec. 21st. The room being engaged for a public meeting, the Lodge was held at the "Coach and Horses."

March, 1826. Only two brethren attended, "who, after drinking one Bowl of Punch, retired to their respective homes."

June 14th. Lodge opened at "Ring of Bells." No Lodge had been opened at the "Angel" since Feby. 22nd.

Jany. 10th, 1827. Br. Thomas Walton, who had been initiated, &c., in the illegal Lodge mentioned above, is admitted a member "from the —— Lodge at Halifax."

April 11th. "The Lodge opened at the late hour of half-past ten through

some Disturbance of Bro. W. K., and he, at the same time, declared himself off the Lodge after paying up his full contribution." It was closed at 11.30.

May 28th, 1828. A Benevolent Society in connection with the Lodge is commenced.

Sep. 17th. Two Brethren appointed to attend the P.G. Lodge at Blackburn, "to have all reasonable expenses paid, and regalia to belong to the Lodge."

Jany. 14th, 1829. The Lodge was removed from the "Ring o' Bells" to the "Coach and Horses." No mention of a Dispensation.

April 20th. The Brethren, 36 in number, including 22 visitors, joined the procession at the Stone laying of the Blue Coat School.

June 24th. "This night the Sick Fund was carried into effect."

July 15th, 1830. "Lodge of Emergency, called by order of the P.G.M.L.E.D., to go in procession to divine worship, being the day of Interment of our Beloved King and Brother, of blessed memory, who died on the 26th of June."

Jany. 29th, 1831. "Bro. John Wild, our faithfull Tyler, Happened a misfortune by being run over by a Gig, as he was returning from Manchester, which terminated in his death, to the great loss of the members of this Lodge, and to Masonry generally."

Jany. 11th, 1832. The brother who had been "elected to the situation of W.M. for the ensuing year, at the previous lodge, was not installed, nor does his name again appear in the minutes.

May 9th. The Lodge was not opened. Four brethren were present, and they resolved "not to meet again until summoned by the Master of the Lodge." The next Lodge was held on August 8th.

Jany. 21st, 1834. Bro. William Skellorn installed W.M. He held office, evidently, "until a successor had been appointed in his stead," as nothing is said about his being re-elected, and the next installation took place on Decr. 27th, 1839.

June 26th, 1839. Festival of St. John. The brethren joined the procession for celebrating the proclamation of H.M. Queen Victoria.

No further records are given until Decr. 6th.

Feby. 7th, 1838. The minutes of this meeting were confirmed and signed, the first instance of the kind.

May 20th, 1838. A Lodge of Emergency "for the purpose of Making several members of this Lodge Mark Master Masons."

June 28th. A Lodge of Emergency at 8 a.m. to initiate two candidates, "but more especially for the purpose of joining a public procession in Honour of the Coronation of our most Gracious Sovereign Queen Victoria."

Augt. 1st. Bro. J. R. H. was "raised to the Sublime degree of a Master Mason at the Delph Lodge," and on the "15th past the chair at the Denton Lodge (Duke of Athol), and during the same day, also took the mark."

Bro. J. R. H. was initiated May 9th, and passed on June 6th. It does not appear why the M.M. degree was conferred on him in another lodge.

Oct. 3rd. A candidate rejected by six black balls.

The 2nd Minute book closes with the minutes of Decr. 26th, 1838, and those of the 3rd book commence with Jany. 9th, 1839.

Mar. 27th. It is stated that a list of the members had been regularly prepared and deposed to before a magistrate, to be deposited with the clerks of the peace, but when tendered to them "in open court at the last Salford sessions, to be filed," they "refused to recognise the same in consequence of the Act of Parliament not having been regularly and yearly complied with."

Aug. 21st. A silver cup was presented to Br. Charles Harrop, of the Lodge of Candour, Delph, for his services to this Lodge.

£10 lent by the Lodge to establish a Royal Arch Chapter, which was opened Jany. 29th, 1840.

April 15th, 1840. A Br. resigns, having joined the new Lodge at Waterhead Mill, now the Tudor Lodge, 467, Red Lion Inn, Oldham.

June 10th. The Midsummer Festival of St. John was abolished.

December 22nd, 1841. A Dispensation was obtained to remove the Lodge, furniture, Books, and Jewels, etc., to the "Angel" Inn.

Sep. 14, 1843. A Sick and Burial Society was again established in connection with the Lodge.

April 17th, 1843. The first stone of St. Mary's Church Schools, Oldham, was laid with Masonic honours by the Right Hon. The Earl Howe, S.G.W.

Nov. 13th, 1850. Masonry had revived during the decade. At this meeting *ten* candidates were proposed, and were all initiated in due course; 11 candidates were accepted at the two subsequent meetings.

June 11th, 1851. The fees were raised to £5 5s. for initiation, and £1 1s. for joining member. Annual subscription, £1 1s.

Septr. 10th. £50 lent to Royal Arch Chapter at 5 p.c. interest. The Lodge room is said to be too small, and it is determined to seek better accommodation.

Novr. 5th. 10s. given to Count L., a distressed brother.

Decr. 31st, 1851. The 3rd Minute Book ends at this date.

The fourth minute-book commences Jany. 7th, 1852, when the Festival of St. John was held.

March 3rd, 1852. £40 was given by the brethren to the sufferers by the bursting of a reservoir at Holmfirth, and £5 to sufferers by a Steam Boiler Explosion at West Hill.

Feby. 23rd, 1853. A Gold watch, guard, and ring were presented to Br. Isaac Gaitskill for his eminent services to the Lodge.

Decr. 28th, 1853. A Large room had been prepared for Masonic purposes at the "Angel" Inn, and was used the first time at this date.

June 25th, 1855. The Foundation Stone of the Oldham Lyceum was laid with Masonic honours.

Feby. 4th, 1857. A new code of Bye-Laws was proposed.

Septr. 2nd. The Ballot was taken for a Candidate when the Lodge was in the *third* degree. On the 17th Novr. in year following it was decided to take the ballot for Candidates for the future only in that Degree.

Feby. 1st, 1860. The Subscription was raised from £1 1s. to £1 10s.

April 2nd, 1862. The present Masonic Hall was projected.

July 29th, 1863. The Lodge number was altered from 344 to 277.

Jany. 16th, 1867. Initiation fee raised from £5 5s. to £6 6s., and in May the subscription was made £1 15s. per ann.

The 4th Minute Book ends on Decr. 11th, 1867, and the 5th commences on January 8th, 1868.

April 1st, 1868. The Revised Bye-Laws were adopted.

May 7th. The Provincial Grand Lodge of East Lancashire was held in Oldham; Stephen Blair, Esq., Prov. G.M. Bro. Croxton was appointed Pro. S.G.D., and Bro. Tweedale Prov. G. Registrar. At the Banquet held in the Town Hall upwards of £1000 was subscribed for the Masonic charities.

On the 23rd of April, 1871, the Lodge was removed to the Masonic Hall, which was dedicated by the R.W. Prov. G.M., Le Gendre N. Starkie, Esq., and his officers; and we express a fervent wish that it may be used in disseminating the principles of Freemasonry to generations yet unborn, until mankind is united with the most perfect of all unities, the brotherhood in the Grand Lodge above, presided over by T.G.A.O.T.U.

"AMICITIA" FLOREAT.

A PSALM OF LIFE AT SIXTY.

WHAT THE HEART OF THE OLD MAN SAID TO THE GENIAL GUSHER AT CHRISTMAS TIME.

TELL me not in Christmas Numbers
Life is but a *gourmet's* dream!
Sure your sense is dead or slumbers:
Peptics are not what they seem.

Life is serious! Life is solemn!
And good grub is not its goal:
Menu-making by the column
Helps not the dyspeptic soul.

Not delight from cates to borrow
Is the aim of prudent will,
But to eat so that to-morrow
Finds us not exceeding ill.

Feeds are long and health is fleeting;
And old stomachs, once so strong,
Find that indiscriminate eating
Very quickly puts them wrong.

In the banquet's dainty battle,
At the table's toothsome strife,
Feed not like dumb, hungry cattle,
Wield a cautious fork and knife!

Trust no *menu*, howe'er pleasant;
Nightmare-Nemesis is dread;
Swig and swallow like a peasant,
You'll repent it when in bed!

Memories of big feeds remind us
Christmas pudding peace can slay;
Touch it, and next morn shall find us
Indigestion's helpless prey.

Pudding that perhaps another,
Light of heart and bright of brain,
Some strong-stomached younger brother,
Eating, sends his plate again.

Let us then beware high feeding,
Or the love of luscious cate,
Still abstaining, ne'er exceeding,
Learn to dodge dyspeptic fate!—*Punch.*

PARADOXES.

WE are sometimes struck with the amount of "paradoxes," harmless and hurtful, amusing and foolish, which it is our lot to peruse, and which appear in variour forms and under different circumstances in many of our contemporaries of the serial and journalistic press day by day, week by week, month by month. Indeed, just now we appear to live in a perpetual atmosphere of paradoxes, so to say, which would be alarming, and even dangerous, to thought, progress, right reason, and true morality, if we did not also feel perfectly convinced that very few read them, much less understand them, and hardly any are influenced by them. The common theory of the influence of the press, as an institution, on the public mind is, we apprehend, exaggerated altogether in a remarkable manner, and just as sermons fly over the heads of the congregation to whom they are addressed, and are lost in the "circumambient air," so leaders and essays, if read, are hardly understood, and if understood are looked on as a piece of free writing and nothing more. People are to write, and have to write, of course, whether for public amusement or private profit; but what they say is after all only individual opinion at the best, probably not that of the wisest of men or the safest of connections, and so it has and need have no practical effect either in the thoughts, words, or lives of strong-minded, thinking persons, though it may affect, and often does affect greatly the unthinking and the unreasoning. It is in this peculiarity of public opinion, such as it is, wherein lies our safety at the present hour. An article which the *Times* propounds as its No. 1 on Christmas Day, contains some of the most striking and even exhilarating paradoxes we have seen for some time, and as if the article be accepted as the exposition of a real and actual state of feeling as regards Christmas generally, it might do some little harm, if, as we did before it was understood, we have thought it well to reproduce it in a great extent in our pages this month, for the purpose of pointing out such paradoxes which we may, and animadverting on views which are alike cynical and unsound. In the first place the article begins with a morbid assertion about the "trouble" attendant upon Christmas, and the special difficulty we fear we have in preparing for it. We entirely dissent from both propositions. But let us listen, as in fairness we are bound to do, to our modern Diogenes preaching from his Tub in Printing House Square:—

"There is nothing without trouble, so said the old sages, and Christmas is no exception. Coming round by nature in one sense, it has to be made in another, and a great deal of making does it often require. It is the supreme effort and last agony of the year. We have all to do our very best to be happy, and to make others happy, however adverse circumstances may be; and, what is even more difficult, to bring ourselves round to the same standing point as last year and all former years. Thanks to Gregory XIII. and our own tardier astronomical reformers, we may be sure that at noon on the 25th of December we stand under the same stars as on the same day last year, or a century since, or nineteen centuries since, and that the sun rises and sets at the same points of mean time; but everything else has changed, and continues to change. The great annual gathering of kinsfolk and friends is but the periodical muster-roll of an ever-raging battle, telling continually on life, fortune, all the vital powers, and all the ingredients and means of happiness. Every year return the questions who shall be asked, or where shall I dine, what new face here to-day, what old face here no more. There is not a topic that has not a new aspect. The very talk of the boys from school or college—their books, their amusements, their slang—have all undergone a change."

We do not affect to deny the "platitudes" concerning change as year follows year. Of course things change, and the writer has evidently forgotten

the old Latin adage "Tempora mutantur nos et mutamur in illis." What is the use of harping over the "inevitable and unavoidable past," or "crying over spilt milk?" If Christmas does entail trouble with preparations and the like, they are happy preparations, and do a great deal of good for some, and give a great deal of pleasure to many. The writer now dilates upon the special reasons which makes Christmas, 1879, a very troublesome and difficult season I fear. We think his descriptions are sensational and exaggerated, his views coloured by morbidity and politics, utterly out of place in such an essay on Christmas, which ought to aim at being both realistic and cosmopolitan in the highest degree. But let this gloomy hierophant of the mysteries of 1879, this gloomier Vates of what will be in 1880, speak in weird tones for himself:

"This year the depressing associations are more numerous than usual. During the last twelvemonth we have not been standing still, but have been going backwards rather than forwards, deeper in social difficulties, mercantile failures, agricultural depression, arrears, war, and debt. We have suffered great disasters; we fancy that greater may be imminent. None can venture to predict how this year will end and another begin. An almost unprecedented season has tried our whole industrial system, and fortunate indeed is the household that is not suffering its share in the widespread calamity; though, on the other hand, we now know how much the nation can bear without excessive strain on its resources or paralysis of its energies. So changed are matters even within a generation that though employers may suffer, the working classes hardly feel what thirty-five years ago would have produced a famine. True, we are also made to feel that England is now riding on those "high places" which seem to tempt fate and provoke the envy of all on a lower level. To the traditional rule of the sea is now added a virtual command of all the fruits of the earth and all the labour of man. But we depend on them and cannot say we are secure of them; we have entered on a larger sphere with grander hopes, and corresponding uncertainties. Trembling and recoiling, we have stepped on to the throne of empire, and it cannot be said that nothing has occurred to justify the misgiving. Every advance in the direction of universal empire, or, as some would more modestly put it, the predominance of the Anglo-Saxon language, makes Christmas less and less what it was before. To the rich and populous colonies under our feet, it is celebrated in the midsummer heat of an almost tropical sun. What is more, the message of peace and goodwill they return has to receive a new political interpretation."

Can anything be less suitable to Christmas thoughts, and aspirations, and sympathies, and associations than this exaggerated dealing with the troubles of 1879? The year, like other years in the long ages of time, has been a very sad and trying year, no doubt, but is that any reason why we should allow a gloomy pall of fear, and doubt, and anger, and dissatisfaction combined to be cast over our refined and beautiful Christmas Saturnalia? We trow not, and therefore we reprobate, especially on the "cui bono" principle, such a morbid retrospect, and such gloomy anticipations. Christmas is meant to lighten up, as it surely does, despite the stoical unconcern of the writer, the labours and cares, the joys and sorrows, the hopes and fears of each departing year.

"So Christmas, old as we fashion it, is ever new. It tells us of the new start that families, nations, and even individuals are always making. Nothing is certain about the coming year, except that it will not be like the last. Whatever we may have learnt in the past year, we shall have to improve on the lesson and make it applicable to new circumstances. Events are like the impostors presenting themselves again and again in fresh disguises to the same dupes, who are always sure to be taken in, and never carry the warning further than to beware of the same exterior. History may almost be reduced to the certainty of a mathematical science in the uniformity with which follies, madnesses, and crimes return essentially the same, and find the same ready perpetrators, silly victims, and complaisant spectators. What the world has done it will do again, and so on to the end. This is the true moral of the increasing distaste with which the majority of the social world regard the season. There is no note in nature or in human life so mournful, so heartrending as the lamentation sure to be heard in many quarters at the approach of Christmas. What the poor afflicted creatures ever expected from it, and why they should reckon on being always young, always happily mated and surrounded, always well to do, always able to enjoy mirth and good fare, and never have reason to be out of humour with their old friends, they do not

tell us, and none can enter into the bitterness of their souls. But it is plain they find Christmas always a disappointment, an illusion, and a positive fraud. For the matter of that, any birthday, any anniversary, any day of rejoicing whatever, may be turned into sorrow, or at least have its drawbacks. Every memento of the past, indeed every reminder of the future too, has its dark side. It is quite plain that, unless we would render this nothing else than a vale of tears and a valley of the shadow of death, we must learn to make the best of things, even of this much lamented, much carped at, institution of Christmas. Nature, so far as she can be interpreted by her works, evidently intends that the gay should prevail over the sad, the brightness over the gloom."

Despite all his evident unwillingness to acknowledge the Christmas season either in its religious aspect, or its social beneficence, or its humanitarian utility, the writer has to admit that Christmas is, exists, is observed. But then he starts this "paradox," that it is observed with repugnance. Christmas, which is kept wherever the Anglo-Saxon race is to be found! Christmas, which is kept in all christian nations! Christmas, which the gloomy Puritan and the Presbyterian journalist have objected to, and which is yet observed more and more year by year. In Scotland, for instance, Christmas, once looked upon with repugnance, is becoming carefully observed. Why, oh propounder of paradoxes, we may well ask? The answer is, indeed, difficult to find or give. And then, as if fearing that such a paradox was too startling, he goes on to say:—

"It certainly is not according to the order of nature that people should break into remonstrant cries or mope with hidden melancholy at Christmas time, as dogs are wont to howl at the sound of church bells. But there is a basis of truth in this otherwise unmanly repugnance to join a common festivity. No doubt Christmas has always a sad tale to tell and sad warnings to give us. This cannot be helped, and we have to face it. We cannot abolish things by turning our heads the other way. If the family circle itself, or its enforced substitute, is duller and more broken every year, and if its interests are neither newer nor livelier from lapse of time and stress of circumstances, this may tax our spirits or our invention, but it is not a matter to be ignored altogether. Whatever our duty was in the matter it still remains."

If this most mysterious sentence means anything, it means this, that as Christmas is here and will be observed, let us, as contemptuous philosophers, bear with the "frailty" of our "poor humanity," and let us heroically resolve to accept its good things, and mix in its social gatherings. It is a great condescension on the part of such great philosophers as we are no doubt to-day, but there it is. The "rôle" of pure philosophy, of higher methaphysics, of expanded intelligence, of superior intellect, of "bottled moonshine," is to demean itself to the requirements of frail mortals in this sublunary scene. As we entirely disagree with the writer, we think it right to say so, and to point out that to very many of our toiling and scattered brethren Christmas is the one rallying point of common laborious life, the centre of domestic reunion and family rejoicing; and though it has its sadder side and its subduing memories in that it tells us yearly how our roll-call lessens, how many are missing, how many we shall no more see amongst us, it has a most wholesome and elevating, if chastening effect upon us all, be we who we may, in the memories it recalls and the aspirations it unfolds, the associations it blesses and the traditions it reveres. We are glad, however, to be able to agree with the writer's peroration, in which he very eloquently and fitly points out the humanitarian and benevolent uses to which Christmas may be put by us. We only regret that a love of paradox, very depressing and almost perverse, shall have so tainted and marred the able words of so skilled and so polished a writer. We deny once more that Christmas is "disappointing" to the "true in heart." It may not always here bring happiness or pleasure, peace or joy to us poor mortals, but all these things often here depend on circumstances over which we have no control. Suffice it to say, that Christmas properly enjoyed is ever a source of unfeigned happiness to many a glad heart, of reunion and intercommunion to more.

"The proper relief to all this disappointment is the interest which the season cannot but raise for the less favoured classes. That interest may not be so intense, so exciting, or so disappointing as the wonted interest felt by the members of a family so fortunate as to preserve the bond of natural affection. Public charity or benevolence may be a very perplexing problem, and it may even engross sympathetic or busy natures. But it can never lead to such fearful revulsions of feeling, such depths of despair, or such souring of nature's sweetness, as home love and boon companionship. The philanthropist is not in danger of becoming either a Cain or a Timon. He does not love his flock enough ever to hate them. He may be bankrupt in his means, but not in his affections. The element of benevolence is water, not blood. In the always possible breakdown of a family or social arrangement, it is well there should be a second best substitute, something to fall back on, so as not to be wholly an outsider in the season of hospitalities. Of course this requires some means and a little management, but there are none so lonely but that they may share in some of the efforts made on all sides to brighten the dead time of the year, and to remind all, rich and poor, that they have a nature and hopes in common. They that can gather round the family, perhaps the ancestral, hearth will feel that they cannot keep their happiness to themselves; they that are not so fortunate may congratulate themselves that earth offers a wider circle, larger duties, and upon the whole a more permanent and unchanging sphere for their sympathies than the domestic hearth itself—sure to chill if it be not made the school of noble aims and widening affections."

What a pity it is that the writer can have so wasted an opportunity of using his facile pen to give us such a distorted view of things as they are. Must we not regret that with this "diarrhœa of words" he has sought to invent childish and hurtful paradoxes, with their attraction of style and antithesis which, if they commend them to the sober minded and the cultured, will not prevent them from estimating them at their true value, but which may have a pernicious effect on the minds of the doubting, the morbid, and the unwise.

"KNIGHTS TEMPLAR" OR "KNIGHTS TEMPLARS."

AN amusing controversy has cropped up again in the United States which of these expressions is the right one! We have never taken part in it before, because at first sight it seems to the serener philosopher, or the calmer bye-stander, as the difference between Tweedledum and Tweedledee. In our opinion, both usages are allowable, and as we ourselves always use—just as it is put in Bro. Kenning's Cyclopædia—the words "Knights Templar," we are, of course, with those who advocate the use of the words Knights Templar, and especially with Bro. Drummond, who has written in the *Voice* on the subject. In the first place, the words Knights Templar are simply the converse of Templar Knights, and as such seem to represent both the common law of terminology and common sense. Like courts-martial, maid-servants, Master Masons, Fellow Craft Masons, Entered Apprentice Masons, and numerous similar instances which might be quoted, they certainly are not incorrect, "per se." If we take Templar as a pure adjective (it is, we think, incontestible that such is its right use), it is, in fact, Knights of, or belonging to, the Temple. But Templar is also a noun, and may be used as a noun adjective. Its derivation probably is from Templier; "Templarius" is the Latin, is only, of course, of mediæval use, but might be used in correct Latin—as of or belonging to the Temple. We meet with the word often "Templarii," while the word is partly adjective, partly substantive. The Latin is "Eques Templi Salomonis." "Eques Templarius" is not really good Latin, but monastic and chivalric, if ever it was used, about which we have some doubt. Our English word Templar seems to denote, in its early use, one living in or belonging to the Temple, and is generally used as a noun. But it is not impossible that a use might be found of it; as Templar students, though, we ourselves do not remember at this

moment any such use. It appears to us that if it is used as an adjective, its proper form is Templar; if as a noun—following much common usage—Knights Templar also; and certainly one point must be admitted in the discussion, whether rightly or wrongly, gramatically or ungramatically, the precedents in England are in favour of Knights Templar. We also think that, for the sake of euphony, this is the best and most agreeable use, though that is, of course, a matter of taste. We are rather inclined, as on other occasions in past and present, and probably in as many in the future, to plead for the "liberty," not indeed of "prophesying" like eloquent Jeremy Taylor in dark and dangerous days, but of the use of the Queen's English, our noble Anglo-Saxon vernacular. There is clearly no positive rule either way; both are to some extent right.

PETER BEERIE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BEATRICE."

I PROPOSE for various reasons, "good, bad, or indifferent," as my readers may deem them, to draw upon their sympathies, while I unfold a little narrative, to which I beg them to listen with "bated breath," and "rapt attention." The story is worth repeating, in my humble opinion, and therefore I deem it worth writing out for Bro. Kenning's capital magazine. Oh, suffering British householder, what can be done to relieve you from inflictions which are many? from unwonted trials and troubles which are your hourly lot? Do you guess already, from familiar afflictions, what I am alluding to? I see you do. I feel you do. You already are full of fidget, excitement, agitation, to hear this calamitous budget of a mournful retrospect. I once did a very foolish thing, but I was only a "young man" in "the country" then. I advertised for a man servant. Of course answers poured in. Some were short and some were long; some were emphatic and some were mysterious; some were straightforward; some were complicated; some were confidential, and some were even sentimental. Goose as I was, I took the "sentimental one," and and was, of course, incontinently "sold." An admirable character came at once, and first-class references, and all seemed so far so reasonable and so above, board. When the young man was said to be "twenty-three" and "most civil, industrious, sober, and obliging;" when I was solemnly told that he had been waiting on four grown-up young men and the master (who all used many clothes and boots daily), and had the whole work of the house to do, a large party at dinner every day, four meals a day and no helps, I was really struck, and much more so when it was calmly pointed out that all this was a "little too much" for that excellent young man. I almost felt inclined to think that I, in a retired family domicile, with two maid servants and a gardener and a boy—"had struck oil" at last. But I asked for a reference, and there came a "gushing reference" in a female hand to say that this "paragon" was really a "paragon," and above all, "religiously inclined." I doubt, I perhaps am wrong, the "gushingness" of our dear ladies sometimes, and so I wrote to the husband.

"His wife, like all her sex," I said, "is kind and considerate, not exacting" (my friend Jones puts in here, hum! ha! ho! though I don't know what he means), "but her 'better half' will be less so, and will speak the stern truth, and nothing but the truth." So I wrote to her lord and master, and behold, he admitted the "soft impeachment" of his own dear wife's words, and added a few complimentary words of his own.

And so I determined to take Peter, and so Peter came. He came down to

our quiet village at 11.30 on Saturday night. He ought to have been there at 4.50. Peter, who had "missed his train," and "had eaten nothing the whole day," Peter—yes, I am sorry to say it—Peter was "tight;" and I, well—I was, like all others, obliged to overlook the dire truth as a "first offence." Before Peter went to bed that night, he however contrived to "put under his belt" two mutton chops (which he specially asked for—it was the London habit, he said), some eggs and bacon, coffee and beer, and some "spirits" which Peter had contrived to smuggle into the house.

When I first saw Peter by daylight, I distrusted him at once. I give his portrait, which for some weeks I saw too often ever to forget.

Peter was thin, "short in stature and loose in person," shambling; he had a white face, with dirty looking ginger whiskers, a narrow forehead, and two such fishy eyes which never looked you in the face, and then such a scowl. Peter then had a sort of "yokel" look and way about him which I had reason to believe afterwards was "put on," and he professed to know nothing, and only to say, "no!"—with a drawl, or "yes." Peter had a squeaky voice when it was raised in the kitchen, which was peculiarly unpleasant. It was a cross, if you can realise it, between a "Jew's harp" and a "penny whistle."

Peter, no doubt, was in a continued state of "dirt and beer" while with me, and perhaps he was not in his normal condition or appearance. On this point I cannot speak, though he soon ingratiated himself with the cook and servant, "more suo," though everything went wrong in the house. He never did anything; he was always late; if he was sent on a message he did not come back; and when he sang the hymns loudly in church, off the cook's hymn book (does it not put you in mind of Muzzle and the cook, and the No. 4 collection in "Pickwick"), and committed several other profane acts, I began to have serious doubts of his religious principles. They were, as an excellent member of the Police Force observed to me confidentially, "all 'Walker,' sir," shaking his head vehemently. But doubt soon gave way to conviction, conviction to moral certainty.

I once laid a trap for Peter, which will give my readers a good idea of the man. I had reason to believe that Peter, like other servants I have known, read his master's letters, and so one day I turned a letter upside down on my escretoire, and summoning Peter, I said, "I'm going out for a few minutes; if Mr. Jones calls, tell him to wait." When I returned, my letter was on my escretoire, but put right. So I rang the bell and I said, "Peter, I wish you to leave my letters alone." If you had seen his injured look of innocence, and heard his protestations, you would have smiled, but still more when, with a look of slyness, he added, "Perhaps, sir, it was Mary."

And so one morning I mustered up courage and sent the innocent and religious Peter, despite his tears and protestations, back to the "little village," much to the discomfiture and distress, I admit, of two confiding females and the disappointment and displeasure of several disreputable pals. If any of my readers are blessed with such a treasure, let them do as I did—bundle him out of the house. I was only too long in doing it. Such a person is a curse to a house; he is the ruin of every servant with whom he comes in contact. Of all hypocrites, the greatest are they who profess to be religious; and, like the "Shepherd" in the great and immortal work quoted before, I am inclined to think, and not without pious hopes, that all such "rogues in grain, veneered in sanctimonious theories," are "booked for something uncomfortable."

Can nothing be done to get true characters and good servants? A special agent recommends a "Didust Buch," like they have in Germany; but that is absurd in England. No, the only hope I have is, that employers will yet learn to be honest, will give up equivocation and prevarication in order to get rid of a troublesome, or disagreeable, or even dangerous servant, and will dare to speak the truth, and actually to try and do unto others as they would be done to by them.

WHAT IS FREEMASONRY?

FROM THE GERMAN OF ZSCHOKKE.

DEAR Experienced Mike,—You have frequently relieved my perplexities, and I sincerely believe you to be a very wise person, although sometimes a little odd. There's now something on my mind which causes me and many others great uneasiness; something about the Freemasons. I don't know what to make of them. If you happen to know anything about them, just let us hear it, for our heads are all puzzled; and it would be well if you could quiet our conscience.

You must know, then, that there are here a number of gentlemen who have become Freemasons, that is to say, they meet together, and nobody can find out what they are about. They eat and drink like other men, but no one that has anything to eat and drink needs to do it in secret; after all, therefore, I suspect there is some other matter behind the scenes. My godfather thinks the Freemasons entertain only secrets of State, and are laying the foundation of another revolution, which we ought not to submit to. But my neighbour's wife asserts nothing less than that the Masons, having invented a new religion, are preparing a new bible, and are making proselytes; and when they meet, she says, they cause spirits to appear, and even cite the evil one, before whom all religious people are wont to make their crosses. My eldest son, who is a very smart sort of a fellow, denies all this, and thinks that the Freemasons are making gold, which he has read of in a book, and that they are so very discreet for this reason. I can't say but that would please me very well, for gold is a nice thing enough. There are yet others that charge the Freemasons with all sorts of unholy and disorderly practice. But this is all slander, I have no doubt, for I am acquainted with many upright and virtuous folks that are Freemasons.

It is now almost a year since a poor but honest man, who had been a long while at service in this place, was taken severely ill. He was aged, and without food or money, and, being from a foreign place, our benevolent institutions were prevented from relieving him. There he lay with pains, and tears, and prayed to God, for of man he had no hope! But there was a hope! One day a gentleman visited him, brought him money, obtained every necessary for him —lodging, bedding, medicine—but the sick man knew not from whom it came; and when at last he had recovered, the gentleman returned no more. It was only by a lucky chance that the old man ascertained at last that the Freemasons had taken compassion on his destitution, and he blessed them with tears in his eyes, and prayed to the Father in Heaven for them, although they were Freemasons. I had this from his own mouth. This tale has caused me all sorts of misgivings. Are the Freemasons no true Christians? Then I am really astonished at their Christian doings. What am I to think of it?

But I have another scruple of conscience. The oldest daughter of my brother's sister-in-law looks with rather a favourable eye upon a young man, who is decent, industrious, and ingenuous. The girl has a pair of beautiful eyes, that would cause many a one a heart-burning. I know the effect of such things. She is also possessed of considerable property; therefore he has, in all honour, demanded her in marriage, and my advice has been asked on the subject. This is a ticklish case, really—not the marriage, for such things will come to pass—but the position of the would-be husband—*he is a Freemason!* Here is embarrasment. The young man is honest, upright, quiet, industrious, and intelligent; has money, goes to church, is good natured, and wouldn't hurt a

child; has nothing to do with politics, owns a fine garden just by the town gate; is of decent parentage, has never had a suit at law; is head-over-ears in love with the girl; but yet—he is a Freemason! What shall we do, dear Mike? must we give him the girl? Please to advise your friend.

ANSWER.

My Dear Friend,—Throw the girl with the beautiful eyes into his arms, and I will wager he won't let her fall, but that she will soon feel quite at home. Do not listen to the tales of your female chatterboxes, that can discern nothing but black rust in their chimney-corners, and shut your ears to the empty gossip of your boon companions, who condemn everything they cannot measure with the yardstick or weigh with a patent balance. I do assure you the most stupid quality of man is that stupidity of knowing too much, which is self-conceit, or of not knowing enough, which is superstition and prejudice. You see, dear friend, I speak plainly; I use no mask.

I will tell you now what the Freemasons *are not*, for by this means you will be rightly informed. There are Freemasons in all countries. They are of high repute in France and Prussia, in Spain and Austria, in Russia and Denmark, and in England, of course. And therefore their societies were greatly esteemed centuries ago, and many princes and great men became Masons; even King Frederick the Great, of Prussia, himself, who wanted to look into the bottom of every well, belonged to the Order. Now, I would ask your godfather what cause he has to fear the secrets of State of the Freemasons, when princes, kings, and emperors are satisfied?

The Order of Freemasonry unites the herrnhutter with the Catholic priest, the reformed preacher with the deacon; and it cares not what coat each one wears, or what wig, or whether he be unshaven or shorn, so long as the heart sits in the right place. And I may, therefore, ask your neighhour's wife whether all these gentlemen, in every condition of life and standing, and of all religious creeds, meet to concoct new bibles? You can easily perceive that these people do not desire an alteration of the religious system, because centuries have passed by without having brought forth anything of the kind; and, as to citing spirits that, I am sure, the Masons know the least of. Not the Freemasons, but the schoolmasters, cite spirits, and therefore should all those who feel the want of spirits go to school and learn something of them.

Finally, in regard to the noble and truly valuable art of gold-making, I can only say how very desirable it would be for us to know all about it; but, alas! we know the process of boiling potatoes well enough, but as to gold, the scarcity of it will prove how unfortunately innocent we are in the premises. I tell you what it is: if we knew how to make gold, Emperor, Pope, and Soldan only would be Freemasons, and nobody else.

I have told you now what the Freemasons are not, and have to explain next what they are. This is a little more difficult, but you can almost guess it; and the poor old sick man in your town, whom they assisted in his sorrows, can tell you, also, I suspect. Those that meet for the purpose of inquiring where a sufferer is to be found whom they may assist, cannot be called bad, graceless, and debauched. If this is debauchery, I wish all mankind would join it; and, I am sure, the world would fare better with it than with all that righteousness that breaks your neighbour's neck for Christian charity!

Some centuries ago a few noble-minded men said one to another: "The Temple at Jerusalem is destroyed, and not one stone remains on another. Let us that have love one for another, and venerate in humility the Lord of Hosts, the Great Architect of the Universe, combine to erect a new Temple to the honour of His high name. But we will not build a visible, but an invisible one. The foundation shall be charity, and the copestone piety. This temple shall reach from West to East, through all lands and climes, where God and virtue are venerated. Instead of stones, we will unite souls; and instead of

cement, we will use the healing oil of kindness and affection, to relieve the burning pains of poverty and misfortune. Our square shall be faith, our plumb-line hope, and our level love and charity." Thus they spoke, and in all parts of the world the good came forward, and said: "*We will become fellows to these builders!*"

And in their meetings they celebrate, as a glorious secret, this temple with many beautiful symbols. There they are all equal, and no difference is tolerated in regard to worldly rank, but princes and mechanics vie with each other in humility, and call one another brother, as you, in sight of His altar, call the Lord your Father!

They have signs which they keep secret and inviolable, by which they know each other when they meet; and if they had never met before, in the land of the stranger one Freemason will recognise another by the first grasp of the hand, and exclaim "Thou art my brother!"

This is all, my dear friend, that I can tell you. A Freemason must be secret; and for this reason, perhaps, we find no Miss Freemason nor Mrs. Freemason, for the ladies have a somewhat nimble tongue. Selah! I advise you to let the good young man marry the girl with the beautiful eyes, and she will soon discover, by his life, that the Freemasons are very polite people, and sincerely desirous of keeping on good terms with the more beautiful portion of the human family.

[We take the above from our new contemporary, *The Masonic Age.*—ED. *M.M.*]

A CATALOGUE OF MASONIC BOOKS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

(*Continued from page* 317.)

704 *g* 20. Oliver, G.: The History of Initiation. 12 Lectures. (New Ed.) 8vo. London, 1841.

704 *f* 31. Ragon, J. M.: Cours Philosophique et Interpretatif des Initiations, etc. 8vo, Paris, 1841.

704 *h* 20. Williams, W.: Constitutions, etc., of Free and Accepted Masons. 4to, London, 1815.

1355 *c.* Oliver. G.: The Star of the East, etc. (New Ed.) 12mo, Lond., 1842.

1359 *g.* Percy, W. J.: Three Sermons before the Prov. Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons, Dorsetshire. 8vo, London, 1844.

PP 1073 Masonic Monthly: Nos. 1 and 2. 8vo, Boston, 1863.

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1369 *i*. Nicolai, F.: Einige Bemerkungen, etc., die Gesch der Rosenkreuzer and Freim. 8vo, Berlin, 1806.
1369 *i*. Oliver, G.: Some Account of the Schism, etc., amongst the Free and Accepted Masons of England. 8vo, London, 1847.
1369 *i*. Freemasonry: Planches de la Maconnerie.
1369 *i*. Everett, E.: Thoughts on the Excitement in Reply to a Letter. 8vo, Worcester, 1833.
1369 *i*. Oliver, G.: The Insignia of the Royal Arch, etc. 8vo, London, 1847.
1369 *i*. Klos, G.: Die Freimaurerei in Ihrer Mahren Bedentung. 8vo, Leipzic.
1369 *k* 5 Stone, W. L.: Letters on Masonry and Anti-Masonry, 8vo, New York, 1832.
1369 *k* 6 Oliver, G.: The Antiquities of Freemasonry. (New Ed.) 8vo, London, 1843.
PP 1058 *e*. The Masonic Magazine. 8vo, London, 1873, etc.
PP 1055 *d*. The Masonic Observer (Nos. 1-16). 4to, London, 1856-9
PP 1055 *c*. The Freemasons' Monthly Magazine (Vol I.) 8vo, London, 1841.
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PP 1055 *b*. The Freemasons' Quarterly Magazine and Review. 8vo, London. 1850, etc.
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992 *h* 6 Freemasons: The Secret History of Freemasons. 8vo, London.
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992 *h* 6. Freemasons: The Secret History of Freemasons (2nd Ed.) with
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897 *a* 6. Freemasons: A Frey-Maurer Aoagy Szabad-Kömiveb, etc. 8vo,
1 Kassan, 1792.
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WOULD WE HAPPIER BE?

BY REV. HENRY G. PERRY, M.A., K.T., 32°.

I.

COULD we tell before the morrow
What *for us* there is in store,
Of losses less, mayhap, or more
Anxiety and sorrow,
Would we any happier be?
I ween the burden blest of that
We wish for *most* in life is *not*
To trouble know, or borrow.

II.

Were the songs we hear when sleeping
But restored to us awake,
And the golden visions break
On our eyes bedimmed with weeping,
Would we any happier be?
While the lips that pressed our own,
In the hours for ever flown,
Were Love's richer harvest reaping?

III.

If the heart-throb, and the thronging
Thoughts through many a waking night,
Till the coming of the morn-light,
Bear witness to our wronging
Of some tenderer heart and true;
O! seek that heart to heart to *win*—it
Were ever worse than *sin*—it
Were Death to *quench* its longing.

IV.

O, the voices unforgotten!
O, the sweet tones of the Past,
And the memories fond that last,
For Eternity begotten!
We can never, never lose them;
But for ever, ever use them—
Those voices unforgotten!

V.

So, the friends that now surround us
Are the best we have and know,
Who their cordial kindness show,
May no evil e'er confound us;
And the hearts we claim prove ever
Such as change shall never sever
From the true one's circle 'round us!

VI.

While the question still we're asking,
Simple though it seem and plain,
'Twill the asking bear again,
All your wits and wisdom tasking
Of what the *Future* may portend?
Nay! our times are in His hand!
And He guides us o'er the strand
Of the Present, Past, and Time to come.
At the last may God forfend
But *we* reach that Heavenly Home!
May He us from evils all defend!

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

No. 81.—Vol. VII. MARCH, 1880. Price 6d.

THE RECORDS OF AN ANCIENT LODGE.

BY. W. FRED. VERNON, P.M. NO. 58, S.C.

(Continued from page 326.)

WE continue our extracts from these interesting old records, and insert here a carefully transcribed copy of an ancient document, apart from the minutes, which is endorsed on the back in very faded characters, "Mutuall agriement Betwixt the Maisones of the Lodge of Melros." The date of the document is 1675, and it is written, as stated below, by "Andro Mein, Meason, portioner of Neustied." This is without a doubt the same "AM" who had written out the ancient charge in 1674 (see *Masonic Magazine* for January, pp. 289-294), the handwriting being identical in both documents. In the absence of other testimony the following proves the existence of the Lodge of Melrose for a considerable period before the date of the first entry in the old minute book (1674):—

"At Neusteid the twentie & nyne Day of Januarie Jai vi of thrie scor & fyfteen years the under subscriband massons and prentises w^{t} in ye lodge of Melrois, having takin to consideration ye great hurt & losse y^{t} we have bein at in tyme bygoine, and y^{t} by taking of prentises upon ye accompt of thrie or foure yeirs which was a great losse to ye prentises, in not being tractable in his trad & not able to serve as a perfyt workman by reason of his small insight in ye trade of meason craft. Wherfore to avoyd ye lyke in tyme comming (Wit yea 16 *) be thir presents w^{t} mutuall consent & asent lyk as we be thir presents binds and obliges us conjunctly & severaly that none of us shal take any prentises herafter under sevin yeirs being bound to serve by ye Indenture otherways if so bee y^{t} any sall break ye said rule fors^{d} in y^{t} caise ye partie breaker sall be obliged to pay twentie pund Scots monie for every yeirs broak y^{t} he or they sall take any prentice under ye fors^{d} seven years and y^{t} w^{t} out modification to be given of the fores^{d} soume toggedder w^{t} ye soume fyve marks of Libyn* adat expenses Income of fortye & w^{t} lawfull payment of ye fors^{d} soume abovewritin by and altour ye fulfilling of ye premisses foresd, Lyk as we with mutuall consent forsd, binds & obligges us conjointly & severaly giveand & grantand full power & libertie to ye master masson & wardine of ye fors^{d} lodge [for ye tyme†] to call for & persen for ye fores^{d} break or any oyer break y^{t} sall hapen to be Includit in yis present bond & obligation provydand they be ay comptable to ye s^{d} Lodge for ye Intromission, and Sublyk we w^{t} consent firstly obligged us to meit yeirly on Saint John's Day which is ye 27 of December (if it be

* Within parenthesis and undicipherable.

not on ye Sabbath Day) in y^t^ case we ar to keipe ye next day following under ye penaltie of * four pounds to be payit in to ye Lodge and also y^t^ no prentises shal be entered recivit in but on ye forsd day under ye penaltie of Six pund Scots to be upplyfted be ye forsd master mason & wardin for ye tyme as f^d^ is [it is prevyded that a stranger prentis entered upon any other day procure a ticket fra the m^r^ massone, wardine and Box M^r^ w^t^ consent of some uther & if possible who sall imploy some of y^r^ number to be present and tak y^r^ iugadgment for y^r^ inbringing and give orders for y^t^ effect morover w^t^ consent first y^t^ if any enter of St. John's Day they are to pay 8 marks Scots w^t^ suficient gloves to ye whole company to be payed at ye next St. John's Day†] for the which entrie they are to pay ten pund Scots, & suficient gloves, and when any prentice is to be mad frie masson he is to pay 4 pund Scots & suficient gloves. Moreover the a^t^ consent forsds binds & obliges us conjunctly & severalie y^t^ we shall not tak others work over ther head, except w^t^ consent of masson y^t^ was imployed first for y^t^ case it shall not be permitit to any to meddle w^t^ it so long as y^r^ is any thing restand him for his worke or pannes done formerly and the breaking is to pay a peanaltie according to the work & merit of ther fault, which partie breake shall be obliged to stand to ye determination of the Lodge for his wrong-done which penaltie is to be payit to ye fors^d^ persons for ye tyme (provyding always they be comptable) and Lastly, we bind and oblyge us conjunctly & severaly that we sall keip good order & correspondent each on w^t^ other in tyme comming in all poynts & and not to wrong ane another no maner or way which charge we bind and oblige us & each one of us to keipe & fulfill as if everie particular charge were heirin Insert belonging to ye said art and trade of massonrie above-writtin and finalie the saids parties Under subscribing binds and obliges yir selves to observe keipe & fulfill ye haill premises to others in sua for as they stand heirby oblyged and the parties farther oblige y^m^ to pay ye partie observes ar willing to observe ther presents ye soume twentie marks Scots mony of Libnat penaltie & expenses by and alter ye fulfiling of ye premesses. And for ye mair securitie ye forsd parties forsd are content & consents ther parts be insert & registrat in ye book of counsall & sescion books of ye regalitie of Melrois or any oyr Ind ges * books competent and be decerned to have ye stronth of ane Decreit Interponed y^r^ to that letters & exells of horning may be directed hereupone in soume as esseirs and to that effect constituts‡ ther Lawfull proces In wittnes wh^r^ off (written be andro mein meason portioner§ of Neusteid) we haue subscribit ther presents w^t^ our hands day month place and year of God——above written Beffor ther wittnesses—— John mein maltman portionere of Neusteid and Andro bunye weiver in Neusteid, Richard mein John mein yonger John Meine Alex^r^ *Mein elder Jo Mein witness, Andro Robson*, Thomas bunye, Alex^r^ Mein yonger, Andro Mein elder, Radnor bunye witness, Robert bunnye yonger W G Andro Mein A T Robert Bunnye elder Robert mein John Mein, Andro Willson Andro toronbull, Adam Watson, Jas Mein, David Mein I.M. Rob^t^ Mein tounheid John mein, George Hall, Thomas Beinie R^t^ Latie, James Alexander, Andro Cook S. Latie, John Mein Osler, Andrew Riddell, John Tournbull, John Bunnye, Tho Wait, John Wallis, James Mein, John bunye, Robt Bunye, Walter Mathewson John I. H. hewlet, Jo. Ounser James Bunye, George Minto, John Cockburne, Johne Riddell, Nichol Rowat, Andro Mein, James Meane, James Laidlaw, *William Mein, George Tullie, James Pringlle*, Robert mein, John Mein, Nichol Turnbull, John Paux, James Mein, William Milne, Robert Bunnyie, James Willson, James Mein, Andrew Mein, David Bunie, John Mein, Geo Hislop, David Purvies, Richard Mein, Robert Pringle, Thomas Williamson, Robt Bunyie, William Aichison, John Creamont, James Bunyie, Ja Mein, Ro^t^ Burne, John Mein, Alex^r^ Mein, John Wilson, Thomas Bunnyie."

Besides proving the lodge to be, by internal evidence, of a considerable age, the very fact that the document was signed by over eighty names proves it also to have been in a flourishing condition. It is noteworthy the great number of similar names that appear at the foot of the document, particularly those of the family or families of Mein and Bunnye. One would imagine that the same individuals had signed the paper over and over again; but the signatures are really those of different individuals, though many bear the same christian and surname. It is also worthy of remark that we find in one or two instances the ancient brethren have appended their designations to their signatures; thus we find one is a maltman, another a weaver, another a vintner, and another a hostler. This fact shews that even at that early date others than operative masons belonged to the Craft, and that the speculative element evidently obtained at that period.

We now resume the consideration of the records in the old minute book. Before taking up the minutes in their regular order, we would note that at

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* Undecipherable.
† Written on margin.
‡ Blank in original.
§ Portioner, small proprietor.

page 240, at the end of the book, is a list of members, in all forty-six, under the title "A particular compt of those preferd in please conforme to ther* as felowcrafts," and on page 242 another list headed "This for the prentises 1690," the same date as the former, the number of prentices being only nine. Opposite some of the names in the former list appears the words "deit," "deid," "deid 1692," "died 1694," and so on. There are other lists of members in the books, and to those about the beginning of the eighteenth century are attached the distinctive marks assumed by the brethren.

We now take up the minutes where we left off in our last. There is no record for the year 1693, the following being the next in order upon pages 16 and 17:—

"This day being the 27 of decr 1694 the wholl tread of measons in this Lodge of neusted heafr comptd with all thos who imposed aine money that the said tread was ounnd at the tyme and is payd. And this day ther is told of money & put in the boxe of money siven pund twelve shillin of money. And of cards put in viz

James mein & Andro mein	P	06	0	0
Jon Bowar	P	10	0	0
Jon Mein @rent not payd		11	0	0
Jon Mein tounheid	P	12	0	0
Thomas Mein @rent not payd		04	10	0
Andro Wilson not payd		01	03	0
Jon Reink		04	10	0
Tho Bunye & Wm millne	P	11	00	0
Ja: & Allxr Meins @rent (not payd for thire yeirs P)		11	00	0
Robt Bunye	P	11	00	0
Robert Pringell	P	11	00	0
Jon hislop	P	04	10	0
Andro Turnbull		06	0	0
Jon Park		04	10	0
Suma is		118	3	00

The tottall is of money and bonds	lb	s	d
	125	15	0

This day being the 27 decr 1694 the tread heath voted upon Richard mein as wardin & Jon Mein, wynd, as clerk to examin the wholl tread of measons And that upon the selfe sam questions that the first man is examined on And that befor witneses of the tread."

For the year 1695 we find the following entries:—

"A compt of those that are contimutus for ther fynes at St Jons day 1695 Andro Mein son to Andro Mein for a Groat david was for 2/
Neusteid 27 Decr 1695 told and put in the boxe fourtin pund
01 — 6d And of cards be Wm . . . . . 4 — 10 — 0
dranchell be Jon Mein in Lesuden . . . . . 4 — 10 — 0
ther was taken out of the boxe the Suma . . . . 23 — 1 — 6
soum of — — 01 — 05 — 04 on the 28 day of December
January 17 day took out — 00 — 06 — 00 for the maintaining of the law
There was of mony this morning in the boxe . . . 08 — 04 — 02

Upon page 23 we find the following resolution, which was passed and signed the above night:—

"At neusteid the 27 day of decr 1695 it is heirby inacted and ordained be the Meason tread that nather prentis nor fallow craft be recived in to our companie unles they have ther gloves presentlie produst to those persons they are concernd to pay too. And that suficient gloves with four shilin per pair for prentises & with five shillin per pair for fallowcrafte. The qlk act is to be performed & keepit under the pain of Ten pund Scots presentlie payd to the trad as said is be the breaker thereof

* Illegible.

And Lykways it is acted by us under subscrybers in name & behalf of the wholl meason trade; That if anie person within the said tread: of meason tread in neusted shall be contimasious to the tread for what fyne shall be imposd upon them by consent of the tread they shall pay the just double at anie oyr tyme they shall be made to pay it the qlk we Consent under our hands as fd is

Robert Bunyie, Johd Mein, John mein John mein John meser James mein Thomas bunyie Androw mein Thomas bunyie Andrew mein Rob^{t} Mein Jaes Mein."

Here again we are struck with the number of persons of the name of Mein; out of twelve signatures attached to the above "act" eight have the surname Mein; there are three John's, two Andrew's, two James's and a Robert. There are also three Bunyie's, and the twelfth is the name of Meser. All the signatures are by different hands.

"An particular not of the arent for the year 1696.

James mein for on year for eleven pound . . .	00 — 12 — 00
Ro^{t} bunnie for eleven pound	00 — 12 — 00
W^{m} daurnick for four pound ten shilin . . .	00 — 04 — 06
James mein brigend for six pound	00 — 06 — 06
John mein for two cards for all proceding . . .	02 — 19 — 02
John mein tounheid for fue ground	00 — 13 — 00
W^{m} millr for eleuen pound	00 — 12 — 00
John hislop for four pound ten shilin	00 — 04 — 06
Andro Willson for two year of twenty thrie shillin .	00 — 03 — 00
Ro^{t} pringl for eleun pound *this is unpayd for for sd year* .	00 — X — 00
Jo bouer for ten	00 — ij — 00
Ri mein payed for John renick on year area . . .	00 — 04 — 06
wheras y^{r} was two dew to wit the years 1695-1696	
William Achison for booking mony and mark . . .	00 — 08 — 00
James mein for passing four pound & on shilin . . .	4 — 01 — 00
James Mens booking mony	00 — 02 — 08
ther was three payed for not being perfyt . . .	00 — 12 — 10
the above soume comes to	12 — 15 — 08
ther was of debursments this	4 — 19 — 10
ther remains this	7 — 15 — 08
giuen out for tobaco the soum	00 — 15 — 00
for four pints of aile	0 — 12 — 00
for an unce and an haf of tobaco	0 — 01 — 06
	1 — 10 — 02
	6 — 05 — 02

The above is upon page 22, and upon pages 24 and 25 we come to the following under the same date:—

"An acount of bonds within the box this day being the 28 of December 1696.

Thomas bunnie and william mill eleuen	11 — 00 — 00
John mein tounheid and John mein his son . . .	12 — 00 — 00
Andro Turnbul the soum of arent unpayed for two years .	06 — 00 — 00
John renik aren unpayd for on year	04 — 10 — 00
James mein and Andro mein	06 — 00 — 00
John mein credybuts for the soum of	16 — 00 — 00
John bouyer and Richard mein the soum of . . .	10 — 00 — 00
Andro Wilson the soum of , ...	0 j — 03 — 00
James and alexander meins the soum of	1 j — 00 — 00
Rob^{t} pringal and andro pringle the soum of . . .	1 j — 00 — 00
Rob^{t} bunnie and Ro^{t} bunnie the soum of	1 j — 00 — 00
W^{m} draughill and thomas bunnie the soum of . . .	04 — 10 — 00
Ja: hislop and John mein the soum of	04 — 10 — 00
John mein in Lesuidoun the soum of	04 — 10 — 00
William Achison and andro wilson for the soum . .	1 j — 00 — 00
Patrick Jarsop his is in thomas bunnies nevoy bond for the soum of which is produsced this day into ye box December 28 1697	1 j — 00 — 00
Andro lithars for the soum of eleven Pound in the hand of R^{d} mein	1 j — 00 — 00

thomas mein for four pound and it is in the hand of R^d^
mein for the soum . . . . . 04 — 10 — 00
James Trotter & Thomas bunie neueid . . . . 1j — 00 — 00

John oramond for six pound Scots i57 i3 00
Ro bunie for eleuen pound

There was of mony told and put in the box the soum of nin pound and fifteu shilin and two penies scots being the 28 of december 1696

Neusteid 31 of december Received from Ro^t^ bunnie the soum of four pound ten shilin Scots for thomas meins ticket and the arren fourten shilin ten penis scots
q^r^ of he gave a shilin and promised to tak it again if it w^d^ not pas"

Upon this same page is engrossed a resolution of the brethren of the date 1740, but the following pages, from 36 onward, contain the entries in regular order. As they are almost a repetition of the foregoing, we need not extract them; but we make a note of the expenditure of the lodge for St. John's day, 1698, which is entered as follows :—

"An accompt of money debursed this day the 27 of de^r^ 1698

to andro mein bridgend for fleshe	04 — 04 — 00		
to the said andro för a ticket	00 — 10 — 00		
to John mein for two sheet of paiper	00 — 00 — 06		
to James bunyie for keepin the key	00 — 14 — 00		
to James bunyie for going to melrose about the flesh and the bread	00 — 03 — 00		
to agnes philp for aile	06 — 13 — 03		
to agnes philp for making the meat ready and also for beare	01 — 15 — 00		
	14	09	10
to w^m^ brouin for whyt bread the soum of . . .	02 — 05 — 06		
for two legs of muton and an pund of tobaco and pips	02 — 03 — 10		
for an capful of salt	00 — 03 — 00		
	19	02 — 02	
	11	08	10
	07	11	04
this day being the 27 of december 1698 there was of mony told and put into the box	07 — 13 — 08		

wherof ther was four pound and four shilin scots
of English mony which is by the self in an pice of paper

the forsd day ther was full pour given to John mein tounheid and John mein wynd to put the bonds in execution against the first of march 1699 for buying the mort cloth

upon the 27 of december ther was 1698
given out to ye smith of Eildon for mending of ye lok of ye kirk loft given out at night 00 — 03 — 08."

Having given the above "particular accompts" in full as a sample of the style practised by these ancient brethren, we need not in future transcribe any more of these entries, but will content ourselves with quoting any note, or entry, or resolution that strikes us as curious or likely to throw any light upon the ancient working of the Craft. There is, for instance, an item in the accounts for 1696 which is of interest, namely, "There was three payd for not being perfyt," which seems to show that at that time there were fines or forfeiture for those who were unable to pass an examination. The various items connected with the celebration of the festival of St. John are interesting. It must be borne in mind that the computation represents pounds, shillings, and pence Scots, not sterling, one shilling sterling being about equivalent to one pound Scots. All powerful as the modern coin is supposed to be, the purchasing power of a shilling in those days was greater than it is now. The *mort-cloth* referred to is the velvet pall used at funerals, and this one would be specially kept by the Masons to be used at the funeral of any brother or member of his family. In the minutes of some of the old guilds or incor-

porated trades we have examined, it would seem that the mort-cloth was let out on hire at a fixed charge. "The lok of ye kirk loft" refers to the lock of the door leading to the gallery specially set apart for the use of the fraternity in the parish church. We will have occasion to refer to the kirk loft again.

(To be continued.)

THE OLD CHARGES OF THE BRITISH FREEMASONS.

WILLIAM JAMES HUGHAN.

No. IV.—The "York MS." No. 6 (A.D. 1680.)

I HAVE termed the following transcript a copy of the York MS., No. 6, of A.D. 1680 *(circa)*, because I believe it to be the *missing* MS. which, in the Inventory of A.D. 1779 of effects belonging to the York Grand Lodge, is ranked as the last, or No. 6, of the series. I came across it quite accidentally some years ago when looking over some old documents carefully preserved in the Grand Lodge of England (London), and at once recognised the Roll as the one described in the Inventory of 1779, viz., "A Roll of Charges, whereof the bottom part is awanting." Since then the part "awanting" had evidently been found, and was placed for custody in the archives of the Grand Lodge in London, for why and by whom has not transpired. The part severed from the Roll between "*Tunc unus*," etc., and "*Vel ponat*," etc., when placed in position is perfect; so also with the portion divided further on, and, doubtless, was the part "awanting."

The MS. has never been published before, and is the only one of its kind having the conclusion as follows, else it is a poor version:—"Doe all as you would bee done unto, and I beseech you att every meeting and assembly you pray heartily for all Christians—Farewell."

The might of the father of heaven with ye wisdom of his glorious Sonn Jesus through ye grace and goodnesse of ye holy Ghost That bee Three persons in one, bee with us att our begining & give us grace soe to govern here in our lifetime That we may come to ye joy that never shall have ending Amen.

Good Brother and fellow my purpose is to declare how & in what manner the Craft of Masonry was begun & afterwards how it was by worthy Kings & Princes and by many worshipful men found out. And alsoe to those that be here Wee will declare the charges that belongeth unto a true Mason to keep for in good suth, and ye take good thereto, it is well worthy to be well kept for a worthy Craft and Curious Science.

For there bee Seaven liberall Sciences of ye which Seaven it is one of them, And the names of ye Seaven Sciences bee these, first is Grammar & it teacheth many to speak truly and to write truly. And ye Second is Rhetorick & teacheth a man to speak faire and subtill terms. And ye third is Dialetick & teacheth a man to discern and know truth from False. And ye Fourth is Arithmetick & teacheth a man to reckon & accompt all manner of numbers. And ye Fifth is called Geometry & that teach meet and measure of Earth & all other things of ye science that is Clipped Masonry. And ye Sixth Science is clipped

Musick & that teacheth a man both Song voice & tune of Organ Harp & Trumpett. And ye Seaventh Science is called Astronomy and it teacheth ye Course of ye Sunn Moone & Starrs.

These be ye Seaven liberall Sciences of which Six bee all founded by one Science (that is to say) that Geomtry & this many a man proves that ye Science of ye work is founded by Geometry, for Geometry teacheth a man both meet & measure Ponderation & weight of all manner of things on Earth, for there is noe man worketh any Craft by he worketh by some meet or some measure, nor noe man buyeth or selleth, but hee buyeth or selleth by some measure or by some weight, and all these is Geometry. And these Merchants and all other Craftsmen & all other of ye Seaven Sciences & especially ye Plowmen and all manner of Tillers of Graines & Seeds, Flowers Trees & Setters of other fruits, for Grammar or Arithmetick or Astronomy, nor none of all ye Seaven Sciences can in noe manner find out nor measure without Geometry, Wherefore I think that ye Science of Geometry is most worthy & that findeth all other.

How that ye worthy Science first begun I shall you tell; before Noah's Flood there was a man named Lamech, which had two wives, as is written in ye Bible in ye 4th Chap: of Genesis & this Lamech had Two wives & ye one called Adah & ye other Zillah; by ye first wife Adah hee got Two Sonns & called them both Jaball, and by that other Wife Zillah, a Sonne & a daught^{r} & these Foure Children founded the begining of all Craft in ye world & ye elder Sonn Jabell found out Geometry & he ptd flocks of sheep in ye fields & lands & first wrought houses of stone & trees as it is noted in ye abovesaid Chapt^{r} and ye young^{r} Jabell found out ye Craft of Musick, Song, Tune, Harp & Organ, and ye Third brother Tuball Caine found Smyths Craft of Gold Silver Iron and Steele & Copper, and ye daught^{r} found of ye Craft of Weaving & these Children knew well that God would take vengeance for Sinn, either by fire or Water, wherefore they Write their Sciences that they had found out in Two Pillars of Stone that they might be found after Noah's flood. And ye one marble for that would not burne with fire, & ye other was clipped Latroos & would not drowne in any water.

Our intent is truly how & in what manner these stone were Savoured that these Sciences were written in. Ye great Hermarines, after were clipped ye great Harmarines that was Chubb his Sonn ye which Chubb was Shem's Sonne, that was was Noah's Sonn. Hermes ye father of wise men found one of ye Pillars & found Sciences there written on he taught to other men & att ye making of ye Tower of Babilon there was Masonry first made much on & ye King of Babilon that was called Membroth was a Mason himselfe & loved well ye Craft & Trade, as it is said by Masters of Histories, & when ye Citty of Nineveh & other Cities of ye East should be made, Membroth ye King of Babylon sent thither Threescore Masons at ye desire of ye King of Nineveh his Cousin & when hee sent them forth gave them Charges in this mann^{r}.

That they should bee true each of them to other & that they should love truly one another & that they should serve their Lord truly for his pay soe that ye Mast^{r} may have worship and all y^{t} belengeth to him Other more charges hee gave to them & this was ye first time that ever Mason had charges of his Craft.

Moreov^{r} when Abraham & Sarah his wife went into Egypt & there taught ye 7 Sciences to ye Egyptians & he had a worthy Scholl^{r} called Euclid & hee learned & was a Mast^{r} of all ye 7 Sciences & in his days it befell y^{t} ye Lords & States of ye Realme had soe many Sonnes that they had gotten some by their wives & some by other Ladys of ye Realme, for that land is a hott land & plenteous of Generation & they had not competent means meanes to find their children Wherefore they took great care & a Parliam^{t} was called to Consult how they might provide for their children honestly as being Gent^{s} & they could advise noe manner of way but caused a Proclamacon to be made

throughout ye Realm that if there was* any man that could inform them that hee should come & soe bee rewarded for his travaile as would content him after After that this was p'claimed came this worthy Clark Euclid & said to ye King & to all ye great Lords, if yee will take me yor children to Govern & to teach them one of ye 7 liberall Sciences wherewith they may live like Gents upon Condicon, you will grant mee a Commission that I may have powr to rule them after ye mannr yt ye Science ought be ruled by. And yt ye King & all his Councell granted to him one and Sealed this comon And then this worthy Doctr took to him those Lords sonns and taught them ye Science of Geometry, in practise for to work in Stone all mannr of worthy work belonging to Churches Temples, Castles, Towers & Manners.

The first was that they should bee true to ye King and to ye Lords that they owne & serve & that they should love well together & bee true each one to other & that they should call each other his fellow or brother and not his S'vant or his Slave, nor any foule name. And yt they should truly deserve their pay of ye Lord or Mr that they serve, And that they shall ordaine ye wises of them to bee Mr of ye work, And neither for great love nor lineage, for favour to sett another yt hath little cunning for to bee Mr of ye work, whereby ye Lord should bee evill served, and ye Mr ashamed. And alsoe that they should call them Govrnours of ye work Mr for they work with him & other many more things that are too long to declare & to all these charges hee made them sweare a great Oath yt men used in yt time & ordained for them reasonable wages that they might live honestly by, and alsoe how they should come & assemble together every yeare, how they might work best together & serve ye Lord for his profitt & their owne profitt & worship And to correct within themselves him yt had trespassed against ye Craft.

And thus was ye Craft grounded there, and that worthy Mr Euclid gave it ye name of Geometry, and now it is clipped through all this land Masonry.

Since that time when ye children of Israell were come into ye land of Beheast It is now clipped amongst us ye Country of Jehelin, King David began ye Temple that is called Templu Domini & is named with us ye Temple of Jerusalem & ye same King David loved well Masons & cherished them much & gave them good pay & hee gave ye charges and ye manners as hee had learned in Egypt given by Euclid & and other charges more that you shall after here.

And after ye decease of King David, Solomon that was King Davids Sonn finished out ye Temple that his Father had beguun & gathered together Masons of divers Countries & sent them into divers Lands, soe that hee had Fourscore Thousand of Workers of Stone & were all named Masons & hee chose out of them Three Thousand that were ordained to bee Masons & Govrnours of his worke.

And furthermore there was a King of another Nation that men clipped Iram & hee gave him Timbr to his work and had a Sonn yt was called Aynon, a Mr of Geometry & was chiefe Mr of all his Masons and was Mr of all his Ingraving and carveing of all other Masonrie belonging to ye Temple & this is Witnessed in primo libro Regum tertio capito & this Solomon Confirmed both charges and manners that his father had given to Masons & thus was this worthy Craft of Masonrie confirmed in ye Country of Jerusalem & in many other Kingdoms.

Curious Craftsmen travailed into divers lands & Countrys some because of learning more Craft & cunning and some to teach them that had but little skill & soe it befell there was one Curious Mason that was called Naymus Greus that had beene att ye making of Solomons Temple & hee came into France & there hee taught ye Science of Masonrie to men of France & there was one of regall line that was called Charles Martell & hee was one yt loved

* The end of the *Tracing* over the MS., mostly worn away by the damp.

well ye Craft & drew to this Namus Greus that was abovesaid & learned of him ye Craft and took upon him ye charges and manners aftrwards by ye Grace of God hee was elected to bee King of France & when hee was in his estate, hee took Masons & did help to make men Masons that were none & sett them to work & gave them both ye charges and ye manners & good pay as hee had learned of other Masons and Confirmed them a Chartr from yeare to yeare to hold their Assembly where they would & cherished them much & thus came ye Craft into France.

And England all this season stood void for any charge of Masonrie untill St Albones time & in his dayes ye King of Engd that was a Pagan, he did wall ye Towne about yt is called St Albones & St Albone was a worthy Knight & Steward of ye Kings household & had Governmt of ye Realme and alsoe in making of ye Towne Walls & loved Masons & cherished them very much & hee made their pay right good standing as ye Realme did, for hee gave them Two Shills six pence p. week & Three pence to their nonesinces & before yt time through all this Land a Mason took a penny a day & his meate till St Albone amended it & gave them a Chartr from ye King & his Councell & gave it ye name of Assembly & hee was himself a helpr to make Masons & gave them charges as ye shall heare afterwards.

Presently, aftr ye decease of St Albone there came divers Warrs into ye Realme of Engd of divers Nations, soe that ye good rulers of Masonry was destroyed unto ye time of King Athestons days yt was a worthy King of Engd & brought this land into Peace and builded many great works of Abbies & Towers and other divs building & hee loved well Masons & hee had a Sonne yt was called Edwine & and hee loved Masons much more than his Father did & hee was a great Practicour in Geometry & hee did Comune & talk with Masons & to learn of them ye Craft, And aftrward for ye love hee had to Masons and ye Craft hee was made Mason & he obtained of ye King his father a Chartr & Comission to hold every yeare one Assembly, where yt evr they would within ye Realm of Engd & to correct within themselves defaults & trespasses that were done against ye Craft & held himselfe an Assembly att Yorke & there hee made Masons & gave them charges & taught them ye Manners & Comanded yt rule to bee kept ever after & gave them ye Chartr & Com-on to keep & made an ordinance yt it should bee renewed from King to King. And yt when ye Assembly was gathered hee made a cry yt all old Masons & young, yt had any writing & undrstanding of ye charges & manners yt were made before in this Land, or in any other, yt they should shew them forth, and when yt was proved, there were found some in French & some in Greeke & somein English and some in other Languages, and ye intent of them was found to noe sense, and hee did make a book thereof, And now ye Craft was founded and hee himselfe Comanded yt it should be read or told, when any Mason should bee made, for to give him his charge, and from yt day unto ye time, Manners of Masons have been kept in yt forme, as well as as well as men might govern it. And furthrmore divers assemblies have beene made & ordained certaine Charges by ye best advice of Masters & fellows

Tunc unus ex Senioribus tenebat libru ille velle ille ponat
* *vel ponat manus, sup libru et tunc precepta seberent legi*

Every man yt is a Mason take good heed to these charges, yt if any man find himselfe guilty of any of these charges, yt hee amend & you yt are to bee charged, principally take heed yt ye may keep these charges well, for it is a great danger for a man to forsweare himselfe upon a book

The first Charge is, That hee or you shalbee a true Man to God & ye Church & yt hee use neither Error nor Heresie according to his or their understandings.

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* Portion of Roll that has been roughly parted.

And alsoe yt hee or they bee true to ye King without Treason, or any other falshood, And yt they shall Conceal noe Treason nor Treachery, but discover it if they can.

And alsoe you shall be true Each one to other, (yt is to say) to every Mason of ye Craft of Masonry yt bee Masons allowed, you shall doe to them as they would they should doe to you.

And alsoe you keep all ye Councells of Lodge & Chambr & all other Councells yt ought to bee kept by way of Masonhood.

And alsoe yt noe Mason shall steale or use Theft, soe far as hee knows or unstanes.

And alsoe hee shalbe true to ye Lord or Mr, yt he serveth & truly labour for his profitt & advantage.

And alsoe ye shall call Masons yor brethren, or else yor fellow & not any foule name.

And alsoe you shall not take yor fellows wife in Villany, or desire his daughtr ungodingly, nor his servant, nor to putt him to any disgrace.

And alsoe yt you pay truly for ye meat and drink where you goe to bedd, or board, whereby ye Craft might not be slandered thereby.

These bee ye charges in generall, which belongeth to every true Mason to keep, both Mastrs & Fellows.

Rehearse I would other charges singular for Mastrs & Fellows.

First yt noe Mastr shall take upon him a Lords nor noe mans work, but first yt hee knows himselfe to bee able in skill to p'forme it, Soe yt ye Craft shall have no disgrace or slander, but yt ye Lord may be well served.

And also noe Mastr shall take work, but yt hee take it reasonably, so yt ye Lord bee truly served with his owne good, & ye Mastr to live honestly & pay his Fellows truly their pay as ye mannr is.

And alsoe yt noe Mastr or Fellows shall not supplant others of their work (that is to say) if hee take any work, or stands as Mastr of ye Lords work, you shall not putt him out, but if not expert in Cunning for to end ye work, then putt him out.

And alsoe yt noe Mastr or Fellow take an Apprentice within ye terme of Seaven yeares, and yt ye Apprentice bee able of Birth, freeborne & of Limbs whole as a man ought to bee.

And alsoe yt noe Mastr or Fellow take allowance to bee made Mason without ye assent and consent of his Fellows att vi or vii even yeares, And he yt shalbee made Mason in all mannr of degrees (that is to say) Free borne & come of good kindred & honest & noe bondman. And alsoe yt hee have his right limbs as a man ought to have.

And alsoe yt noe Mason shall take an Apprentice except hee have sufficient occupacon to occupie or two Fellows, or else Three att ye least.

And alsoe yt noe Mastr or Fellow putt noe Lords work to taske that was not wont to goe to Journey.

And alsoe yt every Mr shall give pay to his Fellows as they deserve, Soe yt you bee not deceived by false workmen.

And alsoe yt none speak evilly behind another's back, soe hee loose his good *name or his wordly goods.*

And alsoe yt noe fellow within ye lodge or without misansquire ungodly or reprevable without reasonable cause.

And alsoe yt every * *Mason shall reverence his Elder and putt him to Worship. And alsoe yt no Mason shalbee any Comon* Player att hazard or att ye dice or att any other unlawfull playes, whereby ye Craft might be slanded.

And alsoe yt any Mason shall not exercise himselfe in Lecherie nor bee no bawde whereby ye Craft might be slandered.

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* Portion of MS. which has been divided.

And alsoe yt noe fellow goe into ye Towne in ye night time where is a lodge of Fellows is, without hee haves a Fellow with him yt hee may beare him witness yt hee was in honest Company.

And alsoe yt every Mr or Fellow shall come to ye Assembly yt hee bee within Fiftie miles, if hee have any writinge. And if hee Trespassed againstye Craft to abide ye Award of Masters & Fellows.

And alsoe yt every Mr and Fellow yt have trespassed against ye Craft shall stand there att ye Award of Masters & Fellows, & to make them agree, if they can, and if they cannot cause them to accord, to goe to ye Comon Law.

And alsoe yt noe Mr or Fellow make any mold Square or Rule to any Layer, or sett Layer within ye lodge, or without to hew any mold stones.

And alsoe yt every Mason receive and cherish strange Fellows when they come over to ye Country, and sett them on work, and they desire as ye manner is, (that is to say) if hee have noe mold stones in his place, hee shall refresh, he shall refresh him with money unto ye next lodge

And alsoe that every Mason shall truly serve ye Lord for his pay, and every Mr shall truly make an end of ye work bee it by Task or Journey if hee have his Covenants, and all that you ought to have.

These Charges that now bee rehearsed to you & to all others that belong to Masons, you shall truly keep—So help you God, and yor holydoome, and by this Booke unto your Power Amen.

Doe all as you would bee done unto, and I beseech you att every meeting and Assembly you pray heartily for all Christians—Farewell.

A certified transcsipt from the *original* roll made by W. J. Hughan.

AS WE MAKE IT.

OH, call not this a vale of tears,
A world of gloom and sorrow;
One half the grief that o'er us comes
From self we often borrow.
The earth is beautiful and good;
How long will man mistake it?
The folly is within ourselves—
The world is what we make it.

Did we but strive to make the best
Of troubles that befall us,
Instead of meeting cares half-way,
They would not so appal us.
Earth has a spell for loving hearts;
Why should we seek to break it?
Let's scatter flowers instead of thorns—
The world is what we make it.

If truth and love and gentle words
We took the pains to nourish,
The seeds of discontent would die,
And peace and concord flourish.
Oh, has not each some kindly thought?
Then let's at once awake it;
Believing that, for good or ill,
The world is what we make it.

THE LAWS OF THE CRUSADERS IN CYPRUS.

A LECTURE on this subject, founded by the merchants of London in honour of John Ingram Travers, was delivered at the London Institution, Finsbury Circus, by Sir Travers Twiss, who introduced it by sketching the history of the island from its colonisation at a very early period by Phœnician settlers from Tyre down to the Third Crusade, during which our own Richard I. wrested it from the Byzantines, subsequently transfering it to Guy, the founder of the Lusignan dynasty. There was, the lecturer said, a manuscript in the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris unique of its kind and never yet published, which contained the code of laws under which the Greek inhabitants of Cyprus were living shortly before Richard's conquest. It was a small quarto written in the 13th century, and began with Pope Alexander IV.'s famous Cypriot Constitution, establishing the supremacy of the Latin bishops in the island over those of the Greek rite. The date of this Bull was 1260, and it remained in force as long as the Franks ruled the island. Next came some verses on the relative duties of judge and advocate, after which followed 19 chapters of law in Greek, the 17th and 18th containing provisions on maritime law identical with those of the Basilica, or Imperial Byzantine Code, and thus carrying us back to the times anterior to Richard and Guy de Lusignan. Under Guy the nobles and the commons had each their own system of laws, which were termed "Assises," the history of which laws was singularly illustrative of the vitality of a legal system based on the principle of trial by one's peers. The origin of these laws was traced back to the First Crusade. On the election of Godfrey de Bouillon in 1099 to the throne of the Latin kingdom of Jerusalem, his first care was to draw up a body of laws for the government of his subjects. These consisted of two very different bodies of men—namely, an organized body of barons and knights, with their armed retainers; and a heterogeneous body of footmen, "*la gent à pie*," who followed in the wake of the fighting men and owned no military chief. The former had left their counterpart behind them in Western Europe; the latter were a novel development of industrial life, merchants and mariners, handicraftsmen and cultivators of the soil, who had quitted their homes from a desire to improve their condition of life, and were not disposed to acquiesce in a system of political dependence such as they had now outgrown in their new career of perilous adventure. The result was that two distinct systems of jurisprudence were compiled; hence two systems of judicature, and two books of its principles, entitled respectively the "Book of the Assises of the High Court" and the "Book of the Assises of the Court of the Burghers of Commons." These books were deposited with much solemnity in a chest within the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, whence they were styled "Lettres de Sépulcre." Before concluding with a few words on the present administration of Cyprus, it was remarked that we were taught by the preservation of the Assises of Jerusalem to the present day the same lesson which we learn from the preservation of Bracton's "Treatise on the Laws and Customs of England." The value of both works consists in the fact that they are compilations not of laws, but of jurisprudence. What may have been the precise contents of the original "Lettres de Sépulcre," whether they were as meagre as the Great Charters of our Angevin kings, must remain matter of conjecture. What gave them value was the spirit in which they were administered, and the procedure by which what was good and just and equitable in them was implanted in the memory of each generation, and became dear to them as a legacy of ancestral usages.

MASONIC STORIES.

BY AN OLD MASON.

No. I.

AS I think that some of the stories which linger in my note books or my memory may amuse some of the readers of Bro. Kenning's magazine, for which the reading members of the Craft ought to be grateful to him, I deem it well, ere "time and fate" stop my pen, to transcribe them for their amusement and, I hope, improvement. Yes! and perhaps it is as well. Some day, when my papers are looked over by other eyes, and the books and MSS. of another departed Freemason attract the curious or edify the collector, it will be as well, probably, if such stories as these should not fall into "profane hands," and therefore I venture seasonably and thoughtfully to send them to the *Masonic Magazine*. Some years ago, when I was a very young Mason, by the way, rather green in addition, and extremely curious about things Masonic, I attended a Lodge in a great English garrison, well known to many "sojourners" there, which was then principally composed of foreigners, though a few English Masons were among them. In those days the brethren in that particular Lodge had swords (a point I always object to in foreign Masonry), and on my alluding to that fact to my neighbour, a foreigner who spoke English, he said—"Well, you don't want them in England, and here they are really needless too; but in my country, and other countries, they are sometimes very useful and needful. Let me tell you a little story." I bowed my head and listened.

"Some years ago, in a certain Spanish town which shall be nameless, there was a Lodge of Freemasons meeting secretly, for it was then prohibited by the Government of Ferdinand." "Ah," I said, "I think when Masons are forbidden by the laws to meet, they ought not to do so. Obedience to law is always a Masonic duty." "Do not," he replied, "let us argue that point, but be good enough to listen to my story. In those days, I repeat, urged on by the priests and the violent party in the Roman Catholic Church, King Ferdinand's Government tried vainly to crush Freemasons and Freemasonry. A leading member at Madrid was placed in the Inquisition, and released by means of two Masonic familiars in a very short time, whose adventures you have doubtless read in 'Sandoval the Freemason.' That worthy brother was, in Christina's regency, Consul here, as you probably know. We were then about forty, composed of monks, the secular clergy, military officers, and civilian employés, and one or two professors. We were not, then, a political body, though proscribed. We had amongst us a brother who, disappointed at not rising to office, and stirred on by the love of 'filthy lucre,' went to the governor and offered to betray our whereabouts, so that the police might take us in actual 'session.' The governor jumped at the idea, hoping to be benefited himself, and made a bargain with the 'traidor' for so many thousand 'reals.' But the governor had a secretary, a member of our Lodge, to whom he confidentially and exultingly said, 'Tiengo anora, questos Macones." The secretary asked how. He told him, and the name of the informant. The governor's secretary said nothing, but went and informed the Master of the Lodge, who immediately assembled privately all the brethren but the traitor in a lodge of emergency. It was then decided that they should hold their usual meeting, that the Master should summon all the brethren at a specified time, and deal with the matter as the safety of the brethren and the laws of

Masonry prescribed. Accordingly, when the informer received his secret summons, he went to the governor, and as the meeting was convened for the early hours of the evening, just when twilight sets in, if one may so speak of Spain, the governor settled with that degraded brother that, in order to ensure the capture of the whole Lodge, the police should not go near the place or surround the building for one whole hour after their assembly. This he also told the secretary. The necessary 'denouement' I leave to your imagination. When the police got to the spot and broke into the house, though they found some Masonic emblems, not a person was discernable, and from that hour to this," said my neighbour emphatically to me, "no one has ever seen or heard of the traitor. The Lodge was broken up for a time, but is now meeting again, and I am going to attend a meeting of it in a few days. So you see, my brother," he added, "that sometimes we poor foreign Masons may need the protection of the 'arch of steel.' In your happy country you know not of such things; but Masonry in other countries has often to fight for its 'dear life.'"

I have put into real speaking English, carefully, the words of my old neighbour in that Lodge, for I have remembered their substance well. The story made a deep impression on me at the time, as shewing one possible "realism" of Masonry; the application of it I leave to those good Masons who from month to month cast their eyes over these veracious pages. *Verbum sat Sapienti.*

A MASONIC DREAM.

BY BRO. HIRAM AFID.

BRO. EDITOR:—I had been to a Masonic banquet, where everything in the shape of good things to eat had been duly consumed. The *menu* consisted of oysters raw, stewed, fried, and escalloped, creams, confections, etc., too tedious to mention though not too tedious to transfer from the outside to the inside of a good eater. In a word, not to take as long to tell about it as we took at the banquet, so much was transferred from outside to inside that, as the homeward way was wended about eleven o'clock, it was necessary to let out a considerable reef in the back strap of the masculine integuments, to avoid, or at least postpone, the apoplexy which seemed imminent.

Duly arrived at home, Bro. Editor, your correspondent found all as still as a mouse, and needed no invitation to seek the arms of that blessed god, Morpheus, which Homer styled half-brother to Death. With that enormous banquet abroad, Morpheus was a little more than Death's half-brother. The city might have been stormed, and sacked, and taken, and I all unconscious, so heavy a spell of Lethean opiate had fallen upon me.

But by that subtle law of nature by which she seeks revenge on all who transgress her wholesome laws, that Lethean slumber was not healthy repose for the brain. I was in the land of morbid dreams, and found myself wandering at midnight through the deserted streets of the city, on one of those nights when the economical gas company does not light the lamps, because, by the

almanac, it is supposed to be moonlight, though the moon may have gone down an hour before. This night the sombre clouds, portending a storm, had shrouded up every star in a pall of darkness. Stumbling on in the darkness over broken pavements, and across unseen alley ways, I was suddenly grasped by two strong men, one on each side, with a Herculean grip. In the blackness of darkness I had not seen them until they were upon me. At first I thought they were highway ruffians, bent on robbing me, but one of them, in a stentorian voice, said: "You are wanted." I knew what that meant; I was arrested.

Instantly there came flashing across me everything I had ever done; the marbles I had "hooked" when a boy; the hard bargains I had made in trade. But after all, I thought, what crime had I committed that I should be seized in the dead of night and hurried off to justice or injustice? It must be a mistake, thought I; I have been arrested by mistake for some other person; I shall soon establish my innocence before the tribunal.

All these thoughts went like lightning through my brain, for in truth there was not much time for thought at all. In the strong grip of these two stalwart officers of justice I was rushed through a door of some great building, which, in the darkness, I could not make out; and up a staircase so steep as to quite take my breath away. Presently we were ushered into a dimly-lighted room, which began by degrees, as I became accustomed to the doubtful light, to take shape as the main hall of the Scottish Cathedral. The only light came through a few gas burners, turned down and strained through glass shades ornamented with skulls. Before me sat two or three men masked in sombre black, whose features were entirely undiscernable. No one else was visible.

Under ordinary circumstances this would have been sufficiently alarming; but to your correspondent was somewhat assuring. He had "been there before," and so thought to himself, "I guess it's all right; I am in the hands of friends after all. But what upon earth does it all mean?"

Presently a voice came from the black-robed judge at the head of the table, deep and sepulchral: "Guards, who have you there in charge?" I recognized the voice as that of the old Patriarch Enoch, the same that built the famous vault of nine arches, and hid away the golden plate for posterity to find.

The guards, thus challenged, answered in firm, decided tone: "A Mason who is accused of violating his Masonic obligation!"

"A Mason who has violated his Masonic obligation! Can it be possible? Knowest thou not, unhappy wretch, that no crime of which a man can be guilty is deeper or more damming than this? Stand forth and answer!" All this, from the deep, sepulchral tones of the Patriarch Enoch, struck down deep into my soul, and made me feel pretty serious. Still, thought I, there must be some mistake; what have I ever done to bring me here before the judges? and I tried to brace myself up in conscious integrity, and wrap about me the mantle of injured innocence.

"Chancellor," said another voice, "read from the book of doom the principal crimes of Masons, who have gone over the gulf to perdition; and let the accused answer, as if he stood at the bar of the eternal judgment."

That voice began: "O unhappy motal! hast thou ever unlawfully revealed the secrets of Freemasonry?"

"Never," I answered with the quickness of an electric telegram. I began to be sure they were after the wrong individual.

"Art thou not still in the habit of using the name of God profanely, notwithstanding all thou didst promise at thy initiation into the solemn mysteries of Masonry?"

"No, sir," I replied with firmness, "never since I have been a Mason have I been guilty of that vulgar and gratuitous vice. When I was made a Mason I broke short off, and never have been guilty since." I straightened myself

up in conscious rectitude, and I could plainly see that my deportment was making a favourable impression on those cowled judges, who held in their hands my Masonic, if not my earthly fate.

One judge whispered to another, and I could just make out: "There must be some error about our information. This respondent has the air of an innocent and upright Mason."

"But," said the President, "Chancellor, is there not still another question?"

"There is yet one," said that voice.

"Read it."

"Hast thou ever wilfully defrauded a brother Mason?"

"Not wilfully, I hope," I answered more humbly, "If I ever have done so, I trust it has been done through carelessness, or forgetfulness, or thoughtlessness, and not maliciously or intentionally."

"Pause and reflect!" said the sepulchral tones of all the cowled heads at once. Then after a long pause, came thus:

"Thou has been accused of having taken the *Masonic Review* for two full years without paying a cent, and of having been placed by its publishers on the *Delinquent List!* Is that charge true?"

The last question was spoken with awful solemnity, as if it came from a yawning tomb. I heard no more. I could not speak, for my palsied tongue refused its office. The cold sweat, as of death, stood in chilly beads, glistening in the sepulchral gloom of that dim light on my brow. The blood rushing to the heart gave my face an ashy paleness, and my limbs refused their office. I felt myself falling, and struck out my arms wildly, and groaned aloud.

In an instant I was awakened by my wife's screams. "Why, Hiram, what is the matter? are you ill?" as she sprang out of bed, and turned up the gas, which we usually keep burning in a little blue flame at the bureau.

"Where am I?" I asked, sitting up in the bed, and rubbing my eyes. "O, I guess I must have had a bad spell of nightmare. I ate too much supper last night, I suspect,"

"Yes, and I am afraid those late suppers will be the death of you Masons yet. And then to think that you don't invite your wives. I know you Masons would behave much better if you always had your wives with you. If I were a Mason I would introduce a resolution never to have a banquet without inviting the ladies."

Mary was a little excited by my attack of nightmare. She is not usually given to curtain lectures, *à la* Caudle. But I was very sleepy, so I drawled out; "Yes'm—I'll—offer—such—a—reso——"

I knew no more till next morning, and might have forgotten all about the dream, and its moral. But at the breakfast table my wife said; "Hiram, you had a bad spell of nightmare last night. What in the world were you dreaming about?"

That called it all up. I told her as well as I could that I dreamt I was arrested, and accused of betraying my Masonic obligations, about owing a bill to the publishers of the *Masonic Review;* and moreover I was afraid it was all true.

As soon as I got up to my counting room that morning, I hailed Jones, my bookkeeper; "Jones, am I owing $4.00 to the *Masonic Review?*"

"Yes, sir, that is so," said Jones.

"Why have you not reminded me of that, Jones? You know I have a great many things to think of, and am very forgetful."

"I have repeatedly spoken of it," said Jones, "when the bills have at various times been received; but you have forgotten it. You thought it, I guess, a small matter, which you could attend to at any time."

"Is it possible?" penitently said I. "Well, Jones, take this $6.00 instantly, and hand it to the publishers, with my humblest apology; and hereafter I authorise you, whenever the first of January comes, to send $2.00 to the *Review*

in advance for the coming year. You need not ask me. You have *carte blanche.* I shall hold you responsible after this."

So, Bro. Editor, as there may be some others in the same boat, I have written out my dream, and hope you will publish it, and oblige, yours fraternally, HIRAM AFIB.

[We reprint the above from the *Masonic Advocate.*—ED. *M.M.*]

A STRANGE LANGUAGE.

A REMINISCENCE OF "PINAFORE."

APROPOS of the facility with which phrases are incorporated into the ordinary language of daily conversation, a gentleman recently related one of his experiences. About a year ago he landed in Philadelphia, after a long sea voyage. Numerous friends were in waiting, but their greeting was such as to lead him to entertain doubts as to their entire sanity. He said that he had not been actually and finally on land two hours before he made up his mind that some sporadic mental disease had spread over Philadelphia, resulting in the total and hopeless insanity of the larger portion of its citizens. He tells us the story as follows: After the first cordial greetings of friends, hearty and sincere enough, you may be sure, I found speech to remark: "I never expected such an ovation!" "What, never?" replied one of my friends. "No, never!" said I. "What, never?" with a laugh, asked another. I was about to reply to this second somewhat silly query, when a by-stander, totally unknown to me, drawled out "Well! h-a-r-d-ly ev-er!" At this my friends all joined in a hearty laugh, and I became indignant. Turning, with an angry retort on my lips, I heard some one chant, "His nose should pant, and his lip should curl; his cheek should flame, and his brow should furl." Determined to resent the fancied insult, I raised my arm to strike, but another bystander took up the strain with, "His bosom should heave and his heart should glow, and his fist be ever ready for a knock-down blow." I must confess, my anger was fast getting control of me, when one of my friends clapped me on the shoulder with the remark, "Why, old boy, you are rather triangular," with a strong emphasis on the *are.* Bewildered and vexed beyond measure, I began to speak, but only got as far as "Incomprehensible as," when still another friend finished my sentence with "our utterances are nevertheless inspired by a sincere regard to you."

Some one then asked me if I had ever seen little Buttercup. I looked at him pityingly and said, "Yes; I have seen little and big buttercups, field-daisies, violets, dandelions and Johnny-jump-ups, and I want to know what you all mean by this infernal nonsense. Tell me at once!"

"If what?" was the reply. "If what!" I reiterated, "I don't think I understand you, sir!" "If you please," said he, "for we hold that upon the seas the expression 'if you please' a particularly gentlemanly tone implants." Confused, and in despair, I turned upon my male friends with the question, "Where are my sisters?" when with one accord they chorused, "Why, there are your sisters and your cousins and your aunts." Unable to contain myself longer I exclaimed, "Why, what a set of idiots you all are." "Don't say all, dear captain!" said one. "Yes, all," I replied, "to receive such treatment as this; why, d——n it, its too bad!" To complete my confusion the whole party began to sing, "Did you hear him? He said 'd——n it.'" I tried to break away from the group, when my affianced sang, "Farewell, my own light of my life, farewell."

B.

THE MYSTIC CHORD.

BY HENRY CALVERT APPLEBY.

"'Tis now the very witching hour o' night,
When churchyards yawn."

Hamlet.

CHARLES ROVA was one of those cheerful, good natured, willing fellows to whom one feels irresistibly attracted at first sight; and he created a feeling of trust in anyone who was brought into slight contact with him, also impressing them with an involuntary desire to become his intimate friend. His light curly hair and delicate moustache, combined with a certain expression of his countenance, gave him an uncommon look of frankness. He was a little above the middle height, and possessed a broadly-built frame, which carried its owner in an easy, graceful manner, delightful to behold. His sparkling blue eyes, which appeared ever ready to twinkle at some spicy joke, were rather deeply set, and a perfectly straight nose finished off his fine face. You could not be serious in his company for five minutes; he was too full of life, too exuberant, too merry for that, and his whole existence seemed to be one perpetual round of happiness constantly renewed. He was nevertheless an orphan, having never seen his father, whilst his mother died when he was at the tender age of seven. Being brought up under the kind care of a maiden aunt on the moderate means left by his father, she had developed in her *protégé* all the happy graces which his ancestor had possessed, and the sterling good qualities of his mother. Knowing very little of life and its troubles, he was apprenticed at eighteen to an eminent lawyer in the town three miles distant, whither he walked to and fro, disdaining carriages, and now, at the age of twenty-two, he had only another year to complete his term. Such was the uneventful career of Charles Rova, and his happy disposition, combined with a careful education (for he was not averse to study), made him a general favourite even with those far older than himself.

Little wonder, then, that he succeeded before all his rich rivals in winning the coy heart of the beautiful and wayward heiress, Lucy Lovell. Her bright black eyes beaming from beneath the most exquisite eyebrows, and the dark hair that rolled in ringlets on her shoulders, together with her daring spirit, completely sobered him, and on seeing her he lost all his gaiety in the fetters of love.

That was a year ago, and all envied him his prize, who was now never separated from his thoughts, and, although his clear ringing laugh was still heard, yet it ever seemed to have a tinge of Lucy in it. At his profession Charles was making rapid headway, and when he had finished his term, with the little money left by his father he would be in an almost independent position, with not an improbable prospect of becoming a future partner in the firm. Lucy Lovell had promised to be his bride in a year, with the mutual consent and approval of all parties concerned.

This was how matters stood on the last day of the year 18—. Charlie was cheerfully trudging home from a loving interview with his "intended," with whom he was more than ever enchanted, and he whistled a pretty air as the light snow-flakes fell on his manly form and the crisp snow was hastily trodden beneath his feet. It was already growing dark, and the neat resi-

dence of his aunt glowed with light from within as he entered. She was sitting in her easy chair in front of a blazing fire, and was so buried in deep thought that she did not perceive the entrance of her nephew, and it was with a convulsive start that she became aware of his presence.

"Oh! Charlie, you did frighten me!" said she. "I was thinking of your poor dear mother, and whether we should see her to-night, when your entrance seemed to destroy all my hopes at the very moment they seemed brightest."

"I am very sorry to have disturbed your reverie so abruptly," said Charles, taking a seat by his aunt, "but I must say that, taking all things into consideration, I consider the chances extremely feeble, and my hopes almost sink to zero."

"*Don't say so, dear; you know we must do our best; and something tells* me you will be partially successful this time, though it causes me great pain to think I am unable to accompany you—the more so as I feel more and more sure your poor mother had something to reveal before she died."

Having uttered these words she relapsed again into deep thought, gazing vacantly into the fire. Charles, too, was absorbed in thought, and the two remained there a long while without exchanging a syllable.

To explain the above conversation it will be necessary to give a brief account of Miss Moon, Mrs. Rova's eccentric elder sister. From a very early age she had evinced great interest in all superstitious matters, and attributed them all to some unknown principle. As she grew older she studied the subject systematically, and devoured all books treating on mysteries, animal magnetism, etc., etc., and all supernatural treatises. The death of her sister, instead of allaying her thirst for these morbid studies, only increased it, and she gradually became a confirmed Spiritualist. Nothing was too preposterous for her credulity, and she founded Utopian ideas of her own from the mass of fiction which she carefully analysed. Strange and conflicting as some of the theories were she attributed them to different causes and effects, and reconciled them all to her own satisfaction. Since her sister's death, of whom she was very fond, she continually sought for some method of communing with her spirit, which she conceived quite possible with proper means—indeed, she once stated that her departed father visited her after his decease and gave her some instructions as to the disposal of his property, which she strictly endeavoured to carry out, one supposed injunction being the disposal of a large sum in charities. Her pitying friends tried in vain to persuade her it was a mental delusion, caused by over excitement, but she clung tenaciously to her belief. Considering her warm love for her sister, and her strong desire to see her again, and her infatuated trust in the power of Spiritualism, there is little wonder that her diseased imagination invented many wild plans for her pet object. These she perseveringly tried again and again with nothing but failure, until a mad method, more weird and outrageous than all the rest, suggested itself to her tortured fancy. In this she persistently placed her hope, and anxiously watched the result at every anniversary. It will be necessary to relate the manner of her sister's death, in order to show the ground for her preposterous idea.

In the village where they resided, at the close of the old year they held a watch-night service at the little Gothic church, and Mrs. Rova and Miss Moon generally attended. It was at one of these services she breathed her last. The new year had just been "rung in," and a joyous hymn rolled forth from the organ, when a piercing shriek was heard, and Mrs. Rova fell down dead. Her deeply-lamented death was attributed to that most fatal and delusive of all maladies, heart disease. Such was the sad occasion which had so much influence over the sensitive mind of Miss Moon. The extreme singularity of the circumstance only served to add fresh impulse to her ingenious thoughts, and after many schemes of much deliberation she evolved the following, and placed it at the head of her list of incantations:—

"GREAT ANNIVERSARY SPELL.

"That a dead body at the anniversary of its decease may be *resuscitated* in the *spirit*, if the *same influences* are brought to bear upon the *locality* of its death that were *present* at the *time* of its death."

This was the strange and impracticable theory deducted by Miss Moon from a pile of rubbish collected by her, and which she forthwith attempted to put into practice. Every year she had strength of nerve sufficient to support her while she underwent the ordeal (to her) of attending at the watch night service. Strictly she sat in her old accustomed place and went through every performance in the same literal manner. Every now and then she fancied she heard the rustle of shrouds, and more than once imagined her sister at her elbow. At her request the organist always played the same hymn, on which she calculated more than anything else, for, according to her mania, music was a powerful *resuscitator!* She even continued these mad speculations much further, and added to the clergyman's salary indirectly and by way of presents in order to keep him at the same post, and the slightest suspicion of his departure was sufficient to make her redouble her favours. She provided similar decorations for the church, and prevailed upon an approximate number of people to attend, to make it as similar to the night of Mrs. Rova's death as possible. Having monetary influence she was enabled to go thus far. But the most unfortunate circumstance connected with her mental disease (for it can be called nothing else) was the fact that she gradually imbued—at first not intentionally, but afterwards confidingly—her nephew Charles with her own vague and harmful fancies. The wonder is that Charles (though otherwise he had good training) did not develop into a miserable hypochondriac instead of the light-hearted, happy fellow he was. But she could not overcome nature—indeed, she did not want to; she admired, nay, envied him his brilliant buoyancy.

The night before the tenth anniversary she considered him sufficiently trustworthy to fully invest with her awful *secret*, and prepared him to accompany her at its tenth trial. Her previous failures only urged her to make further attempts, and as she kept adding to her stock of mystic literature she found fresh details to add to her exorcisms. Gradual as Charles's involuntary training had been, he was astounded at the full revelation, but, with the ardour of youth, did not doubt its efficacy. Full of feverish excitement, he went with her to the church and anxiously watched his aunt's nervous twitchings during the service, when, at the precise time of his mother's death, Miss Moon gave a loud scream and fell senseless on the floor! All present thought she had died of the fatal desease, like her sister, and complete consternation prevailed. Nearly all there were acquainted with the peculiar circumstances of Mrs. Rova's death, and for a time were too astounded to move. Eventually the poor lady was borne away insensible, and a long illness of brain brain fever ensued. Her maniacal ravings were horrible to hear, and it required three or four attendants to pacify her and keep her from doing any mischief. From her more coherent moments her friends gathered many of her ideas, and one consequence was the discontinuance of the watch night service at the little village church, and it was afterwards conducted in the larger edifice in the adjacent town. But they never suspected that her nephew had any complicity in her plans, and Charles remained unquestioned. He was full of uneasiness at his aunt's protracted illness, and in his ignorance attributed it to some unearthly sources. At her convalescence he was allowed to see her, and a mutual exchange of confidences took place, she also believing her illness to have arisen through "spiritual visitation." The fever had not, as is often the case, bereft her of memory, but had slightly impaired her intellect. The discontinuance of the service was her greatest trouble, and she wondered by what means she could overcome the difficulty for the future.

Charles also assisted her, and it was finally arranged that he should devotedly study the complications of that noble instrument the organ. He also read all her books, went ardently through all her plans, and entered fully into the spirit of the absurd work. Being deprived of his mother, to whom he had been very much attached, he, not unnaturally, longed for her, and, having been brought up in ignorance of the world and its ways, and fed by superstition, he embraced it as a welcome friend. Had he imparted his thoughts to another friend it might have been different, but he kept secrecy. The next anniversary passed by without the accustomed trial being made, as Charles had been at first unable to obtain the post of organist, but soon afterwards was installed into that office for the little church. It was never suspected that any harm might accrue from it, but for the next three years Miss Moon and her nephew might have been observed at midnight on the last day in each December wending their way to the Gothic edifice. There Charles played the organ, and his aunt sat shivering in her old place, but always with the same result—they came back disappointed.

Another year had now arrived at its close, and Charles was about to set out alone on his labour of love. His aunt was unable to accompany him, her last visit having given her rheumatic fever, from the effects of which she never perfectly recovered. Charles's only objection to her plans had hitherto been on the score of arithmetic; he saw the possibility of a "spiritual interview," but complained of the disastrous chances. How great were the odds that he should strike the right chord on the right tier of pipes at the right moment! True, he had varied the stops as they are ordinarily done, but they were capable of almost infinite changes, and then the external circumstances of sound alone were so numerous that he almost sank into despair at the prospect. Still he carried on his resolution, though with less and less confidence, impelled by the love he bore his mother; but contact with the world was by degrees rubbing off the film of superstition that enveloped him, and his aunt reproachfully taunted him with scepticism. Still he did not reveal to her all his thoughts, for fear of hurting her feelings; but on this night he mentally resolved that this visit to the church should be his last.

These were his thoughts as he sat staring at the fire, now at a white heat. There he was busy building castles, and thinking more of Lucy than of his mother, and the faces in the coals seemed now to resemble one, then the other. His aunt saw a face there, too, but it was the melancholy face of her sister, horribly distorted, and struggling to reveal some ghastly mystery. Very few words were spoken that night until the time came for Charles to go, when the old lady loaded him with instructions, and bid him be careful, parting from him with a regretful kiss.

Charles's step was not so light as usual, and he mechanically reached the little church, of which he had the key. He was not afraid, but he felt a sense of utter loneliness he had not before experienced. Suppose his mother should appear! He almost hoped she would not, and began to feel a tremor at his heart as the key rattled in the door, and vague doubts arose to his mind. His steps echoed loudly in the church, which seemed listening to his thoughts. In his abstraction he left the door unlocked; on his way he stumbled over something, which sent a cold shiver all over him, and he found it was a Bible that had fallen from one of the pews. He had to pass the place where the wraith was expected to appear, and a cold clammy feeling crept over him. He at last reached the organ and opened its rusty hinges. The bellows could be filled by pedals, and, having a quarter of an hour to wait, he set his watch before him and began to play a chant, which rolled harmoniously through the building. This gave him courage, and he felt prepared for any trial. His thoughts seemed to go out with the music, and fill the little church with their immensity. He was beginning to scout the idea of ghosts and look upon his journey as idle, when he fancied he saw a white figure behind one of the pillars, but it immediately disappeared. His fears were again aroused, and he

strained his eyes intently in the direction in which it had vanished, but could see nothing. He felt he was getting unnerved by what was merely an illusion, and braced himself up for the ordeal. What a thrill the unexpected sound of the church bell gave him as it commenced to strike twelve! How the awful sounds vibrated and seemed to descend deep into the earth, and tell the spirits to prepare! One after another they fell on his ear like a knell, and he wondered when they would cease. And when the last iron sound had ceased it seemed to develop into a silence that could be felt, and out of which there was no escape. His first movement startled him, and he found the time fast approaching. He made a new combination of stops, and he counted the minutes, the seconds, and, at the calculated moment, commenced the hymn. His heart was beating violently, and he earnestly wished the next twenty seconds had passed. He fixed his eyes on the spot where his mother had died, and the pale moon threw a cold, unearthly glimmer across the church that appeared to rarify the atmosphere. The familiar sounds seemed to speak to him in different voices, one saying, "It's no use, you've tried it before," and another saying, "Take care, take care!" These gradually increased in intensity, but he kept his eyes steadily on the same place, and was beginning to think that his last trial was over as the objects dimmed before his eyes. Accustomed as he was to playing the hymn, he nevertheless made a slight mistake, which resulted in a peculiar discord, and immediately his mother's place seemed to be filled! A white sepulchral form sat there! A thrill of horror ran through his frame! Could it be real? Yes, it *would* not vanish, but remained there and assumed the solidity of flesh and blood! He perceived a slight movement, and a cold shudder passed over him, his teeth chattered, and a fit of trembling seized him, while his hair seemed to shrink into his head. Was that really his mother? Had she come there specially to reveal some dread secret to him? Had he indeed struck the right chord? Yes, there was no doubt about it; he had hit upon the peculiar discord which had been made by accident fifteen years ago, accompanying his mother's death, and his mother was there now in answer to it!" All the past years of thought and study flitted through his brain like a momentary pageant, and he saw a reality in the strange plans fixed for the supernatural. He marvelled that he could have disbelieved them. Ages seemed to pass away, and the terrible chord was still ringing on, his fingers being convulsively clasped to the notes. He could not lift them. He felt that something must be done, and tried to speak, but his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth. He could hear the ticking of his watch above the sound of the organ, and the beating of his heart emulated it. Years seemed to have passed since he came into the church, and he counted the seconds laboriously. If he *were* able to leave the organ the spell would be broken that had conjured up the vision. He could bear it no longer, and was about to dash away and sieze the spectre, when, with a long, drawn out sound that seemed to extend for hours, the chord finished for want of wind in a weird, awful, discordant shriek, like a long last-drawn breath, and his blood curdled in terror, as he dreaded lest the figure should now disappear. He could sustain the sound no longer, and felt that his last hope had died, when he found the spectre still there as ever, although the organ had stopped. Was he alone with one from the grave—the unknown world? Now he wished it had departed with that fearful sound, when a new feeling came over him, and he clumsily walked towards it. His steps echoed and re-echoed in empty space! The ghost moved—yes, he saw it move, and his eyes dilated, while the cold drops of perspiration stood on his brow. Still he walked on, and the church seemed to move and heave as though an earthquake was lifting it. He took new courage at his progress, and, continuing to advance, tried to make out the features, determined to know the worst. He clenched his teeth to keep them from chattering, and grasped his coat in both hands. Heavens! the figure rises and approaches him! He stands rooted

to the spot and awaits its arrival, when—can he believe his eyesight? Is it really the ghost of Lucy? These thoughts rushed through his brain as the figure hastened to speak to him. He shrunk in terror and fell fainting on the floor, and Lucy leant over him with concern. She applied the contents of her scent bottle to his face, and he revived. At first he stared wildly, and then he asked her what it all meant? Where was he? Had he been dreaming? No, he was still in the church, and Lucy, whom he could now feel was warm flesh, was bending over him. He saw it all. He remembered how she was cognizant of his visits to the church, and how he had confided in her his secret, while she had tried to dissuade him from his foolish belief. Yes, it was all plain now; there had been no ghost at all, and he was convinced. Yet what agony it had cost him! But he saw that she too was pained and grieved for his sake, and her soothing words fell on his ear like sweet music as she asked his forgiveness, which he readily granted, nay, he was ever grateful to her. He felt ten years older and wiser, and kissed Lucy, who was weeping.

"Much better, much better," he murmered, "to be thus fearfully convinced than to be for ever fast in the trammels of superstition and dread. My poor aunt!"

His voice sounded to him like someone else's speaking a long way off, yet quite distinct, and he cast a wistful glance at the old pew. The last words recalled him, and he remembered her looks and superstitions and the years of useless labour she had spent in studying them, and he wondered how she too could be convinced.

"Now you have forgiven me, Charlie, I must explain," said Lucy. "I did not tell you of my intention of coming to the church, and had not at first a notion of acting as I have done; but when I got here I saw the door open, and you sat at your organ expecting the wraith of your mother, I thought the best method of proving to you the nonexistence of spirits was the cruel practical one I suddenly adopted on the spur of the moment, but I am afraid it has been too severe for you."

"Not at all, not at all."

"My second object was your aunt, whose sole energies seem to be wrapt up in this subject."

"But this will not convince her; it will rather——"

"Wait a little," said Lucy, quietly, "we cannot proceed with your aunt in an ordinary manner; she is too confirmed for that. You must tell her you have seen the spirit of your mother——"

"But——"

"And that she spoke to you," continued Lucy, "and expressed her sorrow at her sister's proceedings, having otherwise died happy."

"Capital! that will ease her much, and she will rest happy on that score."

"Yes," said Lucy, "and it will perhaps ultimately convince her of her error; and, from the experience you have had, you are well qualified to dilate upon the horrors of your mother's appearance."

"Yes, indeed," said he, half reproachfully.

"Now I must go back with my maid, or they may find out my absence at the hall. Oh! you needn't fear, she won't tell anybody. You must accept my sincere regret."

"Don't mention it; I am eternally beholden to you."

* * * * * * * *

Five years have elapsed, and Charles is still the same happy fellow. He married Lucy Lovell at the appointed time, and they are now blessed with two fine healthy children. One they have called Charles Robert and the other Lucy Laura—pretty names. Charles Rova has been successful in business, and the lawyer's firm is now under his name. Poor Miss Moon was dissuaded from

her Spiritualism before her death, though she thought that "something" or "somebody" was deceiving her. Charles suggested it was the books, and she immediately ordered them to be burnt, and soon after expired in peace, leaving him her property.

Charles often relates to his friends, with his jovial smile, the horrors he experienced in the little church, and winds up with praising his beautiful wife, and kisses her, saying he hardly understands it yet.

THE UNIVERSALITY OF MASONRY.

BY BRO. CAPT. SAM. WHITING.

ONE morn as pensively I strolled
On far Pacific's Chilian shore,
Through Valparaiso's hills there rolled
The echoes of the breakers' roar.

A crowd of Chilians I descried
Gather'd around a lifeless form
Cast up by the receding tide,
Sad jetsam* of the wreck and storm.

They upward turn'd the dead man's face
To see if aught they might descry—
Some token of his name or race,
Or other mark to know him by.

Tattoo'd upon his breast appeared
Duncan McGregor's Scottish name—
A sailor, and perchance endeared
To some sweet lass of Highland fame.

But the left arm disclosed to view
Some signs and tokens ever dear
To Brother Masons good and true,
Which they all love and all revere.

A Square and Compass was disclosed,
Which with delight the Chilians see,
While in the centre there reposed
The grand symbolic letter "G."

These Chilians were Masons all,
And prov'd as true as they were brave:
They found the stranger coffin, pall,
And Christian burial freely gave.

"Praise God for Masonry!" I said,
While gazing on this touching scene;
It sacredly inhumes the dead,
And keeps the Mason's memory green.

NEW BRIGHTON, New Year's 1880.

* Ancient Marine Insurance terms "Flotsam and Jetsam"—the first, floating *debris* of wreck, and the last, that is cast on shore.

THE LONDON LIVERY COMPANIES.

AT first these companies were organised as mutual benefit associations for the several trades. Goldsmiths, for example, joined the Goldsmiths' Company, and were protected by it in their rights; in case of sickness they received, if needing, pecuniary aid. A man, no matter how high his qualifications, could not practice his trade, or "mystery," in the city of London till approved by the company established to regulate that trade. Some of the companies, or guilds as they are now called, still exercise the authority once accorded them by common consent. Thus the Apothecaries' Hall still licenses druggists; and the fishmongers still exercise the right of inspecting and putting out of the market decaying and unsavoury fish; and this too, notwithstanding the fact that there is not a *bona fide* fishmonger in the Fishmongers' Guild at the present time.

The companies are of ancient origin, some of them dating back more than six hundred years. For a long time they had no charters from the king, and therefore no right such as corporate bodies now have. Edward III. and Richard II. chartered some of them, and immediately they began to assume an importance that previously they had not aspired to. They made every tradesman under their jurisdiction wear a dress that was peculiar to his trade, hence the name "livery company." At one time no person could follow a trade without joining a company, but this rule has been abrogated.

A still greater innovation was brought to pass when persons of wealth and distinction who did not know or practice any trade were allowed to become members of a guild on payment of a fee. The livery companies, collecting small money assessments regularly of every member, found after a time that their funds were accumulating. They invested their surplus in lands and buildings, at first in London and later in various parts of England and Ireland. About a dozen out of some eighty companies have become immensely wealthy. It is a matter of history that some of the richest guilds were pounced upon and robbed by crowned heads in a polite way. As far back as the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the sovereigns were compelling these rich guilds to contribute money to help carry on foreign wars. Henry VIII., Queen Mary, Queen Elizabeth, and Charles I., demanded and received large sums of money, in some instances from £50,000 to £100,000. As the kings and queens seldom repaid the money, the guilds may have purchased power to conduct their affairs with a loose justice and without fear of being called to account.

The principal companies are the Mercers', Grocers', Drapers', Fishmongers', Goldsmiths', Skinners', Merchant Tailors', Ironmongers', Vintners', Cloth-Workers' and Haberdashers'. So rich and powerful did these companies become that persons were glad to avail themselves of their influence, and in several instances royal personages became members and attended their sumptuous banquets. Queen Elizabeth belonged to the Mercers' Company, James I. was a cloth-worker; Charles II. and William III. were grocers; and Henry VII. was a merchant tailor. After a time the livery was abolished, and the larger guilds were found to have a membership of several hundred persons, a majority being laymen or non-craftsmen. When it was discovered that the power for good or evil lay in the hands of the non-professional majority, they sought to limit the admission of tradesmen, and as the slow centuries passed by they so far succeeded in diverting the trade guilds from their original intentions that with two or three exceptions no company allowed craftsmen to become members and enjoy the fruits of the funds gathered in the first instance by their workmen brethren in the far-away early times. About forty of the guilds built halls for their meetings, and in those erections gatherings were held from time to time for mutual benefit, for discussion, or for social intercourse.

CHURCH BELLS AND THEIR ASSOCIATIONS.

BY BRO. THOMAS B. TROWSDALE,

Author of "Glimpses of Olden Kent," "Lore of the Months," etc.

THE tones of the church bell have ever exercised a sort of mystic influence over the human mind, and in the dark ages, when ignorance stalked abroad in our land, bells were regarded with superstitious veneration.

Who amongst us can hear, without catching something of the spirit they joyously disseminate, the merry wedding chimes, throwing all around a spell of happy gladness; who can listen unmoved to the tolling of the passing bell, so slow, so deep, so sad, telling how a soul is winging its flight away from the earth for ever. Who has not heard, and felt better for hearing, however unmindful of spiritual things he may be, "The sound of the church-going bell," sending forth on some calm Sabbath morning its hallowed music, seeming, as it were, to re-echo the glad, sweet song of peace on earth carolled forth by the angels to the wondering shepherds of Bethlehem eighteen centuries ago.

We cannot wonder, with such associations as these, that bells have become interwoven with many a legend, quaint and old, and formed the subject of many a strange and interesting story.

In the general destruction and distribution of church property which occurred in the reign of Henry VIII., countless bells were melted down for the sake of the metal. Tales of many curious coincidences attending this wholesale appropriation have been related. Ships attempting to carry bells across the seas foundered shortly after leaving land, as at Lynn and Yarmouth; and fourteen of the Jersey bells being wrecked at the entrance of the harbour of St. Malo, a saying arose to the effect that when the wind blows the drowned bells are ringing. A certain Bishop of Bangor, too, who sold the bells of his cathedral, is said to have been stricken with blindness when he went to see them shipped; and Sir Miles Partridge, who won the Jesus bells of St. Paul's, London, from King Henry, at dice, was not long afterwards hanged on Tower Hill. These bells, four in number, were staked by King Henry against one hundred pounds, and his opponent won. Camden relates a singular legend having reference to the bells of Ledbury Church, Herefordshire. A chapel on the north side of Ledbury Church is dedicated to Saint Catherine, of whom Camden gives the following account:—"Catherine Audley, or, as she is commonly called, St. Catherine, was a religious woman in the reign of Edward the Second, and had a maid named Mabel, and not being fixed in any settled place, she had a revelation that she should not set up her rest until she came to a town where the bells should ring of themselves. She and her maid, coming near Ledbury, heard the bells ring, though the church doors were shut and no ringers there. Here, then, she determined to spend the remainder of her days, and build a hermitage, living on herbs and milk. The king, in consideration of her birth and piety, or both, granted her an annuity of £30." The church at Boscastle, Cornwall (anciently called Bottreaux), has no bells; but tradition says a peal was ordered on the Continent and there cast, but the vessel which was bringing them over to Boscastle sank within sight of the church tower, of course losing the bells beneath the waves. It was said that the cause of the ship's foundering was a direct intervention of Almighty power, in reproof of the irreverence of the captain. The pilot, so runs the story, was a Boscastle man, and on sighting his native coast, he exclaimed, "Thank God! we shall reach the shore with evening's tide;" to which the captain mockingly

replied, that he might thank God whilst on shore, but when on shipboard he was to ascribe his safety to the good vessel and the skill of those who guided it. As if in judgment, these words had hardly been uttered before a mighty storm arose, in which the vessel was lost, and all on board perished, with the exception of the pilot. This Cornish legend has been enshrined in charming verse by the late Rev. Richard Stephen Howker. We have only space for the concluding lines:—

"Still, when the storm of Bottreaux's waves
Is waking in his weedy caves,
Those bells the sullen surges hide
Peal their deep tones beneath the tide.

'Come to thy God in time!
Thus saith the ocean chime;
Storm, whirlwind, billow past,
Come to thy God at last.'"

Bells were anciently consecrated before they were raised to their places, each being dedicated to some divine personage, saint, or martyr. The ringing of such bells was considered efficacious in dispersing storms, and evil spirits were supposed to be unable to endure their sound. From this supposition, it is said, arose the custom of ringing "the passing bell."

Bells have their literary associations. The venerable Bede is the first who makes mention of them, where he tells us that, at the death of St. Thilda, one of the sisters of a distant monastery, as she was sleeping, thought she heard the bell which called to prayers when any of them departed this life. Much has been written by early English authors on the art of bell ringing. The dislike of spirits to bells is mentioned in the "Golden Legend," by Wynkyn de Worde, as follows:—"It is said evill spirytes that ben in the regyon of thayre doubte moche when they here the belles rongen; and this is the cause why the belles ben rongen when it thondreth, and when grete tempeste and outrages of wether happen, to the ende that the fiends and wicked sprytes sholde be abashed and flee, and cease of the movynge of tempeste." Shakespeare speaks of the bell in a very fine passage, in which King John, addressing Hubert, says:

"If the midnight bell
Did with his iron tongue and brazen mouth
Sound one unto the drowsy races' night."

Anciently the ringers of the bells had their "Articles of Ringing," or "Ringers' Regulations," and these were often in rhyme. Some lines bearing the former title are upon the walls of the belfry of Dunster Church, Somersetshire, dated 1787, whilst an example from Hathersage, Derbyshire, is so curious that we transcribe it:

"You gentlemen that here do wish to ring,
So that these laws ye keep in ev'ry thing,
Or else, be sure, ye must without delay
The penalty thereof to th' ringers pay.
First when you do into the bell-house come
Look if the ringers have convenient room,
For if you be an hindrance unto them
Fourpence you forfeit to these gentlemen.
Next, if you do intend here to ring,
With hat and spurs on do not touch a string;
For if you do your forfeit is for that
Just fourpence, or else you lose your hat.
If you a bell turn o'er, without delay
Fourpence unto the ringers you must pay;
Or if you strike, miscall, or do abuse,
For every oath here sworn ere you go hence
Unto the poor you must pay twelvepence;

And if that you desire to be enrolled
A ringer here these orders keep and hold;
But whoso doth these orders disobey
Unto the stocks we will take him straightway,
There to remain until he be willing
To pay the forfeit and the clerk a shilling."

These fines were rigidly adhered to, and the money so obtained was laid out in ale for the refreshment of the ringers. At many churches large jugs, with curious inscriptions, were expressly provided to contain the beer. One at Hinder Clay, in Suffolk, was presented to the Noble Society of Ringers of that parish by Samuel Moss, who once belonged to the body, and left in 1702. It bears the inscription—

"From London I was sent,
As plainly doth appear,
It was to this intent—
To be filled with strong beer.
Please remember the pitcher when empty."

Inscriptions on the bells themselves are very common. Those on the oldest are in Lombardic and black letter characters, the former probably the more ancient. The black letter was superseded by the ordinary Roman capitals towards the close of the sixteenth century. We give a selection of the most curious of these epigraphs or bell legends. Weever, in his work on "Funeral Monuments," says: "In the little sanctuary at Westminster, King Edward III. erected a clochier (clock tower), and placed therein three bells for the use of St. Stephen's Chapel. About the biggest of them were cast in the metal these words—

'King Edward made me thirty thousand weight and three;
Take me down and wey me, and more you shall find me.'"

At St. Michael's, Coventry, on the fourth bell is—

"I ring at six to let men know
When to and from their work to go;"

on the seventh bell—

"I ring to sermon with a lusty bome,
For all may come and not can stay at home;"

on the eighth—

"I am and have been called the common bell,
To ring when fire breaks out to tell."

Inscribed on a bell at Sellack Church, Herefordshire, were the lines—

"I to the church the living call,
And to the grave do summon all."

Sometimes the inscription gave the maker's name, as at St. Mary the Virgin, Oxford—

"Be it known to all that doth me see
For Newcome, of Leicester, made me."

Often, too, the donor's name was thus perpetuated. The tenth bell at Bath Abbey bears this couplet—

"All you of Bath that hear me sound
Thank Lady Hopton's hundred pound."

The bells of Bakewell Church, Derbyshire, are all engraved with quaint rhymes, those on the fifth bell being—

"Thro' grandsires and tripples with pleasure men rang,
Till Death calls the Bobs and brings on the last change."

The old custom of ringing the "Pancake Bell" at noon on Shrove Tuesday as a signal for the commencement of fritter frying is still kept up at Davenbury, in Northampshire, and elsewhere; whilst at Woodchester a muffled peal is rung on Holy Innocents' Day.

There is a valley in Nottinghamshire where a village is said to have been swallowed up by an earthquake; and it was the custom at one time for the people to assemble in this valley and listen to the fancied ringing of the church bells underground. When the church at Inkberrow was rebuilt on the new site many years ago, it was believed that the fairies took umbrage at the change, as they were supposed to be averse to bells. They accordingly, legend tells, endeavoured to obstruct the building, but as they did not succeed the following lamentation is alleged to have been heard by the startled rustics of the neighbourhood—

"Neither sleep, neither lie,
For Inkbro's ting-tangs hang so nigh."

One of the most widespread and popular of English customs is that of ringing "the old year out and the new year in." Our present poet laureate has made this usuage the subject of some masterly verses, the first of which we will transcribe as an appropriate conclusion to our little paper on "Church Bells"—

"Ring out wild bells to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light,
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out wild bells and let him die."

THE MASONIC VETERANS' ASSOCIATION OF CENTRAL NEW YORK.

A FEW months ago there was organised in Syracuse the second society of its kind in the world—"The Masonic Veterans' Association of Central New York."

The only other organisation like it is in the city of New York. None but Free and Accepted Masons, who have been members in good standing of a Masonic lodge for a period of twenty-one years, are eligible, and its purposes are fully explained in the following report of the Secretary. When first made the proposition to organise such a society met with general favour among members of the Masonic fraternity of proper age for membership; but it will readily be surmised that a large membership could not have been anticipated, for comparatively few members of the Craft are well qualified under the first condition. The greater part of its membership is now, and probably always will be, composed of those whose heads are tinged by the changes and vicissitudes of time and seasons, whose sun of life is slowly sinking in the west.

The bye-laws declare that an annual banquet shall be given by the Association, at which the proceedings shall at all times be dignified and the memories of the year, in their relation to the Association, shall be revived. The first banquet accordingly took place at the Asylum of the Central City Commandery. Previous to it, however, a meeting of the Association was held, at which several new members were admitted, making the total membership forty. An honorary membership was conferred upon M. W. Clinton F. Paige. A unique badge was also adopted. Its shape is that of a diamond, with the name of the organisation in a circle and enclosing the emblematic designs. In the opening of an Egyptian gateway is a sphynx (silence), and in the distance three pyramids (age). Over the gateway is a winged globe (flight of time), and over all clasped hands (friendship). The design is handsomely ornamented and embellished.

At the conclusion of the session a procession was formed, and the members of the Association and a few invited guests proceeded to the banquet hall, and enjoyed a superior feast, spread by Commissary Windholz in his inimitable manner. Previous to the taking of seats the Divine blessing was asked by the Rev. Dr. Bristol. President James S. Leech presided, assisted at the second table by Vice-President Stiles M. Rust. The *menu* having been laid aside, George J. Gardner, Esq., Secretary, than whom none was more active and influential, in organising the Association, read his first annual report as follows :—

A brief review of the circumstances which gave rise to the forming of the organisation, and a succinct history of the steps taken subsequently, may not be considered inappropriate at this the first of our annual gatherings. As a matter of history it may be of interest to those who succeed us to know what causes impelled us to the step, or what object we had in view in effecting such an organisation as this. I submit, therefore, a brief account of our origin, our acts, and our present condition.

The first movement towards effecting our organisation took place in the month of February, 1879, and was prompted in a great measure by a slight knowledge of the workings of a similar body formed in the city of New York some seven or eight years since, the only one of the kind in the United States and, presumably, in the world.

Reflecting upon the social advantages which might accrue from such an Association induced a consultation with a few of the older members of the fraternity residing in this section, the result of which consultation was an expressed desire that steps be at once taken to perfect an organisation. A paper, in the nature of an agreement to unite and further such action, was drawn up and circulated, and twenty-one signatures procured and affixed thereto, representing a number of lodges in this locality. This being completed, a meeting of the subscribers was held, at which it was determined that an association should be formed under the laws of the State of New York, to be a body politic, and invested with corporate powers ; that the name of such corporation should be "The Masonic Veterans' Association of Central New York," and that it should be composed of such persons as had been Free and Accepted Masons for twenty-one years and upwards, and were in good standing in their respective lodges at the time of their application for admission.

The proper instruments in writing required by the Act were duly prepared and executed, filed in the offices of Secretary of State and Clerk of the County, after approval by and consent of a Justice of the Supreme Court, and on the acknowledgment of receipt at the office of Secretary of State, May 24th, 1879, the Association commenced its corporate existence.

The following named persons were stated in its certificate of incorporation as its first officers, viz., James S. Leach, President; Stiles M. Rust and William Caldwell, Vice-Presidents ; George J. Gardner, Recording Secretary ; Edward H. Brown, Corresponding Secretary ; Seymour H. Stone, Treasurer ;

and Rev. D. W. Bristol, D.D., Chaplain; these persons also forming its first Board of Trustees, or Executive Committee. Meetings have since been held, at which all formal business has been transacted necessary to put the machinery in working order.

A code of bye-laws has been adopted and printed, complete sets of appropriate blanks prepared and printed, a seal designed, adopted, and mounted for use, and everything is now complete for the reception of members duly qualified as by the bye-laws. By a section of said bye-laws provision is made for receiving two classes of members—active and honorary. Under the first class but one member has been added to our circle, the lack of time since the completion of our organisation preventing further additions. Under the other class, that of honorary, two have been admitted—M.W. John W. Simons, of New York city, well known by every active Mason by his services and writings in behalf of the Craft, who has also been appointed by our body as its representative near the Masonic Veterans in that city; and Bro. E. D. Trakey, of Brewerton Lodge, a venerable member of the fraternity, who for many years, embracing the dark period of our Masonic history, has remained true to its principles, "faithful among the faithless." There is now in the hands of the Secretary a number of applications awaiting action thereon, so that it is fair to presume that the next annual report will show a large addition to our body. Our present number is twenty-four. As the existence of our Association becomes known and its objects understood, its increase of membership must necessarily be rapid, not, however, we trust, so rapid as to deteriorate its standing and influence.

Thus, my brethren, I have presented to you a brief history of our origin, and a statement of our present condition. The details of our operations are meagre, and perhaps to some may be unsatisfactory, but it should be remembered that the period covered by this annual report is but a small proportion of a year, and that occupied in working up details for future operations. Having passed through our initiative process, who can predict our future? Doubtless the question has been asked by some *cui bono*, of what use or practical benefit is such an organisation? The question is partially answered in its objects, as stated in its certificate of incorporation, to be to perpetuate existing friendships; to form new ones; to keep alive and fructify the zeal of the brethren; to place before the younger craftsmen an example of long-continued devotion to the cause, and a zeal not to be affected by the changes and vicissitudes of times and seasons; to assist in developing and preserving the history of the fraternity; to pay the last tribute of respect to departed members of the association, and to preserve in its archives a memorial of their lives and services.

Are not these objects commendable ones? Should we not seek to perpetuate friendships formed under the impressive influences of our ritualistic ceremonies? Or shall we, after having spent the most active period of our existence in striving to advance the interests of our time-honoured institution, calmly fold our hands and forget that we ever were members of the "mystic tie"? Again, having enjoyed the privileges of the Craft, and for many years witnessed and experienced its principles exemplified, and as in the case of many of us, been honoured with its exalted official positions, are we not in duty bound to encourage the neophyte, to assist the younger Craftsman in a proper discharge of his duty, and to aid him in keeping alive the latent spark of enthusiasm which was kindled at the altar when he vowed to be faithful to the cause? Can we not do much toward preserving the historical landmarks in laying up in the archives of the institution local and general records, which in after times shall be of untold service to the historian, who, in the near or far future, shall, like Marius amid the ruins of Carthage, seek to probe our earlier history? And when, as one by one we leave these transitory scenes for that land beyond the river, as sooner or later we must all do, will it not be our

mournful duty, as well as privilege, to follow to the last resting place the remains of our associates, there to assist in depositing the fragrant acacia on the breast of one who in life was a member of our mystic brotherhood, and in death will not be forgotten?

Nor is this all. There are benefits and advantages to be derived from such an organization which may to some appear more practicable in their nature, and perhaps more beneficial in their operation. By the Act under which our corporation exists, we are authorised to hold real and personal estate to the value of $300,000. Should the time ever arive when the various Masonic bodies in our midst deemed it best to purchase real estate for their purposes, such purchase could be effected through the association, and the property held in trust by it for the benefit of the several bodies. This would obviate the necessity of each becoming incorporated under the special Act passed several years since, to which there are some objections.

The Act under which we are organised also authorises us to receive bequests or other gifts; brethren, therefore, if so desired, may entrust matters of this nature to this association with the assurance that the trust will be administered "with fidelity by those who are of the same household of faith."

As a court of arbitration, much can be done toward settling disputes or grievances between lodges or between individuals and lodges, or individuals themselves, by a submission of the matters in dispute to this body, whose members are presumed, by long experience, to understand the laws and usages of the Craft. Such action on both sides, however, would have to be purely voluntary, as no action or decision could be made legally binding, or be a finality of the matter, unless previously agreed to by all parties.

But time will not admit of a further elucidation of the advantages which might accrue from such an organisation as this. I have mentioned a few of them, time and experience will develop others. Let us use those which exigency, expediency and duty demands, and our powers authorise, and then we shall have discharged our obligations, both corporate and fraternal, fully and to the extent of the most reasonable exaction.

Brethren, we have met for the first time around our festive board. Shall it be the last with any of us? Most of us are falling into "the sere and yellow leaf." At the best some of us cannot expect to participate in many of these annual gatherings. Then let us labour zealously while the day lasts, "for the night cometh in which no man can work." Let us renew our strength for the upbuilding of our cherished institution, and show, by our zeal, to the younger Craftsmen that we who have long trod in the old-time paths appreciate its privileges and earnestly desire its prosperity. Let us animate and encourage those who are falteringly following in our footsteps, and when they shall have reached the dividing line between them and us, extend to them the fraternal grasp and welcome them within our portals, and as the infirmities of age creep apace upon us, may they assume our positions and carry on the noble work begun by us, until it shall attain that fruition which the eye of faith can dimly perceive in the distance.

[We take this from the *New York Dispatch*.—Ed. *M.M.*]

FOUND.

BY SAVARICUS.

FOR months my stricken heart has prayed,
And grief its silence on me laid;
My feelings swayed by hope and fear,
Are daily buoyed by mem'ry dear.
A soothing thought will often rise,
And bid me wait a great surprise;
The face I love, and long to see,
In dreams doth come and smile on me.
Awaking, I pour forth my soul
To Him who doth the sea control,
And trusting ever in the Lord,
A solemn calm is my reward.

* * * * * *

A letter sent from far off land—
The superscription in her hand!
Am I awake, is this a dream,
Or doth my mind with fancies teem?
All doubt is passed, I read, I cry,
My joy is great, I smile, I sigh;
The lost one's found, my darling's saved,
Although the jaws of death were braved.
A passing ship, with noble crew,
From drowning rescued one or two,
And bore the saved ones far away
To distant shores—hence my dismay.
But now the cheering letter sent
Hath banished all my languishment.
I read the words of comfort o'er,
And sit and watch beside the door.

* * * * * *

The blissful day has come and gone,
As man and wife we now live on;
With grateful hearts a happy pair,
Delighting in the love we share;
For dangers braved, for perils passed,
We have a sweet reward at last:
The joys of home our senses cheer,
And snugly housed no harm we fear,
The balmy breath of blooming flowers,
Pervades the sheltered cot of ours,
The distant lake, the forest trees,
And mountain range unite to please.

* * * * * *

My heart is light, my house is gay,
A fairy rules, I own her sway;
With gladdened eyes I look around.
And see the dear one, lost and found.

LITTLE BRITAIN.

[We have found this little amusing sketch in the now forgotten "Sketch Book" of Washington Irving, published in 1830.—Ed. *M.M.*]

What I write is most true * * * * I have a whole booke of cases lying by me, which if I should sette foorth, some grave auntients (within the hearing of Bow Bells) would be out of charity with me.—Nashe.

IN the centre of the great City of London lies a small neighbourhood, consisting of a cluster of narrow streets and courts, of very venerable and debilitated houses, which goes by the name of Little Britain. Christ Church School and St. Bartholomew's Hospital bound it on the west; Smithfield and Long Lane on the north; Aldersgate Street, like an arm of the sea, divides it from the eastern part of the city; whilst the yawning gulf of Bull-and-Mouth Street separates it from Butcher Lane and the regions of Newgate. Over this little territory, thus bounded and designated, the great dome of St. Paul's, swelling above the intervening houses of Paternoster Row, Amen Corner, and Ave-Maria Lane, looks down with an air of motherly protection.

This quarter derives its appellation from having been, in ancient times, the residence of the Dukes of Brittany. As London increased, however, rank and fashion rolled off to the west, and trade, creeping on at their heels, took possession of their deserted abodes. For some time, Little Britain became the great mart of learning, and was peopled by the busy and prolific race of booksellers: these also gradually deserted it, and emigrating beyond the great strait of Newgate Street, settled down in Paternoster Row and St. Paul's Churchyard, where they continue to increase and multiply, even at the present day.

But though thus fallen into decline, Little Britain still bears traces of its former splendour. There are several houses, ready to tumble down, the fronts of which are magnificently enriched with old oaken carvings of hideous faces, unknown birds, beasts and fishes; and fruits and flowers, which it would perplex a naturalist to classify. There are also, in Aldersgate Street, certain remains of what were once spacious and lordly family mansions, but which have in latter days been subdivided into several tenements. Here may often be found the family of a petty tradesman, with its trumpery furniture, burrowing among the relics of antiquated finery, in great rambling time-stained apartments, with fretted ceilings, gilded cornices, and enormous marble fire-places. The lanes and courts also contain many smaller houses, not on so grand a scale; but, like your small ancient gentry, sturdily maintaining their claims to equal antiquity. These have their gable ends to the street; great bow windows, with diamond panes set in lead, grotesque carvings, and low-arched doorways.*

In this most venerable and sheltered little nest have I passed several quiet years of existence, comfortably lodged in the second floor of one of the smallest but oldest edifices. My sitting room is an old wainscotted chamber, with small panels, and set off with a miscellaneous array of furniture. I have a particular respect for three or four high-backed claw-footed chairs, covered with tarnished brocade, which bear the marks of having seen better days, and

* It is evident that the author of this interesting communication has included in his general title of Little Britain, many of those little lanes and courts that belong immediately to Cloth Fair.

have doubtless figured in some of the old palaces of Little Britain. They seem to me to keep together, and to look down with sovereign contempt upon their leathern-bottomed neighbours, as I have seen decayed gentry carry a high head among the plebeian society with which they were reduced to associate. The whole front of my sitting-room is taken up with a bow window, on the panes of which are recorded the names of previous occupants for many generations, mingled with scraps of very indifferent gentleman-like poetry, written in characters which I can scarcely decipher, and which extol the charms of many a beauty of Little Britain, who has long, long since bloomed, faded, and passed away. As I am an idle personage, with no apparent occupation, and pay my bill regularly every week, I am looked upon as the only independent gentleman of the neighbourhood; and being curious to learn the internal state of a community so apparently shut up within itself, I have managed to work my way into all the concerns and secrets of the place.

Little Britain may truly be called the heart's-core of the city; the stronghold of true John Bullism. It is a fragment of London as it was in its better days, with its antiquated folks and fashions. Here flourish in great preservation many of the holyday games and customs of yore. The inhabitants most religiously eat pancakes on Shrove Tuesday, hot-cross-buns on Good Friday, and roast goose at Michaelmas; they send love-letters on Valentine's Day; burn the Pope on the Fifth of November, and kiss all the girls under the mistletoe at Christmas. Roast beef and plum pudding are also held in superstitious veneration, and port and sherry maintain their grounds as the only true English wines—all others being considered vile outlandish beverages.

Little Britain has its long catalogue of city wonders, which its inhabitants consider the wonders of the world; such as the great bell of St. Paul's, which sours all the beer when it tolls; the figures that strike the hours at St. Dunstan's clock; the Monument; the lions in the Tower; and the wooden giants in Guildhall. They still believe in dreams and fortune-telling; and an old woman that lives in Bull-and-Mouth Street makes a tolerable subsistence by detecting stolen goods, and promising the girls good husbands. They are apt to be rendered uncomfortable by comets and eclipses; and if a dog howls dolefully at night, it is looked upon as a sure sign of a death in the place. There are even many ghost stories current, particularly concerning the old mansion-houses, in several of which it was said strange sights are sometimes seen. Lords and ladies, the former in full-bottomed wigs, hanging sleeves, and swords, the latter in lappets, stays, hoops and brocade, have been seen walking up and down the great waste chambers on moonlight nights, and are supposed to be the shades of the ancient proprietors in their court dresses.

Little Britain has likewise its sages and great men. One of the most important of the former is a tall, dry old gentleman, of the name of Skryme, who keeps a small apothecary's shop. He has a cadaverous countenance, full of cavities and projections, with a brown circle round each eye, like a pair of horn spectacles. He is much thought of by the old women, who consider him as a kind of conjuror, because he has two or three stuffed alligators hanging up in his shop, and several snakes in bottles. He is a great reader of almanacks and newspapers, and is much given to pore over alarming accounts of plots, conspiracies, fires, earthquakes, and volcanic eruptions, which last phenomena he considers as signs of the times. He has always some dismal tale of the kind to deal out to his customers with their doses, and thus at the same time puts both soul and body into an uproar. He is a great believer in omens and predictions; and has the prophecies of Robert Nixon and Mother Shipton by heart. No man can make so much out of an eclipse, or even an unusually dark day; and he shook the tail of the last comet over the heads of his customers and disciples, until they were nearly frightened out of their wits. He has lately got hold of a popular legend or prophecy, on which he

has been unusually eloquent. There has been a saying current among the ancient Sybils, who treasure up these things, that when the grasshopper on the top of the Exchange shook hands with the dragon on the top of Bow Church steeple, fearful events would take place. This strange conjunction, it seems, has as strangely come to pass. The same architect has been engaged lately on the repairs of the cupola of the Exchange, and the steeple of Bow Church, and, fearful to relate, the dragon and the grasshopper actually lie, cheek by jole, in the yard of his workshop.

"Others" as Mr. Skryme is accustomed to say, "may go star-gazing, and look for conjunctions in the heavens, but here is a conjunction on the earth, near at home, and under our own eyes, which surpasses all the signs and calculations of astrologers." Since these portentous weathercocks have thus laid their heads together, wonderful events had already occurred. The good old king, notwithstanding that he had lived eighty-two years, had all at once given up the ghost; another king had mounted the throne; a royal duke had died suddenly—another, in France, had been murdered; there had been radical meetings in all parts of the kingdom; the bloody scenes at Manchester—the great plot in Cato Street; and, above all, the Queen had returned to England! All these sinister events are recounted by Mr. Skryme with a mysterious look, and a dismal shake of the head; and being taken with his drugs, and associated in the minds of his auditors with stuffed sea-monsters, bottled serpents, and his own visage, which is a title-page of tribulation, they have spread great gloom through the minds of the people in Little Britain. They shake their heads whenever they go by Bow Church, and observe that they never expected any good to come of taking down that steeple, which, in old times, told nothing but glad tidings, as the history of Whittington and his cat bears witness.

The rival oracle of Little Britain is a substantial cheesemonger, who lives in a fragment of one of the old family mansions, and is as magnificently lodged as a round-bellied mite in the midst of one of his own Cheshires. Indeed, he is a man of no little standing and importance, and his renown extends through Huggin Lane, and Lad Lane, and even unto Aldermanbury. His opinion is very much taken in the affairs of State, having read the Sunday papers for the last half century, together with the "Gentleman's Magazine," "Rapin's History of England," and the "Naval Chronicle." His head is stored with invaluable maxims, which have borne the test of time and use for centuries. It is his firm opinion that "it is a moral impossible," so long as England is true to herself, that anything can shake her; and he has much to say on the subject of the national debt, which, some how or other, he proves to be a great national bulwark and blessing. He passed the greater part of his life in the purlieus of Little Britain, until of late years, when, having become rich, and grown into the dignity of a Sunday cane, he begins to take his pleasure and see the world. He has therefore made several excursions to Hampstead, Highgate, and other neighbouring towns, where he has passed whole afternoons in looking back upon the metropolis through a telescope, and endeavouring to descry the steeple of St. Bartholomew's. Not a stage-coachman of Bull-and-Mouth Street but touches his hat as he passes; and he is considered quite a patron at the coach-office of the Goose and Gridiron, St. Paul's Churchyard. His family have been very urgent for him to make an expedition to Margate, but he has great doubts of these new gimcracks the steam-boats, and indeed thinks himself too advanced in life to undertake sea voyages.

Little Britain has occasionally its factions and divisions, and party spirit ran very high at one time, in consequence of two rival "Burial Societies" being set up in the place. One held its meeting at the Swan and Horse-Shoe, and was patronised by the cheesemonger: the other at the Cock and Crown, under the auspices of the apothecary: it is needless to say that the latter was the most flourishing. I have passed an evening or two at each, and have

acquired much valuable information as to the best mode of being buried; the comparative merits of churchyards; together with divers hints on the subject of patent iron coffins. I have heard the question discussed in all its bearings, as to the legality of prohibiting the latter on account of their durability. The feuds occasioned by these societies have happily died away of late; but they were for a long time prevailing themes of controversy, the people of Little Britain being extremely solicitous of funeral honours, and of lying comfortably in their graves.

Besides these two funeral societies, there is a third of quite a different cast, which tends to throw the sunshine of good humour over the whole neighbourhood. It meets once a week at a little old-fashioned house, kept by a jolly publican of the name of Wagstaff, and bearing for insignia a resplendent half-moon, with a most seductive bunch of grapes. The whole edifice is covered with inscriptions to catch the eye of the thirsty wayfarer: such as "Truman, Hanbury and Co.'s Entire," "Wine, Rum, and Brandy Vaults," "Old Tom, Rum and Compounds, &c." This indeed has been a temple of Bacchus and Momus from time immemorial. It has always been in the family of the Wagstaffs, so that its history is tolerably preserved by the present landlord. It was much frequented by the gallants and cavalieros of the reign of Elizabeth, and was looked into now and then by the wits of Charles the Second's day. But what Wagstaff principally prides himself upon is, that Henry the Eighth, in one of his nocturnal rambles, broke the head of one of his ancestors with his famous walking-staff. This, however, is considered as rather a dubious and vain-glorious boast of the landlord.

The club which now holds its weekly sessions here goes by the name of "Roaring Lads of Little Britain." They abound in all catches, glees, and choice stories that are traditional in the place, and not to be met with in any other part of the metropolis. There is a madcap undertaker, who is inimitable at a merry song; but the life of the club, and indeed the prime wit of Little Britain, is bully Wagstaff himself. His ancestors were all wags before him, and he has inherited with the inn a large stock of songs and jokes, which go with it from generation to generation as heir-looms. He is a dapper little fellow, with bandy legs and pot belly, a red face with a moist merry eye, and a little shock of grey hair behind. At the opening of every club night, he is called in to sing his "Confession of Faith," which is the famous old drinking trowl from Gammer Gurton's needle. He sings it, to be sure, with many variations, as he received it from his father's lips; for it had been a standing favourite at the Half-Moon and Bunch of Grapes ever since it was written; nay, he affirms that his predecessors have often had the honour of singing it before the nobility and gentry at Christmas mummeries, when Little Britain was in all its glory.*

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* As mine host of the Half-Moon's Confession of Faith may not be familiar to the majority of readers, and as it is a specimen of the current songs of Little Britain, I subjoin it in its original orthography. I would observe that the whole club always join in the chorus *with a fearful thumping on the table and clattering of pewter pots.*

I cannot eate but lytle meate,
My stomacke is not good,
But sure I thinke that I can drinke
With him that weares a hood.
Though I go bare take ye no care,
I nothing am a colde,
I stuff my skyn so full within
Of joly good ale and olde.

Chorus—Back and syde go bare, go bare,
Both foot and hand go colde,
But belly, God send thee good ale ynoughe,
Whether it be new or olde.

It would do one's heart good to hear on a club-night the shouts of merriment, the snatches of song, and now and then the choral bursts of half-a-dozen discordant voices, which issue from this jovial mansion. At such times the street is lined with listeners, who enjoy a delight equal to that of gazing into a confectioner's window, or snuffing up the steams of a cook-shop.

(To be concluded.)

OUR GRAND BROTHERHOOD.

BY BRO. T. BURDETT YEOMAN, P.M. 1460.

AFTER a man has been initiated into Freemasonry, and years have rolled over his head and Masonic career, as a rule he finds the longer he lives in it and up to it as a Craftsman, the more sweet to him must be the honour and dignity of having become a member of the Royal Craft. After some sixteen years' connection with the noble order and the brotherhood generally as a body, I know of nothing in my experience of some sixty years that has given me so much pleasure and gratification, so much delight, so many pleasant and diversified hours of real social pastime, as well as intellectual and manly companionship, as to that of the time passed in our temples. Such has been one of undoubted and unsurpassable gratification both to my mind and my body. Here I have met with men of rare talents; scholars and

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I have no rost, but a nut brown toste
And a crab laid in the fyre;
A little breade shall do me steade—
Much breade I not desyre.
No frost nor snow, nor winde I trowe,
Can hurt me if I wolde,
I am so wrapt and throwly lapt
Of joly good ale and olde.

Chorus—Back and syde go bare, go bare, etc.

And Tyb my wife, that as her lyfe
Loveth well good ale to seeke,
Full oft drynkes she tyll ye may see
The teares run down her cheeke.
Then doth shee trowle to me the bowle,
Even as a maulte-worme sholde,
And sayth, sweete harte, I tooke my parte
Of this joly good ale and olde.

Chorus—Back and syde go bare, go bare, etc.

Now let them drynke tyll they nod and winke,
Even as goode fellowes sholde doe,
They shall not mysse to have the blisse
Good ale doth bring men to.
And all poor soules that have scowred bowles,
Or have them lustily trolde,
God save the lyves of them and their wives,
Whether they be yonge or olde.

Chorus—Back and syde go bare, go bare, etc.

gentlemen; men with breadth of knowledge in science, in literature, in the arts; men who have circumnavigated the world over and over again, *voyageurs* by land as well as by sea; poets, musicians, sculptors, painters, authors, and large-souled philanthropists. I doubt very much if such a roll of distinguished men can be found in any other fraternity; but the *summum bonum* of all their actions is to do good and fulfil the greatest of all the graces—Charity. This commendeth itself to the heart of every true Craftsman. I know of nothing so seductive and enticing to the moral status of a man as that of studying Freemasonry in its entirety, because the teachings of its unrivalled ritual surpass all the philosophical doctrines of ancient or modern lore. The grandeur and greatness of its erudition lies in its simplicity: it is enshrined in the essence of truth, without garnishing, and its principles are so easy of practice that they become ever acceptable, like unto the graciousness of the mighty and eternal founder, T.G.A.O.T.U.

The compactness of its organisations, the foundation upon which it is built, surpasses all other known fraternities: its genuine social fellowship, the universality of its usefulness, its large philanthropy, its solidity, its undying sympathy for those in distress, not pharasaically, but lovingly; and all these kinships come through its being built upon a true basis, which is the groundwork of the kingdom to come. Through its tenets being acted up to, it causes it to be mighty for good; and as a brotherhood, with this imprint upon it, it will be lasting as the eternal hills. We lay not a falacious claim to being workers-out of the glorious precept, "Do unto others, etc.," and from so directing our thoughts and steps we get the countenance and blessing of the Holy One. Here we take our stand, and from this never retreating action the Royal Craft resists all attacks, come from whatever source they may, or however virulent their malignity of annunciation in the attempted depreciation of us as an Order, or the further ridiculous act of anathematisation and ridicule. Still we prosper, labour on and increase in numbers and substance, as if no bitter shafts of contumely had been hurled at us. Why do we thrive? Because our primal object is to do good, that good may come of it; therefore are we invulnerable against the implacability of any party and of any hierarchial sect, as well as against evil speaking. These things affect us nothing. The Craft raises its head loftily above all contumely, and above all pedagogical sneering. Why? because our foundation is not built upon sand, but upon the eternal volume of truth; for the Craft, as a body, are exponents of its great gloriousness. Who can deny it? No true man will or can, be he whomsoever he may; because we are trying to wend our way to the world of purity: again, no copious abuse can ever remove us out of our place; if it did, the truth upon which the brotherhood is founded is a base and monstrous falsity; but we, with all humility, know, and we lay claim to having within our fold the essence—attributes—which contribute to make men only a little lower than the pure spirits which move around the mercy-seat.

Our codified laws are such that for the governing of so vast a body of men spread over the whole inhabited globe, of every nationality, and almost of every class, and yet withal we are within ourselves so exclusive, and still universal, that the very term appears a paradox from this supreme unisonance. Naturally there arises in our midst those whom we could say have not known the rays of civilisation equal to the European; still such men are the living and faithful witnesses of the noble virtue of truthfulness, for they have never been known to divulge its secrets or dishonour their oath; but they have kept the hidden treasures which are sacred to the honour and dignity of every faithful Freemason. Words cannot describe this noble inviolability of the brotherhood. It is this wondrous talismanic power which is its strength, and which is one of the mental agencies that helps to the ripening of the novice or initiates, into making such into the beings for which the intentive originality of our created state implied; and it is a genuine fulfilment of the

declaration that, although a man may be a good man, he will become a better one on and after the Masonic mantle has fallen upon his shoulders: this of a necessity, for he will become the superior from breathing, and at the same time having engraved upon the tablets of his memory the ennobling thesis of our rites; for in the acquiring them his mind becomes stored with utterances and with principles that cannot be heard only within our temple homes; these teachings become lights to his or their guidance for thought, for action in all matters what he or they may have to transact in this mundane sphere.

The principles of the order are true pilots, to once more reuniting the scattered races of mankind into one peace-loving brotherhood. Our Craft is the stepping-stone to unending felicity; it destroys caste, it turns enemies into friends, life has been spared through its instrumentality when death was the apparent doom. The harmony of a lodge cannot be upset by a discord. Further it teaches the practice of the undying and heaven-born virtues, Charity, Faith, Hope, Benevolence. What source for blessing does it leave untouched? Within its province lies the motive power for dispensing of aid and comfort to those that are helpless and in distress; it soothes the widows' griefs, it dries up the tears of the orphan, it educates and fits them to become good citizens of the world, it gives consolation to the troubled mind, and assures hope to the desolate and despairing; in short, the whole end and aim of this mighty and powerful Bund is but the fulfilment of the golden rule. There is no myth in this assertion, for it is hourly and daily practised, performed and fulfilled, so the mind and body becomes enriched with its gifts and graces.

Its resources are as numerous as are the means at its disposal for turning sadness into joy; care and weariness are turned into rejoicing; anxiety and sorrow are banished through its geniality, and the wounds of the mind are healed by its large-heartedness, and further through its brightening influences; even those who are shut out of our charmed circle, they are warmed into admiration, and their better feelings are enlarged by the close proximity to a true Brother. Why? Because they are led to charitable deeds, from a very consciousness of imitation.

Another of its qualifications rests in its large benevolence for those that have been smitten down by adversity; these are not looked upon with the eye of scorn, but with sympathetic tenderness, and the first thought is how can we best help our brother out of misfortune without wounding his feelings? and this is done from the purest of motives, and without guile, but in love to the Brotherhood. No particle of the debasing sin of highmindedness is chargeable on the disposer of our gifts. The Craft at large cannot have pharasaical purposes imputed to them in their desire to remove anguish, the tendency and hope-wish is to dispel misery by its wonder-working influences. Union is strength, and our unity of action makes us a power in the world in the midst of its sinister depressions.

The tenets of Freemasonry teach men to be full-orbed men, morally and socially to be good citizens, patriotic, loyal, faithful, true, and fraternal. Let not thy right hand know, when almsgiving, what thy left-hand doeth: these are its ethics; and what thou doest, do it in the name of T.G.A.O.T.U. So mote it be.

A CATALOGUE OF MASONIC BOOKS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

(*Continued from page* 363.)

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NORAH'S REMONSTRANCE.

NOW Terence, have done wid yer tasing,
Do be aisy and let me alone;
It's the skin from me fingers ye're squazing;
Sure ye think they're as hard as yer own.

I'm worried to death wid yer prating,
And frighten'd clane out of me life;
So pray don't be idly consating
You'll ever catch me for a wife.

What is it ye say?—that I'm joking;
That ye won't budge an inch from me side;
Indade, now, ye're mighty provoking,
And I don't know which way to decide.

I'm just like a bird that the fowler
Is coaxing down into his snare;
Och, Terence, ye sly, schaming prowler,
Ye're hurting me lips, I declare!

Lave off, sir! How dare ye to do it!
I suppose, as ye will have yer way,
I'd better (but, mind me, ye'll rue it!)
Plase yer whim by just naming the day.

Don't think it's for love I'm consenting—
Och, murther! ye're stopping me breath!
But only in hopes of preventing
Meself being bother'd to death!

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

No. 82.—Vol. VII. APRIL, 1880. Price 6d.

THE RECORDS OF AN ANCIENT LODGE.

BY. W. FRED. VERNON, P.M. NO. 58, S.C.

(Continued from page 370.)

THE minutes following those we have already given are merely similar lists of payments of dues and annual subscriptions. These are sometimes varied, as in the case of the following, which is in addition to the usual lists for 1700 :—

"An commpt of them that hath bein examined
And is to pay in ano 1701 as follows

first david cairns	00 — 02 — 00
Rot binie	00 — 02 — 00
Rot pringl	
Wm Atesion	00 — 02 — 00
James Trotter	
Andro Cols	00 — 02 — 00
Andro mein	00 — 02 — 00"

Another note in reference to examination appears in the entry for 1707. After the usual list we read :—

"Thes persons under writen absented from being examined and therefor the companie denuds them from aine benifite til such time as they satisfie the companie
John mein tomheid younger, Andro mein draunfrie Andro mein cudibuts James Pringle Robt mein younger this was done the 27 day of Decr 1707."

Then there follows the following curious entry immediately below the above date :—

"to James meser for aile 00 — 11 — 00 which the companie allous, thes afor named persons to pay being taken out of the box."

The detailed expenditure for that day is given two pages farther on thus :—

"deburstments for tobaco and pips to James Courie	00 — 13 — 00
to John Lithgow for the drinks and tickets the soum of	03 — 17 — 00
them mor for drink mony and ane quart of aile to the st John Lithgow	00 — 14 — 00
them mor for aile to James Meser	00 — 11 — 00
them to andro doscan	01 — 00 — 00
	6 — 15 — 00"

In connection with the mort cloth, mentioned previously, we find the following resolution engrossed on page 53, after the minutes for 1710:—

"It is voted and consended that a mort cloth be gote and that the boxe masters be oblided to funish it at the companis plisor.

Richard Mein John mein James mein Thomas Bunyie John Park David wnies John Bounyie John Mein J. Wilson John Halswall John Meser Robert Pringle Thos Witharpe."

On page 61 there is the following, amongst other entries:—

"Memorandum ther was a quart of aile payd out on Candlmase day when the gloues was gotten."

In order to put affairs on a more satisfactory basis, the following resolution concerning the entry money and fees was adopted in 1711:—

"The company being mette on the twenty seven day of desember on thousand seven hundred and eleven years and votted and consended that the entrie of the prentises be dist and reported so many to go on a comety and consider what the entrie shall be, the comety is Richart Mein meson in Eldon John Meson, meson in Newstid, John mein meson in Selkirk, John mein meson in Elsudin and they have modified the entrie to be eight pond scots mony and reports all that have tickets in the boxe agan the terme of llames next to com that they bring the half of their tickite again that day and they are to be alloued three pond off the half that remaine but if they bring not in those tticke shall Loos there part of that three pond and likwis shall pay the halle contind in there thickit exept those those that are meade this day and aponts all to subscribe this otherways los their three pond excepe nichol cour meson in Eldon and James Ladle meson in newtoun and James bingy meson in newstid and that because they com in easir than the rest nichol trumel meson in hauik and they that have no tickts in the box are to have three pond alloued them.

Richard Mein John meser John purvis Thomas Bunye John bounyie William meser John mein James mein David Wnies Robert pringle William Aichison John Halwall Robert mein Williaam —— Robert Bunyie Andrew Mein — Scleater Andrew Mein John Bunyie Robert bunyie James Willson Thomas Williamsone."

Upon page 69, after the usual list of members whose tickets have been put into the box on the 27th of December, 1715, we find the following notes:—

"All counts being cleired this year one thousand seven hundred and fiften the rests of monie in the Box the soume of four ponnd ten schelien and ten penies Item mor nein schelien put in the for said day.

As also from Robert Turnbull six pound sevin shilling four pennies scotts money
Item more for tallow on pound for shilling
For sheeps skins seventein shiiling four pennies
For the in meat of the sheep ten shilling Scotts

Depursments

Item to James Meser three pound eighteen shilling
As also on ponnd four shilling to Michell fisher
As also eight shilling Scotts for stamped paper
Item to John Meser seven pounds scotts for twa sheep
Item for ale that day the twa men in bowden was hear eighteen shilling Scotts more for shilling for ale at the salting of the flesh."

It would seem from the above minute that the brethren prepared for the feast of St John some time beforehand, purchasing sheep and salting the flesh for the purpose of keeping it; the consumption of ale on the occasion seems a very natural one. There is nothing of any importance or interest recorded in the minutes for some time, and we do not find anything worthy of extraction till we come to the following:—

"Newsteed Decemr the 27 day 1738

Andrew Pringle wairden senior John Mercer and Andrew Mein boxmaster, of the lodge of Melrose has enacted and hereby enacts that in al time comeing that every person that shall be entrid in our loodge or pass in our loodge shall pay in readie money the soume of eight pounds scotts for entry and four pounds ten shillings scotts money for passing. We or our succesors in office shall have it in our pour succesors in office with concent of the pluralitie of the whole Members to take bills for the soums above cendecended on payable that day twelmonth they are granted and it shall be likewise in the power of the three above named persons their succesors in office with consent of the plurality of the Remanent Members of the said lodge to renew their bills as they shall think proper

Andrew Pringle, John Mercer, Andrew Mein."

"Neustied December 27 day 1739.

The companie of the Ancent Lodge of Melros being then Meete find some of their Bretherin namly Andrew Pringle Mason is Melros and Thomas Marr Wright in Melros and Andrew Buny Mason in Neustied by their own Confeshin gilty of Entring a sertain person not on Saint John's day the for said companie orders and obledges thes thrie bretherin to produs eight ponnds scotts to the Box and every member a per of sufient gloves Conformt to the order of this Booke. Likewis the forsaid Companis orders this brethrin to come in the Companis will for that irregular action on entring any man not on Saint John's day this done by the consent of tne members of the said Lodge and Subscribed by us Under Subscrivers.

John Mercer
Andrew Mein"

The following shows that these old brethren rigorously enforced their bye-laws.

"Newstead Feby 2d 1741

The company has enacted yt the said James Wallace mason in Melrose and Andrew Bunyie mason in Newstead that each of them is to pay one shilling ster: for not compearing with their gloves and the time of the company's meetings before 12 a clock and yt ane shilling ster. they must pay imediately in wt their gloves as witness our subscription day an date above designed

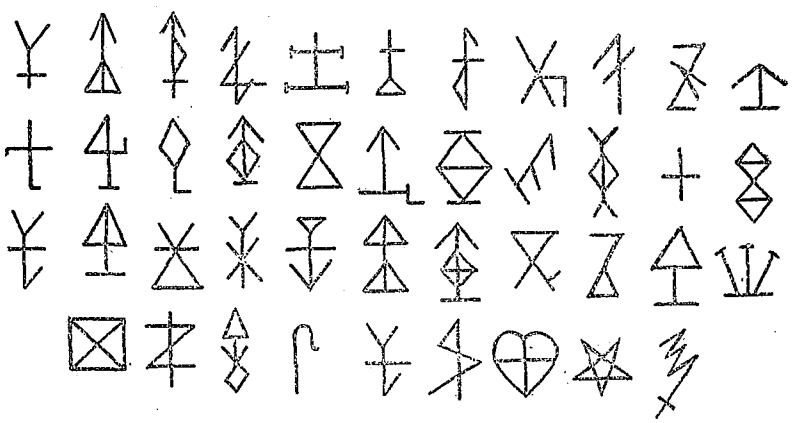
(signed) Andr Mein Newtown."

A few pages further on, and under date 1744, we find a similar infliction of fines, and we would note here that the following minute is the first that appears in the book dated "Melrose," all the previous meetings being held at Newstead, the subsequent meetings being held at Melrose.

"Melros februry 2 1744

This day the company being met and fins William Young and James Gray for Messing on Compnie and not bringing in suficent glove each of them bing find of shilling sterling And Nichol Conar for not producing his gloves that day fins him of the saim

John Mercer."



Upon the fourth day of the same month and year there was entered on the same page—

"Melros februry 4 day 1744
This day prentises entred
John Grant 
William hunter"

The above is also the first instance of marks being appended to signatures in connection with the minutes, although in the rolls of entered apprentices for 1703 and 1709 there are marks attached to most of the names. It seems

to have been the custom for the "prentices" to select their marks, as at the end of the book there are lists of "prentises entered," with their marks, for the years 1719, 1720, 1722, 1724, 1725, 1726 up to 1734. We give all the various marks to be found in the book. Several Masons appear to have adopted the same mark, which we do not, of course, repeat, but simply give the variety. None of these marks were adhibited to the signatures prior to the beginning of the eighteenth century.

In the following minute we observe that the style and title of the Master is given as "Grand Master," and that the brethren walked in procession on St. John's Day, a custom still kept up by this Lodge, as we have already seen in foot note, page 325.

"Melrose Decer 27th 1745

It was proposed that all the members of this Lodge doe atend the Grand Mr on St. John's day to walk in procession from their meeting to their generall place of Randevouz and the vote being but it being carried by a great majority and and that each in the company walk with the Grand Mr with clean aprons and gloves or in case of disobedience to pay on mark scotts Each fellow. And likewise it being proposed for the good of the Box and the ease of prentises and fellow Crafts that they shall pay in to the Box five shillings sterling each prentice and fellow Craft in Leu of Gloves that they were in use to give to the members of the Lodge and the same way carried by a majority of vots that the above metioned sum shall be paid in Stead of the gloves in time comeing."

These old brethren were not unmindful of one of the principal characteristics of a true Mason—charity—and we find frequent entries in the minutes similar to the following:—

"The company this day have agreed to give Margaret Hislop widow in Selkirk 3 pound scots and to give to Andrew mein elder 6 pound scots."

Again,

"The company this day have agreed to forgive widow ovens in Lessudden her interest and to take the principall at three years. The first Terme at Whitsonday next. The company also have agreed to give Andrew mein elder in Newstead three pounds scots this day and half a crown at candlemas next Also to give to the widow of John Stavert half a crown.'

The following, in reference to the relief of travelling brethren, is in keeping with the ancient charges; it is under date 1764:—

"Also agrees that Thomas mecer have deposited in his hand Ten shillings sterling to be given out for travelling Distrest Brothers if they come in the way before next meeting which Ten shillings is given for that effect as witness the subscription Thomas Marr."

To which Brother Mecer has added this note:—

"The above 10 sh is payd by Tho Mecer,"

and then cancelled the paragraph. Under the same date we find—

"The company This day has agreed and given to the widow of John Stavert Three shillings."

To return to the chronological order of these minutes, we find, under date

"December 27th, 1749, The company this day have agreed this day to sett* the two back seats in the Loft,† each seat to hold six persons and the foremost of the two to be set at each person paying sixpence and the backmost at fourpence each person."

These were not very extravagant terms for sittings in the church, and we find the names of the persons availing themselves of the privilege thus recorded—

"The foremost of the Two sett for the enshewing year at 6 pence viz—

To Ballie Scot	pd & continued
To John Scot	pd & cont
To Andrew Hart	pd & cont
To William Reidfoord younger . .	pd & cont
To William Mercer	pd & cont
To John Cochrane	pd & cont

* Anglice, "to let." † Gallery.

The Back seat sett to viz—

To Thomas Mair	p^{d} & cont
To James Mein	p^{d} & cont
To Thomas Ovens	p^{d} & cont
To Robert Forser	p^{d} & cont"

In connection with the above seats in the church there is an old document preserved in the archives of the lodge, of which the following is a copy. It is endorsed on the back "The Petition of Melrose Lodge anent the Mason Loft and the Earl of Haddington's Right thereto. 1683."

"To the Right Honourable Charles bayle of hadingtone Lord byning and byres Titular and patrone of the paroche Kirke and parochin of Melrois. The humble supplicatione of your Lordship's suppliant masons and por^{s} of neustead undersubscribing ffor themselves & in name and behalf of the remnent masones pertaining & depending upon the mason Lodge of Melrois.

Sheweth.

That whan we your lordships suppliant masones within the Lordships of Melrois and others depending upon our art and Craft having throw the blessing of the lords Increased ane considerable number of ffamilies and persns, soe that we cannot weill be accommodated nor have convenience within the parishe Kirk of Melrois for hearing of the word of God red and preached to us as the law of God and Laws of the land made be his mayistier doeth specialle require unless some particular place of the said Kirk be Allocat and allowed to us for bigging of ane loft for the use of the haill tred and their prentises as use to in other places. And which will tend not onlie to the convenience of the haill tred but also to the great ease of the remnent parochiners of the parochin of Melrois. And considering that your Honour our superior is the only undoubted patrone titular of the said parochin and sua his the onlie undubted right to give and grant licenssies and priveledges in the same Kirk and treu it is that ther is ane part and place above the eist Kirk doore of the said Kirk of Mel^{r} most fit and convenient for the said purpose to which no prensone can pertend interest except your lordship as Titular and patron forsaid In regard ther was nevir anie loft nor seatt thereof befor, neither can anie persone pertend that the Lamen will be aneways prejudicall to them—notwithstanding whereof we having begun unadviselie to offer to fit up the said loft by putting up some timber then your Lordships baillie Robert ffaa did come, stoped, Interrupted, and discharged us to proceed or work anie more thereat untill suchtyme that we did signifie the samen to your Lordships, and procured ane order & warrant subscribed by you Lo/ for that effect to the great prejudice & dishearting of the haill tred without your Lo/s provyd remeid.

May it therefor please your Lordships to take the premisses to your serious consideration *and to give order and warrant under your Lo/ hand for situating and bigging of ane loft in* the said place for use and convenience of the said trade of masones and great ease of the haill parochin of Melrois seeing noe persone can neither pertend interest or prejudice therby and which certainlie will not onlie be a motive of encouragement to the trade under your Lo/ heiven this place but alsoe to be alwaies readie to serve your Lordship & and other noblemen and gentlemen in the calling But likewaies benifite to and enricht this penuirous place and your Lo/ favourable answear most humblie we beseech.

(Signed)
John Turnbull, Andrew Mein
John Bunyie, Andro Turnbell, Alex mein
James Mein, Thomas bunye, Andro mein
John bunie, John mein, Robt Bunye
William Mein, Thomas Bunye, John Mein
Andro Mein fider Wilson John Mein
John Mein"

(endorsed)

At Edinburgh the ffourteenth day of
ffebrewar——* ffourscore This year
My Lord Hadinton having seen and considered the above
written supplicatione grants the Desyre of the same
provydeing the same be Built at the sight of Robert
Faa without prejudice to any seatts in ye fs^{d}
Kirke allreadie built—wheranent this p^{nts}
shall be your warrant given day and dait forsa
HADINTONE."

(To be continued.)

* Illegible.

THE DISTRICT GRAND LODGE OF NORTHERN CHINA.

WE think that all Masonic Students will like to read the following extracts from a very interesting Meeting of the District Grand Lodge of China at Shanghai, on January 7th, 1880. The importance of the communication demands serious consideration. ED. M.M.

The R.W.D.G.M. said the business on the circular was now concluded, but they could transact any other Masonic business in accordance with the bye-laws. He had noticed in reading the *Freemason's Journal* that Masonry in England, as well as in other parts of the world, seemed to have been on the decline, but latterly there had been a revival, and he trusted that it would be extended to Shanghai. The installation meetings that had recently been held were numerously attended, and he hoped this might be considered as a proof that greater interest was being taken in the Craft generally in the Far East. At one of these meetings there was present a Brother Chinaman, the first Chinaman he had had the pleasure of meeting in Lodge. It was true that this Brother was not initiated in China; he had taken his degrees in America, showed great interest in the work, and duly appreciated the benefits of Freemasonry. He was not aware of the initiation of any Chinaman in the Lodges in Shanghai; still they learned that Masonry had existed for many years in China, at least they were told so, but it had never been so clearly brought to their notice as it had within the last few months. *Brother Chaloner Alabaster*, H.B.M.'s present Consul at Hankow, as the Brethren were aware, had devoted himself to the study of Chinese literature—he had dived deeply into their ancient literature and manners and customs, and lately he had written him some very interesting letters clearly showing that something answering to Craft Masonry had existed in this ancient empire for three or four thousand years before our present era. He proposed to read these letters so that the Brethren could judge for themselves. The subject was a most interesting and important one, and if members of the body would study it and make known the result of their researches, he was sure it would not only interest Masons in China but all over the world, and he sincerely hoped that some of the sinologues would do so. Much notice had been taken of ancient Masonry by Brethren at home, and one of our Brethren noted for his zeal when amongst us in Shanghai, W. Bro. Robert Freke Gould, P.M. of the Northern Lodge of China, No. 570, had written a book regarding "The Four Ancient Lodges," and so highly was this book esteemed that the Rt. W. Grand Master had ordered the copy presented to the Grand Lodge by the author to be placed in their Library. The R.W.D.G.M. then read the first letter he had received from Bro. Chaloner Alabaster, which was a follows :—

British Consulate, Hankow, 30th November, 1879.

My Dear Thorne,—In the course of my studies, I have come across so many coincidences in the ancient religion of China, dating some 3,000 to 4,000 years B.C., with Masonry, that it is worth directing the attention of the Craft to the subject in the hope that one of the sinologues the Brethren number among them, may be induced to make special study of the matter.

Among other curious coincidences is the fact that the oldest, or one of the oldest, words in the language for right conduct means literally The Square and Compasses, which we may assume therefore were then, as now, the symbol of the perfect man, and the reason for the adoption of the symbol is given by the explanation that these two symbols hieroglyphically express the sum of Chinese Philosophy.

Another curious coincidence is the four-square altar, preserved in our Lodges as the ashlar, still existing in the state religion of the country as the symbol of nature.

A third, the use of the square in their religious ceremonies.

A fourth, the use of aprons with various badges thereon to denote the rank and office of the various officers of religion.

And last, one I stumbled across yesterday, in which the Deity, in the sense of the end we seek to reach, is spoken of as the S.W. Corner.

I could give you a number of other instances, but I have not my notes by me, having lent them to Giles at Amoy, and have not time to refer, as the season at which the District Grand Master makes his periodical charges has come round *without* my thinking of it, and if I delayed writing till I could give you more detailed particulars the opportunity would be lost.

Suffice it, not only do I find coincidences, but I find the explanation of many of our rites giving a more philosophic reason for them than is to be found in the modern ritual.

Should you have an opportunity to do so, I wish I could induce you to take up the subject of a proper Chinese name for Masonic and Masonic Lodges, suggesting 正會 Ch'êng-hui as a good name for Masons, and 規矩堂 Kuei-chü Tang as an equally good one for a Lodge. At present both Masons and their Lodges are frequently given by Chinese the most uncomplimentary names, as in India the Lodges are generally called Jadu Ghue, Halls of Magic.—Yours very truly, CHALONER ALABASTER.

The R.W.D.G.M. pointed out that for the Masonic Hall in Canton Road they did use the name of Kwei-chu-t'ang, and he believed the present Hall was also known by that name. On receipt of the letter he had just read, he wrote to Bro. Alabaster, stating that he was exceedingly pleased his researches had been carried so far and had resulted in such interesting discoveries, and assuring him that he should do all in his power to assist him by laying his letter before the District Grand Lodge and asking the brethren to take up the subject. In answer to his letter, Bro. Alabaster wrote as follows:—

British Consulate, Hankow, 10th December, 1879.

My Dear Thorne,—I am glad to find you take an interest in the question whether there be not a connecting link between Masonry and the ancient religion of China, for I think the question is worth going into, and if the fact that I have found reason to believe that such is the case be only made public, you will soon have all the Masons in China setting to work to *test the accuracy of my theory.*

One of the strongest points is the undoubted fact that in the most ancient times the first care of the founder of a new dynasty was to build a lodge or symbolic building to serve as a monument of the philosophy and religion, of which he was high priest and head.

You will find three of these buildings figured in Duhalde, being the lodges of the three first dynasties.

2. One of the oldest offices we hear of is that of Grand Architect, not as Legge's Translation would lead us to imagine a mere Superintendent of Works, but an officer selected for his wisdom to superintend the erection of these symbolic lodges.

3. The use of Masonic symbols, the square and compasses as the symbol of right conduct, the ashlar, the four square cube as the symbolic altar, which explains the use of the square as the Master's jewel, it being his duty to see the altar was perfect or rightly constructed.

You may see one of these altars at Peking now, where it still stands as the symbol of nature, being generally known to foreigners as the Altar of Earth.

And of the compasses, the symbol of the circle by which they represent the Divinity, by which all is encircled and restrained in place, the endless near beginning origin of all.

Still perpetuated in Peking, in the Circular Temple, is an Altar of Heaven, which, with that of earth, form the two altars of the State Religion brought down from the highest antiquity.

4. The use of other Masonic symbols, the skirret shewn in the character 準, meaning the sources and origin of things; the gavel which I think may be shewn to be the same used by the ancient monarchs in the State Religious Services as a sceptre and mark of authority.

5. The use of aprons on which were marked symbolically the rank and office of the various officers of the State Temple or Lodge.

6. The use of jewels, *i.e.*, carved pieces of jade, as insignia of office returned when the Grand Master the Emperor died and accepted by his successor to such as he confirmed in office.

Vide the Shu-king, the forms which have come down to us are the  and the 

7. The common doctrine that the N.E. marks the commencement and the S.W. the end of things (not as you would have expected in a rude nation the E. and W. respectively), and the explanation, far more satisfactory than that given in our ritual, afforded by Chinese philosophy.

8. The common doctrine of the brotherhood of mankind, the Emperor and his Ministers being but the ablest workmen directing and carrying on the common weal for the public welfare.

There are many other points of similarity, but these will suffice to shew that there is ground for my belief, and direct those who feel disposed to work up the subject where to look.
—Yours very truly, CHALONER ALABASTER.

The R.W.D.G.M. thought that the brethren would find the letters he had read particularly interesting, and well worthy of the attention of anyone disposed to go into the subject. He would therefore propose that they be embodied in the minutes, and that they be printed and sent north, south, east, and west.

Wor. Bro. Dean Butcher said the communication with which they had just been favoured was one of considerable interest. There were, as the brethren were aware, two theories as to the origin of Masonry. One theory derived it from the great King Solomon, B.C. 1016, while others stated that it was simply a modern society, and that the English ritual was invented in the time of Sir Christopher Wren. This latter theory the speaker regarded as heretical and sceptical, as he firmly believed in the venerable character of their "free and famous brotherhood. The letters of Brother Alabaster helped to upset the notion that Masonry was a parvenu institution.

Bro. H. Lazarus said if he might presume to make a remark upon the letters of Bro. Alabaster, he would point out that he states he had read Chinese works of a period from four to five thousand years before Christ, whereas, according to the Bible, the world had existed only 5640 years; therefore Bro. Alabaster would make it appear that the Chinese practised Freemasonry while the world was in embryo.

Bro. Rivington asked permission to make a few remarks bearing more or less directly on the matter before the lodge. He should have supposed that it was fully established that the antiquity of Freemasonry was much older than the period referred to by W. Bro. (and Very Rev.) Dean Butcher, a couple of centuries ago, and it equally surprised him to hear its origin attributed to King Solomon. He should have thought it plain that the Masonic tradition referred it to an earlier period. There were many indications that the speculative working of the Craft extended far back into the middle ages. Besides those records referred to in a little pamphlet printed for private circulation by our R.W. Bro. Henry Murray, he had noticed some dozen years ago, whilst looking over "Street's Gothic Architecture in Spain," the Mason's marks on the corner-stones of those magnificent piles, which it was well known were erected by the wandering guilds of operative Masons. All of these were symbols quite familiar to modern speculative Masons; in one there was a close representation of a Freemason's Lodge, almost precisely as in the present day, with the Royal Arch Chapter leading off from the north-east corner of the lodge. The Masonic Legend, too, was taken almost bodily from the Talmud, but he could not say as much about this in an open lodge as would fully elucidate the subject. However, it was quite clear that speculative Freemasonry had a Jewish origin, and it was not at all likely that when the Jews were admitted

into England in the time of the Commonwealth, they immediately imposed such a system upon a nation that had barely learnt to tolerate them. On the other hand, it would seem difficult to accept as a theory, without further evidence, that the wandering masons were Jews. But there was a strong similarity between the symbols of Masonry, those of the Egyptian hierophants, and of Brahmanism. There was also a similarity between Brahmanism and many of the religious symbols of China, which was, of course, allied to Brahmanism, being in fact Buddhism; and he had often noticed symbols in China that were common to all these cults. It was, therefore, a fact that Chinese religious symbols very much resembled those of Masonry.

W. Bro. Kingsmill, D.G.S.W., had not seen or heard the contents of Bro. Alabaster's letter till that evening, and was therefore in his remarks speaking without book and from memory. He was, however, able to testify to the early use of the Kwei-chu, the square and compasses, amongst the Chinese to express those principles of order and morality to which in speculative Masonry these emblems are dedicated. He did not agree with his friend Bro. Alabaster as to the antiquity to which he desired to assign them, for the reason that Chinese literature took its rise not more than five or six centuries before Christ. At that time there was in China a rich store of myth and legend, much of which was fortunately, owing the love for antiquity of the founders of Chinese literature, preserved for the perusal of subsequent ages. Deep down in this store was, he believed, to be found the origin of this symbolic use of the square and compasses. The "Emperor" Shun bore, amongst his other attributes, the Siuen-ki and the Kuh-wang, the circle and rule; and these in origin, as well as etymology, must be identified with the Chakra and Cangkha of Vishnu. Both Shun and Vishnu were associated with the ancient solar cult, a wide wave of which, probably three thousand years ago, seems to have swept over Asia from west to east. He thought that to this early period must be referred the symbolic use of the square and compasses, and that in the discus and conch of Vishnu and the corresponding circle and gemmous rule of the Chinese Shun, we have to acknowledge the germ of the principal symbols of modern Freemasonry. Some years ago when they met in their old domicile in the Canton Road, they consulted with Bro. Medhurst as to an appropriate title for their place of meeting, and acting on his advice they called the old building the Kwei-chü-t'ang, Square-and-Compass Hall. That title he had himself always considered as the correct designation of a Mason's Lodge. When they moved to their new premises the name was unfortunately not carried with them. Discussions were raised in the lodges as to the proper title, and he regretted that Bro. Medhurst, passing over the earlier and more appropriate title of Square-and-Compass Hall, had brought in some more vague phrase such as T'ung-jen-t'ang, the Hall of Universal Benevolence, to express the objects of the Craft. He had so strenuously opposed this latter name, as being much less appropriate from a Chinese as well as from a Masonic point of view, that the proposed title had never been adopted, and the building in which they were meeting continued still without a distinctive name. He was glad, therefore, that Bro. Alabaster's letter gave them the opportunity of discussing the matter afresh, and supported fully his own view, and trusted that the lodges would again take the question of the proper appellation into consideration.

W. Bro. Evans, D.G. Treasurer, proposed, and W. Bro. Marshall, D.G.S.D., seconded, a vote of thanks to Bro. Alabaster for his very able and interesting letters.

The R.W.D.G.M. was sure there would be but one opinion on the subject, and that was that the lodge should send Bro. Alabaster a most hearty vote of thanks.

The proposition was adopted with acclamation, and the letters were ordered to be entered on the minutes.

The R.W.D.G.M. availed himself of this opportunity to impress upon the Masters of the different lodges the great importance of not passing candidates to the higher degrees unless they had been properly instructed and were well acquainted with the ritual. He thought it would be advisable for them to follow the course adopted in the Scotch and American lodges of appointing two instructors to prepare the candidates for the examinations they had to pass. It was a very good plan and was found to work well in practice. The proposers and seconders of candidates, while anxious to do all in their power, very often had not sufficient time to make them fully acquainted with the ritual; therefore, if special instructors were appointed no doubt the candidates would be better able to pass the examinations necessary for their promotion. There was another very important matter he wished to bring to their notice, and it was one that had called forth a great deal of discussion in various parts of the world. It was that of Brethren who did not profess the Christian religion being admitted members of the Craft, and he would read an extract from the Minutes of a meeting, held on the 24th June, 1879, of the District Grand Lodge of Bengal on the subject, which was as follows:—

"The next matter is a very important matter which was mooted by our Wor. Bro. W. C. Bonnerjee, *in September last, viz., the manner of obligating such candidates* for Masonry and for advancement in Masonry as do not profess the Christian religion. On this point I believe no difficulty exists except in the case of Hindoos. I am, however, obliged to Wor. Bro. Bonnerjee for moving the matter, especially as we have it from him that the present form of obligation administered to Hindoos is in no way binding. I have had to ask your indulgence for some time to enable me to examine the records of the District Grand Lodge and to obtain all available information on the subject. I have seen what records there are, and I have read carefully the correspondence between the Grand Secretary in England and Wor. Bro. P. C. Dutt with reference to his initiation, and I have been assisted greatly by the papers that that Brother has shewn me. It appears to me that owing to the peculiar character of the Hindoo religion it is absolutely necessary that, immediately on the admission into lodge, *a Hindoo candidate for initiation should be asked in the words of the first of our* Ancient charges whether 'he believes in the glorious Architect of Heaven and Earth,' that is to say, whether he believes in one God who made Heaven and Earth. If he replies in the affirmative, he should then be asked what form of obligation he considers binding on his conscience, in other words on what book or writings the S.O. should be administered to him. The proceedings of the lodge will depend on his answer, but it is absolutely necessary that nothing idolatrous should be introduced. It is not altogether satisfactory that the manner in which the S.O. is to be administered should depend on the answer of the candidate, and it may vary in the case of two Hindoos presenting themselves as candidates on the same evening; but if Hindoos are to be admitted amongst us, and it is too late now to consider this point, this is under the circumstances unavoidable. In some parts of India the Shasters *are used. Some parts of them may possibly be considered to contain a Divine* revelation; but in a religion acknowledging many Gods it would be difficult to accept this as sufficient without some such enquiry as I have indicated. In this district the Vedas have been used. They are merely a collection of hymns and are certainly not a volume of the Sacred Law, but possibly they may be accepted by some Hindoos as sufficient for the purposes of a binding S.O.

I may add that I am in communication with other District Grand Masters on this subject; but at present, after much consideration, I think that the course I have stated is the only one that is open to us. As I am informed that there is some laxity in the admission of Hindoos, I shall in future require the Wor. Master of a lodge in which a Hindoo may be obligated to furnish me with a certificate in writing that these questions were duly put to the *Candidate before obligation, sending me at the same time his answers given by the Candidate* to them. I regret the absence this evening of Wor. Bro. Bonnerjee, because I should have been glad to hear an expression of his opinion on this subject. I endeavoured to see him to-day, but he was unfortunately unable to make an appointment with me."

This, said the R.W.D.G.M., was very important to the brethren in Shanghai, where there were so many different nationalities and religions, and it behoved them to be particularly cautious not to admit a person into the Order unless they had good reason to believe that the obligations would be binding on his conscience. The R.W.D.G.M. then said he had frequently noticed that the minutes of the proceedings in the various lodges had not been

correctly recorded, and that alterations had to be made in the lodge. To avoid this he suggested that the Masters of the lodges should always see and correct the minutes before they came to be read in the lodge, which would save much time. There was another subject he was anxious to bring to the notice of the brethren, viz., the advisability, he might almost say the necessity, of supporting our Home Charities, more especially The School for Boys, The School for Girls, and The Royal Benevolent Institution for aged Freemasons and Widows of Freemasons. Some might remember that in the early days of Shanghai, the Northern Lodge of China and the Zion Chapter had forwarded various sums to those charities, and when the Masonic Building in the Canton Road was erected by the Northern Lodge of China, provision was made in the Bye-Laws of that lodge for an amount of £50 a year to be sent to each of those Charities so soon as the amount of loan for the erection of that building had been paid off. He regretted that as that building had been sold and the money realised therefrom had been put into the present Masonic Hall, funds for the desired purpose had not been forthcoming, but he hoped now that times seemed to be slightly more prosperous than they had been of late, the brethren would individually take some interest in the support of the Home Charities. Some children of brethren who had resided in China had been admitted into the schools at home, and we ought, as good Masons, not to content ourselves by assisting our local charities only, but should assist those good institutions connected with our Craft at home which were dispensing so many benefits to our poorer brethren.

It was agreed to that as the forthcoming ball on the 23rd instant was to be for the benefit of the Masonic Charity Fund, the usual fee for a dispensation from the D.G.M. to enable the brethren to appear in Masonic clothing at the ball should be waived.

The R.W.D.G.M. also mentioned that W. Bro. Evans had suggested to him that ladies should be invited to join the brethren at their banquets and other social gatherings. It was a matter for the brethren to decide, and he asked them to give it their serious consideration.

Nothing more offering for the good of Freemasonry, the R.W.D.G.M. thanked the visitors for their attendance. He trusted they had not spent an unprofitable evening, but that they had heard a great deal to deepen their interest in the Craft. Especially did he desire to thank Wor. Bro. the Very Rev. Dean Butcher, D.D., who had so kindly acted as their District Grand Chaplain, for his presence. They all knew the arduous duties he had to attend to, and that whenever he could spare the time he came amongst them and was ever willing to render whatever assistance he could for the benefit of Freemasonry in general.

A PICTURE.

BY SAVARICUS.

A BOAT upon the pebbly shore,
With skulls at ease, is lying;
The waterfall with gentle roar,
Where foam and spray is flying,
Pours forth its streams
Beneath Sol's beams,
A picture fair supplying.

Beside the lakelet's verdant brim
The fleecy flock is grazing;
Along its face the wild birds skim—
Their swiftness is amazing—
From earth to sky
They dart and fly,
With plumage brightly blazing.

A mill stands on the rising ground,
With sweeps but slowly turning;
Its click and clack, the only sound,
Voice-like, the stillness spurning;
A scene so dear,
The heart can cheer,
And satisfy its yearning.

Here could I sit the live-long day,
And list to sweet birds singing,
Whilst joys new born within me play,
A pleasure ever bringing;
Such loveliness
This life doth bless,
A glory o'er it flinging.

Inspired by happy thoughts I view
This gem of nature's setting;
I feel the charm of life anew,
And yield without regretting:
O earth, how bright
Thy golden light,
Man's heart should ne'er be fretting!

THE CABALA OF THE JEWS.

WE take the following account of a very recondite subject from Professor Henry Morley's very interesting life of Cornelius Agrippa. We think that many of our readers might like to peruse this lucid sketch of a matter so difficult in itself, and of which so very little is usually known.

"The traditions, or Cabala, of the Jews* are contained in sundry books, written by Hebrew Rabbis, and consist of a strange mixture of fable and philosophy varying on a good many points, but all adhering with sufficient accuracy to one scheme of doctrine. They claim high and remote origin. Some say that the first Cabala was received by Adam from the angel Raziel, who gave him, either while he yet remained in Paradise, or else at the time of his expulsion, to console and help him, a book full of divine wisdom. In this book were the secrets of nature, and by knowledge of them Adam entered into conversation with the sun and moon, knew how to summon good and evil spirits, to interpret dreams, foretell events, to heal, and to destroy. This book, handed down from father to son, came into Solomon's possession, and by its aid Solomon became master of many potent secrets. A cabalistical volume, called the Book of Raziel, was, in the middle ages, sometimes to be seen among the Jews.

"Another account said that the first cabalistical book was the Sepher Jezirah, written by Abraham; but the most prevalent opinion was, that when the written law was given on Mount Sinai to Moses, the Cabala, or mysterious interpretation of it, was taught to him also. Then Moses, it was said, when he descended from the mountain, entered Aaron's tent, and taught him also the secret powers of the written word; and Aaron, having been instructed, placed himself at the right hand of Moses, and stood by while his sons, Eleazar and Ithamar, who had been called into the tent, received the same instruction. On the right and left of Moses and Aaron then set Ithamar and Eleazar, when the seventy elders of the Sanhedrim were called in and taught the hidden knowledge. The elders finally were seated, that they might be present when all those among the common people who desired to learn came to be told those mysteries; thus the elect of the common people heard but once what the Sanhedrim heard twice, the sons of Aaron three times, and Aaron four times repeated of the secrets that had been made known to Moses by the voice of the Most High.

"Of this mystical interpretation of the Scripture no person set down any account in writing, unless it was Esdras; but some Jews doubt whether he did. Israelites kept the knowledge of the doctrine by a pure tradition; but about fifty years after the destruction of Jerusalem, Akiba, a great rabbi, wrote the chief part of it in that book, Sepher-jezireh, or the Book of the Creation, which was foolishly ascribed by a few to Abraham. A disciple of the Rabbi Akiba was Rabbi Simeon ben Jochai, who wrote more of the tradition in a book called Zoar.

"The truth probably is, that the literature of cabalism, which is full of suggestions derived from the Neoplatonics of Alexandria, began with the

* This account of the Cabala is derived from German sources, among which the chief are Brucker's *Historia Philosophiæ* and the *Kabbala Denudata*, a collection of old cabalistical writings arranged and explained by Christian Knorr von Rosenroth. The Germans of our own time have resumed investigation of the subject, and a volume has been published on the *Religions Philosophie des Sohar*, by D. H. Joel, Leipsic, 1849. The subject has also been discussed at large by more than one French Orientalist. It has obtained little distinct notice in England.

Jews of Alexandria under the first Ptolemys. In the book of Simeon ben Schetach it went to Palestine, where it at first was little heeded; but after the destruction of Jerusalem it gained importance, and then Rabbis Akiba and Simeon ben Jochai extended it. It is indisputable that Aristotle had been studied by the writer of the Sepher-jezireh, the oldest known book of the Cabalists. The Cabala went afterwards with other learning to Spain, and that part of it at least which deals with Hebrew anagrams cannot be traced to a time earlier than the eleventh century. Many rabbis—Abraham ben David, Saudia, Moses Botril, Moses bar Nachman, Eliezer of Garmiza, and others—have written Hebrew books for the purpose of interpreting the system of the Cabala; but it was perhaps not before the eighth century that it had come to receive very general attention from the Jews.

"The Cabala consisted of two portions, the symbolical and the real; the symbolical Cabala being the means by which the doctrines of the real Cabala were elicited.

"In the Hebrew text of the Scriptures, it was said, there is not only an evident, but there is also a latent meaning; and in its latent meaning are contained the mysteries of God and of the universe. It need scarcely be said that a belief in secret wisdom has for ages been inherent in the Oriental mind, and in the Scriptures, it was reasoned by the later Jews, all wisdom must be of necessity, contained. Of divine authorship, they cannot be like ordinary works of men. But if they were taken only in their natural sense, might it not be said that many human works contain marvels not less surprising and morality as pure. No, it was said, as we have entertained angels, and regarded them as men, so we may entertain the words of the Most High, if we regard only their apparent sense and not their spiritual mystery. And so it was that through a blind excess of reverence the inspired writings were put to superstitious use.

"The modes of examining their letters, words, and sentences, for hidden meaning, in which wholly consisted the symbolical Cabala, were three, and these were called Gemantria, Notaricon, Themura.

"Gemantria was arithmetical when it consisted in applying to the Hebrew letters of a word the sense they bore as numbers, letters being used also for figures in the Hebrew as in Greek. Then the letters in a word being taken as numbers and added up, it was considered that another word, of which the letters added up came to an equal sum, might fairly be substituted by the arithmetical gemantria. Figurative gemantria deduced mysterious interpretations from the shapes of letters used in sacred writing. Thus, in Numbers x. 35, ב means the reversal of enemies. This kind of interpretation was known also by the name of Zurah. Architectonic gemantria constructed words from the numbers given by Scripture when describing the measurements of buildings, as the ark, or temple.

"By Notarican more words were developed from the letters of a word, as if it had consisted of so many abbreviations, or else first and last letters of words, or the first letters of successive words, were detached from their places and put side by side. By Themura, any word might be made to yield a mystery out of its anagram; these sacred anagrams were known as Zeruph. By the same branch of the symbolical Cabala three systems were furnished, in accordance with which words might be transformed by the substitution of one letter for another. The first of the systems, Albam, arranged the letters of the alphabet in two rows, one below another; the second, Athbath, gave another couple of rows; the third, Athbach, arranged them by pairs in three rows, all the pairs in the first row being the numerical value ten; in the second row a hundred, in the third a thousand; any one of these forms might be consulted, and any letter in a word exchanged for another standing either in Albam, Athbath, or Athbach, immediately above it or below it, or on the right hand of it or the left.

"This was the symbolical Cabala, and the business of it was to extract, by any of the means allowed, the hidden meaning of the Scriptures. The real Cabala was the doctrine in this way elicited. It was theoretical, explaining divine qualities, the ten sephiroth, the fourfold cabalistical worlds, the thirty-two footprints of wisdom, the fifty doors to prudence, Adam Kadmon, etc.; or it was practical, explaining how to use such knowledge for the calling of spirits, the extinguishing of fires, the banning of disease, and so forth.

"The theoretical Cabala contained, it was said by Christian students, many references to the Messiah. Its main points were: 1. The Tree; 2. The Chariot of Ezekiel; 3. The Work of Creation; 4. The Ancient of Days mentioned in Daniel. It concerns us most to understand the Tree. The Chariot of Ezekiel, or Masseh Mercabah, was a description of prefigurements concerning ceremonial and judicial law. The doctrine of Creation, in the book Levischith, was a dissertation upon physics. The Ancient of Days treated of God and the Messiah in a way so mystical that cabalists generally declined to ascribe any meaning at all to the direct sense of the words employed. Of these things we need say no more, but of the Cabalistical Tree it will be requisite to speak in more detail.

"It was an arrangement of the ten sephiroth. The word Sephiroth is derived by some rabbis from a word meaning to count, because they are a counting of the divine excellence. Otherwise it is considered an adaptation of the Greek word Sphere, because it represents the spheres of the universe which are successive emanations from the Deity.

"In the beginning was Or Haensoph, the eternal light, from whose brightness there descended a ray through the first-born of God, Adam Kadmon, and presently, departing from its straight course, ran in a circle, and so formed the first of the sephiroth, which was called Kethei, or the crown, because superior to all the rest. Having formed this circle, the ray resumed its straight course till it again ran in a circle to produce the second of the ten sephiroth, Chochma, wisdom, because wisdom is the source of all. The same ray of divine light passed on, losing gradually, as it became more distant from its holy source, some of its power, and formed presently, in like manner, the third of the sephiroth, called Binah, or understanding, because understanding is the channel through which wisdom flows to things below—the origin of human knowledge. The fourth of the sephiroth is called Gedolah or Chesed, greatness or goodness, because God, as being great and good, created all things. The fifth is Geburah, strength, because it is by strength that He maintains them, and because strength is the only source of justice in the world. The sixth of the sephiroth, Thpereth, beauty or grace, unites the qualities of the preceding. The four last of the sephiroth are successively named Nezach, victory; Hod, honour; Jesod, or Schalom, the foundation or peace; and finally, Malcuth, the kingdom. Each of the ten has also a divine name, and their divine names, written in the same order, are Ejeh, Jah, Jehovah (pronounced Elohim), Eloah, Elohim, Jehovah (pronounced as usual), Lord Sabaoth, Jehovah Zebaoth, Elchai (the living God), Adonai (the Lord). By these circles our world is surrounded, and, weakened in its passage through them, but able to bring down with it powers that are the character of each, divine light reaches us. These sephiroth, arranged in a peculiar manner, form the Tree of the Cabalists; they are also sometimes arranged in the form of a man, Adam Kadmon, according to the idea of the Neoplatonics that the figure of the world was that of a man's body. In accordance with another view derived from the same school, things in this world were supposed to be gross images of things above. Matter was said by the cabalists to have been formed by the withdrawal of the divine ray, by the emanation of which from the first source it was produced. Everything created was created by an emanation from the source of all, and that which being most distant contains least of the divine essence is capable of gradual purification; so that even the evil spirits will in

course of time become holy and pure, and be assimilated to the brightest of the emanations from Or Haensoph. God, it was said, is all in all; everything is part of the divine essence, with a growing, or perceptive, or reflective power, one or all, and by that which has one all may be acquired. A stone may become a plant; a plant, a beast; a beast, a man; a man, an angel; an angel, a creator.

"This kind of belief, which was derived also from the Alexandrian Platonists, led to that spiritual cabalism by which such Christians as Reuchlin and Agrippa profited. It connected them by a strong link with the divine essence, and they, feeling perhaps more distinctly than their neighbours that they were partakers of the divine nature, and might, by a striving after purity of soul and body, win their way to a state of spiritual happiness and power, cut themselves off from all communion with the sensuality that had become the scandal of the Church of Rome, and keenly perceived, as they expressed strongly, their sense of the degraded habits of the priests. It was in this way that the Christian Cabalists assisted in the labours of the Reformation.

"Little more has to be said about their theory, and that relates of the Four Cabalistical Worlds. These were placed in the four spaces between the upper sephiroth. Between the first and second was placed Aziluth, the outflowing, which contained the purest beings, the producers of the rest. Between the second and third sephiroth was the world Briah, or the thrones, containing spirits less pure, but still not material. They were classed into wheels, lightnings, lions, burning spirits, angels, children of God, cherubim. Their prince was called Metatron. The world in the next interspace, called Jezireh, angels, approached more nearly to a material form; and the fourth, Asiah, was made wholly material. From this point density increases till our world is reached. Asiah is the abode of the Klippoth, or material spirits striving against God. They travel through the air, their bodies are of dense air, incorruptible, and they have power to work in the material world. With Catoriel, Adam Belial, Esau, Aganiel, Usiel, Ogiel, Thomiel, Theumiel, for captains, they fight in two armies under their chiefs Zamiel and Lilith. Their enemies are the angels, who contend against them with two armies, led by Metatron and Sandalphon. Lilith is the begetter of the powers striving against light.

"The nature of man's soul, said Cabalists, is threefold—vegetative, perceptive, intellectual—each embracing each. It emanates from the upper sephiroth, is composed of the pure elements—for the four elements, either in their pure and spiritual or their gross form, enter into all things—is expansive, separates after death, so that the parts return each to its own place, but reunite to praise God on the sabbaths and new moons. With each soul are sent into the world a guardian and an accusing angel.

"Now, as the creative light runs round each upper world before coming to ours, it comes to us charged with supernal influences, and such an idea lies at the foundation of cabalistical magic. By what secret to have power over this line of communication with superior worlds it is for practical cabalism to discover.

"The secret consisted chiefly in the use of names. God, it was said, gave to all things their names; He could have given no name that was not mystically fit; every such name, therefore, is a word containing divine power, and especially affecting that thing, person, or spirit to which it belongs. The Scripture tells us that there are names written in heaven; why, it was said, should they be written there if they be useless. Through the knowledge of such divine names, it is affirmed, Moses overcame the sorcerers of Egypt, Elias brought fire from heaven, Daniel closed the mouths of lions. But of all names by which wonders can be wrought, the Mirific Word of Words (here we come to the main thought of Reuchlin's book, and to the central topic of the oratory of Cornelius) was the consealed name of God—the Schem-hammaphorash. Whoever knows the true pronunciation of the name Jehovah—the

name from which all other divine names in the world spring as the branches from a tree, the name that binds together the sephiroth—whoever has that in his mouth has the world in his mouth. When it is spoken angels are stirred by the wave of sound. It rules all creatures, works all miracles, it commands all the inferior names of deity which are borne by the several angels that in heaven govern the respective nations of the earth. The Jews had a tradition that when David was upon the point of fighting with Goliath, Jaschbi, the giant's brother, tossed him up into the air, and held a spear below, that he might fall upon it. But Abishai, when he saw that, pronounced the holy name, and David remained in the air till Jaschbi's spear no longer threatened him. They said, also, that the Mirific name was among the secrets contained in the Holy of Holies, and that when any person having entered that shrine of the temple learnt the word of power, he was roared at as he came out by two brazen lions, or bayed by brazen dogs, until through terror he lost recollection of it. Some Jews accounted also by a fable of this nature for our Saviour's miracles. They said that, having been admitted within the Holy of Holies, and having learnt the sacred mystery, he wrote it down upon a tablet, cut open his thigh, and having put the tablet in the wound, closed the flesh over it by uttering the name of wonder. As he passed out the roaring lions caused the secret to pass from his mind, but afterwards he had only to cut out the tablet from his thigh, and, as the beginning of miracles, heal instantly the wound in his own flesh by pronouncing the Mirific Word. Such Jewish details were, of course, rejected by the Christians, who accepted the essential principles of the Cabala.

"As the name of all power was the hidden name of God, so there were also names of power great, though limited, belonging to the angels and the evil spirits. To discover the names of the spirits, by applying to the Hebrew text of Scripture the symbolical Cabala, was to acquire some of the power they possessed. Thus, it being said of the Sodomites that they were struck with blindness, the Hebrew word for blindness was translated into Chaldee, and the Chaldee word, by one of the symbolical processes, was made to yield the name of a bad angel, Schabriri, which, being written down, was employed as a charm to cure ophthalmia. A common mode of conjunction with these names of power was by the use of the amulets, pieces of paper or parchment on which, for certain purposes, certain names were written. At his first entrance into the world such an amulet, with the names "Senoi, Sansenoi, Semongeloph," upon it, was slipped round the neck of the new-born child, so that the infant scarcely saw the light before it was collared by the genius of superstition.

"Another mode of conjuration consisted in the use, not of names, but of the Psalms of David. Whole volumes were written upon this use of the Psalms. The first of them, written on doeskin, was supposed to help the birth of children; others could, it was thought, be so written as to make those who carried them invisible; others secured favour from princes; others extinguished fires. The transcription of a psalm for any such purpose was no trifling work, because, apart from the necessary care in the formation of letters, some having a mystical reason for being larger than others, it was necessary for the copyist, as soon as he had written down one line, to plunge into a bath. Moreover, that the charm might be the work of a pure man, before beginning every new line of his manuscript it was thought necessary that he should repeat the plunge."

"Such," says Professor Morley, "were the mysteries of the Hebrew Cabala, strongly blending a not unrefined philosophy with basest superstition." They had a strange "charm," nevertheless, "for many scholars in the 16th century," adds the able writer. They have much influenced foreign writers, and we think they still may have some interest for the Masonic Student. ED. *M.M.*

THE SOCIETY OF THE ROSE CROIX.

BY THE EDITOR.

WE have translated this interesting chapter from chapter v., page 247, of the second part, a "Histoire des Transmutations," from Louis Figuier's striking work, "L'Alchimie et les Alchimistes," probably altogether unknown to most of my readers.

The Alchemical, medical, theosophical, cabalistical, and even thaumaturgical fraternity, which is concealed under the name of the Society of the Rose Croix, made so much noise in France, and above all in Germany, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, there was published in regard to it, from 1613 to 1630, such a vast number of apologetical or critical writing, that we cannot forget this sect in the history of the principal notabilities of Alchemy. But we must at once warn the readers who desire positive facts and precise information of the impossibility on our part entirely to satisfy them; at least, unless we wish to affirm or deny without proof or sufficient evidence, we are often forced to allow our recital to float on in a certain vagueness, which is that of the subject itself, and which results, besides, from the formal desire of the founder of the Rose Croix.

An article of those statutes declares in express terms "this society is to be kept secret for one hundred and twenty years." The clause was so well observed that at the very time when they appeared with their most vivid "eclat" on the horizon of the "Theosophics," the Rose Croix proclaimed themselves invisible, and they were so in such a measure, that Descartes, whose curiosity had been excited by the "manifesto," made the most diligent researches in Germany, without being able to find a single person belonging to their society. In a word; the mystery in which they had enveloped themselves, joined to the cloud with which God, they said, had carefully covered them to place them out of reach of their enemies, had succeeded so well in rendering them intangible, that more than one historian has believed himself justified in leaving their very existence in doubt. We shall not push scepticism so far. The impossibility of knowing individually by their names and following separately in their acts the members of this undiscoverable society does not appear to us a decisive argument against the witness and the evidence which certify their existence. Only on account of the shadows which surround it, we willingly demand permission of adding the epithet "fantastical" to those which we have previously given to it.

How, then, was formed the society of the Rose Croix? Here, if we can believe a widely-spread legend, and this was its origin. Towards the end of the fourteenth century a German called Christian Rosenkreutz made a journey to the East to instruct himself in the science of the sages. Born in 1378, of poor, though noble, parents, he had been placed, since the age of five years, in a monastery, where he had learned the Greek and Latin languages. Arrived at his sixteenth year, he fell into the hands of certain magicians, in whose society he laboured for five years. It was not until after these, his first studies, and this commencement of initiation, that the young gentleman carried out his undertaking towards the countries of the East. Rosenkreutz was scarcely twenty years old when he arrived in Turkey. He sojourned there some time

and learnt there a portion of his teaching. Thence he passed into Palestine and was taken ill at Damascus. Having heard of the sages of Arabia he went to consult them at Damcar.*

The philosophers who inhabited this city lived in a manner altogether extraordinary. Although they had never seen Rosenkreutz, they saluted him by his name, they received him with great proofs of friendship, and told him many things which happened in his German monastery during the sojourn of twelve years which he had made there. In addition, they assured him that he had for a long time been awaited by them as the allotted author of a general reformation of the world. To place him in a condition to fulfil the great mission to which he was predestined, they communicated to him a portion of their secrets. Rosenkreutz only quitted these courteous philosophers to go to Barbary, to hold a communication with the Cabalists who were to be found in great numbers in the city of Fez. Having extracted from these last all he desired, he passed into Spain; but he was not long there before he was expelled for having endeavoured to establish in that country of overshadowing Roman Catholicism the first foundations of his work of renovation. At last he returned to his native country, which is not determined by any particular indication on the vast map of Germany. He had left it an humanitarian, he re-entered as an "illuminé." After his return Rosenkreutz disclosed to a very small number of friends, others say only to his own three sons, the secret of his new philosophy. Subsequently he shut himself up in a grotto, where he lived as a solitary until the age of six hundred years, always healthy in spirit and in body, exempt from maladies and infirmities. It was in the year 1484 that God withdrew his spirit to Himself, his body being left in the grotto, which then became his tomb. This tomb was to remain unknown to all until the proper time had arrived. This time did arrive in 1604, the very year of the death of the Alchemist Sethos—strange coincidence! In this year an accident led to the discovery of the grotto. A sun which shone brilliantly at the bottom, receiving its light from the sun of the world, was only destined to lighten up the tomb of Rosenkreutz. Its clearness permitted them, nevertheless, to recognise many curious objects enclosed in that hiding-place. There was, in addition, a plate of copper placed on an altar, and which bore this inscription engraved upon it—"A.C.R.C. Living I am reserved for the tomb of this light of abridged duration."† These few figures are accompanied each with an epigraph. The first of these epigraphs was thus couched,—Never empty; the second, The yoke of the law; the third, The liberty of the Gospel; the fourth, The entire Glory of God. There were also some burning lamps, clocks, and mirrors, books of different kinds, among others the Dictionary of the words of Paracelsus, and the little world mikrokosmos. But of all the rarities which composed this inventory, the most remarkable was this inscription, traced on the wall—"After six times twenty years I shall be discovered." If in effect we count from 1484, the year of the death of Rosenkreutz, then one hundred and twenty years lead us correctly to the year 1604, and if the authority of the legend which we relate is insufficient to make us admit that this year 1604 was marked by the discovery of the mysterious sepulchre, it cannot at the least be contested that such was truly the epoch when a new society, the fraternity of the Rose Croix, began to be talked about, and as one may say now literally to arise from beneath the earth.

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* Other writers say Damascus. We have preserved the name "Damcar," cited in the most ancient writings on Rosenkreutz, though the geographers have not indicated the existence of any town of that name in Arabia or the neighbouring countries.

† A.C. is the symbol under which the initiates have always designated Rosenkreutz. R.C. the common indication of the members of the Society of the Rose Croix.

The legend just mentioned concerning the origin of the Society of the Rose Croix, is to be found related in a little book, entitled "Fama Fraternitatis Rosæ Crucis" (Manifesto of the Society Fraternity of the Rose Cross), which was published in 1613, or, according to others, in 1615, at Frankfort-on-the-Oder.

The Rose Croix pretended that the first beginning of their fraternity mounted far higher. They created for themselves a theosophical affiliation which went back as far as the time of the King Hiram, the wise Solomon, and the fabulous Thaut. Nevertheless, a German "savant," Semler, who laboured to search out the antiquity of their sect, has found nothing conclusive on this question. In his "Recueil pour Servir a l'Historie des Rose Croix,"* Semler only tells us that there existed in the fourth century an association of Physicists and Alchemists, who directed their common science and efforts to the discovery of the "philosopher's stone." The same author adds that, in 1591, an Alchemist, Nicolai Burnaud, conceived the project of founding an Hermetic Society, and that to this end he traversed Germany and France. Subsequently it is stated in the "Echo respectable de l'Ordre reputable des Frêres R.C.," that in 1597, an essay was made to institute a secret association of "theosophs," who were to devote themselves to a profound study of the cabalistic sciences.

These facts require to be singularly forced to enter into the archives of the Rose Croix, and to justify their pretentions touching the antiquity of their origin. Besides an objection almost unanswerable against their antiquity results from the date of the appearance of their manifesto.

The "Fama Fraternitatis," this book, which serves them, so to say, as a gospel, being produced in the world at the same time with the fraternity itself, we have a right to think that they both belong to the same epoch. The composition of this work is attributed to Valentin Andreæ, a learned theologian, of Cawle, in the country of Wurtemberg. It is to the publication of this book that we must attribute the birth of the Society of the Rose Croix.

In creating this philosophic association, Valentin Andreæ had as an end the realisation of a prophecy contained in the works of Paracelsus. A fanatic partisan of the doctrines of this celebrated man, Andreæ determined to carry out one of the words of his master Paracelsus; in fact, had written in chapter eight of his book on "metals" "God will permit a discovery to be made of the greatest importance, but which must remain hidden until the coming of Elias, the Artist. Quod utilius. Deus patefieri sinet quod autem majoris moment est, vulgo ad huc lates usque ad Eliæ artistæ adventum, quando is venerit."

In the first treatise of the same book, we read again, "And it is the truth that there is nothing hidden which must not be discovered, and that is the reason why there will come after me a wonderful being, who does not yet live, who will reveal many things. Hoc item verum est, nihil est absconditum quod non sit retegendum. Ideo, post me veniet enjus magnale nondum vivit qui multa revelabit." These grand discoveries, whose revelation was promised, could be applied, considering the hermetic preoccupations of the epoch, to the secret of the transmutation of metals.

It is thus, at any rate, the founder of the Society of the Rose Croix, Valentin Andreæ, understood them, who says in his manifesto, "We promise more gold than the King of Spain obtains from the two Indies, for Europe is *enceinte*, and will be confined of a robust infant. Plus auri pollicemur

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* Mr. Figuier most probably alludes to Semler's "Unpartheyische Sammlung zur historie der Rosenkreuzer." Leipzig, 1786-88.

quam Rex Hispaniæ ex utrâque Indiâ auferrat, Europa enim progunus est et robustum puerum pariet."

Valentin Andreæ took upon himself to decide that this robust infant, of whom Paracelsus speaks, ought to be understood not of an individual, but of a collective being or of an association. This was a point which might be well accorded to him, without too much difficulty.

After the successive labours of so great a number of "savans," like Leonard Thurneyser, Adam de Bodenstein, Michel Toxitis, Valentin Antrapasus Siloranus, Pierre Sévérin, Gouthier d'Andernac, Donzellini, André Ellinger, etc., who all had sought to contrive separately to develope the system of Paracelsus, without being able to realise the great work, the founder of the Rose Croix might well think himself authorised to decide the question in favour of a collective Elias represented by his paternity. The Rose Croix was then only, according to us, a reunion of enthusiastic Paracelsians constituted into a society. The founder* of this association, the editor of the manifesto, Valentin Andreæ, took the title of Knight of the Rose Cross; he even bore on his seal a cross with four roses.† By his opinions and his character, he was nevertheless far from answering to the idea which is so commonly made of the innovators who realise in the world bad philanthropic plans. He had no fanaticism of teaching. He was, above all, a man of mind and philanthropy. Animated by a vivid desire to perfectionate religious belief, and the social institutions of his age,‡ he sought only in persuasion and gentleness his means of "propaganda," though espousing entirely the idea of a great man to verify them and extend them, he wished to be the first to mock at those enthusiasts who exaggerated his principles by an unintelligent zeal.

From the year 1605, he had edited "Les Noces Chimiques," the chemical wedding of Christian Rosenkreutz. He only composed this work to criticise and ridicule the alchemists and theosophs of that epoch. It has been urged more than once that he had equally composed in a spirit of satire and raillery the "Fama Fraternitatis," which became the organ of the Society of the Rose Croix.§ But this opinion cannot be upheld when we consider the subsequent actions of the author of this writing. In 1620, Valentin Andreæ laboriously endeavoured to constitute a great religious society under the title of the Christian Fraternity, Fraternite Chretienne. It had for its object to separate christian theology from all the controversies which scholasticism had introduced into it, and then to arrive at a more simple and more pure religious system. Valentin Andreæ had the idea to surround himself with all the precautions necessary to distinguish this new society from the fraternity of the Rose Croix.‖ This fraternity which he had launched into the world had ended by displeasing him, and in the writing which he edited in honour of his new religious society, he turned actually into ridicule the credulity and the lies of the Rose Croix, who from that epoch commenced to play their great comedy in Germany. But vain precautions! The success and the vague were then for the enthusiasts, and everything turned to their profit. The confusion which Andreæ feared arrived of itself. The Christian Fraternity was absorbed in the Society of the Rose Croix, and Andreæ found himself, very much against his will, to have contributed to the number of these

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* It is not so clear that Andreæ can in any sense be called the founder of the Rose Croix. Morley, in his history of Cornelius Agrippa, says the Rosicrucians existed in the sixteenth century.—Ed. *M.M.*

† Mercure Allemande, March, 1782. ‡ Arnold, Feuilles Eparses.

§ The difference, if any, between the Rosicrucians and the Rose Croix has never yet been clearly ascertained.—Ed. *M.M.*

‖ Andreæ Ferris Babel.

sectaries. It is after this last fact that many writers have wrongly affirmed that the Society of the Rose Croix owes its origin to the jests collected by Valentin Andreæ, in his writing "Les Noces Chimiques de Chretien Rosenkreutz.*

(To be continued.)

FRENCH MASONRY.—THE SANCTUARY OF MEMPHIS.

A VOICE FROM OUR NEIGHBOURS.

IN applying to the *Masonic Magazine*, the estimable organ of English Masonry, I know I stand on a firm base to obtain the insertion of what I regard as a vindication of the oldest institution of the noble Craft in France; for I am aware that the brave spirit of English fair play is sanctified or held sacred in the conduct of this magazine. I have been told by many English Masons that the genial feelings of the great brotherhood are not extended to their brethren of *la belle France*, because their brethren of France, as they have said to me, are prone to infidelity.

Well, if the vivacity of presumptuous inquisitiveness may have led men, who happen to be Masons in France, to question truths accepted by others, are all your English Masons orthodox? Yet are not your inculcations and your prescribed actions good, virtuous, moral, and beneficent? Then permit me, at the suggestion of many distinguished French Masons, to present a translation of what may be called the Scripture of their Craft, as propounded to the neophyte on initiation, to prove that if some French Masons happen to have "infidel" proclivities, those tendencies are not taught, nor in the most remote degree derivable, from what may be called the "Pandects" of France's oldest and most illustrious order.

N. E. K.

DISCOURSE ADDRESSED BY THE ORATOR TO THE NEWLY-INITIATED BROTHER.

OH! thou who hast been just initiated into the mysteries of Freemasonry, lend to our accents an attentive ear, so that thy soul shall open unto the manly precepts of truth! We shall show thee the way which leads unto a happy life. We shall teach thee to please the Almighty, whose ineffable name should never be pronounced but with self-recollection and reverence. We shall inculcate on thee the development of all the resources with which Providence hath entrusted thee to render thee useful to men and to live happily thyself.

Thy primal homage appertains to God. Adore the Supreme Being who created the Universe by the simple agency of His will; Who maintains that universe by the effect of His continuous action; Who filleth thy heart, but Whom the human heart can neither conceive nor define.

Sorrow for the sad delirium of him who shuns the light, closes his eyes against its rays, and walks amidst thick darkness. But be tolerant, be forbearing, guard against hatred and persecution. The Divinity has not committed to *thee* the task of avenging His wrongs.

* It would be important to know, if we could regard as historical, this name of Rosencreutz. It would furnish naturally the name which his followers have adopted, while, on the contrary, it has been always sought to explain it mystically by a certain relation with the word Rose Croix, and the religious character of the work they wished to accomplish. But there is no more certainty on this point than on all the others.

Raise often thy thoughts and aspirations above the material existences or beings that surround you, and cast upwards a longing regard on those higher regions which are thy heritage and thy true country, for an earthly life, believe me truly, is not the end of man. "Sit thee down then at the banquet of life: but set thee not down there on thy elbows." (*"Assieds toi donc au banquet de la vie; ne t'y accoude pas."*)*

If thy first homage belong to the Sublime Architect of the Universe, the second reverts to the land of thy birth. Thou shouldst cherish and honour *that* as a virtuous son loves and honours his mother. Be submissive to the laws of thy motherland. Nothing can dispense with that duty, in whatever condition chance or fortune may place thee, even though it be that thy country should have been unappreciative as a step-mother, or ungrateful towards you—*marâtre ou ingrate envers toi.*

After having performed thy duties to God and thy country, consider thy family. Son, husband, and father, each of these conditions implies many and sacred obligations. Apply thyself to fulfil them, and they shall prove easy unto thee.

Couldst thou ever forget what thou owest to the authors of thy days? In mature age, honour and respect thy father; but above all return unto thy mother, in regard, in tenderness, in kindly respect, the value of the cares and anxieties with which she encompassed thy youthful age, and, if need be, after the example of the pious sons of Noah, clothe their faults with the mantle of filial love; therefore shalt thou be blessed.

Love speaks to thy heart. Disciple of wisdom, chase far from thee all corrupting desires; far from thee all free and facile pleasures; choose not thy company amongst the most beautiful and wealthy; endeavour to obtain and cultivate the most virtuous. Essay then to be worthy of having obtained it, for love alone is the recompense of love, and vice cannot sympathise with virtue.

If Heaven have blessed thy marriage, remember that the infant in the cradle is a citizen whom the country has confided to thee. Cause to germinate in that young soul the principle of all the virtues. It is a noble task! Head of a family it is thy sacred duty to instruct this new accession to humanity. As a citizen, a noble aspiration is permitted thee. Be the first of thy race, do not be the last.

Never forget the respect due to old age, if thou wouldst wish, when an old man in thy turn, to receive respect from the young. The aged are the witnesses of the olden days. Far from despising or comparing thy nascent wisdom to theirs, never sit down in their presence without having obtained their permission. *Do not go between an old man and the sun,* so as to intercept its rays. If an old man call to thee return upon thy step, although thou shouldst be expected by the woman who is pleasing to thee.

The place wherein thou hast first beheld the day is thy country; the man and the woman who gave thee life are thy parents. This circle, however, should not exclusively engross thy activity. The universe is the country of the Freemason. Nothing which relates to man is alien to him. All men ought, therefore, to be brothers; like thee they have immortal souls the same organs, the same need of affection, the same yearning for friendship, kindness, forbearance, the same desire to be useful. Come, then, into our temples, for sacred Humanity has therein erected her altar. Regard with reverence that majestic edifice destined to strengthen the ties, already too relaxed, of morality and brotherhood. United by a mysterious language the Masons, spread over the entire globe, in every region whereto the light of intelligence has penetrated, form but one single family—one single people of brothers. One sublime bond

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* This very proverb I heard about five years ago in Dunquerque, used by a pompier to his subordinate. He said to him:—"*Faite votre diner, mais pas d'accoude après.*"—Trans.

unites this numberless brotherhood; it is benevolence, goodwill, kind acts, beneficence—which is not virtue, but without which virtue could not be. Beneficence is an emanation from the divinity, and, like a fertilising dew, it prepares the soul to receive the seed of wisdom.

Every being who suffers has a sacred claim upon thee. Do not wait until the piercing cry of misery importunes and pains; anticipate and reassure the timidity of misfortune; do not poison by the ostentation of thy gifts the springs of that living water in which the unfortunate have a right to slake their thirst. Do not seek the recompense of thy beneficence in vain applause, but in the tranquil suffrage of thy conscience. If a bountiful Providence has granted thee somewhat of a superfluity, instead of making a frivolous or criminal use of it, that same Providence wills that, by a free and spontaneous movement of thine own generous soul, thou shouldst render less sensible and less felt the unequal distribution of this world's goods. Rejoice in this prerogative. Never permit avarice—that sordid passion—to abase thy character. May thy heart be ever exalted above the arid and pitiless calculations which it would suggest. May thy benevolence be active but discriminating, circumspect but compassionate, but above all enlightened by a prudent and comprehensive wisdom. Thy heart might wish to compass the needs of all humanity—thy intellect must choose the most pressing and important.

Benevolence does not consist alone in bestowing a little gold. Man lives not solely by bread. Look at the powerless misery of infancy—it cries out for thy assistance. Ponder on the fatal inexperience of youth—it solicits your counsels. Make it thy happiness to preserve youth from the seductions which menace it; excite, as much as in thy power lies, in those young hearts the sparks of the divine fire of genius and of virtue; aid in developing them for the benefit and the happiness of the world. Shame to him who desires to hide his light under a bushel! Make use of the sublime gift of speech—that outward sign of the domination of man over nature—to meet the wants of others in advance, and to fan in all hearts the sacred fire of virtue. In turns instruct, protect, bestow, console. One day without doing a good action was mourned as a loss by Titus. Have the noble pride of resembling the illustrious Cæsar, whose true renown commenced when his victories as a warrior had ended. In giving way to the impulses of this sublime passion, an inexhaustible source of rejoicing shall spring up for thee, thy soul shall expand, and every moment of thy life shall be worthily occupied. If thou feelest thy inability to accomplish alone the good which thou wouldst wish to perform, come then into our temples, bring a branch to that sacred bundle of good deeds which binds us together. Make thyself acquainted, according to your ability and faculties, with the useful plans and establishments which the Masonic Institution shall present to thee. Thou shalt soon learn and appreciate the fruits of the combination of forces, and of their concentration upon the same object.

May thy goodness and thy kindly regards extend to all nature. Even the insect which is noxious has a right to live. Never crush it without a cause. Do not then be cruel to animals: on the contrary, compassionate their sufferings, and never fear ridicule in defending them against stupid brutality.

Let thyself not be taken aback by the programme of duties now disclosed to thy view. Nature and society impose other duties still towards men thy equals; they are not less sacred than the foregoing; they are furthermore indispensable to thy personal happiness and well-being.

Be affable and obliging to everyone; edify by thy example; love thy neighbour; participate in the happiness of others; never permit envy to arise for an instant in thy breast. Wert thou to do so thy soul would soon be a prey to the darkest and saddest of the Furies. Thou must needs have a friend: choose him early, for life is short. Let him be the most worthy amongst those whom thou well knowest: he will become thy Mentor. God guard thee from his descending to play the part merely of a complaisant and obsequious companion!

He would soon become the accomplice of thy passions, instead of aiding thee to vanquish them. A true friend is a treasure untold, invaluable to youth; thrice happy he who obtains him. Slow to tie the knots of friendship, be still more tardy to dissever them.

Forgive thy enemies. Never avenge thyself but with kindly actions. This generous sacrifice shall procure for thee the purest enjoyment and ineffable balm to the heart of a good man, who so often meets with ingratitude. Act according to these precepts, and thou shalt become the human image of the Divinity. Recall unto thyself and remember that in this lies the most beautiful, the transcendent triumph of Reason over Instinct. Mason, forget injuries, but benefits never!

But in devoting thyself to others, never forget what thou owest to thyself. Let thy will, firm and constant, be to aspire as far as possible to the moral perfection of thy being. Have but one sole end in this life—to acquire knowledge through virtue, and virtue through knowledge. Do not neglect, then, to satisfy the needs of an immortal soul, subordinating to those supernal requirements the mortal yet interesting yearnings of an inquisitive intellect. Descend often into thy heart to sound therein and elicit the most hidden replications. Learn to know thyself *(Gnothi seauton)*. This knowledge is the great pivot of the precepts of Masonry. Apprentice, thy soul is the unwrought stone *(la pierre brute)*, which thou must cut down and put in shape. As brother thou shalt polish it, as master thou shalt trace therein thy plans perfected.

(To be concluded.)

FREEMASONS' HALL GRAND LODGE LIBRARY LONDON, W.C.

A FANCY.

BY NEMO.

I CALL,—but no one makes reply;
I listen,—none are near;
No pleasant form in glee draws nigh,
No sweet voice strikes my ear.
In vain I sit and grieve me
For scenes and forms of yore,
The magic shadows leave me,
They visit me no more.

Not coming now to charm me
Those dreams have past away,
The "ancient witchery" does not harm me,
It has no power to-day.
I ask no sign nor token,
I claim no words, no grace,
Yet in tenderness unspoken
I recall a pleasant face.

Thus life it comes, thus life departs,
And on us falls its "blight"
Which seems to fasten on human hearts,
And rob them of truth and light.
If hope is o'er, if faith is dead,
If trust has ceased to be,
I still can muse, though all be sped,
On other days, and thee!



MINSTER CHURCH.

A CHURCHYARD GHOST.

BY SAVARICUS.

AS a fitting introduction to this story, I think the reader will appreciate the following description of the old Abbey Church, and, aided by the above excellent and faithful sketch, will fully understand the locality where the event now chronicled happened.

"This fine old Gothic structure, which undoubtedly forms the antiquarian gem of the island, is situated at the top of the hill around which Minster village clusters, and is about three miles from Sheerness. It dates back to 670, is dedicated to St. Mary and St. Sexburga, and consists of a nave, aisles, and a double chancel. The square tower of the church was, some years ago, repaired and improved in very questionable taste, by the addition of a wooden turret to contain the clock and a peal of bells. There are in the church several interesting relics of bygone times. In the north chancel is the tomb of Sir Thomas Cheyney, K.G. This worthy gentleman was originally interred in a chapel near, which was pulled down in the time of Elizabeth. On the north side is the monument of a man in a full suit of armour, beneath an archway. Local gossip says this represents a certain Spanish Ambassador who died *en route* for home off the island, and was brought ashore and buried here. The date of the monument has been fixed as that of the thirteenth century, but whether the local report be true as to the gentleman there buried or no, is somewhat doubtful. The tomb of Sir Robert de Shurland, also of the thirteenth century, is noteworthy for the sake of a Sheppey legend associated with Sir Robert in question. Readers of "Ingoldsby" will remember the

story commencing, "He wo'nt—wo'nt he? Then bring me my boots, said the baron;" and if the legend does not satisfy the visitor, we regret the fact, as it is the only explanation extant that we know of, inconclusive as it is. In front of the rails of the communion table is to be seen an ancient brass, representing a knight and his lady, and, like the rest, the knight is in full armour. He was probably a Templar, from the fact of his legs being crossed. The old Sheppey worthies thus commemorated are said to be Sir Roger de Northwood and his lady Bona; but the inscription is worn out, and the names are possibly only guessed at. Visitors are also shown portions of a large figure, dug up in the churchyard in 1833, probably the remains of some monument originally erected in the chapel pulled down by Lord Cheyney in the reign of Elizabeth. Some other relics were dug up at the same time, amongst which is a grotesque corbel representing a nun's head. The other features of the church are more or less curious and interesting to the archæologist, and the graveyard contains some old tablets and tombs with quaint epitaphs. The top of the tower and the roof of the church are reached by an ancient well-staircase from the belfry. On the other side will be seen the top of a similar staircase. Old legends tell how this last is said to lead to a subterraneous passage connecting Minster Church with Shurland Manor House, or Castle, as it was called in Sir Robert's time. As this is situated in the next parish of Eastchurch, the legend will find, we expect, small faith from those who walk the distance to the present Shurland House. Probably this staircase might have been connected with some passage leading from the adjacent abbey, which once stood upon a large space of ground on that side of the church.

"The building near the church, now known as the "Abbey Farm" House, is all that remains of a once spacious establishment. This building was evidently only the gate-house of the abbey or monastery. "Bluff King Hal" has the credit of dispersing the nuns. Sexburga, who founded the monastery, was, we are told, a princess, the daughter of Annas, King of East Anglia, and the widow of Ercombert, King of Kent. About the year 570, or some twelve centuries ago, King Egbert, her son, gave Sexburga the land, and thereon she built and handsomely endowed a monastery for seventy nuns, of which she was the first abbess. In after years, the Danes, who made Sheppey their head-quarters for years at a time, repeatedly dealt very roughly with the poor nuns, and drove them away. In 1130, one Archbishop Corboil renovated the place, and it seems to have been retained by the Benedictine nuns in tolerable peace and comfort, save that they grew poorer, until, in the reign of Henry VIII., all that were left were a prioress and ten nuns. The King gave Alice Crane, the prioress, a pension of £14, and suppressed the establishment. Curious tales might be told of the experiences of these poor sisters in the unsettled times between the reign of Canute and the seventh century; and later on, some interesting particulars might be given of what "life in a nunnery" was like in an out-of-the-way spot like Minster in Sheppey. That the exact records are few is very likely, but materials exist which, aided by historical associations, might serve to fill in an instructive and entertaining picture of old English and mediæval convent life."

Efforts are now being made to restore this ancient edifice according to plans prepared by an eminent architect.

The Ghost.

At the close of a summer's day, after a very pleasant ramble along and among the pretty sea-girt cliffs of Sheppey, I called upon a cousin who resided in the village of Minster. His house and garden was on the side of the

hill, nearly under the shadow of the old church, which, as already stated stands high up, its wooden turret being a beacon to mariners, and is annually painted by the Trinity Board.

Cheerfully joining in the evening meal, which consisted of tea, home-made bread and butter, and watercress fresh from a spring close by, I soon felt much refreshed. The meal being finished, my cousin proposed a stroll, and we went forth. Our way was up the lane and through the churchyard, from west to east. We passed in at the wicket gate, and had only advanced a few paces along the pathway, when my cousin suddenly stopped and said, "Look! What is that standing by the church porch?"

I did look, and what I beheld appeared to be the gaunt figure of a man some eight feet high, dressed in a shroud; there it stood, bolt upright, in the middle of the pathway, facing us, and as motionless as statue.

Both of us agreed that it could not be anything else but a grave-risen corpse. The outline of head, shoulders, folded arms, and hips, could be distinctly seen; although the twilight was deepening, there was yet light enough left to enable us to trace the deep dark sockets and sunken glaring eyes. We stood and gazed for a moment, hesitating, considering. We decided to proceed on our way, and as we did so the unearthly-looking visitor stood its ground. Its dimensions seemed to expand; the nearer we approached it the larger it grew. When close upon it, all of a sudden it moved. The appearance of the figure was changed in an instant, and what just before looked like an inhabitant of the spirit world, clothed in its grave-habiliments, was now nothing but a poor old white horse which belonged to the parish clerk. This animal was standing, as already described, with its head towards us, and hearing the gate move, no doubt thought it was its kind and venerable master bringing it a measure of corn. Hence its steadfastness until we neared it.

If any person will take the trouble to stand a short distance off right in front of a white horse, they will readily understand that when the one in the churchyard stood still with head up, and looked towards us, how that we, in the dim light of evening, thought that we beheld a ghost.

I am indebted to the son and grandson of the owner of this churchyard visitant for the illustration that heads this little tale, which is written for the purpose of explaining what might have given rise to a story of a churchyard apparition, real and authenticated, if it had only happened to anyone who had seen it and turned away frightened; or such an appearance occuring to some delicate and highly nervous lady or ladies, might have caused quite a sensation by producing an attack of hysterics or fainting fits. In such cases the real cause and true character of the ghost-like sight might never have been known. Then, again, in writing this "o'er true tale," my object is to bring forward and to make more generally known the proposed restoration of Minster's hallowed fane. The operative masons, I hope and believe, are to shortly commence the good work, and if the editor of the *Masonic Magazine* will kindly allow me a few words, as a gentle reminder to his readers, I will add that money is still needed to bring the restoration fund up to the amount required.

A word to the wise, the benevolent, and the charitable is usually enough to bring about the thing desired. So mote it be.

DEDICATION OF A MASONIC HALL IN 1777.

WE take the following account of the dedication of the New Hall, in Low Friar Street, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, October 16th, 1777, over 102 years ago, from a MS. account collected by Thomas Bell, of Newcastle.

We give first the resolutions of the Committee:—

At a meeting of the Committee appointed to regulate the ceremonies at the dedication of the New Hall, held at Bro. Humes's in the Close, September 22nd, 1777, *Resolved*—

I. That precisely at ten o'clock the lodge be opened in the three separate degrees.

II. That the lodge be placed uncovered in the centre of the Hall, and the Secretary informing the Master that it is the desire of the society to have this Hall dedicated to Masonry, on which the Master commands the officers to assist him in that ceremony; during which the organ keeps playing solemn music, the officers walking round the lodge three times, stopping each time for the ceremony of dedication.

III. At the end of the first procession the organ is silent, and the Master declares the Hall dedicated to Masonry, which being proclaimed by the Secretary the grand honours are given.

IV. At the end of the second procession the organ to be silent, and the Master declares the Hall dedicated to Virtue; the grand honours as before.

V. At the end of the third procession the organ silent, and the Master in solemn form declares the Hall dedicated to Universal Benevolence.

VI. The lodge then to be covered and a respite allowed the brethren to introduce the ladies precisely at a quarter before twelve o'clock.

VII. The procession to begin precisely at twelve o'clock in the following manner:

Tyler with a drawn sword.
Two Tylers carrying the lodge covered with white satin, Master carrying two pitchers, containing wine and oil.
Master carrying one pitcher, containing corn.
Stewards, two and two.
Master, carrying the first light.
Architect carrying square, level, and plumb.
Master, carrying Holy Bible, square, and compass, on a velvet cushion.
Chaplain.
Secretary, with a bag.
Treasurer, with a staff.
Master, carrying the second light.
Past Junior Wardens } two and two.
Past Senior Wardens }
Past Masters.
Master carrying the third light.
Junior Warden.
Senior Warden.
Deputy Master.
Master of the Senior Lodge carrying the Book of Constitutions.
Sword Bearer.
Worshipful Master.

VIII. At the end of the third procession the Master to be proclaimed, the music to perform a grand piece till the members forming the procession take their places.

IX. The lodge then to be placed before the chair, and the three lights, and three pitchers containing corn, wine, and oil, to be placed thereon; the bible, compasses, square, and Book of Constitutions, to be placed on the pedestal.

X. The foundation stone anthem then to be sung, and an exordium on Masonry to be given by Brother John Huntley, concluding with an intimation of the Architect's desire to return the implements entrusted to his care at laying the foundation stone.

XI. Then the grand anthem to be sung.

XII. The oration to be given by the Rev. Brother Dr. Scott.

XIII. The first part of the grand ode.

XIV. The procession to be resumed, marching round the Hall three times, preceded by the Tylers carrying the lodge as at entrance, during which the music plays a grand piece.

XV. The second part of the grand ode.

XVI. The blessing pronounced by the Chaplain.

We next give the MS. account of the proceedings:—

The ceremonies at the dedication of the New Masonic Hall, Thursday, October 16th, 1777, were of a very imposing and solemn nature. The lodge opened at ten o'clock, for the several Masons only, and the room was dedicated by the officers walking thrice round the room whilst the solemnities were going on, and the organ playing a very slow piece of music. On their completing the first round the Master declared the hall dedicated to Masonry. At the end of the second procession he declared it dedicated to "Virtue;" and at the end of the third to "Universal Benevolence." The members were then allowed to leave for the purpose of introducing the ladies, who were admitted by ticket, precisely at a quarter before twelve o'clock, and when the lodge was resumed there was another solemn procession of the whole of the brethren, after which the Master was proclaimed, and a grand piece of music was performed on the organ. The several brothers having taken their seats, and the lights, pitchers, compasses, square, book of constitutions, bible, etc., being regularly placed, the foundation stone anthem was sung, after which an exordium on Masonry was delivered by brother John Huntley. The grand anthem, set to music by Mr. Fisher, was then sung; and after this the Reverend Brother Dr. Scott delivered the foregoing oration. After this the first part of the grand ode was sung by the choir from Durham, assisted by several others; on its completion, the lodge again formed and marched in solemn order round the hall three times, the music playing during the whole time. After this the second part of the grand ode was performed, and the dedition concluded by the chaplain pronouncing the blessing. Copies of the odes and anthems were printed for distribution, those printed for the members having the resolutions of the committee (appointed to regulate the ceremonies at the dedication) as agreed to at Brother Hume's, in the Close, September 22nd, 1777, printed on the back. At a meeting of the lodge, held November 6th, 1777, it was resolved, That the thanks of the society be given to Dr. Scott for his excellent oration delivered at the dedication of the hall, and that he be requested to publish the same at the expense of the society, which he consenting to, it was immediately after printed.

ORATION.

Right Worshipful Grand Master, and ye, my much esteemed Brethren,—The Appearance of so numerous and respectable an Audience, and the infrequency of the Occasion upon which it is assembled, induce me, before our Ceremony commences, to say something of our Art itself. A Task the more

pleasing, as nothing can be truly said, notwithstanding the ridiculous Surmises of the ignorant and uniformed, but what must redound to her Honour; for being born of Virtue, like her amiable Parent, she need to be seen only, and she will raise our Admiration; to be known, and she will claim our Respect.

The Antiquity, Extensiveness, and Utility of Masonry, are Topics too curious for so incompetent a Speaker, and too copious for so short a Moment as the present Opportunity affords. You will suffer me, therefore, to waive these Points; and as we derive the Origin of our Craft, though coeval with the Creation,* more immediately from the Building of Solomon's Temple, to moralize some Circumstances attending it, which I am persuaded will not appear unsuitable to the Occasion of our present Convention.

We are told by the Jewish Historian,† that "The Foundation of Solomon's Temple was laid prodigiously deep; and the Stones were not only of the largest Size, but hard and firm enough to endure all Weathers; mortised one into another, and wedged into the Rock." What a happy Description is this of our mystical Fabric, the Foundation of which is laid in Truth, Virtue, and Charity;—Charity, that like the Patriarch's Ladder, has its Foot placed upon the Earth, and the Top reacheth unto Heaven; and behold the Angels of God ascending and descending on it! so deep and large is our eternal Basis; and the Superstructure, which Sages and Legislators, Princes and Potentates, have not disdained to assist, no Trials, no Persecutions will be able to shake. The Rains may descend, and the Floods come, and Winds blow, and beat vehemently against it, yet it will stand firm and impregenable, because, like the wise Man's House, it is founded upon a Rock.

The next emblematical Circumstance in Solomon's Temple was the *Order of the Fabric*: The same Historian tells us that "There were several Partitions, and every one had its Covering apart, independent one of another; but they were all coupled and fastened together in such a Manner, that they appeared like one Piece, and as if the Walls were the stronger for them." It is just the same with our Society, which is composed of Members of different Ranks and Degrees, with separate Views, separate Connections, separate Interests: but we are all of one Body, linked and coupled together by the indissoluble Bonds of Friendship and Brotherhood; and it is to this Concord, this Affinity, this Union, that we must ever be indebted for our Strength and Consequence.

A third particular remarkable in Solomon's Temple was the *Beauty of it*: "The Walls, says the Historian, were all of white Stone, wainscotted with Cedar; and they were so artificially put together, that there was no Joint to be discerned, nor the least Sign of a Hammer, or of any Tool, that had come upon them." Is it, I would ask, in the Power of Language,—Those, I would ask, who are formed in Masonry,—Is it in the Power of Language, to describe our Institution in fitter Terms than these? Integrity of Life, and Candour of Manners, are the Characteristic, the Glory of Masons: It is these that must render our Names worthy of Cedar: It is these that must immortalize our Art itself. Adorned and inlaid with these, it has withstood the Corrosion of Time; that Worm, whose cankering Tooth preys upon all the fairest Works of Art and Nature: Nay. Gothic‡ Barbarism itself, whose desolating Hand laid waste the noblest Efforts of Genius, the proudest Monuments of Antiquity;—even Gothic Barbarism itself was not able to destroy it. It was overcast indeed, for several Centuries, by that worse than Egyptian darkness, which

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*See Proverbs, chap viii., from verse 22 to verse 30.

† Josephus, the Translation of which by L'Estrange is generally quoted, except where it is particularly faulty.

‡ Alluding to the Ravages of the Visigoths in the 5th Century.

brooded all over Europe:—Just as Mists and Clouds may obscure the Sun, and the whole Creation may droop for a while under his pale and sickly Influence:—but nothing can impair his intrinsic splendour: he will again burst forth with bridal Glory, and as our immortal Poet speaks,

> "Bid the Fields revive,
> The Birds their Notes renew, and bleating Herds
> Attest their Joy, that Hill and Valley rings."

Accordingly, since that disgraceful era, Masonry, to use the Words of the same Poet,

> "Has repair'd her drooping Head,
> And trickt her Beams, and with new-spangled Ore
> Flames in the Forehead of the Morning Sky."

To speak without Metaphor, we now behold it, as this beautiful Edifice testifies, in its fairest and most flourishing State; and may justly cry out with the Roman Orator, behold a Sight, which God himself, intent upon his own Work, may regard with Pleasure; a Society of Men formed to support the Interest of Science, Virtue, and Benevolence, so closely cemented together, without Compulsion or Violence, that no Flaw, no Joint can be discerned; but as our Historian speaks, "All things are so adjusted, and accommodated one Piece to another, that upon the whole, it looks more like the Work of Providence and Nature, than the Product of Art and Human Invention."

But the circumstances, which claim our most earnest and immediate Attention, are the *Ornaments of Solomon's Temple*; so applicable to our Art, and so figurative of its Excellence, that I trust it will be no Trespass upon your Time or Patience to dwell upon them more largely. We are told by the Historian that "it was overlaid with Gold interwoven with beautiful Flowers and Palm Trees, and adorned with Painting and Sculpture." Nothing is more observable in the History of Mankind, than that Masonry and Civilization, like twin Sisters, have gone hand in hand together; and that Wealth, Arts, Science,—every Thing that could embellish and beautify human Life, have followed with faithful Steps, and composed their Train. The very Orders of Architecture mark the Growth and Progress of Civilization. Dark, dreary, comfortless were those Times, when Masonry never yet laid her Line, not extended her Compass. The Race of Mankind, in full Possession of wild and savage Liberty, sullen and solitary, mutually offending and afraid of each other, shrouded themselves in Thickets of the Woods, or Dens and Caves of the Earth. In these murky Recesses, these sombrous Solitudes, Masonry found them out; and, pitying their forlorn and destitute Condition, instructed them to build Habitations for Convenience, Defence, and Comfort. The Habitations* they then built were like their Manners, rugged and unseemly, a prompt and artless imitation of simple and course nature. Yet rude and inelegant as they were, they had this excellent effect, that by aggregating mankind, they prepared the way for improvement and civilization. The hardest bodies will polish by collision, and the roughest manners by communion and intercourse. Thus, they lost by degrees their asperity and ruggedness, and became insensibly mild and gentle, from fierce and barbarous nature. Masonry beheld, and glorified in the change; and as their minds expanded and softened she shewed them new lights, and conducted them to new improvements. Their rustic Masons pleased no more—they aimed at something higher and nobler, and deriving their ideas of Symmetry from the Human Form Divine, they adopted that as their model† and prototype. At this era, their buildings, though simple and natural, were proportioned in the exactest manner, and admirably calculated for strength and convenience. Yet still there was some-

* First Rustic on Tuscan Order. † Second Doric Order.

thing wanting— an ease, a grace, an elegance—which nothing but an intercourse with the softer sex could supply. It is from this most amiable and, accomplished part of the creation, that we catch those bewitching delicacies, those nicer, gentler, inexpressible graces, which are not to be taught by dull dry precept—for they are far beyond all rules of art—but are communicated from them to us—I know not how—shall I say by contagion? Accordingly the succeeding order* was formed after the model of a young woman, with loose dishevelled hair, of an easy, elegant, flowing shape; a happy medium between the too massive and too delicate, the simple and the rich.

We are now arrived at that period when the human genius, which we have just seen in the bud, the leaf, the flower, ripened to perfection, and produced the fairest and sweetest fruit; every ingenious art, every liberal science that could delight, exalt, refine, and humanize mankind. Now it was that Masonry† put on her richest robe, her most gorgeous apparel, and tricked herself out in a profusion of ornaments, the principal of which were eminently conspicuous in Solomon's Temple. And lo! not satisfied with the utmost exertion of her own powers, she holds out her torch and enlightens the whole circle of arts and sciences. Commerce flies to her on canvass wings, fraught with the produce and treasure of the whole universe; painting and sculpture strain every nerve to decorate the building she has raised, and the curious hand of design contrives the furniture and tapestry. Music, poetry, eloquence—but whither does this charming theme transport me? The time would fail me to recount half the blessing accruing to mankind from our most excellent and amiable institution. I shall conclude this part of my subject, therefore, with just mentioning another ornament of Solomon's Temple, the two cherubims made of olive-tree, whose wings expanded from one wall to the other, and touched in the midst. The olive, you know, is the Symbol of Peace, and the very essence of the Cherubic Order is said to be love. Let peace and love for ever distinguish our society. Let no private animosities or party divisions, pollute these walls.

Drive off from hence each thing of guilt and sin!

The very keystone, as it were, of our mystic fabric is charity. Let us cherish this amiable virtue, let us make it the vital principle of souls, "Dear as the ruddy drops that warm our hearts," and it cannot fail to be the constant rule of our actions, the just square of our dealings with all mankind. And though pity may plead in more tender and eloquent terms, for the distress of a poor brother, yet let us be ready to extend the hand of relief, as far as our circumstances afford, to misfortune of every kind wherever it meets us. It was an everlasting reproach to the Jews, that they contracted their benevolence within the narrow sphere of their own sect and party. Let ours be free and unconfined,

"Dropping like the gentle rain from heaven upon the place beneath."

A good Mason is a citizen of the world; and his charity should move along with him, like the sensible horizon, wherever he goes, and, like that too, embrace every object as far as vision extends.

The temple, thus beautiful, thus complete, Solomon dedicated to the Lord, in a style of wonderful devotion and sublimity, as far above the most rapturous flights of Pagan eloquence as the religion of the Jews was superior to Heathen idolatry and superstition.

"Lord," says he, "thou that inhabitest eternity, and hast raised out of nothing the mighty fabric of this universe, the heavens, the air, the earth, and the

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* Third Ionic Order.

† Fourth, the Corinthian Order, the capital of which took its origin, says Villalpandus, from an order in Solomon's Temple, the leaves whereof were those of the palm-tree. The Composite Order is not here taken notice of, for reasons too obvious to mention.

sea; thou that fillest the whole and everything that is in it, and art thyself boundless and incomprehensible, look down graciously upon thy servants, who have presumed to erect this house to the honour of Thy name. Let Thy Holy Spirit descend upon it in the blessing of Thy peculiar presence. Thou that art everywhere, deign also to be with us. Thou that seest and hearest all things, look down from Thy throne of glory, and give ear to our supplications. And if at any time hereafter Thou shalt be moved in Thy just displeasure to punish this people for their transgressions with any of Thy terrible judgments, famine, pestilence, or the sword—yet if they make supplication and return to Thee with all their heart, and with all their soul, then hear Thou in heaven, Thy dwelling-place, and forgive their sin, and remove thy judgments."

With these words Solomon cast himself upon the ground in solemn adoration; and all the people followed his example with profound submission and homage. We are now going to dedicate this fair mansion to the noblest purposes—to Masonry, virtue, and benevolence; and I persuade myself, from the flattering attention with which you have heard me, that our ensuing ceremony will be regarded with becoming seriousness, with decent solemnity. Whatever encourages the social duties, whatever advances the interests of benevolence, claims our respect as men; and it is no flattery to our ancient and mystical institution, to affirm that it has these two great points ever in view.

There cannot be a stronger argument in favour of our society, than what may be collected from the account* given us of certain Solitaries, who by secluding themselves from mankind, from friendly communication, and social intercourse, lost the human figure and human sentiments, and became like beasts. They fed in the same manner with their fellow brutes; and if they saw any of the human species, they fled away and hid themselves in caves and inaccessible holes.

If such be the miserable abject consequence of retirement, whatever, like our Institution, collects and consociates mankind, has a claim to our warmest esteem as conducive to public and private utility. Yet let us beware lest in the unguarded moments of convivial cheerfulness, we give too large and unbounded a scope to our social disposition. Reason is the true limit, beyond which temperance should never wander. When misled with the "sweet poison of misused wine," we overpass this bound, we quench the spark of divinity that is in us, we transform ourselves into brutes, and, like those who had tasted the fabulous cup of Circe,

> "Lose our upright shape,
> And downward fall into a grovelling swine."

One more word and I have done. The Temple of Solomon looked towards the east. Let us frequently direct our eyes to the same quarter, where the day spring from on high visited us; where the Son of Righteousness rose with healing in His wings, and Cherubs and Seraphs ushered in the dawn of the evangelical day, with this gracious song—"Glory be to God on high, and in earth peace, goodwill towards men."

ANTHEMS.

Anthem written by H—— D——, Esq., and sung by Mr. Du Bellamy, at laying the foundation stone, and by Mr. Hudson, of St. Paul's Cathedral, at the dedication of Freemasons' Hall.

To Heaven's high Architect all praise,
All praise, all gratitude be given, [*Da Capo.*
Who deign'd the human soul to raise,
By mystic secrets sprung from heaven. [*Da Capo.*

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* See Evagrius, lib. I, Eccles. *Hist.*

Chorus. Thrice repeated.

Sound aloud the great Jehovah's praise,
To Him the dome, the temple raise.

Anthem selected by Mr. Dodd, and set to music by Mr. Fisher, for the dedication of Freemasons' Hall, and sung by Mr. Hudson, of St. Paul's Cathedral.

Chorus.

Behold how good and joyful a thing it is, brethren, to dwell together in unity.

Air.

It is like the dew of Hermon, which fell upon the hill of Sion: for there the Lord promised His blessing, and life for evermore. Psalm 133.

Recitative.

Oh pray for the peace of Jerusalem! they shall prosper that love Thee.

Chorus.

Yea, because of the house of the Lord, I will feel to do thee good.

NEW ODE.

Written by a member of the Alfred Lodge at Oxford, and set to music by Mr. Fisher, and performed at the dedication of Freemasons' Hall. Sung by Messrs. Vernon, Reinhold, Norris, etc.

Part I.

Strophe.

Air. Norris.

What solemn sounds on holy Sinai rung,
When heavenly lyres by angel-fingers strung,
Accorded to th' immortal lay,
That hymn'd Creation's natal day

Recitative, accompanied. Vernon.

'Twas then the shouting sons of morn
Blessed the great omnific word:
"Abashed hoarse jarring atoms heard,
Forgot their pealing strife,
And softly crowded into life,"
When order, law, and harmony were born.

Chorus.

The mighty Master's pencil warm
Traced out the shadowy form,
And bade each fair proportion grace
Smiling nature's modest face.

Air. Vernon.

Heaven's rarest gifts were seen to join
To deck a finish'd form divine,
And fill the sov'reign artist's plan;
Th' Almighty's image stamped the glowing frame,
And sealed him with the noblest name,
Archetype of beauty, man.

Antistrophe.

Semi-Chorus and Chorus.

Ye spirits pure that rous'd the tuneful throng,
And loos'd to rapture each triumphant tongue,
Again, with quick instinctive fire,
Each harmonious lip inspire:
Again bid ev'ry vocal throat
Dissolve in tender votive strain.

Part II.

Air. *Vernon.*

Now while yonder white-rob'd troop,
Before the mystic shrine
In lowly adoration join,
Now sweep the living lyre, and swell the melting note.

Recitative. *Reinhold.*

Yet ere the holy rites begin
The conscious shrine within,
Bid your magic song impart.

Air. *Reinhold.*

How within the wasted heart
Shook by passion's ruthless power,
Virtue trimm'd her faded flower,
To op'ning buds of fairest fruit.
*How from majestic nature's glowing face
She caught each animating grace,
And planted there th' immortal root.

Epode.

Recitative, accompanied. *Norris.*

Daughter of Gods, fair Virtue, if to Thee,
And thy bright Sister, Universal Love,
Soul of all good, e'er flow'd the foothing harmony
Of pious gratulation—from above
To us, thy duteous votaries, impart
Presence divine.

Air. *Mr. Norris.*

* The sons of antique art.
In high mysterious jubilee,
With Pæan loud, and solemn rite,
Thy holy step invite,
And court thy list'ning ear,
To drink the cadence clear
That swells the coral symphony.

Chorus.

To thee, by foot prophane untrod,
Their votive hands have rear'd the high abode.

Recitative. *Reinhold.*

Here shall your impulse kind
Inspire the tranced mind.

Air. *Reinhold.*

And lips of truth shall sweetly tell
What heavenly deeds befit,
The soul by wisdom's lesson smit:
What praise he claims who nobly spurns
Gay vanities of life and tinsel joys,
For which unpurged fancy burns.

Chorus.

What pain he shuns who dares be wise;
What glory wins, who dares excel.

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* These lines were omitted in the music.

MASONIC STORIES.

BY AN OLD MASON.

No. II.

THAT Freemasonry exists in civilized and uncivilized countries, remote and semi-barbarous, as well as among the sedater nations of the West, and the more polished peoples of the East, is a proposition which I need not seek to establish in Bro. Kenning's magazine. I should lose my time and labour in an effort of supererogation, and my readers would probably laugh at me for my pains. Freemasonry in some form or other, pure or perverted, is to be found, when carefully sought for, to-day in Africa and amid the Arabs of the desert, in Egypt, and in China, in Japan, and even amid the Esquimaux. How it got there, whence its origin, whether indigenous or grafted in, is a mystery which, like the flies in amber, we must leave to some acute "Scholiast" to explain and to unfold. These things are beyond our ordinary comprehension. For my part, I only take the fact as I find it, without professing to be able to explain what is in itself a very pretty little enigma, puzzling the sagacious and startling the sceptic. I have a pet theory of my own it is true on the subject, which some day, perhaps, if the fates are propitious, I may endeavour to transfer to the pages of the *Masonic Magazine*. But, like a good many other theories, it may be, after all, only an explanation in which nothing is explained; and alas, besides, every now and then there comes over me old Horace's words, "jam satis est," inasmuch as it may be a great matter of doubt whether our golden age of Masonic literature has set in, whether, in fact, our good brethren will either patronize, or buy, or read, or think over what is written. Still, as I am bidden send in a "few pages, old fellow," I hastily jot down the main incidents of a little Masonic story I once heard in pleasant days of old.

Some years ago a yacht was slowly drifting on the still surface of the waters by the low creatonic shore in the Red Sea. The cheery party went to bed at night confident and exulting. A bright moon shed its soft splendour over the large expanse of water, and lightened up with its "transparent rays," as somebody says, the low-lying level of a thinly inhabited country. At six in the morning a bumping and a scraping announced that something unusual had occurred, and when the owner went hastily on deck, he found that, owing to carelessness or miscalculation, his fine yacht "Zoe" was hard and fast on a projecting reef. What was to be done? He had ladies on board—as they call them in Egypt "sitteen"—and he was naturally, though bred a sailor himself, anxious and alarmed for the "weaker sex," and he felt still more uncomfortable, for just over the low line of rocks, behind some flattened sand hills, appeared a body of natives armed, and the sailing master, who called his attention to the subject, added that they were both "treacherous, fanatic, and very hostile to Europeans." As it became clear during the early morning that it would be necessary to lighten the yacht to get her off, and as that proceeding would entail disembarking and camping out, the owner became both nervous and irritable, dubious and desponding all at the same time. And when he was pacing up and down his deck and chewing what a French translator of Shakespeare once termed the "seekly code of tought," a bright idea came over him, which he no sooner fully realized than he sought to test as to its truth on the spot.

The owner was a Freemason. Yes, kind reader, he belonged to that mystic order, whose head quarters are in England, our Freemasons' Hall, Great Queen Street, whose Grand Master is His Royal Highness the Prince

of Wales, which has branches all the world over, and which is greatly famed for its august secrets, its great charity, and its good dinners. He had heard over and over again round the hospitable table, when cigars were lit and "worthy Freemasons all" told tales of foreign travel, striking adventure, or lonely sentiment, or sang the song, or re-echoed the chorus, that the duly instructed Mason would find Masons almost anywhere, in the strange out-of-the-way places, and that the magic circle begun at home, extended in truth over intervening seas and distant continents. The owner ruminating all this, determined to put it to proof; so hoisting out the gig, the crew pulled to the shore, to which a somewhat stately Arab, who seemed to be the chief, had walked swiftly and ahead of his band. The owner had taken with him some beads and some coloured cotton, and some gunpowder, and some articles of English manufacture, and when the bow of the boat ran up on the sand he jumped on shore. Advancing to the chief he made a well-known Masonic sign. What was his delight, kind reader, when he had that sign answered; yes, answered as distinctly and Masonically as if he had been in England, and our good Bro. John Hervey was consecrating, as of old, a new lodge, or any one of us was being raised to the sublime degree of a Master Mason. The dullest reader of Bro. Kenning's magazine, though such a person does not, I feel, exist, and cannot possibly exist, need hardly be told what the "denouement" was. All the time the encampment lasted until the good yacht got under weigh again, did the attention of that good Arab Mason continue, and most unwilling was he to receive any return for his most fraternal aid. I believe the story to be true as I have told it, at any rate in its actual occurrence and main incidents, and chief attraction for Masonry, though I may have "touched up," after a lapse of years, the accessories and the episode itself. I heard it many years ago in the Mediterranean, and a story very like this, perhaps the real and original one, after all, appeared many years ago in our then Freemasons' Magazine. But as a "fabella exoleta redeviva," "true sir, true," however in its great fact and graver reality, I now commend it with all fraternal good feeling to all Masons who, happily for themselves will sometimes peruse Masonic literature. If any young man, sceptical or sybaritic, should ask, as they do ask, "what's the good of it all," all I can say is, that my young enquirer must get some one to propose him, and vouch, above all, for his respectability, morality, sobriety, and common sense in the good Lodge Affability, 4140, and he will then understand what I cannot now offer to explain, or about which I dare not now profess to be a "mystagogos." Yes, he will, above all, realize that though he may be very knowing at bets, billiards, Newmarket, or nips, there are yet some things in this world of ours "not dreamt of in his philosophy."

A SORCERER OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

TOWARDS the close of the last century a traveller, modest in his appearance and in his baggage, alighted at the principal tavern of Wurtzburg, a small city of Germany, and asked for a room in a remote part of the building, where nobody could disturb him. This alone would have been enough to excite curiosity, but everything about this man was so strange and so mysterious that all were struck by it from the moment he entered the house. At first there might be discovered, notwithstanding the simplicity of his dress something that betrayed the man of distinction. Although not a youth, he wore his hair long, like the students of the University, and his pale and melancholy visage wore, even when he smiled, a sombre cast. The next day after his arrival, instead of asking his hostess, as all other travellers did, either

the address of some citizen, to present to him his letters, or where the curiosities and antiquities of the city might be seen, he had gone out without saying a word, and when he returned at supper time his dusty clothes testified that he had been walking all day. The day following he did the same thing. A shepherd boy said that he saw him walking rapidly along the banks of the Rhine, then stopping suddenly and gesticulating and throwing his arms about like one possessed; and the young girls passed close to him without his paying any attention to them.

All these things, it must be confessed, were even more than enough to awaken conjectures as to the stranger. All that the hostess could say of him was, that he was a very sober, quiet man, always satisfied with what was set before him. Curiosity, however, continued to increase. It was remarked that the unknown man went to his chamber immediately after supper, but did not go to bed; and some of the family who happened to be awake in the middle of the night saw a light in his chamber. One of the youngest servants came running down the stairs one evening, terribly frightened, and rushed into the hall, in which stood her mistress and two or three neighbours. She solemnly protested that the stranger was talking earnestly with some one in his chamber, "although no one but himself had entered—by the door at least," added she. This made the auditors tremble. The little hussy was scolded soundly by her mistress for having listened at the lodger's door; but the next evening the good lady went herself, so as the better to ascertain, and having applied her ear to the key-hole, she distinctly heard—what? nobody will ever know. The truth is, she came down stairs with her spirit more troubled than had been observed in her since the death of her husband. She threw on her cloak, and hastened to the burgomaster's.

The following morning, the traveller went out as customarily, and returning the evening, entered his room tranquilly. But this time precautions had been taken: at each side of the door were two policemen, some of the hardy citizens of Wurtzburg, and on the stairs, in the hall, and in the street were all the women of the city remarkable for their curiosity. The number was very great.

Suddenly the voice of the stranger was heard, rising and falling at intervals, as if he was discoursing with someone. Those who were near the door heard the following horrible invocation: "Here!—thou whom I have so long sought—thou shalt escape me no longer. Answer me, infernal power!—demon!—show thyself, and speak to thy master."

At that call, a sharp, shrill voice that seemed to come up from the lower regions, answered with an ironical humility, "Master, what dost thou desire of thy servant?"

At once, all the women who heard the awful voice fled with screams of terror. The men burst open the door, although not fastened, and seized the traveller, whom they found seated in an arm-chair, at a little distance from the table. As to the demon, he had disappeared, but a distinct and strong sulphurous smell remained, as many witnesses testified.

The stranger was dragged before the magistrates, and charged with using magic and sorcery, and of holding commerce with the devil. The following was his only response:

"I had begun a tragedy, but as my friends disturbed me continually in Weimar, where I live, I came to write here. The hero of my tragedy is a man who invokes the devil, and to whom the devil appears. I confess that I have an unfortunate habit, for which I ask pardon of the inhabitants of Wurtzburg, of reading aloud what I compose as fast as I write it. As to my invoking, personally, the evil spirit, I am too good a Christian to do that, and you, Mr. Burgomaster, too enlightened to believe it."

The sorcerer was named Goethe, the author of "Werther," etc., and then engaged in the composition of "Faust."

LITTLE BRITAIN.

(Continued from page 402.)

THERE are two annual events which produce great stir and sensation in Little Britain; these are St. Bartholomew's Fair and the Lord Mayor's day. During the time of the fair, which is held in the adjoining regions of Smithfield, there is nothing going on but gossiping and gadding about. The late quiet streets of Little Britain are overrun with an irruption of strange figures and faces—every tavern is a scene of rout and revel. The fiddle and the song are heard from the tap-room, morning, noon, and night; and at each window may be seen some group of boon companions, with half-shut eyes, hats on one side, pipe in mouth, and tankard in hand, fondling and prozing, and singing maudlin songs over their liquor. Even the sober decorum of private families, which I must say is rigidly kept up at other times among my neighbours, is no proof against this Saturnalia. There is no such thing as keeping maid servants within doors. Their brains are absolutely set madding with Punch and the Puppet Show, the Flying Horses, Signior Polito the Fire-Eater, the celebrated Mr. Paap, and the Irish Giant. The children, too, lavish all their holiday money in toys and gilt gingerbread, and fill the house with the Lilliputian din of drums, trumpets, and penny whistles.

But the Lord Mayor's day is the great anniversary. The Lord Mayor is looked up to by the inhabitants of Little Britain as the greatest potentate upon earth; his gilt coach with six horses as the summit of human splendour; and his procession, with all the Sheriffs and Aldermen in his train, as the grandest of earthly pageants. How they exult in the idea that the King himself dare not enter the city without first knocking at the gate of Temple Bar, and asking permission of the Lord Mayor; for if he did, heaven and earth! there is no knowing what might be the consequence. The man in armour who rides before the Lord Mayor, and is the city champion, has orders to cut down everybody that offends against the dignity of the city; and then there is the little man with a velvet porringer on his head, who sits at the window of the state coach and holds the city sword, as long as a pike-staff—Od's blood! if he once draws that sword, Majesty itself is not safe!

Under the protection of this mighty potentate, therefore, the good people of little Britain sleep in peace. Temple Bar is an effectual barrier against all internal foes; and as to foreign invasion; the Lord Mayor has but to throw himself into the Tower, call in the train bands, and put the standing army of Beef-eaters under arms, and he may bid defiance to the world!

Thus wrapped up in its own concerns, its own habits, and its own opinions, Little Britain has long flourished as a sound heart to this great funguous metropolis. I have pleased myself with considering it as a chosen spot, where the principles of sturdy John Bullism were garnered up, like seed-corn, to renew the national character when it had run to waste and degeneracy. I have rejoiced also in the general spirit of harmony that prevailed throughout it: for though there might now and then be a few clashes of opinion between the adherents of the cheesemonger and the apothecary, and an occasional feud between the burial societies, yet these were but transient clouds, and soon passed away. The neighbours met with goodwill, parted with a shake of the hand, and never abused each other except behind their backs.

I could give rare descriptions of snug junketing parties at which I have been present; where we played at All-Fours, Pope-Joan, Tom-come-tickle-me, and other choice old games; and where we sometimes had a good old English country dance, to the tune of Sir Roger de Coverley. Once a year also the

neighbours would gather together, and go on a gipsy party to Epping Forest. It would have done any man's heart good to see the merriment that took place here, as we banqueted on the grass under the trees. How we made the woods ring with bursts of laughter at the songs of little Wagstaff and the merry undertaker! After dinner, too, the young folks would play at blind-man's-buff and hide-and-seek; and it was amusing to see them tangled among the briars, and to hear a fine romping girl now and then squeak from among the bushes. The elder folks would gather round the cheesemonger and the apothecary, to hear them talk politics; for they generally brought out a newspaper in their pockets, to pass away time in the country. They would now and then, to be sure, get a little warm in argument; but their disputes were always adjusted by reference to a worthy old umbrella-maker in a double chin, who, never exactly comprehending the subject, managed, somehow or other, to decide in favour of both parties.

All empires, however, says some philosopher or historian, are doomed to changes and revolutions. Luxury and innovation creep in; factions arise; and families now and then spring up whose ambition and intrigues throw the whole system into confusion. Thus in latter days has the tranquillity of Little Britain been greviously disturbed, and its golden simplicity of manners threatened with total subversion, by the aspiring family of a retired butcher.

The family of the Lambs had long been among the most thriving and popular in the neighbourhood. The Miss Lambs were the belles of Little Britain, and everybody was pleased when old Lamb had made money enough to shut up shop, and put his name on a brass plate on his door. In an evil hour, however, one of the Miss Lambs had the honour of being a lady in attendance on the Lady Mayoress at her grand annual ball, on which occasion she wore three towering ostrich feathers on her head. The family never got over it; they were immediately smitten with a passion for high life; set up a one-horse carriage, put a bit of gold lace round the errand-boy's hat, and have been the talk and detestation of the whole neighbourhood ever since. They could no longer be induced to play at Pope-Joan or blind-man's-buff; they could endure no dances but quadrilles, which nobody had ever heard of in Little Britain; and they took to reading novels, talking bad French, and playing upon the piano. Their brother, too, who had been articled to an attorney, set up for a dandy and a critic, characters hitherto unknown in these parts; and he confounded the worthy folks exceedingly by talking about Kean, the Opera, and the Edinbro' Review.

What was still worse, the Lambs gave a grand ball, to which they neglected to invite any of their old neighbours; but they had a great deal of genteel company from Theobald's Road, Red Lion Square, and other parts towards the west. There were several beaux of their brother's acquaintance from Gray's Inn Lane and Hatton Garden; and not less than three Aldermens' ladies with their daughters. This was not to be forgotten or forgiven. All Little Britain was in an uproar with the smacking of whips, the lashing of miserable horses, and the rattling and jingling of hackney coaches. The gossips of the neighbourhood might be seen popping their night-caps out at every window, watching the crazy vehicles rumble by; and there was a knot of virulent old cronies that kept a look-out from a house just opposite the retired butcher's, and scanned and criticized every one that knocked at the door.

This dance was a cause of almost open war, and the whole neighbourhood declared they would have nothing more to say to the Lambs. It is true that Mrs. Lamb, when she had no engagements with her quality acquaintance, would give little humdrum tea junketings to some of her old cronies, "quite," as she would say, "in a friendly way;" and it is equally true that her invitations were always accepted, in spite of all previous vows to the contrary. Nay, the good ladies would sit and be delighted with the music of the Miss Lambs, who would condescend to thrum an Irish melody for them on the

piano; and they would listen with wonderful interest to Mrs. Lamb's anecdotes of Alderman Plunket's family of Portsokenward, and the Miss Timberlakes, the rich heiresses of Crutched Friars; but then they relieved their consciences, and averted the reproaches of their confederates, by canvassing at the next gossiping convocation everything that had passed, and pulling the Lambs and their rout all to pieces.

The only one of the family that could not be made fashionable was the retired butcher himself. Honest Lamb, in spite of the meekness of his name, was a rough, hearty old fellow, with the voice of a lion, a head of black hair like a shoe-brush, and a broad face mottled like his own beef. It was in vain that the daughters always spoke of him as the "old gentleman," addressed him as "papa," in tones of infinite softness, and endeavoured to coax him into a dressing gown and slippers, and other gentlemanly habits. Do what they might, there was no keeping down the butcher. His sturdy nature would break through all their glozings. He had a hearty vulgar good humour that was irrepressible. His very jokes made his sensitive daughters shudder; and he persisted in wearing his blue cotton coat of a morning, dining at two o'clock, and having a "bit of sausage with his tea."

(To be concluded.)

MASONRY.

OH, Masonry, thou theme divine,
How much thy fame transcends
The praise of humble lyre and line,
Thou trust of faithful friends.
On countless lands and distant shores,
Mid savage and mid sage,
The wondering student still explores
Thy "marks" from age to age.

On tottering shrines and crumbling walls,
On ruined temples low,
Pillars on which the sunset falls
In gleams of roseate glow,
Amid all these, a mossy stone
Marked with a cunning line,
Tho' centuries o'er that spot have flown,
Reveals a Mason's sign.

On Roman walls, Assyrian mound,
On stately pyramid,
And even on Zion's holy ground,
In subterraneans hid,
I note with wonder and with awe,
Marks of a mystic band,
Which in despite of earth's dark law
Lingers in every land.

Bright emblems of th'enduring power
Of precepts all sublime,
Which still can bless each passing hour,
Despite the march of time:
Yes, Masonry, thy pleasant name
Endures, though men depart;
Why? but because thy truths proclaim
The teachings of the heart!

MASONIC AND GENERAL ARCHÆOLOGIA.

WE have often thought that our magazine has been deficient on this head, and so we propose—if possibly, month by month—at any rate, as often as we are enabled so to do—to fill up a couple of pages with similar interesting "collectanea."

In the *Antiquary*, No. 2, a new and excellent archæological journal, we find the following :—

"*Gilds: their Origin, Constitution, Objects, and Later History.* By CORNELIUS WALFORD, F.S.A., F.S.S., F.R.H.S., Barrister-at-Law. (Printed for Private Circulation.)

"Mr. Cornelius Walford, the author of that voluminous and important work, 'The Insurance Cyclopædia,' has reprinted for circulation amongst his friends the article on 'Guilds,' or, as he prefers to write the word, 'Gilds.' The paper is really a most learned and valuable contribution to the history of the past, and thoroughly exhaustive of the subject. We will venture to say that scarcely one of our best and most learned antiquaries has or can have any idea, till he has read this treatise, of the extent to which the system of religious and secular association and confraternities, under the general name of Gilds, prevailed during the Middle Ages in all the large cities of England, and also on the Continent, and how the system extended itself even into our country parishes. The City Companies of London, Bristol, and a few of our larger towns, are scanty survivals of these ancient institutions which helped to bind man to man, and to keep up the ties of social existence on a sacred and religious basis. Mr. C. Walford traces the Gild system from the ancient Jews, Athenians, Spartans, and Romans, down to the time when the Christian faith became the established religion of Europe, and thence he carries its history down through the Anglo-Saxon times to the days of our Norman and Plantagenet kings, and eventually down to the Reformation, when that system was ruthlessly and cruelly broken up. Mr. Walford records in minute detail the regulations which show the very various objects which these Gilds had as their ends and aims. He shows that first and foremost among these ends was the care for the fitting burial of the dead members of the Gild; with which was joined help to the poor, the aged, and the infirm; assistance to those who were unfortunate, having been reduced to poverty by misfortune, as by fire, flood, or robbery; the advancement of loans under special circumstances; the portioning of poor maidens either on their marriage or on entering a religious house; the release of prisoners; the helping of pilgrims on foreign travels, and the entertainment of pilgrims on their journeys at home. In some cases the benefits of the Gilds extended beyond its members, and embraced such objects as the repairs of churches, roads, and bridges, and the maintenance of free schools and their masters. For an account of the internal management of Gilds, generally and severally, their officers, rules, regulations, days of meeting, religious celebrations, etc., and the points in which they resembled and differed from the modern insurance associations, we must refer the student of past history to Mr. Walford's article, which is to be found *in extenso* in the fifth volume of his "Insurance Cyclopædia." Our only regret is that such a reprint as this should have been for 'private circulation' only; in the interest of both ecclesiastical and secular historians it ought to be made *publici juris*, as a really valuable contribution to the 'study of the past.'"

In Maldon's "Account of King's College, Cambridge," at page 78, we find the following note :—

"Of Freemasons, as they were the builders of the chapel, I shall beg leave

to give the following account:—A set of foreigners, who called themselves Freemasons (because none were acquainted with the secrets of their trade, except such as were Free and Accepted members of their society) are said to have introduced the art of building with stone into England about the middle of the seventh century. These were formerly divided into parties or companies. Each company was subject to a Master, a Warden, and other inferior officers (names retained among Freemasons to this day). They assembled in one common room, called a lodge, where they consulted about carrying on the works which their Master and Warden had undertaken, for they were chiefly employed in raising cathedrals, chapels, and other buildings of the like kind. A company of Freemasons (as I am led to conclude from the second and third indentures), to their immortal honour, contracted for building different parts of the chapel. They have left, I am told, in the course of their work, certain marks very well known to all adepts of their society. What these monuments of Masonry may be I am unable to declare; but refer my reader, if he is learned in the secrets of that fraternity, to an inspection of every mysterious token about the building. One thing, however, I shall mention, which has often been observed, that in the south porch of the chapel there are three steps; at the west door five; and in the north porch seven. These are numbers, with the mystery, or at least with the sound of which, Freemasons are said to be particularly well acquainted. It is observable that, nothwithstanding the encouragement Freemasons received from Henry VI., by being employed in erecting his magnificent chapel, an Act passed in the third year of his reign for suppressing their assembling, or holding chapters in any part of his dominions, it being the prevailing opinion of those times that their meetings were held for the sake of making an extravagant addition to the wages of the working Masons. But a favourable report being made to his Majesty by some of the nobility, who had been admitted into the brotherhood, he afterwards received them into his favour, and showed them marks of a particular respect. The Act itself remains, I believe, as yet unrepealed. It is, however, probable, that the person who was architect of the chapel (see page 20) was a member of that fraternity."

At page 20 we find the following note:—

"To alle Christen people this psent writyng endented seeng, redyng, or heryng, John Wulrich Maistr Mason of the werks of the Kynges College Roial of our Lady and seynt Nicholas of Cambrigge, John Bell, Mason Wardeyn in the same werks, etc. Written at Cambr. 17 Aug. 1476. 16 Edw. IV."

This account is preserved in the archives of Caius College, Cambridge.

The following short review is also taken from the *Antiquary*—

"*The Philosophy of Handwriting*," by Don Felix de Salamanca (Chatto and Windus), is a reprint, with additions, of some hundred and fifty autographs of distinguished characters, and a few critical remarks thereon. As these remarks do not seem to lay down any precise rules for distinguishing various classes of handwriting or 'cheirography,' we think that 'philosophy' is scarcely the term to apply to such a book; but we can certify to the fact that the observations of Don Felix de Salamanca are amusing and worth reading, and may well serve to wile away a leisure hour. The reproduction of the autographs in most cases are wonderfully exact; and they go far to confirm the old saying that a volume of autographs is 'a collection of the worst specimens of great men's handwriting.' We recommend the attention of our readers especially to the editor's remarks in his Preface (pp. 1, 2) on Cheiromany and on ancient works which treat of autographs in general."

The indenture which is contained in Maldon's "Account of King's College, Cambridge," we shall give in our next.

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

No. 83.—Vol. VII. MAY, 1880. Price 6d.

THE RECORDS OF AN ANCIENT LODGE.

BY. W. FRED. VERNON, P.M. NO. 58, S.C.

(Concluded from page 413.)

HAVING given the most interesting extracts from these old records down to the middle of last century, and finding very little of general interest to copy, we must apologise for the very fragmentary extracts which now follow, only those portions being selected which appear to be of some interest to the Masonic student or general reader.

Melrose December the 27th, 1749.

Wee a cairtain Number of the members of the loodge of Melrose being mett this day have agreed and enacted that non of the members of this loodge shall presume to enter ane Masons but on Saint John's day Except with the three Box masters and nine other of the members all present in this place which we obledge ourselves here present no to do otherwise alwise with submison to the whole company at ther meeting on Saint Johns day.

Eo die The meeting agreed to purchass the jewells or ornaments used in oyr lodges and impowered Doctor Rutherford to purchess them not above twenty five shillings price and impowered the Boxmaster to pay the Doctor therefor Jo Rutherford Pr.

Melrose December 27th 1750.

George Hogg in darnick Entered prentice this day and geven Bills for 8 £ Scott His mark Doctor Esskine passed this day and pay'd his due. The Company Agreed by the plurality of votts to continen for the next year Docter Rutherfoerd Grand Master and Andrew Pringle Elder and Younger to be Wardens ond Mr Oglive Treasurer and Nicol Bouer Clerk of Ye Box. The Company

Continous for Boxmasters for this Year to come James Wallace Nicol Bouer Andrew Pringle Younger in neustied and the Box to Remain in Tho: Marrs House for the same Year.

The Company This day have Erected that as it is a great Loss to the Lodge on account of the Entred prenticey not passing in due time therofor Every Entred prentice is to pass any time befor the first Year and if they faill at or befor that year they are to Loss the privilidges of the Lodge in all time thereafter. Upon Receiving apilation from Margaret Hyslop in Silkirk her desiring what the company would give to her for suport in the time of her distress. The Company have agreed to give her Two Shillings and Six pence pd Eodem Die.—The Company have agreed to Robert Buney in neustead John Buney in Eildeun William Wallace in Melrose so see the Counts Clear'd and to inspect the money in the Box at the time which this and the preceding page are what is done this day December 27th 1750 and Signed by Docter Rutherfeord Grand Master

Jo: Rutherford Pr.

The Company also have agreed to give to Andrew Mein Elder in Neustead on account of his distress five Shillings sterling.

The Committee this day have Taken Inspection of the Box and find of Cash Remaining after all counts being cleared the sum of Ninteen pound two penny Scotts money as witness, our Subscription this 28th of December 1750.

ROBERT BUNYIE.
JOHN BUNYIE.

Melrose December 27th 1751.

Its Enacted this day that any that hath amind to Enter in to this Lodge Thats not Operatives Masons for their own pleasure or fancy That they are to pay Three Sill: & four pence Sterling money Each thats Entred above the ordinary use of the Lodge The above carried by the majority of votts at 16 Shill: and 8 D or ten pound Scotts.

The Company Have agreed to give to Andrew Mein on account of His distress five Shill: sterling.

Melrose December 27th 1757.

Whereas John Culbertson in Lesudden Hath offended the Company by Refusing to Comply with the Rules of the house Thereof The company Has agreed That he shall be struct out of the Lodge as a member in all time Coming and also Ordains The Box Master to prosceut Him and his Conjunt accepted for what He is due to the Lodge without delay or Twixt and Candlemass next.

Melrose December 29th 1760.

According to a former Act of Date 1750. The Company have agrieed this day to Cut off George Estoun in Long Nithery from all priveledges in all time Coming for not passing in due time only the Company agries to Contain the power in their hands to addmite the said George Eastoun to the priviledges if he apeers next year.

In connection with the 'ancient charge' belonging to this lodge which was given in the January number of this magazine, we find the following minute in reference to it:—

"Melrose December 28th 1762.

"Given out this day the old Rights of the lodge contained in a long Roll to be extracted by Nichol Bowr and Thomas Marr and they are to be allowed for their trouble."

This copy, as well as the original "long Roll," is still extant, but the transcribers have made several mistakes in copying out the document, as we found by carefully collating the two. The above is the only reference to the ancient charge we have been able to discover.

Melrose Dec. 28th 1763.

By a vote yesterday of the Company it is agreed upon that a Commatie is to meet at Lillieas Leaf upon the 13th of feburery next for making up and concerting proper Regularitys for the Lodge and at same time appoint one of the members to meet that day out of every Toune where the Different members has there Different abodes, the above parties with the Boxmasters and Clerks to meet that day upon the Charge of the Company or Box.

Melrose feby. 11th 1764.

I Payed Expences in Concerting the Commaties meeting on Candlemass day at Lillies Leaf the 13th next on shilling ster. by 5 of ye members.

February 16th 1764.

Payed for shillings eimidence charged as ane starling.

In connection with this meeting at Lillies Leaf, we find it mentioned upon the following St. John's Day, December 27th, 1764, dated at Lillies Leaf, the 13th of July, 1764, ordering

A Scheme to be given in the day which act and Scheme is Lodged in the Box and also the List of Subscribers agreeing & not agreeing to the said Scheme also a list of 48 members Theirs names that has paid on shilling ster. eaeh agreeable to the Scheme proposed and given in untill a more regular Scheme is made out.

ANDREW SCOTT G.M.

Melrose Debember 27th 1764.

It is agreed by this present meeting the the Mason Word be Adminester in a Simpel way and Maner free of every thing Sinfull and Superstieous only word sighn and Grip and Some simpel Questions to Distuingnish a Mason from a nother Man and all under a simpel promice not to Reveal it under no less penilty then to for fit all right and Titel to every Benefit Belonging to the Lodge and to be had in abhorance by every Brother this we agree

to that this form be red by the Grand Master to them that is Chosen to give the word and special Care is to be taken by the Grand Mr and Box Mr that fitt well Disposed persons be Chosen for that purpose

GEORGE EASTON Grand Master GILBT BOA Grand Mr.

Decemr The 28th 1764.

Also agrees that Thomas Marr mend the Masons Loft and Repair the Dammage done to the Tolboath for which he is to be payd out of the pubblick fund.

The Company this day has agreed and given to the Widow of John Stewert Three Shillings. The Company has also agreed That The Land Lord where The dinner is next year to to give no more Bread and Drink before dinner but what The Grand Master and Box masters gives him orders for, and no more but Them is to agree with the Land Lord for the next meetings dinner

GILBERT BOA, Grand M.

It Being Represented That James Dougless Mason in Ancrum and Margaret Scirvin Widow of the Deceast William Wallace Mason in Melrose were persons in need of Charity from the Lodge and The Matter Regularly stated and votted by the members Three present was agreed that the said James Douglass Would have Seven Shillings and the said Margaret Scirvin four Shillings we all Eleven Shillings which the Grand Master appoints The Box Masters to pay to them

GEORGE EASTON Grand Master.

Melrose Decemr 29th 1766

The Company this day have agreed that any member of the Lodge That refuses to pass this day thats present That is Liable on it being the fourth year since their Entry agreeable to our former Act that they are to be cut off as a member of this Lodge in all Time Thereafter in obedence to the Former Act all thath prepared this day That was liable to it. This day the company have Chosen Walter Rendlson to be ground Master for the Enshewing Year, and George Rendlson Gilbert Boa and George Eastown Elder to be Box Masters for the same year and Nicol Bouer Clerk. The Company Appoints Thomas Marr George Hogg James Trotter William Johnston and James Turnbull with the Old and new Box Masters to take Inspection of the Box. Also it is Enacted This day That at St Johns day next and every year thereafter that Each member present is to apear and make procission befor dinner with White Approns and White Gloves and those that do not apear in procession is to pay one Shilling Sterling in to the Box

GEORGE EASTON Grd Master.

Melrose 27th Decemr 1765

The Company have Votted and Chosen George Eastoun in Lillicas Leaf to be Grand Master for the Enshewing year also the present Grand Master makes choise of James Wallace James Pringle and Gilbert Boa as Box Masters and Bouer Clerk and also appoints as a Commatee to meet tomorrow to see the account cleard viz. George Rendleson Thomas Marr Andrew Pringle Elder Alexr Bunyie alongst with the three Enshewing Boxmasters And also as That Thomas Anderson was guilty of Cursing and Swearing this night and being Resconed for the same and giving satisfaction to the Grand Master and Company but abscond Therefor He is to submit to the Grand Master befor He comes in to the Compony as a member

GILBERT ROA G:R:

Melrose Decbr 26th 1765

Rules for the reight order and Goverment of the Honourable Society of Masons at Melrose, To wit,

That no person is to be admited into this society but what is of a bleanless life and Conversation, free of open scandle, such as Cursing, Swearing, lieing, Drunkenness, Sabothbreaking, and other such like abomenable practices, for as we onght to have an eye to the glory of God in all our Actions, there for if such persons be admited, which is not only hurtfull to Society but greatly dishonouring to God for which cause he may justly frustrat all our desines, for promoteing a fund in a Civil way for Reliveing us in destress, when the Almighty is pleased to lay his Afflicting hand upon any of us for as we ought to aknowladge him in all our ways. so when their is no person Admited but what is of a good Charcter and free of such Blemishes as is above mentioned, then we may expect the Blising of God on our Civil Desinges, and Endevours, for while such is in Society, we can expect no good but contention and discord of every kind, whereas we ought not to study our own seculular advantadge, but the common good of the whole, and as much as lyes in us to promote peace and unity amongst us, and deteast and abhorr Every thing that is Contrary the same, for it is only in this way, that we can expect to propegat this fund for the bublick good and Benifit of us all, and it is wished and desired, that there be any such person among us that they would forsake their ways and Amend. for if they be found out, and Remains Obstenat they

are to be throwen out of this society for as we desire to countenance Nothing that is Contrery to Truths so such persons need not think to Escape, so if any person be found guilty of the above crimes or in the time of this Meeting gives themselves over, to abstain, and unclean conversation such as singing of profain Songs which is fit for Nothing but filling the mind with vanity and Corupting one anothers minds and taking it off its alone proper object, and if contenanced will bring the curse of God, not only on themselves but also on the society whereof they are members likewise them that is to be enter'd, is to have their Caractors Atested by there Masters or them that represents them. that to there knowledge, they are free of the above practises, and if it should be found otherways after they are admited, they are still subject to the Laws of the house therefore if any of those Crimes, be proven in time coming on any member of this Society for the first falt they are to be fined by the Grand Mr of one shilling Str, which is to go into the publick stock, and for the Second falt in the same, and publickly rebucked by the Grand Mr if obstenat and presisting in the same courses, after all due pains taken with them, they are by him to be Declared uncapable of living a member of this Society any longer, and to be Cast out by the voyce of the whole meeting as unfit persons of Society.

And likewise we agree that the act inserted date 1764 Anent Entering the preintices, be punctually observed hereafter and this upon the inserted in the same act. And likewise that these that altereth the same unagreeable to the voyce of that meeting, shall be lyable to be fined by the Grand Mr.

GILBT BOA, Grand Mr.

Dec. 28th 1767.

After other business transacted and recorded

The Company also have agreed that as Robert Wilkes & Robert Simpson has this day refused to complie with the Rules of the Company in difft ways therefore its agreed that they are to be struck out as members of this Lodge in all time Coming unless they within a twelvemonth come and give full satisfaction to the Company & acknowledge their faults & submit themselves to the orders of the House.

WALTER RONOLSON, G.M.

Melrose Dec. 27th 1773.

This day the members of this Lodge presont Taking in to there Consideration on Tenth article of the printed Copy of the Regulations of the Lodge doe Hereby Explaines or understands it and ordains it to be Thus That any member not being in distress the Time specified in the articles not having sufficient allegations of the Distress and the Cause of it from two members of the Lodge or from two elders of the Parish where he lives shall be excluded as mentioned in the said printed copy of the Regulations of the Lodge and if tea as above They are to have the Benefit when in Distress whether they need it or not if they require it.

GEORGE RONALDSON S.M.
JOHN SMITH.
JOHN SWANSTON.
GEORGE HOGG.

Melrose 29 Decr 1783.

This day after a regular Voat it is found that George Hogg is elected Grand Master for this year. And George Mercer, George Renaldson and Thomas Scott is Elected Box Masters for this Year. The Grand Master Chooses James Gramslaw and David Kyle to act as wardens for this year.

Date above after a serious Consideration it was agreid by the Company that John Hatton Tailer in Melrose is thought the properest person for to bear the office of officer to the Lodge and to take Charge of the Mortcloaths when they are gotten and in which charge he is to find a Cauchener the Rules for keeping of these Mortcloaths is to be settled afterwards.

Melrose 30th December 1783.

This day after accounts are cleared we find that their remains in the Box the sum of Eight Pounds Ster. Atested by William Sibbald Gr Mr.

Melrose December 28th 1791.

This day after accounts are Cleared their Remains of Money in the Box the Sum of Six Pounds one Shilling and three Pence halfpeny Ster. including four shillings of bad Silver.

Signed ANDR. RIDDELL G.M.
DAVID KYLE Treser.

Melrose, 28 December 1792.

This day after settling all business There remains a balance in the Box of Fifteen Shillings and three Pence halfpeny Str.

The bad silver having been thrown away Andr. Brown G.M.

We have now concluded our labours so far as the old minute book of the ancient Lodge of Melrose is concerned, and we trust the gleanings we have laid before the readers of the *Masonic Magazine* have been not altogether uninteresting. Before we began extracting and arranging these ancient records, a little discussion was raised in the pages of the *Freemason*, in which it was stated that Bro. W. P. Buchan, of Glasgow, had, about ten years ago, examined the books and documents belonging to the Lodge of Melrose, and had then given to the craft the result of his researches; that since that time nothing new had been discovered in connection with the Melrose Lodge; that, in fact, any further investigation would be a work of supererogation. We have, nevertheless, undertaken the task, and completed it. without in any way going over old ground, for since our labours began, we have been favoured with a perusal of Bro. Buchan's paper upon "Melrose Abbey and Lodge," and find he gives no information about the lodge beyond a copy of the regulations reprinted in 1861, and an abstract of the income and expenditure for 1867. The ancient charges which we were fortunate enough to discover seem to have been unknown to anyone, the secretary of the lodge himself not knowing what was contained in the roll; and the old minute book, from which we have freely made extracts, seems to have been similarly neglected; consequently, we conclude that our labours have not been altogether thrown away when we have been able to bring before our brethren Masonic gleanings hitherto ungathered. We have before us an abstract of the income and expenditure of "St. John's Lodge, Melrose," from December, 1878, to December, 1879, which shows as follows:—

Income ...	£172	13	$6\frac{1}{2}$
Expenditure	164	13	$8\frac{1}{2}$
Balance ...	£7	19	10

Besides a bank deposit of £300, a fine hall and shop, which bring in an average income of between £30 and £40 a year. There is no doubt that this lodge can claim an antiquity second to very few, and it is a pity that it has not fallen into line and owned allegiance to the Grand Lodge of Scotland. Instead of being, as it then might be, an honoured Lodge of Ancient Free and Accepted Masons, it is nothing more or less in its present postion than a well conducted and prosperous benefit society, benefit societies and Masonic lodges being, as every Mason knows, very different things. If the lodge came in under the banner of the Grand Lodge of Scotland, arrangements could easily be made for the society to be carried on as it is now, without interfering with the true Masonic work of the lodge, and we trust this will take place in time.

We cannot conclude without expressing our thanks to the secretary of the lodge, Mr. James Fairbairn, to whose courtesy we are indebted for the inspection of the documents we have been able to place before our readers. We understand there are other papers and books of a more modern date than those we have quoted, but we had not an opportunity of seeing them. However we have been able to give our readers the cream of the old documents of this interesting lodge, which has held its meetings regularly, as the minutes testify, for a period of over two hundred years. It may be worthy of note that in all the documents we have examined there is no mention of the Master Mason's degree, and that the regulations printed in 1861 contain no allusion to it, but it is made special mention of in the regulations printed in 1879.

THE SOCIETY OF THE ROSE CROIX.*

BY THE EDITOR.

(*Continued from page* 430.)

AFTER this explanation of the origin of the fraternity of the Rose Croix, which appears to be the most probable one, we ought not to omit to mention the conjectures of those who think that this society was simply the effort of several intelligent persons desirous of placing themselves in communication one with the other, in order to labour, with a common programme, for the advancement of science and philosophy, by mutually communicating their ideas. In this hypothesis the Rose Croix formed a sort of liberal Freemasonry. The very natural fear of exciting the suspicions of the spiritual and temporal powers would explain the care, the necessity in which the fraternity found itself of surrounding itself with mystery, of deeming itself invisible, and of having no place of meeting known to the public. In addition, they might hope that the strange conditions of the new society would attract attention and interest for those sectaries, and would inspire, on more than one authority, the ambition of belonging to them. We know, besides, that many persons have taken the title of Rose Croix without being Rose Croix, while many Rose Croix have dispensed with the use of the name.† In addition, it is clear that the Rose Croix had no hesitation to inscribe officially on their registers those personages who seemed to them worthy of that honour. Many philosophers or celebrated men found their names there without their knowledge; from which it resulted that whilst more than one illustrious "savant" lent to the fraternity the support of his name and his glory, that fraternity on the other hand suffered in public opinion from many unworthy persons with whom it had never fraternized. In true historic justice we must not judge it for its personality, but for its principles, which we are now about to make known to our readers.

The doctrine and the rule of conduct of the brethren of the Rose Croix are contained in the manifesto of which we have spoken, and in another little book, called "La Confession de Foi"—"The Confession of Faith"—which is annexed to the preceding work. Although it has never been possible to know exactly what was the grand secret of the Rose Croix kept hidden, it has been thought that it referred to these four points—the transmutation of metals, the art of prolonging life during many ages, the knowledge of that which passes in distant places, and the application of the "Cabala" and the science of numbers for the discovery of the most hidden things.

The number of the brethren of the Rose Croix was only four at the commencement of the fraternity, Rosenkreutz having only revealed his secret to three companions, or, according to others, to his three sons. Their number increased soon to eight. They were all celibates. These adept founders assembled in a chapel called that of the Holy Spirit, and it was there that they imparted instructions and information to the newly initiated. Once entered in the bosom of the fraternity, the brethren mutually vowed an inviolable fidelity, and engaged themselves by oath to keep their secret impenetrable for profanes.

* From Figuier's "L'Alchimie et les Alchimistes." † Semler.

They were distinguished one from the other only by the numbers of the order. Individually and collectively they were bound to be contented with taking the name of the fraternity after the example of their founder, who only was known by the title of Brother Illuminé of the Rose Croix. This method of self absorption in the person of their master proves sufficiently in what close union they intended to live with his spiritual teaching, and how resolved they were to follow faithfully the rule which he had traced out for them, of which the following are the principal articles :—

To practice medicine charitably and without having from any one any recompense :

To clothe themselves according to the usage of the country where they found themselves :

To go once a year to the place of the general assembly, or furnish in writing a legitimate excuse for their absence :

To choose each one, when he felt the necessity, that is to say, when he was about to die, a successor capable of taking his place and representing him :

To have the mark of the Rose Croix for a sign of recognition among them, and as a symbol of their association :

To take the necessary precaution that the place of their burial should be unknown when it should arrive to any one to die in a strange country :

To keep their society secret and hidden for one hundred and twenty years, and firmly to believe that if it happened to come to an end it could be resuscitated at the tomb and monument of their original founder.*

With a strict observance of these precepts, whose application, as we see, presents but few difficulties, the Rose Croix boasted of obtaining for themselves graces and honour such as God had never before communicated the like to any of His creatures. The Rose Croix affirm, for instance,—

That they are destined to accomplish the re-establishment of all things in a better state before the end of the world arrives :

That they possess, in a supreme degree, both piety and wisdom, and as regards all that can be desired of natural graces, they are peaceable possessors of them, and can dispense them as they think fit :

That in whatever place they find themselves they know better about the things which happen in the rest of the world than if they were there present :

That they are subject neither to hunger, nor thirst, nor old age, nor disease, nor to any inconvenience of nature :

That they know by revelation those who are worthy of being admitted in their society :

That they can at all times live as if they had existed from the beginning of the world, or if they were bound to live until the end of the ages :

That they have a book in which they can learn all in the other books composed or yet to be composed :

That they can force the spirits and the demons, even the most powerful, to place themselves at their service, and draw to them, by the virtue of their "chant," pearls and precious stones :

That God has covered them with a cloud to hide them from the view of their enemies, and that no one can see them, unless his eyes indeed are more piercing than those of an eagle :

That the first eight brethren of the Rose Croix had the gift of healing all maladies to such an extent that they were encumbered by the multitude of the afflicted who came to them, and that one of them, very learned in the Cabala, as his Book H. witnesses, had cured the Count of Norfolk of leprosy in England.

That they had found a new idiom to express the nature of all things :

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* G. Naudé : "Instructions à la France sur la verité de l'histoire des freres de la Rose Croix."

That they confess freely, and publish without fear of being arrested, that the Pope is Antichrist:

That they condemn the black heresies of the East and West, that is to say, both of Mahomet and the Pope, and only recognize two sacraments with the ceremonies of the early church received by their congregation:

That they recognize the fourth monarchy, and the Emperor of the Romans for their head and that of all christians:

That they will supply him with more gold than the King of Spain has extracted from the Indies, whether East or West, so much the more because their treasures are inexhaustible:

That their college, which they call the College of the Holy Spirit, could never suffer any attack, though seven hundred thousand persons have seen it and remarked it:

That they have in their libraries many mysterious books, of which one, that which is most useful to them after the Bible, is the same which the revered Father Illuminé Rose Croix held in his hand after his death:

Lastly, that they are certain and assured that the truth of their maxims will last until the last period of the world.*

These are graces and powers assuredly very miraculous. Unfortunately the facts of the case were far from answering to them. The subsequent history of the society of the Rose Croix makes it sufficiently appear that all the propositions which we have recently enumerated, constituted the programme of questions which the fraternity proposed to reserve, and not the catalogue of matter which was to be found in their own power. We have great difficulty, in truth, when we attempt to find out the wonders which the Rose Croix have realized. In medicine, the art which they were bound to practise wherever they were, according to the terms of the first commandment of their master, the list of their triumphs is soon exhausted. We have already seen that they boasted of having cured an English count of leprosy. They also pretended to have restored life to a king of Spain already dead for six hours. Besides the two cures, of which the second is doubtless a miracle, but which has this defect to have only themselves as witnesses and guarantees, all their medical history consists in vague allegation, and on some insignificant facts as that which Gabriel Naudé relates to us in these terms:—

"A certain pilgrim appeared like a flash of lightning, in 1615, in a German town, and assisted in the quality of a medical man, in prognosticating the death of a woman whom he had aided and succoured with some remedies. He wished to appear to have the knowledge of languages, and much curiosity touching the knowledge of 'scruples.' He gave some account of that which had passed in the town during his stay at that lodging. In short, except in the teaching, in which he greatly excelled, he was in all like to that wandering jew whom Cazet describes in his 'Histoire Septenaire,' sober, taciturn, badly clothed, not residing willingly for long in the same place, and much less desirous of being met and recognized, for such as he professed himself to be, that is to say, the third brother of the Rose Croix, as he declared to Dr. Molther, who, though he probably knew as much as he did, could not be so well persuaded to give faith to his narratives, though he has presented us with this history, and left our judgment free to discover if it was capable of establishing a proof of the existence of their consistory."†

This account appears to us more probable than that of a king of Spain raised from the dead.

According to their statutes the brethren of the Rose Croix could not be dispensed from exercising medicine if only to see sometimes the sick persons die in their hands, as thus it happens to ordinary medical men; only what is astonishing is, that there is any question of remedies. Although it is true their master Paracelsus is handed down to posterity as being the first person to practice nervic remedies unknown to the followers of Galen, he thought

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* Naudé: "Instruction à la France," etc. † Ibid.

well in his writings to repeat, with emphasis, that the true physician obtained all his science from God, and that he recommended, above all, in medicine the use of cabalistic means. The Rose Croix, who only developed the thaumaturgic portion of the system of Paracelsus, could not properly invoke for the sick any but religious or moral influences. They asserted, it is true, that they could cure all maladies by imagination and faith. A true Rose Croix had only to look at a sick person attacked by the most serious illness, and at the same moment he was cured.*

It appears to us, then, that the brother of the Rose Croix in the consultation in which he took part with Doctor Molther, contradicted the principles of his own order, and it is probably on that account that the woman in question died.

In the hermetic philosophy the history of the Rose Croix is even less rich in facts, if that be possible. It is then, above all, that the brotherhood appears to us to have worked by imagination, and in imagination. They boasted, nevertheless, of making at discretion silver and gold, and in Germany their success in this matter was not doubted. Unfortunately no witness comes forward to confirm these assertions, and the same absence of information is much to be regretted, both as to the place where their "projections" were carried out, as well as to their manner of procedure. Failing other proofs, the riches of the fraternity might have served as a presumption in favour of their hermetic capacity; but these riches are as invisible as their persons, and the Emperor of whom they speak seems never to have received from their hands those masses of gold and silver which they had promised to furnish to him. It might be objected, perhaps, that they might have preserved their goods to consecrate them to the service of the company, and with this lever to influence outside some important action. But we see nowhere any trace of such action. Lastly, if the Rose Croix had divided amongst themselves these treasures of hermetic origin, they would have lived in magnificence. On the contrary, in the isolated spots where we can trace their sojourn, they are found always poor and ill at ease. It is, then, altogether gratuitously that people have indulged in faith in the transmutatory science of the Rose Croix; all the proofs, all the monuments which attest to-day the skill in hermetic science, are reduced to some few papers or declarations of writers of whom the truth is suspected. Of this number was, for example, Michael Potier (Poterius), a man sufficiently vain to pretend to possess the most wonderful secrets of nature, and who complained of being obliged to hide himself to avoid the urgent appeals of princes, all desirous of attaching him to their court. He boasted of possessing the philosopher's stone, and offered, nevertheless, to communicate the "recipe" for a salary, a contradiction as astounding as common among the philosophic makers of gold. Therefore Michael Potier, by dedicating to the Rose Croix, with many praises of their science, his book on "Pure Philosophy," leads us to think, does it not? that he was only inspired in this act by the desire to make the public believe that he had obtained from this fraternity the secrets he wished to make gain of.

Michael Mayer equally celebrated the Rose Croix in his book entitled "Verum Inventum seu Munera Germaniæ ab ipsis primitiis reperta, et toto orbi communicata."† But in this work the author, limiting himself to repeat the words and the promises of those whom he extols, is but the simple echo of the manifesto and the confession of the fraternity.

To these two authorities we can, if we desire it, add a third of the same weight, that of Combach, a peripatetic philosopher, who, to make ridicule of

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* Sprengel: "Histoire de la Medicine;" tome iii.

† Curiously enough a copy of this now rare book was recently for sale by Mr. Wilson, King William Street, whose catalogue of hermetic works was very remarkable.

the vogue which the Rose Croix then enjoyed, addressed to them a preface at the head of his "Metaphysique." Thus as to the proofs of the fact serious evidence is completely wanting to demonstrate that the Rose Croix gave themselves up with success to the work of transmutation of metals. To believe that they made gold has no other reason for it than the logical argument which is nothing, after all, but a "petitio principie," namely, that possessing according to their profession of faith all the faculties which God grants to men, and even some beyond, they ought necessarily to possess the power of acting triumphantly on metals.

Let us cast a look on the progress of the society of the Rose Croix in some other parts of Europe.

It was in Germany that it found the greatest number of its adepts, and the public most credulous of its promises. It made in England but one conquest, but that conquest was of the highest importance. Robert Fludd, a medical man at London, a very learned man, and, above all, a great writer, embraced with candour the theology of this sect. Extending its principles much further than had been done up to that time, he applied them to all the branches of human science. The English theosoph remained nevertheless faithful to the principles of christianity, for he assured his hearers that the Rose Croix derived their name from the mystical cross of our Saviour, which was stained with his rosy blood, and with which we could ultimately possess all imaginable arts and infinite wisdom.

The system of the Rose Croix penetrated into Italy, but found there few acolytes, although it presented itself wanting in part the mystic aberrations with which the German mind had embarrassed it. A regards Spain, it had to do with a sect of indiginous illuminés,* the "Alombrados," who had arisen almost at the same time with the Rose Croix. For some time these two bodies were confounded, who nevertheless, as was infrequently recognized, differed in themselves, both as to their origin and their end. In France the Rose Croix appeared a little later, but disappeared after a short mystification of which they were more the victims than the public.

For more than ten years the fraternity had astonished Germany, when, in 1622, the following "affiche" was read on the walls of Paris:—

"We, the deputies of the principal college of the brethren of the Rose Croix, have our residence, visible and invisible, in this town, by the grace of the Most High, to whom all the hearts of the just are turned. We shew and teach without books or marks to speak all sorts of languages of the countries where we wish to be, to draw men, our equals, from error and from death."

This "affiche" excited a certain curiosity. This was, nevertheless, very clear, that the public gave no faith to the promises of this singular announcement. This check in public opinion felt by the Rose Croix, this "fiasco," as is said to-day, was worth to the Parisians a second "affiche" published in the same year, thus expressed:—

"If any one is desirous of seeing us only by curiosity, he will never communicate with us. But if the will really leads him actually to inscribe his name on the register of our fraternity, we, who judge the thoughts, will make him see the truth of our promises, so much so that we do not give the place of our abode, because the thoughts touched to the real will of the reader, are capable of making us known to him and him to us."

The public manifested this time the same incredulity, with a much less dose of curiosity. People dispensed with undertaking researches which

* It is very doubtful whether Figuier has any right to use the word "Illuminé" in this sense. Illuminé seems only to date from Weishaupt and 1780. People showed themselves slightly desirous of knowing these invisible beings, concerning whom they so warmly discussed on the right bank of the Rhine, and who were celebrated in thousands of pamphlets brought back from the Frankfort Fair.

would have given too much pleasure to those so desirous of remaining unfindable. We may say that in the eyes of many persons the two placards appeared rather to be the work of some wag, who had wished to excite the idle and the gossips, than the prosperities of a real deputation of the Rose Croix. Naturally positive and inclined to criticism, the French mind does not allow itself to be tempted by the bait of a mystery, like the good souls of the country on the other side of the Rhine. We must add besides that everywhere, and even in Germany, the Rose Croix at this period had begun to lose their prestige. In Germany many had been condemned to the gallows; some of them had even been hung for misdeeds which the writers do not specify, but which consisted doubtless in an indiscreet exercise of the faculty of attracting to themselves pearls and precious stones. In short, all the honour which the fraternity could obtain in France was to be represented the following year in the theatre of the "Hotel de Bourgogne," in a piece which had not talent enough to be applauded. It would be impossible to fall more completely in any respect. So maltreated by public indifference, the Rose Croix nevertheless found a compensation in France not to be despised. There Jesuits wrote concerning them or against them—Father Walter, Father Robert, and Father Garasse. The two first suspected that it was rather a crowd of anabaptists than a troup of magicians. Garasse, zealous theologian, discovered that he was bound to place the Rose Croix in the band of libertines, a word which, in his language and that of the epoch, means atheist or thereabouts. Whatever the opinions of these fathers might be, it was really religious and moral doctrines which were particularly to characterize the Rose Croix; all the rest of their programme, without exception, even the transmutation of metals, was very secondary. Their ideas, in a religious and moral aspect, may be summed up in a few words.

The Rose Croix announced in their confession of faith that the end of the world approached, and that soon the universe would undergo a general reformation, of which they considered themselves the predestined agents. But, as a prelude to this grand restoration, they had to begin by effecting one of the same kind in religion and morality without pre-occupying themselves, notwithstanding their title with the Cross of Christ or with the Bible, from which, nevertheless, they discovered all the sciences, an oratorical precaution good to take at that time, out of the countries of the inquisition. The truth is, that in religion the Rose Croix were free thinkers, who believed themselves superior to all revelation, since they pretended to communicate with God, whether directly or indirectly, by the medium of nature. That which stopped, and which would naturally stop, the progress of this theosophic sect, was the religious reformation which was already accomplished at the beginning of the seventeenth century. The institution of Protestantism having appeared to be sufficient for the state of men's minds, the Rose Croix were compelled to renounce or to put on one side the reforms which they had meditated, that universal medicine which was to heal and console the world. There the subject matter was wanting in the work of the society, and there is, we believe, the reason which explains its sudden disappearance. After this epoch there remained, as there will be in all time, minds given up individually to theosophic speculations, but from this date there was no longer, to speak correctly, the sect or fraternity of the Rose Croix. Fifteen years after the publication of their manifesto, they were no longer talked about, and people were even ashamed of having believed in their existence. When, in 1670, Peter Mormius tried to reintroduce them on the scenes, the States General of Holland, to whom he addressed himself, would not even deign to listen to him. It was found that Europe was disembarassed from the Rose Croix, and without any other persecution not ridicule: On the other hand, at the same time the Alombrados were in all the "eclât" of their existence in Spain, though the inquisitors did not cease to track them out and burn them in honour of

the faith. Such an accommodation ought to have made all think from that epoch, that in such a matter there is nothing more nice, more humane, or more rapid in action than toleration.

We give this most interesting chapter for the information of our brother students, and whether they agree or not with all the conclusions of Mr. Figuier, they will admire, as we do, the lucidity of his statements, and the eloquence of his words.

WHAT MORE CAN I SAY?*

BY NEMO.

WHY ask for the idle jest to-day?
Why seek the pleasant words
When sympathies have passed away,
Which could wake the living chords?
Ended is each ancient feeling
Of tenderness all so true,
Since memory is revealing
But a far off glimpse of you.

For time which severs many hearts,
Has sundered you and me,
We each must play our different parts
In our onward destiny:
And you and I again together
Perhaps no more may be,
As e'en through fair or cloudy weather,
We float along life's sea.

After those long and severed years,
Such fancies cease to bless,
Amid our joys, amid our fears,
They seek not our loneliness.
No, distance has covered with a cloak
Of dimness each gay scene,
We may not speak as we have spoke,
Nor be as we have been.

Farewell—if others seek to-day
To say what once I said;
If memories will no longer stay,
If the old heart be dead,
What can'st thou want again with me?
What can I say once more?
The past, the past has ceased to be,
The pleasant dream is o'er.

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* The idea of these lines is taken from a poem of the Russian "Pouschkin," entietld 'What hast thou to do with my poor name?"

THE TREVOR FAMILY;*

OR, HOW MRS. TREVOR SAW FREEMASONRY IN A NEW LIGHT.

BY A MASTER MASON.

A WESTERN village of one thousand inhabitants, with the usual quota of stores and shops, its two churches, one public house and graded school, does not require elaborate description. But even within such narrow limits may at times be found material for tragedy and comedy, for life pictures that may be made to edify and instruct the watchful observer.

Such a village was Stanhope. It had sprung into existence some twelve years prior to the period of which we are writing, as the result of the building of a new railroad, and had taken its name from the farmer who had owned the original plat, and whose boast it was that he had sown wheat where now stood the village schoolhouse. It had been the centre of a thriving trade before the panic came to depress business there, as elsewhere.

Even such villages as Stanhope have their ruling spirits in business and politics—men who make the unwritten laws of the community, and who crystallise and shape public opinion. Among the most active and influential of this class had been Harmon Trevor, Esq. Had been, we repeat, for on the day we introduce the village to the reader the remains of that justly honoured citizen had been followed to their last resting-place by almost the entire population of the village and a large number of the best people from the surrounding country.

Harmon Trevor had been among the first to predict a thriving village at that point, and, to make his prophecy good, he had erected a flouring and saw-mill, kept a general store, bought grain, dealt in cattle, and speculated in village lots. With so many irons in the fire, it required skill and sound judgment to keep them all at the proper temperature. And as long as times were prosperous and trade active, Harmon Trevor succeeded in business, and was on the high road to wealth, or what would have been called wealth by that people. But the panic came, and came without warning, as night comes in certain tropical lands, with no intervening twilight. And then began a struggle against adverse circumstances, and it was bravely met. He loved his family, and Harmon Trevor fought desperately against impending calamity. He had heretofore allowed himself needed rest; but now, from early morn until late at night, he bent all his energies to concentrating his business, and adapting it to his rapidly decreasing trade. If his wife quietly remonstrated with him for his late hours and almost incessant toil, he would reply that he must provide for his loved ones, and with an affectionate kiss and a pleasant word, he again went forth to his toil and care. But the time came when the unstrung nerves would no longer obey the set purpose of an iron will. The overtaxed brain refused to honour any further drafts upon it, and Harmon Trevor was stricken down with the quick delirium of brain fever, and without a single rational word, without a single intimation of business, he lay upon his bed, and went no more out until he was borne to his grave by his mourning family and sympathising neighbours.

* We take this excellent story from our always agreeable contemporary, the *Masonic Advocate*.

Chapter II.

We turn from the dead to the living. Mrs. Trevor had been an affectionate wife and fond mother. At her husband's death she found herself at the head of a family, consisting of her eldest son, Robert, who had been favoured with a liberal education, and had recently assisted his father in business; Rose, a daughter of eighteen years; Ella, of twelve; and Ralph, now in his fourteenth year. Robert Trevor was handsome in appearance, manly in deportment, but lacked that experience necessary to control and direct a complicated business. Rose Trevor was the undisputed belle of the village, and probably knew it, but never seemed conscious of the fact. Sweet as the flower whose name she bore, she had that beautiful blending of modesty with presence of mind that made her a general favourite in society, where she shone a bright luminary, but in a way not to create jealousy. Ella, the younger sister, was her especial care, and was a child of bright promise. With such congenial elements it is not difficult to imagine a harmonious household. There was, however, one disturbing cause. Ralph Trevor, now in his fourteenth year, as we have said, gave indications of mechanical genius of a very high order, but was as erratic as a comet. His father had controlled him, to some extent, by stern command, but he was deaf to all entreaty on the part of his mother or older brother to attend to his studies. He was not vicious nor mean, but he had garret and cellar, barn and woodshed littered with evidences of his handicraft, and, boy as he was, indulged dreams of a grand mechanical triumph that should bring fortune and fame to himself, and revolutionise the field of labour. And then, he assured her, his mother should live in a palace, and servants should run to do her beck and bidding. Full of such generous impulses, he despised books, idolised tools; loathed the school, but adored the workshop. He was now left with no one who could direct and control his misguided energies.

Mrs. Felicia Trevor was not born to command. She enjoyed and deserved the love of her children, and, with the exception of Ralph, she could have desired no change in her family relations. Her home was the handsomest in the village, elegantly adorned within and without, and her neighbours were kind and genial. For a time grief overcame all thought of business, but its demands are inexorable. Hermon Trevor was scarcely laid away in his grave before bills began to come in, people were suddenly anxious for a settlement, the miller wished to know if more wheat was to be bought, and Robert Trevor found himself harassed by cares to which he was all unused. And now Rose began to evince unexpected force of character. She advised her brother and mother to take steps to secure administrative control of the estate. As for herself, she should go into the store and assist in the business there.

Some five days after the funeral, while these matters were being discussed, Mrs. Trevor received a call from Esquire Faxon, justice of the peace and ex-state senator, and Mr. Thornburg, proprietor of the Eagle Machine Works, at the county seat. Mr. Thornburg represented that he had asked Esquire Faxon to do him the honor of introducing him to Mrs. Trevor. He had had the pleasure of the friendship of her late husband. She had a son who, he understood, had displayed a strong mechanical bias—in fact, his inclination in that direction amounted to a passion. If properly directed and kept in legitimate channels, accompanied with the knowledge to be derived from books, this mechanical bias might prove a life-long blessing, and pave the way to distinction, and even wealth.

"But he will not read books except such as relate to inventors and their inventions," said his mother, despondently.

"Not unless he is given to understand that his chances of indulging his mechanical tastes depend on his pursuit of his other studies as well," answered Mr. Thornburg.

Without entering into details, suffice it to state that Ralph was called in, and when he learned that, upon certain prescribed conditions, he would be allowed to devote one-half his time to studying mechanism, he could hardly restrain himself, while his little trunk was being packed for the journey. The visitors departed with Ralph, and did not even intrude their condolence on the widow in her affliction. Their kind feelings had assumed a practical shape. They had lifted a heavy burden from the widowed heart.

Chapter III.

Esquire Faxon was a practical man, a safe adviser, and seemed satisfied with his commission as Justice of the Peace. He was equally contented to act as umpire, and often settled difficulties between neighbours that might otherwise have resulted in expensive and quarrelsome litigation. He had married well, made some money himself, and inherited more from his father's estate, and was counted one of the solid men of Stanhope. And it was wonderful how much he knew about other people's business. He was not meddlesome, or a tattler, but his memory was retentive, and his mind a storehouse of neighbourhood history. To him Robert Trevor applied for assistance in bringing harmony out of the chaos of his father's outdoor business.

The Esquire readily consented to do all in his power, and thenceforth his counsel and advice were of practical value. Only Rose Trevor noticed that Joel Crawley, book-keeper and confidential agent of her father for years, regarded the Esquire's presence as an intrusion. And the knowledge of this pained her.

Joel Crawley was an unsolved mystery to nearly the entire mass of villagers. He made no friends, and sought no one's confidence. He certainly had some regard for public opinion, for his dress was ever of the best and finest, and always up to the fashion. His hair was black and glossy as the raven's wing, his eyes of a deep hazel, and he was strikingly handsome in form and feature; and yet he did not attract or win one to him. He could converse intelligently and agreeably, but he never wasted his powers outside of the Trevor family and their immediate visitors. Here he was a frequent caller.

With the exception of an occasional visit to the county seat, Rose was confined to the village and vicinity for means of social enjoyment, and it is not strange that she had allowed her young fancy to indulge in dreams of a handsome lover like Crawley. He had, indeed, taught her, without seeming to, to regard him as her suitor, and to her and the family he was always the polite and affable gentleman, and his influence over the imagination of Rose, Crawley mistook for sway over heart. But one person in Stanhope ventured to enter the lists against him.

Frank Glyndon was a young lawyer, and shared Esquire Faxon's office. But little was known of him, but that little was altogether in his favour. He was the son of wealthy parents, who resided in a neighbouring state. Why he had selected Stanhope as his home and place of business no one seemed to know. But he it was who, at a party or picnic, selected Miss Rose as the object of special attention. Without being as handsome as Crawley, he had a frank, open countenance, a clear blue eye, a manly, generous spirit, a lofty scorn of whatever was base and mean, and was a general favourite in Stanhope society. He did not seem to notice or care for his rival, who, in turn, was either too proud or too indifferent to interfere with the attentions of others. Mrs. Trevor saw in Joel Crawley only the affable gentleman and attentive man of business, and regarded his attentions with favour.

Chapter IV.

There had been so many verbal contracts that had never been made the subject of book entry, so much of buying and selling without exchange of receipts and accounts, that the settlement of Hermon Trevor's estate progressed slowly at first, but with the sterling common sense and practical knowledge of Esquire Faxon it soon became apparent that the home and store and some village lots could be saved, but that the mill property would be absorbed by the indebtedness. In truth, at the end of a year the widow found that she must dismiss Crawley, and rely on Robert and Rose, who, with the help of a single subordinate, must manage the store and keep the books. A brief note to the clerk brought him to the cottage. Mrs. Trevor met him in the parlour.

"I have sent for you, Mr. Crawley," said she, "to say that the business will not justify me in retaining you longer, and I shall be compelled, however reluctantly, to ask you to find a situation elsewhere. I need not add that you can have my unqualified endorsement as a gentleman and man of business if it will be of service."

Joel Crawley hesitated a moment, and then answered:

"I see, as you do, my dear madam, the necessity of strict economy in your business, and Miss Rose has now become so well acquainted with the books that she can manage them satisfactorily. But, madam, I had dared to hope that you would, at no distant time, give me the right to take a direct personal interest in your business, an interest based on my love for Rose."

"And have you spoken to Rose of this?" asked Mrs. Trevor.

"No, madam," answered Crawley, with a bow that would have done honour to a Chesterfield. And then he added, with a difference in his tone that would have been flattery to a stronger-minded woman than Mrs. Trevor:

"I could not, my dear madam, take the advantage of being in your service to plead my cause with your daughter without your full consent. Loving her ardently, as I do, such is my regard for your feelings that, if my suit is not agreeable to you, I will go my way, and silently submit. Mrs. Trevor, my fate is in your hands!"

Ten minutes after Joel Crawley left the cottage, fully empowered to lay siege to the hand and heart of Rose Trevor. With this fact Rose was made acquainted when she returned home to tea.

On the same evening, after the lamps were lighted, there was a rap at the door, and a gentleman was ushered into the parlour, and wished "to see Miss Rose."

"Mr. Crawley has come for his answer," said Rose to herself, and for the first time the young girl shrunk from meeting her admirer, She could not account for nor analyse her feelings, but she seemed impressed with the idea that she was approaching a crisis in her life, and one that she unaccountably dreaded to meet. She would have put off the interview, but she had no excuse for so doing, and her hand trembled as she opened the door, only to meet the manly form and hear the cheerful voice of Frank Glyndon!

Chapter V.

The glad surprise brought a warm glow to her brow and cheek, enhancing her beauty. She liked Glyndon, and did not hesitate to show it in her manner. But she knew that, under existing circumstances, there could be nothing but friendship between them. She was, therefore, exceedingly pained when, after a few minutes conversation on commonplaces, Frank drew his chair near to hers, and began breathing of love in her ear. And this he did

in such an honest, manly way—his every word and his whole manner showing her how deeply this love had taken hold on his heart—that Rose found herself wishing that *her* lover would plead thus, and that he were more like the man whom she now was compelled to refuse.

Rose was too embarrassed to attempt to check the tide of speech, and it was not until he had ceased that she answered:

"Mr. Glyndon, you have pleaded your love for me in an honest, manly way that wins my highest esteem. But, aside from any feeling on my part, there is an insuperable barrier to my receiving your love. My mother, whether justly or not, is so much prejudiced against secret organisations that, as early as three years since, she exacted a promise from me never to marry a member of any of the orders, and you, I believe, are one."

"Yes," responded Glyndon, "and, Miss Rose, if that prejudice on your mother's part cannot be overcome—for I love you too well to ask you to violate your promise—you and I could never wed. You would despise me if I were to give up my connection with the Order, even for your love, when I tell you briefly why I honour it as I do. Three years ago, at the age of twenty-one, I found myself, the only son of wealthy parents, surrounded by and intimate with the fast young men of my native town. My supply of pocket money was practically unlimited, for my father, absorbed in business, kept but little account of my expenditures, and my mother, who has a fortune in her own right, indulged my every wish. Utterly unrestrained, I was fast becoming dissipated, drank deeply at times, even gambled in a fashionable way, and my whole life was a round of gilded follies. The change, however, was more below the surface than above, and did not attract my parents' attention. But my mind was becoming dimmed and my heart callous, and I found myself among my dissolute companions listening to vulgar jest and song, from which, in a healthier mental condition, I should have shrunk with loathing. Among the men whom I most admired in our town was Dr. Robbins, our family physician. Passing by his office one day, I stepped idly in, and seeing a new and beautiful Masonic chart on the wall, I remarked to him:

"'Doctor, I should like to be a Mason, now that I am of the proper age.'

"'And of proper habits, Frank?' asked the doctor, with a meaning smile.

"I had not become insensible to shame, and the hot blushes came to my cheek; but the doctor added, kindly:

"'Come into the back office, Frank. I have long been wanting to have a friendly chat with you. Speaking of Masonry, your grandfather was a high officer in the Order. Your father is a member. If the son desires to be, he must prepare himself for it.'"

"Miss Rose, I remained an hour in the office of that good, fatherly physician, and came forth a changed man. A long and friendly interview with my father followed. The easiest way to rid myself of my dissipated companions was to travel. I was away from home a year. When I returned I made application, was received, and, in due time, became a member of the Order. But it was on my route home that I saw you on the cars, returning from a visit at the county seat. I said in my heart, there is a girl worth the winning, and I came here to win you. I do not despair of doing so."

"Mr. Glyndon," said Rose, deeply affected, "I owe it to you to speak plainly. A gentleman whose attentions I have been receiving for two years past asked but to-day my mother's permission to seek my hand, and has her sanction. Although not engaged to him, I know such a union would please my mother, and I—"

Rose hesitated, and Frank Glyndon spoke:

"You refer to Mr. Crawley. I trust I am too honourable, Miss Rose, to say one word against a rival. Mr. Crawley makes no friends, repels all approaches, and yet I can see how and why he should win your mother's favour. But, Miss Rose, by the love I bear you, as I would not have you wed

me without your heart approves your choice, so I abjure you to look well into that heart before you accept Joel Crawley, or any other, and learn whether there is in that heart such a love as your pure, womanly nature should bring to the man you honour with your hand. Without such love, marriage is a sacrilege and a mockery. And now promise me that you will give no one your acceptance for one year to come. Remember, I ask it, and ask because I love!"

Why was it that Rose could not refuse this strange request? She felt in her heart that she did not love Joel Crawley as she should love the husband of her choice; but, what was far more important, she felt that Frank Glyndon held a place there that she had never realised until now, and she could not help but feel, also, that if Frank had been her mother's afternoon visitor, this call would not have sent the chill to her heart that it did when she supposed Joel Crawley awaited her in the parlour.

Rose had but just time to reply, "I promise you that much, Mr. Glyndon," and would have added more, but at that moment the front door-bell rang, and Mr. Joel Crawley was shown in. Rose and Frank's chairs had suddenly separated by the full width of the room, as if their polished legs had been endowed with vitality.

(To be continued.)

HONEST WEALTH.

THERE'S much in gaining honest wealth,
If of yourself you gain it;
And he who toils for it himself
May honestly retain it.
But he who gains by darksome ways
The wealth which is another's,
Shall live to rue it all his days,
Nor shall enjoy his brother's.

For profit by another's toil
Will curse the soul which gains it,
Though by a constant strife and broil
The guilty one retains it.
Seek not for that ill-gotten wealth
Gained by your fraud from others,
For God will surely curse the pelf
You swindle from your brothers.

Give to each man his labour's fruit,
Nor seek to rob him of it;
For selfishness is at the root,
And it is sin to covet,
God hates the meanly thinking knave,
Who by the work of others
The wealth which is not his would save,
And gain what is his brother's.

God loves the man who nobly toils
For all that he is needing;
He hates the man who robs and spoils
Nor heeds the orphan's pleading.
Gain all you may by honest thrift,
So it is not your brother's;
But God shall cut that soul adrift
That coveteth another's.

FRENCH MASONRY.—THE SANCTUARY OF MEMPHIS.

A VOICE FROM OUR NEIGHBOURS.

Discourse of the Orator of the "Sanctuary of Memphis" to the newly-initiated Mason of that Order.

TRANSLATED BY N. E. KENNY.

(*Concluded from page* 433.)

EVERY man owes himself to the brotherhood of man—to society. Set thyself to conceive a noble and a grand idea, and consecrate thy life to its realisation. Thus thy passage upon this earth shall not have been barren; thus shalt thou have accomplished a God-sent mission—a trust given by Providence and faithfully fulfilled; but, at the same time, the duties are concurrent—never forget that you must likewise propose to thyself and set down a purpose useful to humanity in general.

Never allow thy mouth to alter the secret thoughts and convictions of thy heart. Let that heart be always a true and faithful organ; but know how to guard a prudent silence, which permits not even a suspicion of the secret confided to thy trust and fidelity. Thus shalt thou avoid every importunity, and a falsehood shall never contaminate thy lips. Divulge not, without pressing necessity, and, to prevent injustice or wrong, any secret entrusted to you. And this is the inculcation likewise of one who speaks to you over the ruins of the palaces of Imperial Rome.* By what right wouldst thou exact from another more faithfulness to preserve thy secret than that which thou thyself had manifested? In fine, let chaste and rigid morals be thy inseparable companions. Keep thy soul pure, thy mind straight, correct, frank, and true.

Let modesty and moderation be thy guiding law. Never consider the bound which thou mayest have reached—for thy race may be slackened—but that goal at which it is thy duty to arrive, and which the brief duration of thy existence hardly leaves thee the hope to attain.

This exposition of thy duties should not scare thee. The way of virtue is as facile as that of vice. It is sufficient to enter upon it and to proceed. This course shall be easy if betimes thou submit to the restraint of that other virtue which they designate temperance, without which there is no wisdom—no self-command. Temperance is the universal pervading medicant for the moral as well as physical well-being. Be sober, then, frugal, and moderate, and thou shalt prevent as well the ailments of the body as the indisposition of the mind.

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*The orator here doubtlessly refers to the celebrated monition of Horace—

"Arcanum neque tu scrutaberis illius unquam
Commissumque teges et vino tortus et irâ,"

An admirable advice, which the invincible expressiveness of the English tongue and of modern language generally compels to a periphrasis like the following, which, at least, elicits the moral and meaning of the saying of that rare old Roman gentleman, the poet Horace:—

"Ne'er seek another's secret to disclose,
But, if confided, from both friends and foes,
The secret guard well in that breast of thine,
Enraged by anger, or inflamed with wine."

If my memory do not deceive me, there is a character in a play of Euripides, on a cognate subject of broken trust, where the augur listens to the man deploring his offence, kindly raises him up and encourages him with two suggestive words—*Pathémata mathémata* (sufferings are teachings).

Youthful initiate, listen still, and lend me thy attention.

Avoid having to feel, like so many others, that experience has been to thee but as the stern light of a vessel traversing the ocean, merely illuminating the wake which it hath left behind.

Allegory is the voice of wisdom. Study the meaning of the hieroglyphs and the emblems which the Order shall present to thee in each degree.

Secluded in some sombre and silent place, given over to profound meditation, in presence of lugubrious objects, thou oughtest to reflect upon the vanities of the things of this perishable world. Thou hast doubtless sufficiently comprehended that, by this allegory, the Masonic Order hath taught thee that, in order to enter within its bosom, it was necessary, casting off the Old Man, to die to vice in order to be reborn to virtue.

The bandage which covered thine eyes is the emblem of the darkness in which the profane are plunged.

The Sun illuminates the universe. It is for thee to imitate this beneficent luminary.

The Moon softens the mournful gloom which the shades of night cast upon the earth; it guides our uncertain steps in the midst of obscurity. By its presence it proclaims that there is no darkness thick enough to veil crime from the eye of Jehovah.

Thus it is with all our emblems.

The Compass indicates the correctness and rectitude of our behaviour.

The Square serves to measure the justness of our actions.

The Level shows that all men are equal. Respect in civil society the distances and distinctions established or tolerated by the law. Often an inane variety has imagined them. It might be meet and fitting to despise and ignore them; but beware of introducing them amongst us. In the Temple of Wisdom we revere solely Masonic dignities. Leave thy outside and secular distinctions at the portal. Enter only with the escort of thy worthiness and thy virtues. Never be ashamed of an undistinguished man, so that he be honest and good, whom in our fraternal lodges thou hast encountered and regarded as a brother but a few moments before. In its turn the Order would blush for thee.

The Plummet demonstrates the stability of the Order, built upon all the virtues.

Make use of the Trowel to hide the faults of thy brothers, and, according to the counsel of the wise Pythagoras, "Sow the mallow, but do not eat it." Another sage has said: "Do not weigh thy like (brother men) in a single scale, and if that which is evil should overweigh, take away the surcharge which human weakness has imposed, and let Charity adjust the equitable balance. Thus shalt thou please the Author of all Good."

Learn likewise that the Unwrought Stone is the emblem of thy soul—susceptible of good or bad impressions.

Lastly, the Scalloped Tuft, which so intertwines, indicates the union of all the brothers, and the secresy which should surround our mysterious ceremonies.

Many other emblems shall be developed to thee; the time, however, has not yet come. Meditate upon those which it has been given thee to know at present. My brother, all those duties which have been so hastily sketched for thee thou shouldst fulfil to all men. They are still more sacred as regards thy brethren; for, amidst the immense mass of beings with whom this world is peopled, thou hast chosen, by a voluntary and spontaneous vow, Masons for thy brothers. Every Mason, of whatever religion, country, or condition he may be, on presenting his right hand—symbol of freedom and equality—has sacred claims upon thy friendship and assistance. If he be in danger, fly to his aid, and fear not even to expose for him thy life. A sacred sign, which shall be revealed to thee, if thou provest worthy of it, shall show to

thee a brother imploring thy help. If he be in want, pour open to him thy resources, and rejoice that in such an emergency thou art able to do so. Thou hast sworn to exercise benevolence and goodwill to mankind in general. Thou owest this feeling preferably to thy suffering brother Mason. If he be in affliction, console him by all the means which the ingenuous spirit of humanity shall suggest to thee. If he have acted wrongly, far from abandoning or speaking evil of him, approach him with the intelligent light of sympathy, of reason, and persuasion. If he be the target of the shafts of calumny, fear not to avow thyself his friend. Be his defender in public, and thou shalt perhaps restore to him the good opinion which had been temporarily estranged and swayed by prejudice. It is good, it is holy, to recall to virtue the man who has made a false step, to raise up him who has fallen; but it is almost God-like to be the protector of unacknowledged innocence. If thy heart, ulcerated by true or imaginary wrongs, should nourish hatred against one of thy brethren, instantly dispel that dismal cloud; and if thy own sense be not virile enough, call upon an arbiter—demand his fraternal mediation, but never pass the threshold of the Temple before having cast behind thee every feeling of hatred and revenge. In vain wouldst thou invoke the name of the Eternal that He should inhabit a temple which was not purified by virtue and sanctified by concord and brotherly love. Again, I would inculcate—encourage the wavering, fortify the feeble, strengthen the weak; elicit the virtues of thy brother, so that they may fructify, concurrently with thine own, in the ripening sunlight of benificence, and proceed with increasing benefits to Humanity, so that, after this brief existence will have passed away, thou shalt, with all thy divinely-inspired attributes, at length emerge into the effulgence of that Eternal Day which knows not night nor morrow *(qui ne connait ni nuit ni demain)*.

In return for the admission into the Masonic Order thou hast divested thyself of a portion of thy natural liberty. Comply rigidly with the new obligations which are now imposed upon thee. General ordinances and statutes govern this ancient and venerated Order; certain rules regulate this lodge. Conform to all respectively. Thou wouldst be a bad brother if thou should misconceive or ignore the subordination requisite in every society, and ours should be compelled to exclude thee from its bosom.

There is, above all, a law whose scrupulous observance thou hast promised in the presence of God; and that is to guard the most rigorous secrecy as to our rites, our ceremonies, our signs, and the form and formulæ of our association. A wholly free agent, in pronouncing the solemn oath upon the faith of which we have admitted thee, thou canst now not violate it: the Eternal, whom thou hast invoked as witness, hath ratified it. Fear the penalties attached to perjury. Thou shalt never escape from the inflictions of thy conscience, and thou wouldst lose the esteem and confidence of a numerous and potent institution, which, in rejecting and casting thee out, would denounce thee as devoid of faith and of honour.

If these lessons be engraved on thy soul—on a spirit at once docile and open to the impressions of virtue—if the salutary maxims which shall mark the footprint, so to say, of each step which thou shalt take in the Masonic career become thy own principles and the invariable rule of thy actions—oh! brother, what shall be our rejoicing! Thou shalt accomplish thy sublime destiny; thou shalt find again and recover that divine resemblance which was the portion of primitive man in that state of innocence which the poets have celebrated under the name of the Golden Age, and the reintegration of which constitutes the main object of the Masonic initiation: thou shalt become a cherished creation of Heaven. Its faithful benedictions shall cling to thee, and, meriting the glorious title of sage, always free and happy, thou shalt walk this earth on a level with kings—their equal as well as the benefactor of men, and a model for thy brethren.

LIFE OF THE PRINCE CONSORT.

MR. Theodore Martin has given us the concluding volume (the fifth) of this most interesting life and it is, we think, almost impossible to read it without emotion; for not only have the inner life, and thoughts, and strivings, and trials of a great and a good man opened out skilfully and carefully before us (a fact always beneficial to us all alike), but we have also the premature close of a noble career in the mysterious counsels of the Most High, with much good left unfinished, with all of sorrow for surviving friends at uncompleted aims and righteous ends most touchingly described in simple yet graphic words.

It is very often affecting to us all in private life, in humbler spheres and secluded lots, where no worldly greatness or glory has entered to dazzle or defame, to realize rightly the unexpected summons or the early death. We all of us mourn more or less, even though we are old and wayworn now, soft voices hushed too soon, sweet faces veiled from our longing gaze, great promise, clinging tenderness, goodly trust, excelling talents, all passed away in all the fresh, pure glow of early youth. And if such be the case with us in our humble life to-day, what must be the reality in itself in respect to the late Prince Consort, whose life was so valuable, not only to his loving family and adopted country, but to the world, to the very happiness and progress of humanity. All we can safely say to-day, as often here below with submissive minds, if with tearful eyes, is, that God's ways are not as man's ways, nor His providences like human fatalities, and that in this as in all matters of His great moral government of the world, if what we see we know not now, we shall know one day hereafter. All is mystery, and darkness, and confusion here; but it shall not be always so, in the "Land of the Leal" all will be light, and knowledge, and peace.

This volume deals with the stirring times between the beginning of 1860 and the end of 1861, for with the Prince Consort's death, December 14th, 1861, the curtain falls. These were eventful years for England, for Europe, and the world, and it is not too much to say that in those great emergencies and grave difficulties, through the chicaneries of statesmanship and the tumults of the hour, amid the seductions of courts, and the turbulence of revolution, one clear mind and elevated will seems ever to have taken a right view of things, persons, and events, and to have left his mark of acumen, judgment, patriotism, high honour, and noble unselfishness on all he planned and purposed, all he said, wrote, and performed.

We confess we rise from the perusal of the affecting pages with even a deeper sense of the intense chivalry and greatness of the Prince Consort, and of his irreparable loss to all he loved the most and best, to England, to society, and to the world, though high as our opinion of his merits had formerly been, than we had ever mastered or attained unto. Indeed, one of the many merits of Mr. Martin's faithful and honest pages lies in this, that he allows the Prince's character to develope itself, that he does not even alloy admitted excellencies with overstrained eulogium or "comparisons overmuch," that he does not seek to "gild refined gold," or "paint the lily," or "add fresh perfume to the violet," but that he offers us facts, salient, solemn, clear, and convincing, and so succeeds as well no doubt in the aim and object of the book, in stilling cynic criticism, in silencing callous calumny. We wish that all others whose names are recorded in these effective pages, which will long be read, especially if published some day for the student in a cheaper form, could come out of the "ordeal of battle" as pure and unsullied as does the late Prince Albert.

We rise from the perusal of remarkable revelations with a less pleasant conception of many a great actor in these troubled waters. The "coup d'œil," morally and politically as between man and man, is neither pleasant to the imagination or welcome to ponder over. How Praed's merry lines come back to us with great force to-day, and which we venture to adapt "pro hâc vice."—

> "Many we read of who, years ago,
> Were as white and fair as the new fallen snow;
> But here they are, and lo, they are black
> As the plumage on the raven's back.
> And many whom we measured then,
> And thought them most enormous men,
> But here they are, and its pretty well known
> How very little they all have grown."

And so we put the book down to-day with mingled feelings of sorrow and admiration, to mourn over a great light in these dark days so prematurely quenched, in admiration of that "good fight of truth" which, in simple hearted loyalty and unfaltering nobility, the lamented Prince Consort fought out "Deo adjuvante" to the last. We might, indeed, go through numerous instances of the high service Prince Albert rendered to Queen and country in his wise counsel and his thoughtful plans; but we confine ourselves to this, the fact, as so clearly set forth as it were a last sad offering of departing goodness and truth, and foreseeing intelligence, when he suggested those alterations which rendered the great American difficulty of possible and facile solution. We refer our readers to the book itself. One remark we feel bound, however, to make. It is indeed pleasant to note how the excellent and remarkable character of Baron Stockmar, once the object of so much childish misrepresentation, comes out truly and strikingly from first to last.

We cannot do better, we think, than close this short notice of a most interesting book, by giving our readers the beautiful lines of the Princess Imperial of Prussia, with what we fear is a most imperfect translation.

ZUM AUDENKEN.

> Gott imherzen vorwärtz schauend,
> Stets sich offerud, auf Ihu bauend,
> Aufwärts stiegend,
> Mit sich behend,
> Geist and Wissen seiner zeit,
> Diente er die Ewigkeit.

> Living with God, but looking on to the unknown,
> In all self-sacrifice building on Him alone,
> Ever upwards lifting with thoughts sublime
> The spirit and the wisdom of our time.
> His strife is o'er, his warfare done,
> *Heaven and eternity* are won.

SUPERSTITIONS AND CUSTOMS CONNECTED WITH JUDAS ISCARIOT.

BY HENRY CALVERT APPLEBY.

CONCERNING the history of the foul traitor of our heavenly Saviour, little is known; much of his life is mercifully shrouded in mystery. He is said to have been called Iscariot (after the manner of the times in which he lived), from the place of his birth; but this is not an universal belief, for in Anjou and the Maine they say he was born at Sablé. In "Menagiana" we

read that the English formally stigmatised the Normans by averring that Judas first saw the light in their country; and, according to the following sarcastic verse, the locality was between Caen and Rouen:—

"Judas etoit Normand,
Tout le monde le dit—
Entre Caen et Rouen,
Ce malheureux naquit.
Il vendit son Seigneur pour trente marcs contents
Au diable soient tous les Normands."

Sailors believe that Judas was born on the last day of December, and often refuse to go to sea then for that reason.

The idea seems generally to have prevailed that his hair was red, which has contributed to cause a dislike to hair of that colour. We find this stated in Nares's "Glossary," and by others. Dryden, in his description of Jacob Tonson, uses the words, "Judas-coloured hair." Middleton's "Chaste Maid of Cheapside" (1620) has the following sentences:—"What has he given her? What is it, gossip? A fair high standing cup, with two great 'postle spoons, one of them gilt. Sure that was Judas with the red beard." Shakspeare, in "As you like it," has the following dialogue:—

"Ros. His very hair is of the dissembling colour.
CEL. Something browner than Judas's."

Leonardo da Vinci's great picture of the "Last Supper" represents Judas, as premonitory of dire misfortune, upsetting the salt-cellar as he stretches forth his hand to receive the sop. Southey, in his "Omniana," says it was believed in Pier della Valle's time, that the descendants of Judas still existed at Corfu, though the persons stoutly denied it. This is also mentioned in "Menagiana," and by King.

It is not very remarkable that the strange manner of his death should have given rise to several legends relating to it. One of them is told by Thevenot, and others, of the Armenians; they believe hell and limbo to be the same place, and say that Judas, after he had betrayed the Redeemer, resolved to hang himself in order to get to limbo before Christ, who would deliver all souls from there; but the devil, knowing his intent, held him over limbo until Jesus passed through, when he let him fall into hell. Another irreverent legend is, that Judas, having done one act of kindness in his life, was allowed to come out of hell for one day in the year and cool himself on an iceberg. Francesco Gianni, in a sonnet on Judas, says that Satan receives him with a kiss "fuliginous." Many opinions are held as to the kind of tree on which Judas hanged himself; but most beliefs refer it to the elder tree. Shakspeare and Ben Jonson allude to this superstition. In "Piers Plowman's Vision" is this verse:—

"Judas he japed,
With Jewen silver
And sithen on an eller
Hanged hymsel."

Lilly, in his "Alexander and Campaspe," says:—

"Laurel for a garland and *ealder* for a disgrace,"

no doubt bearing in mind the current superstition. In "An Hue and Cry after Cromwell," 1649, occur the following lines:—

"Cook, the recorder, have an elder tree,
And steel a slip to reward treacherie."

Those mushroom productions which grow under the elder are somewhat like the shape of an ear, and are vulgarly called "Judas' Ears," or, as some say, "Jews' ears." In Latin they are termed *Auriculæ Judæ*. Jews' ears are said to stink naturally because the grow on the elder! In the *Dublin Magazine* we find an ancient cure for a cough by their use:—

> "For a cough take Judas' ear,
> With paring of a peare,
> And drink this without fear,
> If you will have a remedie."

The *Arbor Judæ*, or Judas Tree is sometimes called the tree of the traitor's suicide; it is common in England and the Levant. Some believe that Judas hanged himself on the aspen tree, which has shuddered ever since at the awful recollection. In support of this, the aspen tree flourishes near Jerusalem. Another belief is that it was the fig tree, probably founded on the fact of our Saviour blasting the barren fig tree. In Bohemia they refer it to the willow tree, which the devil has made attractive to suicides.

The dislike of the traitor was carried to such an extent, that in Athens they used to burn an effigy of Judas on Easter Day in the Greek churches. Hone also mentions the custom of making effigies at Easter. The Portuguese, Spanish, Greek, Russian, and South American sailors, according to Brand, Dyer, King, and others, observe the annual custom of flogging Judas Iscariot on Good Friday. They hoist a rude representation of the traitor by a rope round its neck up the fore rigging, after which they go to chapel; when the service is concluded, they lower the figure and duck it three times, then haul it on board and kick it all round the deck and bind it to the capstan. They then lash it till it is cut to pieces; the ship's bell keeps clanging all the time, and grog is served out to the men, while others sing a sort of chant denouncing the betrayer. The ceremony is ended by burning the effigy amid jeers and hootings. Sometimes they cut off a leg or half the body and burn it, throwing the rest into the water. They also make a representation of his heart and cut it into strips, afterwards throwing it into the sea. A Spaniard at Portsmouth not long since lost his life by jumping overboard after the figure in a frantic mood. In Brazil the boys carry Judas about as a sort of Guy Fawkes, afterwards making him the subject of an *auto da fé*. The Greek church at Smyrna has a curious ceremony of washing the feet. The bishop personates Christ, and the twelve Apostles are acted by priests. Hasselquiet says that he who personates Judas must be paid for it, as he generally retains the odium for life with the people. At Valletta the Maltese jangle the church bells on Good Friday in execration of the memory of Judas. A Scotch poem entitled "Flyting o' Dunbar and Kennedie," published in Ramsey's "Evergreen," touches on this subject:—

> "A Benefice quha wald give sic a Beist,
> But gif it were to jingle Judas' bells?
> Tak thee a fiddle or a flute to jest,
> Undockt thou art, ordaind for naething ells."

"Judas' bell" may, perhaps, be called after St. Jude, who was styled Judas in early English. The children at Boppart on the Rhine have rattles, with which they make a horrid noise on Good Friday eve, which they call breaking Judas' bones. The same custom is held in Malta, where they have a wooden machine making a tremendous noise, which they designate "rattling" Judas' bones that will not rest in his grave. Judas' candles were formerly used with the Paschal candle at Easter, and called *teneber* candles. The last object we shall mention which received the name of Judas is the Judas' cup. In a book published by the Surtees Society,—"Ancient Monuments, Rites, and

Customs of Durham,"—we find it stated of a Judas' cup that it was a "goodly great mazer," edged with silver, and "double gilt," with a foot of the same to stand on. This was used on Maunday Thursday, at night, when the convent met. They have a curious custom in Wales of boiling puddings for each of the Apostles on Christmas Eve, except Judas Iscariot. The last one is eaten as the year is up to ensure good luck.

OUT OF TUNE.

BY. W. CORBETT.

IT seems but yesterday that we,
Together side by side,
Stood in the church in unity,
And thou wast mine—my bride!
Our future seemed as fair and bright
As that bright day in June;
Our hopes were gay, our hearts were light,
And danced to merry tune!

To "cherish and protect," that day,
I vowed a vow to thee!
And thou did'st promise to "obey"—
To "love and honour" me.
And we were very happy then,
But time did changes bring.
Well—I became like other men,
And thou didst cease to sing.

The billing and the cooing days
Have long since passed away,
And we have trod our sep'rate ways,
And further gone astray!
The love, which in the early years
Of wedded life was known,
Departed long ago in tears,
And has for ever flown.

Alas! 'tis true what thou hast said,
I love thee now no more!
Thy temper fills my mind with dread,
Thy presence is a bore;
Hence at my club I spend each night,
For I am happy there;
And if I sometimes do get "tight,"
There is no one to care.

THE MASONIC HALL ON FILBERT STREET, NEAR EIGHTH, PHILADELPHIA:

THE SECOND IN PENNSYLVANIA AND THE OLDEST IN THE UNITED STATES.

A Paper read before the Rosicrucian Society of Philadelphia, on Friday, January 30th, 1880,

BY FRATER CHARLES E. MEYER, IX°.

EARTH to earth, dust to dust, are terms we hear as oft as we are called to follow to the grave the remains of some loved one. Such is human life. What man has made, must decay. The stateliest edifices erected by man's ingenuity are but lessons to man that eternity is not on this earth. What the accumulations of ages have covered with dust of hundreds and thousands of years, and have hidden from the eyes of man for centuries, will in the future be brought to light, and men will wonder at the wisdom, skill, and handicraft of the prehistoric man. Daily we read of the unearthing of some ancient city or monument, of which no books now in existence speak. And is it not wonderful that the earth is a better preserver than man?

Such were our thoughts in the summer of 1878, as we, in company with three other members (Fraters Sutter, Packer, and Mucklé) of our college, were shown the past wonders of the old city of York, England. We were impressed with peculiar feelings of our insignificance as we visited the ruins of the old Hospitium, the ruins (wonderful for their size) of St. Mary's Abbey, with the curious Masons' marks, the old Refectory, containing a large number of relics dug from the very ground over which we had passed. A spot which we believe was once covered with *water*, which by the changes wrought by means of internal *fire* became *earth*, and was now rendered habitable by the *air* we breathe, and warmed by the *light* of the sun. We shall never forget, at the Refectory, standing before that single tress of woman's hair which had been exhumed only a few short months before. There stood the stone sarcophagus in which the body was entombed, no one knows how many hundreds years ago; and when it was opened, there, in plaster, was moulded the form of its occupant,—but of the occupant nothing was left except dust, and this tress of jet-black hair, perfectly dressed, like unto the fashion of to-day, with all the toilet and hair-dressing appliances of the present time, thus showing that centuries ago the same habits and customs prevailed as now.

Thoughts such as these bring us of the present to think of the present. From this old city of York, Masonry was promulgated over the wide, wide world. From it sprang the four Grand Lodges of England—1717, the Grand Lodge of England; 1725, the Grand Lodge of ALL England; 1753, the Grand Lodge of England, according to the old Constitutions, or "Seceders;" and 1779, the Grand Lodge of England south of the Trent—the first and third of which introduced into this country the two Systems known as "Ancient" and "Modern." Philadelphia may well claim to be the "Premier" or "Mother" City of Freemasonry in America, both "Modern" and "Ancient." In 1730, Daniel Coxe introduced in Philadelphia that which was afterwards known as "Modern" Masonry, working under the Grand Lodge of England of 1717. The several Lodges (three) met in Philadelphia for a number of years regularly, and about the year 1754 were in the zenith of their glory.

It was customary in olden times, you will remember, for all public and private meetings to be held in taverns. This originated, no doubt, from the fact that they were generally located in that portion of the city or town which was most populous, and also because the taverns had mostly attached to them some large rooms or halls suitable as places for meeting. The Freemasons were in the habit of holding their meetings in the leading taverns of the day, and in many cases derived their names from the names of the signboards of the same.

Prior to 1754, the Lodges in Philadelphia met in the Tun Tavern, Water Street, between Chestnut and Walnut; also at the Indian King Hotel, Market below Third Street; and at the Royal Standard Tavern, Market, near Second Street. The Society had become so influential and enthusiastic in 1754, that they erected their own place of meeting and called it the "Freemasons' Lodge," which was the first Masonic Hall in America. This building, located on Lodge Alley, running from Second, below Chestnut Street, was afterwards sold and the proceeds given to the city to form a fund to furnish the poor of the city with fuel. This fund is now under control of the City Trust.

There is no account of this building having been dedicated. A short time after its erection, the news came of the formation of a new Grand Lodge in London, the Lodges of which had seceded from the original Grand Lodge of 1717, in London, and that it had assumed the title of "The Ancients." In 1758, a warrant was granted to Lodges Nos. 2 and 3, in this city, and in 1761, a warrant was issued to the Provincial Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, which, in 1786, became independent of the Grand Lodge and formed the present Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania.

For several years the ancient and modern Lodges in this city met in the Freemasons' Lodge, the Hall of the moderns, and no doubt the members visited both Lodges, when opportunity offered. Certain it is that Dr. Wm. Smith, the Provost of the University of Pennsylvania, was a Modern Mason in 1755, and delivered a sermon before that Grand Lodge, at which Benjamin Franklin was present and participated, and that subsequently he was for a number of years Grand Secretary and Grand Chaplain of the present Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, being then an Ancient Mason. This is an important link which connects the present Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania with the Grand Lodge formed in Philadelphia prior to 1732.

The Grand Lodge and subordinates held their meetings in the same hall as the moderns, up to the year 1776. In 1777 they met at the City Tavern, Second and Walnut; in 1776 at a house in Videll's Alley, Second below Chestnut; 1790 in the Free Quakers' Meeting House, now Apprentices' Library, Fifth and Arch Streets; in 1799 in Independence Hall, and then at the house of Bro. Francis, on Eighth Street, near Arch. This latter was only temporary.

The city at this time did not extend beyond the corner of Sixth and Chestnut Streets, and all west of that point was called the Western Commons, and was diversified by the usual country characteristics of hill and dale. We are told that there was a large pond of water at the north-east corner of Eighth and Arch Streets. In the year 1801, on June 24th, measures were taken to purchase a suitable house for meeting purposes. A committee was appointed to purchase a building on the south side of Arch Street, above Ninth; owing to the great distance from the city, the Grand Lodge subsequently directed the committee to purchase a property elsewhere.

On June 7th, 1802, the committee reported the purchase, on May 29th, 1802, from William Hunter, Arch Master, and Martha, his wife, all that certain three storey brick messuage and lot or piece of ground situate on the south side of Filbert Street, between Eighth and Ninth (present number 814), thirty-six feet three inches front and seventy-five feet deep, together with the privileges of a nine feet wide alley and thirty feet square open court yard. The

committee were also authorised to make such alterations as were necessary. The chairman of the Building Committee, Bro. James Milnor, afterwards Grand Master, reported to the Grand Lodge, November 15th, 1802, that the Grand Lodge Room was nearly finished, but that the other parts of the building were not in so forward a state. At the same meeting it was resolved that the building be called and known as "The Pennsylvania Freemasons' Hall," and that the Building Committee have an inscription engraved on copper or other lasting substance, commemorative of the time when the building of the hall was commenced or undertaken, to be put up inside of the hall. The changes made in the building were as follows:—The upper storey was raised some ten feet; the Grand Lodge Room was on the third floor, and was about thirty-four feet square; the ceiling of the room, eleven feet eight inches high, was cut through in a circular form, the opening being about twenty feet in diameter, and a dome was erected supported by eight columns or pillars, placed in a circular form; the dome and walls were plastered and finished in white. Within the circle (twenty feet) on the floor was no doubt a tessellated pavement, thus forming the Lodge. The floors were all double and were deadened. The Brethren were seated on a dais around the room, and in the south-east corner, at the head of the stairs, was the Tyler's Porch. The room must have presented a fine appearance in those days. Above the dome was a cupola, but the latter has long since been removed. The dome, however, remains intact, and can be seen plainly, as you all will bear witness to-day, having examined the same. The entrance to the building was at the eastern end towards Eighth Street. At the door were placed two highly ornamented columns. In the second storey was the Chapter and Encampment Rooms. This room was also rented out for balls, parties, etc.

The first floor was fitted up for a school, and rented to some respectable teacher (who was a Mason), the rent to be paid by the education of a certain number of children of worthy Masons in needy circumstances. There was also a banquet room. The rents of the Chapter and Encampment Room were fixed at $20 per annum, while the Lodges paid $40 per annum.

The dedication ceremonies took place on December 27th, 1802, and surpassed all other displays of that time. Everything was done to add to the effect of the spectacle.

The line formed at nine o'clock and moved at half-past eleven o'clock from the Church of the Universalists, on Lombard, between Fourth and Fifth Streets, led by two Tylers with drawn swords, the Brethren all carrying wands, the officers bearing the emblems of their offices. Four Past Masters carried the Lodge, which was covered with white satin. The consecrating vessels of corn, wine, and oil, and the greater and lesser lights, were carried in state by Past Masters, and no doubt to the wonderment of the citizen lookers-on. The elective Grand Officers each marched with his successor in office at his left hand. The Grand Master, Bro. Jonathan Bayard Smith, had, at his right hand, the Grand Master of New Jersey, Bro. John Beatty; the Grand Deacon and Grand Pursuivant closing up the line of procession.

When the procession reached the building, the Brethren halted, opened the ranks, and the R.W. Grand Master, attended by the Grand Master of New Jersey, R.W. Bro. Beatty, and followed by the Grand Officers and a very considerable number of Brethren, were received in the outer apartment under a display of music. On the Grand Master reaching Solomon's Chair the present Grand Officers took their seats, and the elect and Past Grand Officers, the reverend Brethren, members of the Hall Committee and other Brethren, repaired to the seats prepared for them. The Grand Master being proclaimed the music performed a grand piece till all the Brethren were seated. The Lodge was then placed in the centre of the hall, and the three lesser Lights with the three silver pitchers containing corn, wine and oil were placed thereon. The Bible, square, compasses, and Book of Constitutions on a crimson

velvet cushion, being placed on the pedestal, an anthem was sung. The Grand Master then ordered the Lodge to be Tyled. The following Lodges were represented, viz.:—

Lodges Nos. 2, 3, 9, 14, 19, 21, 41, 45, 46, 47, 50, 51, 52, 59, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 76, 77, 87, and 91, being twenty-four Lodges.

The Lodge was then uncovered and Grand Lodge opened in ample form, when the Grand Master mentioned to the Brethren that he was informed that the venerable and Reverend Bro. William Smith, D.D., Past Grand Chaplain, and Past Grand Secretary, had composed a prayer appropriate to the day, the said Brother Smith, with the concurrence of the Reverend Bro. John Andrews, D.D., Grand Chaplain, delivered the prayer, to the general satisfaction of the Brethren.

The Grand Secretary intimated the Architect's desire to return the implements intrusted to his care, whereupon Bro. Jackson, the Architect, addressed the Grand Master, who expressed his high satisfaction at the completion of the hall, and commanded the Grand Wardens to receive back the implements, which was complied with, and they were laid on the Lodge.

It may be mentioned that as the building was not erected originally by the Grand Lodge, but merely altered, that no corner stone was laid.

The Grand Secretary then informed the Grand Master that it was the desire of the Society to have the hall dedicated to Masonry, on which the Grand Master commanded his officers to assist in that pleasing ceremony, the music meanwhile playing. The Grand Officers then walked round the Lodge three different times, stopping each time for the ceremony of dedication. At the end of the first procession, the music being silent, the Grand Master, strewing corn over the Lodge, declared in solemn form the hall dedicated to MASONRY, which being proclaimed by the Grand Secretary, the grand honours were given. At the end of the second procession, the music being silent, the Grand Master, pouring wine over the Lodge, declared in solemn form the hall dedicated to VIRTUE and SCIENCE, which being proclaimed by the Grand Secretary, the grand honours were given as before. At the end of the third procession, the music being silent, the Grand Master, pouring oil on the Lodge, in solemn form declared the hall dedicated to UNIVERSAL CHARITY and BENEVOLENCE, which being proclaimed by the Grand Secretary, the grand honours were given as before. A grand anthem, adapted to the occasion, set to music by Bro. Reinagle, was sung by Bros. Reinagle, Fox, Warren, and Robins.

The Grand Master returned to Solomon's Chair, under the acclamations of the Brethren, and the music performing "When earth's foundation first was laid," etc.

The Grand Master was then pleased to deliver an affectionate address, which was received by the Brethren with the most lively tokens of gratitude and acknowledgment, and their approbation was testified in the usual form.

It may be well here to note that these dedicatory services were the first that were used by the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania.

The total cost of the building was $3000, the alterations and furnishing about $6000, making a total of about $9000.

In consideration of the fraternal affection to the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania and subordinate Lodges under their jurisdiction of Bro. William Francis in providing them a Temple to work in during the building of the permanent Hall, at a time when they were all destitute of a place of meeting, the Grand Lodge, by resolution, requested the R.W. Grand Master to pass to the chair Bro. Françis and a Past Master's collar and apron was presented to him.

On March 7, 1803, the Building Committee were directed to have the Hall insured against accidents by fire.

On May 4, 1807, the Hall Committee were ordered to purchase six patent lamps and have them fixed in the Hall.

Here the Grand Lodge met for several years, and the minutes of the Lodges about this time note the presence, as visitors, of Brethren from far and near.

As a place of meeting it was not a success, the distance from "town" and the unsuitableness of the building for the purposes intended, caused the Brethren te consider the subject of moving.

On April 6, 1807, the following resolution was offered in the Grand Lodge:—

"Whereas, it has been found from experience that the Masonic Hall (the property of this Grand Lodge) has not nor cannot be made to afford those accommodations suitable to the dignity of the R.W. Grand Lodge of the State of Pennsylvania; and

"Whereas, from the great increase of members to the Masonic institutions of this city, who hold their meetings in the Hall belonging to the Grand Lodge, the accommodations have proved quite insufficient; therefore be it

"Resolved—That a committee be appointed with full powers to sell to the best advantage the Masonic Hall, the property of the Grand Lodge of the State of Pennsylvania, and that the trustees holding said property be directed to make a transfer of the same to such person or persons as said committee shall direct; and be it further

"Resolved—That the above-named committee be directed to ascertain if a suitable lot of ground (either in ground rent or purchase) can be had in the central part of the city for the purpose of erecting an elegant Masonic Hall, suitable to the dignity of the R.W. Grand Lodge of the State of Pennsylvania."

On December 7, 1807, the Committee reported that they had an offer from Thomas Carstairs, an eminent carpenter of Philadelphia, to purchase the Hall for $5000, to be paid for in work on the new Hall, and that he had also agreed to do the carpenter work for ten per cent. less than the old prices.

The Building Committee subsequently were directed to purchase the lot on Chestnut Street, above Seventh, north side, and erect a magnificent building thereon.

On June 24, 1811, the Grand Lodge moved to the new building on Chestnut Street (the first Chestnut Street Hall), which cost $86,980.12½, when the Pennsylvania Freemasons' Hall was sold for the sum of $4500—one-half the cost. Eight years afterwards (March 9th, 1819), when the Chestnut Street Hall was destroyed by fire, the Grand and Subordinate Lodges, etc., moved to the Filbert Street Hall again, which they occupied during the time it was being rebuilt. On March 1, 1820, the Grand Lodge moved to the second Chestnut Street Hall, and then ceased all Masonic work in the "Pennsylvania Freemasons' Hall." Its history from that time is not of any interest. The second storey rooms were occupied at different times by Thomas Birch, the celebrated marine painter, a personal friend of Frater John Sartain; and also by Thomas Welsh, as celebrated an engraver. These rooms were also used for dancing parties, at many of which Frater Mark Richards Mucklé was present. The public schools of the ninth section, of which Frater John L. Young was director, were held here for a number of years, and lately it has been used for manufacturing purposes; it has for a number of years belonged to the Kates' estate. It may be incidentally mentioned that in the open court-yard, already noted as being in the rear of the building, and running through nearly to Market Street, there is a building, once occupied by Benedict Arnold.

The building is now to be demolished, to give place to the onward march of improvements. To-day we stand within its walls to hold the last meeting as Brethren of the R.C. therein, to-morrow orders have issued to level it with the ground, and in a short time a stately brick edifice will be erected, a credit to the city. Thus passes away one of the oldest Masonic Halls in this city, and, I venture to say, in the country.

Oh, that the walls could echo and repeat the words of good cheer and hearty welcome once given therein; the songs, and toasts, and jests; the beautiful rendering of the ancient ritual by a Duplesses, a Milnor, an Israel, and the Smiths—William, the Provost of the University, and Jonathan Bayard, and a host of others—a ritual retained by us with but few changes up to

this day. Cannot we almost hear the "Amen, so mote it be," which followed that prayer prepared for the occasion of dedication by Dr. Smith, and so affectionately and reverentially offered by himself, and then the musical voices of the Masonic choir or quartette in that glorious anthem, "When earth's foundation first was laid." How the rooms must have had their very silence broken (there is to me always a peculiar, profound, holy silence in a Masonic Lodge Room) by the Master's gavel, as he governed his Lodge with justice and equity.

Here presided in the East of Grand Lodge, Grand Masters Israel Israel, for two years, and James Milnor, from 1806 to 1811, and Bayse Newcomb, in 1819.

And now, to end with the beginning, Earth to Earth, Dust to Dust. What man erects man destroys, and reproduces in another and more beautiful form. The handicraft of man takes the shapeless mass, and from it produces and brings forth a most beautiful piece of work.

QUOD POTUI PERFECI.

LITTLE CLARA'S GRAVE.

Lines suggested by a child's grave in Sevenoaks Churchyard, Kent.

BY THOMAS B. TROWSDALE.

LITTLE Clara sleeps in the churchyard,
'Neath the old tower's sheltering shade;
A tiny white cross of marble
On her grave is lovingly laid.

"LITTLE CLARA" is graven on it,
Naught else is recorded there;
But the grave, so trimly tended,
Bears the marks of a mother's care.

"LITTLE CLARA" (the carven legend)
Is girt with a garland round,
'Twined of snowdrop leaves and flowerets,
Ever purity's symbol found.

Little Clara slumbers sweetly;
Decked with the perennial bloom
Of affection's fadeless flowers,
Dew'd with teardrops, is her tomb.

Round the grave of Little Clara
Towering monuments arise,
Proudly telling of earth's great ones,
Lauding them unto the skies.

Heeding not the oft told story
Blazoned on the costly stones;
Wearied of unmeaning praises
'Scribed above unworthy bones;

Glad we turn to where, low lying,
Are the heart gifts that love gave—
To the simple, fit, mementoes
Gracing Little Clara's grave.

THE ROD IN AND OUT OF SCHOOL.

BY BRO. JOHN HENRY LEGGOTT.

THE pious injunction of wise King Solomon has troubled the righteous soul of many a saint, and has been used as an excuse for the unrighteous acts of many a sinner since his day.

It may safely be conjectured that the utterance of the wise one was only the expression of a truism which was almost universally accepted by his contemporaries, and which had almost, if not altogether, been as universally acted upon by his ancestors. The rod has been in use and actively employed from the remotest ages of antiquity. To go no further back than the period of captivity of the Israelites in Egypt, we find that the captives were expected to perform a certain quantity of work every day, and if the allotted task was not completed they were beaten. Under the Mosaic law the punishment for certain offences was scourging. Forty stripes appear to have been the maximum number, but they were apportioned according to the malignity of the offence. In Deuteronomy xxv., 2, 3, there occurs the following—"And it shall be if the wicked man be worthy to be beaten, that the judge shall cause him to lie down, and to be beaten before his face, according to his fault by a certain number. Forty stripes he may give him, and not exceed, lest if he should exceed and beat him above these with many stripes, then thy brother should seem vile unto thee." Our Saviour was scourged before his crucifixion, and St. Paul tells us, "Of the Jews five times received I forty stripes save one, thrice was I beaten with rods." It was customary in order to keep within the bounds of the law just quoted, to give only thirty-nine stripes instead of the maximum number.

Punishment by the rod had undoubtedly the authority of Scripture in its favour, but some have sought to find in Holy Writ a warranty for their voluntary flagellations. There is strong reason to believe that voluntary whipping was practised amongst the Jews. A writer in the 17th century thus describes the practice:—"There are constantly two men in every Jewish school who withdraw from the rest of the company, and retire into a particular place of the room where they are met; that one lays himself flat on the ground with his head turned to the north and his feet to the south (or *vice versa*), and that the other, who remains standing, gives him thirty-nine blows upon his back with a strap, or thong of ox leather. In the meanwhile the man who is lashed recites three times over the 38th verse of the 78th psalm. This verse in the Hebrew language contains just thirteen words. At every word the patient recites, he receives a lash from the other man, which when he has recited the whole verse three times over makes up the prescribed number, thirty-nine; and at every time he says the last word he strikes his own breast with his fist. This operation being concluded, the operator in his turn becomes the patient, and places himself in the same situation as the other had done, who then uses him in the same brotherly manner in which the former had used him, and they thus mutually chastise each other for their sins." In the thirteenth century so strong was the belief in the virtue of whipping as an expiation for sin, or keeping the body under, that in Italy a sect arose called the "Flagellants," who vigorously whipped themselves with leathern thongs until the blood ran down. So intense did the excitement grow that thousands of the devotees of this system might be seen in the public streets, and in the churches, zealously lashing their bodies, praying the while that their sins might be for-

given. The craze rapidly spread through the whole of Italy, and also found its way into other countries, notwithstanding the opposition of foreign governments. Rich and poor alike joined in this pious movement.

The practice is graphically described by a writer of the time :—"Penance was performed twice a day: in the morning and evening they went abroad in pairs, singing psalms amid the ringing of bells, and when they arrived at the place of flagellation they stripped the upper part of their bodies, and put off their shoes. They then lay down in a large circle, in different positions, according to the nature of their crime, and were castigated by the master, some more and some less. They were then permitted to rise, upon which they scourged themselves, amid the singing of psalms and loud supplications."

This, doubtless, would be considered a convenient way of escaping the consequence of a sinful course, and there are probably many to-day who would gladly endure a castigation, however severe, if it would rid them of the remorse which is eating away the springs of happiness here, and threatening them with a worse state of misery in that place

> "Where peace and rest can never dwell,
> Hope never comes that comes to all,
> But torture without end still urges,
> And a fiery deluge fed with ever-burning
> Sulphur unconsumed."

Amongst the Jesuits the rod has had a most potent influence, whilst in nunneries and monasteries the use of the instrument was of almost hourly occurrence, insomuch that the operator by practice became an adept, and flogging was reckoned amongst the arts. The birch and the whip through all ages have been considered most powerful aids to national and domestic government. The Romans were very partial to the use of the rod, and wielded it with unrelenting severity. Ladies whipped their maids most unmercifully for trifling faults, and it was a common thing in the first class houses to keep a person for the purpose of administering chastisement on the other members of the establishment. The Saxons used the rod extensively. William of Malmesbury tells us that when King Ethelred was a child he once so irritated his mother that, not having a whip, she beat him with some candles, which were the first things that fell under her hands, until he was almost insensible. On this account he dreaded candles during the rest of his life to such a degree that he would never suffer the light of them to be introduced in his presence.

In Russia the knout has been used with a barbarity almost unparalleled. Ladies took an especial pleasure in flagellating their servants, and criminals were lashed to such a terrible degree that it was almost impossible for the culprit to live. An indiscreet word in relation to the Emperor or his minions would be sure to bring about a flogging. Persons who were supposed to have offended in this way have been sent for to the public office, and on entering were seized, soundly thrashed, and told to be more cautious for the future. The "Englishwoman in Russia" mentions that a lady of the highest rank, having used a lady's privilege at a masked ball of chattering in the ear of the Emperor, let fall some rather indiscreet suggestion. Followed home by a spy, she was summoned the next day to Count Orloff's office, where, upon entering, she was pointed to a chair and quietly interrogated. Presently she was gently let down to a lower chamber, where she was vigorously birched, just as if she had been a little child, by some unseen person. Some of the particulars of flogging in Russia are too revolting to be mentioned here.

In France the rod has been used only to a limited extent for the punishment of penal offences, but in domestic arrangements its influence has been paramount.

Flagellation has had its day in most of the countries of Europe, and is still very largely practised.

Everyone has heard of the cruel extent to which it was carried in America especially in connection with slavery, now happily abolished.

It is, however, in the Celestial Empire that flogging has attained its highest perfection. Offences not punishable by death are dealt with by means of the rod. Its use is not confined to the poor; there are no first-class demeanants in China. The noble as well as the peasant is subjected to castigation. A Chinese general may be sentenced to receive fifty lashes as readily as a common soldier. If a theft occur and the culprit be discovered the birch is applied, but should the thief not be found out, the officers who ought to have detected the delinquent are unlikely to escape without a sound thrashing. Breaches of law such as in England would be punished by fine or a few days' imprisonment, in China are settled with the bastinado.

The bamboo seems in that country to be lord paramount. Any infringement of the code is dealt with on the spot, and often with a lavishment that to us is alarming.

The ramifications of authority are such as to render a person in a measure responsible for the conduct of his neighbour. Officers of State are liable to be suddenly brought to book for irregularities and receive from forty to a hundred strokes of the bamboo.

The Rev. W. M. Cooper, B.A., in his interesting book, "A History of the Rod," to which we are indebted for many of our facts, says:—"The husband beats the wife, and the wife beats the husband when she can, but the woman is almost always the sufferer. In some parts of the country it is so much the fashion to fustigate a wife that a man would hardly like not to do so, as to show himself negligent on this point would be to forfeit his marital dignity, and proclaim himself a simpleton who understood nothing of his prerogative. A young husband almost thrashed his wife to death. Being asked what crime she had committed to deserve such treatment, he replied, 'None; she never deserved any punishment; we have only been married two years, and you know we have always lived in peace. But for some days I have had something on my mind. I thought people were laughing at me because I had never beaten my wife; and this morning I gave way to a bad thought.' The bad thought ultimately cost his wife her life."

In England, too, the rod was long thought to be a useful instrument of correction. In the army and navy the lash has been the chief legal means of discipline since 1689, and terrible have been the consequences on many occasions.

It was once common in this country for criminals to be publicly whipped, often with cruel severity. Taylor, the "water-poet," says:—

> "In London and within a mile, I ween,
> There are of gaols or prisons full eighteen;
> And sixty whipping-posts and stocks and cages."

When monasteries were dissolved, there being no other resort for the poor, people wandered from place to place begging their sustenance. Doubtless this grew to be a great evil, and it was deemed necessary to take steps to put a stop to it. According to "Burns' Justice," an Act passed in the twenty-second Henry VIII. decreed that vagrants were to be "carried to some market town, or other place, and there tied to the end of a cart naked and beaten with whips throughout such market town or other place, till the body should be bloody by reason of such whipping." In the thirty-ninth of Elizabeth this rule was slightly altered; vagrants were only to be "stripped naked from the middle upwards and whipped until the body should be bloody."

(To be concluded.)

HOW ADULTERATION GOES ON.

Bosch Butter.

BY PHULAX.

THE following account taken from the useful and valuable *Journal of the Society of Arts* for March 26th, will convince all readers how very sad, and we will add sickening, are the "amor mummi," as well as the dishonesty of trade amongst us all. It seems very hard upon us that we cannot rely on obtaining any of the "very necessaries of life," unadulterated! We beg our readers and the good housewives amongst us to weigh well these lucid and careful words.

Of late years, the trade in this article, both as a manufacture and export, has largely increased in the United States, and in the opinion of an American *savant*, it has already become a serious competitor in the market for anything but the finest class of butter. From the correspondence recently published and presented to Parliament, it will be seen that several large firms in New York have undertaken the manufacture of oleo-margarine, the most important establishment being that of the Commercial Manufacturing Company, who also have, it is stated, a branch house in London. This company has the exclusive right of manufacture in the State of New York, under a licence granted to them by the American Dairy Company, which possesses the sole right from Monsieur Mège, of France, the inventor and patentee of the process, to issue such licences for the United States. Besides the factories in work in New York, the following are also in operation:—Two in Pennsylvania; two at Baltimore, Maryland; one at Chicago, Illinois; one at Cincinnati, Ohio; and one at New Haven, Connecticut. The business of these establishments, however, is of a very limited character in comparison with that of the Commercial Manufacturing Company, which commenced operations in 1876. As much as 500,000 lbs. of fat per week have been converted by them into oleo-margarine butter. This rate of production has not always been maintained, for when the retail price of genuine butter falls below 23 cents per pound, it does not pay to manufacture the imitation article. During the last two years, the quantity of fat manufactured into oleo-margarine butter by the last-named company has been, it is stated on trustworthy authority, about 200,000 lbs. per week, yielding 80,000 lbs. of oil and butter. Of this about 75 per cent., or 60,000 lbs. per week, was the oil product "oleo-margarine," all of which was exported in barrels or tierces, for the most part under that name, but sometimes as "*butter-fat*," or simply as "*oil*." Therefore, it will be seen that this company exports yearly about 3,000,000 lbs., a quantity which is nearly equalled by outside manufacturers, so that the total quantity of oleo-margarine exported from the United States may be estimated in round numbers at about 6,000,000 lbs. yearly.

It is the opinion of her Majesty's Consul at New York that the shipments of the outside manufacturers are made to Hamburg, Bremen, and other German ports, and also to Rotterdam, but none to the United Kingdom. In the case of the Commercial Manufacturing Company, their shipments are chiefly to Rotterdam, whence the oil is sent to a place called Oss, and other towns in Holland, where it is mixed with a certain proportion of milk (to give it a butter flavour) and colouring ingredients (to perfect its resemblance to butter), and is there churned and converted into butterine. It is then re-

shipped to France and England, but under what designation it reaches this country it is impossible to ascertain. During the winter months, both the oil and butterine are exported from New York, the latter being cheaply shipped to the United Kingdom under the designation of "butterine," "oleo-margarine," "butter-fat," "butter-grease," or, possibly, butter itself. The manufacture of this article being almost a monopoly, and the exports being in the hands of one or two firms—who are naturally interested in disposing of their substitute as the genuine article—it is not easy to ascertain if shipments of it are not sometimes made as genuine butter. It is usually packed in half tubs, or firkins, in precisely the same way as butter, and the tubs are enclosed in crates, to protect them from injury on the voyage. It is also made up in 1 lb. "pats," covered by muslin or thin cotten wrappers, stamped like genuine butter, and packed in boxes for shipment.

According to to the *New York Commercial Advertiser* of February 2nd, 1878, there are numerous factories of oleo-margarine butter in France, Holland, Germany, England, and Ireland, as well as in the United States, employing many thousands of men, and involving investments of capital amounting to millions of dollars. In Vienna, one establishment alone employs 500 men, and its annual production of butter is equivalent to that of 30,000 cows.

In a report to the *American Dairyman* of June 6th, 1878, Mr. John Michels, a well-known microscopist of New York, states that he made a microscopic examination of oleo-margarine, and gives it as his opinion that, during the whole process of manufacture from the fat of animals, this fat is never submitted to a higher temperature than 120° Fahr.; the fat oils, therefore, being merely liquified, or set free, and manipulated so as to have the general appearance of butter, are virtually still in a raw state when offered for consumption. It follows that germs of disease (or their equivalent morbid secretions) and embryos of parasites are thus liable to be transferred in a living condition into the systems of those who make use of this substance.

The prospectus of the companies engaged in the manufacture of oleo-margarine states that the caul fat of the ox only is used; but Mr. Michels, in his report, affirms that the refuse fat of at least one pork-packing establishment in New York is used, and as the trade increases fat of every description will probably be offered for sale, and even that from the carcases of diseased animals may be purchased, unwittingly it is true, by the manufacturers.

Professor Mott, also of New York, differs entirely from Mr. Michels, and after having made a microscopic examination of oleo-margarine, comes to the conclusion that, "as made by the Mège patent, he sees no reason why it should not be as wholesome and nutritious as cream butter, and will so believe unless its actual use demonstrates to the contrary," and instead of finding, as Mr. Michels reports, oleo-margarine consisting of "crystals and tissues of animals, with fragments and cells of a suspicious character," discovers, on the contrary, that it consists of "exceedingly clear and beautiful oil globules," the same as in the purest natural butter.

Mr. Michels' report, however, has been substantially confirmed by many eminent microscopists of the United States, and his view of the case taken in preference to that of Mr. Henry Mott, who is the chemist for one of the large grease factories.

Admitting the well-known fact that oleo-margarine must be rendered from animal fat at the lowest practicable temperature, in order that it shall be devoid of the disagreeable odour and flavour which would otherwise inevitably attach to it as a consequence, this much vaunted product of caul fat is accordingly liable to contain any living germs which may have been in the animal to which the fat originally belonged.

WHITSUNTIDE CUSTOMS.

BY BRO. THOMAS B. TROWSDALE,
Author of "Glimpses of Olden Kent," "Lore of the Months," etc.

WHITSUNTIDE, perhaps more than any other festival of the calendar, has for centuries been observed by the rural population of our land as a season of merriment and jollity. Genial old William Howitt, in his enjoyable work entitled "Rural Life of England," treating of this subject, says:—"'Tis merry Whitsuntide, and merrily holiday goes in hamlet and green field," and in language characteristically his own, gives a charming rhythmical relation of the sports incident to the occasion as enjoyed by the peasantry.

The origin of the name of the festival has called forth at various times much discussion. Even now, considerable diversity of opinion exists regarding it, and the matter has been treated at great length in the colums of the valuable repertory of antiquarian lore, *Notes and Queries*. The most popular method of accounting for the derivation of the term is that the persons baptized on Whit-Sunday, according to the ceremonial of the ancient church, were dressed in white garments. On the day corresponding with our Whit-Sunday, the apostles commenced their public ministry by baptizing three thousand persons; and throughout the history of the church, the seventh Sunday after Easter has been regarded as a most fitting occasion for public baptism. Whit-Sunday is observed as a scarlet day in the calendars of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge.* In Strutt's "Manners and Customs," allusion is made to "font hallowing," as performed on Whit-Sunday Eve; and the author of a MS. volume of Homilies preserved in the Harleian collection at the British Museum, writes as follows:—

"In the beginning of holy church, all the children weren kept to be chyrstened on thys even, at the Font Hallowing, but now for cachisone that in so long abydunge they might die without chrytendom, therefore holy church ordeyneth to chrysten at all tymes of the yeare; save eight days before these Evengs the childe shall abyde till the Font Hallowings, if it may safely for perill of death and ells not."

In Catholic times, when miracle plays formed a part of the ritual of the church, it was usual at Whitsuntide to present a dramatised representation of the descent of the Holy Ghost. This custom is alluded to in Barnaby George's translation of "Naogeorgus":—

"On Whit-Sunday whyte pigeons tame in strings from heaven flie,
And one that framed is of wood still hangeth in the skie.
Thou seest how they with idols play and teach the people too;
None otherwise than little girls with puppets used to do."

In an old Computus A.D. 1509, of St. Patrick's, Dublin, we find ivs. viid. paid to those playing with the great and little angel and the dragon; iiis. paid for little cords employed about the Holy Ghost; ivs. vid. for making the angel *(thurificantis)* cersing; and iis. ii. for cords of it, all on the feast of Penticost.

Hone, in his "Every Day Book," records that Lambarde, when a child, witnessed one of these Whit-Sunday performances at St. Paul's Cathedral. A white pigeon, having a censer filled with perfumery attached to it, was caused to fly through a hole in the roof of the edifice. In the course of the bird's flight through the building the incense was diffused through the air and pervaded the whole structure.

* *Kalendar of the English Church*, 1865, p. 73.

Anciently, instead of the now popular tea-meeting in connection with places of worship, what were known as church-ales were employed as a means of raising money for parochial purposes. These gatherings were much in vogue at Whitsuntide, and were then known as Whitsun-ales. The "nut-brown October" being at that time the staple drink of the people of England, was passed freely round, and simple sports and pastimes were the order of the day. In the time of King James these church-ales received an impetus from a manifesto of the monarch, who, thinking thereby to check the growth of non-conformity, commanded his subjects to attend them.

A description of the games engaged in on these occasions in different parts of Britain would occupy considerably more space than we have at our disposal; we must, therefore, content ourselves with a cursory glance at some of the most noteworthy.

The church-ale festivities are well described by Carew in his "Survey of Cornwall," p. 68. We give the author's own version:—"Two young men of the parish are yerely chosen by their last foregoers to be wardens, who, dividing the task, make collection among the parishioners of whatsoever provision it pleased them voluntarily to bestow. This they employ in brewing, baking, and other acates (provisions) against Whitsuntide; upon which holy-days the neighbours meet at the church house, and there merrily feed on their owne victuals, contributing some petty proportion to the stock, which, by many smalls, groweth to a meetly greatness; for there is entertayned a kind of emulation between these wardens, who, by his graciousness in gathering and good husbandry, can best advance the Churche's profit. Besides, the neighbour parishes at those times lovingly visit each another, and this way frankly spend their money together. The afternoones are consumed in such exercises as olde and yong folke (having leisure) doe accustomably weare out the time withall. When the feast is ended the wardens yield in their account to the parishioners, and such money as exceedeth the disbursement is layd up in store, to defray any extraordinary charges arising in the parish or imposed on them for the good of the country or the country's service, neither of which commonly gripe so much but that somewhat still remayneth to cover the purses bottom."

Nowhere were the Whitsun-ales carried out with a greater zest than in the county of Derby; and no wonder, for "Darby" ale has for many centuries been renowned for its excellence. That quaint old chronicler, Fuller, remarked anent it, "Never was the wine of Falernum better known to the Romans than the Canary of Derby is to the English;" and Camden, the historian, speaks of it as being brewed to such perfection in his time that wine must be very good to deserve the preference. In a manuscript in the Bodleian Library is a record of the Whitsun-ales at Elvaston and Cockbrook, from which it appears that they were formerly required to brew four ales of a quarter of malt each. All the inhabitants of Cockbrook were obliged to be present at each ale; every husband and his wife to pay twopence, and every cottager a penny; the inhabitants of Elvaston, Thurlaston, and Ambaston to receive all the profits and advantages arising from the ales to the use and behalf of the church at Elvaston. The inhabitants of Elvaston, Thurlaston, and Ambaston to brew eight ales, each inhabitant to be present as before, or to send their money.

The prevailing amusements taken part in by the visitors to the church-ales were dancing on the green, stool-fall, barley-break, rounders, hunting the fat lamb, foot-races, etc.

Fairs were held in many parts of the country on Whit-Monday. At one kept up at Hinckley, Leicestershire, the millers from all the country round formerly walked in procession, dressed in ribbons, with what they called the "King of the Millers" at their head. An unchartered Whitsun Tryste Fair is held annually on Whitsunbank Hill, near Wooler, Northumberland. A very curious custom, called "Pole Fair," obtains at Corby, near Rockingham,

Northampton. Every year the inhabitants assemble at an early hour on Whit-Monday morning, and stop up all roads and byeways in the parish, and demand a certain toll of every passer-by, no matter what their station in life. In case of non-compliance a long pole is produced, and the offender is placed thereon in riding attitude, carried through the village and taken to the parish stocks, and there imprisoned till the authorities choose to grant a dismissal. It appears that Queen Elizabeth granted to the inhabitants of Corby a charter to free them from town toll throughout England, Wales, and Scotland; and also to exempt them from serving on juries at Northampton, and to free the knights of the shire from the militia law. This custom of taking toll has been observed every twenty years since the granting of the charter, in commemoration thereof, and was last celebrated on June 9th, 1862.

The old ceremony, the "Boy's Bailiff," pravailed in Whitsun week at one time at Wenlock, Shropshire. It consisted of a man who wore a haircloth gown and was called the bailiff, a recorder, justices, and other municipal officers. There was a large retinue of men and boys mounted on horseback begirt with wooden swords, which they carried on their right sides. They used to call at the gentlemen's houses in the franchise, where they were regaled with refreshments; and they afterwards assembled at the Guilhall, where the town-clerk read some sort of rigmarole, which they called their charter, one part of which was:—

> "We go from Bickbury, and Badger, to Stoke on the Clee,
> To Monkhopton, Round Acton, and so return we."

The first three named places are the extreme points of the franchise, and the other two are on the return to Much Wenlock. This custom is supposed to have originated in going a bannering.

A remarkable usage obtained in former days on Whitsun Monday, in the vicinity of Lichfield, Stafford. A "Court of Array," or view of men and arms, was held at a place called Greenhill, where every householder failing to answer his name when called from the dozener's list, was fined a penny. The origin of this singular ceremony is unknown; it existed long before the charters of incorporation, and may perhaps be the remains of the commissions of array issued in the time of Henry V., who ordered every man to keep in his possession arms and armour, according to his goods and station in life, whence the enrolment of a regular army took place. These statutes of array were repealed. Something, however, like the old custom was continued, and a booth erected for this purpose, in which the magistrates received all the inhabitants who chose to visit them, and partake of a collation provided for that purpose. The business of the day commenced about eight o'clock in the morning, when the constables, attended by armed men, wearing their colours of distinction, with drums beating, preceded by morris dancers, with the Maid Marian, tabor and pipe, etc., conducted the bailiffs, and sheriff, and other city officers to the bower, where they were received with a salute from the men-at-arms. The constable then returned to collect the dozeners with their standards or posies, who, with the inhabitants of each separate, were with like ceremonies conducted to the bower. The posies were probably originally images of saints; they afterwards became emblems of trades, or in many instances were poppets or garlands borne upon the heads of their ancient halberts: these were in every ward received with a volley from the men-at-arms, who also fired over every separate house, for which they received money and liquor from the inhabitants. Greenhill was on these occasions crowded with shows, booths, and stalls, and the day was regarded as a festival of the city and neighbourhood. About nine in the evening, the whole of the posies being collected, a procession was formed to conduct them to what was called the christening, and was in the following order:—

Tabor and pipe decorated with ribbons.
Tom Fool and Maid Marian.
Morris Dancers, dancing Sarabants, clashing their staves.
Two captains of the armed men.
Twenty-four armed men with drums.
Twenty-one dozeners with standards or posies.
Two Constables.
Gaoler.
Sheriff.
Serjeants-at-mace and Town Crier.
Bailiffs and Town Clerk.
Citizens, inhabitants, etc.

On arriving at the door of St. Mary's Church, an address was delivered by the town-clerk, recommending a peaceable demeanour, and watchful attendance to duty; then a volley was fired over the posies, and the business of the day ended. At one time the images were deposited in the belfry of the adjoining church, from which it has been conjectured that the origin of the ceremony was religious. The custom was abolished by the magistrates in 1805, at which time the expense was annually about £70; but was afterwards in some degree continued by private subscription.

We must here close our remarks on the customs of Whitsuntide, for the length of our paper will not permit us to speak of many other quaint observances which formerly took place throughout the length and breath of our land.

MASONIC AND GENERAL ARCHÆOLOGIA.

IN Maldon's "Account of King's College, Cambridge," at page 80, we find the following indenture:—

"This indenture made the fourth day of August in the fifth yere of the reign of our sovrain lord kyng Herry the 8th, betwyne Mr. Robert Hacombleyn Provost of the kyng's college royal in Cambrydge and the scolers of the same with the advise and agrement of Mr. Thomas Larke surveyor of the kyng's works there on the oon partye, and John Wastell master mason of the seid works on the other partye, witnesseth, That it is covenaunted, bargayned, and agreed betwyne the partyes aforeseid, that the seid John Wastell shall make and sett up, or cawse to be made and sett up, at his propre cost and charge, the vawting of two porches of the newe churche of the kyng's college aforeseid with Yorkshere ston; And also the vawtes of seven chapels in the body of the same churche with Weldon ston, accordynge to a plat made as well for the same seven chapels as for the seid two porches; and nine other chapels behynd the quyre of the seid churche with like Weldon ston to be made of a more course werke, as appereth by a plat for the same made: And that the seid John Wastell shall make and sett up or cawse to be made and sett up at his cost and charge the batelments of all the seid porches and chapels with Weldon ston accordynge to another plat made for the same remyning with all the other plats afore rehersed in the kepynge of the seid surveyor signed with the hands of the lords the kynge's executors: All the seid vawtes and batelments to be well and workmanly wrought made and sett up after the best handlynge and forme of good workmanshyp, and accordyng to the plats afore specifyed: The foreseid John Wastell to provide and fynde at his cost and charge not only as moche good sufficient and hable ston of Hampole quarryes in Yorkshere as shall suffise for the performance of the said two porches, but also as moche good sufficient and hable ston of Weldon quarryes as shall suffise for the performyng of all the seid chapels and batelments, together with lyme, sand, scaffoldyng, mooles, ordinaunces, and every other thyng concernyng the fynishyng and performyng of all the seid vawtes and batelments, as well workmen and laborers, as all maner of stuff and ordinaunce as

shall be requyred or necessary for performance of the same: provided alwey that the seid John Wastell shall kepe continually 60 fre-masons workyng upon the same. The seid John Wastell graunteth also and byndeth hymself by these presents to performe and clerely fynish all the said vawtes and batelments on this side the ffeeste of the Nativitie of Seint John Baptiste next ensuyng after the date hereof; And for the good and fuer performyng of all these premysses, as is afore specyfyed the seid provost and scolers granten to pay unto the seid John Wastell for ston and workmanshyp of evry the seid porches with all other charge as is afore rehersed 25*l.*

"And for evry of the seid seven chapels in the body of the churche after the plat of the said porches 20*l.*

"And for vawtyng of evry of the other nine chapels behind the quyre to be made of more course work 12*l.*

"And for ston and workmanshyp of the batelments of all the seid chapels and porches devided into twenty severeys every severey at 100*s.* sum 100*l.*

"And for all and singler covenaunts afore rehersed of the partye of the seid John Wastell wele and truly to be performed and kept, he byndeth hymself, his heirs and executors in 400*l.* of good and lawful money of England to be paid unto the seid Mr. Provost, scolers and surveyor at the ffeeste of the Purification of our Blessed Lady next comyng after the date of these presentes; and in lyke wise for all and singler covenauntes afore rehersed, of the partye of the said Mr. Provost, scolers and surveyor wele and truly to be performed and kept, they bynde themselves, their successors and executors in 400*l.* of good and lawfull money of England to be paid unto the seid John Wastell at the said ffeeste of the Purification of our Blessed Lady, In witnesse whereof the partyes aforeseid to these present indentures interchangeably have sett their seals, the day and yere above wryten."

The two following notes we take from the *Antiquary*, No. 2:—

"ARCHÆOLOGICAL CONGRESS.—Antiquaries will read with a smile the following amusing sketch of the proceedings of an Archæological Summer Congress, which we take from the Epilogue to the Westminster Play of Christmas last. The speakers are Callias and Charmides:—

'CALL. Relliquias veneror! Gens Antiquaria summo
Nos apud, antiquum est quicquid, honore colunt.
CHARM. An tu "*Archæologista*" audis?
CALL. Longo intervallo
Propositum nostrum discrepat et ratio!
Indocti doctique en! miscellanea turba,
Auctumno festos jam referente dies,
Prædictum in vicum soliti concurrere! Primò
Collaudant sese; glorificatur opus.
Jentaclo raptim sumpto, rhedisque paratis,
Ecce! hilarem pergunt carpere ritè diem.
Invitant circùm docto loca digna notatu;
"Castra," "Pavimentum," seu "Mediæva" Domus.
Anxia præcipuè at Templis data cura sacratis,
Quoque anno fuerint condita, consulitur.
Tandem (præscriptæ hic finis chartæque, viæque!)
Hospitio fessos excipit Amphitryon.
Hic estur, bibiturque; adsunt joca, blanditiæque!
Deinde redux lætus quisque cubile petit.
Felix iste labor levis et conjuncta voluptas!
Cuinam evplorandi non modus iste placet?'

If they are never made the subject of more ill-natured pleasantry than this, Antiquaries in general will have no need to complain."

"WEATHER LORE OF THE MONTH.—It was commonly said that 'Wherever the wind lies on Ash Wednesday, it will continue in that quarter during all Lent.' A wet March has been regarded as a bad omen, for, says the proverb—

'A wet March makes sad harvest.'

Whereas—

'A dry and cold March never begs its bread.'

According to an old superstition, the weather at the end of March is always the exact opposite of that at the beginning, hence the familiar saying, 'March comes in like a lion and goes out like a lamb,' which is sometimes transposed to suit the season. The Scotch form is, 'March comes in with an adder's head, but goes out with a peacock's tail.' Old St. Matthew's Day, the 8th of this month, is supposed to influence the weather. 'St. Matthew breaks the ice; if he finds none he will make it.' The last three days of March are called the 'Borrowing Days,' said to have been a loan from April to March. There are various versions of this story. In North Ireland, says a writer in the *Leisure Hour* (1876, p. 158), it is said that March had a spite against an old woman, and wished to kill her cow; failing to do so in his own month, he borrowed three days of April to enable him to complete the task, but whether he succeeded does not appear. In Scotland, the story varies by supposing he had a grudge against three pigs, instead of a cow. In this case the result of all his attacks on them was that 'the little pigs came hirpling hame.' Sir Walter Scott, in a note to his 'Heart of Midlothian,' says the three last days of March (old style) are called the borrowing days, for, as they are remarked to be unusually stormy, it is feigned that March had borrowed them from April to extend the sphere of his rougher sway. In an ancient Romish calendar quoted by Brand (*Popular Antiquities*, 1849, vol. ii., p. 41), there is an obscure allusion to the borrowing days. It is to the following effect:—'A rustic fable concerning the nature of the month; the rustic names of six days which shall follow in April, or may be the last of March.' Aubrey tells us that the vulgar in the West of England 'do call the month of March *Lide*,' and quotes an old rhyme:

'Eat leeks in Lide, and Ramsins (garlic) in May,
And all the year after Physitians may play.'

In the West of England 'a bushel of March dust' is sometimes said 'to be worth a king's ransom.'"—*English Folk Lore.*

LITTLE BRITAIN.

(*Continued from page* 402.)

He was doomed, however, to share the unpopularity of his family. He found his old comrades gradually growing cold and civil to him; no longer laughing at his jokes; and now and then throwing out a fling at "some people," and a hint about "quality binding." This both nettled and perplexed the honest butcher; and his wife and daughters, with the consummate policy of the shrewder sex taking advantage of the circumstances, at length prevailed upon him to give up his afternoon pipe and tankard at Wagstaff's; to sit after dinner by himself, and take his pint of port—a liquor he detested—and to nod in his chair in solitary and dismal gentility.

The Miss Lambs might now be seen flaunting along the streets in French bonnets, with unknown beaux, and talking and laughing so loud that it distressed the nerves of every good lady within hearing. They even went so far as to attempt patronage, and actually induced a French dancing-master to set up in the neighbourhood; but the worthy folks of Little Britain took fire at it, and did so persecute the poor Gaul, that he was fain to pack up fiddle and dancing pumps, and decamp with such precipitation that he absolutely forgot to pay for his lodgings.

I had flattered myself, at first, with the idea that all this fiery indignation on the part of the community was merely the overflowing of their zeal for

good old English manners and their horror of innovation; and I applauded the silent contempt they were so vociferous in expressing for upstart pride, French fashions, and the Miss Lambs. But I grieve to say that I soon perceived the infection had taken hold, and that my neighbours, after condemning, were beginning to follow their example. I overheard my landlady importuning her husband to let their daughters have one quarter at French and music, and that they might take a few lessons in quadrille. I even saw, in the course of a few Sundays, no less than five French bonnets, precisely like those of the Miss Lambs, parading about Little Britain.

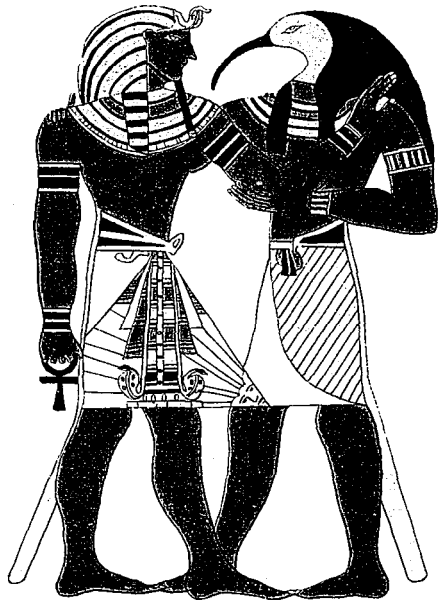
I still had my hopes that all this folly would gradually die away; that the Lambs might move out of the neighbourhood; might die, or might run away with attorneys' apprentices, and that quiet and simplicity might be again restored to the community. But unluckily a rival power arose. An opulent oilman died and left a widow with a large jointure, and a family of buxom daughters. The young ladies had long been repining in secret at the parsimony of a prudent father, which kept down all their elegant aspirings. Their ambition being now no longer restrained, broke out into a blaze, and they openly took the field against the family of the butcher. It is true that the Lambs, having had the first start, had naturally an advantage of them in the fashionable career. They could speak a little bad French, play the piano, dance quadrilles, and had formed high acquaintances, but the Trotters were not to be distanced. When the Lambs appeared with two feathers in their hats, the Miss Trotters mounted four, and of twice as fine colours. If the Lambs gave a dance, the Trotters were sure not to be behindhand; and though they might not boast of as good company, yet they had double the number, and were twice as merry.

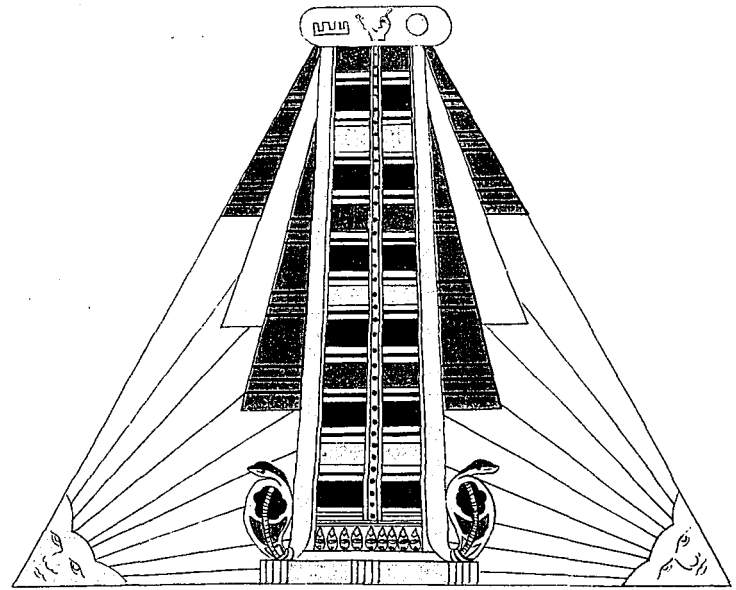
The whole community has at length divided itself into fashionable factions, under the banners of these two families. The old games of Pope-Joan and Tom-come-tickle-me are entirely discarded; there is no such thing as getting up an honest country dance; and on my attempting to kiss a young lady under the mistletoe last Christmas, I was indignantly repulsed, the Miss Lambs having pronounced it "shocking vulgar." Bitter rivalry has also broken out as to the most fashionable part of Little Britain, the Lambs standing up for the dignity of Cross-Keys Square, and the Trotters for the vicinity of St. Bartholomew's.

Thus is this little territory torn by factions and internal dissensions, like the great empire whose name it bears—and what will be the result would puzzle the apothecary himself, with all his talent at prognostics, to determine, though I apprehend that it will terminate in the total downfall of genuine John Bullism.

The immediate effects are extremely unpleasant to me. Being a single man, and, as I observed before, rather an idle good-for-nothing personage, I have been considered the only gentleman by profession in the place. I stand, therefore, in high favour with both parties, and have to hear all their cabinet councils and mutual backbitings. As I am too civil not to agree with the ladies on all occasions, I have committed myself most horribly with both parties by abusing their opponents. I might manage to reconcile this to my conscience, which is a truly accommodating one, but I cannot to my apprehensions—if the Lambs and Trotters ever come to a reconciliation and compare notes I am ruined!

I have determined, therefore, to beat a retreat in time, and am actually looking out for some other nest in this great city, where old English manners are still kept up; where French is neither eaten, drank, danced, nor spoken; and where there are no fashionable families of retired tradesmen. This found, I will, like a veteran rat, hasten away before I have an old house about my ears—bid a long, though a sorrowful adieu to my present abode—and leave the rival factions of the Lambs and the Trotters to divide the distracted empire of LITTLE BRITAIN.





THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

No. 84.—Vol. VII. JUNE, 1880. Price 6d.

THE BELZONI MASONIC MSS.

THE history of these highly interesting MSS. is briefly this. They consist of a number of sheets of letter paper bound into two several copies of Belzoni's celebrated work on Egypt. They are entirely in the handwriting of Madame Belzoni, and are signed by her "Sarah Belzoni." After Belzoni's death they were presented by his widow to my father, the late Sir William Wilde (P.·. Rose Croix, of the original Chapter of Prince Masons, Ireland), shortly after the publication of his "Narrative of a Voyage to Egypt, Palestine, and Greece, etc.," in 1840. Madame Belzoni set great value on the MSS., and they were written by her at her husband's dictation. After my father's death, in 1876, they passed into my possession, and on coming to London I showed them to my friend, Bro. Erasmus Wilson, as one learned in both Masonry and Egyptology, and at his suggestion I have gladly lent them to Bro. A. F. A. Woodford for publication, as they are doubtless of much interest in the Archæology of Masonry.

I understand that a MS. similar apparently to these now presented, was published some months ago in the *New York Herald*. It is most probably that Madame Belzoni had several duplicate copies made of the MSS. (besides the two in my possession), and that one of them found its way to America. I only wish to state that I never showed the MSS. to anyone before I brought them to Bro. Erasmus Wilson.

The merits and value of the MSS. I willingly leave to other Masons to determine, but I write this note simply to trace their pedigree and guarantee their authenticity.

WILLIAM C. K. WILDE,

Grand Master's Lodge of Ireland,
and "Westminster and Keystone,"
England.

1, Ovington Square, S.W., *May 20th*, 1880.

DEDICATED TO THE MASONIC BRETHREN UNIVERSALLY.

WISDOM was never more exemplified than when it adopted the Pyramidical and Triangular Form from the sublime architecture of the heavens, machined on the firm basis of eternal stability.

The united brethren universally will adopt, I hope, the original form of the Masonic apron, and establish a jubilee to commemorate the restoration of that event, by casting into the flames the present aprons of the unmeaning form of St. Crispin.

The plate represents Pharoah Ousirie, King of Egypt, in Masonic communication with one of that order, whose head is covered with a mask which represents the head of the Ibis; an excellent mode of mystifying. The king is invested with the triangular Masonic apron, holding in his right hand the grand Masonic emblem and last grade obtained. The second drawing represents the Triangular Apron united with the apron of serpents.

Masonic Signs and Signals originated in the first separation that took place in the family of Adam. From the beginning Cain and his families had ruled with a despotic power over the numerous families of the passive Adam. The elders and chiefs had been long looking forward for a proptcious moment to overthrow the tyrannic power which they had so long been subjected to. The moment so anxiously hoped for arrived but too soon, in the murder of Abel. Alas, Abel! son of their hopes, in whom they looked for the fulfilment of the promise, destroyed by his brother, the first-born son of their affliction. From that period discord entered with all its train of evils into the hearts of the human race. A horrible crime had been committed, a dreadful precedent for the unruly and rebellious spirits. No man felt himself secure from the jealous vengeance of a brother. Suspicion lurked in each eye. Councils were held by the chiefs of the families, and it was decided that Cain, with his families, should separate and establish themselves at a certain distance from that of Adam. Well might the afflicted fratricide exclaim "My punishment is greater than I can bear." The murder of Abel was followed by many important events and inventions of necessity, and many things of serious import to the human race were to be arranged previous to the first separation. From that catastrophe originated the first civil and moral laws established for the general protection. And it was enacted that disobediedce to those laws and regulations were to be be punished by death.

It was a fearful and momentous epoch to the family of Adam. Consultations were held among the chiefs, and great must have been their perplexity to invent and arrange a code of signs and signals that the direct descent of each family from Adam might be known to the others in their further wanderings over the globe.

Independent of the general signals, the heads and chiefs invented private signs, sacred among themselves, for a greater security and brotherly love. Likewise each tribe was invested with a standard or banner as a distinctive attribute, representing certain favourite animals, birds, etc., stuffed and erected on a tree, to be either carried before them or planted before their encampment.

Civil and religious laws, signs, and signals, standards, and banners, were the very first inventions of necessity. The serpent was the grand standard attached to the family of Abel, or that of Seth, who were invested with universal sovereignty, and to whom was given the birthright of Cain forfeited by the murder of Abel, and in whose family the priestly and monarchial characters were afterwards blended; and in the course of time, as religion increased, the serpent was sanctified and adopted as the armorial and sacred emblematic banner of the monarchial and priestly government united.

The mark set upon Cain and his tribes, by which they were to be known by their brethren, was no doubt represented by or on their banners. The

serpent has ever been held by the ancients as the grand mystic emblem of Paradise lost, and was the first hieroglyphic emblematic device, and descended from Seth to the families of Ham and to the kings of Egypt, to be traced in the tombs of that wonderful race. And the serpent, united with other devices, was the mystic emblem of the tribes of the human race, and spread universally over the known parts of the globe. SARAH BELZONI.

THE ROYAL EGYPTIAN MASONIC APRONS.

Conservative Freemasonry commenced with creation, established by the family of Seth. The Masonic apron originated from the covering or apron of fig leaves adopted by Adam and Eve after the fall, particularly the mystic apron of serpents, which was dedicated as a memorial to commemorate that fatal event. The triangular form of the Royal Egyptian Masonic Apron is Masonic, astronomical, and emblematic. The sun, emblazoned in the corner, spreading its refulgent rays of divine heat and light over the globe. The king is never represented in this apron alone, it is accompanied always with the mystic apron of serpents, emblematic of the evil spirit under the guise of the serpent that beguiled our fair mother Eve. The apron of serpents is worn alone on state affairs—emblem of the royal dynasty and symbol of the fall. The triangular apron I consider as a royal order of the pyramid, to commemorate the occasion for its construction. The triangular and serpent aprons are exclusively royal. The two aprons appear to have been worn together only on grand Masonic meetings of the heirarchy, whose lodge was in the sacred recesses of a royal tomb; a solemn type of that death denounced on the human race by the wilful transgression of the unborn pair. A finer emblem could not have been adopted to commemorate that mystic and awful event entailed on their posterity until the final conflagration. Masonry may be traced in all mythology to the remotest parts of the globe. In the temples of the sun and moon, and in the very idols of Mexico, in the pyramids, temples, Babel, Stonehenge, and in the solemn groves of the Druids. Masonry shall be traced wherever man is found. Let the Masonic brethren search and they will find that the Egyptian Masonic key will unlock the hitherto unrevealed mysteries of Egyptian wisdom. S. B.

THE TOMB OF PHAROAH OUSIREI, KING OF EGYPT, IN THE VAL BEBAN EL MALOOK, THEBES, UPPER EGYPT.

This tomb was the largest and the last of the tombs discovered by the sacrificed traveller, Giovani Batista Belzoni, in 1818. The above tomb was dedicated to the Masonic mysteries, blended and united with emblems of discoveries, inventions, and sciences in general, progressively as they took place from creation, from which originated the many fabulous inventions that mythology teems with.

Freemasonry in earlier ages was very different from what is now denominated by that appellation, and at the epoch of the above tomb, had attained a grandeur and sublimity unknown in Europe. Pharoah Ousirei, King of Egypt is represented in the greater part of this tomb as going through the ceremonies of initiation into the sublime mysteries of Masonry, &c., &c., &c. From hieroglyphics, drawings in the said tomb, there appears to be represented three distinct epochs in the life of the young king. First, on his accession to the kingdom, we behold him going through certain forms and ceremonies, and receiving instructions from the hierarchy in the sciences and secret art of governing. Having passed his inauguration, and being accepted by the sacred order, I now introduce my young king established, I hope, in all his royal prerogatives.

Belzoni's Atlas, plate the first, represents the king seated on his throne with the mystic apron of serpents, emblem of royalty and symbol of the fall, a sceptre in his hand, incense burning before him. The four first hieroglyphics at the back of the eagles are Masonic. 

Plate the second.—The arms of the nation, blended with the name of the king's dynasty, offerings, etc., and the spread eagle above, holding in each claw an ostrich feather, an eagle at each side as supporters, holding forth the grand emblem of Masonry, with armorial bearings, grades in Masonry, etc., which forms the three eagles.

Plate the third.—The royal name, with winged supporters on each side holding the grand emblem, the name ornamented with globes and feathers, figures kneeling on splendid cushions.

Plate the fourth.—Passing certain mystic grades, etc.

Plate the nineteenth.—The High Priest, or Grand Master, or High Grand Master, represented in the temple seated on a throne of state, supported on a platform; surrounding the base of the platform are the Masonic hieroglyphics, emblems of stability, power, etc., surmounted by winged globes, etc., a serpent attached to it, emblematic of its direful influence over it. A beautiful emblematic border of serpents and globes crowns the whole. The winged globe is accompanied by the following inscription according to Dr. Young:—"The sacred Father of the protecting powers Living, unalterable, reigning, ministering." In the above temple the king is presented to the High Grand Master by one of that order, his head covered with a mask representing the head of a hawk, denoting his descent, rank, and order, grade, etc., with his right hand gripping the right shoulder of the king, holding in his left the Masonic key. The female at the side of the Grand Master is one belonging to the hierarchy; she holds the key without the knowledge of its mysterious virtues. That females were permitted to assist in certain outward forms and ceremonies, processions, etc., is clearly evident. The king having gone through the whole of the mystic science, we pass with his majesty into the Masonic Hall of Beauties, where his majesty is accompanied by the Masonic order and receives the last and highest grade in Masonry—the Masonic Key 

In this hall the king is invested with the triangular Masonic apron. In the same hall the king is represented in the act of offering costly vases of perfumed ointments to the female aristocracy there assembled to honour the occasion. The king is then divested of the triangular and serpent apron while presenting the offerings to the females. SARAH BELZONI.

ON THE ORIGIN OF THE LEVEL AND PERPENDICULAR,

First employed in the erection of Babylon and Asyria, from which discovery proceeded the words Free Masons, which terms were unknown until some time after the dispersion at Babel.

Nimrod, the royal and mighty hunter, with his vast tribes, had long been master of the lands of Shinar united with the royal herdsman Asshur and his tribes in the strongest bonds of friendship. The two occupations of hunter and shepherd from the beginning were inseparable, and generally of the same family; the protection of the hunters were most necessary to guard the flocks from beasts of prey, etc. Esau was a hunter, and Jacob a shepherd. Nimrod and Asshur appear from scripture authority to have been two of the most powerful princes among the unsettled nations; their occupations rendered them of the utmost consequence to the nations round about, and to whom all were tributary. The confederated princes and sheiks of the unsettled tribes

and nations had long contemplated the necessity of a general separation and dispersion over the globe, as the lands could not contain the multitude. A convention had been entered into by the heads and chiefs of the nation with Nimrod and Asshur, that the united nations should by degrees assemble and encamp on the plains of Shinar for an indefinitive time, where councils were to be held among the rulers to take into serious consideration the arrangement of the separation and dispersion, Nimrod and Asshur undertaking the supplying the nations with provisions, cattle, beasts of burden, etc., the governments of the nations there assembled agreeing on their part to assist in erecting the kingdoms of Babylon and Assyria for Nimrod and Asshur, etc. And it was decreed among them that after Babylon was finished, they should, before separating, assist in erecting a monument of gigantic height, as a record to future generations, and to commemorate the name, and descent, and attributes of each nation assembled there, for the express purpose of a general dispersion of the vast multitudes of the younger branches of Noah. "Let us build us a city and a tower whose top may reach unto heaven; let us make us a name, lest we be scattered abroad upon the face of the whole earth." Whose top may reach unto heaven. These words alone prove that the plan for building the tower was that of the perpendicular, for hitherto the pyramical and tent form had been used generally, for the pyramidical form could never attain or appear high, as its height is lost in the great expanse, and this is what disappoints all travellers on the first view of the pyramids.

The wonderful rapidity with which the kingdoms had been raised by the facility of the level and perpendicular, had caused a great sensation among the rulers of the nations, who were each anxious to obtain this invaluable secret. Every stratagem had hitherto been practised to discover it without effect. A few of the chiefs entered into a conspiracy in order to obtain the knowledge of the level and perpendicular, but deferred it until the Tower of Babel should have attained a certain height, when they would suspend their work. All had gone on in perfect harmony, and all hitherto were anxious to evince their zeal in this brotherly undertaking, when, alas! "trifles light as air" began to assume a form of hostility. None but those forming the conspiracy were aware of what was intended, yet all felt that some threatened mischief was at hand, jealously broke forth in all its horrors, and all was anarchy and confusion, which destroyed the well laid plans which had taken many years to arrange in a regular order for the separation, when the royal and noble associates in architecture, and the discoveries of the greatest discovery ever made in science of the level and perpendicular mode of building, were obliged to fly from the fury of malignant jealousy, in order to retain their secret and their lives. They fled, no doubt, to the nation established by Mizraim, where such talents were sure to be received with royal honours, and to the confusion which took place at Babel are we indebted for the first perpendicular temples of Egypt. The noble associates had bought their experience dearly, and in order to prevent the monster jealousy from interfering with their grand secret, they consulted with the royal and noble of the nation, and from which consultation a society was formed of the most learned men, who were initiated into the secret of the perpendicular, etc. Each royal and noble initiated kept a retinue of workers of their own; none were permitted to build who were not of that society. They travelled in royal style, and each nation they visited added its strength, stability, and power to that fraternity. Signs and signals were invented, so that the initiated were known to each other in all lands. These associations were denominated under the title of Royal Freemasons. From the drawings in the tomb of Pharoah Ousirei proves that Freemasonry from the creation and after the confusion of Babel was perfectly conservative.

GANAH BELZONI.

A CHARGE

DELIVERED TO SEVERAL NEWLY INITIATED BRETHREN, IN ST. JOHN'S LODGE OF THE ANCIENT AND HONOURABLE SOCIETY OF FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS, IN NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE, DECEMBER 5, 1776.

BY BRO. J. ROTHERHAM, M.D.

BRETHREN, whoever considers the dignity of his own nature, or consults his own ease, safety, comfort, or happiness, will soon find them all to be founded in social life; in friendly intercourse, in communications of knowledge and pleasure, in mutual assistance and support, we are a blessing to each other. And, with the sincerest joy, I welcome you into a Society, to which the good report and persuasion of your own worth and moral character have introduced you, and wherein I hope you will give and receive reciprocal pleasure, satisfaction and benefit.

Knowledge and virtue, my brethren, are the objects of our pursuit; these are the foundations which are laid by the Great Architect of the Universe, upon which our wise master-builders have rested secure, and completed a fabric in truth, strength, and beauty, which defies the assaults of earth and hell, and will stand unshaken till time shall be no more.

Do Masons then arrogate to themselves everything that is great, good, and honourable? By no means; the gates of knowledge, and the paths of truth and virtue are open to every one who desires to enter and walk therein. But this I boldly affirm, that Masonry favours us with great and peculiar advantages, which, if duly improved and properly attended to, ought to exalt us above the rest of mankind. Though every good man is prepared in his heart to be a Mason, yet none but ourselves can know those ties and obligations, those particular privileges by which we are distinguished, and which afford us the fairest opportunities of accomplishing our present honour and happiness, and of securing eternal felicity; but, like every other display of light and truth, will, if abused or neglected, greatly aggravate our vice and folly. Favour me then with your candid attention, whilst I propose a few things to your serious consideration, which I hope may impress your minds with a proper sense of the importance of those objects and pursuits which we recommend and enjoin, of the privileges to which you are now admitted, and of the real benefits of which I hope you will shortly partake.

Our belief in the great God, the Architect and Ruler of Nature, a submission to His will and reliance on His protection, a devout and diligent enquiry into His works and the laws by which He governs the natural and moral world, a due observance of the moral duties and obligations, with universal charity being our first and leading principles; so our society admits and embraces all good men, of whatever sect, country, or religious persuasion. No institution in the world was ever more comprehensive: harmony, peace, and brotherly love are the great ornaments of our lodges; and whatever interrupts them is inimical to our constitution, and in every well regulated lodge should be severely reprehended.

You are therefore cautiously to avoid all religious disputes; as quarrels of this kind have ever been found prejudicial, and often destructive to society. Let every brother freely enjoy his own opinion, but not lord it over another, nor introduce any particular intricate wranglings into the lodge. Our religion is not founded in subtle metaphysical disquisitions, or angry disputa-

tions about forms, opinions, and ceremonies, but upon a good life and practice.

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

Political disputes, having an equal tendency to inflame the passions and sour the temper, are therefore, with equal propriety, excluded from our lodges. You are enjoined to pay a due obedience to the laws, and respect to the government of your country; and to live as peaceable subjects, but never to disturb or embroil the lodge with your particular opinions of State affairs.

Neither are you to let any private quarrels or animosities accompany you to defile what is peculiarly devoted to the purest brotherly love. If you differ from any of your brethren, hear them with patience, and reason with coolness and moderation; and take care that a hastiness of temper or expression betray you not into an improper behaviour. It would indeed be well if every wrangling, over-bearing, turbulent, or mischievous temper could be utterly excluded from our lodges. We have all our imperfections, prejudices, and passions; but Masons profess, and should study and labour diligently to reform or suppress them; to bear with the infirmities of our brethren, which are never helped by wrath or contention, but may be much assisted by mutual affection and good offices.

You are likewise exhorted to avoid, especially whilst the lodge is sitting, a certain levity of behaviour, and trifling impertinence; which, however harmless it may be thought, is seldom consistent with good manners; but is more highly culpable, when it rudely draws the attention of your brethren from important truths and rational pleasures; it is inconsistent with your characters as Masons, gentlemen, or good moral men; it shows a contempt of the company, where true politeness ought to appear in mutual respect.

The laying or offering of wagers is justly prohibited as incompatible with the dignity of our conversation.

You are likewise enjoined to refrain from all profane and obscene discourse. The first is an insolent contempt of the Supreme God, who, both in our outward conversation and deportment, and the inmost recesses of our minds, claims our highest adoration and reverence; the other is brutal and unmanly, a most indecent affront and injury to that sex, which, though not admitted into our lodges, we are bound, as Masons and men, tenderly to respect, support, and defend.

No drunkenness or intemperance is allowed in our lodges, and whenever a brother is seen to be intoxicated, he ought in strictness and by the rules of our society to be dismissed from that meeting, and properly admonished, the first opportunity, not to insult his brethren with future intrusions when he is in that odious situation. But a moderate refreshment, such as nature requires and virtue allows, ought to be encouraged in our cheerful and friendly conventions; it exhilarates the spirits, and renders the faculties more vigorous and active; that frequently in the decent convivial hour, even our necessary cares and anxiety may, for the moment, be forgot, and the mind recruited with fresh vigour and resolution to encounter them; whilst our friendly intercourse and conversation are cheerful, easy, and free; not clouded by any sullen reserve, checked by austerity, or deadened by unreasonable abstinence; but enlivened and brightened by such prudent regulations as give pleasure to enjoyment, and comfort, ease and peace to reflection; rivet us in the purest friendship, and render our society an expressive "type of future bliss."

Your punctual and willing attendance upon our stated meetings is expected, so far as it may not interfere with your duty to yourself, family, or friends; but you are by no means required to neglect your private affairs or proper business on this account. Diligence and fidelity in our respective callings and professions are what Masonry recommends and enforces, but ought never to interrupt.

As the Worshipful Master and presiding officers are placed in their several departments by the voice of the brethren, you are required to behave towards them with a becoming respect, to address them by their accustomed titles, and candidly submit to their just orders, admonitions, and reproofs; consider that every affront to them is an offence to the whole society, whom they represent, and over whom they are appointed to preside.

As the different regular lodges, and brethren, wherever dispersed, not only through this kingdom, but over the whole face of the globe, are united into one grand body, provincial and general officers, whose duty it is to preside over all the lodges in their several provinces or districts, are appointed by the fraternity, to preserve all the ancient laws and land-marks of the constitution; and everything relative to the general interests of Masonry ought, by them, to be duly weighed and properly regulated. We are, therefore, to pay a due regard to the Book of Constitutions, which is published by their authority; to prevent, or endeavour to heal, any jealousies, animosities, or differences, which may unhappily arise between those societies, which are, or ought to be, united in one common interest, and under one common head. Let this band of union be broken, and we become a rope of sand, and lose that strength, weight, and influence which concord and unanimity will secure to us.

Though your first engagement, and principal attachment ought to be to the lodge of which you are members, to the bye-laws of which you are required to conform, and the true interests of which you are bound to support, yet you are allowed, when proper and convenient, to visit the neighbouring lodges, so that you conform to their law and customs; but you are not to interfere in their particular business; nor is it well to enter into any discourse but what materially concerns the manifest interests of the society at large, or the general welfare of your brethren, to which you must be constantly and particularly attentive.

So far as you can do it, without injury to yourselves or families, you are bound to study your brethren's interests as your own; to relieve and assist them in all their difficulties and distresses; to pay a due regard to their merits, and maintain a tender concern for their failings. But do not suppose that Masonry confines your good offices to the fraternity only, or absolves you from your duty to the rest of mankind. Far from it; it inculcates universal benevolence and extends its benign influence to the whole world. It is a moral association, but not a partial confederacy. For surely, whilst I love my brother from moral principle as a man, I may, without injury to any part of society, be allowed to distinguish him as a Mason.

And this leads me to recommend to you a particular care and circumspection, that you betray not our distinguishing marks and characteristics to any stranger; not to your nearest or dearest relation, nor most intimate and confidential friend. It will be prudent in you, at least for some time, not to exhibit them even to a brother, except in a lodge, or where you well know your company. Time and patience will fully evince to you the importance of this precaution.

Pythagoras enjoined a long course of silence to his scholars. And though you are now cheerfully and affectionately received into our intimacy, your are still probationers for greater confidence. You will, therefore, keep a strict guard over your discourse, looks, and gestures, so that the most piercing eye, the quickest ear, or the most penetrating observation may not possibly discover what ought to be concealed; and if you meet with prying, inquisitive people, endeavour to turn and divert the discourse; but beware of manifesting any offence or discomposure.

Whatever passes in the lodge ought to be kept an inviolable secret; and though some things may appear more trivial than others, you are not to make any of the transactions there the subject of your discourse amongst your family or friends. Nor will it generally answer any good purpose to be perpetually talking of them to your brethren.

So far as you have opportunity, cultivate an esteem for, and a knowledge of the liberal arts and sciences; besides their use and importance in every part of life, they improve the understanding, enlarge and adorn the mind, render your friendship important, and your conversation solid and entertaining. Geometry is particularly recommended to the attention of Masons; and I beg the indulgence of my candid brethren, whilst I expatiate a little upon this grand foundation of Masonry.

By geometry, I mean not merely a study of the properties of lines, superfices, and solids, but the geometrical method of reasoning and deduction in the investigation of truth.

From the plainest and most intelligible definitions, we understand what is meant by a line, a surface, a solid, a perpendicular, a parallel, a triangle, square, circle, cube, sphere, pyramid, or cone.

From the most obvious and self-evident axioms we deduce those relations, or proportions of sides, angles, surfaces, or solid contents, which constitute what we call a geometric proposition. And from the comparing and combining our ideas, we gradually arrive at the demonstration, or absolute certainty of those truths which are more complicated, or remote from our first view (but which to superior beings, or superior geniuses, may be known intuitively). From hence we determine with certainty, what kinds, forms, or dimensions of natural bodies are best adapted to use or ornament. And from these speculative truths, we come to the problematic attainment of what we call pleasing, beautiful, or important.

In this light geometry is very properly considered as a natural logic; for, as truth is ever consistent, invariable and uniform, all truths may be, and ought to be, investigated in the same manner.

Moral and religious definitions, axioms and propositions have as regular and certain a dependance upon each other as any physical or mathematical ones. For instance, the moral relations of husband and wife, parent and child, king and subject, physician and patient, tradesman and customer, are equally certain and demonstrable as the mathematical ones between square and triangle, cube and pyramid, or cone and sphere.

In performing a good moral action then, if I may be allowed the expression, I am truly solving a moral problem; for I am acting in conformity to moral truth, or that fitness of things which is internal and invariable. Whereas, if I neglect my duty, or act inconsistently with the relations I bear: if I injure my neighbour in his person or property, withhold due relief from distress, or support from virtue, I am acting in contradiction to a known eternal truth; or in short, I am *acting* a lie.

I have been the more earnest and particular upon this subject, as it comprehends the very essence of what I understand by Masonry. In your future lectures and instructions, you will find that all our emblems, allegories, and peculiar characteristics have a beautiful and lively tendency to this point. Almost every branch of science is so applied and so mortalised as to become at once useful and instructive.

From the attention with which you have now honoured me, I hope you will seriously determine to pursue such knowledge, and cultivate such dispositions as will secure to you the brotherly respect of this society, the honour of your farther advancement in it, your peace, comfort, and satisfaction in this life, and your eternal felicity in the next. To the most fervent prayer for which, your faithful affectionate brother will ever devoutly say—

AMEN, SO MOTE IT BE.

THE YORK FABRIC ROLLS.

THIS most interesting book was edited by Canon Raine, of York, son of the well-known antiquary, the Rev. James Raine, for the Surtees Society, in 1858, and is full of matter interesting to the general archæologist as well as to the Masonic student, for giving us glimpses of operative Masonic life and customs which no other known work so far supplies, though perhaps the materials exist if we knew where to put our hands on them.

We give this month a Latin "ordinance" for the Masons, full of interest, with a part and rough English translation of the same by an old friend and fellow labourer in Masonic research, Bro. E. W. Shaw, now, alas, passed away.

"ORDINACIO FACTA PRO CEMENTARIIS ET CETERIS OPERARIIS FABRICÆ.*

"Ordinatum est per venerabile Capitulum ecclesiæ Beati Petri Ebor, quod consuetudines antiquæ, quibus cementarii et carpentarii et ceteri operarii operantes in fabrica Ecclesiæ predictæ uti solebant, per singula tempora anni, de cetero, more solito, observentur. Ad quarum observacionem principalis et secundarius cementarius, qui vocantur magistri eorumdem, ac carpentarius fabricæ predictæ, qui sunt recepti per Capitulum, et imposterum recipiendi, jurent coram Capitulo quod consuetudines antiquas infrascriptas faciant per ceteros cementarios, carpentarios, et ceteros operarios ibidem operantes, de cetero fideliter observari, videlicet. Quod ipsi cementarii, carpentarii, et ceteri operarii, incipere debeant operari, singulis diebus operalibus in estate, usque ad pulsacionem campanæ B. M. V., et tunc sedeant ad jantaculum infra logium fabricæ, cum non jejunaverint, per spacium dimidiæ Lente: et tunc predicti magistri, val unus eorem, pulsabit super ostium logii, et omnes statim accedent ad opera sua, et sic officia sua diligenter complebunt, usque ad horam nonam, et tunc ad prandia sua ibunt. Item in yeme, videlicet, a festo Sancti Michaelis usque ad festum Paschæ, lucescente die, ad opus suum venient, et statim unusquisque, cum venerit, incipiet operari, et sic continuare in forma predicta usque ad horam nonam. Post prandium vero, a festo Invencionis Sanctæ Crucis usque ad festum Beati Petri ad vincula, dormire debent infra logium. Et cum vicarii venerint de mensa canonicorum post prandium, magister cementarius, vel ejus substitutus, faciet eos de sompno surgere, et ad opus suum accedere; et sic debent operari usque ad primam pulsacionem ad vesperas, et tunc in logio ad potandum sedebunt a dicta prima pulsacione usque ad terciam pulsationem propulsatam, tam in estate quam in yeme. Item a festo Beatti Petri ad vincula predicto usque ad festum Invencionis Sanctæ Crucis, statim post prandium suum propalam hora competenti sumptum, ad opus suum redibunt non expectantes recessum vicariorum de mensa canonicorum, et unusquisque, cum redierit, incipiet operari; et sic operabuntur usque ad primam pulsacionem vesperarum, et tunc propulsatam, et redibunt potabunt infra logium usque ad terciam pulsacionem ad opera sua, et sic operabunter usque ad pulsacionem campanæ abbathiæ Beatæ Mariæ quæ vocatur le Langebell, videlicet, singulis diebus operalibus, a festo Sancti Petri in Cathedra usque ad festum Sancti Michaelis, et a festo Sancti Michaelis usque ad dictum festum Sancti Petri, quamdiu per lucem diei videre poterunt, opera sua continuabunt annuatim. Item quilibet cementarius minus capiet per septimanam in yeme quam in estate, ad valorem unius dietæ, videlicet a festo Sancti Michaelis usque ad festum Paschæ. Item quando duo festa accederint infra septimanam, amittat unusquisque unam dietam, et, cum tria evenerint, medietatem illius septimanæ. Item in vigiliis et in sabbatis, quando post nonam requieverint, propter solempnitatem diei subsequentis, tunc operabuntur usque ad pulsacionem horæ nonæ. Item predicti duo magistri cementarii et carpentarius fabricæ intererint in qualibet pacacione, et ibi notificabunt custodi fabricæ et contrarotulatori ejusdem defectus et absencias cementariorum, carpentariorum, et ceterorum operariorum, et secundum moram et absencias cujuslibet deducatur de salario suo, tam pro dieta integra, quam pro dimidia, prout justum fuerit in hac parte. Item prefati duo magistri comentarii ac car-

* A very useful set of rules to be observed by the Masons and the other workmen connected with the fabric. They continued in force for about twenty years. The restoration of the choir, a serious and extensive undertaking, would oblige the Chapter to take care that their staff of workmen and officers was of the most efficient description, and the observance of the rules now given would ensure punctuality and order, and be of great assistance to the regular progress of the work. Their exact date is not given, but it was probably in June 1352.

pentarius, qui pro tempore fuerint, debent predictas consuetudines fideliter observare in *virtute juramenti prestiti, ac per ceteros cementarios et operarios ibidem operantes facient*, sub pena amocionis, observari. Et si quis operari noluerit in forma predicta, statim amoveatur nec postmodo ad dictam fabricam recipiatur quoadusque eas voluerit in omnibus et *singulis suis periculis observare.*

[*Translation.*]

"It is ordered by the Chapter that ancient customs the workmen were wont to use shall be observed in the customary manner. First and second Masons, who are called Masters and the Carpenter, shall make oath before the Chapter that they will cause the same to be observed, viz.:—The work to begin in summer from the Feast of Easter until the Feast of S. Michael at sunrise, and work until the bell of the B.V.M., then to set at breakfast within the Fabric Lodge, provided they shall not have tarried, for the space of half-an-hour, and then the Masters, or one of them, shall knock at the door of the Lodge, and forthwith all shall go to work again until the hour of noon and then go to dinner. In winter from Feast of S. Michael until Feast of Easter, at daybreak shall come to work, and so continue until noon. After dinner from the Feast of Finding the Holy Rood (May 3rd) until Feast of S. Peter in Chains (August 1st), they shall sleep within the Lodge, and when the Vicars come from the Canon's table after dinner M. Mason or his substitute shall cause them to rise from sleep and return to their work, and shall be required to work until the ringing of the first bell for Vespers, and then shall sit to drink until the end of third bell both in winter and summer. From the Feast of S. Peter in Chains until the Finding of the Holy Rood, immediately after taking their own dinners at a fitting hour, they shall return to work, not waiting for the return of the Vicars from the Canon's tables, and shall continue to work until the first bell for Vespers, and shall drink in the Lodge until ending of the third bell, and shall return to work and so continue until ringing of bell of S. Mary's Abbey, which is called the Le Lange Bell, that is to say on every working day from the Feast of S. Peter's Chain (Jan. 18th) until Feast of S. Michael, and from Feast of S. Michael to said Feast of S. Peter so long as they can see by daylight they shall continue their work yearly. In winter each Mason shall receive less than in summer by one day's wage, to wit, from S. Michael to Easter. When two fast days occur in one week, each Mason forfeits one day's wage, and when three feasts occur in one week, a forfeit of one-half of that week's wage. Moreover, on Vigils and on Saturdays when they shall rest in the afternoon on account of the solemnity of the following day, they shall work until the hour of noon. The Master Mason and Carpenter to be present at each drinking time, and notify to the keeper of the fabric and to the controller all failures, and absences, and deductions to be made from the salary of each absentee, according as shall be equitable in the matter."

We shall continue these extracts for a few numbers of the magazine, to give our brethren a good idea of a very interesting book. The Fabric Rolls, a short account of building and other expenses, begin in 1360 and end in 1639. The illustrations from the Dean and Chapter Records begin in 1340 and end in 1704.

THE ANCIENT CITIES OF TROY AND PERGAMOS.

A LECTURE was delivered a short time back, by Dr. Phené, at a meeting of the Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts, in their rooms at Conduit Street, on "Travels in Asia Minor." Mr. Cuthbert Bede presided. The lecturer dwelt chiefly on the recent discoveries made at the sites of Troy and Pergamos, and his observations on visiting these sites. He referred to the peculiar custom of the early dwellers in Asia Minor of levelling down the hilltops to form sites for cities. This, he said, opened up to us half their manners, civic and religious. By this means they were secured from attack from wild beasts or man; they were freed from the miasma of the marshes of the low ground; and they had a commanding view over their pastures. They attained, in fact, what we now attain by systems of drainage, a vigilant police, and strong armies. Proceeding to describe the district of Troy, it was remarked that ancient writers specially noted that towns on the plains were

walled in order to obtain security. Dr. Schliemann had undoubtedly discovered a city of Ilion, but it was not necessarily the chief city. Without going into the question of Hissarlik being the site of that city, Dr. Phené said it must in any case have been one of the towns belonging to Dardani. The remains near Buonarbashi agreed more with the rain-proof porches to walk in and with the separate chambers for Priam's sons and sons-in-law, referred to in Book VI. of the "Iliad." The foundations at Buonarbashi, when compared with the oldest remains in Italy, were found to be of the type called Pelagic. They were carefully, it might almost be said royally, constructed, while those at Hissarlik are carelessly put together. The impression of the lecturer was that the ruins of Hissarlik represented the Acropolis of ancient Troy. The Trojans were not a naval people, but the vast jars for oil and wine unearthed by Dr. Schliemann testified to commercial importance, while the royal residence and temple would, like the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, be secluded from the noisy rabble of commerce. Further south, and strongly protected from the sea by a bold coast, was the site of the ruins of Chigri. This district abounded in relics. It was near here that Alexander erected the Troàs bearing his name, and it seemed to the lecturer that he was well informed, and selected the former royal rather than the former commercial district. Dr. Schliemann may have opened, he said, the great mart of Troy; but Priam dwelt at Ilium. Ida was the sacred mountain of the Trojans, on a spur of which Ilium stood. This matter had been considered on too narrow a basis. We had been looking for a city, it was urged, while we named a country; for citizens, while we were thinking of a nation. Troja was the capital of Troas, and Ilium was the royal and military stronghold. Referring to peculiarities of the inhabitants of the district, the lecturer drew attention to the golden hair and light blue eyes of many of the women, a remarkable dance for festival days, in which the dancers, young and old, performed in line and not in circle, and the children having horses for their principal plaything. The horse was famous in the history of Troy, and it was curious that these modern toys had a noticeable shape which was almost identical with that of one which Dr. Phené had picked up from the ground, which must have been of great age. After alluding to an ascent of Samothrak—the lecturer saying he believed he was the first person who in modern times had seen the plains from this summit—the ruins of Pergamos were discussed. This town had been built on a peak levelled in the manner already mentioned. That there had been such levelling was made certain by the summit of the mountain having been allowed to stand and form a cone. In the operation material was provided for the construction of buildings. It had been founded in remote ages, further back than the time of Lysimachus; but in more artistic days the rude materials would only be used in the defence walls, while the newer buildings would be built in a more costly manner. The walls were still so perfect that their embattled appearance made it difficult to believe that at the foot of the mountain there lived a people at peace with it. The place was strewn with blocks of fine marble, broken columns, pieces of friezes, entablatures, and so forth. Reference was made to the remains brought thence to Berlin; but many art treasures, it was said, were still concealed. The sculptures at Avignon in France, it was pointed out, much resembled those in the museum at Berlin from Permagos. After saying that there must have been a great school of paintsng there, the lecturer proceeded to describe observations he made in the neighbourhood of Smyrna. The lecture extended to considerable length, and the statements were supported by numerous quotations from classic authors.

[Though Dr. Phené's views are, as our readers will note, not altogether in accord with those of Dr. Schliemann, yet they are both curious and interesting, and deserve to be noted and preserved in the pages of the *Masonic Magazine.*]

OLD RECORDS OF THE LODGE OF PEEBLES.

BY BRO. ROBERT SANDERSON, P.G. SEC. PEEBLES AND SELKIRK. (S.C.)

(Continued from page 53 of the Scottish Freemason.)

AT Peebles the Twenty-seventh day of December, one thousand seven hundred and seventy-five years, which being the anneversity of St. John the Evangelist and the Honourable Lodge of Massons Peebles Kilwinning conveened, &c. (follows a list of thirty-one brethren present, and minute the same as previous St. John's Day) when was duly and legally elected and chosen by plurality of votes for Master, John Brown; Senior Warden, Peter Gillas; Junior Warden, James Grosart; Senior Stewart, Robert Sommervil; Junior Stewart, Thomas Cairns; Boxmaster, Robert Scott; Key Keeper, James Traquair; Clerk, James Bertram; Master, Wardens, and other members of the Lodge were qualified by taking the *oath de fideli* administratione officee and ordains the master to sign thir proceedings. WILLM. HARPER.

Thereafter the meeting agreed that there shall be a quarterly meeting, viz., the first meeting to be upon the last wedensday of March, seventeen hundred and seventy-six—the second on the last wedensday of June—and the third upon the last Wedensday of September—and the fourth upon St. John's Day next, and to continue so yearly, and every member shall pay sixpence of Dues at each quarterly meeting, and each member failing to attend said meeting shall pay two shillings sterling upon St. John's Day, and each member paying as above shall be Intituled to a Ball ticket gratas, and ordains the master to sign this minute. WILLM. HARPER.

Peebles, 29th Decr., 1775.

Which day a meeting of the Lodge of Massons Peebles Kilwinning conveened according to previous warning to the whole of the Bretheren in order to Examine into what money was in Robert Scott's hands the present Boxmaster, and to settle other affairs relitive to said Lodge. And after Robert Scott Boxmaster had given in an accompt of Dispursments given out by him since the nineteenth of January last, were found of Ballance in his hands the sum of five pounds, fourteen shillings sterling, of which he paid to Thomas Tweedale Masson in Peebles, five pounds sterling as the annual rent due at ths twenty-fourth day of June last, upon one Hundred pounds sterling due by this Lodge to said Thomas Tweedale, also said Boxmaster paid to Thomas Tweedale fifteen shillings sterling as the annual rents due at this date upon fifteen pounds sterling due by this Lodge to William Lyon Masson in Peebles and one of the members of this Lodge for which two sums Thos. Tweedale granted his discharge, which was lodged in the Boxmaster's hands.

Thereafter it was agreed that Alexander Hewet (or Ewart, as the name appears in former minute) Tacksman of the Lodge should be sent for, who accordingly compeared, and paid into the Boxmaster Two pounds five shillings sterling as the year's rent of said lodge, and that from Whitsunday seventeen hundred and seventy-four, to Whitsunday seventeen hundred and seventy-five years, and agreed to possess said Lodge, from Whitsunday seventeen hundred and seventy-six, to Whitsunday seventeen hundred and seventy-seven, at the same rent and under the same conditions conform to a minute in this Book of date the sixteenth day of December seventeen hundred and seventy-four and

page 32, and appoints the next commitie to meet for settling the Boxmaster's accompts upon the seventeenth day of January next, and ordains the master to sign this minute. WILLM. HARPER.

Peebles 1776, Jan. 17th.

The commitie having mett according to last appointment, and having examined the Boxmaster's accompts and the Dispursments by him allowed finds in his hands Three pounds three shillings and fourpence-halfpenny sterling, and ordains the master to sign this minute. JOHN BROWN, Mr.

Thereafter the Master Deputes Thomas Tweedale Master in his absence.
JOHN BROWN, Mr.

Peebles 22nd Novr. 1776.

At a meeting of the Lodge of Massons Peebles Kilwinning they took into their consideration that Robert Laidlaw tenant in Kingle-Doors had refused to pay the half of the expense of building a gavel wall betwixt a House build by said Lodge in the Northgate of Peebles and the said Robert Laidlaw's (House) notwithstanding he had formerly promised so to do, and therefore the meeting ordered Robert Scott Masson in Peebles their Boxmaster to raise a Process before the Sherriff of Peebles against the sd. Robert Laidlaw for the Expense of Building said wall, and to carry on said process to the final end thereof, and ordains the master to sign this minute.
THOMAS TWEEDELL, Deeput Master.

(Then follows St. John's Day meeting, 27th December, 1776, with list of twenty-four members present, and five absent; minute same as previous ones; to election of office bearers)—When was duly and Legally elected and chosen by Plurality of votes. For Master, John Hislop; Senior Warden, Robert Brown; Junior Warden, James Traquair; Senior Stewart, John Veitch; Junior Stewart, William Veitch; Boxmaster, Robert Scott; Key-keeper, George Brown; Clerk, James Bartram; Master, Wardens, and other members of the Lodge were qualifyed, &c. JOHN BROWN, Mr.

Peebles 25th Jany. 1777.

The commite having meet according to last appointment, and having examined the Boxmaster's accompts and the Depursments allowed finds in his hands three pounds fourteen shillings and one penny sterling, and ordains the Master to sign this minute. JOHN HISLOP.

The Boxmaster thereafter received two shillings of quarter Dues.
JOHN HISLOP.

Thereafter the Boxmaster paid to William Lyon, three pounds sterling, so that there remains in his hands of the above sums, sixteen shillings and one penny sterling. JOHN HISLOP.

Peebles Decr. 27th, 1777.

(St. John's Day meeting same as previous, 26 members present and paid quarter dues; 7 marked unpaid;) when was Duly and Legally elected by a plurality of votes, Master, Robert Brown; Senior Warden, James Traquair; Junior Warden, Charles Lawson; S. Stewart, Willm. Symington; J. Stewart, Alexr. Ballynton; Boxmaster, William Harper; Key-keeper, Andrew Varcher; Clerk, James Burtram.

The following members have taken into there Consideration the Great Burden they are lying under by reason of Debt Contracted on the Building of this Lodge, has taken it in there Consideration to pay three shillings of advanced dues yearly and while the said Debt be brought to seventy pounds

sterling and there to let it stand till every member has received Back his advanced money according as the Hourable society of masons can pay it yearly.
JOHN HISLOP, Master.

Robert Brown, Senr. Warden; James Traquair, Robert Scott, John Wallace, James Grosart, John Brown, Thomas Cairns, William Harper, Andrew Farcher, Thomas Tweedell, Robert Hislop, William Hislop, William Veitch, Alexr. Ballantyne, George Brown, William Symington, Charles Lawson, John Tweedell, Andrew Scott, James Stoddart, Thomas Stoddart.

Peebels Debr. 29 1777.

Which Day meeting of the Lodge convened acording to previous warning given to the Breathren in order to examine what money was in Robert Scott hands present Boxmaster, and to settell other things Rellitine to the said Lodge. And after Robert Scott had given in his Depursments findes in his hands, with Alexander Hewit's House Rent the sume of nine pounds seven shillings sterling of which sume he paid instantly to Thomas Tweedell for Interest, and William Lyon, the sum of five pounds twelve shillings sterling and finds a Ballance due by him to the said Lodge the sume of three pounds fifteen shillings sterling. JOHN HISLOP, Master.

Peebles, 17th Janry. 1778.

The Comitie having met according to last appointment and having examined the Boxmaster's accompts and the Depursments alowed finds in the Boxmaster's hands four pounds five shillings and sevenpence sterling and ordains the Master to sing (sign) this minute. JOHN HISLOP.

At the same time Delivered to William Harper their Boxmaster the sume of four pounds, five shillings and sevenpence ster. Likewise A Bill of Andrew Farcher at Eighteen & ninepence sterling which he is to be accomptable for at next clearance ROBERT BROWN, Mr.

At Peebles Decr. 28th 1778.

(St. John's Day Anniversary Meeting held. 26 members marked Paid and 7 unpaid—minute the same to election of office bearers)—When was duly and Legally elected and chosen by Plurality of votes; Master, James Traquair; Sen. Warden, Robert Hislop; Jun. Warden, William Hislop; Sen. Steward, Thomas Cairns; Junr. Steward, John Wallace; Box-keeper, William Harper; Key-keeper, Andrew Farcher (or Farquhar); Clerk, James Bertram; qualified as usual, and ordains the Master to sign their proceedings.
ROBERT BROWN, Master.

Peebles 29th Decr. 1778.

In a full meeting of the Kilwinning Lodge, they have considered that there is Certain Members falen into arrears anent the Building of their New House, and as there was a Contract entered into amongst the members, and said Contract is Registrate in the Commissary Court Books, we agree that our Clerk shall raise a Horning thereon and recover payment according to Law and ordains the Master to sign this minute. ROBERT BROWN, Master.

Compeared Alexr. Hewit and paid three pounds sterling as his house rent from Whitsunday seventeen hundred and seventy-seven to Whitsunday seventy-eight and the same is Discharged by ROBERT BROWN, Master.

Eodim Die. The Boxmaster paid to Thomas Tweedale five Pounds, eight shillings sterling as the interest of one Hundred and eight pounds sterling due July last, seventeen hundred and seventy-eight years.

THOMAS TWEEDDELL.

Thereafter the meeting appointed a comittie to meet in the clerk's house upon the first Day of January next to consider proper measures for recovering payment of some quarter dues Several of the members is Deficient in paying into the Lodge.

ROBERT BROWN Master.

Peebles 1st Jany. 1779.

The Comittie according to appointment of the meeting the Twenty-ninth of December last to consider proper meausers for recovering payment of the quarter Dues of several of the members which is in Deficienceys and said Comittie present, Robert Brown, Master; James Traquair, Senior Warden; Thomas Tweedale, John Hislop and Andrew Scott, and they having considered the persons after mentioned in arrears of their quarter Dues as follows, vizt., William Alexander, William Willson, and John Somervill for the year seventeen hundred and seventy-four, each one shilling sterling. Said William Alexander, William Willson, John Somervill, William Hardie, and James Dods, for the year seventeen hundred and seventy-five, one shilling sterling each. Said William Alexander, William Wilson, John Somervill, William Hardie, James Dods, Robert Somervill, for the year seventeen hundred and seventy-six, one shilling sterling each. William Lyon, John Veitch, David Russell, William Alexander, William Hardie, William Wilson, James Dods, John Somervill, Robert Somervill, William Scott, William Murray, for the year seventeen hundred and seventy-seven, four shillings sterling each, conform to a minute in the Book of date the Twenty-seventh December seventeen hundred and seventy-seven. Signed by all the members then present. Peter Gillas, James Stodhart, Thomas Paterson, William Alexander, William Lyon, John Veitch, David Russell, William Wilson, William Hardie, James Dodds, John Somervill, Robert Somervill, William Scott, William Murray, for the year seventeen hundred and seventy-eight four shillings sterling each. And the said Comitie having considered the severall persons in arrears above mentioned ordains William Harper their present Boxmaster, and Treasurer, to proscutt the Persons within this County before the Sheriff of Peebles, and the persons residing in the County of Midlothiun, before the Sherriffs of Edinburgh for payment of the respective sums above mentioned. William Murray and James Stodhart taken into this minute by mistake.

ROBERT BROWN, Master.

Peebles 23d. Jany 1779.

The Commitie having mett according to appointment read settled accompts with Boxmaster, and find a Ballance in his hands of nine shillings and twopence halfpenny with bill upon William Symington for twelve shillings sterling, one on George Brown for seven shillings and sixpence, one upon Andrew Paterson for Ten shillings and sixpence.

JAMES TRAQUAIR, Master.

THE LAMENT OF THE CAPTIVE.

BY SAVARICUS.

A CAPTIVE many years I've been,
In dungeon cell, untried, unseen
Except by gaoler, in whose face
No look of pity can I trace.
What weary days, what lonely nights,
Of waking dreams, of mental sights!
Thoughts all confused, mind all astray,
Distressed, without one earthly stay.
My soul so sad doth soar away
On wings of thought, and these convey
My fretful spirit to a land
Where freedom reigns and takes its stand.

O, England dear! I sigh for thee;
In this fair land, where none are free,
My heart is faint—I feel forlorn,
With deep despair my breast is torn.
Oh! *that my captive voice was heard,*
And man to justice by it stirred;
My state when known would cause a sigh,
And help to gain my liberty.

Some strange yet hopeful dreams of late
Have soothed and softened down my fate;
Complete their power and magic spell—
They fill my thoughts and with me dwell.

I dreamt I left this dungeon dark,
By angel led, and reached a bark;
With eagle swiftness our ship then flew,
Well manned by strong and friendly crew,
Across the sea, and journey made
Towards my home, beneath night's shade;
At morn I saw my native land,
With loved ones gathered on the strand.
This cheering sight to longing eyes
Was joyful made by welcome cries.

At last I touched the well-known shore,
And heard the distant breakers roar.
Then, starting from my troubled sleep,
I felt foul horrors o'er me creep;

The waves beneath my stone-bound cage
Were lashed to fury's toil and rage.
'Twas but their beating 'gainst the rock
With hissing sound that did me shock.

Awake, I think of dire distress
Caused by the sea, so merciless.
And yet I know for wealth and power
The danger's braved at ever hour.
Oh! happy those who thus are free
To plough with pride the boundless sea.

When first I left my native Isle,
A traveller, time to beguile,
My limbs were free, and gay my mind,
Intent on pleasure here to find.
But in this land, tho' fair the clime,
A manly speech is called a crime;
A despot's power the people feel,
And crushing laws enforced by steel.

In wand'ring o'er this sunny land
I met a brave—a patriot band,
Whose noble daring and just claim
Inspired my soul in freedom's name.
In simple strains I penned their wrong—
"Ah! woe is me," for this one song;
In sorrow now I know too well,
'Tis treason here the truth to tell.

In England, happy, brave, and free,
The people fear no harsh decree;
There any one with voice or pen
May sympathise with fellow men.
No dungeons there State victims keep,
For friends betrayed no dear ones weep;
In English prisons filled by crime,
The day for freedom comes in time;
And docile pris'ners fully prove,
That kindness can the hardened move.
But here, alas, is dark despair,
And none to hear a captive's prayer;
E'en I who have no crime committed,
Must linger on, unheard, unpitied.

THE TREVOR FAMILY;*

OR, HOW MRS. TREVOR SAW FREEMASONRY IN A NEW LIGHT.

BY A MASTER MASON.

(*Concluded from page* 470.)

CHAPTER VI.

ROSE received her visitor with a troubled air.

"You are acquainted with Mr. Glyndon, I believe," said she.

"I have had the honour of meeting the gentleman," said Crawley, and, bowing coldly in the direction of Frank, he turned to Rose, and entered on a tide of easy talk, utterly ignoring Glyndon's presence. At the first break, however, the latter arose, cooly shook hands with Rose, bade her good evening, bowed distantly in the direction of Crawley, and departed.

Fortunately for Miss Rose's feelings, Crawley was too sure of his ground to care for a rival. He wanted a wife for himself to wear on his arm, and for society to envy. She must be beautiful, because society paid homage to beauty. He would have preferred wealth with her, but that he could win for himself. He was vain, and the possession of a beautiful wife would minister to his vanity.

He did not delay making his business known. But through it all, Rose, excited as she was, could not help but contrast the love he offered for the open, manly love of Frank Glyndon, and in her heart she rejoiced that she had made the promise she had an hour before. How confident Crawley felt in his suit may be gathered from his closing words:

"I shall leave the store, Rose, and go into business for myself in an adjoining state. I shall write every week, and return for my bride during the winter holidays."

"Mr. Crawley," answered Rose, made calm by his curt manner of taking everything for granted, "I feel honoured by your declaration of affection for me, and have given you some right to make it. But I must be sure of my heart before I bestow it, and must ask for time—a year, at least."

If Rose had looked up at that moment, and caught the angry lightning of of those dark, fierce eyes, she would have been better satisfied than ever at her withholding assent for a year. It was the first glow of suspicion, and it soon found vent in words:

"May I inquire, Miss Rose, if the person who recently left the room has anything to do with your decision?"

"The gentleman who left the room after your arrival," replied Rose, with some warmth, "was for an hour, a guest beneath this roof, and I do not think that Mr. Crawley, after a moment's reflection, will expect me to answer such a question. But it will serve the same purpose, I trust, to state that no other engagement, present or prospective, has anything to do with my decision. I wish to know my own heart, and when the time comes, I hope I shall have the courage to obey its dictates, whatever they may be."

"Crawley was secretly enraged and bewildered. Here was a village belle, who for several years past had been daily under his eye, had had but limited advantages outside of village society, and this simple-minded beauty actually hesitated about accepting *him*, insisting on *his* waiting *her* leisure, and for a year, at least! and he had felt so confident. He had, he thought, but to step to the parent bough, pluck therefrom its sweetest flower, and wear it next his heart. And this was the result

"Well, Miss Rose," he said, rising and bowing, "woman, in all such matters, must have her own sweet way; but I will trust to your generous nature and my devotion for an earlier and favourable reply;" and with a few more words he bade her a polite good-night, and departed. But once out in the open air, his curses, if not loud, were deep. The next morning he passed two long hours in earnest conversation with Mrs. Trevor.

Chapter VII.

"Rose has no secrets from her mother, I hope?" said Mrs. Trevor to her daughter that evening after tea, as they sat alone.

"None of importance, mother," answered Rose. "I presume you refer to what occurred last evening. Well, mother, I had two offers of marriage and accepted neither."

"Neither," echoed her mother. "I can readily understand why you should not accept Mr. Glyndon. Personally, everything is in his favour, but you know my life-long objection to such a connection. But, my dear, I thought you had long regarded Mr. Crawley as an accepted suitor."

"I had so regarded him, mother, and I fear that I gave him so to understand by my manner toward him; but when the test came I found that my heart repelled him, and I cannot love him. I did not tell him so last night, for I was under the spell of his presence. But he shall know it at once."

"No, Rose; take my advice. Let the matter remain in abeyance for a brief period," said Mrs. Trevor, who had set her heart on the match, and had hoped that time would bring about a change; and she knew that Crawley would write, and she depended much on his powers of persuasion. Fond mother! She did not reflect that Frank Glyndon had pen, ink, and paper, at *his* command!

About six weeks subsequent to the above conversation, Esquire Faxon entered the office jointly occupied by himself and Frank Glyndon, and was met by the latter with the remark:

"*Esquire Faxon*, I wish your perfect confidence, and so I give you mine. I am a candidate for Miss Rose Trevor's hand. So is one Joel Crawley. With my consent he shall not have her. If he was worthy of her, all-right. Then there would be honourable victory, and the best man might win. But he is *not* worthy of her. Now for my question. How long did he clerk for Harmon Trevor, and at what salary?"

"Well," said the esquire, slowly, as if reflecting back, "he came here seven years since. The first two he had eight hundred a year, the next two one thousand, and the last three he has had twelve hundred dollars."

"Making an aggregate," said Frank, "of seven thousand two hundred dollars. He came here poor—that much I learned from other sources. Out of this seven thousand he has been compelled to pay far board and clothing, and in the matter of dress he was very extravagant. Now, I happened yesterday in the office of the *Advertiser*, at the county seat, arranging for some legal printing. My eye caught the name of Crawley in one of the exchanges from a neighbouring state. I secured the paper, and here is the paragraph that arrested my attention:

'Mr. John Brinkley, of this city, has sold to Mr. Joel Crawley an undivided half of his furniture manufactory and store for ten thousand dollars in cash. We welcome Mr. Crawley to our midst.'

"Now," continued Frank, "if this be true, where did Crawley get that amount of money? I ask you, esquire, if it is not worth while to critically examine the books of Harmon Trevor. I ask it in no spirit of jealously, but as an avowed lover of the daughter, and in behalf of the widow and fatherless. Do not *we* owe it to Mrs. Trevor, despite her known hostility to our Order."

"I think so, most certainly," promptly answered the esquire. "I will see Robert. In the meantime, you had better make such inquiries, in a quiet way, as will test the truth of the newspaper account."

When Esquire Faxon broached this matter to Robert Trevor, the latter was thunderstruck. He regarded Crawley as the affianced lover of his sister. But the practical good sense of the esquire soon convinced him that this was the very reason why Crawley should not rest under suspicion.

Chapter VIII.

And now another leading citizen, Mr. Upton, has called upon Mrs. Trevor, and informed her that certain lots she had placed on the market had better be withdrawn for the present. A new railroad was being built, of which he was an officer, and these lots would be in the immediate vicinity of the depôt, and must greatly increase in value. Mrs. Trevor, knowing Mr. Upton as a speculator, and one who was always watching the main chance, could not help asking him why he had not taken advantage of the lots being in the market.

"Madam," he replied, with a shrewd smile, "we business men are once in a while capable of a disinterested act. Give us credit for it. And allow me to supplement what I have already done by saying that I will advise with you when the time comes for disposing of the property."

The sequel proved Mr. Upton's good faith and judgment. A portion of the lots were disposed of for a sum far beyond Mrs. Trevor's most sanguine hopes, and the rest retained for an advance. This sale added materially to the widow's resources; and, if to still more gladden her heart, news came to her that Ralph had proven an apt pupil under the kind, but firm, discipline of his guardian, and was already credited with an improvement in an article being manufactured at the works, and for which Mr. Thornburg secured him a royalty for each machine made. The workmen could not be jealous of one so young and ardent, and gave him every assistance in their power.

The fact that Joel Crawley was under suspicion had not been made known to Mrs. Trevor or Rose. He wrote to the latter, and pleaded his cause eloquently and often. Rose wrote to him in reply, and was only restrained by her mother from rejecting his suit. And, Frank Glyndon? He and Rose met at times in society, and he managed now and then to engage her in conversation, and to feel her hand on his arm, and Rose truly divined that she was the object of his silent worship. And between a lover whose importunities were incessant, and one who never again told his love, Rose was in a most uncertain state of mind. She asked the advice of her only confidant, Allie Parr, the pleasant little wife of the village jeweller, and she laughingly suggested that "she accept the ex-clerk and run away with the lawyer!"

In the meanwhile, Frank Glyndon had made inquiries that proved satisfactorily that Crawley had paid the full amount in cash for his business interest. But the most critical examination of the books showed no evidence of false entry. The esquire was compelled to admit the absence of any discrepancies. The only circumstance that even suggested a suspicion of wrong was founded on a habit of Harmon Trevor's numbering and filing away his letters received. A dozen of these were missing. But on this slender thread, stimulated by his love for Rose, and determined to probe the mystery, Frank Glyndon hung his hope. At his own expense he put a shrewd detective at work. He was instructed to get into Crawley's confidence, if possible, or, at least, find out if he had any sources of income other than his salarly as clerk.

It would be occupying too much space to detail how patiently and skillfully, by what slow but sure steps this delver into rogues' secrets learned what little he did of Joel Crawley's private affairs. It was not much, for he had a cool, reticent, retiring nature to deal with. But what Crawley would not

reveal, careful watching at the post-office did. Crawley did receive money from Kansas, and corresponded with parties there, and their names Glyndon found in the commercial reports under the head of land agents. With this clew he acted promptly. The first westward bound train took him and Esquire Faxon as passengers, and the second morning after they took breakfast at the Kansas hotel, and then inquired their way to the land office of Barker and Sloan. They found Mr. Sloan in, and were soon in the full tide of conversation on the subject of crops, lands, and prices. Glyndon, in the course of some remarks, incidentally alluded to their place of residence, Stanhope.

"Ah, Stanhope," said Sloan, "You are then acquainted with an old customer of mine, but not living there at present. I refer to Harmon Trevor."

"Yes," answered Esquire Faxon. "We were both acquainted with him in his lifetime. An excellent man and good citizen."

"In his lifetime!" exclaimed Sloan. "Why, his death must have been very sudden. When did it occur?

"About eighteen months since," said Glyndon, while both he and the esquire felt they were treading on the verge of important developments.

"Eighteen months! Why, gentlemen, it is simply impossible. I have seen and conversed in this office with Harmon Trevor within six months, and corresponded with him within the last thirty days, at Bradford, his new home. I knew that Trevor's wife was dead, but not Trevor," and Mr. Sloan had arisen and was impatiently pacing his office floor.

And then Glyndon knew he spoke of Crawley, now a resident of Bradford, and by degrees the whole story came out. The secret of Joel Crawley's plethoric pocket-book soon became known.

Chapter IX.

From time to time, as his means permitted, Harmon Trevor had invested a portion of his gains in government lands in Kansas. The entire business had been transacted by correspondence carried on under instructions by Joel Crawley, who had, in all cases, signed the name of his employer. The western agents, therefore, knew no other signature but Crawley's and even that as Trevor's own. The latter had remarked to his clerk that he preferred that his family should know nothing of the purchase, as he wished to surprise each of his children on their birthday or marriage with what would be the making of a handsome farm. The papers were in the safe, and their existence known only to Harmon Trevor, Crawley, and the western agents. The sudden death of the owner offered a temptation that Crawley could not resist. No danger, he thought, need be anticipated from the western agents, and, if he had any compunctions of conscience in the matter, he silenced them by regarding these lands as the natural dower of his intended wife. And so, securing these papers, after leaving his clerkship, Crawley visited Kansas, boldly assumed for the time the name of Harmon Trevor, and proceeded to place the lands, already largely increased in value, on the market. The most of the property was soon sold, and the remainder of the purchase money had been forwarded to Crawley while the detective was on his track.

A few days after, Esquire Faxon and Frank Glyndon, accompanied by Mr. Sloan, of Baker and Sloan, entered the town of Bradford, only to find the community in a state of high excitement. One of the large wheels of the powerful engine used at the furniture works had flown into fragments, and dangerously injured one of the proprietors and several of the workmen. The one was Joel Crawley.

Mr. Sloan remained only long enough to be admitted by the surgeon in attendance to the victim's room, identify him, make the necessary affidavit in the interest of the Trevor estate, and returned home. Frank Glyndon and

Esquire Faxon waited a week with patience, until the surgeon announced that Crawley could be seen.

"He will linger along, perhaps for months," said that gentleman, "but he will be sightless and will never again be able to stand."

And when the sightless sufferer was told that Esquire Faxon and Frank Glyndon were present, and wished to converse with him, he eagerly requested all but them to leave the room. And then he proceeded in distinct, though feeble tones, to tell of the great wrong he had perpetrated against the heirs of Harmon Trevor, and now, as one who must soon appear before his Maker, would not they arrange with the family that he should at once make over all of his possessions to the one woman whom he loved, retaining but enough to pay his expenses during the brief remainder of his life, and bury him decently?

All bitterness disappeared from the hearts of both listeners as they stood in that presence, and saw those rightless eyeballs turned pleadingly toward them. They felt that the one redeeming trait in Joel Crawley's character had been his love for the pure-minded and beautiful girl, and they could not help but respect this exhibition of devotion to his idol. For her sake he pleaded that there might be no exposure, and when he received the solemn assurance of the two friends that all should be as he wished, he shed tears of gratitude from eyes all unused to weeping.

And when, a week after, the property was duly transferred to Miss Rose and a letter from her had been read to him, assuring him that each morning and evening she prayed God to forgive him, he sent her the assurance that he had found peace in believing, and was waiting for the final summons. Three months after Joel Crawley was borne to his last resting-place, and the world knew not that a terrible stain rested on his name.

Chapter X.

It was just after the transfer, however, that Esquire Faxon called one morning on Mrs. Trevor, in regard to some matters of business. These having been discussed, the widow said:

"And Esquire, I owe you and Mr. Glyndon not only a debt of gratitude that I can never repay, but I owe you also for your time and services, which I can pay."

"Our joint expense, madam, were about two hundred dollars, which is all we ask, and all we shall receive. We undertook this work unsolicited by you, and have no legal claim. As to the debt of gratitude, I will forego my share in that. Doubtless you can repay my young friend Glyndon in full by permitting him to address your daughter as a suitor for her heart and hand!"

"Esquire Faxon, your remark places me in a strange strait. I owe much to Mr. Glyndon. He is a young man of unexceptional morals, good family and fine prospects, but I am under a solemn pledge to myself to never consent to my daughter's marrying any member of an oath-bound organisation. As I have said before, if this be a prejudice, I imbibed it in my girlhood, and it has grown with my growth and strengthened with my strength."

"Mrs. Trevor," said the esquire, "you will pardon me for saying that prejudices against secret associations are generally strongest with those who know the least of them. Your father was a member of a church that bitterly denounces all secret orders. But I shall surprise you when I inform you, as I now feel compelled to do, in what I believe to be the best interests of Miss Rose, and for her happiness in life and yours, that your husband was not only a Mason, but held the Order in the highest esteem. At the time of his death he was Master of his Lodge at the county seat. We should ordinarily have asked the privilege of burying him with Masonic honours, but it was no time

then to ask your consent, knowing as we did your feelings in regard to the Order."

Mrs. Trevor was more than surprised—she sat as one dumb. Before she could recover herself sufficiently to speak, the Esquire continued:

"It may, perhaps, reconcile you to the idea of your husband being a Mason, if I revert briefly to events that have occurred since his death, and to which I now refer in confidence, and in the interest of Miss Rose and yourself. When your husband died, one of the heaviest burdens on your heart was your youngest son, Ralph. He is now contented, happy, and making a useful man."

"Yes, thank God," responded the widow.

"It was," continued the esquire, "after consulting with the Lodge members, that brother Thornburg consented to take Master Ralph in charge, and in pursuance of Masonic advice he did so. You know the happy result. At the same meeting it was decided that your son would need some aid in the settlement of the estate, and in appointing me, I flatter myself thousands of dollars have been saved to you and yours. It was at the suggestion of brother Masons that Mr. Upton called upon you and advised you not to sacrifice your village lots. What that advice was worth, you already realise. It was after often consultation with his brothers of the mystic tie, that Frank Glyndon took those steps which have resulted in restoring to you a very considerable property, at but trifling expense. Again I repeat, my dear Mrs. Trevor, all this has been done, because we, as brothers, felt an interest in the family of a deceased brother, and despite your bitter feelings toward our Order, we have done our duty by you and yours. Your husband was a Mason at the time he married you. You met him while away from your home on a visit, and it was there your courting was done. He knew nothing of your predjudices, and discovered them only after your marriage. He loved you too devotedly to wound your feelings, and he only visited his Lodge quietly, and, from regard to your views, never appeared in public as a member. He has told me that the time might come when he should deem it is duty to have it made known to you that he belonged to our Order. I believe that time has now come. I am not here to defend Masonry. It needs no defence. It lives, and will live, in your heart, and in the hearts of millions it has made happier by its beneficent work of charity and good will. It stands, and will stand, in the pillared majesty of Wisdom, Strength and Beauty. I ask you now," the esquire concluded, rising to depart, "in the light of the facts I have stated, whether a promise made to yourself, with mistaken notions of the scope and objects of the order, should hold good against a daughter's happy settlement in life? I leave the subject to your reflections. Good morning."

Mrs. Trevor was too confused to more than respond, "good morning," and stood for several minutes in a profound study. She then returned to her household duties.

Chapter XI.

Just one year from that memorable night when she had found Frank Glyndon in the parlour, instead of Joel Crawley, Rose Trevor, more beautiful than ever, and with a sweet look of expectancy in her eyes, sat there awaiting one who had written her a brief note that he would do himself the honour of calling that evening, if agreeable. And at the earliest possible moment to satisfy the demands of the etiquette governing calls, Frank Glyndon was ushured in.

"Rose," said he, walking up to her and taking her hand, "the year has passed and I am here for my answer. Is it 'Yes,' darling? I have loved you too well to take 'No'!"

"It is 'Yes,' Frank," answered Rose. "I loved you even when I tried to persuade myself I did not."

"And your mother, Rose. Will she be satisfied to have her daughter marry a member of the Mystic Tie?"

"She has said," answered Rose, "that an Order that could win the respect and command the services of my father cannot be the school of pernicious doctrines or dark designs. She will make no objection, Frank, and already she is rejoicing that you are to be here to-night. She guessed your errand, as I did. She is longing, even now to thank you in person for the kind interest you took in her affairs."

We leave the lovers together and hasten to conclude our story.

The Merry Christmas has come, and society in Stanhope is elated with the prospect of a wedding in high life, and Ralph Trevor is at home for the holidays, and is relating, with pardonable pride, how he has induced Mr. Thornburg to start a library and reading-room for the employés, and he, the youngest of them all, has been selected to make the opening address at the dedication. And the widow gazes on her boy with all a mother's pride. And Ella is progressing favourably in her studies, and is full of promise of a sweet girlhood. And Robert, to console himself for the prospective loss of the society of his elder sister, is admiring the sweet face, blue eyes, and lithe form of Miss Louise Upton, who in vain tries to appear as if she was not conscious of his gaze. And the father and mother and friends of Frank Glyndon are present at Mrs. Trevor's, and after the ceremony that binds two fond hearts for life is over, the wedding gifts are exhibited, and they are numerous and costly, one being in the shape of a cheque for twenty thousand dollars from the elder Glyndon, and a deed for an elegant house and lot from Mrs. Glyndon. And as the widow gazed upon the happy scene, and reflected upon all her pleasant surroundings, she realised how much she owed to the considerate acts and kindly offers of the brethren of the Mystic Tie.

Six months after, Rose wrote to her mother:—"I am about to make application for membership in the Eastern Star. Shall I mother?"

"Just as you choose, my darling," was the mother's answer. "An Order that has given you so excellent a husband has a right to my highest regards. My prejudices are buried in the grave with your father!"

BRONZE WORK IN SOLOMON'S TEMPLE.

IN I. Kings vii. we read that among other articles manufactured by Hiram, of Tyre, for Solomon's Temple, was a molten sea, the dimensions of which are thus given: "Ten cubits from the one brim to the other; it was round all about, and his height was five cubits: and a line of thirty cubits did compass it round about . . . And it was an hand breadth thick. . . it contained 2,000 baths." Mr. James Napier, in his "Manufacturing Arts of Ancient Times," after giving his reasons for concluding that bronze and not brass was the material employed, remarks, "This immense hemispheric vessel would therefore measure twenty-one feet eight inches in diameter, and be ten feet five inches deep in the centre. This large casting could not weigh less than thirty tons, and would be capable of holding twenty thousand gallons of water." The brim of it is said to have been "wrought like the brim of a cup, with flowers of lilies," by which Mr. Napier understands that the forms of lilies "were probably cast and fixed upon the brim as if growing." In the Authorised Version the record says, Under the brim of it, round about; there

were knops compassing it, ten in a cubit, compassing the sea round about; the knops were cast in two rows, when it was cast." Mr. Napier suggests as a better rendering of the original: "Under it was the multitude of oxen, which did compass it round about, ten in a cubit, compassing the sea round about; two rows of oxen were cast when it was cast," his view being that oxen were carved or cut on the outside all round to the number of 300. The pedestal upon which the sea was placed consisted of twelve oxen. The size of these oxen, or bulls, remarks Mr. Napier, is not given, but they must have been of considerable size in order that their corresponding legs would give thickness and strength to support so great a weight, for when the vessel was filled with water the whole weight would be upwards of one hundred tons. As to the "bases" described in verses 27—37, he remarks, "These bases, fitted upon wheels, constituted carriages for supporting and moving about the ten lavers, or large bronze vessels for washing," etc. The whole workmanship of these bases, as described, is indicative of great skill." These lavers are thus described: "Then made he ten lavers of brass; one laver contained forty baths, and every laver was four cubits, and upon every one of the ten bases was one laver." Commenting upon this, Mr. Napier observes, "When it is considered that each of these vessels was capable of holding three hundred gallons of water, upwards of a ton weight of water each, we obtain a better idea of their size. Each vessel upon its carriage and full of water would weigh no less than two tons." The "two pillars," according to the dimensions, given in I. Kings vii., 15, 16, were, without the capitals, about 37½ ft. in height, and about 8 ft. in diameter. If hollow, it would be necessary that the metal should be not less than three and a half inches thick, which would give a weight of from 20 to 25 tons for one casting of each pillar, and of about 10 tons for each capital. The pillars when set up would measure about 47 ft. in height. In the construction of the bronze altar, supposing the thickness of the metal to have been three inches, no less than 250 tons of bronze must have been employed. The place where such enormous castings—which evidence great skill in metallurgy and the possession of vast mechanical resources—were produced is indicated in I. Kings vii., 46, "in the plain of Jordan. . . . . in the clay-ground between Succoth and Zartham," or "in the depth of the clay-ground," according to the marginal reading, which would indicate that they were moulded in clay; that material, mixed with sand, is still employed for bronze castings. Mr. Napier says, "So large a quantity of metal as some of these castings required would not, in all probability, be fused in one furnace. For all the large castings, especially for such a massive casting as the 'sea of brass,' it is highly probable that a whole series of furnaces were put in operation at the same time, and all tapped together, and the molten metal run into one mould. Such series of furnaces are generally set in a sort of circle, or square, under a large dome, or roof, from which rises a large chimney, or tower." This, it is suggested, serves to explain the reference of Nehemiah: "Malchijah, the son of Harim, and Hashub the son of Pahath-moab, repaired the other piece and the tower of the furnaces." The structure erected by Solomon probably continued a national foundry up to the time of the captivity; during the rebuilding and refurnishing of the Temple, the repair of these furnaces was therefore a matter of great importance to those engaged in the work. The "bright brass" which is spoken of as the material of which "the pots and the shovels and the basins" were composed, was, in Mr. Napier's view, bronze containing a large proportion of tin—"an alloy of the character of speculum metal, which, when polished, would present an imposing appearance."

THE CELESTIAL ARMY.

I STOOD by an open casement,
And looked upon the night,
And saw the eastward-going stars
Pass slowly out of sight.

Slowly the bright procession
Went down the gleaming arch,
And my soul discerned the music
Of their long, triumphal march,

Till the great celestial army,
Stretching far beyond the poles,
Became the eternal symbol
Of the mighty march of souls.

Onward, for ever onward,
Red Mars led down the clan,
And the moon, like a mailed maiden,
Was riding in the van.

And some were bright in beauty,
And some were faint and small;
But these might be, in their greatest height,
The noblest of them all.

Downward, forever downward,
Behind earth's dusky shore,
They pass into the unknown night,
They passed and were no more.

No more? Oh say not so!
And *downward* is *not just*;
For the sight is weak and the sense is dim
That looks through heated dust.

The stars and the mailed moon,
Though they seem to fall and die,
Still sweep with their embattled lines
An endless track of sky.

And though the hills of death
May hide the bright array,
The marshalled brotherhood of souls
Still keeps its upward way.

Upward, for ever upward,
I see their march sublime,
And hear the glorious music
Of the conquerors of Time.

And long let me remember
That the palest, faintest one
May to diviner vision be
A bright and blessed sun.

THE ROD IN AND OUT OF SCHOOL.

BY BRO. JOHN HENRY LEGGOTT.

(Concluded from page 487.)

WE gather from Chambers' Book of Days that "In the Quarter Sessions at Wycomb, in Bucks, held on the 5th of May, 1698, an order was passed directing all constables and other parish officers to search for vagrants, etc., and all such persons which they shall apprehend in any such search, or shall take begging, or wandering, or misconducting themselves, the said constables, head-boroughs, or tything-men, being assisted with some of the other parishioners, shall cause to be whipped naked from the middle upwards and be openly whipped till the body shall be bloody."

The law was strictly enforced, not only in Bucks, but in other counties. From the same work we cull the following:—"In the constable's accounts at Great Staughton, Huntingdonshire, the following curious items appear.

$169\frac{0}{1}$. Pd. in charges taking up a distracted woman, watching her, and whipping her next day, 8*s.* 6*d.*

$171\frac{0}{1}$. Spent on London nurse for searching the woman to see if she was with child before she was whipped, 3 of them, 2*s.*

Pd. Thomas Hawkins for whipping 2 people that had the small-pox, 8*d.*

$171\frac{4}{5}$. Pd. for watching, victuals, and drink for May Mitchell, 2*s.* 6*d.*

Pd. for whipping her, 4*d.*

$171\frac{0}{7}$. Pd. for whipping Goody Barry, 4*d.*"

Men and women were whipped promiscuously, but not always at the cart-tail. In the record of the proceedings of the Corporation of Doncaster, May 5th, 1713, there appears the following order—"A whipping post to be set up at the Stocks at Butcher Cross, for punishing vagrants and sturdy beggars." Stocks and whipping posts were once to be found in almost every township, and there are specimens of these still in existence in some few places.

The celebrated Judge Jeffrey's was notorious for his partiality for the rod and the intensity of the punishment administered by his orders. We are told by Mr. Cooper that on one occasion when sentencing a woman to be whipped he said, "Hangman, I charge you to pay particular attention to this lady! Scourge her soundly, man; scourge her till her blood runs down! It is Christmas, a cold time for madam to strip in! See that you warm her shoulders thoroughly!"

It was under this infamous judge that Titus Oates met with a well deserved punishment for his crimes, but it was so inhumanly severe that it involuntarily excites our pity. He was found guilty on two charges and sentenced, "To pay on each indictment a fine of 1000 marks; to be stript of all his canonical robes, to be imprisoned for life; to stand in the pillory on the following Monday with a paper on his head declaring his crime; next day to stand in the pillory at the Royal Exchange with the same inscription; on the Wednesday to be whipped from Aldgate to Newgate; on the Friday to be whipped from Newgate to Tyburn; upon the 24th of April in every year during life to stand in the pillory at Tyburn opposite the gallows; on the 9th of August in every year to stand in the pillory opposite Westminster Hall Gate; on the 10th of August in every year to stand in the pillory at Charing Cross, and the like on the following day at Temple Bar, to be continued on the 2nd of September every year at the Royal Exchange. King James, when appealed to for a

mitigation of the sentence, exclaimed, "He shall go through with it if he has breath in his body."

In an Almanack for 1692 it is stated that Oates was whipped with a whip of six thongs and received 2,256 lashes, amounting to 13,556 stripes.

In the household the birch was considered necessary to correct discipline, and it is well known that our grandfathers and their grandfathers before them, when young, passed a good deal of their time under the influence and dread of the rod.

The girls, too, almost to womanhood, were frequently placed across their mothers' knees to receive the birch. Apprentices and all domestic servants were also ruled by it. Just one anecdote and I will pass on and speak of the rod in the school. The ladies of Linlithgow were notorious for the frequency of the punishments given to the apprentice lads. After a time the lads began to grow restive under the birch, and meeting together talked the matter over and determined upon revenge.

"Four of the masters it was known were to proceed on a particular occasion to Edinburgh on business, and as these were just the men whose lads were oftenest licked by the mistresses, the day in question was chosen as the day of revenge. At a given moment the mistresses of the ill-used boys were seized each in her own house, and being made ready by willing hands, were treated to a dose of the 'Oil of Strap' as flogging was then called, each lad laying on a few stripes with all his might. Dire threats of retribution were uttered, but when it was found upon enquiry that more than one mistress had suffered a similar fate, prudence dictated silence."—*History of the Rod.*

All of us are to some extent acquainted either by personal experience or report, with the position the rod held in public schools in former days. It was resorted to on all occasions, the most trifling offences brought down upon the trembling culprit the punishment of the birch, and children of weak constitutions often suffered permanent injury from the harsh treatment they received. The words of Crabbe express the almost universal belief amongst teachers—

> "Students, like horses on the road,
> Must be well lashed before they take the load;
> They may be willing for a time to run,
> But you must whip them ere the work be done.
> To tell a boy that if he will improve
> His friends will praise him and his parents love
> Is doing nothing—he has not a doubt
> But they will love him, nay applaud, without.
> Let no fond sire a boy's ambition trust—
> To make him study, let him see he must."

The rod was thought to be essentially necessary to education, hence whipping-boys were attached to the Court that they might receive the floggings due to the royal princes. The subject of flogging in school will be best understood by relating a few examples of the method of treatment adopted in some of our schools. (Extracted from "History of the Rod.") Eton was once famous for the use of the Rod. Dr. Keate, who ruled during the early part of the present century, had quite a passionate love of the birch, and many amusing stories are recorded of him. "On one occasion, when a confirmation was to be held for the school, each master was requested to make out a list of the candidates in his own form. A master wrote down the names on the first piece of paper that came to hand, which happened unluckily to be one of the slips of well-known size and shape used as flogging bills, and sent up regularly with the names of delinquents for execution. The list being put into Keate's hands without explanation, he sent for the boys in the regular course, and in spite of all protestations on their part, pointing to the master's signature to the fatal bill, "he flogged them all."

A good story of "Old Keate" is told in the *Saturday Review*. A boy called upon him to take leave. "You seem to know me very well," said the master, "but I have no remembrance of ever having seen your face before." "You were better acquainted, sir, with my other end," was the unblushing reply.

A master of Rugby flogged thirty-eight boys at one turn. A droll story is related of Dr. Bushby, of Westminster. A student finding some plums in the Doctor's study, began to eat them, first waggishly crying out, "I publish the banns of matrimony between my mouth and these plums; if any here present know just cause or impediment why they should not be united, you are to declare it, or hereafter hold your peace."

The Doctor having overheard the proclamation determined to chastise him for it, but said nothing till next morning, when causing the boy to be brought up and disposed for punishment, he grasped the well-known instrument and said, "I publish the banns of matrimony between this rod and this boy, if any of you know just cause or impediment why they should not be united, you are to declare it."

The boy himself called out, "I forbid the banns." "For what cause?" inquired the Doctor. "Because," said the boy, "the parties are not agreed." He escaped his whipping.

When Dr. Parr was master of the school at Norwich, an under-master told him one day that a certain pupil appeared to show signs of genius. "Say you so? Then begin to flog him to-morrow." It appears that during and before Milton's time, students in college were often flogged. Johnson in his "Memoir of Milton" says, "I am ashamed to relate what I fear is true, that Milton was one of the last students in either university that suffered the public indignity of corporal correction."

Many anecdotes might be told of masters who have been flogged by their pupils. Tyranny having driven the lads to desperation, the dominie in an unwary moment has been seized, placed over the block and treated to a vigorous application of his own birch.

In Scottish schools the "taws," took the place of the birch. Schoolmasters in Scotland were not a whit behind their English brethren either in the intensity or frequency of its application. The "taws" a long strap of tolerably stout leather with the ends cut into strips, was quite as effective as the birch. In some schools it was customary to fasten the culprit on a desk near the door and each pupil gave a stroke of the "taws" on passing out. We have spoken only of boys' schools, and enough has been said to show that there was some justice in the expression used by our grandfathers, who, instead of saying "When I was at school," put it as "When I was under the rod." But it must not be thought that flogging was confined to boys; girls were subjected to treatment of a similar kind, and the mode of application was in most respects identical; it is therefore unnecessary to further enlarge this paper. We would, however, remark that boys and girls should congratulate themselves that they live in these days. Teachers should also rejoice in an enlightened public opinion which forbids any undue use of corporal punishment in our schools. Notwithstanding the wisdom of Solomon, we are of opinion the less the punishment used in school, the higher will be the moral tone. We believe, too, the use of the rod in public elementary schools is and will be absolutely necessary so long as education is so largely entrusted to the care of youths in their teens, who are incapable in the majority of cases of rightly appreciating the responsibility of their office, and are far more apt to resort to force than to persuasion. With an increased number of adult teachers, education will be more progressive, and school-life will be more pleasurable to the teacher and the taught.

MASONS' MARKS.*

MASONS' Marks furnish one of the most interesting subjects for study in Freemasonry, and one productive of entertainment as well as instruction. From the earliest times our operative brethren employed marks, and now that Freemasons no longer design or superintend the erection of material Temples and other stately edifices, we retain the custom of the Craft, so far as Masons' Marks are concerned, by their employment in the Mark Master's Degree.

In ancient and mediæval times there were two classes of Marks employed —the superior class by the Master Masons, Masters of the work, or overseers, and the inferior by the Fellow-Crafts, or hewers of the stone. The first were monogrammatic characters, and the second, Craft or mathematical symbols of varied configuration. The last named have often been described, but references to the former are more rare, and the subject appears to us to be of sufficient interest to warrant a brief article upon it.

The ordinary marks are found at the present day on the original foundation stones of King Solomon's Temple; and they may traced from that time, down, through Europe, in all important structures. M. Didron, a French writer on architecture, has referred to those found on the Cathedrals of Spire, Worms, Strasburg, Rheims, etc., and stated that he can classify them as belonging to distinct schools or Lodges of Masons. The extraordinary marks of superintending architects, on the other hand, all have an individual character, and ordinarily are either monograms or rebusses. Examples of Fellow-Crafts' marks may be found as follows: the interlaced compasses at Melrose and Fountain Abbeys, and crosses, triangles, the figure 4, the H, and analagous marks at Cologne, Malmsbury and Gloucester Cathedrals, and Furnas Abbey. Bro. Fort, in his "Early History and Antiquities of Freemasonry," has an interesting chapter on these, as also has Bro. Lyon in his "Freemasonry in Scotland," on similar marks in that country. In Fountains Abbey the marks of French and English Masons have been distinguished. All of these marks were apparently a growth, a development, being at first, as Bro. Woodford has pointed out, in the earliest times alphabetical, then numeralistic, and finally symbolic and exoteric.

The monograms or rebusses (many of them very amusing) adopted by Master Masons or supervising architects as marks, were at first view only plays upon words, indicative of the mirthful spirit that dominated our ancient brethren; but they were in fact much more than this. At the time, for example, when the mediæval cathedrals were erected, the majority of the persons who frequented them could not read; but these pictorial marks were intelligible to the most illiterate, and served to commemorate to the populace the names of the architects (many of them ecclesiastics as well) to whom they stood indebted for the sculptured glories of their Temples to the living God. We will give some curious examples.

Among the monograms or rebusses carved in stone on famous edifices are the following: Prior Bolton, the architect of the choir of the celebrated London Church of St. Bartholomew the Great, adorned an oriel with a rebus of his name—a bolt through a tun. (The well-known inn in Fleet street, "The Bolt in Tun," derived its name from this rebus.) Another noted Mason's mark is that of the Abbot Islip in Westminster Abbey. In the splendid nave of that cathedral—the loftiest of England, over the centre of one of its doorways is a

* We reprint this article from the *Keystone*—ED. *M.M.*

monogram in *alto relievo*, which represents the Abbot prostrate on the ground with an *eye* before him, he having *slipped* out of a tree. On a neighbouring frieze is another rebus of the Abbot's name—a human *eye* lying by the side of a *slip* or a branch of a tree; while the third conceit is that of a man sliding from the branch of a tree and of course exclaiming, I SLIP. So in York Minster, on the magnificent Rood Screen, erected in the year A.D. 1500, while William Hyndley was the Master Mason of the edifice, is the device of that architect—a hind lying.

There is high classical authority for these whimsical rebusses. (By the way, the word Rebus is the plural of the Latin *Res*, a thing, fact, or truth, and is defined by Dr. Johnson as "a word represented by a picture.") Even the great-minded Cicero was not too proud to represent his name by the paltry species of pulse called by us chick-pease, and by the Romans *Cicer;* while many of the coins of Julius Cæsar bear the impress of an elephant—as the word *cesar* signifies elephant (as Camden tells us) in the ancient language of Mauritania.

Probably the most curious Mason's Mark ever adopted was that of John Thorpe, the inventor of the Elizabethan style of architecture. He designed a house for himself as a monogram, formed of the initial letters of his name—I and T joined by a corridor, with the following eccentric distich over the doorway:—

"These two letters, I and T,
Joined together as you see,
Make dwelling house for me."

This design is still in existence.

It will be seen that this subject of Master Masons' Marks opens up a chapter in the Craft's history that is full of amusing interest. The architects of the middle ages were proud of their works, and loved to carve their names upon them. Each of the marks is a delightful puzzle—indeed, we might say a *gem* of a puzzle, did we desire to make a very modern allusion. But the puzzle is not very puzzling—being pictorial, so that he that runs may read. To all persons of intelligence such Masons' Marks are interesting; but to modern Freemasons, who are the descendants and living representatives of the mediæval Masons, they are more so, and hence we have thus briefly looked up the subject.

ORIGIN AND SHORT HISTORY OF THE KABBALAH.*

THOUGH there were several mystical books extant at or about the end of the twelfth century, the Kabbalah was born in the first quarter of the thirteenth century. The returning crusaders had filled the minds of the people in western Europe with the marvellous things which they had seen in the Orient, and a prominence was given to all that was marvellous and mystical. Also the Jews in Western Europe, especially in France, did not remain free from the common mania, and a book by the name of "Proehma Nistara" circulated, was eagerly read, and was frequently copied, although by only a small circle of Jewish scholars. Maimonides'

"More Nebuchim," in which he endeavoured to conciliate philosophy with the Jewish religion, and which, consequently, bore a more than liberal character, caused to stir up a reaction. While he endeavoured to explain everything in the Jewish religion from a rationalistic standpoint, the reaction took hold the more to the mysterious. A Rabbi, Abraham ben David, died in Posquières, in France (1199), and his son, known by the name of Isac the Blind (1190-1210), wrote a commentary to a mystical book, "Sefer Dezira," in which they laid the first stone to the building of the Kabbalah. Still they, as well as their book, were not known much, only that they were opposed to the teachings of Maimonides. Still, the seed once planted on fertile ground grew. Esra and Asriel, from Gerona (in Spain), brought some systematical order into that mysticism; they were assisted by one Jacob ben Scheschet, also from from Gerona,and by Jehuda ben Jakar,but though they travelled much,in order to make a propaganda, their efforts were in vain. Asriel was ridiculed and mocked at in Sevilla. At the same time a book by the name of "Bahir" came into circulation; nobody knew by whom it was written, but it was thought to be very old, and this book did a good deal in assisting the efforts of Esra and Asriel. But all would have been in vain if not a man of great prominence had become attached to that secret mystical science. It was Rabbi Mose ben Nachman, from Gerona. He is known by the name of Nachmani, or "Rambau." He goes also by the name of Bonnstouc de Porta. He was a physician, at the same time a great talismanical scholar. He was a warm defender of Judaism, but did not possess genius enough to follow the flight of Maimonides; he was his greatest opponent, and the leader of the anti-Maimonides faction—he lived between 1195-1270. He has received great fame from a disputation which he held at Barcelona, against one monk, Pablo Christian, compelled by Jacob I. of Spain, and out of which he went forth a victor. This Nachmani, in order to avoid the Scylla of Philosophy, fell into the Charybdis of Mysticism, and sanctioned, by his authority, the young Kabbalah. From now this new science spread over Palestine and Germany, and soon found a warm defender in Eleasar ben Jehuda,from Worms (1230). But its greatest assistance it received in Toledo. There was a man by the name of Todros b. Joseph Halevi Abulafia; he lived between 1270-1304. He was a favourite with Sandu IV., and was honoured by the Jews with the name of Nassi. He became an ardent friend of the Kabbalah, and pretended to have had prophetic revelations himself. He himself, his sons, and some other friends, strengthened by their influence and their authority more and more his new abberration, and tilled the ground for the "Sohar," the greatest literary fraud that ever existed.

There lived about this time, in Spain, a man by the name of Mose ben Schemtob. He was born at Leon, about 1250, and is, therefore, known simply by the name of Mose de Leon (died in Arevalo, 1305). He was a fluent writer, but no scholar; he knew something of everything, but nothing thoroughly. He was a spendthrift, never caring for to-morrow, led a wandering life, lived in Guadalaxara, Biverro, Valladolid, and Avila. By-and-bye this man was drawn into the circles of the Kabbalah. He published several books about it, but received neither money, nor fame, nor celebrity by them. Then he conceived the idea of writing a book under another man's name, and in order to prove its antiquity, to write it not in Hebrew, but in the Chaldee idiom. So he wrote the "Sohar," but he only claimed to be the copyist. In a preface he said that its author is Rabbi Simon ben Jochai, who lived at the time of Bar Rochba. This Simon ben Jochai had 6-12 disciples; to him and his disciples God revealed the wonders of the "Sohar." Simon ben Jochai dictated it, Rabbi Akisba wrote it down, and the other disciples testified to it. This book, the "Sohar" (splendour) had been lost for a long period. Nachmani, while visiting Palestine, had found it, and had sent it to his son in Catalonia, but the ship was wrecked, and by a chance the book came to

Valencia, into the hands of himself. He, possessing the original, were merely the copyist. The book created a great sensation. All that had been dreamt before was now authenticated and verified by an authority so highly esteemed as that of Simon ben Jochai. Mose de Leon made a fortune by the sale of that book, but there were several Kabbalists who hardly could believe it; amongst them one of the sons of Todros. He pretended to have lost his copy, and asked for another, in order to find a difference between them, but Mose de Leon was smart enough not to be caught by that trap. But a Rabbi arrived about that time from Palestine; his name was Isac from Acco. He could not believe that such a book was in existence, and had an interview with Mose at Valadolid. Mose declared, with an oath, that he had the original in his house, and promised to show it to him, but on his way home he died in Arevalto, and his wife said that there never was an original, but that he, Mose, wrote all himself. In vain two rich Kabbalists, David Rafan and Joseph de Avila, tried to buy the original from the widow for a high price, the latter even promising to give his son to the widow's daughter in marriage. But mother and daughter must refuse, because there was not such an original.

So the mysterious book was strengthened even more by the mystery surrounding it, and for about five centuries it kept its place as a religious text-book at the side of the Bible and Talmund: yea, it was in many cases preferred to them o the detriment of the Jewish religion.

[This interesting paper has been sent to us by Bro. Jacob Norton, and has been translated by a learned Rabbi from Graetz's "History of the Jews in Germany."]

ODE TO WOMAN.

BY BRO. HENRY CALVERT APPLEBY.

WOMAN, whose beauteous influence sheds its smiles
Upon man's destiny for weal or woe,
Like living loadstone luring him to fame!
'Tis thy sweet sympathy that man beguiles,
And thy unselfish love content to know
That urges him to make a lasting name!
Winsome woman, closely clinging,
Tender ditties softly singing,
Truly loving, blessing bringing,
Excelling in delightful graces,
Who would not thy glances love?

When all the beauty of thy face
Is but a reflex from above;
Let thy brightness, ever beaming,
Shine in glory all around,
Let thy ringing laughter sound,
With its rosy ripples streaming,
Waking man from morbid dreaming,
Blending sunshine with his life;
Be the best in all his deeming,
Whispered in the one word—"wife."

A MASON'S NOTES OF TRAVEL IN ASIA.*

JERUSALEM.

PERHAPS the readers of the *Liberal Freemason* would like to know just what is to be seen on the spot once occupied by the Temple of King Solomon. We were accompanied by our Dragoman, an officer of the Governor of Jerusalem, and the Janizary of the American Consul. Conducted first through the series of dark and dirty arches called the Cotton Bazar, we were admitted to a gate and found ourselves on a paved platform containing several acres of ground. Ascending a broad flight of steps, we came to a smaller platform which is supposed to occupy the same level as the original Temple. In the centre of this stands the Kubbet es-Sakhra, or Dome of the Rock. It is a building octagonal in shape, each of its sides being sixty-six feet in length, and is covered with porcelain tiles as far as the pedestal, which is of marble. The dome which surmounts this structure is about one hundred feet high, and sixty-six in diameter. There are two rows of pillars and piers supporting this structure. The pillars are of different kinds, and were certainly made for other buildings, some of them possibly for the Temple itself.

Immediately beneath this dome is a large unhewn rock, which has many traditions connected with it. It is the summit of Mount Moriah, and has been consecrated to Divine worship from time immemorial. We were taken down underneath this rock, and told marvellous tales concerning it, such as that the hole in the centre of it was made by Mahomet when he ascended to Heaven.

Near the East door stands a beautiful little structure resembling a modern pavillion, and called David's place of judgment. The pavement consists of beautiful mosaic.

We next descend a flight of twenty-one steps, and, passing by fountains and cisterns of great antiquity, we come to the Mosque El-aksa, a complex of pile of buildings, the principal axis of which forms a right angle with the south wall of the Temple precincts. A part of this building was erected, and the whole was occupied by the Knights Templar, who called it the Porticus Palatium, or Templum Salomonis. The vaults beneath this church, which are reached by a descent of twenty-six steps, are supported by a thick monolithic column in the centre, the capital of which is ornamented with acanthus or palm leaves. This vault seems to have been once a porch belonging to the Double Gate, which is now walled up. A fragment of stone built into the wall upside down, bears an inscription with the name of the Roman Emperor Antoninus.

Large substructions were built by King Solomon on the top of the Mount, in order to have a plateau of sufficient size for his purpose. At the South East corner of this plateau we were conducted down into a portion of these substructions, which are now called Solomon's Stables. It is certain that the Templars stabled their horses here, and the rings to which they were fastened still exist. On the East side this plateau is bounded by the city wall, in which there is one gate which is walled up. It is the most beautiful gate of the whole city. The Muslims have a tradition that if this gate should be opened their power here would fail.

But the most interesting place about these grounds is the so-called Wailing Place of the Jews. This is most undoubtedly a portion of the outer wall built by King Solomon; and here every Friday the faithful Jews, young and old, gather, and, with their faces turned to the wall, weep and mourn for their

* This interesting paper was written for the *Liberal Freemason*, from which we extract it for the pleasure of our readers.

downfall, and pray for their restoration to power. It is very affecting to see how earnest they are, and as they lay their foreheads to the wall, some of them actually shedding tears, it is a sight that will not be easily forgotten. Among the ceremonies used is the reading of the 89th Psalm. The following litany is chanted on some occasions :—

Leader—For the palace that lies deserted.
Response—We sit in solitude and mourn.
Leader—For the palace that is destroyed.
Response—We sit in solitude and mourn.
Leader—For the walls that are overthrown.
Leader—For our majesty that is departed.
Leader—For our great men who lie dead.
Leader—For the precious stones that are burned.
Leader—For the priests who have stumbled.
Leader—For our kings who have despised Him.
Leader—We pray Thee have mercy on Zion!
Response—Gather the children of Jerusalem.
Leader—Haste, haste, Redeemer of Zion!
Response—Speak to the heart of Jerusalem.
Leader—May beauty and majesty surround Zion!
Response—Ah! turn Thyself mercifully to Jerusalem.
Leader—May the kingdom soon return to Zion!
Response—Comfort those who mourn over Jerusalem.

These people have kept up this custom for centuries with marvellous tenacity.

A short distance from this is another place where a portion of the the wall dates from Solomon's time. Some of the stones here are of immense size, and laid together without cement. One of them is nearly thirty feet in length, and about three feet thick. Excavations that have been made show that this wall extends down from the present surface of the ground more than fifty feet.

Among the many things full of historical interest that were shown us were the sword and spurs of Godfrey de Bulloigne, which are carefully preserved in one of the Chapels of the Great Church of the Holy Sepulchre, which covers Golgotha, where the crucifixion took place. There are many legends about various portions of the church which reasoning men can hardly believe. But there seems to be no room to doubt that this is the veritable Mount Calvary, and while it is quite possible that the exact spot shown as the place where the cross stood may not be the one, it seems to be certain that the crucifixion took place somewhere on the ground covered by this vast church. A number of pilgrims are coming here now, the most of them from Greece and Russia. They are poorly clad, and the distance covered by the steamer is passed in the steerage, the rest of the way on foot. Men, women, and children trudge along, sturdily and patiently, carrying all they have upon their backs, and looking bright and cheerful as they near the one spot in all the world that is to them most sacred.

It is quite affecting to see their earnestness and the difficulties they will overcome to get to the Holy City, and then to see the solemnity with which they enter the church and go from one chapel to another, day after day, as though the one object of their lives, that they had striven for years to attain, was at last accomplished, and they were happy with a solemn gladness.

The city itself is small, dirty, and badly paved. It is surrounded by a wall about two and one-half miles in circumference, varying from twenty-five to fifty feet in height. There are five gates that are opened in the daytime, but four of them are closed at sunset. Each gate is guarded by Turkish soldiers. The streets literally swarm with beggars.

ROSENGARTEN'S ARCHITECTURAL STYLES.*

THIS is a work published in 1878, and though it has only lately and accidentally come before us, it seems to us to deserve notice and commendation in the pages of our magazine. It is very handily and happily got up, illustrated by 639 illustrations, admirably printed, and most pleasant reading. It is interesting to us specially as Freemasons, in that it seems to accept as a fact the existence and movements of the Masonic Guilds, and to hail them as the precursors of our speculative Masonic system. Curiously enough, the writer thinks he sees in them a sort of protest against over-weening mediæval ultramontane influences, but we confess we doubt very much both the reality of his theory and the soundness of his conclusions. In that doubtless spurious MS. which professes to represent the secret teaching of the Templars, and which clearly does not exist in the Vatican library, and which was a posthumous publication of the well known Merzdorff, Munter, or whoever was the fabricator, surrounds the templarism of the thirteenth century with the controversies of the Reformation period. But it is not impossible that that spirit of resistance to and dislike of mediæval Romanism which led to the teaching of Wickliffe and the culminating efforts of Luther and the English Reformation, may have begun to work secretly in the thirteenth century. So far in England we have no evidence of any such feeling at work. The known Guild Constitutions are all uniform in their loyal adhesion to the "Church" of the period, and it is that peculiar characteristic of the Masonic Guilds which has been invoked by some as an objection to the connecting and consecutive history of an operative and speculative brotherhood.

Admiring and appreciating as we do Mr. Sandars' translation of Rosengarten's valuable and interesting "handbook," we think that, on the whole, we prefer to leave out this special question of intellectual revolt and sectional controversy. The history of the Masonic Guilds has yet to be written and brought out clearly before us, and that most important chapter in the long annals of our social, domestic, and national life has yet to be fully developed and rightly valued on its effect on the manners, and buildings, and traditions of several centuries. Toulmin Smith gives us but a very little portion of the Guild returns which he saw, and which still exist, mouldering in silence and dust. Why should not Bro. Gould, for instance, devote himself to a selection of operative Mason Guild regulations? He would confer another favour on Masonic students.

THE TIMELY WARNING.*

BY BRO. ROB. MORRIS.

IT is now several years since I was travelling on a stern-wheeler from Cairo to Memphis, and a slow and painful conveyance it proved to me. The bill of fare was frightfully scanty, the bedding bug-haunted, the company profligate. Gambling was going on from sunrise to midnight, and every hourer two a fight settled the game, after which a new "deck of keerds," as the gamblers uncouthly styled them, was "fotched on," and another round began, to terminate as before.

Among the passengers I had observed a young man of that gentle, amiable cast of countenance which young men even at this day sometimes wear who have been raised in pious families, under the hands of loving mothers and

* A Handbook on Architectural Styles, translated from the German of Rosengarten by W. Collett Sandars. Chatto and Windus, Piccadilly, London, W.

praying fathers. How such a young man got to the gaming-table I have never ascertained; but rising one night a while before twelve, after vainly attempting to snatch sleep among the roaches and more offensive vermin, I discovered him there, excited with liquor; furiously excited with the gambler's madness—worse than *delirium tremens* itself—and in a rapid process of being plucked by the experienced scoundrels around him. The sight shocked me; I was quite unprepared for it. Through my conversation with him the previous day, I was confident he knew *little or nothing of cards*, a thing easy enough seen, by the way, in his awkward style of handling them, and that he would not rise from that dangerous place while he had a dime left in his pocket. After standing by for a considerable time, during which dollar after dollar disappeared from his pile to enlarge that of his opponents, I took a chair close by him, and leaned my elbows upon the table in real distress. A square piece of tobacco lay there—a plug I think such things are called—with a knife by it. *Mechanically I took them up, and began, thoughtlessly*, to chip the edges of the tobacco. While doing so, the young man reached his hands in my direction for the pack of cards, it being his deal, and exposed his wristbands to my view. By the flash of the candles I observed that they were fastened with gold buttons, having Masonic emblems—the Square and the Compasses—on them, a sign I never fail to see, when within my purview.

A thought occurred to me. This is a Mason; I will warn him of his danger; so with the knife I cut deeply in the tobacco the same emblems, the Square and the Compasses, and, laying it down with the knife before him, as if I supposed they were his property, I arose and left the table. I could see that his eye caught the emblem instantly, and that he understood me.

It was a curious thing to observe him then. He went on dealing the cards, but so listlessly and carelessly as to forfeit the deal. He laid his forehead in his hands, thoughtfully, and his hands upon the table. Once or twice he counted his little pile of money, now reduced to a very trifle. He got up for a drink of water, and walked in an uncertain manner, to and fro; sat down again, played his game out, and, by the evident co-operation of his adversaries, won it; got up again, drank, and took a longer walk; played again and won. And then, as with a power given him at that instant from on high, he threw down his cards with startling vehemence, fell on his knees, raised his hands aloft to Heaven, and, with a mighty voice, repeated an oath that he would "*never, never*, NEVER gamble *again, so help me* GOD!"

I sat by his side all that night bathing his head in cold water, and that saved him, I think, from a terrible attack of brain fever—saved him for a lovely girl, to whom he was even then betrothed—saved him to be the father of as charming a child as ever sprung like an olive-shoot by human feet—saved him to become one of the best officers in one of the best Grand Lodges in the land—saved him to become one of the best correspondents and truest friends—a Mason, with whom I hope, at the Resurrection Day, to rise.

Nor is this the whole story, for one of the gamblers, to whom the knife and tobacco really belonged, seeing the Square and Compasses cut on his plug, sat with me all that night at my brotherly work, avowed himself, too, a Mason—declared, in language more ardent than was necessary (for under other circumstances, I should have called it blasphemy), that, had he known the young gentleman was a Mason, he was essentially d—d if he would have played a game with him; and the next morning, learning the exact amount that had been won, collected it from the others and returned it to him. That gambler took a step in the right direction, consequent upon the rebukes, compliments, and counsels, which, combined in equal doses, I administered to him, and quit the river for ever; opened a book-store, became a grain dealer, a dry goods merchant, and made money at all these things; was elected sheriff of the county, and still holds that position; and, to conclude the story, I still have the plug of tobacco in my possession, with the original *Square* and *Compasses* cut upon it!

MASONIC AND GENERAL ARCHÆOLOGIA.

FRAUDS AND ABUSES IN ST. PAUL'S.—In a book with the above title, published in 1712, we find the following petition :—

"To the Honourable the Commons of Great Britain in Parliament assembled: The humble Petition of Sir Christopher Wren, sheweth, That in the Act of Parliament of 8 and 9 of the late King William, for compleating the Building and Adorning the Cathedral Church of St. Paul, London, there being a Clause for suspending a Moiety of the Surveyor's Salary till the said Church should be finish'd, thereby the better to encourage him to finish the same with the utmost Diligence and Expedition: Your Petitioner humbly conceives, that the Parliament by putting the Surveyor under such Obligation, did apprehend that the Building, and every thing belonging to it, was wholly under his Management and Direction, and that it was in his Power to hasten or protract it. That Your Petitioner having been Surveyor of the said Cathedral Church from the beginning of its Rebuilding, and the same (as may be seen) being now compleated, excepting the Iron-fence, some Ornaments undetermined, and some other Matters which some of the Commissioners for the Fabrick have so interposed in, as that his Measures for compleating the same are wholly over-rul'd and frustrated; and thereby he is under this Hardship, as neither to be paid the Salary that is due to him, nor suffer'd to perfect the Work that is made the Condition of it. Your Petitioner therefore most humbly Prays your Honours to grant him such Relief in the Premisses, as to Your Great Wisdom and Justice shall seem meet. And Your Petitioner will ever Pray, &c.—CHR. WREN.

WILLIAM THE LION'S CHARTER.—We take the following from the *Masonic Magazine and Mirror* :—

"De pteccoe bnfcom eccce Glasg. Wills Dei gra Rex Scottoru. omnibz plis hominibus toci tre sue clicis et Laicis salem. Necessitati Glasguen ecclie. Pietate debita compacientes et eam sumni Regis. et scissimi Kentegni. confessoris intuitu deuocoe non modica. diligentes. desolacoi ipius cura nolumq cosolacois adhibere. et eam qoad possumq regie ptectois munimine cfoue. Qm aute mat mltarum gentiu. exilis anhac et angusta. ad honore Dei ampliari desiderat, et pterea in hiis diebs nris igne cosumpta ad sui reparacoem amplissimis expensis indigens et nrm et pliu pbom hominum subsidium expostulat. frnitate qam ad eiq costructoem venablis Joc. eiusde ecclie eps de cosilio abbatu prioru et altius cleri epatus sui costituit. Devote recipimq. et regie cocessionis munimine usq. ad ipius ecclie pfectoem confirmanq. et oes eiqde frnitatis collectores. et ad eiq fabricam auctoritate Epi et capitli ipius ecclie. auxilium postulantes. in nra firma pace et ptectoe suscipimq omnibs Ballis nris et ministris firmit pcipientes. vt. eos vbiq in regno nro ptegant et manuteneant et districte phibentes. ne quis eis iniuria violenciam aut contumeliam aliqam inferat sup nram plenaria forisfcuram. Test. Hugone cancellar nro. Archenb Abbe de Dunfermel. Willo de Lundes justic. Philippo de Valonia. apd Rokesburg."

ON FREEMASONRY.—From the Travels of Alexander Drummond, Esq., Consul at Aleppo, wrote at Smyrna, in the year 1745 :—

"At this carnival season they have an assembly here, to which Mr. Consul Crawley did me the honour to introduce me; and, as I had formed a lodge of Freemasons in the place, the ladies had conceived a strange notion of my character; for I had been represented to them, by some priest, as a conjurer of the first magnitude, who had the devil at my command, and raised the dead by my diabolical incantations. These terrible prepossessions, instead of

frightening them, had only served to raise their curiosity; when I had entered the room, they surveyed me with truly female attention. After they had satisfied their eyes with a most minute examination, they seemed to think I did not differ much from the other children of Adam, and became so familiar to my appearance that one of the number was hardly enough to desire me to dance with her; and, as she escaped without danger, I was afterwards challenged by a pretty little blooming creature, with whom I walked seven minutes during the course of the evening.

"As I have mentioned the lodge of Freemasons, I cannot help congratulating myself upon the opportunity I had of making so many worthy brethren in this place, and of forming the only lodge that is in the Levant.

'For ages past, a savage race
O'erspread these Asian plains,
All nature wore a gloomy face,
And pensive mov'd the swains.
But now Britannia's gen'rous sons
A glorious lodge have rais'd
Near the fam'd banks where Meles runs
And Homer's cattle graz'd;
The bri'ry wilds to groves are chang'd,
With orange trees around,
And fragrant lemons, fairly rang'd,
O'ershade the blissful ground.
Approving Phœbus shines more bright,
The flow'rs appear more gay,
New objects rise to please the sight
With each revolving day.
While safe within the sacred walls
Where heav'nly friendship reigns,
The jovial masons hear the calls
Of all the needy swains.
Their gen'rous aid, with cheerful soul,
They grant to those who sue;
And while the sparkling glasses roll
Their smiling joys renew.'"

THE OLDEST TAVERN IN SOUTHWARK.—"Following in the wake of the 'Tabard,' immortalised by Chaucer, another and the oldest of the taverns for which Southwark was so famous—viz., the Bricklayers' Arms—a part of the freehold held by the Bridge-house Estates for the Corporation of the City of London—will soon become a thing of the past. In the reign of Edward III. Philip de Comines records that the Burgundian lords who came over after the battle of Cressy to issue a general challenge to the English knights in a tournament to be held at Smithfield, lodged at this house, which he describes as a 'vaste hostel on the olde rode from Kent into Southwarke, about two-thirdes of a league from the bridge acrosse the Thames.' He adds, 'the Burgundians were mightilie overthrown.' A century later Warwick, the great king-maker, on his journey to France to demand the French King's sister's hand for Edward IV., waited here for his horses and retinue. Here Anne of Cleves waited while her portrait was forwarded to her future husband, Henry VIII. In later times, Drake, after his victory over Van Tromp, Sir Cloudesley Shovel, Duncan (Lord Camperdown), Lord Hood, after his victory over the French fleet, and Sir Horatio Nelson, after the battle of the Nile, all made this their head quarters. In the later part of the last century the house fell into the hands of one Townsend, who modernized it, but, falling out with his builder, the latter inscribed under the dormer the following lines:—

"By short mugs and glasses
This house it was built,
By spendthrifts, not Townsend,
The sign it was gilt."

This inscription still remains, as also do the old oak beams and garniture of centuries ago.

ST. JOHN'S LODGE, No. 221, BOLTON.

COMPILED BY BRO. G. P. BROCKBANK, THORNFIELD, BOLTON, P.M., P. PROV. S.G.D. EAST LANCASHIRE.

THIS Lodge was originated by a number of brethren in humble position in life, who, from the old Records which have been carefully preserved, shewed considerable method and thrift by the way they went to work. None of the founders were members of a Lodge meeting in the town. There were two Lodges in existence in Bolton at the time this was warranted, the one "Modern" (Anchor and Hope, now No. 37) founded 1732; and another (then No. 196) which had been originally founded at Leigh in 1776, but was in working order at Bolton in January, 1786. From an examination of the records of this latter Lodge lent to me for perusal by Bro. Jas. Newton, who has written a few notes in the *Masonic Magazine* respecting this Lodge (Antiquity, now No. 146), I find that Bro. John O'Neal, a member of a Lodge in Manchester, No. 275, now extinct, visited the Lodge on the 2nd January, 1793. This brother was subsequently first Master of St. John's Lodge, and no doubt from the date of that visit he utilised his strength in order to have the honour of establishing the first Lodge warranted to Bolton under the Ancient Constitutions; I also find a visit to Antiquity Lodge recorded from Bro. John Mulhollan, who became first Treasurer of the new Lodge; also from Bro. Reuben Bullock, represented as from Stockport, Lodge No. 292 (now 212)—this brother subsequently became Secretary of St. John's Lodge. Bro. John O'Neal again visited the Lodge as it is recorded on the 16th December, 1796, "to request from us a recommendation to the Grand Lodge for a grant of a warrant to be held in Bolton, and that our Lodge should grant it to them conditionally as will be mentioned in a bye-law made for that purpose in both Lodges."

I find no further record on the subject until the 20th April, 1797, when the following minute appears:—

GRAND LODGE.

1797, 20 April. Hand and Banner, Bolton.

The Right Worshipful Bro. James Abel, Grand Master, appointed by virtue of a deputation sent to him for that purpose from the Ancient Grand Lodge of England and the Masonical Jurisdiction thereof, with Bro. Jas. Banks, of 196, his R.W. Deputy Grand Master; Bro. Thos. Walker, No. 235, Wigan, his R.W. Senr. G. Warden; Bro. Robert Mansley, of No. 238, Chorley, his R.W. Junr. G. Warden; and Bro. Jas. Gradwell, of 196, his Grand Secretary, opened a Grand Lodge in due form upon the Third Step of Masonry, according to the Ancient form of the Craft of Free and Accepted Masons in all ages used and approved of, at 15 minutes before one o'clock at noon, in the presence of and joined by the Brethren of the several Lodges hereafter mentioned, viz:—Bros. Henry Peet, Thos. Walker, Richd. Holme, Thos. Entwisle, John Taylor, Jos. Gaskell, Jas. Taberner, Jas. Scott, Edwd. Darbyshire, Wm. Brooks, of No. 235, Wigan; Pat. Sullivan, 512, Ireland; Thos. Fowler, 521, Ireland; John A. King, Augustin Meir, Jas. Blackledge (Tyler), 238, Chorley; Cornelius Hughes, 64, Ireland; Jas. Turner, 275, Manchester; Reuben Bullock, 292, Stockport; John Bradshaw, S. Wylde, Wm. Rowbottom, Thos. Gradwell, A. Halliwell, Bold Halliwell, Jas. Gradwell, Lodge No. 196. After the Lodge was duly opened an Anthem was sung, after which the Grand Master and the rest of the Grand Officers then proceeded to the Installation of the Lodge No. 303, which was performed with the greatest solemnity, regularity, and decorum; and Bro. John O'Neal named as Master in the Warrant; Bro. Thos. Keenan, his Senr. Warden; and Bro. Danl. Cane, his Junr. Warden; Bro. John Mc.Allister, Treasurer; and Bro. Edwd. Mc.Glone, Secretary; and they being directed to choose their own Deacons and other Officers, when convenient to themselves. Called from labour to refreshment, and immediately from refreshment to labour at 2 o'clock. Proclaimed Lodge No. 303 duly constituted a Regular Warranted Lodge. Called from labour to refreshment at 20 minutes after 2 o'clock, then toasted the Grand Officers of the Grand Lodge of Antiquity of England. At

a quarter past Three o'clock the Lodge called from refreshment to labour. Closed the Lodge at a quarter before Four o'clock, agreeable to the instructions of Wm. Dickey, Esq., Deputy G. Master, and the thanks of all the Officers and Members present be ordered to be transmitted to the Grand Lodge for the honour conferred upon them in empowering them to hold this Grand Lodge.

JAMES ABEL, Grand Master.
THOS. WALKER, Grand Senior Warden.
JAS. GRADWELL, Grand Secretary. ROB. MANSLEY, Grand Junior Warden.

These brethren were members of the Lodge of Antiquity and for the occasion as the above acted as Grand Officers, there being no Provincial Grand Master appointed for this Province under the Antient Institutions.

The first minute book records the proceedings of the lodge from the 9th April, 1797, to 12th December, 1801. The 9th April, 1797, appears to have been a preliminary meeting previous to the formal opening of the Lodge.

At this Meeting it was resolved, "That every Candidate that dines shall pay the sum of four shillings towards paying the expenses of the day, the same as old subscribing members." "Tis unanimously a greed that this Loge, No. 303, shall be call'd St. John's. Br. Jno. O'Neal in the chair. *Br. Thos. Keenan Senr. Warding, Br. Dal. Cain Junr. Warding.* Call'd to refreshment at half-past 7 o'clock. Closed at Eight o'clock.—JOHN O'NEILL, Master.

April 16th.—"Unanimously agreead that James Savage, Hugh Hamon, Patrick Hughs Sen., and Patrick Junr., as Candidates, is to Become Members the 29th inst."

JOHN O'NEILL, *Master.*

In the minutes of the lodge the following is the only record of the Consecration so well recorded in the books of the Antiquity.

Bolton, April the 20th, 1797.

Lodge of St. John's, No. 303, was instituted. The following persons was chose and Install'd. Br. John O'Neil Master. Br. Thomas Keenan Senr. Warding. Br. Daniel Cain Junr. Warding. Br. John Mc.Alister *Treasurer.* Br. *Edward Maglone,* Secretary. Lodge opened at Three o'clock upon the First Degree of Masonry. James Savage, Patrick Hughes Senr., and Patrick Hughes Junr., all obtained the First Degree of Masonry. Closed the Lodge at Six o'clock with the greatest harmony.

June 29th.—In commemoration of St. John, opened the Lodge at ½ past 9 in the morning and went to Church in procession, being joined by the Ancient Lodges. Call'd to Refresh't. *at ½ past 3, labour at 4. Closed at ¼ past 4 with the greatest harmony.*

This would appear to have been rather a "dry" affair, but I find in consulting Bro. Newton's notes of Antiquity Lodge, that a procession was formed at eleven o'clock preceded by a band of music, slowly moved on to the Old Church, where a sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Dullas, of St. John's, Manchester, after which the procession went (with the band of music) to Bro. Shakespeare's, and Lodge 303 proceeded to the lodge room, where an elegant dinner was provided, and the day spent with the greatest harmony and brotherly love. The Bro. Shakespeare above alluded to was proprietor of the hostelry known as the Bowling Green Inn, Bradshawgate, now known as the Shakespere Inn.

Dec. 4.—The Worshipful's Toast from the Chair, "That Masons may florish like the bea Leaf that grows by the River Side that is always green." *Lodge opened at ½ past 9.* Candidate initiated at 10m. past 10. Closed at 12 minutes past 10. Opened on 2d at 20m. past 10! and the Candidate passed on the 2d degree at ½ past 10. *Closed Lodge at 11.*

The early closing movement was not then in vogue.

1797. Dec. 17.— Lodge of an Amergency, the Worshipful John O'Neal in the Chair. Lodge opened on the three degrees of Masonry at 6 o'clock. Br. John Mulhollan Tried for charges alleded to him by the Worshipful for misconduct. The *Worshipful from the Chair* and the Defendant quitted the Lodge Room. Br. Thomas Keenan, Sr. Warden, took the *Chair; and Br. Cain* acts as Sr. Warden, Br. John Mc.Googan as Jr. Warden. Br. John Mulhollans Tryal commenced at 7 o'clock; Br. Mulhollan for being Intoxicated in Drink, for breaking the 6th Rule of our By-Laws Find 6d.; secondly, for breaking the 12th Rule, fined 5s.; and for bad language to the Worshipful it is agreeable by the Members of this Lodge that it is heer met that he *must make a an Humble Submission for so doing; this is* unanimously agreed upon that his futer conduct mus be agreeable to the Members of this Lodge. His Tryal lasted until 10 o'clock. Dewly admonished, Br. Mulhollan asked Gods pardon and the Lodges and the Matter is amicably settled.

Dec. 18.—Election of Officers for ½ year. W.M. Elected at 4 p.m., S.W., at 35m. past 4, J.W. at 45 past 4, Treas. at 5 p.m., Secretary at 5-10.

Why these pauses between? possibly a libation.

1798. Feby. 5.—A Character sent to us of Br. Stokes from 292, Stockport.

20.—A charge layed to Br. John O'Neal for charging the Members of the Lodge to meet clandestinely; a Cometa chose by the Worshipful, to absent themselves from the Lodge Room to an a jacin Room to decide the matter; the Committee agreeing and finding Br. O'Neil colpable of an error for Schandlelizing the Lodge is fined five shillings, and it to make an humble submission to the Lodge for the offence. Br. O'Neal made an humble apology for the offence. Lodge closed at 50 minutes past 10, when the greatest harmony subsisted.

1798. Apl. 12.—Various accusations laid down against a Brother who has Suspended Twelve Calendar Months, then to be dealt with as the Lodge shall think fit.

I notice that if there is no business at the Lodge great regularity is observed in opening, calling from Labour, resuming Labour, and Closing; and the timd of each event carefully recorded, such as:—opened 15 past 7, called from L. to R. ¼ past. 9, from R. to L. 55 minutes past 9, etc.

July 5.—Copy of Memorial read from Grand Lodge.

Would this be on the subject of Union?

Nov. 1.—Br. Crook gave a lecture on the first degree.

1799. Feb. 7.—A Lecture given.

Mar. 7.—Lecture on the 3d degree by Br. Crook.

Br. Crook was not a Member of the Lodge. I presume he was some perambulating luminary.

9 May.—The Brother whose conduct was under review a year ago is again brought before the Brn., who agree he shall not have any Certificate whilst "he is due any debt to the Lodge."

1800. Feb. 6.—A Return made to Grand Lodge.

Apl. 3.—Agreed that the Lodge shall be shifted to the house of Brother Richard Clarkson, the sign of the Lord Admiral Nelson, on Bolton Moor.

May 18.—Resolved, that a Royal Arch Chapter shall be held. 5 Brethren agreed to be made Arch Masons. Opened the Lodge on the 3d degree, and these 5 Brothers past the Chair at 5 o'clock and pd. 7/6. Soon after opened the Royal Arch Chapter, these Brn. were made Exclant and Shuper Exclant Masons and Likeeves Holy Royal Arch Masons.

1801. Sep. 3.—Br. Morris summoned to attend and has refused, not only now but formerly, as well as the dutys of the Lodge neglected as Acting Secretary.

Oct. 1.—Visited by some Brethren under Scottish Jurisdiction.

Nov. 5.—Visited by a Br. of Lodge No. 285.

This appears to be a Lodge in connection with the 17th Dragoons. A Brother named Smalley who appears to have been initiated in some other place, is recorded as passing F.C. and M.M. and afterwards becoming a Subscribing Member along with some Scotch brethren.

Dec. 3.—Resolved, That the Lodge shall be removed after the Festival of St. John.

Dec. 12.—3 Brethren of this Lodge, with a Brother from 165, Scotland, passed the Chair.

1802. Jan. 1.—A procession took place in which No. 196 joined, wh. was guarded by the Militay stationed in the town, and a letter of thanks was addressed by the Secr. of Lodge 196 to the Commanding officer.

The Cash Book records that £2 0s. 6d. was received towards the Expenses from different brethren of the 17th Light Dragoons.

No. 2. Book contains the following code of bye-laws:—

Rule the 1st—Resolved that this Lodge Shall Meet on the First Monday of Every Calinder Month in order to Act and Transact such business As seems Meet unto them For the Well Being of the Antient Craft, at the house of Mrs. Lawson's, Hand and Banner, Deans Gate, and Every Member Shall Pay one Shilling, Sixpence to Be spent and Sixpence to the fund Tyler, and Candles To be paid out of the same.

Rule the 2nd—Resolved that Every Brother Shall pay Three Shillings and sixpence on Every St. John's day, and Every Br. Absent on that day Shall pay the same Except Sickness or Confinement.

Rule the 3rd—Resolved that no Brother will be chosen by Seniority to Preside as Master or Aney other office in the Lodge, except he Merits it.

Rule the 4th—Resolved that Every Br. Shall appear Clean and as Decent as he Can with an Apron, such as is worn by Antient Masons, Likewise that Every Subscribing Br. shall ware in his Breast that Mark of distinction that is worn by Antient Masons on the Regular Meeting Nights.

Rule the 5th—Resolved that any Br. that shall Curse, Sware, or use aney Unbecoming Language in Diragation of God's name intendedly, or Aggravate another Br. to disturbe the Harmony of the Lodge whilst engaged in that Most Serious and Solimn, for every such offence shall forfeit sixpence.

Rule the 6th—Resolved that Aney Br. Coming on our Regular Meeting Disguised in Liquor shall Pay for the First offence Sixpence, And for Every other one Shilling, to go to the fund for the Relief of Indegent Brethren.

Rule the 7th—Resolved that Aney Br. Absenting himself on our Regular Meeting Night without him on his next Meeting Assigns a proper Reason For Every Such offence shall forfeit one Shilling.

Rule the 8th—Resolved that Any Old Mason that wishes To Joyn this Lodge, if he bound Found worthey To Becom a member, for his admission he shall Pay the Sum of Ten Shillings and Sixpence, and Likewise to pay his own Regestrie.

Rule the 9th—Resolved that if aney Br. Shall Redicule aney other Br. in Regard of his Religion, Trade, or Profession, Shall for Every such offence Pay Ten Shillings, and not to admitted to Sit in the Lodge until he pays the same, and Makes an humble Submission For his Transgression. All fines and forfeits to be put in the Fund for the Relief of Distressed Brothers.

Rule the 10th—Resolved that no Br. shall Receive a Certificate until he is one year a Subscribing Member Excepting he is Leveing the Kingdom, or Going to some other part, or Entering into his Magesties Service, and then give his O.B. that he is not Decaiving the Lodge.

Rule the 11th—Resolved that no Modern Mason or aney Subscribeing those to Belongs will be admitted in this Lodge while Engaged in that Most Serious and Solimn, the Better to Enable them to keep the Antient Craft from being Adulterated, and that Every visiting Brother shall pay as much as a Subscribeing Member, that is one Shilling, First Visit Free.

Rule the 12th—Resolved that if any Member Belonging to this Lodge should Devulge aney Secrets whatsoever to aney person not Belonging to this Lodge First offence shall Forfeit Five Snillings and will not be admitted to sit in the Lodge until he pays the same and Makes an humble Submission for his Transgression and if Found Guilty of the same a Second time Fined 10s. 6d., third time Excluded and Reported to the Grand Lodge.

Rule the 13th—Resolved that Every Br. Belonging to this Lodge Shall be Carefull in offering his interest to aney Man Desireing to Becom a Mason without first applying by petition, so that no Reflection May Be Carried further By him if not admitted.

Rule the 14th—Resolved that no person hereafter shall becom a Mason in this Lodge But such as are of Abel Body, Honest Parentage, Good Reputation in the neighbourhood where he Resides, and an observer of the Law of the Land.

Rule the 15th—Resolved that no Man Be Admitted a Member of this Lodge without previous notice of one month before Given, Unless Some Cause May Appear Legal to the whole Lodge.

Rule the 16th—Resolved that aney Man who wishes to be made a Mason in this Lodge Shall Send 10s. 6d. with his petition, and if approved of it shall be Detained as part of his Admission Money, and on his First Entering this Lodge shall pay One Pound one, and before he Becomes a Master Mason he Shall Cleare of the whole which is To be £2 2s. 6d. and pay his own Regestrie and Tyler.

Rule the 17th—Resolved that if any Br. Comes on a stated Lodge Night with a foul shirt, with a Beard, Silk or Coloured Handkerchief, shall pay a fine of Twopence for Every such offence.

Rule the 18th—Resolved that no Certificate shall be granted to aney Brother until he shall have paid all arrears due to the Lodge, likewise Discharged all Debts he may have Contracted with any Brother of the same of in the house wherein the Lodge is kept in order to Soport the Credit of the Lodge. Except Love granted from the Creditor.

(To be continued.)

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE.

VOLUME VIII.

THE

MASONIC MAGAZINE

FOR 1880-81.

VOL. VIII.

London:
GEORGE KENNING, 16, GREAT QUEEN STREET, W.C.
(Opposite Freemasons' Hall);
1, 2, 3, 4, Little Britain and 197, Aldersgate Street, E.C.

Liverpool—2, Monument Place. Manchester—47, Bridge Street.
Glasgow—9, West Howard Street.

PREFACE TO THE EIGHTH VOLUME.

WITH the close of another volume publisher and editor beg to return thanks hearty and many to those who have cheered their labours, and aided their efforts to diffuse a good and sound Masonic literature among the Craft. And if, when we "take stock" at the close of another volume, the result is hardly such as they once ventured to anticipate, a good deal may no doubt be said for the peculiar difficulties of a Masonic serial in itself, and that intense competition which now awaits all candidates for literary success, or further approval. There are special hindrances attendant on a Masonic magazine, which, though it is true that they affect all young magazines more or less, yet seem seriously to stand in the way of the success and circulation of a magazine which is mainly Masonic in tone and tendency. The circle of Masonic readers is a limited one; the public, as a rule, are barred, so to say, by the very name of Masonry, and therefore the publisher and editor have not only to find an audience, but to hit the happy mean of magazine interest and efficiency, for if they are too technical and dry, they displease one class of readers, if the contributions assume a lighter strain they antagonize another class of minds. The *Masonic Magazine* has from the first had much main support, and has been cheered by the hearty aid of unwavering friends.

Publisher and editor, in returning thanks for past favours and past patronage, trust still to receive the friendly and kindly countenance of all who desire to see a Masonic serial availing and available for the promulgation and elucidation of the tenets, the history, and the archæology of our useful and benevolent fraternity.

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THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

No. 85.—Vol. VIII. JULY, 1880. Price 6d.



ST. JOHN'S LODGE, BOLTON.

(Concluded from paye 540, vol. vii.)

AS the remaining portion of this paper is already in print, we think it only necessary to give Bro. W. J. Hughan's introduction.—Ed. *M.M.*

Our good friend, Bro. Brockbank, has invited us to write an introduction to his history of St. John's Lodge, Bolton, and the following is our fraternal response thereto.

During the last century there were at one time four Grand Lodges at work in England, viz :

1. "The Grand Lodge of England" (London).
2. "The Grand Lodge of All England" (York).
3. "The Grand Lodge of England according to the old institutions" (London).
4. "The Grand Lodge of England and South of the Trent" (London).

The first, the Premier Grand Lodge of the World was established in London, 1717.* Before then there were no Grand Lodges, but "Assemblies" were occasionally held. The second Grand Lodge was started in York, 1725, being the offspring of the old Time Immemorial Lodge of that city. The third was originated by a number of seceders from the first-mentioned, about 1750, and the fourth was founded by the York Grand Lodge in answer to the wishes of many members of the Lodge of Antiquity, London, in 1779. Its career was very brief, as it terminated in 1790, on the difficulties being adjusted between that ancient lodge (now No. 2) and the regular Grand Lodge. The fourth of the series ceased to exist on the advent of the present century.

All lodges now on the roll and warranted prior to 1814 obtained their authority either from the first or the third of these Grand Lodges, both held in London, and known respectively by Masonic students as "Moderns" and

* For the history of this the oldest and largest Grand Lodge in the world, and its descendants, *vide* Bro. R. Gould's "Four Old Lodges."

"Ancients." It will be seen that these titles are not indicative of the relative antiquity of these bodies. They are also termed the "Regular Masons," and the "Ancients" or ("Atholl Masons.") Happily, in December, 1813, these two rivals "joined hands and hearts," their title after then being "The United Grand Lodge of England," since which period the Craft has heard no more of secessions. For particulars as to the Articles of Union and the numerical position of the lodges on the United Roll we must refer enquirers to the "Masonic Register"† and the "Atholl Lodges." In 1814 there were 386 lodges of the "Moderns" and 260 of the "Ancients" placed on the Roll, and as the first lodge of the latter body was successful in drawing the "lot" for No. 1, the Time Immemorial Lodge of Antiquity of the premier Grand Lodge had to be content with the position of No. 2, in accordance with the agreement. The other lodges belonging to the two rivals were numbered alternately as provided for.

The St. John's Lodge, Bolton, before the Union was numbered 303, but immediately afterwards became 386. In 1832 it was altered to 268, and from 1863 has been 221. Its career from 1797 has been carefully sketched by Bro. Brockbank in the following pages, and that of its sister Lodge Antiquity, No. 146, has been duly noted by an earnest fellow worker (Bro. James Newton). At the present time under the wing of the East Lancashire Province there are eleven Ancient Lodges, numbered, etc., as follows:

44, Friendship, Manchester.
54, Hope, Rochdale.
62, Social, Manchester.
128, Prince Edwin, Bury.
146, Antiquity, Bolton.
152, Virtue, Manchester.
204, Caledonian, Manchester.
210, Duke of Athol, Denton.
215, Commerce, Haslingden.
221, St. John's, Bolton.
226, Benevolence, Littleborough.

Although "St. John's," No. 221, is the tenth on this list, it is not as a lodge much inferior in point of antiquity to most of the others, as several work from revived or renewed warrants, whereas that of No. 221 has apparently preserved its continuity throughout. Its warrant was granted under the rule of the M.W. Bro. the 4th Duke of Athol, who was the seventh Grand Master of the "Ancients." The D.G.M., Bro. William Dickey, was once the third of the Grand Secretaries, having served in the latter capacity 1771-6. The Grand Secretary Leslie held that office from 1790 to the consummation of the Union. We are indebted to our indefatigable Bro. John Constable, P.M. 185, for a transcript of the warrant (completed in MS., portions being deficient), who in this and many other ways has done much to aid in the critical study of the "Ancients."

Although the records of St. John's Lodge are not so important, comparatively speaking, as many of the older lodges, yet they are decidedly worthy of reproduction and publication, especially in the concise and handy form adopted by Bro. Brockbank, who has done his part carefully and well.

The minutes are in many respects very suggestive, and evidently the younger members are much indebted to their seniors for the present prosperous and happy condition of the lodge.

As it is impossible to write a complete history of Freemasonry in England until the records of all the last century lodges have been duly examined and their special features made known, we hail each fresh appearance of a lodge

† "The Masonic and Medallic Register of Lodges," by Bro. W. J. Hughan. (George Kenning, London). "The Atholl Lodges, their authentic History," by Bro. R. F. Gould.

history with satisfaction, and consider the author, who has devoted time to its preparation, has become a benefactor to the Craft and done his part to render an authentic account of our Society *possible*.

In evidence that the junior lodges of the "Ancients" may furnish some curious particulars, and even facts of consequence, we may cite those of No. 221, and particularly the Bye-Law No. 4:—"Every subscribing brother shall wear on his breast that mark of distinction that is worn by Ancient Masons on regular meeting nights." We have so far failed to discover to what this rule refers, and shall be glad if any one can enlighten us. The old medals occasionally met with are generally unique in style, emblems, etc. We do not remember any two being exactly alike, so it is not probable that the mark of distinction referred to was of a medallic character. The subject is a curious one, and we are not aware of another such regulation. In conclusion, we trust that the example set by Bro. George Parker Brockbank and several other brethren, by the compilation of their Lodge Histories, will prove to be the heralds of many more similar and valuable productions.

Truro, April 7th, 1880. WILLIAM JAMES HUGHAN.

THE MYSTIC CRAFT.

BY BRO. R. PAYNE.

O MYSTIC Craft! that, ark-like, through all generations,
Unscath'd by fire or tempest, on the swirling flood
Ridest secure amid the wrecks of creeds and nations,
Whose Architect and Strength, whose Guide, whose Goal, is God.

His arm, whose thunderbolts on every side are blasting,
Is ever over thee to shield, to lead and keep:
His voice, which rends in wrath the mountains everlasting,
To thee speaks peace, and stills thy path amid the deep.

O happy flock; which feed'st on sunlit pastures tow'ring
Above all earthly glooms, led by thy Shepherd-Lord—
Keep ever on those heights, beyond the storm-clouds low'ring,
Whose rain is strife and hate, whose lightnings, fire and sword.

O, wondrous temple! in whose myriad holy places
Dim flashes of the eternal Father's glory glow,
Within thy portals pure may nothing that debases
Presume to mar that beauty which no fleck should know.

Still onward pilot this Thine ark, most mighty Master,
In safety till she reach the long sought stormless shore:
Still lead and feed this flock of Thine, most holy Pastor,
Where'er they wander, till all wanderings are o'er.

Father of Lights, who hast nor change nor shade of turning,
Keep this Thy temple ever through all change and chance:
Keep, by Thy glory fed, its glory ever burning;
Founded in strength, may it from strength to strength advance,

Till, at the trumpet's sound, all earthly lodges enter
Within the Veil, from every kindred, clime, and zone,
And meet at last, united at the eternal Centre,
Brethren for ever, in Grand Lodge around Thy Throne.

KLOSS'S MASONIC BIBLIOGRAPHY.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE "Bibliographie der Freimaurerei" put forth by Dr. George Kloss, Frankfort-on-the-Maine, in 1844, is a very remarkable work, which, if it could be revised and completed to our own time, would display some very astounding results. Indeed, very few Freemasons in England or America, comparatively speaking, among the thousands who rank themselves under our banners, are aware either of the existence, much less the value, of this book to Masonic Archæology in general, to the Masonic student in particular. We propose, therefore, in this paper to give an outline of the work, merely premising that even Kloss, with his painstaking accuracy, has omitted some works, and that we find mistakes (which are indeed unavoidable in any similar work) as regards the earlier and later editions of works and the names of writers. But as a general rule Kloss is most correct, and, as a book of reference, his handbook is simply invaluable to the Masonic student to-day.

Kloss, when he published his work, hoped and intended, as far as it was, humanly speaking, possible, to give to Masons a correct list of Masonic books, whether by known or anonymous writers, and to procure the names of the former and to realise the fact of the latter. He divides his work into several sections which we cannot follow, as it would make this paper too long, but we propose simply to touch upon the salient points and give a resumé of the whole. For instance, he mentions that from 1717 to 1756 there were written no less than 108 works for and against Freemasonry, while from 1757 to 1799, excepting France, there were issued 342; from 1799 to 1844 there were written 227; this includes French works from 1756. From 1721 to our time there were issued 703 addresses and antient charges, including funeral orations, while 324 publications relative to Masonic melody, songs, and music attest the harmonious qualities and tendencies of the Craft. 331 publications have issued from all lands and jurisdictions relative to Masonic ritual, and even Masonic romances have not been forgotten, there being no less than 80 mentioned up to 1844, and something under 56 Masonic tragedies and plays. Kloss omits Masonic poetry, of which, as we know, there are several examples published. He mentions, however, about thirty Masonic biographies, and a large number of works relating to antiquities, worship, the mysteries, namely, 145, and over 50 dealing with metaphysics, theosophy, mysticism, and the Cabala.

Kloss gives us a list of the following works as regards the history of Freemasonry in various lands:—The Cosmopolitan History of Freemasonry, 70 works; English, American, and Canadian Freemasonry, about 25; German Freemasonry, 122; Holland and its Colonies, 55; Belgium, 50; Switzerland, Poland, Russia, 70; Italian Freemasonry, 33.

Kloss seems to omit Spain and Portugal and the South American Colonies, and we may note that his record as to England, America, and Canada and the English Dependencies is very incomplete indeed. Kloss mentions about 300 works relative to Templarism and the Chivalric System, and 274 relative to Rosicrucianism. There were, up to 1844, nearly 100 works published relative to the Masonic Constitutions, and about 100 relative to Masonic journals, catalogues, and the like. Kloss also calls attention to 40 works on magic or connected with Masonry. There are about 700 works relative to French Masonry under the Grand Orient; about 50 relative to the Rite Ecossais; 40 relative to the Rite of Misraim. Though Kloss mentions 5393 works, he gives a supplement of between 200 and 300 more, which places the total to about 5600 in 1844.

Were we to add to this list all the works which Kloss has unavoidably omitted or overlooked, and all that have been published since, we are not

exaggerating when we state that such a bibliography of Freemasonry would now number at least 7500 works, if not more. Indeed, it is just probable that the number might be close upon 10,000. We have omitted from this list many interesting topics to which Kloss alludes, such as that of Guild life, Chivalry, the German Steinmetzen, the Jesuits, Secret Societies, the Illuminati (70 works alone), the Asiatic brothers, and the African builders. It is much to be desired that a correct bibliography up to date should be issued.

THE RUNES.*

WE all of us have seen probably, if not with our own eyes in lapidary inscriptions, at any rate in books, those strange characters which are called Runes, and about which the most opposite opinions have existed. For a long time the prevailing belief was, apparently descending from and fostered by the early Christian missionaries, that they were pagan, magical, cabalistical, and even hermetical. Latterly, however, it has been well-known that a clue to these strange characters had been discovered, though learned men were not agreed as to their origin or even paternity.

The Rev. Isaac Taylor, well-known by his "Etruscan Researches," has lately written the book to which we allude in a foot-note to tell us what the Runes are, and we confess that as we have seldom read a book with more pleasure, so we listen to him with great faith. Let him, however, speak for himself.

THE FUTHORCS.

At the time when the Roman alphabet was introduced by Christian missionaries into Northern Europe, some of the Teutonic nations had been for several centuries in possession of a peculiar alphabet of their own. This ancient alphabet was chiefly used by the Scandinavians, the Northumbrians, and the Goths. The characters are called Runes, and the alphabet bears the name of the Futhorc, from the first six Runes. The one unsolved problem in the history of the alphabet is the origin of these Runes. That they should have been independently invented by the Teutons is a solution which must be regarded as quite out of the question. The history of the invention of alphabetic writing shows the enormous difficulty of such an undertaking. It was only through the slow developments of many centuries that the united genius of the Phœnicians and the Greeks, the two most cultured races of the South, succeeded at last in elaborating a pure alphabet out of the cumbrous picture-writing of the Egyptian Hieroglyphics. That an equivalent result should have been obtained offhand by any semi-barbarous Teutonic tribe is quite incredible. There are, moreover, such striking resemblances between several of the runes and the corresponding letters of various Mediterranean alphabets, that the mathematical chances against such a series of accidental coincidences are absolutely overwhelming. On these grounds it has been universally admitted that the Runes must, in some unknown manner, have been derived from that one great parent alphabet to which modern research has affiliated almost every other alphabet of the world—Ethiopic, Arabic, and Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and Etruscan, Indian and Tibetan, Mongol and Malay. Runic inscriptions have been found scattered over a vast region extending from the Danube to the Orkneys. The most ancient of these inscriptions are earlier in date by at least a thousand years than the most modern. During this long period a constant development was going on, and hence we find, as was to be expected, that the Runes of different countries and of different periods present very considerable variations. They may all, however, be classified into three main divisions—the Gothic, the Anglian, and the Scandinavian.

Mr. Taylor successively goes through the various hypotheses as to the origin of the Runes, and dismissing the Phœnician and Latin origin, comes to the conclusion, on what seems to us, we confess, very satisfactory grounds, that the Runes are only the development of a form of the old Grecian, the "Thracian" as used by the Greek traders.

THE THRACIAN ALPHABET.

The next step in our investigation is to ascertain the characteristics of the alphabet which was used by these Greek traders. The direct evidence as to the Olbian and Thracian

* Greeks and Goths: a Study on the Runes. By Isaac Taylor, M.A. London: Macmillan & Co.

alphabet is very meagre. The Greek inscription from the Nogai steppe is only a fragment, and the great Olbian inscription* is useless for our purpose, as it belongs to a very much later period. We have to rely mainly on the evidence of a few Thracian coins, notably a large gold coin of Geta, King of the Edoni, now in the British Museum, which is believed† to belong to the sixth century B.C., and several coins of the Orreskioi of about the same date. But there is no lack of inscriptions of the required date belonging to the cities and islands from which the Thracian and Euxine alphabet must have been derived. We have much early pottery from Thasos,‡ together with the celebrated inscription from Sigeum, several from Miletus, the mother city of Olbia, and many more§ from Paros, Siphnos, Naxos, Melos, Samos, and Chalcis, all of them belonging to the end of the sixth century B.C. The evidence of the Thracian coins goes to show that the Thracian alphabet was identical with the alphabet of the mother cities of the Thracian colonies, which is usually designated as the second alphabet of Ionia and the Isles.‖

It is, indeed, a somewhat startling theory at first which brings the Thracian alphabets to the Goths, and through the Goths to Rome and Germany and England, but we venture to think that Mr. Taylor is on the right track. As he says, and says truly,

But a nation which held possession of the amber coast of the Baltic, and also extended so far southward as to occupy the upper basin of the Dnieper, would almost necessarily be in commercial intercourse with the enterprising Greek traders who had the command of the commerce of this great river. From the earliest times the trade route between the Baltic and the Euxine was by the waterway of the Dnieper, which rises within 200 miles of the Baltic coast. It was by this route, the Austrvegr or Eastway, that the Varangian vikings from Swedish Gothland descended from the north and swarmed along the coasts of the Black Sea, and even laid siege to Constantinople. The Dnieper (Borysthenes) was known to the Greeks as early as the seventh century B.C., and the valuable trade of this great natural highway was in the possession of the Greek colonies which were established near its southern outlet. The importance of the Greek commerce of the Dnieper is evident from the statement of Herodotus, who had himself visited Olbia, the flourishing Greek colony established at its mouth. Herodotus speaks of the Borysthenes as being, next after the Nile, the greatest and most valuable river of the earth. He adds that it was known as far as the district of Gerrhos, forty days' journey from the sea. Now the distance in a straight line between the Black Sea and the Baltic is not more than 700 miles, and the northern half of this space lay, as we have seen, within the limits of the Gothic realm, the southern frontier of which would not be more than 400 miles from Olbia, or about the distance of Olbia from Byzantium. Now since the Greek merchants from Olbia ascended the river for a distance of forty days' journey, and if we reckon a day's journey at fifteen miles, and make sufficient allowance for the windings of the stream, this will bring Gerrhos into close proximity with the southern border of the Gothic occupancy, if not actually within it.¶ It may therefore be assumed that in the sixth and following centuries there was sufficient opportunity for the Goths on the Pripet to acquire a knowledge of the Greek alphabet from the Greek merchants who traded on the Dnieper for the amber and other products of the Gothic realm.

We recommend our readers to study this valuable and striking work carefully, as we have only given a bare outline of it, the more so as the author's words are well weighed, and he writes clearly, convincingly, and well.

How wonderful it is to-day, if we pause to reflect, seems the onward march of investigation and exploration; the mysteries of the old past are unveiling one by one, and we who like such studies, and can find healthy recreation in such investigation, ought to be grateful to writers like Mr. Taylor, who labour so earnestly to open out and lighten up all that superstition would darken and ignorance conceal, but which learning and science would illustrate and explain for wondering students in this enquiring age.

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* Böckh, No. 2058.

† This coin was found in the bed of the Euphrates, and may have been brought from Thrace by a Persian soldier of Darius.

‡ Dumont: Inscriptions Céramiques de Grèce. Paris, 1872.

§ See Kirchhoff: Studien zur Geschichte des Griechischen alphabets, *passim*.

‖ This alphabet was probably introduced into Thrace by means of the Parian colony of Thasos, the Chalcidian colony of Chalcidice, and the Samian colony of Samothrace. See Kirchhoff, *op. cit.*, and Lenormant, art. *Alphabet* in Daremberg's *Dictionnaire*, p. 202.

¶ The name Gerrhos may be the Gothic *gards*, which in Ulphilas denotes a "district," as in *midjun-gards*, the world. In Norse the word denoted a stockaded trading-post. Kiev was called by the Northmen Kœnu-garthr (Ship-ton). If Kiev is the Gerrhos of Herodotus, then the river Pripet, on which Zeuss places the Goths, would be the "river of Gerrhos."

A LECTURE ON THE ANTIQUITY OF LAYING CORNER STONES WITH RELIGIOUS AND MYSTICAL CEREMONIES.*

DELIVERED BEFORE THE WINSLOW LEWIS LODGE OF FREEMASONS IN 1879; AND BEFORE THE A.A.A. IN 1880.

BY BRO. R. W. CHARLES LEVI WOODBURY.

I PROPOSE to lecture on the antiquity of the laying of corner stones for public buildings with religious and mystical ceremonies. In doing this, I shall chiefly call your attention to late discoveries and translations from Egyptian and Assyrian inscriptions which have evaded the ravages of time for several thousands of years, and whose recent translation by scholars has let in a light on the distant past of the Masonic Craft as extraordinary as it is interesting to all Masonic students.

These records, carved in stone or burnt into terra-cotta cylinders, are still extant and living witnesses of the facts they state, and may not be denied. You know that the Grand Lodges of Freemasonry, certainly for the past century and a half, have been in the habit of laying the corner stones of edifices of a public, religious, or benevolent character with peculiar ceremonies. The history of this usage has not, that I am aware of, been hitherto explored; but I shall lay before you evidence of the antiquity of that usage, of undoubted authenticity as far as it goes.

Properly viewed, these new facts seem to me important in the history of Masonry, whether considered as an art or as an association of men. For the Masonic student to weigh well what the stones have spoken, a few facts should be borne in mind.

1st. We are to compare our usages, forms, and knowledge with those in vogue among the Pharaohs,—not theirs to us.

2nd. That the Master Mason of antiquity was the architect and draftsman in architecture, combining these with his other practical functions, until after A.D. 1550, when Palladio began to set the example of separating the functions of architect from those of a Master Mason.

Whilst the Freemasons were roaming through Europe, cathedral building, never permanently resident anywhere, they were able to preserve their liberty, independence, and class organisation, because the highest and the lowest in brains, wealth, and skill clung together, and made common cause against the assaults of feudal arrogance and monarchial cupidity. It is generally conceded that men of brains, priests, nobles, and kings were attracted to and admitted within their lodges. In no other way than by the aid of such protection and fellowship can you account for the long and successful fight they maintained in England against the statutes prohibiting their annual assemblies and general chapters, their oaths, and agreements of initiation. It was only when further violation was made felony, and modifications had enabled masters to avoid the statute of wages by contracting in gross, or by the piece, that the local laws appear to have controlled these strong organisations; and traditions make it probable that this control was rather in enforcing greater secrecy than in actual suppression.

* This interesting and important lecture of a distinguished American brother originally appeared, we believe, in our contemporary the *Liberal Freemason*. It deserves to be read and thought over by Masonic students. But for a press of other matter it would have appeared in the June number of this Magazine; we shall give the concluding portion in the next number.

But when those who aspired to master the highest branches of the arts of architecture, exulting in the art-halo of the renaissance, threw off their connection with the practical grades, disowned their fellowship in the Craft, and, deriding the old Gothic art, devoted themselves to the Palladian, the unbalanced craft seemed likely to fall into obscurity. The public rapidly forgot that the old glories of the art were the master mason's work, and lost sight of the noble and intellectual distinctions which had separated the Frankmason from the art and calling of the wall builder and the bricklayer.

A few lingering lodges of Freemasons continued through the seventeenth century in England and Scotland, admitting gentlemen, artists, and other citizens to their fellowship, dimly preserving the traditions of their more glorious past, until in the time of Wren occurred that revival of lodge Freemasonry with whose history we are all familiar. Knowing practical Masonry only as it exists in its last metamorphous, a respectable number of our students have questioned whether this revival was an attempt to embody and preserve fading traditions of the Craft and its former organisation, or whether its cherished traditions were the invention of some enthusiasts. No man has a right to deny the truth of history because he is ignorant. It is a Masonic duty to seek light as to landmarks, that we may live up to them. I ask intelligent and bright Masons like you, when my story is told, to judge of the tenacity with which traditions and usages will cling in the memory and habits of a Craft descending thousands of years, until all recollection of their origin is lost in oblivion.

Light from the Stones.

Very recently this age has learned how far into the past can be traced the usage of laying corner stones with important ceremonies, and the mystic reverence popularly attached to them.

The allusions in the Bible to the laying of corner stones are not unfrequent, and in the New Testament Christ is symbolized as the corner stone.

Job is held by scholars to be the oldest book of the Bible, and there we read that the Lord answered Job out of the whirlwind, asking "where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth?" and bid him to declare if he had understanding, "who laid the corner stone thereof, when the morning stars sung together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy?" (King James version.)

These sublime words simply paraphrase the mystic reverence which in the adjacent civilized states of that time hung around the ceremonial of the laying of the corner stone.

Masonic art began earlier in Egypt than in any country whose records are preserved to us; there the oldest specimens of Masonic art yet known to man are still extant; on these ancient edifices craftsmen have carved those hieroglyphics which students agree are the beginning, the infancy, of the art of writing. The earliest of these inscriptions are more than forty centuries old, and for the past fifteen or eighteen centuries no man until within our day has been able to translate the records they bear. By aid of the key which Champollion discovered, the persistent labour of scholars has at last uncovered the contents of these records of the past. Many matters of curious interest to Masonic students are thus freshly brought to our knowledge.

Patah.

It may well surprise any one how closely the Masonic art was interwoven with religion in the time of the early dynasties of Egypt. As early as 4400 B.C. the leading god in their system of worship, *Patah*, was styled the Holy Architect Patah! In like technology and allusions the high priest of the country was called "the Foreman."

In this connection, it will not excite any higher surprise to be told that amongst the trees sacred to this Holy Architect of the Universe was reckoned at Memphis the acacia, nor to learn that there were two chief feasts to him in Memphis, viz., on the first of the months Tybi and Mechir.

The office of "foreman," or high priest of Patah, was filled often by the princes of royal blood. There was also the office of architect or Master Mason, which demanded the highest intelligence, and the trained, skilful hand, and was the occupation of the noblest men at the king's court. "Pharaoh, architects, the mur-ket, who were often of the number of the king's sons and grandsons, were held in high honour, and the favour of their lord gave them his own daughters out of the women's house as wives." (I. Brugsch, 47.)

These architects, you will soon see, were not mere palace minions or political functionaries performing their duties by deputy, but were actual Grand Masters of the arts and points, tools and sciences of the Craft, and guardians of its rights and privileges.

In the twelfth dynasty, about 2400 years B.C., we meet with inscriptions of the reign of Usurtasen I., describing a council held in the third year of his reign about building a new temple to the sun, at which the king orders the work to proceed; and the inscription then describes the solemn laying of the corner stone, undertaken by the king himself. In this reign, Mentu Hotep was the chief architect to the king.

In another connection I shall quote his description of the duties of his office, and of his own manual skill in the royal ark, in which he evidently took a commendable pride.

Corner Stones.

The laying of the corner stone of a new public building appears to have embraced a mystic religious appeal to the Holy Architect of the Universe. The Master Masons were, like the land surveyors, members of the priestly caste in the organization of the Egyptian social system, and the king was chief of this caste, as well as of the soldier caste. We shall see in following the quotations, that not only was he by indirection the head and chief of the Masons, but that he was personally instructed and taught the art and mystery of the Masonic Craft, both in its practical and scientific departments, and presided at the most mystical of their ceremonials. A parchment acquired at Thebes, in 1858, and now at Berlin, describes an occasion of this sort. Brugsch (I., 137), in citing it says: "Then ensues, now undertaken by the king himself (Usur-tasen I.), the solemn laying of the foundation."

Again, in the reign of that Egyptian hero, Thutmes III. (p. 379), an inscription says: "The king with his own hand conducted the solemn festival of the laying of the foundation stone for this monument."

P. 410, Amenhotep II., son of Thutmes III., beautified and enlarged a temple; "Then the king carried out the festival of the laying of the foundation stone to the honour of all his fathers, when he dedicated it a massive tower gate of hard stone." In vol. ii., p. 37, Ramses Miamum, in another inscription, says: "I gave orders for the building; I myself laid their foundation stone to build the work."

Ramses II. was crowned with his father at an early age (12 years). His progress in public employments is thus spoken of: "When thou wast a youth and counted ten full years, all buildings proceeded from thy hands, and the laying of their foundation stones was performed."

That this ceremony was mystical, and that the art instruction of the king was practical, will appear by an inscription of Mentu Hotep, chief architect of Usur-tasen I. (I. Brugsch, p. 140), who also describes himself as a legislator and a judge. He distinguishes the duties of his various stations: "As chief architect of the king, he promoted the worship of the gods, and instructed the inhabitants of the country, 'as God orders to be done.'" Vol. i., p. 378-9,

speaking of Thutmes III., "the king did more than all his predecessors from the beginning, and had proved himself *a complete master* of the holy sciences."

There is an inscription of this last king on the Temple of Amon Ra. The date, according to I. Brugsch, is 1600 B.C., which is about six centuries before King Solomon, which throws strong light on the ceremonial of the corner stone.

I will observe that, as we understand it, Amon Ra, in one of his types, was the sun god, the centre of the then popular worship. The king was assumed to be his son, either in a spiritual or practical sense; and "the divine one" who attends and participates with the king on this act of piety, is Amon Ra, himself invisible, though a real presence.

The inscription has not been preserved entire; there are places where the accidents in 3600 years of exposure to the elements have obliterated parts of the writing. I shall cite these parts which illustrate my subject.

I. Brugsch, 384—The king says: "I give the order to prepare the cord and pegs for the laying of the foundation stones in my presence. The advent of the day of the new moon was fixed for the festival of the laying of the foundation stone of this memorial." After a few now obliterated paragraphs the inscription proceeds: "The god Ammon went thither to celebrate his beautiful festival—he drew near—the cords and pegs were ready, then his holiness placed me before him, towards the memorial. And I began—then the holiness of this God went further, and the beautiful feast was celebrated to my lord.

"Then I came forward, yes I, to complete the business of the laying of the foundation stone, because . . . . [here occurs another obliteration] . . . . He went out, and the work of the first stroke of the hammer for the laying of the foundation stone was to be performed. Then the holiness of this divine one *wished himself to give the first stroke of the hammer* . . . . [here another lacuna occurs] . . . .

"There was laid in the foundation stone a document with all the names of the great circle of the Gods of Thebes, the gods and goddesses, ... and all men rejoiced"—here the stone and the inscription break off.

This inscription was found by Mariette Bey on the N.W. side of the Holy of Holies of the Temple of Karnak, where it is still to be seen.

Notwithstanding the vast difference between the religion of that time and of this, the Mason who, as member of the Grand Lodge, has participated in the duties of dedication, must feel that he is on familiar ground in reading these descriptions of the proceedings of the Craft thirty-six centuries ago.

Does not also the conviction grow upon him that the mysticism which was attached to the Craft then is not without its parallel in the Craft now? Will he not also be struck with the fact that there was a speculative side to the Craft at that time, which finds a noble expression in the spirit of the duties of Mentu Hotep, the chief architect, to promote the worship of God, the Supreme Architect of the Universe, to teach the Craft wisdom, and to protect the poor?

As I have more to say about Masonry in Egypt later on, I shall resume the consideration of corner stones in Assyria.

Since the fall of Babylon and Nineveh, centuries before the Christian era, a midnight darkness hung over the knowledge of their arts, until the excavations of Botta and Layard and Smith exhumed their buried relics; and the researches of Rawlinson and Lenormant, Smith and others translated the language of their public inscriptions and their public and private writing on cylinders. There also, as far back as sixteen or seventeen centuries before the christian era, the Masonic art flourished, temples and palaces of stone, with carved inscriptions and pictorial descriptions on the panels of alabaster or marble, indicated that the Freemason was at work here.

I will remark that in Egypt and here the Masonic art to which I refer is the art of the stonecutter and stonemason in the construction and ornament of stone buildings. The mere working in clay, the unburnt or the burnt brick, and the mere quarry-working were performed in Egypt by prisoners, captives, and slaves, under the cruel vigilance of skilled overseers. Our Craft held the lofty position due to its art, science, skill and epitomized knowledge of geometry, mechanics, and mathematics.

Contrast the Hebrews suffering in the plains by *On* in the clay-pits with what the records disclose of the high social relations of the stone-workers; the cherished distinctions of the one with the groaning tyranny which drove the other class into the desert as fugitives, and the difference will at once be manifest.

Assur.

It appears from many of the inscriptions that both at Nineveh and at Babylon, the custom was to place under or at the four corners of public buildings a burnt clay tablet or cylinder, with inscriptions. This was called a "Timin," and it was regarded with peculiar reverence, as the Hebrews regarded the corner stone. It was intended to remain for ever, and terrible imprecations were invoked on any succeeding King, who, finding it by any casualty, or exposing it, should not restore it to its former place.

Thus in vol. i. of the "Records of the Past" is translated an inscription of Sennacherib (page 30), in which he states, "The timin of old times had not been forgotten, owing to the veneration of the people." Again, at p. 29, "The ancient timin of its palace, those of old time had stamped its clay with sacred writing and repeated it *in the companion tablets*." To these latter tablets I shall again recur.

The inscription at Birs-Nimrod, in the time of Nebuchadnezzar, who rebuilt the Temple of the Sun, ruinous from age, states: "Its site had not been disturbed, its timin had not been destroyed." (See vol. vii., p. 77.)

When an Assyrian king captured a town and destroyed it, he always seems to have taken special pains to destroy its timin. Thus in an inscription of Sargon (about 720 B.C.) at Khorsabad is found, "I reduced Dur Iakin, the town of his power to ashes, I undermined and destroyed its ancient forts, I dug up the foundation stone, I made it like a thunder-stricken ruin."

The valley of the Euphrates was overflowed by freshets, and it was the custom of architects to erect a mound of considerable height and large surface, on which their imposing Temples and Palaces were erected, and protected from the consequences of freshets.

There are some reasons to think that a timin may sometimes have been placed in the protecting foot-walls of such mounds. Fortunately, however, there is no doubt of its relation to the foundation and dedication of public buildings.

Discovery has been made in the ruins of the Temple of the Sun at Mugheir (the Ur of the Chaldees) of four cylinders inscribed with the sacred writing, one at each corner of the Temple. These are translated, vol. viii., p. 143, of the "Records of the Past."

They are of the time of Nabonidus, king of Babylon. He states that he rebuilt this Temple on its old timin. The king makes this invocation, also: "Like heaven may its foundation stand fast."

The "companion tablets" heretofore referred to were built into the foundations probably much as is now practised.

A regular foundation-stone has been discovered at Khorsabad, in the very interior part of the construction; a large stone chest which enclosed several inscribed plates was dug up by M. Place in 1853. This is the only extant specimen of the Assyrian foundation-stone. It is described in the "Records of the Past," vol. xi., p. 31.

In this chest were found one little golden tablet, one of silver, one of lead, one of copper, one of tin; the seventh was written on the chest itself, the sixth was of alabaster.

The inscriptions on four of the tablets are given. He describes himself as *Sargon*, the mighty king, etc., "who reigned from the two beginnings to the two ends of the four celestial points." In the course of the inscriptions he mentions an eclipse which fixes the date as prior to 721 B.C.

This is a later date than the Egyptian inscriptions, and probably later than the date of Job or the Temple at Jerusalem. The similarity in the usage of the Architects, and in the reverential feeling, suggest a common centre of origin in some earlier civilization whence this masonic Craft spread, carrying its traditions into the nations which grew wealthy and ambitious enough to welcome the reverential and scientific art.

There is a further resemblance, in the same volume, p. 21. It appears that there was a ceremony attending the laying of the corner-stone, which had a highly religious as well as artistic character, in which the king himself bore a part of the practical masonic labours of the craftsmen. Sargon, in the inscription says, "In the month of Ab, the month of the God who lays the foundation-stones of towns and of houses, all the people assembled, and performed the ceremony of Sulal [of the handbells] on gold, on silver, on copper, on metals, on stones, on the trees of Amanus, and, according the rule, distributed the various employments, *I* laid the foundations, and placed the bricks," etc.

These are all the important Assyrian inscriptions on this subject which have come to my hand. I am bound to say that I do not consider my researches are at all exhaustive investigations of what has been discovered and published. They sufficiently establish the fact of the great antiquity and wide-spread Masonic usage on laying corner stones, as well as the mystic and reverential character of the ceremonial with which it was performed. A thorough examination of all that has been brought to light within the past half-century, and the progress of discoveries still ardently pursued by eminent scholars of Europe, will doubtless add much to what is here collated, that will illustrate the habits of the masonic craft in early times. There was a perfection in the practical skill of the ancient craft which has not been equalled since. The contributions of beauty, harmony, and grace which the masters of Greek, Saracenic, and Gothic art have made to architecture cannot be overlooked, but still, these old craftsmen who preceded them thousands of years, and piously worshipped the Holy Architect of the Universe, in many practical points remain unapproachable by any of their successors.

(To be continued.)

RIGHTS AND TENETS OF THE ESSENES.

PROBABLY no one will affirm that there is any historic connection between the Essenic system and that of Masonry, and yet the two systems show a marked correspondence in several important particulars. The origin of the name "Essenes," is uncertain, but the best authorities—some of them at least—make it to be derived from a term signifying "the select ones," which would seem to be a most appropriate designation for such a brotherhood as they constituted. The Essenes were never very strong in numbers, nor do they appear to have extended their Order over any wide limit of territory. Their ranks included but a few thousands, even at the period of greatest growth; they dwelt for the most part in communities

located at some distance from cities and large towns; they held themselves aloof from the busy events occurring about them, and, therefore, they exerted only a feeble influence upon public affairs. That they were generally respected is evident from the writings of Philo and Josephus, both of whom speak of this ancient sect or Order as being devoted to high and noble aims and to works of practical good. In later times the heathen historian Pliny eulogises their character, and speaks of them as more worthy than any other Jews.

The Essenes were not idolaters—they believed in Jehovah, the one living and true God—but they held nature in special reverence, and were accustomed to invoke the sun at the dawn of day, esteeming the great luminary of the heavens to best represent the effulgence of God. The principal tenet of their faith was the sacredness of the Divine law, which they sought to understand and observe as nearly as possible. To escape from the wickedness of the world they withdrew to sparsely settled regions, where, as a body of ascetics and seekers of the truth, they lived together in great harmony, practising those rites and discharging those duties that were enjoined by the tystem to which they were bound. They were industrious, obedient to the law, gentle and loving among themselves, and were especially conspicuous for their care of the poor and sick.

It is interesting to note some of the practices of this ancient Order, and to trace out the lines of similarity between Essenic rites and the Masonic forms that are now observed. Thus the society was divided into grades, and there were steps of advancement in knowledge and responsibility. When a candidate was received, he was presented with a white apron, which was regarded as a symbol of purity. He was also invested at the proper time with a white robe and a linen girdle, which may have been, perhaps, the outward signs of membership in the Order; but, beside, he was presented with certain "working tools," as emblems of the active life that he was expected to lead.

Then, also, it may be remembered that the Essenes made use of emblematic teachings, being accustomed, as Philo states, to philosophize on most things in symbols according to the ancient practice. They had a carefully prepared ritual of ceremony, which provided for obligations and anointings, for processions and illuminations, together with other requirements not altogether unlike those practised by societies of more modern time.

That the Essenes were thoroughly indoctrinated with the principles of a true brotherhood admits of no question. Theirs was a very close and hearty fellowship, as is evident from the fact that they had a community of goods, and one common treasury into which the whole receipts were put, and from which supplies were drawn as needed. No doubt they were mystics and ascetics—in some respects much like the monastic establishments of the middle ages—but none the less did they illustrate the virtues of brotherly love, relief, and truth, standing together as brothers in the truest and best sense of the word, whilst they frequently went outside the borders of their own society to respond to the calls of suffering humanity. It will do us no harm to trace the growth of Essenism, to study its philosophy, to consider what were its peculiar beliefs and practices. Essenism and Masonry are by no manner of means one and the same thing; nevertheless there are some points of resemblance which it is both interesting and edifying to observe.

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OLD ST. PAUL'S.

BY AN OLD MASON.

THOSE of our readers who have pored over Dugdale, or lingered with Stow, or have perused Mr. William Longman's "Three Cathedrals," will well know how very interesting is the history of our great city cathedrals. And as we, as Freemasons, seem to have a special connection with Sir Christopher Wren and the old Lodge of St. Paul's, I have long been wishful to put before the readers of the *Masonic Magazine* a short, lucid, and connected history of the great building, without too much of a demand either on their patience or their time.

In the *Antiquary* for June appears a very able lecture on this very subject by Edmund B. Ferrey, Esq., before the St. Paul's Ecclesiastical Society, and as it seems in a remarkable way to combine the conditions and requirements I alluded to above, I extract from it those portions which serve to keep the history clearly and consecutively before us. To all students of Ecclesiastical Architectural History such a "resumé" of facts is invaluable.

During the time of Bishop Mellitus, A.D. 603, the first Cathedral was built by Ethelbert King of Kent, on the site of a Temple of Diana. This was destroyed in William the Conqueror's reign, though there may have been more than one Saxon structure, as such were easily damaged. In 1083 Bishop Maurice began, in Dugdale's words, "the foundations of a most magnificent pile—namely, all the body of the Church with the north and south cross aisles. So stately and beautiful was it that it was worthily numbered among the most famous buildings, the vault or undercroft being of such extent, and the upper structure so large, that it was sufficient to contain a vast number of people."

The nave of Old St. Paul's was somewhat like the grand Norman naves now existing at Ely, Peterborough, and Norwich, where the triforium is almost as wide as the nave arches under it, as we commonly find in early buildings in England. But on the Continent, after the Romanesque period, the triforium never became a leading feature. I have little doubt the plan then consisted of nave and aisles, transepts, a short constructional choir with apse—the choir proper being principally under the tower—and a presbytery and sanctuary east of the same. There was also most probably a flat ceiling, as at Peterborough Cathedral originally, and still at Waltham Abbey.

The succeeding Bishop, Richard de Belmeis (about A.D. 1100), is said to have spent on the fabric much out of his private means, but Dugdale does not particularise what portion of the work he executed. The vaulting to the nave was probably of wood, and carried out at a later date (*i.e.*, about 1256), when the flying buttresses were added, and the clerestory windows renewed, as shown in a painting of the time of James I. in the possession of the Society of Antiquaries at Burlington House.

In 1135, the first year of King Stephen's reign, the Cathedral was greatly damaged by fire.

In 1221, Dugdale says, "I now return to the fabric, but principally the east part, the body of the church with the cross aisles being perfected long before, as is evident from the undercroft whereon it stood." In this year the Early English steeple seems to have been finished. The Norman transepts, however, were not entirely pulled down, but cased, though not so completely as the Winchester Cathedral, where the Perpendicular arches encompass the Norman of the nave. The spire, according to Wren's calculation, was fifty feet higher than that at Salisbury. Stow and Dugdale make it out even higher still. The table of the principal dimensions of the Cathedral, said by Dugdale to have been inscribed on a tablet hung up in the church in 1312, do not seem accurate, as I shall show further on.

A great rise of twelve steps led up to the choir, and six steps further eastward led up into the processional path. These were necessitated, no doubt, by the existence of the Norman crypt, which probably was never destroyed, though the building above it was rebuilt in the thirteenth century.

In 1240 the choir was completed, Roger Niger being Bishop. His name, as also that of Bishop Maurice, ought to be identified with the Cathedral of which they were so great bene-

factors. But one does not find that either of these good prelates are spoken of as actua *architects*, like William of Wykeham.

The stalls were probably commenced soon after 1236. In 1256 the church was enlarged by the whole length of St. Faith's Church, which consisted of eight bays. The latter formerly stood above ground. Its *undercroft* became the new St. Faith's Church. Dugdale gives no date for the latter; but, judging from the views of the architecture, I should imagine it to have been thirteenth century work, of a rather earlier period than the choir.

St. Faith's was a parish church, distinct from the Cathedral, with separate entrances. The Jesus Chapel was a Guild* chapel screened off at the east end, occupying four bays, but of the same design as the rest of the undercroft. The plan was not unusual, a line of piers running down the centre; and the perspective peeps though must have been very charming. About the year 1283 there were in it numerous pictures, images, exquisite shrines, and a chancel screen with the Holy Rood and its appropriate figures (surmounted probably by a small organ), besides ornate chantry chapels and elaborate tombs. The shrine of St. Erkenwald, a Saxon Bishop, behind the high altar, was very beautiful; it is represented by Hollar. This prelate was looked upon almost as a second patron saint, and his anniversary was celebrated by solemn processions and services. Miracles were reported to have been worked at his shrine. In the year 1312, according to Dugdale's glowing description, the cathedral must have been magnificent with "glorious jewels, massy plate, rare and costly MSS., sumptuous shrines, rich vestments, magnificent suits of hangings and other ornaments,"—some of which by-the-way, ultimately found their way to some Spanish Cathedrals. But in respect of royal tombs, except those of the Saxon kings, Old St. Paul's could not have borne comparison with Westminster Abbey.

In 1332 the foundations of the Chapter-house were probably commenced, as the architectural evidence shows that the actual structure must be dated some forty years later. The Chapter-house was only forty feet in span, and therefore smaller than those at Westminster Abbey and Lincoln, which are nearly sixty feet in diameter. Beneath the Chapter-house was an undercroft with four isolated piers, vaulted probably in a way very similar to the undercroft of the Chapter-house in Wells Cathedral. The cloisters were double-storied, with a cross walk from east to west, leading from the Chapter-house to the south transept. The two-storied cloister was a rarity, though the remains of that at Stephen's, Westminster, are still to be seen, according to Mr. G. H. Birch. According to the Rev. Mackenzie E. C. Walcott, there were formerly two-storied cloisters at Belvoir Priory, Leicestershire, an early building; and abroad I could instance the two-storied cloisters attached to Burgos Cathedral, Spain, which I have seen and admired, the upper one richly decorated, the lower plain and now neglected. From the architectural treatment of the upper cloister at Old St. Paul's I should imagine it was glazed, as was not uncommon with the later cloister walks. The position of the Chapter-house in the centre of the cloisters was, I believe, unique, but it did not stand on such a site as could be deemed pleasing. The excavations recently made under Mr. Penrose's directions have laid bare many of the interesting remains on this spot.

In 1444 the lead-covered spire was struck by lightning, and also injured by fire. In the reign of Edward VI., to quote Dean Milman's eloquent words, appeared the Edict of the Council, "which commanded the destruction of images in churches, forbade processions, and ordained the discontinuance of all customs held to be superstitious. The images were pulled down—next, by one remorseless and sweeping act all obits and chantries were swept away. . . . . All the private masses died away in silence, the names of the founders disappeared from the walls. The chapels and shrines remained mute and unfrequented, and the souls of the provident and munificent founders were left to the unpropitiated justice, as it was thought by many, or unbought mercy of the Great Judge. Whether any soul fared the worse our colder age may doubt, but it was doubtless a galling wound to the kindred and friends of these men."

It was then that the spoliation of the immense treasures of St. Paul's took place. It is rather remarkable that the great and long-prevailing period of the Perpendicular style was scarcely represented in this Cathedral except in tombs. In 1561 the spire was totally destroyed, as also were the roofs. The latter were restored, and their pitch probably heightened about this time. Nothing was done to the spire, though some futile attempts were made to raise funds for its reconstruction.

In 1633 was built Inigo Jones's celebrated portico, intended to be the first instalment of an entirely new church.

In Charles II.'s reign, Wren was consulted about the repairs of the dilapidated fabric. His ideas upon the subject are exhibited in his drawings preserved in the Library of All Saints' College, Oxford. Dugdale does not say whether the Italianizing of the nave and transepts was effected by Inigo Jones or by Wren; but fortunately the Gothic character of the choir was not touched by either the one or the other. About 1642 St. Paul's Cross was pulled down. In the reign of Charles II. every one knows how the cathedral was desecrated. From 1663 to 1666 extensive repairs by Wren were made in its fabric. After the great fire

* This Guild was dissolved in 1551, and the Chapel laid open to the Church.