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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.

CONTENTS.

After All, 141, 205, 288, 384, 430, 469.
"A Jiner," 216.
Albion Lodge, Quebec, The, 235.
Ancient Mysteries, The, 65, 128, 173, 201, 256.
Archaic Greek Art, 339.
"Ars Quatuor Coronatorum," 77, 109.
Art for Art's sake, 378.
Astrology of Shakespeare, The, 58, 260.

Beacon Fire, The, 275.
Behind the Scenes for the First Time, 245.
Blind Road Maker, A, 337.
Books and Books, 19.
Bro. Sir Christopher Wren, 218, 231.
Bro. Thomas Topham, the Strong Man, 437.
Brother, well met! 198.

Camoens: Poet and Warrior, 61.
Climbing the Great Pyramids, 389.
Colleges of Builders, The, 329.
Conishead Priory, 426.
Conservation of Masonry, 468.
Cousin Ann, 283.
Curiosities of the Search Room, 221.
Curious List of Lodges, 404.
Curious Masonic Tract, 441.

Derwentwater, 152.

Early Christian Architecture in Ireland, 136.
Endymion, 341.
Extract from an Address, 511.

Free and Accepted Masons, 315.
Freemasons and Nihilists, 494.
French Freemasonry, 106.
French Masonic Address in 1880, A, 96.
French Priest's View of Masonry, A, 358.
Furness Abbey, 464.

Golden Dreams, 115.

History of Rings, 122.
History of the Airedale Lodge, No. 387, 309, 353, 397, 477, 503.
Holiday Hours, 125.

Ianthe, 297.
Illuminés and the French Revolution, The, 317.
In Memoriam, 126.

Jewels of the Lodge, The, 263.
John's Wife, 518.

King Gellimer's Death Lay, 286.
Kloss's Masonic Bibliography, 4.

Ladies' Dress, 170.
Lecture on the Antiquity of Laying Corner-Stones with Religious and Mystical Ceremonies, A, 7, 47.
Legend of Strasburg Cathedral, 176.
Lesson of the Obelisk, The, 500.
Literary Gossip, 80, 116, 167, 213, 307, 344, 391, 428, 516.
Livery Companies and Art Treasures, The, 74.
Lodge Histories, 69.
London Companies, The, 35.

Masonic Address, 22.
Masonic and General Archæologia, 40, 228.
Masonic Colleges in Britain, 364.
Masonic Legend and Tradition, 374.
Masonic Musings, 133.
Masonic Oration, A, 177.
Masonic Research, 452.
Masonic Sermon, A, 182.
Masonry in Heraldry, 249.
Mason's Story, A, 269, 320, 365, 461.
Meaning of "Cowan," 113, 314.
Murder of Archbishop à Becket, The, 507.

New History of Freemasonry, A, 417.
Nursery Decoration and Hygiene, 435.

Obituary, 346.
Old Books, 420.
Old Master Masons, The, 89.
Old Records of the Lodge of Peebles, 54, 103, 161, 239, 457.
Old St. Paul's, 14.
On a Drop of Water, 335.
"Once upon a Time," 29, 513.

Performance of the Agamemnon of Æschylus at Balliol College, Oxford, 83.
Philosophy and Work of Pythagoras, The, 483.
Power of Freemasonry, The, 272.

Poetry—
A sa Majeste l'Impératrice Eugénie lors de Son Retour de Zululand, 248.
Autumn, 409.
Beautiful Stone of the Masonic Arch, The, 64.
Cornubia: The Stranger's Tribute, 318.
Cherished Notion, A, 172.
Derwentwater, 156.
Enchantment, 30.
End of the Play, The, 36.
Faith and Love, 430.
Fancy, 374.
Friendly Ghost, The, 327.
Friendship, 510.
Going Home, 114.
H.M.S. Atalanta, 121.
H.M.S. Eurydice, 120.
In Memoriam, 255.
In the Long Run, 80.
Is it worth while, 324.
Light, 140.
Masonry's Seven Ages, 496.
Mistrysted, 230.
Mystic Craft, The, 3.
Name of Burns, The, 179.
Nature's Voices, 259.
Phœbe Walton, 301.
Rescue, The, 264.
Retrospect, A, 388.
Royal Arch Song, A, 99.
Secret at last, The, 466.
Song, 454.
Sonnet on the late learned John Oxlee, 73.
Sonnet to Bro. R. A. Douglas Lithgow, LL.D., 380.
Spring, 425.
Temple of Masonry, The, 194.
Tempore Mutantur, 132.
Time was, Time is, 105.
Truro, 44.
Twilight Song on the River Fowey, A, 415.
Waiting: The Poet's Guerdon, 53.
Wanted, a Wife, 24.
Whist, 343.
Winter Greeting, A, 363.

Prejudice against Freemasonry, 350, 393.
Present Position of Masonic History and Criticism, The, 402, 456.
Private Theatricals, 331.

Quarterly Communications, The, 56.

Rabbinical Proverbs and Sayings, 180.
Rites and Tenets of the Essenes, 12.
Roll of Extinct Lodges under the Grand Lodge of Scotland, warranted from 1736 to 1836, 93.
Rose Croix, The, 135.
Runes, The, 5.
Rythmical Sayings, 187.

St. John's Lodge, Bolton, 1.
Saved: a Tale of the French Revolution, 159.
Sermon, A, 31, 182.
So-called Exposure of Freemasonry, The, 492.
Story of Arden of Faversham, The, 37.
Strange Story of Eastwell, A, 100.
Suppression of the Templars in England, The, 164, 195, 252.

Tale of Illuminism, 325.
Tale of Venice in 1781, A, 41.
Tessera Hospitalis, The, 157.
This is Freemasonry, 497.

Velocipede Expedition of Playfair and Puggins, The, 304.
Vinovium, 27.
Voice of Nature, The, 192.

Wakefield New Masonic Hall, The, 16.
Walter L'Estrange, 265.
Was Shakespeare a Freemason? 381, 411.
What's in a Sign? 51.
What was the Hermetic Society of 1721? 45.
Wintry Aspects, 334.
Wood MS., The, 485.
Writing on the Wall, The, 361.

York Fabric Rolls, The, 25, 111.

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.

sundry attempts at its restoration were made, but these were abandoned eventually. In 1675 the new cathedral was really begun, much time having been spent in the intervening years in considering various alternative designs.

Thus far to-day, in the actual history of the main building, from which I leave out the account of subsidiary structures, it seems, from this very able paper, that in the time of Mary the Cathedral was surrounded by a wall and six gate-houses, and that the Bishop's Palace stood in the north-west corner of the churchyard. Those of us who remember Hollar's old "views" of St. Paul's will not, I think, be surprised to hear that they cannot be accepted as infallible representations of the older Cathedral. Some of us may have seen even older engravings.

THE WAKEFIELD NEW MASONIC HALL.

WEDNESDAY, May 26th, was a red letter day amongst the members of the Masonic Craft in Wakefield, and throughout the province of West Yorkshire generally, as on that day the foundation stone of the new Masonic Temple, in process of erection in Zetland Street on the site of the old building, which has for such a length of time been devoted to similar purposes, was laid with all the ceremonial observances peculiar to the brotherhood. The old building, as most of our readers will be aware, formed the only remaining portion of the old Rectory, which dated back from a somewhat remote antiquity, being mentioned by Leland as in existence long before he visited Wakefield in his tour of 1538. The building being found to suffer somewhat from the decrepitude and decay incidental to old age, and being moreover unsuited to the growing requirements of the three Masonic lodges in Wakefield, it was decided, though apparently with some degree of hesitancy, to sacrifice it, and erect upon the site an edifice more commodious, and in point of appearance more in accordance with the times, than the plain and unpretending structure which for a generation or two has sheltered the mystic celebrations of the Craft from the gaze of the vulgar crowd, and has been the head quarters of Masonry in our midst.

A large number of brethren assembled at the Masonic Saloon, where at 1.15 p.m. the lodge was opened in the three degrees by Bro. Jos. Hartley, W.M. Lodge Wakefield, 495, assisted by the officers and brethren of the two other Wakefield Lodges. The W. Deputy Prov. G. Master having then formally intimated his intention to be present, a deputation conducted him into the lodge, together with the officers of the Provincial Grand Lodge present. A procession was afterwards formed in the following order:—

Bro. Blake, 910 (Pontefract).
The Wakefield Military Brass Band.
Brethren two and two, youngest Lodge leading.
Bro. J. Hartley, W.M. 495, with cornucopia containing corn.
Bro. G. Hart, P.M. 495, with salt and paten.
Bro. John Scott, W.M. 154, with ewer of wine; Bro. J. A. Thornton, W.M. 1019, with ewer of oil.
Banner of Lodge 154, Bro. Atkinson, Lodge 495; Bro. Ward, Lodge 1019; Bro. Wm. Rhodes, Lodge 1019.
Members of Lodge "Wakefield," No. 495.
Inner Guard, Bro. Pickersgill, 495.
Senior Deacon, Bro. Oxley, 495; Junior Deacon, Bro. B. Craven, 495.
Treasurer, Bro. Goodyear, 495; Secretary, Bro. Carruthers, 495.
Prov. G. Chaplain, Canon Blakeney, with Bible, square, and compasses.

Senior Warden, with column, Bro. W. Glover, 495; Junior Warden, with column, Bro. Ibbetson, 495.
The Immediate P.M. 495, Bro. Edwards, with mallet.
Bro. Watson, P.M. 154, architect, with plans.
Bro. W. W. Glover, P.M. 495, Bro. Naylor, P.M. 154, and Bro. France, P.M. 1019, bearing respectively square, trowel, and plumb rule.
Prov. G. Organist, Bro. Suckley (Sheffield); P.G.D. of Ceremonies, Bro. Slack, 910 (Pontefract); P.G.S. of Works, Bro. Gill, 495.
P.G. Deacon, Bro. G. T. Crowe (Leeds); P.P.G. Deacon, Bro. W. B. Alderson, 495.
Prov. P.G.S., Bro. H. Smith, with the engraved plate for the stone.
Prov. G. Registrar, Bro. Major Freeman.
Prov. G.T. Bro. Mason (Leeds), with phial containing coins, etc.
The Choir. *The Acolyte.*
P. Prov. G. Chaplain, Bro. Pearson (Horsforth); P. Prov. G.C., Bro. Needham (Whitwood).
Prov. G. Warden, Bro. Dr. Statter; P.P.G.W., Bro. W. H. Gill.
Prov. G. Sword Bearer, Bro. Major Moore.
The D.P.G.M., Bro. T. W. Tew, J.P., P.M. 910; Prov. G. Tyler, Bro. Josh. Lee (Huddersfield).

The route taken by the procession was down Wood Street, through Silver Street, Little Westgate, Kirkgate, and Teall Street, to Zetland Street. On reaching the site of the intended building, the brethren opened out right and left, to allow the Deputy Prov. Grand Master and the Prov. Grand Officers to pass to the platform, the brethren then closing in and following. The 100th Psalm having been sung by the choir, which was from St. Giles' Parish Church, Pontefract, and led by Bro. Gledhill, choirmaster, Bro. the Rev. Canon Blackeney, D.D., Prov. G. Chaplain, read the 127th Psalm, after which the usual ceremonies were proceeded with.

The Deputy Prov. Grand Master ascended the stone and addressed the brethren as follows:—As the construction of an edifice for the purposes of Freemasonry marks an epoch in the annals of the Craft in the West Riding and at Wakefield, I will now ask your indulgence to make a few observations on the circumstances, which have brought about this demonstration to-day in Zetland Street. As the Deputy Provincial Grand Master of West Yorkshire, it would have been my duty, had Sir H. Edwards been present, to have asked him to lay the foundation stone of this new Masonic Hall at Wakefield. Our Prov. Grand Master most deeply regrets his inability to be present at this interesting ceremonial; which, I feel, must lose some of its prestige and interest in your eyes by reason of the absence of his personal presence. The previous occasion on which he was present at a ceremonial of this kind was when he accepted the invitation of our late Bro. J. C. D. Charlesworth, and assisted him to lay the foundation stone of the Clayton Hospital and Dispensary in 1876. Most deeply do we deplore the death of our late brother, who was a member of the Wakefield Lodge, No. 495, but we feel gratified to Providence that his valuable life was spared to see the completion and the opening of that benevolent institution in which he took so lively an interest, and of which he was the president—(applause). The Freemasons of the lodges and chapters at Wakefield have indeed conferred a compliment upon me, and one which my family greatly appreciate, in asking me, in the place of Sir Henry Edwards, to lay the foundation stone of this new Masonic Hall. This work which we inaugurate to-day will, we believe, tend to promote the advocacy and development of Masonic principles in this town and neighbourhood. Being to-day operative as well as speculative Freemasons, we have laid the chief stone of this new Masonic Temple to Freemasonry at the north-east corner of the building, on which a noble superstructure will be raised, perfect in its parts and honourable to its builders. The three lodges, Unanimity, Wakefield, and Sincerity, are to be congratulated on the agreement of views which has brought about this unity of action, and for which Freemasonry is ever remarkable, by which they have agreed to work together within the walls of one edifice in peace, love, and concord, thus resulting in the initiation of a new Masonic Hall worthy of the Craft in Wakefield, as well

as an architectural ornament to Zetland Street—(applause). Could the Freemasons of Lodge Unanimity of 1766 be present here to-day, they would have rejoiced to see this day, and be glad. The noblest memorial we can erect to their memories is this new Masonic Hall, illustrating, as it does, the increase of the lodges in this town, the growth of Masonic principles, and the commercial prosperity of "Merrie Wakefield," which they all had at heart so much to develope. On the excellency of Freemasonry I need not here dilate. Suffice it to say that its foundation stone is benevolence, whilst Charity is its cope-stone. Its three pillars are "Wisdom, strength, and purity," symbolical of "Faith, hope, and mercy," and that Charity which, like its sister Mercy, blesses him that gives as well as him that receives. Freemasonry is the handmaid of religion, it is the friend of the Church, and in its relations with the State a staunch supporter of constitutional principles, whilst within its portals are sedulously cultivated the seven liberal arts and sciences—(applause.) But the other day the Freemasons laid the foundation stone of a Freemasonry institution at Pontefract. On the 16th April, under the presidency of H.R.H. the Prov. Grand Master of Oxfordshire, £13,500 was subscribed in Freemasons' Hall towards this year's maintenance of our orphan Masonic girls; on the 8th of May, £785 was awarded from the Fund of Benevolence towards the poor and distressed Freemasons, and on the 20th of May, our Royal Grand Master, the Prince of Wales, laid the foundation stone of a new cathedral at Truro for a new Bishopric, for which we have to thank the late Government —(applause). These we may take as evidence of the growth of Masonic principles in England. I see no limits to the usefulness and the influence of Freemasonry. I believe that it will continue to prosper in this as well as other countries so long as the brethren realise and adorn those principles which Freemasonry upholds, and those vital truths which Freemasonry proclaims, and that with a consistent unfolding of our teaching; I can see no horizon, humanly speaking, to the progress and perpetuation of our ancient and honourable fraternity, except that end which time alone must fix to all institutions earthly and transitory. May the great Architect of the Universe prosper the work we have undertaken; may no accident happen to the workmen engaged in its construction under the skilful architect, and may we here all be permitted to rejoice in its completion and dedication to Freemasonry—(applause). Under these circumstances the Prov. Grand Master of this province has permitted us to assemble round this spot to lay with Masonic ceremonial the foundation stone of the new Masonic Hall for the advancement and welfare of the brethren who shall enter within its symbolic enclosures, that they may promote the faithful development of the genuine and unchangeable principles of our useful and benevolent Institution. The Worshipful Masters of Wakefield will, I know, make this lodge a temple symbolic of that immaterial and beatific temple not made with hands, eternal in the heavens, and, though this building must one day succumb to time, and like the walls of the old Rectory house crumble into ruin, yet may it in the interim increase the knowledge of the wonderful works of the Almighty Creator, and the happiness of the brethren who assemble and who are initiated within its walls—(applause).

BOOKS AND BOOKS.

THOSE of us who collect books are well aware how the value of certain works is increased by the often life-labour of those who seek to give a special value to favourite books by illustrating them. Many, for instance, will devote time and money and labour without hesitation to obtaining portraits, views, drawings, engravings, to illustrate a given book which, of much or little value in itself, as the case may be, is increased tenfold, nay a hundredfold, in value by this process, which has, no doubt, much interest for the loving book possessor, and is of greater still to the eager book collector. In *All the Year Round* for June appears an article on this subject, entitled "A Revived Hobby," which deserves reading "in extenso," and as we agree with it entirely from personal interest in the subject, we cull a few passages from it to give point to our own remarks on a subject which is full of interest to many, well, if you like, "bibliomaniacs" (a hardish word, my masters) amongst us. The writer of that article describes so well this process of book addition, development, and illustration, that we prefer to take his lucid words to using our own duller description. Before we close, one word as to the "revived hobby." The present form of it is, however, very much in advance of any previous fancy or "labour of love," as the older system of book illustration only took the operation, to a great extent at any rate, of inserting plates. Now anything that illustrates the work is made use of. Let us listen then to the vivid description of this peculiar process :—

> The first step will be to secure, say the large quarto edition in two volumes, which will be put into the hands of a professional person to inlay—that is, to insert each leaf in a large margin; a very nice and delicate process, done in a hot press; the edges being first given "a feather edge"—that is, fined down to about half their thickness, so that the joinings shall offer no "ridge." This converts the book into large handsome volumes, so that prints of large size can be used.
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> When all is tolerably complete, the book, now swollen to five or six times its original bulk, must be divided into portions, each portion becoming a volume. Next, title-pages are specially printed, with Vol I., Vol. II., etc., and the whole may be bound temporarily in boards, which will admit of further additions; but it is generally handed over to Riviere, or some master, and sumptuously and stoutly bound. The effect of turning over the pages is sometimes dazzling, and no modern illustrated book can compete with it. All these little loose prints and scraps that have floated down to us on the surface of the waters, escaping destruction so wonderfully, belong to their age, and are insignificant, but fixed in their place, and part of a collection, they became full of meaning.
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> In the market such works, when directed by taste and labour, are worth great prices; and, indeed, there is a great and special value in them.
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> There are legends in the business of some prodigious efforts in this direction. The most remarkable and gigantic was the copy of Pennant's History of London, which was bequeathed to the British Museum by Mr. Crowle, and cost that gentleman seven thousand pounds; and the Illustrated Clarendon and Burnet, formed by the late Mr. Sutherland, of Gower Street, and continued by his widow, who has munificently presented it to the Bodleian Library, cost upwards of twelve thousand pounds. This, perhaps the richest pictorial history which exists, or is likely to exist, deserves more than a passing notice. It contains nearly nineteen thousand prints and drawings. There are seven hundred and thirty-one portraits of Charles the First, five hundred and eighteen of Charles the Second, three hundred and fifty-two of Cromwell, two hundred and seventy-three of James the Second, and four hundred and twenty of William the Third. The collection fills sixty-seven large volumes. Forty years were spent in this pursuit. The catalogue of the illustrations, of which a few copies only were printed for distribution as presents by Mrs. Sutherland, fills two large quarto volumes.

We take a description of a similar work in a book catalogue of 1810, at the sale of Emperor Woodford's library by Leigh and Southeby :—

> ORNITHOLOGY: A magnificent and unique collection of ornithology, consisting of 1800 drawings and prints of birds, by Lewin, Sydney Edwards, and Reinagle; twelve large volumes, folio, with Buffon's "Histoire Naturelle des Oiseaux." Grand papier. 12 tom. Paris, 1770.

These volumes fetched the large price of £678.

We remember hearing of an illustrated edition of Mme. de Sevigne's Letters, on which the talents, toil, skill, and acumen of a long life and a remarkable intellect had been spent, and which either was sold for a large sum, or is still somewhere carefully preserved to delight the sight and heart of a connoisseur.

Among the cases cited in *All the Year Round* are the following :—

ANECDOTES, OBSERVATIONS, AND CHARACTERS OF BOOKS AND MEN, collected from the Conversations of Mr. Pope, and other eminent persons of his time, by the Reverend Joseph Spence, edited with Notes and Memoir of the Author by S. W. Singer; one volume folio, extended to three volumes, by a profuse collection of fine and rare mezzotint and other engraved portraits and autograph letters, divided as follows: Vol. I. contains ninety-eight Portraits and Views, and a fine drawing of Shenstone's Portrait (engraved as a frontispiece to an edition of his works), and of Pope's Villa, and Twickenham Church, with Pope's Monument, etc., and Autograph Letters, signed, of Pope, very fine; Dr. Johnson, very fine; Bishop Warburton, Horace Walpole, MS. Verses addressed to Spencer, and Signatures to Documents of Sir Robert Walpole, Wm. Congreve the Dramatist, and Louis the Fourteenth. Vol. II., frontispiece, View of Pope's Villa, after J. M. W. Turner, by Pye, a splendid proof in the earliest state, before any letters, on India paper, very rare; seventy-eight Portraits and Autograph Letter of the Duke of Buckingham, addressed to Pope, also his Signature to a document; Dr. J. Wharton, Harley, Earl of Oxford, the Earl of Peterborough, Eustace Budgell, and Signatures of George the Second when Prince of Wales, rare, also his signature when King; the Marquis of Halifax, G. Stepney, and Sir Wm. Turnbull, and Drawings of Milton's Monument, and Portrait of Sir T. More. Vol. III., sixty-three Portraits, Autograph Letter of Lord Chancellor Cowper and Ralph Allen, and Signatures of the Duke of Newcastle, Duchess of Marlborough, Lord Godolphin, David Mallet, James the Second when Duke of York, Speaker Onslow; Colley Cibber, Wilkes, and Booth, to a paper relating to Drury Lane Theatre, very *rare*; *appropriate Title-pages printed for this copy, richly bound in red morocco* extra, ornamented borders on sides, gilt edges, by Riviere. 160 guineas.

ROMNEY (George): A magnificent and unique copy of Hayley's Life of this celebrated Artist' inlaid and bound in five volumes, folio size, twenty-six and a-half inches by eighteen and a-half inches, and illustrated with a splendid collection of Portraits, Views, and Autograph Letters, including about eighty subjects engraved after Romney's own Paintings, among which are a number of beautiful proof impressions of his exquisite Portraits of Lady Hamilton; Titles and an Index of contents printed expressly for this copy. Richly bound in red morocco extra, gold borders on sides, gilt edges, by Riviere. The price for the book in its new state is £350.

THOMSON (James), The Seasons, illustrated with beautiful engravings by Bartolozzi and Tomkins, from pictures painted for the work by W. Hamilton, R.A., one volume, large folio, 1796. Divided into four volumes as follows: Vol I., Spring, illustrated with fifty-three extra Engravings and two Drawings. Vol. II., Summer, illustrated with sixty-four extra Engravings and six Drawings. Vol. III., Autumn, illustrated with sixty-eight extra Engravings and one Drawing; Vol. IV., illustrated with thirty-seven extra Engravings and one Drawing; *making altogether two hundred and* twenty-two extra Engravings and ten Drawings. The Engravings comprise a most charming and beautiful Collection of the choicest description of subjects in Mezzotint, line Engravings, and the Bartolozzi School, illustrating Occupations, Amusements, Sports, Pleasures, and other various attributes of the Seasons, ancient and modern, by and after Hollar, Goltzius, Watteau, Lancret, Boucher, Reanne, Hamilton, Constable, Collins, Bartolozzi, Wheatley, Gainsborough, Singleton, Woollett, Vivares, J. M. W. Turner, Landseer, etc., etc., and fine Etchings of Landscapes by Waterloo and Strutt, all brilliant impressions, many being choice proofs before letters. Among the Drawings is a very fine one in water-colours by R. Hills, Sir W. C. Ross, etc., and two very fine ones in Indian Ink by John Martin; the whole forming a most delightful collection of subjects, illustrative of this charming descriptive poem. The four volumes are splendidly bound in green morocco extra, the sides beautifully ornamented and lined with cream-coloured paper, with rich gold borders, gilt edges, by Riviere, rendering this one of the most sumptuous and magnificent copies ever offered for sale. £240.

We also constantly pore over the remarkable catalogues of Messrs. White and Ellis, Quaritch, E. W. Stebbs, Kerslake, Pickering, and many more, and can recall several similar interesting announcements. We take the following from a catalogue of J. Salkeld, 1, Orange Street, Red Lion Square, for instance. How interesting it sounds, does it not?—

LODGE (Edmund), Portraits of Illustrious Personages of Great Britain, with Memoirs of their Lives and Actions. *Being the first issue, containing* 129 *Portraits, picked impressions on India paper, and about* 150 *Illuminations on Vellum of the* Armorial Bearings of the subjects of the portraits, with the Quarterings (in some instances over 200) of every Family with whom they were respectively allied (all richly emblazoned in gold and colours), large paper, 2 vols., royal folio, blue morocco, super extra, the sides elaborately tooled, broad morocco joints (also tooled in the most tasteful manner) and silk linings, a superb copy. Price 500 guineas. Not half the cost of the drawings alone. *This copy was the property of* Mr. Lodge himself, who has carefully selected each portrait and added the illuminations, many of which are perfect gems of Heraldic Art, and could only have proceeded from the hand of a master. The volumes may be said to be unique, and form an heraldic record of the highest interest and worthy of a place in any library, to which they would form a sumptuous addition. They are in the finest state, each having an external wrapper leather covering with flaps.

So, too, in one of Mr. Quaritch's catalogues we find the following examples of this taste :—

BLAKE (William) : Cunningham's Life of Blake, in MS., illustrated with portraits and 103 of Blake's own engravings, many of the greatest rarity ; also, portrait of T. Hayley, son of the poet (a drawing in sepia by Blake), and a MS. Index to the Songs of Innocence and Experience in Blake's autograph ; in a vol. half-bound morocco : a volume of the greatest interest to the admirers of this singular artist. £80. Unique. Such a wonderful collection of variations and proofs will never again occur for sale.

PILKINGTON'S DICTIONARY OF PAINTERS, by Fuseli, with several thousand engravings by the most eminent English and foreign artists, carefully inlaid and mounted in 16 vols. morocco, extra gilt edges. £180.

In a most interesting catalogue of Messrs. White and Ellis, No. 45, we find also some more proofs of a "prevailing chic," which we do not find fault with ; on the contrary, think is good for us "all round" :—

CROMWELL (Thomas), Walks through Islington ; Illustrated copy ; comprising an historical and descriptive account of that extensive and important district, both in its ancient and present state ; together with some particulars of the most remarkable objects immediately adjacent ; embellished with numerous engravings by J. & H. S. Storer. 1835. 8vo., large paper, enlarged into 3 vols. by the addition of 340 rare portraits, views, maps, play-bills, cuttings from periodicals, etc., half morocco, uncut, top edges gilt. £15 15s.

DIBDIN (Rev. Thomas Frognall), The Bibliographical Decameron ; or Ten Days Pleasant Discourse upon Illuminated Manuscripts, and subjects connected with Early Engraving, Typography, and Bibliography. Illustrated copy. 1817. 3 vols. Imp. 8vo. Large paper, with numerous beautiful engravings and facsimiles of ancient woodcuts and typographical curiosities, red morocco super extra, with joints and vellum fly-leaves, gilt edges, by C. Lewis. £75. These beautiful volumes are further enriched by the addition of upwards of 160 beautiful portraits and views (many being proof private plates, India proofs, etc.,) of the eminent persons and remarkable places mentioned in the work, with several beautifully executed original drawings, including a view of the Duke of Roxburghe's house in St. James's Square, by J. Britton. Inserted is an autograph letter from the author to Felix Slade, Esq., (from whose choice collection the present magnificent volumes came), assuring him that no more than fifty copies were printed on large paper.

ROBERTSON (W.) Illustrated copy. History of Scotland. 1771. 2 vols.—History of the Reign of the Emperor Charles V. 1769. 3 vols.—History of America. 1778. 2 vols. Together 7 vols. 4to, enlarged into 12 vols. by the addition of upwards of 1000 choice and scarce engravings, including rare portraits by Crispin de Pass, Wierix, Houbraken, etc., illustrations from De Bry's Voyages, two drawings by Thomas Sandby, views, plates of coins and medals, historical engravings, maps, plans, etc., etc. ; red morocco extra, gilt and marbled edges. £135.

In fact there is scarcely a good catalogue you take just now, without such "tempting wares, which seem to tell a tale of much interesting research and peaceful industry. We think it is Ruskin who talks somewhere of the mistaken use of the word "bibliomaniac," and of the pity people affect to feel for this "craze," as they call it, of books, forgetting that they affect many other "crazes" just now very much more dangerous, noxious, and dishonouring—much more "crazy," in fact, than the harmless pursuit, the elevated taste, and the intellectual amusement of the plodding book collector, of him who seeks to illustrate a work by the refinements of art and the graceful evidences of appreciative study.

MASONIC ADDRESS.

THE following interesting address by the Grand Master of Canada, M.W. Bro. J. A. Henderson, at the dedication of the new Masonic Temple, St. Thomas's, will be read with pleasure by his brethren in the old country.

BRETHREN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—I thank the brethren of St. Thomas for the very handsome present of this gavel. The manner in which it has been given shows the truly generous spirit which prompted the offer, and which spirit, imbued with Masonic zeal, has successfully urged the brethren to rear and embellish this hall dedicated to Freemasonry. The gavel will be retained by me as an evidence of the friendly feelings exhibited by my brethren of this town, and will ever remind me of this pleasant visit. I must congratulate them on this handsome temple, and it is one of the evidences of the growing and advancing spirit of Freemasonry that the new halls in which the precepts of our Order are inculcated should be worthy of our time-honoured institution. I am happy to meet so numerous and respectable an assembly, not only of the brethren of the mystic tie, but of those who, not belonging to the Order, I may fairly claim as being friendly to our ancient fraternity. On this occasion I have been called on to make a few remarks explanatory of that Society of which in this Province I have the honour to be the head, but those remarks must of necessity be not only general but brief, for while some would appreciate speeches eulogistic of the Order, yet I must consider the wishes and feelings of others who do not desire any encroachment on the musical entertainment of this evening, which our brethren of St. Thomas have so thoughtfully provided. So far as our rules will permit, I will endeavour to explain "What is Freemasonry," that we may not be misunderstood by those who do not rank under our banners, and that we may not be held in disesteem by the loveliest and fairest of the works of the Almighty Architect. Freemasonry is an art, more properly a science, founded on the principles of geometry, and directed to the service and convenience of mankind; its end, moral, and purpose is to subdue our passions—not to do our own will—to make a daily progress in a laudable art, to promote charity, good fellowship, good nature, and humanity, all of which may be summed up in the words—Religion and Philanthropy. Its lessons are, for the most part, veiled in allegory and illustrated by symbols, and, with the Holy Bible ever open, it has been well termed "the handmaid to religion." It is an ancient Institution, where men of all shades of opinion in religion and politics may meet and exchange the right hand of fellowship, may pursue their mental researches into the regions of science and morality without fearing any collision from hostile opinions which may sever the links of harmony and brotherly love by which their hearts are cemented and knit together. Wealth, power and talents are not necessary. An unblemished character and a virtuous conduct are the only qualifications which are requisite for admission into the Order. Freemasonry is divided into three degrees or stages of advancement, which have an apt and obvious reference to the progressive state of man. The first degree is emblematical of the darkness of the chaos which preceded man's creation, of the night by which his mind was obscured after his original transgression till the light of natural religion first beamed into his soul. The second degree is characteristic of our advance into the dawn which ushered the refulgence of the light which revealed the Creator; whilst in the third degree the brother is brought to the bright blaze of the fullest revelation, to that bright star whose rising

brings peace and salvation to the faithful and obedient of the human race to attain the ends for which the Order was orginally formed. Every candidate must pledge himself never to divulge the mysteries nor communicate to the outside world those important secrets with which he is entrusted and by which he is enabled to distinguish his brethren from the uninitiated, and convince others that he is entitled to these great Masonic privileges should he be in distress; and when found qualified by diligence and assiduity he is advanced to higher degrees until he has received that Masonic knowledge which enables him to hold the highest office of trust to which Freemasonry can raise its members. It is an organised society, by which, although a brother may be in distress among a people whose language he cannot speak, of whose manners and customs he is ignorant, he is in possession of a universal language which is no sooner expressed by the lips than it is responded to by the heart, his distress is relieved, and if need be, his life is saved. Let me relate an incident in corroboration, and which tells more in favour of Freemasonry than a score of eulogistic theories. During the battle of Waterloo, a victory which for so many years secured peace to Europe, a French officer engaged in the conflict was severely wounded, and in that situation was discovered by a British Dragoon, who, with his blood-stained sword, his teeth clenched, and his eyes flashing fire, put spurs to his horse and galloped up to dispatch the officer, but just as he was on the point of striking the fatal blow, the officer gave that recognition which was well understood by the astonished Dragoon, whose giant arm was immediately unnerved, love and sympathy were depicted on his countenance, and as he turned his horse and rode off to the thick of the conflict was heard to say, "The Lord bless and protect thee, my brother." Brotherly love is the first attribute of the Order, and in that bond men of varying creeds and opinions may cordially unite in promoting individual and general good. Charity in its broadest extent is the rock and bulwark. I do not mean the mere almsgiving, but brotherly love, which not only doeth but thinketh no ill of his neighbour. This is the definition of charity as it is taught by the volume of the sacred law conferring peace on earth and good will towards man. The popularity and usefulness of the Order can only be maintained by the conduct of the brethren in their transactions with the world. Freemasonry does not necessarily superinduce the practice of virtue, although it strongly, and at all times, recommends it, and believe me; were the brethren to act up to the principles inculcated on their admission into the Order, and continually brought before them in the proceedings in Lodge; were they to discharge their duties with freedom, fervency and zeal, the Craft would grow faster in the appreciation of the moral world, To have a son a Mason would be a mother's joy, and to have a Free and Accepted Mason a husband would be to our fair sisters an assurance of happiness. We are pleased to see here this evening so many of those whose approbation has in all ages, in every civilised clime, formed the chief delight of man. We are by no means personally opposed to the presence of the fair sex, but the founders of our Order made certain laws by which they were excluded from our mysteries, and these laws are unalterable. It has been said the reason of their exclusion is because they could not keep a secret; this could not be true, as I know that the ladies can keep secrets as well as some Masons. Were it in my power the ceremonies of dedication of this beautiful Hall would have been graced with the presence of our wives, sisters, and, may I add, sweethearts. Such are the general features of an institution which instructs us in our duty to God, our neighbours, and ourselves, the honourable incentive to the practice of every social and moral virtue. I will now address a few closing words to the brethren. Remember, the strength of the Order is in its principles, and its prosperity in the character of its members. Preserve then, inviolate, the landmarks which have been so carefully handed down pure and unimpared; and never omit the practice of forbearance and brotherly love. Endeavour to rear to the honour

of the Great Architect of the World a structure whose pillars are wisdom, strength, and beauty, so that wherever Masonry flourishes, wherever it works its way according to the principles inculcated by our illustrious predecessors, it will tend to the civilisation of humanity, to the diffusion of universal philanthrophy, and to the making of all men into one universal brotherhood.

WANTED—A WIFE!

BY A YOUNG MAN AND A MASON ON THE PHONETIC AND PLATONIC SYSTEM.

FACE intellektual,
Kolur and tone,
Awl the aksessories—
Strictly home grown.

Eyes—here i hesitate,
Rather like blu,
Black not an obstacle,
Hazel wood du.

Nose ov the Grecian type—
Not tu seem proud,
Sum leetle latitude
Tharin allowed.

Figure that's squeezable,
Plump, but not fat,
Steer klear ov scragginess,
Kood'nt stand that.

Quiet and ladylike,
Dresses with taste,
Ankle displayable,
Neat leetle waist.

Sphere ov home duties,
Her element quite;
Pie-krust especially,
Warranted lite.

Kommon akkomphishments—
But in a wurd
Those ov a useful kind
Grately preferred.

Leetle bit musical,
Able tu sing
Claribel, Gabriel,
That sort ov thing.

Lady ov sich a stamp
Wantin a beau,
Strictly in konfidence,
Knos where tu go.

P.S.—Applicant's penniless,
Ditto with tin—
Caeteris paribus,
Latter wood win.

New York Dispatch.

THE YORK FABRIC ROLLS.

(Continued from page 506, *vol. vii.)*

WE go on with our extracts. The two first are forms of pension to "Master Masons," William de Hoton and Robert de Patryngton, the one in 1351, the other in 1368. They are acts of the Chapter:—

PENSIO WILLELMI DE HOTON CEMENTARII.*

Universis, etc. Capitulum Ebor.—Noverit universitas vestra nos pro artificiosa industria et labore Willelmi de Hoton cementarii, filii magistri Willelmi de Hoton cementarii, circa fabricam ecclesiæ nostræ Ebor. impensis, et imposterum perpetuo fideliter impendendis, decem libras argenti annuæ pensionis, una cum habitacione infra clausum ecclesiæ Ebor. predictæ quam magister Thomas des Pacenham, dum vixit, inhabitabat, predicto Willelmo, post decessum predicti magistri Willelmi patris sui, ad terminum vitæ suæ, in quacumque statu fuerit, dum tamen, cum aliis se intendat operibus, idem nostrum non omittatur, negligatur, seu aliqualitur retardetur, dedisse concessisse et assignasse ad *duos anni terminos, viz., ad festa Pentecostes et Sancti Martini* in yeme, per equales porciones, sibi annuatim per manus custodis ipsius frbricæ percipiendas. Qui quidem Willelmus, filius predicti Willelmi, ... et concedit quod si contingat ipsum cecitate, seu aliquo alio morbo incurabili, prepediri quominus laborare potuerit, ac dictum opus, ut cementarius, gubernare, quod extunc solvet annuatim subcementario, qui erit magister secundarius cementariorum, medietatem salarii predicti subcementarii de sua pensione predicta decem librarum, impedimento hujusmodi perdurante. Et si contingat per negligenciam ipsius Willelmi filii Willelmi laborare et dictam fabricam supervidere valentis, aut omissionem voluntariam, vel circa aliorum operum occupacionem opus Ecclesiæ nostræ negligi, omitti, aut quovis alio modo retardari, extunc omnino cesset predicta pensio, in qua sibi nolumus ultra aliquo modo teneri, et presens scriptum viribus careat totaliter et effectu. In cujus rei testimonium sigillum nostrum parti penes dictum Willelmum remanenti, alteri vero parti sigillum ejusdem Willelmi penes nos remanenti sunt appensa. Data Ebor. primo die mensis Octobris, anno Domini millesimo ccc^mo^ quinquagesimo primo.

PENSIO MAGISTRI ROBERTI DE PATRYNGTON, CEMENTARII.†

Omnibus, etc. Capitulum Ebor., etc. Sciatis quod pro bono servicio magistri Roberti de Patryngton, cementarii, nobis et ecclesiæ nostræ predictæ impenso, et imposterum ad terminum vitæ suæ impendendo, *concessimus ei decem libras sterlingorum, recipiendas*, singulis annis, per manus magistri operis dictæ ecclesiæ nostræ, qui pro tempore fuerit, ad terminos Pentecostes et Sancti Martini in yeme, per equales porciones, una cum domibus infra clausum dictæ ecclesiæ quas Willelmus de Hoton cementarius, dum vixit, inhabitavit; ita tamen quod dictus Robertus operibus dictæ ecclesiæ nostræ bene et fideliter intendat, et nullis aliis operacionibus, in retardacionem seu impendimentum dictorum operum nostrorum, vacet. Et si forte dictus Robertus admiserit operaciones alibi, et circa easdem intenderit, operibus ecclesiæ nostræ neglectis, retardatis seu omissis, et dictus Robertus, ex parte nostra premonitus tertio, non redierit ad eadem opera nostra ut circa ea diligenter intendat, tunc cesset pensio sua predicta quousque ad opera nostra redierit, et defectus hujusmodi debite emendaverit. Et si forte, quod absit, dictus Robertus cecitate vel alia infirmitate corporis percussus fuerit quominus circa opera nostra predicta corporaliter poterit laborare, tunc, durante infirmitate predicta recipiat decem marcas per annum duntaxat ad terminos supradictos, una cum domibus predictis impendendo consilium et avisamentum suum, pro posse suo, in hac parte. Et in eventu quo idem Robertus, laborare valens, se omnino a dictis operibus subtraxerit, tunc concessio nostra predicta extunc cesset quousque satis redierit, et operibus nostris intenderit, ut prefertur. In cujus rei testimonium sigillum nostrum presentibus est appensum. Data Ebor., in domo nostra capitulari, quinto die mensis Januarii anno Domini millesimo ccc^mo^ lxviij^o^.

We now take another order of Chapter in respect of the Masons:—

ORDINATIONES QUÆDAM DE CEMENTARIIS ET DE QUARTA COLUMNA.‡

Acta in Capitulo xxix die mensis Maii anno Domini m^o^ ccc^o^ viij, coram venerabilibus viris magistro J. de Neuton, Thoma Walleworth, et Willelmum Waltham.

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* The indenture . . . . . was made with a master-mason.

† A patent, made in nearly the same words, to William de Hoton, has already been given Whilst Patrington presided over the masons a great part of the new choir was erected, and this document informs us when he entered upon his office.

‡ On the whole, this is the most remarkable document connected with the history of the

In primis ordinatum est de consensu Capituli quod provideatur Willelmo Wadeswyk, mutilato latomo, quod habeat vadia sua ad terminum vitæ suæ, ita tamen quod fidelem diligenciam adhibeat circa fabricam Ecclesiæ predictæ.

Item ordinatum est quod non fiat mutacio in forma alicujus operis in fabrica sine consensu expresso Capituli.

Item ordinatum est quod serventur statuta Ecclesiæ quantum ad latomos, et declarentur dubia, *quum videbitur expedire, per Capitulum.*

Item quod ordinetur supervisor qui continue sit presens in logio, quantum poterit, et notet defectus exeuncium et ingrediencium, et ad excitandum diligenciam latomorum: et ordinatum est per Capitulum quod dominus Robertus Appilton, vicarius, sit supervisor latomorum.

Item quod negligenciæ puniantur in diminucione vadiorum et qui incorrigibiles expellantur. Item quad nullus admittatur in logio ad operandum nisi de consensu canonicorum, si presentes fuerint, et magistri operis. Item quod magister latamus et gardiani et majores latomi prestent juramentum corporale de fidelitate et diligencia, et quod, si concreverint aliquas *consignationes seu conspiracionem inter latamos, fideliter revelent dominis de Capitulo.* Item ordinatum est quod omnis latomus juret corporaliter de servando fideliter statuta concernentia latomos. Item communicandum est cum magistro latomorum super impericia latomorum. Item quod ordinetur de libris existentibus in manibus domini cancellarii. (Dicit dominus precentor quod cancellarius habit unum portiphorium magnum non notatum concernens dignitatem cancellarii.)

Item ordinatum est quod veteres lapides non vendantur. Item quad statutum Ecclesiæ de latomis duplicetur et rescribatur in scriptura legibili.

Ordinacio, xv. Novembris, 1409.

In primis ordinatur quod dominus Thomas de Haxey sit supervisor operis iiij^{tæ} *columpnæ.* Item quod oblaciones provenientes et proventuræ ad sepulcrum Ricardi ultimi Archiepiscopi convertantur ad usus operis quartæ columpnæ. Item omnia donata et legata ad fabricam ejusdem quartæ columpnæ convertantur ad usum columpnæ predictæ. Item logium pro cementariis construendum pro columpna hujusmodi sit inter consistorium et ostium domus capitularis. Item quod in eodem logio sint, ad minus, latomi duodecim. Item ordinatum est quod in antiquo logio sint xx, ad minus, latomi. Item provisio lapidum est concessa domino Thomæ Haxey de consensu ejusdem. Item provideatur de calce carianda ad magnam quantitatem, ad minus, videlicet ij vel iiij kylnes. Item provideatur de sabulo in aqua Use *cum carecta et equis et navicula, et, si fieri possit, cum navicula Sancti Leonardi ad quantitatem magnam.* Item ordinatum est quod le coynes in angulis campanilis ad extra subducantur et pro plano modo ascendat murus in angulis campanilis. Item ascensus graduum de Ecclesia ad campanile fiat ex parte boriali vel alæ ad ordinacionem domini Thomæ Haxey, magistri Alani,* dominorum T. Garton et Ricardi Blakburn. Item quod dominus Thomas de Garton fieri transmittat absque mora sperres et meremium a Cawod ad fabricam. Memorandum ad communicandum cum justiciariis pro furcis de novo construendis et de lcco. Item de concordando cum procuratore domini R. Crull pro domibus in le Tange situatis et ad fabricam cemiterii sanctæ Margaretæ applicandis. Item capiantur gistes et sparres in *Langwath pro cimiterio S. Margaretæ. Item fiat ibi pandoxatria in cimiterio predicto.*

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fabric that has been discovered. Mr. Browne had not seen it when he compiled his account of the minster, against which it militates in no small degree. It was laid before Professor Willis by Mr. Canon Harcourt, and that acute and accomplished master of architectural lore draws some conclusions from it, in his description of the Cathedral, which appear to me to be irresistible. Its principle value is that, if all other evidence were wanting, it settles the date of the completion of the stone-work of the choir. I shall quote the Professor's own words: "As the fourth pier is mentioned, three others must have been already completed, and as the eastern ones would probably be the first operated upon as nearest to the choir, and as the position of the workshop is in the north transept, it may be concluded that the pier in question is the north-west pier. However, the principal point to the purpose is that, according to the argument I have employed above, the mason-work of the choir must have been completed before the date of this document (namely, 1409), and long enough before to give time for the casing of the other three piers." I have already said that, in all probability, the western part of the choir was completed before the year 1405, and this date seems to be correct. The work which was entrusted to Haxey was merely the re-casing of the eastermost face of the north-west pier. It was of Norman Masonry, and had been erected by Archbishop Thomas. The work of that prelate was now concealed with masonry in the perpendicular style, to give as much uniformity as was possible to the whole structure. The coynes, also, on the outside of the tower, were removed or squared, and the wali at the corners of the tower was carried up smooth and plain. The document contains some other provisions of importance, especially with reference to the masons. The whole is written in a very bad and unequal hand.

* Alan de Newark, an officer in the Court of York, and Archdeacon of Durham. His coadjutors are well known.

We give the following translation of the most interesting passages, to enable our readers to understand this important document.

First of all, it is ordained, by consent of the Chapter, that a provision should be made for William Wadeswyk, a mutilated mason, and that he should have his wages to the end of his life, in order that he may still use faithful diligence towards the fabric of the said church.

Likewise that the supervisor, who is to be in lodge as often as he can, should order all matters, in order to note the defects of exeunts and entrants, and to excite the diligence of the masons; and it is ordained by the Chapter that Robert Appleton, vicar, should be supervisor of the masons.

Likewise that negligence should be punished by a diminution of the wages, and that the incorrigible should be expelled.

Likewise that no one shall be admitted in the lodge to work except with the consent of the canons, if they are present, and the master of the work!

Likewise that the master masons and wardens (gardiani) and the elder masons (majores) should make the corporal oath of fidelity and diligence, and whatever secret cabals or conspiracies they should discover among the masons they should faithfully reveal to the lords of the Chapter.

Likewise is is ordained that every mason should swear corporally to observe faithfully the statutes concerning masons.

It is ordained that in the new lodge for the column there should be at least twelve members, and in the old lodge twenty at least.

And here we end to-day.

VINOVIUM.

EVERY now and then there "crops out," or rather "crops up," the somewhat startling fact that underneath our feet exist the remains of a dead civilisation, buried out of sight and out of mind. Here and there, up and down this old England of ours, excavations have been made and discoveries announced of Roman tiles and Roman hypocausts, of Roman coins and Roman buildings, and to many of our readers the occupation of the Romans of this country, as exemplified by the Roman roads or old roman remains, the wall and the earthwork, the prætorium and the pavement, has long been a subject of study and interest. It is certain that there are many Roman towns still lying under our own great cities, and unsuspectingly in rural districts, and close by comfortable farms. And it is well to note, therefore, all rich discoveries, as they help to illustrate the annals of a mighty people and to preserve some records of a great historic past from the devouring hand of time.

The *Durham University Journal*, a well-edited and interesting University paper published twice terminally, gives the following interesting account of the Roman city Vinovium (Binchester), which will, we think, interest some readers of the *Masonic Magazine*.

The city is mentioned by Ptolemy, the geographer, as one of the chief centres of population of the Brigantes, the "Highlanders," who peopled what are now the six northern counties of England. They were a brave and numerous race, and long defied the efforts of the Romans to effect their subjugation. Tacitus intimates that Agricola contented himself with drawing a chain of forts round their country, and Dr. Hooppell is of opinion, from a study of appearances presented by the remains unearthed at Binchester, and from a classification of the coins found there, that it was not till the time of Hadrian that they in reality came under the dominion of the Romans. He is of opinion that, prior to the time of Hadrian, what may be called the "lowland road," running through the county of Durham, from Pountey's Bridge near Middleton-one-Row, by Sadberge, Stainton-in-the-Street, Bradbury, and Old Durham, was exclusively used by Roman troops, and that it was not till the time of Hadrian that the more westerly and "highland" road, entering the county at Piersebridge, and passing over Brusselton Hill, and through Binchester, Lanchester,

Ebchester, and Corbridge, was constructed. He is also of opinion that, about the time of Commodus, control of Vinovium was lost by the Romans, and not recovered till the time of Severus.

The site covering the ruins of the ancient city is very extensive. Some thirty acres are probably filled with remains. Mr. Proud has tapped this vast archæological treasure in four principal spots, three of which still remain uncovered. The fourth has been filled in. This last proved to be a portion of the famous Watling Street, the great road which ran from Northumberland to Richborough, near Sandwich, in Kent, and which has come down to us in the first and second *itinera*, or marching routes, recorded in the Military Road Book of Antonine. It ran right through the station of Vinovium, flanked on each side by massive buildings, some of which seem to have been used as barracks for cavalry, and the lower portions of which were found in a wonderfully perfect state. This street showed manifestly, what was also shown by the remains in the other portions of the town explored, that there had been three distinct eras of occupation in the city. In the case of the street, there were three distinct levels of the roadway, and three distinct levels of the doorways. The original laying out and building of the town seemed to have been the most complete; and for the edifices then erected stones of the largest size were used. At the lowest level the street was flanked with massive channelled stones for carrying off the rain.* In the next era, at a level about two feet above the former one, channelled stones seem to have been, in a great degree, dispensed with; and, higher again, large flagstones were used at the doorways to bridge the gutters. At this highest level, also, about four feet above the original level, many curious holed cubical stones were found in position, one on each side of each doorway, as though they had formed bases for wooden or other jambs or pillars.† The contemplation of this street, exposed, as it was a year ago, through a hundred yards of its course, and of the characteristics of the three distinct eras which were so strongly marked in the work which flanked it, forced strongly upon the mind the conviction that, as far as the era of Roman occupation of Britain is concerned, the age of Hadrian was the palmy age of Roman wealth, energy, and enterprise; and that, though the empire grew after his death, the seeds of decay were nevertheless soon sown, which slowly, yet with sure progression, ripened to their consummation.

As already said, this portion of the excavation has been again filled up; the other portions remain open. Two of them are of exceeding interest. One is a circular bathroom,‡ with other apartments adjoining, in a singularly perfect state. More than eight feet in height of the walls of these chambers remain standing. To such a depth has the soil accumulated on the site of this ancient town! The other is a block of rooms, more perfect, it is believed, than any at the present time existing uncovered in Great Britain. One ample apartment, with doorway entering from a large paved hall, the threshold deeply worn with footsteps;§ the inner walls lined with flue tiles, by means of which the apartment was warmed, with coloured plaster over them, and a moulded floor;‖ beneath, a perfect hypocaust, with entrance arch complete; outside, the sunken area and arched passage, by which the slave entered to tend the furnace; adjoining, other rooms, with hypocausts, floors, drains, and other appliances, as on the day they were constructed. In this building large numbers of coins of the Constantine family were found, and, in a doorway, a most interesting one of the Emperor Magnentius, bearing on the reverse the monogram of Christ, between the Greek letters Alpha and Omega. These two blocks it is earnestly desired that the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, to whom the land belongs, will roof over and preserve, as their value, in a historical and educational point of view, as vivid illustrations of the Roman occupation of our country, of their wealth, their power, their domestic architecture, their social habits, their sanitary arrangements, etc., is absolutely priceless.

We understand that further explorations by Mr. Proud were commenced on the 17th of May, and we shall look for the further report carefully, and as carefully impart it to our readers.

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* One of these, not one of the largest, has been placed in the Museum.

† A pair of these have been placed in the Museum. Also a portion of a cylindrical column, and the base or capital of a column with torus mouldings, found in a perpendicular position in the street, between the highest and lowest levels.

‡ A highly ornamented, curved, bronze strigil from this room has been placed in the Museum.

§ A threshold from another portion of the excavations, deeply worn on each side by footsteps, and showing in the centre a ridge, indicative of the Roman practice of never stepping on the actual threshold, has been placed in the Museum.

‖ Several perfect fluetiles from this apartment, many pieces of coloured plaster, of various patterns, and specimens of the concrete flooring used in the rooms, have been placed in the Museum.

"ONCE UPON A TIME."

BY OMEGA.

"Labitur occulte fallit-que volubilis ætas."

THESE are words which we hear almost every day of our lives. They occur in common conversation; they are to be found in the customary literature of the hour. Perhaps few expressions are in more wonted use or are more familiar to us all, and yet, as it seems to me, we hardly ever (as is too frequently the case in this our way of the world) realize their full meaning, their actual intensity of truth. I think it well to send a few moralizing lines "thereanent," for which, perhaps, a corner may be kindly found in the *Masonic Magazine*. I do not suppose that I shall say anything very new or striking; but still even my "dull tenour" may have its use, and give some one reader a few pleasant if passing thoughts, and to render the useful pages of the "Maga." profitable for all who month by month peruse them, or at any rate profess to peruse them, For, to say the truth, I am myself somewhat inclined to agree with the cynic who say of our age, "much talking, little reading, less thinking." And yet. to judge from literary announcements one should "a priori" be ready to suppose that never was so much read generally, never before, certainly, were so many "serials" issued, never literally were there so many means of mental improvement and instruction provided by intellectual caterers for a passing, reading, thoughtful generation. Let us leave the question, as Mr. Gladstone would say, to "its own solution in the fulness of time," and let us attend to the little "text" on which I propose to hang a Masonic essay—not a sermon—please note this!

"Once upon a time" is full, surely, of vivid reminiscences to us all, when it takes us back, as it often does, from this realistic and dull and dusty life to-day of ours to the hopes and aspirations, the "glamour" and fancies of far off earlier years. To-day, when all seems so commonplace and dreary often to the acute sensibilities of active thought and actual experience, what a relief it is to betake ourselves to that "once upon a time" in the "long ago" so touchingly painted by Lord Houghton, when we ourselves had not given up our golden dreams, and when callous realism and crushing certainty had not dimmed and dispensed with the fascination of anticipation, the longings of untainted sympathies. Then all was bright and fair before us. We foresaw no disappointment, we forereckoned no decay, we could not conceive how anything was to darken those blue skies, to change those fair flowers, to deform or disturb those happy hours. Alas, to-day, how few of us but must echo sadly these words "once upon a time," when we know how time, and change, and crosses, and cares, and heartburdens, and heartaches have thrown as it were a funeral pall of sadness and gloom over all the glowing and gracious imaginings which then were ours. Reality is very very different from anticipation, and often all that "once upon a time" promised such lengthened happiness to us and ours turns out to have been a deceiving figment or a deluding phantasy. So too, how true it is as regards old friends and mates. "Once upon a time" we were a very merry party, and bound together by most congenial ties of friendship, interest, and affection. Praed sang, of old,—

> Where are my old companions gone?
> I've few to share my beaker;
> Some lie before the churchyard stone,
> And some before the speaker;

and most true it still is in its way for us all. Let us fix our attention for a moment at a given point or landmark on the receding shore of time. How

few remain who once laughed with us, and cheered us, and chaffed us, and loved us, and gave us good advice, and were all in all to us, and whom we ourselves loved very truly. How few even still survive who scolded us, and bothered us, and bored us, who we laughed at and chaffed in return, and who were the "flies" in our little morsel of choicest amber. "Non sunt!" They are no more with us; they have left us; and we remember them sadly, and grieve for them often and want them very much.

I'd give many a sugar cane,
Matt. Lewis were alive again.

But so it cannot be, and to-day, in the throng of men, in a solitary study amid the "songs of sirens" and the noise of a crowd, there comes to us all with the words "once upon a time" an indescribable yearning for those loving faces and gladdening smiles which once threw an aureole of truest, tried affection over our homes and our hearts. Yes, hearts! for we had hearts then. And once more, in Freemasonry especially, we can enter into the full force of these simple, yet meaning words. To how many years of very pleasant fellowship and innocent sociality does the saying "once on a time" carry us back to-day? We are in the old lodge again as in the cheery days of yore. Those kind faces, and ready hands, and warm hearts are all there before us, if in shadowy outline yet in spiritual reality. We see their countenances, we listen to their words, we rejoice in their presence. The merry laugh, the harmless joke, the gay symposium, the classic song all come before us again vividly, really, and we can hear our W.M., with pleasant intonation, saying his emphatic words—or a good old P.M.—either "laying down the law" or chanting his ancient melody. Alas! all these are, after all, only "shadows of the past," simply, purely; and as I write to-day the room seems empty once more, and I rise even from this paper with the conviction that, say what we will and do what we will, there is all of the highest philosophy, the truest wisdom, the most beneficial care treasured up for us all in the words "once upon a time," for us all, and that as life comes and goes, and we all move on our way through this great waste wilderness of life, there is nothing so good for us all, be we who we may, as to bring home to our innerest selves the memories of the past, to soften, to subdue, to better, and to bless these cold, composed, hardened heartless hearts of ours.—Farewell!

ENCHANTMENT.

THE sails we see on the ocean
Are as white as white can be,
But never one in the harbour
As white as the sails at sea.

And the clouds that crown the mountain
With purple and gold delight
Turn to cold grey mist and vapour
Ere ever we reach its height.

Stately and fair is the vessel
That comes not near our beach;
Stately and grand the mountain
Whose height we may never reach.

O distance, thou dear enchantress,
Still hold in thy magic veil
The glory of far-off mountains,
The gleam of the far-off sail.

Anon!

A SERMON

PREACHED AT THE OPENING OF THE MASONIC WINDOW AT CHELTENHAM, 26TH MAY, 1880.

BY BRO. THE REV. H. KYNASTON.

"*See that thou make all things according to the pattern shewed thee in the Mount.*"

HEBREWS VIII., 5.

THE author of the Epistle to the Hebrews quotes these words from Exodus xxv. and xxvi., in which chapters this injunction to Moses occurs three times in the course of the directions given by God for building the Tabernacle. The main object of the epistle was to show to the Jewish Christians that the Levitical priesthood and the ritual of the Temple worship, which were now done away since the destruction of that Temple, were superseded by a more excellent ministry and a better sacrifice, and that the old ordinances were full of symbols of great eternal truths, which were also in their highest manifestation types foreshadowing Christ and His Work and His Church. We cannot be wrong then in connecting them further with all the united members of Christ's body. Moses was not left to solve for himself the great problem which lay before him, which was to embody great truths in fit symbols, so as to guard against the degrading idolatry whose evil he had seen in Egypt. The pattern of the Tabernacle was shewed to him in the Mount; and according to that pattern, under the direction of two skilled artists, it was erected. Its position (for we are now speaking not of the provisional Tabernacle which was first set up at a distance from the camp) was in the centre of the people, who were grouped around it in a fixed order, and upon it rested the symbolic cloud which indicated the presence of God. The original thought of the purpose of its erection is shewn in one of its names, "The Tent of Meeting," for that expresses it more correctly than the phrase "Tabernacle of the Congregation" which we find in our English Bible, because it was to be the place where man meets God; not merely where worshippers gather, but where God comes to commune with them and make Himself known to them. There, for instance, the Spirit of God came upon the seventy Elders, thither Aaron and Miriam were called out when they rebelled, thither the daughters of Zelophehad came to bring their cause before the Lord, there the solemn charge was given to Moses' successor. The other name by which it was called is rightly rendered by the expression "Tent of Testimony" or "Tabernacle of Witness," the name being derived from the two tables of stone within the ark—the centre of its holiness. These tables were the abiding witness of the nature and will of God; and the tent which contained them was the witness of its own significance as the meeting-place of God with man. We need not follow in detail the history of this Tabernacle—the sanctity of its use and purpose was merged in the higher glory of the Temple. As long as the Israelites were a mere wandering tribe they could have had no fixed House of God, because such a one would have failed to convey the thought which they most needed—of a Divine Presence never absent from them. The structure of this Tabernacle was based upon a profound symbolism. No interpretation is given us, and that which appears in the Epistle to the Hebrews, viz., the application of the types of the structure to the mysteries of redemption, was, of course, latent until those mysteries were made known. No doubt the order, as it rose before the mind of Moses, embodied distinctly manifold truths which he apprehended himself and sought to communicate to others. The thought of a graduated sanctity, as shewn in the threefold division of the Tabernacle, had its counterpart in the Egyptian

temples. In the interior sanctuary of such temples generally there was the sacred Ark, the nucleus of holiness, containing the highest symbols, winged figures, like those of Cherubim, emblems perhaps of the stability and life. In the Holy of Holies of this Tabernacle were tables of stone on which were graven the great laws of human duty—the revelation of a righteous will requiring righteousness in man. The mercy seat covered the Ark, in testimony of a mercy that covereth sins. Over this again were the Cherubim, representing the manifold powers of nature, whose over-shadowing wings, meeting in token of harmony, seem to declare that nature also finds its highest glory in subjection to a divine law. The materials also were significant—acacia wood, least liable to decay, representing the imperishableness of divine truth, of the laws of duty. All the contents of this sanctuary were overlaid with gold, the symbol of light and purity, the glory of a great King. Yet all this costly material was placed here where no one could see it, because the noblest acts of sacrifice and beneficence are those which are only patent to Him who seeth in secret. The dimensions of this sanctuary were ten cubits every way. There is no doubt that each separate number had its own mysterious significance, and the training of Moses in Egypt must have made him well acquainted with all these; so that we need not wonder at the precision of numbers in the plan of the Tabernacle, and the constant recurrence of squares and cubes and the numbers four and ten, symbolizing order and perfection. None ever entered into this inner shrine but the high priest, once a year. It was all darkness and solitude: as if to show that light and life can only be attained through darkness and death. Besides, the symbols of truth might have otherwise become common and familiar things. Into that darkness once a year, barefooted and in the garb of humiliation, touching with the blood that symbol of life, the mercy seat, came the high priest confessing his own and the people's sins—expressing the truth that men must offer the pure worship of the heart, and that if such a perfect sacrifice could be found it would work by a mysterious power to cover the multitude of sins. Between this inner sanctuary and the outer was hung the veil, wrought with many colours and strange forms. Colours were no less significant than numbers; and the blue, symbol of heaven; the purple, of kingly glory; the crimson, of life and joy; and the white, of light and purity, were found there side by side, somewhat after the similitude of a rainbow, the sign of the oldest covenant. In the outer sanctuary, silver, emblematic of human purity, took the place of gold, which typified Divine glory. This was daily trodden by the priests, and contained other emblems of Divine realities: the golden lamp with its seven lights, never all extinguished at once, perpetual symbol of all derived gifts of wisdom and holiness in man; the shew bread, serving as a token that God was there ready to accept offerings, though there was no form or likeness of Him; and the altar of incense, with its cloud of fragrant smoke representing the heart's adoration, where no strange fire might be kindled. The rest was outside the tent, yet still in consecrated precincts called the court, which was fenced in but open to all the congregation excepting those who were ceremonially unclean. Here was the altar of burnt offerings for all varieties of sacrifice, and the brazen laver for previous purification. Such was the graduated scale of holiness; first the outer court, fenced apart from the wilderness around, as the Israelites were from the world; then the sanctuary, distinguished from it as the sons of Aaron were from the other Israelites; and the Holy of Holies, where sanctity culminated, as it did in the person of the High Priest. The Temple of Solomon was an exact repetition of the wandering tent of meeting, as far as plan and pattern were concerned; differing only in being of more durable materials and exactly double dimensions. So this also was built and furnished and arranged, in every respect according to the pattern showed in the Mount. Its form was copied from the Tabernacle, and any architectural ornaments that may have been added were such no doubt as were usual in Palestine, and especially

at Tyre, whence came the greater part of the skilled workmen that were employed. The increased dimensions of course increased enormously the amount of costly material, and the walls throughout were lined with cedar, lavishly overlaid with gold. The dimensions of the other temples, that of Zerubbabel and that of Herod, were different, and certainly not less; but the estimate of their magnificence is not considered in proportion to their dimensions; but the elaboration of costly ornament and the beauty of the textile fabrics with which the first temple was lavishly furnished made that the most splendid in the eyes of the people. We can now leave these ancient temples, bearing in mind their pattern and arrangement, and proceed to the truths which those types foreshadowed, and which were the highest manifestations of the original symbols. In the New Dispensation the necessity exists no longer of a fixed place of worship As we might expect, Jesus Himself gave the first intimation of this: "Neither in this mountain," said he to the woman of Samaria, "nor yet at Jerusalem, shall ye worship the Father. God is a spirit, and they that worship him must worship Him in spirit and in truth." The religious education of the Jews by symbols was at an end: the need which had once existed for localizing the Divine Presence was to be no longer felt; for that Presence was now visible upon earth, and had come to fulfil and supersede the pattern of heavenly things, and to be a High Priest for ever. He also gives the first sign of a symbolicial connection between the Temple and Himself. Being asked for a sign of His authority, He said, "Destroy this Temple, and in three days I will raise it up," a striking declaration for His hearers, who understood it literally: "But He spake of the Temple of His body." That declaration is the key to the interpretation of the artist's design which is set forth in the window which the Freemasons of the town have met here to-day to present to this church. In the larger lights of that window are to be seen illustrated, the first appearance of the Lord in the temple of His body at His birth; the destruction of that body on the cross, and His own co-operation in bearing that cross; and the raising and final glorification of it at His Resurrection and Ascension, together with other figures and other emblems which are also there depicted, connected with the building of the first and second temples, and with the craft which was honoured in their building—emblems about which we cannot now speak particularly. We come now to the consideration of a practical question—hitherto we have spoken only of types and symbols, and things that have passed away. The Tabernacle is not—the Temple is not—the Ark of God and the Mercy Seat, and the Sanctuary which contained them, are not. What have we in their stead? What and where is that place in which we, my brethren, can meet with our God, and He with us? Where is our tent of meeting? Where is our tabernacle of witness? If we have ever rebelled against Him, as Aaron and Miriam did—if we desire to lay our cause before Him, like the daughters of Zelophehad—if we catch a spark of the fire of His holy spirit—where is that solemn communion held? For general congregational worship we meet, it is true, in God's house, in such a temple as this; and God is there, and Chist is there, and the Holy Ghost is there; but but many of us on those occasions meet one another rather than God. Those who attend the services of their church because they feel a certain sense of shame at being absent, or because it is part of their religious programme, or because they cannot realize the presence of God elsewhere—these seem to stand in need of that localization of some fixed object and place of worship, which the Lord Jesus first taught the Jews to dispense with. These would worship in their own favourite church, and in no other, like the Jews in Jerusalem, or the Samaritans on their own private mountain. Even now, as then, the Father seeketh those who will worship Him in spirit and in truth, seeketh them and often findeth them not. It does not follow that, when a congregation has met together in a consecrated building, they have come to

meet God, or that God will meet them, in the sense in which it is recorded that He met Moses in the tent of meeting, or Solomon in the hour of his devotion. Where then, we ask again, is this place of meeting to be found? First of all, it is the body of the Lord Jesus: in the communion of that body when it is broken in the Sacramental Bread, and together with the cleansing Blood taken and received by the faithful in the Lord's Supper, by those who are in perfect charity with all men, then and there do those communicants meet with God and God with them; they are cemented together as stones of that Temple, and as members of that Body dwell in Him and He in them. Again, inasmuch as Christ's human body was entered and dwelt in by Him, in order that He might meet us on our own ground by the manifestation of his sympathy with all human sorrow and infirmity and sin, there also may we meet Him wherever we shew our sympathy with the weakness and afflictions of our erring, destitute, or bereaved brethren. How shall we raise a brother who has fallen, who is lying as it were on the verge of the grave, mentally, spiritually, or physically downcast? Shall we attempt to raise him on the one hand by a mere gift of money, given because we have plenty of it, and in no true spirit of divine charity? That will not avail. Or, on the other hand, shall we try the effect of mere conventional words of so-called compassion, which are only the formulated utterances of cold lips? These also must fail to raise him. But what if we take him by the hand with the firm helpful grasp of true brotherly sympathy, so that the warmth of our heart shall be transmitted to his, and renew its feeble pulsations, and encourage him in the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, our common brother,—then he will stand up on his feet and once more walk, and leap and praise God. Ah, my brethren, here we have indeed the pattern shewed us upon the Mount—shewed us by Jesus on the Mount of Olives, when he wept over Jerusalem—by Jesus on Mount Calvary, when by His self-sacrifice He raised all mankind from death, and delivered them from the nethermost hell. And so the Body of the Lord is the Temple where we are to meet our God. And further, let us consider that we, too, are the Temples of the Holy Spirit of God. When St. Paul reminds the Corinthians of this, he adds, "wherefore glorify God in your body and in your spirit, which are God's." Taking this view, we observe that there is a threefold division of everyone's personal identity corresponding with that of the Tabernacle of Witness. Our body, soul, and spirit are respectively analogous to the outer court, the Holy Place, and the Holy of Holies; like them upon a graduated scale of exclusiveness. The body is our animal life, which we share in common with other animals; and the whole course of the existence of this is open to the sight of all men; that which the Apostle calls our soul is the immaterial and immortal part of ourselves, the powers which we have by nature, but which will survive the dissolution of the body; these powers are peculiar to mankind. Distinct from them again are the endowments of the Spirit, for as the same Apostle says, "the natural man," by which he means the man under dominion of the soul, "receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: but he that is spiritual judgeth all things." The powers that belong to the Spirit are a later and higher development than those of the soul, which he calls natural powers. They are called into life and power by regeneration; they were first manifested on the Day of Pentecost; they are the noblest part of man's nature, affections which are not limited to earth, but whose object is boundless. This highest state of religious life, then, we compare to the inner sanctuary of the Temple; all our fellow-men are familiar with the appearance and structure of our body—fewer with the extent and working of the powers of our soul—but the inmost shrine of our spirit is open only to ourselves and to God. It is there that each individual meets with God; in that recess he has stored up the tables of God's law for his guidance; there, in solitude and humiliation he confesses his sins and offers the incense of prayer before the Mercy Seat. Let us all see to it, my brethren, that we do all things according

to the pattern shewed us in the Mount! that we fashion our lives after the pattern of the life of Jesus Christ! love one another as brethren—be pitiful, be courteous: in a word, be unselfish. This is the secret of true brotherhood; of the union of all children of God. If anyone ask of us Freemasons, as some do, what is our secret? let this be our answer, and let it be a genuine answer that we can give without reservation. In that window, brethren, which to-day we present to this Church, is shown the pattern of our Lord's body crucified on the Mount of Calvary. We shall often see the sunlight from Heaven pass through that transparent medium and fall in glory upon the interior of this Temple and the worshippers. So may the light of God's presence shine in upon the inner sanctuary of all our spirits, coloured by the patterns of the lives and deaths of the Saviour and His Blessed Saints, and by the hope of our resurrection, and by the mystic symbols which represent to us eternal truths; that we may glorify God in our Body and in our Spirit, which are His Temple.

THE LONDON COMPANIES.

THE worshipful Company of Painter-Stainers gave a *conversazione* a short time back in their ancient hall, Little Trinity-lane, Queen Victoria-street. The company were received by the Master (Mr. John Gregory Crace), the Upper Warden (Mr. Wilfrid Nicholson), the Renter Warden (Mr. Ernest Zuccani), the Treasurers (Mr. E. J. Money and Mr. G. A. Poland), Mr. G. T. Horrell, Mr. D. G. Laing, and Mr. H. D. Pritchard, Clerk to the company. A short account of the company just written by the Master contains much curious information concerning the growth of the guild and the purposes it has served in the past. Their first charter, in which they were styled "Peyntours," was, according to Horace Walpole, granted in the sixth year of the reign of Edward IV., but they existed as a fraternity, it appears, as early as the time of Edward III. "They were called paynter-stayners," says Mr. Crace, "because a picture on canvas was formerly called a stained cloth, as one on panel was called a table, probably from the French *tableau*," and he quotes two items from the inventory of pictures of Henry VIII., "a table with the picture of the Lady Elizabeth her Grace," and "a stained cloth with the picture of Charles the Emperor." This derivation differs from that given by Mr. Timbs on the authority of Pennant, who says that they called themselves painter-stainers because their chief employment was the "staining or *painting* of glass, illuminating missals, or painting of portatif or other altars, and now and then a *portrait*." "About 1575," Strype says, "The Peyntours Company found that their trade began to decay, by reason of other persons that had not been apprentices to it, who undertook painting, whereby much slight work went off; as pictures of the Queen and noblemen and others, which showed fair to sight, and the people bought the same, being much deceived, for that such pictures, and works were not substantially wrought; a slander to the whole company of painters, and a great decay of workmanship in the said science; and also a great discouragement to divers forward young men very desirous to travel for knowledge in the same." Queen Elizabeth thereupon granted a charter of incorporation to the company in 1581. The minute-books which the company possesses commence with the year 1623, and a minute, under date March 10, 1673, shows that they exercised the powers they had obtained. It runs—"That the painter of Joseph and Pottifer's Wife and the Fowre Elements be fined £3 6s. 8d. for such bad work." Further on the Master gives some account of the charitable bequests of which the company are the faithful dispensers. Chief

among these benefactors of the unfortunate was a liveryman, Mr. John Stock, painter to His Majesty's dockyards, who by will, in 1781, left a sum amounting to over £60,000, of which the interest is distributed in pensions of £10 per annum, principally to aged blind persons and poor lame painters. Several ladies were also among the donors of benefactions. At a time when inquiry into the affairs of the City companies is again talked of Mr. Crace's concluding words will be read with attention. "The funds arising from these bequests," he states, "are distributed with the most careful consideration and under the control of the Charity Commissions to about 200 old and needy persons. The Painters' Company, though they thus receive and pay away large sums yearly, have very limited corporate funds. They are, however desirous of exercising to the best of their ability the influence of their guild for the advancement of the art they represent. They were the first of the City companies to open an exhibition of works of decorative art. They propose from time to time to give lectures suitable for the technical education of young men in industrial art, and they are endeavouring to open an intercourse with the working men, which they trust may be attended with useful results. Having so venerable a history and such honourable associations, performing its charitable trusts so scrupulously, and retaing so much modern vitality, this company may fairly appeal to all good citizens to join in the wish expressed in their timehonoured toast 'May the Painter-Stainers' Company flourish root and branch for ever.'"

THE END OF THE PLAY.

AND is the farce of life nigh over?
The laughter and the dancing done?
Have we now run the game to cover?
Well—we've had our fun.

Is now the "banquet-hall deserted?"
And is the crystal goblet dry?
Have merry nights and songs departed?
Well—we've made them fly.

And is the good ship anchored lying?
The broad, deep sea all dark and grim?
While overhead the storm-clouds flying?
Well—we've had our swim.

Is all the garden grandeur vanished?
Does heavy snow lie like a pall?
The roses gone, the songsters banished?
Well—we've culled them all.

Why should we mourn, the curtain falling
Shuts out the light of busy day?
Ring up!—we hear the prompter calling
"New actors to the play."

Life's but a shifty scene we're playing,
A pageant on the world's wide stage!
Our part is done—there, no delaying!
Write "Finis" on the page.

Anon!

THE STORY OF ARDEN OF FAVERSHAM.

BY THOMAS B. TROWSDALE,

Author of "Glimpses of Olden Kent," "Lore of the Months," &c.

ABOUT the middle of the sixteenth century a terrible tragedy in private life was enacted at the quiet old town of Faversham, in Kent, the memory of which is preserved by a popular play grounded upon the event.

In the year 1539, "bluff King Hal," having ordered the principal part of the monastic buildings at Faversham to be razed to the ground, granted the site of the Abbey, with some adjoining lands, to Sir Thomas Cheyney, who alienated them five years afterwards to Mr. Thomas Arden, or Ardern, a gentleman of Faversham. It was this Arden whose atrocious murder in the year 1550 has become lastingly impressed upon the history of the town.

Holinshed, in his "Chronicle," furnishes particulars of the tragic event, and we cannot do better than follow the old chronicler's account. Arden's wife, "Mistress Alice, young, tall, and well favoured of shape and countenance," formed an improper connection with one Mosbye, a "black, swart man." Mosbye had been servant to Sir Edward North, Alice's father-in-law, and subsequently settled as a tailor in London. The infatuated wife, lost to all sense of honour and duty, conspired with her paramour to put an end to her husband's existence in order that she might marry the profligate "black, swart man." They employed, as their confederates, one John Green, a Faversham tailor; George Bradshaw, a goldsmith of the same town; and one "Black Will, of Calyce [Calais], a murderer, which murderer was privily sent for from Calyce by the earnest suite, appoyntment and confederacye of Alice Arden and Thomas Mosbye." The conspirators watched Master Arden "walking in Poule's" (St. Paul's Cathedral, the nave of which was a public promenade in those days), but could not find an opportunity to murder him. They then lay in wait for him on Rainham Down, and a second time in Broomy Close (both in the vicinity of Faversham); but on all these occasions were frustrated by accidental circumstances from accomplishing their purpose. The wicked wife then laid a plot for murdering her husband in his own house. She procured the services of Mosbye's sister, Cicely Pounder, and of two of Arden's domestic servants, Michael Sanderson and Elizabeth Stafford. On a particular day, according to a preconcerted plan, Black Will secreted himself in a closet at the end of Arden's parlour. After supper Arden sat down to play some kind of game with Mosbye, which it had been arranged the latter should invite him to engage in. Green stood at Arden's back, holding a candle in his hand "to shaddowe Black Will when he should come out," and the other conspirators had their cue. At a given signal in the game "Black Will came with a napkyn in his hand, and sodenlye came behind Arden's back, threw the said napkyn over his hedd and face and strangled him; and forthwith Mosbye stept to him and strake him with a taylor's great pressing-iron upon the skull to the braine, and immediately drew out his dagger, which was great and broad, and therewith cut the said Arden's throat." It is added, that "Mistress Arden herself, with a knife, gave him seven or eight pricks into the breast." When Black Will had helped to drag the dead body into the closet he went to Cicely Pounder's house, received eight pounds for his nefarious services, and left Faversham. Cicely then proceeded to Arden's habitation and assisted in bearing the corpse out into a meadow called the

Almery Croft, behind the house, "where they laid him on his back in his night-gown, with his slippers on." We are told by the chronicler that the doubly-wicked Alice and her companions "danced and played on the virginals and were merrie." It would appear to have been their intention to make the townspeople aware of an entertainment, with music and dancing, having been given by Arden to his friends on the fatal evening, and to induce them to believe, from the dead body being arranged in night-clothes, that the unfortunate man had been murdered by some one in the night. On the following morning Mistress Alice seems to have alarmed the town with an announcement of her husband's absence from the house, and her fears of his safety. A search was instituted by the friendly inhabitants of the town, and the corpse was found in the croft.

In a manuscript "History of a moste horrible Murder comytted at Fevershame, in Kente," preserved amongst the Harleian collection at the British Museum, we are informed how a circumstance, trifling in itself, at once destroyed the supposition that Arden had been murdered on the spot where his body was discovered, and also served to establish the guilt of the wretched persons who had committed the crime The affair is, in quaint phraseology, described in detail, the narrative being substantially the same as that furnished by Holinshed. The assassins having strangled and stabbed Master Arden, then, we are told, "toke a clowt and wyped where it was blowdy, and strewyd agayne ye rushes that were shuffled wth strugglinge." These rushes led to the detection and conviction of the murderers. The Mayor of Faversham and some of the townsmen discovered the body in the field where it had been thrown; and "then they lokynge about hym, found some rushes of ye parlour stickynge in his slippars," whence they concluded that he had been slain in a house, and not where the body was found. Here we have a glimpse of the old English custom of strewing the floors of dwelling houses with rushes. Rushes for a long time supplied the place of the modern carpet, in the living and sleeping apartments of rich and poor alike; and were also much used for covering the floors of churches.

But to return to Holinshed's account. Suspicion being aroused, Arden's house was searched, and it was soon patent that the unfortunate man had been murdered in his own parlour. Very likely Alice's conduct as a wife had already attracted public attention, for she was at once charged with the murder. Her courage gave way, and she cried out:—"Oh, the bloud of God help! for this bloud have I shed." One by one, as evidence was obtained against them, the guilty confederates suffered the punishments due to their crimes. Mistress Alice was burned at Canterbury; Mosbye was taken in bed, and was afterwards hung at Smithfield; Green was executed at Faversham; Black Will escaped for many years, but was at length captured, "and brent on the scaffolde at Flushing"; Bradshaw was hanged in chains at Canterbury; Cicely Pounder was hanged at Smithfield; Saunderson was drawn and hanged at Faversham; and Elizabeth Stafford was burned at the same place. It was, in truth, a time when hanging and burning, drawing and quartering, were fearfully rife as punishments for criminals.

Long after the sacrifice of poor Arden to the wicked passions of his wife, it was held by the people of Faversham that the grass would not grow on the spot where the body of the murdered man was laid. Holinshed notices this circumstance as follows:—"This one thing seemeth very strange and notable touching Master Arden, that in the place where he was layd, being dead, all the proportion of his body might be seen two yeares after and more, so plaine as could be, for the grasse did not growe where his body had touched; but betweene his legges, betweene his armes, and about the hollowness of his necke, and round about his body; and where his legges, armes, head, or any part of his body had touched, no grasse growed at all of all that time." Some, in accordance with the prevalent superstition of the time, attributed

this to the murder, while others declared that "the field he [Arden] hadde cruelly taken from a widow woman who had curst him most bitterly, even to his face, wishing that all the world might wonder on him."

A tragedy, in which the principal incidents of the murder are portrayed, was printed in 1592, under the title of "Arden of Feversham." Copies of this tragedy, which was at first attributed to the pen of Shakespeare, are now extremely rare; one may be seen, however, amongst the Dyce collection at South Kensington. In later times, George Lillo, an eminent playwright, again took up the subject, but he leaving it imperfect, the drama was completed by Dr. John Hoadly, and first performed on the boards of Old Drury on July 12th, 1759. The play still retains its hold on popular favour.

The incidents of the drama are a clever reproduction of the real facts of the case, with the exception that Arden's wife is made to repent her share in the transaction before the dark deed is brought to its consummation. A second villain, by name Shakebag, is also introduced as Black Will's accomplice in the murder. In the first scene of the fifth act of the tragedy the murder is made to take place. Arden returns home at night, intending to take part in a pleasant evening with some invited friends. Mosby, whom he has before suspected of improper relationship with his wife, has in a wily manner re-established himself in his favour. Arden's confidence in his wife's faith is also restored. He enters his house on the evening upon which his enemies have doomed him to death, and finds his wife in great sorrow in view of the murder she is aware has been plotted, and which, though repentant, she is now powerless to frustrate. Arden remonstrates with his wife :—

> I meant to dedicate this happy night
> To mirth and joy, and thy returning love. [*She sighs.*]
> Make me not sad, Alicia. For my sake
> Let discontent be banish'd from your brow;
> And welcome Arden's friends with laughing eyes.
> Among the first let Mosby be enroll'd—
>
> ALICIA. The villain!
>
> ARDEN. Nay, I am too well convinc'd
> Of Mosby's friendship and Alicia's love
> Ever to wrong them more by weak suspicions.

Alicia is unable to arouse her husband's suspicions against the villain Mosby, and shortly afterwards Mosby and Arden sit down to play a game at draughts. Mosby and his confederates have arranged that upon his making use of the words "Now I take you" in the game, they shall overpower and murder Arden. At the given signal, when the poor deluded man is enjoying the play with his unsuspected enemy, Black Will rushes out of his hiding place and throws a scarf over the head of Arden, intending to strangle him; and after a struggle he is overpowered and thrown to the ground covered with wounds. Before he dies he expostulates with his murderers for the unmerited treatment he has received at their hands. Concluding, he says :—

> You now are your own judges;
> But we shall meet again where *right* and *truth*—
> Who—— who are these? But I forgive you all.
> Thy hand, Alicia——
>
> ALICIA. ——I'll not give it thee.
>
> ARDEN. O wretched woman! have they killed thee too?
> A deadly paleness, agony, and horror
> On thy sad visage sit. My soul hangs on thee,
> And tho' departing—*just* departing—loves thee:
> Is loath to leave, unreconcil'd to thee,
> This useless, mangled tenement of clay.
> Dismiss her pleas'd, and say thou'rt innocent.
>
> ALICIA. All hell contains not such a guilty wretch.

ARDEN. Then welcome death! tho' in the shape of murder.
How have I doated to idolatry!
Vain, foolish wretch, and thoughtless of hereafter,
Nor hoped, nor wished a heaven beyond her love—
Now, unprepar'd, I perish by her hate.

ALICIA. Tho' blacker and more guilty than the fiends,
My soul is white from this accursed deed.
O Arden! hear me——

ARDEN. Full of doubts I come,
O thou Supreme, to seek thy awful presence!
My soul is on the wing. I own Thy justice.
Present me with Thy mercy. [*Dies.*]

At the death of her husband Alicia breaks out into a frenzy of grief, and is forced from the scene by the murderers.

So much for the dramatised version of the story. The short quotations we have given are sufficient to show the play is not without merit, and far from being altogether historically inaccurate. It is believed that an old house now standing at Faversham, near the abbey gateway, is that in which the terrible crime was committed; and a low arched door, near the corner of the abbey wall, is pointed out as that through which the murdered Arden was carried out to the croft.

MASONIC AND GENERAL ARCHÆOLOGIA.

ANTIQUITIES OF SMITHFIELD.—At a recent meeting of the London and Middlesex Archæological Society, at 4, St. Martin's Lane, Trafalgar Square, Mr. Coote occupying the chair, a paper was read by Bro. G. Lambert, F.S.A., on "Smithfield." The lecturer remarked that King Alfred had always been accepted as the institutor of fairs and markets. In his reign England was divided and subdivided into counties and tithings; these tithings in the course of time became corporations possessed of certain powers of jurisdiction, and held courts of enquiry in cases of minor differences. The weightier disputes were referred to a higher court, held on what was termed a "law-day." This court was counted the King's Court, because the authority to hold it was originally derived from the Crown. The various corporations held the sittings of their courts in their respective tithings or boroughs about once a week, and homely people assembling to have their matters adjudicated upon brought their garden produce, their corn, and their beasts for sale. Hence the commencement of a market held weekly, and to the present time market-day in every town in England was the busiest day in the week. The name of him to whom Smithfield belonged at this period was lost in the fog of antiquity. It was a large open piece of land containing a pool of water, and was somewhat wet and boggy on the north side. It was here that Rayhere erected his priory at about 1102 or thereabouts, and having the whole place cleansed and smoothed it became known as Smoothfield, or Smithfield. Fitz-Stephen, in his description of the City of London, says: "There is also without one of the City gates, and in the very suburb, a certain Plain-field—such both in reality and in name." This was the earliest description of the place extant excepting that contained in the Doomsday Book. Markets existed in this locality from the earliest times, where were sold "vendables for the peasant, implements for husbandry, swine with their deep flanks, cows, etc." The speaker, referring to the insurrection of Wat Tyler, mentioned that William of Walworth, Mayor of

London, a currier by trade, and prime warden of the Fishmonger's Company, struck Wat with his dagger. It had been alleged by some that this was the great reason for the City arms bearing a dagger in the first quarter of its shield to this day. This had, however, since been shown to be incorrect, although it was said that the very dagger in question was still in possession of the Fishmongers' Company. The incident was corroborated in an ancient document, which said

> Walworth, Knight, Lord Mayor that slew
> Rebellious Tyler in his alarms—
> The King therefore did give in view
> A dagger for the City arms.

Mr. Lambert, proceeding, stated that tournaments were held at Smithfield in the middle ages, and it was also known to be a place for hanging criminals. On the eastern side of Smithfield, Rayhere had erected the hospital of St. Bartholomew, in 1102, the founder being buried in the churchyard of the church of St. Bartholomew in close proximity. Rayhere was known to have haunted the houses of the nobility, and when on a visit to Rome experienced a so-called vision. He believed that St. Bartholomew appeared to him and told him that he had chosen a place for him in London called Smithfield, where, in the name of the saint, he was to build a church "to the honour of the Holy Trinity." Rayhere was the first prior of the church in 1102. The cloth-fair was also conducted in this locality with an amount of pomp as well as with an amount of uproarious and disgraceful conduct. Mr. White, F.S.A., while thanking Mr. Lambert for his paper, desired to correct a palpable error with respect to the wet and swampy character of the soil of Smithfield. It was very well known that in this locality there was plenty of good gravel, and it was only where the loam had been removed for brick-making purposes that the water on the surface made it appear boggy. It was a mistake to imagine that this district was naturally difficult to efficiently drain. Mr. Lambert replied that he had referred to the northern side only. Lieut.-Col. Britten desired to know the last occasion when the "Court of Pie-Powder" for heaving offences, before the dust had left the feet of the plaintiffs and defendants, had been held. He informed the meeting that recently, by the action of Mr. Alderman Stone, a coloured window representing Rayhere's vision had been placed in the Guildhall. Mr. Lambert said he believed that the fair or market was held as late as the year 1844, and probably the Court disappeared with the fair itself. In reply to the Chairman, a member remarked that the place where the burning of martyrs took place might be easily remembered by the fact that it was opposite the Clothfair Gate, where the post-office pillar box was now erected. A vote of thanks to Mr. Lambert for his paper terminated the proceedings.

We take the three following extracts from our able and interesting contemporary the *Antiquary* :—

"The Imitatio Christi."—It may perhaps interest some of your readers who have followed Mr. Waterton's excellent contribution to the bibliography of "The Imitation" to be reminded that a collection was made of various editions of "that divine book," and deposited in the library of the Franciscan Monastery of St. Michele, in Isola, at Venice. Where it may be at this time, and how cared for, I know not, and shall be glad if it is yet kept together. Its history is this. In 1840 John Anthony Moschini, a canon of St. Mark's, bequeathed to the friars of St. Michael his collection of "The Imitation," which he had begun to form a few years before, with directions for its completion. Its after-history, for twenty years, was not altogether very satisfactory, and need not be entered upon; but the collection remained at least intact. Rich in Italian and Continental editions, it possessed one in English. The dates extended from 1483 to 1840. These gave as the name

of the author—one, as St. Bernard; sixteen, as Gersen; twenty-two, as Gerson; fifty-six gave no name, and two hundred and six gave that of Kempis. The consensus of the collection may therefore be cited as something for the acceptance of authorship.—B. L. LEWIS.

"EIKON BASILIKE."—As Mr. Scott, in his interesting preface to Mr. Stock's reprint of this memorable book of King Charles, suggests a "collation" of all "copies" and "reprints," I beg to send you some notes on a copy of 1649 in my possession. This is a small pocket edition, evidently read and interlined by a contemporary royalist—"Reprinted for John Williams, 1649." It has a crown with a large "Alpha" underneath, an epitaph by J.H., and an "Omega" after "Vota dabunt," etc. It contains as an "inset" His Majesty's reasons against the pretended jurisdiction of the High Court of Justice, a true relation of the King's speech to Lady Elizabeth and the Duke of Gloucester; two other relations of the Lady Elizabeth, and a letter from the Prince of Wales to the King, dated "The Hague, January, 23, 1648."—A.F.A.WOODFORD.

SPINDLE WHORLS.—During a recent visit to the site of Sankissa in the Tutehgurh district of North-Western India, a well-known Buddhist city, described by General Cunningham and others, I obtained a number of clay dies, many of which bear an extraordinary resemblance both in shape and ornamentation to the so-called "Spindle Whorls" described in Schliemann's "Troy," and by Gastaldi in his "Prehistoric Remains of Italy." I have seen it mentioned that similar "Spindle Whorls" have been found in some parts of Great Britain. Will you or any of your readers kindly indicate to me the works in which I can find descriptions of this class of remains?—H. RIVETT-CARNAC, F.S.A.

The following prayers are taken from the Rawlinson MS. (Bodleian Library):—

A PRAYER, SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN USED AT THE INTRODUCTION OF A NEW MEMBER INTO THE SOCIETY OF FREEMASONS—FOUND AMONG THE PAPERS OF A BROTHER, DECEASED.—O Most Glorious God, who art the chief Architect of the Universe, grant unto us Thy servants, who have already entered ourselves into this most noble and antient fraternity, that we may be solid and thoughtful, and always have a remembrance of those sacred things we have taken upon us, and endeavour to instruct and inform each other in secrecy, that nothing may be unlawfully or illegally obtained, and that this Thy servant, who is now going to be a Mason, may be a worthy member; grant, O God, that he and all of us may live as men considering the great end for which we were created; and do Thou give us wisdom to contrive and guide us in all our doings, strength to support in all difficulties, and beauty to adorn those heavenly mansions where Thine honour dwells; grant, O Lord, that we may agree together in brotherly love and charity towards one another, and in all our dealings do justice to all men; love mercy and walk humbly with Thee our God, so that at last we may be made members of an heavenly Jerusalem. Now unto the King eternal, immortal invisible, the only wise God, be rendered and ascribed all honour, glory, might, majesty, and dominion, thanksgiving and praise, world without end. Amen.

O, most glorious Architect of the Universe, whom we adore in all thy wonderful works of creation, grant unto us Thy servants already admitted into this most noble and antient fraternity, that we behave ourselves in such a manner, and always so faithfully preserve in our memories those sacred engagements we have laid ourselves under, and endeavour to instruct each other in so secret a manner that nothing may be unlawfully discovered; and grant, that this Thy servant who is now becoming a member of our society may be truly worthy of it. Grant, O Almighty Architect, that he and all of us may lead lives like persons considering the sole end for which we were all created,

and inspire into us wisdom to contrive to Thy glory and our own benefit, to guide us in all our actions, give us strength to support us under all difficulties, and bestow on us all those beautiful virtues which are the peculiar ornaments of the members of those Thy heavenly mansions, where Thine honour dwells. Grant, O Thou that art the sole cause and spring of harmony, peace, and order, that we may be cemented together as brethren, and exercise a mutual charity and benevolence towards each other; in all our dealing to do justice to all; to love mercy, and thus walk humbly with Thee our God, the original of all things, that at last we may become members of that heavenly Jerusalem, which is Thy work alone, built without hands. Now to the Almighty, Eternal, Immortal, and Invisible Architect, the only wise God, be ascribed all honour, glory, might, majesty, and dominion from this time forth for evermore. Amen.

An Archæological Discovery.—A curious discovery of an ancient refuse pit has recently been made at Corton, near Calne, in Wiltshire, by workmen who were employed in making a deep drain. At some four feet below the surface the men came upon four or five "sarsen" stones, the three largest measuring, roughly, 3ft. by 2ft. Below was a great quantity of "rag" stones, much decayed, and partially turned into lime, as if by the action of fire. These, apparently, had formed the sides of a vault, of which the "sarsens" were the cover; but the whole had fallen in. Among these stones were many bones of the horse and ox, and a few fragments of pottery. At the depth of 8ft. there was a layer of chalk, and below that again were several feet of rich, black, strong-smelling mould, mingled with vegetable ashes, in which were found several blade-bones and two skulls of the ox, and also bones of red deer, horses, etc. There were also portions of three or four jars of fine red ware, with round mouths and one handle; these have been recognised as Romano-British. A good "thumb-flint," for striking sparks, was also discovered among the earth thrown out of the drain. The original pit appeared to have been about 5ft. in diameter, and sunk to a depth of 12ft. in the green-sand iron-mould. The chalk would come from the downs close at hand; but it is stated that the coral rag stones are not found within a mile of the spot. The objects discovered are in the possession of the Vicar of Hilmarton.

An Augustan Epigram.—The Geneva correspondent of a contemporary writes as follows:—"According to the *Bund*, Professor Dr. Hagen, of Berne, has discovered in a Bernese manuscript of the 10th century a hitherto unknown epigram of the Emperor Augustus. The greater part of the epigram is written in Tironian notes (ancient stenographic characters), and, according to the Professor's rendering, runs as follows:—

Octaviani Augusti.

Convivæ! Tetricas hodie secludite Curas!
Ne maculent niveum nubila corda diem!
Omnia sollicitæ pellantur murmura mentis,
Ut vacet indomitum pectus amicitiæ.
Non semper gaudere licet: fugit hora! Jocemur!
Difficile est Fatis subripuisse diem.

A collection of epigrams by Augustus is mentioned in his biography by Suetonius, cap. 85, and by Martial, Epigr. XI., n. 21, of which it is supposed the one in question may have formed a part."

TRURO:

20TH MAY, 1880.

BY BRO. JOHN ARTHUR ELLIOTT (1777).

"*The Builders laid the foundation of the Temple of the Lord.*"

WITH slow and measured pace
The cortège passed
Down the long lane by human faces flanked;
On either side th' enthusiastic crowd
Cheered to the echo: for the Duke was ranked—
He, our Grand Master, of whom we are so proud—
Where brethren, massed,
Bore the three Lights with full Masonic grace.

The sun shed forth his rays
O'er all the scene,
The greater light thus adding to our joy;
While down the long triumphal-archèd street
Rang shouts of welcome that bore no alloy,—
True Cornish voices, ring out to greet
Their future Queen;
Hailing the fairest Princess of our days.

From North, East, South, and West
The brethren came,
Arrayed in festive garb, with jewels bright:
Craftsmen prepared to raise a temple grand,
A fane devoted to the Lord of Light,
Fashioned with hearts but built by human hand,—
A noble frame,—
A gem to set in ancient Truro's crest.

In full Masonic state
The stone was laid,—
The Corner Stone—for ever to stand square
'Gainst all the winds that blow; a monument
Of England's faith—of England's pious care
And gratitude for all the blessings sent
With Heaven's aid,—
The means whereby she has become so great.

And may Old England still
The Faith defend,
And all her peoples in sweet concord join;
May love—fraternal love—the nations bind,
And Masonry ne'er lose the vantage coign
From whence it flourishes,—for there we find
E'en foes unbend,
And all accept God's great and Sovereign will.

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

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WHAT WAS THE HERMETIC SOCIETY OF 1721?

BY THE EDITOR.

A GOOD deal of discussion has lately taken place respecting Masonic Hermeticism, and I have therefore thought it well to call the attention of the readers of this magazine to that curious preface to "Long Livers," on which the existence of an Hermetic Grade in 1721 is clearly asserted. The general theory is that hermetic Masonry is to be attributed to Ramsay; but that fact is now rendered more than doubtful. Ramsay undoubtedly was the originator of the chivalric theory, and perhaps of the high grades with a Stewart leaning; but hermetic Masonry generally seems rather the "outcome" of Matrinism. What Ramsay's real connection with French Masonry was seems, owing to Bro. Daruty's recent "Recherches Historiques," still more difficult to say. He seems—we agree with Bro. Daruty on the evidence he has been the first of any Masonic writer to adduce—to have left Masonry probably about 1737. The famous address of 1740, on which so much has turned, seems to have been delivered really in 1737. But then how are we to deal with the "fact," first, I think, publicly made use of by Bro. Mackey, as to the evidence of "Long Livers."

"Long Livers" is a work published in London in 1722, by J. Holland, Bible and Ball, in St. Paul's Church-yard, and L. Stokoe at Charing Cross. The preface, which only concerns us, was published in extenso in the October number of the *Masonic Magazine* for 1876. It is written by an anonymous writer, with the pseudonym of Eugenius Philalethes, F.R.S.—perhaps some Masonic student can identify him—and is dedicated "most humbly" to "the Grand Master, Masters, Wardens, and Brethren of the Most Antient and Most Honourable fraternity of the Freemasons of Great Britain and Ireland."

Such a dedication would primâ facie appear to be offered to English and Irish Craft Masonry; but when we read his words we see at once that he also alludes to a superior organization of some kind, a higher body, a supreme degree, more exalted mysteries. I may observe here that from the beginning he assumes that Freemasonry and early christianity are convertible terms, and seems to liken the secret ceremonial and system of Freemasonry to the "disciplina arcani" of the first Christians. But as I do not wish to lengthen my "extracts" too much, I will only now transcribe those which contain the

averment I have mentioned above of a hermetic or supreme degree. It is but fair also to mention that the whole of the preface is built upon the foundation of pure christian Masonry, and christian Masonry alone, and is, in fact, the original probably of Hutchinson's later mystical views. But now I find these words, explain them as we may :—

And now, my Brethren, you of the higher Class permit me a few Words, since you are but few! and these words I shall speak to you in Riddles, because to you it is given to know those Mysteries which are hidden from the Unworthy.

Have you not seen then, my dearest Brethren, that stupendous Bath filled with most limpid Water, than which no Pure can be purer, of such admirable Mechanism that makes even the greatest Philosopher gaze with Wonder and Astonishment, and is the Subject of the eternal Contemplation of the wisest Men. Its Form is a Quadrate sublimely placed on six others, blazing all with celestial Jewels, each angularly supported with four Lions. Here repose our mighty King and Queen (I speak foolishly, I am not worthy to be of you) the King shining in his glorious Apparel of transparent incorruptable Gold, beset with living sapphires; he is fair and ruddy, and feeds amongst the Lillies; his Eyes two Carbuncles the most brilliant, darting prolific, never-dying Fires: and his large flowing Hair, blacker than the deepest black, or Plumage of the long-lived Crow; his Royal Comfort vested in Tissue of immortal Silver, watered with Emeralds, Pearl, and Coral. O mystical Union! O admirable Commerce!

Cast now your Eyes to the Basis of this celestial Structure, and you will discover just before it a large Bason of Porphyrian Marble, receiving from the Mouth of a large Lion's Head, to which two Bodies displayed on each side of it are conjoined a greenish Fountain of liquid Jasper. Ponder this well, and consider. Haunt no more the Woods and Forests; (I speak as a Fool) hunt no more the fleet Hart; let the flying Eagle fly unobserved; busy yourselves *no longer with the dancing Idiot, swollen Toads, and his own Tail-devouring* Dragon; leave these as Elements to your *Tyrones*.

The Object of your Wishes and Desires (some of you perhaps have obtained it, I speak as a Fool) is that admirable thing which hath a Substance neither too fiery, nor altogether earthy, nor simply watery; neither a Quality the most acute, or most obtuse, but of a Middle Nature, and light to the Touch, and in some manner soft, at least not hard; not having Asperity, but even in some sort sweet to the Taste, odorous to the Smell, grateful to the Sight, agreeable and delectable to the Hearing, and pleasant to the Thought; in short, that One only Thing besides which there is no other, and yet everywhere possible to be found, the blessed and most sacred Subject of the Square of wise Men, that is ———— I had almost blabbed it out, and been sacrilegiously purjured. I shall therefore speak of it with a Circumlocution yet more dark and obscure, that none but the Sons of Science, and those who are illuminated with the sublimest Mysteries and profoundest Secrets of MASONRY may understand —— ———— It is then, what brings you, my dearest Brethren, to that pellucid, diaphanous Palace of the true disinterested Lovers of Wisdom, that transparent Pyramid of purple Salt more sparkling and radiant than the finest orient Ruby, in the centre of which reposes inaccessible Light epitomiz'd, that incorruptible celestial Fire, blazing like burning Crystal, and brighter than the Sun in his full Meridian Glories, which is that immortal, eternal, never-dying PYROPUS, the King of Gemms, whence proceeds everything that is great and wise and happy.

These Things are deeply hidden from common View, and covered with Pavilions of thickest Darkness, that what is sacred may not be given to Dogs, or your Pearls cast before Swine, lest they trample them under Feet, and turn again and rent you.

However, this will by no means hinder you from doing good where there are worthy Objects, and you know the Day is now far gone, and the Night approaches when no Man can work: *Wherefore,*

O my most beloved and for-ever-blessed Brethren, hear me, hear the voice of your Brother.

We have promised great Things.
Greater Things are promised to us.
Let us keep these.
Let us sigh after those.
Small is our Suffering.
The Glory infinite.
Many are called,
Few chosen.
There is a just reward for all.
Brethren, while we have Time, let us do good Works.

Finally, Brethren, (I speak now to you in holy Brother St. *Paul's* Words) farewell, be perfect, be of good Comfort, be of one Mind, live in Peace; and the God of Love and Peace shall be with you.

And now to our great Master in Heaven, to Him who is the faithful Witness, and the first-begotten of the dead, and the Prince of the Kings of the Earth; unto him that loved us and washed us from our sins in his own Blood, and hath made us Kings and Priests unto God and his Father, to him be glory and Dominion for ever and ever. Amen.

EUGENIUS PHILALETHES, Jun., F.R.S.

March 1st, 1721.

This would seem to be simple "Hermeticism," the old transcendentalism of the Alchemists, of which many similar examples might be given. And then the fact remains, and has to be considered, that there was an "hermetic grade" of some kind in 1721. What was it? After much consideration, I have had, with others, to reject the idea that we have in these words allusions to the Royal Arch Grade. It is quite clear that, to use a common expression, the words won't "carry" that. Therefore, we are reduced, it appears to me, to the conclusion that an Hermetic, Alchemical, Rosicrucian grade of some sort was in existence in 1721, and in some way or other added on to Craft Masonry; and admittedly so.

Many of the foreign writers, Daruty particularly, talk of high grade theories as contemporaneous with 1717, or a year or two later; but I never could understand what they meant, until it occurred to me that we may perhaps, have the explanation of it in the existence of an hermetic grade in 1721. The curious fact connected with it is that, if it existed, it must have died out, as, until the creation of a "Chapter of Heredom" in London, which never took great proportions, but of which evidence exists about 1770, I know of no earlier evidence of high grade organization in the metropolis. Of course an Hermetic Society or Rosicrucian body may have existed, but, as I just now said, I am not aware of any authentic evidence on the fact, Still the fact of the assertion of the writer of "Long Livers" is before us, and if we can get any confirmatory evidence of it, we shall have to allow to hermetic Masonry an earlier origin than is usua lly ascribed to it.

I hope that this little paper may lead to others on the subject, as some of my literary Masonic friends will see it is a very important question and striking point which we must deal with in the correct history of Freemasonry.

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.

(Concluded from page 12).

ARCHITECTS.

THERE is something very striking to me in the social distinction in which the Masonic Craft was held in Egypt. Burgsch, in his history of the Pharaohs (vol. i., p. 47), says that the architects of the Pharaohs (the mur-ket) were often the kings' sons and grandsons, and often the kings gave them his daughters for wives. In the following page he gives a list of those of the first dynasty; three appear to have married daughters or descendants of the blood

royal. One is stated as a man of low extraction, but married to the lady Nofer-hotep, from the house of the king; one was a king's son, and of three no details are given. These lived more than 4000 years B.C.

The priestly caste was more inclusive of learning and art in those, than in modern, times. When the highest God-patah (the father of their other Gods) was hailed by his title as Holy Architect of the Universe, and the high priest under the kings was called the Foreman, it must be admitted that the art and architecture of the stonemasons was in the closest and most natural relation to the religion of the country. In the fourth dynasty, a king, Seruchis, is said to have invented notable improvements in constructing edifices of carved stone, and some also in painting the hieroglyphic writings.

It is not singular that we find the names of the architects who were the masters of the particular works inscribed thereon, and preserved, for these highly educated master masons held no grovelling position in the state. They were eligible to the highest civil and priestly offices, and frequently one more distinguished for practical abilities was entrusted with such. Nor is this a fanciful conception. Such persons holding double offices have inscribed their pride in their practical skill at the handicraft they possessed.

Mentu-hotep, the chief architect of Usurtasen I., the inscription on his tombstone, now at Boluogne, is thus described by Brugsch (I., p. 140). "He prides himself on having been 'a man learned in the law, a legislator,' one who apportioned the duties and ordered the works in the District, who kept order in the whole land, who carried out all behests of the king, who, as judge, decided and restored his property to the owner" (see p. 19). "As chief architect of the king, he promoted the worship of the Gods and instructed the inhabitants of the country according to the best of his knowledge, as God orders to be done. He protected the poor, and freed him who was in want of freedom. Peace was in the words which came from his mouth, and the book of the wise *Thot* was on his tongue. *Very skilled* in artistic work, *with his own hand* he carried out his designs as they ought to be carried out. He knew the hidden thoughts of men, and he appreciated a man according to his value," etc., etc.

He also was governor of the town of Aut, and the land of Tesher. His panegyric finished by some remarks about a Temple of Osiris: "I, it was, who arranged the work for the building of the Temple, and sunk the well according to the order of the holiness of the royal lord." Righteous and generous were the speculative duties of his office of architect. Proud of his craft was this Grand Master; and no other official rank of his was so high or so noble that in his mind it obscured the skill of his own hands, or the fertility and grace of his powers of artistic masonic design.

The Craft, now four thousand years after you have laid down the chisel and the mallet, dropped the crayon and the line, and put off your regalia, oh Mentu-hotep, will hail you as a fellow, and not forget you when they drink to the health of the living masons throughout the world and the memory of the dead.

Brugsch (I., p. 180), says the artist was the most honoured man in the Empire, and stood close to Pharaoh, who poured his favours in a full stream on the man "of enlightened spirit and skilful hand."

The old master Martisen, who lived forty-four centuries ago, calls himself "a master among those who understand art, and a plastic artist," who "was a wise artist in his art." He relates in succession his knowledge in the making of "statues, in every position according to prescribed use and measure;" also he describes as his particular invention an etching with colours that resist fire and water; and states "no man has arisen who is able to do this except himself alone and the eldest son of his race, whom God's will has created. He has arisen able to do this, and the exercise of his hand has been admired in masterly works in all sorts of precious stones, from gold and silver to ivory and ebony." His son was named Usurtasen. These two masters opened the age of the highest development of art under the kings of the twelfth dynasty.

Bek, an architect at the Red Mountain in the time of Amen-hotep IV., described as son of "the overseers of the sculptors from life men, and of the lady Ri-n-an," described himself, "overseer of the works at the Red Mountain, and artist and *teacher of the king himself*, an overseer of the sculptors from life at the grand monuments of the king for the Temple of the Sun's disc in the town of Kuaten" (I. Brugsch, 444).

Bek's tombstone was sold at auction a few years since in Cairo to Mr. Vassali. In another context I shall refer to its inscriptions.

Semnut was architect in Queen Hashop's reign. He was "chief steward of the house" and "clerk of all the works," "first of the first." He was of skilful hand, but as his monument says, "without the fame of proud ancestors," or, as we would say, a self-made man.

Amen-men-haut in the forty-seventh year of the reign of Thutmes III. was the master builder of the Temple of the Sun at Heliopolis. He is styled "Hereditary lord and first governor of Memphis, the architect in the town of the sun, the chief superintendent of all the offices in Upper and Lower Egypt, the head architect of the king, the steward of the king's palace."

Bekenkhonsu was chief in the time of Rameses Miamun. He also was "the hereditary lord and first prophet of Amon." He says "I was a great architect in the town of Amon, my heart being filled with good works for my lord." Again, "the skilled in art, the first prophet of Amon, Bekenkhonsu, he speaks thus: I performed the best I could for the Temple of Amon as Architect of my Lord," etc., etc.

He put obelisks at the gate of the Temple. He was the president of the prophets, and his priesthood had lasted over fifty years of his life.

Levi or Lui, was chief architect to Mineptah II., High Priest of Amon, and also treasurer, and his son Roma succeeded him.

After the Persian conquest of Egypt, the same consideration was paid to the architects, and in the time of Darius I. (490 B.C.), an Egyptian, Krum-al-rá, was "Architect of Upper and Lower Egypt." He furnishes, in an inscription published by Brugsch (p. 299), a pedigree of twenty-four generations of his ancestors who had been architects, and many of whom also had filled other offices of importance.

These brief references show the distinction accorded to the Craft through many thousands of years in the old time, and provoke the reflection that the further we go back into the records of the Craft the more brilliant its social position appears.

I have already shown the kings of Egypt assisting at laying corner stones with mystic and religious rites—the inscriptions collated by Brugsch show that architecture was a valued branch of the truly royal education, and could truly, in the earliest times, be called the "the royal art." *Bek* inscribed on his tomb that he was *teacher* of the king himself.

King Amen-hotep III., in an inscription (Brugsch I., p. 428), Pharaoh himself "gave instructions and the directions, for he understood how to direct and guide the architect." The visitor of to-day at Karnah sees the work of this king yet standing, and can judge for himself whether this royal master of art had the skill of his craft. The gigantic statues of this king and his wife, known usually as the Memnon Statues, are on the opposite side of the river, marking the site of another temple erected by the same monarch. These statues were planned and erected by Amen-hotep, chief architect, governor and secretary.

Thotmes III. built about B.C. 1600 the Temple of Osiris. An inscription says, "And each one of the Temple artists knew the plan, and was well instructed in the mode of carrying it out; no one betook himself away from that which it was given him to do (viz., to build) a monument to his father Osiris, and to erect in good work *the inlaid mystery* which none can see and none can declare, for none know his form."

In Ramses II. time, Am, the king's son of Kush, was the directing architect.

In Ramses Miammun's time (1133 B.C.) an inscription on the Temple of Soti (vol. ii., p. 35), the king speaks to the chamberlain at his side, "Speak, that there may be assembled the princes, the favourites of the king, the commanders of the body-guards as they are, the architects according to their numbers, and the superintendent of the house of the rolls of the books." This Pharaoh laid the foundation-stone himself.

The inscription says: "When this speech from the lips of the princes before their lord was ended, then the king commanded, and gave commission to the architects, and separated the people of the masons, and the stone-cutters with the help of the graver, and the draughtsmen, and all kinds of artists to build the most holy place for his father, and to raise up what had fallen to decay in the Necropolis, and in the Temple of his father, who sojourns among the deceased ones."

Here there appears to have been very practically a Master's Lodge, or a Grand Lodge of that era, assembled. Further on, we read that this worthy mason and royal master had painted on the entrance of this Temple portraits of sixty of his sons and fifty-nine of his daughters. Truly he intended his works should live after him.

I have finished my citations. The reign of *caste* in Egypt worked no harm to this royal craft, for it belonged to the priestly and governing caste, and the road to civil preferment and priestly rank was free to its votaries. It found them on the throne, in the palace, and in the workshop, and in the Temple of the Great God, Patah, Chief Architect of the Universe and God of Truth.

The publication by Mr. Brugsch of the "History of the Pharaoh's" from the inscriptions yet extant is the mine whence these Egyptian inscriptions are exclusively drawn.

To the great value of his labours let me bear a faithful testimony. The light he has incidentally thrown on the organization of Masonry as a Craft, will, I hope, induce him, out of his intimate acquaintance with the extant inscriptions, painting, papyri, and his mastership of their language, to favour us with a little more light on the obscure subject from over which he has raised a corner of the veil.

My task is performed. The dignity of the organization of Masonry is exposed to you, and the broad scope with which it gathered into its fold the art of working and building in stone in all its adjunct branches. The light of education illumined the ancient craft beyond any other body of men of their age. Geometry, mathematics, its own technology and physics grew up within lodges, where knowledge and skill brought promotion and power. The speculative mysteries and metaphysics of a theology which taught the immortality of the soul and its responsibility for our good and bad actions was familiar to them. Of the Holy Architect of the Universe whom they worshipped they said, "all things came into existence after he existed." They styled him "the Lord of Truth," "the Father of beginnings."

Their art, formed into grandeur and perfection by their efforts, was the lamp from which Greek, Assyrian, Roman, and Semitic architecture caught the holy flame. Their instruction formed the artists of civilization who succeeded them on the stage.

Over the illustrations I have drawn from the inciptions of these giants of an elder day, I ask the Blue Mason and the Red, and the Grand Master Architect of the symbolic degrees, to stretch the line for themselves. I ask them with square and level to test these relics of the corner stones Freemasons laid thousands of years ago,—the work of a craft which was then a royal art both practical and speculative, enlightening the infancy of civilization, and say, in the light we follow to-day, whether such work is not still true and trusty.

WHAT'S IN A SIGN?

BY A FRIEND AND A BROTHER.

YEARS upon years ago—alas! it makes one sad to think of that dim distance now, when all youth's fervour seems to have melted into the veriest apathy of old age,—the writer of this veracious little tale formed part of a merry little company sojourning in Paris. People may abuse Paris as much as they like, and the "Reverend Pogram," as the French term him, always lifts up his eyes as he speaks in a whisper of that "siren of nations," but for me it has always many charms, and I maintain is a very comfortable "locale" for those who make a proper use of it. Of course you can make a bad use of all things and places here below. Paris has, no doubt, its dangerous and darker side, but we need not, I think, kind readers, court imaginary dangers, or get eloquent or sensational over imaginary evils, and so let us believe that, for you and for me, if only we are reasonable and well behaved, Paris is as pleasant a spot to pitch our tent in for a time, and as safe as any on this wide earth. It has attractions many and vivid for the student and the statesman, for the painter and the poet, for the lover of music and the admirer of the drama, for those who make the fine arts a study, for medical science, for those who like a little "variety," and for those who do not object to a French dinner, to a pleasant little party at a restaurant, an intellectual evening at the Theatre Français, or the Gymnase. We some of us know the old story of the Englishman who was asked why he had come to Paris. "Voyez vous, monsieur," he said; "ma femme m'embete." Poor man, if that was his only reason! The French are themselves a quiet, family-loving people, simple in their tastes and friendly in their sympathies, and if English people go wrong in Paris it is because they do not always remember that because they are in a strange country they have no license to do what they would not dare to do at home: to forget their manners and their morals, and set defiance to law and order, the customs of the country, and the regulations of the police. For all who really seek to be quiet, and live as peaceful and respectable citizens, Paris has always, I beg to repeat, great welcome and greater pleasantness. Forgive my "littel" digression, as my friend Monsieur "Cacolet" says.

We had spent the evening at the Français, and had seen Bressant and Delaunay, MMme. Brohan and Favart, and had adjourned to a pleasant restaurant for a little supper. One of my friends, poor Jim Jackson, had made the acquaintance of a certain Baron de Maurier, who had introduced him to another, Baron de la Motte, and though Billy Barker and I did not like them and thought them rather dubious personages, and felt inclined to pay a friendly visit to the Rue Jerusalem, yet they had made a favourable impression on Jim, and Matt Singer, and Charley Hope, and so we said no more.

We observed that they were always suggesting cards, and hinting how nice "Baccarat" was. We had been too busy and too amused to listen to their polite suggestions, but to-night, when supper was over, as ill luck would have it, Jim Jackson himself suggested it. No sooner said than done, and there we all sat until we had to leave the restaurant, our French friends being large winners. They finished up with ecarté. Bill and I had not played, but sat watching the players, but I heard Bill grumbling and growling, and there was a look in his eyes that portended a coming storm. In the street our French friends were most civil and pleasant, though I observed that a little

sharp dapper fellow who passed turned sharp round, and looked at them closely. As we drew near our hotel I heard Baron de Maurier say something "sotto voce" to Jim, and then Bill closed in.

"By the way," he said, "Baron, what luck you and your friend had at ecarté; you must be very good players."

The Baron's face flushed, and he said "Do you mean to insult me?"

"Oh no, not at all," said Bill calmly; "but my friends are not going to pay the money they lost to you last night and this morning early."

"Why not?" said Baron de Maurier sneeringly.

"Because," said Bill, as coolly as if he were saying How do you do? ("comment vous portez vous,") "because you are what we call in England card sharpers, my friends, 'escrocs,' in French. I watched you; *you cheated!*"

"You lie," said M. le Baron, hastily, and next moment the Baron was on the pavement flat on his back. A commissaire who saw the "fracas" came up, and as he could not decide between our protestations and the voluble excitement of his own countrymen, he called for help, and said we must all go to the station.

Here was a pleasant position. We had still to pack up and to leave Paris for England by the early train. And when we got to the station it all looked very bad for us. The Frenchman's story was—and he put it in well—that we were all "English pickpockets," and as at that moment it was the "chic" of Paris to believe every third Englishman was a "pickpocket," the "chef" looked very grave indeed. I was in despair. What was to be done? Were we all to be locked up?

At that moment it flashed across me I would try what Freemasonry could do for us. I had often talked about it and its far-reaching utility, and so I said to myself "I'll put it to the test," and made the "chef" a Masonic sign. He looked very much astonished, but to my intense delight he answered it at once, and said to me most civilly, "Monsieur, voulez vous avoir la complaisance de venir ici pour un moment?" I complied at once, you can easily understand. "Et bien, mon frere," he said, "qu'est-ce que-c'est?"

So I told him very quickly yet carefully what had happened, and that our two friends, I fully believed, were ficticious Barons and "escrocs." At their names he had originally frowned, and when he repeated them to himself got angry. So, much to our astonishment and the amazement of all the excited commissaires, he said if we gave our names and addresses he would not detain us any longer. The two Barons loudly protested, but as at this moment, by pure accident as I heard afterwards, the little man of the Boulevard looked in, and after a rapidly whispered conference with the "chef," our two friends summarily disappeared. They do do these things well in France. Most civil the police were to us, as they always are, especially to strangers, and the "chef," when he wished us good bye, said laughing to me, "Mon frere, adieu; agréez ma salutation fraternelle." I shook hands with him very warmly, though we parted probably never to meet again. I don't pretend to say that this story proves much for Freemasonry, but still here it is.

An old friend of mine in other days, at a certain French port which shall be nameless, always placed his Masonic certificate on the top of his clothes in his portmanteau, and as surely when the portmanteau was opened it was shut down immediately by the cheery and knowing douanier with a smile, or bow, and a cheery "assez." My friend used to go on his way rejoicing. If Freemasonry could so soften the stern heart of a French douanier, what will it not do? What can it not overcome? So say I. Floreat Freemasonry. Some day it will even, I am sure, be taken up by the Pope.

WAITING: THE POET'S GUERDON.

BY BRO. EMRA HOLMES.

THERE comes a glow o'er the distant hills,
A rift in the clouds so far away;
A murmer of music from trickling rills,
The laughter of children at their play.

The storm it passeth, and sweet winds blow,
From the balmy south do the zephyrs come
And the waves of the sea fall soft and slow
On the golden sands near the poet's home.

The times of unrest are past and gone,
The night was dark, but the morn is bright;
Through the days of gloom he had wandered on,
For "at eventide there shall be light."

The storms of life had well nigh wrought
Their worst upon him, and left him slain;
Sorrow and poverty came unsought,
No pleasure he tasted, but only pain.

The world was harsh, but he struggled on,
Caring for nothing but only fame;
And at last unto him the great sun shone,
At the end of the long day honour came.

And he camly waits at the close of life,
Content that the world now reads him right;
In patience remembering, through the strife,
That "at eventide there shall be light."

And we that have sat at his feet, and learned
The lessons taught by his years of care,
Should feel that, because all wrong he spurned,
He was kept from the dread of a dark despair.

Our human nature is very frail,
And the fall of the weak is a piteous sight;
So let us be brave, and never quail,
For "at eventide there shall be light."

OLD RECORDS OF THE LODGE OF PEEBLES.

BY BRO. ROBERT SANDERSON, P.G. SEC. PEEBLES AND SELKIRK (S.C.).

(Continued from page 512, vol. vii.)

AT Peebles the Twenty-seventh day of December, one thousand seven hundred and seventy-nine years, which day being the anniversary of Saint John the Evangelist, and the Honourable Lodge of Massons Peebles Killwinning Conveened agreeable to previous warning given to the whole of the Bretheren at the committie, and being constitute in a just and perfect Lodge by prayer, they proceeded to the collection of the Quarter dues and paid as follows—

(List of twenty-two members paid, and thirteen not paid).

Thereafter the Lodge so constitute proceeded to the examination of the fellowcrafts and entered apprentices, which was performed to the satisfaction of the whole Lodge, which was duly reported to them by a Quorum of the Bretheren appointed examinators for that purpose and effect.

Then the Lodge so conveened and constituted as said is, proceeded to the Election of the Master, Wardens, and other members of the Lodge, when was Duly and Legally Elected and chosen by a plurality of votes, for Master, Robert Hislop; Senior Warden, Andrew Scott; Junr., William Syminton; Boxmaster, Thomas Tweedale; Senior Stewart, John Wallace; Junr., Andrew Paterson; Key Keeper, Andrew Farqhar; Clerk, James Bartram; Master, Wardens, and other Members of the Lodge were qualified by taking the *oath de fideli* administratione officce, and ordains the Master to sign thire precedings.

JAMES TRAQUAIR, Master.

Peebles 28th Decr. 1779.

Which day a meeting of the Lodge conveened according to privous warning given the whole of the Bretheren, in order to receive the rent of there house from Alexander Hewit, and pay Thomas Tweedale his interest, which accordingly Alexander Hewit paid into the Clerk in absence of the Box Master, Three Pounds Sterling as the rent of his house, and that from Whitsunday seventeen hundred and seventy-eight to Whitsunday seventeen hundred and seventy-nine, with which sum and part of the Quarter dues was paid to Thomas Tweedale five pounds five shillings sterling as intrest due to him by said Lodge, July last, and thereafter the meeting sett their said house, to the said Alexander Hewit, for the space of five years after Whitsunday next at three pounds twelve shillings sterling of yearly rent; and took Mr. James Summers writer in Peebles caution for payment therefor, conform to missives entered into Betwixt Thomas Tweedale present Boxmaster, and said Alexander Hewit, and James Summers of Date the Twenty-ninth current, and ordered to be lodged in the Boxmaster's hands for the use of all concerned. And the meeting appoints the Committie to meet upon the thirteenth of January next to settle their accompt with the Boxmaster, and other Business relative to said Lodge, and ordain the Depute Master to sign this minute. ANDREW SCOTT.

Peebles 17th Janr. 1780.

Which day a meeting of the Lodge conveened according to privious warning given to the whole of the Bretheren, and finds a Ballance in William Harper's hands Boxmaster the sum of three pounds eight shillings and ten pence halfpenny, which he has instantly paid over to Andrew Scott Depute Master.

ANDREW SCOTT.

Peebles 17th Janr. 1780.

Andrew Scott Depute Master paid to Thomas Tweedale three pounds, ten shillings sterling, which makes the principal sum due at this date one hundred one pound, ten shillings sterling, and finds in Thomas Tweedale Boxmaster's hands due to the Lodge four shillings and eightpence sterling.

ANDREW SCOTT.
THOMAS TWEEDALE.

Thereafter this meeting agreed that there should be a letter wrote to all the absent Bretheren to meet this day three weeks the seventh of Feberary next here, or send a reasonable excuse, as there is some resolution to be entered into there anent either selling the house or to raise money to Defray the Debt contracted thereon, and impowers the Clerk to write to said Bretheren.

(This minute is signed by William Harper and ten of the brethren, but the meeting seems never to have been held, which perhaps, on afterthought, they would consider to be more consistent with the minute of 28th December, 1779, where they had entered into a contract letting the house for a period of five years. Be this as it may, however, there is no meeting recorded on date 7th February. The next minute is of date 27th November, 1780, which modifies an enactment passed at meeting held Dec. 27th, 1777.—R.S.)

Peebles 27th Novr. 1780.

In a meeting of the Peebles Kilwinning Lodge of Peebles. They having taken into their consideration a minute made the Twenty-seventh day of December seventeen hundred and seventy-seven years, binding the members of said Lodge to pay four shillings sterling each yearly of quarter dues. But as several of the members thinks these dues over high, The meeting has unanimously agreed that there shall only be paid two shillings sterling yearly paid by each member at Saint John's Day next. In witness whereof the whole Members Present has Signed this minute and recomends it to the Master or Clerk to get it signed by the absent members at the first opportunity. Two words of this minute Delete before signing.

Signed ROBERT HISLOP, and 18 others.

Peebles 27th Decr. 1780.

(Minute same as previous St. John's Day meeting, with a list of thirty-seven brethren, of whom twenty-four are marked paid and thirteen not paid. At this meeting William Symington complimented the Lodge with two Battons—Warden's Batons I presume.—R.S.)

Peebles 28th Decr. 1780.

Compeared Alexander Hewit, Tacksman (tenant) of this house and paid three pounds sterling being the rent of said House from Whitsunday 1779, to Whitsunday 1780 &c. (The minute then states that Thomas Tweedale received his usual *intrest* with an additional ten shillings taken from the principal sum, making it now one hundred and one pounds sterling. And fixing a meeting for the 18th January, 1781, to settle the Box Master's accounts.—R.S.) Signed ROBERT HISLOP Mr.

THOMAS TWEEDALE.

Then follows this rather amusing item—

"Invintery of Glasses—twenty in whole—Six lodged in Andrew Scott's hand, fourteen in John Brown's hand present Box Master, three of which is broke on the foot."

ANDREW SCOTT.
JOHN BROWN.

Peebles 18th Janr. 1781.

The Commitie Mett according to last appointment and settled accompts with the Boxmaster, Thomas Tweedale and discharges him for his intromissions and finds Lodged in the new Box Master John Brown's hands one pound, seven pence sterling with three Bills viz one on John Veitch for twelve

shillings sterling payable St John's day last, one on Robert Harper for eighteen shillings and sevenpence, halfpenny sterling payable twenty-sixth of Janry currint, and one on Thomas Tod all members of this Lodge for ten shillings and sixpence sterling payable the twenty-sixth day of December next and ordains the Master to sign this minute. JAMES GROZART, Mr.

Peebles 21st Feby. 1781.

The Meeting Mett this day according to last appointment when compeared Thomas Paterson and paid in four shillings sterling to the Box Master as his arrears, and thereafter the Meeting adjurned to Saturday the twenty-fourth curent in order to receive more arrears from some members that are in Deficensies. JAMES GROZART.

27th Decr. 1781.

William Syminton a member of this Lodge being found guilty of a transgression in talking in an improper place, the Lodge found him Lyball to a repremand which he got by the master accordingly. JAMES GROZART.

At Peebles 27th Day of Decr. 1781.

(Minute same as previous St. John's Day meetings. List of thirty-six members of whom nineteen are marked paid. At the end of this minute we have the following.—R.S.)

We the members of the said Lodge agree and authorise Thomas Tweedale to summand in the persons who stand Refractrey and will not pay in there Respective payments immediately. Signed by the Master.

THE QUARTERLY COMMUNICATIONS.

BY BRO. ALBERT G. MACKEY, M.D.

IN the early history of the premier Grand Lodge of the world, a question presents itself which, so far as I am aware, has not been distinctly met and treated by any of our Masonic scholars. They all seem to have taken it for granted, on the naked authority of Anderson and Preston, that the Quarterly Communications were coeval with the organization of the Grand Lodge in the year 1717.

Is this an historical fact? I confess that over this subject a shadow of doubt has been cast that obstructs the clearness of my vision. We who are across the Atlantic labour under many disadvantages in our search after historical truth in Freemasonry. Our English brethren have opportunities that are denied to us. Original documents are accessible to them, which we can only reach, if at all, at second hand.

My object in asking a place for this little essay in the valuable pages of the *Masonic Magazine* is not so much to ventilate my own views as to present my doubts, in the hope that such scholars as Bros. Hughan, Woodford, Gould, and a host of others who have made a study of the early history of Freemasonry in England may be induced either to confirm them or to remove them by the production of authorities which I have not seen.

Dr. Anderson says, and Preston repeats the statement, that at the preliminary meeting in February, 1717, at the Apple Tree Tavern, it was resolved "to revive the Quarterly Communications."

But these two authorities (and they are the only ones that we have on the subject) differ in some of the details. And these differences are important enough to throw a doubt on the truth of the statement.

Anderson says in one place (Constitutions, 2nd edition, 109,) that in February, 1717, they "forthwith revived the Quarterly Communications of the officers of Lodges, called the Grand Lodge."

Afterwards (ibid., 110,) he says that at the meeting in June, 1717, Grand Master Sayer "commanded the Masters and Wardens of Lodges to meet the Grand Officers every Quarter in Communication, at the place he should appoint in his summons sent by the Tyler."

Preston says (Illustrations, 191,) that in February "it was resolved to revive the Quarterly Communications of the Fraternity." Immediately after, he adds that in June the Grand Master "commanded the Brethren of the four Lodges to meet him and his Wardens quarterly in Communication!

Thus, according to Preston, the Quarterly Communications were to apply to the whole body of the Fraternity; but Anderson restricted them to the Masters and Wardens of the Lodges.

The two statements are irreconcileable. A mass meeting of the whole Fraternity and a consultation of the Masters and Wardens of the Lodges are very different things.

I shall make no objection here to the use of the word "revived," though I deem it improper. But the consideration of that point would lead me away from the line of the present argument.

If, as Anderson and Preston say, the Quarterly Communications were "forthwith revived" in June, 1717, it is singular that neither gives us the record of any one having been held until December, 1720.

After that date we find the Quarterly Communications regularly recorded by Anderson as taking place at the times appointed by the Regulations which were compiled in 1720 by Grand Master Payne, namely, "about Michaelmas, Christmas, and Ladyday," that is, in September, December and March.

The word "about" in the 12th of those regulations permitted some latitude as to the precise day of meeting. Accordingly we find that Quarterly Communications were held in 1721 in March, September, and December; in 1722 in March; the others appearing to have been neglected, perhaps in consequence of irregularities attendant on the illegal election of the Duke of Wharton. In 1723 there were Quarterly Communications in April and November, but the December meeting was postponed to the following January. In 1724 they occurred in February and November; in 1725 in May, November, and December, and so on, but with greater regularity in all the subsequent proceedings of the Grand Lodge, as recorded in the Book of Constitutions by Anderson, and by his successors Entick and Noorthouck in the subsequent editions.

Looking at the silence of the records in respect to Quarterly Communications from 1717 to 1720, then to the regular appearance of such records after that year, and seeing that in the latter year the provision for them was first inserted in the general regulations compiled by Grand Master Payne, I hope that I shall not be deemed too sceptical or too hypercritical if I confess a doubt of the accuracy of Anderson, who has, whether wilfully or carelessly I will not say, attributed the establishment of these Quarterly Communications to Grand Master Sayer, when the honour, if there be any, properly belongs to Grand Master Payne.

There might have been, and probably were, occasional meetings of the Grand Officers, or even of the Grand Lodge, anterior to 1720. But I cannot believe with my present light that Quarterly Communications were known as a regular part of the Grand Lodge organization until they were introduced by George Payne during his second Grand Mastership.

Payne was the legislator of the infant institution. To him we are as much indebted for its laws as we are to Anderson for its history or to Desaguliers for its ritual.

In settling the early history of Speculative Freemasonry in England, I deem this question of the true epoch of the Quarterly Communications *important enough* to command attention and discussion.

THE ASTROLOGY OF SHAKESPEARE.

O mighty poet! thy works are not as those of other men, simply and merely great works of art; but are also like the phenomena of nature—like the sun and the sea, the stars and the flowers.—*De Quincey.*

Shakespeare was the man who of all modern and perhaps ancient poets had the largest and most comprehensive soul.—*Dryden.*

FEW, perhaps, of our readers are aware of the existence of *Urania*,* a monthly journal of astrology. We beg to introduce them to it in this well-written article from its pages. Bro. Shakespeare we claim to be a Freemason, this article makes him out to be an astrologist.

SOME controversy has existed as to the day of birth of William Shakespeare, but the date most generally received is April 25th, 1564. Of his history but few facts have been recorded, and only the barest outline of his life has descended to us. We know that he was born at Stratford-on-Avon, that his father was a wool-comber, that he married early, and that, through a youthful escapade, he was obliged to quit his native place and remove to London. There, as a dramatic poet, actor, and theatrical manager, he gained a competency, and returned to Stratford-on-Avon to enjoy his fortune, where he died at the early age of fifty-three, on the anniversary of his birth, and in the meridian of his intellectual powers. We know further that his body reposes in the church of his native place, guarded by an epitaph composed by himself.

The horoscope of Shakespeare has been published, but cannot be considered as thoroughly reliable, unless the time of his birth could be fixed with absolute certainty. This is matter of regret, for the aspect of the heavens at the nativity of so remarkable a genius must have been highly interesting and instructive.

It was fabled that at the christening of a certain royal prince, all the fairies were present, each to bestow her own peculiar gift; so at the birth of Shakespeare

> The senate-house of planets all did sit
> To knit in him their best perfections.

He has the keenness of wit and flow of language of Mercury, the grace and lively fancy of Venus, the precision and acuteness of Mars, the condensedness of thought and contemplation of Saturn, and the nobleness and largeness of soul of Jupiter.

Mercury, the ruler of intellect, must necessarily in this nativity have attained his highest exaltation of dignity. As he is by nature convertible, the *character* of the mind is formed according to the aspects of the planets whose impress he receives.

The star of the poet and of the theatrical profession is Venus, and this planet seems to have shed its brightest beam on Shakespeare's birth. It has been suggested that possibly as a boy Shakespeare was present at Kenilworth

* *Urania*, a monthly journal of Astrology, etc., can be got at Simpkin, Marshall and Co.'s, 4, Stationers' Hall Court, London.

and witnessed some of the princely shows and pageantry displayed on the visit of Queen Elizabeth to her favourite, Leicester. There is probability in this, for the castle was only a few miles distant from the poet's home, and this visit may have first turned his youthful fancy to the drama—"poetry in action." His poetic genius stands unrivalled, and his manners were no doubt singularly refined, for he is termed by his contemporaries—"the gentle Shakespeare." His sonnets are written in an extremely amorous vein, and although they are ostensibly dedicated to a male personage, still there is no doubt that the mysterious "Mr. W. H." was a woman. Shakespeare's marriage is said to have been unhappy, the general fate of the poet, who rarely has the good fortune to choose as a mate one whose nativity sympathises with his own.

Jupiter appears to have also been powerful in aspect. He brought wealth to the native, for Shakespeare contrived to amass a fortune. The bent of the poet's mind partook largely of what is termed the *Jovial* element. He shines most in comedy. Dr. Johnson says—"His tragedy appears to have been skill, his comedy instinct." Shakespeare was singularly free from ambition. He made no collection of his works, perhaps through the loftiness of his ideal, which led him to be dissatisfied with his own creations, or perhaps through the lack of appreciation of his family, who appear to have done their best to cause his connection with the stage to be forgotten. He is thoroughly oblivious of self; we glean nothing of his individual life from his writings; he transfuses his soul into his creations, and is as a voice from the spirit world.

We conclude, therefore, Shakespeare to have been of a mild, easy, good-natured, and unselfish disposition, overflowing with bonhomie, and delighting most in fancies and imagery of a pleasing character. His soul is not enshrouded in gloom like Dante's; he is not Saturnine, but swayed by *Venus* and *Jovial* influences.

If we add to this a favourable aspect of Mars to Mercury, we shall account for the acuteness of his perceptions and also for the Bohemian tendencies (the natural concomitants of the poetic temperament) which may be gathered from legends of his youth. There is no doubt that the portrait of Justice Shallow was drawn from the original Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlecot Manor, and that the words—"You have beaten my men, killed my deer, and broken open my lodge," were actually addressed to the youthful scapegrace by the aggrieved magistrate.

At the period of Shakespeare's arrival in London, the national mind had been roused to enthusiasm by the preparations made to resist the Spanish Armada, and the national pride had been gratified by its defeat and dispersion. Doubtless the noble soul of Shakespeare shared these sentiments to the utmost, and some of his finest and most patriotic passages derived their inspiration from this source. Take, for instance, the words of John of Gaunt, in which he alludes to the ruling star of England—Mars in Aries.

> This royal throne of kings, this sceptr'd isle,
> This earth of majesty, *this seat of Mars*,
> This other Eden, demi-Paradise,
> This fortress built by nature for herself
> Against infection and the hand of war,
> This happy breed of men, this little world,
> This precious stone set in the silver sea,
> This blessed spot, this earth, this realm, this England.

The age in which Shakespeare lived was noted for the new theories of philosophers in the science of Astronomy. The hitherto received planetary system of Ptolemy was gradually losing its adherents and declining in favour, except amongst the few who peristently adhered to old beliefs. The teachings of Copernicus, who published his celebrated work on the revolution of the heavenly bodies a few years before the birth of Shakespeare, were engaging the attention of the learned. Tycho Brahe, the successor of Copernicus,

though adopting some of the ideas of the latter, partly adhered to the Ptolemaic school of thought, and considered the earth fixed and immovable; but Kepler, his pupil—"the legislator of the heavens"—demonstrated the true laws which govern the movements of the heavenly bodies, and which are received at the present day. Galileo was born in the same year as Shakespeare, and may be considered to have contributed more to the interests of science than either, by the construction of his telescope, 1609. This was indeed a great scientific era, for these three celebrated astronomers, Tycho Brahe, Kepler, and Galileo, were contemporaries during some portion of their lives, and as if Providence ordained that the great stream of light should descend to us unbroken, Newton was born the year of the death of Galileo.

The resources of science had not, as yet, been applied to facilitate intercourse with other nations, and although printing had been discovered, still books and translators were few in number, and consequently the news of scientific discovery travelled but slowly through Europe. The lonely island in the Baltic where Braha carried on his researches, and the far distant shores of Italy, the home of Galileo, held little intercourse with England. And, besides, the orthodox religionists of the day fiercely condemned the new doctrines as iniquitous and subversive of the words of Holy Writ—for did not Scripture assert that the round world could not be moved? Galileo was, later on, forced to make a public recantation of his opinions, but is said to have consoled himself afterwards by muttering the words, "It moves for all that."

Critics have objected that Shakespeare was not learned—that, according to Ben Jonson, he had "little Latin and less Greek," and that he had no scientific bent. There are no indications in his writings that the new astronomical theories were known to him, or, if so, he appears to have rejected them as mere speculations. Telescopes were constructed in London 1610, so that he had an opportunity of studying the face of the heavens if he so willed it.

His astronomy was Ptolemaic; he adhered to the beliefs of the ancient poets. The o'erarching heavens were to him a crystal vault which moved from east to west, and was composed of ten layers of glassy strata. In this the stars were fixed but the planets remained unfettered. This idea was first started by Anaximenes, and retained throughout mediæval times. Humboldt expresses his surprise to find this opinion extant in his day. He records a conversation which he had with an old monk in a European monastery, who believed that the vitrified crusts of areolites were portions of the crystal vault which adhered to them. Shakespeare speaks of "the vault top of heaven" in "King John," and in the frenzied exclamations of Lear we find these words—

> Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so
> That heaven's vault should crack.

Pythagoras taught that the motions of the planets in the universe produced waves of sound. In Cicero's "Vision of Scipio" this passage occurs:—"From whence proceed these sounds, so strong and yet so sweet, that fill my ears?" "The melody," replies he, "which you hear, which, though composed in unequal time, is, nevertheless, divided into regular harmony, is effected by the impulse and motion of the spheres themselves, which, by a happy temper of sharp and grave notes, regularly produce various harmonic effects. Now this sound, which is effected by the rapid rotation of the whole system of nature, is so powerful that human hearing cannot comprehend it, just as you cannot look directly on the sun, because your sight and sense are overcome by his beams."

This spheral music was at one time received by Kepler who spoke of the notes of Venus and Jupiter coinciding in flat accord, but he afterwards declared there were no such things as sounds among the heavenly bodies. Allusion is made to this music of the spheres in the following lines from the "Merchant of Venice," which have been much admired for their exquisite spirituality:—

Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims;
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

Cleopatra, in her description of Antony, avers—

His voice was propertied
As all the tuned spheres.

And Olivia tells the disguised Viola—

But would you undertake another suit
I'd rather hear you to solicit that
Than music from the spheres.

When Pericles, after his long quest, is raised to ecstatic bliss by the discovery of his daughter Marina, he hears this heavenly music:—

Per.—But what Music!
Hel.—My lord, I hear none,
Per.—None! The music of the spheres!
List, my Marina.
Lys.—It is not good to cross him;
Give him way.
Per.—Rarest sounds! Do you not hear?
Lys.—My lord, I hear.
Per.—Most heavenly music!
It nips me into listening, and thick slumber
Hangs upon mine eyes; let me rest.

MAIA.—*Urania.*

CAMOENS: POET AND WARRIOR.

BY BRO. J. A. ELLIOTT (1777).

PORTUGAL has lately been doing honour to the remains of one who received very different treatment during his lifetime, though his genius was such as to immortalize his name and shed an undying lustre on the annals of his country. As a poet and the author of the "Lusiad"—one of the finest poems in any language—Camoens stands to-day, three hundred years after his death, in the front rank of the world's greatest singers, and the nations of the world readily and cordially sympathize with the Portuguese in their attempt to efface a nation's ingratitude by a splendid and spontaneous deed of national, though posthumous, restitution.

Although another great name, that of Vasco da Gama, the eminent discoverer, has likewise received the same honour as that of Camoens, the heart of the Portuguese nation has been wholly with the neglected patriot and poet, who, after having known nothing but misfortune during his lifetime, was left to die in the bitterest depths of poverty and despair—friendless and alone.

It is a romantic, yet sad and strange, story, that of Camoens, and its sadness stands out in dark relief when contrasted with that of the man whose bones now rest with his, and whose deeds supplied the poet with the material for his famous poem. Vasco da Gama, as one of the, if not *the* most, successful discoverers of the day, was received at Court, and had honours literally showered upon him, going down at last to the tomb surrounded by all the pageantry of state, and buried amid marks of universal respect and esteem.

As the name and fame of Camoens are known to comparatively few people in these islands, we propose to give our readers a brief sketch of his character

and career. The forefathers of the poet can be traced back to the year 1370 when Dom Henry II. reigned in Castille, and his family was undoubtedly of good birth and extraction. Three towns claim the honour of being the birth-place of Camoens, viz., Lisbon, Coimbra, and Santarem, but it is generally supposed that he was born at Lisbon about the year 1524, the same year in which, it is believed, the great discoverer Vasco da Gama died.

However this may be, it is notorious that Camoens received his early education in the capital, though he afterwards studied at Coimbra University, then newly founded by Dom John III., or rather transferred to that city from Lisbon. He appears to have possessed great poetic talent at an early age, and was a great favourite with the ladies, his personal appearance being at that time very much in his favour. His hair is said to have been of a light yellow tinge, like Tasso's, a remarkable incident when we come to remember that both poets belonged to a swarthy race of people.

At the time the poet was born the world was ringing with the fame of Vasco da Gama and his great discoveries. It was only a few years previously that the rich land of India was a *terra incognita*, when suddenly it was opened up to the world by the untiring energy and perseverance of Vasco da Gama and his brave followers; and to many persons the East became instantly peopled with all that was marvellous and magnificent.

It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that Camoens should exercise his poetic genius in describing the glories and deeds of the great discoverer, but surely no poet in any age ever composed a great epic under such terrible misfortunes and disadvantages as attended the author of the "Lusiad."

As a matter of course to a young poet, Camoens fell in love at an early age, but he had the misfortune to lose his heart to a lady of the Court, and all assignations within the precincts of the palace being at that period absolutely prohibited, he incurred the displeasure of his sovereign by a violation of the court rules. For this daring offence he was exiled from Lisbon, and he was left to console his sorrow by writing sonnets to his lady-love—the fair Caterina. These little poems are amongst the sweetest of their kind that have ever been written in any language.

At length his ardent spirit could withstand the pains and penalties of exile no longer, and he joined the army as a volunteer in a campaign against the Moors in Africa. On the voyage thither the young poet and hero lost his eye in a naval battle, but quickly recovering from this injury, he rejoined the forces, and gained a great reputation for bravery.

It was with a heart beating wildly with love and pride that the young hero returned to Lisbon, where he hoped to find in the arms of his Caterina a beautiful solace and recompense for all he had undergone. Alas, for human hopes! The lady of his heart had died before attaining the age of twenty-one, and to crown all his disappointments he found himself very cooly received at the Court, owing it was said, to the disfigurement caused in his appearance by the loss of his eye.

His sorrow at the death of the being who had been prominent in all his thoughts, and his great love for whom had guided all his actions, found its full and sweet expression in a beautiful sonnet in which he describes her as having turned to "A little cold and loveless clay."

Camoens loved his country with an undying affection, which even his anger at the scurvy treatment he received on his return from the Moorish campaign could not extinguish or even diminish. He, however, turned his back upon the ungrateful city once more, setting sail from the Tagus, and as he stood on the poop of the vessel which carried him away from the shores of Portugal, he exclaimed in the bitterness of his heart, "Ingrata patria! non possidebis ossa mea." (Ungrateful country! my bones shall not be thine).

On his way to Goa the other vessels which accompanied his foundered in a storm, so it may be said that sorrow and disaster dogged his steps wherever he went. And yet it is on record—aye! and breathes in every verse of his

poetry—that he was as gentle-souled and noble-minded a man as ever lived. His poems were his greatest wealth, and when he landed at Goa, the place that his great hero Gama had visited during his first voyage, he continued his magnificent poem "The Lusiad," or, as he himself called it, "Os Luisadas" (The Lusitanians), Lusitania being, as our readers are aware, the ancient name of Portugal.

Rich, however, as he was in poetic ideas and temperament, his muse was also the source of all his poverty, for he satirized the proceedings of certain governors who were fast bringing the Portuguese name into contempt, and thus made himself obnoxious to the authorities, who expelled him from the town. He went to Macao and dwelt there some time, having received an appointment as Commissary, and here he bestowed much time upon his great poem, until a new Viceroy having been made he was recalled to Goa.

Joyfully he collected together his manuscripts and the little competency he had amassed during his residence at Macao, and once more trusted his life and fortune to the treacherous waves. These did not belie their character, for disaster again followed the track of Portugal's sweetest singer, and he was shipwrecked on the coast of China. Having to abandon his money, he had to swim for his life with his valuable manuscript fastened about his waist. His success in reaching the coast saved to the world an immortal epic, but the young poet found himself friendless and alone upon an unknown shore.

Eventually he reached Macao again, where he suffered a long and most unjust imprisonment. Charges were trumped up against him, but he was never brought forth to face his accusers, till at length people began to be ashamed of having so eminent a scholar and so great a genius shut up in a prison, and an agitation for his release was crowned with success.

At length, after sixteen years of exile, Camoens returned to his native land, as poor in pocket as when he left it, but rich in his unalterable love and devotion to his country, which neither exile, want, penury, or neglect could ever shake. In return for her immense ingratitude, he presented to her a gem of inestimable value, nothing less than his own deathless soul embosomed in a work which will last while the ages run.

Such was the man whose remains were the other day conveyed with much pomp and state, three hundred years after his demise, up the Tagus to the hitherto ungrateful city—to Lisbon, the scene of his birth, of his romantic love, of his exile, and his shameful death. True, a late repentance is better than none at all, and Portugal has now removed from her noble escutcheon the stain which had defaced it for three centuries past.

Camoens, we are glad to say, lived to see his great work printed, and even, we are told, was honoured (?) with a pension from the king of about four pounds per annum! But even this pittance was after a time withdrawn, and (oh, that we should have to write it!) one of the greatest poets that the world has produced was ultimately compelled to beg for his bread in the streets of Lisbon!

Surely, the proud city should have put on sackcloth and ashes on the 8th June, instead of dancing about after triumphal cars, and making a saturnalia of what ought to have been a deeply solemn occasion! However, the ways of the Portuguese are not as our ways, though we feel as much pride in their *one* poet as if he had been a countryman of our own.

"I am ending my life, and the world will soon know how much I have loved my country!" (Em fim accaberei à vida e verram todos que fui a fecioada a minha patria!) So said Camoens, as he lay dying in the mean Lisbon almshouse into which he had crept to breathe his last. The world *does* know, for after ages have given immortality to his name, and have placed it in that high niche of fame, from which neither slander or neglect can cast it down.

Such is the brief record of the poet and warrior whose bones have been, at length, honoured with the sepulchre they deserved, and in honouring whom Portugal has not only honoured herself but has deserved well of the civilized world.

THE BEAUTIFUL STONE OF THE MASONIC ARCH.

BY BRO. ROBERT MORRIS, L.L.D.

IF I were the Master Grand—
If I were the King of Judah now,
With that sage Tyrian band
Who wore the cockleshell on the brow,
I'll tell you, Craftsmen, what I'd do!
I'd choose my brightest Parian rock—
No flaw or crevice in the block,
And right above my ivory throne
I'd set the beautiful stone—
The beautiful, beautiful stone!

I'd take from Lebanon, then, the trees,
The cedars fragrant, tall and fair,
And hardened in the centuries,
And these to the Holy Mount I'd bear;
Hiram should them prepare.
From Ophir's shining sands I'd gain
The yellow, choice, and glittering grain,
And these, in Mystic form, should crown
The white and beautiful stone—
The beautiful, beautiful stone!

Then, unto every shrine I'd go,
And to every lorn and humble grave,
And to the prayers and tears that flow
From woman meek and manhood brave,
And orphan lone I'd have:
Prayers for pure incense should arise,
And tears, accepted sacrifice,
This savor, such as God will own,
Should bless the beautiful stone—
The beautiful, beautiful stone!

This beautiful stone, its name should be—
The loving Mason knows it well—
'Tis writ in glory—*CHARITY*—
Best word the earth can tell,
Best word the heavens swell!
Above my ivory throne so bright—
Were I the Master Grand to-night—
Where God and man alike may own
I'd set the beautiful stone—
The beautiful, beautiful stone

THE ANCIENT MYSTERIES.

BY MASONIC STUDENT.

SO much has been said upon this subject and so much has been written, and so much said and so much written in ignorance and in error, that it has seemed to me well to bring to the notice of my readers one of the best essays on the subject I know of, though not, I believe, very much or generally known. It has been familiar to me for many years, and is very lucidly and well written. It was published in 1788, by an anonymous writer, translated from the French of M. le Clerc de Septchenes, in a work entitled "The Religion of the Ancient Greeks, etc." I beg to recommend it to the perusal of all Masonic students.

Of the Secret Worship, or of the Mysteries.

This interesting part of the Ancient Religion, which in reality constitutes its essence, is at the same time that part of it which is of the most difficult investigation. Hitherto traditions, which are indeed at best uncertainand often contradictory, have been our guides in endeavouring to unravel the chaos of mythology: but here all is covered with thick darkness; it is now necessary, as it were, to descend into the bowels of the earth; to publish what for a long time it was not permitted to reveal; to scrutinize a secret kept religiously for ages, and on which it was hardly allowed to form a conjecture. The Ancients, bound by the most sacred of all oaths, explained themselves on this head with the greatest reserve, as often as they had occasion to speak of the Mysteries. It must be allowed, however, that there were extant a great many works concerning these ceremonies, besides the books that treated of them professedly, and which, being published under the names of Orpheus, of Musæus, or of Eumolpus, may be turned *ritual books; it is certain, that Stesimbrotus*, Menander, Hicesines, Arignotus the Pythagorician, and several others, undertook to describe them: but now, when the works of these authors are lost, the only monuments existing are some fragments that contain a few allusions, of which it is very difficult to find the application; and we are forced to have recourse to the testimony even of those that have an interest in deceiving.

The first apologists of Christianity have thrown some light on this obscure subject. It was necessary for them to discover the dogmas that they meant to refute; and though they have in general disfigured them, their vehement declamations contain a multitude of interesting particulars. The writings of Arnobius, of Tertullian, but especially of Clemens Alexandrinus, are still the principal sources from which the moderns derive their information. These, in their turn, have been influenced by particular views. Some of them, as may naturally be imagined, have not scrupled to adopt the invectives that had formerly been dictated by blind zeal against the institutions of antiquity: and if there are any who have shewn themselves superior to such unjust prejudices, they have not always been able to guard against the spirit of system. In this respect, Warburton deserves our censure.* His inquiries are extremely ingenious; but he has maintained that the gods were only deified heroes. M. Gebelin,† who wished to find in every circumstance some reference to agriculture, perceived nothing in these Mysteries but an emblem of the origin and progress of that art; while, according to author of Antiquity Unveiled,‡

* Divine Legation of Moses. † Hist. du Calendrier.

‡ L'Antiquité Devoilée; liv. iii., c. 2.

"they ought to be considered as the fatal deposit of the religious melancholy of the first men." Although the nature of this work does not permit us to enter into all the details which a matter of such importance would require, yet as we are to go over the same ground we shall take advantage of the discoveries and the great labour of those who have preceded us. Perhaps, by following their footsteps we shall succeed in forming a more exact idea of a religion too long misunderstood and too often ignorantly insulted. But let us enter the sacred recesses of her temple. There, truly august, we shall behold her shining with unborrowed lustre, joining to the pomp of ceremonious observance the practice of the austere virtues, and entitled by her morality to command the minds of enlightened nations.

We have already distinguished two kinds of worship in the ancient religion. The first, called Popular, consisted chiefly in outward forms. "It presented to its votaries," says Freret, "a wide but fertile field, which every one was at liberty to appropriate, and where each roamed at pleasure without subordination, and without the mutual co-operation or consent that produce uniformity." The history of those gods that have just come under our review has furnished us with more than one example of this; and often, in spite of all our endeavours, it has been difficult for us to discover the primitive idea of which they were originally the image. This is not the case with the other species of worship: in it all is connected and concatenated; it rests on a sacred basis; it presents a system all the parts of which correspond with each other; and, far from permitting any capricious innovation, it firmly withstood every attack on the most unessential points of its doctrines. The preparations it exacted contributed to maintain its purity. It was enveloped in respect and silence as with an impenetrable veil. Thus, while the people in crowds frequented the porticos of the temple, and, prostrate before the altars of Jupiter, adored that powerful deity whom they had been taught to revere but whose essence was unknown to them, a small number only were admitted into the sanctuary: these enjoyed the actual presence of the god; they arose by degrees to comprehend the principles of things; and, contemplating the spectacle of the universe, subject to invariable laws, they did homage to him who is the origin of all.

The second worship differed not essentially from the first, of which indeed it was symbolical, but it had a more direct tendency. While it attracted regard by the commanding magnificence of its exterior, it was still more respectable by its doctrines. The initiated, that is, such as had undergone certain preparatory trials, alone were permitted to celebrate this worship. It was designed by a name expressive of its nature. *The Mysteries*, or the concealed part of the ancient Religion, contained its most august and most sacred doctrines.

We shall begin with investigating the origin of those Mysteries, and their object. Afterwards, as we describe the ceremonies with which they were accompanied, we shall chiefly endeavour to unfold their spirit; and having shewn their importance, and demonstrated what were the opinions with respect to them among the Ancients, we shall, in a few words, attend to the revolutions which an institution so celebrated and so universally adopted was in the end exposed to.

Indeed, this institution was by no means peculiar to the Greeks, but existed among all the nations of the earth. Religion in every country concealed herself under a veil: in the general opinion she descended from heaven, where she had received divine illumination, and therefore perhaps she thought it necessary to accommodate herself to the weakness of our organs by concealing a part of her splendour; or perhaps, by promulgating incomprehensible dogmas, she meant to avoid the inquisitive research of idle curiosity. For the most part, instead of persuasion she made use of authority, and led captive the senses, that she might the more easily bring reason under subjection. Hence

sometimes prodigies and marvellous events succeeded one another with rapidity, while injunctions of the most rigorous silence were imposed on the spectators. Hence those objects of magnificence or terror presented to the eyes, all calculated to produce the most lively impressions on the mind. Such ceremonies are still in use in China, in Japan, and in those Eastern monarchies that have subsisted from immemorial times.* They were known to the Caribbees, to the Mexicans, and to the inhabitants of Peru,† before the destructive invasion of the Spaniards; and they are found also at this day among the savages scattered over the Northern countries of the New World,‡ who, with their independence, have preserved their original laws. Such formerly were the opinions of our brave ancestors, who supported for so long a time the cause of liberty against the oppressors of the human race: they too had a secret religion, and they fixed its abode in the obscurest retreats. Darksome woods that inspired a sacred horror, and which time had respected as well as the hand of man, were the habitations of their gods. Nobody durst approach them except on those stated days in which the Druids, escorted by the principal chiefs, went in pompous solemnity to cut the sacred mistletoe, the symbol of their worship. In the Northern extremity of our continent, also, inaccessible grottos and immense caverns served to conceal from the multitude the sacrifices § of the priests of Odin, as we learn from some ancient characters inscribed on certain rocks in Iceland or Norway. Lastly, even those people that have been lately discovered scattered among the islands of the great Pacific Ocean, and who have been separated till now from the world, have also their Mysteries.‖ We have had more than one occasion to observe this conformity of religious opinions in different ages and in different climates, whence, perhaps, it may be concluded that between man and the Deity there exist only a certain number of connecting relations, which are easily traced. Thus, each individual system originating from the same principles would produce nearly similar results when civil society began to be formed; and when afterwards a general intercourse was established among nations, it is not surprising that various people should insensibly adopt a theology similar in the essential parts though different in the form.

Thus, the first Greeks easily embraced that theology which was introduced among them by the colonies. They had borrowed their deities from the Oriental nations: to them they were indebted for that secret part of the religion which could alone inform them of the true object of their veneration. The Mysteries were particularly celebrated in that country which has justly been considered as the parent of the sciences;¶ there they were cultivated by an order of priests entrusted with the care of preserving the sacred deposit; and there it was only allowed to a few wise men to remove the veil by which they were concealed. Orpheus, to whom we must always have recourse when we investigate the religion of the Greeks, had travelled into Egypt, whence he had brought the Mysteries, which a philosopher of antiquity** calls Divine, because they softened the manners of men; because, with laws, they bestowed on them life and nourishment; and, divesting them of their brutal inclinations, recalled them to the virtues of humanity.

They were first instituted in a small island situated at the entry of the Thracian Chersonesus, which antiquity long venerated as the centre of religion, and thence they passed insensibly into the neighbouring countries Melampus, instructed in the school of Orpheus, established similar institutions in Argolis, as did Trophonius in Bœotia, and the celebrated Musæus at Athens.†† In each canton they were distinguished by a different name, or rather, if we may use the expression, they had been put under the invocation of a particular divinity,

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* Lafiteau, Mœurs des sauvages; tom. ii. † Ibid. ‡ Ibid.
§ Introduction to the History of Denmark. ‖ Cook's Voyages. ¶ Egypt.
** Cicero, de Legibus. †† Tertul. Apolog.

chosen most commonly out of those of the third order: a certain proof that in Greece they had the same origin with the arts. Thus, the most ancient of all were those of the discoverers of metallurgy, of the Cyclops at Lemnos, of the Curetes and Dactyli in the island of Crete; but especially of the Cabiri in Samothracia: which shews us, at the same time, that civilization began in the islands that surround Greece, whence it was afterwards spread over the continent. When by a lucky revolution the Greeks had been rescued from barbarism, they wished that the beneficent deities, to whom they attributed the discoveries that were most useful to man, should preside over the religious worship which had been introduced at the same period. These august functions were committed to the charge of Ceres and of Bacchus; of the first especially, who had introduced laws, and taught the practice of agriculture. The Mysteries, instituted in honour of that goddess, soon obtained a conspicuous celebrity. They differed, however, in nothing from those that were afterwards established in other places, and which soon became numerous. In whatever place they were celebrated, or whatever form they assumed, they continued always essentially the same; and as they were but a portion of that religion which, as we have seen, comprehended the universal system of Nature, they must have had the same object.

Among those who have taken pleasure in disfiguring mythology, some have pretended that the object of the Mysteries was to unveil the errors of the former, and to instill into the people purer sentiments, by informing them with regard to the nature of the beings they adored, and by teaching them, "that Mercury, Jupiter, Bacchus, and the whole rabble of licentious deities were only dead mortals; subject in life to the same passions and infirmities with themselves; but having been, on other accounts, benefactors to mankind, grateful posterity had deified them, and with their virtues had indiscreetly canonized their vices." This opinion belongs to Warburton,* and is founded, like the rest which he has adopted, on a pretended letter of Alexander the Great to his mother, related by St Augustine, Minutius Felix, and some others, and which ought to be ranked in the number of those pious frauds which the first Christians thought themselves at liberty to practice. We shall not stop to combat this opinion, of which we have already shewn the absurdity. It leads to the improbable supposition that the Ancients cultivated two sorts of religion of opposite tendency, that the one condemned what the other enjoined, and that the people were at once impious and idolatrous.

Far from destroying polytheism, in the sense in which this word ought to be taken, the Mysteries tended to establish it; but they confined it within its true bounds; they guarded it especially against the errors of the imagination; and having explained what it was necessary to understand by that multiplicity of gods, the objects of public veneration, they arose to the Supreme Intelligence who comprehends them all, and from whom they are all but an emanation.

The true meaning of the adventures that we ascribed to them, of the fables that composed their history, was unfolded and explained. The principles of the universe, the most imposing phenomena of astronomy, and those arts that had served as the basis of society, all passed successively under review. They took particular care to commemorate the principal epochas of the world, which had at first been formed out of the bosom of Chaos, then alternately destroyed and renewed: lastly, they unveiled the picture of Science and Religion uniting together for the happiness and instruction of mankind. The Mysteries alone were capable of interpreting the sacred emblems; and thus, says Circero, "when they are well examined and duly considered they illustrate the nature of things more than that of the gods".†

But their principal object, under the name of Universal Nature, was the one unoriginated being, whose functions as well as attributes had been per-

* Divine Legation; book ii. † De Nat. Deor.; lib. i., c. 42.

sonified. The Mysteries, says Strabo,* were instituted only to preserve the honour due to the supreme being.

These alone, says Chrysippus, can communicate a just idea of him. They taught that he is the Supreme Ruler; that he governs all things and disposes of all events; that his eye beholds every action, and even the most secret thought. By this placing Man under the immediate inspection of the Deity, they inspired him with love of virtue, and they served at the same time to give him just notions of the excellence and dignity of human nature.

(To be continued.)

LODGE HISTORIES.

AS we have often recorded the history of English and Scottish Lodges in this magazine, we think it well to give, from the *Liberal Freemason*, an interesting account of an American Lodge, as in Lodge life, whether in England or America or Scotland, the true history of Freemasonry is to be found.

Philanthropic Lodge.

On the occasion of reviving Philanthropic Lodge, in Marblehead, alluded to in our last number, the Secretary, Bro. S. P. Hatheway, Jun., read a paper, giving, as will be seen, a historical sketch of that organization. He has kindly furnished us the copy, and, though somewhat lengthy, we print it for the benefit of those interested. After alluding to the feeling of regard one must have for those whose good deeds have made green their memories, and for traditions associated with things long past, he says:

Our Lodge has such traditions and memories. We turn to its record, and we live with a century of Masonry that has passed. We look at its charter, which so many noble hands have held, and find the name of Paul Revere. We bend at its altar, and grasp the square and compasses that were taken from the powder ship that Mugford captured. We are met at the door of the Tyler with the first sword that was drawn in this State at the President's call for troops in the late rebellion, which, in another century, will be as historic as the others. But briefly, let us together look through the records; it will be old to some, tiresome to many, but food to all.

The first knowledge we have of Masonry in this town is obtained from the records of the Grand Lodge. Therein we find, on the 25th of March, 1760, Dr. Lowell and some others went to Boston to be made Masons, were so made by Bro. Jeremy Gridley, then Grand Master, and were authorized to form a lodge in this place. (It was twenty-seven years after the establishment of Masonry in America, but of the time or place of meeting no record remains.) The presumption is that after forming the Lodge their numbers failed to increase, and having become discouraged they returned the charter or dispensation, to wait a more favourable opportunity. There are but two Lodges older than this in the State, St. John's and St. Andrew's: St. John's, chartered in England in 1733 (being then the Grand Lodge from which our charter was obtained); St. Andrew's, chartered as a Grand Lodge in Scotland in 1756. In 1792, these two authorities united to form what is now the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, but retained their charters as subordinate Lodges. An appli-

* Geog.; lib. x.

cation was made sometime between 1760 and 1778, by Samuel Glover, and a warrant granted, but the brethren not meeting once in twelve months, it was forfeited. In 1778, the charter was again granted by Right Worshipful Brother John Rowe, to Brother Richard Harris and others. They assembled together on the 15th day of January, at the house of the Widow King, and formed a regular Lodge. Where that house stood we know not, but probably it remains a memory of those days, although unknown to us. It was in the midst of those times, when the clouds hung blackest over our land, when the wise and the true took counsel together, when the fair fields of Lexington and Bunker Hill had been crimsoned by the blood of their brethren, that this Lodge was formed.

For a time the Lodge appears to have gained in numbers, and to have prospered. Persons were initiated from Maine, Connecticut, and different parts of our own State, and we presume the Lodge to have been very proficient in the work. Let us imagine the first night the brethren met under the new Constitution. One has been stationed at the outer door as Tyler, another remains in the small ante-room to arrange the pipes, tobacco, and punches, by the aid of tallow candles. We see the large, loose cloaks lain on the chairs, and the cocked or beaver hats piled in the corner. A small sheet-iron stove, heated by pine knots, makes it very comfortable; but let us enter, and "this is Masons' Hall;" the floor sanded, the windows darkened by thick curtains, but the light is an improvement on the ante-room, for here are wax candles in large and elaborately wrought brass candle-sticks, with snuffers ready for use; then look at the immense fire-place, with its huge logs crackling and spitting while they send out a genial heat. The fender and brass andirons, shovel and tongs, are indeed a curious sight; but notice around the fire-place the different pictures on marble of scenes from Scripture; above it is a mirror brought from Bilboa, a return for some fishing adventure; and the settles, straight-back and unpainted, and the curiously carved leather-seated chairs, and there, too, as in all times, is the altar with the Holy Bible, Square, and Compasses, and the three burning tapers. In the East sits Master Richard Harris, clothed in short clothes, with large silver buckles at the knee, and the same on his shoes; his ample vest is covered by a velvet coat of the fashionable cut of those days; on his head a cocked hat, from under which his queue comes down, and we should judge from the appearance of his coat collar that his hair was powdered; slowly he rises from his seat, and taking in his hand that charter which is now the choice treasure of this Lodge, says: "Brethren, I have congregated you together this evening to form a Lodge. But first, as no man should ever engage in any great or important undertaking without first invoking the blessing of Deity, let us unite in prayer;" the prayer ended, he proceeds, "by virtue of the authority vested in me, I appoint Brother Fettyplace, Senior Warden; Brother Roads, Junior Warden."

No further business, Lodge is closed, and drawing around the fire-place, with their pipes, tobacco, and punches, they talk of the events that are happening around in serious tones. What the future may bring forth, God only knows; whether the cause of freedom and humanity, or of tyranny and despotism shall triumph, none know; but one resolve is theirs, they will not yield, whether they survive or perish. Together they go gorth into the clear, frosty air of that January night, each to his own home. As night after night they meet, they see their numbers increase, till at last, in the course of a few years, they have a large Lodge. The names of many members in those early days have been made familiar to us by tradition: Harris, Trevitt, Lee, Orne, Fettyplace, Gerry, Hooper. There are others, well known then, but now forgotten.

We find by the record that they usually celebrated the annual feasts of both the Sts. John in June and December. Those were the days when the wine sparkled on the board, and the merry jest and song went round. The times have changed, whether for the better let each judge for himself, but not for

their brother. Far be it from me to disparage our own times; nor will I think less of those, for I know they were noble men, within whose breasts beat hearts filled with charity and brotherly love. The wine is banished from our boards, but we hope that charity and brotherly love remains as strong as of old.

As we glance over the record, we find death comes among them and takes some brother away, and we can almost imagine we hear the wail of the penitential hymn sounding down through the years, and the Master's voice saying, "Dust to dust, ashes to ashes," the accacia and the silent tear are dropped, and the brethren pass on.

The office of Master is filled by Brother Harris from 1778 to '81; Samuel R. Trevitt from 1781 to '82; Elisha Story, 1782 to '86. Then for ten years no record appears. They meet on the evening of April 20th, 1786, choose officers for the coming year, make rules, and close. They meet again February, 1797, to attend the funeral of a brother. Their work appears to have fallen off from 1783, so much so that sometimes they meet, but not in numbers sufficient to open a Lodge. Thursday, February 14th, 1797, they meet, and made choice of officers. Elisha Story is again chosen, and holds office by re-election, or because of no election, till 1803. June 12, 1797, the Lodge came under the jurisdiction of the United Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, and received the name "Philanthropic," which it now bears.

In February, 1780, the Lodge voted that the hall they then occupied was not convenient, and a committee was appointed to procure one more suitable. Brother Peter Jayne let them his assembly rooms as a Lodge room, upon their furnishing him with sixteen cords of wood per annum, as long as they continued his tenants. They occupied these rooms from February till October of the same year, when the Lodge was again removed to the house of Bro. Burdick. Whether the removal was caused by the supply of wood falling off the record says not.

The festival of St. John's Day, 1783, was celebrated in what they would term, I suppose, ample form. The Secretary has entered upon his records even the price to be paid per head, "3s. for the dinner, 6d. for a bottle of wine more than the first cost, 2 pence for a bowl of punch, 1 pence for a bowl of grog." Not very temperate, we should say, but then this festival came but once a year, and if in those days due restraint was not placed, as it might have been, upon their appetites, it was upon their passions, which are now more a source of trouble than drinking was then, for by the records we read that words spoken in temper in a Lodge-room were sufficient cause for expulsion. Were this rule adopted in our days, there would be many a vacant seat in every Lodge. The Lodge, in those days, appears to have met once in two weeks, or oftener, if work required it; they adopted rules which were suspended by a majority vote of the members present. As an example: on one Lodge night a certain person applied for initiation; he was balloted for and negatived; twice the same thing occurs; the application was laid on the table till the next meeting, and again balloted for; again a black ball; the Lodge then appointed a committee "to see what shall be done;" they report, "suspend the 9th rule and admit him," and he was accordingly admitted, and some meetings later the 9th rule was renewed. Let me here state from the records another little incident: two brothers have a disagreement; after some talk it is agreed to by both that the matter be referred to two other brethren; but one of the disputants makes this reservation: "I will leave it to be decided by the brothers agreed on, but may hell and damnation seize my soul if I abide by the award, unless it be in my favour."

As we follow the records along, there is plainly seen a rise and fall, for a few years on the topmost wave, the next in its receding foam, then lost from sight, but soon to appear again. Seasons of prosperity and adversity follow one another along in quick succession, sometimes calling special meetings for work, then closing because of none. On the first day of January, 1800, the

Lodge met and passed a resolve that the brethren wear black crape with blue ribbon on the left arm for thirty days as a badge of mourning for the decease of their Illustrious Brother, George Washington, and to listen to an eulogy to be pronounced the next day by Joseph Story, Esq. He who pronounced that eulogy placed his name on the rolls of fame as a jurist higher than any American has ever reached. Other places may claim names famed in the records of jurisprudence, but this town claims a Story higher. The records close, 1803, with Elisha Story as Master, and open January 10th, 1809, with Ralph French as Master. Then for the first time we find an account of the installation of officers. He held the office for one year, and a large number were initiated. He was re-elected, but declined, and Bro. Eben G. Evans was elected, serving one year. Bro. John Candler was then elected, and served till the surrender of the charter in 1812.

But three times in the records do we find a presentation made to any Master or brother. In 1810, a medal was presented to Brother French; in 1859, a Past Master's Jewel was presented to Wor. Brother Blaney as tokens of respect for their services in Masonry; and in April, 1872, a purse of money to Bro. Peter J. Rogers, on his eightieth birthday, and then more than fifty years a Mason.

At a meeting, January 23rd, 1812, the Lodge voted to return the charter. Then war again raged, but now its fiercest conflicts were upon the ocean, and this town sent forth her bravest sons to aid in the conflict upon the decks of privateers or battle-ships. They nobly did their duty, and at the close of that war had a roll of the members of the old Lodge been called, the greater number of responses would have come from Dartmoor or the prison-hulks of England. From 1812 to 1821 Masonry remained silent in this town, but in April of 1821 a meeting of several of the brethren was holden for the purpose of consulting on the expediency of re-establishing the Lodge. Of the thirteen petitioners for the restoration of the charter, not one is now living, the last one, Bro. E. Kimball, having died within a year. At a meeting, April 9th, Brother John Bartlett was elected Master, and all the other offices filled. June 24th, 1822, the new hall was dedicated (this house was afterwards purchased and occupied by Bro. David Blaney, and it is in possession of the family at this date, 1880), by Grand Lodge, with honours. An oration was delivered by Bro. Thaddeus M. Harris, of Dorchester, and a dinner was prepared at the Fort. All of us here present remember that day by tradition; for myself, the first recollection that I have of Masonry was the saying that it always rained when the Masons walked. I believe that it was generally conceded by all that it never rained harder before and never will again rain as on that day. The fact of it is a matter of record, and also the fact that it was much needed, as vegetation was suffering, and it was regarded as a great blessing from the Grand Master of the Universe. Brother John Bartlett remained as Master till 1825, then Bro. R. W. French for one year, then Bro. Creasey for two years, then Bro. Trefy for one year, then Bro. Traill. Under these the Lodge increased in numbers and prospered till the dark days of Masonry came on. Then, in that wild tempest of fanaticism, with most of the Lodges in its vicinity it again surrendered its charter. In those days to be a Mason was indeed *to be* a marked man, *doubted* and mistrusted; but that fiery ordeal through which it then passed became a positive good, for the cowardly and the mean, the scheming politician, and the vile demagogue, who had sought for the means of rising to political power within its Lodges, left it, never, we hope, again to return. Then it was the true Mason stood fearless and erect, conscious that in the end virtue and light would be triumphant. For awhile the storm raged, but soon spent its fury, then broken and scattered, the clouds rolled away, the sun came out again, the Lodge slowly revived, and the true Mason found himself by its consecrated altars.

In March, 1841, the charter was again called back, and Bro. John Bartlett elected Master. He held office till December of the same year, when Bro.

Trefy was elected, who held office till 1846, when by public installation Bro. David Blaney was installed as Master. He held the office till December, 1858, the space of twelve years, the longest consecutive time ever held. When his successor was elected, Bro. Blaney was the only Past Master living. He died last year (1879), one of the best and truest of Masons. In 1858, Bro. H. H. F. Whittemore was elected, and held the office till December, 1862. In 1860 the Lodge celebrated its one hundredth anniversary, and by curious coincidence, the W. Master was of the same profession at the birth of the Lodge and on the celebration of its hundredth birth-day. The Lodge at that time numbered sixty-two members, and every member not absent from town was present on that occasion; it was but twenty years ago. Yet twenty-eight of those who gathered at that festival have passed to the Grand Lodge above, among them the Worshipful Master, Treasurer, Secretary, Marshal, and Chaplain.

In December, 1862, Bro. M. J. Doak was elected Master, and held office till December, 1867, when Bro. Jonathan Cole was elected and held office till December, 1868, when Bro. Pitman was elected Master and held office till December, 1872, when Bro. W. H. Wormstead was elected; he held office till February, 1875, when Bro. Doak was installed and remained as Master till the surrender of the charter in 1876.

I have thus briefly sketched the history of the Lodge, as found in its records, not so ably as it could be done by many of our brethren present, but in my own plain way, showing that though the Lodge may have lain dormant during some years of the past century, yet still the fires on its altars have ever burned, though somewhat covered with ashes. Like the vestal fires of the ancients, it needed but the breath to make the embers glow, and the sweet breath of the spring now has started them into new life and being.

SONNET ON THE LATE LEARNED JOHN OXLEE.

BY BRO. GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL,

Author of "The Peoples' History of Cleveland and its Vicinage," &c.

OXLEE! we wonder how a single brain,
During the few short years of life allow'd
To man for study here, could ever crowd
So much of learning there; or how sustain
The load of language when it once was got.
Pliny with wonder told of Pontus' king,
In twenty-two lands' language conversing;
But Mithridates is well-nigh forgot;
Our Cleveland Walton's name is dim by thine:
What was Bologna's Cardinal to thee,
Who knew more books* than other linguists see?
Thy name o'er Mezzofanti's e'en shall shine;
And, as the love of learning grows 'mongst men,
Thy fame it will increase beyond all mortal ken.

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.

* I have already noticed in the *Masonic Magazine* the splendid library of this learned divine, now in the possession of his son, my dear old friend, the Rector of Cowesby, in the North Riding of Yorkshire; a library too valuable ever to be allowed to be dispersed, and which ought to be secured for the nation.

THE LIVERY COMPANIES AND ART TREASURES.

LIKE many others, we think the following account of the recent exhibition at the Mansion House, by the wise invitation and with the wonted hospitality of our distinguished Bro. the Lord Mayor, Sir F. Truscott, J.G.W. of England, ought to be preserved in the *Masonic Magazine*. We have to thank our contemporaries the *Times, City Press, Standard, Daily News*, and the *Antiquary*, for their clear and interesting notice. The subject was alluded to as fully in the *Freemason*.

THE companies represented were the Armourers and Braziers, the Barber-Surgeons, the Blacksmiths, Broderers, Butchers, Carpenters, Clockmakers, Clothworkers, Coachmakers, Cooks, Coopers, Cordwainers, Cutlers, Distillers, Drapers, Fanmakers, Goldsmiths, Grocers, Haberdashers, Innholders, Ironmongers, Joiners, Leathersellers, Mercers, Merchant-Taylors, Needlemakers, Painter-stainers, Pewterers, Saddlers, Salters, Shipwrights, Skinners, Spectaclemakers, Stationers, Tallow-chandlers, Tilers and Bricklayers, Vintners, and Weavers.* The Fishmongers' Company were the only prominent guild unrepresented. The articles comprised magnificent loving-cups, punchbowls, tankards, épergnes, flagons, ladles, rose-water dishes, salt-sellers, coffee-pots, ewers, snuff-boxes, apostle spoons, and beadles' staves. In the centre of the Egyptian Hall stood a great glass show-case, in and on which were disposed the plate in use at the Mansion House, Corporation plate, and picked specimens from the more massive articles sent by the Companies, the result being a really wonderful trophy of gold and silver work. The gems of this collection were the wonderful helmet-shaped ewer and the great salver, both lent by the Goldsmiths' Company, of Paul Lamerie, and the best examples of the goldsmith's work. They are of the date 1741, a century at least later than the bulk of the articles exhibited, and the style of art is more ornate and showy than that of the work of the older smiths; but in workmanship it yields to none, and there is a boldness and a vigour which place the salver and ewer quite alone among the many hundreds of pieces of massive plate.

The Corporation exhibited a number of charters granted by the Kings of England, commencing with two charters of William I., and including the charter of King John granting the shrievalty of London and Middlesex to the citizens of London, and dated 1199. A second charter of King John, dated 1214, granting the citizens of London the right to elect their Mayor was also shown. Amongst the other objects of historical interest were books, pictures, and drawings of old London; autographs, including a deed signed by Shakspeare; and an account of the christenings and deaths during the year of pestilence, 1665. The Corporation also exhibited the City jewelled sceptre, tendered to Sovereigns on the occasion of Royal visits to the City; the City purse, symbol of the cash of the City; and the plate in use at the Mansion House. The Bohemian astrological clock, fabricated at Prague by Jacob Zech, A.D. 1525, was lent by the Society of Antiquaries. The Barber-Surgeons' Company appear to have launched into the luxury of silver plate at an earlier epoch than did most of the other corporate bodies, or, if it did not do so, it has at least been more fortunate in preserving its distinct plate. The grace cup and cover, silver-gilt, presented to the Company by Henry VIII. (hall-marked 1523), and the Royal oak cup and cover, in silver, presented to them

* We regret to see the Masons' Company unrepresented. Why?—ED. *M.M.*

by Charles II. in 1676, both attracted much attention. The Armourers and Braziers' Company was very strongly represented in the older part of the collection. This Company lent, amongst other things, a large mazer bowl, silver mounted, hall marked 1578-9; the wooden bowl, presented by Everard Frere, the first master after the incorporation in 1453; standing cup and cover, silver-gilt, the gift of John Richmond, fifteenth century work; the Owl Pot, brown stone ware in form of an owl, given in 1537 by Julyan, wife of William Vyneard; beadle's staff, surmounted with representation of St. George and the Dragon, date 1658. The grace cup and cover—a very fine specimen of work—lent by the Mercers' Company were with the Henry VIII. cup in the case on the left of the entrance, which contained the oldest specimens of plate present—for the display was arranged chronologically. The Blacksmiths' Company contributed a case containing specimens of work in iron; the Broderers' Company a cup and cover, silver-gilt, presented by John Parr in 1606, made at Nuremberg; the Butchers' Company a silver beaker, the gift of Richard Taylor, hall-marked 1669. The Carpenters' Company contributed four standing cups, silver-gilt, and four garlands (or caps) of the master and wardens of the Company. The Clockmakers' Company sent a case containing specimens of ancient watches, etc. The Clothworkers' Company exhibited a standing cup and cover, silver, presented by Samuel Pepys 1677, hall-marked same year; also a standing cup and cover, silver, presented by Daniel Waldo in 1655, hall-marked same year; and a large Monteith, or punch-bowl, with bull's head handles, presented by Sir J. Bull, hall-marked 1718. From the Coachmakers' Company there was a large flagon, silver-gilt repousse, with arms of the Company, presented by R. Cheslyn about 1685; a large flagon, silver-gilt, presented by J. Jacob in 1693; and a beadle's staff-head, silver, dating from about 1677. The Cooks' Company contributed a cup and cover presented by E. Corbett in 1676, hall-marked 1675; and also a cocoanut cup, hall-marked 1588. The Coopers' Company sent a Monteith, or punch-bowl, fluted, presented by Francis Loveday in 1705, hall-marked 1704; and a cup in form of a barrel, on tall stem, Basle hall-mark. The Cordwainers' Company a flat-lid tankard, the gift of Thomas Palfray in 1666, hall-marked 1667, etc. The Cutlers' Company a cup and cover, silver-gilt, presented by G. Clark in 1616, hall-marked 1607; salt, in form of an elephant, presented by R. Carrington in 1658. The Distillers' Company a silver coffee-pot, presented by T. Hardwicke in 1778, hall-marked 1773; and also a silver tankard, presented by J. Woods in 1700, hall-marked 1700. The Drapers' Company contributed several handsome cups, one presented by W. Lambardi in 1578, hall-marked 1578-9; a silver cup and cover, presented by John Walter in 1656; a silver cup and cover, presented by John Taylor, hall-marked 1699; and a silver voiding knife, presented by Sir Edward Barkeham; lunette, or breast ornament, of pure gold, found on the Company's Irish estate. The Fanmakers' Company: beadle's staff-head, silver, 1726. The Goldsmiths' Company: helmet-shaped ewer, by Paul Lamerie, hall-marked 1741; great salver, by the same, hall-marked 1741 (very massive); tall German cup and cover, Augsburg, sixteenth century work; salt, gift of Richard Rogers in 1632; another salt, gift of Simon Gibbon in the same year. The Grocers' Company: two standing cups and covers, presented by John Saunders, who died in 1669, hall-marked 1672 and 1764. The Haberdashers' Company: pair of loving cups, silver-gilt, with frosted surface, the gift of Thomas Stone, hall-marked 1649; silver-gilt circular salt, presented by Sir Hugh Hammersley 1636, hall-marked 1635; silver-gilt standing cup, embossed with three scenes from the book of Tobit, presented by Mr. Thomas Juall 1629, hall-marked 1629; waterman's silver badge, dated 1689. The Innholders' Company: standing cup, silver-gilt, presented by Grace Gwalter, hall-marked 1599; salt-cellar, silver, gift of Richard Reeve in 1748, hall-marked 1657. The Ironmongers' Company: pair of maize bowls, mounted in silver-gilt; on a raised boss at the bottom of each

bowl are the Company's arms enamelled in their proper colours, fifteenth century; cocoanut cup, or hanap, mounted in silver-gilt frame on a fluted stand, late fifteenth century. The joiners' Company: eighteen ancient silver spoons; loving cup and cover, hall-marked 1770. The Leathersellers' Company: two drinking cups, silver parcel-gilt, presented by George Humble, 1640; rose-water dish and ewer, silver-gilt, presented by Bentley, Augsburg hall-mark; two garlands of the masters and wardens of the Company. The Mercers' Company: grace cup and cover, ornamented with maidens' heads and flagons, the badges of the Company, hall-marked 1499-1500; silver-gilt tun or wine-barrel with waggon, formerly belonging to College of St. Thomas of Acon, early sixteenth century; pair of loving cups, silver, gift of Governor and Company of Bank of England in 1718, hall-marked 1694; épergne, silver, gift of National Debt Commissioners in 1794, hall-marked 1794; "Evidences of Dean Colet's Lands," MS. book of early part of sixteenth century; Original Ordinances of Whittington College, illuminated; Original Ordinances of Dean Colet for St Paul's School, with portrait of the dean. The Merchant Taylors' Company: beadle's mace, silver; standard yard measure, silver; two silver loving-cups, with handles and covers, presented by Thomas Roberts in 1795, hall-marked 1795. The Needlemakers' Company: rose-water dish and ewer, silver-gilt, presented by Thomas King in 1809, hall-marked 1799; two silver salt-cellars, hall-marked 1692 and 1705; charters. The Painter-stainers' Company: silver cup and cover, bequeathed by Mr. W. Camden, hall-marked 1623; salt (in three pieces), gift of Mr. J. Beston, hall-marked 1635; three spoons, seal topped, hall-marks from 1560 to 1590. The Pewterers' Company: silver-gilt cups and cover; beadle's staff-head, silver; two touch-plates of the pewter manufacturers (now out of use). The Saddlers' Company: cocoanut cup, gift of T. Layborne in 1627, sixteenth century work, subject, "Life of Christ;" rose-water dish; four tall salt-cellars, etc.; mace, silver-gilt, presented by John Heylin in 1711; ballot-box, given in 1619 for three balls of cork. The Salters' Company: tea urn; rose-water dish; tankards, 1716; a bill of fare of 1506, showing a dinner for fifty persons given at a cost of £2 17*s.* 6*d.* The Shipwrights' Company: two silver-gilt cups, with handles and covers, date 1808; silver-gilt Lubeck Shipper's cup and cover, foreign; silver claret jug, Indian. The Skinners' Company: peahen cup, silver, presented by Mary Peacock in 1642; two Cockayne loving cups, silver-gilt, bequeathed by William Cockayne, hall-marked 1605; a silver snuff-box, in the shape of a leopard, the Company's crest, the gift of Robert Kemp, master, in 1610. The Spectaclemakers' Company: silver cup, Irish, Dublin hall-marked 1726. The Stationers' Company: Two cups, silver, presented by Thomas Davies, hall-marked 1676; two-handled cup, silver, presented by Elizabeth Crook, hall-marked 1674, and several other interesting pieces of plate. The Tallow-chandlers' Company: rose-water dish, silver, seventeenth century; barge-master's badge, silver, framed; grant of supporters, 1602, framed, under hand and seal of William Camden, Clarencieux. The Tilers and Bricklayers' Company: three silver fish slices, shaped like bricklayers' trowels, hall-marked 1770; Breeches Bible, and old Bible with padlock and chain. The Vintners' Company: square salt and cover, silver-gilt, presented by J. Powell in 1702, hall-marked 1569; small wine cup, of silver, in shape of a female carrying a a milk-pail, forming two drinking vessels; tankard, stoneware, mounted in silver-gilt, with cover, hall-marked 1562; cocoanut cup, mounted in silver-gilt, ornamented with pineapples, etc., hall-marked 1518-19; embroidered pall, purple silk, brocaded in gold, fifteenth century; tapestry, framed and glazed, originally made for Canterbury Cathedral, A.D. 1400. The Weavers' Company: beadle's mace, silver, Tudor period; the Company's charter (Henry II.), attested by Thomas à Becket. In almost all cases more objects than those enumerated were sent by the Companies named, but time prevents us from particularizing them now.

Amongst other contributions were a Doggett's milk-cup and tube of silver, dated 1715; a pegged tankard of silver, bearing the Swedish hall-mark of 1717, and an Indian cup, cover, and stand. These were lent by Mr. J. R. Vallentin, Master of the Distillers' Company. A case containing thirteen apostle spoons, and other spoons and forks, was lent by Mr. W. Pitman, C.C. In the vestibule were three cases of Japanese art work in metal and lacquer, lent by Mr. C. Pfoundes, who also exhibited a large number of specimens of Japanese art in the drawing-rooms. Amongst other beautiful and rare objects, some of which were lent by the Society of Antiquaries, were silk embroideries, paintings on silk, albums of native sketches and paintings, and specimens of ancient and modern pottery. At the entrance to the state drawing-room were hung two large and rich paintings on silk, representing the death of Buddha. Several specimens of rare Mikudzu ware, pottery in relief, and delicate jewellery and enamel work were also shown by Mr. Pfoundes.

We hope that this interesting evening may be repeated. It is asserted that even this collective show was but a tithe of the plate of the London Companies. Why should not such an auspicious beginning lead to a fuller and more perfect representation of art treasures belonging to the "guilds" of the most ancient of Municipal Corporations.

"ARS QUATUOR CORONATORUM."

THUS is entitled the concluding portion of the "Ancient Poem" discovered by James Orchard Hallwell in the British Museum, and published by him under the title of "The Early History of Freemasonry in England." The critical examination by Bro. George Kloss of this interesting document has demonstrated the fact that it dates from the early part of the 15th century, and that it is, beyond dispute, the most ancient English Masonic document yet discovered. That portion of the poem to which we would now call especial attention is as follows:—

Pray we now to God almyght,
And to hys swete moder Mary bryght,
That we mowe keepe these artyculus here,
And these poyntes wel al y-fere,*
As dede these *holy martyres fowre*,
That yn thys craft were of gret honoure.
They were as gode masonns as on erthe schul go;
Gravers and ymage makers they were also;
For they were werkemen of the beste.
The emperour hade to hem gret luste;†
He wylned‡ of hem a ymage to make
That mowth be worscheped for hys sake;
Suche marometys§ he hade yn hys dawe‖
To turne the pepul from Crystus lawe,
But they were stedefast yn Crystes lay,¶
And to here craft, withouten nay;
They loved wel God, and alle hys lore,
And weren yn hys serves ever more.
Trwe men they were yn that dawe,
And lyved wel y Goddus lawe;

* Together. † Liking. ‡ Willed. § Idols. ‖ Day. ¶ Law.

They thought no mawmetys for to make,
For no good that they mygth take,
To levyn on that mawmetys for here God,
They nolde* do so, thawg he were wod;†
For they nolde not forsake here trw fay,‡
And byleve on hys falsse lay.
The emperour let take hem sone anone,
And putte hem ynto a dep presone;
The sarre§ he penest‖ hem yn that place
The more yoye wes to hem of Cristus grace;
Thenne when he sye¶ no nother won,
To dethe he lette hem thenne gon;
Whose wol of here lyf yet more knowe,
By the bok he may hyt schowe,
In the *legend of sanctorum*,
The names of *quatuor coronatorum*;
Here fest** wol be, withoute nay,
After Alle Halwen†† the eyght day.'

The allusion here to the "quatuor coronatorum," or "holy martyres fowre," is one of the most conclusive proofs of the connection which existed between the Freemasons of England and the "Steinmetzen" or Stone-cutters of Germany; and shows that they both formed part of the same fraternity, and sprang from one common source. In England, as well as in Germany, the four holy crowned martyrs were esteemed as patron saints of the fraternity of Masons.

Heideloff, the German architect, tells us in his "Bauhütte des Mittelalters" that many of the altars erected by the mediæval masons were dedicated to their patron saints, the four holy crowned martyrs (Die heiligen Vier Gekrönten), whose names were Severus, Severianus, Carpophorus, and Victorinus,—all of whom were Christian Masons and Martyrs, who, having refused to build a pagan temple, were, by command of the emperor Diocletian, or, as some say, Tiberius, cast into the river Tiber, where they perished.

Several of the Stone-masons' regulations of Germany conclude with the words, "All these articles have been framed from the text of the ancient Constitutions which were made by the holy crowned martyrs, named Claudius, Christerius, and Significanus, to the praise and glory of the Holy Trinity and of Mary, the Queen of Heaven."

The names and number of the holy martyrs vary much in different documents: sometimes, as above, but three are mentioned; at other times we find four, and even five individuals alluded to, but always as the "Vier Gekrönten."

The statutes of the Stonemasons of Strasburg of 1459 commence with the following formula: "In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, and of the worthy mother Mary, and to the everlasting memory of her blessed servants the holy four crowned martyrs," etc.

The regulations of 1462 begin as follows: "In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, in the name of the blessed Virgin Mary, and to the honour of the four crowned martyrs, we, masters of the work of the Stonemasons," etc.

In Wattenbach's "Passio Sanctorum quatuor Coronatorum," Vienna, 1853, which is taken from a MS. in the Ducal Library at Coburg, it is related that these four Christian sculptors preferred to suffer martyrdom rather than defile their mallets and chisels by carving a statue of Asclepius, the heathen Lord and Saviour.

At Antwerp there formerly existed a "Society of the Four Crowned Martyrs" (Claudius, Nycostratus, Symphorianus, and Castorius), which consisted of masons, slate-quarriers, paviers, and stuccoers, or plasterers, an account of which will be found in the "Aurea Legenda," ed. Grässe, p. 739, and in the "Archives Philol.," Louvain, vol. i., p. 351, and vol. ii., p. 63.

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* Would not. † Married ‡ Faith. § Sorer. ‖ Punished, pained. ¶ Saw.
** Feast. †† All-Hallows.

Merzdorf, in his valuable work on "The Medals of the Freemasons," mentions a copper medal which probably emanated from the above society. The obverse represents a hammer over two chisels crossed, and the inscription " DE . VIER . GHECROONDE . 1546 . CASOTRIUM ." with a *hand*, the mint-mark of Antwerp. On the reverse is a hammer, trowel, and mould-board with the inscription " CLAVDIV . NYCOSTRATVN . SIMPHORIANVN . * ."

Schauberg, in his late work on the " Symbolism of Freemasonry," states that "Meister-tafel" (Masters' table) at Basle has on each of its sides a representation of one of the four crowned martyrs, with a brief and pithy inscription alluding to the symbolic meaning of the Compass, Square, Rule, and Level, as follows :—

1. Cirkels Kunst und Gerechtigkeit
   Den on Gott niemand usleit.
2. Das Winkelmas hat Kunst genug,
   Wenn man es brucht on Ortes Fug.
3. Der Masstab hat Kunst mannigfalt,
   Wirt auch gebrucht von jung und alt.
4. Die Wog ist gar hoch zu loben
   Sie ziegt an den rechten Kloben.

In the various missals of the 15th century, no explanation is to be found of the legend, although a special litany is laid down for the feast-day of the four martyrs (8th November), and this is specially the case in the " Missale Coloniense," 1480. In the breviaries, however, the legend of the " Vier Gekrönten " is given with more or less detail. It it impossible at this day to decide with certainty which of these breviaries is the original source from which this legend has been taken by the others; but it is a remarkable fact that the amplest details are always to be found in the breviaries of those bishoprics where at the time great cathedrals were in process of erection, as at Spires, 1477; Utrecht, 1497; Wurzburg, 1480; while in those of Basle and Constance, 1480; Salzburg, 1482; Luttich, 1492; and Erfurt, 1495, no reference is made to the legend further than the mere allusion to the memory of the four martyrs.

Although in the breviaries above mentioned the four martyrs are spoken of as *sculptors*, yet the continual recurrence of the expression "ars quadrataria, quadratacia, or quadraria," signifying of, or belonging to, a stone-cutter, has a direct reference to architecture and to the stone-masons' art, and designates them as in reality Masons, " Steinmetzen," or Stone-cutters.

This reminds us of a passage in "Anderson's Book of Constitutions," 1723, viz.: " Nor should it be forgot that painters also, and *statuaries*, were always reckoned good Masons, as much as builders, stone-cutters, brick-layers, carpenters, joiners, upholders, or tent-makers, and a vast many other craftsmen who could be named who perform according to geometry and the rules of building," etc.

In the " Lives of the Saints," 1475 and 1448, it is said of these Masons that " the five understood well how to carve, paint, and mould images;" and in the " Passional," Zwoll, 1490,—"These martyrs possessed all the arts of carving images." So also in the ancient poem we have quoted—

> They were as gode *masonns* as on erthe schul go
> *Gravers* and *ymage-makers* they were also.

(To be continued.)

IN THE LONG RUN.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

IN the long run fame finds deserving man,
The lucky wight may prosper for a day,
But in good time true merit leads the van,
And vain pretence, unnoticed, goes its way.
There is no Chance, no Destiny, no Fate,
But fortune smiles on those who work and wait,
In the long run.

In the long run all godly sorrow pays,
There is no better thing than righteous pain;
The sleepless nights, the awful crown-thorned days,
Bring sure reward to tortured soul and brain.
Unmeaning joys enervate in the end,
But sorrow yields a glorious dividend
In the long run.

In the long run all hidden things are known;
The eye of Truth will penetrate the night,
And, good or ill, thy secret shall be known,
However well 'tis guarded from the light.
All the unspoken motives of the breast
Are fathomed by the years, and stand confess'd
In the long run.

In the long run all love is paid by love,
Though undervalued by the hearts of earth;
The great eternal Government above
Keeps strict account and will redeem its work.
Give thy love freely—do not count the cost;
So beautiful a thing was never lost
In the long run.

LITERARY AND ANTIQUARIAN GOSSIP.

IN spite of the rapid improvements and romance-dispelling realities of this prosaic, gold-getting nineteenth century of ours, matters antiquarian receive their due measure of attention. Conspicuous amongst writers on antiquarian lore is the indefatigable Bro. Henry Calvert Appleby, honorary librarian of the Hull Literary Club. We frequently notice his well-known signature in the "Notes and Queries" columns of various papers whose editors give

attention to the study of the past. He also contributes occasional articles, always interesting, to various influential issues of the hebdomadal press. We had recently the pleasure of reading in the smartly edited *Boston Independent* some excellent and appreciative critical notes on the exhibition of the Royal Academy, written by Bro. Appleby, which afford unmistakeable evidence of the writer's taste and skill in the realm of fine art. From time to time, also, his well-written sketches are published in some of our most popular monthlies. Bro. Appleby is by no means unknown to the readers of this magazine. We are always entertained and instructed by his bright and eminently readable articles. He enjoys an enviable and well-deserved reputation, and his works are always remarkable for thoroughness of treatment and originality of style. We understand that Bro. Appleby is about to re-publish, in volume form, a number of his scattered magazine papers, and we cannot doubt that the undertaking will meet with much success.

We have on our table a handsomely bound volume of verse, recently published by Messrs. Wyman and Sons, from the powerful pen of Mr. Percy Russell, the well-known London Journalist. Mr. Russell has a high reputation as a writer on political and social subjects, and is, moreover, a poet of no mean ability. His rhythmical productions, characterised by a graceful style and fanciful imagination, are familiar to the readers of the metropolitan magazines. In the book before us, "King Alfred, and other poems," we notice many old favourites and not a few fragments of vigorous verse which see the light for the first time. The delightful metrical legend which gives title to the volume is a masterly production, faithful in its principal features to history, and full of poetic power. "King Edward the Second," a drama dealing with another stirring epoch in the annals of England, is also well conceived, and worked out with a due regard to detail. The brightest things in the book are, however, three "Battle Ballads," sterling specimens of heroic verse, reminding us forcibly of Macaulay's brilliant "Lays." We have had much pleasure in perusing Mr. Russell's elegant volume, and we can recommend it with confidence to our readers.

Bro. William Andrews, F.R.H.S., is contributing to the widely-circulated *Nottingham Guardian* a series of smart historical sketches under the title of "Strange Stories of the Midlands." These carefully prepared and well digested articles are finding much favour amongst the many readers of the leading Nottinghamshire journal. We learn that eventually they will be reissued in volume form.

We have received from Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. a copy of the second edition of "Canterbury in the Olden Time," by Mr. John Brent, F.S.A. It is an important production in every sense of the word, and by far the best guide to the archæological associations of the seat of the metropolitan see of England. No one word is wasted in its three hundred pages of learned letterpress, and the valuable information conveyed is further elucidated by some thirty illustrations, several of them coloured. There is a pleasant chapter on guilds, fraternities, and mediæval mysteries.

Messrs. Hurst and Blackett announce a second series of "Tales of our Great Families," by Mr. Edward Walford, M.A., the erudite editor of *The Antiquary*. The work consists of two elegant volumes of highly interesting information anent the family histories of "the upper ten." Lovers of the remarkable will find a fund of entertainment in these "tales," for the accuracy of which Mr. Walford's reputation as a biographical historian is a sufficient guarantee.

The new literary journal *The Pen* is in future to be issued as a monthly. The first few numbers, published weekly, have borne unmistakeable evidence of a strong editorial hand and a talented staff of contributors. We trust that, under the altered arrangements, *The Pen* will take a permanent stand as a critical journal.

We learn that Mr. Samuel Smiles will shortly bring out a book on "Duty," as a companion volume to his widely-appreciated works on "Self-Help," "Thrift," and kindred subjects.

Mr. Charles H. Poole, F.R.S.L., has in the press an important work on "Staffordshire Superstitions, Legends, Folk-lore, etc.," somewhat similar in design and arrangement to the same author's popular production, "Legends of Somerset."

Mr. Edward Bradbury ("Strephon") is contributing to the *Derbyshire Times* a collection of picturesque descriptive sketches entitled "Undiscovered Derbyshire." At the conclusion of the serial issue of these articles they are to be reissued by Mr. Bates, of Buxton, in book-form.

"The Black Cottage, or Tom Brace's Picture," by Mr. W. E. Brouggham (Tinsley Brothers), is a very entertaining ghost story. The author deals with his subject in sparkling style, and manifests much originality. Another excellent tale, "Elsie's Parrot," is related in the volume.

Miss Rosa Mackenzie is issuing an author's edition of her deservedly popular novels. Two of the volumes, "Lord Maskelyne's Daughter" and "La Belle Marie," have already appeared. This gifted authoress has a peculiar power of literary landscape painting, and her character sketches are true to the life.

A well-written and tastefully illustrated account of the "Churches of Yorkshire" is being published in monthly parts by Messrs. W. E. Fox and W. H. Hatton, F.R.H.S., of Bradford. This important topographical serial merits every commendation.

A series of pleasant papers entitled "Yorkshire Family Romances," just concluded in the Saturday supplements of the *Leeds Mercury*, have been attracting much attention in the "county of broad acres" and elsewhere. We have heard many expressions of desire that these well-written articles were available for handy reference and reading; and we trust those concerned will accede to this wide-spread wish. We understand that the writer of "Yorkshire Family Romances" is Mr. Frederick Ross, F.R.H.S., author of "Celebrities of the Yorkshire Wolds."

In *Railway*, "a journal of pure literature" (121, King's Cross Road), we find some interesting storiettes, written by "L'Allegro," a clever *littérateur* who has the gift of casting round every-day occurrences all the fascination of fiction. "By the Waters of Babylon" is, we think, the best of the batch of tales which have already appeared. It is a well-painted picture of the lights and shadows of London life.

PERFORMANCE OF THE *AGAMEMNON* OF ÆSCHYLUS AT BALLIOL COLLEGE, OXFORD.

WE take this interesting account of an unusual performance from the *Guardian*, a paper not much read by the majority of those who peruse the *Masonic Magazine*, as we think it refers to "an episode" in dramatic annals which may interest possibly some of our friends, and deserves to be noted and recorded in our "maga.," which supports all that elevates the taste, or love of the classical drama.

MORE than two thousand three hundred years ago (in 458 B.C.) an audience of, perhaps, 25,000 persons, Athenian citizens, men and women (the latter sitting apart in the uppermost tiers of seats), with such Greeks from other cities as had come to the famous Dionysiac festival, witnessed in the great open-air theatre of Dionysus, on the sloping ground at the south-east foot of the Acropolis, the first performance of the *Agamemnon*. The grand "Trilogy" of which it formed the opening act was the last, as it was the crowning effort of the sublime imagination of Æschylus, the leader of that trio of poets whose works remain for a sample of the marvellous development, within the space of some fifty years, of tragic art at Athens, the originality of which development, no less than its extraordinary fertility, must ever be a subject of wonder. The authors of the *Agamemnon* and the *Persæ*, the *Œdipus Tyrannus*, and the *Œdipus Coloneus*, the *Ion* and the *Iphigenia in Tauris*, stand by the common consent of two thousand years upon a level which, perhaps, has since been reached by one dramatic poet alone—by the author of *Macbeth* and *Hamlet*. But when we know that the thirty-one tragedies which have been saved to us are the remnant of no less than 275 ascribed to these three poets alone; that many of the best plays that we have were vanquished in public competition by rivals whose very names are lost—the *Œdipus Tyrannus*, for example, the acknowledged masterpiece of tragic structure from the days of Aristotle to our own, having only gained a second prize—and that many tragic poets, in the estimation of their contemporaries, must have been nearly on a par with Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides; we may form some idea of the intellectual and artistic atmosphere which made such creations as the *Agamemnon* possible, and why it is that nothing "simile aut secundum" has sprung into being in the centuries that have passed. The tragic art reached its highest development once for all in those far-off days when—

> Gorgeous Tragedy
> In sceptred pall came sweeping by,
> Presenting Thebes or Pelops' line.
> Or the tale of Troy divine;—

"rare," indeed, as Milton felt, being that which

> of later age
> Ennobled hath the buskined stage.

From 458 B.C. to 1880 A.D. is a wide stretch of years; but wider still is the gulf that lies between the theatre of Dionysus and the Hall of Balliol; wider the difference between the spirit of both actors and spectators in ancient Athens and in modern Oxford. It is like the difference between the clear blue Grecian

sky under which the *Agamemnon* was first performed, and the gaslight which illumined the presentation of last Thursday. Shorn of its inspiring local and religious associations, a Greek tragedy cannot but be an anachronism. The theatre at Athens (in the time of Æschylus at any rate) was a sacred place, and the drama an act of public worship. In the most prominent position, in the centre of the "orchestra," or dancing-place, on which the Chorus stood, was the "thymele," or altar of Dionysus, the central point of the choral dances; the place of honour in the chief seats immediately round the orchestra was occupied by the priest of Dionysus, with the priest of Apollo on his right and the priest of Zeus "Polieus" on his left; and, above all, the story to be represented was felt by the whole audience to be *sacred*, inasmuch as its personages were the gods and heroes of their race—the familiar names of that mythical antiquity which had such reality for a Greek, and into which all the existing threads of family and social and national life ran back. "A Greek tragedy," says Professor Jebb, in his admirable little "Primer of Greek Literature"—

> Could bring before a vast Greek audience, in a grandly simple form, harmonised by choral music and dance, the great figures of their religious and civil history. The picture had at once ideal beauty of the highest kind, and for Greeks a deep reality; they seemed to be looking at the actual *beginning* of those rites and usages which were most dear and sacred in their daily life.

In a modern presentment all this is, of course, lost; nor can it be compensated for by external features of the drama, by skill in acting, for example, or play of feature, or variety of costume and scenery. Greek plays were not written with a view to such "theatrical" considerations. There was but little animated gesture or movement on the stage. The two or three actors stood more like a group of majestic statues, wearing appropriate masks (play of feature would have been lost on the spectators in the vast open-air theatre), and made up to look larger than human with a sort of high wig and very thick-soled boots or buskins (the *grandes cothurni* especially identified with tragedy). Their costume was never merely theatrical, suited to different parts; but was of one general type—viz., that worn at processions of the god Dionysus, a long striped robe, with a broad band or girdle, and over this a mantle of bright colour.

The "scene" at the back of the stage (a high wall covered with hangings or painted woodwork representing a temple or palace) was hardly ever changed—the *Ajax* of Sophocles and *Eumenides* of Æschylus being, perhaps, the only extant tragedies in which this could have been done—but partial changes of side scenery were effected by means of triangular prisms revolving upon pivots at the side of the stage: and there were certain mechanical appliances for showing the interior of a house through the open door, and for suspending gods in the air. There was much less room for acting or theatrical effect than on the modern stage; and the effect depended far more on the religious and patriotic sympathies and active intellectual interest of the original audience. Without that audience and its peculiar feelings and associations any real "reproduction" of a Greek drama is impossible. It is an interesting experiment, but an obvious anachronism.

We have premised these remarks, not in disparagement of the attempt to represent the *Agamemnon*, but to show the really insuperable difficulties under which it was made, and the impossibility of judging it by the standard of modern criticism. That the actors themselves were aware of this appears from a short notice prefixed to their "play-bill," in which they are—

> Anxious to disclaim any intention of producing a *fac-simile* of a Greek drama. Were such a thing possible, to all but antiquarians it would seem grotesque and unmeaning. We have, therefore, been guided throughout by the one desire of giving to this work the best

dramatic expression in our power. We have kept this before us in the choice of our text—Hermann's; and in making such omissions as we found to be necessary. If any learned scholars, who have honoured us with their presence, feel the absence of a familiar line or a favourite reading, we can only beg their indulgence and appeal to them for generous sympathy in an enterprise which we cannot but feel to be most difficult, if not audacious. Neither the shortness of the time at our disposal, nor the mediocrity of our talents, permit us to hope for a great dramatic success. We shall be more than satisfied if we can convey but a faint impression of the grandeur of one of the greatest of dramas.

That all possible success was attained, most of those who were present can testify. The following is the "cast" of actors and assistants:—

Watchman	Mr. W. L. Courtney, New College.
Clytemnestra	Mr. F. R. Benson, New College.
Herald	Mr. J. A. Fort, New College.
Agamemnon	Mr. W. N. Bruce, Balliol.
Cassandra	Mr. G. Lawrence, C.C.C.
Ægisthus	Mr. H. A. C. Dunn, New College.

Chorus of Argive Elders.

First Argive	Mr. O. T. Perkins, New College.
Second Argive	Mr. M. T. Tatham, Balliol.
Third Argive	Mr. A. M. Mackinnon, Trinity.
Fourth Argive	Mr. C. Lowry, C.C.C.
Fifth Argive	Mr. W. S. Eastwood, New College.
Sixth Argive	Mr. L. Huxley, Balliol.
Seventh Argive	Mr. R. R. Farrant, New College.
Eighth Argive	Mr. J. W. Mackail, Balliol.
Ninth Argive	Mr. E. W. Huntingford, Merton.
Tenth Argive	Mr. F. A. Ker, New College.
Eleventh Argive	Mr. J. R. Rodd, Balliol.
Twelfth Argive	Mr. J. T. A. Haines, Balliol.
Thirteenth Argive	Mr. M. C. Bickersteth, New College.
Fourteenth Argive	Mr. S. Pickering, Balliol.
Fifteenth Argive	Mr. T. R. Walrond, Balliol.
Chorodidaskalos	Mr. A. Bradley, Balliol.
Composer of Music	Mr. W. Parratt, Magdalen.

Committee.

Mr. W. N. Bruce, Balliol.	Mr. W. L. Courtney, New College.
Mr. C. Lowry, C.C.C.	Mr. M. C. Bickersteth, New College.

Manager—Mr. F. R. Benson, New College.
Architect—Mr. W. A. S. Benson, New College.
Scene Painters—Messrs. J. R. Rodd, Balliol; A. J. Ryle, New College.
Stage Carpenter—J. Shelton, Little Clarendon Street.

An English translation of the play by Professor Lewis Campbell, of St. Andrew's, specially designed for the stage, has (we believe) been recently performed with some success at Edinburgh, one supposed advantage being that the parts of Clytemnestra and Cassandra could be taken by ladies. This, however, is a sacrifice of historical accuracy; for none but male actors appeared on the Athenian stage, and the great size of the theatre was probably beyond the range of female voices. For this, and for other reasons, we think that the Oxford *troupe* were quite right in keeping their presentment as nearly as they could to the original by retaining the original language. In the music for the choral songs there was greater freedom of choice, because so little is known of the ancient Greek music; but the eminent organist of Magdalen (Mr. Parratt), whose assistance was invoked, might surely have received a hint that, of all modern instruments, that which is least likely to be analagous to anything the Greeks possessed is a piano. The harp, the reed-pipe, the flute, the clarionet, the bugle, or the oboe, have all more or less affinity, so far as we can tell, to the instruments mentioned in Greek literature; but can we conceive a chorus in the Theatre of Dionysus being accompanied by a piano? The effect of this feature in Mr. Parratt's otherwise excellent accompaniment was one of

almost ludicrous incongruity; as also was the too audible striking of a lucifer match behind the scenes during the Watchman's opening speech, just before he sees the beacon fires; and the fact (to those who knew it) that a prompter was concealed within the "thymele." But with these trifling exceptions, the fears that ludicrous rather than pathetic emotions might be stirred were triumphantly refuted; and it is not too much to say that the performance gave a far better impression of the grandeur of one of the greatest of dramas than was generally either hoped for or expected. It is an additional tribute (if such were needed) to the dramatic force of Æschylus' conception that the full tragic pathos of the story could be realised so keenly, as it evidently was, by persons unacquainted with the language in which it is written.

The main outlines of the play are probably more or less familiar to most of those who have cared to follow us thus far; but a short account of some events alluded to in the *Agamemnon*, and anterior to the action described in it, will explain some of the motives of that action. We quote from a paper circulated among the audience, and drawn up (we understand) by Mr. A. Bradley, Fellow of Balliol:—

Atreus, King of Argos, expelled from the city his brother and rival Thyestes, together with Thyestes' son Ægisthus. Thyestes, returning as a suppliant, was received by Atreus, who prepared for him a banquet, at which the flesh of his own children was served to him. Thyestes, discovering what he had unwittingly done, invoked a curse upon the whole house of Atreus.

Agamemnon, son of Atreus, succeeded him as king, and married Clytemnestra. There were born to them a son, Orestes, and a daughter, Iphegeneia.

Helen, the wife of Menelaus, brother to Agamemnon, fled with Paris the Trojan to Troy; and Agamemnon was chosen chief of the Greek host which sailed against Troy. The fleet was becalmed at Aulis through the anger of Artemis; and Agamemnon, at the instance of Calchas, the soothsayer, sacrificed his daughter Iphegeneia to appease the goddess. Through this act, which the Chorus ascribes to an impious frenzy, Agamemnon deepened the curse already resting on his house, and roused the hatred of Clytemnestra.

The Trojan war lasted ten years; and, during the absence of Agamemnon, Ægesthus, who had returned to Argos, won the love of Clytemnestra. Agamemnon is, of course, ignorant of it.

The play opens at the date of the fall of Troy. The scene is the front of the palace at Argos. Agamemnon had promised that the taking of Troy should be made known to Clytemnestra by the lighting of a succession of beacon-fires, the last of which will be visible to a watchman on the roof of the palace.

The scene, painted by two undergraduates with the advice and assistance of Professor W. B. Richmond, was a simple but very effective representation of a Greek front, with a central and two side entrances concealed by curtains. Immediately in front of this was the raised portion of the stage, on which the principal actors stood; while below this again, but above the floor of the hall, was a wider space, representing the "orchestra," with the "thymele" in the centre, appropriately adorned with a figure of Dionysus seated on a tiger. This space was occupied throughout by the Chorus. On the pediment of the palace, above the main entrance, was the figure of Apollo in his chariot, which afterwards attracts the attention of Cassandra. This figure was the work of Professor Richmond.

At about a quarter-past eight the buzz of conversation among the expectant audience was stilled by the sudden appearance of the Watchman passing across the stage, and then ascending the roof to watch for the beacon fire. A sudden glow reveals it, and with a shout he descends to tell Clytemnestra, passing off the stage with a mysterious allusion to evils in the house. Then from the two side-doors the chorus of Argive Elders enters and range themselves in two bands on either side of the thymele, chanting to a monotonous cadence the opening twenty lines of the first choral ode. The remainder of the long ode (vv. 60—263) was distributed among individual members of the Chorus, of whom we may say once for all that their careful knowledge of their

parts, and the spirit with which they threw themselves into the various situations, contributed in no slight degree to the success of the representation; while their make-up as old (and somewhat "pottering") men was excellent. Some of them showed considerable dramatic power, especially the Argive to whom fell the famous description of the sacrifice of Iphegeneia (vv. 224—246). The "Chorodidaskalos," Mr. Bradley, must be complimented on the results of his training.

During this ode, Clytemnestra, attended by two handmaidens, appears *lighting the sacrificial fire on altars in front of the house.* Clytemnestra's "get up" was admirable, and realised the conception of a handsome masculine-featured woman better, perhaps, than any woman actor could have done; while a certain stiffness in her gesture and manner might fairly be interpreted as indicating dignity, and was well suited to her part in later scenes. Mr. Benson will forgive us for saying that the representative of the leading character in such a drama should not have been open to any reproach of imperfect knowledge of his part, or want of sufficient attention to its details; but as we see that he had the general management on his hands, we can make allowances for minor shortcomings. Some conversation between Clytemnestra and the Chorus is followed by a long lyric passage, in which we were especially struck by the Fifth Argive's delivery of the beautiful passage describing Helen's flight and the grief of Menelaus (vv. 402—419). Then arrives the Herald from Troy, with an account of all the sufferings and triumph of the army, and announces the approach of Agamemnon. He is sent back by Clytemnestra with a somewhat strained message of welcome to Agamemnon, and the Chorus sing an ode presaging ill for a success which springs from the wrong done by Paris and Helen. Wrong begets wrong, they say, and justice turns from impious success. While they are singing, the curtain draws back at one of the side scenes, and discovers Agamemnon standing in his chariot, with *Cassandra by his side; and, after he has exchanged greetings with the Chorus,* Clytemnestra comes forward to greet him, describing her loneliness without him, and joy at his return, and entreating him to pass in over purple carpets. Agamemnon deprecates such honours, but yields after a while, and bids her welcome Cassandra, at sight of whom Clytemnestra scowls, but turns away, and, as her lord goes in, utters an ominous prayer to Zeus to accomplish her wishes. The whole of this scene was well rendered, and Agamemnon's dignified manner and fine voice gave a good presentment of the victorious chief. Clytemnestra, too, rose to the occasion: her coldness of manner towards Agamemnon, which belies her words, and her start and momentary look of displeasure when introduced to Cassandra, being excellently acted.

All is now ready for the catastrophe, and the Chorus begin to forebode evil. Clytemnestra comes out and bids Cassandra come in: but she sits as in a trance, and pays no heed. Afterwards, when Clytemnestra has gone in, she comes down from the chariot.

At the sight of the statue of Apollo she is seized by the prophetic frenzy, and calls upon the god as her destroyer. In a series of visions she sees the past crimes of the house, and, in words which the Chorus cannot interpret speaks of the deed about to be done and of her own death. In proof of her prophetic power she relates the bestowal of the gift by Apollo and the doom by which she wins no credence for her oracles; in increasing anguish she describes first the children of Thyestes, sitting like shapes seen in dreams, in the court; and then Clytemnestra (basilisk or Scylla); and at last, urged by the Chorus, she utters Agamemnon's name and plainly foretells his death and her own. Tearing the prophetic wreath from her neck, and declaring the vengeance which will one day come at the hand of Orestes, she prepares to enter the palace. A breath, as if from a tomb, drives her back for a moment; then, calling for the last time on the sun, and bewailing the unstable fortune of man, she passes in. (ll. 1028—1290).

This was, perhaps, the most effective piece of acting in the whole play, and Mr. Lawrence, or whoever had "coached" him, deserves great praise for the

conception of Cassandra's part. There was no attempt at violent frenzy. Cassandra was quiet and gentle throughout, as though half in a dream, but the pathos of her situation was admirably conveyed, and the contrast between her manner and the fussy, foolish remarks of the Argive elders was sometimes very effective. Her disappearance within the palace was the signal for a hearty burst of applause from the audience, and, we suspect, for a few tears from the more tender-hearted.

The death-cry of Agamemnon is now heard from within, and the Chorus consult together in great confusion, talking very fast and all together, one, who at last gets a hearing, giving the sage advice "to do something." They are suddenly hushed by the appearance of Clytemnestra from within, brandishing a blood-stained axe, and exulting in vengeance for Iphegeneia. She has now thrown off the mask; and the savage glee with which she swings the axe to show how the deadly blow was struck, and the cold heartlessness with which the stands gazing on the bodies, were rendered by Mr. Benson with startling impressiveness; though even here he seemed hampered by imperfect knowledge of his part. Clytemnestra draws a curtain and discloses the bodies of Agamemnon and Cassandra; and a long scene of recrimination between her and the Chorus ends with the appearance of Ægisthus; who, in turn, exults in vengeance for Atreus' crime against his father Thyestus. The Chorus attack him with reproaches and threaten blows; and the scene closes amid their angry recriminations, which Clytemnestra urges Ægisthus not to heed. The part of Ægisthus offers but little scope for histrionic talent, but what had to be done was well done; and there was enough of the villain about his looks to give a fair conception of the traitorous friend who robbed his lord of wife and life. The Chorus then file off the stage, singing a few lines from the *Choephora*, which appeal to the Fury of Retribution and presage the vengeance to come at the hands of Orestes, with which vengeance the second part of the Trilogy is concerned.

We trust we have given a fair idea of this enterprising attempt. No one who saw it can possibly have been disappointed; no one even who did not understand a word of Greek could well have been bored.

To the undergraduates who conceived and carried out the idea (Messrs. Courtney and Bradley being the only graduates of the party) all praise is due for their taste and perseverance; and the highest praise they can desire is that they have not unworthily represented Æschylus.

The Master of Balliol, the Dean of Christ Church, and most of the leading men in Oxford were present; Dr. Butler from Harrow, Mr. Newton, Professor Jebb, of Cambridge fame, with Mr. Robert Browning and Mr. E. Morshed, among translators of the *Agamemnon*, and a contingent of Eton masters, showing the interest taken by others.

The number of applications for admission were so numerous that a second performance was given on Friday; but in the afternoon, as so many of the actors, being New College men, were engaged that evening for their college ball. At this second performance the piano was almost suppressed, and minor defects in the acting were remedied.

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

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THE OLD MASTER MASONS.

BY THE EDITOR.

IT would be a subject of deep interest to us Masonic students to-day, and even as archæological students generally, if we could ascertain the names of those able men who have left such "marks" behind them of their geometrical science and constructive skill. But for various reasons they are, to a great extent at any rate, shrouded from our anxious gaze, not only by the "mist of oblivion" but by the "silence of the grave." We know very little indeed of them, certainly, though now and then in a chance chronicle or a stray passage a name occurs, and we hear, if very little indeed of them personally, something, but only a something, that is unsatisfactory mostly at the best, of the labours they directed and the work they achieved. We propose then, in the following article, as others have done before us, to try and lay before Masonic students and readers a connected and chronological list of those worthies of operative Masonry who have so adorned civil and ecclesiastical architecture, so benefitted mankind, so advanced art and civilization, and were probably all members of the Masonic guild or sodality or "Loge Latomorum" (like Mapylton was at Canterbury) of that "limitt." Dallaway, as it is known, tried to do something of the same kind many years ago in his "Discourses on Architecture" in 1833, though he was not, we believe, a Freemason. Our old friend and fellow-labourer, Bro. E. W. Shaw, developed his idea, by his own untiring energy, industry, and archæological energy, some twenty years later in the old *Freemasons' Magazine and Masonic Mirror*. We think, if we remember rightly, a similar attempt has been made since then in America, though we have lost the reference. But we believe we are correct in stating that the present is the first attempt, in its exact form, to bring the matter formally to the attention of Masonic and archæological students. For the object of the writer to-day, be it noted and remembered, is not to assert dogmatically that "this" is "that," and that "so and so are so and so," but simply to draw a "sketchy" outline, which others must fill up and fill in for themselves, as inclination prompts or information directs.

Just now there seems a sort of mistrust of the old statement of monkish and ecclesiastical builders; but I would beg to observe that there is scarcely

an old chronicle you can take up which does not bear unmistakeable witness to this fact, as a fact; and as our own guild legends attest, both inferentially and even distinctly, the same reality, for once history and tradition run hand-in-hand, or as we often like to say, "on all fours." It may be difficult to point out, for instance, where the Ecclesiastical builders end and really operative Masons begin; but then, as Dallaway points out, there is no use in blinking the truth that such terms in the old chronicles as "fabricavit," "construxit," "ædificavit," "inchoavit," "perfecit," "fecit ædificari," "ædificationes novo genere fecit," "fieri fecit hanc fabricam," are continually found, equally applied to monks as directors or builders, just as to operative Masons. Of the old ecclesiastical "Master Masons," "builders," "designers," "architects," whatever you like to call them, we have undoubtedly Augustine, Wilfred, Benedict, Biscop, Dunstan, Swithin; Gundulph, of Rochester; William, of Wykeham; Read, of Chichester; Alan de Walsingham, Prior of Ely; Quivil, of Exeter; Robert Tully, of St. David's; Leon, Bishop of Tours; Germanus, Ethelwald, Ednoth, Aelfric; William, of Dijon; Baldwin, of St. Edmunds, and many more. For instance, Viberius and Gratulus, probably monks, are two early French architects in the eleventh century. We hear, too, of Peter de Colechurche, who built London Bridge, Chaplain, in 1163; of Wimbolde; of Abbot Suger, in 1137, who is stated to have been "a skilled architect;" of Adam, a monk of Fountains, who presided at the building of Woburn Abbey; etc.

Of Gundulph, Bishop of Rochester, it is declared that, "in opere cæmentario plurimum sciens et efficax erat," and that he brought into England with the conquest "novum ædificandi genus." Of Alan de Walsingham it is recorded that he was "vir venerabilis et artificiosus frater."

One of the earliest architects we hear of in the Christian Era is Fulbert, a monk, constructor of the Cathedral of Chartres, 1029. Two other French builders, Hugues and Gerard, probably also monks, are mentioned in this century at Clugny. Paulinus, the sacrist, built the church of Trindsbury, in Kent, in 1125, and we also hear of a certain William at Ferrara, in 1135, in these lines—

El mite cento trempta cinque nato,
Lo questo templo a Yorsi consecrato,
Lo Nicolao sculptore,
E Glillmo fo lo autore.

Some difficulty no doubt occurs in the old chronicles as to the exact Latin words employed, and the difference existing between the "master of the work," the "architect," and the "Master Mason." In the early records, the Masons are termed indifferently opifices, operararii, laborantes, cæmentarii, latomi. In French chronicles we find the words "tailleurs de pierre." the exact rendering of the Greek words which are represented by "Latomi," properly "Lithotomi or Lupicidæ." Later we hear of macons, maconns, masouns, massouns, maysons. The Master Mason is called magister cœmentarius, magister latomus, maistre macon, mayster massoun. We also read of a "magister operis," "operarum magister ædificans," "solutor operis," "supervisor," and "depositor operis," one literally who lays a foundation and gives a plan..

Jean de Chelles built the south porch of Notre Dame in 1257, probably a Master Mason and monk, and we hear of Alexandre de Berneval, of whom the same may be said. We are expressly told that he was "maitre des œuvres de maconnerie" at Rouen. In the epitaph of the Master Mason at Caen, it is said, "Gulelmus fecit, petrarum summus in arte."

In the fifteenth century we now know of Thomas Mapylton, Master of the Loge Latomorum at Canterbury, and of "John Gowere, who built Camden Church and Gloucester Towre." An epitaph is recorded of T. Wolvey: "Latomus Summus in arte, Mason, Armiger, Ricardi Secundi Regis Angliæ, ob. 1430." Many other inscriptions of Master Masons may be found, and

"excerpta" might be made out of the old chronicles, which would throw much light on the whole subject.

The following extract from Sir Gilbert Scott's "Gleanings from Westminster Abbey," 1854, touches upon another point which bears closely on the subject we are treating:—

> The point of the necessity of gangs of skilled workmen accustomed to work together for the production of the great works of mediæval art, has not been sufficiently attended to. The fables of the Freemasons have produced a natural reaction, and the degree of truth which there is in these traditions has consequently been overlooked. We know that each of our great cathedrals had a gang of workmen attached to it in regular pay, almost as part of the foundation, for the fabric fund could not be lawfully diverted to any other purpose, and these workmen became by long practice very skilful, more especially the Masons, or workers in and carvers of freestone, as distinct from the labourers, who merely laid the rubble work for the foundations and rough parts of the fabric. From various indications it would appear that there was also a royal gang of workmen in the King's pay, by whom the great walls ordered and perhaps designed by the king himself, were constructed. The wills of Henry VI. and Henry VII. seems to show that these monarchs were to some extent architects themselves. They gave the most minute directions for the works to be done, just as any architect would have done. St. George's Chapel, Windsor, King's College Chapel, Cambridge, and Henry the Seventh's Chapel were probably all executed by the royal gang of workmen. * * * * * * * It seems probable that the office held by William of Wykeham, and at a later time by Sir Reginald Bray, was in fact that of chief of the royal Masons, and it may be in this manner that Sir Reginald Bray has long had the credit of giving the designs of Henry the Seventh's Chapel, although there is no evidence that he even gave the idea of it. He died soon after the foundations were laid.

This is a point always then to be borne in mind in our investigation.

The following may be taken, on Bro. E. W. Shaw's original lines, as an imperfect attempt to arrange a list of old Master Masons. But on the face of it, it is necessarily incomplete and partial. Any additions to it will be gratefully received by us. For obvious reasons Bro. Shaw has selected the eleventh century as his initial century, though many names previously, especially in the first 500 years of the Christian era, are known to students, and some few previously.

Eleventh Century.—Godefride, Whitby; Wimbolde, Beauvais.

Twelfth Century.—Arnold, Croyland Abbey; William Anglus, Canterbury; Boileviis, Provence; Walter de Coventry, Chichester; Christian, Durham; Elyas, Westminster; Albert de Everolde, St. Alban's; Hugo de Goldcliffe, St. Alban's; Alduin Malverne, Hereford; Odo, Prior, Croyland; Richard the Ingeniator, Norham Castle; William of Sens, Canterbury; Nicholas Walred, Gloucester.

Thirteenth Century.—Albericus, Westminster Abbey; John de Bello, Northampton; Helias de Berham, Salisbury; Robert de Beverley, Westminster Abbey; Etienne de Bonneuil, Upsala; Michael de Canterbury, St. Stephen's; Roger de Crundale, Waltham Cross; Thomas de Cormont, Reynault de Cormont, Amiens; John de Chelles, Paris; Richard de Crundale, Charing Cross; Michael de Crundale, Westcheap Cross; John de Champs, Clermont; Walter de Dixi, Berneville; Henry de Elreton, Carnarvon Castle; Adam de Glapham, Carnarvon Castle; John of Gloucester, Westminter; Magister Gerhard, Cologne; William de Hoo, London; Walter de Hereford, Carnarvon; Isenbert, Rochelle; James the German, Assisi; Robert de Lusarche, Amiens; Michel le Libergier, Reims; Dymengede Legeri, Waltham Cross; Philip Montereau, Paris; Walter de Meulan, Bec; Eudes Montrieul, Nantes; Godfrey de Noieres, Lincoln; Edward Fitz Odo, Westminster; Michel le Papelhart, Chalons; John de Pakenham; Robert, Salisbury; Gilbert de Sisseverne, St. Alban's; Erwin de Steinbach; Robert de Ulmo Ingeniator, London, 1299; John de Waverley, Westminster.

Fourteenth Century.—Henry Arley, Milan; Jean de Boutelier, Paris; John de Brumpton, Whitby Abbey; William de Bokyngham, Whitby; Wil-

liam Boyden, St. Alban's; Edward Cannon, St. Stephen's; Robert de Caney, Rheims; Thomas Crompe, Cowling Castle: Simon de Elmington, Croyland Abbey; Matthew Eusinger, Ulm; Richard de Farleigh, Salisbury; William Foundynge, Exeter; Hugh Grantham, York; Richard de Gaynisburgh, Lincoln; Hugh de Hedon, York; David Hackett, Batalha; William de Hoton, York; William De Hoton, junior, York; Simon Hook, Rochester Castle; John Helpstonne, Chester; William Fleose, Lapworth; Wilars de Honcourt, France; Henry de Ivelegh, Cowling Castle; Johne of Stone, Edinburgh; Stephen Lote, Westminster; Guerin de Loreignes, Paris; John Leroyne, Durham; Henry Latomus, Evesham; Thomas de Loudham, York; John de Middleton, Durham; Peter Maceon, Nottingham; Simon le Macon, York; John Multon, Bath; John de Pesham de Roventon, Lapworth; Pilgramme, Vienna; Thomas de Pakenham, York; Robert de Patrington, York; Jean de Ravy, Paris; William de Ramsey, Tower of London; Hans Risenburger, Friburg; Robert the Mason, Dunkeld; Richard of Reading, St. Stephen's; John Skayer, Edinburgh; John Swallow, Westminster; Robert de Skyllington, Kenilworth; Richard of Stowe, Lincoln; John de Steinbach, Strasburg; William Sharndale; Thomas Wreek, London; Richard Wightman, Westminster; William de Wynnforde, Winchester; Richard Washbourne, Westminster Hall; Wahen Waldron, Warden to Yeveley; Walter de Weston, St. Stephen's; William, Coldingham; Alan de Walsingham, Ely; Henry Yeveley or Zeveley, King's Mason, Westminster; &c.

Fifteenth Century :—Thomas Ampelforde, Catterick Bridge; John Ashfield, Bristol; John Bowde, York; John Bell, Durham; Alexander Berneval, Rouen; John de Brompton, York; William Blyth, Finchall; John Bell, Warden, King's College; William Colchester, York and Westminster; John de Cologne, Simon de Cologne, Burgos; Richard de Cracall, Catterick Church; William de Croyland, Croyland; Jacquemin Commercy, Toul; Peter Dryng, Durham; John Gowere, Gloucester; John Garett, Catterick Bridge; William Hykkedon, Bicester Priory; William Hyndeley, York; Thomas Hyndeley, Durham; William Horwood, Fotheringay; John Hûltz, Strasburg; John Long, York; John Martyn, Bristol; John Masun, Nottingham; Thomas Mapilton, Durham; Thomas Mapylton, Canterbury; Robert Maunsell, Catterick Bridge; John Murdo, Melrose; Norton, St. Mary Redcliffe; William Orchyarde, Oxford; Thomas Pak, York; John Porter, York; John Saunderson, Finchale; Henry Semerk, King's College; John Smyth, Eton College; Edward Semert, Windsor; Robert Spyllesby, York; John Wisbich, King's College; John Wood, St. Edmunsbury; Thomas and Richard Wolvesey, St. Alban's; John Wolston, Exeter; John Wastell, Cambridge; John Warren, St. Mary's, Cambridge; John Woodman, Norham Castle; William Waddeswyke, York.

Sixteenth Century.—John Adams, Christchurch, Oxford; Henre Arain, Norham; Hector Ashley, Hunsdon; Antoine, Brussels; John Barton, York; William Baker, Calais; John Cole, Louth; Henry Chamar, Norham; Martin Cambiches, Beavais; Nicholas Ellis, London, John Estowe, Hengrave Hall; John Forman, York; John Hylmer, Windsor; Christopher Horner, York; Robert Jenius, London; Cuthbert Johnson, Durham; John Lekons, London; Nicholas Richardson, London; Christopher Richardson, London; Robert Robenson, Norham Castle; Henry Smyth, Richmond; George Skelis, Durham; Christopher Senne, Louth; John Texier, Chartres; William Vertue, London; Jean Waast, Beauvais.

Seventeenth Century.—Cornelius Cure, William Cure, London; Thomas Egglefield, Louth; John Oliver, London; Nicholas Stone, London; Edward Strong, St. Paul's; Anthony Whitehead, Gawthorne Hall.

We shall be glad to receive from any kind correspondent or reader any addition to or emendations of the above list, and which we shall duly publish.

ROLL OF EXTINCT LODGES UNDER THE GRAND LODGE OF SCOTLAND, WARRANTED FROM 1736 TO 1836.*

TRANSCRIBED AND ARRANGED FROM THE "LAWS AND CONSTITUTIONS."

	NUMBERS.	INSTITUTED.	ERASED.
Edinburgh Kilwinning, Scots' Arms	3	1736	1771
Leith Kilwinning	5	„	...
Maybole	14	„	1848
Falkirk	19	„	„
St. Andrew, Inverness	31	1735	1837
Bervie	33	1737	1816
Coltness	34	1736	1843
St. John, Thurso	45	1741	1837
Dysart	51	1745	1816
Cumberland Kilwinning, Peebles	55	1746	1809
Cumberland Kilwinning, Inverness	57	1747	„
Duke of Norfolk's	58	„	„
St. Andrew, Banff	60	1749	1837
Maddiston	62	1750	1809
Welsh Fuziliers	63	1751	„
Thistle, Edinburgh (part of Canongate and Leith)	64	„	1823
Campbelton	65	1752	1809
Montrose, Glasgow	70	not recorded	1837
Huntly	72	1754	„
White's 32nd Regiment	73	„	1809
Argyle, Glasgow	76	1755	1843
Royal Arch, Glasgow	77	„	1816
St. Andrew's, Boston	81	not recorded	„
Blandford, Virginia	82	1756	„
Moncur	85	1758	1837
Pythagoric, Bo'ness	90	1759	1809
St. Regulus, Cupar-of-Fife	91	„	„
Partick Kilwinning, Glasgow	97	„	1837
Prince of Wales, from Edinburgh	92	„	1809
Lanark Kilwinning	94	„	„
St. Columbus	95	„	1816
St. David, Dundee	96	„	1843
Hooker, St. John, 17th Regiment	97	„	1809
Union, South Carolina	98	1760	1816
King George III., 56th Regiment	101	„	1809
St. Andrew's, Jamaica, Scots' Lodge	102	„	1816
Duke of York	106	1761	„
St. George, 31st Regiment	108	„	„
Montrose, New Monkland	112	1762	1837
Forfar Kilwinning	114	„	1848
Fort-George, Andersier Point	115	1763	1837
St. John, Norfolk, Virginia	117	„	1816
St. Leonard, Kinghorn	118	1764	1843

* A Similar Roll solicited for the Grand Lodge of Ireland, 1729-1839. Cannot the R.W. Bro. J. H. Neilson oblige the Craft accordingly?

	NUMBERS.	INSTITUTED.	ERASED.
St. John Operative, Banff	120	1764	1848
Union, General Marjoribank's Regiment ...	121	„	1809
St. Bernard Kilwinning	122	1765	„
Royal Arch, Edinburgh (disjoined from St. Luke	123	„	1823
Wigton Kilwinning	125	„	1837
St. John, Jedburgh...	130	1767	1843
Moriah, 22nd Regiment (formerly Wedderburn's)	132	„	1809
St. Marnock, Kilmarnock	136	„	„
Royal Welsh Fusiliers	137	„	1816
Carron	138	„	1837
St. Paul, Nithsdale...	139	1768	1823
Hawick	141	„	1837
Grant's, East Florida	143	„	1816
St. David's, Glasgow	144	„	1823
St. Mungo R.A., Culross	145	1769	1809
United, 4th Regiment	147	„	„
New Edinburgh Kilwinning	148	„	1837
St. Andrew, St. Christopher	151	„	1809
Lesmahagow	153	„	„
St. Kilda, Portree	155	„	1816
St. Patrick R.A., 43rd Regiment	156	„	„
St. Andrew R.A., Scots' Greys	158-2	1770	„
Hartfell, Moffat	159	„	„
La Parfaite Union de Namur	160	„	„
Oswald of Dunnikier	161	„	„
Hamilton	164	not recorded	1809
St. James, Newton-Ayr (dissolved)	165	1771	1848
Unity, 17th Regiment	168	„	1816
St. John, Shuttleston, Glasgow	169	not recorded	1843
St. Andrew, Girvan	171	1772	„
St. Peter, Galston, Kilmarnock	172	„	1816
St. David, Tarbolton	174	1773	1843
St. James, Paisley	175	„	1816
St. John, Philadelphia	177	not recorded	„
St. Andrew, Dumfries	179	1774	„
St. John, Cupar-Angus, Blairgowrie	181	not recorded	1843
Operative, Ayr	182	1776	1848
St. Andrew, Creebridge	183	„	1843
St. Adrian, Pittenween	185	„	1816
Strathaven Kilwinning	187	„	1843
Queen's, 7th Dragoons	188	not recorded	1816
St. Luke, Gilcomston, Aberdeen	189	1777	1843
Royal Arch, Paisley	191	„	„
Prince of Wales, Renfrew	193	„	1837
Sanquhar Kilwinning	195	„	1816
St. Peter, Dumfries, Old Cumnock	197	1780	...
St. Magnus, Gottenburg	199	„	1816
Union, Dumfries	204	1783	„
St. Anthony, Inverury	205	1784	1843
M'Duff, St. James	206	„	„
Scots' Greys, St. Petersburg	207	„	1816
Munisburgh, Kilsyth	213	1785	1823
Union, Carlisle (joined Grand Lodge of England)	216	1786	1816
Union, St. Christophers	217	„	„
Caledonian, Edinburgh	218	„	1837
St. John, Airdrie	221	„	1843

	NUMBERS.	INSTITUTED.	ERASED.
St. James, Aberdeen	223	1787	1837
St. John, Pythagoric, Antigua	225	„	1816
La Duce Harmonic (or Sweet Harmony)	226	„	...
L'Ardente Amitie (or Ardent Friendship)	227	1788	...
Faithful Friends (L'Orient de Marseilles)	228	„	...
Phœnician, Leith	236	1790	1816
St. Paul, Kirkwall	237	not recorded	...
Mount Olive, St. Christopher	241	1791	...
Commercial, Oban	242	„	...
St. Andrew, Jedburgh	243	1792	1843
St. Brook's, Rothesay	244-2	„	...
Union, Newton-Douglas	245	„	...
Lennox Kilwinning, Campsie	247	„	1848
St. Thomas, Whithorn	248	1793	1837
Operative, Falkirk	249	„	1848
St. James Operative, Keith (Dissolved 1831)	250	1794	1843
St. Fergus, Wick	252	„	1848
St. John, Castle Douglas	253	„	„
Royal Arch, Paisley	255-1	„	1823
St. Ruth, Ruthwell	255-2	1795	1843
St. John, Militia, Argyle	258	„	1809
Operative, Clacknacudden	259	1796	1837
Union, Royal Arch, 3rd Regiment Dragoons	260	„	1843
St. Stephen, Portsoy	262	„	„
Solomon, Fraserburgh	263	„	„
St. Thomas, Muirkirk	268	1798	„
St. Clement, Riccarton	269	1799	„
Aboyne, North British Militia	278	„	1837
St. David, New Lanark	279	1800	1848
Stranraer Kilwinning	273	1802	1837
St. Fillen, Breadlebane, Killin	281	1803	1848
St. Andrew, Crawford's Dyke	282	1804	1843
Orange, Ceylon (Dissolved)	274	1806	1848
Turks' Island (Dissolved)	275	„	„
Desired Re-Union (Spain)	276	1807	1843
St. Martin, Argyle	285	„	1823
Fraserburgh Freemasons	287	„	1837
Moira, Fenwick	288	„	„
Trafalgar, Leith	290	1808	„
St. Andrew, Strathmore	294	1809	„
St. Andrew, Inch Garrioch	295	„	„
St. David Kirkpatrick, Durham	296	„	„
St. Andrew, Paisley	299	1808	1823
Eden Operative, Strathmiglo	300	1810	1843
Beaumont, Yetholm	303	„	1837
Grahamston and Carron	304	„	1823
St. John, Caledonian, Erskine, Paisley	308	1811	„
St. Andrew's, 42nd Regiment (Discontinued)	310	„	1848
Fifeshire Militia	311	„	1837
Granton, Craigellachie	312	„	1843
Union, Stonehouse	315	1812	1848
St. Michael's, Leuchars	317	„	1843
St. Peter, Aberdeen	318	„	1837
St. Cuthbert, Durham Militia	320	1813	1848
St. Kessac, Callander	324	1814	1837
St. John Operative, Charleston, Aberlour	326	„	„

	NUMBERS.	INSTITUTED.	ERASED.
Thane of Fife	331 ...	1816 ...	1843
Thistle and Crown, Neilston	334 ...	1817 ...	1848
Fife Geometrical, Beith	335 ...	„ ...	1837
St. Oswald, Langholm	336 ...	„ ...	„
St. Salem, Keith	337 ...	„ ...	„
Union, Methven	339 ...	1818 ...	1848
St, John, Newmachar	342 ...	„ ...	1843
Tay Union, Ferry-Port-on-Craig	344 ...	„ ...	„
Tay and Lyon, Kenmore	347 ...	„ ...	„
St. Regulus, Cupar-Fife	348 ...	„ ...	„
St. Andrew's Scots' Lodge, Quebec	349 ...	1819 ...	„
Union, Inverness	350 ...	„ ...	1837
St. Adrian Pittenweem	354 ...	„ ...	1843
St. Andrew, Tomantoul	358 ...	1820 ...	1837
St. Margaret, Queensferry	359 ...	„ ...	„
Ellon, Aberdeenshire	364 ...	1821 ...	1843
Luss and Arrochar	365 ...	„ ...	1837
St. Mary, Kennethmont (Dissolved before 1848)	366 ...	1822 ...	1848
St. James, Archiestown, Knockendo	367 ...	„ ...	1837
Duke of Hamilton, Arran Castle...	368 ...	„ ...	1843
St. John Operative, Glasgow	371 ...	1823 ...	1837
St. George, Skene	372 ...	„ ...	1843
St. Dardine, Finzean	373 ...	„ ...	„
St. John, New Galloway	374 ...	„ ...	„
Union and Crown, Barrhead	378 ...	1824 ...	1843
St. Paul's Geometrical, Huntly	381 ...	1827 ...	1837
St. John, Paisley	386 ...	1825 ...	„
St. Palladius, Auchenblae...	387 ...	„ ...	1843
St. Machar, Woodside (Dissolved before 1848)	390 ...	1826 ...	1848
St. Andrew Royal Arch, Bonhill	392 ...	„ ...	1843
St. Mary, Kirkcudbright	394 ...	1827 ...	1848
Harmony, Stonehaven	396 ...	1828 ...	1843
St. Andrew, E. Kilbride	400 ...	1830 ...	„
Kilmaurs, Glencairn	401 ...	1831 ...	„
St. Peter, Galston	402 ...	„ ...	„
Argyle, Dunoon	406 ...	1834 ...	„

A FRENCH MASONIC ADDRESS IN 1880.

WE take the following address, or rather the greater part of it, of Bro. Biot, Vénérable of the Lodge "La Triple Unité," at Fécamp, from the *Monde Maçonnique* for July. As so much is now said about French Masonic teaching, we have thought it well to give our readers an idea of French contemporary Masonic orations. We may add that the address was delivered in an open assembly, met for the distribution of prizes to what we should call "evening classes," but which they term in France "cours adultes." It has been necessary to omit one or two paragraphs too purely local and foreign to interest our readers.

LADIES, GENTLEMEN, AND BRETHREN,—As in former years, I thank you again to-day in the name of the Lodge over which I have the honour to preside. Thanks to you for having responded to our invitation, despising the "thunders" of bitter adversaries, continuing the mysteriousness with which they surround us, and which is in no sense justifiable. It is with happiness that I thank you for having come in great numbers, and giving to this "family re-union" all the "eclat" which we should have wanted had we been deprived of your visit. Continue to us your gracious sympathy in coming to honour us with your presence, in order to encourage the efforts we are making to reach the goal we are seeking, that goal which most of you know already, the perpetuation of the memory of a worthy man, Paul Vasselin, our master in everything. * * * * His inconsolable widow, his distinguished companion, our sister, continues to associate herself with us in the annual distribution of these prizes, as best realizing the idea of progress and of light of him whom we regret. It is also an imperious duty for Freemasons to encourage and spread instruction. This ought to be the greatest care of those who desire to labour for the progress of humanity. You have the right, my dear young friends, to be proud to-day when you receive the prizes offered to you, for they are the just recompense of your efforts to instruct yourselves, of your application, of your assiduity in profiting by the benefits offered you by the authorities, anxious to spread abroad the benefits of instruction by the masters charged to render you men and citizens, useful to our country, our much loved France.

Permit me, ladies and gentlemen, and you also, my dear young friends, not to prolong my remarks on the blessings of instruction, for I shall leave this duty to my friend and brother, Gustave Duhamelet, the oldest orator of our lodge, and also to our dear brother, G. Nicole, who will demonstrate to you better than I can do the advantages of instruction. As president of this respectable lodge it is more particularly incumbent upon me to tell you in a few words what we are, and what we are doing here. I shall be brief, and will not abuse your patient indulgence. I told you a year ago that Freemasonry ascended to the highest antiquity; that Freemasonry is an association of worthy men of all countries; that Freemasonry is the art of governing men by probity; and that it subserves neither the ambition nor the cruelty of any one, hating vice and teaching virtue. Freemasonry moves on with the progress of time, and its disciples take part in the great works of every epoch.

The Freemason is moderate in his discourse, and does not seek to impose his own opinions on others. He has not the ambition of asserting the pride of knowledge, and to over-reach his brethren in order to subjugate them; but he has the noble desire of ascertaining the truth, and to reach its source he fears neither pains nor labours. Attached to his Order, he proves by his actions how much he respects it, and he ought always so to conduct himself that so his practice may accord with his principles. He knows that friendship is only maintained by reciprocal sympathy, and he therefore anticipates that of his brethren; he occupies himself with their happiness as much as with his own; and if they have some failings, he makes allowance for human weakness, and pleases himself in pardoning them. He is not ignorant of the fact that the slavery of the senses is never truly happy, and that the pleasures which they procure pass away like the shadows, and never satisfy; to master himself is his first duty, and it is in virtue that he places the highest enjoyments. Modest with his inferiors, honest with his equals, respectful without baseness to his superiors, he renders to all their due; he loves, but he never flatters. The enemy of all affectation, he avoids all external pharasaism of sternness, and seeks to make virtue attractive, being persuaded that in order to make it loved we must know how to render it amiable. Lastly, he remembers ever that he is a man and placed by T.G.A.O.T.U. in whatsoever rank he is, to watch over and contribute to the happiness of all men, and that therefore nothing which can interest humanity ought to seem strange to him.

All Freemasons are not sufficiently happily situated to render important services to humanity; all, nevertheless, can contribute to its well-being. By practising virtue they make their fellow citizens understand what are the charms of union, the power of friendship, the advantages of kindness. They teach to the rich man and the great of the earth how pleasant it is to be benevolent, to solace indigence, to listen to the unhappy, to aid him with their counsels and protection. They would teach all men to sacrifice sometimes their own interests and to devote themselves to the general welfare. It is by this conduct that we are able, in whatever state of life we be, to follow out the views of Freemasonry and serve humanity.

* * * * * * * * * *

Behold Freemasonry. It is for you to judge it. If with such principles and such morality we have still bitter enemies, bitter even to delirium, among those whose mission it is to preach peace, concord, and sweet fraternity, let me hope that you will be our defenders.

Permit me to thank you once again for having come to associate yourselves with us at our annual "fête." It is not of common occurrence to see ladies amongst us, and, nevertheless, in this assembly you are the fairest ornament of it. All these men whom you see in union here are all "in contract" to do good, and to afford mutual self-help in the practice of Masonic virtues.

Freemasons, it is not sufficient for us to ornament ourselves with this name; we ought always to prove by our acts that we are worthy of it. We have told you what our order is; you know its rules and duties; we relieve you from the obligation of keeping its secret. Tell those who do not know us, and whom vain prejudices detain at a distance from us, that they can come to us without fear and remorse, and that they will only find in us hearts disposed to honour them. We have shown you Freemasonry as a principle, as a rule, as a duty, is that to declare that every Freemason observes his plighted faith? Human weakness will answer you for me!

Making every allowance for a good deal that in foreign views and expressions of Masonry grates upon our English ears, and which hardly accords with that more sound and peaceful teaching which we term Masonry in England, there is yet, as it seems to us, much in this discourse that is most true and sound, ably put, and worthy of perusal and admiration. Unfortunately for French Freemasonry, its best teachers have not yet realized its absolute neutrality on, and avoidance of, all topics which are not purely Masonic.

In England Freemasonry is a friendly and fraternal body, which, avoiding political questions or religious controversies, and asserting simple faith in God, and recognition of His divine moral law for man (without which there is no moral law for man at all), seeks to "do good unto all men, especially those who are of the household of faith." Abroad, Freemasonry, where it acknowledges just now God at all, seems to be mingling itself more and more with political struggles, politico-economico chimeras, and socialistic reveries. Being a secret society it professes to discuss affairs of State, and here is its great mistake.

A ROYAL ARCH SONG.

COMPANIONS, as we now assemble
Round our "Holy Arch" to-day,
In fraternal loving friendship,
Mid cheerful hearts and glad array
May we seek to guard in memory,
When we separate once more,
All that goodly truth and teaching
We have heard in hallow'd lore.

Round our mystic shrine and holy
To trusty "sojourners" as of old,
Our "Mystagogue," in reverent accents,
Does Great Wisdom's words unfold;
And we bow in adoration
As we listen to the tale
Of tradition's startling wonders;
Doubts in vain our faith assail.

Through the mists of many ages
A gleam seems bright'ning up the past,
As meets in the "belovéd city"
The "Grand and Royal Lodge" at last;
And in words of exultation
Which serve to move all hearts around,
Rejoicing voices bear the witness,
"The long, long, lost is found."

Let the sceptic rail and blunder,
List not to sciolist's cynic strain;
We have gathered to our "mysteries,"
Believing, loving, once again.
Hail thou "Holy Arch" of Zion!
Hail unerring sacred Word!
One day an Universal Chapter
Shall own our King, and Judge, and Lord.

M.

A STRANGE STORY OF EASTWELL

BY BRO. THOMAS B. TROWSDALE,

Author of "Glimpses of Olden Kent," &c.

ROUND the picturesque precincts of Eastwell Park, situated in the centre of one of the loveliest landscapes in the county of Kent, there lingers a time-worn tradition of an obscure bricklayer in whose veins coursed the best blood of the land. Living the life of a recluse, and supporting himself by the humble occupation just indicated, he yet, so runs the local legend, claimed sonship to the last of that line of Plantagenet kings whose fate was sealed at the bloody battle of Bosworth. The story has obtained extensive credence; and tradition tells that a raised tomb (with indents for brasses, but bearing no trace of monumental inscription) standing half within the wall of Eastwell Church, marks the spot where the bricklayer-prince slumbers in the sleep that knows no earthly waking. At the dawn of the eighteenth century there might, it is said, have been seen in the Park a relic of the room built and tenanted by this mysterious man, and also a disused well, both bearing his name. But the evidence which gives the greatest colour of truth to the tradition is an entry in the parish register which runs as follows:—

"✓ Rychard Plantagenet was buryed the 22d daye of December anno et supra [*i.e.* 1550]."

It is worthy of note, as was pointed out by the Rev. P. Parsons (Rector of Eastwell in 1767), that the mark ✓ prefixed to this entry is attached in the register to noble names only. This circumstance certainly points strongly to the supposition that the person who registered the burial, more than 300 years ago, was persuaded of Plantagenet's aristocratic origin. Little beyond the faded record in the old register of Eastwell can be adduced in support of the tradition, and a haze of doubt hangs round the whole story. The tradition itself has, however, been preserved, and we give it here for what it is worth. It will not, we think, be without interest to our readers.

The narrative was obtained, in the year 1720, by Dr. Thomas Brett, from the lips of Lord Heneage, Earl of Winchelsea, the then owner of Eastwell House; and was communicated by the doctor, in a letter, to his friend William Warren, President of Trinity Hall, Cambridge. This letter was shortly afterwards published by Peck in his "Desiderata Curiosa," and to that work we are indebted for the account of the tradition as told by the Earl of Winchelsea.

"When Sir Thomas Moyle [Chancellor of the Court of Augmentations in the latter end of the reign of Henry VIII.] built that house [Eastwell-Place], he observed his chief bricklayer, whenever he left off work, retired with a book. Sir Thomas had curiosity to know what book the man read; but was sometime before he could discover it, he still putting the book up if any one came toward him. However, at last Sir Thomas surprised him, and snatched the book from him, and looking into it found it to be Latin. Hereupon he examined him and finding he pretty well understood that language, he enquired how he came by his learning: hereupon the man told him, as he had been a good master to him he would venture to trust him with a secret he had never before revealed to anyone. He then informed him that he was boarded with a Latin schoolmaster, without knowing who his parents were, till he was fifteen or sixteen years old; only a gentlemen (who took occasion to acquaint him he

was no relation to him) came once a quarter and paid for his board, and took care to see that he wanted nothing. And one day this gentleman took him and carried him to a fine great house, where he passed through several stately rooms, in one of which he left him, bidding him stay there.

"Then a man, finely drest, with a star and garter, came to him; asked him some questions, talked kindly to him, and gave him some money. Then the fore-mentioned gentleman returned and conducted him back to his school.

"Some time after, the same gentleman came to him again, with a horse and proper accoutrements, and told him he must take a journey with him into the country. They went into Leicestershire, and came to Bosworth field; and he was carried to King Richard III.'s tent. The king embraced him and told him he was his son. 'But, child,' says he, 'to-morrow I must fight for my crown. And assure yourself if I lose it I lose my life too; but I hope to preserve both. Do you stand in such a place (directing him to a particular place) where you may see the battle, out of danger. And when I have gained the victory come to me; I will then own you to be mine, and take care of you. But, if I should be so unfortunate as to lose the battle, then shift as well as you can, and take care to let nobody know that I am your father, for no mercy will be shewed to anyone so nearly related to me.' Then the king gave him a purse of gold, and dismissed him.

"He followed the king's directions. And when he saw the battle was lost and the king killed, he hasted to London, sold his horse and fine clothes, and the better to conceal himself from all suspicion of being son to a king, and that he might have means to live by his honest labour, he put himself apprentice to a bricklayer. But having a competent skill in the Latin tongue he was unwilling to lose it, and having an inclination also to reading, and no delight in the conversation of those he was obliged to work with, he generally spent all the time he had to spare in reading by himself.

"Sir Thomas said, 'You are now old, and almost past labour; I will give you the running of my kitchen as long as you live.' He answered, 'Sir, you have a numerous family; I have been used to live retired, give me leave to build a house of one room for myself, in such a field, and there, with your good leave, I will live and die.' Sir Thomas granted his request; he built his house, and there continued till his death."

Dr. Brett adds: "I suppose (though my lord did not mention it) that he went to eat in the family, and then retired to his hut. My lord said that there was no park at that time; but when the park was made, that house was taken into it, and continued standing till his (my lord's) father pulled it down. 'But,' said my lord, 'I would as soon have pulled down this house;'" meaning Eastwell Place.

The good doctor, who resided, at the time he received the above narrative from the Earl of Winchelsea, at Spring Grove, in the immediate vicinity of Eastwell, and had, therefore, every opportunity of acquainting himself with the current local traditions, and also of consulting parish records and other documents, has left some notes anent this curious story. Dr. Brett tells us: "I have been computing the age of this Richard Plantagenet when he died, and find it to be about 81. For Richard III. was killed August 23rd, 1485, which subtracted from 1550 there remains 65, to which add 16, for the age of Richard Plantagenet at that time, and it makes 81. But though he lived to that age, he could scarcely enjoy his retirement in his little house above two or three years, or a little more. For I find that Sir Thomas Moyle did not purchase the estate of Eastwell till about the years 1543 or 1544. We may therefore reasonably suppose that upon his building a new house upon his purchase he could not come to live in it till 1546, but that his workmen were continued to build the walls about his gardens, and other conveniences off from the house. And till he came to live in the house he could not well have an opportunity of observing how Richard Plantagenet retired with his

book. So that it was probably towards the latter end of the year 1546 when Richard and Sir Thomas had the fore-mentioned dialogue together. Consequently Richard could not build his house and have it dry enough for him to live in till the year 1547. So that he must have been 77 or 78 years of age before he had his writ of ease."

When the letter embodying the tradition was printed by Peck, doubts regarding its authenticity were openly expressed, but Dr. Brett's account was verified, and his details defended by the Rev. Samuel Pegge, and also by the rector of Eastwell, in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1767. Mr. Pegge, in his communication, calls attention to the statement in Drake's "Eboracum" that Richard III. certainly had an illegitimate son, who was knighted at York, when a youth, by his father. Other writers of equal eminence have credited this strange story. Mr. Jesse, in his "Memoirs of King Richard III." (8vo, 1861) expresses a general faith in it. Sir Bernard Burke gives the curious tradition a place in his "Anecdotes of the Aristocracy" (1849, vol. ii., p. 484); and in further connection with the Plantagenets, the same distinguished author remarks in his charming "Vicissitudes of Families:—

"What race in Europe surpassed in royal position, personal achievement, or romantic adventure, our Plantagenets, equally wise as valiant; no less renowned in the cabinet than in the field? Yet, as late as 1637 the great-grandson of Margaret Plantagenet, herself daughter and heir of George, Duke of Clarence, was following the cobbler's craft at Newport, in Shropshire. Among the lineal descendants of Edmond Woodstock, Earl of Kent, son of Edward I., entitled to quarter the royal arms, occur a butcher and a toll-gatherer, the first a Mr. Joseph Smart, of Halesowen, Salop; the latter Mr. G. Wymot, keeper of a turnpike-gate at Cooper's Bank, Dudley. Among descendants of Thomas Plantagenet, Duke of Gloucester, son of Edward III., we discover Mr. Penny, late sexton at St. George's, Hanover Square—a strange descent from sword and sceptre to spade and pick."

An impenetrable mystery surrounds the whole narrative. Time has woven about it the soft, silken thread of romance so thickly and intricately, that the historic fact is irrecoverably hidden from the keenest eye. But the legend lives amid the green groves of Eastwell, and the tale of the bricklayer Plantagenet prince passes yet from lip to lip, shadowing forth the memory of remote days.

Walter Cooper Dendy gives a pleasant and picturesque rendering of the old Kentish tradition in his very interesting little volume, "Legends of the Lintel and the Ley" (Bell and Daldy, 1863), a work which we can heartily commend to our readers. After Mr. Dendy has told the tale anew, he says of its hero:—

"Buckingham, and Drake of York, make him Captain of Calais, while Rymer, in "Fœdera," writes the name John, and still asserts that he fell into the clutches of King Henry; while many, with Walpole, have doubted even his reality from so slight a record. But even the legitimate son by Anne Neville was never heard of in the reign of Richmond, although created in his first year Earl of Salisbury by Edward, and years after Prince of Wales by his father. In this dilemma we leave those who read the records of Peck and Parsons and Noble fairly to judge whether this monument at Eastwell be not the tomb of the bastard, Richard Plantagenet."

Neither do we attempt to unravel the doubt. We have laid the evidence before the reader, let each place his own value upon it. The historical writer must bear in mind the injunction of Geoffry Chaucer:—

> He moste reherse as neighe as ever he can,
> Or elles he moste tellen his tale untrewe.

Suffice it for us that the tale, if tale it is, still haunts and hallows Eastwell.

OLD RECORDS OF THE LODGE OF PEEBLES.

BY BRO. ROBERT SANDERSON, P.G. SEC. PEEBLES AND SELKIRK (S.C.)

(Continued from page 56.)

Minutes of Decr. 27th, 1782 and 1783, same as previous meetings. Attached to the latter is the following item, in which we have mention for the first time since its formation of Peebles Cumberland Lodge.*

This day Compeared Brother Alexander Hislop member of Peebles Cumberland Lodge No. —— Brother Archibald Robertson member of Berwick Kilwinning No. —— and Brother Robert Smith member of the Royal Arch No. —— and craved to be members of this Lodge who was receved and admitted accordingly. ROBERT SCOTT Mr.

ALEX. HISLOP. ARCHD. ROBERTSON. ROBERT SMITH.

(The next minute is on the date of St. John's Day, but seemingly, owing to the death of Bro. Thomas Tweedale, who had taken a prominent part in the affairs of the Lodge for many years, and especially in the cash transactions connected with the building of the lodge, the greater part of the minute is taken up with the transfer of the debt to his heir, John Tweedale, for behoof of the widow of the deceased. And no notice is taken of the annual examination of fellow crafts, etc., or the the election of office-bearers, although it is evident from following minutes that the election took place. Robert Brown takes the place of Master in room of Robert Scott.—R.S.)

Peebles 28th Decr. 1783.

The Lodge of Massons Peebles Kilwinning presently conveened and taking into their Consideration that the Society is owing to the Deceast Thomas Tweedale Masson in Peebles and Member of this Lodge one hundred and one pounds sterling of Principall as the Ballance of a certain sum laid out by him for Building the house in the Northgate of Peebles called the Masson Lodge. And as John Tweedale Masson in Loanhead, and as Heir and Representative of the said Deceast Thomas Tweedale has most generously agreed to take eighty pounds sterling in full payment and satisfaction of the said sum of one hundred and one pounds sterling, and has taken a Bill for the said sum of eighty pounds sterling payable against the term of Whitsunday next, and which Bill is accepted by Robert Scott, Master; Robert Brown, Senr. Warden; John Brown, Boxmaster; John Hislop, Masson in Peebles; James Grozart, Masson there; William Murray, Masson there; Andrew Scott, Masson there; John Turnbull, Watchmaker there; Robert Hislop, Masson there; Walter Paterson, Masson in Whitesid, and James Stevenson, Masson in Penny Cook; and which Bill is to be lodged in the Clerk's hands till the said term of Whitsunday, when the money is to be paid, and when the said John Tweedale is to grant a sufficient Discharge of the said Debt of one Hundred and one pounds sterling. Also the society is to relieve the said John Tweedale of all obligations prestable upon him respecting said house, excepting his ordinary quarter dues, if he pleases to continue a member of this Lodge. And as the said John Tweedale is bound by the said Deceast Thomas Tweedale's settlement to him, to pay to Janet Watson relict of the said Deceast Thomas Tweedale five pounds

* This Lodge Cumberland seceded from Kilwinning Lodge, Peebles, and obtained a charter in 1746, and was then constituted by a deputation from the Grand Lodge of Scotland, headed by George Fraser, Esq., Depute Grand Master Mason.—R.S.

one shilling sterling yearly as the annual rent of the said one hundred and one pounds sterling. The Society do agree to relieve the said John Tweedale from paying to the said Janet Watson one pound one shilling sterling, out of the five pounds one shilling sterling he is bound to pay her yearly by the settlement above mentioned. And obliges themselves to satisfy the said Janet Watson for the same all the years and days of her lifetime and ordains this minute to be signed by the Master, Senior Warden, and the said John Tweedale.

ROBERT SCOTT, Mr.
ROBERT BROWN, Senior Warden.
JOHN TWEEDALE.

Peebles, 27 Decr., 1783.

The Society present after agreeing with John Tweedale for Eighty pounds sterling in full of the sum due by them to the deceast Thomas Tweedale, found it necessary to acess themselves with two shillings each year of Quarter dues to be paid per sixpence quarterly, and appointed quarterly meetings to be held in the Lodge, to receive said dues, and for the good of Massonary, the first quarterly meeting to be on the last Saturday of March next, and the second on the last saturday of June next, and the third meeting to be on the last saturday of September next, and the fourth meeting to be on St. John's Day next, and thir dues to continue yearly untill the debt due by said Society on said house be brought to sixty pounds sterling and then the quarter dues to return to the ordinary rate.

And the Society hereby agrees and ordains that any member of this Lodge refusing to pay up his arrears of quarter dues imposed, viz., Two shillings per year, or sixpence quarterly shall be rendered unealgable for an officebearer of this Lodge, or to give his vote therein, as also any member that does not attend regularly the quarterly meetings as above mentioned, or send a Reasonable excuse for his not attending or sending his quarter dues to said meeting shall be fined in three pence sterling for each failiar, which minute is signed by the master present.

ROBERT SCOTT, Mr., and 13 others.

Peebles, 29th Decr. 1783.

This Day counted with the Boxmaster John Brown, found in his hands Two pounds sterling, which he paid over to Andrew Scott Masson in Peebles in order to Pay to Janet Watson relict of the Deceast Thomas Tweedale, in part payment of the annual rent of one hundred and one pounds sterling of Principal due by the Lodge to said Thomas Tweedale, and which @ rent fell due in the month of July last, and also Discharges said Boxmaster of his Intromissions Signed by the Master and the said Andrew Scott.

ANDREW SCOTT.
ROBERT SCOTT.

Peebles 14th Jany. 1784.

The Committie mett according to previous warning, and settled with the Boxmaster John Brown. Discharges him of his Intromissions as he has Delivered up the twenty glasses contained in the Invintary the 28th Decr., 1780, except three which is Brock by the Lodge since; also a Bill by Robert Harper for eighteen shillings and sevenpence. Do. by John Veitch for twelve shillings strg. Do. by Thomas Tod for ten shillings and sixpence. Do. by George Veitch for ten shillings and sixpence, which four bills, and seventeen glasses is Delivered to Robert Hislop the new Boxmaster, and recomended to him to recover payment of said Bills as soon as possable.

ROBERT BROWN, Mr.

TIME WAS, TIME IS.

TIME was, alas! but is no more,
How strangely its hours have pass'd away;
Time is, with its darker hills before,
Which only recall a fairer day.
Its dreams, its shadows, all are gone,
Its moments of grace have left us here;
And you and I count one by one
Each faded gift, each word so dear.

Time was, in all of roseate hue,
As it gleamed upon us in ancient time;
Time is, with its posy sad of rue,
Though it whispers softly of trust sublime;
For faith is lingering with us still,
And seems to lift our hearts on high,
As it nerves the wavering heart and will
With consolations which never die.

Time was, in gladder scenes and days,
Which haunt us yet with their gentle voice;
Time is, in these dreary, weary ways
Which seem to say "no more rejoice."
Alack, for us, as time melts and flies
With the crosses of each hourly scene;
For us there is now no "sweet surprise,"
For us there is only "what has been."

Time was, in the ardent love of youth,
Time was, in the moments of manhood's trust;
Time is, in the accents of sterner truth,
Time is, in ashes and crumbling dust.
No more, no more, shall we be again
What once we were in the days of old;
Life's soft delirium ends in pain,
The fancy is o'er, the tale is told.

W.

FRENCH FREEMASONRY.

BY BRO. C. T. McCLENACHAN, 33°.

THE Masonic fraternity of France is a divided institution. The Grand Orient has under its obedience 321 symbolic Lodges, of which 276 are in France proper, and forty-five of its allegiance scattered over the globe, thirteen being in Algiers. The Supreme Council of France, Scottish Rite, has fifty symbolic Lodges subject to its laws.

In Paris, 1725, Lord Derwentwater, Sir Nevil Maskelyne, and some other Englishmen established a Lodge in a house in the Rue des Boucheries, belonging to an English restaurateur named Hure; and shortly after, in May, 1829, at an inn in the same street, the first Lodge that had a regular constitution was established by Bro. Le Breton, and called the Louis d'Argent. In 1736 there were but four Masonic Lodges in Paris. From that time, in no district or territory has the Masonic institution sprung forward with greater eagerness, even to wildness. They constituted themselves the Provincial Grand Lodge.

In 1742 there were twenty-two Lodges in Paris. On December 11th, 1743, Count de Clermont, a prince of the blood, succeeded the Duke d'Antin as Grand Master, and the mother Lodge received the title of Grand Lodge Ecossaise in solemn assembly. The Duke d'Antin had been elected Grand Master June 24th, 1738, against the declared will of the king, and under peril of imprisonment in the Bastile. This was the Grand Lodge.

The Grand Orient held its first meeting March 5th, 1773, confirming the nomination of the Duke de Chartres to be Grand Master. The Grand Orient emanated from the Grand Lodge, and in 1786 received into its bosom irregular claimants professing many degrees; but in 1799 it reduced its authority not to exceed seven degrees, the last being called the Rose Croix, and then the Grand Lodge of Symbolic Masonry joined and buried itself in the Grand Orient.

On the 22nd of September, 1804, Count de Grasse, commanding the French fleet sent to the assistance of the American colonies in the War of Independence, established in Paris, under authority from America, the Supreme Council for France of the Scottish Rite, 33°. On the 5th of December, 1804, by a concordat between the Supreme Council and the Grand Orient, the latter body was invested with the power to confer the degrees of the Scottish Rite to and including the Eighteenth, or Rose Croix, but no further. Hence the *two* organizations as they exist to-day.

The interdiction of Masonic intercourse with the Grand Orient of France by Grand Lodges of the United States, in consequence of territorial invasion, dwindled in importance, when, on the 14th of September, 1877, the General Assembly of the Grand Orient completed its overthrow by the almost unanimous adoption of the amendment of Paragraph 2, Art. I., of the Constitution of Masonry, by the expungement of these words: "Freemasonry has for its principles the existence of God, the immortality of the soul, and the solidarity of mankind," and substituting many words of moral bearing, but closing with the phrase, "it has for its principles, utmost liberty of conscience and human solidarity, and its motto is *Liberté, Egalité, et Fraternité.*"

They did this great wrong only that a few *libres penseurs* (freethinkers, atheists) should be admitted. Should the basis, the bond of union of the fraternity, be surrendered for a handful of atheists?

When this charge was brought against the Grand Orient its answer was, "French Masonry does not believe that there exist atheists, in the *absolute* sense of the word."

The defence was ingenious but convicting, and rapidly the Masonic governing bodies of the world pronounced their verdict and gave sentence. The Supreme Council for England, Wales, and the Dependencies of the British Crown pronounced its interdict November 7th, 1877; that for Ireland January 21st, 1878, and so on.

The Grand Orient erased the following caption from all its official documents: "To the glory of the Great Architect of the Universe." It then proceeded to review and readjust the rituals to conform to the atheistical avowals, thereby making certain their own removal from all departments of Masonry throughout the world.

The Grand Orient went further and made declaration "that it will respect the jurisdictional rights of those Masonic powers that have friendly relations with itself." This is an ill-concealed threat that it will hold itself free to invade the jurisdiction of all Masonic powers which do not maintain friendly relations with it, by establishing bodies within their boundaries. Moving under this menace, it has established seven Lodges of the French Rite in the State of Louisiana, and these have confederated and formed a Grand Orient for that State.

From the date of the first false step taken by the Grand Orient of France, nearly two years ago, it has evinced no thought of retrocession, and made *no sign of contrition* for its crime against Masonry; it does protest, however, that its action is in no sense a denial that there is a Deity, yet it does not deny that the vital clause was expunged for no other purpose than to remove the obstacle which prevented atheists from becoming Masons.

The vote in the Lodges to ostracise Deity was very large and emphatic. The number of the fraternity in France is over 60,000, owing obedience to the Grand Orient (not the Supreme Council) through the 276 Lodges, within the boundaries of France proper. Let us look at the last official census of France: there are in that country 37,387,703 Roman Catholics; 467,631 Calvinists; 80,117 Lutherans; 33,119 members of other Protestant sects; 40,439 Hebrews, and 84,992 persons belonging to no religious faith. Total, 38,103,001.

With all this array of faith yet the major Masonic body boldy pushes toward infidelity, and attempts by force to hold its Masonic recognition and friendships not only by threats, but by actual invasion of the territory of an otherwise friendly power. The Supreme Council of France still holds the necessity of a belief in Deity.

A manifesto was issued by C. J. Lopez, M.D., claiming to be Grand Master of the Orient of New Orleans (Louis), dated November 25th, 1879, to all Grand Orients, Grand Lodges, Supreme Councils and regular Masons, without distinction, over the surface of the world, thus: "By virtue of Masonic solidarity and union—in order to work for the progress of Masonry—for the pacification of the discords and schisms which separate and divide different Masonic bodies; to make amends for the injustice done by schisms, and to regularize the false situation of numerous Freemasons in Louisiana, and to arrive peaceably at the union of all the powers, so that the sublime device, Liberty! Equality! Fraternity! may not be empty words; the undersigned, etc., make it a duty . . . . to bring to your knowledge the organization which will work only the first three degrees, in which will be contained all the teachings of the Universal Masonry. . . . . It counts upon your generous co-operation, etc."

The seed has been sown, the gauntlet has been thrown down. The violence of eradicating the name of and belief in Deity is having its effect, and France has "crossed the Rubicon." Intestine war is the result. Louisiana as of old is the immediate battle ground. Contention is to be avoided, but defence is manhood, and the quicker the action the more complete the victory; is it a question of doubt what that action should be?

France has been ever the hot-bed, if not the mother, of most of the isms and schisms that have barnacled the good Masonic ship in her onward course. This

commingling the impure with the pure is much to be regretted. The Grand Orient exchanges representatives with the Negro Grand Lodges of Missouri and Ohio. The honourable and the nobles of France, in the incipient stages of Masonry in that fair land, were ardent as banner-carriers and faithful worshippers at the shrine of the brotherhood. At one time France was rapidly and bravely becoming the Masonic umpire of the world. But we have vainly hoped and sincerely trusted that a calm judgment would secure peace from Masonic turmoil, that harmony would enter and dwell within her borders, and stand as a shield between her and all the nations of the earth—that La Belle France, the sunny land of art and song as well as gaiety, would be first among her equals in the holy purposes of the fraternity.

The Supreme Council of France, as I have stated, was organized by Count de Grasse on the 22nd of September, 1804, and conferred the 33rd grade of the Scottish Rite on a number of the leaders of the Grand Orient—Thory, Compte de Valence, and several others, and granted the power by a concordat for that Orient to confer the degrees of the Scotch Rite to the 18th, or Rose Croix, in view of the assumed power of the Orient to confer the Rose Croix of the Rite Française as the ultimate of the seven degrees to which it had limited itself *shortly prior to its absorption of the Grand Lodge of Symbolic Masonry.* The Supreme Council retained jurisdiction over the degrees of the Rite to the 33°. This concordat, however, soon fell through, and the two Grand Bodies, without acrimony, lived side by side, the Supreme Council conferring the symbolic degrees under the Scotch system and the Grand Orient conferring the same under the French system, which immaterially differed. It is not necessary here to rehearse the fitful life of the Supreme Council until the 4th of May, 1821, when Compte de Valence became the head of the body, nor to repeat the fact that it existed in all legitimacy and was so acknowledged to the time when the Grand Orient committed suicide.

Three decrees affecting certain symbolic Lodges on questions of insubordination were issued May 12th, 1879, by the Supreme Council, J. Adolphus Cremieux being Grand Commander, which were resented by the Lodges referred to in an appeal dated November 9th, 1879; in the meantime three confirmatory degrees enforcing those of May were issued October 30th; a revulsion ensued and nine Lodges proclaimed independence at Paris November 20th, 1879, declaring themselves the "Independent Symbolic Grand Lodge." They set forth their complaints against the Supreme Council, formulated their independent organization, and proclaimed their principles and complete autonomy. Grand Commander Cremieux died in March, 1880, and Bro. Proal succeeded, resulting in a circular being issued, containing a joint decree and declaration, signed by Brothers Proal, Commander; E. Arago, President of the Grand Central Lodge, and Berard, withdrawing all previous decrees that suspended and dissolved Lodges, but continuing that which nominated a commission of revision. The Supreme Council proposes to augment itself with a young and vigorous element, thus filling its vacancies, enlarging the rights of suffrage, becoming more active in symbolic Masonry, creating a permanent executive commission, and entreating all Masons to be reunited under the Rite Ecossais.

The symbolic Lodges are now under thoughtful consideration as to their future course. It would seem to the writer that the opportunity is pregnant for the Supreme Council of France to nobly aid the fraternity of the world by extending independence to symbolic Masonry—where it belongs—through the Blue Lodges of its obedience, exacting the retention of Paragraph 2, Art. I. of the Constitutions, an unqualified belief in Deity and the immortality of the soul

Though we do not profess to agree with or quite to comprehend even, the views of our esteemed brother, as published in the *New York Dispatch* of June 2nd, we think this article worth reading, and a contribution towards contemporary Masonic history deserving of notice.

"ARS QUATUOR CORONATORUM."*

(Concluded from page 79.)

THE Legend, as contained in the "Breviarum secundem usum Romanum, Senet," 1477, is as follows :—

In sanctorum martyrum quatuor coronatorum.

ORATIO. *Præsta quos.* Grant, Oh God, that the glorious martyrs Claudius, Nichostratus, Symphorianus, Castorius, and Simplicius, whom we acknowledge as steadfast in their faith, may intercede for us with thee.

LECTIO I. *Cum perexisset.* It came to pass that when the Emperor Diocletian journeyed to Pannonia, in order that in his presence metals might be taken from the rocks, that when he had assembled together all the masters in metals he found among them men endowed *with great experience in the art:* Claudius, Castorius, Symphorianus, and Nicostratus, who were marvellously learned in the art of cutting stone (in arte quadrataria, quadratacia, 1518). These men were secretly Christians, who observed the commands of God, and did all things which as sculptors they executed in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ.

LECTIO II. *Ventum est autem, etc.* It came to pass, however, that one day, by command of the Emperor Diocletian, the artificers were preparing to make a statue of the Sun-god, with his four horses, and all things thereunto belonging, the chariot and the horses, out of the Thasian stone.† At the same time, when all the artificers and philosophers were meditating thereupon, the former began to speak in dissenting terms.

LECTIO III. *Et cum incidissent, etc.* And when they had found a great block of Thasian stone they did not think it fit for the statue, according as the Emperor Diocletian had commanded, and for many days thereafter a great contention arose between the artificers and the philosophers (Masters of the work and native Masters, 1518). However, on a certain day *all the artificers (six hundred and twenty-two in number) and the five philosophers assembled* together in order to examine the structure of the stone and the veins thereof, and there arose a prodigious contention between the artificers and the philosophers.

LECTIO IV. *Tunc ceperunt.* Then began the philosophers to dispute with Claudius, Symphorianus, and Simplicius, and said—Wherefore obey ye not, with your skill, the commands of the most devout Emperor Diocletian, and fulfil not his desire? Claudius answered and said—Because we may not blaspheme our Creator and sin against him, because we may not be found guilty in his sight. Then said unto them the philosophers—Hence it seemeth that ye are Christians. And Castorious answered and said—Verily we are Christians.

LECTIO V. *Tunc philosophi.* Then the philosophers chose other artificers and stonecutters (artifices quadratarios) and caused them to make a statue of Asclepius out of the Proconnesian stone, which was brought unto the philosophers after thirty-one days. Thereupon the philosophers informed the Emperor Diocletian that the statue of Asclepius was finished, and he straightways commanded that it should be brought before him that he might look upon it. When he beheld the statue he marvelled much and said—Verily this is a testimony of the skill of those who have our approbation in the art of sculpture.

LECTIO VI. *Philosophi dixerunt.* Then the philosophers said—Most sacred Emperor, know that those whom your majesty has declared to be the most learned in the art of cutting stone (arte quadrataria), Claudius, Symphorianus, Nicostratus, Simplicius, and Castorius, are Christians, and by their magic words subject the human race. Diocletian said unto them —If they may not obey the commands of the law, and if the charges of your accusation be true, then may they suffer the penalty of offending against the gods (sacrilegii).

LECTIO VII. *Tunc Diocletianus.* Then Diocletian, in consideration of their skill, commanded the tribune Lampadius, and said—If they will not offer sacrifice to the Sun-god, then take them and scourge them with stripes and scorpions. But if they will consent, then lead them to submission (duc eos ad mansuetudinem). Five days afterwards Lampadius sat in judgment in that place, and commanded the herald to summon them before him, and showed

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* By a regrettable editorial oversight, this interesting paper, which has been reprinted for a special purpose, appears in our last number as an original communication to the *Masonic Magazine*, whereas it is really taken from the *Freemasons' Monthly Magazine* for April, 1863, edited by Bro. Chas. W. Moore, and published at Boston, U.S.

† Marble from the island of Thasos, near the mouth of the Danube, at that time highly prized for statuary, etc.

them terrible things and all sorts of instruments of martyrdom. When they had entered he turned to them and said—Hearken unto me and avoid martyrdom, and be submissive and friendly (cari et amici) to the noble prince, and sacrifice to the Sun-god, for hereafter I may not speak unto you in gentle words.

LECTIO VIII. *Respondit Claudius.* Claudius and his fellows answered with great confidence—This may the Emperor Diocletian know, that verily we are Christians, and turn not aside from the worship of our God. Exasperated at this reply, the tribune Lampadius commanded them to be stripped naked and scourged with scorpions, while the herald proclaimed—Ye shall not contemn the commands of the prince. In that same hour Lampadius was seized with an evil spirit; he was rent asunder with cramps and died in his chair of judgment.

LECTIO IX. *Hoc audiens uxor.* When his wife and household heard these things they ran to the philosophers with a great outcry, so that it came to the ears of Diocletian. And when he heard of the occurrence he said—Make leaden coffins, put them alive into the same, and cast them alive into the river! Thereupon Nicetius, a Senator (togatus), the coadjutor of Lampadius, did that which Diocletian had commanded. He caused leaden coffins to be made, put them alive therein, and ordered them to be cast into the river.

Here ends the Legend in the "Breviarum Romanum," 1477. The edition of 1474 agrees exactly with the above in Lectio I. to III., but varies slightly in the concluding portion. The translations of the "Romish German Breviary," by Jacob Wog, Venice, 1518, likewise agrees with the above version, with the exception of the passages noted in our text, and concludes with the following additional paragraph:—

When, however, the holy Cyril heard these things, being in prison, he was filled with grief because of the death of these saints, and departed thus from this world to the Lord

The Legend, as contained in the "Breviarum Spirense," 1478, is as follows:

LECTIO IV. Claudius, Castorius, Nicostratus, and Simphorianus, ingenious artists in the art of cutting stone and sculpture (mirifici quadrandi et sculpendi artifices), being secretly Christians, obeyed the commands of God, and made all their work in the name of Christ. A certain Simplicius, who was also experienced in the same art, marvelled much at their skill and works, for they surpassed all the architects of the Emperor, who were six hundred and twenty-two in number. He was himself still a pagan, and when he worked with them his work succeeded not, but his iron tools broke daily. Therefore he said unto Claudius—I pray thee, sharpen my tools so that they break not. Claudius took the tools into his hands and said—In the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, be this iron strong and proper for the work. From that hour Simplicius finished everything that belonged to the ars quadrataria with his iron tools, as did the others, and brought it to completion.

LECTIO V. He then asked Symphorianus in what manner he had sharpened them, for the edge of his tools never broke, as had previously been the case. Symphorianus and Castorius answered and said—God, who is the Creator and Lord of all things, has made his creation strong. Simplicius asked—Has not god Zeus done all this? Then answered Claudius and said—Repent, my brother, for you have blasphemed God, who has created all things, and whom we acknowledge; but we do not acknowledge as God him whom our hands have made. With these and words like unto them they converted Simplicius to the faith of Christ; so that he, despising all the images of the gods, went with them to the Bishop Cyril, of Antioch, who was then lying bound in prison because of the name of Christ, and had for three years been tortured by many blows, in order to be baptized by him. When they were returned, and he had again resumed his work, they all worked together and made the sign of the cross in the name of Christ while they worked. They were, however, accused by the philosophers of being Christians, because they would not make a statue of Asclepius, of marble, as the emperor had commanded. Whereupon Diocletian, filled with rage, spoke—Make leaden coffins, and shut them up alive therein, and cast them into the river. But Nicodemus, a Christian, after forty-two days raised the chests and the bodies and brought them to his house.

LECTIO VI. The four crowned martyrs were so called because their names were not known. For when Diocletian commanded that all should sacrifice to Asclepius, who was called the god of health, because he had been a good physician, these four refused, whereupon they were scourged to death with leaden scourges and their bodies cast into the streets to be devoured by dogs. So they laid five days and were buried by St. Sebastian and the Bishop Melchiades. Their names were afterwards revealed as follows—Severus, Severianus, Carpophorus, Victorianus; before which time, however, the holy Melchiades ordained that the anniversary of their martyrdom should be kept on the same day with that of the holy Claudius, Nicostratus, Symphorianus, Castorius, and Simplicius, who were cast into the river in leaden coffins.

According to the "Breviarum secundum consuetudinem domus Hospitalis Hierosolymitanus Sancti Johannis, Spiræ," 1495, the bodies were raised after five days and secretly interred in the *Via Lavitana* by St. Sebastian.

In the "Breviarum Ultrajectense. Venet.," 1497, we find the Legend much the same as in the "Brev. Romanum," but considerably more briefly narrated. Lampadius executes the five martyrs and dies suddenly. Forty days afterwards Nicodemus raises the coffins and buries them in his house. Then follows:—

Lectio II. Eleven months afterwards Diocletian ordered a temple to be erected to Asclepius in the Thermis Trajani, and a statue of the god to be made of Proconnesian stone. As all the people were commanded to sacrifice, there were present several tribunes (cornicularii). When their opposition was made known to the Emperor Diocletian, he ordered them to be slain with leaden scourges before the statue of the god. After they had been scourged for a long time they gave up the ghost.

The third and last Lectio agrees with the 6th of the "Brev. Spirense."

According to the "Legenda Sanctorum Jacobi de Voraigne," 1470, Severus, Severianus, Carpophorus, and Victorianus were scourged to death, but their offence is not stated. Two years afterwards (so also in the "Brev. Ord. Hierosol.," 1495), about the year 287, the five other Christians were executed because they would not consent to sacrifice to the gods. The leaden coffins were thrown into the sea, and not again recovered. The Pope Melchiades ordered that they should be designated as the four crowned martyrs, their names not being then known, and although subsequently revealed, yet the custom was retained of denoting the five personages as the "Vier Gekrönten" or "quatuor coronati."

The precise date of their martyrdom is specified in the "Modus orandi secundum ecclesiam Herbipolensem," 1450, which states that "These holy martyrs suffered for the name of God, in the year 287, on the 8th November (sexto ydus Novembris).

The reader will observe that there is much confusion in the breviaries concerning this Legend, two separate groups of personages and two distinct occurrences being curiously confounded. It is probable that there actually was a historical basis for the original Legend, and that this Legend was subsequently elaborated, and perhaps confounded with others.

THE YORK FABRIC ROLLS.

(Continued from page 28.)

Injunctiones date questoribus pro fabrica Ebor.*

Injunctum est nobis presbiteris a superioribus nostris in virtute sanctæ obedienciæ, ut nos exponamus parochianis nostris distincte et aperte omnibus diebus dominicis et interim *festivis*, *infra* missarum *solempnia*, *indulgencias* omnibus *benefactoribus* matris ecclesiæ Ebor.

* We have now a copy of the brief which was furnished to the regularly appointed beggars in behalf of the fabric, to be published by the parochial clergy in their churches. No less than twelve of these persons are mentioned in it by name. By them the whole diocese of York and other districts were periodically visited, and large sums of money were gathered together through their importunity. I am tempted to insert an extract from the Sompnoure's story among the Canterbury Tales, which describes the operations of one of these travellers in Holderness. Had Chaucer heard of the fame of these Yorkshire beggars?

Lordlings, ther is in Yorkshire, as I gesse,
A mersh contree ycalled Holdernesse,
In which ther went a limitour aboute
To preche, and eke to beg, it is no doute.

concessas, videlicet in festis Purificacionis, Annunciacionis, Assumpcionis, Nativitatis et Apostolorum Petri et Pauli, et Beati Willelmi cujus corpus in eadem ecclesia requiescit, ac eciam in die anniversarii dedicacionis ecclesiæ predictæ, necnon per octos dies festivales ipsos mediate sequentes, (*sic*), devote visitent et honorent, de bonis sibi a Deo collatis, pia devocione adjuvent, ut per hujusmodi pias elemosinarum suarum largiciones in terris thesaurum sibi indeficientem faciant in celis, et mereantur habere largas peccatorum suorum et penitentiarum sibi injunctarum indulgencias et remissiones, per sanctæ Romanæ ecclesiæ pontifices, et alios pios *super hoc concessas, et hoc subscriptas. In primis, videlicet,* conferentibus ad fabricam ecclesiæ predictæ a Johannæ Archiepiscopo Ebor., xl dies. Item a Willelmo Archiepiscopo xl dies. Item omnes Archiepiscopi qui interfuerunt a prima fundacione dictæ Ecclesiæ usque nunc, quilibet per cc xl dies. Item visitantibus et honorantibus ecclesiam Ebor. in predictis a Nicholao papa iiij^to^ j annum et xl dies. Item ab eodem Nicholao j annum xl dies. Item a papa Alexandro c dies. Item ab Honorio papa xl dies. Item ab Archiepiscopo Cantuariensi xx dies. Item ab episcopo London xx dies. Item ab episcopo Lincoln xxx dies. Item ab episcopo Rofonensi x dies. Item ab episcopo Hereford vij dies. Item ab episcopo Dunelm. xx dies. Item a duobus Archiepiscopis et octo episcopis, a *singulis, singulos dies quadragenos. Item a Berardo, domini papæ legato,* xl dies. Item a domino Antonio Dunolm. episcopo xl dies. Item a quolibet episcopo qui solempnitati translacionis Beati Willelmi interfuit, cum essent xj de numero; xl dies. Item omnes benefactores dictæ Ecclesiæ participes erunt omnium missarum et omnium aliorum benefactorum quæ cotidie sunt aut fient in perpetuum in sancta ecclesia predicta, ac in omnibus aliis ecclesiis et capellis per Ebor. diocesim sibi subjectis. Item omnibus diebus dominicis per annum infra missarum solempnia, vel ante panis benedicti distribucionem, in qualibet ecclesia parochiali omnis populus oracionem dominicam flexis genibus ad Dominum fundant, cum salutacione Beatæ Mariæ Virginis, pro cunctis fratribus et sororibus vivis et defunctis qui elemosinas suas contulerint, vel aliquid in ipsorum ultima voluntate legaverint in subsidium fabricæ ecclesiæ memoratæ. Item dominus papa Johannes, qui nunc est, ratificat et confirmat omnes indulgencias supradictas istud negocium a die recepcionis usque ad diem reportacionis in visitacionibus infirmorum et in confessionibus parochianorum nostrorum nullo modo sub pena qua decet omittamus. Nomina questorum per dictum procuratorem nominatorum, Johannes Storkes, Andreas Scot, Robertus de Duffeld, Alanus Scriveyn, Ricardus de Altoftes, Radulphus de Pokelington, Andreas de Cundale, Alanas de Thornton, Willelmus de Clif, Johannes Lyne, Willelmus Pebles, Johannes Pebles.

And so befel that on a day this frere
Had preched at a churche in his manere,
And specially aboven every thing
Excited he the people in his preching
To trentals, and to give for Goddes sake,
Wherewith men mighten holy houses make.
* * * * * *
Geve me than of thy gold to make our cloistre,
Quod he, for many a muscle and many an oistre,
Whan other men han ben ful wel at ese,
Hath been our food, our cloistre for to rese:
And yet, God wot, uneth the fundament
Parfourmed is, ne of our pavement
N'is not a tile yet within our wones:
By God we owen fourty pound for stones.
Now help, Thomas, for him that harwed helle,
For elles mote we our bokes selle,
And if ye lacke our predication,
Then goth this world all to destruction.

As may easily be conceived, the privilege of seeking alms for any religious purpose was frequently abused. Forged seals and licenses were common. The country was overrun by idle fellows, who imposed upon the faithful in many ways and wasted upon their own pleasures the numerous gifts that they received. In 1324 Archbishop Melton warns his spiritual subjects in strong terms against these impostors: "Injunginus vobis omnibus et singulis in virtute obedienciæ supradictæ, et sub pena excommunicacionis majoris ne ad presens negocium exponendum aliquos admittatis questores preter eos qui nominatim in cedula annexa presentibus continentur. Et ne ipsos seu eorum aliquem . . . . falsa, errores, seu aliquid aliud excessivum permittatis in pupulo exponere, seu eciam predicare . . . . oculos seu libros depictos, seufalsas reliquias ostendere nec in fraudem seu elusionem catholicorum aliud predicare seu exponere contra quod in brevetto seu dicta cedula continetur sub penis superius annotatis."

Archbishop Melton issued two Indulgences for the fabric, one in 1320 and the other in 1324.

THE MEANING OF "COWAN."

BY AN OLD W.M.

I do not think that I can add anything new to the old arguments and statements anent "cowan," but as "every little helps," even in Masonic archæology, and "every mickle makes a muckle," I think it well to ask the favour of the appearance of these few words of mine in the pages of the *Masonic Magazine*. I begin, my kind readers will observe, by stating that my words will be few, and few they certainly shall be. Just now we seem to like nothing long, whether long leaders, long articles, long orations, or even long sermons! No, the taste of the age is, practically, to "cut it short" in everything. And though I fear a good deal of this impatience must be set down to the irritability and ignorance of the age combined, yet, like the ladies, I think it necessary to be in the fashion, and so, "cutting my coat according to my cloth," I "cave in."

I often see learned explanations of the word "cowan," but I have for one never wavered in my opinion, expressed some years ago, that it is simply a term of Masonic technical use, and belongs really and truly and primarily to the Masonic terminology and vocabulary alone. For, as is well known, the word is not known to the older dictionarians; and even that most excellent work, "Crabbe's Technicological Dictionary," knows it not. I do not say that it is not to be found, but it is the exception to the rule. It is to be found, no doubt, in some of the very modern dictionaries.

Curiously enough, its Masonic use in England is very modern too. The word is not to be found in the English Guild Constitutions, though some believe that the word "lowen" in the Lansdowne MS. in synonymous with it, or rather put for it. I am myself not so sure of that, the more so as "Dowland" has it not, and the general use of the similar word in the same place in the other Constitutions is "layer" or "lyer." The Antiquity MS., indeed, uses "lowen" also, but Inigo Jones's MS. has no word at all; Wood's MS. uses "layer." I am, therefore, inclined to think that we cannot set much store by the evidence of the Lansdowne MS. The earliest Masonic use I know of it is in the Charges of 1722, where it is opposed to "true Mason," and in its purely operative sense, and curiously enough, the word "cowan" is not to be found in the "old Regulations" of 1721 or the "new Regulations" down to 1738, though the words "true brother" and "false brother" are made use of.

It is, then, I think, pretty clear that the word is of ritual use alone in England, in our Lodges, and is not English either by origin or nationalty. Indeed, the evidence appears to me to be clear that it "hails" from Scotland. Thanks to Bro. Laurie and Bro. D. Murray Lyon especially, we have Scottish Masonic regular use of it in the sixteenth century as "cowanis," that is "irregular" Masons, or rather "non-guild" Masons! Such is, undoubtedly, its first use and meaning, and its derivative sense of "listener," or "eaves-dropper," a "profane," that is a "non-Mason" altogether, is of very much later use indeed. When even it was used in this sense in Scotland does not appear to be quite clear; but in England, as far as we know, there is no acknowledged use of it in this sense before the middle of the eighteenth century. It seems to have grown upon the Craft, so to say, and no doubt may be fairly claimed as a relic of purely operative use.

I am quite aware that Pritchard uses the word, but I never take Pritchard as an authority for anything; and believing him to be thoroughly untrustworthy, I do not touch upon his mention of the word.

It is just possible that after Desaguliers's visit to Scotland the word came into general use in England; but I am also inclined to think that as it betrays its operative Masonic origin, we have in it simply an early technical term of operative Masonry. I may remark here that the word is not to be found in the famous Sloane MS. or in the "Grand Mystery."

I *think then*, as I *said at starting*, that I have made good my contention that the word is really of operative Masonic birth—as an irregular Mason, one not belonging to the lodge; and secondly, that its derivative sense of a "listener," "eaves-dropper," "intruder," etc., is equally and solely Masonic, though later. It certainly is not and cannot be derived from the Greek *kuon*, or the French *chouan*, or the Hebrew *cohen*. The latter idea is perfectly ridiculous. And though we may have some difficulty in saying whence it is actually derived, its use and meaning are, I venture to believe, so decidedly and purely Masonic, and Masonic only, as to render any further remarks thereanent "both profitless and needless."

And so I conclude my humble little essay to-day, rather dogmatically, some may think, perhaps, at the end, yet because I believed I had something to say I have said it, and have said it as shortly and concisely as I could.

GOING HOME.

HEIMGANG! So the German people
Whisper when they hear the bell
Tolling from some gray old steeple
Death's familiar tale to tell;
When they hear the organ dirges
Swelling out from chapel dome,
And the singers chanting surges—
Heimgang! Always going home.

Heimgang! Quaint and tender saying
In the grand old German tongue
That hath shaped Melancthon's praying
And the hymns that Luther sung;
Blessed is our loving Maker,
That where'er our feet shall roam
Still we journey towards "God's Acre"—
Heimgang! Always going home.

Heimgang! We are all so weary,
And the willows, as they wave,
Softly sighing, sweetly, dreary,
Woo us to the tranquil grave.
When the golden pitcher's broken,
With its dregs and with its foam,
And the tender words are spoken—
Heimgang! We are going home.

GOLDEN DREAMS.

BY A DREAMER.

WE, all of us, even we Freemasons, have, I fancy, at one time or another of our life, our own "golden dreams." We are said, as Freemasons, to be very prosaic and matter-of-fact, and averse to sentiment, but I fancy if any of us could procure that magic "topaz" by which every one's secret thoughts and feelings were known to the possessor of that awful, if legendary, ring, we should soon find that our sleekest and sedatest neighbour has had a "golden dream" after all, was partaker of a secret which he particularly wished his own dear, dear Jezabel should never know. Some of us, as we advance in years, affect to treat all such ideas and feelings as what we like to term "gush," "sentimentality," and the like, and we deprecate much any allusion by any one to "golden dreams" and "picturesque personal pre-Raphaelitism." When Goethe said "Ich habe gelebt und geliebt," he uttered, according to such unimaginative censors, unmitigated "bosh;" when the young man strikes his forehead, as young men sometimes do, and cries out ecstatically, "Ah, meine goldene traumen," we are wont generally, if "sotto voce," to dub that young man an "anser." There are many of us, indeed, to whom, as life has passed away, leaving us old, greyheaded, gouty, and forlorn, all these ideas and theories appear too sublimated for our earthly vision. We don't believe in "love at first sight," the "mutual harmony" of "confiding bosoms," the "glancings of rapturous glances," the "squeezings of hot little rooms" (whatever these may be), and we strongly repress all allusions to our own earlier days, hopes, plans, longings, idealities. Indeed, like the poet, we say somewhat proudly and sternly, when we hear young men talking what we like to call their "spoony nonsense" now,

> New milk I own is very fine
> When foaming from the cow;
> But yet I want my pint of wine—
> I'm not a lover now.
>
> I never tell a tender tale,
> I never want to sigh,
> I never seek to raise a veil,
> I never tell a lie.

But yet, as I remarked before, say what we will and do what we will, spend our lives where and how we may, we cannot silence "memory," and the present, with all its attractions for some and its bitter heartaches for others, is ever carrying us away on its "resistless tide" to that "past" of ours, which, try as we may, we can never shut out in its tender interests and living sympathies either for time or eternity. But I must not drift into too serious a tone.

We all, then, have our "golden dreams," or, as the courtly preacher once said to Louis XV., when speaking of universal death, "presque tous," and very pleasant they are while they last. Sometimes they do not endure for long; ofttimes they fade away as with the morning's light; but while they are ours they are cheery to the sight and good for the mind. For there is, if they are "golden dreams," something elevating in them: they seem to lift us above the common crowd and the noisy ruck of men, and to fill us with happy hopes and fair imaginings. To-day, when we are old and cold, and weary and worn, when trials and troubles, crosses and years have bowed our

forms, or gangrened our dispositions, we are apt to forget what a roseate hue that "golden dream" of ours once cast upon the outer and inner life of our whole physical and moral being. For then, trusting and unsophisticated, we were rather inclined to believe that all that glittered was really gold. We knew nothing of dejection or disappointment, trickery or treachery; we confided in others, we were confided in ourselves; hope told us its most flattering tale, and we literally hugged the dear deceit to our hearts. Alas, to-day, how vast the difference, how dark the shadows, how black the outlook. These "golden dreams" have flitted away never to return. The happiness we once counted upon securely never has been ours. The "loving cup" we raised so joyously to our lips we have put down untasted, for it was full of "fennel." The friends we so dearly loved have left us, have passed away from earth before us, have forgotten us, have cut us. The heart we once claimed so exultingly and believingly, after all was never ours. Reality to-day is a sad blank, a mournful contrast to the glittering forms anticipation once sketched out for our ardent longings. And on us at last has fallen, what comes to us all, I fancy, sooner or later here, that realization that after all is said and done, gone and spent, acted and parted here, "Nehushtan" is the most fitting motto, alike for our aims and plans and expectations, the dreams and delusions of life, the friendships we form, the homes we create, the work we do, and the lots we fill. On everything, and on us all equally, "decay's effacing fingers" have rested, blighting both our hearts and hopes, our memories, our sympathies, our love, our life; and yet who would not have had these "golden dreams?"

Some petty stoic, some snarling cynic may say "Thank God, I am not as other men are. I have no touching reminiscences to evoke, no tender confessions to make. In my bureau and despatch box you will find no fair or dark tresses, no perfumed note, no faded flower, and no soiled glove. Nothing shall be there to amuse some callous executors, or to betray my weakness or my folly." But such men, happily for the world, are few and far between. The best and worst of us all may well remember, wistfully or gently, as the case may be, those "golden dreams" which once were theirs, and which they cherished so hugely and grieved over so intensely. And yet, who knows? It is, perhaps, the best thing in the world for us, the very best thing, that they never were realized and that we gained them not. We did not think so then. We perhaps did not believe so then; nay, we would have laid down our life to get them; and yet here we are to-day none the worse without them, perhaps much better, indeed, for the want of them. So let us be contented and cheerful, genial and resigned; whatever is, is for the best. Yes it is a queer world, my masters; but let us ever remember the good sound old proverb, MAN PROPOSES, GOD DISPOSES.

LITERARY AND ANTIQUARIAN GOSSIP.

MR. Thomas B. Trowsdale is contributing to *The Welcome* (S. W. Partridge & Co.) a monthly chapter entitled "Love of the Months, Antiquarian and Historical." We understand that these articles, which contain a large amount of curious information anent old world customs in connection with the calendar, will be re-issued in volume form at the close of the year.

Mr. Elliot Stock has just issued a vigorous volume of verse from the pen of a new poet, who bids fair to attain an exalted position in the Temple of the

Muses. "Argentine, and other Poems," is the work to which we allude, and Shirley Wynne is its highly gifted author. This, his first published collection of poems, has been received with almost unexampled press enconiums; and certainly its intrinsic merits warrant all the praise which has been bestowed upon it. The living light of a master mind beams through every line of the brilliant poem which gives title to the book, and the shorter productions are radiant with exquisite imagery, elegantly expressed. We hope to be favoured with further flights of Shirley Wynne's fervid fancy.

Du Maurier's trenchant pictorial satires on society in *Punch* are attracting universal notice, and may serve to scotch many of the popular errors of the period. It appears that someone recently took the talented artist to task on the subject, and asked him if he were not afraid of being attacked in some of the society journals. "Not I," said Du Maurier; "I can always *draw* and defend myself."

Society, a journal of fact, fiction, and fashion, edited by Mr. George W. Plant, is a wonderful weekly pennyworth. The lover of gossip may find in its attractive pages quite as much well-written information anent the movements of the *beau monde* as is given in the more expensive, and sometimes more objectionable, issues of the so-called society journals.

The Yorkshire Inventor and Manufacturer is the newest thing in trade journals. It bids fair to become an all-round success. Mr. W. E. Fox is the editor.

In the report of the English Dialect Society for 1879 it was announced that Mr. C. H. Poole, of Pailton, Rugby, had undertaken the preparation of a "Glossary of Staffordshire Dialectical Words." Mr. Poole has now completed his self-imposed task, and the glossary may be had on application to the author.

The Rev. J. Edward Vaux, M.A., and Mr. J. T. Micklethwaite, F.S.A., are engaged in the production of a work dealing with "Church Folk-lore."

Philanthropy is not yet dead; the milk of human kindness has not yet dried up; there is still a spark of real human friendship left, at least in the heart of George Smith, the author of "Gipsy Life." This is his new work and present enterprise, in which he heroically sacrifices self to emancipate this wandering race from its sad state of degradation and ignorance. All praise to the true-hearted man and his noble work; the canal population blesses him, so will the gipsies. May he meet with equal success. Though alone, his influence is powerful, and only requires means to make it more so. The book, "Gipsy Life," is a collection of articles and illustrations on the subject, which have already appeared in the *Graphic* and *Illustrated London News*—a sufficient guarantee for their worth. We hope that all who have 3s. 6d. to spare will purchase the volume, and thus aid the cause of the gipsies.

"Short Notes on Painswick" is the title of an important topographical work which Mr. U. J. Davis, an erudite Gloucester antiquary, has in the press. The volume will extend to upwards of 300 pages, and will be illustrated with numerous lithographed views, maps, plans, fac-similes of autographs, etc. Much hitherto unpublished information will be presented in the book.

The study of geography forms an important part in the curriculum of every school and college, but the text-books used are often very meagre in information; and, were they not supplemented by the lectures of the teachers, our knowledge of this important subject would be exceedingly scant. We do not, however, carry away from the lecture-room as a permanent stock of information the instructions of the lecturer, and outside there are few books of a popular kind that can be used for reference or as agreeable reading. We therefore observe with pleasure that the enterprising publishing house of Messrs. Sampson, Low, and Co. are doing something to remedy this evil by the pub-

lication of a series of volumes on "Foreign Countries," each distinct in itself, and which will form a valuable compendium of the newest facts. "Greece" and the "West Indies" are the subjects of the first two volumes just issued, and from the character of these the series gives promise of being a very useful one.

Mr. Councillor Fewster, a well-known numismatist of Hull, is about to publish, for private circulation, a work on the coins and tokens of the town.

The collection of antiquarian information is being made a prominent feature by many of the most influential provincial papers. That department of the *Newcastle Chronicle* has contributors in all parts of our island. The *Manchester City News* contains select and very valuable notes of a like character appertaining to Lancashire; and in the same county we have the well-stored "scrap-book" of the *Leigh Chronicle*, and the interesting "Notes and Queries" column of the *Oldham Chronicle*. The archæological ana of the Welsh border is collected under the heading of "Byegones" in the *Oswestry Advertiser* and in the "Shropshire and North Wales Notes and Gleanings" of the widely-circulated *Shrewsbury Chronicle*. Mr. Thomas B. Trowsdale conducts "Local Notes and Queries" columns in the *Lincoln Gazette*, the *Gloucester Journal*, and the *Wolverhampton Chronicle*. Mr. J. P. Briscoe, F.R.H.S., ably presides over a similar feature of the *Nottingham Guardian*, and the Rev. B. H. Blacker edits the "Gloucestershire Notes and Queries" published in the *Stroud Journal*. The *Leeds Mercury* and the *Bedfordshire Times and Independent*, besides several other county journals which we might mention, have also antiquarian corners. This is a definite and encouraging indication of the increasing interest which is evinced by the masses in the perusal of old-world lore.

Chambers' Journal, one of the oldest and best of our family monthlies, continues its hold upon popular favour. The frequent articles on social subjects, signed "W.C.," are always eminently readable, and the rest of the contents are well up to the mark. A paper on "Rocking Stones" in the August issue of this journal we would specially commend for the large amount of interesting information it contains.

We notice that the King of Spain has signed a convention of copyright with France. From what English authors say of French publishers, it is very doubtful if this will result in much profit to Spanish literature, and, on the other hand, it is scarcely to be supposed that French authors will grow unbecomingly obese in consequence of it. Still, it shows that the march of civilization is something more than a phrase. What a pity this particular species of civilization cannot march westward as well as eastward and southward!

Upwards of a dozen separate volumes of the author's edition of Miss Rosa M. Kettle's works have been published, and we are glad to see that Messrs. Ward and Lock are bringing out a people's edition in the regulation yellow boards. This course will undoubtedly help to extend the popularity of this elegant writer's charming books.

We have received from Mr. William Isbister (Limited), 26, Ludgate Hill, London, a "Handbook of the New Code of Regulations, 1880, and other Official Instructions, Orders, and Circulars of the Education Department," carefully compiled by Mr. John F. Moss, the able clerk of the Sheffield School Board. It is intended for the use of school board managers and teachers, by whom we feel sure it will be received as a boon, on account of the clearness with which it elucidates obscure points of the government regulations. Copious notes and an excellent index greatly enhance the value of the work. The book is prepared from a larger one on the practical administration of the "Education Acts, 1870-80, and Incorporated Statutes," which was compiled by Mr. Moss, in conjunction with Mr. E. M. Hance, LL.B., clerk of the Liverpool School Board.

The Age is the title of a smart little monthly published at Bradford (Yorks.) and extensively circulated through the various northern counties. It contains racy notes and articles, and interesting and well-written stories. We notice that the editor has lately secured the valuable assistance of L'Allegro, a writer who is building up for himself a good reputation as a novelist. The publication is well illustrated.

Mr. William Andrews, F.R.H.S., editor of the *Hull Miscellany*, has in active preparation a volume of selections from the most important contributions to that bright little weekly. It will be appropriately entitled "Miscellanea," and amongst the writers represented will be the editor, Dr. Spencer Hall, Matthias Barr ("the children's poet laureate"), W. Davenport Adams; John Brent, F.S.A.; T. B. Trowsdale; W. E. A. Axon, F.R.S.L.; J. P. Briscoe, F.R.H.S.; Henry Calvert Appleby, "Guy Roslyn," "L'Allegro;" S. C. Hall, F.S.A.; and many other prose and poetical authors of high repute.

Another class newspaper is announced. It is to be called *The Clerk*, and will be the organ of the young man suggested by the title. Mr. Thomas Archer is to be the editor, and will, no doubt, very efficiently fill his post.

Mrs. Maxwell, better known as Miss Braddon, is writing yet another novel. The popular magazine founded by the late Charles Dickens is to be the initial vehicle for the new story, which will be called "Asphodel."

Mr. Barnwell, of Hull, has just published a *recherché* little volume of verse, entitled "Lays and Lyrics." The author is Mr. George Lancaster, who is well known both on this and the other side of the Atlantic as a reputable writer of smart and humorous prose and verse. In the book before us there are many trifles which reflect very great credit upon Mr. Lancaster, and we hope to shortly see further productions of his pen.

Messrs. Bemrose and Sons have recently issued a valuable addition to the literature of the county of Derby in the shape of a little volume on "The Etymology of some Derbyshire Place-Names." The substance of the glossary was originally read as a paper before the Derbyshire Archæological and Natural History Society; but in compliance with the request of the local press and public, Mr. Frederick Davis, its remarkably well-informed author, has been tempted to extend his list, and the result is a book that should be at the elbow, not only of all residents of the county to which it more particularly refers, but of students of local history generally. Mr. Davis now promises to revise and considerably extend even the very full list of place-names included in the volume under notice; and those who know him know that he will do his best to turn out of his literary laboratry a finished work that cannot fail to become a standard local authority.

In a recent obituary appeared the once familiar name of Pierce Egan, a writer whose wild works of imagination were wont to consumedly exercise our youthful mind in the days that are gone. Wilkie Collins has described the deceased gentleman as one of those writers who address "the unknown public," by which we presume he means the readers of the *London Journal* and periodicals of a cognate character, to whom it is to be regretted that, possessed of undoubted genius as he was, he has of late years somewhat pandered. It is sad to think that the most part, if not all, of the emanations from his busy pen have died with their gifted author.

In the next number of *Leisure*, a capital little London quarterly, will be published a Christmas story of absorbing interest from the pen of L'Allegro, the gifted author of "Newspaper Romances" and other popular works. The story is entitled "Within the Sound of Crookton Bells," and deals with a bank failure.

H.M.S. EURYDICE.

Lost March, 1878.

BY SAVARICUS.

A TRIM-BUILT ship is speeding o'er the main,
With sails well set to bear the goodly strain;
A kindly breeze now wafts her fast along,
And breathing low seems but a zephyr's song;
Clear from her bow she shakes the sparkling spray,
And, like a courser, proudly bounds away.
Foam-crested are the waves, and these she cleaves
As sea-birds skim the air. The track she leaves
Appears and disappears like melting snow—
Rose-tinted by the setting sun's red glow,
A fleeting path upon an open sea,
A wake to watch and beautiful to see.
Day after day, by prosp'rous breezes blest,
She ploughs her way through surging ocean's breast;
Her crew three hundred, mainly "British Tars,"
For duty cheery, lithe, like bending spars;
Their movements prove the ship and men are one.
At "homeward bound" how fast their pulses run!
So fair a voyage; sailing day and night
The distance shortens, hearts grow gay and light;
Old England's cliffs to welcome eyes soon loom—
The morn is bright, without a sign of gloom.
The church-bell's voice proclaims the day of rest,
Each sailor in his smartest garb is drest.
The gath'ring clouds the rising storm foretell,
But land is nigh, to idle thoughts farewell.
A few short hours—the snow is falling fast,
The rushing wind from shore is sweeping past.
A squall! the sails recoil, the trembling ship
All stagg'ring, lifts her bow, men reel and slip—
The swelling sea pours in at open port—
A plunge—she sinks! by fatal tempest caught.

H.M.S. ATALANTA.

Lost March, 1880.

BY SAVARICUS.

HOW many hearts are beating high,
A training-ship's o'er due;
Dear friends on shore wait patiently
To welcome home the crew.

But oh! the days are passing by,
No tidings come to hand;
Suspense, its anguish doth supply,
And spreads it through the land.

Hope whispers, "doubting thoughts are wrong,
What aileth ship or men?
The sailor lads and ship are strong,
And will return again."

* * * * * * *

The raging seas each other lash,
And leap to seize their prey;
Fork'd lightnings gleam, and thunders crash—
The storm-fiends are at play.

Within the cyclone's awful power
A noble craft is caught;
The struggle lasts, from hour to hour
The battle's bravely fought.

The vivid lightning strikes the mast
As if with frenzied ire;
A stream of light—the words are passed
"Great God! the ship's on fire."

The crew, to duty firm and true,
Now work with heart and hand;
Still hoping, fearing, praying too,
Each ready to command.

A blinding flash! the rudder's gone!
All helpless now she rolls;
The fates keep watch, she sinks anon,
And drowns three hundred souls.

* * * * * * *

In England friends their vigils keep,
Fear will not hope exhaust;
No message from the mighty deep
Tells that the ship is lost.

A silent sorrow creepeth near,
Exploring ships return,
From port to ocean as they steer
No news or sign they learn.

With sweethearts, wives, and children dear
We mourn the ship's sad fate,
And stern men sigh and shed a tear
When they the tale relate.

HISTORY OF RINGS.

INVENTED somewhere in the babyhood of the world, the origin of the circlet we call a finger-ring is lost in prehistoric darkness. The Greeks in their mythology credit Jupiter with its invention. Their story is that when the god forgave one Prometheus, and released him from his penance in the Caucasus, where a vulture made a daily free lunch of his liver, and where he had sworn to keep him eternally, he, in order not to break his oath, caused an iron ring to be made with a fragment of Caucasian granite set in it. This ornament the released stealer of Celestial fire always wore to carry out the threat that he should be bound to the rock for ever. Whoever did create them, rings are certainly almost coeval with people who had fingers to wear them on. Seal-rings are said to have been an invention of the Lacedemonians who used them to make their money-chests more secure. In Biblical times money was made in the form of rings. Great quantities of this peculiar currency, which figures frequently in the sepulchral frescoes of Egypt, have been found in different countries, including Ireland. The Greeks put rings in the urns which held the ashes of their cremated friends as tokens of affection. Rings were a favourite ornament among the Romans, who not only wore them themselves, but decorated the fingers of their sculptured gods with them too. These were changed on special days and festivals, according to set rules. In times of sorrow the Romans exchanged their gold circlets for iron ones, and they had heavy and light ones for winter and summer. It was a sign of the greatest poverty when any subject of the great empire had to sell his rings to live. Some of the Roman rings rivalled that presented to President Pierce by his California admirers in 1852, which was of gold, and weighed a pound.

There is scarcely a malleable or tenuous substance of which rings have not been composed. All the metals have been brought into requisition. Iron was the first. Then gold was mixed with it, as by the Romans, and then gold alone was used. Among the spoils of one of Hannibal's victories were three bushels of gold rings. Rings of iron were worn by conquerors till Caius Marius changed the fashion to gold. Bronze, jet, cornelian, glass, emerald, and amber have been used. Poor people wore rings of ivory and blue porcelain. The rings of the ancients in many cases were of iron gilded. Iron rings used to be made with gold seals.

An incident mentioned by Plutarch shows how distinctive a gold ring once was. When Cinna and Caius Marius were slaughtering the citizens of Rome, the slaves of Cornutus hid their master in the house and took a dead body out of the street from among the slain and hanged it by the neck; then they put a gold ring upon the finger, and showed the corpse in that condition to Marius' executioners, after which they dressed it for the funeral and buried it as their master's body. Rings in those days were very different affairs from the flimsy bands of metal now in use. Some of the Egyptian signets were of extraordinary size. Sir Gardiner Wilkinson mentions an ancient Egyptian one which contained about twenty guineas worth of gold. It consisted of a massive ring, half an inch in its largest diameter. Exceptionally ponderous rings were those made to wear on the thumbs. An ancient swell, loaded down with his weighty ornaments, could hardly use his fingers at all. A curious form some old rings assumed was that of a strap and buckle, like a common belt or collar. They were formed of pieces of metal joined so as to make a pliable band, and were wrapped around the finger and buckled there like so much ribbon. Rings in the form of serpents, with their tails in their mouths, and which opened in the same way, were also great favourites.

Cylinders, squares, and pyramids were forms used for seals prior to the adoption of ring-seals. These settled with the Greeks into the scarabæus or beetle, a stone something like the half of a walnut, with its convexity wrought into the form of a beetle, while the flat under surface contained the inscription for the seal. The Greeks retained this form until they thought of dispensing with the body of the beetle, only preserving for the inscription the flat oval which the base presented, and which they ultimately set in rings. This shows how ring-seals came into form. Many of the Egyptian and other ring-seals are on a swivel, and doubtless originated with the perforated cylindrical and other seals, which were, with a string passed through them, worn around the neck or from the wrist.

The sculpture of signets was, probably, the first use of gem engraving, and this was derived from the common source of all the arts, India. Figures on the Greek seals were, as a rule, nude, while those on the Roman ones were draped. Favourite subjects were the gods, until Pythagoras forbade the use of them upon rings, lest, from seeing their images too frequently, it should breed contempt for them in the hearts of their worshippers. The sacred bull was a favourite effigy upon the rings of the Egyptians.

The value and usefulness of a seal or signet ring is little appreciated in this age of pen and ink, except in certain sections where the primitive habits of the dark ages still perpetuate their customs. For instance, in Persia, at the present day, letters are seldom written and never signed by the person who sends them; the authenticity of all orders and communications, and even of a merchant's bills, depends wholly on an impression from his seal ring. This makes the occupation of a seal cutter one of much trust and danger. Such a person is obliged to keep a register of every ring-seal he makes, and if one be lost or stolen from the party for whom it was cut, his life would answer for making another exactly like it. The loss of a signet ring is considered a serious calamity. The only resources of a person who has lost his seal is to have another made with a new date, and to write to his correspondents to inform them that all accounts, contracts, and communications to which his former signet is affixed are null and void from the day on which it was lost. To give a person, then, your seal ring is to give him the use and authority in those countries which our own signature to a check or other paper possess. As it is now in Persia in this regard, so was it the world over previous to the Christian era, and in most countries for many centuries after it. In ancient times the forefinger was emblematical of power; the signet was worn on it.

There were fashions in wearing rings. According to Pliny the Romans first wore them on the fourth finger, then on the little, the first, and finally on all together except the middle one. At one time they were worn on the extremity of the little finger. There was supposed to be a little nerve in the fourth finger that went right to the heart, and love rings were worn on it. Classical physicians used always to stir their potions with this talismanic member. Plain rings were worn indiscriminately on either hand by the Romans. Seals and stones adorned the left exclusively. The Jews wore their rings on the right hand, and the Hebrew women then, as now, had no end of them. The wearing of rings on the left hand took its use from the fact that they were more liable to injury on the busier right member. The Gauls and ancient Britons wore theirs on the middle finger. Egyptian women wore two or three on each finger, except the third, which was always covered with the most, and they loaded the left hand heavier than the right invariably. At first the Romans only used a single ring; then one on each finger, and at length several on each joint. Their foppery arose to such a pitch that they had their weekly rings. Heliogabalus carried the point of using rings the farthest, for he never wore the same ring or the same shoe twice. Heliogabalus was a funny wretch anyhow. He would frequently invite to his banquets

eight old men blind of one eye, eight bald, eight deaf, eight lame with the gout, eight blacks, eight exceedingly thin, and eight so fat that they could scarcely enter the room, and who, when they had eaten as much as they desired, were obliged to be taken out of the apartment on the shoulders of several soldiers.

The origin of the wedding ring is unknown. The Jews and Egyptians are said never to have employed it. But the ring was used in connection with marriage before Christian times. The Greeks had it, and the Romans employed the ring. There was commonly a feast on the signing of the marriage contract; and the man gave the woman a ring by way of pledge, which she put upon her left hand, on the finger next the least, because of the suggested nerve running to the heart. The ring was generally of iron, though sometimes of copper and brass, with little knobs in the form of a key, to represent that the wife had possession of the husband's keys.

The use of the wedding-ring is now almost universal. It is practiced even in the most barbarous communities, and by many people a marriage in which a ring is not used is believed to be null.

A wicked trick upon weak and confiding women used to be played by forcing upon their finger a rush ring, as thereby they fancied themselves married. Richard, Bishop of Salisbury, in 1217, forbids the putting of rush rings or any of like matter on women's fingers. De Breveil says it was an ancient custom to use a rush ring in cases where necessity for marriage was apparent.

Gifts of rings by lovers have always been common. One of the prettiest tokens of friendship and affection is what is termed a *Gimmal* or *Gimmow* ring. It is of French origin. The ring is constructed of double hoops, which play within one another, like the links of a chain. Each hoop has one of its sides flat and the other convex, and each is twisted once round and surmounted with an emblem or motto. The course of the twist, in each hoop, is made to correspond with that of its counterpart, so that on bringing together the flat surfaces of the hoops, these immediately unite in one ring. The lover putting his finger through one of the hoops and his mistress hers through the other, were thus symbolically yoked together, a yoke which neither could be said wholly to wear, one-half being allotted to the other, and making, as it has been quaintly said, a joint tenancy.

Some of the queerest superstitions to which the credulous incline, or have inclined, are connected with rings. Their potency as charms was directed against fascinations of all kinds, chief among which ranks the dreaded evil eye. Magic rings and magical inscriptions on rings were used to combat this malignant charm, and in Spain, Italy, and the Orient are still. There is a big traffic in rings of this kind carried on in Naples yet. They were also used to cure diseases and avert dangers and mischiefs. As a sovereign specific against all ills, even Galen has recommended a ring with jasper set in it and engraved with the figure of a man wearing a bunch of herbs round the neck. This stone takes the lead among this class of charms. The diamond was supposed to render a man invincible, the agate eloquent and prudent, amiable and agreeable, and the amethyst made him insensible to intoxication. The carbuncle was believed to contain latent light, and to disseminate it like a lamp, and a species of ruby was credited with the power to restrain fury and wrath. The amethyst was said also to hinder the ascension of vapours, and this was done by the stone drawing the vapours to itself and then transmuting them. Andreas Baccius says that it sharpens the wit, diminishes sleep, and resists poison. The emerald was said to be at enmity with all impurity, and would break if it touched the skin of an adulterer. The topaz was affirmed to free men from passion to sadness of mind. The opal, to sharpen the sight, and so on in an almost endless list. All these charmed stones were worn in rings with cabalistic inscriptions.

In England there was a popular superstition that a ring made from five sixpences, collected by a bachelor from five different bachelors, and made by a bachelor smith, will cure fits if the bachelors who contribute do not know what they are contributing for, otherwise the charm is spoiled. Three nails from a used coffin forged into a circlet are regarded in Devonshire as an infallible remedy for king's evil. A wart pricked through a wedding ring with a gooseberry thorn is believed, in Ireland, to disappear, as does also a sty when rubbed by the same circlet. Epilepsy was to be cured by wearing a ring in which a portion of an elk's horn was to be enclosed, while the hoof of an ass, worn in the same way, had the reputation of preventing conjugal debility, and a ring of lead and quicksilver prevented and stopped the headache. In fact, a belief in the efficacy of magnetic rings exists to this day, and they find an extensive market among the lower classes abroad and in some sections of this continent.

HOLIDAY HOURS.

BY A FLANEUR.

JUST now we are all of us "on the wing," and, like the grouse, let us hope in "good condition." Freemasons, like everybody else, must have a holiday, and therefore we are all off, some north and south, some east and west, some with a "portmanteau and a hat box," some with numerous "impedimenta" in the shape of a "wife and bairns." But wherever we go let us try and enjoy our "outing." Let us leave behind us cares and worries, or (as some one has said—no doubt a man of very ill-regulated mind) "bills and babies," and let us seek to have a few hours of peaceful rest after prosperous business or engrossing brain-work. Whether, therefore, we are off to Wales, to Cowes, to the lakes of Killarney or the lakes of Westmoreland and Cumberland; whether we are going to Brittany or Switzerland, to Mont Blanc or the Lake of Como, to Marienbad or Gastein, Kissengen or Wildbad, Homburgh or Spa, or even Etretat or Ostend, let us make up our mind to enjoy ourselves thoroughly, and to be pleased with everything and everybody. Some people always travel with "the air of a martyr," or as if they were doing penance. Everything bores them and bothers them. The douane and the table d'hote, the foreign language or different hours, cafè au lait or the "gerstenschleimer suppe," all are to them subjects of deep mental exacerbation; and the consquence is they make themselves disagreeable to everybody, and foreigners especially think them either rude or mad. Such hopeless travellers are cross to their own dear wives, their blooming daughters, their son and heir, and of course to chance travellers. We had a very kind, pleasant friend of old, who used to declare that travelling made her always so cross she never spoke to anybody, not even her maid. We know a distinguished "voyageur" still, who, pleasant as he can be if he likes, is always quarrelsome in travelling with everybody, and complaining about everything, especially his rooms. So we venture to address our many travelling friends just now, and impress upon them the necessity of seeking to make the most of their little holiday, be they where they may. If abroad, let them try to do "as Rome does," and not always to be asking after English food, English ways, English books, English things. There was once a person who never could be happy or in good humour until he had seen the *Times* daily. Now the *Times*, we

freely admit, is a great and remarkable British institution, and "sui generis" in every respect, but surely we can do without it for a season.

It was stout old Johnson, we think, who said, a hundred years and more ago, that in the desert one should not miss a newspaper; and we have heard of modern travellers who openly declared it was a blessed contrast to civilized life to find they were not compelled to read the most eloquent of leaders or wade through the interminable nonsense of the irrepressible speakers in the "great talking house" at home.

Whether, then, fate or fortune find us to-day at home or abroad, at Harrogate or Scarborough, down in a Welsh valley or mooning on the pleasant Cumberland hills, let us seek to extract from our holiday health, happiness, contentment, and comfort, and then we shall do very well. The wife of our bosom, ever smiling and serene, will be pleasanter than ever. She won't now run up a dressmaker's bill, while Edith and Blanche and Tommie and Timmie and even the baby—the baby "par excellence"—will give us no trouble whatever, and will be so cheerful, so genial, and so accommodating that when we return to Notting Hill or Tavistock Square, St. Mary Axe or Victoria Street, we shall delight to tell others our little adventures, and to declare that "we never enjoyed ourselves so much," and to say, with sonorous emphasis, "I recommend you, old boy, to go and get a holiday."

Well, the holidays of life are often, God knows, few enough for us, their blithe moments sparse and short. As we all grow old, and youth's glow recedes before the chill of advancing years, we all of us learn the stern and unpalatable truth that he alone is the wise man, the sage, the philosopher who sets his heart on nothing here, as disappointment mostly meets us in the way to blight our hopes and break up the happiest homes. Let us, however, not be too morbid, but let us say, cheerily and joyously, "Heigh for our holiday hours!"

IN MEMORIAM.

THOUGH Mr. Tom Taylor was not, we believe, a member of our Order, he was so eminent a personality in the literary and art world that he seems to deserve a few passing words of kindly remembrance in the *Masonic Magazine*. For as Freemasons, we always admire merit in all branches and forms of intellectual culture; and certainly the name of Tom Taylor is well known to many of our readers. Not a few of them have probably enjoyed the happy little effusions of his fertile and sportive pen, whether in *Punch* or elsewhere, while the more serious of his contributions, whether in artistic or dramatic literature, have been of such marked originality and "geist" that we think it would not be right for us to ignore altogether a fame so special and acknowledged and services so greatly rendered for so long to the "Great Republic of Letters." We have always heard so much both of his genial nature and kindly heart, as well as his many and undoubted talents, that we feel sure we shall give pleasure to our readers in thus briefly (as is only in our power) adverting to merits so many and a loss so severe. Like that assemblage which lately gathered mournfully yet lovingly round his grave, we are anxious to record our humble sense of his great loss to literature and art, to his family and friends, and at the same time to express an admiration of his brilliant qualities and his genial tenderness of heart, life, and wit.

We take from Mr. Thomas Hughes' article on "Tom Taylor" in *Macmillan's Magazine* the following light but touching tribute to his memory and his kindly honest life!

In the power and faculty of wit which ran through every mood from the grotesque of the pathetic, but with no faintest taint of coarseness, or malice, or unkindliness, and to luring all kinds of people to join in it, no one in our day has come near him.

It was a faculty which had been kept much in restraint in early life, while he was fighting his way to independence through Glasgow and Cambridge, until he had gained the temporary haven of a Trinity fellowship. But his reputation as master of the revels had already begun to spread when he came to London in 1844 to read for the Bar. So he was at once recruited by "the old stagers," who had just started on the "tumbling" career which has made the Canterbury week famous. With John Doe and Richard Roe, the Hon. S. Whitehead, the Chevalier Esrom, the Smith family, and the rest of that unique band, he helped to make the little country theatre and the long room at the Fountain Inn a sort of central shrine of good wholesome English fun, pouring himself out in prologues, epilogues, play-bills, and squibs, many of which would well repay the zeal of any collector of good things who will hunt them up. It was for them that in 1846 he wrote the first piece which made his reputation as a dramatist—*To Parents and Guardians.*

And one of them (a contemporary at Cambridge, now a grave metropolitan magistrate) became his chum in the Temple, in the chambers where Thackeray deposited his wig and gown under their charge, and wrote up his name with theirs over the door, in some vague expectation of possible professional benefits to accrue from that ceremony. The rooms were at 10, Crown Office-row, looking over the Temple gardens, and approached by a staircase from the row. They had also, as a double set, access to a back staircase leading into Hare Court, from which circumstance, and the jocose use which both Thackeray and he made of it, the rumour spread of the impecuniosity of the trio, and of the shifts and stratagems for the manipulation of clients and the defeat of duns which the second staircase enabled them to perpetrate, with the aid of their boys (the heroes of the farce *Our Clerks*). It may be said in passing, however, that there was not a shadow of foundation for such stories. No taint of Bohemia hung about him in this matter. He spent liberally what he earned, but nothing more.

The rooms were among the oldest in the Inn, dating from the Fire of London, but convenient enough, with the exception of one gloomy hole christened by Tom "the hall of waistcoats," because in it stood the wardrobe in which his chum, a well-dressed man, kept the liberal supply of clothing which he had brought from Cambridge. In it also swung the hammock in which an occasional belated visitor slept and the laundress deposited her baby when she came to clean the rooms or help cook. The block has been pulled down and rebuilt; but he has left a memorial of them in the "Templar's Tribute," part of which may well be repeated here:—

They were fusty, they were musty, they were grimy, dull, and dim,
The paint scaled off the panelling, the stairs were all untrim;
The flooring cracked, the windows gaped, the door-posts stood awry,
The wind whipped round the corner with a sad and wailing cry.
In a dingier set of chambers no man need wish to stow
Than those, old friend, wherein we denned at 10, Crown Office Row.

But we were young if they were old; we never cared a pin,
So the windows kept the rain out and let the sunshine in;
Our stout hearts mocked the crazy roofs, our hopes bedecked the wall,
We were happy, we were hearty, strong to meet what might befall.
Will sunnier hours be ever ours than those which used to go
Gay to their end, my dear old friend, in 10, Crown Office Row?

* * * * * * *

Those scrambling, screaming dinners, where all was frolic fun,
From the eager clerks who rushed about, like bullets from a gun,
To the sore-bewildered laundress, with Soyer's shilling book
Thrust of a sudden in her hands, and straightway bade to cook.
What silver laughs, what silver songs from those old walls would flow
Could they give out all they drank in at 10, Crown Office Row.

* * * * * * *

You, too, have found a loving mate; ah, well, 'twas time to go;
No wives we had—the one thing bad—in 10, Crown Office Row.

Good-bye old rooms, where we chummed years without a single fight,
Far statelier sets of chambers will arise upon your site;
More airy bedrooms, wider panes, our followers will see,
And wealthier, wiser tenants the Bench may find than we;
But lighter hearts, or truer, I'll defy the town to show
Than yours, old friend, and his who penned this, 10, Crown Office Row.

THE ANCIENT MYSTERIES.

BY MASONIC STUDENT.

(Continued from page 69.)

THE dogma of the immortality of the soul is strictly connected with that of providence. Since there is a just God, who punishes and rewards ; since he has stamped his image on our hearts and given us those ideas of perfection to which we are continually approaching, he could not will that our expectation should be deceived, and he has therefore reserved us for the noblest purposes. This consolatory opinion opens to the sage an asylum, whence, like those who from an elevated station enjoy the prospect of the sea in a storm, he considers in tranquility the tumultuous agitations of mortals, uncertain of their fate; while he, persuaded as he is that he shall receive the reward of his labours, with unwearied ardour devotes himself to the investigation of truth. The desire he has for immortality is, in his mind, the strongest assurance that he will obtain it. And indeed, if Nature herself had not engraven it on his heart, whence could be derived that anticipation of future ages, that love of glory which he extends beyond the limits of the tomb? Are not his thoughts bent on futurity? Is it not for posterity that he consumes himself with watching; that he devotes himself to meditation, and foregoes the enjoyment of his dearest pleasures? He plants trees that are not to bear fruit till long after his death ; but he knows that one day, when his grand-children shall come and repose beneath their shade, he shall hear and enjoy the benedictions bestowed on his memory. Yes, without a doubt, the soul survives the body. Let us believe the internal sense which proclaims to us this truth, rather than all the vain arguments that have been urged against it. And even though it should not rest on an indubitable foundation, why endeavour to destroy its probability? Why choke the precious germs of those virtues it gives birth to? 'Twas this that conducted three hundred Spartans to the defiles at Thermopylæ to serve as a barrier against innumerable armies; that sent Epaminodas to bury himself in the plains of Mantinea; it is this that, by promising to the warrior a crown of immortality, teaches him to prefer to the sweets of repose the honour of perishing for his country.* It alone inspires the courage, still more heroic of resisting oppression. How noble is the spectacle of Socrates, unjustly condemned, disdaining to have recourse to supplication, occupying the whole day of his death in consoling his friends, and while he holds in his hands the poisoned cup, inculcating upon them those sublime principles of the truth of which his reason, improved by long experience, had given him the most perfect conviction. Thus thought Cato, that virtuous Roman, whose inflexible soul never could be induced to bend the knee to tyranny, and who, after having supported to the last struggle the cause of liberty, regarded the moment of its extinction as that which providence pointed out to him for quitting the post he had been destined to guard. Far be the maxims of those men from us, who maintain that everything ends with this state of existence, and that when we cease to live we cease to be. Dreadful idea! fit only to overwhelm us with despair, and which, far from arming us against the fear of death, only makes its approach the more hideous. Ah! if it be given to man to taste the unmingled pleasure of satisfaction with his own conduct, if he can depart from life as a satisfied guest rises from a ban-

* Cicero, Tuscul, l. i., c. 15.

quet, it is only in the firm hope that, after being freed from the illusions of sense, he goes to rejoin the Supreme Being and to contemplate those eternal truths of which he is the source.

Such, in all ages, has been the language of true philosophy, and thus it has exalted the mind of man, by assuring him of immortality. But when we ask what becomes of the soul, and what fate she is reserved for, philosophy is forced to remain silent; besides, it lifts its voice only to a few enlightened minds, some of whom indeed have employed against it its own weapons. Religion possesses the double advantage of speaking to the people, and of substituting in the room of abstract speculation, which they are unable to comprehend, such sensible images as leave no doubt in the mind. It was one of her principal dogmas among the Ancients, that the breath which animates is a portion of the universal mind diffused over every particle of matter. "Man is like to God," said they; "he is endowed with life and sense, he can reflect on the past, and anticipate the future. He maintains an absolute empire over his body; he governs and moves it, as God governs the world, which is not less fragile or less perishable. The principle of action alone is eternal."* The mysteries served chiefly to represent the state of the soul when it was released from its mortal encumbrance. They taught, not only the art of living well here, but of forming the highest hopes of futurity. "The vulgar," says Plutarch, "believe that nothing remains after death; but we, initiated as we are in the sacred rites of Bacchus, and witnesses of his holy ceremonies, we know that there exists a future state."† Aristides, Strabo, Isocrates, and Eusebius explained themselves also in the same terms. The pre-existence of the soul, and the dogma of the metempsychosis, which seems to be its natural consequence, were also taught in the mysteries.

Accordingly the initiated were informed of the miserable condition out of which their ancestors had been extricated: they were told how from a state of savageness and ferocity they had been reclaimed to a happier way of life by submitting to the government of laws. We must not then be surprised if the greater part of the initiatory ceremonies in the mysteries had a reference to agriculture, which had operated this important revolution, nor that the gods by whom it was invented were those who presided at these solemn festivals. In describing the establishment of societies, they took care to inculcate that original equality after which men so ardently sigh, which can only be found in a state of nature, or rather, which never did exist if that state itself is a chimera. But since in the best regulated governments, each individual is obliged to sacrifice a part of his liberty to the general utility, religion alone can restore us to our original rights. It teaches us that all are equal, and that there is no real pre-eminence but that which is conferred by virtue.

The initiated considered themselves as members of one great family. They were taken indifferently out of the various orders of the people; and the distinctions of rank, of birth, and of fortune gave place to those of brotherly love and mutual benevolence. And as the mysteries had established certain relations between man and the Deity, they served also to shew the former what duties he owed his neighbour, and they prescribed to him rules of conduct in every situation of life.

Lastly, their object was to purify the soul, to dispose it to receive the sublimest ideas, and to raise it to the contemplation of intellectual things. This last degree of perfection was the completion of the doctrine which the mysteries unfolded. But none could attain it, except such as were pure and undefiled; who had given instances of strength, of courage, and of attachment to virtue, and who had been tried in the school of adversity. Such was undoubtedly the motive of the probation which the initiated were obliged to undergo.

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* Cicero, Somn. Scip. † Consol. ad Uxor.

We have now seen for what purpose the mysteries were instituted. Their principal object was the knowledge of the Supreme Being, and the explication of the different fables attributed to the gods by whom that being was represented; the doctrine of a providence, the dogma of the immortality of the soul, and that of future punishments and rewards; the history of the establishment of civil society, as well as the invention of the arts, amongst which agriculture held the first place. They had at the same time a tendency to inspire the love of justice, of humanity, of all the patriotic virtues; and they joined to the precepts of the purest morality a display of truths of the utmost importance.

To these different objects all the mystical ceremonies had a reference, as it will be easy to perceive, by the simple detail which we mean to give of them. Some of these ceremonies may perhaps appear ridiculous, and little suited to the dignity of a great people; but it must be remembered that they belong to a symbolical religion that explained itself only in figures. They are, however, interesting in so far as they illustrate the origin of several institutions still practised among ourselves, which sometimes have only varied their appearance that they might adapt themselves to the worship of modern nations.

What was called *initiation* among the Ancients was admission into the sacred mysteries; and as that august ceremony was, as it were, a transition to a new life, it has been compared to death, of which it was the image. To descend to the shades properly signified to be initiated, as Servius has remarked,* and we may consult on this subject a very curious fragment preserved by Stobæus. Hence, in the fabulous ages of antiquity, are so many visits recorded that were made by heroes to the infernal mansions of the dead. That enterprise was ranked in the number of their most brilliant exploits; it gave fame to Ulysses, Æneas, and even to Theseus, whose actions seem more properly to belong to history. It was chiefly for legislators, for chiefs of colonies, for founders of empires, that the glory of this exploit was reserved. Accordingly, of all those who penetrated to the gloomy regions, Orpheus is the most celebrated. Being instructed in the school of the Egyptians, and imbued with their wisdom, the Western nations considered him as the author of all their civil and religious institutions. He was represented in the Elysian fields arrayed in a flowing robe, and uttering those divine accents that had formerly set open to him the gates of the infernal kingdom, when he went to solicit the restoration of his beloved Eurydice. His grief when she was again ravished from him, his lamentations, re-echoed from the tops of the Riphean mountains to the frozen shores of the Tanais; his dreadful end, and the sweet accents of his voice, that in spite of the leaden hand of death still repeated the name he held so dear, have been described in the most enchanting numbers, and make the most beautiful episode in the most perfect poem that antiquity has transmitted to our times. The circumstances of his descent into hell have a reference to emblems that are now unknown. But it is probable that the author of the Georgics conformed to the sacred traditions that were current in his time.

We cannot help observing in this place, the difference between the fictions of the ancients and those of the moderns. It does not appear that the imaginary heroes of chivalry were ever actuated by the great motives of religion, or even of patriotism. The St. Grail, which they swore to defend, seems merely to exhibit a picture of the superstition and gross ignorance that then prevailed. Though for the most part enrolled under the banner of the cross, their high feats of arms consisted in engagements with giants of enormous stature, in bidding defiance to the bravest warriors, in storming castles, and in exhibiting prodigies of intemperate valour. The enchantments of the old romance, and the illusions of fairy power, leave no impression on the mind of the reader that can afford him satisfaction. It was otherwise with the Grecian

* Serv. ad Æneid; lib. vi.

fictions, in which the marvellous was derived from a sacred source, and where the imagination, already surrounded by magnificent objects, of which it could dispose at its pleasure, was under no necessity to invent either the monstrous or fantastic. The epic poem had already acquired all the majesty that belongs to it. And how interesting to the masters of the world must not that poem have been which illustrated their origin, while it comprehended whatever religion deems most venerable and august! Every circumstance leads us to believe, what Warburton has most ingeniously demonstrated, that the description of the infernal regions in the Æneid is a representation of the sacred Mysteries, and of the ceremonies that attended their celebration.

The Mysteries were divided into two kinds, the greater and the less. The latter were only a preparation, a sort of noviciate, which it was necessary to perform before the aspirant could be admitted to the former, of which they were the images as sleep, says Euripides, is the image of death; and they chiefly consisted in lustrations and purifications of every kind.

After the candidate had been sufficiently exercised by a long fast and a series of austere observances, he was led into a chapel on the banks of a river, consecrated for the purpose, where he was plunged into the water as an emblem of regeneration. This ceremony Tertullian compares to that of baptism, of which it was indeed the symbol. The candidate was even presented by a kind of introductor, who performed the office of a father, and may be called by the name of sponsor. The priest, who had the care of the preparatory lustrations, was called the Hydranus. A victim was then sacrificed, which was generally a a sow with young, probably because that animal was made use of to signify the fecundity of nature: and the candidate having taken an oath that he would reveal nothing of what was to be communicated, various questions were proposed to him. He was asked, for instance, if he had eaten fruit, he replied, "I have fasted, I have drank of the cyceon, I have taken the cistus, I have put into the calathus; and having operated, I have put back the calathus into the cistus."* We shall not attempt to explain these mysterious formulas, of which it is now impossible to conjecture the sense. Some authors, and among others, M. Gebelin, think they referred to the productions of the earth. We shall only say that the *cyceon* was a mixture of wine, of honey, of water, and meal. As to the *calathus*, or sacred basket, it was carried in great pomp on cars in the solemn processions at the feasts of Ceres, and then the people were prohibited from appearing at any place from which it could be seen. As it passed along, every eye was fixed on the ground.

When the candidate had answered to all the questions, and had performed the customary requisites, the elements of the secret doctrine, in which he was afterwards to be perfectly instructed, were explained to him, and thus he was gradually prepared for admission into the sanctuary. But it was necessary to undergo new preparations, and to suffer new trials more severe than the former. He was still but a *Mystes*, or adept, the name given to those who had been admitted only to the lesser Mysteries: it was not till he had been initiated into the greater, that he obtained the name of *Epoptes*, or contemplatist.

The interval between the performance of these two ceremonies was at least a year. We shall leave to the learned the care of fixing the particular period and time of their celebration; such researches do not fall within our plan. The genius of the ancient religion is our object, and we shall confine ourselves to those circumstances which peculiarly characterize it.

(To be continued.)

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* Clemens Alexandrin.

TEMPORA MUTANTUR.

BY BRO. EMRA HOLMES.

THE sun is shining dimly in the west,
The day is dying;
All peaceful is the ocean, which speaks of rest,
Old age is sighing.

For youth is ever radiant like the morn,
With beauty glowing;
But age is sorrowful, and oft forlorn,
No pleasure knowing.

And to the young, I say, make much of joy,
For time is creeping;
Before the man hath ceased to be a boy
There's time for weeping.

The old order changeth, and the new
Its place is taking;
Youth is fickle, never thinks 'twill rue
Old friends forsaking.

We that have passed the hey-day of our life,
Whose sun is setting,
Know that in sunshine, or it may be strife,
There's no forgetting.

We have all built our castles in the air,
And oft been dreaming;
Yes, and our dreams were ever bright and fair,
Not true, but seeming.

But time and circumstance teach many things,
Here's kindly greeting;
Old friends are best, for riches they take wings,
And time is fleeting.

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

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MASONIC MUSINGS.

BY A VETERAN.

IT has often occurred to me, though perhaps I am wrong, that we hardly ever sufficiently realize the value and power of Freemasonry. It may be true, and indeed is, that "a great deal" is done "upon a very little"; that Freemasonry on a weak foundation, so to say, raises a goodly building. Still Freemasonry, as it seems to me, to very many of us all, never becomes what it is meant to be, what it might be, what it should be. I am quite sensible of that useful and oft needed caution in life, "don't be too enthusiastic," or again, "don't reckon too much on anything or anybody." No doubt, as we all journey on in the world and in life, we are often disappointed, and, as the French say, "disillusionés," disillusioned. We find very often that what we care for much others care for very little; that what we think a great deal about, others reckon nothing hardly of; and what we rate at a high or even heroic worth, others treat as very commonplace and matter of fact. And thus in truth runs the world away. My masters, it is the old story over and over again: what is "sauce for the goose" is not always, despite the remark, "sauce for the gander," and we often learn the trite but certain adage, be it noted, too, of experienced centuries, that "things are not what they seem," and may be seen quite differently by two different persons in this queer, perverse, and perplexed world of ours, or rather that "way of the world" in which our life-long lot is cast. Keeping these monitory reminders before us carefully, let us go on with our thesis.

Firstly—To how many of us, for instance, is Freemasonry nothing but "sociality." Its history, its ceremonial, its ethics, its benevolence, they are to them only its form, its husk; its substance, its kernel, are the cheery symposium, the pleasant refreshment hour, the gay social circle. I am not going here to say a word against the social side and social duties of Freemasonry. Freemasonry has them, owns them, uses them, not abusingly, in my opinion, and very good and proper things they are at a convenient season. But to make, as some avowedly do, the whole framework of Freemasonry minister to its "social system," to find no interest but in that "ineffable degree" whose

mysteries are so recondite and so affecting, has always seemed to me, I confess a great mistake, a serious mistake, a prejudicial misunderstanding both of the organization and aims, the value, the good, the need, the mission of Freemasonry. If sociality be all we require, the "Harmonious Dilettanti," or the "Kindly Goslings," or the "Beans and Peas" will surely suffice us. We all of us can recall friendly gatherings of the past, little cliques and clubs which have "perished with the using," and whose genial and friendly ghosts still seem to linger with us, as old and valetudinarian, dyspeptic and gouty, querulous and lonely, as we sigh over those "tiempi passati" of more buxom life, which recall to us all still most vividly many warm hearts, many smiling faces, many pleasant hours, and many silvery strains. But those of us make a grave mistake who make "society" the "be all," the scope, the theory, and the practice of their Masonic sympathies and fellowship.

Secondly—Another mistake is which looks on Freemasonry as a sort of "passport to respectability." No doubt our order is a highly respectable body, but I doubt very much if anyone who enters Freemasonry with any such idea will find what he is seeking. Just now a great tide of prosperity, of worldly reputation and good opinion, is rushing along with our fraternity. We are well spoken of; perhaps too well Lingering fanaticism or malevolent ignorance may indulge every now and then in a fling at Freemasons and Freemasonry; but on the whole Freemasonry stands better in the opinion of the many than it has ever done since 1717. Its charities are great and useful, its benefits are greater and more. The highest in the land claim its association, and few societies can shew such an array of royalty, nobility, rank, and respectability as can our often abused, and yet most useful, and loyal, and intelligent sodality. If then to-day any are encouraging others to join the order (which we ought never to do), and some are seeking it because it is so respectable, and in this way raises its members in the social scale, let them beware of any such hurtful blunder, for Freemasonry is only useful for worthy men and good Freemasons, and as abstractedly it ignores all mere earthly rank, and places, in one sense, in the lodge all brethren on a level, so in the concrete equally recognizing the needful gradations of society it would undoubtedly eschew all who would seek to make use of its respectability for their own purposes. Let us hope that we shall all see more and more the wisdom of contracting rather than expanding the process of admission to Freemasonry.

And once more, too many are looking on Freemasonry as a benefit order. It certainly possesses materially many great and invaluable privileges, and each year as it passes adds to its means, its development, and its "good things."

We cannot shut our eyes to the somewhat unpalatable truth that too often Masonic relief of one kind or another is given to the brother who has done little for Freemasonry, but who after a long absence comes forward, if not by himself by others, to claim the full benefits of that order he did so little for while living.

There is an "abuse" in all things here, more or less, which however never takes away the "use" of them after all. I do not wish to indulge in a long tirade on the misuses of our Charities, but I do say there are lax views afloat, and there is laxer practice in our midst, on these most important points, which, if not checked or counteracted somehow, may work much mischief for the future prospects and outcome of Freemasonry amongst us.

And now I have done for to-day. I have not said a good deal I have wanted to say, as often happens, and what I have written is, I fear, feebly conceived and ineffectively stated. But I venture to think there is some little truth in these "musings" of mine, for which, if airy nothings at the best, Bro. George Kenning and the editor have kindly given a "local habitation and a name." They are conceived and expressed, I think, in a Masonic spirit, and as such can do no harm, and may, probably, do some little good. So mote it be.

THE ROSE CROIX.

BY THE EDITOR.

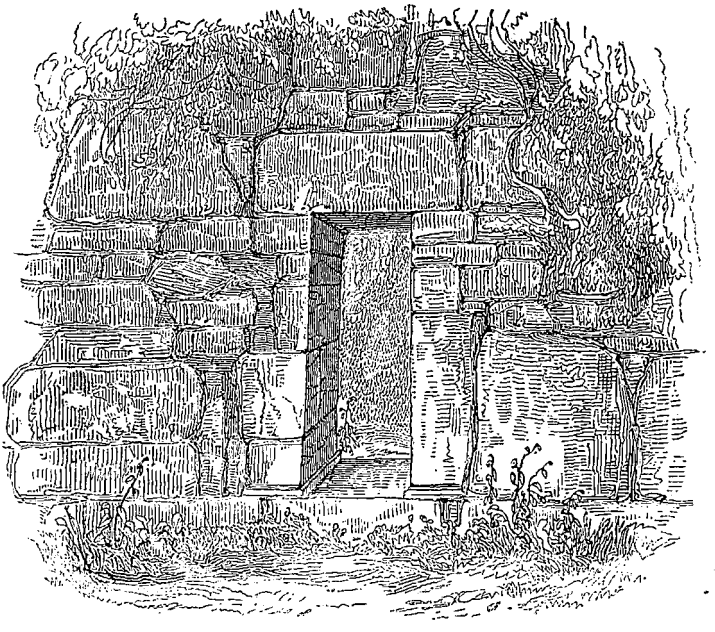
IT is very difficult to give scientifically, so to say, a history of the "Rose Croix," and for this reason. There is first the old "Fraternitas Roseæ Crucis." There is secondly the grade called that of Chevaliers or Prince Rose Croix in the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite. There is thirdly the "Rosicrucian Society." There was formerly a "Rose Croix" of Heredom, but that is, we fancy, practically incorporated in the grade of Rose Croix in the Ancient and Accepted Rite. As regards the old "Societas," very little is known. Some writers have doubted whether it ever existed, and whether it be not the invention of Valentin Andrea. On the whole we have long come to the conclusion that an Hermetical Society existed, and that they called themselves Rosicrucians; but what it was really deponent does not pretend to say. The only trace of such a society, except in the indistinct hints of alchemical writers, is in "Long Livers," 1721, where we certainly have traces of an Hermetic and Alchemical, but not, as far as I can make out, Rosicrucian Society. It is said they had a ceremonial of admission, and signs of admission; but if so, no such "formulæ" have come down to us. In Ashmole's time the astrologers and adepts in England formed a very numerous body, and Nicolai, a German writer, and others have thence taken up a theory of the Ashmolean Rosicrucian origin of Freemasonry. We need hardly add that such is a pure chimera. The Chevaliers or Prince Rose Croix form part of the Ancient and Accepted Rite, and probably date from about 1735 or 1740. We may dismiss at once the pretty fables of "being brought back from the Crusades," etc. Dr. Leeson had a notion, we remember, that it was an early Christian sodality, and that we have in it a remembrance both of the "Disciplina Arcani" and the "Agapæ" of the early christians. We confess that we cannot see it. There is nothing, so far as we know, in the Rose Croix ceremonial which betrays antiquity. It has no "archaisms," it has no signs of "old age"; all seems young, "bran new," and modern, that is to say, eighteenth century. The ceremonial is beautiful, per se, when carefully elaborated; but it is, to our idea, essentially late in all its terminology and teaching, as well as in its ideas and symbolism. The "Cœna mystica" may be old; it is, no doubt, very peculiar, and we are inclined to think that, whether this has been borrowed from the secret ritual of the Templars or not, as some have thought, it may be said to be antique both in theory and practice.

The modern Rosicrucian Society is of the two last decades, we believe, and is an adaptation of an old name. Its ceremonial is equally modern. And though we have said all this as writers of history, we are not unprepared to listen to a good deal which may be said on the other side. It has always struck us as a curious fact why so early in the eighteenth century all these high grades should suddenly start into life. They probably had, many of them, their counterparts previously, whether in secret knightly associations, in mystic sodalities, in alchemical confraternities, or in philosophic illuminati.

Curiously enough, as regards the Rose Croix Grade of the Ancient and Accepted Rite, though its ritual would admit a good deal about the "mystic rose," and the "rosa mystica" was an ancient Hermetic and Oriental emblem, we find little or nothing about it in the Rose Croix ceremonial.

Thus far to-day we confess that recent studies have led us to doubt our own often expressed views and those of others, as regards the later period of Hermetic Masonry, and we shall never be surprised to hear, or unwilling to concede the fact, that to Hermetic Masonry at any rate we must give an earlier date than our modern historians and handbooks have been for some time willing to allow to it.

EARLY CHRISTIAN ARCHITECTURE IN IRELAND.*

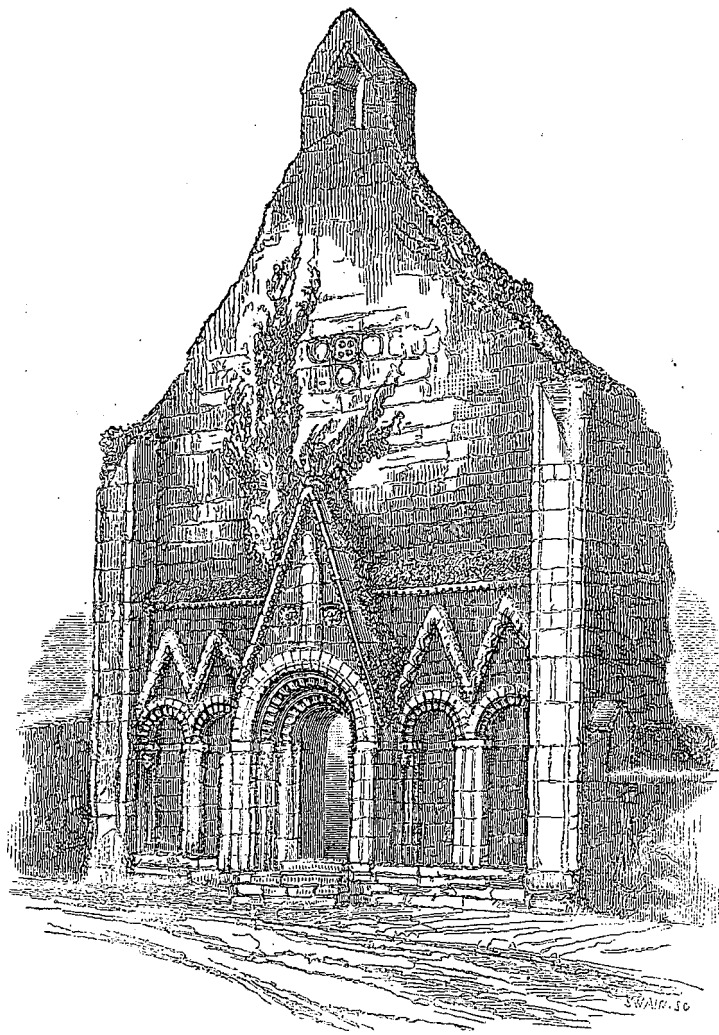


KILCRONY, CO. WICKLOW.

WE have lately been perusing and studying a very interesting work by Margaret Stokes under this name, and it is a work we can recommend cordially and honestly to our readers. It is a very striking work which once you take up you hardly like to put down until you have reached the end of it. The early history of Irish Architecture seems lost in the "obscurity of ages, in the dimness and uncertainty of pre-historic times." "The pagan architecture is marked," says the able writer, "by two great characteristics, which may be seen in 'forts and dome-roomed sepulchres,' namely, absence of 'cement' and 'ignorance' of the 'arch.' The former is not uncommon, though early; the latter is very peculiar! for whatever theories may be propounded about the arch, its construction in the east is very ancient indeed. "Per se," this fact would render such remains very old indeed, and would dispose of the Phœnician theory, which is not accepted by the author of this work, as regards the round towers, which she makes comparatively late. We will not antedate the discussion, but simply add that, according to Mrs. Stokes, the round towers are purely Christian! Mrs. Stokes seems to attribute to St. Patrick and his fellow labourers the practical introduction of Christian and more systematic architecture, which culminates in an "Irish Romanesque," a little "pre" the Norman work," the "novum ædificandi genus" introduced by the Conquest into England.

* Early Christian Architecture in Ireland. By Margaret Stokes. George Bell and Sons, York Street, Covent Garden, London.

The early Christian Architecture seems to have been very simple; but in the tenth century a revival or restoration took place, which seems to run from 966 to 1008, or thereabouts. It is to this period that Mrs. Stokes attributes the round towers either as towers of shelter and defence against the "Northerns," or as bell towers, campaniles, and a quotation is given from the famous architect, "Viollet le Duc," in favour of such a theory. We, who have read



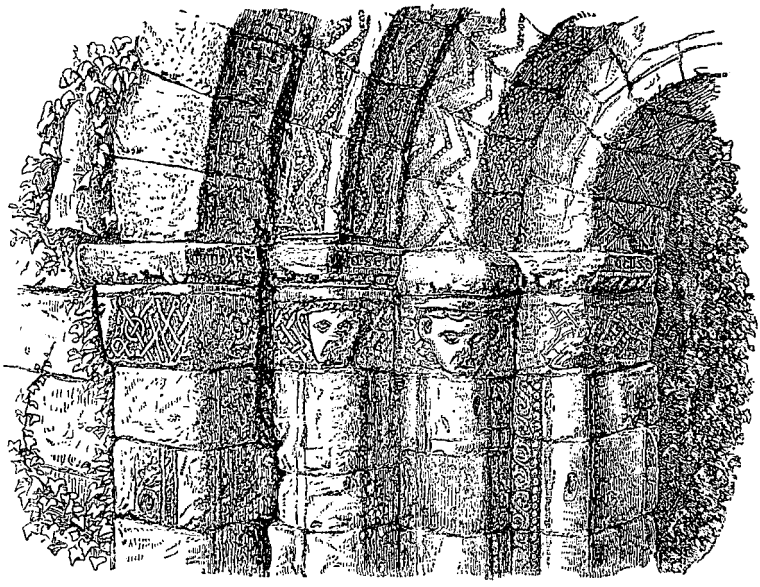
WEST FRONT OF ST. CRONAN'S, ROSCREA.

the older controversies on the subject, may be excused, we think, if, despite the undoubtedly clear and matter-of-fact statement of the writer, we suspend our judgment. It is just possible that the revivers and restorers of the tenth century adopted and adapted the remains of a vanished civilization; for, curiously enough, little is yet known as to the Irish origin, and the "oghamic" inscriptions are still a mystery. As to their nationality, St. Patrick and his

companions seem to have come from Gaul, and there is much, the writer says, that is Gaulish or Gallic in the architectural arrangements and remains. Be that as it may, the subsequent development of Irish Architecture is both very effective and very striking. No one can look upon it without feelings of warm admiration, and our only regret can be that so few authentic evidences remain to tell us whose skill directed and whose labours reared the still touching ruins we see on every side.

If the writer is correct, civilization in Ireland is late, commencing in the third and fourth era of Christianity; but it is quite clear either that to St. Patrick we owe the first spread of religion and art, or that there had been earlier settlers and preachers and artificers in Ireland. Indeed, the very able writer of this book seems to agree in this, and to hold with the old traditions that before St Patrick had

Bade the frogs jump out of the bogs
And banished all the varmint,



KILLESPIN DOORWAY.

still earlier witnesses of truth, still earlier messengers of civilization had landed in and occupied Ireland.

We have thus skimmed over a most interesting book, which we recommend to our readers to get and peruse, especially all who delight in the study of architecture. All such researches are and ought to be valued by the cultured student Freemason to-day, as everything which throws light on the history or labours of those operative bands who once permeated and dominated Europe with the wondrous evidences of their constructive skill will be welcomed by many amongst us.

No greater evil has ever befallen our fraternity, than that which links it to a merely convivial order, or relegates it to the unwelcome "limbo" of hasty and uncritical essays, crude in conception, unsound in theory, unveracious in fact. But the study of all such works as these seems to betoken a new era for, and to throw light on, the past annals of Freemasonry; and therefore it

is we welcome this lucid and pleasantly written work to-day, not too pretentious and too dogmatic, but simple in statement, and convincing in argument, and happy in illustrations, and which really and truly is, in our opinion, the model of what such a work should be. It is not too argumentative, it is not at all controversial, but it is both suggestive and straightforward, the writer giving good reasons for all she advances, and ample illustrations for all she suggests.

Our illustrations, which we reproduce, thanks to the great kindness of Mrs. Stokes herself, and the courtesy of the Messrs. Bell, are taken from the work. They represent Kilcrony, co. Wicklow; West Door of St. Cronan's, Roscrea; Killespin Doorway; and Cormac's Chapel.



CORMAC'S CHAPEL, CASHEL.

We can conceive nothing pleasanter than an architectural tour, note book in hand, to these and similar spots. The traveller may have to rough it a little, but he will come in contact with a warm-hearted people, and learn, we feel sure, a very wholesome truth that there is much to realize, admire, and learn from in Ireland.

LIGHT.

BY F. W. KROENKE.

WANDERER, whither the voyage so fast?
Seeking the source of all power and might,
Look to the spirit of Truth and of Right,
Travel thou East, to the rising of Light—
There you'll find harbouring safety at last,
Light for the future, the present, the past!

Look at the light of the moon and the stars,
At the effulgent, the radiant sun!
But by the labour of Masons is won
Light which in splendour and glory outdone
Even the glitter of Helios' cars,
Pure to enlighten the soul with its stars!

There is no limit, no end, and no night
To the horizon of Masonry's eye;
Clear as the cloudless, the heavenly sky;
And to the throne of our Master on high
Beacons Masonic symbolical Light
On to perfection, the loftiest flight.

Art thou in search of this heavenly prize?
Dost thou desire to see and to know
All that our altars, our mysteries show?
Does from a heart, without selfishness, glow
This your desire to behold with your eyes
What is contained between mystical ties?

Look at the sun through prismatical glass;
Does it not show you the colours of Light?
Seven, the number of powerful might,
Greet you in dazzling, in rainbowish sight.
But they unite in a radiant mass,
Vanishing all into one now they pass.

Thus with the mystic Masonical sign!
Although a unit, in radiancy pure,
Truthful and loving, will ever endure;
Yet let the curious novice be sure
That on the worthy alone it will shine,
These only worship at Masonry's shrine!

Fath, Hope, and Charity, are the Triune
Which to prismatical test we apply;
These, in the light of Masonical eye,
Liberal arts and the sciences ply
Truth into words and the words into tune,
Tune into light of the stars, sun, and moon

—*Masonic Age.*

AFTER ALL, OR THRICE WON.

BY BRO. HENRY CALVERT APPLEBY,

Author of "A Queer Courtship," "The Fatal Picture," etc.

CHAPTER I.

The insolence of office.—*Hamlet.*

BANG! clatter! rattle! went a ruler over the shabby, worm-eaten desks of the office of Phane and Co., commission agents and stock-brokers, Bishopsgate Street, London. It was hurled at the woolly head of Tweedle, the "junior," to remind that energetic youth of his work and accelerate his movements. After the ruler came the snarling voice of Mr. Bulliker, the head clerk, cashier, and book-keeper in one.

"Now then, why don't you bring me that paper, you young rascal, and leave off playing with the cat? There 's plenty of work to do in the office, and no time for frittering."

Tweedle apologetically brought the required article to his much-feared master, and slunk into the background, and Mr. Bulliker was for the time appeased. This individual was one who attempted to exercise supreme control over the rest of the office, but in a manner that was extremely irksome to the feelings of all concerned. He kept a special supply of rulers for the unfortunate head of Tweedle, but it was very rarely that one of them reached its mark; either Tweedle was remarkably active in eluding the missiles, or the cashier's aim was very untrue. But, be that as it may, the fact remained that the junior was seldom struck, though he was always in terror lest he should be. The rulers were carefully removed in the cashier's absence, but somehow or other they found their way back when occasion required.

Mr. James Bulliker was a man of about forty-five, tall and thin, with a ferocious beard and moustache of a dingy red colour, and large heavy eyebrows of the same hue. The latter ornaments (query in his case) formed the chief characteristic of his otherwise meaningless face, and overhung his little ferretting red eyes so as almost to obscure them. These eyebrows were capable of a considerable amount of expression, and could be elevated or depressed to an alarming extent to anyone not accustomed to such vigorous proceedings. He was continually eating hard ship-biscuits, of which he kept a good store at the office. His papers and books were known by the consequent crumbs. He was a hard-worker, and could not bear to see other folks idle, and for this reason his master, Robert Phane, implicitly trusted him. His character for honesty had never been shaken; he scorned deception, and was considered immaculate in that particular. But for all this, he was almost universally hated; his manner was so overbearing and pompous to his inferiors that they could not possibly do otherwise than dislike him. Some, more sensible than the rest, treated him with the contempt his efforts deserved. He had three methods of coercion, and never by any chance added any new ones, though he rung as many changes as possible on those he had. The first was the bullying dodge, the second the persuasive one, and thirdly and lastly he threatened. He was never afraid of intruding or pushing himself forward in the most ridiculous manner, except with Robert Phane, Esq., before whom he was all humility and acquiescence. His manner was such as to frighten strangers into submission; but those who knew him well, retaliated his overbearing conduct, and the bombastic bark he commenced with became a miserable pleading whine. Add to this that his

sensibilities were as coarse as his manners, and you have his whole character before you. Certainly *not a very enviable one*; but *his master placed full trust* in his integrity and steady character; he was only acquainted with his success, and cared little *how* he achieved it.

Again the biscuit-cruncher growls from his loft (a high desk made especially for the book-keeper, with the air of a pulpit about it; to transact the cashiering business he has to descend some three steps to a lower desk). This time he addresses himself to the invoicing clerk, a young man of nineteen.

"Where's that oil invoice, Humberton? I've been waiting this last half-hour for it. You young men now-a-days seem to think of nothing but gadding about, and leaving all your work until you've no time to do it, instead of setting to at once and getting it done. It ought to have been finished before now."

"You 'll excuse me, Mr. Bulliker, but I have just come back from getting the weights, before which the invoice could not be made."

"Eh? What? Well, you should have got them before; that 's the way, always driving things to the last minute."

"I have done nothing of the sort," retorted Humberton; "I went to get them at once."

"Well, let me have the invoice directly."

"All right; when I've made it out," said Arthur Humberton, who was annoyed at the cashier's manner, although he was pretty well used to it.

"Don't you hurry, old man," said Merrisslope, in a stage whisper. He was a youth of about eighteen, tall and slim, and affected a languid lisp. His duty was to look after the goods that arrived and send them forward to their various destinations. He had been left rich at the age of seventeen, and had consequently a careless devil-may-care way of doing business; he was in fact independent of it, and it might go to the dogs for aught he recked. He was one of the "jolly-good-fellow" sort, who spend their money over their friends to obtain their good opinion, but with very little true friendship in him.

"If we are both of us 'orphlings,' as they say, we can 'stick up' for number one, and let all the Bullikers in the world go to that place which smelleth so uncommonly strong of brimstone."

Mervyn Merrisslope took every occasion to vent his natural verbosity, sometimes with ridiculous effect. For instance, he would describe ink as "the filthy ejection of an antiquated cuttle fish," or "the bitter expression of a vindictive gall! Oh! thou vile liquid, bitter, sarcastic, venomous; blacker than the fiend himself, why wast thou ever invented? What good end dost thou serve? What dark plots canst thou not concoct, what vile deeds relate, what lives drown in everlasting perdition? Tool of the devil, why was I ever brought into contact with thy contaminating drops? Ye gods, must I endure all this? Ha, ha!"

Thus would he apostrophize, or, as he termed it, moralize, to the infinite amusement of his fellow clerks; indeed, he was the life and soul of the office, full of gaiety and frolic, and ready for anything but work.

Totally opposite was Herbert Redtaper, a deliberate plod; one who allotted out his time to a minute, and found a pleasure in work. He did everything by rule, and it was difficult to make him depart from his set principles and habits. At nine precisely, not a minute before nor a minute after, he was to be found at his desk; and he strove to be as punctual in his time of leaving, though he did not always succeed. His attention to his work made him rather a favourite with Mr. Bulliker, though Redtaper did not hide his dislike of the man.

Thus we have pictured the whole staff of the office, with the exception of the "junior," as they called Timothy Tweedle, a shock-headed lad of about thirteen. His business was to run errands, post the letters, and attend to small matters in the office. When not engaged in any of these ways he was generally spinning his top or collecting foreign postage stamps.

The foreman of the office, who attended to outside work, the discharge of ships, etc., was a long, lean, Yankee-looking sort of fellow, with an attenuated beard, and he delighted in the name of Charper.

Now, having described all Mr. Phane's *employés*, we will proceed to chronicle the events of the morning on which our chapter began.

The silence was again broken, after an interval of about five minutes, by the unmusical voice of Mr. Bulliker.

"Is that invoice ready yet?"

"*No, sir,*" from Arthur Humbleton.

"Then it ought to be."

"I think not."

"But I say it ought, and you know so too. You must have it done; I can't wait any longer for it."

"Then you 'll have to do, for it isn't done yet, and you know it couldn't be by this time; and I'm not going to hurry myself."

"Well, try and have it done before twelve," coaxed Mr. Bulliker.

"I may do."

"*Don't* you," said Merrisslope.

"Take my advice, Humberton," said Redtaper, "don't you hurry to make any mistakes."

"I'm not going to," answered Humberton.

"Look here, if that invoice isn't done before twelve, I shall speak to Mr. Phane about you; I'm not going to be humbugged by a parcel of lads."

"Then I shan't do it, and you can talk to fifty Mr. Phane's for anything I care; and just don't include me with with a parcel of lads."

"Nor me either," ejaculated Merrisslope and Redtaper in a breath.

"*But I say, just try to* have it done for me; you know you will ruin me and my situation if you will drive things so late."

"Lose your situation! Is it dependent upon my doing an invoice?"

"Well, well, but you ought to have it done you know," urged Bulliker.

"No, I don't know it; but I'm well acquainted with an old humbug."

"Eh? What?" in Bulliker's sharpest tones.

"Oh, nothing!" answered Humberton.

"Well done, Humberton, give it him strong, don't stand any cheek," broke in Merrisslope, always ready to promote a little discord.

"If you don't get on with your work I'll report you, Mr. Merrisslope," shouted Bulliker.

"*Report* away; *do-ills* ahead!" laughed the incorrigible Merrisslope.

A fearful frown was the only answer, and peace was restored.

Notwithstanding the seemingly mild manner in which Mr. Bulliker took these retorts, they rankled in his breast like poison, and he determined in his own sneaking manner to be revenged in some way. Arthur Humberton he hated worse than all the rest; he was so sharpsighted, and could see through his most carefully-concealed motives, and he never failed to ply the sarcasm of his censorious tongue. This made him vow that if ever he had the chance he would be even with Mr. Humberton, which was equal to saying he would ruin him if he could.

Shortly after he went out on a collecting expedition, and the office felt relieved.

"What a fool old Bulliker is!" remarked Merrisslope.

"A bigger idiot than ever," answered Humberton.

"Well, for my part, I think he must be 'off his chump' to fret himself so much about nothing; I couldn't bear to do as he does," chimed in Redtaper.

"Who could?" continued Merrisslope; "talk about 'water wearing away a stone,' but if it was a diamond, Bulliker's constant 'vinegar, oil, and vitriol' would wear it away in double-quick time. It's a foretaste of Dante's 'Inferno'—we get a roasting on one side and a freezing on the other, with a basting of luke-

warm water. I'm thoroughly disgusted; and if he would only talk to me as he does to you, Humberton, I would leave this musty old hole for ever, after jolly well punching his head. But he knows that, and that's the reason he doesn't do it for fear of offending Mr. Phane, and the castigation he would get. Of all the double-distilled old *cowards* that ever chewed the cud of discontent, irritability, and malice prepense, Bulliker bears the palm victorious. He is the snarling dog that never bites, and for ever *barks* his shins against other people's toes!"

"Bravo, Merrisslope!" shouted Humberton, "Now, for my part, I don't bear the fellow any ill-will, but I cannot stand his eternal dog, dog, dogging at one for what he knows cannot be had, and his paltry threatenings make me smile, while I despise the man, and his constant foolery always annoys me beyond measure; and I'm not the worst sort to deal with, in fact, I think I am more obliging than the ordinary run of folks, though I don't want to praise myself; still you'll agree that I'm a mild sort of fellow."

"Yes, yes, we'll agree to anything," acquiesced Merrisslope; "but let's drop the subject, and come and have a 'bitter,' and drown your teetotalism for once."

"No, thanks, you know my principles," said Humberton.

"Oh, blow your principles, the principal thing is, I'm awfully dry! I say, though, what do you say to varnishing old Bulliker's favourite rulers; they're rather like him in wanting polish; and then some of the polish would stick to him, eh?"

"Capital idea," said Redtaper, "and serve him right too; I can't bear to see him throwing them across the office in such a childish way."

"Very well, then, here goes; let's all have a hand in it, and then nobody's done it," continued Merrisslope. "Here, Tweedle, you come too, and help to revenge yourself."

Thus they amused themselves at the expense of Mr. Bulliker, in return for his meanness. While they are thus employed, let us look upstairs at Mr. Phane, the employer. A sleek-bodied rather pleasant looking man; he sits in an easy chair at a comfortable desk. It is early spring and a cheerful fire blazes in the ample old-fashioned grate, with an antique carved oaken chimney-piece overhanging it darkly. It gives the room a more furnished appearance, however. Robert Phane has seen more than fifty years of life, and time has told upon him. He no longer parts his hair, for that is impossible, but he scrupulously combs his beard, of an iron-grey colour. He has a benevolent appearance, and his good-nature does not belie it, though he is apt to give way to sharp bursts of temper, for which he is always sorry as soon as they are over. Though sometimes these little storms are severe, you can always see the rainbow beaming in the distance, and know that they will soon be gone. He is a particular man and cannot bear an injustice, and now we have given a pretty good picture of him as he sits writing at his desk. Letter after letter he passes over with a sigh of relief as he answers them. Suddenly he pauses, and rising up we can see he is about the middle height. Below, there is a miniature battle being carried on, as though an enemy's ship were being boarded. Applying a speaking tube to his lips he summons someone from the other office, and Humberton appears.

"Are you disengaged the night after to-morrow?" asked Mr. Phane.

"Yes, sir, I think so," answered Humberton, rather surprised at the unusual question.

"Well, then, I and my wife and daughter would be glad to see you then at our house at six o'clock to tea; it is my daughter's seventeenth birthday, and we are having a few friends, and I should like you to be one of the number if you can make it convenient; also Mr. Merrisslope and Mr. Redtaper; will you tell them?"

"Thank you, sir, I will; I shall be very happy to come, myself," answered Humberton as he went out.

Mr. Phane was always polite to his clerks; it was another of his good points. He believed in the power of civility, and was generally liked in consequence. A request from him was more than a command, and sure to be satisfied at once. All felt a pleasure in obliging him. Had he only been a little less trustful in erring human nature it might have been better for him. As it was, he relied upon Mr. Bulliker for much of the business, and troubled himself little about the *modus operandi* of arriving at the results. It was not that he was careless about them exactly, but he placed too much trust in other people, measuring them by his own bushel, and imagining kindness to have an equal effect upon all. Such was his mistaken notion, so sadly to be shattered.

He had come early to the business, and by persevering attention to his duties, and his general goodwill, he had won a way into a partnership. The style of the firm was then Bussal and Phane, which soon, however, by the death of the senior partner, was changed into Phane and Co.

Chapter II.

Love's young dream.—*Moore.*

To speak figuratively, Arthur Humberton hardly knew whether he was standing on his head or his feet when he left Mr. Phane, full of gratitude in his heart for the kind and unexpected invitation. His joy was visible on his countenance, and the cause of it was this. He had several times seen the beautiful daughter of his employer, and a few ordinary civilities had been exchanged, during which fleeting glances had passed between them, which might or might not mean—worlds. For what poetry, what feeling, what soul is there not in a piercing look, whose depth of thought is unfathomable? Who can withstand, unfeelingly, the brightness of a beautiful pair of eyes, especially if those eyes belong to a lovely female? No; under such an influence is man a slave; he knows of no problem worth solving more than the mysterious meaning of those flashing orbs that have penetrated to his very being. Such an impression and desire had the soft, liquid-grey eyes of Olivia Phane on Arthur Humberton. He had long wished to know more about the mystic spell that bound him whenever he saw her, and at last the opportunity had arrived. Hence his joy, which caused him to count the hours, ay, minutes, as they drew him nearer to the appointed time.

It must not be supposed that Humberton alone was struck with the beauty of Miss Phane in her visits to the office. Merrisslope and Redtaper had also noticed her long flowing amber-coloured hair, so becoming to her, with admiration. Her sweet and gentle manners secured to her universal esteem and regard. Even the taciturn Bulliker was not altogether untouched by the condescending amiability of one of Eve's fairest daughters. Perhaps he felt how difficult it was to be amiable, and appreciated accordingly one who was capable of so much kindness. Be that as it may, her appearance generally set him thinking, and who shall say that he was not wondering whether his own harsh policy (even in dealing with the stern realities of this rough and unceremonious world) was the best. His ruminations, however, never seemed to mend his manners, and doubtless he imagined that a kind manner was not in accordance with his hairy face.

Merrisslope, though he treated the female sex in a light manner, as quite an inferior order of being to its lord and master, man (such was his precocious opinion at the age of eighteen), and only acknowledged to be his privileged companion as a special favour, was not, however, dead to the delicate and unobtrusive beauty of Olivia Phane. To his credit, be it said, she awoke better sentiments in him, and taught him, by her winning appearance and manners alone, that women were not such inferior creatures as he had imagined, at least if they were anything like Miss Phane. He eyed her with envious feelings, and believed that if she were his he might live a happy life.

Therefore he was not sorry that he was invited to her father's house on the occasion of her birthday.

The office was closed early the next day. Arthur Humberton had gone to his lodgings (he had been an orphan five years), and was cogitating how he should behave himself in the evening, and what deportment would best please the lady of whom he thought with feelings akin to love. He determined to make her a small present of flowers, and he went out to purchase them. A small bouquet of roses he deemed would be most acceptable, and accordingly he bought some of the finest he could find, and formed them into a neat little nosegay. He had never taken such pains with flowers before, and he felt as he arranged their delicate stems, contrasted their blooms, and scented their sweet perfume, that this might indeed prove a passport into the lady's good graces. He had an affection for that bouquet beyond all others, and he could hardly believe that such beautiful flowers should fade and die; and then he tried to picture Miss Phane looking old and withered; but it was no use, and he could not realize that such must be the case in time.

His toilet was as carefully arranged as the bouquet; Olivia Phane was imprinted on the very manner in which he fastened his necktie. We have all once in our lifetime felt the delight of first love. How our blood bounds through our veins, and the whole atmosphere seems to be electric; how we seem to be invigorated with new life, as we are filled with an ecstatic pleasure never experienced before. Nor is it entirely selfish; our joy springs from the idea that we may share with another a mutual happiness. Truly a wonderfully subtle and undefinable sentiment; and there our pen feels weak in attempting to describe it. Master hands have tried and failed. Were it possible to gauge its mystic depths and define its peculiar properties, how much of its charm would there be left? None.

But we are digressing. Arthur Humberton has already arrived at Mr. Phane's house, and has been introduced to the other visitors, and is now sitting with them in an elegantly furnished room. An uncomfortable English awkwardness is very observable among the company, of which each individual is painfully aware and yet feels his inability to destroy with propriety. A strangely cold reserve surrounds our modern society, with its arbitrary rules and restrictions, which none but a bold man, careless of custom and consequences, would dare to break through. Alas for society's artificial state and unreality, and want of brotherly sympathy and good fellowship. It is a strange world we live in, full of peculiar humours and fancies.

Arthur Humberton's flowers had been gracefully received, and he fancied he detected something more than a look of pleasure as a deep blush suffused the face of the fair receiver. Humberton's thoughts were therefore fully occupied as he sat amid the strange company of faces. The passion of love was a new one to him, one which he had never before experienced or imagined; it was, indeed, his maiden passion. He was busy castle-building when Mr. Merrisslope was ushered in. He had left a box of chocolates for Miss Phane, he also having wished to render her some slight memento of the occasion. Redtaper had brought a pretty little basket of fruit; his gift, though refined, was more inclined to the useful than the sentimental. Merrisslope soon made friends, and was lively and chatty before anyone else had time to wear the icy chill of dignity off. A sleek little cat on the hearthrug was the object of much solicitation, and engrossed the attention of more than half the stoical company. It was wonderful what an influence that tiny cat had upon the company; its little actions of yawning, purring, and stretching were things of such interest and seemingly vital importance to these sober people that the most solemn affairs of State might have been depending upon its movements. It soon began to play and gambol in a lively manner, at which an involuntary laugh went the round of the room, and everybody felt very stupid immediately after for having so committed himself for so trifling a cause. But a few minutes more

and that frisking cat worked wonders; what had before been a cold, cheerless company was now a genial merry party, and all through the influence of a pretty little "puss." O society, does not this show ye how hollow ye are, and that human nature must peep out of your crazy bandages at the first opportunity!

An excellent repast put them all into a still better humour, and one who before had been considered distant and haughty was found to be a very friendly, confiding, and agreeable person. After tea, songs were requested and given with the usual reluctance. There is another sham of society; we don't mean to let them alone, but will deduce our morals as we go along. A young lady, for instance, if asked to sing or play immediately abounds with all possible excuses. A bad cold, no music, or inability are some of these modest "crams," known and acknowledged to be such; and yet all these excuses must be made and overcome before the individual requested will "give in." Why all this humbug? to speak plainly. But on; the lady has sung and several others, gentlemen too; some, certainly, who had better have made some unconquerable excuse. What people will listen to, uncomplaining; a harsh voice without modulation; a shrieking spasmodic voice; and a voice that seldom exceeds an audible whisper. This cannot be said of Miss Phane, who, though possessing only a small voice, used it with perfect taste, and charmed her hearers.

Dancing was now about to commence. The once reserved gathering would now be brought into close contact and companionship. There were many fair creatures there with enchanting charms of dress and feature, but none of them in Arthur Humberton's opinion equalled the quiet and unassuming grace of Olivia Phane. He danced with several, but never was so engrossed with their conversation and persons as to forget the impression made upon him by Miss Phane. A black-eyed beauty with glossy tresses tried hard to fascinate him, but all in vain—his eyes restlessly wandered in the direction of the girl he now felt he loved. She was conspicuous from all the rest, not by any brilliant adornment, but by her peculiar beauty, her charming manner, and quiet yet queen-like superiority. At least so thought Arthur Humberton. He would give anything almost to be her partner in a short dance.

Meanwhile Merrisslope had forgotten the beautiful amber hair of Miss Phane, which had so delighted him before, and he was now being led captive by a dark beauty, on whose bosom flashed a diamond necklace, constantly sending little pyrotechnic flashes in every direction. He was being taught with a vengeance the fallacy of his arguments against woman. He was perfectly infatuated, and in that company he would have fallen down at the feet of "the angel" (as he afterwards called her) whose charms were so overpowering, or have done her most outrageous bidding. Redtaper unfortunately did not dance, but he enjoyed himself in watching others do so.

At last Humberton has had the temerity to ask the favour of a dance with Miss Phane, and his turn has come at last. Oh, what rapture! to hold in his arms the beautiful girl he already loves. How his head swims as he tries to speak to her, and he can hardly find his tongue. They seem to be going round without exertion, they hardly touch the floor, quicker and quicker they revolve, and he almost imagines he has entered the realms of bliss, such is the intoxicating nature of his ecstacy. After the delightful dance, only too short, they walk in the conservatory, and already they are in conversation. The sparkling fountain in the centre of the building cools the air with its spray, while its bubbling cadence mingles with the distant music. The air is richly laden with the perfume of a thousand flowers. It seems the happiest moment of his life, as he leads the fair creature by his side, round the fragrant walk, while her arm rests on his, sending a thrill of pleasure through him. They sit down in a secluded corner near a lovely rose tree, the delicate tints of whose flowers attempted in vain to rival the blushes of Miss Phane. There let us leave them, while we look at Arthur Humberton's past life.

His parents had married young, and it was a marriage of pure love. His father was only a merchant's clerk with a hundred and fifty pounds per annum, and it required all their care to make both ends meet on such a small income. But they were frugal in their ways and very happy. They were blessed with two children, a boy and a girl, and every care was lavished on them. They were their joy and hope; and Arthur and Lucy Humberton were merry little companions. The house rang with their chirruping laughter from morning to night. Lucy was a year younger than her brother, and he was very fond of her. He always took care that she should have the nicest playthings, and the choicest little tit-bits, and she gave way to him in everything so that they never quarrelled. She used to imitate her "cledder brudder," and he would help her; and when they got a little older they studied their little lessons lovingly together. Mr. and Mrs. Humberton were indeed happy in their children. Lucy was growing up into a beautiful little girl, and Arthur was a bright boy when his father talked of sending him to school. But Lucy cried so much, and Arthur seemed so unwilling to go, that they put it off from time to time.

Lucy was just turned seven years old when she was attacked with the scarlet fever, and Arthur was sent into the country to a relation's until she would be better. He was very unhappy to go and leave his sister, and asked how long she would be before she was better. She too missed him very much, and she was doomed never to see him again. Thus ended their affectionate attachment; a sad termination to such a beautiful little episode. But trouble comes to all alike, and Mr. and Mrs. Humberton's happiness was dealt a heavy blow, for in less than a fortnight their darling was dead. Her mother's hope and pride, she had grown like a beautiful flower under her tender care; and now all her love and anxiety had been fruitless. After all these years of gentle teaching, and the poetic attachment that had grown between the children, and the many ties that endeared her to them, she was to be torn away from them. The hand of Providence seemed very cruel, and they murmured against it. Where was the purpose of her little life, to be thus snatched away in the bud, before it had had time to blossom? But time soothed down their sorrow, and they saw after all, that all was for the best, and they had still their Arthur left, and who knows how much sorrow and trouble their little Lucy had been spared? Ah, who knows?

When poor Arthur heard of the death of little Lucy he was inconsolable, and could do nothing but weep. He would eat nothing, and when he was left alone he slipped out of the house, and set out for London on foot. Poor little fellow! He could not believe that his sister was dead; death was something terrible he did not understand, and he was determined to find out for himself. For hours he trudged along strange roads in what he supposed was the direction of London, but he was really going nearly the opposite way. He several times sat down on the roadside to cry, but always got up after a few minutes to go along again. He had no fixed idea of what he was going to do, he only imagined he was getting nearer to his little sister, and that was some consolation. He began to feel very tired and London never seemed to be any nearer after all his walking, and he sat down again on the doorstep of a village inn, not knowing what to do. Poor little chap! he was only eight years old, and this devotedness on his part at so early an age was a very good trait in his character. The landlord happening to be a kind-hearted man, came out and spoke to him, and asked him his trouble. Little Arthur soon confided his tale to the sympathetic landlord, who then said he would send him to London in a gig. Arthur thanked him very much, and he was sent back to his aunt's from whence he had come, to their great relief. They had missed him and had been making inquiries in all directions, wondering what could have become of him. Neither had Lucy forgotten her loving little brother in her calmer moments of fever. She often mentioned him and wished to see him; she felt very strange without him. Shortly before her death, when she knew she was going away to another

land, she whispered "Tell Artie not to cry; he will come soon, too; good bye; good bye, Artie!" These were her last words, and her spirit flew away to the happier regions above.

To Mr. and Mrs. Humberton, Arthur was now everything. All that could be done for him in reason was done, though not with too great extravagance. He was sent to a good school, where he learnt a good deal, brought away several prizes, and made many friends. His parents were overjoyed at his success. He had always shown an aptitude for music, so his father also indulged him in this way, and he had some lessons on the pianoforte, on which he showed great proficiency. He certainly exhibited much talent and progress, and promised to be a bright scholar in the not very distant future. His mother was exceedingly proud of him.

But Arthur's troubles were not over yet. At the tender age of twelve he had the misfortune to lose his very dear mother, then his dearest friend on earth. His heart-broken sobs at the time were piteous to hear. He knew what death was then in one sense; he knew that it meant separation, cruel separation, and deep, unalterable loss, never to be replaced. She had always been very kind to him, and he loved his mother very much.

He was again sent to school, and in his studies he tried to forget the sad thought that his dear mother had left him for ever, and to find consolation, in working to be a clever man as she had wished. He was still paying attention to music, and in its study he made rapid strides. His father once hesitated whether he would let him follow music as a profession or apprentice him to a merchant. But when he thought of his very possible failure to succeed as a musician, and the hard life he would be obliged to lead, he determined in favour of merchandise.

At fourteen, therefore, he was apprenticed for five years to Messrs. Phane and Co. He had not been there long before his third misfortune fell heavily upon him. His father was killed in a railway accident. Now, indeed, was he left friendless in the world. Poor Arthur! Fortune seemed dead against him. But Mr. Phane proved himself at this period a real kind-hearted man. Not only did he give him a week's holiday from business to attend to his own private affairs, but he assisted him all he could like a true friend. Arthur would now have to find his own means of living, and Mr. Phane kindly offered to erase his indenture, and give a salary of fifty pounds per annum to commence with, to be raised ten pounds yearly if he merited it. Arthur was overwhelmed with gratitude to him, even in the midst of his grief, and he thanked him with silent tears. Not many men would have done what Mr. Phane did; it was an act of true benevolence, done without any view of return, but never to be forgotten by Arthur Humberton. He was now, at nineteen, receiving a hundred pounds a year from Mr. Phane, and he did all he could to deserve it. His employer lost nothing by his generosity. It did not at all please Mr. Bulliker, though, that Humberton should be so favoured; he took a selfish objection to anything so irregular. "I hate him," he hissed through his teeth. In fact, he hated everybody, and probably they reciprocated his kind feelings.

"His 'ate only applies in practice to his biscuits," said Merrisslope; "he hasn't the spirit of a worm."

When Mr. Humberton's affairs were all made up, there was about fifty pounds a year coming in from investments, etc., so that Arthur was tolerably well cared for. He had always had a passion for music, and this he now exercised, and he found a sweet consolation in playing on the organ extempore. It seemed to soothe his mind, and fill him with calm, quiet thoughts, that made him forget all his troubles. Sometimes it would whisper to him in strange accents of a future fame, and swelling out into noble harmony tell of proud success. He listened to its flattering voice, and studied more and more the themes of old masters, the intricacies and technicalities of the instrument, and the theory of music in all its branches. All these he extensively prac-

tised, and his grand idea was to be able to abandon business and become a musician, a composer. Nothing could be more in harmony with his tastes, and he determined to strive to attain his object. He obtained a music master, a long, lean, sallow-faced man, with *one* glaring eye, who taught him very strictly. No humbug with him; he'd roughed it, he had, and he knew what a young man should do if he intended to get on in the world. He vouched that Humberton had a splendid ear for music, and would soon be a regular steady player if he only stuck at it. In fact, if he would attend to his teaching he would soon be perfect.

This was all very flattering to Humberton, but somehow he hardly liked to have that glaring eye always feeding on him, and it did not exactly inspire confidence. But then he thought that he was maligning the poor fellow, whose misfortune it was to have lost an eye; but it certainly did seem to have a very malignant expression. Be that as it may, his character towards Humberton belied this, for he was always agreeable and friendly in the extreme. When he had been three years under his tuition, he was fortunate enough (partly through the influence of Mr. Cribton and Mr. Phane) to obtain a situation as organist at one of the best churches, where the Phane family attended. For this service he received thirty pounds per annum. Six months after this he had another misfortune; the stocks in which his father's money was invested turned out to be unsound, and he lost nearly the whole of it. This, however, he bore without a murmur, and considered that for his age he was not so badly off after all. Besides his salary from Messrs. Phane & Co. (that mystic "company"), and his emolument from the church, he made some little sums by his musical compositions, of which he had already published several by the good services of Mr. Cribton. But in comparison with the fame they brought him, the notice they received, and the sale effected, his profits were not adequate. This, he imagined, was the difficulty at the commencement of such a profession, only to be overcome by time and perseverance. He patiently continued on; Cribton brought all his pieces out for him, the publishers buying the copyright of him, and taking all risks. When Humberton took the situation as organist he left Mr. Cribton, as far as lessons on the organ were concerned, but that gentleman still continued his friendship towards him, and was more friendly than ever. Indeed he took quite a patronizing interest in his clever pupil, and encouraged him by all means in his power to continue in his present work. He promised him a golden future, and helped him in all his enterprizes.

This was Arthur Humberton's present position. His had not been a bed of roses, but fortune had been his friend through adversity, and his perseverance had brought him success. His name was not altogether unknown in musical society, and he felt that he had a standing of which many might envy him.

After this digression we will turn to where we left him in the conservatory with the lovely Miss Phane. Near them nestled the little tortoiseshell cat that had furnished such amusement to the icy company a few hours ago. It was purring pleasantly, and seemed to partake of the happiness they were enjoying. A young retriever dog was lying at their feet in happy contentment at being near his mistress. The dog and cat were perfect friends, and fed and played together notwithstanding their difference in size and nature.

By this time Humberton had been saying a great deal to Miss Phane on many subjects. Their conversation had at first been of cats and dogs, and they exchanged their little theories as to what would become of them when they died. Then they talked about the flowers that surrounded them, and the origin of their symbolic meaning, and how beautiful it all was.

"If you were to be a flower now, Miss Phane, what would you choose to be?"

"Well, that is difficult to say; there are so many beautiful ones with different qualities."

"But supposing your lot to be that of some single flower; which one do you imagine would be most in accordance with your æsthetical tastes?"

"I can hardly say, it seems so strange; and then, you know, they have no feeling as we have, no tastes, no desires; in fact, nothing in common, so that such an idea is almost impossible," explained Olivia.

"Well, but imagine that to live like a flower you would imbibe and experience the same qualities they are supposed to symbolize; in fact, treat the whole thing in a poetic manner, and then how would you choose?" said Humberton.

"You seem so anxious that I should tell you."

"Believe me, I am," said Humberton.

"Well, to satisfy you, I think I would be a rose; but why do you ask?"

"Merely to know your choice; but there are so many kinds of roses. Have you no preference?"

"I sometimes like one sort and sometimes another, but I think I like a deep red rose, like that one you see there," said Olivia, and she pointed to one almost in front of him, growing on a small tree. "Now you must tell me what flower you would like to be."

"After your confession I could not help but choose the same—a rose."

"What, the same colour, too?"

"Well, no; if I had my choice it should be a moss rose-bud, just like that one on the tree next to yours."

"Do you really mean that?" said she, blushing deeply.

"I do, with all my heart;" and he pressed her closer to him.

"But—but—I'm so superstitious, you know; and that tree is to be bedded out to-morrow, while mine will remain here."

"Ah, believe me, that is pure superstition," said Arthur Humberton, now feeling a deep interest in all she said, and determined to carry his point; "my heart shall always beat near yours, if you will let it."

"Ah! but what if papa will have that flower removed into the garden?" whispered Olivia, now blushing deeper than ever; "but I'm afraid I show too much interest in so small a thing; let us talk of something else."

"Oh, no; your conversation interests me exceedingly, and the subject too; do you not think you could prevent its removal; with your tender voice, have you no influence with your dear father?" urged Humberton earnestly.

"Yes, but would it be right for me to do so?" said she.

"Why not?"

"Why, I don't know; but you know——"

Just then the dog gave a low growl, warning them of the approach of some one, and Olivia struggled to release herself from the hold of Humberton. He would not, however, leave his prize now until he had exacted from her a promise that he might write to her. It was another couple who approached them and remarked on their lengthened absence, at which Olivia again blushed deeply and said that she had felt so hot that she came there to get cool; and she went back with them into the dancing room.

The company had now ceased dancing, and singing and playing were again being performed by different members. Merrisslope was just roaring out a rattling drinking song, and loud were the plaudits and choruses that accompanied him. He was, of course, encored, and Humberton and Olivia seemed to be taking every notice of him, though their thoughts were far, far away, and only expressed to each other by a stealthy squeeze of the hand. When Merrisslope had finished he turned round, and seeing Humberton said:

"Hallo, old fellow, I reckon we've missed you; come, you must do your turn, and I know you've a splendid voice, so don't be greedy and hide your light under a bushel, you know. Come, let's have a little of it, a bushel of it if you like; you know I've a call, but I'm nowhere where you come."

"Nonsense; you know I never sing," said Humberton.

"I know you do; so come along and let's have it; anything you like, only sing something; don't be afraid," said Merrisslope, in his burly way.

"Yes, do," said half-a-dozen voices at once, and Humberton felt that he was booked, and that it was no use trying to back out of it. So he touchingly rendered a little ditty of his own composition, which went to the hearts of his hearers though they knew not its author. Merrisslope, however, did not leave them in ignorance, and they crowded round him and begged for another.

Humberton felt very proud at the impression he had made, and he cast his eyes in the direction of Olivia, who was watching him with loving eyes which bent down before his gaze. He next played them a little extravaganza of his own on the pianoforte, and all were again in raptures and demanded more, and it was long ere he was able to quit the piano, and then he did so amid congratulations and applause on all sides. Mr. Phane was exceedingly pleased at the proficiency shown by Humberton and also complimented him. He did not, however, notice the emotion shown by his daughter at Humberton's performance, or he might have looked upon him with different feelings.

During the rest of the evening, unfortunately, Humberton saw very little more of Olivia. He had, however, monopolised her society a good deal before, so he could not expect to be with her much more without it being remarked. His companions found him only very dull and absent, and formed very wrong opinions of his character. But his heart was all with Olivia; and she was constantly thinking of him, and wondering what he meant by his enigma of the flowers.

All things must have an end, and the pleasant party was at last concluded. Arthur took a sad leave of Miss Phane, and felt that he was leaving all his heart behind him, while her eyes haunted him, and he went homewards to dream of Olivia, nothing but Olivia.

(To be continued.)

DERWENTWATER.

EVER since Gray, the poet, visited the Lake Country in 1767, and again in 1769 in company with Dr. Wharton, the fame of Derwentwater has been increasing, and tourists innumerable take it in their way to see the English Lakes. Gray's friend fell ill at Brough, and was obliged to return home. To this circumstance we are indebted for the admirable journal which he wrote to Dr. Wharton, giving a description of the places he visited. The journal, when published, attracted the attention of the nobility and gentry. No descriptions have ever surpassed those of the poet. He says, "October 4th, I walked to Crow-Park, now a rough pasture, once a glade of ancient oaks, whose large roots still remain in the ground, but nothing has sprung from them. If a single tree had remained, this would have been an unparall'd spot; and Smith judged right when he took his view of the lake from hence, for it is a gentle eminence, not too high, on the very margin of the water, and commanding it from end to end, looking full in the gorge of Borrowdale. From hence I got to the parsonage a little before sunset, and saw in my glass a picture that, if I could transmit to you, and fix it in all the softness of its living colours, would fairly sell for a thousand pounds. This is the sweetest scene I can yet discover in point of pastoral beauty; the rest are in a sublimer style."

The lake is three miles in length and a mile and a half in width. There are four principal islands, viz., Derwent Isle, Lord's Island, St. Herbert's Island, and Rampsholme, and there are smaller ones, *e.g.*, The Lingholms, Trippet-Holme, and other isles on the western side of the lake, which add much to its picturesque beauties.

The principal islands have each a history. Lord's Island had upon it a manor house built by Sir Thomas Radcliffe about the year 1450. His eldest son, Sir John, lived and died upon the island, and his remains are covered by a tomb in Crosthwaite church, where there are brasses of the knight and Dame Alice (daughter of Sir Edmund Sutton) his wife. He died in 1527. He was twice high sheriff in the reign of Henry VIII., and died holding that high office. He had no children, and the estate passed to his brother, Sir Edward Radcliffe, who married the heiress of Cartington, Dilston, and Whitton Hall, in Northumberland, and Hawthorn, in the county of Durham. After this the principal residence of the family was at Dirton Hall, in Northumberland, but Sir Edward Radcliffe ("the loyal," as he was designated) took up his residence here with a troop of horse during the civil war with the Parliament. His faithful lieutenant, Captain Ewan Christian, died at that time, and his death is recorded in Crosthwaite register thus:

"*Ewan Christian, Captain, Lieutenant to Baronet Edward,*" buried in the "Quier."

There is a tradition that a young lady of the family, in troublous times, made her escape up Lady's Rake in Wallow Crag. This probably occurred at this time, for it is proved that the Countess of Derwentwater was not in this part of the country in 1715, and indeed the house had been allowed to go to ruin after the rough usage it is believed to have received at the hands of Cromwell's men, when they destroyed the smelting mills at Brigham, near Keswick, belonging to the Mines Royal of Goldscope, Newlands. Mr. Francis Radcliffe, brother of Sir Edward, had a house at Castle Rigg, and it would not be very difficult, with the help of a stalwart attendant, for a young lady (probably it was Sir Edward's wife) to escape in that way to avoid being taken. Several young ladies have in recent days successfully scaled the giddy ravine, in company with a father or a brother. Sir Edward's estates were absolutely forfeited during a considerable period of his life "for treason" to the Commonwealth, and had to prefer a claim through Dame Elizabeth Radcliffe, his wife, before the Commissioners for forfeited estates, in 1652, she being described as "wife of Sir Edward Radcliffe, a delinquent." This claim was under a settlement in 1614, and was allowed. He lived till 1663, having eventually "come to his own again," and having been the owner of the property for forty-one years. After his day no record appears of any births, marriages, or burials from the island in the parish register, from which it may be inferred that the family never again had any long residence there. It is also known that when all the woods on the Derwentwater estate were felled, from 1749 to 1758, a willow tree was growing in the middle of the house-stead which measured eleven feet in girth, which shows that the house had been left in a ruinous condition, and never more than a small portion of it inhabited thereafter, probably by a labourer on the estate. The mounds are still visible where the house stood, but stones were taken from thence to build the old Town Hall. It was built with stones which were brought from the island, and Will Munkhouse was drowned through over-loading a boat with them.

When the present Town Hall was erected in Keswick, in 1812, by the Commissioners of Greenwich Hospital, the same ruins served as a quarry for the building. Still there are large mounds of stones, and the ground-plan of the buildings and garden is reproduced in "The last of the Derwentwaters," an interesting pamphlet published in 1874. The sketch was made by Mr. Joseph Pocklington, of whom more hereafter.

The island of St. Herbert, which contains about five acres, now covered with trees, is famous for being the residence of St. Herbert, a priest and confessor; who withdrew hither from the world that nothing might withdraw him from mortification and prayer. The scene around him was adapted to his gloomy ideas of religion. Here the recluse erected an hermitage, the remains of which appear, being a building of stone. It formed two apartments, the outer one about twenty feet long and fifteen broad, the other of smaller dimensions. He was contemporary with St. Cuthbert, and, as the legends of that time say, by the prayers of that saint obtained a joint and equo-temporary death with him in the year of our Lord 688. There is no history of his life and actions to be met with, or any tradition of his works of piety or miracles preserved by the inhabitants of the neighbourhood. In the register of Bishop Appleby in the year 1374, there is an indulgence of forty days to every of the inhabitants of the parish of Crosthwaite that should attend the vicar to St. Herbert's Island on the 13th of April yearly, and there celebrate mass in memory of St. Herbert.

In curious contrast to its early history may be mentioned the fact that during the civil wars Sir Gilford Lawson, of Brayton, its owner, had placed large stores of ammunition for the use of the parliamentarians. Robert Philipson (alias Robin the Devil) was one of the defenders of Carlisle Castle, and, having bribed the store-keeper on the island, cut his way through the lines with a party of horse and rode over from Carlisle by Binsa to Catbells, opposite to the island. He found that every boat upon the lake had been taken and drawn upon the beach of the island, and when he summoned the custodian of the stores to surrender his demand was received with shouts of derisive laughter. Finding that he had been hoaxed, he and his party turned their horses' heads to Carlisle, where they again reached the castle, after a bootless journey of over sixty miles.

Thus, while Lord's Island was held by Sir Edward "the loyal" for the king, St. Herbert's was held by Sir Gilford, the parliamentarian, for Cromwell—a singular illustration of the extent to which the civil wars affected even remote places like Lake Derwent.

The third island was formerly called Vicar's Island. It contains six acres of ground, and lies nearer to Keswick. It formerly belonged to Fountains Abbey, to which the church of Crosthwaite was appropriated, and was granted by King Henry VIII. to one John Williamson. In 1777 it belonged to the Ponsonbys of Hale, then to Mr. Joseph Pocklington, who built the house upon it about a century ago. It then passed to General Peachy, and now it is owned by Mr. Henry Marshall, of Weetwood Hall, Leeds, who had a large portion of the house accidentally burnt, and he rebuilt that portion, and materially enlarged and improved the present comfortable edifice. In Leyland's time there were upon it only a few miners' huts, and when Smith's view was taken there were no trees upon it, only Mr. Pocklington's newly-erected house. Now it is covered with forest trees of varied kind and of large dimensions. The foliage in autumn on the island is beautiful, and is a feature which, with the other surrounding wood, adds greatly to the charming scene.

Rampsholme is a little round island covered with black firs, and stands midway between Lord's and St. Herbert's. It is much smaller, and resembles Helen's Isle on Loch Katarine. Then there is that floating island which makes its appearance 150 yards from the shore, not far from Lodore. It has been said to make its appearance once in seven years, but that is quite uncertain; it generally rises after a few years, and towards the end of a warm summer. Its figure is variable; it has sometimes contained about half-an-acre of ground, at other times only a few perches; but extending in a gradual slope under water, a much greater portion is raised from the bottom than reaches the surface of the lake. Several rents may be seen in the earth about the place, which appear to have been occasioned by stretching to reach the sur-

face. It never rises far above the level of the lake; but having once attained the surface it for a time fluctuates with the rising and falling of the water; after which it sinks gradually. Jonathan Otley says: "Many hypotheses have been put forth from time to time to account for this phenomenon, but the most probable conclusion seems to be that air or gas is generated in the body of the island by decomposition of the vegetable matter of which it is formed; and this gas being produced copiously, as well as being more rarefied in hot weather, the earth at length becomes so much distended therewith as to render the mass of less weight than an equal bulk of water. The water, then insinuating itself between the substratum of clay and peat earth forming the island, bears it to the surface, where it continues for a time, till, partly by escape of gas, partly by its absorption, and partly by its condensation consequent on a decrease of heat, the volume is reduced, and the earth gradually sinks to its former level, where it remains till a sufficient accumulation of gas again renders it buoyant."

Mr. Joseph Pocklington was one of the first who settled on the margin of the lake. He built, as before named, the first mansion on Vicar's Island, then Derwent Bank House, and ultimately Barrow House, where he continued to reside, and was always known in the neighbourhood as Squire Pocklington.

He introduced annual regattas and a sham fight on the lake, the attack on the island being made by a fleet of boats. The island was defended by "Colonel" Pocklington, but the invaders succeeded so far as to plunder the place of roast beef, plum pudding, and a barrel of ale, which they took to the isthmus meadow to regale themselves after the battle. Smirke made an excellent water-colour drawing of this grotesque scene, which used to be in Crosthwaite museum, but is now in the possession of Mr. Joshua Stanger, of Fieldside.

Lord William Gordon followed very early after Mr. Pocklington as a resident, and he purchased Water End and Hause End farms of Mr. Fletcher, and afterwards Brandlehow Woods, Fawe Park, Scale Thorns, Saltwell Park, Derwent Bank, and the beautiful little mountain Swinside, comprising the whole western margin of the lake. Here he built a beautiful house after the model of the park-ranger's house in the Green Park, before which were placed two excellent images, cast in lead, of bucks.

He planted all the woods on that side of the lake, and being a man of excellent taste his handiwork added to the natural beauty of the scenery. The property, which is still well covered with fine timber, has upon it many splendid sites for villas, and the present owners—nephews of Major-General Sir John G. Woodford, K.C.B., K.C.H., are restoring the house to its former chaste appearance.

The long residence of Sir John Woodford marks a period of forty years during which parties have been allowed to walk through the woods which skirt the lake, than which none more beautiful can be seen. The present owners grant the same privilege, which is highly appreciated by those who enjoy the liberty. Sir John's good name will be held in everlasting remembrance.

To attempt to describe the lake is futile. It must be seen to be duly appreciated. Gilpin says (vol. i., p. 191,): "Of all the lakes in these romantic regions, the lake we are now examining seems to be the most generally admired. It was once admirably characterized by an ingenious person, who on his first seeing it cried out, '*Here is beauty indeed—Beauty in the lap of Horror!*' We do not often find a happier illustration. Nothing conveys an idea of beauty more strongly than the lake, nor of horror than the mountains; and the former lying in the lap of the latter expresses in a strong manner the mode of their combination."

It seems that most of the early writers speak with bated breath of the mountains and rocks as if they feared they would fall on them and grind them

to powder, but that great educator, time, has made the tourist as much in love with the mountains as with the lakes, and he sees in them a beauty and a charm without which the lakes themselves would be insipid. The growing numbers of tourists testify to the increasing good taste and oppulence of the people, and without any disparagement to any other of the lakes, each of which has some peculiar charm, it is all but universally admitted by artists and men of cultivated taste that Derwentwater is the queen of the English lakes.

DERWENTWATER.

AUGUST, 1880.

WHEN standing on thy wooded side to-day,
'Mid summer's golden hours and glowing sheen,
Upon those pleasant hills each glancing ray
Serves to bring out that mingled grey and green
Which throw a tint of soft and gentle grace
On all I see, on all I gaze on now,
Whether I watch the lake's all placid face,
Whether I scan each mountain's stately brow.

Bright spot! Admiringly I linger still
And lovingly, amid fond nature's bounteous dower,
Alike in leafy wood, in babbling rill,
In the dark clouds and in the fragrant hour;
And all I see around and greet again
Seem to be speaking in a key to me
In solemn chords in soft and silvery strain
Of gracious, loving, mystic harmony.

The voice of men is hushed, life's cares are gone;
In this great world of wonder and of praise
I'm lost; and, full contented, one by one
I pass in grateful thoughts these waning days.
When nature once more claims us for her own,
Like children, awe-struck, sitting at her feet;
In such a scene no mortal need be lone,
For "Wisdom, Strength, and Beauty" here we meet.

And thus the mind is raised from passing things,
From painted bubbles and from fragile toys,
To find, as Time its lengthening shadow flings,
Peace in great Wisdom's ways and Nature's joys.
Nothing is here but kindly calm and rest,
Divinest grace below, around, above;
And as the sun is sinking in the west
I learn to praise, to wonder, and to love.

THE TESSERA HOSPITALIS.

THIS is an old and curious custom of bye-gone days which requires some notice at the hands of the Masonic student, though we do not see that it has, as some have liked seemingly to hold, any connection with Masonry. It had to do with the social system and the "sodalitia" and "collegia" of the Romans and the "Summoriæ" of the Greeks, and in that sense, no doubt, may fairly be claimed as an interesting relic of early guilds and classic times. Many inscriptions, as reported by various writers, attest the use and antiquity of the custom of the tessera hospitalis. We read of "tabula hospitali," "tabulis hospitalibus," "hospitium fecit," "hospitium fecerunt." There were also "Dii Hospitales," and Plautus says, as some may remember, "Deum Hospitalem, ac Tessaram mecum fero." Ovid says, "Ante fores hominum stabat Jovis hospitis ara." Venus was also called Hospitalis, as also was Minerva; and from Pausanias we learn "Quo in loco Parcæ sunt, ibidem est Hospitalis Jupiter et Hospitalis Minerva." Many other instances of this fact may be quoted, but these will suffice. The idea of "hospitium," hospitalitas, and our hospitality, was that a stranger, or traveller, or fellow citizen received into a public or private house to be cared for, fed, healed, or helped on his way.

There were, both among the Greeks and Romans, public "hospitia," and though the idea of the "hospital" for the gratuitous relief of the ill and suffering cannot, we think, be traced beyond christian times, though the Hebrews claim a similar provision, there were undoubtedly hospitia for the entertainment of travellers and strangers.

In 1647 a learned Italian bishop, Jacobus Philippus Tomasinus, Episcopus Æmoniensis, wrote a work, now rather rare, dedicated to Pope Innocent X., entitled "De Tesseris Hospitalitatis." He divides his work into thirty-two chapters or "capita," and goes through carefully all the uses of hospitality, and dwells on the use of the tessera, which he fully describes. There were several kinds of tesseræ, such as the "oval pebbles," each with the same name; or two oblong pebbles, with the names of the two friends mutually inscribed, which were exchanged; a wooden or ivory four-sided staff, or even little tiles of baked brick, with the name and a monogram or symbol inscribed.

The "tessera hospitalis" was thus carried about by persons who claimed hospitality, that they might be recognized by paternal and fraternal hosts, for this claim of hospitality once conceded descended from father to son and to all the descendants. Thus Luctatius says, "Veteres quoniam non poterant omnes hospites suos noscere, tesseram illi dabunt, quam illi ad hospitia reversi ostendebant propro hospiti. Unde intellig ebantur hospites."

The Scholiast of Euripides on Medea describes another sort of tessera which he terms "Asphragalon," which was, among the Greeks, broken into two parts for mutual recognition. Harris originally called attention to the subject among Masonic writers, and Mackey has dwelt upon it at length.

We are not aware, so far, of any Masonic tessera. The Bishop describes one with a trident upon it; but we have never seen any, so far, with Masonic emblems. Still as all the collegia and Summoriæ had no doubt travelling members, they would use the "tessera," and it is not impossible such may turn up.

There is a Christian use of the tessera which some say lasted until the eleventh century, and there were "tokens," no doubt, in the middle ages which were used by the guilds and the monasteries for help and hospitality.

The formula "Salve Hospes" was ever in use until the Roman Empire fell, and the old Latin tessera and the Greek "kalame," which answers to the Latin tessera, were kept up long after, and were probably used by the Masonic guilds.

We conclude this paper with a quotation from Mackey's very valuable work on the same subject:—

Marks or pledges of this kind were of frequent use among the ancients, under the name of *tessera hospitalis* and "arrhabo." The nature of the *tessera hospitalis*, or, as the Greeks called it, *sumbolon*, cannot be better described than in the words of the Scholiast on the Medea of Euripides, v. 613, where Jason promises Medea, on her parting from him, to send her the symbols of hospitality which should procure her a kind reception in foreign countries. It was the custom, says the Scholiast, when a guest had been entertained, to break a die in two parts, one of which parts was retained by the guest, so that if at any future period he required assistance, on exhibiting the broken pieces of the die to each other the friendship was renewed. Plautus, in one of his comedies, gives us an exemplification of the manner in which these *tesseræ* or pledges of friendship were used at Rome, whence it appears that the privileges of this friendship were extended to the descendants of the contracting parties. Pœnulus is introduced, inquiring for Agorastocles, with whose family he had formerly exchanged the tessera.

AG. Antidimarchus' adopted son
If you do seek, I am the very man.
PŒN. How! do I hear aright?
AG. I am the son
Of old Antidamus.
PŒN. If so, I pray you
Compare with me the hospitable die.
I've brought this with me.
AG. Prithee, let me see it.
It is, indeed, the very counterpart
Of mine at home.
PŒN. All hail, my welcome guest,
Your father was my guest, Antidamus.
Your father was my honoured guest, and then
This hospitable die with me he parted.

These tesseræ, thus used for the purposes of perpetuating friendship and rendering its union more sacred, were constructed in the following manner. A small piece of bone, ivory, or stone (generally of a square or cubical form) being divided into equal parts, each writes his own name, or some other inscription, upon one of the pieces; they then made a mutual exchange, and, lest falling into other hands it should give occasion to imposture, the pledge was preserved with the greatest secrecy, and no one knew the name inscribed upon it except the possessor.

The primitive Christians seem to have adopted a similar practice, and the tessera was carried by them in their travels as a means of introduction to their fellow Christians. A favourite inscription with them were the letters *H. Y. A. H.*, being the initials of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. "The use of these tesseræ in the place of written inscriptions continued," says Dr. Harris, "until the eleventh century, at which time they are mentioned by Burchardus, Archbishop of Worms, in a visitation charge."

The arrhabo was a similar keepsake, formed by breaking a piece of money in two. The etymology of this word shows distinctly that the Romans borrowed the custom of these pledges from the ancient Israelites, for it is derived from the Hebrew *arabon*, a pledge.

With this detail of the customs of the ancients before us we can easily explain the well-known passage in Revelation ii., 17: "To him that overcometh will I give a white stone, and in a new name written, which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it." That is, to borrow the interpretation of Harris, "To him that overcometh will I give a pledge of my affection, which shall constitute him my friend, and entitle him to privileges and honours of which none else can know the value or the extent."

SAVED: A TALE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

BY THEOPHILUS TOMLINSON.

PARIS was at the height of the Reign of Terror. The joyous city had become sombre and pensive, sad and sorrowing. Horrors had succeeded upon horrors, atrocities on atrocities! That wicked and infamous revolutionary tribunal, where neither innocence, nor genius, nor grace, nor virtue, nor patriotism had any hope, was running its career of blood! Before its shameless decrees had perished the best intentioned of kings, the most heroic of queens, the most angelic of princesses, Cazotte and Lavoisier, Madame Roland and Charlotte Corday, and the countless noble sufferers of the "terreur rouge." Men and women of all ranks and classes, equally innocent, equally helpless, had all gone to the guillotine in turn, and in its delirium low whispers were heard which neither spared Danton, nor Robespierre, nor Fouquier Tinville himself. But still day by day the victims came and went, and disappeared, and died bravely, and Paris in a whirl of excitement, was seeking new horrors, a new sensation, and new sacrifices!

In a narrow street running out of the "Rue Jean Jacques Rousseau" (as it is now called), in a second "etage," a family party were sitting plunged in grief. The group was composed of an elderly gentleman, a middle-aged matron, and a charming girl of fifteen, a gay and pleasant looking young man of twenty-three or twenty-four or thereabouts, and a slim, elegant lad of sixteen. There was something about the assembled little party which alike attracted and affected a beholder. The intense anxiety and grief depicted on all the countenances, the tender looks and the affectionate interest so vividly and touchingly displayed by "all to each" evidently pointed to a present grief or a coming danger! There was something soldierly and aristocratic combined which made you think the head of the family gathering (for it was a family gathering) had seen military service, and was not ignorant of the fashions of Courts, while no one could look on the "mother" of that united but agitated little assembly without esteeming her alike charming in appearance and gifted with much intellectual energy, as well as the "don de plaire." The two had clearly seen better days, had been accustomed to all that was noble and stately and distinguished in society. The daughter was as charming a girl as you could see any where, and if anxiety for her parents (for they were "vrais aristocrats") had dimmed her joyousness, and given a tender melancholy to her countenance, she was one of nature's fairest flowers, and his must be a bad heart and a hard heart who could look upon her unmoved or with any feelings but those of admiration and respect. The young man was an officer, the son of an old neighbour of a good family in Normandy, who was now in Paris and about rejoin his regiment in "La Vendee." Not being an "aristocrat" by birth he had, so far, weathered the storm, but his connection with this very family had brought on him, he had heard, a "denunciation." Still, here he was, like a preux chevalier, to prove that he was still faithful to old friendship and his first love. For he and the young girl were deeply attached to each other. The pleasant lad was the only son of the family, a fine and promising youth.

The elderly gentleman and lady were named the Vicomte and Vicomtesse de Castaignac. The young lady was Melanie de Castaignac. The young soldier was Lieutenant De la Roche, and the boy was Ernest de Castaignac.

And as they sat there, in deepest sorrow, footsteps were heard ascending the stairs. A loud knock came at the door. "Entrez," said the Vicomte firmly, and three or four armed and ill-looking men, with tricolour cockades, walked into the room, and the leader said "Monsieur le Viscomte, je vous arrete en nom de la Commune." Dreadful words then, dreadful words since! *Ill-omened, most ill-omened, to every Frenchman!* And so it was, *that despite* the despairing daughter, the tearful eyes of his two male associates, the poor Vicomte, calm and tranquil as he was, was taken away one fine May afternoon to the the dreadful "Abbaye." What could be be done? To that poor family *the outlook was alike hopeless, helpless, and like as to many of all ranks in France; nothing seemed left but calm resignation and courageousness.* But so it was not to be, in the good providence of T.G.A.O.T.U., and that is why I tell the story in Bro. Kenning's well-known magazine.

The Vicomte was a Freemason, and had taken, in happier days, a leading part in Parisian and Provincial Masonry. Like others, perhaps, he was in advance of his time, and had found good and happiness in that remarkable society whose first principles were neither revolutionary nor destructive, but exhibited everywhere and on all occasions the truest "outcome" of toleration, benevolence, fraternal interest, and goodwill.

When he was admitted to the Abbaye, he saw among the municipal officers one whom he had well known in his lodge, "Les Philanthropes Reunis," as "Frere Delapierre." In a moment (as in a flash) came and was answered a sign of recognition, and the Vicomte took heart on knowing he had one true friend and brother there who would not desert him. Then came the dreadful tribunal, the parody of a trial, the iniquitous sentence, and early in the morning Sanson came with his "aides" to take on the cars the condemned to the guillotine.

The names are read out, sixteeen, but no name of Vicomte de Castaignac. His friend the municipal was there with a smiling face, but he said nothing, *and the lugubrious cortége passed away without our gallant friend.*

All this time let us try and realize the condition and fears of that mourning family in the little upper room. During the day it was clear that a great disturbance was going on in Paris. The "rappel" was beaten; constant discharges of musketry, as well as even cannon, seemed to say that an internecine war of some kind was being waged in the streets of Paris, and in the evening the fall of Robespierre was announced. The "Reign of Terror" was practically at an end.

Early in the morning kind Bro. Delapierre brought Bro. Castaignac his order for release, and soon after the happy Vicomte was folded in the arms of his rejoicing and all but heartbroken family.

Years afterwards, when they were all assembled in peace in the Vicomte's recovered "Hotel Castaignac" in Paris, General and Mme. De la Roche and their children, and Ernest and his wife (nee Calusac) and children were gathered round the "old hearth stone," one of the greatest friends of the family was that same Bro. Delapierre who, then high in civil service, had shewn that even in the darkest hours of the insanity and wickedness of the French Revolution he had never forgotten, and was not ashamed to own, that he was a "Freemason," a friend in need, a brother "born for adversity," who practised what he professed in lodge, and rejoiced to exemplify the healing, and salutary, and gracious and ennobling principles of true Freemasonry.

OLD RECORDS OF THE LODGE OF PEEBLES.

BY BRO. ROBERT SANDERSON, P.G. SEC. PEEBLES AND SELKIRK (S.C.)

(Continued from page 104.)

Peebles, 27th March, 1784.

Agreeable to the Last appointment of the Twenty-seventh of December last in order to meet and pay their quarter Dues which was paid by the members present as marked on the page 64, and thereafter the meeting took into their consideration that Andrew Paterson who was duly elected St. John's Day last Junr. Warden of this Lodge, and having since refused to pay his quarter dues, and other reasons known to the said Lodge—therefore said Lodge suspends the said Andrew Paterson from his office of Junr. Warden, and has this day unanimously chosen Archibald Robertson member of this Lodge Junr. Warden in place of the said Andrew Paterson.

ROBERT BROWN, Master.

Att Peebles the Twenty-seventh day of December one thousand seven hundred and eighty four years, which day being the anniversary of St. John the Evangelist, and the Honourable Lodge of Masons Peebles Kilwinning convened agreeable to previous warning given to the whole of the Bretheren at the Commitie, and being constitute in a Just and Perfect Lodge by prayer—they proceeded to the collection of their quarter Dues, and payed as marked below:

Pd.	Robert Brown, Mr. ...	1/6	Pd.	John Tweedale	2/-
Pd.	Alexander Hislope ...	2/-	Pd.	James Veitch ...	new entered
Pd.	John Hislope	1/6	Pd.	James Grosest	1/6
Pd.	Archibald Robertson ...	1/6	Pd.	Wiiliam Thomson ...	1/6
Pd.	Andrew Scott	1/6	Pd.	Thomas Stodhart ...	1/6
Pd.	Robert White	1/6	Pd.	John Brown	1/6
Pd.	John Wallace	1/6	Pd.	George Brown	1/6

Thereafter the Lodge so constituted proceeded to the examination of the Fellow Crafts and entered appprentices which was performed to the satisfaction of the whole Lodge which duly reported to them by a Quorum of the Bretheren appointed examinators for that purpos and effect.

Then the Lodge so convened and constituted as said is proceeded to the Election of the Master, Wardens and other members of the Lodge, when was duly and Legally Elected and chosen by plurality of votes. For Master John Wallace, Senior Warden Archibald Robertson, Junr. Warden John Hislope, Box Master Robert Hislope, Key Keeper Walter Paterson, Senr. Steward John Brown, Junr. Steward Robert Smith, Clerk James Bartram.

Then the Master, Wardens, and other members of the Lodge were qualified by taking the oath *de fideli administratione officiee*, and ordains the master to sign thir proceedings.

ROBERT BROWN, Master.

Peebles, 29th Decr., 1784.

At the Commitie appointed to meet this day, compeared			
George Veitch and paid his entry	£0	10	6
Robert Hislope Boxmaster paid in the Ballance in his hands	0	11	8
The Clerk paid in James Veitch's Entry...	0	10	6
To his Mark	0	1	1
To George Brown's quarter dues	0	6	0
To James Stodhart's quarter dues for 2 years	0	4	0
To quarter dues from William Thomson depute Boxmaster	0	19	0
	£3	2	9
Paid out		8	7
	2	14	2
Pd. Do.		1	8
	2	12	6
To House Rent paid by John Irland at Whitsunday first	2	16	0
	5	8	6
Paid to Janet Watson at Saint John's Day	2	0	0
	£7	8	6

The above sum of seven pounds eight shillings and sixpence paid to Andrew Scott, Five pounds one shilling sterling whereof was paid to Janet Watson relict of Thomas Tweedall which pays up the interest due her to June 1783 years, and the remaining two pounds seven shillings and sixpence sterling in part payment of the Interest from June 1783 to June 1784.*

ROBERT BROWN, Mr.
ANDREW SCOTT.

Att Peebles the 27th day of December 1785.

St. John Day meeting same as former minutes. List of twenty members present who have paid their dues of whom five are new entrants, and three members are marked not paid. The office-bearers elected this year are Master, Archibald Robinson; Senior Warden, John Hislope; Junior Warden, Robert Marshall; Boxmaster, William Thomson; Key Keeper, John Brown; Senior Stewart, Thomas Stodhart; Junior Stewart, George Donaldson; Clerk, James Bertram. At this meeting an inventory of some of the working tools, etc., of *Cumberland Lodge, is submitted. This Lodge seceded from Lodge* Kilwinning, and was chartered and instituted in 1746. Whether it had been a successful lodge or not we have no means of ascertaining; it seems now to have become dormant. The following is the note of inventory—

"Inventory of the Peebles Cumberland Lodge, the be kept by the Secretary for the use of sd Lodge untill they be recalled by the Master and other members of the said Lodge, viz., Peebles Cumberland. Two Levells, Two Squairs, a Plum Rule, a Cross-pen, a Key, Two Battons, and a Master's Pole.

"ARCHIBALD ROBERTSON Mr."

Peebles 4th January 1786.

In a meeting of the Lodge of Massons Peebles Kilwinning and the Worshipful Master having considered the Low Ebb of Masonry he hereby ordains

* The above financial statement would scarcely pass a modern auditor. Our brethren here debit themselves with items 8/7 and 1/8; they ought also to have put the sum of £2 paid to Janet Watson to the debit side. Instead of doing so, however, they place it to their credit, and pay it out again to the same party.—R.S.

four quarterly meetings for the year for the improvement of Massonry and paying in the quarter Dues, vizt., the first meeting to be held within the Massons Lodge upon the last Saturday of March next, The second upon the last Saturday of June next, the third upon the last Saturday of September next, and the fourth on St. John's Day next, and each member failing to attend sd quarterly meetings for the purposes above mentioned shall be lyable to pay threepence sterling, and the master for his not attendance shall pay sixpence sterling for each failyre to go into the Publick funds.

ARCHD. ROBERTSON.

Thereafter the society proceeded to settle the Treasurers accompts and finds in his hands the sum of five pounds, eleven shillings five pence three farthings strg. and the society ordains Treasurer to pay to Janet Wilson relict of the Diseast Thomas Tweedale Two pounds fourteen shillings which pays the Intrest due to her by the Lodge from last (June) 1785 years, and recomends to the Treasurer to take a receipt upon a stamp for the interest preceding that Date, and the remaining sum of Two pounds seventeen shillings and fivepence three farthings, remains in the Treasurer's hands, with Bill upon John Veitch Mason in Cundys-Mills for the sum of Twelve shillings sterling, Do. upon Robert Harper for Eighteen shillings and sevenpence half-penny sterling.

WILLIAM THOMPSON.
ROBERT BROWN, Dp. Mr
JOHN HISLOPE, Senr. Warden.

(Then follows a brief minute of the quarterly meeting the 25th March, 1786, with list of members, viz., 24 present, who paid their dues, and 9 marked absent; and although the object of the quarterly meetings was for the improvement of "Masonery," nothing seems to have been done at the March and June meetings but the collection of dues. The June minute states that seventeen members were present and paid, while sixteen are marked absent.

The next minute refers to some improvement in the Lodge, which we give in full.—R.S.)

Peebles, 29th September, 1786.

At the quarterly meeting of this Lodge it was agreed that there should be three shutters made for the three windows that look to the street of this Lodge or house, and a Door upon the middle of the stair—when William Sanderson and William Kadie agreed to make said three windows [*shutters*] at the agreed price of one pound three shillings and sixpence sterling. And said Door for Five shillings and one penny sterling, and obliges themselves to have said Shutters and Door furnished and put on before Saint John's Day next.

ARCHD. ROBERTSON.
WILLIAM SANDERSON.
WILLIAM KEDIE.

Thereafter there was a motion made that the Master's sate in the Lodge and the Warden's should be raised a little higher than at present, for which purpose this meeting has appointed a committee of their number to consider of said matter, viz. Mr. Archibald Robertson Master, Messrs. John Hislope and Robert Marshall Wardens, James Bartram Secy., William Thomson, Treasurer; Thomas Stodhart and George Donaldson, Stewards, and appoints the committie to meet on the 20th of October next, and to report upon the first of November next.

ARCHD. ROBERTSON.

Peebles, 20th October, 1786.

The commitie having mete according to the above appointment and agreed that the master's and wardens' seats should be raised a little higher than at

present, and appointed William Sanderson and William Kadie wrights to execute the same according to the plan pointed out to them by the commitie, betwixt and St. John's Day next, Likewise recomanded to their Treasurer to furnish as much stenchill Iron as wold make a grate and employ James Stephen smith to make the same and have it put in betwixt and St. John's Day. ARCHD. ROBERTSON.

Peebles, 2nd Novr., 1786.

At a meeting of the Peebles Killwinning Lodge No. 25* the master presented a memorandum from Mr. John Robertson merchant in Newcastle mentioning some things which were necessary for the use of said Lodge, and the meeting having taken it into consideration, recomends it to the master to write to the said Mr. John Robertson, to send for the use of the Lodge three decent candle sticks, two per of snuffers and a Brass Seal with the number of the Lodge upon it, to be sent betwixt and St. John's Day next.

ARCHD. ROBERTSON Mr.

THE SUPPRESSION OF THE TEMPLARS IN ENGLAND.

[We give from an American paper, *The Church Court Review*, as quoted in the *Voice of Masonry*, one of the best accounts of this event we have ever read.—ED. *M.M.*]

THE under-currents of history are often more strange and striking than the main events which seem to determine the fate of nations. The deeper we dig down into the historic mine the more precious jewels do we find. And the mine is by no means exhausted. There was a vast amount of influences at work in mediæval England, for instance, which, even with the fuller light now being rapidly poured in, are yet obscure and unapprehended by historians. Some of the chief factors in this history were the religious orders, with their intrigues and counter-intrigues. The history of the religious orders has never yet been written, and probably never can be written fully. Encomists have constructed ideal glorifications of them. Satirists have coloured all their doings with a senseless invective. But the historian proper, the man who seeks for truth at any price, has not dealt with them. Who, for instance, has explained tht rapid degeneracy of the Franciscans, or the strange ferocity of the papal crusade against the observant section of them? Who has given any sufficient or exhaustive account of that most marvellous episode of history, the fall of the Templars?

At the beginning of the fourteenth century the Templars were the most famous, the most powerful, the most wealthy, and the most popular of all the religious orders. The whole of Christendom regarded the Order with admiration and reverence. Its services to the Church had been signal, its devotion to its duties remarkable. Then, in a moment, it fell, and fell amidst the deepest disgrace, assailed with the foulest accusations, with the finger of scorn and loathing pointed at it. Has this ever been fully accounted for and explained? Why was it—even if there were a savage and unscrupulous King of France and a timid and compliant Pope—why was it that there was no semblance of

* This is the first time the number of the Lodge is stated in the minutes. The number, however, should have been No. 24, which number it received in 1736 and holds at present. Vide Laurie's Hist., page 394.—R.S.

a popular movement in behalf of the Templars and no ruler in Europe who offered them an effectual aid? Some light might probably be thrown upon these points and on others connected with the fate of the Templars in France and other countries of Europe, but they do not form part of the subject designed to be treated of here. Suffice it to indicate one especial source of hostility to the Templars which has hardly been touched by historians, viz., the bitter hatred entertained against them by the mendicant orders. Wherever we find Templars accused, tortured, suffering, there are Dominicans and Franciscans taking the lead in the attack upon them.

In the space of the two hundred years of its history the Order planted by the little band of nine French gentlemen, to defend the pilgrims going to Jerusalem, had grown into marvellous proportions. By the end of that period it possessed, besides its head-quarters or court in the island of Cyprus, preceptories or branch establishments in all the countries of Europe. It numbered fifteen thousand Knights and a far greater number of servitors or aspirants. It exercised sway over two kingdoms, those of Cyprus and the Lesser Armenia. Its Grand Master took the title of King, and styled himself "by the grace of God." His court was more thronged and splendid than that of any prince. He had his ministers, who, by a complete and thorough organization, regulated the affairs of the Order in all the countries of Europe, and drew supplies from them for the central expenditure. In the chief kingdoms of Europe, the Order was represented by officers named Grand Priors, who dwelt in magnificent palaces and kept up the most brilliant state. Though regarded with jealousy, no doubt, by the kings and princes, the Templars had always been able to live well with them, shielded either by their own conduct or by the fear which attached to their power. The prestige of religion was thrown around them. They were the soldiers of Christendom against the Infidel. Thousands of them had laid down their lives in the fruitless struggle to win the Holy Land from the Pagans. A Pope had constituted their Order, and assigned to them the white mantle and red cross for their habit. The reigning pontiff was head of their Order. Their rule was drawn from St. Augustine, and was enlarged and perfected by St. Bernard. Suddenly astonished Europe heard, with infinite amazement, that the Knights of this famous Order had, on a certain day (October 13th, 1307), been seized throughout France and most of the countries of Europe, had been thrown into prison, and subjected to the direst tortures to make them confess to charges so incredible, so abominable, that to impute them to the meanest miscreant and caitiff might seem outrageously absurd. Wonder followed upon wonder. Men heard that these famous Knights, the very flower of Christendom, had in the great majority of instances confessed the truth of these accusations, branded themselves as apostates, practicers of magic, addicted to abominable crimes. But while good men throughout Europe crossed themselves with pious horror and shuddered as they thought of the terrible power of the evil one, all this time a portentious lie was being enacted, and a body of gallant Knights, no worse in their morals than other knights of their era, and far above most in high aims, disciplined valour, and ready self-sacrifice, were being immolated to glut the revenge and replenish the exhausted coffers of the most unscrupulous and daring, as well as one of the ablest monarchs who ever ruled in France. In his fierce struggle against Boniface VIII., the most pretentious of Popes, Philip the Fair had been constantly met and thwarted by the Templars, pledged to devotion to the head of their Order. In his attempt to debase the coinage of the land to meet his exigencies, men in the garb of Templars had headed the revolt which nearly cost Philip his kingdom and his life. He had sworn to take vengeance upon the Order. Then came ready to his hand accusations from base men, who, having belonged to the Order and been expelled, desired at once to gratify their revenge, and save the lives forfeited to the law by their misdeeds, by pandering to the king's violent passions. The accusations

utterly incredible, were accepted without sifting. Dominican inquisitors were ready to aid the project. The Pope was a French archbishop, completely in the power of the king, and so the Templars were generally seized and imprisoned. The paramount influence of Philip, acting with the Pope, was sufficient to procure the adoption of the same policy practised in France in most of the other countries of Europe. The dreadful tale of torture followed, torture more savage, more diabolically cruel, than perhaps ever used before or since. The Templars, overcome by the agonies of their trial, and hoping, if they confessed, easily to obtain absolution from the Pope, in many cases admitted the charges, though some persevered, even to the death, in their assertions of innocence. But soon those who had confessed, ashamed of their weakness, generally withdrew their admissions, believing that the Pope, who was holding a formal inquiry into the charges against the Order, would do them justice. They little knew, however, the man with whom they had to deal. While the long drawn out inquiry was proceeding before the Pope, the unhappy wretches who had confessed and retracted were seized upon by the Inquistion, under royal directions, as relapsed heretics, and suffered all the penalties of that terrible accusation. In one day no less than fifty-six of these were burnt by slow fires near to the Abbey of St. Anthony, in the environs of Paris. Philip put the finishing touch to this work when, before the Church of Notre Dame in Paris, a prince of the blood-royal of France, and Jacques de Molay, the Grand Master of the Templars, both of whom had confessed and retracted, were burned in charcoal fires in the face of a vast crowd. The Grand Master expired, solemnly asserting his innocence, and with his last words summoning Clement, the unjust judge, and Philip, the cruel king, to appear before the tribunal of God. Within a year they had both departed to their account.

The influence of Philip had, as has been said, availed to cause his policy to be adopted in most of the nations of Europe. But this was not the case as regarded England. The influence of France counted for little here, and whatever was to be done must needs to be done through the Pope and on pretended religious grounds. Edward II. was a weak prince. Had he resembled either his father or his son, it is perhaps not too much to assume that the Order of the Templars would not have been disturbed in England, but left to die out by the same process which extinguished the other religious orders. As it was, the king showed considerable resistance and regulated his proceedings by milder and juster rule.

The first attempt made by the king of France to influence his son-in-law in this matter altogether failed. An emissary, one Bernard Palet, had been dispatched to bring the king of England to his views, but his mission was coldly received. The King of England addressed a letter to Philip in his own name, and that of his prelates and barons, declaring his amazement at the charges made, his disbelief of them, and his confidence in the Order. Nor did he confine himself to this refusal. He became the advocate of the Order against the accusations of Philip. He wrote to the kings of Portugal, Castille, Sicily and Aragon, urging them to protect the order against its calumniators and the avarice and jealousy of its enemies. He wrote to the Pope, asserting the pure faith and lofty morals of the Order, and calling upon him for his powerful aid. But hardly had this letter been written and dispatched when all was changed. A bull from the Pope arrived, commanding in peremptory terms the arrest of all the Templars in England. The king at once yielded. Orders were sent to the sheriffs throughout England, Ireland, Wales, and Scotland, directing the arrest of the Templars. But they were no to be treated in the way in which they had been treated in France. The persons of the Knights were to be treated with respect; an inventory of their goods was to be returned into the Exchequer. On the Wednesday after Epiphany, 1308, these orders were carried out. Everywhere throughout

England the Templars were arrested, and without resistance. This last fact might indicate their consciousness of innocence. Aware, as they must have been, of the cruelties which had been practised against their brethren in France, these Knights, strong in their fortified preceptories, and with large bodies of servitors at their disposal, nowhere opposed an arrest which they perhaps held would lead to an enquiry likely to redound to their honour The submissiveness of the Templars may, however, have been due to a different cause. They were aware that a storm of opprobium had been excited against the Order. They knew only too well that they were odious to the clergy. They were an exempt Order, and as such hated by the bishops, whose jurisdiction they despised. By their chaplains they exercised spiritual functions within their own dominions, and did not require the services of the clergy. They had nothing to fear from excommunications and spiritual discipline, and even an interdict did not touch them. Like the Cistercians, they had the privilege of continuing their services in the midst of the papal prohibitions. It was alleged against them by the clergy that their Grand Master, though a layman, did not hesitate to give absolution. Thus the clergy, and especially the friars, who were striving to obtain a monopoly in absolutions, were bitter against them, and the friars at this time had the control of the popular sentiment. A little later and the bare-footed brethren had lost a great portion of their influence and were become the favourite subjects of popular satire; but now they were all-powerful. The nobles could hardly be expected to defend an Order which despised and outshone them. There is, therefore, more than one way of explaining the quiet submission of the Templars. It may have arisen either from the consciousness of innocence or from policy. It need not in any case be regarded as the admission of guilt.

(To be continued.)

LITERARY AND ANTIQUARIAN GOSSIP.

IN the latest volume of his "Collectanea Antiqua," Mr. Roach Smith has published some interesting anecdotes of his late lamented friend and colleague, Thomas Wright, F.S.A. It is painful to find that the widow of one of the most industrious and talented workers in the field of antiquarian literature that England has ever produced—for such Thomas Wright assuredly was—is, in old age and severe physical suffering, left entirely at the world's will. Something should certainly be done to obtain the continuance of a portion at least of the pension pittance which an appreciative nation awarded to Mr. Wright in his declining years, so that the little that is left of life to his poor childless relict may be passed in comparative comfort. The *Shrewsbury Chronicle*, in a recent kindly allusion to Mrs. Wright's straitened circumstances, feelingly points out that she is, for all practical purposes, deprived of eyesight. Surely this is a case which will commend itself to the attention of our learned societies, and evoke their substantial sympathy. We fervently trust, too, that ere long a regular source of relief will be secured in the manner already alluded to. It will, indeed, be a blot on the fair fame of our country if, while lauding the name of a laborious *littérateur*, we calmly stand by and see his indigent and aged widow smarting under the pinch of poverty, and hold out no helping hand to the sufferer.

Leisure, a quarterly magazine contributed to principally by railway men (London: King's Cross Printing Works), is a very commendable little serial, containing choice contributions in poetry and prose. In the September issue we find tales and sketches of an eminently readable character, from the pens of such writers as L'Allegro, Henry Calvert Appleby, William Andrews, F.R.H.S., and others whose names are less widely known. Especially meritorious are two charming bits of verse on that never-failing theme of the bard, love, signed "Hermione" and "H.E." respectively. We have nothing but praise for this attractive periodical and the tact of its painstaking editor.

Experts in shorthand will find much to entertain them in the pages of the *Phonographic Meteor*, an illustrated monthly designed for their especial edification, and published by Mr. F. Pitman, of 20, Paternoster Row. Mr. Charles J. Payne, whose heart is evidently in his work, ably occupies the editorial chair of the *Meteor*.

"Epochs in the Past of Huntingdonshire," a *brochure* issued from the press of Mr. B. W. Foster, of St. Ives, and written by Mr. Frederick Ross, F.R.H.S., is a very valuable addition to local literature. The author displays much erudition in his contribution to the historical lore of a somewhat neglected county.

Those amongst us who would fain preserve for the admiration of generations yet unborn the productions of the mighty limners of our own time, have reason to be thankful to Mr. Holman Hunt. He has entered into a crusade against the use of non-permanent pigments in art, and whilst lamenting that our immediate progenitors have suffered the many traditions and art secrets which the old masters husbanded as necessary for the preservation of their creations to pass all unheeded into oblivion, he is bestirring himself and arousing his compatriots to work for the restoration of the "lost art" of colour mixing. All honour and every success to him in his earnest endeavours. Instead of being endowed with but a "fleeting glory that fadeth," the "things of beauty" which emanate from the easels of the Victorian era may yet be "joys for ever."

An agitation is afoot to obtain the opening of the British Museum and kindred institutions during a part of each succeeding Sunday. We fear that that sentiment which some of us are apt at times to think of as puritanical prejudice will prove too powerful to permit the movement making much headway at this present; but eventually the supporters of the Sunday Society will, we doubt not, effect the end they have in view. It seems to us inconsistent that our invaluable treasure-houses of literature, science, and art—potent promoters of civilization, culture, and sobriety as they admittedly are—should be closed against the masses upon the very day on which they have most leisure to look on and learn from them. Jealous of the nation's Sabbath-keeping fame, our Legislature locks up the library and bars the museum door on the Lord's Day (far be it from us, by word or deed, to sully its sanctity), and yet throws open the entrance to the public-house, the most powerful opponent of morality in the land. Well may we ask "wherein lies the concord of this discord?"

Messrs. S. W. Partridge and Co. are re-publishing the entertaining papers entitled "The Literary Ladder," which have for some time past been appearing in the pages of the *Phonetic Journal*. The author discourses practically and pleasantly on the *modus operandi* of a literary life, and furnishes a large amount of interesting incidental information.

We understand that Mr. John Potter Briscoe, F.R.H.S., author of "Midland Notes," "Nottinghamshire Facts and Fictions," "The Book of Nottinghamshire Anecdote," and other well-written and favourably received works on the historical and antiquarian associations of Notts and the neighbourhood, will shortly publish an important volume entitled "Old Nottinghamshire." Mr. Briscoe is a sedulous gleaner in the bye-ways of historical literature, and writes with a profound knowledge of old-world lore, a cultivated taste, and large authorial experience. His position as public librarian of Nottingham, together with the circumstance of his presiding over the excellent "Notes and Queries" columns of the *Nottingham Guardian*, give Mr. Briscoe special facilities for the production of a very valuable archæological work, and we doubt not his new volume will be one of exceptional interest.

Under the title of "St. Martin's Summer," Messrs. Hurst and Blackett have just published an absorbing work of fiction from the pen of Shirley Smith, the gifted author of "His Last Stake" and other popular circulating library stories. "St. Martin's Summer" takes its title from a picture of the same name painted by J. E. Millais, R.A., and the novel is appropriately dedicated to that talented artist.

From Mr. Robert Plant, F.G.S., we have the prospectus of "The History of Cheadle," a work which will be issued at an early date. The annals of the ancient Staffordshire town will be traced from the time of the Conqueror to this our year of grace, and everything of importance elucidated. A chapter on local geology will be contributed by Mr. W. Molyneux, an eminent authority on the subject; and Mr. Charles Lyndon will add an account of Croxton Abbey. The book is to be printed in demy octavo, and embellished with engravings on wood and steel; and will form a complete chronicle of every interesting occurrence in connection with Cheadle and its celebrities. Mr. Clemesha, of Leek, is the local publisher.

A new weekly journal of fun and satire, called *The Archer*, has recently been started in the Scottish capital. Containing in each issue four pages of clever cartoons and a large amount of smart reading matter, this latest born of our comic serials should command success.

The Bradford Times, a high class family weekly journal, which has for some ten years past been discontinued, has just commenced a new lease of life under the spirited editorial control of Mr. W. H. Hatton, F.R.H.S., of *The Bradford Daily Chronicle and Mail*. Amongst the special attractions presented are a serial story from the pen of Mr. B. L. Farjeon, the popular author of "Joshua Marvel," "London's Heart," etc.; well-written articles descriptive of Yorkshire scenery; biographical sketches of West Riding worthies; papers on remarkable episodes in local history; and notes and queries dealing with antiquarian topics. For excellence of reading matter *The Bradford Times* seems likely to compete favourably with the best of the northern newspapers.

In the September number of *The Antiquary* is an article entitled "The Largest Oak in Britain," from the pen of Bro. Thomas B. Trowsdale. The writer gives a description, with historical remarks, of the famous tree, which, he tells us, stands in the parish of Cowthorpe, three miles from Wetherby, in the West Riding of the county of York. It is stated that seventy persons have assembled inside the hollow trunk of the old oak at one and the same time. The tree has been termed "The glory of England and the pride of Yorkshire," but it is now, though magnificent in its decay, scarce the shadow of its former self. Its age has been calculated at upwards of 1500 years.

LADIES' DRESS.

BY AN ANTIQUARY AND A BACHELOR.

I AM quite aware that I am handling on a "burning question," and one that even Bro. Kenning, with all his "pluck" in such matters, might wish to be dealt with "gingerly" and gently in his magazine. But I assure my fair readers who might think that I was about to attack their tastes or their dresses, their bonnets or their hats, their ulsters or their "coatees," that I am perfectly innocent of any intentional offence or ignorant fault-finding; and mine is only a little essay on a really recondite subject after all, and an essay of antiquarian facts and archæological research. For just now, as it seems to me, as we require varied food for the health of the body, and different books for the recreation of the mind, and many-coloured dresses to delight the eye, so in our "Maga" we also need a little "variety" from month to month, for fear it should degenerate into a mere repository of past events, scenes, and years, and fitted only for the perusal of those excellent "Dryasdusts," who scorn the lighter ballast of poetry, romance, and "belles-lettres." Like a man preparing for a "header" in the water, "courage," and "here goes!" I was looking over an old book the other day, and I realized, perhaps more fully than I had ever done before, "how history repeats itself," even in the fleeting fashions of this hour. If you look over illuminated MSS., or study old chronicles, or read those valuable works, many of which bring before us the dress and manners of "ye Englyshe peple," even from Anglo-Saxon times (for it is, perhaps, not well to go much further back), we see at once how each succeeding epoch is only a struggle, and a shifting of dress and decoration (alike for men, be it noted, as for the "softer sex"), and that in the times of your Henry and Edward Plantagenet, your Edward and Richard of York, your Henries of Lancaster and Tudor, and through the reigns of Mary, Elizabeth, and James I., the fashions and changes of dresses for the ladies are as many as they are to-day. Nay, more, the very gowns we see before us, the head-dresses we admire or laugh at, are to be found in earlier days, and the great contest of "long" and "short" dresses or loose and tight robes has been going on through passing centuries as fiercely, as resolutely, and as loudly as to-day. "Nations and thrones and reverent laws have melted like a dream," but the battle of the bonnets, and dresses, and head-gear continues. To some more important than all else here, to others the epitome of folly, the height the height of inanity and extravagance.

Even in the days of "William Rufus" complaint was made of the "tasteless extravagance of women's dresses." Very amusing, is it not, to read, my masters? In the "Roman de la Rose," written between 1260 and 1304, partly by "Guillaume de Lorris" and "Jehan de Meung," we have the following description of a lady's dress:—

Nulle robe n'est si belle
A dame ne a demoiselle,
Femme est plus cointe est plus mignotte
En surquayne que en cotte.

This is as much as to say:

No robe is so handsome
For wife or maid,
As that "surcoat" which keeps her
Tight and staid.

The "surquayne" here mentioned is probably a long, tight "frock" or "overcoat," something like those long ulsters or drab tight-fitting "coatees" we see fair ladies wearing to-day.

In the reign of King Edward I. a lady's dress is thus described by a writer:—"She wore a robe or turtle made high in the neck, with long tight sleeves and a train, over which was generally seen another vestment, the surcoat, supertunic, or cyclas, without sleeves, and as long in the skirt as the gown itself, and sometimes held up by one hand to keep it out of the way of the feet. To these two garments were added, as occasion required, the mantle fastened on the shoulders by cords and tassels." As regards head-dress, in the illuminated MSS. (tempore of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries), for instance, the hair of married women is generally gathered up behind into a caul of golden network, over which is worn a veil, or a round flowing cap, or a low head-dress; while unmarried women are generally represented with "flowing ringlets," or a simple garland of flowers, or fillets of gold or silk or pearls.

In the Royal MS., 15, D 2, British Museum, you can see (tempore Edward I)., four different sorts of head-dresses. In the Sloane MS., 3983, you still have the amusing likeness of a lady with a gorget and a long trailing robe. The gorget was a species of wimple, wrapped two or three times round the neck and fastened with a quantity of pins or catches, and it was wound as high as the ears on either side of the face. A contemporary poet exclaims—"I have often thought in my heart that when I have seen a lady so closely tied up that her neck cloth was nailed to her chin, or that she had pins worked into the flesh."

He also (very improperly) compares the ladies of his time to "peacocks and magpies;" "for the pies," he says, "naturally bear feathers of various colours, so the ladies delight in strange habits and diversity of ornaments. The pies have long tails that trail in the dirt, and the ladies made them tails a thousand times longer than those of peacocks and pies."

"Tight-lacing," of which we have heard so much, is also an *old* habit of the "dear creatures." In the first poem of "Syr Launfal," about 1300, we hear of ladies, "lacies moult estreitment," "very tightly or straitly laced;" and the Lady Triamore of the romance is said to be "clothed in purple pall, with gentyll body and middle small;" or, as it is elsewhere expressed, that a lady wears a splendid girdle "of beaten gold, embellished with emeralds and rubies, about her middle small."

As regards the material of the dresses of those days, we hear of "Indian sendel," probably "light blue silk;" "sarcenet," or "sarannecet," generally of a red, purple, or golden colour; gauze, called "gazzatum," and said to have come originally from "Gaza;" and "brunetta" or "burnetta," whatever it may have been, is forbidden by the "Concilium Bordense," 1375: "Brunettam nigram, gazzatum, et alium quemcunque pannum notabiliter delicatum interdicimus universi"—"We entirely interdict black brunetta and gauze and every other sort of stuff notably delicate." Very silly of the Council, as if it had nothing better to do! It was so likely to be obeyed by the women!

We also hear of Tyretaine or Tiretaine, a tartan, in Latin Tiretanus, supposed to represent the crimson or dark red of Tyre, and is specially mentioned by Jehan de Meung.

Robbes faites par grand devises,
De beaux draps de soies et de laines,
De scarlate de Tiretaine.

Robes made most fashionably
Of silks and mousseline de laine,
Of scarlet of Tyre and the like,
I have seen worn over and over again.

Have I not then been as good as my word? Is it not true that there is "nothing new under the sun?" and that the very fashions we wonder at, or admire, or smile at, or complain of to-day, are only the reproduction, in "a cycle," of older dresses and the like fashions even centuries ago? "

A CHERISHED NOTION.

DO you know I cherish the notion,
Were I rich as I'd like to be,
With my own little yacht on the ocean,
And a cottage somewhere by the sea,
With a brown stone front in the city,
And a cultured friend in the Hub,
And the chairman of some committee
In a thoroughly high-toned club.

Do you know I've a notion, my daisy,
If this blissful condition were mine,
That somehow I shouldn't go crazy
Over an old vintage of wine,
Nor collect earthenware from the potters,
Nor presume to set the world right,
Nor keep a whole stable of trotters,
Nor grapple the "tiger" at night.

Nor marry, as some do, an heiress
For beauty, or fame, or blood,
Nor follow the crowd to Paris
(If New York were swept of its mud).
No, none of these things would answer
My dream of earthly bliss,
For I hold, my little entrancer,
To a fancy something like this:

That with all the wealth of Golconda
I could never hope to buy,
Though over the world I should wander,
One glance from a lovelit eye;
For love is a subtle treasure
Which cannot be bought or sold—
Which comes at his own sweet pleasure,
And is held by no chains of gold.

I could buy with my fancied riches
All grosser and tangible things,
The vulgar display which bewitches
The rabble, who feel not its stings;
I could buy, on my gold relying,
All products of labour and art—
But where is the market for buying
A faithful and a loving heart?

And this is the notion I cherish—
However rich I may be,
If love were to wither and perish
I should die in my poverty.
And though to have millions were pleasant,
If having them parted us two,
Then I'd choose to be but a peasant—
A peasant with love and with you!

THE ANCIENT MYSTERIES.

(Continued from page 131.*)*

EVERY circumstance in the great Mysteries conspired to produce the end for which they had been instituted. Not only the functions of the priests, but their dress, had a particular signification. The ministers that presided over the initations were four in number. The Supreme Pontif was called *Hierophanta.* His head was encircled with a diadem, he represented the *Demiourgos,* or the Genius that created the world, and it was his province alone to receive the initiated. This dignity was enjoyed during life. Among the Athenians it was hereditary in the family of the Eumolpidæ. He who was invested with this sacred office was enjoined to celibacy; it was necessary too that he should be of a proper age, and have a commanding tone of voice. Next in dignity was the *Daduchus,* or *Lampadophorus:* that is, the torch-bearer, remarkable for his hair and the fillets that bound his head. He had the charge of purifying the adept before initiation: a lively image of the sun, with all whose attributes he was adorned. The third minister was the *Epibomius,* or assistant at the altar, who carried the symbol of the moon: his name declares his function. Lastly, the *Hiero-cerya,* or chief of the sacred heralds, had the care of keeping off the profane, of instructing the aspirant, and of reciting to him the formulas which he was to pronounce. He held in his hand a caduceus, and was invested with the garments that belonged to Mercury. Hence we infer that the Mysteries were intended to represent the system of the world; and indeed, in some of them the different orders of the initiated bore the names of the twelve signs of the zodiac and of the different constellations.

Besides these principal ministers there were several others of subordidate rank; and priestesses, called *Melissæ,* received the women who chose to be initiated. There was also a priest who was entrusted with the charge of the Mysteries, and who maintained order during the performance of the ceremonies. He had particular officers under him, and was called king, for as these institutions had been founded by the first chiefs at a time when the sacerdotal office was united with the sovereign authority, the people, when they became free, thought themselves obliged to respect whatever had a reference to religion. Thus the Romans, who held the name of king in abhorrence, chose one, however, on certain occasions, to assist at the sacrifices; and in the republic of Athens, he who had the particular superintendence of the Mysteries was called King Archon.

It is now time to accompany the aspirant into the interior of the temple, and to enjoy with him the wonderful spectacle that was there to strike his senses. The ceremony was performed at night, that obscurity might render the scene more awful. Those who were to be received advanced in silence; they were crowned with leaves of myrtle, and they washed their hands at the entry of the portico. But the cleanness of the body was only emblematical of the purity of the soul; and that no spot might remain, that they might efface even the remembrance of their faults, they made confession to the Hierophanta, after having sworn that they would reveal every action of their life. It was on a similar occasion that the priest, having ordered Lysander to declare all the crimes he had committed: "Is it you, or the Gods, that enjoin me this confession?" said he. "The Gods," replied the priest. "Then do you retire," said Lysander, "if they ask me, I will answer them." It may be presumed that a common citizen would not have ventured on language so bold. Indeed, the

greater part of those who were to be initiated approached with religious awe, and were generally induced to that step from an ardent desire of being delivered from the stings and horrors of conscience.

The Hiero-ceryx began the initiation by repeating the customary formulas. "Hence, hence, ye profane," cried he, "and if there is among you any impious or wicked person, any sectary of Epicurus (and afterwards they added any Christian), let him instantly retire." The murderer of Agrippina, when about to enter the sacred precincts of Eleusis, was checked by a voice which prohibited any parricide from approaching; and he withdrew, not daring to pollute the Mysteries with his presence. The herald then continued: "Let those alone approach who are pure in heart, and who acknowledge one God." After this proclamation a new and dreadful oath was required of the candidates, and many other questions were put to them. One of the answers was this: "I have eaten out of the tambour, I have drank out of the cymbal, I have carried the kernos, I have entered the nuptial bed."* The books containing the sacred rites and formulas, which were read with a loud voice to the initiated, were kept inclosed between two stones, whence they were only taken on solemn occasions.

When the preparatory ceremonies were concluded the trials began, which in many places were dreadful and often dangerous; but in general they were confined to simple shows and representations, calculated, however, to produce a very great effect. Continual alternations of light and darkness, claps of thunder, phantoms, hideous spectres, and dreadful cries in the midst of the silence of night struck the initiated with horror and froze his blood. After having been divested of his garments he was girt with the skin of a fawn, to shew that he ought now to be separated from every thing profane. As the Mysteries were an emblem of death, or a sort of regeneration, it was necessary that he should appear to be resuscitated, as an emblem of new life. He was presented with a crown, which he trod under foot, and as soon as the sword was held over his head he feigned to fall down dead, then seemed again to return to life. Commodus, assisting one day at the mysteries of Mithras, was not satisfied with this counterfeited death; he was wicked enouth to feast his eyes with the sight of a real murder. After these different ceremonies, the candidate received the distinguishing robe, which he ever afterwards wore as an honourable badge.

In this condition he waited till he received permission to enter the temple. "Now," says Claudian, "I see the sacred walls begin to shake, and vivid light, flashing from the lofty roof, announces the approach of the god; already from the depths of the earth is heard the tremendous voice, and the temple reverberates the awful sound." At last the portals open; at a distance appears a statue, magnificently adorned, and resplendent with light, which is meant to signify Universal Nature. Now the happy candidate is surrounded only with the most agreeable objects. He finds himself transported into meads enamelled with flowers, he hears on all sides a celestial harmony, and when he begins to view the horrid image of Tartarus, the scene is immediately changed, and the enchanting fields of Elysium open upon his sight. The sudden transition from the realms of darkness to that delightful abode forms an admirable contrast in that part of the "Æneid" where the poet opens to his hero the prospect of those blissful mansions. That description is made with so much art, it is full of such masterly strokes of genius, that though we were ever so little sensible to harmony we may in some measure conceive from it the various impressions which would agitate the soul of the spectator in these Mysteries.

When the aspirant arrived at the end of his labours he received his reward; he was declared *Epoptes*, and he enjoyed the *Autopsia*, or *the contemplation*,

* Clemens Alexandrin.—M. Gebelin supposes that the words *tambour*, *cymbal*, and *kernos* signified vessels containing different fruits.

because he was now permitted to contemplate that truth, after which he had so long sighed, and which was now to be revealed to him. The Hierophanta, who was the exclusive interpreter of the will of the gods, first made an oblation of bread, while he pronounced some mysterious words. This was called the *chaste bread*, because none fed on it but the pure, and it was only distributed to the priests employed in the service of the altar, or to those who approached the sacred mysteries with suitable dispositions. At this time the pontif took an opportunity of recalling to the minds of the assistants the duties of morality, and of recommending to them the practice of every virtue; and then he began the solemn prayers with the following invocation:

"I am to reveal a mystery to the initiated. Exclude the unhallowed and profane: and do thou, O Musæus, offspring of the splendid Selene, give an attentive ear to my song, for truth shall be displayed without disguise. Beware, lest prejudice delude thee, or prevent thee from enjoying the happiness that the knowledge of truth alone can bestow. Contemplate this heavenly oracle, and preserve it in purity of heart and mind. Tread in the paths of justice; adore the sole ruler of the universe. He is one and independent. All other beings owe their existence to him alone; he acts in them and through them; he sees all, but has never yet been beheld by mortal eyes."

The crowd of priests and of the initiated celebrated in concert this first cause. They addressed to him their vows; they adored him under every form in which he thinks proper to represent himself, and by which he continually makes manifest his power. All the gods that compose the celestial hierarchy, and who were only attributes of the Supreme Intelligence, were by turns invoked; and, while the purest incense burnt upon the altars, the whole temple resounded with the names of Vulcan; of Minerva; of Pan, lord of universal matter; of old Saturn; of Hercules the powerful, the magnanimous, the invincible; of the great Jupiter, and above all of the beneficent Ceres, who had so benefited the human race. Some of these sacred songs have escaped the devastations of time, such as the hymns of Orpheus, to whom is also ascribed that sung by the Hierophanta, and precious fragments they are whoever may have been the author; they certainly belong to the most remote antiquity, and it is now impossible to explain them if they are not applicable to the initiations. Indeed, as the Abbé Souchay has well observed,* "these hymns could not have had any other object. They all begin," says he "by earnest invocations, and by such energetic formulas as these, 'Give ear unto me; I invoke thee; I call upon thee.'" They abound in epithets expressive of the power or of the attributes of the Deity; the recitation of them was preceded by the burning of incense or perfumes in honour of the gods.

If we may believe Warburton, and after him Voltaire, the beginning of the Theogony of Sanchoniatho, which comprised an allegorical description of the origin of the world, was also read at the Mysteries. It is probable that this was the time chosen for explaining the physical revolutions of the globe, and for unfolding the sense of all the fables of mythology. "The doctrine of the Great Mysteries," says Clemens Alexandrinus, "related to the whole universe; here all instruction ended: nature and the things it contains were unveiled." The initiated were informed with regard to the symbolical representations of the fixed stars, of the planets, and in general of the mundane system, "by shewing them a ladder," says Celsus, "in which were seven interstitial spaces, with an eighth at the top of all." Various emblems were employed to exhibit the glorious course of the sun, whose worship made such an essential part of religion. That god who was dead, and was revived, we find a principal character in the Mysteries of every country; Cadmillus among the Cabiri, Atys in Phrygia, Adonis in Syria, Osiris among the Egyptians, and in Greece the young Jacchus torn by the Titans. Indeed, all the festivals that succeeded

* Acad. des Belles Lettres; tomes xii. and xvi.

a time of mourning were so many representations of the God of day in the different seasons of the year. In the same manner agriculture and its happy effects were figured by the wanderings of Isis or those of Ceres, and by the history of Proserpine. Lastly, after the picture of all the sciences, of which religion was the depository, had been exhibited, it was shewn how the intelligences that constitute the three great orders of the Gods, and who, existing in all space, are engaged in maintaining the universal harmony, were reunited to the Supreme Being, of whose essence they were originally a part.

(To be continued.)

LEGEND OF STRASBURG CATHEDRAL.

THERE is a quaint old tradition which comes down to us from ancient times, tottering under its load of age and replete with the 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 lore 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 custering ivy spread,
> The Santa Croce of the land, where sleep her noble dead.

The story runs that once in every twelve-month, on the eve of St. John, when the quiet burghers of that ancient city are wrapt in peaceful slumber, and when the hour of midnight clangs out from the loud-tongued bell which hangs in the old Cathedral tower, that the spirits of the stonemasons by whose hands the sacred pile was erected arise from the tomb and once more revisit 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, checkered 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 streams the shadowy throng. Thrice around 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 the 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.

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AN ORATION

Delivered on the occasion of the Celebration of the Centenary of the Merchants' Lodge, No. 241, June 16, 1880, at the Masonic Hall, Hope Street, Liverpool.

BY BRO. THE REV. H. BETHELL JONES, M.A., P. PROV. G. CHAPLAIN, VICAR OF BROOKLANDS, CHESHIRE.

RIGHT Worshipful Provincial Grand Master, Worshipful Masters, and Brethren—We are met together on a very interesting and a very solemn occasion—the celebration of the centenary of this Lodge. One hundred years ago this lodge was reverently and solemnly consecrated in the name of God, and dedicated to his honour and glory. One hundred years ago! Compared with the eternity of the Most High, this period is a mere point, too small to be appreciated, for with Him "a thousand years are as one day, and one day as a thousand years." Even compared with the age of the world in which we live, a century hardly marks a single stage in those various geological changes that are taking place with such constant and undeviating progression. But when we compare one hundred years with the short span of life allotted to man, we must ask, like the Psalmist of old, as he gazed in wonder on the starlit heavens and thought of their mighty architect, "What is man that Thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that Thou so regardest him?"

No brother here to-day saw this house dedicated to God's glory; the place we each occupy to-day shall know us not when another century shall have passed down the stream of time; and those who are to follow us, our children's children, shall be celebrating the bi-centinary of this honourable and venerable lodge. May God grant, when that day comes, that His Holy Name may be held in the same reverence as we most humbly acknowledge it to-day, and that the Master who shall preside on that solemn occasion may be able to say with truth that the great fundamental principle of Freemasonry—belief in the Most High God, Maker of Heaven and Earth—is being handed on to the generations yet to come, as unimpaired and bright with celestial glory as they received it from us their fathers, and as it has come down to us from those worthy Masons who have gone before.

Never since this lodge was first dedicated, through the long years, has it been opened or closed without invoking God's blessing, thanking Him for His goodness and mercy, and praying for a continuance of His preserving power. Many have been the worthy Masons who have successively occupied this chair of King Solomon; many, doubtless, have been the vicissitudes through which this lodge has passed; many have been the changes among its members as this last century, 1780 to 1880, among the most eventful in the history of the world, has been marching on its appointed course; but amidst all the chances and changes of this mortal life One has not changed whose great and awful name is depicted in every lodge, and to whom prayer has been made continually.

This intimate connection of Freemasonry with religion, and of English Freemasonry with the Church of God in this country, has received very recently a striking illustration, when on May 20th, 1880, Bro. H.R.H. Prince of Wales and Duke of Cornwall, the M.W. Grand Master of Masons in England, laid the foundation-stone of Truro Cathedral and said, "Be it known unto you that we, being lawful Masons, true and faithful to the laws of our country, although not ourselves operative masons, have from time immemorial been associated with the erection of buildings raised for the benefit of mankind and the glory of the Great Architect of the Universe." The history of Freemasonry in England and in Europe is a sufficient testimony to the truth of that statement.

The student of history will remember that when the first thousand years of the Christian era were drawing to a close there was a general expectation of the approaching dissolution of the world. When, however, the first year of the eleventh century opened without the dreadful catastrophe taking place, there surged up throughout the western Church an intense zeal for the erection of edifices that should be dedicated to the honour and worship of the Most High. In every direction the old churches were razed to the ground, and new edifices on a vaster and more majestic scale erected. The builders were the associated fraternities of Freemasons. During the eleventh and twelfth centuries those Masonic societies exercised a widespread influence on the architecture of Europe, travelling from country to country, and executing those great works which are the lasting monuments of their skill. Examples of their work may be seen at Dijon, Rheims, Tours, Cambrai, Orleans, Vienna, and in those glorious houses of God the Cathedrals of Strasburg and Cologne.

The earliest known Masonic work in the British Islands was the building of the abbey of Melrose in 1136. On a foundation-stone may still be seen the inscription, "Anno. Milleno, Centeno, ter quoque deno, et sexto Christi Melross fundata fuisti." The name also of the master mason is preserved above the door on the west side of the transept—John Morow or Moreau: "John : Morow : sum : tyme : callyt : was : I : and : born : in : Parysse : most : certainly." William of Sens, another French Mason, came to England in 1176, to rebuild the cathedral of Canterbury. Norman and French Masons restored the cloisters of Croyland, Warmouth, and that magnificent pile at York, presided over at the present time, as Dean, by Bro. the Very Rev. Purey Cust, and where last week, June 11th, was consecrated the first Bishop of this important diocese of Liverpool.

Many are the names of our Masonic forefathers that occur in connection with the erection of churches and cathedrals in England, as Klaus or Kloos, a German master mason, who built King's College, Chapel, Cambridge, said to be the finest specimen of Gothic architecture in England; and another name inferior to none, Sir Christopher Wren, the architect of St. Paul's Cathedral, who was, in 1685, Grand Master of Masons in England.

Thus, Brethren, whether we look into the literature of the Order, or listen to the eloquent and soul-stirring charges, or take part in our impressive ceremonies,

or examine into the history of the Masonic body, one great truth must ever present itself to our minds, viz., that the Masonic fraternity is essentially a religious society founded on the essential principle of all religion—belief in the Most High God. Surely, then, dear Brethren in Masonry, as we meet together at this solemn point of time and look back through the long vista of the century that has passed, and look forward into the deep obscurity that veils the future, it must be a subject of thankfulness to us all, of deep and lasting consolation that we belong to a society indissolubly connected with religion, and that all the impressive ceremonies of our craft are intended to impress upon our minds the necessity of guiding our lives by the unerring truths of the volume of the Sacred Law, the spiritual tracing-board of the Great Architect of the Universe, in which are laid down such divine laws and moral plans, that were we conversant therewith and obedient thereto they would bring us in safety through all the devious windings of this mortal scene to mansions not made with hands eternal in heaven. May the great Architect of the Universe, who in mercy and goodness has brought us to this day, protect and preserve this lodge to His honour and glory and the good of our fellow men, now and for evermore. So mote it be.

THE NAME OF BURNS.

BY BRO. ROB MORRIS.

Dedicated with fraternal respect to all Lodges that have adopted the name of Burns.

FROM Scotland's bard you have your honoured name,—
Master of song, bard of the social lyre:
For Masonry has spread world-wide his fame,
And Mason-poets kindle at his fire.

He was the interpreter of bird and bee;
The heather blossomed as he passed along;
The streamlets down their beds rolled pleasantly,
While Burns attuned their ripplings unto song.

And Masonry,—oh, who has sung like him!
Within his poesy our symbols glow;
The spirit warms, the tender eye grows dim,
While we rehearse his "heart-warm, fond adieu."

Well-named, then, Craftsmen! sound it proudly forth,
Kindle his genial flame within your band;
Like him, prize man but for his honest worth,
And let the heart be wedded to the hand!

RABBINICAL PROVERBS AND SAYINGS.

IT is not so easy always to distinguish between "proverbs" and "sayings" as some might be induced to suppose; indeed, there is a good deal of difficulty in the undertaking, for many "sayings" which are termed popularly "proverbs" are only "sayings," after all, and many "proverbs" which are commonly considered "sayings" are, in truth, "proverbs," and "proverbs" only, for there is a difference between them.

Evil communications corrupt good manners;

this is a proverb.

Evening red and morning grey
Tell the shepherd of a fine day;
Evening grey and morning red
Send the shepherd wet to bed;

this is a saying.

We admit at once that it is sometimes difficult to say "which is which," for the line of demarcation is very thin, indeed, and so we have grouped sayings and proverbs together, in the selection which, as our readers will see, and as best accords with the heading of our article.

We have taken the "little collection" which we venture to call attention to from an interesting work termed "Selections from the Talmud," by H. Polano, and published by F. Warne and Co. It is a great pity that we have no good full English translation of the Talmud. Mr. Polano says that the Talmud takes up ten folio volumes, though, we presume he means by this the two Talmuds—the Jerusalem and the Babylon. It may be a question whether the whole of the two Talmuds has ever been published, though partial selections and professed translations have been made both in Latin and French. A good English translation of the Talmud is a great desideratum in literature.

We shall all be struck with the truthful and simple-hearted wisdom of these old adages of the Hebrew "Chacamim" or wise men, to whom was committed "Halachah," or the commentary on the law, and "Haggadah," or the commentary of history. It is curious to note that this great college of "Scribes," of "Men of the Great Synod," of the "Princes and Fathers of the House of Judgment," was not merely composed of "Priests and Levites," but of men of all classes, and all ranks, and all callings. Let us, then, carefully listen to and note to-day these "Voices of the Past," as they will speak very pleasantly to us, both as Freemasons, philanthropists, and thoughtful and serious citizens of the world.

Open not thy mouth to speak evil.
To be patient is sometimes better than to have much wealth.
The horse fed too liberally with oats becomes unruly.
Do to others what you would have others do to you.
The ass complains of cold even in July.
First learn and then teach.
Few are they who see their own faults.
The world is a wedding.
Youth is a wreath of roses.
A myrtle even in the desert remains a myrtle.
Hospitality is an expression of Divine Worship.
The rose grows among thorns.
If thou tellest thy secret to three persons, ten know of it.

The day is short, the labour great, and the workman slothful.
Silence is the fence round wisdom.
Without law civilization perishes.
Every man will surely have his hour.
Into the well which supplies thee with water cast no stones.
Truth is heavy, therefore few care to carry it.
Say little and do much.
Do not live near a pious fool.
The soldiers fight and the kings are heroes.
The sun will set without thy assistance.
One man eats, another says grace.
Commit a sin twice and it will not seem to thee a crime.
When others gather, do thou disperse; when others disperse, gather.

The cock and the owl both await daylight. "The light," says the cock, "brings me delight, but what, in the world, art thou waiting for?"

There are three crowns—of the law, of the priesthood, and the kingship, but the crown of a good name is greater than all.

Who gives wisdom?—He who is willing to receive instruction from all sources. Who is the mighty man?—He who subdueth his temper. Who is rich?—He who is content with his lot. Who is deserving of honour?—He who honours mankind.

Iron breaks stone; fire melts iron Water extinguishes fire; the clouds consume water. The storm dispels clouds; man withstands the storm. Fear conquers man; wine banishes fear. Sleep overcomes wine; and death is the master of sleep, and "Charity," says King Solomon, "saves even from death."

The world stands on three pillows—law, worship, and charity.
Charity is greater than all.
Charity is more than sacrifices.
He who gives charity becomes rich.
A beneficent soul will be abundantly gratified.

All the blessings of the household come through the wife, therefore should her husband honour her.

Men should be careful lest they cause women to weep, for God counts their tears.

The Bible was given to us to establish peace.

Be not the friend of one who wears the cloak of a saint to cover the deformities of a fool.

Unhappy is he who mistakes the branch for the tree, the shadow for the substance.

Thy yesterday is thy past; thy to-day thy future; thy to-morrow is a secret.

The best preacher is the heart; the best teacher is time; the best book is the world; the best friend is God.

We trust that our readers have run through these striking specimens of "Old World saws" with the same pleasure that we have done so ourselves, and we shall be deeply gratified if this very imperfect contribution towards the study of a very interesting subject may awaken in others a desire to know more of Talmudic literature, and extract from others a still more satisfactory paper on what must, indeed, have a deep and unabiding importance for every thoughtful student and every reading Freemason.

A SERMON

Preached in St. Andrew's Church, George Town, Demerara, on the occasion of the Dedication of the Mount Olive Lodge, No. 385.

BY BRO. THE REV. RICHARDS DICKSON, CHAPLAIN.

"*What mean ye by this Service*,"—Ex. xii., 26

IT was on the eve of the Exodus in the dead of the night that Israel stood expectant of coming deliverance. It was then in Egypt just previous to the death of the First-born that Israel, with closed doors, trembling in fear, with staff in hand, loins girded, stood waiting for the signal to depart.

Hearts were beating high with hope at the thought of coming liberty, and yet apprehensive of the strange unexplored future. 'Twas then that the Feast of the Jewish Passover was instituted; and through the long years of history which have since passed, the faithful observance of this Service has marked the advent of the Feast of Unleavened Bread wherever the dark-browed Israelite has worshipped or Hebrew congregation prayed.

At the institution of this service instructions were given for its future yearly celebration, and also for handing down to a remote posterity a faithful record of the great event it was intended to commemorate. And even to this day, on the eve of the Feast of the Passover, wherever Jewish families gather, a similar service to that instituted in Egypt is carried out; and as the solemn ceremony proceeds, may be heard the voice of one of the children of the household crying—"What mean ye by this Service?" And then just as commanded in the story open before us, the ruler of the Feast tells the tale and rehearses the scenes of that strange eventful night in which was established the Passover of the Lord their God.

Naturally the same question rises to the lips of many to-day—"What mean ye by *this* Service!" Brought so prominently before the public as is this Service of Freemasonry to-day, the question is prompted—"What is its meaning?" And looking out through this *Service* upon the great world around us, and understanding by the term, not only our ceremonials—our symbols—but our whole scheme of labour and effort—the entire principles of Freemasonry, I do not think I can do better on such an occasion as this, for the benefit of the uninitiated, than to try to answer, as fully as I can, and as best I can, in the short time at my disposal, the questions often put to Freemasons—"What is this Masonry of which you are so proud and in which you delight and exult? What mean ye by this Service?"

I will just premise that I shall use the words Freemasonry and Masonry as synonymous terms, as also the terms Freemasons and Masons. Cyril of Alexandria says "Men are apt to deride what they do not understand, and the ignorant, not being aware of the weakness of their minds, condemn what they ought most to venerate."

The truth of this statement has been strictly verified in the history of Freemasonry. The uninitiated have ever been ready to charge it with all that is evil and bad. The mighty weapons of ignorance and prejudice have been employed against it. Religion, too, has pronounced her anathemas against it, and from her altars has cursed it and its votaries; but Freemasonry has still lived and flourished, overcoming difficulty and obstacle, and living down opposition till to-day it numbers its temples by tens upon tens of thousands, and its sons of light by hundreds upon hundreds of thousands, realizing in great part the vision of the sages and the seers of the olden time, who beheld afar off the benign reign of universal brotherhood.

But what is Freemasonry? It has been beautifully and appropriately defined as "A science of morality veiled in allegory and illstrated by symbols." It teaches love to God and suffering humanity. Its fundamental principles are a practical belief in the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of man,—that God is our father and we are his offspring. No man is a Mason unless he is a believer in the Great Architect of heaven and earth. To use the words of an elegant writer on the subject: "Freemasonry is an institution, not, as the ignorant and uninitiated vainly suppose, founded on unmeaning mystery, for the encouragement of bacchanalian festivity and support of mere good fellowship; but an institution founded on eternal reason and truth, whose deep base is the civilization of mankind, and whose everlasting glory is supported by those two mighty pillars—Science and Morality."

True Freemasonry is not a system of religion; she adopts the shibboleth of no sect or party; but she is the handmaid of truth. Freemasonry is not a system of national government or of party politics; but a genuine Freemason is a peaceful and loyal subject to the civil power wherever he resides or works.

I state unhesitatingly that apart from Christianity, Freemasonry inculcates the highest system of morality and good works we know of; because that system is founded upon the eternal principles of Divine Truth. I do not forget the now well known action of the Grand Orient of France, which, if I understand it aright, no longer requires from its candidates for Masonic honours and privileges a statement of their belief in the existence of the Great Architect of the Universe; but I say, they who form that Grand Orient are not true Masons—not true to the constitutions of Masonry. Take the Bible from its altars, and *true* Freemasonry *exists no longer, for of what use is that* Bible in its temples, when some of the temple-dwellers do not believe in its grand central revelation, the existence of the Supreme Being, the Maker and Father of us all?

French Freemasonry, in declining to make a belief in the Great Architect of the Universe a needful pre-requisite for admission to its ranks, has departed from the ancient lines laid down for our guidance. It is no longer *true*, and therefore we acknowledge it not. I have been forced to refer to this matter, which I would have preferred to have passed over in silence; but necessity compels me to refer to it, or else I might have had that atheistic action of the Grand Orient of France brought to bear witness against me, when I assert that one of the Pillars of *true* Freemasonry is a belief in the existence of the eternal God. A brother Mason, writing on the same matter, uses *strong*, *forcible*, and *stirring* language. I would that I had time to quote the entire article, for there's the ring of the true metal about it. It's the *setting up* of the true banners in the old paths—as it is, I can only quote just a few of its words. He says: "The time has arrived when we must answer this query anew, with a more decided tone than before—when, like a clarion-note, clear and loud, the answer shall be heard in the valleys and echoed on the hilltops. For years we have been accused of treachery, of perjury, and worse than perjury by narrow-minded bigots; by wild fanatical bodies composed of scoffers at religion and mockers of the word of God; by the influence and weight of the ancient and learned Church of Rome. For years we have borne this, silently and steadily progressing, drawing within our fold the great and good of every class, sect, creed, and nation; receiving only those whose faith was placed in an ever-living God. The time has now come when silence would be a crime—the hour has arrived for Freemasons of every clime to boldly declare and prove by their acts that their faith rests in the Fatherhood of the Creator of the Universe. Masons, hesitate no longer to buckle on your armour, and prove to the world that every brother has a faith in common—a faith in God, and a hope in immortality. * * * * * Prove to friend and foe

alike that a Mason's hope is in the immortality of the soul and his trust in the wisdom of the Divine Essence of an Omnipotent, Omnipresent Being, whose *wisdom* is everywhere, whose *strength* is beyond the comprehension of weak, miserable man, and the *beauty* of whose Holy Will can never be even faintly understood, till the soul of man is welcomed into the abode of the Great I Am, the Adonai, the Alpha and Omega, the *ever-loving*, *everlasting* Jehovah."

Brave words are these, but as noble and true as they are brave, and every true Freemason must feel their force and beauty.

But what are the *charms* of Freemasonry? What are the secret causes of the subtle influence which it exerts upon those who follow its teaching and obey its behests?

I believe one of its greatest charms is its *antiquity*. Even in this utilitarian age, when self-constituted and self-dubbed iconoclasts are abroad in numbers, and the hoary and antique are in danger of being sacrificed to the modern craving for change, there are still some who bow before and acknowledge the charm, with which Antiquity invests all connected with it. The most ardent lover of the present will feel something of this charm, when he wanders among the ruins of some ancient noble temple. Though there be little left but ruined walls, crumbling arches, and fallen columns, yet fancy will recall the glory of the past, and imagination paint the scenes of yore, when solemn music tones were heard swelling through arch and aisle, and incense clouds floated above its high altar; when proud prelate sat there in state, and gorgeous priest wandered through its dimly lighted aisles; when mailed knight kept vigil there, or hung the silken banner, won in infidel lands, above its arches, laying the spoils of the east once more at the feet of the child Jesus—so great is the charm which Antiquity invests all connected with it. What shall I say then of the charm which Freemasonry possesses for those who work and worship within its temples? I cannot unfold to you a history of Freemasonry to-day, *for time would fail me to tell the story; but it possesses an origin which* stretches far back in the history of the world, its early annals being almost lost in the dimness of ages. Some deny that Freemasonry can be closely and distinctly connected with Egyptian initiation or Eleusinian mysteries, but from earliest times in the annals of civilized man architecture was deemed almost a sacred art, and its professors treated with marked respect; while they on the other hand also regarded it not only as a sacred but as secret science. Sufficient evidence have we to link ourselves on to the mighty builders of the past, and to prove ourselves their true successors. "Whether Egypt was the cradle of such secret associations, or merely the medium of their transmission, having originally received them from India as some writers think, matters not; they existed there, and from Egypt art and civilization spread gradually into Palestine, Greece, and Italy." The epochs of our history are sufficiently marked to claim our attention. The steps from the past to the present are not so many, but they are sufficiently clear. From Egypt to Palestine through Moses "who was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptian"—from Palestine to Rome, from Rome to Britain, and the history is complete. Men have sneered at the antiquity we claim for our order—let them sneer who have studied it not. We glory in it, for no other existing order has such a noble, ancient origin.

One question to Bible students who are not Masons before I pass from this part of my subject. Why were Jewish and Syrian Masons permitted to work together at the erection of a temple to the Most High, at a time, too, when the Israelites were so markedly separated from all other nations in *all matters relating to religious worship?* I leave the question with you. Masons can give you an answer; find another if you can!

Another of the attractions of Masonry is to be found in its symbolic teaching—its teaching by symbols. Illustrative teaching, parable, metaphor, has

ever been attractive to the mind of man, and by its symbolism Masonry conveys some of the sublimest and greatest truths. Masonry has been objected to on account of this distinctive feature of its teaching. Is not the parable a form of symbol? and surely if the teaching of the greatest Teacher of all possesses an added charm and multiplied beauty on account of the fact that it is truth conveyed in allegory—in parable; and if He has seen fit to adopt symbols in the celebration of the most sacred of all Ordinances, surely Masonry was right when it adopted the use of symbols in the unfolding of its principles within the recesses of its temples.

It has been said: If your Masonry is so noble in its principles, and so elevating in its teaching, why hedge round with your secret symbols, why not give it forth to the world untrammelled by secret sign or obligation? To such we say our secrets are not our own to will them as we like. We have received them in trust, and we can only hand them on to those who prove themselves worthy. We use our secrets to keep out the unworthy.

Do you refuse the benefits which nature lavishes upon us because there is much of mystery connected with her? Is the ray of light less beautiful or less gladly welcomed because there is much of mystery connected with its origin and composition. Is the song less welcome to weary ears because there is mystery still connected with the medium through which it conveys itself to our senses? Is the beautiful in statuary and painting to be despised because we know not how the feeling of pleasure is conveyed by it to our senses? Shall we not admire the poet's song or the orator's eloquence because it is a secret unto us why some should be singled out above all others for the possession of such great powers? What is life itself but one great mystery? May we not write of it, as well as of much in Nature and Revelation, "Here we see through a glass darkly?" If such be the case, shall Masonry be despised on account of its secrets, or its symbolism sneered at? Nay, rather let them be silent who speak of that which they do not understand.

One other word of remonstrance, and as short as possible. There are those who have charged Masonry with the faults and crimes of Masons; and I am sorry to say that some of the teachers of Christianity are found among this number. Shall we say that Christianity is base and false because some of its followers have committed crimes which have brought shame, disgrace, and poverty upon hundreds? We only ask that Masonry may be judged by the same law as Christianity. Do not charge Masonry with faults and crimes which are as much opposed to its principles as darkness is to light—faults and crimes which are the outcome of man's fallen nature, and have no connection whatever with the mere fact of his being a Freemason. Because some have failed from the mark that was set before them, don't say Masonry is false, base, misleading. I state, firmly and confidently, that the better Mason will be sure to be the better man. Let a Mason carry out into his life the high and noble principles of Masonry, and he will be a man whom the good and the great will delight to honour.

Masonry is something nobler and grander than a mere symbolism. It is a living vital institution, inculcating great truths, pregnant with noble thoughts, surrounded by generous sentiments, and based upon an undying trust in the *Wisdom*, *Goodness*, and *Greatness* of Jehovah.

If it be good and great to lead men from darkness up to light, from ignorance to knowledge, then Masonry is both *good* and *great*, for that is Masonry.

If to uphold chastity and to exalt virtue be Godlike, then is Masonry Godlike, for that is Masonry.

If it be noble to do unto others as ye would that they should do to you, then Masonry is noble, for that is Masonry.

If it be a golden rule to "do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith," then is Masonry golden, for that is Masonry.

If pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, "to

visit the fatherless and widows, in their affliction," then is Masonry pure, for that is Masonry.

If to acknowledge God in all things—an ever watchful Providence of the affairs of men—be good, then is Masonry good, for that is Masonry. One of its noblest declarations copied from Divine Revelation being, "except the Lord build the house they labour in vain that build it."

In conclusion—To those of you who are not Masons, we say come and join us. Masonry uses no undue influence to lead men into its temples—the wish for initiation into her secrets must be the free spontaneous out-come of the candidate's own will—but we will bid you welcome, and lead you from the outer court into the inner temple, from the darkness into the light, and if, as the beauty and glory of that light rest upon you, and encircle you, the cry goes up from you "More Light," then shall that cry be hushed in the fulness of supply. True the Neophyte will have to pass through many dangers and over a difficult way before he reaches the temple of light, but willing hands and voices will help and cheer him on, and after having passed through darkness, and doubt, and fear, brothers who have trodden the same path and passed through like dangers and difficulties will bid him welcome inside the temple's gates, and unfold to him the beauties and glories of Masonry,

Brother Masons, my closing words are to you. Yours is a noble calling. Remember the eyes of the uninitiated are upon you, and as a clearer view of the principles of Freemasonry is revealed to their minds, the greater will be the demand upon you that you should mirror forth clearly in your lives those principles in all their beauty and truth. Do not forget that in Masonry character is supreme. That "the *internal* and not the external qualifications of a man is what masonry regards." You present a sublime spectacle to those outside the temple of light. "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity"—brethren of all nations, religions, kindreds, and tongues—high and low, rich and poor, learned and unlearned, king and subject, ruler and the ruled—the wisest sage and the humblest disciple—the most learned divine and the sincere seeker after truth just emerging from darkness into light—the brightest and most skilful craftsman and the newly received novitiate—all these meeting together on the *level*, on the *ground floor*, in the *middle chamber*, and in the *sanctum sanctorum* of their Masonic temple of *labour* and of *worship*—alike inspired by *faith*, *hope*, and *charity*—alike seeking the hidden mysteries of *nature*, *science*, and *morality*—alike being taught to practice *prudence*, *fortitude*, *temperance*, and *justice*—alike enjoined to exemplify in their daily lives the great principles of *loyalty*, *brotherly love*, *relief*, and *truth*, and to *adore* and *serve* Him who is the *beginning*, the *middle*, and the *end* of all things. Such is the sublime spectacle you present. Brother Masons, be true, be faithful to your vows. Climb higher in the paths of virtue and right. Let not your work consist so much of noise and show as of the quiet silent work that tells and lives. Do not forget that in the great work with which our history so intimately stands connected "there was neither hammer nor axe, nor any tool of iron, heard in the house while it was building," but it grew, and—

Like some tall palm the noiseless fabric sprung.

So work quietly, but surely. Startling and impressive ceremonials, brilliant and gaudy vestments, may have their ephemeral part in the drama; but the pure silent teaching of the doctrines of Masonry which lead the thoughts of man through the wonders of nature and the intricacies of science up to the Great Architect of the Universe will alone live and flourish through trials, persecutions, and discords. Brother Masons, work—

While the day hath light let the light be used,
For no man shall the night control.

Rise higher upon the true principles of Freemasonry—a belief in the existence of the Divine Creator of all, and in the grand vital principles of His great revelation; and then, when the working time shall cease,

> Or ever the silken cord be loosed,
> Or broken the golden bowl;

when you are called off from labour to rest for the last time, your freed spirits shall step upon the eternal shore, in the heavenly lodge—the house not made with hands, and the Great Architect of the Universe, whom you have loved and served, will bid you welcome, and unto you, the "good and faithful servants," it shall be said, "Well done;" and new truths shall dawn upon you which you had only faintly grasped down here below, and the deep longing and earnest seeking after "More Light" shall then be fully met and satisfied, for you "shall walk in the light as He is in the light." And down here below men will gather round your resting places, and as they recall the story of your noble life-work, they will softly murmur to each other the Divine Word that echoed down through rocky Patmos ages ago, "They rest from their labours and their works do follow them."

Brethren my prayer is—"*So mote it be.*"

RYTHMICAL SAYINGS.

IT is very noteworthy how the love of the verse form lingers amid the old, familiar saws and proverbs of all nations, and markedly so in England, whether we look at merely local adages or "topographical rhymes," as Mr. Thoms called them in a useful little book he wrote some years back called "Origins and Inventions."

A great statesman once said, "Give me the ballads of a people, and I'll give you the laws," and certain it is that those easily remembered and constantly repeated catch-sentences, or pleasant versicles, whether local or general, personal or national, legendary or topographical, are handed down faithfully and carefully often through many generations. Some of them are of great antiquity, others of pithy sarcasm, and are often both interesting and amusing, very striking and very quaint, at the same time.

Mr. Green in his wonderfully fascinating History of England, marked by clear statement and effective word-painting in wonderful degree, tells us that the great peasant rising in the early part of the reign of King Richard II., when the king was a youth only of sixteen, 500 years and more ago, was fostered and fanned to a very great extent by "quaint rhymes" passed round among the people, which went from village to village, and served as incentives to the roused popular feeling. He bases his statement on Knighton's Chronicle. These verses were neatly composed by the preacher, John Bull, it is believed, and were circulated in the names of "John Bull, Jack Curtis, Jack the Miller, and Jack the Trewman." Wat Tyler's insurrection in Essex was encouraged in a remarkable degree by these productions, which appeared to a then suffering people, alike by their truth and wit, their "vis" and their reality, their homeliness, their quaintness, and their seasonableness. For instance, let us try and realize ourselves the effect on an angry and trodden down population, when "villeinage" was still, remember,

in force in the greater part of England, that such lines as the following in their very reality must have had, and which Knighton, in his Chronicles, preserves for us.

John Ball greeteth you all,
And doth for to understand,
He hath rung your bell,
Now right and might,
And will and skill,
God speed every dell*.

Here is another—

Help truth, and truth shall help you.
Now reigneth pride in price,
And covetyse† is counted nice,
And lechery withouten shame,
And gluttony withouten blame,
God do bote‡ for now is tyme.

Let us take a third specimen—

Jack Miller asketh help
To turn his mill aright.
He hath grounden small,
The king's son of heaven he shall pay for all,
With might and with right,
With skill and with will;
Let might help right,
And still before will,
And right before might,
So goeth his mill aright.

And once more—

Falseness and guile have reigned too long,
And truth hath been set under a lock,
And falseness and guile reigneth in every stock.
No man may come Truth to,
But if he sings "si dedero,"§
True love is away that was so good,
And clerks for wealth work them woe,
God do bote, for now is tyme.

In the rude jingle of these quaint, and, probably, most effective words, we note the germ of many a popular saw, and which is still preserved in some form or another in adagial or proverbial literature. Archbishop Trench, in his essay on proverbs, gives us several rhyming proverbs, and it might form a very interesting paper, "per se," if we could collect the rythmical proverbs of different nations. But on the present occasion we propose rather to fill up our pages with those local sayings or "topographical verses" which linger in the retentive memories of the English people, or may be found in these "collections," which ingenious archæologists have made of similar versicular remains. A great number have been sent to *Notes and Queries*, and other works, and are repeated still in their own localities, and we think deserve to find a place in the pages of the *Masonic Magazine*, always necessarily favourable to antiquarian research and archæological memories. For instance, let us take the counties in England seriatim and alphabetically, and we shall find more local rhymes than preserved belonging to almost all of them, probably to all, as the list of such rhymes may be increased, we fancy, to almost any extent by local antiquaries.

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* Everyone's part. † Covetousness. ‡ Help.
§ If I shall have given a bribe to the judges.

BEDFORDSHIRE.

I, John of Gaunt,
Do give and grant
To Roger Burgoyne
And the heirs of his loin,
Both Sutton and Potton
Until the world's rotten.

The Burgoynes are still at Potton.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

Tring, Wing, and Ivinghoe,
Three dirty villages all in a row,
And never without a rogue or two.
Would you know the reason why,
Leighton Buzzard is hard by.

Sir Walter Scott tells us he took the name of his matchless romance of Ivanhoe from these old verses—

Tring, Wing, and Ivinghoe, all these three did go,
For striking the Black Prince a blow.

CUMBERLAND.

We remember the old saw mentioned in the "Heart of Midlothian."

If Skiddaw hath a cap,
Criffel* wots full weel of that.

Skiddaw, Lanvellin, and Carti-cand
Are the highest hills in all England.

DERBYSHIRE.

Derbyshire born, and Derbyshire bred,
Strong i' the arm and weak i' the head.

ESSEX.

Ugley church, Ugley steeple,
Ugley parson, Ugley people.

HERTFORDSHIRE.

They who buy a house in Hertfordshire,
Pay three years' purchase for the air.

KENT

is very rich in these sayings.

Sutton for mutton,
Berkely for beef,
South Devon for gingerbread,
Dartford for a thief.

Deal, Dover, and Harwich,
The devil gives his daughter in marriage,
And by a codicil to his will,
He added Helvoet and the Brill.

When England rings
Thanet sings.

LANCASHIRE.

Proud Preston,
Poor people,
High church
And low steeple.

* Called formerly Scruffel or Scruffelt.

LEICESTERSHIRE.

Mountsorrel he mounted at,
Rothby he rode by,
Wanliss he leaped o'er,
At Birstall he burnt his gall,
And Belgrave he was buried at.

LINCOLNSHIRE.

York was, London is, but Lincoln shall be
The greatest city all the three.

Well is the man
Twixt Trent and Witham.

Northap rise and Grayingham fall,
Kirton yet shall be greater than all.

Luddington poor people,
Built a brick church to a stone steeple

NORFOLK.

Gimmingham and Tremmingham, Knapton and Trunch,
North repps and South repps tie all in a bunch.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

Dodington, Dovecot, Welby hen,
Hertlingborough ploughboys and Wellingborough men.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Rothbury for goat's milk,
And the Cheviots for mutton,
Chawick for its cheese and bread,
And Tynemouth for a Glutton.

Harnham was headless, Bradford breadless,
And Shaftoe picked at the craw;
Capheaton was a wee bonny place,
But Wallington banged them a'.

NOTTINGHAMISHIRE.

Eaton and Taton, and Brancote o' the hill,
Beggarly Beeston and lousy Chilwell,
Waterside Wilford, hey little Lenton,
Or fine Nottingham, Colwick, and Snenton.

OXFORDSHIRE.

Stow-on-the-Wold
Where the wind blows cold.

SOMERSETSHIRE.

Sutton Long, Sutton Long,
At every door a lump of dung,
Some two, some three,
It is the dirtiest place that ever you see.

STAFFORDSHIRE.

Wolton under Weaver
Where God came never.

Stanton on the Stones
Where the Devil broke his bones.

SURREY.

Sutton for good mutton,
Cheam for juicy beef,
Croydon for a pretty girl,
Mitcham for a thief.

WARWICKSHIRE.

Piping Tebworth, dancing Marston,
Haunted Willbro', hungry Crafton.
Dudging Exhall, Papist Wicksford,
Beggarly Broom, and drunken Bedford.

WESTMORELAND.

Let uter Pendragon do what he can,
Eden will run, where Eden ran.

YORKSHIRE.

Pendle, Penigue1, and Ingleborough
Are the three highest hills all England through.

When Roseberry Topping wears a cap,
Let Cleveland then beware of a clap.

When Dighton is pulled down,
Hull shall become a greater town.

Cleveland in the clay,
Brings in two soles and carries one away.

When Sheffield Park is plough'd and sown,
Then Little England hold thine own.

We may remember in Rob Roy, where Die Vernon and Francis hear the genial Justice Inglewood say—

O, in Shipton, in Craven,
Is many a haven,
But many a day foul weather;
And he that would say,
A pretty girl nay
I wish for his cravat a tether.

We have thus run through a few familiar "jingles" which we think it well to keep thus together in a collected form. We do not profess to consider such collections of any very great importance, but they are, we venture to think, interesting and curious, not only as links with the past but as testifying to ancient ideas and the manners and sayings of the people! We trust that this slight contribution may please some "fratres" archæologists like ourselves, who like to collect end realize all that can tell us whether of the customs of other ages, or can illustrate however slightly, either general or local traditions, and so serve to throw a light on individual or national progress, and charm back for us for a little space those parted centuries once so full of life!

The graver philosopher and the severer scientist may think such lucubrations "airy nothings," hardly worth the trouble of perusal, but we are anxious to put in a plea for all trifling labours, whether of the archæologist and antiquary, as still of use, when we attempt to realize to-day what the "fact" has really been. For it is then only that we shall learn the true lessons of history, of progress, of improvement, of national and general life, of all that attracts, interests, and sways humanity!

Like countless little streams running into the mighty ocean, so all these various collections of amiable and kindly dryasdusts to-day, impart information, swell the amount of human knowledge and power, we believe, to amuse, to interest, and improve us all! We beg to add that this little "compilation" claims no "originality"; it is a pure compilation, and nothing more.

THE VOICE OF NATURE.

BY SAVARICUS.

THE voice of nature always speaketh to the heart of man, the lovely flowers, the rustling leaves, the rippling brooks, the verdant plains, the aged rocks, the gentle breeze, the furious gale, the summer shower, the pelting rain, the lightning's flash, the thunder's peal, the stars of night, the silvery moon, sunshine and cloud, earth, sea, and sky, speak with the "still small voice" that penetrates the soul, bringing joy and fear, but withal admiration.

Happy the man who rightly interprets the various sights and sounds of nature, and feels that all the infinite changes involved in the metamorphoses are but the language of the Eternal, pointing out the beauty, the harmony, and the sublimity of the Creation.

Often what appears to most of us as simple natural process is (when fully understood by such aid as the microscope affords) seen to be a most elaborate and wonderful work, marvellous in conception, beautiful in construction, felicitous in development, and magnificent in design. In the wings of insects, in the leaves of plants, as well as in the unknown myriads of stars that form the "milky way, the Omnipotence of the First Great Cause is for ever illustrated. Among men there are those, unhappily, ignorant of nature's underlying wonders and beauty, and whose selfish ideas of their own importance make them feel as if their existence is the one great fact of life, all important to the welfare of the community; such as these utterly ignore the insignificance of the human unit, and to them the pleasures afforded by nature's boundless scope, variety, and charm is lost. On the other hand, the student and the scientist, seeking after truth, revels in revelations so exquisitely grand that he feels exalted in one sense and humbled in another, losing his own individuality in that fierce light of natural love which dawns on his enraptured soul as he beholds the glories of the Universe. Does nature speak to him? Yes; her teachings are full of joy and of promise. His privileged communings are to him a foretaste of better things to come, an opening up of bygone ages, making "a thousand years as a day," blending the Past with the Present, anticipating and predicting the Future, clearing the understanding, bringing forth knowledge, and promoting happiness. The great aim of life should be to be natural; man does not excel in this respect. The object of some, nay, most of us, may be termed supernatural; men having thoughts strangely at variance with their acts, and yet expecting miracles to happen for their especial benefit, or rather that they may indulge in various propensities and suffer no harm, *i.e.*, commit physical transgressions with impunity. I believe it was Voltaire who said that he "often thanked God he was not a physician." When asked why, he said, "Physicians I consider to be the most unfortunate men alive; they are required to perform miracles every day, and what is more, are expected to reconcile health with intemperance." In such cases we have the unnatural taking the place of the natural. Nature has given us a bountiful supply of water which meets every requirement as a beverage; then again, milk is a natural product, and supplies us with both food and drink combined in the highest state of perfection, being at the same time a delicacy eminently fitted for the human family at all periods, from infancy to old age. What more can mankind want?

Nothing naturally, for certain. But the unnatural influences of society and of custom, which introduce luxuries and set up Epicureanism as the most refined and exalted order of the day, propagate the doctrines of Bacchus allied to those of Adephagia and Comus, as the acme of civilization, with a result at once debasing, making men effeminate and women bold; falsely giving a rosy hue to the evanescent pleasures of the rich, so that the reality of their hollowness is not seen by the participators, truly affirming the fact of a "gilded vice," aptly illustrated by the picture of "Death and the Lady."

Man being a reasonable creature—*i.e.*, able to reason, knows by innate conscientiousness whether his acts are right or wrong. He "may know the right, but still the wrong pursue." This departure from the natural or right course bringeth manifold disasters, yet the first evil step is found to be so easy that the dire consequences following defection from what is right, if foreseen or thought of, are but little heeded. Thus mankind are continually plunging in a "sea of trouble" merely to gratify the feeling of the moment or the whims and passions of the hour. Here, then, that unerring voice of nature, which is commonly called "conscience," stands boldly out, asserting right, a true guide, warning men of the peril of apostacy, and dictating a safer course. Alas! how few men are morally guided by their innermost thoughts of right; not many argue out the superficial character of impulsive ideas or first impressions, or they would not "take their pleasures so sadly," and even badly, filling the world with misery, and often bringing the innocent to ruin. A great many troubles are born of the so-called pleasure-taking and holiday-making, in and out of season, yet what a vast amount of good, physically as well as mentally, change of air and scene brings about when taken apart from the concomitant drawbacks which excess in one or all the phases of life engenders. Without enumerating the various ways by which substance, health, food, clothing, and even life itself are wasted, I venture to hope the æsthetic students of better education will show such an example to their less fortunate brethren that ere long we shall see the mass of the people seeking pure enjoyments and rational amusements, making health their first care, and taking kindly to sobriety and moderation, living a long and peaceful life and dying happy. This pleasant and much-to-be-wished-for consummation can only be arrived at by strict observation of and conformity to nature's laws. To some people simple things seem to be difficult. The habit of proper self-denial should be practised by free-willed, unthinking, and careless persons, they always remembering that to take a little less food than that which satisfies hunger is better than repletion, taking care to have pure air to breathe and plenty of it, comfortable clothing to wear on a well-washed body, and thus making life's circumstances agreeable; studying nature until trees and plants rocks, stones and sands, the denizens of the sea and earth, and things celestial, as well as things terrestial, become as "familiar as household words," remindiug man that he is part of the wonderful whole for whose delectation the creation, with all its abounding beauty, was especially and providentially designed.

What more has man to do than to express with all humility his gratitude to the Most High for such beneficent favours, and strive with all his might and all his soul to live in peace with all men, to render daily praise and thanksgiving to the Great Architect of the Universe. So mote it be!

THE TEMPLE OF MASONRY.

BY BRO. R. HUNTER.

SEE yon noble Temple rising,
Fair and graceful on the sight;
Strength and Wisdom guard her portals
Beauty gilds her dome with light.
Firm and sure her deep foundations,
Built on rocks of Truth and Love;
Let the wildest storms assail her;
'Twill the more her safety prove.

Long hath stood this stately Temple,
Sought and loved by every land;
Spite of foes and cruel falsehoods,
Still she riseth great and grand.
Time but adds a brighter lustre
To her fair and spotless fame,
Age can only make her dearer,
Love we more her honoured name.

When afar from home and kindred,
Strangers to a kindly smile,
O how sweet it is to gather
Round our loved and sacred *pile*.
There no longer counted strangers,
There no more we lonely feel,
But at home with friend and brother
True and trusted, kind and leal.

Dear the lessons, high the precepts
Taught within our ancient hall—
Faith in God the great Creator,
Love to men as brothers all;
Faith and Hope to cheer us onward
As we travel life's rough way,
Love to light our path of duty
To a bright unending day.

Let us, like true-hearted Masons,
Ever guard her fair renown;
As our sires bequeathed it stainless,
Stainless let us hand it down.
Thus a smile of kind aproval
From the Master we shall gain,
And our lives, howe'er so humble,
Shall not have been lived in vain.

THE SUPPRESSION OF THE TEMPLARS IN ENGLAND.

(Continued from page 176.)

THE English Templars were confined in prisons at London, Lincoln, and York. During the summer of 1308 a Bull arrived from the Pope, appointing certain commissioners to hear and try the charges made against them. The commissioners appointed were the Patriarch of Jerusalem, the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, the Bishops of London, Chichester, and Lincoln, Deodate Abbot of Lagny, and Sicard de St. Vaur, Canon of Narbonne, Auditor of the Pope. The commissioners were all ecclesiastics, and as such probably not exempt from the jealousy with which the Order was regarded by Churchmen. One of them, however, at least, John Dalderby, Bishop of Lincoln, was a man of singular piety and uprightness, and, from the notices of the matter contained in his register, we gather that he by no means liked the business on which he was employed. In fact, the way in which he shrank from the part assigned to him, and fenced with the papal requirements, inclines us to believe that he did not believe in the guilt of the men in whose trial and condemnation he was forced to bear an unwilling part. Neither is this to be wondered at. For the results of the first examination of the English Templars held in London, October 21st, 1308, at which it is probable that Bishop Dalderby was present, were as follows: The Templars were interrogated whether the chapters and receptions of the Knights were held in secret and by night; whether in these chapters were committed any offences against Christian morals and the faith of the Church; whether they denied the Redeemer and worshipped idols; whether they held heretical opinions on any of the sacraments. The Knights, brought one by one before the commissioners, denied calmly, specifically, and distinctly, every one of these charges. A chaplain of the Order, Ralph de Burton, was examined at greater length than the others, and his denials were full and specific. Then witnesses were examined; seventeen who were supposed to be most cognizant of the doings of the Templars were questioned. They were clergy, public notaries, and others. None of them had anything to allege against the Templars in support of the charges made against them. During the winter of 1308 and 1309 various examinations were held. Nothing was elicited to the prejudice of the Order. In June, the Grand Preceptor, William de la Moore, was specially examined on the charge of having presumed as a layman to give absolution. He explained that the form used for a peccant brother was to strike him three blows with the scourge, and then say to him, "Brother, pray to God to remit thy sins." He had never used the form, "I absolve thee." The commissioners could not find anything on which to condemn the Order. Yet, urged on by pressure from the Pope, and fearing to go against his decisions, they made a sort of lame condemnation. They do not indeed give any countenance to the charge of immorality, apostacy, and magic, but they seem to assert that the charge of giving absolution is proved, as also the secrecy of the receptions, and the binding members of the Order by oaths not to reveal what took place at these receptions. Certain evidence which had been tendered to them by hostile witnesses they kept back. "They seem," says Deal Milman, "to have been ashamed of it, as well they might." One of the commissioners, at any rate, did not desire to be further mixed up in the matter. At the beginning of October, 1309, Bishop Dalderby sent to his brother commissioners what is entered in his register under the title "Excusatio :"

To the venerable fathers in Christ, the Patriarch of Jerusalem, the Bishops of London and Chichester, to the Abbot of Lagny, of the Diocese of Paris, to Master Sicard de Vaur, Canon of Narbonne, John by Divine permission Bishop of Lincoln, greeting. Occupied as I am in many ways by the arduous affairs of our Church, and by the pressing needs thereof, which cannot be avoided, and hindered by the infirmities of the Body of Christ, I cannot perform the Apostolic commands with that assiduity which I could wish. Wherefore, though being ready to attend to the Inquisition against the persons and the Order of the Militia of the Temple, committed to you and to me by the Apostolic See, when I can, I desire our kindness to excuse my absence whenever I am unable to come.

Similar excuses are entered in the register as having been sent in the two following years, 1310 and 1311. It is clear, therefore, that Bishop Dalderby deliberately withdrew from taking part in the trial of the Templars. It is certain also that this was done after an inquiry held. For whether or no the bishop was present at the first inquiry, held in London in October, 1308, it is certain that he himself held an inquiry at Lincoln, during the earlier part of the year 1309. For we have, under the date of March 18th of that year, a letter addressed by him to his fellow-commissioners dated from the Old Temple (the house of the see of Lincoln in London), stating that he should be unable to be present at a meeting to be held by them for making out an inventory of the Templars' goods to be returned to the Pope, because he was obliged to be in Lincoln about the same time to conduct an examination of certain Templars there. This examination was to be held on the Monday after the Sunday on which "Lætare Hierusalem" was sung (Mid-Lent Sunday), and on succeeding Mondays as was required. Bishop Dalderby, therefore, had certainly enjoyed good opportunities of investigating the charges against the Templars, and he may be presumed to have also had personal knowledge of them. For a famous preceptory of theirs at Temple Bruer was within ten miles of his cathedral city. It is fair, therefore, to assume that his practical retirement from the inquiry, which was allowed to drag on its tedious length for some three years, was due to his being satisfied in his own mind that there was "no case." And it is certainly not to wondered at that any fair-minded man should have shrunk from an investigation where such testimony as the following was allowed to be produced and gravely received. One witness averred that he had heard that in the East a Knight apostatized to Mohammedanism. Another had heard that, at a great banquet at York, some of the Knights had worshipped a calf. Another Knight had a book in his possession which contained unorthodox sentiments. Another witness, a Franciscan, had heard a chaplain of the Order say to some of the brethren, "The Devil will burn you!" Another had heard a Templar exclaim as he walked, "Alas! that ever I was born. I must deny Christ and worship the Devil." Another Franciscan had heard that a Templar had killed his son for refusing to be a Templar. Another, an Augustinian, had heard that a Templar had declared that a man died like a dog and had no soul. Another witness said he had heard a sermon addressed to the Templars telling them how to get rich. Another, a Franciscan, had heard that the Order possessed four idols. At length three witnesses were found who had belonged to the Order and had left it. These men had fled away from an inquiry which was in the highest degree perilous to them. If they had been able, truthfully, to depose against the Order they had no temptation to fly; but having nothing really to allege against it they fled for fear of the torture. That the torture was applied to at least two of them there can be little doubt. Stephen Staplebridge, after making some important admissions, threw himself on the ground with tears, groans, and shrieks, imploring mercy. What could this mean but that he had been tortured to make him admit what he had done? And he now prayed that these admissions might be held to be sufficient, and that he might be tortured no more. Another, Theroldeby, declared that the Abbot of Lagny had threatened that he would make him confess before he had done with him.

He had nothing to confess at first; but four days after, when his acquaintance with the Abbot of Lagny had been improved, he confessed very freely that the Templars denied Christ, and compelled all who entered their Order to do so, and to spit upon the Cross. The third, a priest of the Order, dreading probably what the other had suffered, declared that he had been made to deny Christ. This was the most that could be found against the Order in England, and under these frivolous accusations the Knights were kept for several years immured in prison, subjected from time to time to vexatious examinations, while their property was confiscated and their Order was destroyed. It must have been some consolation to them in their great trials to hear that, after long investigations in Italy, nothing had been brought home to the prejudice of the Order, and that in each of the kingdoms of Spain the acquittal of the Order was solemn and complete. In England it can hardly be said to have been either condemned or acquitted. All those Templars who submitted themselves and made some sort of confession were absolved, but those who, conscious of innocence, refused to do this, were condemned to perpetual confinement in monasteries. This sentence was passed by the Provincial Synod or Convocation of Canterbury, in July, 1311. Previously to its passing, the commissioners had made their report to the Pope, and Bishop Dalderby had, in accordance with what is stated above, reported that he had been able to investigate the matter but little, but that he must be held to concur in the reports of his colleagues. The Bishop was evidently still impressed with the desire to have as little as possible to do with a process which he could not heartily approve. From further entries in his register we are able to throw some light on the ultimate destination of the Templars and the special arrangements made for them in the monasteries to which they were consigned. The letter of Robert Winchelsea, Archbishop of Canterbury, giving the general command to all abbots and monasteries who should be selected to receive Templars to do so, ran as follows:

Robert, by Divine permission Archbishop of Canterbury, to all Abbots and Priors, their chapters and convents, exempt and not exempt, throughout our Province, greeting. Inasmuch as the most holy father in Christ, the Lord Clement, by Divine Providence Pope, has commanded us and our suffragans by his letters apostolical to make inquiry concerning divers articles of heretical gravity, charged against certain persons of the Order of Knighthood of the Temple in our Province, and brought here before us; and that, after inquiry duly made touching the said brethren, we should in our Provincial Council pronounce on the said brethren a sentence of absolution or condemnation as justice required. And inasmuch as to the matter of the aforesaid inquiry we have by the apostolical authority, and by that of our whole Provincial Council, ordained the several persons to perform a certain penance, and for that purpose to be constrained to enter certain monasteries selected for that purpose until it shall be otherwise ordained. You, therefore, all and singular, we command by our apostolic authority, and by that of our whole Council, and by virtue of your obedience, and under the sentences of suspension, excommunication, and interdict to be fulminated against you and your monasteries, if ye shall not do what we command, that ye in whose monasteries we shall have decreed the said persons to be confined should admit those persons readily and treat them kindly and minister to them the necessaries of life as we and your Diocesans ordain. For which the Lord King of England has granted for each person fourpence per day. But if ye shall refuse to obey, we have strictly commanded our venerable brethren, your Diocesans, by other letters, that as well against you the exempt (who notwithstanding your privileges, are specially bound to obey us in this matter) as against you, the non-exempt and your monasteries, they should without delay promulgate canonically the ecclesiastical censures, and proceed according to the canonical sanctions. But concerning the manner in which we have decreed the said persons to be kept and the penance to be performed by them, ye shall be informed by your Diocesans or their vicars. Given in our Council in London, July 15th, 1311.

(To be continued.)

BROTHER! WELL MET!

I MUST ask my readers to allow me to transport them with me on my "magic carpet" (*see* "Arabian Nights") to a great city, another country, and a past century!

Mirabeau was at the height of his power and popularity in Paris, though there were whispers heard and under-currents at work, as well as signs on the political horizon, which seemed to portend to the acute observer a "coming storm," accompanied with the entire loss of that "phantasy" of the "aura popularis" which has lured so many mortals astray and has destroyed the living energies, the present utility, the lasting reputation of so many well-known statesmen. At the moment I write, that is when the events of this "historiette" took place, the influence of Mirabeau was predominant, despite sundry rival aspirants for hearing and support; his name and his opinions were in "high acclaim," and if secretly not altogether hostile to the "Court," he was certainly greatly trusted by the people. It was known, indeed, that he was a "roue" and a "sceptic," or worse. All were aware that his health was enfeebled by excesses and his fortune shattered by extravagance, though it was as equally believed that he had found some easy method of replenishing his coffers and restoring the "equilibrium of his finances." Still as a "Republican aristocrat" the eidevant "marquis" if not quite a "rara avis in terris" was considered by rejoicing revolutionists as a "king among men," whose "words" all applauded, and to whose opinions all should bow.

Mirabeau was an "Illuminé," though not a "Freemason," as some have hastily alleged. He had, while in Germany, imbibed the principles of that mysterious and mischievous society which Weishaupt, a Roman Catholic Professor of Canon Law at Ingolstadt, had founded, apparently on a Jesuit and Masonic basis combined. Weishaupt himself, strongly suspected of being a Jesuit (though, we believe, he never avowed his affiliation) was not a Freemason when he first formed his society, though he was admitted subsequently into a lodge at Munich.

He soon, however, seems to have deserted Freemasonry proper entirely, but to have adapted certain Masonic "formulæ" to the perfection of his destructive society and the propagation of its pernicious principles. For Illuminism was nothing more and nothing less, shortly stated, than "absolute republican revolutionism embodied," the development of a "red socialism," the subversion of all law, order, sanction, society, dominated, moreover, by that peculiar "flavour" of Jesuit subtlety, teaching, and "radical spiritualism," which have been found in all lands, as well under a monarchy as a Republic, inimical to the true liberties of the subject, destructive of the claims of the supreme power, be that power what it may, antagonistic to the social and moral development of individual, family, and national life, opposed equally to patriotic aims and cosmopolitan unity. Indeed, no two systems can be more contrary or contrasted than Freemasonry and Illuminism. The former is all "peace," the latter all "disorder;" the former is destructive, the latter conservative in its non-political sense; the former is full of fiery bitterness and anger, the latter abounding in brotherly love, toleration, and goodwill; the former is revolutionary and subversive everywhere, the latter equally everywhere, obedient to the law, and respectful to authority.

Mirabeau had introduced "Illuminism" into Paris, having a "delegation" from Weishaupt for that purpose, and was the leading and guiding spirit of that so-called "Lodge of Illuminati," never, however, happily very powerful and

numerous, but which, among other choice and fitting associates, had received that recreant Freemason and detestable individuality—Egalitè Orleans. Even at this distance of time the minds of the honest and the loyal shudder at his unexampled treachery, baseness, his profane speeches, unholy living, and, with Lamartine, cannot but believe that that family has much "expiation" to make before the words and deeds of their ancestor can be forgiven or forgotten.

Many of the acts of this little handful of "Illuminati," for there were certainly not above two or three lodges at the outside in Paris, have been ascribed by hot-headed and ill-informed Ultramontane writers, to the "Freemasons," whereas the French Freemasons had positively nothing to do with the French revolution, which spared them as little as it spared all other classes of society, and Freemasonry itself knows nothing whatever of the principles and proceedings of "Illuminism," though it has an "Illumination" of its own, a "star which ever shines most steadily and brightly in the darkness of time, quite sufficiently and satisfactorily for all its true children! But I am running on with a very dry disquisition, and think that I had better return to my story. I may add, in all I have written I have expressed, I believe, the opinions of all cultured Freemasons, looking at the history of the past, and especially of the French Revolution, in the light which Freemasonry sanctions and commends.

Among the friends who specially affected the society and "salon" of the then great Mirabeau was a certain young Breton noble, called the Vicomte de Puisac. He came of a very old family in Brittany, but for some reason or other, having been first accidentally thrown into the society of Mirabeau as a young diplomat, he had become his daily companion and constant friend. Mirabeau had initiated him, being a Freemason too (though Mirabeau, as I said before, was not a Freemason) among the Illuminés. And on the evening of the day of which I speak, Mirabeau and his friend were going to attend a special service for the initiation of two or three candidates.

Accordingly, at a given hour, they started together, and walking in that district beyond the dreadful "Temple," a street which was, as all French streets were then, and English too, dim and dark, he knocked in a peculiar manner at a side door in a wall, which seemed to surround a small garden, and was admitted by an unseen janitor. The two crossed the little garden with rapid steps, and were admitted into a large pavilion, connected with the house by a covered way, in the same stealthy and mysterious manner.

We shall take the liberty of describing a scene which soon after took place. The room was an oblong, with rows of benches covered with crimson cloth, and the wall was hung with crimson hangings. At the further extremity was a platform with railings in front, except where the ascent was by four steps, all covered with a dark crimson carpet. Under a canopy of crimson silk sat the President (Mirabeau himself), in a crimson robe, with a masked cowl, and it was only in this way that any difference could be seen between the President and the members, as all else were white and all were cowled. Two secretaries sat at a bureau covered with a crimson cloth, and seven brethren seemed to sit at the end facing the President, on a special seat in a row.

All were armed.

There was a sort of altar in the midst, on which was a sword, a halter, and a poignard, and this room was illuminated by four silver lamps in the middle, four silver lamps on pedestals in the four corners, a silver lamp on the President's desk, and two on the secretaries' bureau.

We need not go through the ceremonies of Illuminati initiation, which were profane and senseless beyond almost all conception. It will suffice us to say that these "neophytes" were duly received; after this begun the serious business of the evening.

A cowled member rose from near the top of the room, and said, "I denounce the Marquis de Merilhac as an obstinate aristocrat!"

The President nodded, and there was supposed to be at that time of rabid fanaticism a great deal in the "nod" of Mirabeau, as there was also supposed to be in the "sneeze" of Robespiere, the "sniff" of Marat, the "snort" of Danton, and the "giggle" of Fouquier Tinville.

Our young friend started, for the Marquis de Merilhac was his cousin and friend, and he was head and ears in love with Adele de Merilhac. Poor M. de Puisac, our readers will say, and his anxiety was still more increased when another cowled member arose and said, "To-morrow I will denounce him to the Club of Jacobins. He will go before the 'revolutionary tribunal.'"

What was to be done? To hesitate was to condemn his friend to the guillotine, for these were dreadful words then to a Frenchman's ear!

After the meeting he, more hastily than was his wont, excused himself from the great "Lion" of the hour, and hurried home to his modest "troisieme" to "collect his scattered thoughts." "I have still," he said, "twenty-four hours!"

As he was on his way a person passed him who turned back, as some people do, and then said "M. le Vicomte." To his intense joy this was a member of the lodge "Amitie et Honneur," who had been its "vénérablé," and was now acting as its "secretaire, and whom he had not seen for three or four years.

"Ah," he said, "Frere Juviennot, I am delighted to see you."

"But you seem troubled and 'in haste,'" said Juviennot.

And so this foolish young man, who trusted a brother Mason, told him his story and his fears.

Juviennot smiled! "I also know," he said, "the Marquis de Merilhac" (who was also a member of lodge "Amitie et Honneur,") "and am, like you, very anxious about him. But courage; I will see what I can do for the sake of our Masonic fraternity to help you and him, and above all Mdlle. Adele! You know that I am a Municipal officer, and it is my duty to help a brother, especially one persecuted by these 'Illuminés,' who do an infinity of mischief. Look here, Frere Vicomte! If I can get you a passport can you get your friend out of Paris and France?"

"Get me the passport," said the Vicomte, "and they'll leave Paris in the morning. They are, poor people, in hiding, and in fear and trembling, that is to say the women are for him, for he, like an old soldier, is probably coolly smoking his pipe."

"Come with me," said Juviennot!

They went down two or three streets, and stopped before a building where two or three ill-dressed men were lounging, but all seemed to recognise Juviennot, and pay him much deference! "Sit here, Citoyen Brune," said Juviennot, "while I speak to our commissaire!"

As Juviennot went in he saw on the table, for the room was empty at the time, seven or eight passports signed by the Communal Committee of the section, and like a flash of lightning the thought struck him, "It will never be missed," and he put one in his pocket.

When M. Octave Goubin ("Scevola" as he affected to call himself) returned he greeted Juviennot, and taking up the passports proceeded to fill them up. When he had finished he said, "How stupid of me, I thought I had filled up eight," and immediately took another "form" from a drawer and filled it up too.

After a few minutes friendly conversation Juviennot left the room, picked up M. de Puisac, and said to him "sotto voce," "Now for the Marquis, and the Ladies, and Liberty."

"To-morrow evening," said the vicomte, "he will be denounced to the Jacobins."

"To-morrow evening," said Juviennot, "he will be in the English Channel. There will be several others off to-morrow. Let them go dressed as good Republicans with daybreak, and by the evening they will be at Calais, and should at once cross on pretence of business for the Republic."

When they got to the humble room in which was the marquis, and his fair wife and gentle daughter, they found the old soldier philosophically smoking. He recognized Juviennot, and the ladies in their ecstacy would have embraced him when he gave the marquis the passport. It was duly filled up with the names of Citoyen Brune, his wife and daughter and domestique, and Puisac gave him three lines, signed by Mirabeau, to himself, which simply said, "De pechez vous citoyen et mon ami.—MIRABEAU."

At the gate at early dawn, though no hesitation was shown, the passport, being "en regle," our friend thought the paper with Mirabeau's name might do good, and so he showed it to the sergeant. It was quite sufficient.

And so it was all the way. When they got to Calais, as good luck would have it, a courier sent by the French Government was going over to England, and whether the good looks of Adele de Merilhac charmed (or he might have been a Freemason, too; they are very ubiquitous, those Freemasons) deponent can say no more than that, just as Juviennot had said, when he was denounced at the Jacobins he was bowling across the English Channel. He was denounced, and was searched for by the police, but never found.

M. de Puisac, finding things going badly, got a diplomatic appointment through Mirabeau's influence, and then joined the Merilhacs in England. He is the same Viscomte de Puisac who represented the French Empire at Vienna under Napoleon I. Merilhac is the same General, and after Marshal, De Merilhac whose name is recorded in more than one of Napoleon's despatches. Juviennot rose to high rank, but never gave up Freemasonry, and if you will read over the minutes of the Grand Orient of France, you will find that when Freemasonry revived after the Reign of Terror, first under the Consulate, and then under the Empire, the three names of Merilhac, Puisac, and Juviennot are recorded as present at more than one important seance.

THE ANCIENT MYSTERIES.

(Continued from page 176.)

BUT it was not now the Pontif who tanght this doctrine of the great soul of the world. Nature herself appeared to the initiated, and a voice was heard pronouncing the following words*: "Moved by thy prayers, I am come; I am Nature, the universal parent; the sovereign of the elements; the spring of ages; the first of the gods; the queen of the Manes; under one form I represent all the gods and all the goddesses. I dispense the light of heaven; I agitate the billows of the ocean; I encompass the infernal regions with silence and horror. All nations acknowledge my power. The Phrygians call me the *Mother of the Gods*; the inhabitants of Cyprus, Venus; those of Athens, Ceres; but in Egypt, and among the people on whom the sun first sheds his early beams, sages, learned in the ancient doctrine. have called me Isis. Under all these names, and with many different ceremonies, I am the only deity whom the universe invokes." This passage will not permit us to doubt the identity of the mysteries, which nowhere differed essentially, as we have already ob-

* Apul Metamorph., l. ii.

served. The ceremonies might indeed vary according to circumstances, and especially according to the different genius of the people that performed them. They were cruel and sanguinary in the East, where despotism made a jest of human sacrifices; in the mild climate of Greece they tended only to make virtuous citizens, and in every country they were incorporated with the particular form of worship; but the same divinity was always adored, and that divinity was no other than universal Nature.

Thus she proceeded. "Be just, and thou shalt be happy; thou shalt live full of glory under my protection, and when thou arrivest at the end of thy course, death shall open to thee an entrance into the Elysian fields. But if, by an ardent zeal for my worship, and by the practice of virtue, thou shalt approve thyself worthy of my favour, know that I have the power of prolonging thy days beyond the period assigned to thee by destiny."

The symbolic image of the fecundity of Nature was then exhibited; an image that expressed the means by which she renews herself in the class of organized bodies, and which, having been at first chosen by simple and rude people, had continued in use after they were civilized and corrupted, because it had been originally consecrated to religious purposes. The *Phallus* was carried in great pomp; in the ceremonies of the women *Kteis* was made use of; and in spite of the remonstrances of the fathers of the church, it would appear that this ceremony still continued to be respected. But it conveyed no impure idea to the imagination, for the initiated addressed this prayer to Nature:

"Hail! holy and unwearied benefactress of the human race! thou who, like a tender mother, lavishest on mortals thy precious gifts, and who stretchest forth thy hands to assist the unhappy, all hail! I invoke thee, thou powerful deity; thee, whom the Gods of heaven adore, and whom the Gods of hell dread; thee, who hast impressed motion on the celestial spheres; who continuest to nourish the fires of the sun; who governest the universe, and whose empire extends even to Tartarus. Thou speakest, and the stars make answer, the gods rejoice, the seasons succeed each other, and the elements are obedient to thy voice. By thy orders the winds rage, and the clouds are collected; plants germinate and issue from the bosom of the earth; animals people the forests and mountains; the serpent hides himself in obscure retreats; the inhabitants of air, the monsters of the ocean, the whole universe is subject to thy command. Who can worthily celebrate thy praises, O august divinity! Engrossed with thy majesty, I shall incessantly behold thee, and contemple thy divine perfections. May thy sacred image never cease to dwell in the bottom of my heart."*

Here the initiation ended, and the assembly was dismissed by a formula, borrowed from the Phenician *koff. omphett;* which signified "watch and be pure."

Thus ended these mysteries, so justly renowned in ancient times, and which alone, as we may now be convinced, constituted, properly speaking, the essence of religion. They were instituted in great numbers, as each deity, besides the public worship which was addressed to him, had likewise a particular and secret service. But after the mysteries of Isis in Egypt, which had served as a model for almost all the rest, the principal were those of the Cabiri in Samothracia, in which the ancient language of Orpheus was again found in the names given to the gods there invoked; those of Cybele in Phrygia; of Venus in the island of Cyprus; of Vulcan at Lemnos; of Jupiter in Crete; of Mithras in Asia Minor, famous for the austerities and rigorous observances that were there exacted; and lastly, those of Bacchus and of Ceres in Greece.

But these last soon began to eclipse all the rest. According to Cicero, people came from all quarters to be initiated here. "Is there a single Greek,"

* Apul Metam., l. ii.

says Aristides, "a single barbarian so ignorant, so impious, as not to consider Eleusis as the common temple of the world?" That temple was built at a town in the neighbourhood of Athens, on the ground that had first yielded the bounties of Ceres. It was remarkable for the magnificence of its architecture, as well as for its immense extent; and Strabo observes that it would contain as many people as the largest amphitheatre. We are inclined to adopt the ingenious etymology of the word Eleusis given by the learned author of "Antiquity Unveiled." He supposes that this word, by which the mysteries of Athens were denominated, is not derived from the place where they were celebrated, but from their object; which was to obtain pardon of God: this is what Eleusis properly signifies; so that the city seems to have obtained its name from these solemn festivals. The same thing may be said, he adds, of the word Ilyssus, a little river in which the purifications were performed, and of the Elysium, or place of the blessed, names which seemed to have originated in the same way.

Nothing could equal the pomp or the majesty of the ceremonies of Eleusis. The great mysteries lasted nine days; each of which was destined to particular rites, a circumstantial detail of which is to be found in Meursius, or in the words of St. Croix and Gebelin, who have followed him. During that time no person could be arrested; the courts were shut, and business was suspended. These festivals, consecrated to the worship of Ceres, were the most solemn part of the religion of the Greeks.

They had still other festivities in honour of that goddess, all equally mysterious. Such as those of the Thesmophoria, for instance, which had a considerable resemblance to the Eleusinian ceremonies, and in which the Priestesses alone performed the functions of the Hierophanta, of the Daduchus, and of the other assistants; probably, because it was before the statue of Ceres Thesmophoros that the women were initiated.

The Bacchanalia, or mysteries of Bacchus, are not less celebrated. They too were divided into greater and less. We know the violent agitations of the initiated at these feasts, their transports, and the kind of fury that animated them, when, with the Thyrsus in their hands, they made the woods and the mountains resound with the cries of *Io Bacche, Evoe Sabasi Evoe Bacche.* But in the midst of their inebriation, and of that noisy and tumultuous joy, they were instructed in the most sublime dogmas, and from them arose the Orphics, a sect which, among the ancients, were attached both to religion and philosophy.

These Bacchanalia form an ever-memorable epoch in the history of the arts. They were originally accompanied with dancing, and with numerous bands of musicians, who, pretending to imitate the petulant gaiety of the Satyrs, of the Sileni, and Mænades, celebrated in their rude songs the God of the Vintage.

This gross spectacle gave birth to regular and more decent representations. Thespis had led his actors, sullied with dirt, through the towns. Inspired by Bacchus himself, Æschylus was the first who found the art of moving the spectators by representing only eminent characters; and tragedy soon acquired, in the hands of Sophocles and Euripides, the last degree of perfection. But it still retained somewhat of its mystic original, and though already possessed of the power of exciting the strongest passions, it presented, for the most part, to the Greeks, only the adventures of gods or of the heroes of fabulous antiquity.

Everything then concurred to recall to the mind of the Greeks the religion they had been taught to revere. The mysteries were the most important part of it, the only part indeed worthy of the name, as they inspired the deepest veneration. These are the first and the most august of all ceremonies, says Aristotle. Prætextat calls them the preservers, of the human race; and, according to Plato, they could not have been invented but by men of superior genius. This philosopher even adds, that in order to attain the abode of the

blessed, initiation was necessary, and that those who neglected it would certainly be precipitated to the bottom of the abyss.

As the ancients were impressed with such a high veneration for the mysteries, we may easily conceive that they were concealed from the profane with peculiar anxiety. Two Acarnanian youths, who had strayed accidentally into the precincts of Eleusis, were massacred without pity on the spot. To divulge the mysteries was a crime punished by the laws with death. It was not for having said there was no gods, nor for having made a jest of Hercules and his labours, that Diagoras was proscribed, but because he had published the secret ceremonies of the Cabiri, or those of the mother of the gods. Having fled, a price was set on his head, and a reward was promised to anyone who should take him. The Athenians held him forth to the other nations as a public enemy. Their indignation was carried so far that they persecuted the inhabitants of Melos, the native place of that Atheist. Those who, like Diagoras, escaped the vengeance of the laws, were avoided in society with that horror which the sight of a man inspires who has been guilty of an atrocious crime. His fellow-citizens renounced all intercourse with him; they would not live in the same house, nor eat at the same table with him. It was also forbidden, under severe penalties, to hearken to the secret of the mysteries when revealed; in a word, to ask any questions that had the least relation to them was a crime.

But to what motive are these excessive precautions to be attributed? Why did so holy a religion conceal itself behind a veil? Was it, as Strabo says, because having for its object the knowledge of nature, who hides herself from observation, it might the better imitate her? Ought we not rather to seek for the cause of this concealment in the very origin of that religion, and in the spirit by which it was animated? We have seen that it was entirely founded on allegory. The ceremonies it had adopted were of the highest antiquity. It was of importance to preserve them, because they all had but one object; and sufficient attention could not be bestowed in maintaining them unaltered by the diversity of languages, but especially by the genius of different people. But the more they might appear strange, the more anxious were the ancients to render them respectable. Perhaps the only means of rescuing them from ridicule, and bestowing upon them the proper degree of sanctity, was to invest them with the veil of secresy; and this secret in all probability, consisted in nothing but in the ceremonies themselves. We must not be surprised that it was so scrupulously kept. Besides the punishment annexed to a discovery, who is he that will wantonly violate his oath, especially when it has been imposed with such pomp, and taken with such solemnity? But, besides, religion had in view to encourage the sciences, to inform the understanding, and to perfect reason. The person who was initiated justly gloried in being admitted to a participation of the great truths which she taught. He must have believed himself of a more elevated nature; and that illusion, while it flattered him by exalting his self-love, prevented him from disclosing the secret to those whom he did not think worthy of such a favour.

(To be continued.)

AFTER ALL.

BY BRO. HENRY CALVERT APPLEBY,

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

CHAPTER III.

Strong limits cannot hold love out.—*Romeo and Juliet.*

ALL the world seemed different to Arthur Humberton after the evening at the Phanes'. He had found an entirely new delight in life, unknown to him before. Life appeared to have but one aim, object, and attraction; one bright dazzling oasis alone sparkled on its otherwise dreary desert. Existence became a dead and profitless dream, except when he could live in the company of Olivia. She was now the loadstone of his life, his guiding star. How was it the world had never seemed so dull before, wanting her? He could not tell, but so it was. Life was not worth living were she not included in its term, and yet, only yesterday, he would not have believed it possible that he could have been so digusted with the world's ways. How sudden a transition! and all for a girl; but a beautiful, noble, loving girl, one whose object seemed to be to scatter as much kindness as possible into this unfeeling world, and with a tender, light-hearted gaiety withal. Who could help loving her? Thus soliloquized Arthur Humberton, and yet he felt that he alone was enjoying the full possession of that love, for had he not confessed his love, and did he not know that it was returned? True, he had not expressly said as much in words, but his enigmas were not too deep to be solved; she could not be deceived by his manner; no, she loved him, and, he needn't say it, he loved her to distraction.

Strange attraction! Oh, you little blind boy-archer, how powerful are your darts, and how unsuspectingly you fling them! Never did it occur to Arthur Humberton that he might have made a mistake, and that what seemed outwardly perfect might inwardly be full of imperfection. No, love is above cold calculating reflection. He had seen, and submitted. Could there exist a wrong thought or action in such a model as Miss Phane? Was there the slightest need for hesitation in laying his soul bare to her? No; he admitted his action had been very sudden and unpremeditated, yet he felt that it was right; that what he had done he would do again and again; he couldn't act otherwise. It was real, true, unfading love; he would not admit the possibility of a mistake. Olivia must be his. Oh, the grand scenes of action he would enter; the dangers and difficulties he would surmount; the work he would do, and the fame he would create, to win her! Already he almost saw himself successful in his ardour; nothing could stop him; all barriers would be broken down, and with the mighty force of love to back him, he was confident of success.

O, love, thou all powerful charm! where would the world be without thee? and yet what a deluding glitter it casts over the stern realities of life. How often does it not all turn out a deceptive mirage! It is an inspiriting magnifying glass, an exaggerated vision. Notwithstanding its necessity as a motive power, it is a distorted "aiming at the sun" in its unpracticalness. But the rose-coloured spectacles gradually lose their novelty, and objects on inspection assume their natural shape, and life becomes more practical in time; and who shall say, after all, that these poetical spectacles are not useful? Who would rudely dash them to the ground at the onset—or, rather, who

could? If the owner of them will only keep his purpose and heart true to it, object, and not allow it to diminish in feeling and intensity, as alluring romance gives way to practical reality, the spectacles shall serve their poetical purposes and he shall reap his reward. Happy are they who can thus act!

Arthur Humberton was wearing these spectacles with a vengeance. Olivia was a perfect angel to him, the future a sweet vista of happiness. He must court and win "ephemeral fame," not for its own sake, but to gain the treasure it would give him the power of possessing.

Never did it occur to him that he might be wronging Mr. Phane to thus surreptitiously gain the affection of his young and only daughter. He considered that love knew no barriers, levelling all ranks, and that for her it would be "hell to choose love by another's eye," but he never thought of her age. Not that he was not honourable, far from it, but he was thoughtless, reckless; in short, he was in love. "All's fair in love or war," and to this opinion he romantically inclined.

He did not sleep much that night; he was too busy castle-building. When the excitement of the evening had somewhat worn off, he had delirious dreams of dragons to be fought and conquered, and safety to be sought in flight with his loved one rescued from imprisonment. Awaking, his thoughts were still of her. She filled his mind as though it had been a blank before. All else was insignificant and subordinate. Before breakfast he went out towards her house with a brisk step, feeling considerably lighter-hearted as he got nearer and nearer to where she lived. What a strange emotion the very building caused in him; he loved the very stones, every one of them. He lingered near; he looked up at the windows, although it was still early, and he knew it was foolish; but only to be near her. He walked round the house, but nothing else was to be seen, so he reluctantly left the precious place which held all that was dear to him. His once cosy lodgings were now cold and cheerless, his comfortable breakfast insipid and unnecessary; the news distasteful. His thoughts were entirely single; his only desire was to see Olivia again.

At the office the sight of his companions now reminded him of the happy night before. He felt a sort of charitable feeling for Bulliker, and began to think he was not such a bad fellow, after all. Merrisslope was earnest and graphic in speaking of the beauties of the charming black-eyed damsel who had bewitched him. But both he and Redtaper could see that Humberton had a love too deep to be told, and his demeanour on the morning and the incidents of the night before were sufficient to tell them where his heart lay. He was, therefore, considerably bantered on the subject, and his altered manner was freely commented on. But he could bear a good deal for such a one as Olivia. Would he not risk his life for her gladly? and should a little bantering defeat him? No; he could afford to laugh at their pointless pleasantries, and, condescendingly, smile at their unblest ignorance. For was he not infinitely superior to them in owning the love of the most beautiful girl on earth? They did not know what it was to be happy.

Certainly Humberton was not altogether happy. Despite his manly resolution that nothing should deter him from working his way upward to fame and success, still the means to obtain that end seemed unpalatable to him. He had no taste or desire for his work, which was a laborious nuisance, totally at variance with his æsthetical views. He was itching to put down on paper his overwhelming thoughts of *her;* his writing-case was scored with "Olivia." But selecting some of his finest sheets of paper, he commences with a letter to her. Several times he tears the paper up and begins afresh; but at last his thoughts become fluent, and although he tries to elaborate every sentence, he writes rapidly page after page of impassioned, burning words. When, to the detriment of his work, he completes his epistle after several hours, he re-reads it and corrects it, and adds to it some more heartfelt words, and writes it all very carefully over again.

Shall we reveal his love-letter, gentle reader, his first love-letter, full of pas sionate confession of affection, or are you acquainted with too much of this kind of literature? But each has his own mode of confessing, and perhaps Arthur Humberton's may be interesting in its way. We shall, therefore, take advantage of our privilege, and not consider that we are committing a breach of confidence in publishing his epistle. It ran as follows:

"My Dearest Olivia,—Pardon me thus addressing you so familiarly, but from the short and pleasant acquaintance we have had (only too short, but very, very pleasant), I am sure that you are already very dear to me. I am more bold in speaking so candidly from the feeling of my heart, because I know your tender and kind nature, and that in your own affectionate heart you love the honest truth. Is it not so? Am I not right? May I not say without exaggeration that you are the dearest creature I ever saw, the sweetest girl in nature. Last night, in your presence, I spent the happiest moments of my life. Never shall I forget it, and now in your absence I feel like a miserable exile. It seems so long since I saw you, and yet it was only last night. How grateful I feel to you that I may write, may put my thoughts of you down on paper, and send them for your darling eyes to look at. Oh, such eyes! Who could help admiring you, the fairest of creation? This is not flattery. As far as my knowledge of female beauty extends (and it has not been inextensive in crowded London), I have never seen anything to equal your delicate beauty and purity of action. Can you then wonder at my liking you? Can you wonder that all I now look on but you is distasteful and repellant? I seem to live in a desolate, isolated world, away from all I care for, ay, love. Love, yes, I have said it, for I love you intensely, though I'm afraid the moss-rose-tree has been planted out, while the deep-red rose-tree languishes alone. But perhaps I am saying too much. Oh, this is a cruel world to shut me out from you; but I will win a name and fame, and trust to the future! Oh, that I could be ever with you. I seem to have known you a long time in those few, short, fleeting hours of last night, and now I seem to have lost half my life in losing you. I shall always be thinking of you (indeed, I cannot think of anything else now), as I plod along in this work-a-day world; you shall stimulate me to work with a will; for you I will court fame; I would do anything. May I hope that you will sometimes think of me; that I shall not be altogether forgotten? Might I wildly hope that a little of my love for you is reciprocated, that you are not altogether indifferent to me. I wait in suspense until I hear from you. Do not let it be long first if you love me. Ah, bold word! But if you will only endorse it, how happy I shall be. Dear charmer, I must close this letter; were I to continue writing of your beauty and virtues I might never stop, and now with endless kisses (oh, rapture!) and love.—Believe me, to be ever your faithful lover,

"Arthur Humberton.

"P.S.—Please write soon."

There, that was Arthur Humberton's morning work, or most of it. He finished the letter with a sigh, and sealed it with great care. Now for posting it, and then the thought came to him that Mr. and Mrs. Phane would both become aware of his attention to their daughter, and he hardly knew in what light they would view it. True, they were kind, genial people; but Mr. Phane had a touch of pride in him; and then Arthur became dismayed at their difference in social position. How could he, a poor clerk, hope to be a suitable match for the daughter of Mr. Phane, in the eyes of the rich merchant. His case looked almost hopeless, and yet he determined he would dare anything for Miss Phane. The letter must be delivered in some way, let the consequences be what they would.

The rest of the day wore over wearily enough, while Arthur considered how he must act. He wished to be honourable, but he thought it no dishonour to win the heart of Mr. Phane's daughter without his knowledge, at least, until he knew that she was willing to correspond and return his affection fully. What must he do, then? He could not post the letter in the ordinary way, and what other was there?

These were his thoughts, and Merrisslope's bantering, Redtaper's insinuation, and Bulliker's bullying, seemed very vulgar annoyances to him, though he bore them with a better grace than usual. But at length the long weary day ringeth to evensong."

He left the office with a hurried step, and instead of walking homewards, he bent his steps towards the residence of Mr. Phane. He knew not

how he should act, but he trusted to circumstances for the safe delivery of his letter. Nearer and nearer he approached with a beating heart, but without being any nearer to solving the problem of delivery. Oh, joy! Carlo, the large retriever dog, Olivia's pet, ran to meet him. It recognized him, and frisked about delighted.

He patted the dog affectionately, for it reminded him of its mistress, and he was fond of animals. Suddenly an idea flashed across his mind—he would give the letter to Carlo, and let it take it to Miss Phane, and run the risk of anyone else getting it. But he felt certain it would deliver it to no one else, as he had noticed its singular attachment to her above all others. Taking the important missive out, he put it between the dog's white teeth, and telling it to go at once to its mistress. With a seeming intelligence, the dog scampered off a short distance, and then began to tear the letter. Arthur rushed after it to save the destruction of his carefully penned epistle, but the dog scampered off again. This time towards Mr. Phane's house, and in at the open back door. What would it do with the letter? He had not long to wait, for scarcely had the dog got inside than he heard the welcome sound of Miss Phane's voice calling Carlo to her.

"Carlo, Carlo! What have you got there, you naughty fellow? Come, give it to me now, there's a good dog. Why, where did you get this, Carlo?"

Arthur Humberton, although he was burning to enter the half-open door, and acknowledge the ownership of the letter, yet with a great effort restrained himself, and satisfied that his love-letter had fallen into the right hands at last, he tore himself away from the fascinating neighbourhood of his charmer without waiting to hear more. He thought it would be better to wait the result of his written communication and confession without another personal interview, much as he desired it.

While he is slowly and meditatively walking homeward, hardly knowing whether to be happy or not (for he was so anxious to know how she would receive his correspondence), let us for a short time take a peep at the lovely Miss Phane. Had the last night left no impression upon her? It had. We, as authors, being privileged to look behind the scenes, and survey both sides of the question uninterrupted, can divulge the fact that, in this case, it had really been a mutual attachment. Olivia had thought of little else but Humberton; he was uppermost in her thoughts, ay, even to the exclusion of the colour, shape, and fashions of her friends' dresses of the evening before. She was lamentably forgetful of these, and could not recall any fanciful pattern or useful shape from which she might take a hint; nor did she wish to, that was the extraordinary part of it. Not so, when we know the cause, though. We who know the secrets will not attempt to gull the reader into believing that this was her first love, or that she had never played at sweethearts before. But she was young and beautiful, and to her own heart she confessed that Arthur Humberton had strangely taken her fancy; indeed, she believed in time that she could love him as she had never loved before.

She went about her duties in her usual quiet way, but it seemed unusually monotonous and wearying, and she would stop every now and then to sigh, which sigh was intimately connected with Arthur Humberton. She considered his attentions of the previous evening very nice and flattering, but too sudden, and (not that she wished to wrong his ardent nature) she feared that his was but a passing fancy. "But he was so earnest," she muttered; "and he has promised to write to me, and I'm sure he's truthful;" but still something seemed to whisper to her that this too rapidly formed attachment was not destined to continue as happily as it had begun.

In some things she was inclined to be superstitious, or to affect superstition, for many young people pay attention to little omens, and half believe them, when, if they were to give the subject a little serious thought, they would laugh at their foolish notions. Still, we have a strange love of the mysterious

in our nature, and for lack of information on our pet projects we are apt to attach a fanciful importance to little divinations or prognostications, and sometimes to allow them to bias our subsequent actions. Such was the case of Miss Phane. She wondered how the poetical attachment between her and Humberton, which had grown like a flower in the night, would progress, whether favourably or otherwise, and she trembled with fear lest her hopes that he would succeed, in spite of all obstacles, in winning her tender heart (which she felt she could give him without reserve if he only approached her ideal) should prove fallacious. As far as her affection went outwardly, she loved him. His fine manly face, his clear, nervous voice, and the chivalrous charm of his manner had won her admiration, and she had plenty of proofs of his worthiness. But could he brave the battles and storms of life successfully? Would he ever be noble, true, and good? These were the questions she asked herself, though half-afraid she wronged him with her doubts of his genuine, sincere character. But she dearly loved to look before she leaped; nor do we blame her; would *that more did so prudently; much misery and self-reproach would then be* saved.

Her pet dog, Carlo, to her, seemed restless at the door, barking at every little noise, and this she took as an unfavourable sign, and boding no good. Carlo was almost a companion to her, for she had no sisters or brothers, and would have felt very lonely without her favourite animals. Therefore, she noticed every little ailment that affected them, and was most careful in having them attended to properly. What did Carlo's barking and whining portend? Something unfortunate, she was sure.

Mrs. Phane, with the quick instinct of a true parent, detected that something was amiss with her daughter, but failed to attribute it to its right source; and Olivia wondered how her parents would look on the sudden fancy Arthur Humberton had taken to her, if it proved to be more than fleeting.

Thus she, in turn, was thinking of Arthur, and he of her, until Carlo came in with the letter, which she took with trembling hands. She wondered how he had got it, and thought it a most eccentric way of delivering a letter. But after a moment's thought she rushed to the door, rightly imagining that Arthur must be near; but he was nowhere to be seen, so the mystery remained unsolved to her.

We shall not attempt to describe her emotions on reading his ardent love-letter. Her reply will partly show what she felt. Suffice it to say, that she treasured the letter, and placed it in her bosom, after kissing it many times. She, however, did not like to reply to it too soon (though nothing would have been more in accordance with her heart than to have written back at once) for fear that too great haste and too little reflection of the step she would be taking in encouraging his advance might bring the proverbial repentance at leisure. *A wise head was fitted on to her shoulders, which all the force of passion could* not overturn. Many a conflict with herself, however, she had in considering the matter. Over and over again she thought of revealing everything to her mother, and asking her more experienced advice. But at last she resolved to take all responsibility herself, and act without aid. Very brave, and perhaps rather unadvisable, but in *les affaires-de-cœur* there is no rule, and individual action is the best.

In three days, Humberton, after vainly wondering how his letter had been received, got a reply to it. He had been plunged in despair at times, imagining Olivia had discarded him. Morning and night he had paraded the street which held the one being dearest to him—his first maiden love. *But the letter had* arrived at last, after what seemed almost years of suspense to him, and he read the following:

"My Dear Arthur,—But perhaps you will think me presumptuous and forward to address you so, but I hope you will forgive me for the fault (if you consider it one) as easily as I do you. I was very much surprised at receiving your letter from dear Carlo, who, how-

ever, tore part of it, so that I had some difficulty in making it out. Does not such a misfortune seem ominous? How did you give it to Carlo? You must have been passing at the time, for he had only just gone out? and then what a funny idea of yours, for *anyone* might have got the missive. This seems to me to be a very familiar letter for my first to you, but I hope you will not be displeased with it. I hardly like the idea of your sending me a letter by a dog without anyone knowing. You must not be vexed at my saying this, for I know you did it with the best intentions, and it must have been on the spur of the moment. It is certainly very flattering to me, and I am pleased at what you tell me. I am glad to know there is someone who will think of and care for me. I certainly love the truth at all times, but do you not think you overrate my poor character, and how can you so suddenly become so very fond of me? Can you be certain so soon, upon so short an acquaintance, that you really like me, and that you will continue to do so? I am afraid it is too sudden, and I wish you would consider it over for a little while before you write to me again. Thank you very much for your good opinion of me. The other night was, indeed, a very pleasant and happy one, but I think it would be better for us both to forget it. I have, indeed, thought of you several times since, and I think we shall be good friends. But you must not write to me again for a fortnight, please, and then send it through the post, and now believe me to be, yours affectionately,

"OLIVIA PHANE.

"P.S.—Be sure you don't write sooner than in a fortnight."

Humberton was overjoyed at receiving this letter, though it conveyed so little to him, yet he built castles out of it, and found in it much consolation. The worst part was where it told him not to write for a fortnight. How could he keep his thoughts silent for that period?

CHAPTER IV.

The discords dear to the musician.—*Tennyson.*

"I DON'T like that last strain at all; it's too heavily constructed for the subject; just make it a little lighter and then the whole thing will do very well," said Mr. Cribton to Arthur Humberton, who sat at his piano trying over one of his last compositions. The former sat in a rickety old easy chair in a corner, carefully contemplating the merits and demerits of Humberton's new piece. He meditatively pulled his long whiskers, with his head a little on one side. He had a little bald patch on the top of his head, which looked like the summit of a snow-capped mountain peeping out of a shaggy crop of sandy-coloured heather. Perhaps the most conspicuous feature he possessed, however, next to his one glaring eye, was a long and highly-coloured nose, which seemed to take an important part in his meditations, as he slightly elevated it, and refreshed himself with a few vigorous snorts. There he sat dangling one leg across the other, keeping time to the music, and nodding approval with his head at intervals. Still to Arthur Humberton, despite the pleasant looks his patron would assume, that awful eye of his seemed to cast a bane over his face, with its wicked glitter.

There was no doubt, however, that Cribton was highly delighted at the last composition of his talented musical *protegé* or pupil; and several times during Humberton's clever manipulation of the rapid chords of the piece he clapped his hands softly in commendation, and at the conclusion, notwithstanding he had condemned its heavy construction, he jumped up excitedly and patted his pupil on the back. Humberton was elated at his success before one so critical; but Cribton seemed to think that he had shown too much warmth and enthusiasm in praising the piece, so he forthwith cautiously proceeded to qualify his pantomimic opinion.

"It's a very creditable piece of work, it is indeed, if it wasn't for that bad construction at the end of it; you must alter that. You know, it's rather a good fault, for you generally are given to making your solemn passages too light and flimsy. When I was a sergeant in the army, and that's a good long

time ago I can tell you; let me see, my mother died soon after, ay, poor old body, I'm afraid I worried her a bit, but, you know, we are all a bit wildish in our youth, and I shouldn't wonder but what you are not always dressed in your Sunday best, like a parson going to preach a sermon; and they have their slips at times, misdemeanours I think they call them, don't they? ay, well, and that reminds me how it was I once got into a fearful scrape for tying a cracker to a parson's tail when I was a lad."

"What, was that when you were a soldier?"

"No; but wait a bit, let me see, didn't I say something about being a sergeant in the army; oh yes, so I did; well, you know, I was just going to tell you about that, when I got talking about my poor old mother, poor creature, and how it was that I often went wrong-like, but let that pass; let me see, ay, well, when I was in the army—ah, yes—I remember there was one chap with a long leg and a short leg; and that's a curious thing now, when you come to think of it. Why should he have a long and a short leg? and then again how is it there aren't more of us with long and short legs? It's very funny when you come to look at it, that so many of us should be evenly made like; and yet so it is. But, let me see;—oh, ay, I was talking about that poor fellow with a long leg and a short leg who went walking about like a camel; you know, they walk in long strides with a sort of jump in the middle."

"Yes, yes, I know; well and this lame fellow, did he play the piano?" asked Humberton, with a resigned look, waiting for the interminable end to the anecdote.

"No, no; but your playing reminded me of him, poor fellow; he was killed in action; he died on the field of glory at last."

"Well then, I suppose you mean that my playing or composition has a sort of halt at every pulsation?"

"No, no, don't mistake me, I didn't mean *that*; but you know I'm always so long telling a tale, and I must tell it my own way. I make so many digressions, you know; it's my way, and I can't help it. Let me see."

"About the lame soldier?" suggessed Humberton, patiently.

"Oh—oh, yes, *wait a little bit—wait a lit—tle—bit; oh*, I know, yes! Well, whenever we were going to a funeral or anything solemn, we couldn't help laughing, all of us, at the way he kept bobbing up and down, you know, out of all order, and you know soldiers aren't the most particular kind of folks, especially——"

"Yes—well?"

"Oh, well, as I was going to say, he always made us laugh when we were going to a funeral, and when we ought to have been as solemn as possible, like judges with their wigs on, trying a case of murder, but we weren't, and consequently we frequently got into trouble and disgrace, and felt ashamed of ourselves, but it was no use——"

"Yes—well?"

"Well, oh, yes, and when we were marching to a lively tune, his step was out of all proportion, and looked so odd, keeping a sort of three-quarter time, that we all laughed till the tears ran down our eyes, and we couldn't blow our instruments, and the poor fellow had to go to the rear."

"So my playing reminded you of that, did it?"

"Oh, no, not exactly; but, you know, that awfully heavy finish does come so *mal à propos*, as they say, that I couldn't help thinking of my poor old comrade. It's seventeen years next week since he died."

"Shall I alter this end portion, then?" asked Humberton.

"Oh, decidedly! Make it lighter, more *staccato*, and then you will get the right feeling."

"I can't see why the present solemn chords shouldn't appropriately conclude the march, though, as they stand."

"Oh, but you'll find I'm correct. I've not been in orchestras and bands all

my life, and heard hundreds of marches, for nothing, and without getting to know their "ins and outs" pretty well, I can tell you. A little more briskness is what you want, not such a sombre conclusion for so sprightly a march."

"Very well, I'll try and alter it," said Humberton, resignedly.

Mr. Cribton professed himself to be an eminent critic on things musical, from his large experience. He had studied the theory, certainly, but practice was his *forte*. He was one of those vagabond Jack-of-all-trades who had taken up everything in turn, and had been somewhat successful in all of them; anyhow "his knowledge was extensive and peculiar." According to his own account, and he was not afraid of confessing it, though it did not lower his self-esteem (the music-master and critic was always there, that was his peculiarly "rough and ready" aptitude of adapting himself to circumstances), that he had turned his hand to almost everything. He had been a schoolmaster; from that he turned bricklayer, and then greengrocer; the vegetable merchant failing, he enlisted as a soldier, and after serving in that capacity for nearly ten years, during which he saw a good deal of what is generally called "the world," he managed to obtain his discharge, being tired of that kind of life, and anxious to experience some new phase of existence. In the army he had lost his eye in service, but that did not alter his keen-sightedness. He had been a prominent member of the band, and had played, in turn, nearly all the instruments. In fact, he professed to be able to perform on the piccolo, flute, flageolet, cornet, trombone, French-horn, and the drums, and of these instruments he had purchased second-hand samples, and displayed them in his room. He could play them all a little even now, but he soon got "out of practice, you know."

After the army, he turned musician, and played as an itinerant, and for the theatres; and altogether he made a considerable amount of money, which, however, mostly went to colour his proboscis. The companies he had travelled with had, however, an unhappy knack of averring that he generally got the largest share of the proceeds, and did the least work; so that he did not stop long in one company. His evil eye had a reputation. Of this, though, Humberton was profoundly ignorant. He only knew Mr. Cribton as the musical professor (his last "line of business"), and from personal experience. The professor had added to his accomplishments by some means or other, the manipulation of keyed instruments, and aided by the theory of music he was moderately successful. Thus Humberton had found him with a local fame for drilling beginners and making accomplished musicians of them in a short period. Unless engaged in music, for which he seemed to have a great liking, Humberton found him a great talker, and of such a rambling nature that it was difficult to know what he was aiming at. As will be seen from the above conversation, he would digress from one subject to another and get interested in them all, until he totally forgot his object at the commencement. Humberton, however, put up with all this for the sake of the musical information he received from him; and it was astonishing what a lot he knew of the practical part of music. As he said, he had not been through all these varied scenes in life without getting to know something. His instruction, though (as might be supposed), was not of a very profound nature; generally a skimming of the surface of things. He took care in all his advice to Humberton since he had left his tuition, that his alterations and corrections should be merely suggestions, and that Humberton should carry them out.

The latter frequently went to the home of Mr. Cribton, for the sake of a friendly practice and criticism (but chiefly for practice and company); and many a time they had been so absorbed in their favourite studies (the "professor" taking up first one instrument and then another—violin, violoncello double-bass fiddle, bassoon, oboe, etc., all coming in turn) that the early dawn of morning had crept on them unobserved. At other times Professor Cribton would come to Humberton's house, and there they would continue their nightly practices until Mrs. Chatwind, the landlandy and a widow, would

remind them that twelve o'clock had struck, and to-morrow was washing-day or some other day.

"Oh, it's all right," Cribton would say, "we'll soon send you to sleep."

But she wouldn't be sent to sleep that way, and the consequence was they had to break up in decent time, in spite of the attractive charms of music. For this reason their evening practices were oftener carried on at Cribton's.

The Professor was always very obliging, and got Humberton's sketches and songs published for him, sometimes obtaining for him a small sum for the copyright, and sometimes only a number of copies of the piece. For all this Arthur was accordingly grateful, and also for the fame and honour it brought him, for his musical work was beginning to be recognised. He was willing to overlook any little eccentricities on Professor Cribton's part, as he had proved himself such a useful and disinterested friend. The Professor would never take any commission for his trouble in bringing out Arthur's productions, beyond a few copies of the piece.

Arthur was too young and too little used to the ways of the world to see through the *disinterested* motives of Mr. Cribton at first. He never imagined that his work, to have become so popular, must have had a very large sale. Never did the thought flash across his mind that the "Professor" was only a *professor*, and that his skill with various instruments (the skill only limited but the instruments almost innumerable) was his sole claim to music. That his criticisms did not come from any profound knowledge, but from what he had recently heard or seen of something similar, never struck him; and that he simply flattered genius when he found it. That he might make a rattling profit out of it was his furthest thought, nor did he ever imagine that the red-nosed bachelor with whom he had spent so many pleasant evenings, was neither more nor less than a musical empiric!

(To be continued.)

LITERARY AND ANTIQUARIAN GOSSIP.

BRO. H. Calvert Appleby is contributing to the *Reading Observer* a series of smartly written articles on antiquarian and historical subjects, under the heading of "Byegone Berkshire." In Mr. Llewellynn Jewitt's excellent archæological quarterly, *The Reliquary*, we note a paper from the same author's pen, dealing in an able manner with the folk-lore and customs connected with the apple; and in the next issue he is to write on "Strange Antipathies." To the November number of *The Victoria*, Bro. Appleby furnishes an essay on the "Folk-Lore of the Ash Tree;" and he has in preparation also, we understand, a series of sketches entitled "Shadows of Shakespeare," which will shortly be published in the *Stratford-on-Avon Herald*.

Bro. William Andrews, F.R.H.S., is contributing a series of entertaining sketches simultaneously to a number of provincial papers. "The World of Oddities" is the title selected, and amongst the subjects elucidated are, "Remarkable Antipathies," "Odd Showers," "and "Frost Fairs." Bro. Andrews has also in the press a work on "Punishments of the Olden Time," which will contain accounts of the brank, ducking stool, pillory, whipping post, cage, stocks, drunkard's cloak, public penance, riding the stang, etc. The

volume will be embellished with some twenty engravings from the pencils of the late George Cruikshank, W. G. Fretton, F.S.A., T. Tindal Wildridge, and other artists of high repute. We have received a copy of "Miscellanea," a bright little volume of selections from Bro. Andrews' excellent weekly magazine, *The Hull Miscellany*. Amongst the contributors are our friends Mrs. George M. Tweddell, Emra Holmes, H. C. Appleby, T. B. Trowsdale, and J. H. Leggott, besides such honoured *litterateurs* as Mrs. S. C. Hall and Dora Greenwell, Sir E. J. Reed, C.B., M.P., Rev. Charles Rogers, L.L.D., Secretary to the Royal Historical Society, Matthias Barr, Dr. Langford, Samuel Carter Hall, F.S.A., W. E. A. Axon, F.R.S.L., and W. Davenport Adams. "Miscellanea" is an eminently readable collection of poetry and prose.

The Shaughraun, a new social, satirical, and witty weekly, emanating from the Irish capital, is the "latest thing" in comic journalism. The first numbers are to hand, and judging from them, we are inclined to think that *The Shaughraun* has a long and prosperous career before it. The persiflage is especially bright and pungent; and there are, besides, some brilliant papers on local themes, and sensible paragraphs on noteworthy passing events in the "green isle" and elsewhere.

Mr. E. S. Littleton, the talented author of "Hamand and other Poems," has in preparation a lengthy production in verse entitled "The last Plague," which is to be published concurrently in several provincial periodicals, and afterwards reprinted and issued in volume form. Mr. Littleton's charming verses in many of our magazines have been much admired.

Mr. John Cook, F.R.H.S., recently read before the members of the Hull Literary Club, in the Guildhall, Beverley, a paper in elucidation of the history of the old minster town. The paper has been printed for distribution amongst the members of the club and their friends in the form of a pamphlet entitled "Historical Notes on Beverley." We have received a copy, and find in it much valuable matter. Mr. Cook merits the thanks of the antiquary for the care and ability he has displayed in the preparation of his "Notes."

A magnificent folio work on the "Ruined Abbeys of Britain" is about to be published in serial form. Each number will comprise twenty-four pages of descriptive matter anent some famous monastic relic, and will be accompanied with a coloured plate, and further embellished by numerous engravings. The literary portion of this important enterprize has been entrusted to the competent pen of Mr. Frederick Ross, F.R.H.S., author of "Yorkshire Family Romance," "Celebrities of the Yorkshire Wolds," etc. Tintern and Fountains Abbeys are to be dealt with in the two first numbers.

The third series of Mr. William Bottrell's "Stories and Folk-Lore of West Cornwall" is now in the hands of the subscribers. The book is brimful of quaint traditionary tales of the land of Tre, Pol, and Pen, and interesting items of old-world lore. We regret to gather from the preface that the author, who has done so much to elucidate Cornish lore, is rendered incapable of performing further literary labour by a severe stroke of paralysis.

This advertence to Cornish matters reminds us that amongst some recent additions to the roll of Civil List pensioners is the widow of the late Rev. Robert Stephen Howker, the Vicar of Morwenstow, whose charming legendary lays and lyrics of Devon and Cornwall are so universally read and admired.

Mrs. G. M. Tweddell (Florence Cleveland) will shortly publish a volume of her poems dealing with the legendary lore of Yorkshire.

Messrs. Routledge and Sons have just sent out a new volume of the later poems of Longfellow, entitled "Ultima Thule." It contains some twenty pieces of almost perfect verse, which plainly evince that "the old man eloquent" has lost none of his peculiar poetical power.

Mrs. Leith Adams has again assumed the editorial control of *Kensington*, a meritorious monthly magazine of fact and fiction. In the October edition is part of a serial from that lady's accomplished pen, and Professor A. Leith Adams, F.R.S., has a graphic chapter on the migratory birds of Malta. This month's poetry is hardly up to the usual high standard, but the concluding "Chit-chat—Literary, Artistic, and Theatrical," is very lively.

Our readers will be pleased to learn that, according to the *Athenæum*, at last the armouries of the Tower of London are to be opened to the public in an intelligent manner, as other museums are. The "beef-eaters are to serve as "attendants," and not as guides; their archæological dissertations and histrionic demonstrations are to be replaced by concise handbooks. It is to be hoped that Mr. Childers will put a stop to the devastation which is damaging some of the most important historic portions of the Tower. Prodigious mischief has been done under the plea of "restoration" and an affectation of military necessity. Sham Gothic features have replaced not a few of the genuine, if incongruous, elements to which the Tower owed so much of its picturesqueness, its antiquarian value, and its pathetic interest. We have a foolish "castle" in exchange for a fine historic relic of great dignity. It is said that some of the famous dungeons have not escaped the craze for meddling. We trust it is not so, and appeal to the Secretary of State for War to restrain the costly follies of his deputies.

The enterprising publishing house of Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin have added to the hebdominal press a novelty entitled *The Boys' Newspaper*. It is a high-class serial, combining a *résumé* of that portion of the week's intelligence which has a special interest for the rising generation, with all manner of entertaining reading matter. Everything objectionable in the way of new items is excluded, and no stone left unturned to win the sympathy and support of "our boys."

"An Attempt towards a Glossary of the Archaic and Provincial Words of the county of Stafford, first brought together by Charles Henry Poole, A.D. 1880," is the full title of an important philological booklet just issued from the St. Gregory's Press, Stratford-on-Avon. Though Mr. Poole modestly chooses to call his work an "attempt," the reader who carefully peruses it will be impressed that it is a very successful one. A large number of dialectical words are included in the alphabetical arrangement, and lucidly explained and copiously illustrated by quotations, generally well chosen, from old authors. To the glossary is added an appendix of local colloquial sayings, place-rhymes, specimens of Staffordshire phraseology, etc. Mr. Poole merits the thanks and encouragement of all interested in the preservation of old-world words.

"A JINER."

SHE was about forty-five years old, well-dressed, had black hair, rather thin and tinged with grey, and eyes in which gleamed the fires of a determination not easily baulked. She walked into Major Huse's office and requested a private interview, and, having obtained it and satisfied herself that the law-students were not listening at the key-hole, said, slowly, solemnly, and impressively,

"I want a divorce."

"What for? I supposed you had one of the best of husbands," said the Major.

"I s'pose that's what everybody thinks; but if they knew what I've suffered in ten years they'd wonder I hadn't scalded him long ago. I ought to, but for the sake of the young ones I've borne it and said nothing. I've told him, though, what he might depend on, and now the time's come; I won't stand it, young ones or no young ones: I'll have a divorce, and if the neighbours want to blab themselves hoarse about it they can, for I won't stand it another day."

"But what's the matter? Don't your husband provide for you? Don't he treat you kindly?" pursued the lawyer.

"We get victuals enough, and I don't know but he's as true and kind as men in general, and he's never knocked one of us down. I wish he had, then I'd get him into jail and know where he was nights," retorted the woman.

"Then, what's your complaint against him?"

"Well, if you must know, he's one of them plaguey jiners."

"A what?"

"A jiner—one of them pesky fools that's always jining something. There can't nothing come along that's dark and sly and hidden, but he'd jine it. If anybody should get up a society to burn his house down, he'd jine it, just as soon as he could get in; and if he had to pay for it, he'd go all the suddener. We hadn't been married mor'n two months before he joined the Know-Nothins. We lived on a farm then, and every Saturday night he comes tearing in before supper, grabs a fistful of nut cakes, and goes off gnawing them, and that's the last I'd see of him till morning. And every other night he'd roll and tumble in his bed, and holler in his sleep, 'Put none but Americans on guard—George Washington;' and rainy days he would go out in the corn-barn and jab at a picture of the Pope with an old bagnet that was there. I ought to have put my foot down then, but he fooled me so with his lies about the Pope's coming to make all the Yankee girls marry Irishmen, and to eat up all the babies that warn't born with a cross on their foreheads, that I let him go on, and even encouraged him in it. Then he jined the Masons. P'raps you know what them be, but I don't 'cept they think they are the same kind of critters that built Solomon's Temple; and of all the darned nonsense and gab about worshipful masters and square and compasses and sich like that we had in the house for the next six months, you never see a beat. And he's never out-growed it nuther. What do you think of a man, 'Squire, that'll dress himself in a white apron, 'bout big enough for a monkey's bib, and go marching up and down, and making motions, and talking the foolish lingo at a picture of George Washington in a green jacket and a truss on his stomach? Ain't he a loonytick? Well, that's my Sam, and I've stood it as long as I'm agoin' to. The next lunge the old fool made was into the Odd Fellers. I made it warm for him when he came home and told me he'd jined them, but he kinder pacified me by tellin' me they had a sort of branch show that took in women, and that he'd get me in as soon as he found out how to do it. Well, one night he come home and said I'd been proposed, and somebody had black-

balled me. Did it himself, of course. Didn't want me around knowing his goings on. Of course he didn't, and I told him so. Then he joined the Sons of Matter. Didn't say nothing to me about it, but sneaked off one night, pretendin' he'd got to sit up with a sick Odd Feller, and I'd never found it out, only he came back lookin' like a man that had been through a thrashing machine, and I wouldn't do a thing for him till he owned up. And so its gone from bad to wus, and from wus to wusser, jining this and that and t'other, till he's Worship Minister of the Masons, and Goddess of Hope of the Odd Fellows, and Swordswallerer of the Finnegans, and Virgin Cerus of the Grange, and Grand Mogul of the Sons of Indolence, and Two-edged Tomahawk of the United Order of Black Men, and Tale-bearer of the Merciful Manikins, and Skipper of the Guild Caratine Columbus, and Big Wizard of the Arabian Nights, and Pledge-passer of the Reform Club, and Chief Bulger of the Irish Mechanics, and Purse-keeper of the Order of the Canadian Conscience, and Double-Barrelled Dictator of the Knights of the Brass Circles, and Standard-Bearer of the Royal Archangels, and Sublime Porte of the Onion League and Chambermaid of the Celestial Cherubs, and Puissant Potentate of the Petrified Pig-Stickers, and the Lord only knows what else. I've borne it and borne it, hopin' he'd get 'em all jined after a while, but 'tain't no use, and when he'd got into a new one, and been made Grand Guide of the Nights of Horror, I told him I'd quit, and I will."

Here the major interrupted, saying, "Well, your husband is pretty well initiated, that's a fact; but the Court will hardly call that a good cause for a divorce. The most of the societies you mention are composed of honourable men, and have excellent reputations. Many of them, though called lodges, are relief associations and mutual insurance companies, which, if your husband should die, would take care of you, and would not see you suffer if you were sick."

"See me suffer when I'm sick! Take care of me when he's dead! Well, I guess not; I can take care of myself when he's dead, and if I can't I can get another. There's plenty of 'em. And they needn't bother themselves when I'm sick either. If I want to be sick and suffer its none of their business, especially after all the sufferin' I've had when I ain't sick, because of their carryin's on. And you needn't try and make me believe it's all right either. I know what it is to live with a man that jines so many lodges that he don't never lodge at home and signs his name, "Yours truly, Sam Smith, M.M., I.O.O.F., K.O.B., K. of P., P. of H., R.A.H., I.I.P., K. of X.N.C., H.E.R.R.J.P., L.E.T., X.Y.Z.," etc.

"Oh, that's harmless amusement," remarked Mr. Huse.

She looked him square in the eye and said, "I believe you are a jiner yourself."

He admitted he was to a certain extent, and she arose and said: "I wouldn't have thought it. A man like you, chairman of a Sabbath school and Superintendent of the Republicans. It's enough to make a woman take pisen. But I don't want anything of you. I want a lawyer that don't belong to nobody or nothin'."

And she bolted out of the office and inquired where Captain Patten kept. —*New Britain Observer.*

BRO. SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN.*

BY BRO. C. P. MACCALLA.

THE present Lodge of Antiquity, No. 2, of London, which in the year 1717 met at "The Goose and Gridiron alehouse, in St. Paul's Churchyard," and prior to that time was known as St. Paul's Lodge, possesses the mallet and trowel used at the laying of the corner-stone of St. Paul's Cathedral, together with a pair of carved mahogany candlesticks, reputed to have been presented to the lodge by Bro. Sir Christopher Wren. The mallet has a silver plate set in the head, on which is engraved the following inscription:

"By order of the M.W. the Grand Master,
His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, etc., etc.,
and W. Master of the Lodge of Antiquity,
and with the concurrence of the Brethren of the
Lodge, this plate has been engraved and affixed
to this Mallet, A.L. 5831, A.D. 1827;
To commemorate that this, being the same
Mallet with which
His Majesty, King Charles the Second,
levelled the foundation-stone of
St. Paul's Cathedral, A.L. 5677, A.D. 1673,
was presented to the Old Lodge of St. Paul's,
now the Lodge of Antiquity,
acting by immemorial constitution,
By Brother Sir Christopher Wren, R.W.D.G.M.,
Worshipful Master of the Lodge,
and Architect of that edifice.

The early records of this lodge, unfortunately, have been lost or destroyed, so that the best evidence of Wren's connection with it, as officer and member, is wanting; but other evidence is in existence, and Masonic tradition distinctly corroborates it, and, as Bro. Woodford recently remarked in this connection, Masonic tradition is not to be despised.

The earliest authentic reference to Sir Christopher Wren as a Freemason is contained in a manuscript now in the library of the Royal Society of England, that was written by John Aubrey, an eminent antiquary and naturalist (born 1627, died 1697), and entitled "Natural History of Wiltshire." At page 277 it reads as follows:

"Memorandum.—This May the 18th, being Monday, 1691, after Rogation Sunday, is a great convention at St. Paul's Church of the fraternity of the adopted Masons, where Sir Christopher Wren is to be adopted as a brother, and Sir Henry Goodric of the Tower, and divers others.

It is true that this is but the announcement of an event that was expected to occur, and not of an accomplished fact, nevertheless it bears upon its face the evidence of sincerity and truth, and all of the probabilities in the case go towards substantiating the assertion. Wren was an eminent architect, and likely a patron of the Craft (as Anderson states) before he became a member of it, and Aubrey would not have been likely to insert such a statement as the above in his work if it had not been true. We consider that this unquestioned contemporaneous record, written in 1691, and carefully preserved to the present day, fortified as it is by Masonic tradition, and by the statements of subsequent Masonic historians (who all agree that Wren was a Freemason,

* We are always happy to give to our readers the interesting communications of our able friend and brother, C. P. Maccalla.—ED. *M.M.*

although they differ as to when he was made a Mason), is satisfactory evidence that the Craft may claim him as a brother. Anderson, in his first Constitutions, published in the year 1723, states that the erection of St. Paul's Cathedral "was conducted by the ingenious architect, Sir Christopher Wren." It has been inferred from this, by those who deny that Wren was a Mason, that if he had been, Anderson would not have failed to have then asserted it as a fact. It must be remembered, however, as Bro. Mackey has suggested, that King George I. was then on the English throne, and was so unfriendly to Wren that five years previously, in 1718, he had removed him from his office of Surveyor-General and appointed a German favourite in his place. It was, therefore, servility to the ruling power that led Anderson to say but little concerning one who had been marked (although altogether unjustly) by the disfavour of the King. In the second edition of Anderson's Constitutions, published in 1738, he gives Wren all Masonic honour, and more official stations that can be substantiated by any authority whatever, making him a "Grand Master" at an era when the station of Grand Master had not been created in England, for this supreme function, so far as we can learn, was unknown prior to 1717. There were lodges long prior to that time, but not a Grand Lodge or a Grand Master, although likely there were Grand Patrons.

Preston, in his "Illustrations of Masonry" (published in 1775), follows a second statement of Anderson, and calls the architect "Deputy Wren." In his 1781 edition he states that "the mallet with which the foundation-stone (of St. Paul's) was laid is now in the possession of the Lodge of Antiquity, and preserved there as a great curiosity;" while in his 1788 edition he states, more specifically: "The mallet, etc., was delivered by Sir Cristopher Wren to the old lodge of St. Paul, now the Lodge of Antiquity."

Noorthorick, in his Constitutions (published in 1784) says, with reference to the laying of the cap-stone of St. Paul's: "The age and infirmities of the Grand Master (Wren), which prevented his attendance on this solemn occasion, confined him afterwards to great retirement, so that the lodges suffered from want of his usual presence in visiting and regulating their meetings, and were reduced to a small number."

The Rev. J. W. Laughlin, in a lecture on the life of Wren, delivered in London in 1857, and reported in the *Freemason's Magazine*, says, "Wren was for eighteen years a member of the old Lodge of St. Paul's, then held at the Goose and Gridiron, near the Cathedral, now the Lodge of Antiquity."

Row, in his "Masonic Biography and Dictionary," states that in the year 1703 there were but four lodges in London, and these were neglected and nearly deserted, and that in order to revive the interest in St. Paul's Lodge the following resolution was adopted:

"'*Resolved*,—That the privileges of Masonry shall no longer be confined to operative Masons, but be free to all men of all professions, provided that they are regularly approved and initiated into the fraternity.'

"Sir Christopher Wren, however, did not approve of this innovation, and it was not until after his death (this, however, is an error, as Wren did not die until 1723) that the four lodges felt it their privilege to assemble themselves and elect a Grand Master, and put into practical operation the resolution passed by St. Paul's Lodge in 1703."

The unknown author of "The Complete Freemason, or Multa Paucis for Lovers of Secrets" (published in 1763) in that work refers to Wren as Grand Msster of Masons. As Bro. Gould has suggested, he probably copied and enlarged upon Anderson's second statement.

Bro. Woodford, who is a member of the Lodge of Antiquity, says (in the London *Freemason*), "The candlesticks (before referred to) have always been said to have belonged to the old Lodge of St. Paul's, and given by Sir Christopher Wren. There is a picture of Wren belonging to the Lodge of Antiquity, though it is now said it is not Wren." He also adds, "I looked

up the account of Wren's funeral years ago, but there was no sign, if I remember rightly, of any Freemasons being present." Nothing, we remark, however, can be argued from this negative. Some Grand Masters, nowadays, are buried without Masonic ceremonies, and the remains of so distinguished a Freemason and Past Grand Master as Bro. Dr. Benjamin Franklin were interred in a like manner.

Bro. R. F. Gould, author of "The Four Old Lodges," promises to publish a pamphlet, at an early day, with the title, "Was Sir Christopher Wren a Freemason?" Our brother takes, we believe, the negative view. His monograph cannot fail to present an able plea, though, if in the negative, we scarcely think it will be conclusive. The case is one that does not seem at present to admit of certainty—all that can be presented is a probability. Wren was undoubtedly of a social disposition, and fond of relaxation. The drama, for example was, one of his amusements, and in 1652 he acted in private theatricals before the Elector Palatine and others. His intimate friends always called him "Kit Wren." A man of such a disposition, and a leading architect besides, was most likely to have sought an acquaintance with the mysteries of Freemasonry. Assuming, then, that Wren was a Freemason, upon the evidence given above, fortified by Masonic tradition, we now give a sketch of his very eventful life.

Sir Christopher Wren won the praise of the greatest of his contemporaries, as well as of eminent men of later times. Evelyn, the author of the famous diary that bears his name, terms him "that miracle of a youth." "that rare and early prodigy of universal science," "that prodigious young scholar," "an extraordinary, ingenious, and knowing person," and "the famous architect." Sir Isaac Newton classed him, with two others, as "*facile princeps* among the geometricians of their age." Dr. Robert Hooke wrote of him, "Since the time of Archimedes, there scarce has ever met in one man, in so great a perfection, such a mechanical hand and so philosophical a mind." Evelyn wrote, in dedicating a book to him, "If the whole art of building were lost, it might be recovered in St. Paul's, the historical pillar, and those other monuments of your happy talent and extraordinary genius." And Macaulay says in his history, "No man born on our side of the Alps has imitated with so much success the magnificence of the palace-like churches of Italy." Such are a few tributes to his genius.

Wren was, both by birth and education, essentially a gentleman. He was the son and only child of the Rev. Cristopher Wren, Dean of Windsor, Chaplain to King Charles I., and Registrar of the most noble Order of the Garter, and was also the nephew of Bishop Matthew Wren, also Chaplain to Charles I., one of the Judges of the Star Chamber, and afterwards, in 1640, impeached by the Commons, and imprisoned in the Tower of London for twenty years. His political enemies, in after times, sarcastically referred to his distinguished family as "this Wren's nest." He was born in 1632, and in infancy and youth was quite delicate. He grew up amid the troublous time of the Civil War between the Royalists and the Roundheads. Between his eighth and tenth year, the great battle of Edgehill was fought, his uncle was impeached and sent to the Tower, and Archbishop Laud was beheaded. But he continued his studies as though profound peace prevailed. He early developed a remarkable inventive genius. In his thirteenth year he invented an astronomical instrument, which he filially dedicated to his father in some excellent Latin verses. In his fifteenth year he translated Oughtred's "Geometrical Dialling" into Latin, and made a reflecting sun-dial for the ceiling of his room. He studied and was graduated at the University of Oxford. No branch of knowledge cultivated in his day did he lack. At the age of twenty-four his name was known over Europe.

(To be concluded.)

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

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CURIOSITIES OF THE SEARCH ROOM.*

"THIS is a most interesting book, and one which will have many attractions for those of us who have often amused themselves in searching for old wills in Doctors' Commons. That venerable search room is extinct, and a new one is set up at Somerset House. There were at one time 372 Ecclesiastical Courts in England and Wales where wills could be proved; there are now 41, and with London 42. But a copy of all wills must be deposited in the London central office. In 1873, there were 40,960 wills proved, concerning property valued at £119,387,091; of these 15,711 wills were proved in London, and 25,249 wills in the country registries. As regards the antiquity of the wills, a great batch of original wills goes back to Edward V., 1483, but copies date a century earlier, from Richard II. It is impossible in our limited space to give even an idea of the amount of interest to be found in this very readable book, though it is perhaps a little too modern in its illustrations, as many of the modern wills given are very commonplace indeed. The history of wills is, however, per se, a very curious one, and a very sad one, though we cannot enlarge on it here. We give one or two eccentric wills, and we must ask our readers to find many more for themselves. The following seems to us—we may be too precisian for this easy going age—really a profane will. A dissenting minister (name properly not given) bequeathed a sum of money to his chapel at St. Ives to provide 'six bibles every year, for which six men and six women were to throw dice on Whit Monday after a morning service, the minister kneeling at the south end of the communion table and praying God to direct the luck to His glory.' This is another truly eccentric will: A sailor requested his executors 'to pay to his wife one shilling, wherewith to buy hazel nuts, as she always preferred cracking nuts to mending stockings.' Here is a proof of the spitefulness of wills. A German professor, who died at Berlin the beginning of this century, entertaining a great dislike to his sole surviving relative, left all his property to him, but on the sole condition 'that he should always wear white linen clothes at all seasons of the year, and should not supplement them in winter by extra under garments.' Lord Stafford left to his wife, Claude Charlotte de Gramont, daughter of the well-known Grammont in King Charles II.'s times, 'five-and-forty brass halfpence.' Indeed, there is no end to selections we might make, but we must stop here,

* Curiosities of the Search Room: A Collection of Serious and Whimsical Wills. By the author of "Flemish Interiors." Chapman & Hall, London.

recommending our friends to read the book themselves, and the editor of the *Magazine* to give us a good review of it in the October number."

The above review of this same work, which appeared in the *Freemason* of September 11th, seems to be a call upon us to continue the work there commenced, and to bring before our readers a little more in detail the contents of a very interesting work.

We echo the complaint of the reviewer that the wills are too modern, and we also regret that the "compiler" of this really amusing book did not give us the wills of Shakespeare, Pitt, and many more whom he specially mentions, because, as is well known to some of our student readers, they are still "caviare" to the mass; and we say this feelingly, because many of the more modern wills interpellated might be dispensed with as being meaningless and "jèjune" in the highest degree.

The history of wills is more or less the history of human weakness, folly, passion, and perversity. That there are "wills and wills" is perfectly true, and that many wills are good and kind, and sage, and satisfactory no one need doubt or deny. Still a large proportion only, to our mind, serve to demonstrate unmistakably, if any proof were needed, the inherent faults, folly, and baseness even of human nature. That most of us make a will is probably true; that many of us regret the wills when we do make them is equally a fact in humanitarian natural history. With some the fear of men, with others family pride, with others dread of death itself seem each and all to affect, for good or evil, discomfort or comfort, us poor mortals here.

The writer divides wills into eccentric wills, puzzling wills, vindictive wills, and what we may term, perhaps, æsthetic wills, and, lastly, poetic wills. He also gives us four other categories of wills which relate (1) to bequests to wives; (2) to servants; (3) to charities; (4) for animals; and he supplements these with two further sections, (1) disputed and (2) the wills of remarkable persons. And so we will, kind readers, to-day follow his own division of the subject as is most convenient for you and me.

One word before we proceed. The writer alludes to wills in Roman and Grecian times, but does not allude, as he might well have done, to Egyptian and Assyrian wills. Curiously enough there were no wills for some centuries in this country, the military law and feudal customs prohibiting the alienation of estates. So much so was this the case, says the writer of this book, that by the common law even a landowner could only bequeath a portion of his property, his widow and children being entitled to a certain part, and a "veto" against disposing of the whole of it held good in England until the time of Charles I. Be this as it may, there are a great many mediæval wills extant, no doubt, though the law affecting land has always, as it still is, been different from that of personalty. But to proceed.

The following three wills are early seventeenth century wills, and may be dubbed eccentric.

WILL OF A JILTED BACHELOR.

(1610.)

A French merchant dying in 1610 left a handsome legacy to a lady who had, twenty years before, refused to marry him, in order to express his gratitude to her for her forbearance, and his admiration for her sagacity in leaving him a happy bachelor life of independence and freedom.

AN ABBREVIATED WILL.

(1616.)

A North-country peasant, North Riding of Yorkshire, dying in the year 1602, dictated his will as follows:—

"I, William Thorpe of Aldboro'; soul to Almighty God; twelve shillings to poor-box; lease of farm, one corne wain, and the wood cutt this yr, also yoke of oxen, to sonne Robert; two black kine to my dau'r Alison. Between dau'rs Anne and Eliza three kine; to Anthony Robinson a stall. of four yr old and a met. of beans, and another met. to his children. Sonne Robert and three dau'rs all four exors."

A PROVOKING LEGACY.

(1620.)

Jasper Mayne, a punster, who died in 1620, and seems to have carried his sense of the ridiculous to the confines of this world, bequeathed to his valet a worn-out portmanteau, not so much for its own value as for that he would attach to its contents, there being within it something which would enable him to drink. The man, who it appears was somewhat given to the bottle, lost no time on his return from his master's burial in examining the mysterious legacy. On turning the key, however, his disgust may be imagined at finding nothing in the box but a red herring!

The following is a very considerate will, and the medical profession equally with ourselves will protest against its being termed eccentric:—

A MAGNANIMOUS CLAUSE.

(1720.)

A Polish princess, while travelling in France, requiring the services of a surgeon, for an accident to her hand, called in one of high reputation and standing, who, notwithstanding his experience and skill, had the misfortune to wound her severely. Mortification rapidly set in, and the arm was of necessity amputated. The operation, unhappily, proved fatal; two days, however, before her death, the lady, feeling convinced she should not recover, sent for a notary, and with singular generosity added this clause to her will:

"Persuaded as I am of the prejudice which will arise against the unfortunate surgeon who has been the cause of my death, I bequeath to him an annuity of two hundred ducats, and I forgive him with all my heart for the mistake he has made. I sincerely hope that this slight compensation may contribute to indemnify him for any evil consequences that may result from this fatal catastrophe."

The following has some slight interest for the "heads" as well as the feelings of the theatrical profession:—

WILL OF JOHN REED.

John Reed was gas-lighter of the Walnut Street Theatre, at Philadelphia, and filled this post for forty-seven years, with a punctuality and fidelity rarely equalled; there is not on record a single representation at which he was not present. John Reed was somewhat of a character, and appears to have had his mute ambitions. As he never aspired, however, to appear on the stage in his lifetime, he imagined an ingenious device for assuming a rôle in one of Shakespeare's plays after his decease; it was *not* the ghost of Polonius, nor yet the handkerchief of Desdemona—no; it was the skull in Hamlet, and to this end he wrote a clause in his will thus: "My head to be separated from my body immediately after my death; the latter to be buried in a grave; the former, duly macerated and prepared, to be brought to the theatre, where I have served all my life, and to be employed to *represent* the skull of Yorick—and to this end I bequeath my head to the properties."

As the writer truly says, the following is the will of an impartial, if eccentric testator:—

AN IMPARTIAL TESTATOR.

(1818)

In 1814 a man named Wright, who died in a humble lodging in Pimlico, distributed in a singular way a considerable amount of property of which no one suspected him of being the owner.

On his deathbed he sent for Archdeacon Potts, then rector of his parish, and communicated to him his intentions.

"I have left," he said, "to the Countess of Rosslyn, £4,000; to the Lady Francis Wilson, Countess of Aylesbury, all the landed estates I possess in the county of Hants; to the Speaker of the House of Commons, £4,000; to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, £1,000." The Archdeacon opened his eyes wider and wider as he elicited that the legatees mentioned had no claim whatever on the testator, and no personal acquaintance with him; indeed, his only knowledge of Lady Aylsbury was his having seen her at the opera, when he scarcely removed his eyes from her night after night. The rector on this made up his mind the man was mad, and began to foresee a possible lawsuit *de lunatico inquirendo* looming in the distance; but the will was not yet finished. "Moreover," continued the dying man, "I have bequeathed the sum of £1,000 as a mark of my approval of a sermon I once heard you preach, to your Reverence."

The Archdeacon's apprehensions were at once removed by the last bequest, and as he no longer entertained any doubt of the man's sanity, the will was administered accordingly.

Mr. Furstone's will is equally amusing, if eccentric :—

WILL OF MR. FURSTONE.

A gentleman named Furstone, about to make his will, and having no family, left seven thousand pounds to any man legitimately bearing the name of Furstone, who should discover and marry a female Furstone. If the marriage should result in children, the sum was to descend to the male offspring, if any, or to any child or children of the opposite sex who should, after marriage, retain the name.

The following is also, if eccentric, a will which may fairly be tried in the balances :—

A MATTER OF WEIGHT.

A Scotch gentleman, having two young daughters, bequeathed to each her weight, not in gold, but in one-pound Bank notes. The elder seems to have been slimmer than her sister, for she only got £51,200, while the younger received £57,344.

The following is said to be the shortest will on record :—

THE SHORTEST WILL ON RECORD.

(1878.)

A will was proved in the Lewes Probate Court at the beginning of November, 1878, which was contained in eight words : "Mrs. —— to have all when I die."

We shall all agree that many of these wills are not merely eccentric, but childish and even profane. Take this one :—

A PREMIUM ON PIGMANSHIP.

(1878.)

A wealthy tradesman, M. Thomas Heviant, died at the village of Crône-sur-Marne. In his will he made a number of singular bequests, among which was the following, which was carried out at the annual fête of the village. He ordered that among the amusements should be instituted a race with pigs, the animals to be ridden either by men or boys. The sum of 2,000 francs (£80) was set apart as the prize to the lucky rider of the winning pig. The prize was not to be handed over, however, except on the condition that the winner wore deep mourning for the deceased during two years after the competition. The municipality accepted the eccentric bequest, and these singular races have been held agreeably to the terms of the will.

When we come to puzzling wills, we remember, some of us, these words of La Fontaine, which the writer takes as his motto.

On le lit ; on tâche d'entendre
La volonté du Testateur,
Mais en vain !

Such, surely, was the will of Rosine Barrot :—

WILL OF ROSINE BARROT.

I give to my sister	20	I give to Gustave	6
„ Jeanne	10	„ Eugénie	7
„ Pauline	6	„ Annie	14
„ Marie	6		—
„ Julie	6		75

This is my last will and testament, made at Meude, 20th October, 1767.

ROSINI BARROT.

Is it not an extraordinary fact that the will of Lord Westbury was not understandable, and Lord St. Leonard's will was missing.

This, surely, is an Irish will :—

CUTTING THE GORDIAN KNOT.

(1790.)

A man had a legacy left him ; it was hampered by an unfortunate condition, which he hastened to announce to a sympathising friend. The sum was £2,000, but half of it, according to the testator's wishes, was to be placed in his coffin and buried with him. The sympathiser was equal to the occasion. "Where is the money now ?" he asked, and was told "In the bank." "All right," he said ; "you write a cheque for £1,000, and put it in the old gentleman's coffin, drawn to order."

The old story of the testamentary difficulty may well be inserted here, though rather long.

Among the rhyming wills we may extract the following :—

One of these, proved at Doctors' Commons in 1789 (17th July), runs thus :—

I give and bequeath,
When I'm laid underneath,
To my two loving sisters most dear,
The whole of my store,
Were it twice as much more,
Which God's goodness has given me here.
And that none may prevent
This my will and intent,
Or occasion the least of law-racket,
With a solemn appeal
I confirm, sign, and seal
This the true act and deed of Will Jackett.

In 1804 a similarily indited will obtained probate; the testator in this case signs (or rather rhymes) himself Joshua West, and states his last wishes in the following terms :

Maybe I am not worth a groat,
But should I die worth something more,
I leave it all, with my old coat,
And all my manuscripts in store,
To those who will the goodness have
To cause my poor remains to rest
Within a fitting shell and grave:
This is the will of Joshua West.

The following is the will of Pat O'Kelly, an Irish schoolmaster, who wrote on the leaf of a copybook which he had just finished ruling (thus exemplifying the ruling passion strong in death) the lines we transcribe :

I, having neither kith nor kin,
Bequeath all I have named herein
To Harriet my dearest wife,
To have and hold as hers for life.
While in good health, and sound in mind,
This codicil I've undersigned.

We give an equally abnormal will, which we are assured was the authentic production of an attorney of London, by name Smithers :—

As to all my worldly goods now, or to be, in store,
I give to my beloved wife, and hers for evermore.
I give all freely, I no limit fix :
This is my will, and she's executrix.

As regards vindictive wills, we think the following examples will suffice :—

ARBITRARY BEQUEST.

An estate of some value was left to his eldest son by a certain John Budd, on condition *that he shaved off his moustache and never allowed it to grow again.*

WILL OF A YORKSHIRE RECTOR.

A rector of a Yorkshire parish, who died in 1804, left a considerable property to his only daughter *under the following conditions :*

1st. That she should not marry unless with the consent of his two executors, and

2nd. That she should dress with greater propriety than theretofore.

This clause was worded thus : "Seeing that my daughter Anna has not availed herself of my *advice touching the objectionable practice of going about with* her arms bare up to the elbows, my will is that, should she continue after my death in this violation of the modesty of her sex, all the goods, chattels, moneys, land, and other that I have devised to her for the *maintenance of her future life shall pass to the oldest of the sons of my sister Caroline. Should anyone take exception to this my wish as being too severe,* I answer that license in dress in a woman is a mark of a depraved mind."

WILL OF DR. DUNLOP.

The humorous will of Dr. Dunlop of Upper Canada is worth recording, though there is a spice of malice in every bequest it contains.

To his five sisters he left the following bequests:

"To my eldest sister Joan, my five-acre field, to console her for being married to a man she is obliged to henpeck.

"To my second sister Sally, the cottage that stands beyond the said field with its garden, because as no one is likely to marry her it will be large enough to lodge her.

"To my third sister Kate, the family Bible, recommending her to learn as much of its spirit as she already knows of its letter, that she may become a better Christian.

"To my fourth sister Mary, my grandmother's silver snuffbox, that she may not be ashamed to take snuff before company.

"To my fifth sister, my silver drinking-cup, for reasons known to herself.

"To my brother Ben, my books, that he may learn to read with them.

"To my brother James, my big silver watch, that he may know the hour at which men ought to rise from their beds.

"To my brother-in-law Jack, a punch-bowl because he will do credit to it.

"To my brother-in-law Christopher, my best pipe, out of gratitude that he married my sister Maggie whom no man of taste would have taken.

"To my friend John Caddell, a silver teapot, that, being afflicted with a slatternly wife, he may therefrom drink tea to his comfort."

While "old John's" eldest son was made legatee of a silver tankard, which the testator objected to leave to old John himself, least he should commit the sacrilege of melting it down to make temperance medals.

The following can hardly be called a vindictive will:—

WILL OF MAJOR HOOK.

A country newspaper some years ago recorded the death of a Major Hook, qualified as "a singular character." "He died," says the report, "on Monday se'night, at his house, Ham Street, Ham Common. He was an officer in the East India Company's service, and reached the age of seventy-five. His house was remarkable for its dingy and dilapidated condition."

His wife had become entitled to a life annuity, bequeathed to her in these ambiguous terms: "And the same shall be paid to her as long as she is above ground." When, therefore, the good lady died, her husband very naturally objected to forfeit this income by putting her *below* ground, and ingeniously devised a mode of keeping her in a room which he allotted "to her sole and separate use," placing a glass-case over her remains. For thirty years he thus prolonged his enjoyment, if not of his wife's society, at least of her income.

And Messrs. Parnell, Callan, and Biggar would equally deny the vindictiveness of the following:—

SINGULAR VENGEANCE.

A English gentleman, who had from his earliest years been educated in the most violent prejudices against the Irish, came, when advanced in life, to inherit a considerable property in the county of Tipperary, but under the express condition that he should reside on the land. To this decree he very reluctantly conformed, but his feelings towards the natives only grew more bitter in consequence.

At his death some years after, on the 17th March, 1791, his executors were extremely surprised on opening his will to find the following dispositions:

"I give and bequeath the annual sum of ten pounds to be paid in perpetuity out of my estate, to the following purpose. It is my will and pleasure that this sum shall be spent in the purchase of a certain quantity of the liquor vulgarly called whisky, and it shall be publicly given out that a certain number of persons, Irish only, not to exceed twenty, who may choose to assemble in the cemetery in which I shall be interred, on the anniversary of my death, shall have the same distributed to them. Further, it is my desire that each shall receive it by half-a-pint at a time till the whole is consumed, each being likewise provided with a stout oaken stick and a knife, and that they shall drink it all on the spot. Knowing what I know of the Irish character, my conviction is, that with these materials given, they will not fail to destroy each other, and when in the course of time the race comes to be exterminated, this neighbouroood at least may, perhaps, be colonized by civilized and respectable Englishmen."

We conclude with this one—

SOMEWHAT SEVERE.

From the will of a Scotchman lately deceased (says the *Pictorial World*, January 6th, 1877,) we extract the following significant item: "I bequeath my two worst watches to my son, because I know he is sure to dissect them."

As regards æsthetic wills, it seems odd that persons should think so much of death's trappings. It was an old saying, "Pompa mortis magis terret quam mort ipsa," which Voltaire enlarged "Ce n'est par la mort qui me fait peur, c'est son appareil."

We omit all the wills which relate to this subject, as some are to us most offensive, with this exception, as we dislike the animus of all such wills, though we quite agree that the paraphernalia of funerals require moderating.

COMTE DE CHATELET.

(1280.)

A nobleman of the house of Du Châtelet, who died about 1280, left in his will a singular provision. He desired that one of the pillars in the church of Neufchâteau should be hollowed out and his body placed in it on its feet, "in order," says he, "that the vulgar may not walk about upon me."

Neither do we think it right to perpetuate the memory of wills adverse to livers, nor can we find space for any longer enumeration. We give two more, reminding our readers that we have, so to say, skimmed over the ground, and that they will meet more to amuse them and interest them in the book itself.

The following is the will of the famous Lord Chesterfield:—

WILL OF LORD CHESTERFIELD.

(1773.)

One of the most prominent of those whose wills were proved in 1773, was the "great" Lord Chesterfield, the arbiter on all matters of politeness, whose famous "Advice to his Son" was so summarily criticised by Dr. Johnson. This "first gentleman in Europe" of his day, left the bulk of his property to his godson, Philip Stanhope, with a very unfashionable and unpalatable restriction: "The several devises and bequests hereinbefore and hereinafter given by me to and in favour of my said godson Philip Stanhope, shall be subject to the condition and restriction hereinafter mentioned, that is to say, that in case my said godson Philip Stanhope shall at any time hereafter keep, or be concerned in the keeping of, any race-horse or race-horses, or pack or packs of hounds, or reside one night at Newmarket, that infamous seminary of iniquity and ill-manners during the course of the races there, or shall resort to the said races, or shall lose in any one day at any game or bett whatsoever the sum of £500, then, and in any of the cases aforesaid, it is my express Will that he my said godson shall forfeit and pay out of my estate the sum of £5,000 to and for the use of the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, for every such offence or misdemeanour as is above specified, to be recovered by action for debt in any of His Majesty's Courts of Record at Westminster."

The following is the will of Mr. Rundell, one of the greatest of English millionaires:—

WILL OF MR. RUNDELL.

(1827.)

The will of Mr. Rundell, of the firm of Rundell and Bridge, may be cited as dealing with surprisingly large amounts, considering the origin and station of the testator. Its validity was attacked in 1827.

The dimensions his fortune had reached may be judged of by the fact that the stamps alone cost £15,000.

His enormous personal property, amounting to £12,000,000, was distributed amongst his nephews and nieces, the principal legatee being Mr. Neale, of Norfolk Street, Strand.

And the last is a very touching extract from the will of Vicountess P.:—

"... As I have long given you my heart, and as all my tenderest affections and fondest wishes have always been yours, so is everything else I possess. All that I can call mine being already yours, I have nothing to give but my heartiest thanks for the care and kindness you have at all times shown me, whether in sickness or health, for which God Almighty will, I hope, reward you in a better world. However, for form's sake, I hereby give and bequeath you as follows: First the £10,000 left me by Sir R. H——; the £200 a year left me by my father; the large gold cup, and two lesser gold chocolate cups and stands, which I wish you would sometimes look on in memory of my death and of the fondest and faithfullest friend you ever had"

MASONIC AND GENERAL ARCHÆOLOGIA.

IT has been asserted that Chaucer was a "Freemason." There are in his poems certain allusions to operative Masonry, and he was, probably, an hermetic. He was appointed in 1389, by King Richard II., "clerk to the royal works," and, in 1390, "was directed to cause the collegiate chapel at Windsor to be repaired." The original appointment, and the subsequent, are to be found in "extenso" in the "appendix" to Godwin's Life of Chaucer, and might well be reproduced in this page of the magazine, as all such facts tend to illustrate and open out clearly the history of the Mason Guilds.

If any of our readers have access to Godwin's Life of Chaucer, we shall be obliged by a transcript of those documents.

In the extract from the original patent, which we have seen, Chaucer was empowered to "impress" masons. No doubt all these documents are originally to be found in Rymer.

We now offer to our readers a catalogue of a mediæval library given by the Earl of Warwick to the convent of Bordeslowe in the fourteenth century, about 1350. Not only is it "per se" a very curious and striking list of the current and customary literature, but it opens out many thoughts and considerations which will be patent to many of our readers, but are beyond the purpose of this paper.

We are indebted to the late able and lamented Dr. Todd for first introducing it to the notice of students, in his well-known "Illustrations of Gower and Chaucer," mainly from the "Lambeth MSS." It has been reproduced in Sharon Turner's admirable History of England. We append a translation of the "Norman French," as some of our readers may not be quite ready with it.

"Sachez nous avier balí é en la garde le Abbé e le Covent de Bordesleye lessé à demorer à touzjours touz les Romaunces desouz només ceo est assaveyr: un volum qe est appelé Tresor; un volum en le quel est le premer lievre de Lancelot; e un volum del Romaunce de Aygnes; un Sauter de Romaunce; un volum des Evangiles e de vie des Seins; un volum qe p'le des quatre principals gestes de Charles e de dooun, e de Meyace, et de Girard de Viene, e de Emery de Nerbonne; un volum del Romaunce Emond de Agelond, et den Roy Charles dooun de Nauntoile; e le Romaunce de Gwyoun de Nauntoyl; e un volum del Romaunce Titus et Vespasien; e un volum del Romaunce Josep ab Arimathie, e den Saint Grace; e un volum qe p'le coment Adam fust euieste hors de Paradys, el le Genesie; e un volum en le quel sount contenuz touns les Romaunces, ceo est assaveir, Vitas Patrum au comencement; e pus un Counte de Anteypt; e la Vision Seint Pol; e pus les Vies des XII. Seins; e le Romaunce de Willame de Loungespe; e autorites des seins humes; e le Mirour de Aime; un volum en le quel sont contenuz la vie Seint Pere e Seint Pol, e des autres live; e un volum qe est appelé l'Apocalips; e un livre de Phisik e de Surgie; un volum del Romaunce de Gwy é de la Reygne tut enterement; un volum del Romaunce de Willame de Orenges et de Tebaud de Arabia; un volum del Romaunce de Amase et de Idoine; un volum del Romaunce Girard de Viene; un volum del Romaunce deu Brut del Roy Costentine; un volum de la enseigment Aristotle enveirz au Roy Alisaundre; un volum de la Mort ly Roy Arthur e de Mordret; un volum en le quel sont contenz les Enfaunces Nostre Seygneur coment il fust mené en Egipt; e la vie Seint Edward; e la visioun Seint Pol; La Vengeance n're Seygneur par Vespasian e Titus; e la vie Seint Nicolas que fust nez en Patras;

e la vie Seint Eustace; e la vie Seint Cudlac, e la Passioun n're Seygneur, e la Meditacioun Seint Bernard de n're Dame Seint Marie; e del Passioun sont douz fiz n're Seignr.; e la vie Seint Eufrasie; e la vie Seint Radegounde; e la vie Seint Juliane; un volum del Romaunce d'Alisaundre eve peintures, un petit rouge linere en le quel sount contuing mous diverses choses; un volum del Romaunce des Mareschaus e de Firebras e de Alisaundre. Les queus livres nous grauntous pur nos heyrs e pur nos assignes q'il demorront en la dit Abbeye. Escrites au Bordesleye le premier jour de may le an du regn le Roy Edwd. trentime quart."

Before we give the translation of this remarkable catalogue in Norman French, we may observe that many of the books have passed away and are known no more to book collectors, though many, of course, are still familiar to the curious in such matters.

"Know ye, that we have bailed and left in the guard of the Abbot and Convent of Bordeslowe, to remain there for ever, all the Romances below named: one volume which is called Treasure; one volume in which is the first Book of Lancelot; and one volume of the Romance of Agnes; a Psalter of Romance; one volume of the Gospels and the Life of the Saints; one volume which speaks of the four principal acts of Charles, and of the Doyen, and of Meyace, and of Gerard of Vienne, and of Emery of Narbonne; one volume of the Romance Edmund of Ageland, and of the King Charles, Doyen of Nanteuil; and one volume of the Romance Titus and Vespasian; and one volume of the Romance of Joseph of Arimathæa, and of the Holy Graal; and one volume which tells how Adam was sent out of Paradise, et the Genesis; and one volume in which are contained all the Romances, that is to say, "Vitas Patrum" at the beginning, and then a story of Anteypt, and the Vision of St. Paul, and then the lives of XII. Saints, and the Romance of William de Longespee; e "Autorites" of the Holy Men, et the Mirror of the Soul; one volume in the which are contained the Life of the Holy Father and of Saint Paul, and other books; one volume which is called Apocalypse, and one volume of Phisic and Surgery; one volume of the Romances of Guy and the Queen all entirely; one volume of the Romance of Troy; one volume of the Romance of William of Orange and Thibaud of Arabia; one volume of the Romance of Amasis and of Idoinia; one volume of the Romance Gerard of Vienne; one volume of the Romance of Brut and King Constantine; one volume of the teaching of Aristotle sent to King Alexander; one volume of the Death of King Arthur and of Mordred; one volume in which are contained the Infancy of our Saviour, how he was taken to Egypt, and the Life of St. Edward, and the Vision of St. Paul, the Vengeance of our Lord, by Vespasian and Titus, and the Life of St. Nicholas who was born in Patras, and the Life of St. Eustace, and the Life of St. Cudlac, and the Passion of our Lord, and the Meditation of St. Bernard on our Lady Mary, and of the Passion of her sweet son Jesus Christ our Lord, et the Life of St. Euphrasia, and the Life of St. Radegonde, and the Life of St. Juliana; one volume of the Romance of Alexander, with paintings; a little red book, in which are contained many different things; a volume of the Romance of Maraeschaux, and of Firebras and Alexander. The which books we grant for our heirs and assigns, that they shall remain in the said Abbey. Written at Bordeslowe, the first day of May, the thirty-fourth year of the reign of Edward."

MISTRYSTED.

BY L. A. JOHNSTONE.

I FEEL the nicht as I wud choke,
I feel I canna breathe within;
My mither threeps that women fowk
Sud ever bide at hame an' spin;
I trow when faither used tae spiel
The brae, and whustle o'er the moor,
She didna' sit an' birl her wheel,
An' never look ayont the door.

Sae I wud wander doon the brae
Whaur him an' me strayed ilka e'en;
An' think, as a' my lane I gae
On a' the joy that micht hae been.
They say a bonnier lass he's foun'—
Ah weel, that was na' ill tae do—
But he maun seek braid Scotland roun'
Or ere he licht on ane as true.

I wunner if her heart does beat
Whan in the gloaming he comes ben;
Is it that sair, she fain wud greet
Whan he gangs ower the door again?
I wunner is she far ower blate
Tae raise tae his her happy ee,
For fear the joy she kens is great,
Is mair than, maybe, he sud see?

I wunner does he cast a thocht
On ane wha ance was a' tae him;
I wunner—whiles mair than I ocht—
Till heart is sair an' een are dim.
Ay, here the sun sank red an' roun,
An' here we heard the laverock's sang,
An' here was whaur we sat us doun,
Here whaur the burnie flashed alang.

Last year, we daun'ered down the braes;
Last year, we heard the gowk's first cry;
Last year, we pu'ed the nuts an' slaes,
An' watched the honey bees sail by;
An' here, a mavis built her nest,
Close underneath the auld stone wa',
But ane her peacefu' hame has guessed,
An' stole the mavis' nest awa'.

My mither says she's fairly sick
To see me gang a' day an' mourn;
When lads, she says, are aye as thick
As are the haws on ilka thorn.

Ay, an' the gowk 'ill come next year,
The mavis fin' anither hame;
The burnie dance alang as clear,
The bees gang singing ower the kaim.

The nuts an' slaes hang ripely doun,
An' lads an' lassies pu' them fain;
An' hearken tae the laverock's tune,
When next year shall come roun' again.
It's this my mither aye has said,
She doesna see sae clear as I,
That I hae reeled aff a' my thread,
An' laid my rock an' reels a' by.

BRO. SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN.

BY BRO. C. P. MACCALLA.

(*Concluded from page* 220.)

THE following were a few of Wren's achievements: He invented a weather clock, an instrument with which to write in the dark, a pneumatic engine, the art of engraving in mezzotint, an instrument enabling one to write with two pens at the same time (for which, at the age of fifteen, he took out a royal patent for seventeen years), and he perfected, if he did not invent, the barometer. His mind possessed the most remarkable versatility, so that he was a universal genius. He was almost equally famous as a mathematician, anatomist, classical scholar, astronomer, experimenter in various branches of physics, and finally as an architect. He published a method of the determination of solar eclipses, made experiments on the pendulum, wrote a series of papers on the easiest method of determining longitude, constructed a solid globe of the moon for King Charles I., made the first model showing the optic action of the eye, invented a machine that would "plant corn equally, without want and without waste," wrote a treatise on spherical trigonometry and an algebraic tract on the Julian period, besides notable papers on the planet Saturn, ship building, fortifications, harbours, and whale fishing. Like Bacon, he took all knowledge for his province, and excelled in whatever he undertook. He first injected liquids into the blood of living animals, and thus led the way to the important medical practice of the transfusion of blood. He advocated burials in cemeteries in the outskirts of cities. He said: "A picce of ground of two acres in the fields may be purchased for much less than two roods among the buildings; and in such cemeteries, decently planted, the dead need not be piled four and five upon each other, or have their bones thrown out to make room for others." In all, he made some fifty-two suggestive discoveries.

At the age of fifteen he was appointed assistant demonstrator in anatomy to Sir Charles Scarborough, the eminent lecturer, and aided Willis in his dissections for a treatise on the brain; at twenty-one he was M.A. and Fellow of

All Soul's College, Oxford; at twenty-five Professor of Astronomy in Gresham College, London; at twenty-six he solved the problem proposed by Pascal as a challenge to the scientific men of England, and proposed another in return which has never been answered; at twenty-eight he was Professor of Astronomy in the University of Oxford, elected a few days before the restoration of Charles II.; and when in his twenty-ninth year King Charles sent to Oxford for him, and appointed him Deputy to Sir John Denman, Surveyor General of His Majesty's Works. Now, Denham was a poet—the farthest remove from an architect, and Wren, who knew everything, architecture included, was the best man in the kingdom who could have been selected as Deputy. Both were appointed by way of a reward for their loyalty to the Crown. As architect, the first works committed to Wren were the restoration of old St. Paul's and the reparation of Windsor Castle.

In 1665, at the age of thirty-three, Wren went to France, and studied the principal edifices of Paris. He wrote home: "I am so careful not to lose the impression of the structures I survey that I shall bring away all France upon paper." Just after this, in 1666, the Great Fire occurred in London, reducing ten thousand buildings to ashes, and destroying one-seventh of the city. Here was Wren's golden opportunity, which he was richly competent to seize. But, alas, the authorities would not sustain him. He proposed to lay out the city on a new and regular plan, build granite quays along the river front, and have numerous public squares, but lack of enterprise, or of pecuniary means, one or both, defeated his just and magnificent plans.

The year 1674 was a notable one to Wren. In this year Charles II. knighted him, at the age of forty-two, and henceforth, in all public documents he is styled Sir Christopher Wren. Before this he had been Dr. Wren from his Oxford and Cambridge degrees of D.C.L. In this year he was appointed by the king architect of St. Paul's Cathedral, and directed to design a model for it. This was the great work of his life, upon which his fame securely rests. He now resigned his Professorship of Astronomy at Oxford, which he had held for fourteen years, and in this year he was married to Faith, daughter of Sir John Coghill, by whom he had one son, Christopher, an antiquarian numismatist, M.P., and F.R.S., and his father's biographer. After the death of his first wife, Wren married a daughter of Lord Fitzwilliam Baron, by whom he had several children. In 1689 he added to his other honours that of a Member of Parliament.

Sir Christopher Wren on June 21, 1675, laid the corner-stone of St. Paul's Cathedral, the largest and finest Protestant Cathedral in the world, and, after St. Peter's Rome, the most splendid church erected since the revival of classical architecture in Europe. There was no solemn ceremonial, it seems, neither king, bishop, nor lord mayor being present, but only Thomas Strong, the Master Mason under Wren, and a man of decided talent, and Mr. Longland his assistant, with the great architect himself. (It seems, therefore, that the engraved mallet is in error in stating that King Charles laid the corner-stone). In 1710, after the lapse of a period of thirty-five years, and the expenditure of nearly four million dollars (£736,752), the magnificent edifice was completed when (as Dean Milman tells us in his "Annals of St. Paul's") "Sir Christopher Wren, by the hands of his son, attended by Mr. Strong, the Master Mason who had executed the whole work, and the body of Freemasons, of which Sir Christopher was an active member, laid the last and highest stone of the lantern of the cupola, with humble prayers for the Divine blessing on his work." From the age of thirteen to that of eighty-six years Wren was perpetually active, constantly engaged in perfecting himself in all branches of knowledge. "He knew more about masonry than any of his masons and more of carpentry than any of his carpenters."

At first selected by King Charles II. to design and superintend the erection of St. Paul's, Queen Anne continued Wren's appointment, but King George I.,

in 1718, revoked it. Wren had anything but an easy position. He succeeded a poet (Denham) and was himself succeeded by a poetaster (William Benson) in 1718. Benson was a favourite with the Germans who accompanied King George from the Continent, and influenced him in many of his appointments. Sir Robert Walpole truly says, thus was removed the man "the length of whose life enriched the reigns of several princes, and disgraced the last of them." Even while Wren continued architect, his political enemies thwarted his plans, and vexed him in every possible manner. His salary as architect was but £200 per year, and his enemies secured an order that one half of this sum should remain uncollected until the completion of the edifice, and then, in his old age, they retarded its completion as much as they could, so as to prevent him from drawing the sum which had accumulated. Wren appealed to the king in this matter, who referred the case to his attorney-general, but that officer gave no conclusive opinion. Wren then appealed to the House of Commons, which body ordered that his suspended salary should be paid on or before December 25, 1711. Thus for the small annual salary of £200, and one half of that sum kept in abeyance, he yet directed the building with so much energy that the parsimonious Duchess of Marlborough, when contrasting the charges of her own architect with the scanty remuneration of Wren, observed, "he was content to be dragged up in a basket three or four times a week for £200 a year."

Steele sketched him in his *Tatler*, No. 52, under the name of "Nestor," and says of him, "His personal modesty overthrew all his public actions; he was one of the most accomplished and illustrious characters in history." "The modest man built the city, and the modest man's skill was unknown." Steele also gives the following romance, "Wren knew to an atom what foundation would bear such a superstructure, and the record of him states that he was so prodigiously exact, that for the experiment's sake he built an edifice of great beauty and seeming strength, but contrived so as to bear only its own weight, and not to admit the addition of the least particle. This building was beheld with much admiration by the virtuosi of that time; but fell down with no other pressure but the settling of a *wren* upon the top of it." This is so palpable a romance that it must have been coined out of Steele's own brain!

Sir Dudley North was a great lover of building, and often visited St. Paul's while it was in process of erection. He says, "We usually went there on Saturdays, which were Sir Christopher Wren's days, who was the surveyor; and we commonly got a snatch of discourse with him, who, like a true philosopher, was always obliging and communicative, and in every matter we inquired about gave short but satisfactory answers."

During the building of St. Paul's, in 1695, Wren issued the following order, which reminds us of one issued by Gen. Washington to his soldiers:

"Whereas, among labourers, etc., that ungodly custom of swearing is too frequently heard, to the dishonour of God and contempt of authority; and to the end, therefore, that such impiety may be utterly banished from these works, intended for the service of God and the honour of religion, it is ordered that customary swearing shall be sufficient crime to dismiss any labourer that comes to the call; and the clerk of the works, upon sufficient proof, shall dismiss them accordingly."

St. Paul's originally comprehended three churches—the Cathedral proper, St. Faith's (of which nothing remains now but the Cathedral crypt, yet styled the Church of St. Faith) and St. Gregory's, which was annexed to St. Paul's at its south-west corner. Old Fuller wittily described St. Paul's as being "truly the mother-church, having one babe in her body—St. Faith's—and another in her arms—St. Gregory's."

After his dismissal Wren had a town residence in London, and continued to superintend the repairs to Westminster Abbey until his death. The Western Towers are of his design. He also had a country house, rented from the

FREEMASONS' HALL GRAND LODGE LIBRARY LONDON, W.C.

Crown, at Hampton Court, where he passed the greater part of the last five years of his life. Once every year he is said to have visited St. Paul's, and gazed up lovingly at it from both within and without. He knew it was his masterpiece, and he had the affection of a father for it. He lived to the great age of ninety-two, and died peacefully at the last. He had accustomed himself to an after-dinner nap, and when on February 25, 1723, his attendant thought that he slept longer than usual, and went to his room to look for him, he found the great architect and Freemason dead in his chair. His fame was assured—he had nothing more to live for, and his death was therefore a happy release from the infirmities of age. His wonderful and versatile genius will ever be the admiration of men; his works are his monuments, and his fame as a Freemason, and as the last of the great race of cathedral builders, will be cherished by the Craft.

His remains were most appropriately interred in the east of the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral, with a tablet on the adjoining wall bearing the following inscription (in Latin):

"Beneath lies Christopher Wren, builder of this Church and City, who lived upwards of ninety years, not for himself, but for the public good. Reader, if you would seek for this monument, look around."

Interesting autobiographic memoirs of the Wrens are contained in "Parentalia," a book begun by the architect's son, Christopher, and completed by his grandson, Stephen, in 1750, a rare and curious book. In "Parentalia" (published in 1750) is this statement: "The highest or last stone on the top of the lantern was laid by the hands of the surveyor's son, Christopher Wren, deputed by his father, in the presence of that excellent artificer, Mr. Strong, his son, and other Free and Accepted Masons, chiefly employed in the execution of the work." Bro. R. F. Gould, in an article in the London *Freemason* of April 3, 1880, says, with reference to the Strongs named above, that Valentine Strong had six sons, all operative masons. Thomas Strong died in 1681, and left all his employment to his brother Edward, who died in 1723. This Edward Strong was Wren's master mason. On a monument erected to the father, Valentine Strong, at Fairford, in Gloucestershire, appears the following:

Here lyeth the body of Valentine Strong, Freemason. He departed this life November — A. D. 1662.

Here's one that was an able workman long,
Who divers houses built, both fair and strong;
Though Strong he was, a stronger came than he,
And robb'd him of his life and frame, we see;
Moving an old house a new one for to rear,
Death met him by the way, and laid him here.

Elmes has written Wren's biography, while scattered all through English literature are many references to the achievements of his genius. He was a great man and a good man, and the world will not let his fame die. By Freemasons, epecially, his life and works will ever be fraternally and proudly cherished.

THE ALBION LODGE, QUEBEC.

WILLIAM JAMES HUGHAN.

HAVING had occasion lately to look into the origin of the Albion Lodge, Quebec, it has occurred to me that a sketch of its history would be acceptable to the readers of the *Masonic Magazine*. A few years ago, when I claimed for Philadelphia the honour of being the Premier Masonic City of America (viz., of A.D. 1730), Bro. Tisdall (since deceased) answered the claim by putting in a prior date for the Albion Lodge, Quebec (viz., A.D. 1721-2). He declared he had seen the warrant with that year thereon, and many shared his confidence that the Lodge named was the oldest in America. The mistake of Bro. Tisdall's, and others, was doubtless due to the fact that in the *Freemasons' Calendar* (G.L. of England) the years of constitution of the "Ancients" are left vacant, whilst those of the regular Grand Lodge (or "Moderns") are inserted. No. 16, Royal Alpha, is dated 1722, and No. 17, Albion (when on the Roll), was left blank as to the year, which led many to suppose *ditto* was meant, and so with the other "Ancient" lodges. By the publication of my "Masonic Register of Lodges" this error has been dispelled; and since then the issue of the "Atholl Lodges," by Bro. Gould (S.G.D.) has finally removed all grounds for doubt on the subject, so far as the "Ancients" are concerned. No lodges hailing from that Grand Lodge were warranted for any part of America before the year 1757, the first apparently being for Halifax, N.S. According to Bro. J. F. Brennan, this authority for Nova Scotia was not made use of for several years. The next "Ancient" charters for any part of America were 69, Philadelphia, of A.D. 1758; and 89, of 1761-4, for the same city.

A careful examination of the "Atholl Lodges," by Bro. Gould, will prepare the reader for the statement that not one of the "Ancient" lodges can produce any proof of existence prior to 1750, and that the No. IX. which distinguished the Albion Lodge during part of the last century cannot therefore be of an earlier year than 1751. But the year of issue alone is not any proof of continuous working from the date of origin. Many lodges were warranted from time to time by the "Ancients," bearing the same number throughout. The present Mount Moriah (No. 34, of London), Bro. Gould states, had no less than four warrants from the first on 9th January, 1754, to the last on 19th March, 1783. It was 31 under the "Ancients" during this period, and after three lapses, and new warrants issued, it was again reissued in 1783, in each case bearing the number 31, but of course taking date only from the period when again chartered, the number preserving the precedence, not the continuity. The No. 9 is another instance of several warrants, the first being granted in 1751, for London, and likely enough signed by the Masters of Nos. 3, 4, 5, 6, and 7, they being authorised so to do and to act as Grand Master until a suitable brother was installed in that office.* In 1757 the lodge had lapsed, and was again issued for London, being purchased by No. 50. Bro. Gould tells me he found in the minutes of the Stewards' Lodge of "Ancients" that Bro. Clarke, S.G.W., and others gave five guineas for the vacant No. 9, 17th April, 1771, making its third issue, and the fourth was on the 6th June, 1787, according to the minutes of the Grand Lodge, when it was transferred to the Royal Artillery (4th Battalion). On 30th September, 1777, Bro. James Cook, the Master of No. 9, delivered up the warrant at the Grand Lodge, so that as to its having

* "Atholl Lodges, their Authentic History." 1879.

ceased to work there cannot be the slightest doubt, as also of its having been a London lodge up to then. Of the last warrant (the fourth in order) there are several dates given, that of G.L. of 6th June, 1787, being the earliest; but Bro. Gould has traced two others, viz., in the "Grand Lodge Register H," folio 49, of 20th December, 1787, and "F," of 20th December, 1788, but gives a preference to the first-named. Through the kind attentions and enquiries of the learned Grand Master of Quebec, Dr. J. H. Graham, I have been furnished with a transcript of the warrant of 1787, which bears date 20th December, and is signed by the Grand Master, the Earl of Antrim.

Grand Master (Signed) Antrim.
(Signed) Thomas Harper, S.G.W. (Signed) Law. Dermott, D.G.M.
(Signed) Ja. Perry, J.G.W.

To all whom it may concern.

We, the Grand Lodge of the most Ancient and Honourable Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons (according to the old Constitutions granted by his Royal Highness Prince Edwin at York, Anno Domini Nine hundred twenty and six, and in the Year of Masonry Four thousand nine hundred twenty and six) in ample Form assembled, viz.: The Right Worshipful Most Potent and Puissant Lord the Right Honourable Randal William McDonnell, Earl and Baron of Antrim, Lord Viscount Dunluce, Lord Lieutenant of the County of Antrim, in the Province of Ulster and Kingdom of Ireland, Knight of the Most honorable Military Order of the Bath, & one of his Majesty's Most Honorable Privy Counsel, and in that part of Great Britain called England, and Masonical jurisdiction thereunto belonging, Grand Master of Masons; The Right Worshipful Lawrence Dermott, Esq., Deputy Grand Master; The Right Worshipful Thomas Harper, Esq., Senior Grand Warden; and the Right Worshipful James Perry, Esq., Junior Grand Warden (with the approbation and Consent of the Warranted Lodges held within the Cities and Suburbs of London and Westminster) Do hereby authorise and impower our Trusty and Well-beloved Brethren, *viz.: The Worshipful Robert Moorhead, one of* our Master Masons; The Worshipful Peter Geddes, his Senior Warden; and the No. IX. Worshipful David Darling, his Junior Warden; to Form and Hold a Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons aforesaid, at or in the fourth Battn. Royal Regt. of Artillery, on all seasonable Times and lawful Occasions; And in the said Lodge (when duly congregated) *to admit and make Free Masons according to the most Ancient and Honourable* Custom of the Royal Craft in all Ages and nations throughout the known World. And We do hereby further authorise and impower our said Trusty and Well-beloved Brethren Robert Moorhead, Peter Geddes, & David Darling (with the consent of the Members of their Lodge) to nominate, chuse, and install their Successors, to whom they shall deliver this Warrant and invest them with their Powers and Dignities as Freemasons, &c. And which Successors shall in like manner nominate, chuse, and install their Successors, &c., &c., &c. Such Installations to be upon (or near) every St. John's Day during the Continuance of this Lodge for ever. Providing the above-named Brethren and all their Successors always pay due Respect to this Right Worshipful Grand Lodge, otherwise this Warrant to be of no Force nor Virtue.

Given under our Hands and the Seal of our Grand Lodge in London, this Twentieth day of December, in the Year of our Lord One thousand seven hundred Eighty and seven, and in the Year of Masonry Five theusand seven hundred Eighty and seven.

NOTE. This Warrant is Registered in the Grand Lodge, Vol. 1 & 2, &c. Letter A. B., &c., and bears date June 12, 1752. Renewed Decr. 20, 5787, Vide Vol. 8, Letter A.

(L.S.) (Signed) John McCormick, Grand Secretary,

The difference is easily accounted for in the dates of 6th June and 20th December, 1787, being the periods when the warrant was agreed to and when signed by the Grand Master respectively.

On examining the Records of the "Ancients" sometime since, there was a note therein to the effect that No. 241 was constituted at Quebec, October 22nd, 1787. This is the present St. John's Lodge of Quebec. It subsequently was arranged under the numbers 302 (1814), 214 (1832), and 182 (1863). It dates from 1787, but the Albion we shall see takes precedence from 1781. The Register of 1788 is of course an error as to No. 9. The transfer to the 4th Battalion Royal Artillery was agreed to for the sum of five guineas to the Charity, and apparently was obtained by No. 213 so as to have a higher number. No. 213 was granted to that battalion on the 3rd July, 1781, whilst at New York. Bro. Gould tells me that it was duly constituted in that city by the Rev. W. Walter, Prov. G.M. elect on the 18th October, 1781, in the pres-

ence of the Masters and Wardens of 169, 210, and 214 of New York; 132 in the 22nd Regiment, G.L. of Scotland; and 359 in the 76th Regiment, G.L. of Ireland. He also mentions a singular heading to a roll of members at St. John's, Newfoundland: "Lodge No. 213, *Junior*, held in Major Willm. Archd. Huddlestone's company, 4th Battalion R.A., under a dispensation."

Assuming that 213 was the Lodge which obtained the vacant No. 9, that would give the present Albion an antiquity of just one hundred years. I have proved clearly from the foregoing facts as to the "Atholl Lodges" that it cannot date before then, 213 having been formed in 1781, No. 9 being vacant "in and out" from 1751 to 1777, and in the latter year was returned to the G.L. In the records of the G.L., however, it is stated that 230 took the vacant Nine. This 230 was chartered, A.D. 1785, in the 1st Battalion R.A. at Gibraltar, and evidently is a clerical error as to the number. The second document to be considered is a "Warrant of Renewal," or the authority to enable the members of No. 9 to assemble as a civil lodge (or stationary instead of military). It is dated 27th January, 1829, and is signed by the then Lord Dundas as D.G.M. In it mention is made of its issue in 1761, which is another palpable error of the Grand Secretaries, and doubtless it was this statement that enabled the members, as No. 17, to obtain a Centenary Warrant in 1862. At all events, whether 1761 originally, or as facts declare 1751, the claim of continuous working cannot go back before 1787 for the actual No. 9, and to 1781 for 213.

———G.M.

To all and every our Right Worshipful, Worshipful, and Loving Brethren.

We, Prince Augustus Frederick of Brunswick-Lunenburgh, Duke of Sussex, Earl of Inverness, Baron of Arklow, Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, K.T., &c., &c., &c., Grand Master of the Most Antient and Honorable Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons *of England, Send Greeting,*—

Whereas it appears by the Records of our Grand Lodge that a Warrant bearing date in the month of December, 1761, was issued under the Seal of Masonry, authorizing certain Brethren therein named to open and hold a Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons, in London, and which Lodge was then No. 9; And whereas, on the 20th December, 1787, the said Warrant was transferred to certain Brethren authorizing them to hold the said Lodge in the *4th Battalion of His Majesty's Regiment of Royal Artillery.* And Whereas by the Union of the two Fraternities of Free and Accepted Masons on the 27th of December, 1813, the said Lodge became and is now registered in the Books of the United Grand Lodge No. 17, and is held in the said 4th Battalion of Royal Artillery, in the City of Quebec, in the Province of Lower Canada. And whereas the Brethren comprising the said Lodge have by their Memorial prayed that we would grant them a renewed Warrant, enabling them in future to hold their Meetings as a Civil and Stationary Lodge instead of a Military and transient Lodge, and we being willing to accede to their request, Know ye that for the purpose above stated, and upon the petition of the Brethren composing the said Lodge, We do grant this our renewed Warrant unto our Right Trusty and well-beloved Brethren Alfred Rich, Benjamin Cole, Donald Grant, David Loggie, George Pinnock, John Kerry, Ralph Ridley composing the said Lodge, authorizing and empowering them and their Succeesors to assemble and hold a Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons in the City of Quebec, aforesaid, at such times as to the Brethren thereof shall appear necessary, and be regulated by their Bye-Laws, and then and there when duly congregated, to make, pass, and raise Free Masons according to the ancient customs of the Craft in all ages and nations throughout the known World. And futher, on the Petition of the said Brethren we do appoint the said Alfred Rich to be the Master; the said Benjamin Cole to be the Senior Warden; and the said Donald Grant to be the Junior Warden for continuing to hold the said Lodge until such time as another Master shall be regularly elected and inrolled, strictly charging that every member who No. 17. shall be elected to preside over the said Lodge shall be installed in ancient form, and according to the Laws of the Grand Lodge, that he may thereby be fully invested with the Dignities and Powers of his Office. The said Lodge to be upon the General Register of our Grand Lodge No. 17. And we do require you, the said Alfred Rich and your Successors, to take special care that all and every the said Brethren are or have been regularly made Masons, And that you and they and all other the Members of the said Lodge do observe, perform, and keep the said Laws, Rules, and Orders contained in the Book of Constitutions, and all others which from time to time be made by our Grand Lodge, or transmitted by us, or our Successors, Grand Masters, or by our Deputy Grand Master for the time being. And we do enjoin you to make such By-Laws for the government of your Lodge as shall to the majority of the Members appear proper and necessary, the same

not being contrary to or inconsistent with the General Laws and Regulations of the Craft and a Copy whereof you are to transmit to us. And we do require you to cause all such By-Laws and Regulations, and also an account of the proceedings in your Lodge, to be entered in Books to be kept for that purpose. And you are in nowise to omit to send to us, or our Successors, Grand Masters, or to The Right Honorable Lawrence Lord Dundas, our Deputy Grand Master, or to the Deputy Grand Master for the time being, at least once in every year a List of the Members of your Lodge and the name and description of all Masons initiated therein and Brethren who shall have joined the same, Together with the Fees and Monies payable thereon, it being our will and intention that this our Warrant shall be in force so long only as you shall conform to the Laws and Regulations of our said Grand Lodge. And you, the said Alfred Rich, are further required as soon as conveniently may be, to send us an account in writing of what may be done by virtue of these presents.

Given under our Hand and the Seal of the Grand Lodge at London, this 27th day of January, A.L. 5829, A.D. 1829.

By command of the M.W. Grand Master,

William H. White, } G.S.
Edw. Harper, }

Dundas, D.G.M.

THE CENTENARY WARRANT.

To the W. Master, Wardens, other Officers, and Members of the Albion Lodge, No. 17, Quebec, Canada East, and all others whom it may concern.

Whereas it appears by the Records of the Grand Lodge that in the month of December, 1761, a Warrant of Constitution was granted to certain Brethren therein named authorizing and empowering them and their regular Successors to hold a Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons, and which Lodge was then numbered No. 9 on the Registry of the Grand Lodge. And whereas on the 20th December, 1787, the said Warrant was transferred to certain other Brethren authorizing them and their Successors to continue to hold the said Lodge, but in consequence of the Union of the two Grand Lodges, on the 27th December, 1813, the said Lodge became and now stands on the Registry of the United Grand Lodge of England as No. 17, under the Title or Denomination of the Albion Lodge, Meeting in the City of Quebec, Canada East. And whereas the Brethren composing the said Lodge are desirous now that One hundred years have expired since the construction of the Lodge, to be permitted to wear a distinguishing and commemorative Jewel and have prayed the sanction of the Most Worshipful Grand Master for that purpose. And the Most Worshipful Grand Master having been pleased to accede to the request, Doth hereby give and grant to all and each of the actual Subscribing Members of the said Lodge being Master Masons, permission to wear in all Masonic Meetings, suspended to the left Breast by a sky-blue Ribbon not exceeding one inch and a half in breadth, a Jewel or Medal of the Pattern and Device of the Drawing in the Margin hereof as a Centenary Jewel. But such Jewel is to be worn only by those Brethren who are bonâ fide Subscribing Members of the said Lodge and so long only as they shall pay their subscription thereto and be returned as such to the Grand Lodge of England.

Jewel.

Given at Free Masons' Hall, London, this 3rd April, 1862.

By command of the Right Honorable The Earl of Zetland, M.W. Grand Master.

[L.S.] W. Gray Clarke, G.S

Since 1829 the Albion Lodge has been permanently located in the City of Quebec, so the Grand Master informs me, and is No. 2 on the roll of the flourishing Grand Lodge of Quebec, organized in the year 1869. The Centenary Warrant has been retained by the members by consent of our M.W. Grand Master, and the jewel consists of a five-pointed star on which rests a circle, having thereon, "Centenary, 1861," within the ribbon being the square and compasses and the No. 17. I am indebted to the M.W. Bro. Dr. Graham for copies of these interesting documents, and trust their reproduction in the *Masonic Magazine* will be a pleasant sight to Masonic students at home and abroad. Whilst the investigation has resulted in dating the origin of the lodge warrant back to 1751, it has unfortunately proved that the continuous working of the Albion Lodge cannot attain to a centenrary until the year 1881. However, from 1781 is a respectable antiquity.

OLD RECORDS OF THE LODGE OF PEEBLES.

COMPILED BY BRO. ROBERT SANDERSON, P.G. SEC. PEEBLES AND SELKIRK (S.C.)

(*Continued from page* 164).

This old Lodge seems to have prospered well under the mastership of Bros. Archd. Robertson and his brother John, and both are justly held in repute by the brethren, particularly John, who, as subsequent extracts will show, gave the Lodge valuable tangible proofs of his fraternal regard for its prosperity. We find also about this time (1786) that Peebles Kilwinning maintains an important position in the Craft, and many Brethren, from the metropolitan and other surrounding Lodges, seek affiliation with them. Our last extracts closed on page 76 of minute book, but we find that the portions of the book from pages 77 to 108 has been kept chiefly as a record of entries, and dates from 1767. The entries have, of course, been made by several of the Brethren. Some of them, especially the early ones, are badly written. We give the following as a specimen, and only give the names of the entrants and the Masters in the subsequent records.

At Peebles the 27 day of December 1767.

Which day the Masons of Peebles Kilwining convind acording to privious warning and notification, given to the whole of the Brethren when after Dew Enquiry made into the Capasity and Reputacion of William Brown and James Veitch, Masons in Peebels, and after using Dew and usewal Solemnitys Requiset they wer Dewly and leagely Resived ane admitted ane aprentiss to this Lodge. Composisions four pond ten shill. Scots mony each and the oath of fedility was tendred unto them and the said William Brown and James Veitch Cose for there intenders Thomas Stodart, and James Brown members of this lodge, and there presents are sined hy the said William Brown and James Veitch and William Hislop Master.

Decr. 13th, 1768.—William Alexander Mason in Linton is admited, &c.—JOHN HISLOP Master.

Decr. 20th 1768.—Peter Gilles William Harper and John Veitch are admitted.—JOHN HISLOP Master.

Decr. 23rd 1768.—William Robertson writer in Peebles is admitted.—JOHN HISLOP Master.

Janr. 25th 1769.—John Sommerveil Mason Linton is admitted.—ROBERT BROWN Master.

July 8th 1769.—Robert Robertson Dragoon in the Scots Grays is admitted. —ROBERT BZOWN Master.

Novr. 28th 1769.—George Brown Mason in Peebles is admitted.—ROBERT BROWN Master.

Decr. 20 1769.—John Brown and James Dods Masons in Peebles are admitted.—ROBERT BROWN Master.

Decr. 20th 1770.—James Grogart Masin in Peebles is admitted.—ROBERT SCOTT Master.

Decr. 26th 1770.—James Stodhart Mason in Peebles is admitted.—ROBERT SCOTT Master.

Also Brother Marshall a member of Berwick St George No—— gave in a Petition setting forth that he wanted to be Iniate a member of this Lodge, the which was accordingly granted—having paid the dues.—ROBERT SCOTT Mr.

March 5th 1771.—Charles Lawson Mason in Boghouse, was admitted.—ANDREW SCOTT Mr.

Augt— 1771.—Robert Saunderson and Robert Niell Masons in Linton were admitted.—WILLIAM LYON Master.

Novr. 12th 1771.—William Noble wright in Edinburgh admitted, &c.—WILLIAM LYON Master.

Novr. 17th 1772.—William Walker Mason Newland Kirk admitted &c.—ROBERT SCOTT Mr.

March 1st 1773.—William Kedie and William Scott Wrights in this Bruagh (Peebles) admitted &c.—THOMAS STODDART Mr.

Augst. 25th 1773.—Thomas Cairns Mason admitted &c.—THOMAS STODDART Mr.

Decr. 23rd 1773.—James Bartram Writer in this Brugh admitted &c.—THOMAS STODDART Mr.

Decr. 27th 1773.—William Murray Mason in Peebles admitted &c.—THOMAS STODDART Mr.

Decr. 14th 1774.—William Veitch James Vraquair Robert Hislop admitted &c.—THOMAS TWEEDDELL, Master.

Decr. 27th 1774.—Andrew Murray in Selkirk admitted &c.—THOMAS TWEEDDELL, Master.

Janr. 2nd 1775.—George Brown Peebles admitted &c.—THOMAS STONDART Dep Mr.

March 7th 1775.—Robert Somerviell in Linton admitted &c.—WILLIAM HARPER Mr.

Decr. 18th 1776.—Alexr. Ballantyne in Peebles admitted &c.—JOHN BROWN Mr.

Decr. 26th 1776.—William Sydminton admitted &c.—JOHN BROWN Mr.

(This minute is dated Glasgow May 8th, 1777. How this occurs is not explained).—William Turnbull Mason in Kelso admitted &c.

Decr. 19th 1777.—John Tweeddell and John Wallace admitted &c.—JOHN HISLOP Master.

Decr. 25th 1780.—Thomas Rod admitted, &c.—JOHN HISLOP Mr.

Novr. 21st 1783.—William Thomson and Thos. Stodart admitted.—ROBERT SCOTT Mr.

Novr. 26th 1783.—John Hastie admitted &c.—ROBERT BROWN Senr.

Then follows this minute— Peebles 26th Novr. 1783.

The Lodge of Massons Peebles Kilwining conveined according to previous Warning. Having taken into their consideration the favour done them by Mr. John Bartram writer in Edinburgh, Clerk to the Honourable Henry Erskine, his Majesties advocate for Scotland viz for making out a Petition to the Grand Lodge for having their names enrolled there—and Alexander Crawford Masson in Edinburgh for presenting said Petition to the Grand Lodge. Do Hereby nominate appoint and Receive the said Mr. John Bartram and Alexander Crawford, Honourary Members of this Lodge and receives them accordingly and ordains the Master to sign this Minute, and our clerk to give out extracts.—ROBERT SCOTT Mr.

Then follows copy of returns from Grand Lodge for recording fees for fourteen Brethren, dated Edingburgh, 2nd Decr., 1783, and other four returns dated 3rd Janr., 1784, signed by ROT. MEIKLE, Grd Clerk.

Entries continued—

Decr. 25th 1784.—James Veitch admitted &c.—ROBERT BROWN Master.

Peebles July 1st 1785.—The Lodge of Massons Peebles Kilwining Presently conviened in a closed Lodge, considering the Kindness shown to said Lodge by William Ker of Kerfield Esqr. he being a Mason do hereby admit and receive the said William Ker Esqr. a member of this Lodge, and receives him accordingly, and ordains the Master to sign this minute.—JOHN WALLACE.

Peebles 1st Octobr. 1785.—William Grieve presently surgion in Peebles admitted &c.—JOHN WALLACE Mr.

Novr. 26th 1785.—James Gray Schoolmaster in Peebles admitted &c.—JOHN WALLACE Mr.

Decr. 2nd 1785.—William Little writer Peebles, John Johnstone, Peebles, George Donaldson Merchant Tailor Peebles and Alexander Gray Lyn were admitted, &c.—JOHN WALLACE.

Decr. 26th 1785.—Thomas Brown Schoolmaster in Peebles admitted.—JOHN WALLACE.

Decr. 27, 1785.—Which day the Lodge of Massons Peebles Kilwining convened in a closed Lodge, when Brother John Robertson Esqr Commissary of Peebles, Brother Captain John Grieve in Peebles Brother Alexander Stevenson Esqr. advocate sheriff Depute of Peebles Members of Cumberland Killwining No— and Brother George Donnan Member of Innverara Killwining No— wished to be Initeated Members of this lodge which was Instantly granted and the said Brothers Robertson Grieve Stevenson and Donnan were received according having paid their dues therefore.

At the same time oyrs of Massons Peebles Killwinning Lodge admitted and assumed—Brothers Dugall Campbell Esqr. of Crayneith, James Robertson Student of Physic Mr. James Campbell writer in Edinburgh and William Fraser Student of Divinity Members of the Thistle Lodge No— to be Members of this Lodge, who were admitted and reseived accordingly.—ARCHD. ROBERTSON, R.W.M.

Peebles Jan. 13th 1786.—Which day the Lodge of Massons Peebles Killwining convened when Brother Mr. John Robertson Writer in Edinburgh a Member of the Thistle Lodge No— presint. The Lodge thought it proper to Confere the favour upon Brother Robertson to receive him an Honourary Member of this Lodge who was admitted and received accordingly.—ARCHD. ROBERTSON Mr.

Also William Watson shoemaker Peebles George Law watchmaker there and William Sanderson Wright there admitted.—ARCHD. ROBERTSON M.

Peebles 18 Jan. 1786.—John Hunter Wiggmaker Peebles admitted.—ARCHD. ROBERTSON M.

Peebles 25 March 1786.—William Scott Mason in Innerleithen admitted.—ARCHD. ROBERTSON M.

Eodim Die. Brother James Gray presented to the Lodge a Book entitled "A Recommendation of Brotherly Love, upon the Principles of Christianity, and an enquiry into the designs of the institution of Masonry," by James Wright, A.M., and which had been recommended to the perusal of all the Lodges in Scotland by the Most Worshipfull the Grand Master, by an advertisement in the Edinburgh newspapers. The Master appointed the said Book to be lodged in the Master's Box for the benefit of the Lodge to be lent to any Member upon receipt, and authorised the Treasurer to pay Brother Gray four shillings sterling as the price of said Book.—ARCHD. ROBINSON, M.

Peebles 13th June 1786.—Andrew Pasley Mason in Vraquair admitted.—ARCHD. ROBERTSON.

Peebles 24th June 1786.—Copy for Recording names of 10 Brethren in Grand Lodge Books.—Signed by Rd. Miekle, Grnd Clerk.

Peebles, 24th June, 1786.—James Donaldson, saddler in Peebles, admitted. —Archd. Robertson.

Peebles, 12th December, 1786.—William Watson, John Hunter, William Sanderson, and William Scott, entred Fellowcrafts.—Archd. Robertson.

Peebles, 15th December, 1786.—John Burton, apprentice to Mr. John Robertson, Commissary of Peebles, and Robert Turnbull, Candlemaker in Peebles, admitted.—Archd. Robertson.

Peebles, 15th December, 1786.

Copy of a letter to the Right Worshipfull Master of Lodge of Free Massons, Peebles, Killwinning, No. 25, Peebles:—

To the Right Worshipfull Master, Worshipfull Wardens, the other officers and Bretharen of Peebles Killwinning, Lodge No. 25. Dr Brothers, when last I had the pleasure to meet you at your Respectable Lodge, agreeable to your request I send you as anexed for the use of the antient and Honourable Lodge of the Peebles Killwinning No. 25—in addition to what you then requested, I have taken the Liberty to add a sett of Jewells of Silver. I Flatter myself this Intrusion will not be construed in any other light than as a small mark of my esteem—with every feeling wish to promote and encourage Massonry in my native country. I must request the Lodge will accept of this small token of my regard—as a token I bear for their union and prosperity. I have the honour to be your affectionate Brother,

(Signed) John Robertson.

Newcastle, 4th December, 1786.

For the Peebles Killwinning No. 25—3 Candle Sticks, 2 per Snuffers and snuffer stands, 1 Seall, 6 Jewells of Silver—all which I Beg the Lodge's acceptance of them—by their most affectionate Brother.

(Signed) John Robertson.

Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 4th December, 1786.—All which was most thankfully received by the Lodge, and orders a letter of thanks to be wrote and sent to Mr. Robertson by their Secretary in their name. Archd, Robertson.

At page 110 of Minute Book the usual records are resumed, and St. John's Day meeting of 1786 is minuted the same as formerly. A list of 33 members is given, all of whom are marked paid. After the examination of the Fellowcrafts and apprentices, the following office-bearers were elected, the Master being styled "Grand Master":—Brother John Robertson of Newcastle, Depute Master John Hislop, Senior Warden Robert Marshall, Junior do. William Thomson, Treasurer John Johnstone, Senior Deacon Robert Smith, Junior do. William Sanderson,* Secy. James Bartram, and the Deputy Master and other office-bearers were qualified in the usual way. At this meeting the following entrants were admitted, viz.:—William Tweedale, Mason in Loanhead; James Bartram, Apprentice to Mr. William Little, Writer in Peebles; William Farlie, Masson at Whim; James Stevenson, Tenant in Over Kidston, John Wilson in Linten, and Stephen Lawson there.

Archd. Robertson.

Then follows an Inventory of Lodge property:—

"Peebles, 28th Decr., 1786.

Inventory of Jewells and Cloathing belonging to the Peebles Killwinning Lodge as Delivered over by the Worshipfull Master to the Deacons this day—

Imprems—One Maul, Eight Aprons trimed, Six Jewells of Silver, Three Candlesticks, two per of snuffers, with stands for do., Eight Sashes, Three

* This is the first time the "Deacon's" office is filled.—R. S.

Dozen and one Glasses, and three broke in the foot, the Master's Poal, Two Battons for the Wardens, Two Roads for the Deacons, One Bible, Mr. Wright's Book on Masonry, One Book on the Constitutions of Massonry, One Sash with a guilded Meddle at it, One Brass Square, one song Book, one old Book, a system of Laws of the Lodge on velum.

To this list is added the inventory of the articles of Lodge Furniture from the Cumberland Killwinning Lodge, with the addition of "One Mell."

ARCHD. ROBERTSON, M.

(The Brethren appear to be very careful of their property, particularly of the "Glasses"—the "three broke on the foot" have been handed down since 1780. On the same page, however, there are entries of later dates which shew more breakage, as the number is diminished at each date, as for example the following Minute, of date 29th Decr., 1788, states) :—

"The Articles mentioned in the above Inventory delivered over by John Hislop, late Master to William Thomson, present Master, and the Decens, with only two Dozen and eight glasses."

WILLIAM THOMSON.
THOS. WILLIAMSON.
JOHN WALLACE.

And Minute of Jany. 22nd, 1790, states :—

"What is mentioned in the above Inventory is delivered over to the Depute Master and Decons with two Dozen of Glasses and a half."

ARCHD. ROBERTSON.
THOS. WILLIAMSON.
GEORGE DONALDSON.

(In the following Minute we find our Peebles Brethren conferring the honour of membership upon others of the Edinburgh Brethren of the "Defensive Band" Lodge No. —,* and of the "Thistle" Lodge No. —.)

Peebles, 28th Decr., 1786.

Which day the Lodge of Massons Peebles Kilwinning convened, when a Motion was made by some of the Bretheren to the Worshipfull Master, that Brother Ronald Campbell, Brother Archibald Little, members of the Thistle Lodge No. —, Brother Thomas Williamson, Brother William Bartram, Members of the Defensive Band Lodge No. — should be made Honourary Members, for the Honour these Bretheren conferred on our Lodge on Saint John's Day, which Motion was instantly agreed to, and the said Brothers, Campbell, Little, Williamson, and Bartram was admitted and received Honourary Members of this Lodge accordingly. ARCHD. ROBERTSON.

Then follows some interesting correspondence between the Lodge and the Worshipfull Master at Newcastle in reference to re-election, &c. :—

Copy Letter sent the Worshipfull Master to Newcastle 13th Decr., 1787—

Right Worshipfull Master—We the Depute Master, Wardens, Secretary, and Bretheren of Peebles Kilwinning Lodge Cannot but with acknowledge gratitude the respect you have shown us since you was Elected our Right Worshipfull Master—not mentioning favours formerly Conferred upon us. We are Extremely happy that we have such an honourable and worthy Master to preside over us. As the Anniversary of St. John is now approaching when we make choice of our officebearers we would be exceeding proud to have the honour of your presence on that occasion if it were in your Power to attend, but if not we shall in your Absence endeavour to make the rules of Massonry our Standard as far as we Can. However, a few advices and Directions from you relative to our Conduct on that day will be gratefully received.

* No numbers are given, nor is it said which "Thistle" Lodge it is, as there are several Lodges in the Scottish Craft bearing this title. We only know of one "Defensive" Band, viz., No. 151, Edinburgh.

We are, Right Worshipfull Master, your most Affectionate Bretheren and obedient servants, (Signed) JOHN HISLOP, Depute Master.
ROBERT BROWN, Senr. Warden.
WILLIAM THOMSON, Junr. Warden.
JAMES BARTRAM, Secry.

Copy letter received from the Worshipfull Mr., 27th Decr., 1787, at four o'clock afternoon :—

My Worthy Bretheren—Your very polite and kind favour I received by my Brother Archd. It is very unlikely that my ingadgements here prevents me having that pleasure, I would be so happy with, at your anniversary. Having no doubt of your enjoying the Festival with proper Decorum, and conduct yourselves as Massons. I have no doubt of your Electing such officers to preside over you as will be able to aquite themselves as men and and Massons, and to preserve that Harmony and Decorum which the Lodge of Peebles Kilwinning has long been Revered for. I Cannot conclude without returning you my sincere thanks for the honour you did me in Electing me the Master of your Lodge, was I to recommend you will ever be carefull in future never to choose your Master whose situation cannot attend your publick meetings. I am with due respect, dear Bretheren, yours most affectionately, (Signed) JOHN ROBERTSON.

Newcastle, 24th Decr., 1787.

Answer sent 8th January, 1788 :—

Right Worshipfull Master—I am desired by the office-bearers and Bretheren of Peebles Kilwinning Lodge, to present our most respectfull compliments to you, and to inform you that we are extremely much obliged to you for the friendly advices with which we were favoured, after the election upon Saint John's Day, and that we have reelected you our Right Worshipfull Master, as a small mark of esteem, and continued Brother John Hislope Depute Master. Untill you honour us with your Letter of acceptence and nomination of your own Deputy Right Worshipfull Master, your Humble servant, (Signed) JAMES BARTRAM Secy.

Upon the 17th of March, 1787, an answer was received to the foregoing letter, but by a slip of the pen the secretary puts it :—

Peebles, 17th March, 1787.

Which day the Lodge of Peebles Kilwinning is met by previous warning and testification given to the whole of the Bretheren, when a letter was presented to the Lodge from the Right Worshipfull Master, and is as follows, viz. :—Worthie Bretheren, your esteemed favour of 31st December* I duly received, to which I should have wrote you sooner, but had overlooked your letter in hurry of business. I have paid particular attention to the contents of yours, which lays me under a very great obligation to the Lodge of my native country. The honour you have done me by electing your Master must ever lieve an impression on my heart, which can never be erased during my existance, and agreeable to your request shall accept the honour you have conferred. I must likewise request the Lodge will indulge me by continuing Brother John Hislop to act as Master in my absence.

I shall ever be happy if Peebles Kilwinning Lodge will put it in my power to render them any civility, and to hear of their prosperity, Harmony, and Success, will ever give a real pleasure to your most affectionate brother,

(Signed) JOHN ROBERTSON.

Newcastle, 2nd March, 1787.

Direeted to the Master and Bretheren of the Peebles Kilwinning Lodge at Peebles.

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* The letter to which this is answer was sent on January 8th, 1788, but it is quite probable it was written and dated 31st December; immediately after St. John's Day, and as these were not the days of rapid postage, the letter would not be dispatched till the latter date. —R. S.

BEHIND THE SCENES FOR THE FIRST TIME.

I HAVE always had a great desire to go behind the scenes. My earliest recollection of the theatre was seeing Macready perform as Macbeth, and I can now keenly remember the zest with which I beheld that great tragedian partake of some slight refreshment at the wings before coming on in a terribly exhausting scene. This view was from the stage-box of the Haymarket Theatre, about thirty years before the great Bancroft transformation scene was presented to the public at this old-established house. I considered it one of the greatest privileges of the evening's amusement to have been thus unexpectedly allowed to gaze for even a moment upon the private life of a great actor.

Many years since then have passed by, and although I have been a regular attendant at the most conspicuous and successful plays of the last quarter of a century, I have only lately been initiated into the mysteries of "going behind the scenes."

It happened in this way. A friend, who was acquainted with the manager of a theatre, which we will call for the present the Transpontine, took me there during an afternoon performance of the pantomime. The manager received us most courteously, and hoped he should have the pleasure of showing us round in the evening. His multifarious duties prevented his personally conducting us behind the scenes; but, armed with his introduction, we passed boldly through the little door on the (audience's) right of the stage, braving the fireman who guarded it, and by certain sharp turns at acute angles found ourselves, before we knew it, in the green room.

Here let us give a word of advice to those young gentlemen who are so ably described in Albert Smith's essay on the "Ballet Girl," those who look so longingly at the doors through which the musicians disappear when their duties are over. Never go behind the scenes or into a green room without an introduction, and when there remember to conduct yourself with a great deal more reserve and tact than is usual in general society. If you arrive there without the actor who introduced you, you should look quickly round the room and remain quiet, unless you are spoken to by one of the company. Actors are a very jealous race, and very tenacious of their rights; but there is no class of people who will receive you more kindly or more cordially if you are only properly introduced. On this occasion no one was there we knew; but almost at once one of the principal actors came up, introduced himself, and then introduced us to the ladies of the troupe.

At pantomime times it is expected that strangers should "stand" champagne in the green room. But if there are four or six present this does not amount to much; and it is indeed money well expended when we consider the exhausting life an actor or an actress leads, and how much they contribute to the enjoyment of the public.

As a rule it is better not to speak to a performer (especially of the other sex) unless formally introduced. But, as at a "good" house one sometimes speaks to those who are next one without an introduction, so at a good theatre one can speak occasionally without an introduction to one's neighbour. But this must be done with the greatest care, or very disagreeable results may ensue. You must remember that most of the female performers are married, engaged, or otherwise connected with some man at the theatre, who will regard your attentions with anything but satisfaction.

These people meet every day, having the common bond of hard work to unite them, and it is only human nature that they should become much

attached to one another; that they should marry, and, like the bundle of sticks, prove that their union is strength.

A great deal of nonsense has lately been written and spoken about the theatre. One would almost think, from the speeches one has read, that theatrical people were, as a rule, ready-made angels with rustling wings.

Now, this is not the case. There is just as much vice amongst them as there is amongst any other class of people of any rank. What they truly deserve praise for is the fact that, considering their position and the enormous temptations there are to lead an immoral life in this profession, such a very small proportion of them should go wrong. An intimate acquaintance with all branches of the profession has only confirmed this view, and I could illustrate it by numerous instances. Many mothers take their daughters home from the theatre every night. Many actresses are humdrum mothers of families; one celebrated one, of youthful appearance, is to my certain knowledge a grandmother, and leads an extremely quiet, domestic life. The truth is that the fatigues of theatrical life are so great, the pay so small, and the anxieties so keen, that there is but little energy left in any successful performer for the indulgence of fashionable vices.

But let us now attempt to describe some incidents behind the scenes, warning the reader that such can only be presented piecemeal, in the same manner as they were received.

If any stage-struck individual wishes to see what "behind the scenes" is like, let him put up two screens edgeways, and look between them at a well-furnished room full of well-dressed people. He will then see the *section* of a picture. It will have much the same appearance as if he were to cut some picture, say three feet in width into sections four inches in diameter, from top to bottom, and look at only one piece at a time. If he wishes to see a a larger section, he must advance further into the room between the two screens. But he must remember that on the stage this advance is limited by the fact that the audience will see him as much as the actors if he proceeds right on to the stage.

The green room is generally on the right of the stage, as looked at from the front. If you wish to associate with the lower order of actresses, constituting the ballet, you are very likely to get into hot water with the inhabitants of the green room, and you will have to rub shoulders with, and probably tip, an unlimited number of carpenters at the wings.

Various little incidents happen behind the scenes which would pass unnoticed elsewhere. A fairy—all soul (!)—says to the dresser, "Oh, give me a pin, dear, this—whatever it is—is all coming down." Then she bounces off to join in a Bacchanalian revel.

At a certain point of the play—as a cock has to crow—says the chief actress (at rehearsal), "I'll give any one a shilling who can crow like a cock."

"How well you are dancing to-night, mademoiselle," says a privileged intruder. "Well, I *should*," says Mademoiselle, "if it wasn't for my corns."

"Here, take a drop of this, dear," says a dresser to an ethereal being, who immediately rinses her mouth with port wine and water, and (oh, heavens!) spits it out. Then *she* bounds off to delight the audience with her *pas seul*.

"Take care, sir," says a carpenter; "here's a carriage a comin' off here." Then our intruder finds he is in the way, and suddenly discovers that every inch of room is of value at the wings.

A notice catches his eye which confirms this view, to the effect that a fearful fine will be inflicted on any lady or gentleman standing at the wings until the moment before they are expected to go on.

This makes him think, "Then where are all the performers?" Being at liberty to stray where he chooses, he wanders into dark corners, and there finds groups of ballet girls and supers stowed away like bottles in a cellar, waiting till they are wanted. In the same places are piles of properties ready

to hand. Guns, spears, daggers, *et hoc genus omne*, ready to be snatched at a moment's notice.

Presently an alarm is raised. A tall, handsome, ballet girl, in a fainting fit, is carried off the stage by her companions. There is a peculiar form of disorder common amongst these ladies, which might almost be called "ballet girl fever." It is caused by excessive fatigue at morning rehearsals, coupled with the same element at the evening performance.

In rare cases, fortunately, this is accompanied by symptons indicating an excessive indulgence in stimulants, and the treatment then becomes rather complicated. For in most cases brandy is the best remedy, which, of course, in these exceptional cases, is "contra indicated."

The wonder is that they do not all faint every night.

Rehearsals sometimes are called at 11 a.m. and go on till late in the afternoon. Frequently there is neither time nor funds for lunch. In addition, there is the evening's performance, and, perhaps, added to that, a long, wet walk to and from the theatre twice a-day.

Oh! stage-struck young gentlemen and ladies, think twice before you join the theatrical profession. Nothing but a sincere love of the work can carry you through it, with all its hardships and fatigues.

All is not gold that glitters, as any actor or actress can tell you. You imagine, perhaps, that the life of theatrical people is one of constant pleasure and excitement. In this you are much mistaken. Their day is spent somewhat as follows. They rise late—for nature must be satisfied as regards sleep—a substantial breakfast is taken, during which interviews with the dressmaker, with messengers from the theatre, and others are conducted. Frequently there are morning rehearsals, for which nobody is paid, and for non-attendance upon which everybody is fined, unless a good reason can be assigned for absence. These rehearsals may be for one actor only for the first half-hour; for two or three together during the next hour; and for the ballet and extra ladies and gentlemen later on. The band may or may not be in attendance, but they, of all the performers, seem to have the hardest time of it.

Of course, there are a great many repetitions, sometimes of apparently trivial points, but upon which much of the success of the piece depends. There are also prolonged waits, with possibly nothing to sit upon till the waiters are wanted. All this is very trying to the temper, and also very fatiguing. Nothing but combination and the free indulgence in jokes of all kinds could possibly hold a company together. For instance, Mdlle. ——— does not turn up to execute her *pas seul* between the gyrations of the ballet. The manager, himself a good male dancer, does her steps to the music in burlesque, of course much to the amusement of the assembled company, who were beginning to find the morning rather long. A tenor singer is called upon for his solo, and it is found that his mouth is full of sandwiches. A young lady, who has to box her lover's ear, does it accidentally in reality, which he receives with *bonhomie*.

Such trivialities, uninteresting on paper but very amusing in real life, pass away the morning, and perhaps the afternoon. Those who are lucky devour the sandwiches they have brought with them, or stealthily pass out to some place of refreshment near the theatre. Those who are not so fortunate remain till late in the afternoon, fatiqued, hungry, and exhausted, until tea-time arrives, when they wend their way home, only to return to the theatre again in the evening. During the performance all is gay and lively, both in front and behind the scenes, and the evening is concluded generally by a substantial supper at home, or, in exceptional cases, with friends abroad. As far as I can ascertain, the actors' meals take place at the following hours:—Breakfast at eleven, dinner at three, a good tea at five, and supper about eleven or twelve. Some require much more than others. A celebrated pantomimist once told me that she always had a chop and a pint of champagne between the acts of the pantomime at one of the largest London theatres.

Some think two hours after a good meal the best time for acting and singing, others allow four hours. Some take a cup of strong coffee before going on, others porter, others again a tumblerful of sherry, and a fourth set cannot perform without champagne.

All these points are very interesting to an outsider, although they are very commonplace to those of the theatrical profession.

One has often heard it said that if you go behind the scenes you will be "disillusionized," and that you will never care to go to the theatre again as long as you live. I must confess that this appears to me to be quite a mistake. If you go behind you see a new aspect of theatrical life, and in many cases you are initiated into how this or that effect is produced. Far from being "disillusionized," your pleasure is doubled, and you have, moreover, the satisfaction of being one of the privileged few who are admitted to the arcana of theatrical life.

For an amateur to be seen often at the *coulisses* is undoubtedly a mistake. It not only gives the impression that he has nothing to do, but he may possibly wear out his welcome, which, in my experience, is always of the most hearty character. Actors and actresses are but human, and it must be remembered that, although they are the politest of mortals, their time is of the utmost value, and can only be devoted at odd intervals to the amenities of social life.

Do not then grudge the money you spend at the theatre. Not only do you benefit yourself by it, for you know that at least you sleep better after such an evening's amusement, but in a humble way you benefit the performers, and possibly add your mite to that hard-earned sum they hope to lay by for a rainy day, when their smiles shall no longer please and when their voices shall have faded into obscurity.

H. S.

A SA MAJESTE L'IMPÉRATRICE EUGÉNIE LORS DE SON RETOUR DE ZULULAND.

Il est fini, ton triste et long pélerinage !
Nous fêtons aujourd'hui ton bienheureux retour,
Et nous tous qui t'aimons venons sur cette plage
T'offrir notre tribut de respect et d'amour.

Tous les cœurs sont émus et tous les fronts s'inclinent;
En nous tous retentit l'écho de tes douleurs.
O ! si de ta couronne, enlevant les épines,
Nous pouvions la changer en couronne de fleurs !

Si nous pouvions, hélas ! Altesse infortunée,
Te rendre en méme temps tous les bonheurs perdus !
Si nous pouvions te faire une autre destinée,
Digne de ton grand cœur, digne de tes vertus !

Mais que sert de te plaindre et t'aimer, pauvre mère ?
Nos vœux ne peuvent rien sans le secours du Ciel.
" De sa coupe, Seigneur, ôte l'absinthe amère
" Et daigne á l'avenir n'y laisser que le miel !

" Son cœur saigne ; ses pieds out gravi le Calvaire,
" Son front pâle est courbé sous le poids des malheurs !
" Verse sur sa blessure un baume salutaire,
" Et taris dans ses yeux la source de ses pleurs ! "

MASONRY IN HERALDRY.

A Paper read before the Alma Mater Lodge, No. 1644, on Friday, October 15, 1880.

BY BRO. THE REV. W. K. R. BEDFORD, P.M., PAST GRAND CHAPLAIN.

THAT traces of a peculiar system of morality, veiled in allegory and illustrated by symbols, as we are taught to define "this our noble art," should be found in the great hieroglyphic language of history, which the herald has been the chief instrument of preserving, is almost a truism. There must be a near affinity between our emblematic insignia and the coats and crests, or, still more closely, the devices and impresses, of mediæval blazonry.

If we adopt those views of the antiquity of heraldry which have been maintained by some of the most profound and philosophical antiquaries of the present century, we shall find in the ornaments, as well mythological as secular, of Egyptian, Mexican, Chinese, Indian, Assyrian, Greek, Celtic, and classic coins, vases, images, temples, and personal decorations, figures intimately connected with our Masonic system, as well as recognized in heraldic parlance, such, for instance, as the circle, triangle, square, five-pointed star, and all their varied combinations, not to speak of figures of more recondite origin and meaning; to take an example, as the Fylfot or Gammadion, the cross prolonged to right angles at the end of each of its limbs, or four squares meeting in a centre. The advocates of symbolism consider that this curious and very generally diffused figure, found universally spread amongst the hieroglyphics of Egypt, in the grave-chambers of Etruria, etc., on the Scandinavian Runic stones and staffs, on our own prehistoric coins and those of Gaul, as well as on some of our earlier Christian shields, on the mitre of Thomas-a-Becket, and on paintings in the old palace at Westminster, took its rise from the primitive conception of the sun's motion, which was figured by the early mind as that of a rolling wheel. Thus, as has been remarked in a recent review of a pamphlet on this subject by Mr. Thomas, the simple cross of four equal bars represented the sun at rest or stopping, and the notion of onward revolving motion was given by the addition of the strokes at right angles to each limb, all tending in the same direction, and leading towards the idea of a cross within a circle, which the earliest Chaldæan diagrams presented as their conventional sign for the sun.

The writer of the review in question goes on to observe that the familiar symbol of three radial human legs and feet, the emblem of Sicily and of the Isle of Man, is in like manner intended to convey the idea of rapid motion, and it certainly succeeds in giving the rotary impression with great effect. A corroborative link of much interest is afforded by a sketch in Mr. Ellis's "Antiquities of Heraldry," of a fylfot depicted upon a vase of Etruscan or Latin origin, in which the revolving limbs end in feet, thus composing a foursquare instead of triangular radius, similar in its human form to that of Sicily. Here then we have a completed heraldic charge, founded on most ancient symbolism and unmistakably Masonic in its configuration; inasmuch as "squares, levels, and perpendiculars are true and perfect signs to know a Mason by." There is another figure, not perhaps so ancient, but more celebrated and widely diffused

than the fylfot itself, which will exemplify the phase of connected symbolism more perfectly still. The Labarum, the standard of the later Roman empire, is said by the heraldic authorities of the Tudor era, and the subsequent writers who have trod in their steps, to embody in itself the whole of those divisions of the shield which, under the name of honourable ordinaries, form the groundwork of the modern system of emblazonment; are the vowels in fact of the heraldic alphabet. This figure is composed in reality of the two Greek letters X, P, and, as the initial of Christos, superseded the eagle on the insignia of Constantine. But when we look into its construction, we can see at once why the later mediæval herald found in it the germ of his complicated system. The lines of which it is composed give the perpendicular, the horizontal, the angle of ninety degrees, or the fourth part of a circle, the inclination of a falling body from left to right and from right to left. Combined, as we often find it, with the ordinary cross, there is no variety of outline of which the straight line is susceptible which we may not father upon it. In the figures which can be constructed from these lines, some fanciful authors have claimed to discover the various equipments of the knight: the chief, his helmet; the saltire, his sword; the pale, his spear; the bend, his scarf; the fess, his girdle; and the chevron, his spur! Others again contended that they typified certain ranks or qualifications. The chief, says one, signified a senator or honourable man; the saltire, another tells us, was an engine to take wild beasts, and therefore given to rich and covetous people, such as would not easily depart from their substance. "I need scarcely point out," says Mr. Planche, "that had such been the facts, the shield of every baron summoned to Parliament, and of every honourable gentleman must of right and by rule have displayed a chief, and few, if any, would have acknowledged the sin of covetousness by bearing a saltire. Can any one be surprised that heraldry should have become ridiculous when its professors luxuriated in such absurd conceits and illustrations." These so-called honourable ordinaries, as this able author informs us, appear on the shields of the eleventh and twefth centuries, not as armorial ensigns, but as the necessary wooden or metal strengthenings of the shields themselves, in some instances more ornamental than others, and no doubt gilt, silvered, and painted in the gayest colours, according to the fancy of the bearer.

This, no doubt, is quite unanswerable as a common-sense explanation of that which has been the ground-work of many a folio of misty nonsense. Nor do I demur to the assertion of the writer in the *St. James's Gazette*, of September 28th, that with a race incapable of imitating organic shapes, and just beginning to invent for itself a decorative style, these three elementary figures, the circle, the triangle, and the cross, seem the first which would naturally suggest themselves. Noughts and crosses are indeed the very most orignal elements in all decorative art.

But this by no means involves, to my thinking, an entire dismissal of symbolic investigation from our minds. We know quite well that forms were not invented for symbols, but that existing forms were appropriated to meanings which more advanced knowledge conferred upon them; the ordinary manual signs in use as pantomimic representations of emotion by the most savage tribes, have in this manner been adopted by incorporation into the symbolic language of Freemasonry. Just in the same way the natural divisions of shields falling into the shapes most in accordance with traditionary lore, became consecrated to legendary history. The cross and saltire became national emblems, and in legend were associated with St. George and St. Andrew: the chevron, the quarter, and the tau, with founders or architects of the great mediæval buildings. One valuable, because genuine, instance of this, I can quote from my own experience. During the restoration of the fine old Norman church of St. Cross, near Winchester, I was asked for the blazon of the arms of the founder, Henry of Blois, Bishop of Winchester, the brother of King Stephen. In a MS. in the British Museum I found them thus described: a bend, double

cotised, each cotise potente on the inner side; in point of fact a pattern of cross taus or double squares—a thoroughly Masonic design. My correspondent, in thanking me for the information, expressed his gratification at finding that particular pattern, the double line of taus, running through the whole of the decoration of the church. I should surmise rather that the author of the MS. imagined for the Bishop a coat derived from this peculiar moulding than that Henry impressed upon his foundation a personal heraldic bearing, though it is not unusual to find the special style of ornament peculiar to one of our great churches has some affinity to the armorial insignia of the founder. I mentioned at the outset that we must look to devices and impresses for symbolical figures more than to coats of arms, which soon became fixed and hereditary, and always more or less, in this country, were governed by the somewhat stiff and formal regularity which pervades our national ideas of art. On the other hand, whether in the shape of badges, which were public insignia much akin to crests, or the private devices, on which the ingenuity of the educated classes at the revival of literature expended itself, a greater liberty of design was permitted, and some symbolical allusion essential. The chevron or joiners' square, the pentacle, the double triangle, clasped hands, keystones, and other well-known objects to lovers of the Craft will constantly be found introduced as component parts of these pictorial conundrums, but with greater freedom of design and elegant ingenuity in the foreign than in the British examples. The three German specimens of symbolical bearings which I now submit for inspection are far more fantastic in their design and elaborate in their composition than English heraldic taste would have sanctioned at any period, but they will serve to illustrate what I have just stated.

The first, from a MS. executed at Nuremburg in 1598, represents, upon an escutcheon gules, a slip of three leaves, surrounded by a circle argent; the same charge appears on the crest, a pair of wings gules. Above flies a hawk, with a German inscription which I am informed would read "Swift as a falcon to good deed;" below crawls a snail, with another German legend, translated, "Slow as a snail to disgrace." The name Stenkel Schilling is appended. The other two are of a later date, and more florid though equally beautiful in execution. The arms are alike in both: a pair of hands giving a fraternal grip; below them a ring, and above a five-leaved heartsease, which last figure is repeated on each wing of the crest, a Pegasus' head and wings, partly in profile, azure and or. One of the drawings, however, exhibits supporters, a lion and a griffin; while at the top of the design two angels, one with golden hair holding in his right hand a sealed parchment, the other masked, horned, and peacock-winged, armed with a trident, support with their left hands a wreath through which rays are descending. It would, you see, be easy to give a mystic and Masonic character to these designs, even if they were not so intended originally. I might, of course, prolong these references, but a regard to the discussion which I hope will ensue warns me to conclude.

THE SUPPRESSION OF THE TEMPLARS IN ENGLAND.

(Concluded from page 197.)

ARMED with this general authority to constrain the monasteries to do that which it was evidently expected would be a very ungrateful task to them, the Diocesan Bishop proceeded at once to act. The Bishop of Lincoln forwarded to such of the monasteries in his Diocese as were selected to receive Templars the letter of the Archbishop, together with a copy of another letter to himself, which named the Templar to be assigned to each selected monastery in the Diocese, and the exact manner in which he was to be treated, and the penance he was to perform. This very curious document ran as follows. After reciting the general direction, it assigns John de Stoke, priest, to the monastery of Peterborough; William de Lafford to Ramsey; William de Sawtry to Ormsby; Roger de Noreys to Croxton; Thomas de ——— to St. Alban's; William de Echedon to Bourn; William Raven to Croyland; Thomas de Chamberlein to Spalding; Hugh de Tadcaster to Sempringham; William de Chelsey to Kirksted; Mauris de Newsum to Revesby; Peter de Octeringham to Leicester; William de Thorp to Thernton; Simon de Stern to St. Catherine's, Lincoln; William de Burton to Barlings; William de Pocklington to St. Andrew's, Northampton; John de Saddlescumb to Swineshead: William de Bernkell to Wardon. The letter then proceeds:

We, therefore, charge your brotherhood, that you should cause the said brethren to be received in the said monasteries to perform their penance within their enclosures, causing the same to be so carefully and prudently guarded in the said monasteries that they may be unable to stray beyond the limits to be assigned to them, and that they may be able to perform the penance enjoined to them, which is as follows: John de Stoke, priest, William de Lafford, William de Sawtry, Roger de Noreys, Thomas de ———, and William de Echedon, are to remain within the cells of the monasteries in which they are placed. They are to be so enclosed that they may not go out of the said cells except to the church or the cloister at due times, to hear the Divine offices, and once in the week to some places near, within the enclosure of the monastery, for four hours of the day, if they shall wish it, for the purpose of imbibing purer air. And the said brothers shall abstain from flesh every day except Sunday and Thursday, on which days it may be permitted to eat one kind of flesh meat. And on the other days (except Fridays, on which days they must fast on bread and water), it shall be lawful for them to eat of one kind of fish, which they shall choose. Moreover, those of the said brothers who have the art of reading, shall, every day, besides fully saying the other appointed prayers, say one portion of the Psalter, with a Litany. But those of them who have not the skill to read, besides the other prayers, shall say two hundred times the Lord's Prayer, with the Salutation of the Glorious Virgin. William de Raven, Thomas de Chamberlein, Hugh de Tadcaster, William de Chelsey, Mauris de Newsum, Peter de Octeringham, William de Thorn, Simon de Stein, shall not go out of the enclosure of the monasteries in which they are confined, except to some adjacent gardens not distant from the monastery, as the president of the monastery shall give them leave. On Mondays they shall abstain from flesh meat, and on Fridays from fish and other food, except bread, till Mass has been said; and every week, if they have skill to read, besides the other appointed prayers, they shall say two portions of the Psalter, with a Litany; and if they have not the skill to read, each day, besides the other appointed prayers, they shall say the Lord's Prayer and the Salutation of the Virgin one hundred and fifty times. The brothers, William de Burton, William de Pocklington, John de Saddlescumb, and William de Bernkell, shall not go outside the enclosure of the monastery where they are confined, except to the adjacent gardens, not distant from the monastery, for the purpose of imbibing purer air. On Mondays they shall abstain from flesh, and on Sundays it shall be lawful for them to eat of two kinds of flesh meat; but on other days, except Friday, on which they must fast on bread and ale, abstaining from other food, they might eat of two sorts of fish; and all these must altogether abstain from wine. But on double feasts, which are excepted from these abstinences, it may be permitted to them to use in moderation such meats and drinks as they shall choose and be able; also as often as there shall be need on account of any infirmities of their bodies which may arise. And the priests of said Order must abstain from the celebration of the Divine offices. And these shall be kept in ward as aforesaid, and do penance as long as the king shall appoint. But to the brethren, John de Stoke

and William de Lafford, ye shall do by the authority of the Council that which justice requires to be done. But for the conducting of the aforesaid brethren to the monasteries, our lord the king has promised the help of the sheriffs of the places through which they shall be conducted, and has directed briefs to the sheriffs on this matter; and to the monasteries he has promised, by the hands of the custodians of the goods of the Order of the Temple, which are in his possession, to pay for each brother four-pence per day for providing them with necessaries. Now, if the religious of the aforesaid monasteries shall despise your commands in this matter, or neglect to obey, against them, whether exempt or not exempt, ye shall without delay fulminate ecclesiastical censures, and proceed against them with all ecclesiastical severity as justice shall require. And what ye shall do in the premises ye shall without delay intimate to us by your letters patent."

The Bishop, in forwarding this letter to each of the monasteries concerned, merely added that such and such a Templar was assigned to the monastery addressed, and that he was to be treated in every way as the Archbishop's letter directed. The gradations of penance to the three classes mentioned in the letter are so curious that it is worth while to draw them out for comparison. The *first*, or most guilty class, were never to go outside the *septa* of the monastery, but might spend four hours per week in its gardens. They were to eat meat only on Sundays and Thursdays, and on other days only *one* kind of fish. On Fridays they were to fast all day on bread and water. They were to say a psalter and litany *every day*, or Lord's Prayer and Ave two hundred times. The *second* class might go outside the *septa* to gardens adjacent, *as they got leave*. They might eat meat every day except Mondays and Fridays; on Fridays bread and water *till mass;* to say two psalters and a litany *per week*, or the Lord's Prayer and Ave one hundred and fifty times. The *third* class might go outside the *septa* to gardens adjacent, *without special leave;* might eat meat every day except Mondays and Fridays, and *on Sundays two sorts*. On Fridays they were to fast on *bread and ale*, and in addition to their meat they were allowed two sorts of fish. They had no special religious exercises prescribed. All alike might feast without stint on high festivals.

It will be admitted that these punishments were not specially severe, except, perhaps, that of the first class, the confinement of which must have been irksome. As to the third class of punishment, it simply provided the Templar *with a comfortable home, and left him free to do very much as he liked. Thus* the treatment of the Templars in England contrasts very favourably with their horrible maltreatment in France. But, at the same time, one is inclined to ask why, if these men were not guilty, were they thus dealt with?—and why was the property of their Order confiscated? That they were not guilty, in the estimation of their judges, the very lightness of their punishment seems to show. But, though the punishment may be considered light, and altogether disproportioned to the atrocity of the charges made against the Templars, supposing them to be established, even in part, nevertheless, the annoyance experienced by such men as the Knights of the Temple at being shut up in obscure monasteries with no other companions save ignorant and childish monks must have been very great. These Templars were men who had seen the world, and knew something of its pomps and pleasures, and doubtless also of its sins. They were familiar with courts and camps. They had been trained to take the highest delight in the use of arms, and had brought all the exercises of knighthood to the highest perfection. Skilful above others in the tourney and the *melée*, accustomed to spend many hours of each day in the saddle practicing every feat of knightly warfare, what a sad and melancholy change was it for them to be doomed to the still life of the convent, with its varying routine of petty duties and ill-mumbled services; its useless waste of life; its little cabals and secret whisperings; its absence of all manliness, vigour, and reality! Despite the liberty allowed them of visiting "adjacent gardens for purer air," the Knight, bronzed in the sun of the East, with limbs and sinews braced and knitted by the hard toils of war, must have soon withered away in this uncongenial atmosphere, and not for long have encumbered the monastery

with his presence. To men also to whom honour and praise was the very breath of their nostrils, the fearful opprobrium which had fallen upon their Order, its condemnation by kings, popes, and councils, all the hideous calumnies which were vented against it—must have been a continual source of overpowering pain. Then the knowledge of the terrible fate which had overtaken their companions in arms, brethren with whom they had often charged side by side through the ranks of the infidels, must have been a torturing thought. In fact, it is hard to conceive a more unhappy lot than that of these Knights, fallen from their proud and honoured estate, and reduced to live as pensioners at fourpence a day in obscure monasteries. And if the monastery was hateful to the Templar, so also without doubt was, on the other hand, the Templar hateful to the monastery. That much opposition was expected from the monks to having their quiet abodes turned into State prisons was evidenced by the very ominous threats made against them in the letters of the archbishop if they should refuse to receive the Templars allotted to them. And that, in spite of these threats, they did in some cases rebel, and refuse the burden assigned to them, we are able to prove from the same source which has furnished the letters previously quoted.

To the monastery of St. Andrew's, Northampton, William de Pocklington had been assigned, and in due course the letter of the Bishop of Lincoln signifying this fact, and enclosing the letters given above from the Archbishop, in the name of the Provincial Synod, was dispatched to it. But St. Andrew's refused to receive the guests thus destined for it, and a letter was sent by the society to their diocesan, the Bishop of Lincoln, signifying their refusal. The Bishop immediately responded with a severe letter, bidding the monastery to obey at once, or take the consequences. St. Andrew's, however, still held out, so distasteful to the prior and monks was the burden with which they were threatened. Then sharper measures were taken. The Bishop wrote to the rural dean of Northampton, binding him to publish and cause to be published in all the churches of the deanery the excommunication of the prior, sub-prior, precentor, cellerer, and sacristan of the abbey. What the effect of this was does not appear from the register, but no doubt the monastery was finally obliged to yield. And if the Templar was regarded as a burden to the society and his enforced presence resented, there must have been many ways of causing the ill-humour of the monks to be felt by the unfortunate prisoners. Over monasteries there was practically no efficient supervision. Great numbers of them, as all the Cistercian houses, were exempt from diocesan control altogether. Others had obtained special exemptions, or were striving for them, and in every way seeking to baffle the bishop's visitatorial power. Anyone acquainted with monastic histories will admit that the two great objects of monkish politics were to obtain exemption from episcopal control, and to get possession of the advowsons of churches. The "Religious" bodies had great success in both these pursuits. Consequently, a Templar forced upon a monastery, and in revenge subjected to any amount of annoyance and ill-treatment, would scarcely have any efficient protection from the bishop, even if he were disposed to afford it to him, and sad, indeed, must have been the condition of these prisoners.

The Grand Order of the Knights of the Temple, once the bulwark of Christianity against the Mussulman, the delight and pride of every Christian for its noble arms-deeds against the enemies of the faith, came to an end in England, if not in blood and torture and flames, as in France, yet amidst sad and melancholy surroundings, amidst scandal, shame, and poverty. It is sometimes alleged as a proof of the sincerity of the process against the Templars that the kings who prosecuted them were not enriched by the spoils of the Order, but that the estates of the Templars were given to the Knights Hospitallers. This is an entire misconception. It is true that the Knights of St. John were allowed (or rather obliged) to become possessors of the Templars' estates, but they were

constrained to redeem them by large sums out of the hands of the king, who had seized them. The effect was that the Order of St. John was impoverished instead of enriched, by their new acquirements. In fact, as Sismondi points out everywhere "before giving up these goods to the religious orders the sovereigns universally enriched themselves by sequestering them." The Council of Vienna saved ecclesiastical property by ordering the correct disposal of this wealth, which had been dedicated to religious purposes. But Philip the Fair, Edward II., and the other dutiful crowned sons of the Church, had their own way of interpreting and carrying out the order of the Council. Thus barefaced and sacreligious robbery was added to the crimes which make the fall of the Templars one of the most portentous episodes in the history of mediæval Europe.

IN MEMORIAM.

THE following verses, on the death of Bro. James Dodds, of Scarborough, chief officer of the steamship *Hindoo*, of Hull, who was drowned in the Atlantic Ocean, February 17th, 1880, aged twenty-nine years, are from the pen of Mrs. G. M. Tweddell, wife of our literary Brother, George Markham Tweddell.

"The only son of his mother, and she was a widow."—*St. Luke vii.*, 12.

Mourn for him! oh, mourn for him!
A widow's only son;
Who was swept away by the raging sea
Ere half his race was run.

So young to die! and so beloved
By those who knew him best:
His manly form lies in the deep,
No flowers bedeck his breast.

Where duty call'd, he foremost stood,
To try their ship to save:
'Twere better far to perish thus
Than fill a coward's grave.

Who can depict the widow's grief
For him, her darling boy?
He who so well her love deserved—
Her pride, her hope, her joy.

Gone from this earth—for ever gone!
But, on a brighter shore,
We trust that they will meet again,
Where parting is no more.

May holy calm succeed her grief
For her beloved son!
May God enable her to say,—
Thy will, not mine, be done!

Mourn for him! oh, mourn for him!
A widow's only son;
Who was swept away by the raging sea
Ere half his race was run.

Rose Cottage, Stokesley, Yorkshire.

THE ANCIENT MYSTERIES.

(Continued from page 204.)

WE must remark, moreover, that the state of perfection which seems so opposite to the weakness of our nature, is that towards which we constantly endeavour to rise. The ideal good, if we may so speak, is not less real than the ideal beauty, of which the great artists have left us models; it is equally imprinted on our minds, and is calculated to produce the same enthusiasm. In the midst of passions, by the violence of which we are hurried to evil, we lament our deviation from rectitude, and eagerly inquire after whatever can contribute to lead us back into the right path. Hence our sense of morality, and our taste for the works that inculcate it; hence the astonishing facility which some austere minds have always found in producing great revolutions when they have held themselves forth as reformers. The history of modern times furnishes us with more than one example. Hence, in a word, in the heart of the most corrupted societies, those numerous associations which have rendered themselves independent of all laws, because they subject themselves to the law of nature only, who endeavour to establish everywhere that equality which has been everywhere lost; and who, forming in every nation so many separate bodies, compose but one family, spread over the whole surface of the earth, every member of which has the same end in view, the love and the practice of virtue.

Sometimes the Mysteries excited the jealousy of the government. The restless eye of despotism endeavoured to penetrate the interior of these assemblies; and when they happened to fall under its displeasure, though they never showed anything but the love of humanity and an ardent zeal for the public good, yet calumny served as a pretext for persecution. Then were revived those gross fables which the credulous multitude have greedily catched at, always ready to attack every institution the true motive of which it does not understand. But were not the most shameful disorders imputed even to the Christians of the Primitive Church? Forced to conceal themselves from their enemies, that is, from the State itself, they could only meet in the night, or in obscure retreats. This furnished a pretence for accusing them of crimes to which we refuse to give credit, although the writers of ecclesiastical history themselves have acknowledged that some abuses had really crept in among them,*

We may well suppose, that these did not spare their persecutors that had thus calumniated them; and they principally attacked the Mysteries. "Formerly," says Clemens Alexandrinus, "the silence of night concealed the pleasures of the wise and modest with an impenetrable veil; but now Night herself divulges the debaucheries which the initiated devote to her. The light of torches declares the crimes it discovers. Extinguish these fires, O criminal Hierophanta! and thou who carriest the mysterious torch, dread to kindle these lamps; their flame will discover thy Jacchus. Allow the shades to conceal thy mysteries, and let darkness at least excuse thy orgies. The light which cannot dissemble is ready to accuse thee, and to demand vengeance."

To all these imputations of corruption and debauchery which were mutually made in theological disputes, the partisans of the opposite sects will oppose the sensible reflection of a writer, who alone, of all these authors, has joined a philosophic mind to great erudition. "I believe," says the judicious Freret,† "that there were conjunctions in which the secret and nocturnal

* Bellarm, de Eccles. triumph., l. 3.

† Acad. des Bel. Let., tom. 23, Mem. p. 253.

assemblies were the occasion of disorders; but such disorders were contrary to the principles of the sect, because no religion ever existed which did not propose to inculcate a most perfect observance of the laws of morality, by conjoining religious motives with the political sanctions of these laws."

But what must appear singular is, that the fathers of the Church themselves had no difficulty in borrowing from them many of those ceremonies which they endeavoured to degrade. They make use of expressions entirely similar. "The usage of the Church," says St. Cyrillus, "is not to discover its Mysteries to the Gentiles, especially those that concern the Father and the blessed Spirit. It is even shy of talking of them to the catechumens; on the contrary, it is almost always in obscure terms, in such a manner, however, as that the believers who are instructed may comprehend and that the rest may not be discouraged. "By these enigmas the Dagon is overturned." The formula in use in the primitive Church was precisely that of the temple of Eleusis. "Depart, ye profane. Let the catechumens, let those who are not initiated, retire." The Christians at that time called the sacraments by the name of *Mysteries*, or *Orgies*. The priest was the mystagogue, and the eucharist a true initiation,* The same silence was exacted, the same trials were to be undergone; and the secret dogmas, which were only revealed to a few, and that after certain preparations, represented the secret doctrine. Thus, the same Clemens Alexandrinus exclaims in a holy transport, "O Mysteries, truly sacred! O pure light! At the light of thy torches the veil that covers God and Heaven falls off. I am holy, now that I am initiated. It is the Lord himself who is the Hierophanta. He sets his seal upon the adept, whom he illuminates with his beams; and whom, as a recompense for his faith, he will recommend to the eternal love of his Father. These are the orgies of my Mysteries! come ye, and be received."

Thus, the Mysteries of antiquity scarcely changed their form when Christianity became the prevailing religion. At that period the Jews also adopted them, and among these people they were the origin of the Cabala. We may affirm that afterwards they never ceased to exist. We see them shining in great lustre through the darkness of the middle ages; and whether the traces of them were preserved in spite of the ignorance which then covered the Western World, or whether the age of chivalry brought them from the East, it is certain that our brave chevaliers acquired in that expedition those heroic virtues that have made them so celebrated, of which perhaps it would be difficult at this day to find an example, and which at least console us for the barbarism of those ages that involved the history of the human mind in impenetrable obscurity. At the revival of letters, the Mysteries acquired new lustre. They obtained an influence over the still barbarous manners, which they no doubt contributed to soften by inculcating particularly the principles of refined morality. The ceremonies with which they are attended prove to this day from whence they drew their origin. They seem to have retained their magnificent decorations and ancient observances, only to demonstrate that in the midst of revolutions which have swept away so many nations from the face of the earth: men, since the establishment of societies, compose but one great family. Whatever conformity there may exist between the Mysteries of the Moderns and those of the Ancients, the latter are particularly distinguished from the former in having made an essential part of religion, or rather in having constituted the religion itself.

Greece derived another advantage from the mysteries; they were the source from which the finest geniuses of that nation drew the greatest part of those discoveries that have rendered them immortal. Philosophy is the object of the mysteries, according to Strabo. We shall not affirm that without the ceremonies of Ceres and Bacchus that important branch of human knowledge would not

* Casaubon, exercit. ad Baron. annal., parag. 16.

have flourished among those people. Liberty, of which they were idolatrously fond, could not fail, by leading them to what was great in the sciences and arts, to exercise those fine faculties which they had received from nature. Whatever had been the religious administration of Greece, undoubtedly the wisdom of Socrates would have excited the admiration of his compatriots; the eloquent pen of Xenophon and of Plato would have consigned the precepts of it posterity, and Aristotle would have astonished the world by the vast extent of his genius. But it is not less certain that religion, being the depository of the sciences, first brought the elements of them into Greece, where they were afterwards cultivated with so much success; and we may have observed that the Mysteries comprehended the principles and unfolded the doctrines of a sublime philosophy.

According to Proclus and Jamblichus, Pythagoras had received his notion of the metempsychosis, and that of the purification of the soul, from the hymns of Orpheus, and had learnt, to make use of his own words, *that the eternal substance of number was the intelligent mind of the universe, of heaven, of the earth, and of mixed beings.* Accordingly this philosopher adopted the greater part of the ceremonies in use in the Mysteries, such as the probation, the silence, and the number of other rigorous observances. He announced his dogmas in obscure terms, and his disciples were prohibited from revealing his doctrine. His school having been dispersed, several sects were formed out of the wreck of it, who all adhered to the same principles differently modified. That which seemed most strictly to conform itself to those principles was the Orphic, or Bachic sect; so named, because its followers were particularly attached to the worship of Bacchus, of which Orpheus was the founder. "They subjected the *teletes*, or perfect, to the observation of practices injoined to the Egyptian priests; that is to say, that they should live only on fruits and plants, and should abstain from bloody sacrifices; in this respect they formed a body separated from the rest of the society, and this was what they called the Orphic life."* They joined themselves afterwards to the new Platonicians, and they found means to substitute their dogmas in the room of the ancient Platonism.

It would be curious to trace all these sects as they sprang from one another, and succeeded each other during the finest ages of Greece. We might observe what they had in common, what was peculiar to each, and in what they adhered to the national religion, from which they were always cautious not to deviate too openly; but as we are obliged to confine ourselves within the bounds prescribed to this work, we shall only remark that of all the sects the Stoics retained the greatest conformity with the Mysteries. Their doctrine, so magnificently described by the greatest painter of antiquity, was precisely that which the Hierophanta unfolded to the initiated in the sanctuary of Eleusis. The Epicureans, on the contrary, who endeavoured to annihilate the gods by substituting in their stead a blind principle, were regarded as the enemies of religion. Their presence, it was imagined, would profane the sanctity of the Mysteries; and, as we have before related, they were in the number of those to whom the herald interdicted the entrance to the temple. If they were not persecuted, it was because in their writings they were careful to respect these august solemnities.

It is needless to repeat that the ancients, in everything that concerned their deities, gave free scope to the imagination. The poets took advantage of this permission to adorn and embellish their ingenious fictions. We may add, too, that the philosophers, although obliged to greater circumspection, because they proposed to themselves a nobler and more serious purpose, made the same use of them in their works; and as the public worship was an inexhaustible fund of description and imagery for the

* Freret, Acad. des Bell. Lett., tom. 23, Mem.

poets, philosophy likewise drew from the secret worship a copious store of materials for its different systems.

But religion nevertheless maintained its dominion. We had just seen what it had done to secure its establishment, by an institution which, on all occasions, tended to confirm its authority. The Mysteries drawing, like religion, their origin from the East, passed over very early into Greece. There it was their object to inculcate the doctrine of a Providence which punished guilt and offered a recompense to virtue; to purify the manners and to unfold the system of universal nature, or of the supreme mind of the universe. To these objects tend all the ceremonies they prescribe, the magnificence of which was particularly remarkable in the Temple of Eleusis. Initiation was that ceremony which of all others the ancients reckoned the most solemn and the most sacred. It was recommended as an indispensable duty, and being sanctioned by the most solemn oath, both Divine and human laws protected it against every attack. Such are the Mysteries that have been transmitted to our times—which have had an uniform influence on the happiness of mankind, and which formerly among the Greeks contributed in a peculiar manner to their glory, by inspiring them with a taste for the sciences and for philosophy.

NATURE'S VOICES.

BY BRO. EMRA HOLMES.

SWEET honeysuckle scenteth every hedge,
And many flowers
Disport themselves in radiance passing fair,
The live-long hours.
The wild birds sing on every bough;
The thrush and dove,
And grey rock-pigeon, haunter of the woods,
Sing soft of love.
The gorse and heather mingle sweetness now,
Purple, gold;
The eglantine and briony embrace;
Love is bold.
The air is honey-scented, and the breeze
From the west
Sweepeth bravely over Cornish seas,
Balmy, blest.
Radiant autumn skies are glowing,
And my gaze
Meeteth all the wealth of nature
Many days.
And I see the golden sunlight
On the trees,
With the purple shadows playing
In the breeze.
As I listen to the music of the spheres—
Nature's voices;
Then my soul puts aside its fears,
And rejoices.
For I look on all around,
And above,
And I know for very surety
God is love.

THE ASTROLOGY OF SHAKESPEARE.

(*Continued from page* 58.)

PART II.

The further we press in our discoveries, the more we shall see proofs of design and self-supporting arrangement, where the careless eye had seen nothing but accident.—*De Quincey.*

SHAKESPEARE, in one of his sonnets, prides himself on the thought, "Methinks I have Astronomy." This is evident from the most cursory inspection of his works, which teem with allusions to the science. It was one of the most wide-spread beliefs in ancient times that important changes affecting kingdoms and states were foreshadowed by unusual appearances in the heavens. Shakespeare in his historical plays makes great use of such presages. Calpurnia in her unheeded warnings to Cæsar says—

> When beggars die there are no comets seen,
> The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

Pandulf is represented as describing the populace eagerly scanning the heavens for "meteors, prodigies, and signs," which shall announce vengeance on King John. Before the fall of Richard II., his adherents sorrowfully note that

> Meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven,
> The pale-faced moon looks bloody on the earth,
> And lean-looked prophets whisper fearful change.

At the funeral obsequies of Henry V., the Duke of Bedford thus apostrophises the heavens:

> Comets, importing change of times and states,
> Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky,
> And with them scourge the bad revolting stars
> That have consented unto Henry's death.

Horatio, the friend of Hamlet, forbodes evil to the State of Denmark from the ominous signs in the heavens, which, he says, equal the portents before the death of Cæsar, when appeared

> Stars with trains of fire and dews of blood,
> Disasters in the sun; and the moist star
> Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,
> Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse.

Before the battle of Mortimer's Cross, which placed Edward IV. on the throne, that prince beholds a joyful assurance of victory:—

> Three glorious suns, each one a perfect sun.

Owen Glendower endeavours to gain deference from the fiery Hotspur by the assertion—

> At my nativity,
> The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes
> Of burning cressets.

The Earl of Gloucester, in "King Lear," accounts for the troubled state of the kingdom by—

> These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us; though the wisdom of nature can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds itself scourged by the sequent effects; love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide; in cities, mutinies; in countries, discord; in palaces, treason; and the bond cracked 'twixt son and father.

We are aware that a great living writer on astronomical matters has quoted one passage as telling against astrology. In the case of Owen Glendower, the idea of the poet was evidently to contrast the inflated consequence of a crack-

brained "Magician" with the mode of thought natural to the Mars-man, who stands in awe of nothing, either ghostly or bodily, and lacks patience to listen; for

> Sometimes he angers me
> With telling me of moldwarp and the ant,
> Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies,
> And of a dragon and a finless fish,
> A clip-winged griffin and a moulten raven,
> A couching lion and a rampant cat,
> And such a deal of skimble skamble stuff
> As puts me from my faith. I'll tell you what;
> He held me last night at least nine hours
> In reckoning up the several devils' names
> That were his lackeys; I cried "hum," and "well, go to,"
> But mark'd him not a word.

The bastard son of the Earl of Gloucester, in his fathers' absence, ridicules mightily the latter's belief in astrology, but we have, in this instance, a believer in *nothing*, the greatest villain of the play placed as a set-off to the virtues of the good

> Credulous father! and a brother noble,
> Whose nature is so far from doing harms,
> That he suspects none: on whose foolish honesty
> My practices ride easy.

As the planets have the greatest influence upon the weather, it is noticeable how Shakespeare, carrying further the popular train of thought, makes the heavens to sympathise with the fates of his characters. As an instance of this, we may mark the analogy between the stormy heavens in "King Lear" and the war of passsions in the breast of the wronged, miserable old man.

Again, the sudden storm of unreasoning jealousy in the soul of Leontes, in the "Winter's Tale," has its counterpart in the fierce tempest which raged when Perdita, by her unnatural father's order, was abandoned on the sea-coast by Antigonus, with—

> Farewell!
> The day frowns more and more; thou'rt like to have
> A lullaby *too rough*: I never saw
> The heavens so dim by day.

Sad Hermione accounts for the madness of her lord with the thought—

> There's some ill planet reigns.
> I must be patient till the heavens look
> With an aspect more favourable.

The power of planetary directions or transits, with respect to the zodiacal positions in a nativity, are frequently alluded to. The central thought in "The Tempest" is placed before us in the words of Prospero to Miranda—

> By my prescience,
> I find my zenith doth depend upon
> A most auspicious star; whose influence
> If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
> Will ever after droop.

Prospero, conscious of this favourable aspect of the heavens, seizes on the fortunate moment to work his spells, and by aid of his magic art, rouses the storm. The argosy of courtiers—by a happy accident near at hand—is wrecked on the island, and the way is prepared for Prospero's return to his lost estate.

We may compare with this the words which Shakespeare attributes to Brutus.

> There is a tide in the affairs of men,
> Which taken at the flood leads on to fortune;
> Omitted, all the voyage of their life
> Is bound in shallows and in miseries.

Sebastian, in "Twelfth Night," tells Antonio—

> My stars shine darkly over me; the
> Malignancy of my fate might
> Perhaps distemper yours.

Pericles commands his attendants—

> Feast here awhile,
> Until our stars that frown lend us a smile.

The Duke of Milan, addressing Claudio, thus moralises concerning the life which the latter is about to lose:—

> A breath thou art,
> Servile to all the skiey influences
> That doth this habitation, where thou keep'st,
> Hourly afflict.

Romeo and Juliet, in the prologue to the play, are styled

> A pair of star-crossed lovers,

and Romeo, before drinking the fatal potion, announces his determination to

> "Shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
> From this world-wearied flesh.

Shakespeare makes use of astrologic ideas in order to place the *personnel* of his creations before us.

Take, for example, the words of Hamlet concerning his dead father—

> See what a grace was seated on that brow;
> Hyperion's curls, the front of Jove himself,
> An eye like Mars, to threaten and command.

The sun, when potent in a nativity, gives curling hair; hence the god Apollo, or Hyperion, or the Sun, was always represented as a youth with "hyacinthine locks." Jupiter gives breadth of chest and a commanding presence, and the quick, fiery glance of the martial eye is well known. When rising at birth, Jupiter usually bestows on the male a luxuriant beard. Hence the Clown in "Twelfth Night," in the warmth of his gratitude to the *soi-distant* page, Viola, gives utterance to the well-meant wish—

> Now Jove in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard.

Rosalind saucily bids Orlando—

> Be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you the countenance you are.

There are allusions also to planetary influence on mind and disposition. Don John, when exhorted to patience by his villainous follower, Conrad, in "Much Ado About Nothing," retorts—

> I wonder that thou, being as thou sayest thou art, born under Saturn, goest about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief.

Mercury, rising at a birth, evilly aspected by the infortunes, and having no configuration with either of the benefics (the Moon being also afflicted), disposes the mind to fraud. Hence, in ancient mythology, Mercury was made the God of thieves. The rogue Autolycus soliloquises thus:—

> My traffic is sheets; when the kite builds look to lesser linen. My father named me Autolycus; who, being as I am, littered under Mercury, was likewise a snapper up of unconsidered trifles.

Helena, in gay badinage with the braggadocio Parolles, who boasts that Mars presided at his birth, slyly insinuates that the planet must have been *retrograde;* for, Monsieur Parolles, "you go so much backward when you fight." The ancients believed that the native of Mars was obtuse of intellect; a mere personification of brute force. Hence, Thersites spitefully and maliciously styles Ajax, "Mars, his idiot!

The author of the "Text Book of Astrology," however, takes a totally different view, and teaches that Mars rising, or in aspect to Mercury, gives acute-

ness of intellect, and that the mind, untinctured by this planet's influence, is deficient in energy of purpose.

As we have arrived at the period when Astrology is once more engaging the attention of men of scientific ability, it is interesting to mark the influence which such a study had on the mind of England's greatest poet.

We endorse thoroughly the sentiment he places in the mouth of the Earl of Kent—

> It is the stars—
> The stars above us govern our conditions.

MAIA.—*Urania.*

THE JEWELS OF THE LODGE.

BY BRO. HIRAM BASSETT.

IN the September number of the *Age*, at the bottom of page 74, this declaration occurs :—

"Immovable jewels.—The immovable jewels are the tracing-board, the rough ashlar, and the perfect ashlar. Oliver says they were formerly called the 'trasel-board, the rough ashlar, and the broached thurned.'"

The writer is aware that our English brethren teach in accordance with the above, but their reasons for so holding are far from satisfactory. He has always followed the teaching of Webb, and as far back as 1860, wrote an artice for the *Voice of Masonry*, then published by Bro. Robert Morris, at Louisville, in which he endeavoured to show that the square, level, and plumb are the immovable jewels. We have not that article as hand; but, finding similar views in Mitchell's *Common Law of Masonry*, he requests that you publish them for the benefit of the Craft. Dr. Mitchell says:—

"We think the rough ashlar, perfect ashlar, and tracing-board are the movable jewels. The rough ashlar is taken out of and moved from the quarries, and placed in the hands of the Fellow Craft; and when he has made a perfect ashlar of it, then it is moved to and placed in the building. The tracing-board is a lap-board, and is moved about by the Master-builder. Emblematically, the first represents the uncultivated profane: the second shows forth the intelligent Mason, perfected in the rituals by the teaching of the skillful craftsmen; and the third foreshadows the perfection of that wisdom which is learned from the designs laid down in God's tracing-board, which may translate him from his temporal dwelling to a place in 'that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.'

"If the pedestals of the Master and Wardens are stationary, immovable, so are the square, level, and plumb.

"The Lodge cannot be opened unless the pedestals are filled with the proper officers. The Lodge cannot be opened without an altar, and upon it the Book of the Law, and the square and compasses. In like manner the Lodge cannot be opened unless the square is in the east, the level in the west, and the plumb in the south. If either of the officers leaves his pedestal, he must leave his jewel; it *must* be there—it is a fixture. Nor will it do to exchange them; it will not do to have the plumb in the east, and the square in the south; each *must* be in its fixed place. And why this immovable law? Because, while the first three may be imperfect, and may be pronounced unfit for a place in the heavenly Temple, and be thrown over among the rubbish, the last three cannot, for they represent principles of Divine truth, in which there is no defect, and must pass the square of immaculate justice, which spans the earth and dwells in heaven."—*The Masonic Age.*

THE RESCUE.

A Sequel to the "Lament of the Captive."

BY SAVARICUS.

LET sceptics doubt the power of prayer,
Their thoughts may vanish in the air,
For deep within the breast doth dwell
A solemn faith—a sacred spell.

The Captive in his lonely cell
Can feel a Presence with him dwell:
When most depressed by hopes and fears
A fervent prayer his spirit cheers.

Though sad his lot, and hard his doom,
A *something* lights the dungeon gloom;
His soul enwrapt fast soars away
On wings of joy to endless day.

The scenes of bliss in dreams he sees
Impart relief to his *dis*-ease;
Confined and fettered though he be,
His mind—his soul—is ever free.

By Statesman passing through the land
The tale was heard, he quickly plann'd
To set aside the harsh decree,
And thus to make the captive free.

To tyrant King he forthwith went,
On Mercy's errand firmly bent,
And hearing claimed to state the case
He deemed unjust, brutal, and base.

The King in Council swiftly sat,
And passed the time in peevish chat;
An Englishman of high degree
He felt in duty bound to see.

The Statesman soon confronted King,
His words of truth were like a sting;
The Captive-victim's case he urged,
And freedom gained ere he emerged.

Oh! let the captive gladly sing,
A few short hours deliv'rance bring;
His earnest prayer is answered now,
And dark clouds leave his chastened brow.

The news hath spread from town to town,
Of England's power and vast renown;
Blest isle of earth, whose sons are brave,
Triumphant may her flag e'er wave.

All honour give the man whose heart,
Was prompt to play so good a part;
At home, abroad, the English try
To put down wrong and tyranny.

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

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WALTER L'ESTRANGE.

IT is a happy day for a young man when he appears in the War Office *Gazette* as an officer in Her Majesty's Service! The hero of my story received the news in the morning-room of a little old-fashioned house in one of the southern counties, which, the house of his ancestors for many generations, was now his inheritance as the only son of his deceased father. His father, an old soldier, had married a charming person who had predeceased him, and whom he soon followed to the grave, and Walter and Amy L'Estrange were left from early years orphans under the care of their father's sister and the guardianship of the old family solicitor, who had taken good care of the estate. Walter L'Estrange was not what the world called rich, for he had inherited but the remains of a once large property, in all about five hundred a year, and the interest of a small sum of money in the funds. His sister had a little portion of her own, and his aunt, who had been made the heiress of an old godmother cousin, had so comfortable a competence that the estate had been left to "nurse," and she had herself kept up all the expenses, and even provided for the education of her nephew and niece. Thus feelings of gratitude and affection bound that family party together, by sympathies and souvenirs which could never be undervalued or forgotten.

Mrs. L'Estrange's sister had married a noble lord of large possessions, and as she had been deeply attached to her sister, her children and old Miss L'Estrange had been in the habit of keeping Christmas at "Bel Endroit," the family seat of the ancient and noble family of Delorme. Hence it was that the young people had grown up in habits of close intimacy and interest with Walter and Amy L'Estrange. And now it was that at Christmas, some years ago, they were all going to Bel Endroit, to spend three weeks in family *réunion* and pleasant festivities.

It was to Lord Delorme that Walter L'Estrange owed the influence which had procured him the long wished for "post commission" in one of Her Maiesty's regiments.

The news had been announced from "Bel Endroit," and great was the rejoicing at the "Mote," as Mr. L'Estrange's old-fashioned house was called. So that was a happy Christmastide for our hero.

The whole of the family was assembled at the stately mansion of the Delormes. The Earl and his Countess kindly and agreeable, the sons manly and good-natured and intelligent, the daughters graceful and charming.

And hence for Walter and his sister, the three weeks at Bel Endroit were weeks of unalloyed pleasure. Many were the gay gatherings, the pleasant dances, private theatricals, musical parties, frequent the uproarious carnival, and joyous the round games!

The old earl was specially kind to that good-looking high-spirited youth, so full of life and animation, and heart and intellect, and his aunt had almost a motherly affection for the only son of her cherished sister.

With the sons he was on the best of terms, and with his fair cousins, and especially with Lady Jane, the eldest daughter, was he in much favour.

It is not customary to indulge in the description of ladies now-a-days, but as Lady Jane is a favourite of mine, I venture to give you her hastily sketched portrait. No one could see her without looking at her a second time. Of exquisite proportions and befitting height, she had that stateliness of appearance, that erect and noble carriage which is ever so deeply to be admired. When she walked she seemed as if she was all elastic, and her every movement was full of grace. When she danced, it was as some one said, "she floated" more than she danced. Her clustering hair, her well shaped head, her marked eyebrows, her dark grey eyes, with their long eyelashes, the rose and lily of her complexion, her arch smile and winning manner were enough to charm susceptible young men out of their senses.

Indeed, an acute observer who had noticed that good-looking couple in the cozy chat of intimacy and the ceaseless whirling of the rapturous waltz, and had seen the light in her eyes and the radiant smile on her face, might have not unnaturally come to the conclusion that it was just within the bounds of possibility that Lady Jane might one day be mistress of the Mote.

But then, though such seemed to be the surface of things, it was not so in reality. All that was taking place was a matter of course and family intimacy. Lady Jane, as became her rank, would one day make a "proper marriage," and though such a state of things might be dangerous in common families, it was not so in theirs, and the parents had no fear as to any such inconceivable and objectionable results, which might seem at first sight not an unnatural corollary of events to those outside "the swim"; but their daughters had been "better brought up."

What Walter l'Estrange felt, or what she fancied, I cannot take upon myself to say. Certainly she never danced again in life with such happy fervour and such tender animation as when in the ball-room at Bel Endroit, as when he, poor fellow, entranced with her beauty and grace, and kindness and confidence (she who was the admiration of all), under that magic influence was supremely happy for the time.

And thus it was when the party broke up, as parties will break up. Whatever reflections Walter or she indulged in no one ever knew.

Everything went on in its usual way. He went off to Portsmouth and "drill" and "work," and at the usual time she went up to London to be the "belle of the season."

Walter at Portsmouth soon became as he was at Winchester, the head of the athletes. A famous captain, he won for Portsmouth with her garrison eleven more than one match, and few men had such a host of friends, and it is doubtful if he had an enemy. The sweetness of his temper, and the manfulness of his disposition, rendered him beloved in his regiment by all ranks and all conditions.

When Christmas came round again the party reassembled at Bel Endroit, and then for the first time poor Walter saw that a change had come.

Not that she was less kind or cheerful, but that he and she were not thrown so much together, and it was clear that for some reason or other the old people, with much kindness and goodwill, had interfered, for fear that by any chance Lady Jane and Walter could be induced to imagine that such an union could ever be thought of or approved in the "family."

When Christmas was over Walter returned to his regiment, and that same year the Crimean War broke out, and his regiment was one of the first sent to the East.

He received before he started several letters from the earl and the countess and his fair cousins, but her he saw not, and Amy herself, his sister, gentle and unsuspecting as she was, had been so sensible of the little constraint and drawing back, that this year she had made an excuse for not paying her London visit, and had stayed quietly and contentedly at the Mote.

I need not here dilate on the Crimean War. Walter l'Estrange, though slightly wounded at the Alma, got safely through Inkerman and the Redan, and in 1857, found himself, by the "fortune of war," by sickness, and by "death in action," the youngest captain in the English army.

It was at the very same time that the "Scruncher" was bringing home the regiment from Balaklava that the *Morning Post* was full of the brilliant marriage in high life, the Marquis of Clanmorris and lady Jane Champney.

Amy had been asked to be a bridesmaid, but as it was not pressed, all the others being sisters and titled cousins, she got out of it as best she could, and stayed quietly at home, looking after her pets and seeing to her old people.

Walter read the news when he landed at Gravesend, but said nothing to anyone; and when, soon after, he returned to the Mote, and looked the grave, sunburnt, bearded, soldierly fellow he was, no one could tell by his manner that he had any trouble, or any care. But to the keen sight of Amy and Miss l'Estrange—and women's eyes are very quick in such matters—there seemed to be a want of interest in matters he formerly cared much about, and a sort of wistful look would creep over his eyes and face when sitting still, as if he was searching for something he wanted very much indeed. He had received an invitation from the earl to go for Christmas to Bel Endroit, but for him that period never came.

Some of my readers may remember the outbreak of the Indian Mutiny in 1857, and Walter's regiment was one of the first sent off to repress that fearful uprising, wicked, senseless, and diabolical in the highest degree.

Perhaps some can hardly remember the excitement of that long summer in England, when each telegram startled us with deeds of horror, wretchedness, treachery, and shame, without a parallel almost in the history of the world.

How then were all our nerves strung and our feelings excited as we heard of gallant Havelock's noble advance, and the happy audacity of "fiery Neal." What emotions affected us as we heard of the massacres of Delhi, and the slaughter at Cawnpore, and the death of so many gallant men, poor women, and helpless children!

Walter l'Estrange's regiment reached Calcutta about August and went straight up to Lucknow.

It is distinguished, as will be seen in Lord Clyde's dispatches, by many an act of steadiness, gallantry, and devotion.

In a desperate struggle with some detached bands of mutineers, when forming part of a small moveable column in Oude, sent to clear the country of the mutinous and murderous Sepoys, poor Walter fell in gallant fight. He was buried that same evening, amid the sadness of many gallant comrades and the tears of his whole company.

And yet I do not know why we should utter one word of condolence. He fell as he wished to fall—at the head of his men. He fell doing his duty, and he lies buried where he fell with many other true-hearted comrades, and he has found a soldier's grave.

It has often occurred to me how little we sometimes think of what Englishmen have done and borne, and how they have died in India.

To Englishmen, India is sacred ground, for its plains are whitened with the bones of those goodly hosts who have maintained its honour against fearful odds, who have carried its flag triumphantly in irresistible advance, who,

though decimated by illness and weakened by climate, have never wavered, never failed to any appeal, but have asserted, with dominant vigour, the tolerant and kindly regime of the Feringhee.

How many, like Walter l'Estrange, have passed away, as in a tale of chivalry, or a romance of olden days.

Like the knight errant in other ages, fighting for his "ladye love;" like Ivanhoe, "by the help of Monseigneur St. George, the good knight," doing duty for honour, justice, right, and poor Rebecca; and like him who, on board the "Birkenhead," when there was nothing but the roaring surf and hungry sharks around, with the voice of a trumpet exclaimed, "Men, stand fast; women and children, to the boats. They must be saved!" And he and his men went calmly down to death, though the ship was settling, and the waves were pouring in!

At the Mote the news of poor Walter's death was received with great grief, but when Charles Hope, Walter's great friend, returned with his effects, and with one arm himself, having lost the other in the same hot skirmish, after a little, Amy, who had known him before as the son of their old clergyman, was not insensible to the bold soldier's tale; and Captain and Mrs. Hope now keep up the old house and seem likely to maintain the family name. The house is permeated by the remembrance of Walter, who is the cherished hero of that family circle.

There is a picture of him, by a young French artist at Calcutta, which is very striking. He is standing with his helmet in his hand, under evening stillness, with his bold, clear face, that wavy hair, and those wondrous eyes, as stately and as calm as "Sir Launcelot" ere he went on his last expedition.

Lady Clanmorris is still the admiration of all who know her. You may see her any day in the season in the most effective turn-out and with the prettiest children in London. Great as is her beauty, greater are her gifts; she is, as ever, kindly and stately, cold and sedate. No cloud has come upon her married life, no whisper of the smoking-room has affected her; she is above and beyond the scandal and tittle-tattle of society. But I, who remember her in her early grace and winning ways, in that wondrous development of interest, and animation, and wreathed smiles, and soft voice, and lighted eyes, often think, though I may be wrong, that there seems to be a sort of haze, a mist over them, as if for her the "light of other days has faded," never to return, leaving her really all alone to battle with the strife, and to pass through the crowds, so noisy, so vulgar, and so uninteresting who fill the great Vanity Fair of life.

It is just possible that through all these things and over all these things, wealth, rank, position, splendour, diamonds, and all that seems to attract us and rule us here, she is looking far, far away, to where, in his lonely grave, lies the noblest form that a British uniform ever covered, and where the truest heart in mortal breast is still for ever. I cannot say whether it is so or not. It has struck me that, like others, she has an outer and inner life of her own, and that she lives a twofold existence in the past and in the present. But she, too, in her place, does her duty, let us not doubt, and though my story is a very common one and trite one, very simple, very unpretending, and very dull, it may have a meaning for some as it has for myself—and that is why I tell it—the interest of a little veracious history of what often happens in Society to-day.

In our busy life and in our customary living, things so often seem to be in the natural order of things, that very few of us are inclined to see or to believe but that ours is not the very best of worlds, and so anything which appears abnormal or out of the common current of affairs, we think ought at once to be deprecated and disavowed. But the truth is that all the while our life is made up, if only we could see it, of countless romances, all true, all touching, and which appeal equally to our sentiment and our sensibility, all we are accustomed

to admire, all we are wont to uphold. In the very midst of Society's dullest routine, all through its garish grandeur and its tinsel ornamentation, under its empty show and base affectation, its cruel treacheries and its base deceits, there is a life for us all, which is full, as in our story, of all that can attract and adorn, elevate and spiritualize humanity.

With us, and close around us, is that inner life, even here, which uses the world as not abusing it, and which is not allured by its flatteries or disconcerted by its frowns.

To some of us of shallow minds, weak views, and perverted opinions, Walter l'Estrange may have seemed to live in vain. But not so; on the contrary we have in his career the epitome of all true life here, courage in despondency, faith in hopelessness, cheerfulness in disappointment, duty in life, and self-devotion in death.

Like many another simple-minded hero, real and true and brave, buried away in the nooks and corners of the earth, in battle-fields and under the stormy waves, unknown, unmarked, forgotten of men, he has marched on triumphantly to the golden gates of the "land of the leal."

A MASON'S STORY.

IT was a beauteous moonlight night. Gloriously the pale orb of night was shedding her lustrous beams o'er the landscape, flooding moorland and fell, meadow and forest, church and houses, with her mellow light. We all love moonlight nights. They seem to come so naturally, bringing the spell of music, and poetry, and romance, with them. We, who are old, can cast our thoughts back to the time when we were not old; we can remember times which cause the heart to throb, it may be with intense pain, or it may be with a lingering feeling of pleasure, or perchance a mixture of both; for it tells of hours passed which can never be recalled, save in dreams, when we wandered arm-linked with those who have perhaps gone before. It tells of those to whom we were all in all, and who were all in all to us. It brings back to us "scenes of our early days which never depart." And I for one love the moonlight. It is my greatest happiness to walk in it, or lying awake to be cheered and comforted by its presence. It seems to me also that it shadows forth an emblem of the peaceful life at last, when all care and trouble shall be thrown away; when we shall walk amid the streets of fine gold, where "they need not the light of the sun, neither the moon, for the Lamb, which is in the midst of it, shall light them." But to turn to my narrative. I observed that the moon was shining, and that remark caused me to digress on to a learned homily regarding the beauties of that particular light, superior to any electric light yet discovered or to be discovered.

Let me try to describe the scene as I intended to describe it when interrupted by my momentary flight into the realms of moralization and prosy garrulity.

It was a quiet little market town in one of our northern shires, where our narrative first opens. The moon was casting her beams over the roof, and gables, and spire of Trinity Church, in that town. Over the fields could be seen, stretching away into the west, the bleak and solitarily grand mountains of Cumberland. Eastward could be observed the towering form of Ingleboro' rising from a multitudinous group of lesser hills. Northward you could discern the snow-capped summit of Coniston Old Man, and behind him, Helvellyn, while to the south, bonnie Morecambe Bay, dotted with the countless sails of

innumerable fishing boats, stretched out, revealing a long range of sands, which shimmered and gleamed with a silvery sheen in the delicious moonlight. And under the shadow of the venerable old church (which has long ago yielded to the rude hand of the "restorer") paced slowly a youthful couple. It was the old, old, story being enacted over again. Love, and that under, well, not exactly difficulties, but rather impracticabilites. But I must not anticipate; my story will relate itself best in its own way.

Of these two, the young man might, at a first glance, have been taken for twenty-six or twenty-seven. This was not the case, however. Study and discontent with his own lot, in which it had pleased the Great Creator to place him, had combined to make him look old before his time. Perhaps an hereditary growth of beard helped to keep up the delusion. His age was at most but twenty-one summers. In stature he was rather short, with a strong tendency to corpulence, and his features were heavily cut, inspiring you at first with an almost instinctive dislike to him.

But those who formed a dislike to Penhryn Falconer (for such was his name) were invariably quickly undeceived. A kinder youth never trod this earth. Full of broad, humanitarian sympathies for his fellow-men, he would have scorned any action which would have harmed the meanest of his fellow creatures. He had been placed by his parents at a public school, and among two or three hundred boisterous specimens of humanity, whose sole ambition was to excel in cricket, football, or hockey, he, the retiring, studious, sensitive lad, had been obliged to rough it alone. By his bold and uncompromising love for truth, which, at times, prompted him to say things which were unpalatable to the ruling powers, he had brought himself in contact with the master in a way which was not calculated to make that functionary feel any reverence or like for him. Perhaps the master saw that the boy had a soul made for things above himself, and that would be sufficient to make him hate the lad. At any rate it was so, and often Penrhyn had undergone punishment for that which was not his fault. Nay, he had been repeatedly punished for defending himself against the tyrannical acts of his young companions.

And the hatred of the pedagogue to his pupil was fully returned. Penrhyn saw, and understood, and appreciated his master at his proper worth. Whilst his companions were content to think old Haslam a good fellow, whose only fault was a too liberal use of the cane, Penrhyn despised him for his littleness of soul, and—save in the rudiments of elementary education—ignorance. Often when addressing words of unprovoked insult to the lad, before his schoolmates, the master would be stopped by the contemptuous look darted on him by his pupil, or the flash of the eye which denoted a consciousness of superior genius to his teacher. Many a time he had striven to keep down the rebellious tears and stifle the prompting to tell his parents his trials. The longest night comes to an end, and so it was that Penrhyn Falconer finished his scholastic career, and at fifteen launched out on the world,

> To seek on the treacherous ocean his fate,
> And in life's busy scene take a part.

His father—a very peculiar man in his way, of whom I shall have to give an account, seeing he was mainly responsible for the shaping of our hero's ideas—decided that Penrhyn should be placed at a mercantile pursuit; and, in pursuance of this object he was bound apprentice to one of the leading merchants in his native town. If we say that Penrhyn hated his occupation with an intense hatred we shall only be speaking the literal truth. The fact was the lad had no liking for business. At the Church he would have shone as a brilliant orator; at the Bar he would have made a solid pleader; as a physician he would have been an earnest, painstaking practitioner; or in literature he would have made a name as a conscientious and eloquent writer. But the fiat had gone forth, and he knew that it would be worse than useless

to struggle against his father's will, and an earnest wish from his mother that he should do his duty decided him.

I have said his father was a peculiar man. His peculiarity consisted in his religion, in which he endeavoured to bring up his son. Early in life he endeavoured to instil ideas which were dangerous into the lad's mind. He would talk for hours, with a learned air of pomposity, on evolution, the growth of man, missing links, and other theories, which in speculative science or ordinary dreams would be well enough, but which, applied to religion cannot tend to edification. The mother, poor soul, whose hope was grounded on the mercies of that sure Rock — the great Creator — did all in her power to eradicate the mischievous teachings of her husband, but in vain, for the scientific facts had taken such a deep hold on Penrhyn's realistic brain that he found it impossible to discard them.

In his twentieth year he had made the acquaintance of the fair young being whom we see by his side in the moonlight this evening on which our story opens. As we have given such a lengthy description of our hero, it will only be fair to introduce our heroine likewise.

A fair young woman, of apparently four-and-twenty summers, taller than her companion, and graceful as Athene, was the vision that would have greeted you on that evening, could you but have seen her. Lustrous eyes, that rested lovingly on the face of her companion, as ever and anon she listened to his conversation, now and then throwing in a remark. Her form was—and it is much to say in these days of artificial lacing and tight stays—faultless. It was well for Penrhyn that he could not see the dimples that were playing hide and seek on her cheeks this night, otherwise I venture to predict that he would have become so self-conceited as not to be able to contain himself.

Just now he is criticising some sermon they have been hearing on prayer, and his ideas seem to be totally at variance with the preacher's. He is quoting Coleridge's beautiful lines:—

> He prayeth best who loveth best
> All things both great and small;
> For the dear Lord who loveth us,
> He made and loveth all.

"Yes," she answers, "but you know that you do not believe in that Being. I think it must be terrible to live as you and your father do, believing in nothing greater than yourselves, and having no hope for the future—no hope of an immortality beyond the grave."

"Would that I could believe with you," he replies, "but unfortunately I cannot. I dare not say I believe when I do not, for if there *is* a God it must be an unpardonable sin to thus blaspheme His name by professing a trust in Him which you do not feel. I would give anything to experience that child-like, innocent faith of yours, which can trust everything to a Providence which is invisible."

"Whom, having not seen, we love," rejoined the girl, "and we are glad to love Him. We are glad to leave our sins on our Saviour, conscious that he, at least, can bear them, and pardon and forgive them."

"But it is of no use arguing the matter out," said Penrhyn; and, indeed, it was not for that purpose that I came up here to-night. Mary, you cannot have been ignorant of what my feelings towards you have long been. You must have seen that I have loved you, almost since I knew you, and this night I have determined to speak to you. I cannot give you riches, not even in comparison with what you now enjoy at home, but I *can* give you a loving heart, as loving as any which has ever been given to woman. Will you give me permission to speak to your father."

"Penrhyn, I cannot doubt your sincerity, and I do confess that I love you dearly, and I know that you love me; but you must also know that my father

has ever disliked—not you, for he speaks with the tenderest respect for you—but your religious opinions. I can admire those opinions, for I know that you hold them conscientiously, and I believe that they are as precious in God's eyes as mine are. I do not thing my father will give his consent to our engagement, for I heard him say the other day that no Atheist should ever marry his daughter."

"I will see him, darling," was Penrhyn's reply; "surely he cannot refuse you to me when he knows how earnestly we love each other. Beside, what are religious matters when compared to blighting the lives of two persons."

"My best wishes shall go with you, dear, and my prayers, but if aught is said bitter on his side do not return it. Remember, he is my father, and whatever he does he will do what he thinks best for my welfare."

Half-an-hour later Penrhyn Falconer was seated in Mr. Morton's study. Mr. Morton was a hard-featured, angular man, precise in his movements, and methodical in his habits. Predestination and election were visibly stamped on his face, and his countenance seemed to utter, as he motioned Penrhyn Falconer to a seat, "eternal reprobation." He was very polite, however, and the young man soon made known his errand.

Mr. Morton listened very attentively, and when Penrhyn had finished he said, "I will be frank with you, Penrhyn. Personally, as regards your moral character, I should be proud to call you my son. I cannot attempt to cope with your scholarly abilities, nor do I object to you on the score of your pecuniary circumstances. I can never see my daughter united to an Atheist, as I told her the other day, and when I say that you will understand that it is my sole objection to you."

"Am I to understand that this is your final, irrevocable resolve?" said Penrhyn.

"Such is my resolve," was the reply, "and I trust that you will not think me cruel if, in the interests of both Mary and yourself, you abstain from visiting here for the time. Pray do not think me uncourteous," he hastened to add, as he saw the effect his words produced, "but I do not think it would be wise, under the existing state of things, for you to go on meeting. It would only be productive of misery to both. You had better say 'Good-bye' to Mary now."

And so the curtain falls on the first act of our little drama, and much remained to be done ere the gold could be made ready to receive the diamond, but in the meantime, with vows of constancy on both sides, they parted.

(To be continued.)

THE POWER OF FREEMASONRY.

TO many people in this good world of ours "Freemasonry" is a sort of quasi mysterious social institution, famous for its hospitality and its excellent charities. As a mere matter of conversation in polite society, Freemasons are generally credited with being judges of a hospitality, as being kind and benevolent; but Freemasonry is looked upon as a great benefit order, with a system of affected secresy, and somewhat absurd exclusiveness.

As an old Mason, I, on the contrary, hold, as all Masons will, such ideas to be utterly unjust and derogatory to our good Order. Those of us who know it the best must be aware, after all, what a power for good it is in the world,

and what a "power" there is in Freemasonry in many respects and particulars, if only properly used and rightfully developed.

As I have been asked to send a paper to the *Masonic Magazine*, I tell a story which has a quiet moral of its own, which entirely supports my last statement, and may be of profit to some of us, who are rather inclined to forget that the "tongue is an unruly member," and sometimes brings us into trouble. I belonged to a lodge in other days which was about to celebrate its St. John's Festival, and elect its W.M. for the new year. For some time past this good lodge, which I will term the Lodge of Illumination, had been suffering from this lingual disease. It was not certain to those who noted and grieved over the symptoms, and realized the true "diagnosis" of affairs, whether this malady was confined to one or more, but sure it was that the lodge, once so harmonious and happy, was becoming disintegrated and divided, broken up into cliques and sections, while an undercurrent of gossip and unkindly scandal was undermining its sociality, and setting brother against brother and friend against friend.

It had been decided at the usual friendly and informal meeting to vote for a particular brother for the W.M.'s chair, and then at that very meeting it became apparent that some evil influence was at work to impair the concord and mar the prestige of the lodge. Accordingly, the day after, a few clear-headed brethren met together, and formed themselves into a "committee of vigilance and public security," to ascertain who this disturber, or these disturbers, of the lodge peace really and truly were.

I well remember the first evening we met how serious we all were. It all seemed to us so un-Masonic, so unreasonable, and so unwelcome, that we should leave other occupations in order to find out what member of the lodge, untrue to his Order, was ignoring and repudiating the very profession of Masonry he had openly and solemnly taken upon him.

However, there was no help for it, and so we began our uncongenial task. The first point to ascertain was, Was it only one, or more than one, associated with this state of things? Having drawn up an outline of the case, we adjourned for twenty-four hours, to a brother's house, to make the needful enquiries.

When we again assembled the following night it was clear by the manner of all that something had been discovered. And so we set to work. Gossip, and tittle-tattle, and scandal were all openly repeated and considered, letters were read and shewn, until it became perfectly clear that to one brother, and one brother alone, everything could be traced up! He was himself the originator of every story, every falsehood, the fomentor of all discord, the fautor of all intrigue; he was the mover both of Masonic sedition and the source of Masonic discontent. What was to be done?

We were quite clear about the fact. There was, moreover, no doubt about it, and yet something must be done? Unless by St. John's Festival all this under-current of queer feeling was stayed, we might expect more mischief in the new year. What the brother's motives were it seemed difficult to understand. To some of us it appeared a mere love of mischief; to others a morbid mind and an unrestrained temper suggested themselves; while the majority held, and held rightly, that it was to a very foolish and uncontrolable tongue that everything must be attributed. Oh, the power of the tongue for good, but how much more for evil!

We often complain of woman's abuse of the tongue; I, for one, fancy men are as much to blame, nay, I have known men whose actual abuse of the powers of speech were something fearful, even diabolical, to realize.

Well, after long deliberation, I'll tell you what we did. We appointed a select committee to see our brother, and put the case before him, and what we knew, and what we yet might discover. Our deputation were well chosen, for they were all "good men and true," and well versed in Masonic law and

Masonic practice. I forget after this lapse of time how exactly the meeting was arranged, but it was, and we met him and he met us. We soon plunged in "medias res."

Our spokesman, who knew well what he was about, introduced the matter in his most lucid and impressive manner, and our brother listened, and all listened, in silence.

His defence was very amusing, though very weak and fatal to himself. First of all he attempted to be facetious, and treated it all as a "canard." That would not do Then he threw himself upon common report. This was proved to be untenable, he himself being alone "common report." Then he denied our right to ask him such questions. The right we asserted, simply as a matter of fact, duty, and necessity; and lastly, he turned round and said he had done nothing to do anybody harm, he meant nothing personal, he did not mean to injure anyone,—it was all a good joke!

Our spokesman then pointed out to him the evil he had done, the wanton, foolish, cruel pain he had inflicted on others. He pointed out to him the real true principles of Freemasonry, how he had transgressed every one of them, and how, unless he could authorize us to make his peace with the brethren, he would surely have his name expunged, after trial, from the list of the members of the lodge.

"What is Freemasonry?" said our spokesman, among other suitable and seasonable remarks, "but a system founded on benevolence, directed by consideration for others, and elevated by brotherly love! Under the guise of a brother eagerly to listen to, credulously to receive, or calmly to disseminate scandal of an innoffensive brother, who, all unconscious, is associating with you on terms of Masonic sympathy and good-will, is an enormity! To sit in the same lodge with a brother, and to whisper a tale of slander, or to pass on an invention of mendacity, without thought or heed, is an offence not only against all laws human and divine, but contravenes the leading axioms, and uproots the very foundation of all true Freemasonry!"

Our brother listened and listened, until, as all saw, the perspiration standing on his forehead, and he said tremulously at last, "Brethren, I feel I have done wrong; I am very sorry, I am very contrite; I will make any reparation you may think proper to appoint." Our end was gained. Freemasonry is always forbearing and forgiving; it is always willing to accept apologies and permit of recantation. Taught by the experience of past ages, it is against pains and penalties, persecutions and excommunication, burnings and expulsions of all kinds, except where the latter is absolutely necessary, as it unfortunately is sometimes, for the need of example, or the requirement of warning, for the good of Freemasonry, for the safety of the Order! That St. John's Day Festival was the happiest meeting of that old lodge for many a long day. Our brother, who may be now a dignitary of the Order for all I know, never relapsed into the foolish love of gossip and tittle-tattle, and the harmony of the lodge renewed and cemented, has never since been broken.

How such things get about I know not, or how women hear of what takes place in lodge, I do not pretend to understand. This is a mystery I cannot fathom. Can any married brother? But then one fact is undoubted, that to this view, whenever the wife of his bosom wishes to "shut up," or bring our erring brother into subjection, she uses these words of mystic import to him—can any brother explain them?—"James, what a deal of evil there is in the power of the tongue, and how it can get a brother into trouble!"

I have penned this paper, to illustrate the "Power of Masonry" properly employed, to act as a healer of differences, and a redresser of evil, and therefore deem it not out of place in the interesting pages of the *Masonic Magazine*.

T. T. T.

THE BEACON FIRE.

A CHRISTMAS LEGEND OF DOVER CASTLE.

IT was Christmas Eve in the year 1065, the last year of Edward the Confessor's reign, the last Christmas that England saw under Saxon rule; for ere another twelve months had passed, William the Norman was in possession of the country.

Little dreaming, however, of the mighty and important changes at hand, a young soldier, on the night in question, was pacing with measured and martial tread upon the ramparts of Dover Castle. He was a sentinel on guard, and not a few were the impatient exclamations that burst from his lips as he contrasted the keen wintry air and lonely walk on the battlements which it was his lot to watch, with the warm, blazing fire and blithe wassail of the guard-room. The comparison was not favourable to his own situation, and the more he thought the more he grumbled. As he reached an angle of the wall that formed the boundary of his beat, he encountered the sharer of his cheerless vigil. Like our grumbler, he, too, was a Saxon, but he was his senior by a score of years, being a stout strongly-built man of forty.

"Well met, Adhelm!" cried the elder of the two, in a hearty tone, as he shifted his weapon from one shoulder to the other. "'Tis a bitter night, and in sooth I shall not be sorry when we are summoned from this breezy height to the snug guard-chamber below."

"Nor I," echoed the youth, and forthwith he resumed his grumblings, but he found no ready listener in the hardy giant beside him,

"Foolish boy!" exclaimed Sidroc, scornfully. "Thou, with thy young blood flowing hot and strong in thy veins, thou, to talk of a little frost as though thou wer't an old fellow of four-score years and ten!—go to, boy, thou art no better than a woman."

Young Adhelm had but recently begun his career as a soldier, and he found the cold windy heights of Dover rather different from the sheltered Sussex valley where he had spent his boyhood; consequently he felt resentful at the speech of the really good-natured, but blunt, straightforward Sidroc, who had passed all his life in roughing it, and was hardened to cold and privation by a long course of stern military discipline.

"I was but thinking just now of one as young, nay younger, than thou, who, long ago, on these very heights, set an example which many a Saxon youth in these days would do well to follow."

Adhelm was silent; he felt that this speech implied reproof, and he was in no mood to take it, so he turned on his heel and resumed his beat. Sidroc did the same, but in a few moments they met again at the same place.

Curiosity had got the better of anger, and Adhelm, who had too bold and daring a soul himself not to be moved at hearing of bravery in another, inquired of his comrade who the youth might be of whom he had spoken.

Sidroc replied by directing his attention to a partly ruined tower that stood upon the highest point of the cliff, at a short distance from the castle. It was an ancient beacon or pharos, said to have been built by Julius Cæsar when he invaded the shores of Britain, and although it was now crumbling into decay, it still reared its lofty head proudly, on the very crest of the precipitous cliff, whilst immediately at its foot, as if seeking shelter and protection from the winds that swept around that exposed hill, nestled the little church called St. Mary-in-Castro. Adhelm saw the tower, and replied,

"I have often marvelled at it; methinks it must have been a place of strength in former days."

"And many a beacon fire hath blazed from its summit," rejoined Sidroc. "It is said that in the days of King Alfred the 'Truth-teller,' there was a sentinel placed there to watch and give the alarm in the event of any Danish vessels appearing in sight; and once it was the scene of a deed of valour, and of treachery too; and further, it is said that the spirits of those concerned in this event still haunt the spot, though 'tis now nigh two hundred years since it happened."

"And dost thou believe the tale?" asked Adhelm, surprised at the grave, earnest tone and expression of his comrade.

"I cannot do otherwise than believe it; 'tis true I never saw the apparition with mine own eyes, but often have I heard my father tell, in terms that left no doubt in the minds of those who listened to him, of the thrilling scenes he witnessed on the top of the beacon tower, the Yule Eve of the year 1016, the year preceding that in which Edmund Ironsides was slain at Oxford, and Canute the Dane claimed the crown of England."

"And hath it not been seen since then?" asked the youth.

"No; when it appeareth 'tis always at Yuletide, and it bodes some great change or danger that menaceth the land within the coming year."

"And doth it always so happen?" said Adhelm, curiously.

"So far as I have heard, *always*," answered Sidroc, in a low, solemn tone. "The story haunts me ever as the season returns; and instinctively I have gazed at yonder tower each Yuletide I have passed on these heights, but never yet have I beheld the boding shades."

"Nor ever will, I warrant me!" cried the youth, laughing. "Comrade, methought thou wast above heeding such old wives' tales, which in these Christian days savour of paganism."

A dark frown gathered on Sidroc's brow, and he seemed about to reply in anger, but he checked himself, and laying his heavy hand on Adhelm's shoulder, he merely said,

"There is one below, boy, who will tell the the tale better than a blunt, rough fellow like myself; one who has himself witnessed the apparition; see when thou hast heard him, if thou callest it any longer an old dame's fable, or a heathen superstition."

The young soldier smiled incredulously, and shook his head with the superior wisdom of twenty years; but at that moment their watch was relieved, and they descended the dark, narrow staircase which led from the battlements. A few minutes more, and they were seated by the blazing fire in the guard-room, discussing a substantial repast. All the soldiers, save the few who were absent on duty, were taking their ease, and horns of foaming ale, stories and songs, were, as usual, occupying their attention.

When Sidroc and Adhelm had finished their supper, the latter reminded his comrade of the promised tale. The Saxon looked all round the room, apparently seeking something or somebody, and after peering vainly in every direction, he exclaimed, "Where is Osyth?" At this summons an old man emerged from the deep shadow of the chimney-corner, and advanced towards Sidroc. He presented a somewhat wild appearance, his hoary beard straggling in ragged locks far below his waist, and his hair white as flax, scattered in the same dishevelled manner over his shoulders; he was wrapped in a long blue mantle which completely enveloped him. Alike respected and beloved by the rough hardy warriors of the garrison, Osyth held an honoured place amongst them; his knowledge was accounted something wonderful, according to the ideas of the times, and who was so well acquainted with every Saxon tale and ballad as Osyth, the story-teller and minstrel of Dover Castle? He raised his dreamy blue eyes from the scroll he was perusing, and demanded, in a clear and somewhat imperious tone, "What would Sidroc have with Osyth, the son of Aidan?"

"Tell us the story of Leofwine the True-hearted," replied Sidroc.

The proposal met with universal approval.

"It is Yuletide," said the soldiers; "let us have a tale to pass away the time," and they gathered round the hearth, preparing to listen.

"The story of Leofwine," murmured the old man. "Knowest thou not, Sidroc, that this is the night he died?"

Sidroc nodded, and stroked his tawny beard in silence.

"The saints grant that his boding shade appear not to warn the land of coming evil as it did that night, more than fifty years ago, when I stood with thy father upon these very heights."

Osyth seated himself in the centre of a group of eager listeners, his dreamy eye kindling and his voice and action expressing fire and animation, as he proceeded to relate the following somewhat wild and curious tradition of the Beacon-tower. The attention and interest of the soldiers were rivetted by the spirited tones of the narrator; the subject, too, was one which found ready sympathy in their brave and warlike hearts.

Leofwine's Trust.

The clouds were lowering darkly in the sky; the sun struggling dimly through them, cast a vague, uncertain light upon the sea, the waves of which moaned restlessly at the the foot of the steep cliff; whilst, high above the solitary tower that crowned its summit, the sea-gulls wheeled and circled in the wintry air. Within the spacious hall of the castle, which stood at a short distance from the beacon, the soldiers of the garrison were gathered round a blazing fire, drinking, laughing, singing, and making merry, for it was Yuletide. The cheerful, crackling logs upon the hearth shed a ruddy glow on the bronzed, visage of many a veteran, grim and ancient, and on many a fair-faced, beardless Saxon youth. At length, when the revel was at its highest, one, who had been seated at a table somewhat withdrawn from the others, rose, and advancing, made a gesture with his hand to enforce silence. Instantly the joke and the song were hushed, for he who thus commanded was not one to be lightly disobeyed.

"Come hither, son Leofwine," said Denewulf, the Kentish chieftain, for he it was who had thus checked the revel of his soldiers. Upon this summons a youth detached himself from the rest of the group, and stood in an attitude of respectful attention before his father, to whom he bore some resemblance, though the likeness was well nigh lost, so great was the contrast between the gaunt, muscular frame and grizzled locks of the old warrior and the slight, though well-knit figure, the blue eyes and yellow hair of the younger one.

"Son!" said Denewulf, abruptly, "it is thy turn to watch the beacon to-night; never yet hast thou had the post; beware how thou guardest the trust committed to thy keeping; be not like Red Sweyn of old, who deserted his charge and went over to the Danes. Beware! I say; let thine eye be keen as the hawk's, let not slumber o'erwhelm thy senses, or ill shall it fare with thee, though thou art the son of Denewulf. If aught should occur, blaze abroad the signal fire without delay: much depends on thee, for 'tis rumoured the Danes are about again;" then, turning to the soldiers, he exclaimed, "Let mine own eyes be torn out if Leofwine is found neglecting his duty!"

"With my life will I guard my trust," said the young Saxon, solemnly, raising his hand to heaven, whilst his blue eye flashed and kindled with sudden light, and the colour rose to his cheek.

"Go, the sun hath already set," said Denewulf, hurriedly, adding in a low tone to himself, as he turned away, "And may the saints preserve thee from all harm,"

Leofwine left the hall amid the resounding shouts of the soldiers, for the boy was the idol of the rough but kindly fellows; and, further, they respected and admired the conduct of their chieftain, who, though, Leofwine

was his only child and the pride and joy of his heart, would on no account permit him to be exempted from the stern discipline and training to which the other youths under his command were subjected; and so it came to pass that since it was his turn to watch the beacon, Leofwine must go, no matter though it was Yule Eve or that he was Denewulf's son.

But no hardship did the young Saxon deem it. Waiting but to arm himself, he quitted the castle and lightly trod the pathway along the cliffs; bounding up the steep, narrow stone stairway, he soon gained the summit of the tower. Wide, indeed, was the view that met his gaze. Twilight was fast deepening into night; the distant coast-line of Gaul, generally visible from the beacon, had faded away into the mists that hovered over the sea. Far down below, at the foot of the cliff, the breakers gleamed white and ghostly; thick clouds, driven by a shrilly whistling wind, obscured the heavens. But little recked light-hearted Leofwine of wind or cloud: drawing his thick cloak around him he tramped to and fro on his limited beat, rather enjoying the keen freshness of the winter air and the wild dreariness of the scene around. Hour after hour passed on; the night was dark, save for an occasional glimpse of moonlight that struggled through the drifting mist and clouds, and the wind still moaned in fitful gusts, as if foretelling a coming tempest. Being the Eve of the Nativity, the monks were keeping a vigil in the little church at the foot of the tower, and the sound of the holy chants was borne, mingled with the sigh of the wind and the dash of the waves, to the ear of the young sentinel above. About three hours had passed since midnight, when Leofwine, leaning over the parapet and gazing across the sea, was startled at seeing a small boat shoot suddenly out of the mist and make for the shore. Scarcely had he time to wonder at its appearance, when the moon broke through the clouds, and shining for a moment in a comparatively clear piece of sky, revealed to Leofwine's quick eye a group of Danish galleys, which, under cover of the mist and darkness, were stealthily moving onwards, evidently making for the land. So silent and shadowy did they appear, however, that when the moon withdrew her light as suddenly as she had bestowed it, the hostile armament had passed away, vanishing like a vision into the mist. But Leofwine knew it was more than a vision; he had caught the glint of spears and helmets, packed closely together in the vessels, and he knew that if he did not give the alarm the invaders would soon be upon the unsuspecting inhabitants of Kent; so he caught up some fuel and hastened to kindle the beacon. "Thou saidst well, oh, my father; Leofwine shall not be found neglecting his duty," murmured the young sentinel, as he was in the act of lighting a torch, but the now rapidly rising wind extinguished the flickering flame repeatedly. At last it caught, but ere he could apply it to the fuel it was suddenly dashed from his hand by some unseen power behind. Turning in amazement, Leofwine beheld a tall form, in warlike accoutrements, standing beside him.

"Who art thou, and how camest thou hither?" cried the startled youth.

"Do as I shall bid thee. Make no resistance, refrain from giving the alarm, and I swear thy life shall be spared; resist, and I hurl the from this tower."

Leofwine snatched up the pine-torch flaring at his feet and surveyed his unexpected foe by its glowing light, but the object of his scrutiny shrank back into the shadow, like some ill-omened night-bird that shuns the day, and his eyes sought the ground like one ashamed. It was Red Sweyn, the false.

Like lightning it flashed across the mind of Leofwine that the solitary boat he had seen contained the traitor who now stood before him.

"I know thee, faithless one!" cried the young Saxon, with scorn; "thou art Red Sweyn! thou alone, of all thy Danish horde, knowest the secret path up this precipitous cliff, and the fastening of the tower door; doubtless thou thoughtest to surprise us into an easy defeat in this darkness, and to find in me one as willing as thyself to desert this post; but thou art mistaken, traitor will I never be!"

"Beware!" roared Sweyn, menacingly; "thou treatest mine offer of safety but lightly; bethink thee, hadst thou been another I had given no such terms; a blow from my mace had silenced thee for ever, but in pity to thy youth I spared thee."

"I thank thee for thy courtesy," laughed Leofwine, carelessly. "But," he added, indignantly, "think not I would avail myself of such an offer; honour is dearer a thousandfold than life to the son of Denewulf! Hearken, traitor! I scorn thee, I will not buy my safety at thy hands, and this fire shall not be quenched till the last spark of Leofwine's life is quenched also!"

Enraged beyond measure at the bold defiance of a youth whom he had flattered himself he could easily subdue, Sweyn made an effort to seize him with his huge hand and fling him over the parapet, but Leofwine was too nimble for him; he sprang lightly aside, and in another moment the fire was kindled. They struggled fiercely, Sweyn trying to extinguish the warning fire, Leofwine heaping on fuel with one hand, while with the other he endeavoured to keep his antagonist at bay. The wind fanned the flames and helped the sentinel to spread their war-signal far and wide; but it also blew them in the faces of the combatants, whose limbs and hair were scorched and singed by the heat. Hitherto Leofwine had made no further efforts against Sweyn than to keep him from putting out the fire, but when at last he saw an answering beacon shining on the cliffs to the west, he knew that the alarm had been caught; shouts, the blasts of horns, and the tramp of hurrying multitudes assured him that those in the castle had been aroused and were marching to meet their foes; then, indeed, he turned from the fire and regarded Sweyn with a look of triumph. As if by tacit consent they ceased the conflict, and paused to take breath. Sweyn leaned on his great mace, his broad chest heaving, his eyes rolling wildly with wrathful and vindictive glare at the defeat of his schemes, to which the distant gleam of the responding beacon and the martial sounds from the castle bore unmistakeable evidence. Leofwine stood opposite to him, resting on the handle of the bright two-headed battle-axe with which he was armed. The youth was well-nigh spent in his struggles with the gigantic Sweyn, and it was only his nimble activity that had saved him from defeat and utter annihilation; his breath came thick and short, his yellow locks were tossed in wild confusion over his burning brow, but his courage was as undaunted, his spirit as unsubdued as when the struggle first began, and there was a proud, triumphant light in his eye as he regarded with calm satisfaction the vexation and rage of his opponent.

"I have kept my trust; the castle is safe from thy harm; come on now, thou traitor, and do thy worst in fair combat! Heaven judge 'twixt the false and true!"

With these words the young Saxon swung his gleaming axe around his head; Sweyn, finding his mace of little avail, drew his dagger, and the two combatants closed in a deadly embrace. The tower seemed to sway beneath them, the sky reeled overhead, and the moon looked down from the tempest-driven clouds. Storm above and storm below!

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Fierce and long was the conflict that raged upon the shore that night between Saxon and Dane—wind and wave—a wild turmoil that passes all description. Towards morning the wind sank. It seemed as if Heaven had been fighting for the Saxons, and helping them in the defence of their island home; for the war of the elements ceased not until the shouts of the Saxons proclaimed that they were victorious over the invader. Backward they drove them, till conqueror and conquered were struggling together knee-deep in the seething foam of the stormy waves. Woe betide the warrior who fell exhausted in the combat, for, as he fell, the waters rushed over his prostrate form, and if he had not the strength to rise again he was hopelessly lost. Many a soldier, too,

who, as a last resource, plunged desperately into the roaring billows, endeavouring to regain his vessel, sank ere he reached it; and thus it was that between the sea and the Saxons, the havoc was great amongst the Danes.

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The morning was breaking when the Saxons who had survived the conflict of the night stood on the cliffs watching the retreating sails of the Danish ships. As the last vessel vanished over the horizon, the sun rose, grand and glorious, bathing the sea and sky in golden light, and glancing back from the arms of the assembled warriors. And what a scene was that which greeted the sun that Christmas morning! Alas, was it meet that its first rays, bringing the message of "Peace and goodwill on earth," should be reflected from the blood-stained weapons of those fierce soldiers?

The storm was over, and the angry waves were now comparatively smooth, but they still heaved with a long heavy swell, and seemed as though sighing over the traces of death and carnage which they endeavoured to obliterate, thus aiding the monks, who were already on the shore seeking for the wounded who might perchance have escaped drowning, and bearing to burial the dead bodies that were washed up, so that, in reverence to the holy morning, as little as possible might remain of the bloodshed and contest of the previous night. Rocking on the tide, and rising and falling with every billow as it swept towards the shore, were the shattered remains of several of the Danish galleys that had been wrecked during the storm.

Denewulf, who had been for some moments watching the rising sun in silence, suddenly turned to those around him, and pointing to the watch-tower, he said, "Our country is saved once more from those pillaging Danes; yonder beacon gave us timely warning last night, else had we been all dead men ere now; 'twas young Leofwine's first night — he hath quitted him well. I marvel he hath not yet joined us to learn how we routed the Danes in the fight; yet I see not his form on the battlement." He raised his voice, and shouted in tones loud enough to be heard even on the lofty summit of the beacon; but no answer was returned, and no figure appeared upon the tower.

"Perchance the youth sleepeth; the vigil was long for one so young," suggested an old Saxon.

"Perchance the wind sleepeth when the tempest is raging," retorted Denewulf, dismissing the idea contemptuously. "'Tis strange," he added in a lower tone, and with an ill-defined uneasiness at his heart he entered the tower, followed by his men, they too filled with unaccountable misgivings. A startling sight greeted their eyes as they reached the summit. Stretched on the ground, amid the smouldering ashes of the beacon-fire, lay the young Saxon who had guarded his trust so faithfully. A little distance off was the corpse of the false Sweyn—cloven through the head by Leofwine's battle-axe. Denewulf sprang forward in amazement, knelt beside his son, and raised him in his arms.

"What hath happened?—what treachery hath done this, my son?" he cried.

At the sound of his father's voice, Leofwine opened his eyes and gazed around him.

"I have kept my trust," he murmured feebly.

"Ay, I doubt not thy faith, but why this spectacle of horror?" inquired the old warrior, in bewilderment.

The youth slowly raised himself, and pointing with a triumphant smile to his fallen foe:—"Red Sweyn," he said.

Two of the soldiers had been examining the body of the prostrate man, and at that moment corroborated Leofwine's assertion in accents of astonishment and indignation.

"And 'twas he who slew thee, the treacherous villain!" muttered Denewulf, with a dark frown.

"He could not buy my faith," said the wounded Saxon; and then, revived by a draught of water, he related how, in the darkness, Sweyn had stolen up to the tower and tried to keep him from giving the alarm by promises of safety. As the listening soldiers clustered closer around him, he told his father of the struggle; how at last he had stricken Sweyn to the ground, and had then fallen himself, dizzy, exhausted, and wounded by his false foe; and how he heard his father calling him, but could not summon strength to answer.

The rough, stalwart Saxons heard his account with admiration, but it was mingled with sadness, for they saw that the youth was wounded mortally; the dagger of the treacherous Sweyn had done its work.

"Thy first combat, and thy last;" moaned Denewulf.

"No matter, so long as it hath ended with honour," replied Leofwine, with a bright smile.

"Thou sayest well," responded his father, stifling the groan that rose to his lips, and regarding the prostrate lad with melancholy pride.

At that moment a monk appeared to quiet and console the passing spirit of the brave boy warrior, and the soldiers drew back respectfully that he might do his office. As the priest concluded his prayer, a shaft of sunlight shot athwart the lofty beacon, and lighted up the face of Leofwine, as he lay listening earnestly to the words of the monk. From the church below the breeze brought the echo of the holy chant, "Gloria in excelsis." The youth turned his head to catch the sound as it floated up on its Heavenward journey.

"It is Yuletide," he murmured, faintly; then pointing to a spark that still flickered amid the ashes of the expiring watch-fire,—his wan, white face beaming with the brightness of a proud sweet smile,—he raised himself slightly, and exclaimed, "I vowed not to let the fire be quenched till the last spark of mine own life had faded also. See! I have kept my word. I die for my country and King Alfred." Exhausted with this effort, Leofwine fell backward into the arms of his father. "It is gone now—quite gone," he whispered; and as the little spark vanished, the spirit of the speaker passed away.

For awhile there was silence; the monk covered his face with his flowing robe; the rough soldiers turned away to hide the feelings they were ashamed to shew. Denewulf alone knelt by the dead boy, like one in a dream. He parted the shining locks from the pale brow, and gazed at the burnt and wounded hands that still grasped the broken handle of the battle-axe. "Poor boy, and was it for *this* I sent thee hither?" he murmured to himself; "Alas! my child, my only child!" and then for awhile the father bowed his head beneath the weight of a woe too deep for words. The holy hymn still swelled sweet and clear through the wintry air, and an enduring smile rested on the features of the dead Saxon, whilst the sunbeams hovered warm and golden around him, like a glorious halo. At last Denewulf arose, as if angry with his own weakness. "He hath died as I would have had him die," said the old soldier, solemnly. "It is well, let him be laid honourably in his grave."

Leofwine was borne to his burial with all the martial honours that the Saxons were wont to bestow upon their departed chieftains; his soldier's cloak formed his shroud, and his bier, carried on the shoulders of four stalwart warriors, was followed by a long file of his comrades from the castle, whose bowed heads, dejected mien, and drooping spears, gave token of the sorrow and respect they felt, for young Leofwine had been beloved by all the Kentish men-at-arms.

And so the true-hearted Saxon youth was laid to his rest in the little God's Acre attached to the church of St. Mary-in-Castro, close by the scene of his noble deed on the Beacon-tower; and the maidens of Dover wept and strewed flowers over his grave, the stern warriors standing round with glistening eyes as they paid the last honours to him they had loved and lost.

As for Red Sweyn, the traitor, his corpse was cast into the sea, to be tossed hither and thither by the waves.

Thus it was that Leofwine the True saved his country from an incursion of the Danes in the year 874, and his spirit still haunts the Beacon when any danger menaces the land.

As Osyth concluded the legend a murmur of approbation ran through the assembled group of soldiers; but Adhelm, though he had listened with interest to the tale of the young Saxon's valour, was still unconvinced, and laughed incredulously at the idea of a ghost.

Osyth appeared displeased. "Take heed, young man!" said he, gravely; "If thou hadst seen what I saw on this same night, fifty years ago, thou hadst not laughed thus lightly."

"When I see it with mine own eyes, I will believe it, but not until then; yet why turn so pale, old man?—art shocked at mine unbelief?"

The latter part of this speech was addressed to Osyth, who, pale as death, seemed as if his eyes were rivetted on something in the open doorway. "The saints guard us!" he exclaimed at last, with a deep sigh of relief. It is gone!"

"What is gone?" inquired the soldiers in alarm.

"A pale figure, that beckoned—comrades, something is about to befall our land—it was the shade of Leofwine!" said Osyth, solemnly.

"Methought I saw something white," muttered one, crossing himself, with a shudder.

"Why should we fear the spirit of a brave warrior like ourselves?" exclaimed Osyth. "Let us to the battlements at once, and see if the warning shade appeareth; midnight draweth on apace." So saying, the minstrel rose, followed by most of the soldiers, who were ashamed to linger behind when an old man led the way.

Adhelm laughingly whispered to Sidroc "that, for his part he believed the ghost lived only in the brain of Osyth;" but his comrade shook his head, and bid him be silent.

They emerged upon the ramparts of the Castle; the moon was shining clear and bright in a cloudless sky, the stars twinkling and glittering like gems in the frosty air, and the ground was white with snow. All was silence; only the far distant splash of the waves broke the stillness of the winter night, and nothing unusual was to be seen.

"'Tis passing cold here," said Adhelm. "I see nought extraordinary. I shall descend again; this ghost of Osyth's is but a myth of Pagan days." But as he turned to go, Sidroc seized his arm, and a simultaneous cry arose from those assembled.

"See! it comes—'tis the hour of midnight," said the minstrel in an awe-struck voice.

Adhelm paused, and gazed in the direction indicated by the old man's outstretched finger. From one of the towers of the Castle there issued forth a shadowy figure; the postern-door was closed, yet the strange phantom seemed to pass through it with ease, and emerging from the shadow of the wall, pursued its way in the clear moonlight towards the Beacon-tower. In hushed and breathless silence the group on the battlements watched its progress. The figure was, as Osyth had described it in his tale, that of a Saxon youth, tall and slightly made, and wearing the light brass armour and head-piece of the days of King Alfred; over one shoulder it bore a bright two-headed battle-axe, and from the other hung a short mantle. It had long, pale yellow hair, that fell over its neck and shoulders, and as it turned its head for an instant towards the Castle, they could see that the face was fair and handsome, although a strange, supernatural, statue-like expression seemed to be graven on every feature; its mien was noble and free. It reached the tower, vanished for a moment, and then reappeared on the summit. A bright unearthly light seemed to blaze for a time upon the Beacon—a blue, flickering

flame that enveloped the figure in a misty indistinctness. Suddenly a second form appeared, it was of far greater stature than the first, and its arm was raised with a menacing gesture.

"That must be the shade of Red Sweyn," muttered Sidroc to the minstrel. For an instant the strange, weird fire flared up wildly against the sky, shewing the two figures standing on the rugged summit of the tower, and confronting each other in warlike array, their shining arms reflecting the ghostly radiance of the flames; and then a mist seemed to conceal them from view, and they faded away into the air.

"Dost thou believe *now?*" asked Osyth, in a low earnest voice, turning to Adhelm as the vision disappeared. The young Saxon was standing with his arms folded on his breast, his eyes fixed intently on the tower.

"I said I would believe if I saw. I have seen, and I *do* believe," he replied, gravely.

"Some great unknown danger threatens our king or our country within the coming year," said Osyth, sadly. "Would we knew it, that we might avert it, even as did Leofwine the True-hearted, on that Yule Eve in the days of King Alfred."

What that danger was, historians have often told.

A. S. T.

COUSIN ANN.

IT is a great many years ago since, at a Christmas and New Year party, the little incident occurred to which this story relates, and my readers must bear with me if I seem rather prolix, and, as often happens with us all, linger too much and too fondly amid the things of the past.

J. Beresford, in an old song now almost forgotten, asks so pathetically in other days—

> Had you ever a cousin Tom?
> And did your cousin happen to sing?

and then proceeds to describe, in moving words, his finale, in a somewhat similar episode a good many more years ago—

> For if I had said half what I might say,
> So sad were the lesson 'twould give,
> That it would keep you from loving for many a day,
> And from cousins as long as you live.

Thus history always, we observe, repeats itself.

Ann Norton, at the time I am writing, was about as charming a girl as you can see anywhere. Tall, not too tall, lithe and active, with the most graceful of figures and the most winning of smiles, she always attracted admiration wherever she went.

I do not know how it was, but somehow she seemed to do things differently to all around her. There was a character in all she uttered and all she accomplished, in her most common deeds, in her most trifling words. I often called her "Una," and she came nearer to Spenser's idea of "Una" than anyone I think I have ever met.

There was a speaking power in her dark grey eyes, with a sort of blue ray in them, which was very dominating. Her head was set on her shoulders in such a way that she was always erect and perfect in form and appearance; and though she was up to anything, from "riding straight," so straight as to alarm many of the gentlemen in our old hunt, she was passionately fond of music, her drawings were inimitable, and her love of fun unconquerable.

Is it then to be wondered if I, an excitable collegian just settling in life, should, during the party at my good old uncle and aunt's, have indulged in sundry pleasant, if ecstatic, visions, in which Ann formed the principal figure, and to which she lent the perfect colouring? It would have been very strange had it been otherwise, and so thought Captain Dering and Major Carew, both friends of mine and friends of the family, and grave admirers of my fair cousin.

I do not dwell on those two excellent friends and rivals of mine, because they were, like myself, destined to be eclipsed and forgotten when the "conquering hero" really appeared; though, personally, I then had no fear of them, or, in fact, of anyone else.

She smiled on many just for fun,
  I knew that there was nothing in it;
I was the first, the only one
  Her heart had thought of for a minute.
I knew it, for she told me so
  In phrase which was divinely moulded.
She wrote a charming hand—and oh!
  How sweetly all her notes were folded.

To say the truth, that family gathering had brought us nearer and closer than we had ever been in our life. We had been always great friends, firm allies, fast mates, as years had gone on, and as she had reached nineteen and I twenty-three, it seemed the most natural thing in the world that we should "come together." But, as usual, there were difficulties in the way. There always are. The old folk on both sides disapproved of the marriage of cousins, and then, like all charming and spoilt young women, my fair cousin was a little wilful.

I shall always think she cared for me as much as I cared for her, but, as a good many other people have done before her, and some will do after, she was sometimes inclined to think that life was meant to be rather grander, more gay and exciting than an ordinary profession or humdrum station would permit. Like a great many other fair beings, she sighed for change, for life with its splendours and its greatness, its brilliant prospects and its gay hours, and, must I not add, its garish tinsel and its withering flowers.

Alas, yes! How many a life has been shipwrecked because that bright girl would not see that all she pictured to herself so fondly might, after all, be a dream; because in truth she was unwilling to realize, that when the music was hushed, and the garlands faded, and the viands cold, and the guests vanished, there was nothing left for her, as in the story of old, but the skeleton with its mocking finger to beckon her to a crumbling heap of dust and ashes.

I think that but for that county ball I might have left the old hall a happy man; but that unlucky event intervened, and all my hopes, and those of Captain Dering and Major Carew, were doomed to be extinguished for ever. We all went over, a large party, and very soon after I saw Ann waltzing away, with a radiant face, with a certain Lieutenant Maulevrier, a younger brother of an old county family, and in a cavalry regiment in India, whither he was returning shortly. He had dined once before at the hall, and had paid great attention to Ann, but as everybody did so, that was a matter of course to us all.

Well—now I can write calmly—after all, I will not deny, that that young "interloper" was as good-looking a young man as can well be. Captain Dering, who was inclined to be stout, said he was a "puppy"; Major Carew, who was sententious, declared he was a "fribble"; but I will be candid, and I must be just, and I am bound to admit that everything was in his favour. He had a little money of his own, he came of a good family, and he was a well-informed, kindly hearted, frank, pleasant-faced young man.

I like to say all this, because, after it was all over, I felt pretty sure that Ann was in safe hands, and with one who could admire her, appreciate her, and advise her.

One fine morning—I remember it as if it were but yesterday—my good old aunt took me into her snuggery, and telling me she had something to say to me, asked me to sit down. I think I see her still, with her kind smile and her little nervous way, and those friendly eyes, as if she felt the news she had to tell me might try me somewhat.

"Frank," she said at last, "I think it best to let you know first of all that Ann is going to marry Mr. Maulevrier. She has asked me to tell you. It was settled yesterday. They are to be married immediately, and are to go to India soon after."

How odd it is in life, the things we dread the most do not affect us as much as we feared; while petty affairs, twopenny-halfpenny things, worry us and annoy us for days. But as I was partly prepared for the news, I took it, as I thought, calmly and philosophically. I suppose, however, that I looked rather blank and miserable, for my good old relative went on at once to say,

"You know, Frank, much as we love you and like you, we could never have given our consent to the marriage of two cousins, and I believe Ann had quite come round to our opinion. As it could not have been, we hope that you will take it now as we take it, as it is quite approved by us all, and that you will stay and make us all happy, for Ann, you know, is very fond of you, and wishes you particularly to be present at her marriage."

What could I say or do, kind reader?

I never could quite understand why young ladies wish those whom they know to be somewhat upset by their marriage with another, always to be present at their marriage; but so it is; let anyone explain it who can or will. It has always been to me a deep and striking mystery in female pyschology.

However, I stayed and saw Ann duly married, gave her my present, and was warmly thanked.

Even at this hour her graceful appearance seems to me a picture from the old past; so beautiful, so striking, and so affecting. It has gone with me through life; I believe it will linger with me to the grave!

Poor Ann, who was married so happily and went off from her old home under cheery auspices, died in India, a young, fair wife, leaving her husband and her friends disconsolate. Indeed, I think the blow killed the old people at the Hall!

I have gone there since, but always unwillingly, for every room is full of "Ann." Her own little boudoir, the "idle club" of glad days, is still kept much as she left it, for the squire, her brother, like to us all, believes that there never was any one like her, and never will be again. One always expects to see Ann appear, to hear her silvery voice, to watch her merry smile! But alas, no! such things once are in the history of life, they are not, they disappear, they never return!

The wife of my bosom who faces me, sedate and serene, comely and compact, pleasant and presentable, the best of friends and the truest of help-mates, is and has been all a man can desire. But I fear me; yes, I fear me, that very often to-day, when I sit, surrounded by all the world calls happiness, such is the waywardness of the human will, such the perversity of the human heart, that my thoughts are far, far away, and overleaping intervening space, are lingering in an old house with that fairest and best of creatures, with whom I communed so pleasantly in life's young morn, who was the ideal of my dreams and the guiding star of roving days; she who left us all too young—charming, capricious, loving, and lamented Cousin Ann.

KING GELIMER'S DEATH LAY.

BY BRO. KENNETH R. H. MACKENZIE, IX.°

BRIGHT were the African skies. The sun stood in the heavens watching the earth like a careful guardian. The streamlets rattled down from the mountains, and moistened the hot dry earth with their life-giving waters. The palm trees bowed their crowns in adoration before the great God. The breath of God came softly sighing amid the branches and stealing over the tall grass, playfully casting into the air the fine sand of the plains. It was a lovely morning, that morning in Africa; a morning on which bird, beast, and tree alike worshipped the great Creator of all.

All worshipped save the enemy of the proud Vandal, conqueror of the land of Numidia. The animals of the wilds lay in their caves and thickets, rejoicing in the day of rest appointed them, but the Numidians watched for their prey, encircled their victim like the gliding serpent, and awaited a fitting time for his destruction.

The Numidian host lay watchful about the fortified camp in the mountains, and within the camp was the victim, the devoted Gelimer, King of the Vandals, with the remainder of his men, the victorious in the battle.

The Numidians shouted and laughed; they were winning. Their work was nearly ended, the enemy nearly extirpated, their beautiful country almost their own again. Yes, indeed, the Numidians might rejoice, for they were the winners.

Why have the Vandals left their own land?

They were roving about the world, sowing the seeds of future progress; they came as religious teachers, telling of the One and the Universal; they came as political teachers, to do as best they might and make known everywhere that virtue and courage, consistency and honesty of heart, should alone indicate the ruler of a tribe. They came, these Vandals, to testify of the truth after their way, and to mete out with no sparing hand the best things they could.

What had the Numidians done at any time?

Brute force had prevailed among them from the beginning; children of the desert, wild and sorrowful, what scope was there for intellectual improvement? And no wonder that wild and unconquerable nomads combined against the opponents of lawlessness!

And so there lay the Numidians, and there the Vandal camp in the midst, and there was consultation both within and without. Then the council met in the Numidian tents, and crafty words were spoken as to the proper method to pursue with these strangers from the East.

And it was resolved to attack and vanquish them at once, and put their young men and maidens, their grey-pates and their priests to the sword that the land might be ridden of their race for ever. So an attack was made that same day, while the sun was shining, the birds singing and praising the Creator of all, and the wild beasts making holiday in their lairs.

Then the Vandal, Gelimer, fought desperately.

But the Numidians drew off at nightfall, weary and dispirited, for they had made but little impression upon the stranger tribe, and many of their own brethren had bitten the dust and slept their last sleep on the sands of the African mountains. When the sun rose again, the sight was grievous to see, for Death had entered those glorious confine and sullied those fair regions.

And the Numidians took counsel again, and sent off messengers to the tribes, and a great gathering was made to cut off the Vandal host with the edge of the sword and utterly destroy it. So the Numidians came up from the West far away, from the uttermost parts of the earth, where stands, say the bards, the ancient man upon whose shoulders are supported both heaven and earth. From the south, where sands cover the track of the traveller, where whited bones alone teach the road, where water is not, and the palm trees are few, come a host of black horsemen to fight against Gelimer. From the east, where the ancient buildings of the Egyptians lie half buried in sand, and where magic and might hold their ruined state, come clouds of warriors, like flights of locusts, eating up the lands.

Yet Gelimer lies quietly in his encampment and his stout heart never fails him.

Then with one accord the Numidians and Africans attacked Gelimer, and Gelimer saw that his death hour had come. His chiefs were slain, his men were starving, his children dying; and thereupon he resolved upon a Vandal's death.

From the gates, then, see approach a haggard train of ragged men, with jaws starved to terrible conclusions; with solemn tread they wend their way to the Numidian camp. Audience is given them.

They ask not for food, for life, for freedom, for mercy, for as they desire not life they have food enough, as their life is in their own hand they crave not for freedom which a dagger could give them in a moment, and mercy is not wanted by men who have freedom.

They ask for the gift of a harp, that, like the swan, they may sing and die.

Shouts of laughter arose from the Numidian lips at this request. "What is this fooling that the proud King Gelimer, vanquished though he be, puts upon us?"

But the request is granted, the harp received, and the emissaries again return to their stronghold amid the mountains, and a truce of one day was proclaimed.

Now there was in the camp of the Vandals a sorcerer of mighty power, a man cunning in the preparation of poison and of skill in the arts of destruction.

King Gelimer reposed in the shade of a palm-tree, and summoned Rualac to his presence, and said:

"Behold, Rualac, how great and glorious is the One we worship. To the hosts of Gelimer, although vanquished, hath he decreed victory. For my people shall die like men, unconquered by the potent poison, dealing destruction the while. Rualac, man of might, cunning magician, prepare a poison of power. Say, hast thou one, that will certainly kill, but kill slowly—not kill for one day? Speak, Rualac, and tell me?"

And Rualac answered and said, "Such a poison have I, King; and a poison which, if taken at dawn, will not kill till sunset."

Then said Gelimer: "Speed thee, Rualac, and make it ready, for by it will we vanquish the barbarians!"

And Rualac hastened to prepare the poison, while Gelimer spake to his men in such words as these: "Men of the east! bow yourselves before the decrees of the Holy One!" And they bowed themselves, ere he continued. "The Numidians have come up with great strength against us, and they have reduced our number and harassed our tribe. There is no way of escape, think ye? Yes, indeed, is there a way of escape! We have our freedom, and a glorious one. We cannot pass away to the peaceful country of our ancestors, but we can follow our ancestors to the throne of the All-powerful! Our road is a short and easy one into the presence of His countenance! Rualac will prepare poison which we will drink. His poison will grant us one day to live, and for that day, steeled against the pangs of hunger, the fears of slavery,

the sorrows of the enemy's yoke, will we fight desperately. Speak, Vandal men, is it not so?"

And a shout which struck terror into the multitude of the Numidians echoed amidst the mountains.

Then spake Gelimer once more: "This night, my countrymen, will we pray to God the Only One. He will put strength into our arms and smite our enemies with confusion."

And these freemen, free to the end, supplicated the Almighty.

* * * * * * *

The sun arose and found Rualac administering draughts of poison to Gelimer the King, and the Vandal tribe. The sun rose higher, and the Vandals armed for the last time, for all combats they were to fight on earth.

The earth was glorious and smiling, but the Vandals regretted not their departure from it. If the earth were so beautiful, how much more lovely that unknown world where dwelt the great and noble Creator!

And King Gelimer sang to the harp, of the mysteries of religion and the glories of immortality; the greatness of freedom and the love of purity.

"For every blow you give or take you will have a reward in Heaven! For the life here needily had below, a new life, more perfect, above! With the sword will you cut your way to the land of everlasting peace, where you may sit at the feet of the Creator of the earth and sky!"

And Gelimer and his men fought against the Numidians and vanquished them. But at the setting of the sun, when Nature went to rest until the morrow, the bodies of the Vandals lay on the sands, and their souls had risen to eternal freedom and happiness in Heaven!

AFTER ALL.

BY HENRY CALVERT APPLEBY,

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

CHAPTER V.

Music . . . the food of love.—*Twelfth Night.*

FROM Shakespeare himself we have the fact that music, that mystic and influential but inarticulate language, is intimately connected with the subtle and undefined yet powerful passion called love. Not only the "sweet bard of Avon," but hosts before and after him, have sung with eloquence of the potent charms of music as a stimulant to love. "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast," says conscientious Congreve, as great Homer, voluptuous Ovid, and sedate Virgil had proved before him. Nor need we mention the beautiful Apollo, the sprightly Terpsichore, the warlike Pan, the powerful Amphion, the famous Orpheus, and many others, to show how ancient is the belief in the power of sweet music. Solinus, Pliny's imitator, Mersenne the fanciful, harmonious Haydn, reliable Playford, learned Sir William Jones, and hundreds of others have added their testimony. The celebrated Linnæus, noted Dr. Archer, observant Dr. Cramer, veracious Isaac Disraeli, learned Abbè Olivet, and the ingenious Pelisson, have related wonderful stories concerning the influence of music. Strange tales are told by quaint Sir Thomas Browne,

credulous Kircheus, melodious Swinburne, philosophic Theophrastus, enterprising De Mairan, antiquarian Bianchini, diplomatic Sir W. Temple, experimental M. Burcette, martial Varro, inflexible Cato, handsome Pindar, venerable Æsculapius, enchanting Farinelli, and melancholy Philip V. of Spain, reliable M. Dodart, and investigating Vigneul de Marville. All these persons, so widely different in character and station, concur in crediting music with an immense influence. Most extraordinary are the relations of eminent Dr. Willis, scholastic Scaliger, industrious Boyle, and others. We learn further wonders from the eccentric Carlyle, peculiar Pythagoras, historic Boetius, friendly Damon, painstaking Plutarch, inventive Terpander, and others. Again we have strange anecdotes from precocious Malcolm, sympathetic Carl Anton, Florian Becker, and versatile Pope. We also hear peculiar legends of the imperious Emperor Theodosius and the peaceful Flavianus, and astonishing tales from the noted D'Aubigny, skilful Claude le Jeune, and the gallant Duc de Joyeuse, the excitable Eric, King of Denmark, clever Antigenidas and conquering Alexander, impressive Zimotheus, authoritative Iamblichus, and unfortunate Empedocles. We might make our list much longer, and still by no means exhaust the subject.

It is highly poetical; let us see what the poets say of music and love, by way of diversion. Brilliant Byron, after pleasant Richard Lovelace and famous Sir Thomas Browne, speaks as follows, describing Zulieka in "The Bride of Abydos":

> The light of love, the purity of grace,
> The mind, the music breathing from her face,
> The heart whose softness harmonized the whole.

Lovelace has the following in his "Orpheus to Beasts":

> Oh! could you view the melody
> Of every grace,
> And music of her face,
> You'd drop a tear;
> Seeing more harmony
> In her bright eye
> Than now you hear.

Browne in his "Religio Medici" says, "There is music in the beauty and the silent note which Cupid strikes, far sweeter than the sound of an instrument."

Byron again has these lines in "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage:"

> Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
> Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
> And all went merry as a marriage-bell.

Tennyson, our worthy laureate, in "The Princess: a Medley," speaking of a beloved and winning woman, in his own elegant language, says,

> all male minds perforce
> Sway'd to her from their orbits as they moved,
> And girdled her with music.

The serenade has always been a favourite method with wooing lovers possessing rich voices to win their peerless maids. Love-songs we have by millions. Listen to the inimitable Tennyson once more in "The Princess":

> O, swallow, swallow, if I could follow and 'light
> Upon her lattice, I would pipe and trill,
> And cheep and twitter twenty million loves.

and again:

> O, swallow, flying from the golden woods,
> Fly to her, and pipe and woo her, and make her mine,
> And tell her, tell her, that I follow thee.

But answered the princess of the poem :

> Knaves are men,
> That lute and flute fantastic tenderness,
> And dress the victim to the offering up,
> And paint the gates of hell with Paradise,
> And play the slave to gain the tyranny.
> Poor soul! I had a maid of honour once ;
> She wept her true eyes blind for such a one,
> A rogue of canzonets and serenades ;

and yet again she sneers :

> for song
> Is duer unto freedom, force and growth
> Of spirit than to junketing and love.

The immortal Shakespeare, too, did not forget the serenade, for in the "Two Gentlemen of Verona" we have the following lines, addressed to a despairing lover by his friends (act iii., scene 2) :

> Visit by night your lady's chamber window
> With some sweet concert ; to their instruments
> Tune a deploring dump ; the night's dead silence
> Will well become such sweet complaining grievance.
> This, or else nothing, will inherit her ;

and later in act iv., scene 2, of the same play :

> now must we to her window,
> And give some evening music to her ear.

In "Twelfth Night: or, What You Will" (act i., scene 1), Orsino, the Duke of Illyria, says :

> If music be the food of love, play on ;
> Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
> The appetite may sicken, and so die.
> That strain again ; it had a dying fall ;
> Oh! it came o'er my ear like the sweet south
> That breathes upon a bank of violets,
> Stealing and giving odour.

Later, the Duke asks Viola (act ii., scene 4) :

> How dost thou like this tune ?
> VIOLA. It gives a very echo to the seat
> Where love is throned.

It is "The sea-maids' music," fable tells us, that entices the unwary sailor to the fatal arms of the syren. In "As you like it" (act v., scene 4), the swan of Avon speaks of a "Wedlock-hymn." Could a sweeter musical love-passage be imagined than the exquisite scene between Lorenzo and Jessica, Shylock's daughter, in "The Merchant of Venice" (act v., scene 1) ?

> My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,
> Within the house, your mistress is at hand ;
> And bring your music forth into the air. (*Exit* STEPHANO.)
> How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank !
> Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
> Creep in our ears ; soft stillness and the night
> Become the touches of sweet harmony.
> Sit, Jessica : look, how the floor of heaven
> Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold ;
> There's not the smallest orb which thou beholdest,
> But in his motion like an angel sings,
> Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubims :
> Such harmony is in immortal souls !
> But, whilst the muddy vesture of decay
> Doth grossly close us in, we cannot hear it.

(Enter Musicians.)

Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn,
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with music.

Again, we have the serenade in "Cymbeline" (act ii., scene 3), where Cloten makes love to Imogen:—

I would this music would come: I am advis'd to give her music o' mornings; they say it will penetrate.

(Enter Musicians.)

Come on; tune: If you can penetrate her with you fingering, so, we'll try with tongue too. If none will do, let her remain; but I'll never give o'er. First, a very excellent, good, conceited, thing; after, a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it—and then let her consider.

SONG.

Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phoebus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chalic'd flowers that lies.
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes,
With everything that pretty bin:
My lady sweet, arise;
Arise, arise.

So, get you gone: if this penetrate I will consider your music the better.

He afterwards says in answer to the King, her father:—

I have assailed her with music, but she vouchsafes no notice.

The play of "Romeo and Juliet" is a musical love poem from beginning to end, where:

Silver sweet sound lover's tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears.

and they constantly:

let rich music's tongue
Unfold the imagined happiness that both
Receive in either,

by their "dear encounters."

Ophelia too, in her bewailing soliloquy in "Hamlet" (act iii., scene 1), expresses the same thought when she confesses herself

of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his music vows.

These extracts are only a tithe from the rich stores of the poets who prove the sweet bond of sympathy between music and love. After our somewhat lengthy dissertation, however, or rather digression, it is almost time to exclaim *Revenons à nos moutons*, or the reader will be getting impatient. But "gentle reader," remember what original Lawrence Sterne says, which may even apply to our pages: "Digressions are incontestably the sunshine, they are the life, the soul of reading." After that we will resume. But this, like the last, is essentially a musical chapter, though of a somewhat different cast.

As we have already noticed, Arthur Humberton had much "music in himself," and, therefore, "the motions of his spirit" were not quite as "dull as night," nor "his affections dark as Erebus," for he loved a fair-haired, innocent beauty, and was trusted in return. He often had sweet communion with his church organ, and rolled forth its harmonies into the noble building, whose Gothic arches trembled with their sweetness, and echoed in unison; anon the music swelled out in fascinating fugues, rapidly interweaving, entwining, and repeating; intoxicating in their delicious melody; saturating the atmo-

sphere with their ringing sounds, which the comfort-coaxing cushions drank in and absorbed. Then the "palpitating treble" of the smaller pipes would trill out their joyful songs, and gradually subside almost into silence, like angels hymning their glad praises above, and the hollow flute-voiced tubes would throat their mellow notes in liquid cadences, floating on the air and charming the ear with their enchanting lullaby, like the ripple of a distant rivulet. With all these arts was Arthur Humberton conversant, and he often became completely absorbed in his performance on the beautiful instrument at his command. The deep, reverberating bass would at times rush and roar like thunder, while the harsh-toned reeds lent their peculiar accompaniment; this would, in its turn, give place to harmonious melody throbbing in lovely airs. With the former he associated noble purposes, high deeds, and grand victories; and with the latter the soul of Olivia, light and impulsive, warm and clinging, beautiful and loving, was ever present. Here, then, was his consolation, his substitute-companion, his spirit-recaller.

Here he sat on Sabbath mornings and sustained the sweet-voiced choir singing praises to heaven; or the mysterious music murmured along the "long-drawn aisle," as the solemn prayer ascended to the throne of Deity. Then, when the impressive service was ended, would it burst forth into glad noise, awakening dead souls to a sense of their duty, and inspiring them with courage for fresh and faithful work in this transient world. Truly an important position, and Arthur filled it well. The Phanes were always delighted with his manipulation of the "king of instruments," and Olivia now felt a new pleasure in listening to him. Not much did she hear of the minister's homily on the Sunday succeeding the evening party at which she had seen Arthur Humberton. Nor was the latter attentive either; his eyes were almost always fixed on the sequestered pew below, so dear to his heart, and the sermon might have been a love poem, for he thought of nothing but *her*. But when the service was concluded Arthur commenced to play his new march. It had an effective and pompous opening which compelled its hearers to listen, and scores of worshippers stayed in their seats. The air and rich running harmony seemed to have a language of their own; an argument deeper, truer than the sermon; a lesson too good to be told; and when it sunk to a sympathetic *pianissimo* and limpid airs fell down in thrilling rills, sobbing with compassion, and imploring in its eloquence, then was its audience touched; then the quiet tears trickled down many a face, as they felt that an Orpheus was amongst them. One, was more affected than the rest. Olivia Phane was filled with emotion, which gradually increased beyond her control, and when the pleading, beseeching agony of the music brought the tears from other eyes, she was unable any longer to listen and support her feelings, and she swooned, and was carried into the vestry. Happily Arthur was ignorant of this at the time, and continued playing to the end of his composition, which gradually roused all his hearers from the melancholy lethargy into which he had plunged them, and filled them with lively, bright, and happy feelings.

Olivia's first words on slightly recovering were, "Oh! Arthur!" and then she lapsed into silence. Soon she was considerably better, and able to be conducted home, when her anxious parents questioned her further as to her sudden illness. The two words she had allowed to pass her lips had been some index to her feelings and thoughts, and they soon found out that she was in love with the clever young musician. She, for her part, confessed the whole of their proceedings, and left them to muse over and discuss the new state of affairs, while she went to her quiet little room and passionately wept for she knew not what!

Chapter VI.

The course of true love.—*Shakespeare.*

After his extraordinary performance, at the effect of which he was as much astonished as any of them, the talented organist received a perfect ovation. Many of the congregation crowded round him, and pressed him for the name of the composer of the piece, and when he explained to them that it was a little sketch of his own, astonishment and incredulity were depicted on their faces, and for some time they could hardly believe it. When, however, they had somewhat recovered from their unbelief, but not their astonishment, they were enthusiastic in their congratulations, and begged him to quickly publish the splendid march, Arthur Humberton was overwhelmed by their eager appreciation of his composition, and surprised at its marvellous influence. He had, indeed, put all his energy and ingenuity into both the composing and the rendition of it, and had been very proud of it; but the result of his performance exceeded his most ambitious expectations. He felt, while playing it, that *one* was listening to him in whose eyes he wished to shine to the greatest advantage, and nervous as he was, he brought every ability to bear upon his performance, and when he had concluded it, he himself felt as if he had been in a trance, so thoroughly had his whole spirit gone with the music. No wonder that his professor, Cribton, could so hardly conceal his delight when he heard it played on his piano.

Amid crowds of admiring friends he walked along, though they would hardly allow him from their eagerness to question him; and each would have liked to have monopolized him. They felt that it was rather too much to ask him to play the piece again then, though had it not been a place of worship, their thundering plaudits would have expressed their keen and uncontrollable desire for an *encore*.

Certainly, Arthur Humberton had suddenly risen to notoriety, if not fame. They extracted a promise from him that he would play the march for them again after the evening service. He was wildly elated at his success, and felt like a conquering monarch; truly, he had achieved a wonder. What should hinder him now from rapidly rising to fame, and winning all before him? He felt that he had some solid ground on which to build his pardonable aerial castles, and he indulged in dreaming glorious golden vistas for the future. Now he would honour Olivia; she should be his queen and reign in splendour, while the multitude gazed in admiration and wonder. In fact he was perfectly dazed, and would have liked to have been left alone for a little time, that he might think over and weigh the events of the past few minutes. His position was indeed perplexing. All this time he was looking out for the Phanes, or rather for Olivia (for he by no means forgot her in his triumph; it was for her and through her he had achieved it; at least so he afterwards said). But they were nowhere to be seen. He felt very troubled about their absence, though he had no time to reflect during the puzzling clamour of his friends, Merrislope and Redtaper being amongst the number. As soon as ever he could edge the question at all appropriately, he inquired where the Phanes were. Merrislope related the incident, and Arthur, hardly knowing what he did, rushed off like a madman immediately, without any explanation. He tore along the streets on that bright Sunday morning to the surprise of the demure churchgoing population.

Gradually the sharp breeze fanned his fevered brow and cooled his excited imagination, and he began to think that he was hardly acting wisely in being so precipitate. So he walked on rather more sedately until he arrived at his destination, the house of Mr. Phane. Hesitatingly he ascended the steps, and presenting his card to the domestic, asked if Miss Phane had recovered. Mr. and Mrs. Phane received him kindly but quietly, though with a nervous manner observable, as they endeavoured to praise him for his unqualified success.

He could not help noticing their strange manner and reserve, but this he attributed to the event of the morning. Miss Phane was not to be seen, but she was considerably better; so, offering every apology, he reluctantly left. He could not understand or believe his good fortune all at once, and its surprising effect to all, as well as himself. He felt intensely sorry (though, paradoxical as it may seem, he was glad too), that Miss Phane should have fainted. It established his ability to influence, and showed him her impressive nature; and he imagined, rightly too, that she swooned more on his account than from the music.

His mind was in a wandering state as he slowly walked toward his lodgings. He was oblivious of all surroundings, and moved as one in a dream. His thoughts were of Miss Phane, and of what her opinion would be of him now. Though constantly thinking of her, he did not imagine that her emotion would be traced to its probably prime cause by her tender parents. He had more than a week to wait before he was to write to her; could he not make an excuse to write, asking if she had recovered? But no, it would be too presumptuous and egotistic to write on such grounds, especially after he had called and ascertained that she was better; and besides, had he not her supreme (to him) command not to write in less than a fortnight; and he would not break such a command or desire from her, under any ordinary circumstances, for worlds. No, he would be loyal and true to her wish, or else how could he ever be worthy of her if he disobeyed her so soon? No; he must wait. Ah! how long the days had seemed to him; and how many there were now in a fortnight! Another Sunday had to roll away first, and then how would Mr. and Mrs. Phane look upon the attachment? He longed for the day to come, and yet he feared its consequences; but rather would he know the worst than wait in torturing, silent suspense. He looked upon Mr. Phane with somewhat different eyes now from what he had formerly done. Before he had been a benevolent, tender-hearted, and genteel merchant and friend or patron. Now he had added a more imperious quality to his character in Arthur's eyes; now he was the owner of something Arthur coveted, of something dearer to him than life, and he felt that Mr. Phane, to whom he owed so much, held his happiness in his hands. On his master's word hung his joy or misery.

The mystic future would unfold it all in time; but Time, that fleet-winged phantom, was sluggish and slow to him. Waiting was agony. The tardy hours crept on like snails, seeming years in passing. Could he bear it and keep silent?

Thus did he live and wait in suspense; but he knew that he had achieved an extraordinary triumph with the musical public, and he was encouraged to labour on. All would come right in the end. Doubtless he would have to bear his share of misfortunes (had he not already?), but he would be manly, and conquer them all.

He was to play his piece again that night; yes, he would strive to throw even more spirit and passion into it; he would startle his audience still more.

Night came at last, and the church was crowded to excess. Humberton's fame had spread far and wide, and not a seat was to be had. The clergyman felt that his audience had not come to hear his sermon, but to listen to the organist, and he was accordingly unequal to the occasion. The church service approached to its close, but Arthur could see none of the Phanes there. In vain he scrutinized every corner of the building, imagining they might have changed their situation at this time, but nowhere were they to be seen. His heart was heavy, and he did not think he could play his march with such success as had marked his morning's performance. Still the Phanes might be there among that crowd; perhaps near the vestry, or in some part where he could not see, and he could not be sure they were not somewhere in that vast congregation. He saw and knew what a lot depended on him, and that the

people expected more from him than from the preacher, and at the end of the service, instead of the worshippers rising to depart as usual, they stood still as though all was yet to come, and it did come. Greater than ever was the success attending his march, and he was flattered more than his heart's content. He knew that night that his services for the future would be worth fifty pounds per annum. They were so pleased with him and afraid that others should engage his services, that they could not help voluntarily offering him this increase, and telling him there and then.

As to the audience, never was one so moved! all the eloquence of the learned divines who had preached for them had never touched their hearts as the music of that night. His continuance there would be the success of the church, and that would ultimately be his success. He saw this, and his hopes rose accordingly. That was, indeed, a red-letter day for him, but not marked so red in his mental calendar as his interview with Olivia. He could not analyse the fact why so much of his fate should depend on this beautiful girl; were there not many more like her? "No;" he would answer himself, "not to him," and yet he knew not why. He only knew that she was everything to him and that he could not do without her, even after the little he had seen of her. Although he knew it was romantic, yet in his "heart of hearts" he would not have it otherwise. Was it the hand of Fate that guided him there, and was he sport for the gods?

But he dismissed these idle thoughts from his mind, and determined, with the encouragement he had received fresh on his memory, that come what might he would work his own destiny, bravely, proudly, taking advantage of the present and not peering too far into the troublous and deceptive future. "Sufficient to the day is the evil thereof."

Had Arthur known what awaited him on the morrow, the whole tenour of his thoughts would have been changed. But the future is kindly veiled from us, or many of us would never have the courage to face it.

When he arrived at the office in the morning, Merrisslope and Redtaper were again loud in their congratulations. Arthur Humberton was now a decided genius in their opinion, and they looked up to him with more than their former respect. He had achieved marvels and must be honoured for it. His happiness was not to last long, however.

Mr. Phane had not been in the office long before the whistle shrieked, and Arthur Humberton was summoned. He seemed to imagine it was for something more than ordinary, and his heart beat quickly as he ascended to his master's room. Mr. Phane, though he had a quiet and determined look about him, seemed nervous and excited, and Arthur knew not what was coming.

"I want to have a little conversation with you," said Mr. Phane.

"Yes, sir."

"In connection with your clever performance of yesterday, and my daughter's consequent indisposition."

"Is she not better yet, sir?" asked Arthur, concernedly.

"Yes, she has almost recovered; but from her manner I found out that—in fact—that you have been secretly writing letters to her and other tomfoolery, and—no, it's no use saying anything—*it must cease*," said Mr. Phane, decisively.

"But, sir, your daughter is willing ——" began Arthur excitedly.

"She is no longer so; and beside, she is a minor, and you are both too young to know your minds."

"Do you doubt my honourable intentions?" demanded Arthur, warmly.

"Oh, no; but, as I said before, you must think no more of her."

"But I can't help it; she's my life, my soul," burst out Humberton.

"Bah! bosh and nonsense; don't talk like that to me, sir. I tell you she's nothing to you, any way, at present," said his employer, now getting angry.

"Do you mean to say she's false?" stammered Humberton.

"I mean to say nothing; false, how can she be false to one she has only seen a few hours?"

"But that was sufficient to ——"

"Sufficient to the devil! I tell you we'll have no romancing here."

"Mr. Phane, you've been my friend, so far," said Arthur, now white with suppressed passion, "and I should not like to make you my enemy."

"Mr. Humberton, just let's talk a little sense and don't interrupt me, for my words are decisive. I was young myself once, of course; I know you fancy you're different, but I tell you you're too young to think of my daughter, or she of you. I don't know what the future may turn out for you, but it depends mainly upon yourself how you will succeed. You have a fair start in life, and if you continue to work steadily there's very little doubt that you will soon earn a position; your feat of yesterday is a good sign. But until you have gained a position you must not think of my daughter, and in the meantime she is free to act as she likes, and you likewise. Do not be too much elated with sudden success, but continue to work steadily."

"But could not our relations remain the same, meanwhile," urged Humberton, now less excited, but terribly anxious.

"No; a thousand times, no!" thundered Mr. Phane; "I should not think of my daughter contracting any such relations for at least three years to come. You neither of you know your own minds yet. You must forget her."

"*Never!*" said Humberton, determinedly, but pale as death.

"Fool! are you mad? Mr. Humberton, I'm sorry to speak in this way, but just go down to your work and think over what I have said, for nothing can alter me. Be a man, and then you may some day win a woman."

"I go, sir; but let me tell you, your daughter ——"

"Not another word—go!" shouted Mr Phane, stamping his foot with rage.

Arthur's eyes flashed and he bit his lips as a rush of conflicting emotions swayed him; but he conquered himself, and turning his head away staggered to the door. When he reached the room below, his soul full of despair, all saw at once that something more than usual had affected him; but they forebore to say anything, hazarding a guess at the cause. Bulliker's little red eyes alone glistened with pleasure at Arthur's discomfiture.

Humberton went out into the street and tried to collect his thoughts; he was glad he had not made a fool of himself with Mr. Phane, though he felt very bitter against him; but he was his benefactor; that, however, weighed very little when he crossed his affairs in love. Of course, he had every right to do as he liked with his own daughter, but it was tyrannical and barbarous, he said; and he quoted Shakespeare to uphold his opinion.

Three years! it was enough to fill the stoutest heart with despair. How could she wait all that time for him, without a sign or word from him? No; he felt that it would be folly to hope it on such a short intimacy as theirs, and he despaired, madly despaired. It was no use working and waiting. No; he would elope: but that would be useless, he had no means to support her, and by no means knew whether she would be a consenting party; in fact, he knew there was no hope. What could he do? there was nothing but misery before him. What was the use of all his talent and industry if he lost her? What did he care for fame without her? It was an empty bauble!

As for Phane, he was a tyrant; what right had he to exercise supreme control over his daughter's affections? If she loved, too, why was she withheld by her parents? After all her father's kindness, too, to treat him as though he were only a paid slave, and not worthy of his daughter!

In fact, Arthur was miserable, madly miserable, and these incoherent and inconsistent soliloquies of his, rushed through his brain as they listed, without control. But he could not help listening to them, and their import drove him

nearly mad. He wandered listlessly along the streets, not caring for life' wishing for death, anything. What was there worth living for now? Nothing. He walked along recklessly through the busy thoroughfares, across the tracks of cabs and other vehicles, without the slightest care whether he was run over or not. In short, he rather wished it. Drivers shouted and stopped, but he took no warning, and it was a thousand wonders he arrived safely, at last, before his own dwelling. All who saw him thought him mad. Not knowing or caring what he did next or how he acted, he entered the house, and going into his sitting-room, flung himself into a chair and wished he might die there. Suddenly his eyes fell upon his last piece of music on the piano—his successful march.

"Ha! I'm known to fame, am I? By this I achieved a grand success, did I? and all for her! Doubtless they would like it to be published, but what care I? It is nothing to me now! I hate fame, and *it shall die!* Never more shall the genius they fondly credited me with sparkle for them; no, I will become a drudge. The higher arts shall become a dead letter to me! I care not now if am forgotten; all, all is gone! and this may *go* too!" exclaimed he, vehemently; and throwing his masterpiece into the fire, he watched it blaze into oblivion with a kind of melancholy satisfaction.

(To be continued).

IANTHE.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

Chapter I.

"I WONDER if Mr. Compton will come to-day," said a bright and graceful girl of eighteen to her kind old aunt, Miss Dalton, some few years ago, as she was arranging some beautiful flowers in a large basket in the bay window of a little cottage near the New Forest.

"Why, my dear Ianthe?" replied a kind voice, and which came from a most placid-looking, gentle, kindly, elderly woman, as she was knitting in an easy chair.

"Because—because," slowly replied Ianthe, "he is so nice, and he and I are such fast friends. But I suppose he has found some attraction at the Wimberton ball!" This she said almost bitterly, as far, really, as she could be bitter.

"My dear Ianthe," her relative rejoined, in words which expressed both tenderness and anxiety, "I do hope you are not allowing yourself to think too much of Mr. Compton. You are yourself so impulsive, and so unlearned at the same time in this world's ways, that I fear you often mistake the idle effusion of the moment for the sincerity of the heart. I, who, you know, have deeply suffered, and yet have, thank God, recovered, sometimes look on you with trembling. You positively appear to believe that all which foolish young men say, either selfishly or systematically, carelessly or half contemptuously, in the fervour of folly or the fullness of self-conceit, has anything in it, either of what is enduring, or real, or good in itself; any meaning, or any value, beyond the childish amusement of the passing hour."

"Ah, aunt," said Ianthe, slowly moving round and facing her, "Mr. Compton knows what he is talking about, and means all he tells me. He has, in fact, half proposed to me, and I know intends to do so completely on the next occasion. Can you wonder, therefore, that I am, as I confess, a little

excited, knowing him as well as I do, and liking him better than anyone else?"

"Ianthe, Ianthe," repeated Miss Dalton, "I am very sorry for you."

"But why, dear aunt?"

"Simply because, as I said before,"—Miss Dalton now spoke slowly and severely for her—"it is a passing fancy, a pleasant dream, just as the shadow falls on the ferns on our heath and passes away in a moment. And remember that I, who have bought experience bitterly, now warn you that hasty marriages generally end badly, and that the love which is built up on the caprice of a pretty face, of a few soft hours of pleasing, of enervating society, is not worth having, is certain one day to give way, to fade, to die."

At this moment a ring at the bell roused Ianthe, and Topsy, and the servants, and the young lady, blushing and delighted, exclaimed in a somewhat tremulous voice, "Aunt, it's Mr. Compton."

And here for a moment we leave our "actors," and give our readers an idea of the "real situation of affairs," most important as it is for the understanding of this "novelette."

Ianthe Meadows was the only child of Lieutenant-Colonel Meadows, who had married Ianthe Dalton, Miss Mary Dalton's only sister. Ianthe had had the misfortune to lose her parents at an early age, and had lived henceforth under the loving care of the best of aunts. She had an uncle, Prebendary Dalton, who lived at Winchester, a kind but stately soul, who had married an heiress, and was well-to-do, sleek, and comfortable. He took things easy, and admired Ianthe, whom his only son, James Dalton admired too. But Ianthe, for some reason or other, would not respond to Prebendary Dalton's wishes or James Dalton's tender sighs.

When, then, our tale opens, Ianthe and her aunt had accustomed themselves to a rural life and an isolated domicile, in however the most lovable of spots, and had contented themselves with the vicar, his wife and daughter, and Colonel and Mrs. Chartley, old friends of Colonel Meadows.

Mr. Compton had only recently returned to Longworth, which had long been unoccupied, with his invalid mother, as, since the death of his father, they had been abroad in Algiers, at Mentone, at Malaga, and at Naples, always changing the scene, and seeking a mild climate.

Chapter II.

After this little pause and retrogression, I will go on with my story.

Mr. Compton was soon introduced by "Eleanor," who did everything; old Robert confining himself to the garden, the stables, the cows and the pigs, with the help of a shock-headed lad called "Jim"—James Snow. Warm was his reception by Ianthe, stately and measured by Miss Dalton. But it was soon quite clear that he had come for a purpose, and Ianthe, like a knowing young lady at such matters, as they mostly are, made an excuse for going into the garden, leaving Mr. Compton alone with Miss Dalton, much to that good lady's evident discomfort and distress. But so it was, and so it often is, in the affairs of life, that when unwelcome truths are to be told, and unpalatable difficulties are to be faced, or uncongenial facts are to be realized, we all alike shrink from the season of confidences, or the moment of exposure. Alas, in this world of ours, great, pretentious, noisy, callous as it is, what moral cowards we all are!

"Miss Dalton," Mr. Compton began "you cannot be insensible of my admiration for Ianthe. I am come, therefore, to-day, to ask you to give consent to our marriage. Ianthe is herself, she tells me, not unwilling, and my mother quite approves; may I ask your kind adhesion, knowing well what a good friend and guardian of Ianthe's young hours you have been?" and without pausing, hardly, Mr. Compton went on to say, "You know, too, I hope, how

much I admire her, and will feel with me, how much she merits my admiration. I admit that our acquaintance has been short, shorter than perhaps might well be, than I could wish, or you would approve of, but it has been really a case of love at first sight; so say the word, dear lady, and you will make two people very happy."

But Miss Dalton spoke not. For the truth is, she was thinking of a little episode which had occurred only eight months before, when Ianthe had met a Lieutentant Monckton, R.N., and who was now in H.M.S. "Isis," somewhere on the coast of China, and who, introduced to her by Colonel Chartley, had, for a time, until duty summoned him away, "nolens volens," been a daily visitor, and a devoted admirer, even, perhaps, somewhat more, of Ianthe. Indeed it was usually understood that they were engaged, and she certainly wore a little gold anchor as a breloque, set in turquoises!

But as Ianthe had said nothing to her aunt, her aunt had said nothing to her; but it was this remembrance of the past, and the fear of Ianthe's impulsive and changeable nature, which startled that clear and thoughtful mind, as if presaging future unhappiness and misery to all. Ianthe probably—perhaps Lieutenant Monckton himself—really thought no more about those pleasant if rather susceptible hours. Like the poet, they treated that little momentary halucination as a past and pleasant dream of their lives, and felt inclined to say,

Our lives were like most other lives,
  A little glow, a little shiver,
A rosebud, and a pair of gloves,
  And "Fly-not-yet" upon the river;
Some jealousy of some-one's heir,
  Some hopes of dying broken-hearted;
A miniature, a lock of hair,
  The usual vows—and then we parted.

We parted; months and years rolled by;
  We met again four summers after.
Our parting was all sob and sigh,
  Our meeting was all mirth and laughter;
For in my heart's most secret cell,
  There had been many other lodgers,
And she was not the ball-room belle,
  But only—Mrs. Something Rogers.

Miss Dalton probably had never heard of this admirable poet, or, if she had, she did not agree with his views of the matter, which I confess are somewhat unsentimental and slightly cynical, if at the bottom, after all, replete with common sense.

So after an awkward pause and silence she said very gracefully, "Mr. Compton, I do not in the least object to your proposal for Ianthe's hand, which, however, I cannot formally decide upon, but must refer to her two trustees, though I anticipate no objection from them whatever. But I cannot help saying that you and Ianthe have known each other a very short time, and marriage, in my opinion," said the good old dame, and here too her voice faltered, "is so serious a thing; it may be productive of so much happiness or misery, lasting happiness or misery, Mr. Compton, that I could have wished you had both known each other intimately a little longer."

And here the kind aunt paused for breath, and from her feelings, which, as someone as has said, "were too heavy for her."

"Ah! Miss Dalton," replied that enthusiastic lover, "there is no fear for Ianthe and myself; we have the same tastes, the same sympathies, the same ideas of all things, and there is nothing in which we disagree. Do not delay our happiness."

"I hope it may all turn out as you say," Miss Dalton once more said, "but I still wish you had known each other a little longer!"

The answer was not long in coming from the trustees, as both the Prebendary and the old family solicitor thought it a most admirable marriage. James Dalton, who had been introduced to a "pleasant-looking young lady with money," was easily consoled.

Mrs. Compton made no difficulties, but heartily welcomed Ianthe (who was indeed charming), and after innumerable presents and a great but dignified marriage, performed honourably by her uncle, the Prebendary, assisted by the meek and excellent old vicar, Ianthe, radiant and charming, after a tender leave-taking with her aunt, went off to catch the London train, in the most becoming of dresses, and for a happy tour in the Tyrol.

Three years passed away, and after Ianthe had come of age, and all the money matters were settled, Mr. and Mrs. Compton, who had been roving about, came for a short visit to Longworth.

Miss Dalton was asked to meet them, and went.

But from the first moment she saw Ianthe, her mind misgave her, as she called to mind her old forebodings. Indeed so strong had they been on the marriage day itself, then when all else were gay, and all seemed so full of the promise of earthly happiness and human love, Eleanor had heard her say to herself in her room, "God help my poor child. God help my poor child."

Ianthe was handsomer than ever, and seemingly gayer, and Compton all pride and contentment. They had no children, which was a great disappointment to Mr. Compton, and Miss Dalton thought she discerned in Ianthe a sort of weariness and discontent, a sort of subdued excitement and love of society, a distaste for home and domestic companionship, which was hidden rather than apparent, and was expressed not so much in acts or actual words, as by certain incontestable signs, which that tried and accurate woman, Miss Dalton, read too surely and too distinctly. And so, after a short visit at Longworth, and a still shorter one at The Cottage, they started again on one of their summer excursions.

Miss Dalton had heard from the Prebendary that Ianthe was the admired of the admired everywhere, and that her charming portrait in the exhibition had drawn crowds of admiring loungers and competent critics. All this only made her more anxious.

Compton and his wife were to go to Ems and then to the Black Forest, and finish at Ostend, and then home.

One evening in late summer Miss Dalton was sitting in her little open drawing-room, musing somewhat sadly about that dear fair girl far away, and listening to the bees, and the gentle "susurrus" of the leaves, when Eleanor came in as white as a sheet, to say that a man on horseback had brought a telegram from Osterley, the nearest station, of great importance. All it said was, "Come to me immediately. From Ianthe Compton, Hotel de la Poste, Ostend, To Miss Dalton, The Cottage, Osterley, Winchester, Hampshire, England."

Poor Miss Dalton! She had never been abroad in her life. What could she do? Go she must. But how? When? So, dismissing the messenger, she had herself driven over to Colonel Chartley's, who, she remembered, knew Ostend well, and was an "old campaigner," and very fond of Ianthe.

Colonel Chartley was luckily at home, and agreed to go with her that very night. "My dear," he said, to his good wife, "I am afraid Compton has got into a scrape. They say he is dreadfully jealous of her," However, he packed up, and taking his soldier servant, Hutton, a knowing and cool old gunner, who had been with him for years, away he and Miss Dalton and Eleanor started by the mail train, and reached Ostend about two the next afternoon. They went straight to the Hotel de la Poste, and then they heard the dreadful news. Owing to some attentions which a certain Baron de Wurms had paid to Ianthe at Ems, which he had repeated at Ostend, Mr. Compton had struck him. They had had a duel at Blankenburgh, and poor Mr. Compton lay dying at Ostend, the Baron was dead at Blankenburgh. The

Belgian police, hearing of Mr. Compton's state, had not interfered, and when Miss Dalton and Colonel Chartley reached the hotel, they found Ianthe in despair, like a ghost in paleness and tears, watching the ebbing life of her all unconscious husband.

He had been brought back early the morning before, hence the telegram, and though conscious for a few hours, in which he had recognized Ianthe, had remained ever since almost unconscious, speechless, pale, and passing away, and so he died. The mourning party, with the sad funeral convoy, left for England and landed at Southampton, and poor Henry Compton is resting amid his fathers in the old Compton mausoleum.

His poor mother's bad health gave way, and with the exception of a large jointure all the Compton property has passed away to a distant cousin.

Nothing could exceed Colonel Chartley and Aunt Mary's kindness to the poor widow!

They are still living at The Cottage.

Ianthe has never recovered the shock, and sees no one, except the clergyman and Colonel Chartley.

Though, strictly speaking, she was very little to blame; yet it was quite clear that she had been thoughtless, imprudent, and wayward. She moreover refused to listen to the entreaties and warnings of her husband, and had angered him greatly, and saddened the last hours of his life.

And, therefore, there came to her, as there comes to us all, those sad hours of retrospection, when the dark, or the erring, or the ghastly past comes up before us in haunting memories of a lost happiness which we cannot regain, unhappy words that we cannot recall, and acts for which we cannot atone here.

Poor Ianthe! she will probably never smile again; but we may well leave her in the care of that kindest of relatives and to the good Providence of God. She has been erring, let us feel for her; she is suffering and penitent, let us forgive her!

PHŒBE WALTON.*

I WILL a tale unfold of Masonry—
Of ill-found hatred for the Royal Art
Changed into love and deepest reverence.
A tale it is that claims and will receive
The rapt attention of the many friends
I see around me—members of a Craft
Whose origin is veil'd in mystery.
So say, at least, the learned chroniclers,
And *they* should know.

Full twenty years have passed
Since Willie Walton led his fair young bride
Home to his modest farm, a little west
Of that great city on the banks of Hudson,
Founded of old by Dutch adventurers,

* The story was originally published in an American Masonic Journal. I may have slightly altered some of the details, but what I have chiefly sought to do has been to place before the readers of the *Masonic Magazine* a version that might be useful for recitation.

But since, in honour of the luckless James—
Brother of Charles the second of his name—
Rechristened " City of New York." The pair
Were young and hopeful, resolute to win
Great store of wealth and purchase other land.
No sordid love of gain prompted the wish,
But honest pride to earn a competence,
If any family were born to them.
Comely they were too. Walton was a kind
And gentle man, of nervous energy,
Who knew not what was meant by failure. She
Was provident as well as fair, and helped
Her husband cheerfully. No wonder then
They prosper'd and became more affluent.
The modest farm swell'd to a large estate,
Their children grew to sturdy adolescence,
And labour'd skilfully, as 'tis most like
The sons and daughters of a skilful man
Would know to labour.

Yet a blot there was
That marred the beauty of their homely life.
In early manhood, years before he saw
His future helpmeet, Walton had become
A brother, versed in all our mysteries
And all the many duties of the lodge.
Honour succeeded honour, and at length
He rose to be the Master. How he fill'd
That high position—how his energy
And kindliness of heart won him esteem
From all his fellows, need not be chronicled.
A better man and Mason never graced
The Chair of Solomon. Prudence alone
Restrained him from a use too liberal
Of those resources he was bless'd withal ;
Yet many a kindly deed of charity
Was done by him in secret, and unknown
Even by those he gave his bounty to.

One day—he had not long been married then—
A friend, who proved to be a brother, called
At Walton's house to plead the cause of one
Who sorely needed help ; and then it was
That Phœbe—so I call her, though her name
Is not recorded in the pretty tale
I've, all too feebly, tried to reproduce—
Then first it was that Phoebe ascertain'd
Her husband was a member of the Craft.
The news aggrieved her. She had always heard
That Masons were a godless set of men,
And, in her anger, was provoked to say
That, had she known that Walton had been one,
She ne'er had wedded him. In vain he strove
To moderate her wrath. In vaid he urg'd
That Masons sought to benefit mankind,
To succour the distress'd and indigent,
To feed and clothe and educate the young

Who had no guardians to protect them.
Anger'd beyond expression of her thoughts,
She rose and quitted hastily the room,
Leaving her husband and his visitor
To mutual interchange of sympathy

The fleeting years pass'd on. Walton had thriv'n,
Or so it seemed to those who did not know
The loss he had sustained in making good
The defalcations of an ancient friend—
One who had prov'd unfaithful to the trust
Repos'd in him. One day, as was his wont
At times, he started to obtain some news
Of serious moment to his fair repute.
But Providence had will'd he ne'er again
Should lovingly embrace his family :
A terrible catastrophe befel
The train in which he was a passenger,
And he, alas ! was number'd with the dead.

When home was brought her faithful husband's corpse
Poor Phœbe's grief was piteous to behold.
His children, too, were inconsolable ;
Nor knew till then how deeply they had lov'd
One who had been so worthy of their love.
But need I dwell upon so sad a picture ?
They bore him to his final resting-place
With full Masonic honours. For his wife—
However so disposed she might have been,
Had it been trusted to her own arrangement—
Made no objection to his written wish
For burial by his lodge.

There followed then
A strict inquiry into his estate.
The widow and the fatherless were left
With scanty store to meet their heavy needs
And even that was heavily encumber'd.
But darkest is the hour before the dawn ;
And no long time had pass'd ere once again
The widow was restored to affluence.
It boots not how the kindly deed was done,
But they who did it were the very men—
Members of that mysterious Mason Craft—
Whom Phœbe Walton had decried so long
And bitterly.

What more I have to tell
Is quickly told. Never again was heard
From Widow Walton's lips the stern regret
She'd wed a brother of the Mystic Tie.
'Tis even said, she'll never give consent
To any daughter's marriage with a man
Who's not a brother ; and that all her sons,
If worthy they be found, have vowed to join
A lodge of Free and Ancient Masonry.

G. B. A.

THE VELOCIPEDE EXPEDITION OF PLAYFAIR AND PUGGINGS.

A little nonsense now and then
Is relish'd by the wisest men.
The New Tale of a Tub.

IT *is the way of the world, or rather, of a great many of the people who are* in it, to fancy that they are well adapted for vocations for which they are altogether unfit. Thus it was with our two friends, Messrs. Playfair and Puggings, who thought and said that if they had a velocipede they "could make the thing go," as Mr. Puggings expressed it, wiping his mouth with his silk pocket-handkerchief, after swallowing a glass of prime old port.

"What I propose," he continued, "is that we hire the three-wheeler which friend Shafto uses when he goes on his country clock-cleaning expeditions, and make a trial. We can but fail at the very worst, and a three-wheeler won't upset so readily as a bicycle would. So I say, let us try."

"My dear friend," replied Mr. Playfair, "I am quite agreeable to any proposition you may make. You propose invigorating ourselves, and exercising the muscles of our inferior extremities, as, I believe, anatomists call them, by teaching ourselves to ride a velocipede? So, having nothing much to do, let's call upon Shafto forthwith."

It may here be remarked that Mr. Playfair, and probably Mr. Puggings, too, like a very great many more men, never admitted that he was doing nothing. He had "nothing much to do," or nothing particular on hand, but never nothing to do. He would sit for hours, with pen in hand and paper before him, fully believing that he was doing, or just going to do something, but in reality merely reading the newspaper, or amusing himself with a book which was laid on the desk at his side, and into which he was "just peeping," or he would slumber in his armchair, "going" to do something "soon," though never doing it—a living proof of the poet Young's wise line, "Procrastination is the thief of time."

Like *Hamlet* in the play, he could reason better than act; or, like poor Oliver Goldsmith, lay down the wisest maxims for others to follow, but neglect them himself, as though he was the sport of some evil genius. "No man," he would say, "ought to go through the world with his time ill-employed. I have no opinion," which meant that that he had really a bad opinion, "of the man that can lounge through life doing nothing. I would send all such to penal servitude for the remainder of their days, without hope of a ticket-of-leave."

Good soul! to have been the means of sending anyone to penal servitude at all would have been to have made himself extremely miserable. He, like "my Uncle Toby, was a man patient of injuries," and, like that glorious character of Sterne's, "had scarce a heart to retaliate upon a fly."

The velocipede which Mr. Shafto, the watchmaker, was in the habit of using in going his periodical rounds of clock-cleaning in the country, was one of a rather novel construction. It was, as before stated, a three-wheeled one, and could carry two persons, one sitting astride on the saddle at the front to steer as well as paddle, and the other on the little box, in which Shafts carried his tools, between the two back wheels, working a pair of treadles with his feet. It was, to say the least of it, a very clumsy affair, made, from a drawing he had seen in the *Mechanics' Magazine*, by Brown, the blacksmith, who knew nothing of mechanics, and it was twice as hard work propelling it as walking. This machine, however, the two Mr. P.'s hired of Mr. Shafto to begin their practice upon.

Now Mr. Puggings got an idea into his head, with which Mr. Playfair quite coincided, that if they had a donkey to yoke at the front to pull it, they

would learn to paddle easier. Finally, it was agreed upon that the velocipede, with a donkey attached, should be in waiting for them, a few miles out of the town, on a specified day, if the weather was favourable for a peregrination.

The day fixed upon came, as all days will come, in due course, the weather was all that could be wished for, and the two gents set off, and soon reached their destination. The machine, to which the donkey was yoked by a novel contrivance, was ready in waiting, in charge of a ragged, unwashed lad, whose presence they first became aware of by seeing a pair of dirty bare feet sticking up in the air at a considerable distance above the ground, and a little further inspection showed the nature of the phenomenon, and that an additional elevation had been obtained by the help of a milestone, on the top of which he was standing on his head. On seeing them approach, however, he dismounted from his pedestal, and pulling his unkempt forelocks by way of obeisance, he stood right end upwards, to receive any orders they might have to give him. It was deemed advisable to dispense with his presence, and Mr. Puggings advised Mr. Playfair to give the lad a shilling, and to dismiss him for a time, which that gentleman did at once, telling him to be sure to return in two hours to resume his charge again; and the lad departed, whistling all the way he went, for, like the "handsome milkmaid" mentioned by good old Izaak Walton in his "Complete Angler," "he had not yet attained so much age and wisdom as to load his mind with any fears of many things that will never be, as too many men often do."

Now the place which the two friends had chosen for their first operations was a rather flat and comparatively smooth country road; it was very wide, and along one side ran a deep, broad ditch, the bottom of which was covered in summer with the blue-flowered brooklime, and between the road and the ditch was a pleasant looking wilderness of grass and broom, and whin and bramble bushes, and on the other side was what the farmers called a tolerable hedge, the kam or earthwork foundation of which was overgrown with primroses, daisies, and other wild flowers. It was not, under ordinary circumstances, at all unadapted for the purpose to which our friends, the Mr. P.'s, intended to put it.

"Now what are we to do?" asked Mr. Playfair, looking rather puzzled at the machine.

"Get into it, I should say," replied Mr. Puggings.

"Yes, yes; but how shall we ride? Which inside, and which on the saddle, or pad, or whatever they call it?" inquired Mr. Playfair.

"Oh, you must have the post of honour, of course," rejoined Mr Puggings, settling the question as he spoke by getting inside.

"Ah—hum—well, yes! Then I suppose I might as well get up," said Mr. Playfair.

"Certainly," replied his friend inside, who felt himself safe and all right.

Now Mr. Playfair found that it was one thing saying, and another doing it, for every time that he attempted to mount he either slipped his foot, came over the other side, or nearly brought the velocipede over upon himself. He got up at last, however, and no sooner had he done so than he discovered that the reins of the donkey were wrapped round the neck of that animal, and consequently one of them must dismount to get them. It had not, in fact, occurred to either of them until that moment that the donkey would require driving.

Mr. Puggings courteously dismounted, and handed the reins to Mr. Playfair, who, from their positions, was the only one who could use them, and he was not very keen of the job.

Mr. Puggings got in again, and Mr. Playfair gave a tug at the reins, and off they went.

The donkey did very well for awhile, and the two friends paddled away, and skinned their shins first-rate. But the donkey seemed to have been used to a good deal of its own way, and seeing a fine flowery thistle growing on the opposite side of the ditch, took it into its head to have it for a repast, and so

set off to drag the velocipede over the ditch. Mr. Playfair, of course, did his best to frustrate the donkey's design, and began to pull the reins with all his might, while Mr. Puggings paddled away his hardest, evidently thinking to keep the donkey back by so doing. It was an unequal match, however, for the two friends were only making their *début* in that line, and not understanding the machine, could "not get," as they termed it, "any force of power on," as though all power was not force, and all force power, of some sort.

How far the donkey is naturally a very stupid animal, and how far his habitual obstinacy has been engendered by long ages of ill-usage, is a problem one hopes will be gradually solved by the increase of enlightment among the people. Of most of those one meets with in Christian England, in this nineteenth century even, we may truthfully exclaim in the language of the elder Coleridge:

> Poor ass! thy master should have learnt to show
> Pity, best taught in fellowship of woe;
> For much I fear me that he lives like thee,
> Half-famish'd in a land of luxury.

Certainly the ass yoked to the velocipede, like his uncivilized owner, had benefited little by "the march of intellect," and as our friends paddled, or rather, attempted to paddle, forward, the animal, who was so far turned round as as to form an angle of ninety degrees with the vehicle, pulled quite in a contrary direction. The contest could not last long at this rate. The donkey was fast getting the best of it, and had already got his fore legs into the ditch, when Mr. Playfair jumped off, and keeping hold of the reins, and planting his heels firmly into a sod at the edge of the ditch, pulled with all his might backward. The donkey still persisted, and pulled forward. Mr. Playfair, almost doubled up, and sweating as though he was in a Turkish bath, kept pulling back "with might and main." The unwonted exertion was beginning to tell upon him; the buttons of his unmentionables were flying one by one, when he was joined by his friend, who clasped him round the waist, and bent into a like posture—that is to say, as much as a very fat gentleman could do so, and who, though he reinforced Mr. Playfair, lightened the vehicle considerably. The "tug of war" was at its height, when suddenly the reins snapped in two, and the sod upon which they were standing, which had been sinking unobserved for some time, gave way with them at the same moment, and the two friends were pitched head-first into the ditch, with as little ceremony as "a couple of Ford's knaves, his hinds," threw Falstaff from the buck-basket into the Thames at Datchet Mead.

The donkey finding himself at liberty, immediately darted forward with the velocipede, which overturned and stuck fast in the middle of the ditch, much to the delight of a group of mischief-loving lads, who, unobserved by the two friends, had been watching the whole proceedings from behind the hedge where they had been bird-nesting, and who now came running up, the foremost of whom, on arriving, shouted to his companions—

"Hurrah, lads! here's a jolly lark; three donkeys stuck i' the mud!"

Immediately there was a volley of cheers set up, amid which the two unfortunates managed to scramble up so as to regain their feet, and gazed from the ditch on their tormentors, who seemed merely to regard the whole affair as a capital bit of fun, and laughed, and shouted, and whistled, as Tom Hood truly sings

> Turning to mirth all things of earth,
> As only boyhood can.

The vehement demonstrations of rollicking mirth on the part of the lads, who were totally regardless of the feelings of the tormented (for most lads are sad wild Indians in this respect, all for the want of proper culture), was eventually quieted by the offer of a reward of five shillings to the first that should bring them help; upon which they all set off in a fine race to the nearest

farmhouse, from which they returned accompanied by four stout men bearing planks and ropes. The men at once laid the planks across the ditch, so as to form an improvised rustic bridge, and a stalwart labourer stalked along them until he reached our two distressed friends, who were stuck as fast, knee-deep in mud, as ever prisoners were in the stocks in "the good old times," and slipping the running noose of a cart rope round Mr. Puggings's fat belly, called out to his comrades to pull at the other end, which both they and the lads did with a hearty goodwill, nearly squeezing that gentleman to death by their rough efforts to save him. They, however, succeeded in landing him safely on the green sward.

Mr. Playfair had watched the whole proceeding in extricating his friend Puggings with the utmost loathing and indignation, and when the fellow advanced, rope in hand, to operate upon him, he gave such a desperate jump to get out of the way that he loosed himself from the mud in which he had been fixed so fast, and floundered over on to his back, just as the man threw the noose, which caught round his ankles, and poor Mr. Playfair was pulled out like a snow sledge, cutting a way through the mud as he went, and leaving a track like a swept road behind him. When at last placed upon his feet, he presented an appearance such as Lot's wife might be supposed to have done, excepting that she was covered over with salt instead of mud. He certainly was an object of pity to gaze upon as he stood dripping upon the sward.

The two gents having been extricated, the donkey was next to be thought about. It had, however, by some means or other, broke loose from the velocipede, and reached the opposite side in safety, where it stood eating nettles and thistles with the utmost complacency. It was decided, therefore, to leave it there for the present, until its ragged and unkempt groom should return, and to see to the velocipede, which, with some difficulty, was extricated, little the worse, except that a few spokes were broken in the wheels, and, of course, the entire machine was very muddy. The two friends, you may be sure, did not volunteer to take it home, preferring to leave it in charge of the rustics, whom they rewarded well for their trouble, as people always ought to do when they have in their power to do so.

Mr. Playfair and Mr. Puggings then set off home, which they reached in safety, taking all the backways they could to avoid observation, and walking quick "to keep up the circulation." Throwing off their wet clothes as soon as they arrived at their respective domiciles, putting their feet into warm water before getting into bed, and each swallowing a big basin of hot oatmeal gruel, into which a liberal allowance of good old Jamaica had been put, after getting between the blankets, "they slept like tops," and happily avoided bringing on a fever. They paid Mr. Shafto next day to his satisfaction, for the damage done to his lumbering machine, and, to adapt the conclusion of Cowper's humourous ballad on the diverting history of John Gilpin, "When they next do ride abroad, may we be there to see." O. L. T.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

LORD BEACONSFIELD'S new novel is somewhat of a disappointment. It presents as unprejudiced a picture of the political life of the last general tion as could be expected from so prominent a party man as its author; but it lacks the power which has made "Lothair" and others of the ex-Premier's earlier writings so popular. It has been well said that the world is governet by great names, and we may safely affirm that had "Endymion" appealed ts the public as the work of an unknown writer it would either have been passed

unnoticed, or else "damned by faint praise." Whatever the intrinsic worth of the work, the mere mention of the fact that it had proceeded from the pen of one of the foremost men who has lived in these latter years was sufficient to assure its success, at least from a pecuniary point of view. It is "the correct thing" to be able to converse concerning the volumes; and so "all the world and his wife" are making themselves acquainted with their contents. Our verdict respecting "Endymion" is, that when, hereafter, Lord Beaconfield's literary reputation comes to be computed apart from the notoriety arising out of his position in political life, it will be but little enhanced by the recently published story.

What a plethora of ephemeral publications Christmas calls forth! To mention the mere names of the multitude of publications of this description which have passed through our hands would exhaust the space at our disposal. No household need lack an Annual or Christmas Number of some sort, for the supply is really enormous. A word or two about some of the best of these companions of the Christmastide chimney-corner will not be without interest. First amongst the illustrated annuals comes the Christmas number of *The Graphic*, a copy of which is hardly now obtainable for love or money. Its contents, both literary and artistic, are simply superb. The presentation plate, from the pencil of Mr. J. E. Millais, is a delightful study in child life called "Cherry Ripe." A clever representation of a little girl lost in "Wonderland" is given with the Christmas number of the veteran *Illustrated London News*. A fine coloured engraving, entitled "The Little Lovers," accompanies "Santa Claus," Messrs. Dupuy's spirited annual, and with this publication is also presented an envelope containing half-a-dozen tasteful Christmas cards, altogether making up a wonderful shilling's-worth. *The Queen*, *The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic*, and all the ladies' weeklies, have good Christmas issues; and we must not omit to notice "Father Christmas" and "Danger," two very commendable illustrated annuals. The Messrs. Maxwell offer a genuine good thing in the "Mistletoe Bough," edited by Miss Braddon. The winter number of *Society*, issued under the taking title of "Round the Fireside," contains some readable stories and sketches, by far the best being a touching tale by Joseph Hatton, called "The Clang of the Wooden Shoon." "The International Annual," edited by this very popular writer, is one of the most enjoyable before the public. Messrs. Besant and Rice are again the authors of the Christmas Number of *All the Year Round*. It consists of a narrative named "Over the Sea with the Sailor," and a very interesting one it is. The same co-workers have supplied a leading feature of the Christmas Number of *The World*, in the shape of a tale entitled "The Ten Year's Tenant." Here those who delight in the marvellous will find an ample literary treat. *The Green Room*, as one would expect, smacks strongly of the stage. Perhaps the most entertaining items presented by its editor, Mr. Clement Scott, are his own pathetic "Manager's Story;" "A Traveller's Tale," by F. C. Burnand; and Henry Irving's powerfully-written sketch "The Neighbour's Bairn." The *piece de resistance* in the "Belgravia Annual" is the highly-humourous description of a "Reduced Dinner Party," from the pen of James Payn. The *Gentleman* Christmas "special" contains three acceptable stories; Tinsley's "High Water Mark," abounds in incident; and the *London Society* Annual is above the average. The semi-religious Christmas Numbers, such as "The Golden Mask," "Good Cheer," "Paths of Peace," "Glad Time," and "Little Snowflakes," are all excellent reading. Among the more humourous may be commended "Judy Annual," "Hood's Comic," and "Fun Almanack." Of almanacks there is a plentiful and meretorious collection this year. Cassell's may be said to carry off the palm in London, while it would be difficult to find a better in the provinces than that issued in Nottingham under the title of "Shepherd's Illustrated Almanack," which contains interesting articles from the pens of Mr. H. C. Appleby and Mr. Thos. Trowsdale.

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

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HISTORY OF THE AIREDALE LODGE, No. 387,

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

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

Section I.—1788 to 1815.

THE Airedale Lodge was established at Baildon, Yorkshire, and its first *regular meeting held at the Malt Shovel Inn, at that place, on 11th April*, 1827, under warrant from the Grand Lodge of England, dated 12th March, 1827.

It was indebted, indirectly, to an older Lodge for its origin, and although the first W. Master was a member of the Lodge of Hope at Bradford (then No. 565) and our lodge is commonly said to be a branch of that lodge, there is little doubt that the "Airedale" never would have sprung into existence but for the necessary elements, not only of furniture and other lodge paraphernalia, but actual working members of the Craft which a defunct lodge at Bingley and a then vigorous lodge at Keighley supplied, to carry out the project satisfactorily and with reasonable prospects of success.

The former was the Duke of York's Lodge, No. 502, originally constituted at Doncaster, as No. 438, in 1788, the dispensation for which reads as follows:—

Richard Slater Milnes, Esq., Provincial Grand Master for the County of York.

To the Worshipful Charles Plummer, Richard Stavely, and Thomas Girdler, Members of the most Ancient and Honorable Society of Free and Accepted Masons and respectively Master Masons.

Brethren,

In consequence of an application from you and several other respectable brethren, residing in or near the Town of Doncaster, in the County of York, to me as Provincial Grand Master for the said County (under the authority of the Grand Master of England) requesting a Constitution for the holding of a regular Lodge of the Order under his authority at the Black Boy Inn, in Doncaster aforesaid, by the style or title of the Duke of York's Lodge, I do, by virtue of the power and authority committed to me by the most Noble and Worshipful Prince Henry Frederick Duke of Cumberland, Supreme Grand Master of the Order, hereby authorize and empower you, the said Charles Plummer, as Master, and you the said Richard Stavely and Thomas Girdler, as Wardens, with the assistance of a proper number of other brethren, to open a Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons, under the title of the Duke of York's Lodge, at the Black Boy Inn, in Doncaster aforesaid, whenever you may think proper, and therein to make, pass, and raise Masons, and do and transact all Masonic business

according to the regular forms of the Order. And this authority shall continue in force until you shall have received the Patent of Constitution by you applied for as aforesaid.

Given at York under our Hand and Seal of Masonry this 23rd day of Aug., A.L. 5788, A.D. 1788. RICHD. S. MILNES, P.G.M.

Witness—John Watson, G.T.
Chris. Wilson, G.S.

The W.M. and S.W. in this warrant were, when the Duke of York's Lodge was formed, members of the St. George's Lodge, Doncaster, No. 400.

A peculiarity of this document is that it bears the seal of the Apollo Lodge, York, the officers of which formed the first Provincial Grand Lodge of Yorkshire. At that time the whole county was under one Masonic head (Bro. Richard Slater Milnes, Prov. G.M.,) acting by authority of the Grand Lodge of England, and seventeen lodges existed in the Province, three Antient Lodges—the Three Tuns, Scarborough; Punch Bowl, York; and Blue Bell, Hull, having already become extinct.

The first meeting of the Duke of York's Lodge was held at the Black Boy Inn, in Doncaster, on the 1st September, 1788, the minutes of which meeting are here given.

There is a curious custom practised on the originals, which I think is very wisely not permitted in the present day, viz., the erasure of a name with a penknife by a brother on resignation years after.

On Monday, September 1st, 1788, was opened an Enter'd Apprentice Lodge, at the house of Mr. Thomas Watson, the sign of the Black Boy, in Doncaster, at which were present:—C. Plummer, R.W.M.; J. Hawley, as S.W.; T. Girdley, as J. W.: T. Batley, as T.; M. Beecher, as S.; E. Tear; W. Kay, and T. Watson, respectively Master Masons, when the Warrant of Constitution, obtained from the Provincial Grand Lodge for the county of York, was read by the Secretary, stiled or titled the Duke of York's Lodge, wherein Bro. Charles Plummer is appointed Master, who accordingly was invested with the Jewel of his office, he then appointed Brother Joseph Hawley his Senior Warden, Brother Thomas Girdley his Junior Warden, and Bro. Sleeford his Secretary for the ensuing Twelve Months. After which Mr. William Bennett, Mr. William Sleeford, Mr. George Nicholson, Mr. Thos. Priest, and Mr. John Bennett were severally initiated into the first degree of Masonry. The Lodge then proceeded to ballot for a Treasurer, when Bro. Wm. Bennett was unanimously elected for the above time. The R.W.M. appointed Bro. John Bennett to be Tyler.

Bro. Wm. Bennett proposed Mr. Josh. Webster, of Doncaster, and John Turner, of Rossington Bridge, to be made Masons the next Lodge night, and he deposited Ten Shillings and Sixpence for each. Bro. Watson proposed Mr. George Ash to be made a Mason, and he made a like deposit, and they were ordered to be ballotted for the next Lodge night. The business of the Lodge being over it was regularly closed to the 1st Monday in October, emergency's excepted.

The Treasurer and Secretary were appointed on the evening of their initiation, and the latter (who it is singular to discover never wrote the minutes once during his year of office, *nor did any other subsequently appointed Secretary up to* 1803) appears to have been officially nominated, if not invested, before he was a member of the Craft!

The junior members of the lodge at that time did not feel the same diffidence in proposing candidates as now, for it is here recorded that one of the newly initiated at once proposed *two* candidates on the same evening!

The second meeting was held 11th September, 1788, and the minutes read as follows:—

At an extra lodge held on Thursday, the 11th day of September, 1788, was opened a *Fellow Craft's Lodge*, at which were present:—C. Plummer, R.W.M.; J. Hawley, S.W.; T. Watson as J.W., when Bro. Jno. Bennett, Bro. Wm. Bennett, and Bro. Wm. Sleeford were severally initiated into the second degree of Masonry.

The Lodge was then closed and a Master Mason's Lodge was opened, when Bro. Wm. Bennett and Bro. Wm. Sleeford was raised to the third degree. The brethren present then proceeded to ballot for Mr. Joseph Webster, Mr. George Ash, and Mr. John Turner, who severally met the approbation of the Lodge. The business of this Lodge being over, it was closed, and an Entered Apprentices Lodge was opened, when Mr. Joseph Webster was made in the first degree. The business of this Lodge being over it was regularly closed to the First Monday in October, emergencies excepted.

This is curious as showing that of the three candidates for passing who are said to have been *initiated* into the second degree, two were also raised to the third degree on the same night; and by reason of these proceedings, only ten days elapsed between initiation and raising. The necessity for officers appears to have sanctioned these irregularities.

As there are some interesting facts worth recording in the minutes after this date, these are referred to by extracts on the several dates named.

Nov. 3rd, 1788.—Minute.

Bro. Scott, the Secretary, and Bro. Haigh, from the St. George's Lodge, No. 400, waited on us with a message from their Lodge, requesting the favor of our company to attend them to Church in procession, on Wednesday, the 5th day of November, it being the *Cententiary* of the glorious Revolution, to hear divine service, when a most excellent sermon was preached on the occasion by the Rev. Henry Ray; after service the brethren proceeded in the like manner to the Town Hall, and afterwards met at Bro. Carnelly's, the Reindeer, where a most excellent dinner was provided, and the day was spent with the greatest harmony and conviviality.

In Raymond's History of England, published in 1798, page 611, the following reference is made to this evidently national commemoration of the historical event alluded to:

The 5th of Nov. being the centenary of the Revolution of 1688, was observed by many Societies in the Metropolis, and other parts of the Kingdom, not only with festivity but devotion and thanksgiving. At the most respectable of these Societies, a noble Earl, who presided on the occasion, moved that application be made to Parliament to observe the future Anniversary of the 16th Dec. as a day of solemn thanksgiving, it being on that day the Bill of Rights was passed."

The most respectable society here mentioned was the Free and Accepted Masons, the noble Earl also referred to being the Earl of Moira, D.G.M. In this year the Royal Yorkshire Lodge, Keighley, No. 439, and the Globe Lodge, Scarborough, No. 440, were constituted, and in 1789 the Albion Lodge, Skipton, No. 460, and the Harmony Lodge, Halifax, No. 461.

Very little time seems to have been lost in preparing and adopting lodge bye laws, and on October 5th, 1789, occurs the following:—

Oct. 5th, 1789.

The Bye Law of the Lodge inflicting the Penalty upon Officers not present, or not attending in time, was directed to be put in full force, and Bro. Girdley, S.W., and Bro. G. Nicholson, T., not attending was by the Brothers present ordered to pay the fine.

Shortly after this it appears to have been discovered that the warrant or dispensation was not, strictly speaking, in the custody of the lodge; and there being apparently other lodge property missing, we find the brethren taking action thereupon at their meeting on the 5th January, 1790, by these resolutions in open lodge:

Jan. 5th, 1790.

The brethren then came to the following resolutions, viz: that in future the brothers sup in a room by themselves, and that no person not being a brother shall be introduced on any account whatever, unless it be with the consent of the majority of members then present.

Also, that a committee of as many members present as chose, should wait upon Bro. Plummer requesting he would return the Warrant of Constitution that it might be deposited in the lodge chest.

Resolved also, that for the future no books or any part of the lodge furniture shall be lent out of the said lodge without special reasons for the same.

On November 3rd, 1789, the W.M., Bro. Hawley, acquainted the brethren present that Bro. T. Priest desired to decline being any longer a member, which "was agreed to." This was not quite so serious a matter then as in our day, for on the 2nd February, 1790, this passage occurs in the minutes:

Feb. 2nd, 1790.

Bro. Thomas Priest being desirous of being again a member of this Lodge, it is accordingly agreed that he paying one quarter into the hands of the Treasurer he shall be again reinstated without a ballot.

In May, 1790, the lodge candlesticks having sustained some trifling damage, a joiner was employed to repair them, who claimed "allowance," a still very common practice. Evidently the allowance was good in those days, for appended to the minutes on 1st June, 1790, we find this statement:

Allow'd to the above bill for liquor for the joynor for repairing lodge candlesticks 1s. 0d.

The Britannia Lodge, Whitby, No. 332, was erased by Grand Lodge, February 10th, 1790. The four following extracts from minutes between 1790 and 1793 are given without comment; they need no explanation.

July 7th, 1790.—Wednesday.

A club feast being held at Bro. Watson's on the usual lodge day, was the reason of its being held as this night.

It was agreed by the members then present that pieces of Jean for Masonic aprons, &c., which Bro. Chester some time ago was desired to order for the use of members of this Lodge should be paid for out of the lodge fund, and that each member should have one for his own private use—that the remainder should be deposited in the lodge chest for the use of them that may become Masons next.

Dec. 3rd, 1792.

The Lodge then agreed that it should be removed to Bro. Coulter's, the sign of the White Bear, in Doncaster, and that the nights of meeting should in future be on the first Tuesday in every month.

Sunday, Oct. 20th, and on Sunday, Nov. 3rd, 1793, was held two extra meetings to examine the Treasurer's accounts and other business.

The Loyal and Prudent Lodge, Leeds, No. 493, was formed in 1791, and in 1792, the Samaritan, Keighley, No. 504; Philanthropic, Skipton, No. 505; Three Graces, Barnoldswick, No. 506; and Fidelity, Leeds, No. 512. In the following year (1793) the White Hart, Huddersfield, No. 513, and the Royal Brunswick, Sheffield, No. 527, were constituted; also the Constitutional, Beverley, No. 525. In 1794, the Lodge of Hope, Bradford, No. 539, and the Philanthropic, Leeds, No. 542. In 1795, the Alfred Lodge, Leeds, No. 546. In 1796, Loyal Halifax Lodge, Halifax, No. 549; Prince George, Haworth, No. 550; and Ebenezer, Pateley Bridge, No. 556. In 1797, the Lion Lodge, Whitby, No. 561. From the date of the last mentioned minute (Nov. 3rd, 1793) the meetings of the Duke of York's Lodge appear to have been wholly discontinued for over three years, the next being on the 2nd January, 1797, followed by an "Emergency" on 13th February, 1797.

When Bro. Michael Peruzzi was initiated in the first degree of Masonry, paid the usual fees with the extra 10s. 6d., for the emergency.

This Bro. Peruzzi was an Italian, and valet to Sir R. Winn, of Nostell Priory. His connection with the lodge was very brief, for on April 3rd, 1797, occurs this extract:

Opened a Fellow Craft's Lodge, after which was opened a Master Mason's Lodge, and Bro. Peruzzi "initiated" in the third or S. degree of a Master Mason, at the same time paid his quarterages, and declined continuing any longer a member on account of his living so great a distance from the town. The Secretary received of the Treasurer 7s. 6d. for admission of Bros. Sinkinson and Peruzzi to be transmitted to York.

As the numbers were changed in 1792, and no more Lodges were established for several years, I give as under a list of the Lodges existing in 1798, with the new numbers.

A53, Humber, Hull;
61, Union Cross, Halifax;
165, Old Black Bull, Richmond;
189, Tontine, Sheffield;
A199, Peace, Dewsbury;
202, Unanimity, Wakefield;
267, Old Globe, Scarborough;
290, Apollo, York;
324, Royal Oak, Ripon;
331, Union, York;

348, St. George's, Doncaster;
351, Rodney, Hull;
356, St. George's, E. Y. Militia;
363, Minerva, Hull;
408, Newtonian, Knaresborough;
438, Duke of York, Doncaster;
439, Royal Yorkshire, Keighley;
440, Globe, Scarborough;
460, Albion, Skipton;
461, Harmony, Halifax;
493, Loyal and Prudent, Leeds;
504, Samaritan, Keighley;
505, Philanthropic, Skipton;
506, Three Graces, Barnoldswick;
512, Fidelity, Leeds;
513, White Hart, Huddersfield;
525, Constitutional, Beverley;
527, Royal Brunswick, Sheffield;
539, Hope, Bradford;
542, Philanthropic, Leeds;
546, Alfred, Leeds;
549, Loyal Halifax, Halifax;
550, Prince George, Haworth;
556, Ebenezer, Pateley Bridge;
561, Lion, Whitby.

Since 1788, an Antient Lodge, 434, at Wetherby had expired, and the Britannia Lodge, Whitby, No. 332, had been erased.

Appended to the minutes on 2nd September, 1799, is the following remarkably written statement by Bro. Hawley, W.M.

Bro. J. Hawley being extremely sorry to observe the misconduct of the brothers and particularly in that of not attending the Lodge when regularly called for that purpose, declines being any longer a member of the Lodge and has accordingly erased his name from the list of members.

This worthy brother was S.W. in the warrant—W.M. from 1789 to 1803—and Secretary, *so far as the actual entry of minutes and the general duties* are concerned, from the first meeting of the lodge, September 1st, 1788, to September 5th, 1803, when his name appears for the last time. Bro. Hawley seems to have been a superior and cultivated man, intellectually far in advance of the brethren of his lodge, and by trade a painter. He was undoubtedly as perfect an example of the "Brother of Master Mind," referred to by Dr. Oliver in his "Masonic Jurisprudence" (New Edition, 1874, paragraph 9, page 21,) as could possibly be found, and the lodge would most certainly have been extinct long before, had not this excellent brother remained to steer the Masonic bark through the sea of apathy (and consequently Masonic ignorance) with which it was surrounded and more than once nearly overwhelmed. Having made a study of the decadence of this Doncaster Lodge, I firmly believe that had the members paid more attention to the principles of our Order, instead of being satisfied with (at the best) an imperfect knowledge of the ritual, it would still exist in the town in which it was established. During the whole of its career at Doncaster, the lodge was kept together only by the Masonic zeal of a few, guided by the example of Bro. Hawley. The evil of "shewing off" by the exhibition of feats of memory is as mischevious to-day as then, and sooner or later the lodge encouraging it amongst its members must succumb. In its effects, like the baneful power of a poisoned arrow, the vanity of such ornamental Masons gradually overcomes its victim, to the exclusion of the more elevating tendencies of Craft study; and unfortunately the evil is never sufficiently acknowledged until too late to avert its influence on others. Then sympathizers and disappointed orators form cliques, we will not say to destroy the lodge, but which end in the formation of a new lodge, based however on such inflammable materials that it never really prospers. Although so far as can be judged the actual extinction of this lodge may not be attributable altogether to any special anxiety on the part of its members to excel in ritualistic perfection, yet the same personal vanity was at the root of its decline. It is a species of Masonic "measles" attacking the junior members of all lodges, and is easily cured at the outset; the authority of one respected P.M. then having more weight than the whole lodge afterwards. If the members had been able to acquire as extensive knowledge of the ritual

as is afforded by Instruction Lodges, etc., in the present day, probably individual pretensions would not have been so great. However, the noble heart of Bro. Hawley, refused to be comforted away from the lodge he loved so well, and on Monday, March 1st, 1802 (after another five years' interval, from April 3rd, 1797), he had again managed to rally his brethren, acting as W. Master on that occasion, and up to 5th September, 1803, when his name finally ceases to appear in the minutes.

(To be continued).

MEANING OF THE WORD "COWAN."

BY MASONIC STUDENT.

WE take from the Philadelphia *Keystone* of January an interesting paper on this "vexata quæstio," written by our able brother, George Fort. As all he puts forward is worth reading and attending to, we reprint his remarks from our contemporary, for the information of our readers; and shall append a few notes of our own at the close.

PERHAPS no word has been the subject, among Masonic writers, of so much controversy and attempted explanation as the word "Cowan." Futile essays have been made to trace its origin to the most diverse sources. In their range such elucidations have swept the circle of languages, living and dead, and whenever fancied similarity has occured, to each in turn "Cowan" has been traced. Through Semitic tongues to modern French the fugitive meaning of this word has been sought, with ever-changing success. Oftentimes the remoter the source sought and inquired into with pertinacious scrutiny, the greater the asserted certainty of its derivation.

In shifting changes of philological examination, "Cowan" has been made to assume almost as many significations totally diverse as the attitudes of a rope dancer, or the glittering but pleasing transformations of the kaleidoscope. The zealous scholiast in Oriental dialects and Greek roots asserts the word to signify "dog," in its presumed identity with the slinking worthlessness characteristic of a "Cowan," while the adventitious gleaner of modern history with equal dogmaticism has claimed its origin in the Vendean or Bretagne *chouan*, or owl cry of alarm—the signal of revolt!

There is, however, a line of research, leading through the whole Masonic philology, that presents the satisfactory result of harmony with its history, but ignorance of which, or inattention, causes all investigations to terminate in futilities. It is evident that as this word is strictly Masonic, its derivation, therefore, should be expected to identify itself with some feature of the Craft from which it has developed. This sort of evolution may be instanced in the word "Mason," which originated in the universal use of moveable bridges—maciuæ or macciuæ—to facilitate the construction of walls, and in like manner the word "Cowan" arose to specify some prominent element of Craft government, wholly involved in that strict caution against surprise which is expressed by its twin "eavesdropper."

Doubtless it is needless to state the signification of "eavesdropper," whose general sense, as is well known, aptly sketches out a concealed listener, or person intently watching or lying on guard secretly to hear private conversa-

tion, and in this sense it is used by Freemasons. We should, therefore, expect to find a common ground of similarity between the words "Cowan" and "Eavesdropper," on account of their invariable conjunction. We may add here, by way of deprecation, that our writers too frequently seek explanations of obsolete words in Oriental languages, when the genuine meaning lies closer at home. The word "Cowan" is one of this class, and, like the word "Mason," has descended to the modern Craft as a direct transmission through the Norman French builder of the eleventh century. "Cowan" itself has exactly the signification of eavesdropper, and means a listener, or, in one form, a person intently hearing. It is a corruption, by long and careless usage, of the Norman French word *ecoutant*, listening or hearing; therefore, by the usual tendency of suppressing letter sounds, we can trace *ecoutant*, acoutant, acouan, acouant, and, perhaps, a-couan, to its present shape cowan, a person listening; or, as an eavesdropper, stealthily hearing guarded conversation, The word "Cowan" consequently should be classified with such other corrupted Norman French words as Mason, Tyler, etc.

Bro. Fort seems to derive "Cowan" from "ecouan" or "acouan," but there is no evidence of any such use, as far as we know, in Norman-French or the "Langue Romane." "Cowan," first used in Scotland apparently, is still, I think, of Norman-French derivation, and probably comes from "covenne" or "covine" or "couvine," all alluding to secret meetings. "Tyler," which comes from "Tegulator," again from "Tuilleur," "Thieulleur," has also curiously enough a synonym—"covreur" or "couvrieur"! "Escoute" is a "spy," and "escouter" is to listen, and "escoutete" is in Latin "auscultator," a sentinel, or watcher. "Escoutoyer" is to listen, while "faire escout" is to listen attentively. Have we, in these words, the Norman-French origin of Cowan? Many other students as well as myself thank Bro. Fort for his interesting paper.

FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS.*

IN a previous article we indicated the origin and meaning of the term "Free," as prefixed to the name "Mason." In the present paper we propose to consider the origin and meaning of the term "Accepted," the other prænomen of the Craftsman.

Here, as in the former case, we are confronted in the first place with the traditional explanation. The legendary statement is that as Masons were first denominated "Free" by King Solomon, at the building of the First Temple, so they first acquired the name "Accepted" at the building of the Second Temple, from King Cyrus. The one is probably as true as the other.

"The most famous *modern* Constitutions of the Craft are Bro. Anderson's "Constitutions of the Free Masons," published in 1723. These are entitled "The Constitution, History, Laws, Charges, Orders, Regulations, and Usages of the Right Worshipful Fraternity of *Accepted* Free Masons." In Anderson's second, or 1738, edition of the same work, it is entitled "The New Book of Constitutions of the Ancient and Honorable Fraternity of Free and *Accepted* Masons." Note that in 1723 the Craft were styled "Accepted Free Masons," while in 1738 they were termed (as now) "Free and Accepted Masons."

* We take this very short and interesting paper of Bro. McCalla's from his admirable paper the Philadelphia *Keystone*.

From the time of the "Revival" era, therefore, Freemasons have always been known as Accepted Masons.

Preston, in his famous "Illustrations of Masonry," gives what purports to be an historical relation of a Masonic occurrence, which runs as follows:

"On the 27th of December, 1663, a General Assembly was held, at which Henry Jermyn, Earl of St. Albans, was elected Grand Master, who appointed Sir John Denham, Knight, his Deputy, and Mr. (afterwards Sir) Christopher Wren and John Webb his Wardens. Several useful regulations were made at this assembly for the better government of the lodges, and the greatest harmony prevailed among the brethren at their various meetings. Among the other regulations made at this assembly were the following:

"(1.) That no person, of what degree soever, be made or *accepted* a Freemason, unless in a regular lodge, whereof one to be a Master or a Warden in that limit or division where such lodge is kept, and another to be a Craftsman in the trade of Freemasonry.

"(2.) That no person hereafter shall be *accepted* a Freemason but such as are of able body, honest parentage, good reputation, and an observer of the laws of the land.

* * * * * * * *

"Several records of the society of this and the preceding reign were lost at the Revolution; and not a few were too hastily burned in our own times by some scrupulous brothers, from a fear of making discoveries prejudicial to the interests of the order."

In reference to the above we have only to observe, that it is unsupported by any existing authority except Roberts's 1722 edition of the "Constitutions"—and it must hence be accepted or rejected on these authorities alone. A part of the statement we know to be erroneous. Sir Christopher Wren is therein stated to have been appointed Grand Warden of the Grand Lodge of England in the year 1663, whereas we know, from "Aubrey's Natural History of Wiltshire," that Wren was not made a Mason until May 18th, 1691. Beside, there were no Grand Masters in England prior to the "Revival" of 1717. We are therefore led to decline to give credence to any part of the above statement. The so-called Constitutions of 1663 are a myth. In this opinion we are supported by the high authority of Bro. Woodford (Kenning's "Cyclopedia," 6). The story however is related, without adverse criticism, by Steinbrenner ("Origin and Early History of Masonry," 124), by Mackenzie ("Royal Masonic Cyclopedia," 15), by Findel ("History of Freemasonry," 127), and others.

There is a better authority for the use of "Accepted" in the Harleian MS. in the British Museum, the first part of which Bro. Hughan says is of date about A.D. 1670 (Hughan's "Old Masonic Charges," 527). The first of the "new articles" in it, which are undated, reads as follows:

"Noe person (of what degree soever) shal bee *accepted* a free Mason, unless hee shall have a lodge of five free Masons, at least whereof one to bee a master or warden, of that limitt, or division, wherein such Lodge shal bee kept, and another of the trade of Free Masonry.

"That noe person shal bee *accepted* a Free Mason, but such as are of able body, honest parentage, and good reputacon and observers of the Laws of the Land."

The "new articles" above, containing the term "accepted," are peculiar to the "Harleian MS.," and are hence of value and importance, although the fact of the uncertainty of the year of their being committed to writing leaves us in the dark as to the exact value of the statement.

In the year 1691 we find the word "adopted" (probably a synonym for "accepted") prefixed to Mason. This is in Aubrey's "Natural History of Wiltshire" (quoted in Steinbrenner's "Freemasonry," 126), and reads as follows:

"Memorandum.—This day, May the 18th, being Monday, 1691, after Rogation Sunday, is a great convention at St. Paul's Church of the fraternity of the *adopted* Masons, where Sir Christopher Wren is to be adopted a brother, and Sir Henry Goodric of the Tower, and divers others."

Having given a sufficient number of examples of the use of the term "Accepted" as a prefix to "Mason," we shall now consider its meaning. The majority of Masonic historians allege that it was originally used to distinguish Speculative from Operative Masons. This is the explanation given by Bros. Findel ("History," 113) and Mackenzie ("Cyclopedia," 15). Bro. Woodford, on the other hand, says ("Kenning's Cyclopedia," 6):

"We may dismiss all legendary derivations of the word, and may understand it as a term belonging to the mediæval guilds. Persons were then 'admitted,' 'accepted,' 'made free,' 'entered' of the guild. . . . The word is probably a relic of the old Operative Craft 'Chapiters' and Lodges. We do not agree with the view which makes it mark the difference between operative and speculative."

Our own opinion is, that "Accepted" signifies simply "initiated." Bro. Mackay also appears to be of this opinion (see Mackey's "Encyclopædia," 10-11). The "Charges" of 1722 speak of "laborers and *unaccepted* Masons," as distinguished from, and inferior to, "Freemasons." Whoever was admitted or adopted as a member of the mediæval builders' lodge, or guild, became thereby an "accepted" Mason. He was, in language that we can all understand, accepted as a member. It is a matter of speculation as to whether it ever had a merely restrictive meaning, applied to speculative Masons only; while it is a matter of fact that in every case in which we find it used it is equivalent to "initiated."

We have thus reasonably ascertained the meaning of the full phrase, "Free and Accepted Mason," to be, "Brother and Initiated Mason."

THE ILLUMINÉS AND THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

MR. GERARD DE NERVAL, in his interesting book "Les Illuminés," published at Paris by Victor Leçou, 10, Rue du Bouloi, in 1852, seems to attribute to the "Illuminés" a good deal of influence in preparing for the French Revolution. Indeed, he says at page 516 that "most historians of our time have neglected exhaustively to realize their details, whether from ignorance or from want of introducing into the "haute politique" an element which they considered as less serious. But then, when Mr. de Nerval lugs in Barruel and Robison as witnesses, we at once see on how very little of a sound or satisfactory basis this "castle in the air" is built up. And then Mr. de Nerval makes a mistake which is fatal, in our humble opinion, to his own thesis. He mixes up Freemasonry with Illuminism in a manner which is contrary with the facts of the case, and with a "gloss" which is entirely devoid of truth or reason. The Freemasons never had anything to do with the Illuminés, nor is Freemasonry in any sense identical with Illuminism. We cannot insist upon this fact and truth too much, since the opposite grave error is one into which our Ultramontane opponents habitually fall; and it is one, moreover, to which more careful writers seem to like to give way to. And nothing was ever more historically and incontestably untrue. The Illuminés had, no doubt, an organization of their own (which had been originally planned in some shape by Cagliostro), and in Paris, Weishaupt had established a centre of

Illuminism," which, though never very powerful, had enrolled among its members at one time such men as Mirabeau, Lavau, Cazotte, Robespierre, Lavoisier, and many more; and there was a "mystic society," which included in it men and women like the Marquise de St. Croix. Cazotte especially tells us that he had been an "initié," but that "Divine grace had withdrawn him from the snare."

"You are not initiated," says he; "be thankful. Remember the words, 'their knowledge shall destroy them.' If I am not without dangers, I whom the Divine Giver has withdrawn from the snare, judge of the risk of those who remain; the knowledge of things occult is a stormy sea."

Curiously enough, in his sentence to be guillotined in his seventy-ninth year, one of the facts mentioned was that he was an "initié." But if not a Freemason, his dying words were truly Masonic in their loyalty and reverence. "I die, as I have lived, faithful to God and the king." But as there is no evidence of his having been a Freemason, as far as we know, we apprehend that his "initiation" was one into "Illuminism." Mr. de Nerval gives a curious account of Cagliostro's Androgyne Egyptian Masonry, which seems to have communicated destructive principles in religion, morals, and politics with equal energy, audacity, and profanity; and though Cagliostro preceded Weishaupt, there is every reason to believe that in Paris especially "Illuminism" had taken to itself some of the worst features of that impiety and profligacy which undoubtedly marked all the assemblies of that greatest of impostors and charlatans, Cagliostro. Mr. de Nerval states, "inter alia," that Robespierre's father was a member of a lodge at Arras, under the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite. This may be so, but Robespierre's father had nothing to do with the hateful principles and proceedings of his son; and Robespierre certainly had nothing in common with Freemasonry, though a good deal with "Illuminism." Some writers assert that it was Robespierre's uncle, who was of the lodge or chapter at Arras, and that Robespierre himself, though not a Freemason, was an Illuminé.

It is a curious fact that Robespierre the younger was brought up in a Jesuit college, a truth not generally known; and we may as well, indeed with greater propriety, attribute the French Revolution to those distinctive and fatal principles than to the loyal, orderly, and peaceful maxims of Freemasonry. Like as with a good many other things, the influence of the "Illuminés" on the French Revolution has probably been greatly exaggerated.

With Mirabeau's death they seemed to have passed away in Paris, and were soon forgotten in the more sensational, startling drama of the greater horrors of the French Revolution.

CORNUBIA: THE STRANGER'S TRIBUTE.

BY BRO. EMRA HOLMES.

THE wild rose flingeth its head on high,
And the foxglove strives, in its lordly way,
To outshine flowers both far and nigh,
The dark valerian, poppy gay,
The golden iris in happy vales,
Where aspen poplars' quivering leaves,
Like old men palsied, shake in the gales,
And murmuring quiver in western breeze.

The great wych elms, so stately and tall,
Guard the valleys like soldiers brave;
For there did many a Briton fall,
And you tread on many a hero's grave.

I have roamed far over your southern shores,
And gazed on the Mediterranean blue
Of the seas which cover your lands of yore,
The kingdom of Lyonesse, knights so true.

The last fell battle against Pagan foes,
With Modred and his recreant band,
Was fought in thy midst, thy land in throes,
When Arthur made his last great stand.

The knights of the Table Round no more
Shall fight against heathen and Saxon kings,
And the waves flow over with ceaseless roar
Your buried cities and cherished things.

The days of chivalry past and gone,
To wish them back it were surely vain,
But when by virtue his praise you've won,
Your own King Arthur shall come again.

A thousand years have rolled away,
We look on the same grey wave-worn cliffs;
And the knights so brave and the ladies gay
Are gone with the galleys, and white king's skiffs.

When the peerless prince and his noble band
Strove to defend the right and show
By their lives, how well they could understand
The saintly life of that long ago—

Honour and chivalry then were known
As the types of the men of that older race;
But the great poet tells how overthrown
And buried in honour was dark disgrace.

There comes a voice o'er the surging seas,
A sorrowful, sighing western wind,
It saith to us all, "Why take thine ease?
Redress the wrongs of all mankind."

The same sun shines now over us all
As gleamed in the fight and the tourney then,
The pale moon seen through the poplars tall
Is the same that shone on the king of men.

The same sweet flowers in the meadows grow,
And the forests of oak and old yew trees,
And the saints remain, for their names we know,
A relic of byegone days are these.

And the Cornish men are still the same,
The lords are brave and the ladies fair,
And they love the legends that make their fame—
Poesy floats in the ambient air.

Oh! Cornish lanes! Oh! brown-eyed maids!
Oh! Cornish cliffs, majestic grand!
I love your hills and your sylvan glades,
I'm proud that I live in King Arthur's land.

A MASON'S STORY.

(*Continued from page* 272.)

WHEN the family assembled at Mr. Morton's breakfast table next morning, that every-day event in everybody's life was a very dull affair. Outside, the snow lay white over the fields in front of the house, and the distant park showed unmistakeable signs that the dreariest of all seasons, winter, was favouring them with its presence. The leafless trees, with their pure white covering, did indeed look dismal, as they rocked and swayed in the breeze, bringing down with that selfsame movement a shower of snow; as if there were not already enough of that under foot to satisfy the most mischievous urchin who ever went snowballing. The old church, too, looked unhappy enough. There was a goodly covering on roof and gables, and the windows were snowed up in every crevice and chink. Whew! but old winter must have been busy last night, to have transformed the fairy scene of but a few hours previous, when the moonbeams shed their lustrous light on all around, into the cold but picturesque vision that now presented itself. Even the old, quaint, extinguisher-like tower had come in for a share of the metamorphosis which had passed over the land, and as to seeing the cardinal points of the octogenarian weathercock, why you couldn't do it.

I dare say a painter would have revelled in such a scene, but we who look at the hard matter-of-fact, common-place side of things, see nothing very lovely in such like pieces of nature's handiwork. We confess that we might be struck with the beauties of a snowy landscape were it possible to view it without the usual concomitants of chilblains and a freezing atmosphere.

Inside Mr. Morton's there was a very comfortable air. A bright fire burned in the grate, and a bountifully spread breakfast was on the table. Mr. Morton sat arrayed in gorgeous dressing gown and slippers, eating buttered toast, and toasting his feet. The tawdry coloured morning garments that he wore pleased him, poor man, as such little things do often please those minds whose capacity is just large enough to be pleased by them. He did not look very happy, however. He was perusing the *Orthodox Punishment Gazette;* and an account of the doings of the "Conditional Immortalists," and "Universalists," and all other wicked people whose views did not agree with his own, seemed to him to be an excellent opportunity for holding himself forth as the divine mouthpiece whereby these sons of Belial were to be anathematized; and his denunciations of them were both loud and deep.

Mrs. Morton sat fidgetting over the tea and coffee, saying nothing, lest thereby she should draw on herself the battery of her liege lord and master, which at any time was bad to bide.

Of all the party there assembled perhaps Mary looked the most miserable. My young lady readers will doubtless feel for her, because they will understand her feelings better than we of the sterner sex. At any rate, the good things lay untouched on her plate, that being, I take it, a *bona-fidé* token that she was out of sorts. Need we wonder at it? Cut off from the company of the man she loved above all else on earth, and almost adored above heaven, by the decree of an arbitrary father, and all for a paltry matter of religion, which, take it whatever way you will, could never have influenced their married life one iota. There are two kinds of religion. One is that pure and noble and unselfish religion, which attaches itself to some things, either animate or inanimate, and which loves that object to which it attaches itself better than everything else, simply because the thing or person loved is to a great degree *superior* to the thing or person loving; therefore the one can look up to the

other as a guide and friend, it may be for ever and aye. The second kind of religion is the one that I regret to say finds favour to a great extent among this time-serving, truckling generation. It is a religion which, having taken up one side of the question, partly from inclination, partly from early prejudice, sees no plan of salvation for those who believe in the opposite view. Perhaps its dogged opposition to all other theories arises from the fact that it can comprehend none of the other side. To those who are on this track I would quote the words of a writer whose name shall live when our language is dead —I mean John Stuart Mill—"He who knows only his own side of the question, knows very little of that." But I am digressing.

The individual who made the fourth and last party at table was Dick Morton, who was a younger brother of Mary's. Dick was leaving his holidays at the time we write of. His present location (or as he preferred to call it "diggings)" was at Rugby. He was a strapping lad, with more of the animal than the ascetic, more of the Tom Brown than the studious. In fact, hewould have made no bad successor to that embryo ecclesiastical dignitary, could a chronicler be found to record his days. He was beginning to find the sojourn at his ancestral home very tedious, and was intensely longing for the romps along the corridors, and the cricket and football of Rugby. Just now he was solacing himself by feeding as heartily as possible, and eating twice as much as all the others put together. Presently the pangs of his hunger began to be appeased, and his inner man felt more satisfied, as the plate of hot muffins before him partially, and at last entirely disappeared. In proportion as he felt the pleasing sensation, so dear to all schoolboys, of having had a good feed stealing over him, his spirits began to rise, and he found time to take stock of those who were at the table.

"Well, Mary," he says, "what's the matter with you this morning? Your face is as blue as old John's jerkin when the rain has been making it shine, and"—here the horrible truth burst upon him—"you haven't eaten anything."

Not to have eaten anything was in Master Dick's eyes an unpardonable sin, worthy of all the excommunications, ètc., which have been promulgated from the time of Athanasius downwards. Without giving her time to answer him, this impertinent, yet withal good natured specimen of humanity ran on, "I see what it is, old girl; you have been having a flare up with your friend Pen Falconer. I saw you looking 'big spoons' last night when you thought nobody was about, and then it ended up, how I don't know or care either. I expect the governor knows more about it than I do. Did he want to beg off? or——"

"Silence, sir!" interrupted his father, "how dare you address your sister in that manner, and in my presence too? If you have nothing more to utter than that insane nonsense, I would advise you either to hold your noise or else leave the room."

"Whew! but I've put my foot in it now," muttered Dick, as he rose from the table, "but seeing I have your full leave and license, I'll e'en take you at your word and go; but I want to call and get a pair of skates at Jackson's, as I go down; I suppose you have no objection to paying for them, sir?" His father did not reply, as he had returned to the doings of the "Society for Advocating the Claims of Eternal Punishment," so Dick resumed, "He that objecteth not, seemeth to consent, as John Gilpin said, therefore I'll get my skates. And may grace, mercy, and peace rest upon you for ever. Ta, ta."

And now having taken a look at Mr. Morton's family, let us proceed to other personages in our story.

Penhryn Falconer and his father sat in the office of the latter at the same time as the Mortons were getting breakfast. They were talking earnestly, and we, taking an author's liberty, will draw near and see what this conversation is about. Penrhyn is saying,

"I have now been at home quite long enough, father, longer than I shoul have been, and longer than is good for me. I think it is high time I looke out for something better to do, and something more suited to my taste an disposition."

"Well, my boy, I have no objection to your proposition, provided it is feasible; but first of all I should like to know what has made you take this idea into your head so suddenly, when up till now you have seemed contented with your lot; and second, what do you intend doing with yourself when you leave this place, where you have spent so many happy hours, but which you have all at once discovered is fraught with so much harm to you?"

"Various reasons," replied Penhryn, "have influenced me in making this decision, reasons which I cannot impart even to you, father. But I am sure if you only knew what they were, you would not hold your consent from my going for a single moment. As it is I shall have to 'grin and bear' the inevitable by myself. That is, I believe, our best philosophy; isn't it?"

"True, my son, and yet it seems to me that I as your father ought to know of your troubles—provided they be troubles—which are sending you off so suddenly. Now let me guess. You have not got into any money difficulties, I suppose?"

Penhryn shook his head.

"Very true, had I paused to think I might have known no son of mine would be troubled in that way, Pen!" and his father laid his hand kindly on his son's shoulder. "Tell me what it is. I, your father, have a right to know. You are my only son, and were you to turn out ill, I believe it would kill me."

There was a pause as his father ceased, traces of the emotion which he felt being plainly visible in his still handsome and intelligent features. At last he broke the silence and said,

"A thought has crossed my mind, Penhryn, perhaps a foolish one, I don't know, but it has occurred to me that this quixotic idea which you have got into your head may be connected with your friend Miss Morton."

No need to proceed further; the tell-tale flush mounts into Penhryn's face, and his secret is laid open at once. Bit by bit his father extracts from him the particulars of his yesternight experiences in the field of Love versus Theology, in which the latter played so important a part, finally winning the victory.

"A faulse auld carle," was his comment, when his son had finished, his indignation causing him to relapse into his native dialect. "A faulse auld carle, to think mair of his narraminded religion, than of his ain dochter's happiness. But sae it hes iver been i' this warld sen religion was setten up, an sae it will be till t'end on't. Yan thing, Pen, we mun congratulate oursels on, an that is the exercise of a wee bit o the braw charity they speir upon sae muckle an practise sae lile."

"Yes, indeed," replied Penhryn, "we do practise more of the charity which, as their bible says, 'thinketh no evil,' than they do, but then we make less profession, so that we can with the more ease practice most."

And they were right, these two freethinkers, as they thus sneered at the religion which preaches so much and brings forth so little. We cannot wonder at the inability of so many to accept a religion which is so prolific in blame of others, and so meagre in its praise of their virtues and good works. A friend of mine said to me the other day, when talking of religion, "You know Mrs.——," naming a lady who gives away large sums in charity, and who is, if anybody is, a true Christian. "Yes," I said, "I know her; what of her?" "Well," he replied, "that lady has taken a violent dislike to me because I do not believe that the wicked will burn for ever, and on that account she thinks I am doomed, and has nearly gone the length of forbidding me her house." This is very wrong, and it appears to me that could our great Master and

Exemplar, Jesus Christ, come once more in the flesh, he would be the first to raise his voice and protest at once and for ever against this theologico-social ostracism. Oh! my friends, let us believe noble things, let us hope noble things of our fellow men and women, and, believing what is good, and taking no account of what is bad, we shall be led to believe, and trust, and hope nobler things of God than those which an effete superstition has associated Him with. Perhaps our atheist friends may not be much further wrong than we are; at any rate let us learn to hope that for them there may be, if not on this earth, at least beyond, a spiritual Gehenna in which their souls shall be cleansed, so that they too shall walk in white robes and sing for ever that grand hallelujah song, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, and hath redeemed us to God by his own blood."

It was not settled that day, nor for a good many days, what Penhryn should do. To stay in his native town was admitted to be an impossibility under the circumstances. At last an appointment was, by the kindness of a neighbouring nobleman, secured for him as travelling secretary to another nobleman, who was about to travel the Orient. Penhryn's father wrote a characteristic letter to Mr. Morton, which threw that gentleman into a state of righteous indignation. When it arrived he was comfortably seated in his study, writing a treatise on the "happiness of the elect, compared with the misery of the predestined." As soon as he had read it he rang the bell violently, and in answer to the old servant who thrust his startled face in at the doorway, as though he expected to see the room on fire, he said "Send Miss Mary to me."

Mary came, and her father gave her the letter to read, saying as he did so that he trusted her acquaintance with tradespeople and atheists had been productive of enough annoyance to both him and her, and the sooner she saw her way clear to give it up, the better it would be. Whilst she is reading it, we will take an author's licence and glance at it over her shoulder. It was as follows:—

33, Petersgate, November 27th.

SIR,—My son has this morning informed me that you have rejected his overtures for your daughter's hand, on account of his views regarding theological matters. I am mainly responsible for those views, and if your behaviour of last night is the logical outcome of your religion, I am glad to have nothing to do with it. I am not very sorry at what he has told me. When time has passed over his head, the wound will be healed, and then he will be glad that his theory brings forth better fruits than your own. He will know then how to appreciate both his own and yours at their proper value. Religion, sir, has ever hung on to the chariot wheels of freethought, and endeavoured to impede its progress, but the vehicle goes ever forward, and will continue to do so, in spite of love-crossings and other tomfoolery. All history attests this. In 1553 your tutelary deity, Calvin, burned Sevetus, because they could not agree about God. You would, I dare say, burn me, and because you cannot in this world, I am to have it in the next. A great divine has thus written, "God is a *great* word. He who feels and understands that will judge more mildly and more justly of those who confess they do not dare to say they believe in God." In the eyes of the Jews, Jesus was an atheist, and the Christians were known among the Greeks and Romans as infidels.

I am the same in your eyes, and you, speaking in all charity, will say that I am a lying empiric or knave or fool. I do not speak in charity, so I will only say you are a pious Christian. Penhryn is leaving here, and he will, I trust, try to forget those who have so bitterly wronged him.—Yours, &c., W. FALCONER.

"Well," said her father, when Mary had finished perusing this strange production, "what do you think now?"

"I think," said Mary steadily, "that both you and Mr. Falconer are mistaken in your estimate of Penhryn, and I shall refuse to believe any evil of him. Mr. Falconer's letter was true, but it was cruel of him to say such things. I do not think he will ever forget me, but I do think that Penhryn will become a Christian yet."

With that she walked out of the room.

Whether Mary, or her father, or Mr. Falconer was right, we shall afterwards see.

When they assembled for family worship that night the chapter was peculiarly appropriate for their experience. Perhaps it was only a coincidence. Who knows? God oftener speaks through these ways than others. I believe they are only the little outlets of His mighty love and compassion to us, his troubled children. The chapter was that grand old fortieth of Isaiah, and as Mary listened to the words which have cheered many a death-bed, she felt strangely comforted, and she wished Penhryn could have shared her comfort, as she dwelt on the verse,

"He shall feed His flock like a shepherd. He shall gather His lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young."

Many a time had she sung these selfsame words to Handel's noble recitative, but never had they struck her as now. Oh, say not such things are merely curious coincidences. That they can never be while they are fraught with such a heaven-born peace to us. They are God's ministering spirits.

(To be continued.)

IS IT WORTH WHILE?

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

IS it worth while that we jostle a brother,
Bearing his load on the rough road of life;
Is it worth while that we jeer at each other,
In blackness of heart that we war to the knife?
God pity us all in our pitiful strife.

God pity us all as we jostle each other;
God pardon us all for the triumphs we feel
When a fellow goes down 'neath his load on the heather,
Pierced to the heart: Words are keener than steel,
And mightier far for woe than for weal.

Were it not well, in this brief little journey
On over the isthmus, down into the tide,
We give him a fish instead of a serpent,
Ere folding the hands to be and abide
For ever and aye in dust at his side?

Look at the roses saluting each other;
Look at the herds all at peace on the plain—
Man, and man only, makes war on his brother,
And laughs in his heart at his peril and pain,
Shamed by the beasts that go down on the plain.

Is it worth while that we battle to humble
Some poor fellow down into the dust?
God pity us all! Time oft soon will tumble
All of us together, like leaves in gust,
Humbled, indeed, down into the dust.

A TALE OF ILLUMINISM.

BY CAPELLANUS.

THOSE of us who have liked to linger amid the strange and startling literature of the French Revolution of the last century, have waded through countless memoirs, curious pamphlets, the dry records of the *Moniteur*, or the high-spiced contributions of contemporary journalism, are well aware from numerous hints and as many direct assertions of the existence of a society of "Illuminés," an "occult association," which affected to impart absolute light and wisdom, and to undertake and complete the "regeneration of humanity." Many of us have made collections of this mystic school, and many of us may have studied numerous works in the Grande Libraire at Paris; but perhaps few of us have realized what a strange, what a curious "paradox" is introduced in the fact itself. The unbending autocracy of Louis XIV., the impiety of Cardinal Dubois, the profligacy of the Regent Orleans, the hopeless cynicism and sybaritism of Lonis XV., the sneers of the Engclopedists, and the affectation of the "Esprit Libres" in French society, had, as Horace Walpole points out, so far back as 1775 left the upper classes and the masses unbelieving and mocking, the clergy corrupt and powerless, and a mixture of impiety and superstition seemed to pervade all classes and to dominate all minds. Hence, as we know, the deluge of quasi-mystical and hermetic books which inundated France in the middle of the last century; hence the deep interest manifested by those "mocking, unbelieving spirits" in all that was mystical, occult, hypernatural, and incredible.

"The "credulity of the incredulous" never was before more strikingly displayed. And thus it was that "Illuminism" found an easy access and ready dupes. It was mysterious and mystic, occult and optimist; it professed alike to impart all "light," and to perfect the regenerated of humanity. What form it actually took in Paris is not accurately known, whether, following an older prototype, the Egyptian charlatanism of Cagliostro, it was "Androgyne," does not seem quite clear, though some have thought so.

Its parent stem in Bavaria was not, as far as is known, Androgyne; but, as in Paris for some time the union of the two sexes had been very close, and some of the greatest professing "Illuminés" were ladies, it is just possible that the ancient traditions of the "Mopses" and the sympathetic teaching of the "Maconnerie d'Adoption" had led to a common developement of "Androgyne Illuminism."

Luckily for us all, the veil of time has cast over the "Illuminés" the dimness of doubt and the vagueness of distance, and what is more fortunate for the world in which we live, "Illuminism" is a thing of the past, altogether forgotten and disowned by men. We only know that it did exist; of the conditions of its being and the "routine of its labours" we for our own good have but very little clear or correct information. From the hints of some writers, from the accounts of others, from forgotten pamphlets and ignominious fly sheets, we seem to gather that at one time Mirabeau was at its head, and that such men as Lavau, Lavoisier, Robespierre, Restif de la Bretonne, Cazotte, and Fouquier Touville, and many more were members.

It has been asserted that D'Alembert and Diderot, Voltaire, and the Abbé Voisenon, the Duc de Choiseuil, the Chevalier de Castellane, and Chenier, Trudaine, Mercier, and the Comte de Narbonne, the Abbé Seiyes, Talleyrand, and Matthieu de Montmorency; and such "Dames Illuminés" as the Duchess de Luynes, the Countess de Laval, the Duchess de Mailly, and the

Marquise de St. Croix, and some say the Princesse de Lamballe, were members of a similar society. But this fact appears doubtful, and if some of these exalted personages were at any time tempted by the love of the mysterious to join these occult gatherings, they speedily, like Cazotte, withdrew.

Still the society of the "Illuminés" existed, and for a time had some slight influence on affairs, though with Mirabeau's death its vitality seems to have expired. It has been said that Robespierre sought to revive its doctrines in the absurdities of his "Fête" to the Supreme Being, but if so, its passing away was only retarded a few years.

Caoztte, who was guillotined on the 25th September, was one of the prisoners in consequence of the terrible doings of the 10th August, and was only saved the fearful massacre of the Abbaye by the devotion of his daughter Elizabeth. He was, however, arrested by the order of Petion on the 11th September, condemned to death, on the requisition of Fouquier Tinville, after an interrogatory of twenty-seven hours. He was then close upon eighty. The President, Lavau, once an "Illuminé" with Cazotte, passed the following sentence, which, we are told, even astounded and stupified its auditors then; to us, to-day, it reads like an effusion of "mystic brutality," or sneering cruelty, or of concentrated animosity. It almost seems as if he was punished for leaving "Illuminism."

"Feeble plaything of old age! Thou, whose heart was not sufficiently great to feel the prize of a holy liberty, but who hast proved by thy security in those debates that you knew how to sacrifice even your own existence to uphold your own opinion, hear the last words of thy judges. May they pour into thy soul the precious balm of consolation; may they, by leading thee to pity the lot of those who come to condemn thee, inspire thee with that stoicism which ought to preside over our last moments, and permeate thee with that respect which the law imposes on us ourselves! Thy peers have heard thee, thy peers have condemned thee; but at least their judgment was as pure as their conscience, at least no personal interest was allowed to hasten their decision. Go, re-assume thy courage, re-assemble thy powers, regard without fear thy passing away, consider that you have no right to be astonished by it—it is not a moment which ought to frighten a man like unto thee. But before separating from life, regard the imposing attitude of France, into the bosom of which thou were not afraid to invoke with loud cries the enemy. Behold thy ancient country offering to the attacks of its vile detractors as much courage as you have supposed it to possess of cowardice. If the law could have foreseen that it would have to pronounce against a criminal of thy calibre, from consideration for thy old years it would not have imposed on thee any other penalty. But, re-assure thyself, if it be severe when it pursues, when it has pronounced the weapon falls speedily from its hands; it laments over the loss even of those who wished to tear it into pieces. Look at it weeping over thy white locks, which it has thought it its duty to respect until the moment of condemnation. May the spectacle produce in thee repentance; may it lead thee, miserable old man, to profit by the moments which still separate thee from death, to efface by a regret truly felt the last trace of thy conspiracies. One word more. Thou wert a man, a Christian, a philosopher, an initiate. Know how to die like a man—know how to die like a Christian. This is all thy country now can expect of thee."

No wonder, we feel to-day, as we are told, that such an address then even stupified the audience. On Cazotte it had no effect; he simply lifted up his eyes to heaven and declared his unchangeable conviction of his own religion and principles. His last words on the scaffold were: "I die, as I have lived, faithful to God and the king." Who would not rather be the prisoner than he judge? Whose sympathies do not go with the devoted victim of Loyalty, Religion, Wisdom, and Virtue?

THE FRIENDLY GHOST.

BY SAVARICUS.

COME listen to my story true,
A churchyard ghost I've seen,
With tattered shroud and gory, too,
Or stained where blood had been.

I saw it in the moonlight bright,
The features sad and stern;
'Twas on a lovely autumn night,
It gave me quite a turn.

"I'm friendly," said the figure's voice;
"Oh! be a friend to me,
Fear not, thou art my spirit's choice."
I felt inclined to flee.

"O stay!" It gently 'gan to plead,
"And hear my tale of woe;
I am the victim of a deed
Done many years ago.

"My husband was a pirate bold,
A prey to many fears;
One night he said he had been 'sold,'
And made me shed some tears.

"No fault had I, but loved too well,
My thoughts were all for him;
The demon drink had wrought its spell,
His eyes were growing dim.

"The signal lamp he could not see,
His vessel went ashore;
The loss, he said, was caused by me,
Away below the Nore.

"In drunken wrath he staggered home,
And stabbed me in the breast;
Unhappy spirit, now I roam—
Your prayers will give me rest."

I promised her upon my knees
To grant the boon she asked,
And daily pray for her soul's ease—
A proper Christian task.

"No more my wraith will walk abroad,
At rest I soon shall be,
But you will reap a just reward,"
Is what she said to me.

The ghostly form to vapour turned,
And faded from my view;
Unwonted fires within me burned,
I stammered forth, "Adieu!"

A something prompted me to search
The spot where she had stood,
And there I found, beside the church,
A simple cross of wood.

It was not large—six inches long,
But heavy for its size;
Antique it looked, and sound and strong—
I doted on my prize.

With reverential care I took
The relic safe away,
Nor at the treasure thought to look,
Until a certain day.

A dream I had that riches great
The cross to me would bring,
I sought it out, I felt its weight,
And wondered at the thing.

I thought, "'Tis loaded, bad or good,
To pieces it must come;"
The joints I found, O Holy Rood!
Surprise then made me dumb.

The wood was hollowed to a shell,
And packed with precious stones;
I shook them out, and joy to tell,
I had the wealth of thrones.

Too surely mine this priceless gift,
A rich and rare reward,
To raise me up beyond all thrift
From humble yeoman's board.

A cenotaph to her I'll raise,
My gratitude to show;
Then passers by will, as they gaze,
Recall the tale of woe.

The homely cross enshrined I'll keep,
And guard it night and day;
With feelings grave, sincere, and deep
My trust I shall survey.

Through life adventures strange we meet,
With endings sad or gay;
If firm and true, the bad we beat,
Come when or how they may.

This tale a moral doth convey
To those who read aright,
To help the weak who succour pray
Is sure to give delight.

A kindly act here freely done,
Without a selfish thought,
A fortune for the doer won,
And lasting blessings brought.

THE COLLEGES OF BUILDERS.*

BY BRO. JAS. B. GRANT, 32°.

THE mysteries of the Egyptians, passing through Moses to the Jewish people, afterward disseminated among the Greeks and Romans, were, among the latter, introduced in part into the Colleges of Builders, instituted by Numa Pompilius in the year 715 before our era. Numa Pompilius also instituted Colleges of Artisans (*Collegia Artificum*) to the number of 131, at the head of which were the Colleges of Architects or Constructors, otherwise Builders (*Collegia Fabrorum*). The latter were designated under the name of (*Fraternitates*). These colleges were, at their organization, as well religious societies as fraternities of artisans, and their connection with the State and priesthood were by their laws determined with great precision. They had their own worship and their own organization, based upon that of the Dyonisian priests and architects, of whom many were to be found anterior to this period in Syria, in Egypt, in Persia, and in India; and the degree of sublimity to which they had carried their art is revealed to us by the ruins which yet exist of the monuments which they there erected. Beside the exclusive privilege of constructing the temples and public monuments, they had a judiciary of their own, and were made free of all contributions to the city and state. The members of these colleges, usually, after the labours of the day, convened in their respective lodges—wooden houses, temporarily erected near the edifice in course of construction—where they determined the distribution and execution upon the work in progress, the decisions being made by a majority of votes. Here, also, were initiated the new members into the secrets and particular mysteries of their art; there were no books in those days upon this noble society, hence every candidate receieved a verbal communication, which made the ceremony more impressive. These initiates were divided into three classes —apprentices, companions or fellow-workmen, and masters; and they engaged themselves by oath to afford each other succour and assistance. The presidents of the college were elected for five years, were named masters or teachers (*magistri*). Their labours in their lodges were always preceded with religious ceremonies, and as the membership were composed of men of all countries, and, consequently, of varied beliefs, the Supreme Being necessarily had to be represented in a lodge under a title, and therefore was styled, "The Grand Architect of the Universe"—the universe being considered the most sublime and perfect work of a master builder.

As far as we can discover, in the beginning the initiations into these corporations appear to have been confined to but two degrees, and the ritual of these degrees limited to, 1st, some religious ceremonies: 2nd, imparting to the initiate a knowledge and obligations imposed upon him; 3rd, to explain certain symbols, the signs of recognition, and the inviolability of the oath; the workman or fellow-craft being, in addition, carefully instructed in the use of the level and the square, the mallet and chisel. To become a Master the elected had to submit to proofs such as were exacted at the initiation of the priest architects of Egypt, and in which he underwent a most searching examination of his knowledge of art and moral principles. By the protection that these Colleges of Builders accorded to the institutions and worships of other countries, there were developed among them doctrines and rules of

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conduct very much in advance of their age, and which they clothed in symbols and emblems, which we think were charged with a double signification; and, like the Dyonisian priest architects, they had words and signs of recognition. These Colleges of Artisans, and principally those who professed excellence in ability to execute, civil and religious, naval and hydraulic architecture, at first extended from Rome into Venice and Lombardy, afterwards into France, Belgium, Switzerland, and later, into Spain, Arabia, and the East; and a great number of these colleges, which at this time were known by the name of "fraternities," followed the Roman legions. Their business was to trace the plans of all military constructions, such as intrenched camps, stratagetic routes, bridges, aqueducts, arches of triumph, and the like. They also directed the labourers and soldiers in the material execution of their works—composed of artisans, educated and studious men, as that age afforded. Those corporations must have extended the knowledge of Roman manners and a taste for the art of that country wherever the Roman arms were victorious. And as in this way they contributed more largely to the victories of peace than those of war, they carried to the vanquished and the oppressed the pacific element of the Roman power, the arts, and civil law. These colleges existed in all their vigour almost to the fall of the Roman Empire. The irruption of people called barbarians dispered and reduced their number, and they continued to decline while those ignorant and ferocious men continued to worship their rude gods; but when they were converted to Christianity, the corporation flourished anew.

We here see that the Colleges of Builders instructed their candidates, and saw that they became thoroughly conversant with their duties, and what we desire to call particularly to the notice of the fraternity is that total want of intelligent Masonic instruction—the labours of the lodge have been confined altogether to the ceremonies of initiation, the regular lectures, and the administration of their affairs. We think it is to this circumstance principally that it is necessary to attribute the indifference so generally manifested for Freemasonry among the rich and the poor; for we must admit that the greater portion of the intellectual initiates, finding nothing in the society, such as they expected to attract their attention, after attending a few meetings fall off, in the belief that Freemasonry has no moral signification to justify the consideration they had been induced to accord it.

These observations are painful to Freemasons convinced of the high object and deep signification of Freemasonry, and who believe it destined to become one day the religion of all nations. By all, however, by whom Masonry is estimated, Masonic instruction is looked upon as a sacred duty to those who are received into its bosom, and that instruction should be extended not only to all that concerns its history, its object, and the doctrines of the institution, but to all that is interesting to the friend of humanity and the lover of his race. Masonry never was an order, it was a fraternity; and its transformation, from a corporation of artisans to a philosophical institution did not change its character, is proven in the most incontestible manner by its own constitution, which, adopted in 1717, and published by the Grand Lodge of England in 1723, is entitled, "Constitution of the Ancient and Respectable *Fraternity* of Freemasons.

PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

BY AMATEUR.

I KNOW of no more harmless and gregarious amusement than private theatricals. I say so boldly and distinctly. We have got rid, let us hope for ever, of that Puritan intolerance and injustice which saw nothing but Prevailing evil in the theatre and all its associations and surroundings. To some good folk of earlier days the "theatre" seemed to be a representation of the "bottomless pit," and actors and actresses as "incarnations" of an evil spirit, and the idea of going to a theatre a hurtful and unfitting one for the religious and God-fearing.

Happily, as I said just now, such unsound and untenable theories are passing away, and it is now, to a great extent, recognized, as it will one day, I hope, be universally admitted, that the theatre is and may be a good school for morality, propriety, and truth; and that actors and actresses are and may be just as religious, sincerely God-serving people as the gravest professors, or the most matured believers. I know several who adorn society and set a good example to all around, and whom I know, moreover, to be as penetrated with a sense of religion as any who may be seen at religious meetings, or are termed the "pillars" of religious denominations. Indeed, to me it almost seems an insult to serious and educated men and women like those who now occupy the stage, or add to the "harmless gaiety of nations," to doubt their capacity and right to be esteemed on a level with any other class of society. Too long have they all suffered from vulgar prejudice and perverse fanaticism in this respect, but I hope that the "tide is turning," and that we shall all gradually learn the duty of being tolerant, and reasonable, and just in regard of those who have every claim to our regard and admiration. Of course, as always happens in this world, there are "actors and actresses and actors and actresses," and "plays and plays," and "theatres and theatres;" but unless we are to be "anchorites" or "nuns," or to "go out of the world" and hide ourselves from the noisy seething crowd, not from "love of virtue, but from fear of vice," we must learn to meet the trials and temptations of the world in which we live, and if we only believe that the theatre has no trial for us (for the most part) except what we make for ourselves, we shall cease to join in the denunciations of the Rev. Transparent O'Howl, or believe in the tirades of the eloquent and erudite Mr. Theodosius Bung.

When a great number of young people are got together, a very "good thing" is often to be found in "private theatricals," not only for legitimate and improving amusement, but as a very pleasant opportunity of bringing people together. Whether it be what may be called "juxtaposition," or "mutual sympathy," or a "concatenation of atoms," or "undesigned coincidences" of thought and taste and temper which such close proximity and continuous intimacy develope and display, I know not; but private theatricals have been found very useful for "flirtations" and for "matches," for "lovers' vows," for "long engagements," and for "happy unions."

Carry, who looks so charmingly in her everyday dress, or her ball costume, that short, well-made, clean-limbed, sunny young woman, is simply irresistible in her powdered hair, two or three patches on her face, and a charmingly looped-up dress of George I., and so Walter finds her, whether for his good or evil deponent doth not venture a hint, though, from what he knows

of her, he is inclined to look on Walter as a very fortunate young man indeed. And Charles, who is so nervous that in general company he can hardly say two words, who is the shyest and most bashful of mortals, finds that with Sophie's help he learns his part very fast indeed, and is at last, when he comes on with her, so emboldened by her instructions and so animated by her presence, that he fairly brings down the house, astonishing himself and entertaining his friends, who all declare they "never thought there was so much in him."

And thus runs our little world away, until fair soubrettes and gushing "primas," gay cavaliers, and disguised Princes, even the ruffians of the piece find their "Kismet" mutually, and often recall in after hours (at least some of them do) those pleasant scenes and those pretty little episodes which threw them together, and made them animated and amatory mortals henceforth in all that concerns this sublunary sphere. At least this ought to be the effect of their often rash proceedings and genial vagaries; that it is not so always, is only part of that cross fate which often attends the fairest promises, the best beginnings, the pleasantest prospects here.

Praed, in some verses which I may fairly commend to the notice of all young married people especially, thus depicts what ought to be the result of matrimony:—

Now the rite is duly done,
  Now the word is spoken;
And the spell has made us one,
  Which may ne'er be broken.
Rest we, dearest, in our home,
  Roam we o'er the heather;
We shall rest and we shall roam,
  Shall we not, together?

From this hour the summer rose
  Sweeter breathes to charm us;
From this hour the winter snows
  Lighter fall to harm us.
Fair or foul—on land or sea,
  Come the wind or weather;
Best and worst, whate'er they be,
  We shall share together.

There is a touching little story about St. Simon. He, as some of my readers know, wrote those "Memoirs" which give us the most wonderful insight into the reigns of Louis XIV. and Louis XV. He was the most caustic and cynical of men, and yet so good a husband that he desired, after his death, that the coffins of himself and his wife, whose virtues he fondly commemorates, might be linked together by clasps of iron!

What a commentary, I fear, are the last two illustrations on what we call married life to-day. As some of our young men would say, "the writer's standing on his head." But I hope my readers have had the "gumption" to discover why I have alluded to "private theatricals." Not only may they introduce much pleasantness and friendship into our festive gatherings, but when a large family is assembled, they serve to add intellectual amusement into what might otherwise degenerate into tedious and humdrum formalities, without sympathy, taste, heartiness, or animation! And if our young people, when thus brought together for acting, when thus paired, when thus thrown into agreeable proximity, should think it would not be amiss if such interest and such associations were made a little more interesting still, what then? Young people are meant and are right to marry, especially if theirs be a "marriage of affection," if with congenial tastes and mutual understanding, a readiness to make allowances for each other, they gallantly resolve to go out into the world, for "richer for poorer," in "sickness and in health," for "better for worse," until "death do them part."

Surely I have found, most kind and captious reader, some use and good in private theatricals, and if anything I have ventured to suggest, however feebly, may increase the geniality of a family gathering, or please the readers of the *Masonic Magazine*, I shall not have penned this light and little effusion altogether in vain. It cannot do any harm; I flatter myself it may raise a kindly smile, and then I shall be more than satisfied. One little word more, and I have done. Mr. Gale, in his charming little book about Winchester School, tells us of a company which once assembled, but separated never to meet again, and which, strange to say, he still preferred, though he had seen Charles Kean and Macready, Buckstone and Matthews, Helen Faucit and Mrs. Nisbett.

In "College Theatricals"—one of "Blackwood's" stories—some of us may also remember how that company which played "She Stoops to Conquer" with such effect was broken up, and how the changes and chances of life made them play very different parts henceforth indeed. I, too, can recall a little company which once essayed in days of yore and under peculiar circumstances to enact "Box and Cox." They, too, have never met again! And as the "epilogue" made some smile then, it may amuse others to-day; and so I conclude my dislocated and desultory paper.



At last the curtain falls, the play is o'er,
And Box and Cox can patronize no more.
No longer Bouncer with seducing smile,
And woman's art can *two* poor men beguile;
But as all earthly shadows pass away,
So now have sped the players and the play.

You who have come to-night with kind intent,
You who have grace and beauty to our gathering lent,
You, who nor coldly critical nor austerely wise,
Have not disdained "our house to patronize."
To you we tender, if but ill express't,
The grateful thoughts of each poor player's breast.

If life is short, if joys are doomed to fade,
If all our art has planned or hands have made
Is frail and perishing, still how dark and drear
Are the cold sceptic's doubt, the cynic's sneer.
Better for us that life should cease to be,
Than be of senseless dust a drear epitome!

Forbid the thought! When friendship soft and kind
Affects the sympathies and cheers the mind;
When gentler thoughts unceasingly engage
Youth's fervour, manhood's hope, and dim old age;
How blest is life, how full of soft delight,
Radiant with hope and trust, all fair and bright!

And so we bid all welcome to our play,
The old, the young, the gravest and the gay.
All hail, kind friends and patrons—in glad aclaim
We greet each friendly face, each honour'd name.
And as we part to-night, in friendship's pain,
Let's hope to meet one day in kindliness again!

Like many other human wishes, that aspiration has not been granted, but the memory remains for me, as it ever does, and perhaps for one or two "sojourners" on earth, of parted friends and pleasant hours.

WINTRY ASPECTS.

BY VOYAGEUR.

NATURE is grand and charming in all its aspects and all its developments. Whether it be on the stormy ocean or the heathery moor; whether amid the "everlasting hills" or by the stillness of the placid lake; whether it be when we contemplate the war of the elements or bask in sunshiny idleness, Nature always asserts its claim to be the friend and instructress of man. In the freshness of spring, the pleasantness of summer, the repose of autumn, Nature, ever varying, is, nevertheless, ever the same in its marvels, its grandeur, its grace, and its beauty. It has been my lot to spend the opening days of 1881 in a far northern county, and amid the severest diplays of "wintry aspects." The hills have been covered with snow, the lake has been frozen over, the snow which has fallen heavily has bent down the waving trees, and all around bears witness of the advent and reign of "King Winter," irresistible in his widespread dominions.

And yet in this prevailing and dominant régime of the hoary monarch, Nature seems to reassert its claim to our fervent admiration and reverential regard. How strange and sudden is the "metamorphosis." Everything around points to isolation and desolation. All seems hushed and silent over the snow-covered ground, and nothing is heard but the distant echo of the labours, the voices, the haunts of men. But, notwithstanding the universal prevalence of a sea and waste of white, blending all things and objects in happy indistinctness or monotonous uniformity, there is always something weird and wonderful in Nature's "wintry aspects," which affects deeply all the true admirers and students of Nature. It has been my privilege to see some of the fairest and most celebrated "spots" on earth, and to have the happy opportunity of noting what is noteworthy and admiring what is admirable.

I have crossed, for instance, the Atlantic in a gale of wind, and beheld with uncomfortable feelings its "mountains of waves;" I have strayed by the shores of the classic and blue Mediterranean; I have admired the Swiss and the Savoy hills; I have seen the sparkling beauty of the Tagus, the white walls of Cadiz, the wonderous beauty of Gibraltar Bay, the quaint houses of Tangiers, and the gleaming groves of Tetuan. But I hardly know of any scene of greater loveliness than where I have lately sojourned, amid the lake country of Cumberland, equally graceful and affecting in the full radiance of summer skies and the mellowed and golden tints of autumn. And now its "wintry aspects" seem equally to move my admiration, excite my wonder, and impress my sympathy. If all be stillness and repose, no noise of crowds or man's busy life, if Nature is for the time supreme in its solitude and its sternness, it is yet sublime. I look up to those stately hills, and they seem more clear and vivid in "contour" and reality when clothed in the garb of winter's livery. I gaze upon the white surface of the lake, one far, vast level of snow, and if all be the calmness and quiescence, it is also the realization of stateliness and grace. "When the moonlight is streaming," not now over the "rippling sea," as we once used to sing so cheerily of old, but over one great "steppe" of silvery whiteness. The surrounding trees and hills, and even the leaden sky, appear to lend a special enchantment to the scene as the eye travels over the well-known sea of snow, and grasps in its vision nothing but one level wilderness, illuminated by the sun's feeble rays by day, or when night comes on, by the moon's cold, calm, glistening light, bringing into minute reality

and wondrous distinctness every point, every bay, every hill, and even every tree; and then all is still, all is tranquil, all is hushed, and as some one has said, all is "silent as the grave." Far from the haunts of men, removed from the dwellers upon earth, we begin to realize what it is to live in solitude amid the woods or by the "waters," and we learn to feel how refreshing it is for us all, and how good to enjoy for a little this happy exchange from the ceaseless uproar of a great city, and what we are pleased to term "civilization," to find ourselves amid the calm and soothing repose of the countryside, the attractive isolation of trees, the rippling of the lake, the music of the rills, and the unchanging quiescence and beauty of those wondrous hills. "God made the country, man made the town," is as true as ever. Amid the peaceful loveliness of nature all the artificial creations of civilized life fade away into nothingness; face to face with her charms and her truths, we are compelled reverentially to trace and lovingly to admire that Supreme Wisdom and Goodness which are patent to the thoughtful mind alike in its ceaseless march, its mightiest marvels, and its most beautiful appearances. As to-day, I look upon the hills gleaming with the white snow, it seems to me as if everything blends into one harmonious whole, alike magnificent and affecting. I learn the great and wholesome truth, for us all alike, that Nature has countless lessons for its patient students and its loving disciples, and that even in its "wintry aspects" there is still much to interest and to move those whose eyes are not blind to all those realistic charms which Nature, ever kind, has in all its moods and vagaries, its hourly outcome, its ceaseless developments for us poor children of the dust. In the regular flow of needful seasons, amid spring blossoms, summer flowers, autumn foliage, and wintry aspects, Nature is ever the same before us, great, beneficent, admirable, and marvellous. Happy it is for us if we imbibe a taste for Nature's scenes, if we love its ways, if we learn its law, and seek to turn with reverential sympathy the pages of its ever open book. When we are worn and jaded with mental labours, or bodily ailments, when we find civilization itself too much for us, with its normal habits or abnormal excrescences, how good and pleasant it is for us to renovate our moral tastes, to strengthen our moral vision, to reanimate our moral life with a glimpse of the more refreshing scenes and simpler habitudes of nature, a country life, and all those quiet studies and associations and aspirations which shed such peacefulness on many a humble lot, and lift the philosopher and the sage to-day above the passing troubles and petty variances of humanity.

Nature in winter has still a useful lesson for us all, and which, lost in the din and warfare of great cities, their "moiling" and their toiling, may yet be learnt by those who dwell amid lake and fell, and heath and hill, amid graceful flowers and stately trees, since to them Nature is ever friendly, ever welcome, ever charming, ever striking, whether in the blaze of the summer sun or in the full force of wintry aspects.

ON A DROP OF WATER.

CO-EXISTENT with all matter from the beginning, cycles of time untold ere this glorious and wondrous earth came forth from the bosom of God, its eternal Lord and Maker, while darkest chaos universal spread its unpenetrable mantle the wide world around, the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.

Ere this drop of water passes us by, and is again dissipated in this most glorious noontide ray, can we cast our minds back and reflect its wondrous and eventful history, if only from the bounds of human recollection. Far in the darkest mist of bygone ages, did it not then pass through its never-ending cycle of birth, death, and resurrection, hourly distilling into dew; daily pursuing its course to the mighty and unfathomable ocean; and ever and continually arising and ascending into heaven, an emblem of that purity that can only enter there? returning, ever and anon, like sweetest ministering spirits of charity, to its constant and universal work of beneficence and blessedness.

Far from the most sacred river of hallowed story, brought to fitly symbolize the sinless innocence and purity of babyhood, 'tis shed in a sacred shower upon the darling infant face, when dedicated solemnly to God and all good.

Ever recognising the power, and obeying the influences of its diurnal master the all-potent Sun, in whose all glorious presence it arises in enchanting forms in cloud and mountain mist, only to descend again at his decline. O, so may we be reminded of that more glorious Sun of Righteousness, in whose all-embracing presence we continually abide! thereby recognising and consecrating the universe as a temple; and "life one whole act of adoration." Realising this in all our surroundings and experiences of life, to what an hallowed and peaceful attitude of mind do we attain, till, finally, our spirits, like the pure white and fleecy clouds, arise at the final call of their Maker and beam in happiness and glorified perfection of bliss in His most holy presence. To the just and upright man death has no terrors equal to the stain of falsehood and deceit; and, as he purges from his mind the dross of evil and unworthy thoughts that, from the grossness of our nature, will too often obtrude themselves, so, fountain-like, up-wells within his soul high aspirations to that—erewhile deemed unattainable—a life in harmony with nature; a heart responsive to her thousand utterances; a devout soul communing in peace with nature's God.

But let us pause in our moralizing, and, while this gem of nature, this pure drop of water, still trembling on the bosom of this lovely flower on which it is for the passing moment our captive, speaks as from the eloquence of a beaming eye, which it might fitly symbolize from its sparkling brilliancy, revealing to our hearts some brief reminiscences of its ever transient existence.

As a drop in the mighty ocean, in the ever restless and moving sea, is it not aptly emblematic of our individual existence, tossed to and fro upon the ever-surging wave of life; surrounded by its dangers and difficulties, its cravings and strivings, its ups and downs in circumstances alike of merriment and woe?

From the brief bright radiant birth-morning of life, to the mild misty and peaceful evening of human existence, of what scenes of direst and cruel bloodshed and strife; of hallowed and sacred sorrow; of hope, love, joy, and purest merriment and happiness, does this pure dew-drop tell!

As a drop in the bucket borne day by day and week by week to and from the well, ever and anon wearying of such a dull, stale, and unprofitable existence, yet never despairing of deliverance at some favourable and happy occasion from the dull round of its restricted edyings, and, from the monotonous thraldom of its captivity in its mossy retreat, does it not typify, and speak to us of our spirit entrammelled, encompassed, and controlled by overpowering influences for good or evil; of the sin which doth so easily beset us; of that career or line of life and conduct against which our spirit strives and longs to free us, though, alas! all too impotent against the manifold external influences of our circumstances, surroundings, and conditions, which, like the all-absorbing flesh, doth "too grossly close us in," tempting us too often to the error of complaining against our fate, and crying out against our lot, from our blindness in not recognising in all our ways of life the finger of

God directing us. Then let us ever remember that our life is in His hand that wherever we are and whatever we do, His all-seeing eye beholds us; and, while we continue our adherence to the principles of virtue, morality, and true godliness in zeal and fervency, we shall be blessed with a lively consciousness that our allegiance is true, and our souls are lightened from whatever their burdens, with the comforting and blessed assurances of approval from a *self-convincing conscience.*

Let this fast-diminishing drop of water remind us of the evanescent nature of human existence, and admonish us of the instability and uncertainty of life and of all things mundane; for, as it so rapidly is vanishing from our enraptured gaze, so through each moment of time are well-loved souls vanishing from the sight of tear-bedimned eyes to that bourne whence no traveller returns; passing within the veil to appear in presence of the all-glorious Shekina in that holy of holies beyond all human ken.

'Tis the Eureka the eye of human reason cannot penetrate, or the eye of the human mind attempt to conceive or imagine. There, through a life consecrated from the first dawn of its existence and hallowed by acts of virtue and beneficence, and constant though humble endeavours towards the attainment of the prize of that "high calling," and having dedicated the "earthly house of this our tabernacle" a living temple to the glory of the Most High, there may, we hope, "when all life's lessons have been learnt, and sun and stars for evermore have set," on closing our eyes for ever to this world, and our spirit wings its way to those immortal mansions whence all goodness emanates; there may our name be found engraved upon the pure white stone. And, when further admitted into that holy of holies of the after life, the way towards which our feet are all tending, may we find acceptance with Him in whom there is no variableness or shadow of turning.

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What voluminous, startling, and romantic life episodes and adventures might be recounted from the memories of this simple drop of water!

But where is it? It has, alas! entirely vanished, and with it has vanished also the shadowy host of its fancies, with all the beautiful imagery it might have called forth. IN ACTE VIRTUTE.

Fiji Islands, October 25, 1880.

A BLIND ROAD-MAKER.

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

AMONGST celebrated characters the name of John Metcalf, commonly called "Blind Jack of Knaresborough," is well known. He was born on the 15th August, 1717, at the delightfully situated and historically noted town of Knaresborough, Yorkshire. At the early age of six years he lost his sight by small-pox, and six months after his recovery he was able to go from his house to the end of the street and return without the aid of company. At about the age of nine years he joined other boys in their bird-nesting exploits, he seeking nests and climbing trees to share the plunder. When he had reached thirteen summers he was taught music, and soon became a proficient performer; he also learned to ride, swim, and was passionately fond of field

sports. At the age of manhood it is said his mind possessed a self-dependence rarely enjoyed by those who have the perfect use of their faculties; his body was well-proportioned to his mind, for when twenty-one years of age he was six feet one and a-half inches in height, strong, and robust in proportion.

We may mention that one day Metcalf being wishful to obtain a little fish, he without aid drew a net measuring eighty yards in length in the deepest part of the River Wharfe for three hours together. At one time he held the lines in his mouth, being obliged to swim.

Respecting the River Wharfe, an old Yorkshire couplet tells us that the

> Wharfe is clear, and the Aire lithe,
> Where the Aire drowns one, Wharfe drowns five.

At the age of twenty-five, he was engaged as a musician at Harrogate. About this time he was frequently employed during the dark nights as a guide over the moors and wilds, then abundant in the neighbourhood of Knaresborough. He was a lover of horse-racing, and often rode his own steeds at the races. His horses he so trained that when he called them by their respective names they came to him, so he was able to find his own amongst any number, and without trouble. Particulars of the marriage of this individual read like a romance. A Miss Benson, daughter of an innkeeper, reciprocated the affections of our hero; however, the suitor did not please the parents of the "fair lady," and they selected a Mr. Dickinson as her future husband. Metcalf hearing that the object of his affection was to be married the next day to a young man selected by her father, he hastened to free her, and induced the damsel to elope with him. Next day they were made man and wife, to the great surprise of all who knew them, and to the disappointment of the intended son-in-law. To all it was a matter of wonder how a handsome woman as any in the country, the pride of the place, could link her future with "Blind Jack," and reject many good offers for him. The bride set the matter at rest by saying: "His actions are so singular, and his spirit so manly and enterprising that I could not help liking him."

At Harrogate he continued to give his musical performances in the season; he at this place of public accommodation set up a four-wheeled chaise, and a one-horse chair; it is worthy of note, he was the first to establish these for visitors. For two seasons he kept chaises, but the innkeepers commencing to run vehicles he gave them up, as he also did racing and hunting. He next bought horses and went to the coast for fish, which he took to Leeds and Manchester. We are told he was so indefatigable that he would frequently walk for two nights and a day with little or no rest; for as a family was coming on, he was as eager for business as he had been for diversion, still keeping up his spirits, as the Giver of Goodness blessed him with good health.

Next we find when the rebellion of 1745 broke out in Scotland, "Blind Jack" joined a regiment of volunteers, raised by Colonel Thomas Thornton, a patriotic gentleman, for the defence of the house of Hanover, shared with them all the dangers of the campaign, defeated at Falkirk, victorious at Culloden. It is said Jack afterwards carried on a small contraband trade between the ports on the east coast and the interior, as well as in galloways for Scotland, in which he met with many strange adventures. He was the first to set up (in 1754) a stage wagon between York and Knaresborough; this he conducted himself twice a week in summer and once in winter. This employment he continued until he commenced to contract for making roads. His first contract was making three miles of road between Miniskip and Ferronsby. After this he made hundreds of miles of road in Yorkshire, Lancashire, Cheshire, and Derbyshire; bridges and houses he also erected. He was a dealer in timber and hay, which he measured and calculated the solid contents by a peculiar method of his own. The hay he always measured with his arms,

and having learnt the height, he could soon tell the number of square yards in any stack. When he went out he always carried with him a stout staff, some inches taller than himself, which was of great service both in his travels and measurements.

In the "Memoirs of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester," vol. i., Metcalf is referred to as follows—"His present occupation is that of a projector and surveyor of highways in difficult and mountainous parts. With the assistance only of a long staff, I have several times met the man traversing the roads, ascending precipices, exploring valleys, and investigating their several extents, forms, and situations, so as to answer his designs in the best manner. The plans which he designs, and the estimates which he makes, are done in a method peculiar to himself, and which he cannot well convey the meaning of to others. His abilities in this respect are nevertheless so great, that he finds constant employment. Most of the roads over the Peak in Derbyshire have been altered by his directions, particulary those in the vicinity of Buxton; and he is at this time constructing a new one between Wilmslow and Congleton, with a view to open a communication with the great London-road without being obliged to pass over the mountains."

In 1792 he left Lancashire and settled at Spofforth, a pleasant rural village, not far distant from the town of his nativity. With a daughter he resided on a small farm until he died. At the cost of Lord Dundas, a headstone was placed to his memory in Spofforth churchyard. It bears the following interesting inscription giving a summary of his life and character :—

Here lies John Metcalf, one whose infant sight
Felt the dark pressure of an endless night;
Yet such the fervour of his dauntless mind,
His limbs full strung, his spirits unconfined,
That, long ere yet life's bolder years began,
The sightless efforts marked th' aspiring man;
Nor marked in vain—high deeds his manhood dared,
And commerce, travel, both his ardour shared,
'Twas his guide's unerring aid to lend—
O'er trackless wastes to bid new roads extend;
And, when rebellion reared her giant size,
'Twas his to burn with patriotic enterprise;
For parting wife and babes, a pang to feel,
Then welcome danger for his country's weal.
Reader, like him, exert thy utmost talent given!
Reader, like him, adore the bounteous hand of Heaven!
He died on the 26th of April, 1801, in the 93rd year of his age.

We may add his wife died in the summer of 1778, after thirty-nine years of conjugal felicity, in the sixty-first year of her age, and was interred at Stockport.

At the time of his decease, his descendants were four children, twenty grand-children, and ninety great and great-great grand-children.

ARCHAIC GREEK ART.

THE new Professor of Archæology at University College, London, Mr. C. T. Newton, C.B., D.C.L., M.A., Keeper of the Greek and Roman antiquities in the British Museum, wound up his inaugural course of lectures on "Archaic Greek Art" with any extra one on "The Later Period of Archaic Greek Sculpture," a short time ago. The lecture-room was crowded with

students and visitors. The five previous lectures treated of the earlier stages of Greek art from its rude beginnings at Mycenæ to the period when great advances had been made in the casting of bronze, when marble had come into more general use as the material of sculpture, and when we first found Greek inscriptions on works of art. In these five lectures Greek art was traced to as late as about B.C. 520. The later archaic period might be conceived as extending over about the half-century from B.C. 520 to about B.C. 470, soon after which date Phidias flourished. This period of fifty years was pregnant with great historical revolutions, the ultimate results of which were to establish the pre-eminence of Helenic civilization and secure the national independence. Within this period fell the expulsion of the Pisistratidæ from Athens, the defeat of the Carthaginians by Gelon, and his rule and that of his brother Hiero at Syracuse; the revolt of the Ionians from Persia, and their final submission after the fall of Miletus; the successive victories of the Greeks over the Persians at Marathon, Salamis, Platæ. In the same age tragedy, under Phrynichus and Æschylus, was developed at Athens, Pindar flourished, and Herodotus was born. The progress of art during the same period was commensurate with these great changes. One principal cause of this was the growing importance of the great Agonistic festivals, especially of that of Olympia. It became the custom for victorious athletes or winners of the chariot-race or horse-race to dedicate statues and groups in commemoration of their victory either at Olympia or in their native cities. Bronze was the principal material used, and thus the artists gradually learnt how to represent groups in violent action, while their observation of nature was sharpened by the study of living forms. Ageladas, an Argive sculptor, who was the teacher of Phidias, made several of these groups. Onatus, of Ægina, was another celebrated sculptor of this period. He made at Olympia a group representing the Greek heroes casting lots who should fight with Hector, and other groups and statues at Olympia. Three artists of this period—Canachus, Callon, Calamis—are associated in two well-known passages of Cicero and Quintillian, from which we gather that in the judgment of Roman critics Canachus and Callon were harder in style than Calamis, and less true to nature. The most notable work from the Attic school in this period was the group of Harmodius and Aristogiton, by Critius and Nesiotes, of which we may form some notion from a group in marble extant at Naples, from an Athenian coin, and from a vase. Calamis, who was an Athenian artist, excelled in the representation of horses, and commemorated the Olympic victories of Hiero by bronze groups at Olympia. Pythagoras of Rhegium was another sculptor who made statues of Olympic victors, and who is distinguished as having made considerable advance towards the more correct rendering of nature, especially in the representation of the surface of the body with its veins and muscles. The temples built in this period further promoted the progress of sculpture by the decorations they required in the metopes and pediments. Thus artists were exercised in the composition of complicated groups of figures in the round. The lecturer then described the various drawings which were exhibited: Two metopes from temples at Selinus, in Sicily (the earlier might date from as early as B.C. 600, the other probably as late as B.C. 470); one side of the frieze of the Harpy tomb; casts of two Sphinxes from Xanthus; a bronze representing the Apollo of Miletus; the western pediment of the temple of Athene at Ægina; a coin of Syracuse of the time of Gelon I.; a terra-cotta figure from Camirus, in Rhodes; the warrior on an Athenian steed, by Aristocles; a seated figure of Athene, from Athens.

ENDYMION.

NO book for some time has made so much sensation as "Endymion" in the literary world. Its advent was anxiously expected, its appearance eagerly hailed, its issue hastily bought up. We say nothing here of fabulous numbers or legendary payments, nor do we recur to the fact that a publisher has stated in the *Times* that had the work been published at two shillings and sixpence a volume, some five hundred thousand might have easily been disposed of. In America it has been issued, in defiance of all sympathy of copyright, in a cheap form, at seven cents a copy, and has been sold by thousands. It is now being translated into the French, Russian, German, and Italian languages.

Of course various criticisms have appeared in respect of "Endymion," all more or less coloured, we venture to think, by personal prepossessions, or party considerations. To some it is the embodiment of all that is gay and glittering, pleasant and pointed, wise and witty, serene and sentimental; in literary excellence, its point and attic salt are undeniable, its word painting are unequalled, its whole effect unsurpassable. To others it has "not much in it;" it is "too diffusive and too discursive," "it fails to seize the true teaching of humanitarian progress," or "to develope the real problem of worldly struggles"—it is "personal," "unreal," "political," and "forced," and "very far inferior to 'Lothair.'"

Words like these and many more may be read in countless papers and reviews, and as they seem to us to err, according to the German canon of fair criticism, we venture to treat the subject tolerantly and critically, calmly if shortly, in these unbiassed pages. With the "perversities of politicians" or the "quandaries of statesmen," we have, as "Freemasons," nothing whatever, and most properly, to do; but we have a right to look at a book like "Endymion" critically and carefully, without preconceived opinions, without any hidden bias, and to express our opinion openly and freely in a magazine where truth and impartiality ought always to be present, to preside over the lucubrations of contributors, to criticise the expositions of the best and clearest of "Didaskaloi."

We think that but scant justice has been rendered to "Endymion." It may or may not be the sequel of those wondrous works which, beginning with "Vivian Grey," were continued in "Coningsby," "Sybil," and "Tancred," were reproduced in "Lothair," and are now, some say, crowned in "Endymion." On that point we ourselves do not seem to feel so sure as some knowing and confident critics.

The pen which has produced so many quaint contrasts and amusing conceits, the mind which has drawn pictures of fellow mortals not equalled in some respects by delicacy of touch, clearness of conception, and vividness of reality, seem neither weakened nor wearied.

In some respects "Endymion" is superior to "Lothair," and what some hold to be a fault in "Endymion" are not faults and blemishes to us, because we have read and were satisfied with "Lothair." Probably few ever expected to read again the telling sentences of that gifted writer, especially in the form which "Lothair" took of contemporary "miniaturism," and pre-raphaelite effects, and therefore to-day a chorus goes up—and of a good many, too, who, we strongly suspect, have not read "Endymion"—"much inferior to "Lothair." Well, but is it? We venture to think not, and we will go on to say why.

"Endymion" does not pretend to deal with the "airy nothings," the

happy gracefulness of "Lothair." It is far more serious in tone and chiaro-oscuro. It handles serious subjects, that is to say, subjects serious to the writer (in this all his works show him to be consistent), and he treats them accordingly. The only fault we see in the book, is that it is a little too given to "disquisitions" here and there; that there is a tendency to enlarge on a favourite topic, or dilate upon a cherished idea. But yet, on the other hand, how very remarkable a book it is. How subtle, and yet how striking, is the character of Lady Montfort; how admirably conceived, how calmly and gracefully developed. We almost seem to hear her ringing words, to greet her pleasant presence, to admire her winning smiles. Imogen is a charming portrait, and so are Adriana and Myra. Zenobia some of us almost think we knew and spoke to in glad hours of old, and those days, alas, "that are no more;" while, on the other hand, how very remarkable are the portraitures on portraitures of Sidney Wilton, Lord Montfort, Lord Roehampton, Mr. Ferrars, Mr. Neufchatel, St. Barbe, "anu multis aliis."

A question comes in here, how far these wondrous representations are "personal." We apprehend that they are compound creations, and with a skill which is almost marvellous, and with a fidelity which is unequalled, the writer has invested distinct idealities and personalities in one and the same person, so rendering the likeness all but impossible to trace, the reality all but hopeless to master, because, while the lineaments are there, or the idiosyncracies, or the similitude itself is apparent, if the "hands are Jacob's hands" the "voice is the voice of Esau."

As an illustration of what we mean, the history of the Neufchatel family is really the history of the Thelluson family, though it has been said to represent the Rothschilds, and both may be represented, or one, or neither. Indeed, though we may ourselves fancy we trace a likeness here and there, on the whole we incline to the view that the writer has deliberately mystified his readers, and that he leaves us in that charming doubt which adds pregnancy to the description, and point to his happy and glittering sentences.

One fallacy seems common just now, which we feel bound to deprecate and protest against. We have seen it frequently said that if it had not been written by Lord Beaconsfield it would not have been read, and that its fame is passing and will not endure. We doubt both propositions, which we think unfair to the writer, and still more so to the book. It is a very wonderful book in itself, in that it has succeeded in investing a dead past within our own recollection with all the reality of life, excitement, and interest with which some of us took part in those scenes, or spoke to those very persons thus admirably pourtrayed. This is contrary to the way of the world, and we can all remember how one of the most gifted writers of the day, Anthony Trollope is even held to have failed (though we always thought unjustly) in Phineas Finn and the Prime Minister, We apprehend, on the contrary, that the book will "live," in that it perhaps represents some of the clearest and most effective representations of normal society which it has ever been our lot to peruse.

And here for us is its great charm. It is real, emphatically real; true to the characters it represents, the life it represents, the hopes, the plans, the longings, the struggles it so buoyantly and genially limns with such a gentle colouring, yet with "cunning craft." As we muse over those candid and animated pages, as we listen, or wonder, or smile, or are sad, we see how true to his vocation, how skilled in his art, the painter is, and we are all but melancholy when the curtain falls, for we have learnt to sympathize with these pleasant shadows, to smile approvingly, to listen contentedly, as one by one they seem to pass before us and bid us adieu; and we admire deeply the painter who has led us on through stirring years with graceful words, of which we never tire, and with a "realism" which is all but wondrous to us in its clearness, its calmness, its happy audacity, and its enduring truth.

WHIST.

IN a Transatlantic journal we find the following excellent rules to observe in playing the game of whist. Old Hoyle's elaborate explanations and directions are condensed within a brief space, and may amuse and please some hardened whist players amongst us.

If you the modern game of whist would know,
From this great principle its precepts flow:
Treat your own hand as to your partner's joined,
And play, not one alone, but both combined.

Your first lead makes your partner understand
What is the chief component of your hand;
And hence there is necessity the strongest
That your first lead be from your suit that's longest.

In this, with ace and king, lead king, then ace;
With king and queen, king also has first place;
With ace, queen, knave, lead ace and then the queen:
With ace, four small ones, ace should first be seen;
With queen, knave, ten, you let the queen precede;
In other cases you the lowest lead.

Ere you return your friend's, your own suit play;
But trumps you must return without delay.
When you return your partner's lead, take pains
To lead him back the best your hand contains,
If you received not more than three at first;
If you had more, you may return the worst.

But, if you hold the master card, you're bound
In most cases to play it second round.

Whene'er you want a lead, 'tis seldom wrong
To lead up to the weak, or through the strong.

If second hand, your lowest should be played,
Unless you mean "trump signal" to be made;
Or, if you've king and queen, or ace and king,
Then one of these will be the proper thing.

Mind well the rules for trumps—you'll often need them;
When you hold five, 'tis always right to lead them;
Or, if the lead won't come in time to you,
Then signal to your partner so to do.

Watch also for your partner's trump request,
To which, with less than four, play out your best.

To lead through honours turned up is bad play,
Unless you want the trump suit cleared away.
When, second hand, a doubtful trick you see,
Don't trump it, if you hold more trumps than three;
But, having three or less, trump fearlessly.

When weak in trumps yourself, don't force your friend;
But always force the adverse strong trump hand.

For sequences, stern custom has decreed
The lowest you must play, if you don't lead.

When you discard, weak suit you ought to choose,
For strong ones are too valuable to loose.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

IN "Under the Grand Old Hills" (London: Weir), Miss Rosa Mackenzie Kettle has succeeded in presenting the most graphic descriptions of West Worcestershire scenery we ever read. These pen-pictures are so true to nature that all who happen to be acquainted with Malvern and its neighbourhood cannot fail to be impressed and charmed, while strangers to the locality must, as a natural sequence, evince a laudable desire to visit the scenes so lovingly depicted. Seated on the summit of the Herefordshire Beacon, one can trace the daily course of the rider on the black horse, who figures so prominently in the story, in all its minutiæ. The meandering lane, beautified with shady nooks, which dips suddenly on its way to the Severn, is plainly discernible, and did it not lack the glitter and glint of water, might itself be taken for a rivulet running to the parent stream. Fane Court and Dower House are perhaps hidden from the gazer's view by the foliage and the curve of the hill; but if he were in the mood to solve a pleasing problem, Deep Dene and Aviemore might be selected from the houses in the distance—an entertaining speculation. "Under the Grand Old Hills" is of course a standard work at Malvern, and seems likely to remain so for a long time to come. Not only is the local *scenario* an attraction to the reader, be he a resident or merely paying a visit to the western water shrine, but the story itself is one of such quiet power as to enchain everyone who peruses the work. It is not our intention to reveal the plot. That would manifestly be unfair to the author. Our readers cannot do better than hear it unfolded in the author's own graceful manner. Suffice it for us to say that it is well conceived and equally well worked out. The characters are no mere sketches, or, like Apelles' portrait of Antigonus, presented in profile only, but are firmly and faithfully drawn and finished. One of the characters introduced suffices to tincture this thoroughly English story with all the golden glamour and effulgence of that deep romanticism incident to Southern climes. The waywardness, the Spanish trickiness, not to say deceit, the foibles and ambition of Cora, are well pourtrayed; and the artistic effect is not broken by making this petulant little beauty settle down to the matter-of-fact manners and habits which obtain in England at the present time.

By the same author is a prettily got up half-crown volume called "Christmas Berries and Summer Roses" (London: Weir), which is published with a view to aid the poor in Ireland and for other charitable objects, the whole of the receipts being devoted thereto. The little book contains some remarkably effective stories and poems, which are written in Miss Kettle's customary excellent style. We doubt not that many of our readers will communicate with the author, and so assist her in the good work she thus modestly inaugurates.

From Messrs. J. A. Brook and Co. comes a volume from the pen of Mr. Henry Solly, the well-known author of "Gonzaga," "Gerald and his Friend the Doctor," etc. It is called "The Shepherd's Dream: A Dramatic Romance," and treats a subject which will be highly interesting to almost all classes of readers. Mr. Solly is gifted with great dramatic power, and his exceedingly effective style might well be emulated by aspirants to public notice as dramatists.

The Burlington (London: Remington and Sons) is the title of a new aspirant to public support in the magazine world." It is edited by Miss Helen B. Mathers, the brilliant author of "Comin' thro' the Rye," etc., who opens the number with

the first instalment of what promises to be a powerful novel, called "The Story of a Sin." Shirley Smith, the popular author of "St. Martin's Summer," etc., gives the opening chapters of a storiette; and other writers, such as Frederick Locker, H. W. Lucy, G. Barnett Smith, Oscar Wilde, etc., make up an excellent number. *The Burlington* will succeed.

An Art Club is about to be established in the town of Hull, with Mr. T. Tindall Wildridge, a local artist of high repute, as its honorary secretary. Its principal objects will be the formation of an Art Gallery, and the encouragement of the study of Art in all its varied branches.

Mr. Edward Walford, M.A., under whose guidance *The Antiquary* has achieved so marked a success, has, we regret to learn, retired from the editorship of that magazine, which will for the future be conducted by two Fellows of the Society of Antiquaries. The January number is well up to the high standpoint of excellence attained in the two completed volumes. We note amongst the announcements of forthcoming contributions an article entitled "Old-Time Terrors of Termagent Women," by Mr. T. B. Trowsdale.

Through Simpkin, Marshall and Co. Mr. J. Platt has just produced a thoughtful volume entitled "Life." Culture, health, recreation, common-sense, thrift, marriage, and religion are amongst the topics treated of; and in most cases the advice given is of a thoroughly sound and practical description.

Mr. William Smith, F.S.A., an accomplished archæologist and historical writer, sends us the prospectus of a work which he will shortly issue in elucidation of the folk-lore, customs, and traditions of Yorkshire. It is to be made up principally from contributions to the antiquarian columns of the *Leeds Mercury*, and will be appropriately dedicated to Sir Edward Baines, D.L., the veteran journalist, who has for so lengthened a period been associated with that paper. A large proportion of the contents will come from Mr. Smith's own pen; and he is able to announce the co-operation of such reputable writers as A. W. Morant, F.S.A.; Frederick Ross, F.R.H.S.; Canon Greenwell; William Andrews, F.R.H.S.; John Holmes, F.S.A.; and a host of other authorities on the old-time associations of the North. The list of subjects to be dealt with is a most attractive one, and Mr. Smith's venture will doubtless meet with hearty appreciation and support. The volume, which will be published by Messrs. Longmans and Co., will be uniform with the editor's elegant work on "The History and Antiquities of Morley."

"Golden Hours" (W. Poole, Paternoster Row) is a commendable sixpenny monthly. The current number contains the commencement of serial stories by W. Gilbert and Mrs. Spender; and articles by Messrs. Martin F. Tupper and T. B. Trowsdale. Illustrations and letter-press are alike excellent.

Shortly there will be published in Nottinghamshire a volume of considerable interest, national as well as local, from the competent pen of Mr. Cornelius Brown, author of "The Annals of Newark." In it will be given concise sketches of the lives of notable natives of Notts.

We note that Mr. William Andrews is contributing a series of interesting sketches of old Caledonian customs to the deserving new northern serial, "The Blue Bells of Scotland."

The same author, in conjunction with Mrs. Andrews, is concurrently furnishing to a number of provincial journals some practical articles entitled "Good Fare: What to Eat and How to Cook it."

From Mr. Elliot Stock we have the first volume of "The Churches of Yorkshire," by W. H. Hatton, F.R.H.S. We have previously directed favourable attention to this important work, which is being issued in monthly parts. We would take the opportunity afforded by the publication of the initial

volume of according to it a further tribute of unqualified praise. In setting about the elucidation of the history of the ecclesiastical edifices of Yorkshire, Mr. Hatton has undertaken a heavy and responsible task; and, so far as he has proceeded, we are bound to say he has succeeded admirably. Volume I. is an elegant quarto of some one hundred and seventy pages, well illustrated, and adorned with a tastefully illuminated title page, and rendered additionally valuable as a standard work of reference by the elaborate index of fourteen pages. This, we gather from the preface, is the work of Mr. T. B. Trowsdale, a gentleman who has furnished the indices to a number of important recently published works.

Society seems to meet with the success it merits, in both the newly inaugurated Saturday edition, issued at a cost of threepence, and the older established Wednesday penny issue. Its *persiflage* is pungent and eminently readable, and, in fact, every feature of the journal shows enterprise and editorial ability. Two short stories from the pen of Horace Weir, a writer better known perhaps by his literary *nom de plume* of "L'Allegro," entitled "Ralph Bradleigh's Wraith" and "Desdemona" respectively, strike us as indicative of considerable power on the part of the author. These tales have been succeeded by a serial novel, which opens with considerable promise. The dramatic notes to be found in the pages of *Society* are clever and discriminating.

OBITUARY.

WE have to deplore the deaths of some very excellent and distinguished brethren during 1880, some of whom deserve most special mention in the *Masonic Magazine*. First on the list in almost every sense comes our lamented Bro. John Hervey, whose services to English Freemasonry were great, whose loss we all lament. We may also fitly record Bro. the Rev. John Huyshe, an old and much loved Mason, eminent for his services to his province and Grand Lodge, and a distinguished member of the Templar body. We can also recall the life and memories of Bros. T. J. Sabine, who died actually on December 29th, 1879; E. Booth, Joseph Stohwasser, Chas. Horsley, Lieut.-Col. Arthur Pickard, Dr. Robert Hamilton, the Marquis of Dalhousie, Edward Cox, E. Snell, F. H. McCalmont, Colonel W. Mure, M.P., Colonel J. W. Peard, J. Whitwell, M.P., and Alderman John March. We have also with deep regret to note the loss of the following worthy members of our Order, many of whose services in Freemasonry in their own quiet spheres of work and duty were very valuable and very true. But, alas! as the world runs on and time fleets with each dying year, the "mourners go about the streets," and many kind faces disappear from our midst, and many warm hearts we miss sadly:—

Bros. David Pullen, December 15th, 1879; James Coward, P.G.O., January 22nd, 1880; W. Clark, P.M. 17, Past S.G.W. Bengal, January 22nd; H. W. Lindus, Senior P.M. and Sec. 1269, Senior P.Z. and S.E. 1269, January 31; F. Hickson, S.W. 581, February 6th; R. Helsdon, P.M. 733, 1549, February 14th; Col. H. P. Le Strange, G. Supt. Norfolk; William Sendell, February 12th; John Batty Lambert, P.M. 298, 580, 613, 1403, P.Z. 580, and P.G.D. E. Lancashire; A. Macgilivray, J.D. 1559; John Wood, P.M. 1073, Past G. Org. Cumberland and Westmoreland; S. W. Dankes, P.M. 162, Past G.S. of W. Kent, March 8th; Chas. Coote, P.M. 205, 1319,

P.Z. 753, Past G.O. Middlesex; W. H. Hall, 1351; C. Geary, P.M. 19; G. Copland, April 3rd; Alderman Bull, of Bedford, April 10th; J. Noke, P.M. 87, April 2nd; E. G. Pottle, M.R.C.S., P.M. 869, Past G.S.B. Herts; W. Ashworth, P.M. 367; James Robertson, P.M., etc.; H. Miskin, P.M. 1449; A. Jessup, Treasurer 913; T. E. Dale, P.M. Duke of Lancaster Lodge, No. 1353; Rev. E. J. Treffery; John Ward, P.G.P. N. and E. Yorks; H. E. Tonks, P.M. 711; Chas. Nash, P.M. 79, P.Z. 907; George Bradford, P.M. 237; Dr. Samuel *Bryant*; *C. J. Cooke, Past Grand Officer of Kent*; *Edward Amphlett*, M.R.C.S., P.M. 1492, 1597, etc.; James Goodwin, P.M. 267; Wm. Grist, S.W. 1637; John Jones, P.M. 216; T. J. Hughes, 216; Joseph Clegg, P.M. 1299; Wm. Smalley, 177; Hugh Rowland Edwards, P.M. 249; T. G. Dallin, P.M. 357, Past G.W. Oxfordshire; J. E. Garside, J.W. 533; and T. D. Berry, P.M. 179.

In the non-Masonic world, the following elaborate list of those who have passed away, and which we mainly take from our contemporary the *Times*, may not be without interest for the readers of the *Masonic Magazine*:

In Royal circles we have to record the deaths of the Empress of Russia, the Queen of Siam, Duke Frederick Christian Augustus of Schleswig-Holstein, Princess Orloff of Russia, the Prince de Ligne, the eldest son of King Theebaw, Princess Charlotte Louise of Schleswig-Holstein, Prince Ulrich of Wurtemberg, and the Maharajah of Jeypore.

The following members of the Peerage died in 1880: The Marquis of Anglesey, the Earls of Bessborough, Crawford and Balcarres, Kilmorey, Kintore, and Roden; Viscounts Mountmorres and Stratford de Redcliffe; Lords Ashtown, Belper, Clifford of Chudleigh, Hampton, Lanerton, Rivers, Sinclair, and Wenlock; and the Baroness Lucas (Dowager Lady Cowper).

The following Baronets have died during the same period: Sir William Bagge, Sir Thomas Bernard Birch, Sir Henry Charles Blake, Sir Thomas Fletcher Fenton Boughey, Sir Theodore H. L. Brinckman, Sir Benjamin Collins Brodie, Sir Robert Burdett, Sir John Charles Burke, Sir Alexander J. E. Cockburn, Sir Alexander Campbell, Sir Dominic Corrigan, Sir Vere Edmond de Vere, Sir Peter Fitzgerald ("the Knight of Kerry"), Sir Thomas Hare, Sir Charles Kennedy, Sir Thomas Kirkpatrick, Sir William Mordaunt Milner, Sir Claude Scott, Sir Thomas Tancred, the Rev. Sir John H. Culme-Seymour, Sir Francis Vincent, and Sir Robert Wilmot-Horton. Of the above baronetcies, those of Birch and Cockburn have become extinct.

Of the various orders of Knighthood the following names have passed away: Sir Redmond Barry, Sir Thomas Bouch, Sir Cecil Beadon, Sir John Bloomfield, the Hon. Sir George Cadogan, the Right Hon. Sir Stephen Cave, the Right Hon. Sir James W. Colville, Sir Thomas F. Elliot, Sir William Erle, Sir John Goss, Sir Fortescue Graham, Sir Robert Gill, Sir Fitzroy Kelly, Sir William Linton, Sir John Low, Sir Francis Lycett, Sir John Macneill, Sir William Martin, Sir William L. Merewether, Sir John Milton, Lord George Augustus F. Paget, K.C.B., Sir Benjamin T. Phillips, Sir Charles Pressley, the Right Hon. Sir George Hamilton Seymour, Sir Maurice Stack, Sir John W. Tarleton, Sir Edward Eyre Williams, Sir James Milne Wilson, Sir John Stewart-Wood, and Sir Charles Yorke.

In the Legal world the losses have been very heavy, including Lord Chief Justice Cockburn, the Right Hon. Sir James W. Colville, Lord Justice Thesiger, Lord Chief Baron Kelly; Sir William Erle, late Justice of the Common Pleas; Sir William Martin, ex-Judge of New Zealand; Lord Ormidale, a Scottish Judge of Session; Mr. Justice Fitzpatrick, a puisne Judge in British Caffraria; Sir Redmond Barry, a puisne Judge in the Supreme Court of Melbourne; Sir Edward Eyre Williams, ex-Judge in Victoria; Mr. Justice Stockenstrom, of Griqualand West; Mr. Serjeant Parry; Mr. Donald Robertson, Deputy-Clerk of Session in the Court of Scotland; Mr. John R. Kenyon, Q.C.; Mr. George Boden, Q.C., Recorder of Derby; Mr.

Acton Tindal, Clerk of the Peace for Bucks; Mr. Aldborough Henniker Q.C.; Mr. John Locke, Q.C.; Mr. Archibald J. Stephens, Q.C.; Mr. James Booth, C.B., some time Secretary to the Board of Trade; Mr. George Clive, formerly Judge of the Southwark County Court; Dr. George Battersby, Q.C.; Mr. Biggs Andrews, Q.C.; Mr. Henry Pownall, many years chairman of the Middlesex Bench of Magistrates; Mr. John Gilmour, late Deputy-Judge of the Liverpool and Birkenhead County Courts; Mr. John C. Stephen, "Deemster" for the Isle of Man; Mr. Charles Trevor, formerly Controller of the Legacy Duty Office; Dr. Joseph Sharpe, formerly Professor of Jurisprudence at University College, London; Dr. William Porter, C.M.G., formerly Attorney-General at the Cape of Good Hope; Mr. James C. Coffey, Q.C.; the Hon. William C. Spring-Rice, Registrar in Bankruptcy; Mr. Reginald R. Walpole, formerly Reader on the Law of Real Property to the Society of Gray's Inn; Mr. William Spooner, Judge of the County Courts for North Staffordshire; Mr. Richard Armstrong, Q.C., Serjeant-at-Law; Dr. John Carr, formerly Chief Justice of Sierra Leone; Mr. George Browne, Q.C., Recorder of Ludlow; Mr Roger Montgomerie, Deputy Lord Clerk Register of Scotland; Mr. William Wilde, formerly Chief Justice of St. Helena; Mr. A. C. Palles, of Dublin; and Dr. Kenealy, ex-Q.C.

Our losses in the two services of the Army and the Navy include Field-Marshal Sir Charles Yorke, General Sir John Bloomfield, General the Hon. Sir G. Cadogan, Colonel Merewether, Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Benjamin T. Phillips, General Sir Fortescue Graham, General Sir John Low, General Sir Maurice Stack, Admiral Tarleton, General Lord George Augustus Paget, K.C.B., Major-General Thomas Raikes, C.B., Lieutenant-General Frederick Amelius Whimper, C.B., Lieutenant-General Rodolph De Salis, C.B., Major-General Alexander Boyd, Lieutenant-General William George Woods, C.S.I., Admiral William P. Johnson, Colonel G. P. Sherrard, General William Munro, C.B., and General Huyshe, C.B., etc.

Among Clerical circles the following are missed: Dr. Power, Master of Pembroke College, Cambridge; Dr. Cotton, Provost of Worcester College, Oxford; the Ven. Robert Wickham, late Archdeacon of St. Asaph; the Very Rev. Canon Oakley; the Very Rev. Dean Hamilton, of Salisbury; the Rev. John Rodgers, of St. Thomas Charterhouse; the Rev. Canon Miller, Vicar of Greenwich; the Rev. Dr. Wenger, Missionary at Calcutta; Dr. Phillips, formerly Principal of King William's College, Isle of Man; the Ven. George Bland, Archdeacon of Northumberland and Canon of Durham; the Rev. William Calvert, Minor Canon of St. Paul's; the Hon. and Very Rev. Augustus Duncombe, Dean of York; the Rev. Alexander Keith, D.D.; Dr. Brown, Roman Catholic Bishop of Newport and Minevia; Cardinal Appuzzo, Archbishop of Capua; Cardinal Pie, Bishop of Poictiers; Cardinal Pacca; the Rev. Monsignor Russell, President of Maynooth College; the Right Rev. Monsignor Oleron, of Northampton; Dr. Scandella, Vicar-Apostolic of Gibraltar; the Very Rev. Canon Jeffries, of Birmingham; the Very Rev. Canon Boardman, of Salford; the Very Rev. Canon Ivers, of Birmingham; the Rev. Mackenzie Walcott; the Rev. Lord Charles Amelius Hervey; and the Rev. Edward C. Woollcombe.

The following members of the House of Commons have died during the year: Mr. John S. Wright (Nottingham), who died before actually taking his seat; Mr. William A. Redmond (Wexford), Colonel William Mure (Renfrewshire), Mr. William H. O'Leary (Drogheda), Mr. Thomas H. Clifton (North Lancashire), Mr. John Lock, Q.C. (Southwark), Sir William Bagge (Norfolk), and Mr. John Torr (Liverpool).

The following ex-M.P.'s have also left us: Mr. William Leslie (Aberdeenshire), Mr. John Handley (Newark), Mr. Richard M. Bellew (county Louth), the Right Hon. Richard More O'Ferrall (county Kildare), Mr. Martin Tucker Smith (Wycombe), Mr. John F. Stanford (Reading), Mr. Evan M.

Richards (Cardiganshire), Mr. Richard Armstrong, Q.C. (Sligo), Mr. James Henry Deakin (Launceston), Lord George Cavendish (North Derbyshire), Lord Francis N. Conyngham (county Clare), Major G. O'Halloran Gavin (Limerick), Mr. Roger Montgomerie (North Ayrshire), Mr. William Lacon Childe (Wenlock), Mr. Edward Heneage (Great Grimsby), Mr. John Martin (Tewkesbury), Mr. William Watkin E. Wynne (county Merioneth), Sir Alexander J. Cockburn (Southampton), Sir Francis Vincent (St. Albans), Colonel Francis Vernon Harcourt (Isle of Wight), Mr. George Olive (Hereford), Sir Fitzroy Kelly (East Suffolk), Sir William Erle (Oxford), Mr. Edward Ellice (St. Andrews), Mr. Philip Twells (London), Mr. Robert Dalglish (Glasgow), Mr. Robert James Tennent (Belfast), Mr. Charles P. Phipps (Westbury), Sir Stephen Cave (Shoreham), Sir William Bagge (West Norfolk), Sir Thomas B. Birch (Liverpool), Mr. Ralph Ward Jackson (Hartlepool), Mr. George Leopold Bryan (county Kilkenny), Mr. John Hales Calcraft (Wareham), Mr. William McCombie (West Aberdeenshire), Mr. John C. D. Charlesworth (Wakefield), General Lord George Paget (Beaumaris), Mr. Richard B. Wingfield Baker (South Essex), Mr. George Dundas, C.M.G. (Linlithgowshire), Mr. William H. Chicheley Plowden (Newport), Mr. Nicholas P. Leader (county Cork), Mr. John Jope Rogers (Helston), and Dr. Kenealy (Stoke-upon-Trent).

In the fields of Literature, Science, and Art we number up our losses: Dr. T. M. Brewer, the American ornithologist; Dr. Fairbank, Her Majesty's surgeon; Mr. Edward M. Barry, R.A.; Dr. Alfred Swaine Taylor, F.R.S.; Dr. William Budd, F.R.S.; Mr. Charles Lees, R.S.A.; Mr. Edward William Cooke, R.A., F.R.S.; Mr. John Parker, antiquary; Mr. Tom Taylor, editor of *Punch;* Mr. George H. Rogers Harrison, *Windsor Herald;* Mr. Planché, *Somerset Herald;* Mr. Thomas Bell, F.R.S.; Dr. William Sharpey, F.R.S., Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in University College; Mr. David Thomson, Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Aberdeen; Dr. Robert Bullock-Marsham, Warden of Merton College, Oxford; Mr. Thomas Landseer, A.R.A.; Mr. Robert Fortune, the oriental traveller, botanist, and author; Mr. William H. Giles Kingston, author; Miss Geraldine Jewsbury, the authoress; Miss Innes, formerly editor of "Lodge's Peerage"; Mr. George Wharton Simpson, F.S.A., editor of the *Photographic News;* Mr. J. J. Mechi, the scientific agriculturist; Mr. Henry O'Neil, A.R.A.; Mr. Frank Buckland, Her Majesty's Inspector of Fisheries; Dr. Edwin Guest, F.R.S., late Master of Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge; Mr. Pierce Egan, author; Mr. James Coward, organist of the Crystal Palace; Mrs. Charles Kean, actress; Miss Neilson, actress; Mr. Charles Harcourt, actor; Mr. George Honey, comedian; Ole Bull, the celebrated musician; Mr. John Cousen, the landscape engraver; Dr. Hodgson, Professor of Commercial and Political Economy and Mercantile Law in the University of Edinburgh; Miss Maria Louisa Charlesworth, authoress; Mr. Benjamin Ferrey, F.S.A., architect; Mr. Thomas Rymer Jones, F.R.S., late Professor of Zoology and Comparative Anatomy at King's College, London; Mr. David T. Ansted, F.R.S.; Mr. Jacques Offenbach, musical composer; the Rev. Mackenzie Walcott, B.D., the well-known antiquary and ecclesiologist; Professor Lessing; and "George Eliot."

We may number among the miscellaneous deaths, not included in any of the above lists, those of the Duchess of Westminster; M. Jules Favre; the Marquis de Medina, of Spain; M. Crémieux, formerly Minister of the Provisional Government of France; Mrs. Frances Nightingale; Mr. Mark Firth, of Sheffield; the Duke de Gramont; Dowager Lady Wrottesley; Lady Bendlesham; Lord George A. Beauclerk; Mr. G. F. Grace, the cricketer; Baron Ricasoli, the Italian statesman; Mr. James Cosmo Melvill, formerly Assistant Under-Secretary of State for India; Madame Thiers; the Viscountess Jocelyn; Lady Cholmeley; the Dowager Marchioness of Sligo; the Dowager Duchess of Somerset; the Dowager Lady Willoughby de Broke; the Viscountess

Dungannon; Viscountess Bangor; Lady Camoys; Lady Waterlow; Lady Victoria Villiers; M. Granier de Cassagnac; Miss Gladstone; the Countess Hahn-Hahn; the Dowager Countess of Longford; Lord Henry Loftus; Mr. George Grossmith; Mr. Daniel Gurney, F.S.A.; William Perry, *alias* "the Tipton Slasher," pugilist; William Thompson, *alias* "Bendigo," another pugilist; and last, not least, Madame Rachel.

And even to this long list we may add a small supplemental one for 1880: The Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz; Mr. Herbert Taylor; Mr. Usher; Major John Godson; Major Francis Haviland; Colonel Thomas E. Briggs; Alfred Prentice, M.D.; Clement Upton; Cottrell Damer, Esq.; John Stenhouse, LL.D., F.R.S.; and Canon Clark.

PREJUDICE AGAINST FREEMASONRY.*

WE take the following admirable discourse, or Masonic sermon, unknown, we fancy, to most of our readers, as we never remember seeing it quoted, from an old volume, published in 1801, of "Discourses," practically sermons, delivered by our American brother, Thaddeus Mason Harris, P.G.C. to the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts. It was printed at Charlestown, by Samuel Etheridge, in 1801, as we said before, and contains much that is very eloquent in words and forcible in sense and sound Masonic teaching. The remarks of that excellent and able old writer seem very seasonable just now, when, as we note, that "cavillers" are very many, and peculiar prejudices against Masonry exist unaccountably in many minds. Let us hope that they will be dispelled by these sensible words of an older teacher.

"*We be slanderously reported, and some affirm that we say let us do evil that good may come.*"—Romans x., 3.

WHEN partiality is so busily endeavouring to render suspicious the best actions, and prejudice so artful in throwing out insinuations to the disadvantage of the worthiest characters, who can expect to escape "the strife of tongues?" Especially as the ignorant and the evil-minded are ever ready to adopt the surmise, however improbable, and to give currency to the imputation, however unjust.

Even our blessed Lord, the holy and immaculate Jesus, "was despised and rejected of men." Not all the wonderful works that distinguished His ministry, not the divinity of His preaching, the disinterestedness of His conduct, nor the sanctity of His morals, could secure him from the opposition of party and the rage of malignity. He forewarned His disciples of a similar treatment, and told them that they must expect to meet with unkind usage, bitter reproach, and violent persecution, as well as He.† Accordingly "in every city they had trial of cruel mockings, and scourgings, yea, moreover of bonds, and imprisonments, and tortures.‡ They were "a sect everywhere spoken against." The apostles were reproached as being pestilent, factions, turbulent, and seditious fellows.§ They were not only accused of conspiring

* A Discourse delivered at the consecration of King David's Lodge, in Taunton, U.S.A., August 28th, 1799.

† Matt. x., 24-26. ‡ Heb. xi., 36. § Acts xxiv., 5, 6.

against the Government of their nation and the peace of the world,* but also of aiming to overthrow the religious establishment of their own country and of all others.† Not only were there imputed to them *practices* that were dangerous, but *principles* that were unjust. So St. Paul intimates, in the passage selected as a text, that there were those who charged him and his fellow labourers in the propagation of the Gospel with holding tenets that he detested. He says no more in confutation of the vile imputation than that those who profess and practice upon such a principle deserve and will receive the highest condemnation; but to attribute to him and his associates such a motive was a false and insidious charge.

Thus we see that the best men and the worthiest conduct may be misrepresented and slanderously reported; and that the purest purposes and the noblest exertions in behalf of virtue, humanity, and peace have been stigmatized by some and opposed by others.

The most unfair and disingenious, need I add the most successful, mode of attack is to insinuate that the design, however plausible, is mischievous; or that the *end*, however commendable, is effected by *means* reprehensible and unjust.

The base and vile doctrine of "doing evil that good may come," or, in other words, "the end justifies the means," has also been alleged against the Freemasons. Or, rather, it is expressly asserted of the Jesuits and Illuminés‡ by authors who designedly implicate and involve our society with those corrupt associations; declaring it to be formed upon the same plan, founded on the same principles, and furthering the same designs.§ To be sure they make some reserves and abatements in favour of Freemasonry, but still assert it to be the fatal source to which all these bitter and destructive streams are to be traced.‖

I doubt not, my brethren, but it will strike your minds with surprise and astonishment, not unmixed with indignation and horror, to be informed that our venerable and ancient fraternity is implicated with the infidels, atheists, and disorganisers of the present day in a charge of no less atrocity than a premature design, a long preconcerted plan, to destroy the religion of Christ, to subvert every established government upon earth, and to overthrow every system of civil society which the virtuous ingenuity of man has been able to invent, with a view to improve and secure the happiness of the world!¶

Looking into yourselves, my brethren, and feeling conscious of the purity of your own intentions; referring, too, to the principles of our ancient and hitherto respected institution, you are at a loss even to conjecture the motive for fabricating an allegation so unfounded, and bringing forward an imputation so undeserved and so unjust.

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* Acts xvii., 6. † Acts vi., 13, 14; xviii., 13.

‡ See Abbe Barruel's "History of Jacobinism," vol. 3, New York edition, pp. 61, 93, and 189. Professor Robinson, "Proofs of a Conspiracy against the Religions and Governments of Europe, carried on in the secret meetings of Freemasons, Illuminati, etc."

§ Barruel, vol. 3, p. 12, note 91, 136, etc. Professor Robinson, Philadelphia edition, pp. 83, 42, 72, 75, 342, etc.

‖ Barruel, vol. 3, pp. 11, 38, 41, 52, 87, 152, etc. Professor Robinson, pp. 15, 165, 343, etc. M. Le Franc, "*la voile retiree.*"

¶ The Abbe Barruel has this assertion: "Irreligion and unqualified Liberty and Equality are the genuine and original secrets of Freemasonry, and the ultimatum of a regular progress through all its degrees." And Professor Robinson declares, "that the Mason Lodges in France were the hot-beds where the seeds were sown and tenderly reared of all the pernicious doctrines which soon after choked every moral or religious cultivation, and have made the society worse than a waste, have made it a noisome marsh of human corruption, filled with every rank and poisonous weed." And again: "Germany has experienced the same gradual progress from Religion to Atheism, from decency to dissoluteness, and from loyalty to rebellion, which has had its course in France. And I must now add that this progress has been effected in the same manner, and by the same means; and that one of the chief means of seduction has been the Lodges of Freemasons."

By artful insinuations, forced constructions, and palpable misrepresentations, modern alarmists have ascribed to the Freemasons principles which they hold in detestation, motives to which they are strangers, and actions of which they were not authors. They blend them with societies to which they have no affinity, mere political clubs whose intentions and pursuits are diametrically opposite to ours, and altogether inconsistent both with our rules and dispositions.

For those excesses, those moral and political evils which have of late not only spread war and confusion, and every evil work through the kingdoms of Europe, but endangered the security and peace of the world, the advocate for Freemasonry has no apology to offer. He contends only that they are not the fruits of his system, and cannot with any truth or justice be ascribed to it, but must be attributed solely to the corrupt schemes and wicked devices of those designing and bad men who were their real authors or abettors.

It is possible that the artful and daring heads of "the anti-Christian, the anti-monarchial, and the anti-social conspiracy," about whom so much has been written and said, may have assumed the name of Masons and professed to shelter their secret meetings for plots and cabals under the pretence of holding a lodge. But, God forbid that the innocent should be confounded with the guilty, or that Freemasonry should be accountable for projects or condemned for practices which it could never countenance. Long and deeply shall we have to regret that the opinion which the public had entertained of a peaceable and undesigning society should be thus abused. But the candid observer will do us the justice to acknowledge that the harmless fold are not accountable for the mean duplicity, the base designs, or the bloody ravages of the wolves in sheep's clothing.*

The visionary fancies which modern philosophists† may have annexed to Freemasonry, the absurd and extravagant errors they have attempted to father upon it, are foreign and illegitimate. We disavow and disown them. They bring discredit upon those who would incorporate such vanities with our system, but they debase not the purity of our original constitution. They can be urged only to shew the arts and wickedness of intriguing men; and impeach not the natural tendency of an establishment whose every precept, form, and ceremony inculcates virtue, assists order, and disposes to peace. And no one supposes it an argument against Christianity, or that impeaches its divinity, that the corruptions of Popery or the scandals of Mahometanism have been engrafted upon it; nor is it a reproach to its truth, that false professors and false doctrines have abused the sanction of its name. Such impostures were predicted by the highest authority; and, while they have faded away, the permanency of that sublime and rational system has been a strong proof of its divine origin and superior excellence. And we are assured that genuine Freemasonry will long survive the imitations of imposture and the attacks of misrepresentation.

(To be continued.)

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* It is sufficiently in proof that the founders of different conspiracies, aware of the secrecy permitted to the proceedings of the fraternity of Masons, have assumed that character, and availed themselves of the credit given to that institution, in order to render unsuspected the tendency, and undetected the progress, of their own abominable machinations. From what we have heard and read, we are persuaded that the fundamental principles and general practices of Freemasonry are as opposite to those of the Illuminés, of the Propaganda, or of any other sect in hostility to good order and government, as light to darkness, or good to evil."—*London Review*, August, 1797.

† The Martinists, Eclectics, Cagliostres, etc.

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

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HISTORY OF THE AIREDALE LODGE, No. 387,

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

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

Section I.—1788 to 1815—(*continued.*)

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

Leeds.

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

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

Hull.

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

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

KEIGHLEY.

Bro. Henry Clapham
„ Adam Pearson
„ Stephen Paslow
„ Jonas Sutcliffe
„ Charles Tatham

Bro. William Robinson
„ William Grave
„ John Buck
„ John Green.

SHEFFIELD.

Bro. Samuel Robinson
„ William Rowley
„ John Lamb
„ William Willey
„ Joseph Norton
„ Thomas Frost
„ John Dyson
„ James Woollin

Bro. James Johnson
„ Luke Pass
„ Aaron Allott
„ Richard Jessop
„ John Garnett
„ Joseph Hinchliffe
„ Samuel Tompkin.

BEVERLEY.

Bro. William Wardell
„ Joseph Bateson
„ Robert Stevenson
„ Samuel Montgomery
„ William Acklam
„ Francis Tadman

Bro. John Peacock
„ Thomas Spenceley
„ Robert Peacock
„ William Cash
„ William Harrison
„ Joseph Turley.

RICHMOND.

Bro. George Ewbank
„ James Galloway
„ Thomas Wright
„ John Dalton

Bro. John Cowling
„ Christopher Metcalf
„ Mark Plues.

WHITBY.

Bro. Robert Mooresum
„ Thomas Brodrick
„ George Trueman
„ Thomas Fishburn, jun.
„ John Gardiner

Bro. Ralph Milner
„ John Storme
„ John Summerso
„ Andrew Allen.

HALIFAX.

Bro. David Mitchell
„ Peter Mitchell
„ Jonathan Farrar
„ Bartholomew Frye
„ James Shaw

Bro. John Holdsworth
„ John Hartley
„ William Hartley
„ Richard Ashworth
„ John Foster.

YORK.

Bro. John Watson
„ Denis Peacock
„ John Munkman
„ John Marley
„ William Scruton

Bro. Henry Barnard
„ William Cobb
„ Mark Bowman
„ Edward Peck.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

July 22, 1810.

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

Resolved—That the following brothers shall attend:

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

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

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

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

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

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

October 9th, 1811.– Emergency.

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

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

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

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

(To be continued.)

A FRENCH PRIEST'S VIEW OF MASONRY.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE WRITING ON THE WALL.

BY VERAX.

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

THE WRITING ON THE WALL.

Festivos inter calices ac poc'la tyrannus
Palluit, in muro mystica signa videns,
Depinxit quæ dira manus:—dum major in horas
Et circumserpit largior usque nota.
Non tamen aut primus potorum, aut ultimus ille,
Talia cui poterant scripta ciere metum.
Fortè aliquando animum cretâ aut carbone notatus
Terruerit paries, lector amice, tuum.
Nammihi (confiteor fassoque ignosce) tabernæ
Adverso inscriptæ pariete corda notæ
Terribili monitu horrificant, interque bibendum,
Excudit e tremula lapsa lagæna manu.
Scilicet hæc nostrum, suspenso examine, lancem
Scriptura et loculos arguit esse breves.
Si vero portenta immotus talia cernas,
Tu gravior nobis lance repertus eris.

In regal pomp the tyrant sups,
And, fearless, drains the hallow'd cups
When, lo, his stagger'd sight appal
The mystic letters on the wall,
Which, as the hand terrific drew,
Broad and more broad each moment grew.
Yet not the first of topers he,
Nor still, perhaps, the last may be,
Whom certain kinds of *mural* writing
Have sometimes been the cause of frighting.
At least poor me, I freely own,
They oft have into panics thrown,
Dash'd from my hand th' unfinish'd bowl,
And almost harrow'd up my soul.
E'en you, my friend, at midnight hour,
Have felt, perchance, their chilling power;
But, if unmov'd such sights you view,
It does but prove the maxim true,
That, tried in judgment's sober scales,
'Tis "weight of metal still prevails;"
Whilst I, who ne'er in that abound,
"Am in the balance wanting found."

Now, it seems to me, unless I am altogether wrong in my theory of Freemasonry, the idea embodied in these effective lines ought to be one familiar to, and welcomed by, all who profess themselves to be, and call themselves, Freemasons. I am quite aware that far too many look on Freemasonry as a pastime; not a reality, a pleasant social meeting, not a serious system of morality, veiled in allegory and illustrated by symbols.

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

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

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

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

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

A WINTER GREETING.

BY SAVARICUS.

Dedicated by permission to Baroness Burdett Coutts.

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

MASONIC COLLEGES IN BRITAIN.

BY JAS. B. GRANT, 32°.

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

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

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

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

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

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

A MASON'S STORY.

(*Continued from page* 324.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A castellated, antique edifice.

* * * *

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* * * * * * * * *

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

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

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

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

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

(To be continued).

MYSTICISM.

BY MASONIC STUDENT.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(To be continued).

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

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

‡ Is this then the origin of Mormonic affinity?

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

FANCY.

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

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

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

W.

MASONIC LEGEND AND TRADITION.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

How, then, can we explain it?

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

But then Bro. Moore continues:—

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ART FOR ART'S SAKE.

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

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

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

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

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

And then the writer goes on to say:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

SONNET

To Bro. R. A. Douglas Lithgow, LL.D., F.S.A., F.R.S.L., etc.,

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

BY BRO. G. M. TWEDDELL.

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

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.

WAS SHAKESPEARE A FREEMASON?*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Modesty that has not craft to colour,

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

In one line two crafts directly meet.

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

I will visit thee at the lodge.

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

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

He and his lady both are at the lodge.

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

The lodge in a warren,

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

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

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

The several chairs of order look you scour,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

> Employed to guard sure their Master.

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

> Guard the door without.

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

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

or, again,

> You have made fair hands, you and your Crafts;

both quotations being taken from *Coriolanus*.

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

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

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

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

> Where is thy leather apron and thy rule?

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

> The nobility think scorn to go in leather aprons.

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

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

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

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

(To be continued.)

AFTER ALL.

BY HENRY CALVERT APPLEBY,

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

Chapter VII.

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

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

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

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

> The labour we delight in, physics pain,

and he found it a welcome, cheering relief.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

But music to her gave the

> very echo to the seat
> Where Love is throned.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(To be continued.)

A RETROSPECT.

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

SCHOOL AND SCHOOLFELLOWS.

Floreat Etona.

TWELVE years ago I made a mock
Of filthy trades and traffics:
I wondered what they meant by stock;
I wrote delightful sapphics;
I knew the streets of Rome and Troy,
I supped with Fates and Furies,—
Twelve years ago I was a boy,
A happy boy, at Drury's

Twelve years ago!—how many a thought
Of faded pains and pleasures
Those whispered syllables have brought
From Memory's hoarded treasures!
The fields, the farms, the bats, the books,
The glories and disgraces,
The voices of dear friends, the looks
Of old familiar faces!

Kind Mater smiles again to me,
As bright as when we parted;
I seem again the frank, the free,
Stout-limbed, and simple-hearted!
Pursuing every idle dream,
And shunning every warning;
With no hard work but Bovney stream,
No chill except Long Morning.

Now stopping Harry Vernon's ball
That rattled like a rocket;
Now hearing Wentworth's "Fourteen all!"
And striking for the pocket;
Now feasting on a cheese and flitch,—
Now drinking from the pewter;
Now leaping over Chalvey ditch,
Now laughing at my tutor.

Where are my friends? I am alone;
No playmate shares my beaker:
Some lie beneath the churchyard stone,
And some—before the Speaker;
And some compose a tragedy,
And some compose a rondo;
And some draw sword for Liberty,
And some draw pleas for John Doe.

Tom Mill was used to blacken eyes
Without the fear of sessions;
Charles Medlar loathed false quantities
As much as false professions;
Now Mill keeps order in the land,
A magistrate pedantic;
And Medlar's feet repose unscanned
Beneath the wide Atlantic.

Wild Nick, whose pranks made such a din,
Does Dr. Martext's duty;
And Mullion, with that monstrous chin,
Is married to a Beauty;

A RETROSPECT.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CLIMBING THE GREAT PYRAMID.*

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDART.

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

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

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

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

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

LITERARY GOSSIP.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

PREJUDICE AGAINST FREEMASONRY.

(Concluded from page 352).

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

TRUMBULL'S "M'Fingal."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

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HISTORY OF THE AIREDALE LODGE, No. 387,

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

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

Section I.—1788 to 1815—(*continued*).

On August 19th, 1812, the Lodge was visited by the Lodge of Hope, No. 539, Bradford, with which it was on terms of very close intimacy. The following extract will no doubt be interesting to the present members of that Lodge, on account of the names recorded:—"John Ramsden, Josh. Denton, Thos. Wyrill, Abm. Naylor, Isaac Smith, John Burnley, Nathaniel Jowett, John Greenwood, Saml. Glover, and John Lee. Phineas Smith and Charles Mosley, from Royal Yorkshire Lodge, No. 439, Keighley."

In this year the Candour Lodge, No. 635, Upper Mill was founded, and at the Union in 1813 the Lodges in Yorkshire were as under, the former and changed numbers being given:—

A53	Humber	Hull	73
61	Probity	Halifax	84
165	Lennox	Richmond	202
189	Britannia	Sheffield	232
A199	Peace	Dewsbury	247
202	Unanimity	Wakefield	252
224	Amity	Steeton	280
A267	Old Globe...	Scarborough...	337
283	Three Grand Principles...	Dewsbury	358
324	Royal Oak	Ripon	412
331	Union	York	423
348	St. George's	Doncaster	447
351	Rodney	Hull	451
356	St. George's, E. Y. Militia	York	460

363	Minerva	Hull	467
407	Amphibious	Little Gomersal	489
408	Newtonian	Knaresborough	490
436	Nelson of the Nile ...	Batley	500
438	Duke of York's	Bingley	502
439	Royal Yorkshire	Keighley	503
440	Globe	Scarborough...	504
461	Harmony	Halifax	517
493	Loyal and Prudent ...	Leeds...	532
496	Phœnix	Rotherham	533
504	Samaritan...	Keighley	539
505	Philanthropic	Skipton	540
506	Three Graces	Barnoldwick	541
512	Fidelity	Leeds...	546
513	Huddersfield	Huddersfield	547
525	Constitutional	Beverley	554
527	Royal Brunswick... ...	Sheffield	556
539	Hope	Bradford	565
542	Philanthropic	Leeds	568
546	Alfred	Leeds...	571
549	Prince Frederick... ...	Hebden Bridge	573
550	Prince George	Haworth	574
556	Ebenezer	Pateley Bridge	580
561	Lion	Whitby	583
575	Allman's	Almondbury...	594
576	Mariner's	Selby...	595
635	Candour	Upper Mill	642

The Apollo Lodge, York, No. 290, and the Albion, Skipton, No. 460, had expired, and the Britannia, Whitby, No. 332, had been erased by Grand Lodge. The Mariner's Lodge, Selby, No. 576, was practically extinct, but at the Union received a new number (595).

The last record of the Duke of York's Lodge at Bingley is dated January 25th, 1815, which date may be said to have closed its career, although it was not erased by Grand Lodge until March 5th, 1828 (as 502). The last name registered by Grand Lodge was George Askew, August, 3rd 1808, and the last payment to the Fund of Benevolence in November of the same year. In 1822, for neglecting the returns, the W.M. and Wardens were summoned to attend Grand Lodge on the 4th December, and to produce the warrant and books.

The old seal of the Duke of York's Lodge, Bingley, is still in existence. The old pedestals (presented in 1876 to Bro. Marchbank) withstood the "wear and tear" of moving, etc., throughout the varied vicissitudes of the Duke of York's Lodge from 1788 to 1815, and being removed from Bingley to Baildon, were in use in the new lodge constituted there as the Airedale Lodge, No. 814, up to its removal to Shipley in 1868. They were then stowed away in the kitchen of the new rooms in Westgate, and regarded as useless lumber until Bro. Marchbank expressed a wish to have them for his "practice" room at Bradford, at the same time volunteering to give a more useful piece of furniture for the kitchen, which at that time was much needed. They were accordingly unanimously voted to him as his property, 25th May, 1876. Bro. Marchbank at once had these pedestals most beautifully renovated for his practice room, where they continued in regular weekly use, not only for the benefit of the Bradford "Airedale" brethren, but many members of other Lodges availed themselves of the instruction meetings there held, myself and Bro. F. W. Booth, P.M., being Instructing Masters. However, when the New Hall in Kirkgate, Shipley, was built in 1878, the brethren considered these

pedestals so much better adapted for their original purpose in the Lodge, and superior in every way to the new ones by which they were replaced in 1868, and this having somehow come to Bro. Marchbank's knowledge, he at once, in the most generous and disinterested manner, presented them back to the lodge. After ninety years' use, they are apparently as imperishable as the institution they have served so well. The old large ornamental candlesticks have been in continuous use at all lodge meetings since 1788. The lodge banner was purchased in 1827, but it had originally no number on it, the figures 387 having been put on in 1870, when the "Airedale" and many other Lodges in West Yorkshire walked in procession with the Provincial Grand Master (Earl de Grey and Ripon) and his officers to lay the foundation-stone of the new church of St. James, at Thornton, near Bradford, on the 26th of October in that year.

Section II.—1821 to 1832.

In the year 1821 the Masonic province of York was divided, and the first Provincial Grand Lodge of the North and East Ridings of York was held in the Grand Lodge-room, York, on the 14th August, the Right Hon. Lord Dundas, D.G.M., as Provincial Grand Master. It was not until April 23rd, 1823, that, under the presidency of Viscount Pollington, first Provincial Grand Master, the Provincial Grand Lodge of West Yorkshire was constituted at Wakefield. The Craft did not flourish in Yorkshire for many years before and some time after this period, and it was not until 1825 that a new lodge was constituted, the Integrity Lodge, Brighouse, No. 799, the Airedale Lodge, Baildon, No. 814, being the next in 1827. Bros. John Smith, William Fox, and Jonathan Walker (the two former being petitioners for the warrant) were members of the Duke of York's Lodge, Bingley, and they, with Bro. Wainman Holmes, of the Lodge of Hope, No. 565, Bradford (initiated October 16th, 1826), were the originators and founders of our lodge, assisted very heartily by several members of the Royal Yorkshire Lodge, Keighley. The first petition emanated entirely from members of the Keighley Lodge. Bro. Wainman Holmes was not named in the original petition for a warrant as first Master, but his name had to be substituted for that of Bro. William Simpson, who should have known his disqualification, for, as W.M. of the Duke of York's Lodge, at Bingley, he could not be unaware of its long-continued irregularities.* At a quarterly communication of Grand Lodge, 5th March, 1828, fifty-nine lodges were erased, amongst them being the Duke of York's Lodge, Bingley, No. 502; Lodge of Amity, Steeton-in-Craven, No. 280; and Royal Oak Lodge, Ripon, No. 412. In the same Grand Lodge circular the first return of Airedale Lodge, No. 814, was notified. Had our founders been willing to pay up the arrears to the Fund of Benevolence owing by the Duke of York's Lodge, and carried it on under that name (as they certainly wished to do), there is no doubt they would have been allowed to work under the old warrant.

The Warrant of Constitution of the Airedale Lodge is as follows:—

Augustus Frederick, G.M.

To all and every our Right Worshipful and loving Brethren.

We, Prince Augustus Frederick of Brunswick, Lunenburgh, Duke of Sussex, Earl of Inverness, Baron of Arklow, Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter,

Grand Master

of the Most Ancient and Honourable Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons of England, Send Greeting:

Know Ye that We by the Authority and under the Sanction of the United Grand Lodge of England vested in us for that purpose and at the humble Petition of our trusty and well beloved brethren, Wainman Holmes, Jno. Smith, Abrm. Hartley, Richard Stell, Thomas

* See Appendix E.

Lund, William Fox, Abraham Bolton, and others, Do hereby constitute the said brethren a Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons, under the Title or Denomination of
No. 814. THE AIREDALE LODGE,
to be opened and held at the Malt Shovel Inn, Baildon, in the West Riding of the County of York, on the Wednesday nearest the Full Moon in each month, empowering them in the said Lodge when duly congregated, to make, pass, and raise Free Masons according to the Ancient Custom of the Craft in all ages and Nations throughout the known World. And, *further, at their said Petition, and of the great trust and confidence reposed in every of the* above named Brethren, we do appoint the said Wainman Holmes to be the Master, the said John Smith to be the Senior Warden, and the said Abraham Hartley to be the Junior Warden for opening and holding the said Lodge, and until such time as another Master shall be regularly elected and enrolled, strictly charging that the Brother who shall be elected to preside over the said Lodge shall be installed in Ancient form and according to the laws of the Grand Lodge, that he may be fully invested with the dignities and powers of his office. And we do require you, the said Wainman Holmes, to take special care that all and every of the said Brethren are, or have been, regularly made Masons, and that you and they and all other the members of the said Lodge do observe, perform, and enforce the Laws, Rules, and Orders contained in the Book of Constitutions, and all others which may from time to time be made by our Grand Lodge, or transmitted by us or our Successors, Grand Masters, or by our Deputy Grand Master for the time being. And we do enjoin you to make such By-Laws for the Government of the Lodge as shall to the Majority of the Members appear proper and necessary, the same not being contrary to or inconsistent with the General Laws and Regulations of the Craft, and a Copy whereof you are to transmit to us. And we do require you to cause all such By-Laws and Regulations and an Account of the Proceedings in your Lodge to be entered in a Book to be kept for that purpose. And you are in no wise to omit to send to us or our successors, Grand Masters, or to the Right Honourable Lawrence Lord Dundas, our Deputy Grand Master, or to the Deputy Grand Master for the time being, at least once in every year, a list of the Members of your Lodge, and the Names and Descriptions of all Masons initiated therein and Brethren who have joined the same, with the Fees and Monies payable thereon. It being our Will and Intention that this our WARRANT OF CONSTITUTION shall continue in force so long only as you shall conform to the Laws and Regulations of our said Grand Lodge. And you the said Wainman Holmes are further required, as soon as conveniently can be, to send us an Account in Writing of what shall be done by virtue of these Presents.

Given under our hand and the seal of the Grand Lodge, at London, this 12th Day of March, A.L. 5827, A.D. 1827.

By Command of the M.W. Grand Master,

DUNDAS, D.G.M.

WILLIAM H. WHITE, EDW. HARPER, } G.S.

The two minutes given in the two previous editions of the "History of the Airedale Lodge" are from the end of the Duke of York Lodge minute book. That dated 11th April should have been printed 4th April, which circumstance accounts for its being styled Duke of York's Lodge, Baildon, No. 814. Meetings were, no doubt, held on both 4th and 18th April, and the first is probably that referred to by Bro. Wainman Holmes in his "Reminiscences" as held in March, 1827; but neither of these meetings appear to have been considered regular, and were not entered in the Airedale Lodge minute book. Having obtained access to this minute book it is undesirable, I think, to accept the two minutes differently to what the Brethren did, and they are therefore now excluded as irregular.

Our founders wished to retain the old name, Duke of York's Lodge, and applied to the G. Secretary with that intention. However, the proper course of paying up the arrears seems to have been objected to or overlooked, and they were informed that, *the Duke of York having recently died*, they could not be allowed to use it; and although this might be somewhat disappointing at the time, my own feeling is that the forfeited warrants of lodges in arrears ought not, under any circumstances, to be allowed to pass into other hands. Although a few meetings at Bingley and making proper returns would undoubtedly have preserved both the name and warrant, I think the subterfuge (for the Lodge deserved erasure if for nothing more than its lifelessness) was wisely never entertained. Probably, also, the indifference of the few members remaining rendered such a course most difficult, for if they did not care to

support their own lodge for themselves it is scarcely likely they would readily attend even a few meetings to preserve it for others.

The first meeting of our lodge is thus recorded :—

April 11th, 1827.

At the opening of the Airedale Lodge, No. 814, Malt Shovel Inn, Baildon, near Bradford, Yorkshire : — Wainman Holmes, W.M.; John Smith, S.W.; Abraham Hartley, J.W.; Thomas Lund, P.M.; Richard Stell, S.D.; Abraham Bolton, J.D.; William Fox, I.G. Visitors : Phineas Smith, Tyler for Lodge 503; Hugh Heaton, Lodge 503; Wm. Simpson, Lodge 503.

When there was proposed :—Benj. A. Waterhouse, by Thos. Lund; John Walker, by John Smith; Joseph Walker, by Abm. Bolton; John Hudson, by R. Stell; Robt. Smith, by Wainn. Holmes.

The different requisite ceremonies being done, the Lodge was closed in due form.

The second regular meeting was held on May 9th, 1827, and B. A. Waterhouse, John Walker, Joseph Walker, John Hudson, and Robert Smith were all initiated. Jonathan Walker was also proposed by Wainman Holmes.

The following circular, which had been sent at the time to the W.M. of another lodge in the province, I found in one of a number of old books purchased in Leeds Central Market in 1871; and the circumstance decided me, in consequence of the absence of many records at the time, and the unsatisfactory way in which I considered others were preserved (?), to endeavour to become the historian of the lodge. Happily my labours have not been fruitless, for since then I have discovered all the books and many missing documents, besides adding several curious and valuable relics to the lodge property. I regret that amongst the latter a small volume of ancient Masonic songs, which I had beautifully bound for the Lodge, has already disappeared. It has been missing several years, and cannot now be found.

Airedale Lodge, Baildon, near Bradford, 18th May, 1827.

Gentlemen and Brethren,—Having made such arrangements as we consider necessary for the purpose of having a public procession on Wednesday, the 6th of June next, in commemoration of the opening of our new lodge, we take the liberty of writing to you, asking the favour for as many of your members to attend as possible, and please to favour us with a return stating how many you suppose will attend. Waiting your kind reply, we remain, Gentlemen and Brethren, yours most fraternally,

JNO. WALKER, Secretary.
WAINMAN HOLMES, W.M.

Attendance is requested at Eleven o'clock in the forenoon. Dinner 2s. 6d. each.

The third regular meeting, for the purpose of what was then regarded as consecration, took place on Wednesday, June 6th, 1827, there being present:—Wainman Holmes, W.M.; John Smith, S.W.; Abraham Hartley, J.W.; William Simpson, P.M.; John Walker, Sec.; Charles Bland, S.D.; John Hudson, J.D.; B. A. Waterhouse, I.G.; Jonathan Walker, Tyler; Joseph Walker, Robert Smith. Visitors: from the Royal Yorkshire, No. 503, 23*; Hope, No. 565, 12*; St. Columba, No. 640, 1; Three Graces, No. 405, 8*; St. Alban's, No. 749, 7*; Friendship, No. 865, 1; St. John's, No. 897, 1. Those marked with an asterisk include the W.M. and other officers; altogether numbering 53 visitors.

On this occasion "B. A. Waterhouse, John Walker, and Joseph Walker took the second degree, and Jonathan Walker was initiated into Masonry."

Why the last-named brother did not *join* the lodge is not explained. He was initiated before on the 27th December, 1809. John Hudson, initiated on the previous meeting, was also initiated November 2nd, 1808. Both belonged to the Duke of York's Lodge, but probably were never returned as such.

"Also Charles Bland was proposed by John Walker, William Booth by Joseph Walker, and John Myers by Jonathan Walker. The regular business being done, the lodge was closed in due form, after which a procession took place to the old church chapel, and an impressive sermon was preached by the Rev. E. Hodgkinson. The procession returned in good order, and sat down to

a sumptuous dinner, after which the brethren partook of good cheer, giving toasts and sentiments with the honours of Masonry suitable to the occasion." What a day to look back upon must this be to the Worshipful Master and Secretary after the lapse of fifty-two years! Need it be wondered at that events should pour upon the memory of Bro. Wainman Holmes when writing his "Fifty Years' Reminiscences," like a hailstone shower? May the sunset of their lives be clouded by no misfortunes or anxieties, but pass in peace and happiness so well deserved as worthy Masons!

The first returns included Wainman Holmes, John Smith, Abraham Hartley, Richard Stell, Thomas Lund, William Fox, Abraham Bolton, and the six brethren initiated May 9th and June 6th, 1827, and were made to Grand Lodge, February 6th, 1828, and to Prov. Grand Lodge, April 21st, 1828, with remittances in both cases. It is very remarkable that the Grand Lodge circular publishing the receipt of Airedale first returns (5th March, 1828,) also announces erasure of the Duke of York's Lodge, Bingley. Bro. John Smith and the other five following brethren (petitioners for the warrant) were never afterwards returned. The John Myers of June 6th minutes was proposed September 24th, 1828, by Wainman Holmes, but rejected.

The musical talent of our brethren of the Airedale appears to have been acknowledged at a very early period of the lodge's history, the following letter having been sent to the W.M. from the Royal Yorkshire Lodge, No. 503, Keighley, in 1829 :—

Keighley, Aug. 19th, 1829.

W. Sir and Brother,—We have obtained an answer from Wakefield favourable to our request, as I stated to you on the 9th inst. It is therefore our intention to have the procession on the 7th September, and go to Church about 11 o'clock, a.m. We are very anxious to see as many brothers of your Lodge on the occasion as can make it convenient to attend, with whose company we hope to be honoured on that day. *The whole of your musicians are desired to attend, as we shall look after no other, and shall treat with them accordingly.* You can bring your own clothing and jewels according to what you have received; we are not restricted in the dispensation. From yours fraternally, R. C. SHARPE, Secretary.

Tickets for Dinner, Liquor, etc., 3s. 6d.

P.S.—If anything should happen different to what I have stated, I'll let you know immediately.

(To be continued).

THE PRESENT POSITION OF MASONIC HISTORY AND CRITICISM.

BY THE EDITOR.

No. I.

I THINK it is well for us, who interest ourselves in such matters—the few, I fear, still among the many, for such discussions are "caviare" to a large number of our excellent Order,—that we should attempt to realize where we are just now as regards Masonic history and criticism. It is quite clear to all "students" that for some time the question of "hermeticism" has been gradually coming to the "fore," that it is clearly a "factor" in all true Masonic history which it is neither safe nor wise to overlook, and that no theory can be satisfactory without taking it carefully into consideration, no conclusion can be sound in which it is altogether ignored. But by that immutable law of human destiny, by that token unchanging of the finite

qualities of the mortal mind, in all philosophical, theosophical, historical, conjectural researches, there is always a tendency to exaggeration; and the reaction brought about by actual and sterner criticism sometimes results in Nihilism and Iconoclasm ruthless and destructive. Formerly our writers accepted everything without enquiry, without verification, without collation of any kind, and the consequence was a repetition of unnecessary platitudes or identical assertions, which, whether on one side or the other, gave Masonic writers, and un-Masonic commentators too, the character of being "panegyrists or calumniators, each equally mendacious." See Hallam *passim*.

Some time back a class of students rejected with noble scorn the whole "outcome" of the romantic and sentimental Masonic school, because neither original, reliable, or accurate; now the critical school is falling into a vein of deliberate scepticism, and is proclaiming, with the same happy disregard of evidence (such as it is), and the same tendency to hopeless dogmatism, that "things are because they are," and that they believe nothing, accept nothing, realize nothing, except what suits or squares with their own pronounced views of what Masonic history is and should be. Hence we are still in great danger of a realistic uncritical school, which will do as much harm to true Masonic history as did the romantic and sentimental school now discredited and disavowed.

Let me illustrate my meaning by what I may term the "battle of the grades." For some time past there has been a tendency to reduce everything to a mere matter-of-fact 1717 creation theory; and we doubt and deprecate, if not actually give up all pre-1717 Masonry. Indeed, that able Mason, Bro. Gould, seems to limit the arrangements of our present system as between 1717 and 1721.

Payne's Regulations of 1721, and "The Grand Mystery" of 1721, are in the way, which allude clearly to an earlier similar form as existing "de facto"; but unless I have totally misapprehended Bro. Gould's meaning, he would assume, as his "petitio principii," that the regulations of 1721 are only the regulations of 1721 "ad hoc"; that "The Grand Mystery" is of no authority; that the earlier claims are mere verbiage and surplusage; but that as no doubt the Masons of 1717 had some form of ritual between 1717 and 1721, that was expanded practically as we now have it. And here it is that I wish, as a careful Masonic student of some years, to raise my humble voice of warning.

The question of degrees is a very difficult one "per se," and cannot be settled with a few off-hand sentences, as a good deal depends upon it in respect of the whole truth of Masonic history.

There are two schools as regards the degrees. The one school looks on degrees as modern purely, and seems inclined to accept Bro. D. M. Lyon's view as to one degree only, as before 1721. The other school believes that the triplicate form of degree has always existed, not perhaps exactly as now, but in some form distinct and definite. The present Scottish system of three degrees Bro. D. M. Lyon ascribes to Desaguliers. If that be so, I for one see no use in carrying on the contest any further. I cannot think that it will repay any careful, thoughtful, or intellectual student to waste his time in researches which only serve to shew that Freemasonry is the "outcome" of convivial and social clubs of 1717, and which have slavishly, nay childishly, adopted the customs, the legends, the terminology, the dross, the slang of certain obsolete and decayed operative guilds. "The game is not worth the candle." But truth, though it is said to lie at the bottom of the well, as often lies between two extremes, and I, therefore, for one, after many years of patient study, feel sure that there is a safer and more critical view for us all to adopt. And it is this.

Undoubtedly, no one could contend safely that the old Masons before 1717 had the *degrees* exactly as we have them now, with identically the same teaching, landmarks, and formulæ. Anderson, who first uses the word

"degree" in 1738, as applied to the "apprentice degree" as the "lowest degree," clearly assumes that this "triplicate form" was of "ancient standing" and "direct difference," and not merely a titular or technical distinction, which is a modern theory. Curiously enough, from the earliest time, even before the Masonic poem, which also contains the threefold division, Master, Fellows, and Apprentices are the Masonic division. Even in Scotland, where Bro. D. M. Lyon thinks that the "fallows" and Masters are identical, so only forming two degrees with one ceremony, there is evidence that the Masters had meetings of their own. In England the whole evidence runs on the presumption and assumption that the three degrees were of old standing. To assume, then, that the three degrees were unknown in England before 1717, and that then Desaguliers and others expanded the one degree into three, is contrary to all proper dealing with available evidence or known facts.

I am now discussing printed evidence; the ritual evidence, or manuscript evidence, I propose to deal with in another paper. We can, no doubt, reject Anderson's evidence; the evidence (such as it is) of Pritchard, and "The Grand Mystery"; but where then, in the name of common sense, did the Freemasons of 1721 obtain their ritual from? Was it arranged then? put together then? and if so, by whom?

I might say a good deal as regards the "archaisms" of our ceremonial, despite successive changes, as proving an existence before 1717; but I forbear, because I cannot fairly do so in a public print. It will suffice for me to repeat to-day that all the printed evidence we have proves that Desaguliers and Anderson were sincere when they looked on the Craft system as long anterior to 1717, and in my humble opinion, as I hope to show before I end these papers, they are fully justified in the contentions they clearly made, and the conclusions they carefully arrived at.

CURIOUS LIST OF LODGES, A.D. 1736.

BY BRO. WILLIAM JAMES HUGHAN.

ANY List of Lodges prior to 1750 is valuable for reference, and especially if "engraved" by John Pine, etc. As Bro. Gould, S.G.D., and I have often pointed out, there are several of the series from 1723-1778 missing from the unique collection of the Grand Lodge of England, viz.:—1724, 1726 to 1728, 1730 to 1735, 1737, 1742, 1743, 1746 to 1749, 1751, 1759, 1771, and 1774.

Brethren knowing of any of these should procure them for the Grand Lodge. Only lately one of 1729 has been presented, and it is to be hoped others will follow. The earlier issues particularly are wanted. In other libraries are engraved lists for 1734, 1737, 1738, 1763, 1769, 1770, and 1774, to which we have had access and possess exact copies of.

In Bro. Gould's "Four Old Lodges and their Descendants" is an accurate transcript of Pine's List of 1736, and also one to 1739.

The former is numbered from 1 to 152, and contains one hundred and fifty-one lodges, number 13 being omitted.

In looking over the "Freemason's Pocket Companion," published at Ayr, in 1792, I was surprised to find "An Exact List of Regular English Lodges,"

1 to 141, some having dates of constitution; the last mentioned (141) being constituted March 17th, 1736. It is evident, therefore, that this List was made up or copied from a Register of Lodges of A.D. 1736; but, as will be seen from the transcript I have made and appended to this communication, it was not reproduced from the regular engraved List of 1736, re-printed by Bro. Gould; but if taken at all from such a publication, there must have been a later issue in the same year. Neither could it have been based upon the 1737 Calendar, as that contained Lodges numbered from 1 to 163, the last having been warranted 21st September, 1737.

As the numeration practically remained unaltered up to the 1739 List, I incline to the belief, that from whatever Registers the List in question was compiled, the numeration was consecutively arranged by the editor of the "Pocket Companion," none of the blanks in the authorized Lists being exhibited. On examining the following Roll of Lodges, it will be found that No. 13, vacant in 1736 List, is supplied, and that No. 2 of 1736 is omitted. Nos. 17 and 26 London, 28 Bath, 29 Bristol, 41 and 45 London, 58 Oxford, 64, 67, 100, 115, 116, and 120 London are also omitted,

Of these, 64 only is erased from the 1736 Register. That the compilation is partly made up from a List having the "signs of the houses" engraved, is clear from the guesses made, differing from those supplied by Bro. Gould from the Grand Lodge Records, *e.g.*, (*a*) Baptist Head and Anchor, No. 19; (*b*) Swan and Olive Tree, No. 22; (*c*) Whale, No. 26; (*d*) Angel and Crown, No. 36; (*e*) No. 49, Anchor and Crown; and others.

The engraved List of 1738 is numbered 1 to 171, the last being granted at Gloucester, March 28th, 1738; but I take it that, if the editor of the "Pocket Companion" copied from either the List of 1737 or 1738, he would have added the Lodges given therein; so it would appear that, after all, the following is a compilation from another of the engraved Lists of 1736, only issued later in the year.

Some of these engraved Lists of Lodges were issued monthly, with the necessary corrections, but those would be of later dates than 1736-9. We have reason to believe, however, that even before that period, several editions were occasionally published in a year.

Any Brethren who may possess Lists of Lodges which end either in 1731 or 1732 would confer a boon on Masonic students if they made their character known, and thus enable us to verify the origin of certain Lodges.

A.D. 1736.

An Exact List of Regular English Lodges according to their Seniority and Constitution.

1 1. King's Arms, St. Paul's Churchyard, 1st Tuesday in every month.
3 2. The Horn, Westminster, 2nd Thursday.
4 3. Shakespeare's Head, Marlborough Street, 1st Tuesday, const. Jan. 17th, 1722.
5 4. Bell, Nicholas Lane, 2nd Wednesday, const. July 11th, 1721.
6 5. Mr. Braund, New Bond Street, 2nd and 4th Thursday, Jan. 19th, 1722.
7 6. Rummer in Queen Street, Cheapside, 2nd and 4th Tuesday, Jan. 28th, 1722.
8 7. Daniel's Coffee House, Temple Bar, 1st Monday, April 25th, 1722.
9 8. One Tun in Noble Street, 1st and 3rd Wednesday, May, 1722.
10 9. King's Arms in New Bond Street, last Thursday, Nov. 25th, 1722-3.
11 10. Queen's Head, Knave's Acres, 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Feb. 27th, 1722-3.
12 11. Castle in Drury Lane.

* 12. Two Posts, Maiden Lane, Covent Garden, 1st and 3rd Thursday, March 28th, 1723.
14 13. Queen's Head, Great Queen Street, 1st and 3rd Monday, March 30th.
15 14. Bull's Head, in Southwark, 2nd Monday, April 1st.
16 15. Cross Keys, the Corner of St. Martin's Lane, 1st and 3rd Wednesday, April 3rd.
18 16. Sun in Holborn, 1st and 3rd Friday, May 5.
19 17. Mourning Bush at Aldersgate, 2nd and 4th Friday, 1723.
20 18. French Lodge the Swan in Long Acre, 1st and 3rd Monday, June 12th.
21 19. Baptist Head and Anchor in Chancery Lane, last Thursday, August 4th.
22 20. Swan on Fish Street Hill, 1st Friday, Sep. 11th.
23 21. Half Moon in Cheapside, 1st and 3rd Tuesday, Sep. 18th.
24 22. Swan and Olive Tree, Whitecross Street, 1st Friday.
25 23. White Horse, Wheeler Street, Spitlefields, 2nd Monday, Dec. 24th.
27 24. Forest's Coffee House at Charing Cross, 2nd and last Monday, March 27th, 1724.
30 25. Three Tons in the city of Norwich, 1st Thursday.
31 26. Whale in the city of Chichester, 3rd Friday of the month, July 17th.
32 27. Black Spread Eagle, Castle Lane, in Chester, 1st Thursday.
33 28. Crown and Mitre, Northgate Street, in Chester, 1st Tuesday.
34 29. Bunch of Grapes, Caermarthen, South Wales.
35 30. Two Posts, Portsmouth, in Hampshire, 1st and 3rd Thursday.
36 31. Red Lion, Congleton, Cheshire.
37 32. Sash and Cocoa Tree in Moorfields, 1st and 3rd Thursday, July.
38 33. Coat Eagle Court in the Strand, 1st and 3rd Monday.
39 34. Swan and Rummer in Finch Lane, 2nd and 4th Wednesday, Master's Lodge every Sunday, Feb. 1725.
40 35. Paul's Head, Ludgate Street, 4th Monday of the month of April.
42 36. Angel and Crown in Whitechapel, 1st Wednesday in summer, 1st and 3rd in winter.
43 37. King's Arms in the Strand, 1st Monday, May 25th.
44 38. Swan in Long Acre, 2nd and last Wednesday, Sep.
46 39. Mount's Coffee House in Grovesnor Street, near Hanover Square, 1st Thursday in the month, Jan. 12th, 1727.
47 40. White Lion in Aldersgate Street, 1st and 3rd Friday, Aug. 19th.
48 41. King's Head at Salford, near Manchester, 1st Monday in the month.
49 42. Low's Coffee House, Panton Street, 2nd and 4th Friday, Jan. 31st, 1727-8.
50 43. Three Flower de Luces in St. Bernard Street, Madrid, 1st Sunday.
51 44. Gibraltar at Gibraltar, 1st Tuesday of the month, April 22nd.
52 45. Woolpack in Warwick, 1st and 3rd Friday in the month, April 22nd.
53 46. Hoop and Griffin, in Leadenhall Street, 2nd and 4th Monday.
54 47. Rose and Crown in Greek Street, Soho, 1st and 3rd Friday.
55 48. Fountain in Fleet Street, 1st and 3rd Friday.
56 49. Anchor and Crown in Shore's Gardens, 1st and 3rd Thursday.
57 50. Red Lion and Ball in Red Lion Street, Holborn, 2nd and 4th Wednesday, April 15th.
59 51. Three Tuns in Scarborough, 1st Wednesday, Aug. 27, 1729.
60 52. Three Tons at Billingsgate, 2nd and 4th Thursday, Jan. 22nd.
61 53. Fountain, Snow Hill, 1st and 3rd Thursday, Jan. 24th, 1730.
62 54. George at Northampton, 1st Saturday, Jan. 16th, 1730.
63 55. Bacchus and Ton, Gravel Street, Hatton Garden, 1st and 3rd Friday.

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* Omitted in lists 1736-9.

65 56. St. Rook's Hill, near Chichester in Sussex, once a year, viz., Tuesday in Esther Week, const. in the reign of Julius Cæsar.
66 57. Red Lion in the City of Canterbury, 1st and 3rd Tuesday, April 3rd, 1730.
68 58. Vine in Long Acre, 2nd and 4th Wednesday; Master's Lodge 1st and 3rd Sunday, April 28th.
69 59. Bacchus and Tun in Bloomsbury Market, 2nd and 4th Monday, May 22nd.
70 60. Lion in Lynn Regis in Norfolk, 1st Friday, Oct. 9th, 1729.
71 61. Rose in Cheapside, 1st and 3rd Monday, Jan. 26th, 1730.
72 62. East India Arms at Bengal in the East Indies.
73 63. Saracen's Head in Lincoln, 1st Tuesday, Sep. 7th.
75 64. Rainbow Coffee House, York Buildings, 2nd and 4th Thursday, July 17th.
76 65. Queen's Head, Old Bailey, 1st and 3rd Thursday; Master's Lodge 1st and 3rd Sunday.
77 66. Black Lion in Jockey Fields, 1st and 3rd Monday, Jan. 11th, 1731.
78 67. Fountain, Bury St. Edmonds, 2nd and 4th Tuesday.
79 68. Two Angels and Crown, Little St. Martin's Lane, 2nd and 4th Friday.
80 69. Angel, Macclesfield, Cheshire.
81 70. Fleece, Bury St. Edmonds, 1st and 3rd Thursday, Nov. 1st.
82 71. Three Tons, Newgate Street, 2nd and last Monday, Oct. 11th.
83 72. Three Tons, Smithfield, 2nd and 4th Wednesday, Dec. 17th.
84 73. Old Antwerp behind the Royal Exchange, 1st Tuesday.
85 74. Fountain, Borough of Southwark, 1st and 3rd Tuesday, Jan. 14th, 1732.
86 75. King's Arms, St. Margaret's Hill, Southwark, 3rd Monday, Feb. 2nd.
87 76. New King's Arms at Leith in Lancashire, Feb. 22nd, 1731.
88 77. Bell and Blackbird, Wolverhampton in Staffordshire, 1st Monday, March 28th, 1732.
89 78. Horseshoe and Rummer in Drury Lane, 2nd and 4th Tuesday, April 11th.
90 79. A l'Hotel de Bussy, Rue de Bussy, à Paris, 1st Monday, April 3rd.
91 80. Sun in Fleet Street, 2nd and last Tuesday, April 12th.
92 81. Star in Coleman Street, 2nd and 4th Tuesday, May 25th.
93 82. King and Queen's Heads in Rosemary Lane, 2nd and 4th Monday, June 21st.
94 83. Oxford Arms, Ludgate Street, 2nd and 4th Thursday, June 29th.
95 84. King's Arms, Dorset Street, Spitalfields, 2nd and 4th Thursday, July 12th.
96 85. White Horse in Ipswich, 2nd and 4th Thursday.
97 86. New Inn in Exeter.
98 87. King's Arms in Piccadilly, 2nd and last Thursday, Aug. 17th.
99(?)88. Leg in Fleet Street, 1st and 3rd Friday.
101 89. Crown, Upper Moorfields, 2nd Tuesday, Aug. 29th.
102 90. Royal Vineyard, St. James's Park, every Saturday 2 o'clock, Sept. 5th.
103 91. Standard in Leicesterfield, 1st and 3rd Tuesday, Sep. 8th.
104 92. Virgin's Inn, Darby, Sep. 14th.
105 93. A private room, in Bolton Lee Moors in Lancashire, next Wednesday to every full moon, Nov. 9th.
106 94. Clothworkers' Arms, Upper Moorfields, 1st and 3rd Tuesday, Nov. 15th.
107 95. Turk's Head, Greek Street, Soho, 2nd Thursday in summer and 2nd and 4th in winter, Dec. 12th.
108 96. Seven Stars, Bury St. Edmonds, 2nd and 4th Thursday, Dec. 15th.

109 97. Old Mitre in Salisbury, 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Dec. 27th.
110 98. Ship Coffee House near the Hermitage Bridge, 1st and 3rd Thursday, Feb. 2nd, 1732-3.
111 99. Theatre Tavern in Goodman's Fields, 2nd and 4th Monday, Feb. 17th.
112 100. King's Arms, Tower Street near the Seven Dials, 1st and 3rd Tuesday, March 3rd.
113 101. Bear, City of Bath, 1st and 3rd Friday, March 18th, 1733.
114 102. Globe in Bridges Street in Covent Garden, 2nd and 4th Thursday, March 23rd.
117 103. Shakespeare's Head in Covent Garden, Stewards' Lodge, the 3rd Wednesday in January, April, July, and October, 25th of June, 1735.
118 104. Red Lion at Bury in Lancashire, next Thursday to every full moon, July 26th, 1731.
119 105. Dog in Stourbridge, Worcestershire, every Wednesday, Aug. 1st.
121 106. White Horse in Piccadilly, 1st and 3rd Monday, Dec. 27th.
122 107. Forest's Coffee House, Charing Cross, 2nd Wednesday.
123 108. Castle at Kingston in Surrey, 2nd and 4th Tuesday.
124 109. Hamburgh in Lower Saxony.
125 110. Swan in Birmingham, last Monday.
126 111. Boston in New England.
127 112. Valenciennes in French Flanders.
128 113. Duke of Marlborough's Head in Petticoat Lane, Whitechapel, 2nd and 4th Friday, Nov. 5th, 1734.
129 114. Masons' Arms at Plymouth, 1st and 3rd Friday.
130 115. Mitre in Mint Street, near St. George's Church in Southwark, 2nd and 4th Tuesday, June 11th, 1735.
131 116. At the Hague.
132 117. Fencers near Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 1st Monday, June 24th.
133 118. At the Castle Aubigny in France, 1st Monday, Aug. 12th.
134 119. Sun in Old Round Court, 2nd and 4th Tuesday, Aug. 26th.
135 120. Lisbon Lodge.
136 121. Lord Weymouth's Arms at Warminster in Wiltshire, 1st Thursday.
137 122. Rummer in Bristol, 1st and 3rd Friday.
138 123. Anchor in Cock Lane, Snow Hill.
139 124. Savannah in the Province of Georgia.
140 125. Astley's London Punch House, Ludgate Hill.
141 126. Three Cups in Colchester, 1st and 3rd Monday.
142 127. Fountain in Shrewsbury, 1st Monday, April 26th.
143 128. Fountain Gate's Head, in the Bishopric of Durham, March 8, 1735.
144 129. Grayhound in Lamb Street, Spitalfields.
145 130. Three Crowns, Weymouth and Melcomb Regis, Dorsetshire.
146 131. King's Head in Norwich.
147 132. George in Tyth Barn Street in Liverpool.
148 133. Sun, Fish Street Hill, 1st and 3rd Monday.
149 134. King's Arms, Edgeburton Street, Birmingham.
150 135. Yorkshire Grey in Beer Lane in Thames Street, 3rd Friday, Dec. 2nd.
151 136. Black Dog, Castle Street, Seven Dials, 2nd and 4th Tuesday; Master's Lodge every Sunday, Dec. 21st.
152 137. Blossom's Inn, in Laurence Lane, Cheapside.
153* 138. City of Durham in Wallow Street.
154 139. Crown, West Smithfield, 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Feb. 14th.
155 140. King's Arms in Cateaton Street.
156 141. Horn, Braintree in Essex.

* March 17th, 1736-9 Lists.

AUTUMN.

THE mellow tints of Autumn fell
Across the heath and bosky dell;
The withered leaf there lightly lay,
Seared and bescorched by solar ray.

No gentle note of nightingale
Resounded through the hill or dale,
A dead deep calm was felt around,
The little nests gave out no sound.

The air has lost its sweet perfume,
The fresh'ning breeze that bids us bloom;
The fragrant rose and lily pure
Were each too fragile to endure.

The harvest song of thankful praise
With gladsome voice we loudly raise:
What greater theme?—"Our Father's care"—
The gathered crops—for us to share!

The muffled sound of passing-bell
Rings in the ear with solemn knell:
A happier chime is heard again
To cheer us in this world of pain.

We watch each warning shade of doom,
Each hour we count till winter's gloom:
Each spot we mark to memory dear,
Each sigh we've breath'd now claims a tear!

The golden sun now sets in red,
The light and shadow both have fled:
Dark clouds enwrap that lovely sky,
Like death they shew our destiny!

Ah yes! to me these thoughts are grief,
In vain may Autumn bring relief—
A heart once torn by Winter's blast
Can *hope* no more—its "Summer's" past!

November, 1880. L. S.

MYSTICISM.

BY MASONIC STUDENT.

(Concluded from page 373).

IF I have well explained the teaching set forth above, we shall be able to understand by what means, side by side with the orthodox church, there was developed, uninterruptedly, a school half religious and half philosophical; which, fertile doubtless in heresy, but often accepted or tolerated by the Catholic clergy, kept up a certain spirit of mysticism or of supernaturalism, necessary for brooding or nervous imaginations, as to certain natures more disposed than others to spiritualistic ideas. The converted Jews were the first who sought, towards the end of the eleventh century, to infuse into Catholicism certain hypotheses founded on the interpretation of the bible, and going up to the doctrines of the Essenes and the Gnostics.

Near this epoch it is that the word "Cabala" frequently abounds in theological discussions. There is mixed up with it naturally something of the platonic formulæ of the Alexandrian School, of which a good deal had already been reproduced in the doctrines of the fathers of the church.

The prolonged contact of christianity with the East during the Crusades brought back, in addition, a great number of analogous ideas, which for the matter of that found easily a basis for themselves in the traditions and local superstitions of the European nations.

The Templars were, among the Crusaders, those who endeavoured to realize the most extended alliance between oriental ideas and those of Roman Christianity. In the desire to establish a link between their order and the ignorant populations they were charged to govern, they laid the foundation of a sort of new dogma, which seemed to share in all the religions practised by the Levantines, without abandoning entirely the catholic synthesis, but making it bend to the necessities of their position. Here were the foundations of Freemasonry,* which belonged to analagous institutions, established by the Mussulmans and divers sects, and which still have survived all persecution, especially in Persia, and in Lebanon and The Hauran. The most strange phenomenon and the most exaggerated of these oriental associations was the celebrated order of the "Assassins." The nation of the Druses and of the Ansayrii are to-day those which retain the last vestiges of it.

The Templars were soon accused of having set up one of the most terrible heresies which christianity had yet had to face. Persecuted and at last destroyed by the united efforts of the Papacy and various monarchies, they had for them the intelligent classes and a great number of distinguished intellects, all of whom constituted then, as against the abuses of feudalism, what we should call to-day "The opposition."

From these ashes cast to the wind, a mystical and philosophical institution had its birth, which greatly influenced that first moral and religious revolution which was called among the people of the north "Reform," and of the south "Philosophy." Reform was yet to take possession both of the safety as well as the religion of christianity; philosophy, on the contrary, became little by little its opponent, and acting specially among the nations which had remained established, there were soon two severed divisions of the unbelievers and the believers

* The writer cannot give up the idea of Templar Freemasonry—a pure chimera.

There was, nevertheless, a great number of minds whom materialism could not satisfy, but who, without rejecting religious tradition, desired to maintain a respect for it, a certain liberty of discussion and interpretation. These persons founded the first Masonic association which gave their fame to the popular corporations, and to what we call to-day, "compaginonage."

Freemasonry established the most exalted of these institutions in Scotland, and it was on account of the relations of France with that country, from Mary Stuart until Louis XIV., that we saw so strongly implanted in France the mystic institutions which preceded the Rose Croix.

During this time Italy had seen, from the date of the fourteenth century, a long series of hardy thinkers established, among whom we must rank Marsilius Ficinus, Picus de la Mirandola, Meursius, Nicholas de Cusa, Giordano Bruno, and other great minds favorized by the toleration of the Medici, and whom we may now term the "Neoplatonicians of Florence."

The taking of Constantinople, in exiling so many illustrious "savants," whom Italy welcomed, also exercised a great influence on this philosophical movement which brought the Alexandrian ideas, and led again to the study of Plotinus, of Proclus, of Porphyry, etc., the first assailants of rising christianity. We ought to observe here, that the greater part of the learned medical men and materialists of the middle age, such as Paracelsus, Albert the Great, Jerome Cardan, Roger Bacon, and others, had attached themselves more or less to this teaching, which gave a new "formula" to that which was then called "occult science," that is to say, astrology, the cabala, chiromancy, alchemy, physiognomy, etc.

It is from these diverse elements, and in part also from Hebraic science, which spread itself from the date of the "Renaissance," that those different mystic schools were formed which were seen to develop themselves at the end of the seventeenth century, the Rose Croix especially, of whom the Abbè Villars was the indiscreet disciple, and later, as some say, the victim. Subsequently, the Convulsionaries and certain sects of Jansenists appeared; while towards 1770, the Martinists, the Swedenborgians, and lastly the Illuminés, whose doctrines, founded originally in Germany by Weishaupt, soon spread itself in France, where it was absorbed in the Masonic institution.*

WAS SHAKESPEARE A FREEMASON?

(*Concluded from page* 384.)

PASSING other references to "Aprons, Rules, and Hammers," it will be profitable to examine well the references to Masonic emblems, showing as they do not only a thorough knowledge of the symbolic teaching conveyed, but an equally thorough appreciation of their lessons, which are strengthened and enforced with singular effect and beauty of expression. Turn to *Antony and Cleopatra*. What can be finer, clearer, or more in harmony with Masonic interpretation than Antony's reply to Octavia—

> I have not kept my square; but that to come
> Shall all be done by rule.

* Illuminism had a very short life in France, and never had much influence. On all these points Mr. de Nerval is fertile in error. We only give his remarks as a study.

In the same play we learn how the brethren should dwell together in unity—

> Should square between themselves,
> And cement their divisions.

Again, in *The Winter's Tale*, observe how Leontes evidently attaches the same meaning to the word when he says,

> Oh that I had ever squared me to thy counsel.

And in *Measure for Measure* occurs the beautiful reproof given by the Duke to Barnadine, as one who

> Apprehends no further than this world,
> And squarest thy life according.

We could almost be content to rest our claim to consider the Great Magician one of our Brotherhood upon these evidences; but we proceed, even although in our next illustration we find ourselves sadly admonished by learning that even Masons are sometimes not above taking advantage of each other, for does not Trinculo, in *The Tempest*, pleasantly justify theft by his droll remark—

> We steal by line and level.

But let us endeavour to deal with the vexed question of oaths, about which we have heard and read so much of late. How striking are the words of Suffolk in *Henry VI.*:

> A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn tongue.

And again, in the *Comedy of Errors*, where we read:

> It is a branch and parcel of my oath,
> A charitable duty of my order.

In *Measure for Measure* we not only obtain the following brief reference to the secret!—

> It is a mystery!

but we are darkly and impressively warned:

> 'Tis a secret must be locked between the teeth and the lips.

And in *King John* occur the following lines, which we are satisfied to quote without comment or remark of any kind—

> And whisper one another in the ear,
> And he that speaks doth grasp the hearer's wrist.

Let us ask next if we can learn aught respecting the different grades and steps in the Order. Take two quotations. In *Henry VI.* we read:

> Thou wast installed in that high degree.

Again, in *Twelfth Night*:

> He's in the third degree.

In *Henry V.* we find a quaint passage:

> Singing Masons, building roofs of gold.

from which it would seem that our ancient Brethren were accustomed to sing while at labour. Times are changed somewhat in this respect also. Our modern Brethren take to their work sadly and decorously, and reserve their singing for refreshment.

But once more. Shall we make the attempt to discover any idea as to what the Brotherhood was, then as now? Is it our desire that the world

should be rightly informed as to the true meaning of the mystic tie? Then turn again to *Antony and Cleopatra*, and let Agrippa be our spokesman:

> To hold you in perpetual amity,
> To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts
> With an unspilling knot.

Do we desire that candidates for admission into the Order should learn beforehand the fashion of their welcome? Let us turn this time to *Julius Cæsar*, and let Brutus speak for us—

> Our hearts,
> Of brother's temper, do receive you in
> With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

But we may, perhaps, be asked which, if any, of the prominent characters in Shakespeare's plays may with fair reason be adjudged to be of the Brotherhood. Shall they reply themselves? Will their own testimony be held sufficient? With whom commence? Surely, with Prospero, "the great," the potent master—

> Rapt in secret studies,
> In the liberal arts without a parallel

The Duke, in *Measure for Measure*, avows himself thus—

> I am a Brother of gracious Order.

Richard II. says of himself—

> I am sworn Brother.

Whether or not *Othello* was a Freemason seems to be an open question; but we think we can claim Brabantio as one upon his own admission—

> Mine's not an idle cause, the Duke himself
> Or any of my Brothers.

Glendower, in *Henry IV.*, would appear to have been not merely a Brother, but a Welsh Brother, with strong Gladstonian proclivities. For example, when he inquires,

> Shall we divide our right
> According to the threefold Order?

Benedick unmistakably was a Mason—we unhesitatingly pin our faith to him, for does not Beatrice, in *Much Ado about Nothing*, say of him—

> He hath every month a new sworn brother.

He was, doubtless, one of the most jovial members of a most popular and thriving Lodge, to which we confess we should ourselves very much like to have been attached.

If we desire to represent how genial, how thoroughly hospitable a Brother can be, what better representative can we select than Bardolph in *Henry V.* List to his promise—

> I will bestow a breakfast on you friends,
> And we'll be all sworn Brothers.

Our old friend Pistol, in the same play, was scarcely behind in this hospitable feeling; indeed, he just steps in and supplies what was wanting in his Brother's kind invitation, when he says—

> And liquor likewise will I give to them,
> And friendship shall combine with Brotherhood.

But we have stretched our cable to its limits, and must now turn for a little while from the Operative Masonsy of the past to the Speculative Masonry of the present; and it is here we venture to think is best discovered the

fullness and perfectness of the Great Master's knowledge; it is here we obtain our most beautiful and touching illustrations.

We will suppose, in the first instance, the moral virtues ask for recognition. With very little search we are able to clothe a model Mason with them, and present him not merely "bearing the badge of Faith," but "keeping it firm and inviolable"—"strong as a tower in Hope"—and "bound by Charity"—

> For charity itself fulfills the law,
> And who can sever love from charity?

Next in order would come the principles upon which the Order is said to be founded, and in like manner we find them also noticed. Brotherly love: by the injunction "Use your brothers brotherly"—Relief: "Wherever sorrow is"—and Truth: "To the end."

> For truth can never be confirmed enough,
> Though doubts did ever sleep.

And yet once more the truly Masonic utterance,

> I will find
> Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
> Within the centre.

A rapid reference to the cardinal virtues is all we can allow ourselves. A true Mason will ever "let his own discretion be his tutor"—"will acquire a temperance"—"endure out of the fortitude of his soul"—and "will be just and fear not." And of him may be said in truth—

> *His life is paralleled*
> E'en with the stroke and line of his great justice.

And lastly we will endeavour to see whether the Great Master in any way recognized "Virtue, Honour, and Mercy," as being the distinguishing characteristics of a Freemason. There are those, no doubt, who agree with Bevis, in *Henry VI.*, that

> Virtue is not regarded in handicraftsmen,

but we prefer to hold otherwise, and desire, in conclusion, to place on record our firm belief that there are good and true representatives of the Ancient Brotherhood of whom it can be righteously said, as regarding their lives and practice, that they "show Virtue her own feature," "hold Honor far more dear than life," and regard Mercy as "Nobility's true badge"—that there are those who can add conscientiously:

> My Virtue is my privilege
> Mine Honor is my life.
> I render deeds of Mercy.

And to whom do the well-known, oft-repeated, beautiful lines which follow, appeal with more eloquence and force than to a Freemason? to whom are they more familiar? to whom do they convey the like meaning or the same teaching?

> The quality of Mercy is not strain'd,
> It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
> Upon the place beneath; it is twice blest;
> It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.

And thus for the moment our inquiry must end. The presentation, as a whole, is not an unfair or misleading one; and if in some few instances a bearing has been given to passages and expressions which may not possibly stand the test of severe critical analysis, yet enough is left, more than enough, fully to establish our claim. It has been explained how it came about the present examination was undertaken—more in light pleasantry than in sober

seriousness; let it be sufficient to add that it was commenced with a pleasure, lasting to the end, which is reached with reluctance and regret. So much has been left unsaid that might have been well said—so much said that might have been far better said—so many points of interest scantily touched—so many left untouched altogether; still the object sought will be attained, if a gleam of pleasure has been conveyed to a single reader—if a grain of information has been imparted—or a thought communicated in harmony with the intention.

A TWILIGHT SONG ON THE RIVER FOWEY.

BY BRO. EMRA HOLMES.

THE glow of the sunset clings to the gorse,
Its golden clusters entrance mine eyes;
And night-birds, flying across my course,
Greet mine ears with their peaceful cries.

The waves come lapping in o'er the strand,
A white-sailed vessel goes idly by,
Soft twilight comes over all the land,
Like to the heavenly "by-and-bye."

I step on board of my little bark,
And put out aimlessly from the shore;
The evening star, like a brilliant spark,
Gleams from sapphire skies as of yore.

A great white owl flits over the wood,
With its mournful cry *tu-whit-tu-woo;*
Methinks I have that folly withstood,
The strong temptation, to wit to woo.

For I am too poor to offer a home
To the girl I shall love for ever and aye;
And I would scorn to ask her to come,
Fearful lest she should say me nay.

'Neath the hanging woods on the rivers' marge
My echoing oars wake the silent stream,
And the swaying branches, looming large,
Lean over and beckon, like ghosts in a dream.

But somehow my boat seems to know its way
To the maiden's bower: what can one do?
A fluttering figure; I haste to the fray:
What have I come for? To wit to woo.

A TALE OF VENICE IN 1781.

BY BRO. W.

A HUNDRED years have passed away, full of the most stirring events which, perhaps, the world has ever seen, and which stand out so wondrously vivid and enduring in the annals of time, since two young Englishmen, in the striking dress of the last century, were standing on the Place of St. Mark at Venice. They were both, as I said before, young; both were also good-looking, well dressed, and evidently "thorough-bred," and they seemed to be alike amiable and intelligent, interested in all they saw, if genuine children of the far little island, cultivated citizens of the world. Venice had then, as it still has, and probably ever will have, the deepest and most abiding claims on the student and the virtuoso. Something had, however, occurred to move them greatly, for they were discoursing in low tones to each other, and despite the loveliness of the weather and the charms of the locale, were apparently absorbed in some special matter of personal interest or private anxiety. I must also let my readers into a secret, that not far from them two other very ill-looking men seemed to be watching their movements, in connection with others at a greater distance, with the most scrupulous and intense attention.

What then, kind readers, was the subject of their serious concern? Was it a Venetian lady? or a picture of Tintoretto? or some precious antique? or some exquisite manuscript? No, it was none of these things, interesting as they might be, and still are to many a fellow mortal.

The two young men, one Sir Henry Callender, the other "Squire Harley," as he was called in his patrimonial acres, were "Freemasons," and had attended, two nights before, a lodge meeting at Venice. At this time there were several lodges in Venice, and many Masonic works were published there about 1780, though they are now scarce, and prized by book collectors accordingly. For some reason the Council of Ten had latterly grown jealous of the Freemasons, and as their spies were everywhere, they soon found out the names of the greater part of the members of the Venetian lodges, as well as of their visitors, but not, happily, as will be seen later, of all the members of the lodge at which our two friends had been visitors.

The Lodge of "St. Mark of Venice" had become suspected specially by the authorities, and they had determined to arrest all its known members. So that very evening, when our friends were rowing along in the moonlight, indolently and happily in a gondola, they were run into by another gondola, and were taken out and carried blindfolded to a prison, which, from its earthy and damp smell, seemed to be subterranean. Not very long after they were removed by masked attendants, and found themselves in a small room before a table covered with red cloth, at which five persons in red robes were sitting. Their accusation was read. They made the best defence they could, pleaded ignorance of any breach of the laws of the country, and told the judges that in England the English Royal Family was at the head of the Order, and the Prince of Wales the actual Grand Master. This fact seemed to strike the five gentlemen in red very much indeed, and, ordering our friends to withdraw, they were turning to each other, when one of them unperceived gave our friends a Masonic sign, and both recognized him as one of the brethren of St. Mark. This seemed to them of good omen, and they retired in better spirits than they had entered; and not very long after, a civil person, clothed

in black, like a notary, came to inform them that they were at liberty, but must leave Venice in twenty-four hours.

Away they went in due course, glad to get quit of such a trying little episode on any terms; and when they had returned to England and settled down to their quiet country lives, and were married and had families, the recollection of their Venetian trouble gradually faded from their memories.

One day, when they were going to attend the Grand Lodge in Great Queen Street, where it still is, though happily renovated and rebuilt, under the favourable auspices of our good old friend Bro. John Havers and other worthy Masons, they were accosted by a person in the street, who spoke to them in Italian, and asked them for alms as a Mason. Lo and behold it was their Venetian friend!

After the Venetian Republic had fallen, and the "Cisalpine Republic" was introduced, our friend and brother, too purely patriotic for the new realm, had been compelled to leave his native country, and was now an exile in a strange and foreign land, unhappy and pitiable lot!

I need not add that two such good Masons as our friends were not oblivious either of their duty or their privileges in this respect, and that our Venetian brother, after some years of peaceful sojourn in England, where he died, never ceased to acknowledge that true-hearted fraternity which is not sundered by difference of nationality or language, but runs all the world over like a magic chain of electric light, diffusing warmth, lustre, and benificence on all who are encircled by its mystic bands, which time itself is unable to weaken, much less to dissolve or destroy!

A NEW HISTORY OF FREEMASONRY.

THE following article recently appeared in our excellent contemporary, the *Keystone*, of Philadelphia, and we reprint it for the information of Masonic students, some of whom it will startle not a little.

WE take the following from the last number of the *N. Y. Dispatch*:

"In the issue of the *Keystone*, 15th inst., the following extract from an article written by myself, and printed in your journal, on the change of Freemasonry from an operative to a speculative, appears:

"'During the troubles which desolated England about the middle of the seventeenth century, and after the death of Charles I., in 1649, the Masons of England, and more particularly those of Scotland, laboured in secret for the re-establishment of the throne destroyed by Cromwell; and for this purpose they instituted many degrees hitherto unknown and totally foreign to the spirit and nature of Freemasonry, and by such innovations gave to our Fraternity a political character. These discussions produced a separation between the Operative and Accepted Masons. The latter were honorary members, who, as per long-established usage, had been accepted into the corporation for the advantage of which their influential position might afford. Now mark, this very position at that time made them naturally the adherents of the throne and strong supporters of Charles II., who during his exile was received as an Accepted Mason by their election, and in consequence of the benefits he derived

from the society gave to Masonry the title of *Masonic Art*, because it was mainly by its instrumentality that he was raised to the throne and made King of England.'

"Which the editor denounces as apochryphal, and asks:

"'Can Bro. Grant produce a reliable authority for the above statement? We believe it to be entirely without basis in fact, and we regret to see such a statement made, in any except a Pickwickian sense; and even pleasantry should rarely assume the guise of history.'

"Bro. Grant answers that Freemasonry, after its transformation at London in 1717 from a partly mechanical and partly philosophical institution to one purely moral and philosophic, retained the three traditional degrees of *Apprentice, Fellow Craft, and Master Mason*, and all the lodges organized since that time, as well by the Grand Lodge of London as by the Grand Lodges of Scotland and Ireland, have been so constituted, and have never conferred any other than the three symbolic degrees above named, and which constitute the Rite of the Ancient Free and Accepted Masons of England—the only true, traditional Masonry. Now, Bro. Keystone, it was not until the partizans of the Stuarts had come to France in the *suite* of the Pretender that English Masonry was denaturalized by them, and used as a cloak to cover their revolutionary projects.

"The desire to restore the family of the Stuarts to the throne of England, and thus to favour the interests of Roman Catholicism, suggested to the partisans of that family and those interested the idea of forming secret associations, by which their plans might be carried out, and it was with this object that they obtained entrance into the Masonic lodges on the Continent.

"They commenced in France, through the agency of one of their most eminent emissaries, the Doctor, Baron of Ramsay. Baron Ramsay was converted to the Roman Catholic religion by Fenelon, and afterward became preceptor at Rome to the son of the dethroned king, James II. He came to France in 1728, and after having failed in London in his attempt to organize in the interest of the Stuarts a new Masonry, calculated to annihilate the influence of the Grand Lodge of London, he devoted himself to a like work in France, and presented himself in Paris, furnished with powers from a Masonic authority represented to be sitting in Edinburgh; but it does not seem that until about 1736 he had succeeded in establishing in some Lodges his political system.

"This Dr. Ramsay, between the years 1736 and 1738, augmented this rite by the addition of two degrees, and then called it 'Scottish,' because, as he maintained, it proceeded from a powerful Masonic authority in Scotland. He delivered to his proselytes whom he had made in France patents emanating from a self-styled Chapter of Masons sitting in Edinburgh. This Chapter was composed of the partisans of the Stuarts, who had constituted themselves into a Masonic authority before the Grand Lodge of Scotland existed, with the sole object of forwarding the projects of the uncrowned princes. There cannot be a shadow of doubt but that during the Pretender's time every effort was made on the part of some prominent Masons and adherents of his to use the Masonic Fraternity as a political machine for his personal advancement. True, there were many Masons who would not be polluted by decorations or wealth; but nevertheless, the Jacobites used all their power to induce the Masons to uphold the cause of the Pretender.

"In these few remarks we have endeavoured to show our brother that the Fraternity at one time were used for political purposes. We most kindly suggest to *The Keystone* that the *Dispatch* publishes nothing apochryphal, and we exceedingly regret that our learned brother believes them to be without basis, and desires us to give our authority. We do not need to do anything of the kind, but simply remark that all history confirms the statement; that the writer has resided for some years in Europe, and has seen documents which

we judge from our brother's caustic remarks he has not been privileged to see. We would advise him to thoroughly study the history of the Fraternity which he represents, and understand that the Masonic columns of the *Dispatch* are not used for pleasantry, but for Masonic information which can be vouched for. Study, my brother, and remember the commandment of the ancient sage, 'Hear much, speak little, and weigh well that which thou speakest.' *Se defendendo.* "JAMES B. GRANT."

We regret to learn that our brother was in sober earnest when he made the statement contained in the extract first above quoted. We thank him for his excellent advice to "thoroughly study the history of the Fraternity;" that has been, and will continue to be, our constant endeavour; and let him take his own medicine! We have only to regret that he WILL NOT give us any *authority* for his statements.

Now, in order to bring this matter to an issue, we distinctly traverse all his alleged facts, and since the affirmative of the issue is with himself, it is for him to sustain it.

WE POSITIVELY DENY (1) "That after the death of Charles I., in 1649, the Masons of England, and more particularly those of Scotland, laboured in secret for the re-establishment of the throne destroyed by Cromwell;"

(2) That "Charles II., during his exile, was received as an Accepted Mason;"

(3) That Charles II. was ever made a Mason; and

(4) That Charles II., "in consequence of the benefits he derived from the Society, gave to Masonry the title of *Masonic Art.*"

We are well aware that, by certain writers of the Andersonian school, loose statements have been made akin to those put forth by our brother; but they are wholly unsubstantiated by any reliable evidence. Indeed, the most that has been claimed has been that certain fabricators of so-called "high degrees," such as the Chevalier Ramsay, "fabricated degrees in the interest of the Stuart cause. To identify either Freemasonry or Freemasons with such a movement is wholly unjustifiable. We assert, without fear of successful contradiction, that in neither England nor Scotland has Freemasonry ever identified itself with any political party or cause whatsoever. As to any such attempted identification prior to the revival of 1717, it is absurd. Before that time there was in Great Britain no Grand Lodge. All of the subordinate lodges were sovereign and independent. They were partly operative and partly speculative, being representatives of the older purely operative lodges, whose purpose had been the conservation and advancement of architectural knowledge and science. They would as soon have thought of identifying themselves with a scheme to open balloon communication with the moon as with one to revolutionize England in behalf of any political party. But let us have our brother's authorities; if they exist they will speak for themselves, and may be readily refuted.

We quite concur with the able editor of the *Keystone*, and only regret to see reproduced in America, in 1881, the chimerical theories of some foreign writers, which have long been given up as untenable by the thoughtful student and the competent critic.

The Caroline revival, or origin of Freemasonry, was a French idea, started about one hundred years ago, and was always like the "baseless fabric of a dream." It never had any consistency, reality, or fact in it. The Jacobite revival and direction of Freemasonry is also a very debateable proposition.

There is no valid evidence that Ramsay ever himself propounded his alleged High Grade Jacobite Masonry. Even the "Rite de Bouillon," as his manipulation, is somewhat questionable. That it existed is probably true, that he arranged it, or patronized it "quod est probandum." Recent researches place Ramsay's connection earlier than was generally believed.

The famous address of 1740, in which the germ of the Templar movement is to be discovered, was delivered in 1737, at the installation of the G.M., and from that very date, owing to his correspondence with Cardinal Fleury and the objections of Louis XV., Ramsay's connection with all Freemasonry seems to have closed. He died in 1743, as is generally asserted. We fail to find any traces of him in reference to Freemasonry anywhere. The statements of some writers in respect to him have been handed on by others, without inquiry or research, in a spirit of pure "sheepwalking," as Sydney Smith has it, and it is all but impossible to ascertain what is fact or what is myth in respect of him. It is quite clear that he had nothing to do with the English Grand Lodge, and could have nothing to do with the "Antients." We therefore quite agree with our contemporary, the *Keystone*, in its view of Bro. Grant's, with all respect to him be it said fraternally, "unhistorical propositions." His new theory of Masonic history is, alas, like many other new theories to-day, an "unadulterated myth!"

OLD BOOKS.

THE taste for old books, if not increasing amongst ourselves, is remarkably developed in America, whither week by week a large quantity of scarce editions, and curious volumes, and quaint publications is dispatched. Not that, indeed, there does not linger in the old country a taste for books; there does undoubtedly, but we fear that just now people are too busy to read, too excited to think. It seems to be the "order of the day," moreover, to sell old libraries, and the price of rare volumes and unique issues is undoubtedly on the rise. We regret, for many reasons, the dispatch of valuable libraries and careful collections, and wish now to express our opinion that "Bibliomania," as it is termed by the ignorant, and thoughtless, and brainless, is a very innocent, nay elevating and improving, pursuit.

The love of books is, "per se," a healthy taste, and the liking for old books is, we venture to believe, a sign of much learning, education, and more culture.

It is always the sign of a debased taste, and of an unthinking, unstudying, age, when we hear of worthless novels and childish catchpennies embedded in gorgeous bindings and adorned with "rococo" splendour. We trust, however, as all these "fads" have "only" a "day," to hear soon of recurring good taste, and a healthier taste for old books and forgotten literature.

Mr. Eliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row, has recently been issuing some ancient reprints of old books, of which from time to time reviews have appeared in the *Freemason*, and we wish to explain what we have touched upon above, with two illustrations from a recent circular of his.

A FACSIMILE OF THE BOKE OF SAINT ALBANS, by Dame Juliana Berners: containing the Treatises on Hawking, Hunting, and Cote Armour. Printed at St. Alban's, by the Schoolmaster-Printer, in 1486. With an introduction by William Blades, Author of the "Life and Typography of Caxton."—Of the printing presses established in England before the close of the 15th century, none exceed in interest that of the Schoolmaster-Printer of St. Alban's; not only on account of the works known to have been printed by him, but by reason of the mystery which surrounds him as a man, and the work which he carried out. Of the works issued from this press none has drawn more attention than The Boke of St. Albans, by Dame Juliana Berners. This interest is not to be accounted for entirely by the glamour which surrounds the origin of the press which produced the work, but is largely to be attributed to the importance which the readers of later times have attached to the subjects of which it treats, as well as to the kindly feeling

of sympathy and appreciation with which the noble authoress has always been regarded as England's earliest poetess. The typographical peculiarities of the work have always engaged the keen attention of bibliophiles and collectors; while from a philological point of view the Boke of St. Albans opens up many difficult and curious questions and gives us a most valuable example of the transition period of our language, when there was still in common use a very large infusion of French words, also of words and terminations of words which are now obsolete, or only found in local dialects. The early popularity of The Boke of St. Albans is evidenced by the number of editions which were printed between the date of its first appearance and the end of the 16th century: in various sizes and with variations in its title, the work was reprinted eight times. The rarity of all these at the present day is the best indication of the extent to which the book has been handled and read during the past 200 years of its existence. No attempt has hitherto been made to reproduce the work in *facsimile*; but Mr. Hazelwood, in the year 1810, reprinted the text in modern type and appended to it a very exhaustive preface, in which all that is known of The Boke of St. Albans (and a good deal more) is recorded at great length and with much circumstance. This reprint has become very rare, and has been sought for eagerly by collectors, many paying several years ago as much as £15 15s. for a copy in fair condition. The publisher has been for a long time engaged in producing a *facsimile* of The Boke of St. Albans, and having now completed the work, has much pleasure in submitting it to those collectors and bibliophiles who appreciate the issue of such rarities. The reproduction has been made by photography from the copy in the British Museum; it is printed from metal blocks on rough hand-made paper, with rough edges, similar to that used in the 15th century, all the quaint air and antique appearance of the original being preserved. The binding is vellum, of contemporary pattern, and carries out the characteristic aspect of the books of the 15th century. A very interesting and exhaustive introduction by Mr. William Blades, author of "The Life and Typography of Caxton," prefaces the *facsimile*, in which the Authorship, Typography, Bibliography, Subject Matter, and Philology are very fully and authoritatively treated. The present reprint will form a necessary companion volume to The Treatyse of Fysshynge wyth an Angle, by Juliana Berners, recently issued, and with which it is uniform in size and style of production; the reception accorded to that work leads the publisher to believe that the present reprint will be gladly received by those who appreciate our early literature, and who are interested in its reproduction in *facsimile* in the present day.

THE TREATYSE OF FYSSHYNGE WITH AN ANGLE, by Dame Juliana Berners. A *facsimile* reproduction of the first edition, printed by Wynkyn de Worde, at Westminster, in 1496; with an introduction by the Rev. M. G. Watkins.—The extreme rarity of this work, and the great interest taken in it by connoisseurs, has suggested to the publisher the advisability of producing a *facsimile* reprint for the use of those collectors and anglers who can never hope to possess the almost priceless original. The present *facsimile* is reproduced from a copy of the original edition in the British Museum, by means of photography, and consequently renders every peculiarity of the original in faithful detail; the rude illustrations which adorned the first edition of this "lytyll plaunflet" are here given in all their quaint roughness. The work is printed on hand-made paper of the same texture and colour as that on which the first edition appeared, and the binding is of contemporary pattern and material, so that the reader of to-day in handling this volume can realize the form and appearance of the original, which must have delighted the eyes of those who studied "treatyses perteynynge to dyuers playsaunt matters belongynge vnto noblesse."

If we open one of Mr. Quaritch's striking catalogues we find to our astonishment what are the prices that great bookseller asks for ancient literature.

53. THE WIGMORE PSALTER.—Psalterium, cum Precibus et Calendario. Small 4to. Illuminated Manuscript on Vellum, by an English calligrapher, several pages decorated with beautiful painted borders, numerous elegant initials, in the first of which there is a Miniature of King David, in the original binding mended, enclosed in a morocco case, £36. circa A.D. 1440. On the six blank pages preceding the Calendar there are six finely painted Coats of Arms of the Wigmore and allied families, evidently done by the original scribe or some one very near his time. Another page bears the following inscriptions:—"1535. Rychard Wygmor owythe this boke."—"Thomas Wigmore, Richardi filius ao. Dni. 1565."

54. PECOCK (Bishop Reginald).—Outdrawzt fro þe first pti of þe . . Donet of Christen Religioñ. Early English Manuscript on Vellum, finely written about 1440.
ISIDORE. Þese be þe gaderid Coũcels of Seint Ysidre to enforme mã how he schuld fle vicis & use vtuis. Considãcioũ of a man hĩsilf. Early English Manuscript on Vellum, with extracts from St. Austin and moral sentences in English verse at the end, about 1440.

The two books in one vol. sm. 8vo. brown morocco, £30. At the end of the Isidore are found some celebrated rhymes, which stand in the present MS. thus:—

"Erthe upon erthe wynneth castels and touris,
Than seith erthe to erthe this is al ouris.
Whanne erthe upon erthe hath biggid up his bouris,
Thanne schal erthe upon erthe suffer scharpe schouris.
Erthe gooth upon erthe as molde upon molde,
So gooth erthe upon erthe al glittering in gold,
Lyk as erthe unto erthe never go schuld,
And zit schal erthe unto erthe rather than he wolde."

and so on through many more lines. Pecock's curious treatise on moral and religious obligations was intended for poor people who could not buy his larger work, the Donet, and may therefore be rarer than the latter. He uses the word *published* quite in its modern sense in the following sentence:—"Zit in to the moor eese of the psone pooris in haver & in witt I have drawen this now folewyng extract or outdrawzt fro the first pti of the said Donet, that no psoon cristen growen into discrecyouũ of resoũ or fewe of hem after sufficient pupplishing of this book to hem schulde have eny excusatioũ for this that thei knowe not the lawe and service of her lord god."

In Albert Cohn's Catalogue CXXXVII., Berlin, 1881, we find the following account of an unique volume for the price of 200 marks, or £10:—

415. PLATEA (France de.)—Insipit Opus Restitucionum Vtilissimum A Re‖uerendo Patre Fratre Francisco De Platea Bono-‖niense Ordinis Minorum Diuine q3 Verbi Predi-‖catore Eximio Editum. (In fine:) Anno Natitatis Domi Jesu. MCCCCLXXV. (1475). S. l. (Cracoviae, typogr. ignotus), in-fol., goth., sans chiff., récl. ni signat. 200 — Cette édition est restée inconnue à tous les bibliographes. Elle se compose de 24 ff. pour la table, 128 ff. pour les Restitutiones, 1 f. blanc et 61 ff. pour les Excommunationes. Le vol. finit au recto du dernier f. dont le verso est blanc. La dernière page port au dessus de la date les écussons de l'imprimeur, dont la forme est semblable à celle de P. Schoeffer. Dans l'un on voit les initiales IHC et dans l'autre M,. ce qui signifie Jesus Maria. On trouve le facsimile de cette marque typogr. dans le Catalogue de la Bibliothèque du prince Michel Galizin, n° 50. Ce volume rarissime est exécuté avec les caractères du fameux Turrecremata de Cracovie (Cracis impressa) au sujet duquel G. G. Zapf a écrit une dissertation en 1803, dans laquelle il a avancé l'opinion que ces caracterès sont les mêmes que ceux dont G. Zainer s'est servi pour les livres mis au jour par lui à Augsbourg de 1468 à 1475, et que cet artiste a eu aussi un établissement à Cracovie avant qu'il eût transporté ses presses à Augsbourg, oú il mourut en 1478. C'est une fable qui a été repétée par tous les bibliographes, voy. Brunet V., col. 984. Un examen très-superficiel seulement a pu donner naissance à cette idée singulière. Il est vrai que les caractères des deux ouvrages offrent certaines ressemblances l'un à l'autre, mais ils ne sont positivement pas identiques, ce qui se revéle au premier coup d'oeil aux personnes versées dans ce genre d'ètudes. La date de notre volume est vraisemblablement aussi celle de l'impression du Turrecremata qu'on a voulu faire remonter à l'année 1465! A quel imprimeur appartiennent donc cette marque typogr. et ces caractères? Voilà ce que nous ignorons parce que nous ne les retrouvons pas ailleurs. On lit au premier feuillet de notre exemplaire: Ex libris Joannis Wegrzykowicz Plebani Sokolovien et l'exemplaire qui se conserve à la Bibliothèque impér. à Vienne porte à la fin: Hunc librum miserunt patres Cracovienses ex singulari caritate pro loco Brunnensi 1478. Ces deux notices, écrites á l'époque, confirment la découverte de l'origine polonais du volume. Notre exempl. est grand de marges et rempli de témoins.

We look casually into Robson and Kerslake, and we note some curious books:—

258. MEISSONNIER.—Saint-Pierre (J. H. B. de) Paul et Virginie; et La Chaumiere Indienne. Curmer's beautiful edition, illustrated with six portraits and thirty full-page woodcuts by Meissonnier, Tony Johannot, Paul Huet, and Dufour, proof impressions on India paper; also, 427 exquisite woodcuts after Meissonnier, Tony Johannot, Paul Huet, and others, brilliant impressions, very fine copy, imp. 8vo, orange morocco super extra, uncut, top edges gilt, by Zaehnsdorf. £5 5s. Paris, 1838. A sumptuous book, and the most superb edition of Paul and Virginia ever published. No fewer than 132 of the engravings are after Meissonnier's charming designs, the others being after artists of acknowledged merit.

259. MIRACLE PLAY.—Le Mystere Du Chevalier qui donna sa femme au Dyable, a Dix Personages, c'est Assavoir: Dieu le Pere, Nostre Dame, Gabriel, Raphael, Le Chevalier, Sa Femme, Amaubry Escuier, Anthenor Escuier, Le Pipeur, et le Dyable. Sm. 8vo., dark blue morocco extra, gilt edges. 16s. S. l. et. a. *First represented and printed*

in 1505. Its excessive rarity caused Caron to issue the above reprint in the latter part of the last century.

260. MISCELLANIES.—Scarce, curious, and valuable pieces, in verse and prose, from the most eminent wits of the age (collected by William Ruddiman). 8vo, calf extra. 15s. Edinburgh, 1773. Contents—Art of Dancing, Art of Lying, Harlequin-Horace, Art of Preaching, Art of Punning, &c., including Rodondo, or the State Jugglers, a Political Satire on Walpole, the Duke of Newcastle, John Wilkes, and others, with a key to the names inserted. The volume comes from the collection of Mr. Maidment, who paid £1 11s. 6d. for it.

261. MISCELLANIES.—Sufferings of John Coustos for Free-Masonry, and for refusing to turn Roman Catholic in the Inquisition at Lisbon, where he was sentenced to the galleys for four years. Portrait and two plates of tortures, very scarce. Dublin, 1746.—Apology for Papists, by the Earl of Castlemain, 1746.—Acts of the Parliament held in Dublin, in 1689—*Ib.*, 1740.—The Laws against Hereticks, by Popes, Emperors, and Kings. *Ib.*, 1744.—Considerations of the Laws which incapacitate Papists from purchasing lands, from taking long leases, from lending money. *Ib.*, 1739.—With other pieces, in 1 vol., 8vo, half calf. 14s. 1739—46.

262. MOLIERE.—The Complete Dramatic Works of Moliere, by Van Laun (translator of Taine's "History of English Literature"); with Memoir, Introductions, and Appendices, wherein are given the passages borrowed or adapted from Moliere by English Dramatists, with Explanatory Notes. Illustrated by a Portrait and thirty-three etchings, executed specially for this edition, by M. Ad. Lalauze of Paris, India proofs, large paper, six vols., 4to, cloth, unopened edges. £8 8s. Edinburgh, 1875. "Not only the best translation in existence, but the best to be hoped for. . . . It is a direct and valuable contribution to European scholarship. . . . The etchings by M. Lalauze constitute a valuable feature in the edition"—*Athenæum*. A copy in precisely similar condition was sold recently for £9 9s.

At the recent sale of Lord Hampton's library, better known as Sir John Pakington, sold by Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge, large prices were fetched for some exceedingly rare versions of the Scriptures, among which were the first edition of Coverdale's Bible and others, Tyndale's first Pentateuch and New Testament, etc. Besides these there were the Prayer Books of Edward VI., Liturgies of Elizabeth, James I., and Charles I., and Laud's Scotch Liturgy, with a large collection of other Prayer Books, Primers of Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary and Elizabeth, with many scarce books and some MSS., of which an interesting one was the large "terrier," on vellum, of the estates of Serjeant Packington, who died in 1560. The valuable books, removed from Westwood, near Droitwich, in Worcestershire, formed six hundred and thirty-two lots in the sale, which occupied three days. The great interest of the sale was, however, enhanced by the addition of a nearly perfect copy of the famous Guttenberg, or "Mazarine Bible," which did not belong to the Westwood House library, but was that discovered in the sacristy of a village church in Bavaria about four years ago, when it was purchased by Mr. G. Kamensky, the vendor on this occasion. This copy, which measures 14$\frac{3}{4}$ in. high, had the Old Testament only, and was complete to the end of Maccabees, where folio 486 and part of 506 are supplied in perfect *facsimile*. The public sale of this rare book, even in an imperfect state, has never occurred since the copy in the Perkins library was sold for £2,690, and this large price represents the high value set upon this first book printed with movable types. It was now put up at the close of the second day's sale, and after a very strong competition fell to Mr. Quaritch's bidding of £760. The most important of Lord Hampton's collection were:—Bible, with Apocrypha and prayers, 185 engravings, 1712—£18 5s.; Bonaventure (St.) Vita Christi, black letter, woodcuts, Wynkyn de Worde, 1530—£31 10s.; Prayer Book, 1717, engraven by J. Sturt, large paper, portraits—£12 5s.; Byble (whole), by Miles Coverdale, b.l., cuts, perfect except three leaves of tables, 1530—£22 5s.; Bible (the Bishop's version), b.l., cuts, portraits, R. Jugge, 1568, some leaves mended—£26 10s.; Biblia Sacra Latina, MS., vellum, illuminated, 14th century—£70 10s. (Ellis); Biblia, translated by Miles Coverdale, b.l., cuts, wanting map and prologue, several leaves mended, title and epistle to Hen. VIII. in *facsimile* and other minor restorations in MS., 1535—£285 (Quaritch)—no complete

copy of this first-printed English version is known, hence the high price paid for this so far defective copy; "Boetius de Philosophico Consolatu," cuts, in original oak boards, Argentinæ, J. Gruniger, 1501—£10 5s.; Booke of Common Prayer, b.l., cuts, R. Graftoni, Mense Junii, 1549, the first of Ed. VI.—£71 (Quaritch); the Second Prayer Book of Ed. VI., b.l., cuts, R. Graftoni, Mense Augusti, 1552—£66 (Quaritch); Prayer Book, b.l., cuts, R. Jugge and J. Cawood, 1561, Queen Elizabeth's Liturgy, belonged to Lord Mayor Alyn, 1571—£21 (Quaritch); Prayer Book, Charles I.'s copy, 1639—£20 10s. Brant (S.); Ship of Fooles, b.l., with Latin text, 1570—£19 (Ellis); Byble in Englyshe, with Cranmer's Prologue, b.l., cuts, title and last leaf mended, E. Whitchurch, 1541—£32 10s. (Quaritch); The Byble, T. Matthews, emendations of Tyndale's version, b.l., cuts, 1549—£41; Liturgy of Geneva, the first edition of Knox's Liturgy, with Psalms and Catechism, 1556—£41; "Moses Pentateuch," translated by W. Tyndale, a fragment of 147 leaves of Ed. I., the only perfect copy of which is in the British Museum—£40 (Quaritch); Heywood (J.), "Spider and the Flie," b.l., verse, cuts, title reprinted, 1556—£10 15s.; "Homilies to be Declared and Redde," etc., b.l., written by Cranmer, 1547—£15 15s.; "Horæ," etc., 1528-48, b.l., with fine woodcut borders and cuts by G. Tori de Bourges, 1527—£101 (Quaritch); "Liturgie Anglicane," in French, woodcut title, in original binding, 1553, perfect copy of Ed. VI.'s First Prayer Book—£45; Fewterer (Johan), "Myrrour or Glasse of Christe's Passion," b.l., title by Holbein, and cuts (R. Redman), 1534—£30; "Figures du Veil Testament," etc., b.l., G. Couteau, circa 1520—£36 (Ellis); Glanville, de Proprietatibus Rerum, b.l., Wynkyn de Worde, no date —£25, sold for £70 7s. in the Roxburghe sale; "Biblia Sacra Latina (Testamentum vetus) e versione and cum præfatione Sancti Hieronymi (sine loco aut anno, sed Moguntiæ curâ Johannis Gutenburgi," circa 1452), folio. This was the famous Bible above referred to as not belonging to the library of Lord Hampton, though added to the sale. It is in the original pigskin binding, on oak boards, as restored by Bedford, and was the object of the greatest interest to the literary *virtuosi* and the book dealers present, and brought the highest sum in the sale, in which the prices surpassed any hitherto paid at auction for the same editions. In the third and last day's sale.—The first Primer of Queen Elizabeth—"Primer and Catechisme set forth at large with many godly prayers," etc., b.l., 1559, with the title page, but wanting first leaf of Kalendar, containing also the Epistles and gospels, 1563, in 1 vol.—£110 (Quaritch). This copy is so rare that Mr. Maskell's, having no title page, sold at Sotheby's in 1857 for £70. "Prymer off Salysburye use sett owght along wythowght ony serchyng wyth many prayers, Jesus Psalter and goodly pyctures," etc." b.l., cuts, in original binding, Paris, Thylman Kerver, for John Growte, yn London, 1533—£146 (J. Pearson). "Testament (Newe), newlye corrected," Tyndale's version by M. Coverdale, b.l., cuts, large and fine copy, no date, circa 1534—£111 (Quaritch). This was considered to be an unknown and unique edition, and probably prior to 1534, as Matt. i., 18, is rendered "marryed to Joseph," and not "betrothed," as in that of 1534. "Tyndale's Testament, wyth translation of D. Erasmus in Latin," b.l., 1550—£12; "Testamente (Newe), with the notes and explanations of the dark places therein," etc., b.l., 1553, 70 cuts (R. Jugge) (1553)—£81. Imperfect copies have sold for £27; this was perfect. "Testamentum Novum Latine," etc., Antverpiæ, 1544, in blue morocco, by Padeloupe le Jeune—£37; "Primer in Englishe and Latyn, set forth by the; Kinges Majestie (Henry VIII.), and his Clergie," etc., 1545-66, b.l., the Latin in Roman, R. Grafton, 1545, contains the Litany of 1544, perfect copy—£111. "Primer in Englishe and Latine," etc., b.l., 1567-66, cuts, with Exposicyon, &c., upon Psalm xxx., by Hierome or Ferrary" (Savonarola)—£45 10s. (Quaritch). This was the Primer of Philip and Mary, rarely found with the work of Savonarola. "Prymer in Englysh and Latyn," after the use of Sarum, etc., b.l., cuts, T. Petyt, 1543—£114 (Quaritch). "Testament," both Latine

and Englyshe, tr. by Myles Coverdale," b.l., 1538—£50 (Ellis). This first edition, which was very incorrectly printed, is very rare, as it was suppressed. Offor (George). Reliques of Typography, 3 vols. fol., 1814, numerous portraits of printers and artists, types, and rare title pages, imprints and devices—£32; Sabin, "Shepheard's Kalender," in prose and verse, b.l., woodcuts, 1656—£16 10s.; "Terentius cum Directorio," etc., first ed., by J. Gruninger, cuts; in urbe Argentina, 1496—£12; "Turrecremata (Johannis Cardinalis de) Contemplationes," with curious woodcuts in the style of the block books, Romæ, 1478—£85. This rare sample of printed books of the 15th century has very seldom appeared in sales. "Virgilii Opera cum Commentariis," etc., curante S. Brandt, woodcuts with xylographic inscriptions, in stamped pigskin; Argentorati, J. Gruninger, 1505—£9 15s. The total realized by the sale of the library amounted to £3,539 14s.

Thus, as we began, we end by saying that there is still hope of a reaction amongst us for more reading and for old books.

SPRING.

BY SAVARICUS.

THE morn is fine, the sun doth shine,
Sweetly sing the birds;
All earth is bright with glorious light,
Merry are the herds.

Bright smiling Spring doth beauties bring:
Trees in verdure clad;
Clear rippling streams have silver gleams,
Nature's heart is glad.

For genial showers expanding flowers'
Beauties bright unfold;
In hedge-rows green wild birds are seen,
Chirruping and bold.

In mead and field bloom, half concealed,
Flowers of ev'ry hue,
From cowslips bright to daisies white,
Gay with drops of dew.

In wood and glade, deep in the shade,
Th' modest violet blows—
The sweetest flower in nature's bower,
Though humbly it grows.

Sweet primrose wild, Spring's earliest child,
Decks the grassy mound
With beauty rare, graceful and fair,
Springing from the ground.

What pure delights these lovely sights
Earthly mortals bring;
And thoughts that bless bring happiness;
Welcome smiling spring!

CONISHEAD PRIORY.

BY W. M. BRAITHWAITE.

A GRAND old place is Conishead Priory, as it nestles amid its charming woods and gardens, overlooking a wide expanse of Morecambe Bay, whose golden sands sparkle and glisten in the sunlight, while the Levens and Crake Rivers—outlets of Windermere and Coniston Lakes—joined in one broad stream, glide silently down their midst. It is a scene of almost fairy enchantment; for one may stand in either of the minarets which flank its entrance, and gaze away northward to the Furness Fells, amid which Coniston "Old Man" stands out prominent, or we may look eastward and see the ever-varying, ever-shifting shadows which flit across the blue Yorkshire mountains, embracing Pennygaut and Ingleboro'. If we turn our gaze a little to the south, we see nestling almost at our feet the neat little village of Bardsea, with its Gothic church and clean whitewashed houses. And all around us we find a magnificent forest of trees—gigantic oaks, the growth of ages, and pine trees of enormous height, the branches of which sway in the breeze and make a melody alike delicious to the ears and heart. It is in a place like this that we can truly appreciate the words of Felicia Hemans, when she says—

The stately homes of England,
How beautiful they stand
Amid their tall ancestral trees
O'er all the pleasant land.
The deer across their greensward bound,
Through shade and sunny gleam;
And the swan glides past them with the sound
Of some rejoicing stream.

Had the gifted authoress ever visited Conishead, she might in very deed have written these words in praise of it, for the deer range wild in its parks and the swan glides along the placid waters of the fish-pond, glimpses of which may be seen through the trees.

Conishead traces its name back to the realms of antiquity. Originally it was known as Coningheved, which is supposed to indicate the place where a British king had been interred. Afterwards it was used as a boundary mark by the Saxons, and was called the Cyning, or Conyings, or King's Head. Similarly the term occurs in Conistone, where a stone erected over the grave of a British chief, or a place where he administered judgment, is called Cyning, or Conyngstone, which in course of time became abbreviated to Coniston. The neighbouring village which I have mentioned was called Bertesig—the ancient British for a "place of thickets or coppice," as written in the Doomsday Survey, and was ultimately softened by the Normans to Berdesey.

Conishead Priory was established as a sort of relief to the neighbouring Abbey of St. Mary's of Furness. It was founded by William de Taillebois, Baron of Kendal, who took the name of Lancaster, and gave the charge thereof to the canons regular of the order of St. Augustine, for the relief of the poor, the decrepit, indigent, and lepers, in the environs of Ulverstone. The endowments and grants to this priory I have translated from Dugdale's "Monasticon Anglicanum," p. 424:

"King Edward II. confirmed to this priory whatever had been granted to them from Wm. de Lancaster, all Coningesheved (that is to say Conishead) and all the land belonging to the said house which William de Lancaster had



CONISHEAD PRIORY.
NORTH FRONT.

given to God and St. Mary of Conishead, and the brotherhood there serving God, to wit—'all the lands on both sides the road which leads from Ulverstone to Berdesey, and from the great road to Trinkeld, and from thence to the sea bank; the church at Ulverstone (Olvastonium) with its chapels and appurtenances; with forty acres of land in Ulverstone, adjoining the lands of the said brotherhood; with a salt work between Conishead and Ulverstone Pule (pool or rivulet) and turf in the turbary, sufficient for the use of the said house and salt work, and pasture and dead wood behind Plumbton (Plumpton), and materials necessary for the house aforesaid from the Furness woods, all easements belonging to Ulverston, and common of pasture, with panage (or pasturage) for their swine thro' all the Furness woods."

King Edward further confirmed the gift of Alexander de Rumily of an oxgang of land in Stretton, Molcaster Church (Muncaster, in Cumberland), and the chapel of Aldeburg, with its members, given by Benedict de Pennington—an ancestor of the present Lord Muncaster—to the hospital.

He also confirmed the following gifts: Meldred de Pennington; two oxgangs of land in Burg, and three acres and one mansion in Lanliferga. Several other gifts follow, such as the endowments of certain rents, by local families from their estates; and we find that Magnus, King of Man and the Isles, granted to the Priory of Conishead a free port in all his harbours of Man and elsewhere. This is dated at the Abbey of Furness, May 3rd, 1256. A full account is to be found in the Coucher Book.

In the reign of bluff King Hall, the Priory shared the same fate as all the other kindred establishments; and in the "Act of Establishment of the Court of Augmentation" it is provided that all lands belonging to religious houses within the Duchy of Lancaster were to be assigned to Sir William Fitz-Williams—then Chancellor of the Duchy (27 Henry VIII.) Edward VI. granted the Priory to William Paget, who sold it to John Machel, from whose family it passed to the Sandys in the reign of Elizabeth. The female descendant of the Sandys family married into the Braddyl family of Portfield, and it was possessed by their heirs up till a recent period.

The rectory and church of Ulverstone (as I have shown) was given to the priory of Cornishead, but as the clause is omitted in the "Monasticon," I insert it here.

"Ratas habentes et gratas eas pro nobis et heredibus nostris, quantus in nobis est, dilectis in nobis Christo, priori et canonicis loci praedicti, et successoribus suis confirmamus; prout cartae et scripta diversorum donatorum, quae inde habent rationabiliter, testantar, et prout idem, prior et canonici et praedecessores sui, serras et senementa praedicta hactenus tenuerunt; nolentes quod praedicti canoni et prior, sea successores sui ratione statuti de terris et tenementis ad manum mortnam non ponendum edicti, uide per nos, vel heredis nostros justiciarios escatores, vicecomites sen alios ballivos, sen ministros nostros quoseunque. . . . . Molestantur in aliquo, sen gravitur," etc.

The whole is given in West's "Antiquities."

Within the Priory are the cloisters, which face to the east. The length is 177 ft., the width 19¼ ft., and the height 18 ft. They are constructedin the pure Gothic style, and to any lovers of architecture they will be specially interesting. The entrance hall is very imposing. It occupies the site of the north transept of the church, and is 60 ft. in length, 24 ft. in width, and 40 ft. in height. The great window over the entrance attracts immediate attention. There are the figures of Edward II. and Augustine in the middle divisions; in the other compartments there are the arms of the various benefactors of the Priory, while on the lancet windows is emblazoned the history of Jesus. On a hill which overlooks the house there are the remains of an ancient castle, and also a hermitage, the latter being in tolerable repair.

But, alas for human greatness! Conishead Priory, once the seat of a branch of an all-powerful church, and the residence, through successive generations, of an ancient and noble family, has sunk to the position of a hydropathic

establishment, and as such attracts hordes of visitors in summer, who make it their quarters while visiting the lakes. Perhaps, under the new *regimè*, it serves as useful a purpose as when cowled monks and age-beaten hermits trod its cloisters, and, in horse-hair clothing, courted a repose in stone cold cells which was unattainable. At any rate, we may reasonably hope that the comforts which the ancient hospice affords in this nineteenth century are in advance of mediæval times.

Through the kindness of the present proprietors, we are enabled to present our readers with a view of this noble edifice.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

"THE *Cuckoo* is all right now." So says the advertisement. Certainly this latest addition to the metropolitan post-prandial press is now printed on better paper than was the case in the early issues; and the elaborate but almost unintelligble engraving which stood for a title has been eliminated. There is still room, however, we think, for further improvement. A number of unsightly literals occur in almost every issue, and the editing shews occasional traces of hurry. Two paragraphs, evidently the work of different writers, now and then get into type in immediate proximity, conveying identical information. This should be guarded against in the future, though some allowance must be made for the express rate at which the columns of a journal which is published at one p.m., and is expected to contain the essence of all news received up to the moment of going to press, have to be made up. On the whole, however, the *Cuckoo* is a very successful attempt at supplying a really readable *réchauffe* of the news of the day; and its smart and pleasantly written paragraphs, *à la* the best of the society serials, are an agreeable exchange from the prosy columns of the orthodox evening journals. We trust the *Cuckoo* will not be turned by its proprietors into an exponent and supporter of the views of either political party, but will be allowed to maintain a honest independence. If so, it will not fail to be appreciated and patronized by all classes.

We are pleased to note the spirit and enterprise infused into the new series of the *Lady's Pictorial*. As a weekly illustrated newspaper it is deservedly finding favour among our wives and daughters both here in London and elsewhere. Several talented journalists are on the literary staff, and the artistic part of the periodical is fairly well performed. Long life to the *Lady's Pictorial*, say we.

At the end of April the once familiar *Household Words* will be resuscitated. The elder Dickens, in the days when family journals of a satisfactory standard of excellence were few and far between, made *Household Words* a welcome weekly serial in myriads of English homes. Now the son of the master who "writ of Little Nell" essays to follow in his father's footsteps. Spite of the plethora of publications which vie with each other for popular repute, there is no reason why our old favourite should not once again win its way into the forefront of hebdomadal literature. Mr. Charles Dickens, Junior, has for some years past posed as a successful caterer for the requirements of the reading public; and doubtless his reissue of *Household Words* will be well abreast of the times.

The *Illustrated Phonographic Meteor*, which may justly be described as by far the best of shorthand serials, has just been placed under new editorial management. Mr. Horace Weir, the author of several brilliant stories in *Society* and elsewhere, is now the conductor. He announces that in early numbers of the *Meteor* he will present his readers with contributions from

the pens of such reputable writers as Miss Helen Mathers, Miss Rosa Mackenzie Kettle, Cuthbert Bede, the Rev. Henry Solly, Alexander Anderson, and others of equal standing in the world of letters. Surely the stenographers, whose name is now legion, ought to be proud of having a monthly magazine conducted with such spirit all for themselves.

Leisure, a little London quarterly, to which we have previously had occasion to direct favourable attention, shews no deterioration in the current issue. Its poetry is, as usual, remarkably good; and there are several short stories and entertaining articles of a fairly meritorious description. Mr. Packer's tale, entitled "Nemesis," is well worthy of a word of special praise; as is also Enford Stanley's description of "A Day at Winchester." Though, principally, the product of amateur authors, the contents of *Leisure* compare very favourably with those of many a more pretentious magazine. *Leisure* is published at the St. Pancras Printing Works, King's Cross.

"Old Nottinghamshire," which we announced as "in preparation" some months ago, is now in the hands of the subscribers, and a very acceptable addition to antiquarian literature it is. The volume is nicely printed on toned paper, and attractively bound. The letterpress consists of a large quantity of valuable notes on local, historical, and kindred themes, from the pens of many of the most competent authorities on Midland archæology. Mr. John Potter Briscoe, F.R.H.S., the Nottingham Public Librarian, whose acquaintance with the literature of his adopted county is probably unsurpassed, has ably edited the work, and himself contributes several erudite articles to its pages.

What Mr. Briscoe has done for Nottinghamshire, Mr. William Smith, F.S.A., the historian of Morley, has in "Old Yorkshire" (which just reaches us from Messrs. Longmans and Co.) accomplished with equal success for the more northerly county. The latter book comprises 300 pages of valuable information anent the antiquarian associations of the shire of York, interspersed with humurous illustrations and rendered accessible by a cleverly compiled and very comprehensive set of indices. We are glad to note from the preface that it is proposed that other volumes of a like description shall follow this the initial venture. We heartily wish the project every success.

Mr. Alfred Wallace, a well-known provincial pressman, and a recognized authority with regard to Derbyshire lore, recently read before the Archæological and Natural History Society of the county a lengthy and learned paper on the early history of the Derbyshire press, which has now, we note, been reprinted from the society's journal and issued in separate form. Mr. Wallace is widely known for his erudition and enthusiasm in matters bibliographical, and his booklet will find a welcome from all who can appreciate really good work of this character.

Admirers of the sparkling snatches of song which have from time to time proceeded from the pen of Edward Capern, the gifted Devonshire "Postman-poet," will be gratified with the announcement that he is about to give to the world a new volume of verse with the euphonious title of "Sungleams and Shadows."

In the well-conducted columns of the *Bradford Times* a series of capital papers on "Great Frosts," from Mr. Andrews's prolific pen, has just been concluded. The writer has brought together an immense amount of entertaining information, the result of long continued and industrious research. His treatment of the subject may fairly be considered an exhaustive one, and we should like to see the articles republished in a more permanent and easily available form. The *Bradford Times* is a very spirited newspaper, containing at the present time quite an array of "specials," amongst which may be mentioned serial stories from the pens of B. L. Farjeon, Harrison Ainsworth, and the Honourable Lewis Wingfield, besides some well informed and pleasantly written historical sketches entitled "Yorkshire in the Days of Yore," by our friend Mr. Henry Calvert Appleby.

FAITH AND LOVE.

I LOVE *thee*—need I say it now?
Not for the eye of heavenly blue,
Not for the fair transparent brow
Which azure streams meander through,
The roseate cheek, the raven curls
That round the breathing marble dance—
For those adorn a thousand girls
Who scarce attract my passing glance!
Though thine is beauty's fairest flower,
And all the magic she imparts,
It is not *that* which gives thee power
To wind into my heart of hearts!

I love thee for thy gentle mind—
Where thought of evil hath no place,
Thy grateful heart, thy feelings kind,
Thy modesty's bewitching grace;
Thy pure affection's welcome rush,
That laves my fevered soul in bland
Refreshment, like the fountain's gush
To Arab 'mid the burning sand!

O may the peace of heaven be thine,
Sweet Gertrude! be what may my lot;
When life and thee I must resign,
Remember—yet lament me not;
E'en then be happy in the thought
That thou hast loved me to the end,
That thou hast been the boon I sought—
A chosen and a faithful friend.

AFTER ALL.

BY HENRY CALVERT APPLEBY.

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

Chapter VIII.

Leapt fiery passion from the brinks of death.—*The Princess; a medley.*

WE will now turn for a time to the quiet home of the Phanes. Though situated in a rather busy thoroughfare, it had few visitors to pull the shining brass knob which communicated with the hall bell. Its inmates had always been tolerably happy within themselves, and with the exception of a few intimate friends, cared little for mixing with the "polished horde."

The owner of the picturesque ivy-grown Manville Villa was, as we have remarked before, a quiet, comfortable-looking little man, though occasionally choleric. But he loved home and its associations; he loved his industrious

wife, whose former beauty was still visible on her kindly face, notwithstanding it was twenty summers since Robert Phane had wooed and won her. They had never regretted their marriage; and though Mrs. Phane was sometimes grieved at her husband's outbursts of temper, she thoroughly understood him, and could afford to wait until he had calmed down, when he always assiduously strove to make amends for his violent conduct. But time did not stale their affection; rather did they learn to appreciate and value one another more than before, being jealous of every triviality that threatened their mutual dependence and indispensability.

Besides, there was Olivia, their beautiful, amiable, and accomplished daughter, to weld their love still stronger. Every care and attention was bestowed upon her, and nothing that could increase her happiness was spared. Mr. Phane had naturally wished for a son and heir; but this was denied him, and consequently their daughter was their sole pride and hope. It was the one study of their life to cultivate in her all the happy graces that perfect the female character, and they had little cause for disappointment.

Olivia was as impressive as she was beautiful, and gratitude formed no small part of her nature. Thus she grew like a flower gently and carefully trained, free from all blemish. She loved her parents and her home, and her life flowed on, happy and simple, like a melodious poem. She was the light and life of the house, a comfort and a blessing; merry as a lark at times, but when circumstances required, quiet and attentive. Diligent with her studies and books, and yet fond of a romp with her favourites, Carlo and Pet, the dog and cat. We admit that she was a paragon rarely found, and a little paradoxical.

We have already seen that her father was somewhat ambitious for her future career, in his rather harsh treatment of poor Humberton. The circumstance had sorely troubled Mrs. Phane, for she liked Humberton, and did not seek for position for her daughter (like her husband) so much as happiness and comfort. She was very sorry, for Olivia's sake, that her father had acted towards Humberton as he did, and it was about the first great difference they had experienced. She sympathized with her daughter's distress (very bitter to one who knew so little of sorrow), and her silvered locks fell over her daughter's shoulders and mingled with her golden hair as they wept together. Not long though; Mrs. Phane soon lifted her head, and, with an attempt at smiling, endeavoured to cheer Olivia. Humberton was sure to succeed in life; he was so energetic and persevering; and, besides, he had a fair start in business, and there was great promise of his musical ability. That he was constant and true she thoroughly hoped and believed, and he would doubtless come to seek his Olivia again before very long.

All this seemed to be of small consolation to tearful Olivia, whose gentle nature was unused to adversity, and who knew so little about the battle of the world. She had lost what seemed to be hers, and there was no knowing whether she would ever recover it.

"Why should he not *sometimes* come and see me?" she sobbed.

"Well, you know, my darling, your father does not wish it at present, and we must obey him; but you may forget him."

"Never! dear mother; I love him!" she cried.

"Well, he will work and wait for you, dear; and, besides, you are only young yet; I don't think he will forget you soon, darling," said her mother soothingly, as she smoothed the rich curls from Olivia's forehead.

"But how can he remember to love me if he does not see me for years? Oh, dear mother, I cannot bear to think of it," cried Olivia, again bursting into tears, and burying her head in her mother's lap.

Mrs. Phane was much affected; but waiting until her daughter's paroxysm of grief had subsided, and she was becoming calmer from exhaustion, she said, in her kind, motherly tones:

"There, there, my darling, don't give way to weakness; you distress me. Try to be patient; I will talk it over with father. Trust in God, and all will yet be well."

So Olivia wiped away her tears, and thanked her mother in silence. Day after day she went through her household duties with a worthy patience akin to resignation, and the change in her character was very perceptible.

Her parents sought to divert her mind, and amuse her in every possible way, not altogether without success; but she could not forget Arthur Humberton, the bright, the loving, the good. Until she had seen him she had been happy, cheerful, and contented in her quiet home; but now new feelings had been aroused, and she longed for something better. Her former lovers had been but playmates, and she had therefore felt their loss less keenly, and had soon forgotten them. But now it was different, and she could alone be happy with Arthur Humberton.

* * * * * * *

Let us take a leap of three years, in which little that was startling had happened in the career of any of our characters. Humberton was now earning one hundred and sixty pounds at his business (to the intense disgust of Bulliker, who hated him more than ever for it), and still more by the musical profession, and yet he never went to the Phanes!

Merrisslope had become a favoured visitor there. On one occasion he and Humberton quarrelled over the subject; but Arthur's grounds for anger, just enough in one sense, were not tenable. However, Merrisslope had left his situation in consequence (very soon after Humberton had so summarily dealt with the double-faced Cribton), and he was now a frequent visitor at Manville Villa.

The fates seemed against Arthur, strive how he would. In the case of Merrisslope he had no redress, for both the family and Olivia seemed to encourage his presence. The case seemed too apparent to require further investigation; and, besides, he was then powerless to interfere. Poor Arthur! it was hard work fighting, single-handed, against all these untoward circumstances; and, was Olivia to be lost?

In the meantime, Violet Cumberland, who had so painfully fascinated him against his will at their musical soirées, had at last awakened to the fact that Arthur did not love her. She felt her case almost hopeless; and despite the deceptive veil of love, perceiving that she only distressed him by her presence, she heroically resolved to leave the Society for ever! What anguish it cost her ardent and impulsive nature none could tell. But it must have caused the genuine-hearted girl many a severe struggle against her more than usually strong inclinations. To Arthur, though he sincerely pitied her, it was a great relief. He had long wished that their relations could be altered, though he knew not how to effect it. Time had solved the difficulty.

Of course the Society felt a blank when Miss Cumberland left it; and though her pretext had been ill-health, they guessed at the real reason. Strange to say, among those affected in the region of the heart was Herbert Redtaper, who had formerly so enthusiastically ventilated his theories on the advantages of single life. Such is human weakness. He was fascinated even more than the rest, but until now had kept honourably in the background. When, however, she had made this last resolve, he determined, if possible, to make her happy himself by winning her for his own. All his cold, calculating philosophy fled, and he thought only how he might accomplish his object.

During the three years that followed he assiduously endeavoured to gain the affection of his idol on every occasion, but without the slightest success. She haughtily spurned his every advance, and nothing could move her in his favour. He was very dejected at this unwelcome treatment, and so downhearted that he began to believe again in his old theories that he had been intended for a bachelor. But the thought of Violet's beauty only drove

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all calm thinking from the once methodical head of Herbert Redtaper, and her repulsion maddened him into a firmer resolve to win her in spite of it.

He, too, visited the Phanes occasionally, and he did not fail to observe that Olivia still cherished the memory of Arthur Humberton; and he made the most of this fact with Miss Cumberland, but it only forced her final decision that he must discontinue his lunatic and annoying addresses; and in her anger she stamped her muscular little foot, and said vehemently, "I hate you!"

Why, she did not know; but she was too annoyed and puzzled to consider at the moment. Sorrow for her conduct came afterwards, when too late.

Of course Redtaper could go no further; but in the bitterness of his soul, the anguish of his passion, he waited for something to "turn up" in the future. Perhaps Humberton would eventually marry Miss Phane, a very estimable young woman. Anyhow, he could only wait, like many others.

Time wore on, but the horizon was still dark. Miss Phane was now said to be "engaged" to Mervyn Merrisslope, though her looks somewhat belied the statement. The latter gentleman knew only too well that such was not the case; and though he was rich, he feared and envied Arthur Humberton's rapidly increasing prosperity. What turn would circumstances take? If only Humberton were away, he fancied he was master of Olivia's soul. She, indeed, was rather inclined to accept his advances, but not unless Humberton was entirely lost.

At last an opportunity arrived, though Merrisslope was unaware of it until the last moment.

The "Crotchety Society" (as the members had nicknamed it) had decided to show themselves before the public in an opera composed by their leader, Arthur Humberton. The rehearsals were well on the way, and Arthur was taking the principal part, when the lady who played the heroine of the piece suddenly failed them through an untoward accident, and they were at their wits' end to know how to supply the deficiency. Some of the members, however, proposed to invite Miss Cumberland to take the part, if she would consent; and at last it was agreed that she should be requested for this once only, Humberton foolishly, though reluctantly, consenting.

She hardly knew what to do; but, imagining that Arthur Humberton had been partially impelled to ask her through love (and she could hardly see it in any other light), and unwilling to lose the opportunity, she consented. She thought, at any rate, her lot could be made no worse.

During the subsequent rehearsals, the mock reality of the scenes between Humberton and Miss Cumberland seemed full of real earnestness, especially to Redtaper, who was being devoured by the "green-eyed monster." Humberton felt Violet's influence again stealing over him, and he resisted it less than before, for was not Olivia now irretrievably lost to him? No, not so. But she might be very shortly, he argued; though he resolved not to be tempted until he was positively certain he could never regain her.

Redtaper had some minor character in the opera, which in his jealousy he had almost "thrown up," but he determined to drink the bitter cup and play the martyr, for more than one reason. He had arranged his plans a day or two before the performance, and he proceeded to put them into execution. He revealed the affair to Merrisslope, who looked upon the turn affairs had taken as a favourable opportunity for advancing his own cause. He would take Olivia to see the opera, and show her how Humberton had at last forgotten her. Redtaper, for his part, hoped that something would happen to place him in a more hopeful position, or at least to remove a most formidable rival.

At last the long expected evening arrived. To more destinies than one much depended upon its decision. Through the influence and arrangement of Redtaper, Merrisslope and Miss Phane occupied an unseen situation behind the scenes. They gladly consented to the idea. The house was crowded, and the audience waxed enthusiastic as the opera proceeded. No hitch or flaw of

any moment occurred in the acting or the music, and the whole affair promised to be an immense success.

The climax of the piece was fast approaching, which consisted in the reconciliation of the principal characters after the most untoward circumstances.

"At last, we meet again!" sang Humberton in character.

"And do you really love me?" returned Violet, also in character.

"Emile, I have always loved you!" sang Humberton, with intense pathos, and in exquisite music, almost feeling what he said, in his excitement. (They rush together and embrace passionately).

At this moment Olivia, no longer able to restrain herself, dashed from her hiding-place on to the stage, and wildly grasping Arthur's arm, cried piteously,

"No, no! not her! not her! you love me only?"

Arthur hardly knew what to do or say, but he took her to him almost involuntarily, and kissed her. All was confusion. Violet shrank back, while Redtaper fell suing at her feet (less fortunate fellow), only to be spurned with her foot and a contemptuous curl of the lip, already bleeding from the vicious bite she had given it when Olivia had sprung on the scene, so chagrined was she at being outdone by such a "delicate creature." Nor was this the end of the impromptu acting. Next on the scene came Mervyn Merrisslope, boiling over with rage at Olivia's outrageous conduct, and vowing vengeance against Humberton for his part in the affair.

Seemingly oblivious of the real situation, and now alone thinking of his long-lost love Olivia, Humberton whispered in earnest this time:

"Do you really love me?" and received for answer from Olivia (though trembling and confused, and hardly knowing what had happened or how she was there):

"With all my heart!"

Merrisslope, white with passion, now interrupted the state of affairs by almost screaming:

"Cease this buffoonery, and release your hold on this lady immediately!" but a trap-door on the stage being loose, he ignominiously fell through it; while Miss Cumberland seized a dagger lying near and attempted to stab herself, but was prevented by Redtaper, who was severely wounded for his pains. At the same moment the curtain dropped, amid the thundering plaudits of the audience, who took the whole scene as part of the opera.

Not until then had Arthur or Olivia awakened to the fact that they were before the public; but that was little to be wondered at. All was now in the utmost confusion. Merrisslope was found to have broken his leg and sustained several bruises, Herbert Redtaper had an ugly wound on his shoulder, and Miss Cumberland had fainted!

Meanwhile the audience insisted on the appearance of the principal characters before the curtain; and Arthur Humberton had presence of mind enough to advance thither with Olivia (shrinking and frightened) on his arm. There was no leisure for debate, and he considered this the easiest method of gratifying the audience and bringing affairs to a normal state. It had the desired effect; and, after heartily welcoming the couple, the audience was satisfied, without making further demands or rendering some explanation necessary.

Affairs had taken a most unexpected turn for all concerned. As to Arthur Humberton, he was again a "god" in the estimation of the public, and, what was infinitely better, happy in the love of Olivia!

(To be continued.)

NURSERY DECORATION AND HYGIENE.

THOUGH we have no "wife of our bosom" to "lay down the law," or alarm us with her extravagant actions; though for us, as the poet sings, it will be true, at the supreme hour of life, that

> No maiden with dishevelled hair,
> Shall feign or feel decorous woe;

and therefore "nursery decoration and hygiene" is a subject on which we ought not to enter, yet being cosmopolitan in our taste, our temper, our proclivities, and our proceedings, and knowing so many matrons interested deeply about "baby," we have thought it well to print the following paper.

In *Scribner* for January, 1881, is a very remarkable paper under the above headings, and as it may interest some young mothers, and some old mothers amongst us, we beg to call their attention to the following hints and directions as to nursery "decoration and hygiene."

"We shall all be struck with the idea of the "fine lady," and as bachelors, we do confess we think there is great deal in it.

"My idea of a model nursery," said a fine lady, not long ago, "is a padded room, with barred windows, and everything in it, when not in use, hung out of reach upon the walls. Then, one might sit downstairs in the drawing room, and read, or practice, or receive with a mind at rest." But what of the melancholy little starlings caged above, piping their woeful plaint, "I can't get out?" And, in many cases, it is no wonder they should want to get out.

The truism in the following passage will be appreciated by our readers:

To the nursery are generally consigned, year after year, all the faded fineries from downstairs, the worn carpets, the slightly soiled chintz, the decrepit tables and chairs. It is a *Hotel des Invalides for retired furniture*. This, of course, does not apply to the first nursery, fitted up with floating draperies of pink and blue, with fine embroidery and cobweb lace, with costly cradle and dainty basket, for the installation of that unparalleled wonder—His Serene Highness, Baby Number One—with a prime minister in attendance, to whom all this magnificence appears but dross, whose manner is of the mildly enduring sort, as becomes one who has been used to better things, but, in spite of all, condescends to exalt, with her presence, for a space, these humble scenes! During a little while Baby reclines at ease amid his princely surroundings, but, by and by, when abandoned by his prime minister, the natural self-assertion of man takes possession of him. He kicks over the bassinet, rends his filmy envelope of silk and lawn, makes ducks and drakes of the interior of his dressing-basket, sets the ivory brushes afloat in his bath-tub, and cuts his teeth upon any object within reach, other than the coral and bells provided for the purpose by an infatuated godfather. Then, at last, does an indignant and long-suffering household turn upon this aggressive ruler, and send him into banishment. An usurper sits upon his throne, who is, in turn, displaced, and goes to join his hapless comrade condemned to hard labour in the third-story Siberia; and so until the ranks are full, till the pink and blue has faded out of the draperies, and a new baby has ceased to be a wonder.

We are inclined, however, to agree with the following practical suggestions:

To redress the wrongs of these little exiles, in the matter of brightening their place of retirement, is a task outside the limit of any society as yet organized in behalf of injured innocence, but none the less is a worthy and important one. We enter the average nursery to find it, perhaps, darkened by heavy moreen curtains of a style compelling their retirement from any of the modernized rooms downstairs; with a velvet or Brussels carpet with half-effaced pattern of lilies and roses, long since trodden into dingy uniformity of tint, and a rug of another colour that, as they say in France, swears at all the rest. The paper upon the walls, soiled by finger-marks, has a pattern of green and yellow stripes. The furniture is cumbrous and shabby; the fire hidden from sight by an iron guard, where draperies for ever hang. Homely articles of wearing apparel depend from door and chair backs; combs and brushes mingle with medicine bottles and spoons upon the dressing bureau. If the nurse rallies, in a frantic attempt to put things to rights, her idea, generally, is to clear the floor of blocks and toys, and rigidly taboo their re-appearance—bidding the children amuse

themselves, very much as Miss Havisham solemnly exhorted poor Pip to play, when he, looking about vainly for the ways and means thereto, conceived a vague idea of turning sommersaults! Over all, there is a tenement-house air that can hardly be realized by the visitor who has ascended, by slow degrees, through every stage of a beautifully decorated home. This, not so common as of old, will be, in a short time, I hope, only the exception to the rule. There are sundry conditions leading to reform that cannot be too strongly enforced. It seems hardly necessary to suggest that the first essential is light—the pitiless foe to untidiness, the inspiration to cheerful thoughts, happy tempers, and healthy bodies. A nursery should, if possible, have a southern exposure, and the windows be guarded without by an iron net-work, which may be painted green with gilded top, rising above the level of the child's shoulder, lest it should be seized with a fancy to stand up there and survey the world when nobody is near. Inside this net-work an ivy may be trained, and a few pots of hardy scarlet geranium, wall flower, and mignonette be placed, when spring comes in. To water these plants might be the reward for a day of good behaviour in the nursery.

All of us will appreciate the following suggestion as both realistic and practicable in the highest degree:

In this day of cheap and charming wall-papers, one has but to go the nearest shop to find a dozen suggestions, any one of which will lend the nursery a charm, requiring but few additions to transform any room into a cheerful home for the little folks. A dado of Indian matting, in red and white checks, is very popular, and goes far toward furnishing the room. In one nursery the mother has left a space, three or four feet high, above the weather board, plain—for each child to contribute his own idea in decoration with pictures cut out of books and illustrated weeklies, and collected by himself.

Above, and not too high, should be hung pictures. Be liberal with these, and choice. Give your children Sir Joshua Reynold's dainty little darlings for their companions, and engravings or plain photographs of any of the delightful little *genre* pictures of French, or English, or German art that come to us so freely now. A picture with a moral will accomplish far more in childhood than one of Æsop's fables. The first aspiration toward a career of true greatness may be struck into a boy's guileless nature as he stands gazing up at some scene which tells a tale of self-renouncing heroism.

So also most true are the æsthetical remarks and advice which follow:

It has come to be regarded as indispensable to the new *régime* that all carpets covering the floor shall be banished in favour of "strips, and bits, and rugs." May I enter a modest protest in behalf of a nursery carpet? Not only do the children slip and trip continually upon scattered pieces of carpet, but baby, whom you have established with all his belongings upon an island of rugs, persists in abandoning it for the most distant and draughty corner of the stained wood floor. Where the furniture is light, a three-ply carpet, taken away to be shaken every spring and autumn, under light, movable furniture, can easily be kept clean by a respectable nurse.

The furniture should be solid, but not heavy. Each child should have a cot or crib to himself, with a free circulation of air about it. Where it is impossible to have another room for dressing purposes, three-fold screens can be used, made of stout muslin, stretched upon a frame, and covered by mother, nurse, and little ones with all that remains of the lovely Christmas picture-books, rescued and cut out before it is too late. These pictures, Walter Crane's especially, may be pasted also in the panels of the door, and gay lines of blue and gold and scarlet described around them. The paper-hangers have taken a great deal of this pleasant labour off our hands by introducing a wall-paper covered with the well-known scenes from "Baby's Opera" and "Baby's Bouquet."

Curtains should be limited in quantity, and light in texture. Any pretty cretonne, blooming all over with pink roses, and green leaves, and gay birds, will delight a child, and the day coverings to the nurse's bed may be made of the same. For the children's beds there is nothing like spotless white. Another form of curtain, useful because it can be repeatedly washed throughout the season, is of plain white cotton stuff, bordered with figured Turkey red, and looped with bands of the same material. The only heading to these draperies should be a casing through which a light brass rod, fitted into sockets at each end, is run.

In regard to colour, I should advocate leaving mediæval blues and dull sage greens below stairs, in the library or boudoir given over to high art. Give the little ones the A B C's of decoration, with plenty of warm, honest red and

"blue
Which will show your love is true."

And once more, let us listen carefully to the views of this nursery reformer:

In your mantel decoration don't forget a clock! It is necessary to the nurse, and valuable in every way to the children. I know of one nursery, where, at every hour and

half-hour, two little white-robed figures, with "bangs" in front, and golden curls behind, run and stand before a small, carved, wooden shrine upon the wall, to wait the coming out of the cuckoo, and, confessing their sins, beg his pardon for their naughtiness. To them he is a veritable Mentor.

I have said nothing of books, and blocks, and doll-houses, of gold fish and canary birds, of tiny chairs and tables, of tea-sets, and broken rocking-horses, because, thank God! no home where there are children is wanting in these kinds of decoration.

I have suggested the need for the little folks of light, and warmth, and beauty, during the many hours they must inevitably be away from the mother's side. I wish it were possible to obtain, also, for all of them, a glimpse of green turf and tree-tops, be it nothing better than a city park. As I write, there comes to me the remembrance of a little child lying very ill in a bright and sunny room, while one member of the family after another came, with soft tread and tender voice, trying to woo him from the arms of his weary mother. There he lay, with tangled curls, with his beautiful face fever-flushed, and his great blue eyes asking pitifully for aid and rest from pain. At last his father came into the room, and into that strong clasp the little sufferer went cheerfully. "Hold me up to the window, papa," he said; "I want to see into the park." Wrapped in a shawl, he was kept in that position for an hour, gazing out at the trees, and talking at intervals about the birds, until, soothed and comforted, he fell into the calm, deep sleep so long and earnestly desired by his watchers—a slumber that ushered in recovery.

To "Constance Cary Harrison" the baby world is indebted for these kindly remarks and these kindly suggestions: and as that baby world is increasing instead of diminishing, and is, we apprehend, likely to do so from year to year, such is the perversity of human nature, we feel sure that our motives will be appreciated by all who have anything to do with a nursery, or are likely to have. We entirely dissent from that man of ill-regulated mind who once expressed his opinion that "babies ought to be suppressed everywhere"; and feeling strongly the importance of all that relates to the "Nursery Régime," we, as Freemasons and philanthropists, have felt that we could do nothing better that supply them with advice "gratis," on this most important of subjects.

BRO. THOMAS TOPHAM, THE STRONG MAN.

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

THOMAS TOPHAM, celebrated for his remarkable strength, was born in London about the year 1710. His father was a carpenter, and young Topham followed the same business until he had attained the age of twenty-four, when he exchanged it for that of a publican. His personal appearance was not remarkable, and when he had reached his full growth, he only measured about five feet ten inches in height. His love of athletic sports caused him to take up his quarters near Moorfields, a place noted for its cudgelling, wrestling, back-sword, and boxing tournaments. His house was known by the sign of the "Red Lion," and was frequented by the sporting characters of Moorfields, but did not prove a good speculation. It was in Moorfields that Topham made his first great public display of strength. He pulled against a horse, which was unable to move; he only placed his feet against a low wall which divided the upper and lower part of the fields. Next he pulled against two horses, and in this feat failed on account, it is stated, of his legs being placed horizontally instead of rising parallel to the traces of the horses; he was jerked from his seat, and had one of his knees much bruised and hurt. On the authority of Dr. Desaguiliers and others it is said that had he been placed in a proper position he might have kept his situation, without any inconvenience, against the pulling of four horses.

Particulars of some of the chief feats performed by Topham were noted by Dr. Desaguiliers, and amongst them we find it recorded that by the strength of his fingers alone he rolled up a very strong pewter dish. He then broke seven or eight short pieces of a tobacco-pipe by the force of his middle finger, having laid them on his first and third finger; then, thrusting the bowl of a strong tobacco-pipe under his garter, and bending his leg, he broke it to pieces by the power of the tendon of the ham alone, without at all moving his leg. Another bowl of the same kind he broke between his first and second finger by merely pressing them together sideways. He lifted a table, six feet long, with his teeth alone, although half a hundredweight hung at one end of it, and held it for a considerable time in a horizontal position. He struck an iron poker, a yard in length and three inches in circumference, against his bare left arm, between the elbow and wrist, until the poker was bent nearly to a right angle; and then, taking a similar one, he held the ends of it in his hands, and placing the middle against the back of his neck, he made both ends meet before him, after which he achieved the more difficult operation of pulling it almost straight again. He broke a rope two inches in circumference, though he was obliged to exert four times the strength that was requisite for the purpose, in consequence of the awkward manner which he adopted. He lifted a stone roller, weighing eight hundred pounds, by a chain to which it was fastened, with his hands only, while standing on a frame above it,

Topham, after quitting the "Red Lion," near Moorfields, took the "Duke's Head," situated on the Islington Green, but did not meet with any great success as an innkeeper. He next travelled through the country to exhibit his remarkable powers. In 1737 he visited Scotland and Ireland, and in the same year many of the chief towns in this country. William Hutton, a celebrated bookseller, antiquary, and historian, witnessed his performances at Derby in 1737, and wrote a most interesting account—indeed, the best that has been written. We give, as follows, Mr. Hutton's capital notice of Topham's visit to Derby:—"We learnt (writes Mr. Hutton) from private accounts, well attested, that Thomas Topham, a man who kept a public-house at Islington, performed surprising feats of strength, such as breaking a broomstick of the largest size by striking it against his bare arm; lifting two hogsheads of water; heaving his horse over a turnpike gate; carrying a beam of a house as a soldier does his firelock, and others of a similar description. However belief might at first be staggered, all doubt was soon removed when this second Samson appeared at Derby as a performer in public, and that at the rate of a shilling for each spectator. On application to Alderman Cooper for permission to exhibit, the magistrate was surprised at the feats he proposed, and as his appearance resembled that of other men, he requested him to strip that he might examine whether he was made like them. He was found to be extremely muscular; what were hollows under the arms and hams of others were filled up with ligaments in him. He appeared to be nearly five feet ten inches in height, upwards of thirty years of age, well made, but without any singularity. He walked with a small limp. He had formerly laid a wager, the usual decider of disputes, that three horses could not draw him from a post, which he would clasp with his feet; but the driver giving them a sudden lash, turned them aside, and the unexpected jerk broke his thigh.

"Other performances of this wonderful man, in whom were united the strength of twelve, consisted in rolling up a pewter dish of seven pounds as a man rolls up a sheet of paper; holding a pewter quart at arm's length and squeezing the sides together like an egg-shell; lifting two hundredweight with his little finger, and moving it gently over his head. The bodies he touched seemed to have lost their power of gravitation. He also broke a rope, fastened to the floor, that would sustain twenty hundredweight; lifted an oak table, six feet long, with his teeth, though half a hundredweight was hung to the extremity; a piece of leather was fixed to one end for his teeth to

hold, two of the feet stood upon his knees, and he raised the end with the weight higher than that in his mouth. He took Mr. Chambers, vicar of All Saints, who weighed twenty-seven stone, and raised him with one hand; his head being laid on one chair, and his feet on another, four people, of fourteen stone each, sat upon his body, which he heaved at pleasure. He struck a round bar of iron, one inch in diameter, against his naked arm, and at one stroke bent it like a bow. Weakness and feeling seemed fled together.

"Being a master of music, he entertained the company with "Mad Tom." I heard him sing a solo to the organ in St. Werburgh's Church, then the only one in Derby; but, though he might perform with judgment, yet the voice, more terrible than sweet, seemed scarcely human.

"Though of a pacific temper, and with the appearance of a gentleman, yet he was liable to the insults of the rude. The ostler at the Virgin's Inn, where he resided, having given him some cause of displeasure, he took one of the kitchen spits from the mantelpiece and bent it round his neck like a handkerchief, but, as he did not choose to tuck the ends in the ostler's bosom, the cumbrous ornament excited the laughter of the company till he condescended to untie his cravat. Had he not abounded with good nature, the men might have been in fear of the safety of their persons, and the women for that of their pewter-shelves, as he could instantly roll up both. One blow with his fist would for ever have silenced those heroes of the bear-gardens, Johnson and Mendoza."

Topham again turned his attention to the public-house business, and kept an inn in the parish of St. Leonard, Shoreditch. We give a copy of an advertisement issued during the time he resided in Shoreditch. It reads as follows:—

"Thomas Topham,

"Commonly called the strong man,

"Keeps the sign of King Astyages's Arms, vulgarly called the "Bell and Dragon," in Hig-lane, near Norton-Folgate, in the parish of St. Leonard's, Shoreditch,

"Where he intends to perform two actions of strength, for the reward of five shillings, when there is to be no more than five spectators. All above that number are to pay a shilling each; a crown is the least he'll take for showing the two feats; and, further to invite the curious, the man who is able to do either of the two, shall have the then present reward that the above-mentioned Topham is to have for exhibiting the same; the more to add to his honour, if required, he will at his own cost publish the same in an advertisement, to let the world know there is a man as great a prodigy as himself. He'll also consent to be erased out of the Memoirs of the Royal Society, and the person who can perform the like recorded in his room. It is the same Topham who was applauded, and most generously caressed, in the honourable part of Great Britain called Scotland. He also performed in the kingdom of Ireland, with good success and great applause, and in most parts of South Britain, where he was handsomely received and courteously entertained, particularly by the Honourable Corporation of Macclesfield, in Cheshire, where he received a handsome purse of gold; that was not the period of their generosity, they also made him a free burgess, and presented him with a silver box to keep his copy in. For the favours he publicly received during the time of his travels, he returns his most humble and hearty thanks.

"As the Fates' will has preserved him through many a hard brunt, especially by sea, and protected him on the day that the bloody and scandalous engagement happened off Cape Toulon, in the Mediterranean, on Saturday, the 11th of February, 1743-4, he is in hopes Providence will stand his friend, and support him in his endeavours.

"*Vivere non potest, qui more non audet.*"

Mr. J. H. Burn, in a note to a reprint of ten copies of the foregoing in his *Islington Collectors*, referring to mention made of the Memoirs of the Royal Society, says—"So frequent at this period were the references to the patronage of 'our rarer monsters' by the Royal Society, that at a meeting of that body in March, 1753, it was declared inconsistent with the honour of the Society to admit showing monsters there, as the ridiculous exhibitors made use of their countenance, that of the Royal Family, and persons of consequence, as puffs to attract the populace."

We have mainly directed attention to Topham's public performances; we will next notice a few of his feats enacted in private. The following were related by persons who knew the man. It is said that "One night, perceiving a watchman asleep in his box, near Chiswell Street, he raised them both from the ground, and carrying the load with great care for some distance, at length dropped the wooden tenement, with its inhabitant, over the wall of Tindall's burying-ground. The consternation of the watchman on waking and finding himself in a graveyard, may be easily conceived, and nearly killed the man with fright.

It is recorded that on another occasion, having gone on board a West Indiaman lying in the Thames, he was presented with a cocoanut, which, to the no small astonishment of the crew, he cracked close to the ear of one of the sailors with the same facility as an ordinary person would crack an egg-shell. The mate, having made some remark displeasing to Topham, the latter observed that if had pleased he could have cracked the bowsprit over his head.

We have only space for one more story. It is stated that "Topham being one day present at a race that was run on the Hackney Road, he and the other spectators were much annoyed by a man in a cart, who obstinately endeavoured to keep close to the contending parties, and prevented others from seeing the progress of the race. Topham at length resolved to stop the career of this disagreeable intruder, seized the tail of the cart, and drew it back with the greatest ease, in spite of all the exertions of the driver to make his horse advance, either by urging him with voice or whip. The rage of the driver was equalled only by the delight and astonishment of the spectators, while nothing but the fear of being crushed or torn to pieces prevented the fellow from exercising his whip on the formidable cause of his mortification.

He was a Freemason, and a member of a lodge called the "Strong Man Lodge," doubtless named after him. His life was not a happy one; his wife proved unfaithful to him, and as a publican he was not successful. It will have been observed in one of the foregoing advertisements that at one period of his career he served in the navy.

In the *Daily Advertiser* of August 11th, 1747, the death of Topham is recorded; and the circumstances attending it are stated thus: "Yesterday died Thomas Topham, known as the strong man, master of a public-house in Hog Lane, Shoreditch, occasioned by the several wounds he gave himself on Tuesday last, after having stabbed his wife in the breast—who is likely to recover."

A few days later it was stated in the same paper—"For these few days past there has been a great commotion in Shoreditch parish—an apprehension that a resurrection had began in it; and several witnesses have been examined by the magistrates in relation thereto. Yesterday it was said that Topham, the strong man, had, the night before, with the assistance of some surgeons, got the better of the grave, though near eight feet of earth had been laid on him."

In various works may be found records of remarkable feats of strength, but none in modern times equal those performed by Thomas Topham.

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

No. 95.—Vol. VIII. MAY, 1881. Price 6d.

A CURIOUS MASONIC TRACT.

BY MASONIC STUDENT.

THIS curious Masonic tract was picked up accidentally out of a second-hand bookseller's catalogue in London. I had myself never seen it before, though it is mentioned by Oliver, and I do not so far meet with any one who has a copy of it. It is not alluded to by Kloss, and is therefore a "find."

I commend it to the notice of the curious, and the studious in Masonic archeology and rareties!

The Secrets of the Free-Masons Revealed by a disgusted Brother.

Containing an ingenuous Account of their Origin, their Practices in the Lodges, Signs and Watch-Words; Proceedings at the Making, and the Method used to find a Mason, when in a foreign Country, &c., &c., as it ever was, and ever will be,

To which is added the favourite Songs of the Masons, as sung in every Lodge; and an exact List of all the regular Lodges. The Second Edition.

London: Printed for the Author, and sold by J. Scott, at the Black-Swan, in Pater-Noster-Row, and all the Booksellers in Town and Country. M,DCC,LIX.

The Secrets of the Free-Masons Revealed, &c.

The world, no doubt, will ask my reason for this candid and ingenuous discovery of the whole secrets of Free Masonry. I answer, in very few words, that having closely applied myself for a considerable time to the study of its principles and precepts, at length I became introduced as a Principal at the * * * e, where I continued some months. But (as I have learned since) the Decrees of this * * * * e were ever arbitrary and uncontroulable, which occasioned the decline of the lodge, so, upon its revival, they took care not to deviate from their predecessors; and finding myself illused, contrary to all the laws and regulations of the fraternity, I quitted them with a full determination to be revenged for the affronts I received, by unravelling to mankind the whole mystery of the Free-Masons; their beginning, their transactions in the Lodges, &c., &c., &c., as it ever was, and ever will be; which have remained a profound

secret from its first institution to this time, to the great surprize of the whole world; and by its being thus secreted from the eyes and knowledge of the rest of the universe, mankind has been induced to think, and led into the erroneous opinion, so as to conclude, the Masons were bound to this secrecy by oath. I dare say those who affronted me will gnash their teeth, and bite their fingers for mere madness, upon the perusal of this book; and I make no doubt but the whole fraternity, if they knew the author, would throw their libels at me; and I don't question but they will take a great deal of pains to tell the world, that this is not Masonry; but I assure them it is.

Origin of Masonry.

Some persons are of opinion that the human species existed before Adam, but the Masons say, they take their warrant from Holy Writ; and not finding there any authority to ground a supposition upon that there was such an existence, either east, west, north, or south, before him, they content themselves with saying, there were Masons in the first age of the world, as recorded in sacred history; and that the first Masons after the flood (which they believe was universal) were Shem, Ham, and Japhet. But Ham is in very little repute among them, upon account, as they say, of the crime he committed, Genesis ix., 22. Yet they alledge that the Great Creator, by his vicegerent, implanted in all rational beings a belief that the children were not to answer, or suffer, for the iniquitous proceedings of their fathers; as was afterwards declared by the deity in express words, or by such means as in his infinite wisdom he thought proper to use in his converse with mankind. So that they admit the descendants of Ham, with those of Shem and Japhet, to have attained in a few years so great a knowledge of architecture as to build many cities, and superb edifices, in particular that of Babel; and that the survivors of these, and the successors of the deceased after them, having a hearty zeal for the promotion of the Craft, spared no pains to bring up their children to the understanding of architecture; and by unwearied diligence, close application, and indefatigable industry, gave instructions themselves till such time as they were so compleat, as the knowledge of the art in their age could or would admit; and that the younger, emulating the examples of their parents and predecessors, with benevolence, and even affection, to each other, endeavoured each to excell therein. And thus, from generation to generation, they proceeded till the time of Solomon; who, they say, by a supernatural gift, excelled all that had been before him, and will never be excelled by any. They further say, those ancient Masons associated to explain the scriptures, to preserve the knowledge of architecture, and to endevour to make improvements therein, to cultivate brotherly love, friendship, and hospitality, not only between themselves, but also to study how to be useful and beneficial to mankind in general. This sacred rite or custom (as they term it) is still kept up among them: they meet twice a month. Thus far it has been suggested to me by Masons. But what follows my ears and eyes have been witnesses of, and my tongue hath confirmed it to others, when I was a Principal among them. When they are assembled together, and free from interruptions and disturbance (which is the reason for their having a man at the door of the lodge), the Principals of the lodge begin to expound and clear up the dark sayings and hard sentences of old, by comparing one passage with another; and thereby endeavour to determine the meaning and intention of those intricate phrases.

The next topic they go upon is morality. They display this subject very copiously. In the first place, they endeavour to implant in the minds of new-made brothers the many advantages attending temperance, forecast, and a well regulated conduct; and enumerate the long chain of bad consequences that always follow intemperance, sloth, and the want of making a proper use of that foresight, reason, or reflection which distinguishes the human species from the inferior animal creation, and which is given them to make a suitable

self-preservation from approaching or impendent evil. They trace out, thoroughly weigh, and consider the good or bad consequences, that naturally, or in all probability will attend the commission of such and such actions, and the omission of others. They strongly recommend the observance of all the social virtues, in administring justice impartially, and observing those things which unbiass'd reason dictates, and experience proves to be most advantageous to the whole community.

The next head is moral theology. Here they trace and point out cases of conscience.

In the next place they proceed to the teaching the rudiments of geometry and algebra. They discuss and nicely sift the elements of Euclid; then they proceed with indefatigable pains to draught and erect in miniature, and to model the stately palaces and buildings of the antients, agreeable to the taste of former times, and compare them with those of modern times; by which means they are able to judge of the proportion or disproportion both of the antient and modern structures.

It was agreed on by the Masons, a little before I left them, to have the superb edifices and spacious domes erected by all the known lodges in the world, published, with the laborious translations and remarks of each lodge thereon, so soon as they could be procured from abroad, and the plates finished. For which purpose copies of their resolution have been sent all through Europe, to the lodges in Asia, Africa, and America, that they may send their performances to the year 1756, so soon as possible to England, from whence they took their charter. But this must be a work of time.

Sometimes they discourse upon the lives of persons of all ranks and characters, in order to excite and stimulate the brotherhood to imitate and emulate the examples of the good, by shewing them the happy end or final exit they always made; and to give them suitable opinions of the bad, and a strong detestation of vice in general.

Notwithstanding all that has been said, which, upon the whole I think (to judge and speak impartially) is not much to the discredit of the Masons; yet there are several that have been made Masons who have led very profligate lives after. But I must, in spite of my spleen and resentment, in justice tell the world that it is a law universally observed by the Masons if a brother will not be conformable to the precepts and principles of Masonry, but abandon himself to unlawful pleasures, and give himself over to vice, and the commission of enormous crimes, and thereby render himself unworthy the society, and a scandal thereto, they first remonstrate with him, and then, if their admonition proves ineffectual, they immediately exclude him the lodge, and seldom or never receive him again. And though he may by some persons in the town where he was made be known to bear the name of a Mason, yet he is rejected of them as unworthy their society; and they say he is undeserving of associating with mankind.

During my stay in one lodge I knew four of this bad stamp, and heard of many more; all which were expelled the lodge, but one of these four outcasts, who was ejected for being frequently intoxicated, and found in many untruths, upon his hearty solicitations for readmission, and solemn promises to amend, was readmitted, and in a short time, after he had acquir'd a greater and truer knowledge of Masonry, entirely reformed, and became worthy of the society and the esteem of mankind.

The reader probably may ask, if the Masons are not bound to secresy by any sacred tye, and so much good in it as they talk of, why was it not revealed many years ago for the good of the world in general, as many men, upon the least appearance of good in it, would have been fond of coming into the society. I must confess I ever was as much surprized, and as much wondered at it, as any man in the world, both before and since I was a Mason. I cannot pretend to account for the reasons of particular persons, nor of each particular brother,

but for myself I can say, if I had not been affronted I should not have gone from their general rule or maxim, which is not to give it gratis. They say if any man that they think is worthy to be a Mason will apply for it, he may be made if he will pay for it, as each of them have done before; and further, should they give it gratis, how could that extensive charity, which distributes so much yearly to the relief of distressed brothers, be supported?

I COME NEXT TO THE MAKING PART.

So soon as a man enters the lodge room, he is examined, to find if he knows anything of geometry; if not he is immediately instructed therein. They teach him to draw parallel lines, to raise and let fall perpendiculars, and to make angles, right, obtuse, and acute; or if he does understand this, and all lineal Geometry, or if not, at his first entrance, then after he has acquired it in the lodge they give him the first degree of Masonry, there being five degrees or orders of Masons, representing, or answering to, the five noble orders of architecture, viz., tuscan, doric, ionic, corinthian, and composite. Originally there was but one degree amongst the Freemasons: but as soon as they began to improve in architecture, and some had clearer and greater ideas of the proportions, bigness, strength, and beauty of the work intended, as each order became named, the Masons thought proper to confer those names by way of eminence upon such as merited it, and ever since all Freemasons are called among themselves by one or other of these orders or degrees. The Masons never were cautious to keep this part secret from the world; for many times, before I was a Mason, I have heard them say that such a one is a Mason, another a good Mason, another a very good Mason, another an excellent Mason, and another a compleat Mason. Now this distinction arises from the degree that each Mason has, owing to his genius and capacity therein; for a Mason of the tuscan order, or first degree, and the good Mason of the doric order, or second degree, provided they are conformable to the precepts before mentioned, are acknowledged and caressed by the composite or compleat Mason of the fifth degree, as worthy the regard of the whole society, notwithstanding their knowledge is not so extensive. But to return to the making. The principals of the lodge must understand the whole, to instruct the younger brethren. So they give to the brother just admitted (being duly qualified as observed before) the tuscan order, with problems and definitions suitable thereto; upon which he is kept some time, till he has made a good progress therein; then he is taught to measure solids, and receives the second degree or doric order, with suitable problems and definitions. Then they instruct him in the making and measuring of spheres, spheriods, prisms, pyramids, prismoids, strait, square, ronnd, and eliptic pyramidoids, etc., and when he tolerably well comprehends this, they give him trigonometry plain and spheric, and the third degree or ionic order. Here he continues for a considerable time, till by dint of study and close application he becomes capable of erecting something in the three orders. Then they confer the fourth degree or corinthian order, upon him; and when they find his knowledge sufficient in this, by making several corinthian capitals, etc., they compleat him, by giving the composite order to him.

OF THE SIGNS AND WATCH-WORDS.

And first, of the signs that the Masons make use of to know each other by. They be seven in number, that is, one for each day in the week; which is the reason that no one could ever impose himself upon a Mason, in order to be taken by him as such; for strangers, *i.e.*, those who are not Masons, always concluded that the sign for Monday would serve for any other day in the week; or else they imagined that one sign served always. But in this they greatly deceived themselves, and gave room for the Masons, when they met with a misapplied or wrong day sign, to banter and joke as they thought proper, at the cost of shame and confusion to the designing imposter. Several of them

in my time I have met with, and have taken great pleasure to return the roasting they intended for me. The Masons took great care, when they first invented those signs, that they should be of so simple a nature, and accidentally common to all men, that when they made or gave them to any one, no person should suspect them to have a meaning, or the least tendency thereto, but merely accidental, as will plainly appear in the description of them. Some Masons are of opinion that when those signs were first invented pockets were not made use of; but they all agree in this, that the hands were put to those places where the pockets now are, and that they shut their hands, or bowed their fingers inwards, except those made use of in or for the signs. But be that as it will, this is certain, that for many ages past they have been handed down in the following manner: the first, or Sunday sign, is by putting the right hand in the right side pocket of your breeches, with the thumb out, and pointing to the left side. The second, or Monday sign, is the left hand in the left side breeches pocket, with the thumb out, and pointing to the right side. The third or Tuesday sign, is the right hand in the right side waistcoat pocket, with the thumb out, and extending towards the left side. The fourth, or Wednesday sign, is the left hand in the left side waistcoat pocket, with the thumb out and extended towards the right side. The fifth, or Thursday sign, is the right hand in the right side coat pocket, with the thumb and fore finger out, and pointing downwards. The sixth, or Friday sign, is the left hand in the left side coat pocket, with the thumb and fore finger out, and inclining downward. The seventh, or Saturday sign, is by putting the first three fingers of the right hand to that part of the right eye-brow next the ear, and so drawing it along till the third finger touches the nose.

From this last sign arises that misapprehended one, which some people address or give to Masons, by putting the fore finger of the right hand to or across the nose. These signs are observed exactly the same by all Masons throughout the globe.

The next in course are the watch-words, which are fourteen in number, one for each day and one for each night in the week, as follows: Sunday, from one o'clock in the morning till one at noon, Gera; the same day from one o'clock at noon till one o'clock Monday morning, Gomer;* from one o'clock Monday morning till one o'clock at noon, Ionia; from that time till one o'clock on Tuesday morning the watch-word is Iockshean. So that there is no intermediate time between the morning and the afternoon or evening words. And if any Mason is remiss in his words, or takes no pains to remember the proper one for each hour in the whole seven days, but gives an improper word, he generally incurs a severe censure from the lodge.

For the sake of brevity, and to avoid the uncouth repetition of the words from one o'clock in the morning, etc. I shall set the words down regularly with the seven days; the first watch-word to each day is for the morning, the last for the afternoon or evening.

Sunday	Gera, Gomer.	Wednesday	Sheba, Gad.
Monday	Ionia, Iockshean.	Thursday	Kedar, Kahath.
Tuesday	Peleg, Sabteca.	Friday	Onan, Shela.
Saturday	Zidon, Uzal.		

The signs were invented by the first associates in Masonry to know each other by; but the watch-words were not till the first persecution of the Masons

*At the hour of one in the morning all the words for the fore parts of the seven days begin.

by illiterate men, whose ignorance raised an aversion to the Craft; at which time the Masons thought it necessary, in order to preserve and secure themselves from the many dangers and cruelties to which they were exposed by the blind and unwarrantable zeal of those men of darkness, to have words of alarm that when any brother discovered one of their enemies approaching, he should apprize those that were with him of it, by speaking the word of the day or night on which such approach should be made and discovered, in order for the whole to separate, and prevent the threatened danger. They have another word for the approach of a brother, which is Heber, *i.e.*, a companion.

In all countries, since literature has been encouraged and the liberal arts and sciences acquired and indulged, the Masons have been greatly caressed and free from molestation, on account of their great skill and abilities in geometry, architecture, etc., and much more so in England since the Protestant succession, and in particular since the accession of the illustrious house of Hanover to these realms, some of whose royal branches have given a sanction to Masonry by their immediate presence. So that these words are made use of (without any apprehensions of fear) only to advertise the brethren of the lodge that a stranger is near. The words are so expressive of the design and end for which they were intended and invented, that no brother could hesitate upon or suspend his assent to them one moment after they were explained to him. For instance, Gera a stranger, Gomer a consumer, Ionia making sad, Iockshean an offence, Peleg a division, &c., bears so near an affinity to the end designed, that no Mason could refuse to acquiesce with them. Every man so soon as he is made a Mason of the tuscan order, or first degree, is obliged to get these fourteen words by heart, and the word for a brother's approach, before he leaves the lodge room.

Of the finding a Mason when in a strange place.

When Masons travel, or go into a strange place, and destitute of a friend or acquaintance, the method they make use of to find out a brother Mason is this: they visit the places frequented by gentlemen to transact business, as exchanges, tolzeys, parades, etc., and place themselves so as to be seen by every one, and whatever day it be they give the sign of that day, and every Mason will take notice of it, and it will pass undiscovered by all others. For instance, suppose Wednesday to be the day, they give the sign of the day by putting the left hand in the left-side waistcoat pocket, the thumb out, and pointing to the right side. A Mason will observe this, but will make no reply till the strange brother gives him the signs of the two preceding days, and then he returns the seventh sign, which the other is to answer; and the residing brother being fully satisfied by those signs that the stranger is a Mason, gives him an invitation to his house, entertains him chearfully, converses freely with him, introduces him into the best company frequented by himself, or such as suits the degree and desire of the strange brother, supplies his wants in all cases agreeable to the circumstances of each, and regrets his departure. These are privileges which the Masons boast to be peculiar to themselves, and say that they challenge any society in the universe to cement brotherly love, relief, and truth together upon so strong and permanent a foundation as theirs; for they hold that the intention and design of the first Freemasons was to be firm and steady to each other, by promoting the good of a brother in every respect (so long as it could be done with jus [*sic*] to mankind in general), to espouse the cause of an injured brother, in supporting and enabling him to maintain and vindicate himself in justice and equity, and never suffer him to be illused. They say, further, that they do not deviate from this *primum mobile* of the Masons, to abandon a brother in case he is the aggressor; for, say they, if he engages in broils, riots, quarrels, etc., he cannot be a true brother of ours, whose principles are to be true to our sovereign, peaceable with our neighbours, and to administer justice impartially between those who

are Masons and those who are not; and as he degenerates from us, we are by no means culpable in forsaking him.

The reader cannot suppose that all these subjects are canvassed over each lodge night. No; some nights two of them, some three or four, and sometimes but one; and when they have the works of several brethren to inspect, the corrections and amendments in some of the performances take up so much time as to oblige them to adjourn the examination of the remainder till the next lodge night.

The applause that each brother meets with from the whole society, upon his duly and proportionably finishing a piece in architecture, always expressed by loud acclamations, generally alarms and surprizes those who are sitting by and under the room where the lodge is held.

I am not conscious to myself that I have in any one point in this relation of Masonry said more or less than what it really is. For what may be omitted in some lodges and what more innovated in others I am not accountable. But in all the lodges that I have belonged to and visited for several years the transactions were neither more nor less than this description of it sets forth; for I took a good deal of pains in minuting down every transaction in each lodge that I visited, to carry it to those of which I was a member.

I say this is the whole of the Masons' proceedings in their lodges, etc., and is sufficient to introduce any person (whose morals are well known to either of the members to be good) to a lodge who is inclinable to visit one, provided upon his examination he be not deficient in giving to the examiners a full detail and account of it as this book sets forth; and no lodge can refuse any person thus duly qualified to visit them but upon these two pretences: first, that he does not understand geometry, etc., and therefore may as well pay for the learning it in the lodge as elsewhere; and, secondly, that he never subscribed towards the support of the grand Charity. But upon his tendering the customary subscription of each brother, they are obliged to admit him.

I come next to the songs which are in great esteem among the Masons, and sung each night of their meeting in every lodge, unless their buildings take up so much time as not to admit a song.

I.

Ye thrice happy few
Whose hearts have been true,
In concord and unity found;
Let us sing and rejoice,
And unite ev'ry voice,
To send the gay chorus around.

Chorus.

Like pillars we stand,
An immoveable band,
Cemented by power from above;
Then freely let pass
The generous glass
To Masonry, friendship, and love.
Like pillars we stand, etc.

II.

The Grand Architect,
Whose word did erect
Eternity, measure, and space,
First laid the fair plan
Whereon we began,
The cement of harmony and place.
Like pillars we stand, etc.

III.

Whose firmness of hearts
Fair treasure of arts,
To the eye of the vulgar unknown;
Whose lustre can beam
New dignity and fame,
To the pulpit, the bar, and the throne.
Like pillars we stand, etc.

IV.

The great David's son,
Unmatch'd Solomon,
As recorded in sacred page,
Through Masonry became
The first fav'rite of fame,
The wonder and pride of his age.
Like pillars we stand, etc.

V.

Indissoluble bands
Our hearts and our hands
In social benevolence bind;
For true to his cause,
By immutable laws,
A Mason's a friend to mankind.
Like pillars we stand, etc.

VI.

Let joy flow around,
And peace, olive-bound,
Preside at our mystical rites;
Whose conduct maintains
Our auspicious domains,
And freedom with order unites.
Like pillars we stand, etc.

VII.

Nor let the dear maid
Our mysteries dread,
Or think them repugnant to love;
To beauty we bend,
And her empire defend,
Her empire, deriv'd from above.
Like pillars we stand, &c.

VIII.

Then let us unite,
Sincere and upright,
On the level of virtue to stand;
No mortal can be
So happy as we,
With a brother and friend in each hand.
Like pillars we stand, etc.

I.

Come let us prepare,
We brothers that are
Assembled on merry occasion:
Let's drink, laugh, and sing;
Our wine has a spring:
Here's a health to an Accepted Mason.

II.

The world is in pain
Our secrets to gain;
But still let them wonder and gaze on:
They ne'er can divine
The word or the sign
Of a Free and an Accepted Mason.

III.

'Tis this and 'tis that,
They cannot tell what,
Why so many great men in the nation
Should aprons put on
To make themselves one
With a Free and an Accepted Mason.

IV.

Great kings, dukes, and lords
Have laid by their swords,
Our mystery to put a good grace on;
And ne'er been asham'd
To hear themselves nam'd
With a Free and an Accepted Mason.

V.

Antiquity's pride
We have on our side,
Which maketh men just in their station;
There's nought but what's good
To be understood
By a Free and an Accepted Mason.

VI.

We're true and sincere,
And just to the fair,
Who will trust us on ev'ry occasion;
No mortal can more
The ladies adore
Than a Free and an Accepted Mason.

VI.

Then join hand in hand,
To each other firm stand;
Let's be merry and put a bright face on:
What mortal can boast
So noble a toast
As a Free and an Accepted Mason.

I.

Tho' bigot's storm, and fools declaim,
And Masons some thro' ign'rance blame,
The good, the just, the learn'd, the wise,
Free Masonry will ne'er despise.
O'er all the earth let Masons join
To execute one grand design,
And strike amazement into fools
Who laugh at Masons and their tools.

II.

On justice, truth, and charity
This edifice shall founded be;
And will conspire to rear the whole
By wisdom's just, unerring rule.
O'er all, etc.

III.

Let ev'ry Mason then prepare
By virtue's mould his work to square;
And ev'ry task adjusted be
By the level of equality.
O'er all, etc.

IV.

Let jollity and freedom then
For ever in our lodge remain,
And still our work cemented be
By universal harmony.
O'er all, etc.

V.

This structure we will fortify
With the barrier of secrecy.
A Mason-barrier we may boast
Shall e'er impenetrable last.
O'er all, etc.

VI.

To mutual love and friendship rais'd,
This fabric shall by all be prais'd;
And those who strive to ridicule
Our craft shall but themselves befool.
Then o'er the, etc.

List of the Regular Lodges in England according to their seniority, year of erection, and time of meeting.

1. Queen's Arms, St. Paul's Churchyard, 2d Tuesday in every month.
2. The Horn, Westminster, 2d Thursday.

1721.

3. George, Grafton Street, St. Anne's, 1st and 3d Thursday.
4. Crown and Rolls, Chancery Lane, 2d and 4th Tuesday.
5. Tower, Tower Street, Seven Dials, 1st and 2d Wednesday.

1722.

6. Fish and Bell, Charles Street, Soho Square, 1st and 3d Wed.
7. King's Arms, New Bond Street, 2d and last Thursday.
8. Crown, Leadenhall Street, 1st and 3d Wednesday.
9. Dundee Arms, Wapping New Stairs, 2d and 4th Thursday.

1723.

10. Grapes, Chatham, 1st and 3rd Monday.
11. King's Arms, Wandsworth, 1st and 3d Tuesday.
12. Anchor, Rosemary Lane, 1st and 3d Friday.
13. Mourning Bush, Aldersgate, 2d and 4th Friday.
14. Anchor and Baptist's Head, Chancery Lane, 2d and last Thurs.
15. Golden Anchor, Ballast Key, East Greenwich, 2d and 4th Tu.
16. Salutation, Grayfriars, Newgate Street, 1st Thursday.
17. Greyhound, Garlick Hill, 2d and last Wednesday.
18. Red Horse, Old Bond Street, 3d Monday.

1724.

19. Angel, Norwich, 1st Thursday.
20. Dolphin, Chichester, 3d Wednesday.
21. Three Tons, Portsmouth, 1st and 3d Friday.
22. Castle, Lombard Street, 2d and 4th Monday.
23. Queen's Head, at Stocton-upon-Tees, in the County of Durham, 1st and 3d Fri.

1725.

24. Sun, Ludgate Street, 4th Monday.
25. King's Arm's Lodge, at the Bear and Rummer, Gerard Street, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

1727.

26. St. Alban's, St. Alban's Street, 3d Mon.
27. Flower de Luce, St. Bernard Street, Madrid, 1st Sunday.

1728.

28. Red Cow, West Smithfield, 1st and 3d Wednesday.
29. Woolpack, Lombard Street, in the Mint, Southwark, 1st and 3d Wednesday.
30. Gibraltar, at Gibraltar, 1st Tuesday.

1729.

31. Red Lion, Lynn Regis, Norfolk, 1st Friday
32. George, St. Mary Axe, 2d and 4th Monday.
33. Horn, Fleet Street, 1st and 3d Thursday.

1730.

34. Peacock, King's Street, St. James's sq., 2d and 4th Tuesday.
35. Constitution vacated.
36. Barbican, 1st Thursday, 3d a Master's lodge.
37. Bowling Green, Putney, 1st and 3d Saturday
38. Moor's Head, Lincoln, 1st Tuesday.
39. Platter, White Lion Yard, Norton Falgate, 1st Friday.
40.
41. Fox, Castle Street, Southwark, 2d Monday.
42. Windmill, Rosemary Lane, 1st Monday.

1731.

43. Angel, Macclesfield, Cheshire.
44. Jerusalem, Clerkenwell, 2d and 4th Wednesday.
45. Half Moon, Cheapside, 2d Wednesday.
46. Salutation, Newgate Street, 1st and 3d Wednesday.
47. King's Arms, St. Margaret's Hill, 3rd Wednesday.
48. King's Arms, Leigh, in Lancashire.

1732.

49. A la Ville de Tonerre, Rue de Boucheries à Paris, 1st Mon.
50. Saracen's Head, Greek Street, Soho, 1st and 3d Wednesday.
51. King's Arms, Marybone Street, 2d and 4th Tuesday.
52. London 'Prentice, Hoxton, 2d Tuesday.
53. London Bridge Punch House, 1st Tuesday.
54. Royal Oak, Derby, 1st and 3d Tuesday.
55. Bolton Lee Moor, Lancashire, next Wednesday to every full moon.
56. Cornish Chough, Salisbury, 1st and 3d Wednesday.
57. Queen Hithe Coffee House, 2d and 4th Monday.
58. Queen's Head, Chelsea, 2d and 4th Tuesday

1733.

59. Bear, Bath, 1st and 3d Tuesday.
60. Cross Keys, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, 1st Tuesday.
61. Red Lion, Bury, Lancash., next Thu. to every full moon.
62. Talbot, Stourbridge, Worcestershire, every Wednesday.
63. Sun, St. Paul's Churchyard, 2d and 4th Wednesday.
64. Swan, Birmingham, last Monday.
65. Royal Exchange, Boston, New Eng., 2d and 4th Saturday.
66. Valenciennes, French Flanders.

1734.

67. Mason's Arms, Plymouth, 1st and 3d Fri.
68. Samson and Lion, East Smithfield, 1st and 3d Thursday.

1735.

69. King's Head, High Holborn, 2d and 4th Wednes.
70. Steward's Lodge, Southampton Street, Cov. Garden, public nights 3d Wed. in March and December.

71. In Holland.
72. Fencers, near Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 1st Monday.
73. Castle, at Aubigny in France, 1st Monday.
74. Constitution lost.
75. Savannah, in the province of Georgia.
76. Angel, Colchester, 2d and 4th Monday.
77. Fountain, Gateshead, bish. of Durham, 2d and 4th Wed.

1736.

78. Green Man, Shrewsbury, 1st Monday.
79. Rising Sun, Fashion Street, Spitalfields, 1st and 3d Tuesday.
80. King's Head, Norwich, every other Thursday.
81. The Customhouse, by the Old Dock, Liverpool, 1st Wed.
82. Cock and Lion, Michael's Alley, Cornhill, 1st and 3d Mon.
83. Rose, Edgbaston Street, Birmingham, 2d and last Thursday.
84. Bell, Friday Street, 1st and 3d Tuesday.
85. George, Ironmonger Lane, 2d and 4th Tuesday.
86. Fountain, Bartholomew Lane, 2d and 4th Friday.
87. Blue Post, Southampton Buildings, Holborn, 3d Tuesday.
88. Crown, West Smithfield, 4th Tuesday.

1737.

89. Three Tons, Spitalfields, 2d and 4th Friday
90. Chapman's Coffee-house, Sackville Street, 1st and 3d Tues.
91. Salutation, Budge Row, 2d and 4th Thursdy.
92. Sun, Milk Street, 1st and 3d Tuesday.
93. Angel, Shipton Mallet, Somersetshire, 1st and 3d Mon.
94. Parham Lodge, Antigua.

1738.

95. Swan, Glocester, 1st and 3d Friday.
96. Helmet, Bishopsgate Street, 2d Tuesday.
97. Black Bull, Halifax, Yorkshire, last Monday
98. The Great Lodge, St. John's, Antigua, 2d and 4th Wednesday.
99. The Fox, near the Square, Manchester, 1st and 3d Monday.
100. Black Lyon, Nottingham Court, Seven Dials, 2d and 4th Monday.
101. Swan, Watergate Street, Chester, 2d Tuesday.
102. Gone.
103. Red Lion, Horn Church, in Essex, 1st Friday.
104. Baker's Lodge, St. John's, Antigua.

1739.

105. Kingston, in Jamaica, 1st and 3d Saturday.
106. King's Head, Portsmouth Common, Southampton, 1st Tu.
107. Scots Arms, the Mother Lodge at St. Christopher's, held at Basseterre, 1st Thursday.
108. Crown and Globe, Playhouse Yard, Blackfriars, 1st Tu.
109.
110. King's Arms and One Tun, Hyde Park Corner, 2d and 4th Wednesday.
111. Red Bull, Long Lane, West Smithfield, 2d and 4th Mon.
112. King's Head, in the Poultry, 3d Wednesday.
113. Lausanne, in the Canton of Bern, Switzerland.

1740.

114. Three Lions, Banbury, Oxfordshire, every full moon, if on a Thursday, or the Thursday before.
115. The Ship, James Street, Covent Garden, 2d Tuesday.
116. The Bush Tavern, Corn Street, Bristol, 2d and 4th Wed.
117. The 3d Lodge, Calcutta, in East India.
118. St. Michael's Lodge, in Barbadoes.
119. Grapes, in Decker Street, Hamburg, every other Thursday.
120. George, Whitehaven, Cumberland, 1st Monday.

1741.

121. Ship and Castle, Haverford W.

1742.

122. Swan, Old French Lodge, Grafton Street, 1st and 3d Thurs.
123. Old Road, St. Christopher's.
124. Union, Franckfort-on-the-Mayne, 2d and 4th Tuesday.
125. Three Horse Shoes, Leominster, in the county of Hereford.
126. Port Royal Lodge, Jamaica.

1743.

127. Angel, Dolgelly, in Merioneth-shire, North Wales, 1st Tues.
128. St. George, Emperor's Court, at Hamburgh, every other Wednesday.
129. Bull, High Street, Bristol, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

1745.

130. New Lodge, Copenhagen, Denmark.

1746.

131. St. Jago de la Vega, in Jamaica.

1747.

132. The Bear, Norwich, 2d and 4th Tuesday.
133. New Lodge, St. Eustatius, Dutch Island, West Indies.

1748.

134. The Bishop's Head, Plymouth, 1st and 3d Monday
135.
136. Maid's Head, Norwich.

1749.

137. Bear, Cambridge, 2d Monday.
138. Lodge of Orange, at Amsterdam.
139. St. Martin's Lodge, at Copenhagen, in Denmark.
140. Rampant Horse Tavern, St. Stevens, Norwich, 2d and 4th Tu.

1750.

141. No. 1, at Minorca, 1st Thursday.
142. No. 2, at Minorca, 2d Tuesday.
143. No. 3, at Minorca, 1st Wednesday.
144. St. Christopher's, at Sandy Point.

1751.

145. The Unicorn, Norwich, 2d and 4th Monday.

146. King's Arms, Falmouth, 2d and last Thursday.
147. Angel, Great Yarmouth, in Norfolk.
148. King's Head, West Street, Gravesend, 1st and 3d Thurs.
149. St. Andrew, the Sea Captain's lodge, near the Hermitage, 2d and 4th Friday
150. No. 4, at Minorca, 1st Monday.

1752.

151. King's Arms, Helston, in Cornwall, 1st and 3d Tuesday.
152. St. John's Lodge, Bridgetown, Barbadoes, 4th Monday.
153. Ship, Leadenhall Street, 2d and 4th Monday.
154. King's Head, Broad St. Giles, 1st and 3d Tuesday.
155. Mason's Arms, at Truro, in Cornwall, 1st and 3d Wednesday.
156. At Chardenagore, late the chief French settlement in Bengal.
157. At Madras, in East India.
158. At the Hague, in Holland.
159. St. Peter's Lodge, in Barbadoes, 1st and 3d Saturday.

1753.

160. Black Moor's Head, Nottingham.
161. Lion and Goat, Grosvenor Street, 2d and 4th Monday.
162. Blue Last, Salisbury Court, 2d and 4th Wednesday.
163. Angel, Picadilly, 2d and 4th Monday.
164. Lily Tavern, in Guernsey.
165. Nag's-head, Wine Street, Bristol, 2d and 4th Tuesday.
166. Queen's Head, near Queen Street, 2d and 4th Tuesday.
167. Red Lion, Market Street, Carmarthen, South Wales, 1st and 3d Monday.
168. King's Head, Mews Street, Cavendish Square, 2d and 4th Wednesday.
169. Castle and Lion, White Lion Lane, Norwich, 3d Wednesday.
170. Evangelist's lodge at Antigua.
171. At Amsterdam.
172. Rose and Crown, at Prescot, Lancashire, Wednesday next before full moon.
173. Royal Exchange in the Borough of Norfolk, in Virginia, 1st Thursday.

1754.

174. St. Paul's Lodge, Speight's Town, Barbadoes, 1st and 3d Tuesday.
175. White Hart, Mansel Street, Goodmans-fields, 2d and 4th Wednesday.
176. Redruth in Cornwall, 1st and 3d Thurs.
177. Bear, Lemon Street, Goodmans-fields, 1st and 3d Wednesday.
178. Mitre, Union Street, Westminster, 2d Tuesday.
179. Chequers, All Saints, Norwich.
180. Swan, Ramsgate in the Isle of Thanet, 2d and 4th Monday.
181. Parrot, Cow Lane in Leeds, 1st Wedy.
182. Robin Hood, Butcher Row, near St. Clement's, 1st Thurs.
183. Horn, Doctors Commons, 3d Monday.
184. Paul's Head, Doctors Commons, 2d and 4th Monday.
185. Swan, at Westminster bridge, 1st and 3d Wednesday.
186. Rustat's Coffeehouse, Sherrard Street, 2d and 4th Wednesday.
187. Pelican, Leicester, 1st and 3d Tuesday.
188. Red House, Cardiff, Glamorganshire, South Wales, 2d Monday.
189. Bear, Cowbridge, Glamorganshire, last Monday.
190. No. 2, St. Eustatius, Dutch Island, West Indies.
191. Queen's Head, Lowestoff in Suffolk, 2d Monday.
192. Chequers, Charing Cross, 2d Tuesday.
193. Two Spies, King's Street, Seven Dials, 2d and 4th Monday.
194. King's Head, at Salford near Manchester, 1st and 3d Wedn.

1755.

195. No. 8, the King's own regiment, 1st and 3d Tuesday.
196. Blue Posts, Old Bond Street, 2d and 4th Friday.
197. Jack of Newbery, Chiswell Street, 1st and 3d Wednesday.
198. White Hart, St. James's Street, 2d and 4th Thursday.
199. Ship and Castle, Penzance in Cornwall, 1st and 3d Wednesday.
200. Bricklayer's Arms, Duke Street, Grosvenor Square, 1st and 3d Tuesday.
201. Shoulder of Mutton, St. Augustine's, Norwich, 1st and 3d Monday.
202. Lodge of Charity at Amsterdam.
203. Raven, Cow Lane, Chester, last Monday.
204. White Lion, Beccles in Suffolk.
205. Swan Tavern, in York Town, Virginia, 1st and 3d Wednesday.
206. Flower in Hand, St Mary, Norwich, 1st and 3d Tuesday.
207. Sunderland near the sea, county of Durham, 1st Friday.
208. Grand Lodge, Frederick at Hanover.
209. Feathers, Bridges Street, Chester.
210. Princess of Wales's Arms, Cranborne Alley, Leicester fields, 1st and 3d Mon.
211. In Capt. Bell's troop in Lord Ancram's dragoons.
212. The Sun and thirteen Cantons, in Great Poultney Street, Golden Square, 2d and 4th Thursday.
213. At Wilmington on Cape Fear River, North Carolina.
214. White Lion, Water Street, Liverpool.

1756.

215. Lodge of Peace at Amsterdam.
216. Hoop and Grapes, Suffolk Street, 1st and 3d Tuesday.
217. White Horse, corner of New Burlington Street, 1st and 3d Thursday.

1757.

218. Marquis of Carnarvan's, at Sunderland near the sea, 1st and 3d Tuesday.
219. St. Mary's in the Island of Jamaica.

220. Blakeney's Head, at Bristol, 2d and 4th Thursday.
221. Parliament Coffee House, Parliament Street, 2d and 4th Tuesday.
222. Sun, in the Strand, 4th Wednesday.
223. Dove and Olive Branch, St. Lawrence's, Norwich.
224. Santa Cruz, a Danish Island, West Indsies.
225. Cock, Head of the Side, Newcastle upon Tyne, 1st Monday.
226. White Lion, Oxford Road, 3d Monday.
227. Sun, at Shadwell, 1st and 3d Monday.
228. Lodge of Regularity, Amsterdam.
229. Queen's Head, Duke's Court, Bow Street, Covent Garden, 1st and 3d Wednesday.
230. St. Michael's Lodge, at Severn, Duchy of Mecklenburgh.
231. Cock, St. Mary's, Norwich.
232. Red Lion, South side Street, Plymouth, 2d and 4th Monday.
233. Bell, Broad Street, Bristol.
234. Bombay, East Indies.
235. Green Man, Berwick Street, St. James's.
236. Swan, sea captains Lodge, Yarmouth, Norfolk.
237. Three Crowns, 2d Division of Marines, Plymouth.

MASONIC RESEARCH.

An Address delivered before the Annual Meeting of the Members of the York College of Rosicrucians, at York, 26th February, 1881,

BY R.W. FRA. T. B. WHYTEHEAD, IX.°, CHIEF ADEPT.

FRATRES,—At the commencement of the second year of the existence of this college, I think we are offered a fair opportunity of looking back upon the past, and reviewing our work for the year that is gone, as well as glancing forward at our future prospects and the opportunities for labour which lie open before us. The college was officially constituted in the month of November, 1879, and our first regular meeting was held in York in the following February, when the late officers were appointed. At that meeting I had the honour to address you on the subject of the society, its aims and objects. In May our meeting was held in the Masonic Hall, in Thirsk, by the fraternal invitation of the Falcon Lodge; and we visited the ruins of Byland Abbey, and the village of Coxwold, on which interesting papers were read by the Primus Ancient. At the same meeting a valuable paper on some errors in the elucidation of Ancient Rosicrucianism was read by the Suffragan. Our August meeting was held in the Fidelity Masonic Hall, Leeds, by the courteous permission of the trustees of that building; and an able paper was read by the Secundus Ancient, on the history of Leeds. At the same time many of us visited the ruins of Kirkstall Abbey, under the guidance of the Tertias Ancient, whose remarks on the architectural features of Cistercian buildings have not as yet, I regret to say, been furnished to the printer. In November our meeting was held again in York, when the Suffragan read you an account of the remains of a Knight Templar Preceptory in Herefordshire, and your Chief Adept gave you the translation of an old Rosicrucian Essay of the seventeenth century, and now at our annual meeting we are once more assembled, by the kind permission of the brethren of the Eboracum Lodge, in their rooms in this ancient Masonic city, and I think we may fairly be excused if we congratulate ourselves upon the practical manner in which we have thus far carried out the objects of our society. At any rate, I have no hesitation in saying, without any wish to draw invidious comparisons, that this college would compare favourably with any other college in England, either as regards the intelligence of its members or the work performed by them. Our college may also be said to be prolific as

well as active, since the present High Council of America was founded by fratres admitted by us at York; and this evening we have received into our M * * * * * C * * * * * a distinguished brother, who contemplates the establishment of the order on the shores of the Mediterranean, and under his sway I feel sure that it cannot fail to flourish in that classic locality, where a grand field of work awaits its investigations.

We now number in our ranks thirty-three members, many of them Masons of high reputation, and who have shown for years an active and, what is better still, an intelligent interest in Masonic subjects in their respective districts. It is this intelligent side of Masonry which especially needs cultivation, and it is for the encouragement of progress in this direction that this society of ours was formed and now exists.

Fratres, I need not tell you, for you know it right well, that the mere perfection of ritual, the mere swelling out of a big charity list, or the mere faculty of making after-dinner speeches, or all three arts combined, do not constitute a Masonic scholar. Bright working is good, charitable efforts are excellent, and as we must eat to live, we may as well eat and live sociably and pleasantly, but a Mason may have wrought wonders in these things, and yet not have mastered the greatest delight which Freemasonry can afford, and that is the mine of intellectual wealth which its hidden history conceals from all but the diligent student. It is diligence in Masonic study which I am so anxious that this college should encourage to the utmost of its power. All Masonic students of the present day are not members of our Order, but our Frater Hughan, who may be regarded as the historian, *par excellence*, of York Masonry, is one of our brightest ornaments. Bro. R. F. Gould, as most of you know, has made Masonic history a subject of close study for years, and his published results are of inestimable value to all Masonic students. Bro. the Rev. A. F. A. Woodford has for the major portion of his life devoted himself to Masonic research, and even now admits that he stands merely on the threshold of knowledge as regards the history of our mystic art. As yet so little is known concerning its origin and its history, that Masonry may yet be said to be practically, and in these respects, a sealed book.

I believe that the members of this college might do much towards the efforts now being made to elucidate the real history of Freemasonry, by ever keeping in mind their duty as members of the Order, and never permitting an opportunity to pass by disregarded of stimulating research in others as well as investigating themselves all available sources of Masonic knowledge.

In York itself I think we may consider the mines of Masonic research pretty well exhausted, yet even this is by no means certain, for our Frater Todd can tell you how, only a short time since, he and I unearthed an old minute book amongst the possessions of the York Lodge, which had escaped the vigilant eyes of Bros. Woodford, Cowling, Hughan, and others, but which carried back the records of the Royal Arch in York several years earlier than had been previously known. It is known that in 1779 a minute book of the old Grand Lodge of all England at York (then known as the Lodge at York) was in existence, containing records of meetings held in 1705. This book is now missing, but who can tell that it may not yet be discovered in some unexpected quarter? From time to time other minute books and Masonic relics have come to light in ways not to be anticipated, and I need hardly say that the discovery of the minute book alluded to might be a most valuable aid in clearing up the great mystery as to that period known as "the revival" of 1717. Yorkshire offers a peculiarly favourable field for Masonic investigation, for some of the oldest recorded lodges were wont to be held in this city and in other Yorkshire towns. Only very few of their records remain to us, and probably most of them have been lost and destroyed; but it is quite possible that some may still exist, stored away amongst old disused papers when those lodges stopped working, and waiting in some lumber-room to be brought once

more to light by the diligence of the Masonic investigator. I would urge you, brethren, never to miss any opportunity of turning over any old minutes or journals which may be available. Our worthy Suffragan has himself told you of the very curious and valuable discovery made by him a short time since amongst the Stukeley papers, where allusions occur and facts are stated in regard to the condition and working of Masonry at the beginning of the last century of the greatest interest.

I should like also to say that this college offers a fair platform for the discussion of any point of Masonic jurisprudence, for any disputed system of working, and for any kindred subject or question, by means of which we should not only interest and enlighten one another, but, by an interchange of opinions and ideas, equalize Masonic opinion in this part of the country, and perhaps tend to do away with some of those isolated ideas which I regret to find existing in many centres of Masonry. To this same end I regard the Masonic newspapers valuable media, and I would urge all those members of the college who do not subscribe to one or more of our English publications, to lose no time in at once doing so. They will find their interest greatly quickened by a regular perusal of the Masonic press, and will seldom each week fail to find something "to make a note of," and calculated to assist them in progress in Masonic knowledge.

Looking forward to our prospects for the coming year, fratres, I hope we may be able to see our way to one or more archæological expeditions. We have many spots of great interest within easy reach, and we shall endeavour to arrange something for our two summer meetings. I also hope that we shall not fail in members who will, by means of papers, aid in the interest of our gatherings. Fratres must not wait to be asked to prepare and read papers. It is impossible for your Chief Adept to know the opportunities which may occur to each of you; but I shall at all times esteem it a favour if I receive an intimation from any frater that he is willing to contribute an essay. As far as our funds will allow, we purpose to continue printing these papers as read, and I trust that in years to come they will serve to remind us of pleasant gatherings, and of the association with one another, which the medium of our M.*** C.*** affords.

In conclusion, fratres, let us be exceedingly careful who we admit to our college. We are already strong in numbers. Let us aim at intellect as much as possible. Drones are of no service to us, and only block up our ranks to the exclusion of workers. My ambition is that this college should take a leading position in the Order, and no pains shall be wanting on my part to bring about such a consummation. Let us aim at winning for our body such a reputation that when a frater is said to be a member of it, the Masonic world will know that he is a true Mason in every sense of the word, and that he is one of an association which exists for the advancement of Masonic knowledge and the enlightenment of our mysteries.

SONG.

BY BRO. THE VEN. ARCHDEACON COLLEY, J.W.

(*Tune*—"*Wait for the Waggon.*")

IN the work supreme, Masonic,
Brothers! let us all unite,
As architects harmonic,
To build our lodge to-night:

For true to the plummet
All our doings are,
If we act on the level
And work on the square.
Act on the level, act on the level,
Act on the level, and work on the square.

Rough ashlars we were quarried,
But the gavel of life's shocks,
With the chisels *point to dress us*,
The nonsense from us knocks:
In wisdom, strength, and beauty
It is our aim to grow;
And, by doing well his duty,
A Mason you shall know.
Then act on the level, etc.

The first care of every Mason
Is to see the lodge close tyled:
Heads sound—no mental slates loose—
Hearts pure and undefiled.
None present now but Masons?
Stand to order.—Our next care?
To look for God in neighbour,
And in life's game play fair.
Then act on the level, etc.

As Apprentices and Craftsmen
Let us at nothing stick,
But do our simple duty,
And be each a jolly brick.
For the Grand Master Mason
Our tool-work doth outline,
And by constant use and honest,
Bright will these jewels shine.
Then act on the level, etc.

Past High Time now we labour,
And let our work be sound;
No scamping it or shirking it,
But solid be it found.
Then High Time hence will call us,
The many and the few,
From labour to refreshment,
To receive each man his due.
Then act on the level, etc.

Then, *in this work Masonic*,
Brothers! let us all unite,
Manly, honest, and harmonic,
As we build our lodge to-night.
For true to the plummet
All our doings are,
If we act on the level
And work on the square.
Act on the level, etc.

THE PRESENT POSITION OF MASONIC HISTORY AND CRITICISM.

BY THE EDITOR.

No. II.

I PROPOSE in this paper to consider the MS. evidence we have at present available with respect to the history of Freemasonry. As regards the "guild legends," little need be said, because, though they exist from the beginning of the fifteenth century, or even the end of the fourteenth according to some, they are to a certain extent "out of court" for the purposes of this enquiry and discussion. "Non constat," say the upholders of the 1717 theory, that though they undoubtedly exist, and as undoubtedly belonged to the operative guilds, they have anything to do with the speculative Masons of 1717; and as I desire to use no debateable propositions, I simply confine myself to what may be called "ritual evidence," whether friendly or hostile matters nothing for the purpose of my argument. Even the hostile evidences being fictitious, according to Paley's well-known argument, would prove the genuine to have existed, and therefore we may assume safely that a genuine form of Masonry existed, for instance, in 1730, of which Pritchard was the foolish and untrustworthy assailant. A good deal of stress is often laid on "rituals" per se, but I have always failed, I confess, to see the cogency or value of any such argument. At the best it would be but quasi evidence, being oral and traditional altogether, and unless we adopt the adage of the "schoolmen" and apply it to Masonic ceremonial, "Lex orandi, lex credendi," I certainly fail to see how the evidence of the "rituals" can prove or disprove the antiquity of Freemasonry, unless, indeed, we had any old rituals which we have not.

The earliest MS. evidence is the famous "Sloane MS.," 3329, which, though of early eighteenth century transcript, is undoubtedly a seventeenth century MS. in its "archaisms." The MS. is not an original MS., remember, but a "transcript," and if before 1700, or really about 1640 as has been alleged, establishes in a remarkable manner the continuity and certainty of Masonic degrees. I do not say perfectly so, for that it does not do, as it is still a "moot point" whether it be the production of an ignorant Mason or an inquisitive non-Mason. To the "bright Mason" it offers "indiciæ," and "points," and "facts," which, as it appears to me, are alike irrefragable and unanswerable. The next MS. is Bro. Gould's "Catechism" of 1723, unearthed in the British Museum, and the next "The Grand Mystery" of 1724. Putting these three MSS. together, we cannot, I think, fail to arrive at the conclusion that a form of Masonry triple in arrangement, identical in nomenclature, and apparently similar in ritual was in existence before 1717, the forerunner and antitype of the Masonry we know of, as admitted to exist in the Constitutions of 1723. For it is impossible to believe on any ground of ratiocination or even probability that all on a sudden, after the revival of 1717, Freemasonry was essentially arranged as we have it now, without any pretension to antiquity, the mere product, in fact, of the fertile imaginations and habile manipulation of Payne, Anderson, and Desaguliers. If the verbiage of the Sloane MS. is identified with seventeenth century forms, of course this argument and theory fall to the ground at once. And what arewe to say of the pre-1700 Masonry, which undoubtedly existed in Cheshire, Staffordshire, at York and London.

We have the unchallengeable reality of a "ceremonial" of some kind in 1646 at Warrington; of Masonic receptions in Staffordshire, as mentioned by

Dr. Plot, in 1667 and 1686; at London in 1682; in Masons' Hall, at York, in 1690. I admit that at York the evidence so far only connects us with a "guild legend," but still the fact of a lodge being at York in 1690 is, if I remember rightly, also mentioned in the York records. Of course it is only a casual entry, and must be taken "quantum valet." The evidence of the "Antiquity MS." is a little more than that, however, of a mere "guild legend."

The "colophon" is very peculiar: "William Bray, Freeman of London and Freemason, written by Robert Padgett, Clearke to the Worshippful Society of the Free Masons of the City of London, in the second yeare of the Raigne of our most gracious Soveraign Lord King James the Second of England, &c., Annogue Domini 1686."

A search in the record of the "Masons' Company," London, courteously made by the officials, produces no evidence of any of the facts mentioned by Ashmole in 1682, or of the names of "Bray" or "Padgett" in 1686. The only fact which tallies with Ashmole is that the master of the Company in 1682, mentioned by Ashmole, was the actual master of the Company in 1682; but no other statement tallies. Hence we must come to the conclusion, unless, indeed, the search has not been a careful one or a true one, that there was existing before 1700 a society of Freemasons in England with a ceremonial of its own; and if the "Sloane MS.," whose verbiage and archaism, as I said before, a most competent judge of MSS. once fixed at 1640, represents such work and ceremonial in any shape or sense, the continuity and identity of the two "bodies" before and after 1700 are, I think, established beyond cavil or contradiction. But here I stop to-day.

OLD RECORDS OF THE LODGE OF PEEBLES.

COMPILED BY BRO. ROBERT SANDERSON, P.G. SEC. PEEBLES AND SELKIRK (S.C.)

(*Continued from page* 244).

Peebles, March 17th, 1787.

At a meeting of the Lodge this day, James Turnbull was admitted apprentice, and it was also agreed that George Donaldson,* an apprentice, for consideration of having presented the Lodge with a very fine cloth for covering the Master's chair, should be past fellow-craft and raised to master, which was accordingly done at a meeting held on the last Friday of March.

Under March 23 is the following minute:—William Lindsay to be entered apprentice to-morrow evening; and follows, *eodem die*, William Moffat, one of the Burrow (Burgh) officers, admitted apprentice.

No other meeting is recorded till December 20th, 1787—When the Commitie mete, and agreed to have a diner on St. John's Day, and the secretary to write cards to all the regular members to attend sd. day at eleven o'clock forenoon.

Peebles, December 27th, 1787.

Which day being the anniversary of St. John the Evangelist, the Lodge mete. There were 20 members present who paid their dues. Bro. John Robertson, Newcastle, was elected R.W. Master, and John Hislop continued Deputy Master.

* This Bro. Donaldson, I presume, would be the grandfather of the present family of Donaldson's, who are still connected with the Lodge Peebles Kilwinning, No. 24, and who are all worthy Masons, and have always taken a promiuent part in Lodge affairs. The present Secretary of No. 24 is a namesake of above.—R.S.

The next meeting of importance is held on September 27th, 1788, when the Lodge being called to hold this meeting, there were present the Master and ten others, when the case of William Watson, a member of the Lodge, was taken up and considered, a charge was preferred against this brother, who, at "the quarterly meeting on Thursday night last had behaved very unbecomingly, and had given the master very abusive language, and gave very great offence and uneasiness to the whole of the lodge present." The officer was sent to bring the offending brother to the meeting, but was not successful, and brought as answer that Bro. Watson "meant never to enter the Lodge more. The Lodge unanimously agreed that sd. William Watson had violated Article 8 of their laws, and discharged him the lodge, aye and untill he gave in a proper petition and find caution to their satisfaction of his good behavior in all time coming."

December 27th, 1788.

Anniversary of St. John the Evangelist held as usual. Twenty-three members present and paid dues. William Thomson elected Master.

December 12th, 1789.

The Lodge met to appoint a deputation to attend St. Andrew's Day in Grand Lodge of Scotland, when Alexr. Crawford, Mason in Edinburgh, was appointed, and represented the Lodge at sd. Grand Lodge Meeting.*

On December 28th, 1789, the Anniversary of St. John the Evangelist is held, thirty-one members being present, when William Ker, of Kerfield, is elected Master. Another case of discipline engages the attention of the brethren at this meeting, and is dealt with in a somewhat summary manner, as the following minute shows:—"Which day Robert Smith, member of Thistle Lodge, and an initiated member of this lodge of Peebles Kilwinning, rendered the Lodge so uneasy by cursing and swearing and maltreating several of the Brethren in a most furious manner, and would not reform his imprudence, but went on in his former furious manner, the R.W. Depute Master and W. Wardens expunged and expelled the sd. Robert Smith from the roll and privileges of this Lodge for ever being a member thereof in all time coming." ARCHIBALD ROBINSON, D.M."

July 17th, 1790.—A meeting was called to consider about flooring the house and carrying out other repairs, but which the Brethren seems to have been tardy in having effected, as at the next meeting, the October quarterly one, the matter is again brought up at the letting of the house, and 12/- of damage is allowed William Kadie, the tenant, on account of the Lodge "having failed to execute the repairs."

November 27th, 1790.—The lodge met to appoint a deputation to attend St. Andrew's Festival in Grand Lodge. The R.W. Master appointed Bro. John Bartram and any other member who can make it convenient. Before closing the meeting it was moved by Brother James Robertson that the following regulations should take place in order to prevent confusion:—1st. That at every after meeting every Brother should pay 6d. for each Bottle of punch he may have set before him; at delivery of Bottle. 2d. The Deacons or Stewards shall either be kept free from expense, or be allowed for their trouble in preparing ammunition for the Lodge. The Lodge refers the consideration of these motions to the next meeting.

JOHN ROBERTSON, Master.
pro tempore.

* The date of this meeting does not correspond with the date of St. Andrew's Day now, which falls on 30th November.—R.S.

On December 20th, 1790, the above motions are disposed of as follows:—

"The Lodge mete when it was agreed to have a dinner in William Kadie's house for thirty men. Bro. George Donaldson is ordered to make 5 pints of Rum into punsh. The R.W. Master is to compliment the Lodge with seven aprons for the Office Bearers. It is agreed that 6d. be payed for each Bottle of punsh as set down. and 6d. to be paid for any of the glasses broken, 6d. each.

Peebles, 27th December, 1790.

Anniversary of St. John the Evangelist held. Thirty-three members present. John Robertson elected R.W. Master, but styled Grand Master on this occasion. John Hislop, D. Grand Master.

Then follows inventory of Lodge property taken 27th January, 1791:—

Imprimis—A Bible, Mr. Wright's Book on Masonary, one Book on the Constitutions of Masonary, one Song Book, one Book on the Institution of Masonary, one Old Book, a Sistem of Laws of the Lodge on Velum, one Maul, Nine Aprons trimed, eight Sasshes, six Jewels of Silver, Three Candlesticks, two pair of Snuffers with stands for Do. The Master's Pool, Two Battons for the Wardens, Two Rods for the Deacons, one sassh with a gilded Medel, one Brass sqare, a Rope, Two Dozen old glass, Forty New Glass as a compliment to the Lodge at St. John's Day last, by Brother Robert Scott of Scarberry, and eight old Aprons formerly belonging to the office-bearers.

Follows inventory of articles belonging to Peebles Cumberland Lodge, as formerly noticed.

Delivered to William Moffat, officer, except one apron and sassh.

JOHN ROBERTSON, Master.

Peebles, 13th May, 1791.

Meeting called on account of the death of Janet Watson, relict of the late John Tweedale, and negotiations were entered into to raise £100 to clear off the bill with interest, etc. It was also agreed at this meeting to insure the Lodge property for £100.

December 27th, 1791.

St. John's Day anniversary held. 31 Members present. Thomas Brown elected Grand Master.

March 3rd, 1792.

Demands having been made for the £80 still due to the heirs of John Tweedale, arrangements are completed with the Corporation of Hammermen of the Burgh to advance the necessary cash.

March 30th, 1792.

Negociations on money matters completed, and the Bill and receipts from John Tweedale presented.

Decr. 27th, 1792.

St. John's Day anniversary held. 31 members present. Thomas Brown elected Master.

May 27th, 1793.

Meeting called to consider the utility of purchasing a house to be used as a stable in connection with the Lodge, said house belonging to William Little.

June 10th, 1793.

Bargain completed; sum paid £10.

June 27th, 1793.

Meeting held, at which Robert Smith's case was again considered. (This Brother was expelled for disorderly conduct in the Lodge in December 27th, 1789). Brother Smith compeared and acknowledged his fault, and was reprimanded and admonished by the R.W. Master and again reinstated to his former position as Treasurer in the Lodge.

Decr. 27th, 1793.

St. John's Day anniversary held. 39 members present. Thomas Brown elected Grand Master, and John Wallace Depute Grand Master.

The following minute we give in full, as it is of importance in so far as it forms a sort of connecting link in the history of the society or Lodge of Masons in Galashiels, the minutes of which Lodge in connection with the Records of Haughfoot Lodge, were published up to the year 1763. The following petition shews that the Lodge still existed, although we have not yet been able to find any other existing records of its meetings, etc.—R.S. :—

Peebles, 10th January, 1794.

The Right worshipfull master having called a meeting of the Lodge this evening, and have accordingly mett in a very full lodge. Laid before them a petition from a Society of Free and Accepted Masons at Galashiells, whereof the tener follows, viz. :—

Galashiells unto the Right worshipfull the Master, other officebearers and members of the Kilwinning Lodge of Free and Accepted Massons at Peebles.

The Petition of a society of Free and Accepted Massons at Galashiells humbly sheweth that your Petitioners, tho' belonging to the ancient and Honourable fraternity of Masons beyond all memory, have no charter from the Grand Lodge of Scotland, nor are they a regular branch of any Lodge having such a charter. They are most grateful to their Brethren of the Peebles Kilwinning for the favours already received through part of their Members corresponding with them. And beg they would now in addition to all former obligation admitt them to the honour of being a branch of their very ancient Lodge.

They are induced to ask this favour chiefly from wanting funds to procure a Charter, and next from a Desire of being connected with the most respectable Lodge in their Neighbourhood. With this view they have deputed their Worshipfull Brother James Frier cheif officebearer, Brother George Lister, and Brother William Sanderson, to make out this address, which will be laid before the Peebles Kilwinning by the foresaid Brother William Sanderson. who will be invested with full power to act in name of their Society at Galashiells in settling the conditions of their bestowing this priviledge for which your Petitioners shall endeavour to shew proper sence, by behaving on all occasions in a manner becoming Massons, and in gratitude for the past, and in hopes of this entreated favour, they Drink their Brethren of the Peebles Kilwinning this day three times three, and all the honours of Masinery.

May it therefore please the Kilwinning Lodge at Peebles to consider and grant the Desire of this Petition. And your Petitioners shall ever pray.

Signed by the order and with the unanimous consent of the Brethren,

William Sanderson.

Thereafter the Lodge having taken said Petition into due and serious consideration, and for certain reasons and objections made by several members in the Lodge, they were unanimously of opinion that the said Society could not be admitted a Branch of this Lodge, and recomended to them to apply to the Grand Lodge of Scotland for a proper charter in due form, and recomended to the Right Worshipfull Master to write said Society to that effect, which was accordingly done.

Thomas Brown, Master.

During this year 1794 the following entrants are recorded :—Robert Muir, Masson, Peebles; William Wilson, Masson, Peebles; Thos. Sanderson, Merchant, Edinburgh; and A. Murray Bertram, writer, Edinburgh; with which the second minute book closes. The third minute book, which brings the records down to 1804, and contains various interesting incidents connected with the Craft, will be continued in next extracts.

A MASON'S STORY.

(Continued from page 371).

AMONG the visitors at Mr. Morton's was a young man named Pelham. He was not a person in whose favour one would be prepossessed. He had a very plausible manner with him; he could talk very glibly on a great many subjects; and if you were inclined to be pious, he could and would string scripture texts together in a way which was most alarming. And yet, as I have said, under this charming exterior there was something absolutely forbidding. When you came in contact with him, you shrank instinctively from him. In fact, he was a very personification of a Uriah Heep, so flattering and so fawning and so very deferential. It was the old humble-jumble of mock "'umbleness" and striving for the mastery over you. He would insinuate himself little by little into your confidence; and if you reposed anything in his keeping which you would not care to have repeated, he was just the one to hold it over your head, suspended like the sword of Damocles, by a hair, ready to descend if you once gave him any provocation. Those with whom he was connected in every-day life hated him; and I am not at all surprised at their doing so either. He was just the one to go cringing and sneaking round to a person's employer, and regale him with a story of that person's doings, exaggerated to a most mischievous extent. He could weave a net round those whom he disliked so subtle and so complete that they found it impossible to break from it.

> A lie which is half a lie is ever the blackest of lies,
> For that which is *all* a lie may be met with and fought outright;
> But a lie which is half a lie is a harder matter to fight.

Pelham's lies were of the first-mentioned character.

Mary Morton shrank intuitively from this man. He was the first who had, under the guise of friendship, put her father on his guard against Penrhyn Falconer, and informed him of his unbelief. As schoolboys they had been connected, and Penrhyn had noticed the petty actions of his companion, actions from which his own nobler self would have revolted. When he knew that Pelham was in the habit of going to Mr. Morton's, he had contrived to warn Mary against him, merely saying that he was "not of such a nature as to do anybody good by his friendship."

One bright May morning Mary was working alone in the garden. Her thoughts were far away, as they often were, wondering what Penrhyn was doing, etc. I dare say his thoughts were also engaged in the same way. She was very busy tending her flowers, which were a paragon of beauty and colour.

> Gorgeous flowerets in the sunlight shining,
> Blossoms flaunting in the eye of day,
> Tremulous leaves, with soft and silver lining,
> Buds that open only to decay.

There were all sorts of blossoms there. Looking along the beds, your eyes would rest on a glowing mass of variegated hues. There was

> ——— the Naiad-like lily of the vale,
> Whom youth makes so fair and passion so pale,
> That the light of its tremulous bells is seen
> Through their pavilions of tender green.
>
> And the hyacinth, purple and white and blue,
> Which flung from its bells a sweet peal anew
> Of music so delicate, soft, and intense,
> It was felt like an odour within the sense.

And the rose, like a nymph to the bath addrest,
Which unveiled the depth of her glowing breast,
Till, fold after fold, to the fainting air
The soul of her beauty and love lay bare.

And the jessamine faint, and sweet tuberose,
The sweetest flower for scent that blows,
And all rare blossoms from every clime
Grew in that garden in perfect prime.

And there was one which grew in a secluded corner by itself—a root of violets—the gift of Falconer before he had left. This was tended with a greater amount of care than any other plant which grew in the garden. When she bent over them she would often whisper those beautiful lines of Raleigh's :

Sweet violets, love's paradise that spread
Your gracious odours, which you couched beare,
Within your palie faces."

Mary was all unconscious of what was going on within while she was communing with her flora. Let us look into the house while we leave her there. It is the same old place as when we saw it last, wrapped in its wintry garb. But now the genial rays of the sun were permeating every crevice, and lighting up each room with a golden radiance. Mr. Morton's study is the same too, nothing altered, nothing changed. The books are arranged with the same prim nicety ; the man is the same, and he grows more firmly fossilized in his old world-cursing creeds every day.

On this bright morn, when all nature was rejoicing out of doors, Mr. Morton and the individual, Pelham, whom I have mentioned, were seated at the window. Pelham was saying,

"It will be better for her own sake, my dear friend, that she should give up this Falconer ; for you know that, with the opinions he holds, he can never make any woman happy or comfortable. *He must be so wrapped up in himself.*"

If Pelham had never been "wrapped up in himself" any more than my noble and true-hearted friend Falconer, he would have been a hundredfold better man than he was.

Mr. Falconer replied, "I gave my word, when the young man visited me, before he left England, that he should have Mary at the expiration of three years, provided they cared for each other at the end of that period. I cannot break my word now, and I do not quite understand why you should urge it upon me."

"Well, sir," answered Pelham, "you of course know your own business best ; I only acted as I thought in the interests of Miss Morton and her family when I spoke to you. I do not like Penrhyn Falconer ; he is not what I should call a good or an honourable man ——"

"There, you will excuse me," interrupted his hearer. "I have studied the lad's character well ; and despite his heretical views—for which he himself is not responsible, but his father—I have ever found him truthful, straightforward, and manly. He is a *gentleman*, sir, whatever anybody may say to the contrary."

And now the insinuating tempter, having played one of his cards wrong, ventured on another, and with the words,

"He has spoken contemptuously of you and your religion," left Mr. Morton, to let the poison work its effect without his assistance.

* * * * * * *

A bright sunny day in leafy June. The steamer "Mermaid" is gliding gaily through the smooth and placid waters of Windermere Lake, bearing a merry crew. There is to be a picnic at Low Wood ; and, among those who are to attend, the faces of Pelham and Miss Morton may be discerned. All nature

seems to rejoice on this summer's day. The sunlight dances on the uplands save where they are hidden by a passing shower; and when it is so, the glowing tints are brought out with a heavenly radiance. To the left stretch out the gently sloping woods of Graythwaite and Wray, and on the right is the pretty little archipelago of Bowness and its islands. There is Bellisle, where the noted "Robin the Devil," immortalised in Sir Walter Scott's poem of "Rokeby," carried on for a lengthened period a guerilla warfare for the worthless Stuarts; and almost opposite to the island is Calgarth Hall, which was held by another representative of Robin's family on behalf of the Parliamentary party. A curious legend is told of these places. Colonel Briggs—who held Calgarth Hall, and who was a zealous roundhead, capable of rolling off, in nasal twang, some scores of Sternhold's verses—was appointed guardian to his cousin, the daughter of Sir Lionel Woodville. This lady, who hated Puritanism with all her soul, managed to fall in love with her other cousin, Robert Philipson, alias "The Devil." Briggs, however, determined to marry her, and for that purpose carried her off to Carlisle, in order to be married at the Cathedral. But the lady manages to be so exceedingly dilatory that her faithful Robert comes in time to interrupt the service, rides into church, and having stopped it and abducted the parson, finally carries off the heiress. Scott has thus described it; but he, I believe, lays the scene in Kendal:

> All eyes upon the gateway hung,
> As through the Gothic arch there sprung
> A horseman, armed—at headlong speed,—
> Sable his cloak, his plume, his steed;
> Fire from the flinty floor was spurned,
> The vaults unwonted clang returned.

I have been in continental countries, and I have travelled the length and breadth of England, but I unhesitatingly affirm that there is no scenery like the lake scenery. "Here God in His own temple may be feared;" here, among the roar of the cataract, and the flying comets of snow-white foam, and the steaming columns of the ever-ascending spray, on the bright rainbows arching over the clouds, the simple natives may indeed worship and see God, face to face, through His works, see Him as the Unchangeable, seated enthroned above the changeable.

And it was thus that our happy party saw it on the day of which I write. After a short sail, they landed at Low Wood, and dispersed themselves as best pleased them.

Mr. Pelham forthwith appropriated Mary Morton. She would have preferred to be without him; but he was her father's friend, and she did not care to offend him. But she shared in the almost universal distrust and dislike which attached to him. She knew that he and Penrhyn were not on good terms, and she knew Penrhyn well enough to be aware that he would not dislike anybody without good reason.

Pelham commenced talking about his "dear friend," Mr. Falconer. He hoped he was quite well in health, and that he was satisfied with continental life. Mary parried all these questions as well as she could, and avoided giving any answer which might have committed her.

Then this paragon of christian humility, this Sunday school teacher, professor of universal charity and love, began to regret his dear friend's religious views, and hoped—while he respected and admired Falconer—that Miss Morton would be very circumspect, and not bind herself by any promise to him. Mary interrupted him, as her father had done, and in a few cutting sentences defended the character of her lover from all attacks made on it by Pelham. That individual bore it all very meekly; and, when she had finished pleaded the warm interest which he took in her, and—interspersed with cant phraseology—the "love" which he bore for her, love which he was sure could not be equalled or felt by Mr. Falconer.

"Say no more, I beg of you, Mr. Pelham," replied Mary, "for I could not love such as you were I as free as air to-morrow. Love you," she continued, indignantly;" why, it is a piece of impertinence for you to compare yourself with Penrhyn Falconer. He would scorn to be mentioned in the same breath with you, and I would scorn to think of you at the same moment as he."

"All right, Miss Mary," was the sneering rejoinder, as, with a curious smile, peculiarly his own, he left her. "All right, we shall see."

Mary saw no more of him that day. She speedily recovered her equanimity, and rejoined her mother, who was busily engaged in getting ready the luncheon. She had come to enjoy herself, and she did enjoy herself. Roaming alone, in the deep woods which environ the lake, and inhaling the sweet scent of the manifold, beautiful flowers, which Uhland so poetically named "stars that shine in the firmament of the earth," she seemed to draw nearer to that heavenly influence which, as Arnold says, "makes for righteousness;" and thus, with mind and reason expanding, she advanced to meet Penrhyn, who was travelling to a knowledge of that first great cause which set the machinery of this and other planets in motion.

As for Pelham, nobody saw him that day. He did not make his appearance at luncheon, and he was not missed. He turned up as the steamer moored alongside the landing, and he maintained an imperturbable silence during the journey home.

(To be continued).

FURNESS ABBEY.

BY W. M. BRAITHWAITE.

Let Layard quarry Nineveh, or Bartlett boat the Nile,
Or Alphonse weave his Gallic lays o'er Baalbec's ruined pile;
Let any boast the magic charm that lingers round the shrine
Of Attic temples, Roman groves, and scenes of Palestine.
What boots it that a British child should seek for pleasure there,
While Furness haunted Abbey stands, and waves her woodland fair?

IT is very strange, but in all the ponderous volumes which we have on our ancient abbeys, castles, and monasteries, scarcely any speak of Furness Abbey. Why this should be so I cannot imagine. Furness Abbey in size is the second in the kingdom, and in ruins is the most complete. A local historian, the Rev. Thomas West, in his "Antiquities of Furness," gives the following as the dimensions of the church, which only formed the north side of the Abbey:—Inside length, from east to west, 275 feet 8 inches; thickness of east end wall and buttress, 8 feet 7 inches; thickness of west end wall, 9 feet 7 inches; extreme length of church, 304 feet 6 inches; total width of east end, 38 feet. Inside length of transept, 130 feet; whole breadth of transept, 37 feet. Whole width of nave 74 feet; height 54 feet. The inside of the chapter-house is 60 feet by 45 feet 6 inches. The area of the quadrangular court, 338 feet 6 inches by 102 feet 6 inches.

In a fabric of such immense dimensions as this, feelings of great devotion and awe must have been raised—emotions of deep sublimity and reverence awakened, as

Through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swelled the note of praise.

The Abbey was founded by Steven of Boulogne in 1127. The original monks were of the Savignian order, whose dress was of grey cloth; afterwards they became Cistercians, and adopted a white habit.

The architecture of the Abbey is somewhat peculiar. The pointed and the rounded arches occur in the doors and windows, as if planted there by accident, and not design. The Saxon and Gothic pillars stand out in bold contrast to each other, and sometimes form a strange medley. "There is," says Mr. West, "a remarkable deformity in this edifice, for which no apparent reason or necessity exists, viz., that the north door, which is the principal entrance, is on one side of the window above it. The *west* end of the church," he remarks, "seems to have been an additional part intended as a belfry to ease the main tower. The east end of the church contained five altars, besides the high altar, as appears by the chapels; and probably there was a private altar in the sacristy. The only perfect portion remaining of this interesting relic of mediæval times is the school-house, which is a heavy structure, attached to the southern boundary wall. A winding staircase on either side leads to cloistered passages above."

The Abbey was one of the last to surrender to the rapacity of Henry VIII. But the fiat had been issued, and Furness Abbey, the rich and opulent, the abbey which had succoured the indigent for centuries, and which had been the nursery of learning and piety, was to be no more. Never again, at noon, should the full tone of the sanctus bell be heard in the "vale of nightshade;" never again would the vesper peal warn the inhabitants of the approach of eventide, or the complin chimes the advent of another day. All, all was hushed, save the impious footfall of the ruthless destroyer and the unearthly sounds of the midnight screech-owl, as he sang a mournful dirge, over the departed glories of the place.

Pyle, the last abbot, surrendered with twenty-nine monks, April 9th, 1537, and was made rector of the neighbouring church of Dalton, receiving for an annual stipend £33 6s. 8d.

The surroundings of the Abbey are most picturesque.

On both sides are lofty hills, which are crowned with venerable oaks and beech trees, the Abbey standing in a valley at their base. A gentle stream babbles over its stony bed, making rippling melody, where once the full rich tones of the organ were wont to vibrate. The glen was anciently called Bekangsgill, from the fact that the deadly plant known by the name of nightshade flourished there in much abundance. The charter, as given to the Abbey by King Stephen, is as follows:

"In the name of the Blessed Trinity, and in honour of St. Mary of Furness, I, Stephen, consulting God and providing for the safety of my soul and the soul of my wife Matilda, the soul of my uncle Henry, King of England and Duke of Normandy, and the souls of all the living as well as dead, in the year of our Lord 1127 of the Roman indiction, the 5th and 18th of the Epact. Considering the uncertainty of life, and that all things tend to dissolution and death: I therefore return, give, and grant to God and St. Mary of Furness, all Furness and Wagnea [Walney], with the privileges of hunting; with Dalton and all my lordships of Furness (infra Frudernesiam), with the men and everything thereto belonging, that is, in woods and in open grounds, in land and in water; and Olvestouam, and Roger Braithwaite, with all that belongs to him; my fisheries at Lancaster, and Guorenum parvum, with all the land thereof, with sae [power of imposing fines] and soc [administering justice], tol [revenue duty] and team [a badge of feudal serfdom], infangenotheof [magisterial privileges] and everything within Furness, except the lands of Michael le Fleming, upon the condition that an order of regular

monks be by Divine permission established; and that it may remain firm and inviolable for ever, I subscribe it with my own hand, with the sign of the cross. Signed by

HENRY—King of England.
THURSTAN—Archbishop of York.
AUDIN } bishops.
BOAS }
ROBERT, keeper of the seal. ROBERT, Earl of Glo'ster."

Need we wonder at the wonderful supremacy which the Roman Church gained over the minds at that age, when the great ones cast away their riches so contemptuously. At that time the words of the great Vatican orator would apply to her with full force:

"Like the vast and universal arch of heaven, she overcanopies all christian climes and nations; and like that arch she is one—unbroken wheresoever she appears. Cloud after cloud of sectarianism has broken away, or melted into the boundless fields of ether, while other vapours as fleeting and unsubstantial occupy their place. But the arch still stands—for the sacred word of everlasting truth is pledged for its stability."

But the Church of Rome broke from her primitive christianity, and commenced the system of inquisition and persecution, and she fell; fell never to rise again, unless it be for a brief space by the heavy lumbering cavalry of brute force, with its concomitant appliances of the gibbet, rack, dungeon, and stake.

Furness Abbey is no more. Within her sacred precincts the harsh scream of the steam-engine is heard, and from the ruins of the abbot's house rise a stately hotel, replete with every modern comfort. Half-an-hour's walk brings you to the modern Chicago of Barrow, with its gigantic chimneys and forests of ships' masts. But in all her ruins, Furness Abbey serves one useful turn. The grounds are frequented on holidays by thousands, who seek respite from the glare, and noise, and turmoil of the busy town; and under the precincts where cowled monks have trod, the hard-working population—resting from their labours—worship nature, and through her they arrive at a knowledge of nature's God; forming, perhaps, a truer estimate of His character than the former denizens of this romantic but deserted vale.

THE SECRET AT LAST.

BY BRO. R. HUNTER, NO. 111, S.C.

IN an auld burgh toon that I daurna' weel name,
That boasts o' its heicht in the annals o' fame,
There lived, at the time o' this short rhyming tale,
A canty auld couple, baith hearty and hale.
Fu' lang had they travelled thegether through life,
Wi' a routh o' its joys and but little o' strife,
For the worthy guidman, sae the neebours wad say,
In settling disputes had a pawky auld way.
And when oucht wad arise to annoy and harass
He wad quietly say, "There noo, Jenny, my lass,
Since for weel or for wae we are tied to ae tether,
Let's look ower ither's fauts and pu' cheerfu' thegether."
And sae, wi' a kindly bit word and a smile
The auld wifie's anger he aft wad beguile.

But the best o' us a' are but mortals, I wot,
And the auld proverb 's true "There's a crook in ilk lot;"
And sae, no to gie ye a lengthy oration,
A crook Jenny had—her guidman was a "Mason;"
No' a mason by trade, but a "Freemason" grand,
Wi' his secrets, his signs, and his grips o' the hand.
And O, but it troubled the auld body sair
To think he had secrets that she couldna' share;
And for week after week, aye, and year after year,
Baith early and late the same questions she'd spier.
She had wrocht roond his heart and she'd wrocht round his fears.
She had tried him wi' coaxing, wi' flyting, and tears;
But it a' wadna' do, for by nicht or by day
He only wad answer her, "Nay, Jenny, nay."

But the hardest o' stanes e'en maun yield to the stroke,
As the constant drop dropping 'll wear oot the rock.
Sae ae cauld wintry night, when he'd come frae the meeting,
And Jenny began wi' her pleading and greeting,
He rose frae his seat in the deepest vexation,
Saying, "Weel, weel, at last I shall mak ye a 'Mason.'
Gae bar ilka door and mak windows fu' ticht,
For awfu's the gait ye maun travel this nicht,
'Mid rapping and chapping and darkness and gloom,
And a' sorts o' horrors on this side the tomb.
Sae mak up your mind, ere I tak ye ower far;
Daur ye gang through the secret?" Quo Jenny, "I daur."
"But dear me," quo Tam, "I had nearly forgot;
Whate'er shall we do for the want o' a *goat?*
Gae bring the big stool frae the ben ingle nook,
And bring me the poker, the sandglass, and Buik.
Noo tak ye your seat while I turn doon the licht,
And sit there awhile wi' your een steekit ticht;

Syne tak ye the sandglass, that emblem o' death,
And ower the guid Buik swear a terrible aith
That ye'll never reveal what this nicht ye may hear,
Nor as long as ye leeve ony mair questions spier,
But wi' Masons and Masonry leave me alane,"
To which she responded wi' solemn "Amen."
"Noo tak ye the poker, and ne'er think to fret."
Quo Jenny, "My faith, but ye've made it richt het;
The guidness be wi' us, but this is nae fun;"
But he strampet his fit like the crack o' a gun.
"I daur ye tae whisper, far less thus to cry,"
To which a sair sich was the only reply.
Then he bent ower her shoother fu' solemn and queer,
While Jenny sat quaking and trimlin' wi' fear;
And he whispered fu' low, sae that nae ane micht hear,
"Ye maun promise again nae mair questions to spier.
But can ye keep secret? speak low in reply."
"Aye, deed that I can." Then quo Tam, "*So can I!*"
And from that day till this he can gang to the meeting
Without either flyting or coaxing or greeting.

Hawick.

CONSERVATION OF MASONRY.

THERE can be no doubt that the natural tendency of Masonry is to incite a reverent and conservative feeling toward itself on the part of its followers. Brethren are taught to recognise the wisdon and experience of the past, and to hold in deserved honour those ancient worthies who are supposed to have given form and character to the Masonic system. The general sentiment of Masonry is that of respect for those forms, regulations, and practices which have been long established, and which have been transmitted from generation to generation under the seal and attestation of well-informed brethren.

That there is this potential sentiment among brethren is a matter of congratulation, for the feeling is one which accords with the genius of Masonry and tends to the conservation of those interests which are most important. Intelligent craftsmen appreciate the constraining force of such a sentiment, which disposes them alike to resist encroachments upon the well-established order of Masonic procedure and to hold the Institution to its defined courses and limitations. There may be some defects and blemishes in the Masonic system—the wear and tear of time may be noticeable in its present appearance—but this is no reason why radical hands should seek its overthrow.

It may not be a perfect institution, but if it were demolished could a better society be built on its ruins? Is not the Masonry which the fathers have formulated and sent down to us still adapted to do the work and fulfil the mission for which it was designed? and is it not everyway best that brethren should scrupulously observe the ancient landmarks, and walk in the old paths?

There are always some influences at work for change and destructiveness; there are iconoclasts in every organization who seek to pull down what others have builded, and whose aim, more or less distinctly avowed, is revolution. Men of this stamp are always planning some new departure, ever seeking to change the ancient practice in one or another respect, that so, according to their ideas, some important improvement may be effected.

In France it is considered progress to strike out all recognition of a personal God from the ritual, and to so recast the system that Masonry shall become little else than materialistic philosophy and socialism. In Spain, also, the old landmarks are discarded, and strange antics are played in the name of our time-honoured institution—women being initiated into its mysteries, while the profane are frequently invited to its spectacular exhibitions. Thus it comes about that in many localities there is an almost complete dismemberment of the Masonry of the past; or at least the former rule and procedure have been set aside, and a new order of things has been introduced which is claimed to be more in accordance with the changing spirit and demands of a progressive age.

Even in our own country we may discover some of the same tendencies toward revolutionary and destructive measures. There are plenty of critics to point out defects and blemishes in the Masonic institution as it now exists—those who are adepts in scolding and fault-finding, and are swift to predict that something must be done to save from threatened ruin. Thus one class of brethren desire to mould anew the institution so as to give it a more distinctive religious character—to imbue it with the especial characteristics of a sect, and thus make it do the work of the church. Another class would improve the system by taking from it the moral and religious elements it now possesses, asserting that Masonry would be stronger if it made no reference to God or the Bible. Others there are who seek to graft on the old Masonic tree the branches that blossom and bear fruit in beneficial societies, and those other

fraternities which are to them for the time most attractive. These care but little for ancient landmarks, precedents, and the methods of established procedure, but look admiringly at other agencies and institutions, the distinguishing characteristics of which they would fain have Masonry appropriate for its delivery and enlargement.

Tendencies such as these are to be resisted. Masonry is not to be rudely dealt with by those who would change its original character, and mould it anew according to the pattern of societies which have but recently come into being, and which have not as yet proven that they are fully adapted to minister to the intellectual, moral, and social needs of men. Far better is it for brethren to conserve and uphold the Masonry received from the fathers; to cherish a reverent regard for what the past has bestowed, and to walk obediently in the paths marked out by those who set up the stakes and drew the lines, within whose limitations there is ample room for the Masonic institution to do its best work and come to a glorious enlargement.

This proper conservation of Masonry is by no means to be confounded with a dull, ignoble acquiescence in defects and shortcomings. The intelligent Craftsman will always seek to adjust the Institution to whatever new conditions present themselves, and when the occasion comes that some modification of a rule or practice is absolutely necessary, he will not hesitate to approve the change required. For the sake of change, however, or merely to copy the practice of some other organization, he will put no rash hands on the ancient fabric. "Let well enough alone" will be the motto by which he is guided, as he puts forth his best efforts to preserve the integrity of ancient Craft Masonry and to transmit to the future the inheritance received from the past.

AFTER ALL.

BY HENRY CALVERT APPLEBY.

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

CHAPTER IX.

Now thy image doth appear
In the rare semblance that I loved it first.
Much Ado about Nothing.

AFTER retiring from the enthusiastic audience, Humberton expressed his apologies to the company, left instructions that all who were injured should receive the best attention, and hiring a "fly," he ordered the driver to proceed to Manville Villa. Olivia, after a short rest, of course accompanied him; and all seemed to be a confused dream to her. A short time ago she had almost yielded to the idea that Merrisslope should be her husband—a kind of resignation, but still with a reserve. Then she had seen Arthur once more, and forgotten the presence of her companion; and at the sight of the beautiful Miss Cumberland she had also forgotten all her womanly patience. Arthur's tremulous voice seemed to call her to herself, and, unable to control her action, and yearning to call Humberton her own once more, she had frantically rushed to him, oblivious of all else. Such a revolution had been almost too much for her, and she wondered how she had gone through it; and a large audience had witnessed all, too.

Arthur, too, was dazed, but more composed than his companion, whom he comforted. Their hearts were too full to say much. He, also, had been strongly moved. Almost despairing of ever again meeting Olivia, and yet not quite determined to yield to the attractions of Violet (though the temptation was great), he had suddenly been confronted by Olivia and her passionate appeal, to which, sudden, startling, and almost converting, as it was, he could only in his surprise greet with a kiss. Hardly could he believe his good fortune, but quickly he realized it; and then, the scenes that followed. He could not behold unmoved Redtaper's extraordinary and unsuspected supplication to Violet almost immediately after, and her instant scorn and rejection, her suicidal attempt, and Redtaper's heroic and (to himself) disastrous action. He was very sorry for Violet's sake, and he resolved, in any case, to do his best for them. Merrisslope, also, he could not help pitying, though he had been his enemy.

All this rose before him like a vision of the far past, but was drowned in his happiness in the presence and possession of Olivia. The plaudits of the audience were almost forgotten. His brain had received their impression, without having time to reflect upon them, for fresh events demanded his attention.

Meanwhile, the sufferers at the theatre (which was lent for the occasion) received every attention. Merrisslope, nearly mad with pain and chagrin, had his leg skillfully set. Redtaper's wound, though deep, was not considered dangerous; and he manfully wished to be conveyed home before Violet should recover and see the extent of his injury, for he was faint, too, from loss of blood. Much as he thought his state might favour him and induce her to pity him, he nobly resolved to tear himself away rather than fill her with remorse.

She, herself, inquired much after him, on recovering, but was not made aware how severely he had been wounded. Her brother had attended her, and took her home, where she gave way to passionate weeping. Surely an eventful evening for all concerned!

When the conveyance containing Arthur and Olivia arrived at the home of the Phanes, of course there was no small surprise felt on their side, and they thought some disaster must have occurred. They were soon, however, made aware of the circumstances, and they resigned themselves to what seemed the hand of fate, Mrs. Phane gladly, but her husband with mixed emotions. He was not accustomed to being crossed, and Humberton had not lately been prominent in his mind in his plans for Olivia's future. In fact, Merrisslope had taken the ground from under Arthur's feet, and Mr. Phane had seemed satisfied. But the more he considered, he became reconciled to the situation of affairs. Humberton had been diligent and successful, and Olivia was happy. Merrisslope, perhaps, would have given her a better position, but he was not so suited to her; and then, Humberton really deserved his daughter, and had he not half promised her to him? Yes, he was obliged to think that all was for the best. "Perhaps it is," he slowly and meditatively muttered.

Mrs. Phane, dear old lady, was overcome with joy, and she kissed them both repeatedly, for she knew Olivia had not been happy, and often had she had a good cry for her, unknown to anyone. Two years ago she had opened her house to a poor little child who had come to her door, begging and lost, and in a shocking state. This little girl's sad condition had touched her sensitive heart, and she took the little wanderer in, fed and clothed her, and tried to discover how and where she had lived. She had been cruelly treated, as the marks on her body and her own evidence testified; and a strange terror took possession of her lest she should again be left alone or lost. She appeared only about three years old, and to have seen better days, though she hardly remembered them. Yet she would speak of articles in her lisping language that were seldom seen in poor homes.

Advertisements and inquiries failed to trace her origin or friends, so Mrs. Phane resolved to adopt her as her own child. It certainly received as much

care and attention in every way as if it had been; Olivia, for her part, was delighted. The child grew to be pretty and loving, and was a source of consolation to Mrs. Phane, who received the reward of her kind action in its playful little habits and gentle actions. A strange sobriety seemed to control its funniest moods, and many a time had Manville Villa rung with the echoes of hearty laughter from its inmates at the drolleries of Dorothy Hope (for so had they named her).

It was now about five years old, and seemed very happy; indeed, it relieved the house of much of its melancholy. Mr. Phane was becoming careworn, the business did not seem to prosper as formerly, and his face now often appeared to wear an anxious look. So he, too, blessed Dorothy, the outcast, for many a half-hour's laughter. He loved to find her some new mischief in the absence of others, and then he would enjoy their consternation on returning. Not malicious but merely playful work. So Dolly had a happy time of it. Somehow the little queen of the household (for she ruled everything now) never cared for Mr. Merrisslope, and he was not fond of her in return. Perchance, that was the reason. She always left Olivia (if with her) when he came, and fled to her adopted mother. Merrisslope's soul and sympathy were above children. He could give a dog a patronising pat, but children were tiresome little things. If he did entertain them he was too rough for their delicate natures.

Now Humberton, fortunately, loved children, and was loved by them in return. He always had something to give or show to one, and never failed to rouse its curiosity and, consequently, to please it. Therefore, when he now visited frequently at Manville Villa, Dolly was always glad to see him, and rushed to him almost before anybody, and he helped very extensively to spoil her by bringing nuts, oranges, toys—always something every time he came. Perhaps these, too, were to beguile it away while he whispered love to Olivia! They were learning to know one another better, and each seemed perfection to the other. It was heaven to know that after three years of yearning, of toiling and anxiety, all mistakes were at last cleared up, and they could now express their affection for each other and hold sweet communion, soul with soul. Oh! what happy days! and surely they deserved them. Never had two lovers been so mutually happy; they were one in wish and thought, and each strove to please the other. They had now obtained their reward. How long would it last?

Of course Olivia had sent to inquire after Merrisslope, and expressed her sorrow for his accident, for she had really been the cause of it. He had sustained an ordinary fracture, and would gradually recover. Miss Cumberland had decided to take the veil; tired of the world and its delusions, she was deaf to her friends' persuasions against it. Redtaper slowly recovered, but was moody and sullen, pondering how he could prevent her latest determination.

Humberton was frequently asked to perform his opera again, but he replied that he could not, and at last an enterprising manager bought the copyright for £180. Thus he was again fortunate, and everything now seemed to favour his marriage with his loved one.

One night he had brought the engaging-ring with him, and a little plaything for Dolly. But Dolly did not require the plaything, she wanted to talk and play with them. Indeed, it seemed as if she knew the night to be an important one, and wished to act up to the occasion. Anyhow, in the prettiest of ways, before Mr. and Mrs. Phane and a stranger, and to the embarrassment of the two lovers, the bonnie little creature climbed behind them, and gently pushing their faces together, said, "Kiss, *do* kiss!" and how could they resist?

Chapter X.

Climb thy thick noon, disastrous day.—*In Memoriam.*

Arthur was now once more living in a sphere of undiluted happiness, long deserved. No longer was his work a mere persistent but hopeless perseverance, with neither heart nor soul in it but simply dull, tiring, monotonous, mechanism; no, he now felt a pleasure, a delight, in working with his whole might, while he knew Olivia was waiting for him with her priceless love. The dark, depressing cloud had at last been lifted from the horizon of his future, and the day shone forth bright and clear, full of much promise. Well might the air feel more fresh and invigorating, the town seem brighter and brisker, and all surrounding circumstances wear a more cheerful and sympathetic aspect. Life had now a splendid object, namely, the undisputed and everlasting possession of his soul, Olivia. Work was now joy to him; the curse of Adam became his blessing; welcome, welcome work, that brought him ever nearer the long-sought object of his life.

Poor Redtaper envied him his happiness, for he was in the depth of despair; and Humberton could feel for him, for had he not experienced all the same feelings himself? A warm grip of the hand, and a very kindly "Good morning," showed Redtaper that at least one person had some sympathy for his case; it inspired him to hope, and he forgave his friend all that his jealous feelings had previously prompted.

How completely we hold our happiness in our own hands; it is merely our fancy that makes us happy or miserable; happiness is therefore self-made. The great secret is to be content with present circumstances, although one may hope for better times. A man's misery is of his own making; if he cannot succeed in his desires, he immediately considers himself the most unfortunate being in the kingdom, whereas he has simply to forget his anticipated happiness, and he can soon cast all care away. In great griefs there is generally a woman behind the scenes somewhere, who frequently leads her adorer through strange, intricate, and puzzling mazes, sometimes delusive and endless ones; but, to be charitable, oftener with an enchanting prize waiting in the end for the persevering mortal who has at last gained access to the throne of love. It is this most momentous struggle in a man's life that fills him with despair or elevates him to the highest happiness.

The race for love is much more absorbing than the race for wealth; everything else is cast aside, and gives way to its impulses, while the blind love-god binds his victims in fetters stronger than iron but brittle as jet. How slight an accident has served to sever them, but though the pang is felt long, long afterwards, when the love has been sincere and deep. When Cupid, the powerfully mischievous son of the voluptuous goddess of beauty, is decoying frail mortals with his love messages, he occupies their whole mind; little else is thought of; there is no room for other thoughts when the all-absorbing passion takes possession of them. Thus, when love has been misplaced or proves delusive, as it too frequently does, the shock is terrible, and the system is left, as it were, entirely without support. All hopes have been built upon this one desire and all other objects have been subordinate, and when the foundation is taken away the building falls like a castle of cards. Painful indeed is the rebuilding, when necessity speaks of a plainer edifice, void of romance, almost aimless and erratic, stone laid upon stone with the cement of despair.

Both Humberton and Redtaper had experienced those phases of castle-building, bitter enough too, but Humberton's fairy had at last touched the edifice with her magic wand, and minarets and spangles grew on every side, resting on a firm foundation, which nothing short of a lightning stroke could demolish. That fairy was Olivia; her simple act of love had changed the face of Nature. The narrow-minded pessimist had become a large-hearted

philanthropist. Before, he thought himself an Ishmaelite; now, he smiled on all mankind as his friends. Such an influence has soft, tender-hearted, loving, woman over the sterner sex. She has them completely under her control, and a wish or a gesture is a law or command. Truly a wonderful power (and not to be despised), wielded by a most sympathetic nature.

Arthur's revived love for Olivia was full of more tender regard, fondness, and admiration, than ever his first impulsive passion. His heart had never been estranged from her, but always filled with an eager yearning for her return, and now the time had arrived and both were happy in their increased mutual attachment. Three years of miserable uncertain waiting had only heightened their bliss.

Why should stupid blundering have prevented all this from happening before, thus causing much agony of heart to both of them? Perhaps it was better so, though it was hard to see it. Anyhow, Olivia was soon restored her lightheartedness, and cheerily laughed and sang as she went about the house. Even her pet playmate, Carlo, noticed the difference, and wagged his tail with unwonted pleasure. Mr. and Mrs. Phane were glad, too, that Olivia was once more happy and cheerful.

As for Arthur, his landlady wondered what had taken possession of him and altered him. She could not help remarking in her familiar but still deferent way—

"You seem strange and gay to-day, sir."

"Yes, I feel quite jolly and well, Mrs. Chatwind; these eggs of yours are splendid, and I've an appetite for anything this morning. Will you bring me some more toast, please? you brown it to a turn."

"Why, what a change has come over you, Mr. Humberton; excuse my frankness, sir, but I'm real glad to see it; you do *really* look well. If I might make so bold now (and I hope as you wont be offended at my plainspokenness, for you know I mean well, and I'm right down glad to see you so improved), but if I might make so bold, I lay there's a young lady at the bottom of it all, Aren't I right now? Of course, I wouldn't have said so much to *anybody*, but then I've taken a great likins to you (excuse my freedom, sir), and I know you won't take wrong what I say," said Mrs. Chatwind, arranging and moving the articles on the table as an excuse for talking.

"It's very good of you to take an interest in my welfare, Mrs. Chatwind; and perhaps you're not far wrong about the young lady," replied Arthur in an amused and pleased tone.

"I'm sure I'm not; I knew I was right. Why, bless your heart, I've seen lots and lots in the same way about their sweethearts, but it all came right in the end—at least generally; and I know you're not that proud as some are, that wont let an old woman speak when she's pleased, and if so be that it's that nice young lady I saw at the end of the pantomime, with the beautiful fair hair (I could tell I was right), I'm sure you'll be happy; she is as sweet a looking creature (begging your pardon, sir,) as ever I saw, and I'm certain you'll make her happy. You'll make a very suitable match, sir, and you were always a steady-going sort, sir, and (if I may make so bold) I hope you will soon be married."

"Thank you, Mrs. Chatwind, you are very kind to say so," said Arthur, quietly smiling, and wondering how long she would talk.

"I'm sure I wish you all happiness, sir. But I must go and get your toast ready, for I see you're waiting. It's very good of you to praise it so, though I know no one can make it like myself, which I can say without boasting, for I've always been considered clever at anything of the sort ever since I was little. I had a good mother, Mr. Humberton, and she saw that I did all for the best, and I can thank her that I know what little bit I do. A good mother's a blessing, sir,—oh, but I forgot, sir, your poor mother is gone to heaven, excuse me speaking about her," said the loquacious Mrs. Chatwind,

apologetically, afraid she had touched tender ground in her clumsiness, and at last going to make the desired toast.

Notwithstanding her garrulity, she was really a kind-hearted woman in her way, and her professed pleasure at her lodger's improvement was no feigned feeling.

Arthur was often amused at her conversation and manner, though sometimes a little bored. He could read the genuine nature of the woman as it bubbled up on the surface in her homely and ingenuous way. He often thought it was a wonder she had never been married; somebody had certainly missed a good wife. She had only one fault, and that was she was too fond of work. She would work until she was fairly worn out, and when made ill by it, she would still try to get through the usual amount of labour. Idleness she hated, and when she was obliged to get someone to help her, she was never happy unless she was continually "nagging" at them to "get along."

Such was Mrs. Chatwind, a self-reliant woman, strong of mind and body. Of course Arthur visited at the Phane's regularly now. Happy, happy evenings, so full of confidences, little plans, and castle-building on what they considered firm foundations, solid hopes. Their many misgivings and mistakes of the past, how foolish they now seemed, when they could look on them calmly as dangers for ever past, never to occur again. How they plighted their troth over and over again, each growing stronger in their mutual faith; the elysium of loving and being loved was theirs; soul spoke with soul; hands clasped, eyes communed, lips caressed. Truly had they attained happiness at last.

'Twas such an evening as this, about two months after the disastrous but fortunate occurrence at the theatre, that they talked sweet nothings as usual. Redtaper and Merrisslope were now fairly well, physically, though both were mentally distressed at their non-success in love affairs. Of course Merrisslope hated Humberton with all his heart, for

> Friendship is constant in all other things,
> Save in the office and affairs of love.

Humberton had this night coaxed Olivia into naming the happy day, and they sealed their bond with an affectionate caress:

> A long, long kiss, the kiss of youth and love.

Little did they imagine it was their last; that their happiness was to be dashed to the ground e'er the cup had touched their lips. Oblivious of all the future he drew her whole soul through his lips,

> As sunlight drinketh dew.

Then could he have said with Othello:

> O my soul's joy!
> If after every tempest come such calms,
> May the winds blow till they have waken'd death
> And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas,
> Olympus-high; and duck again as low
> As hell's from heaven! If it were now to die,
> 'Twere now to be most happy; for, I fear,
> My soul hath her content so absolute,
> That not another comfort like to this
> Succeeds in unknown fate.
>
> * * * * * *
>
> I cannot speak enough of this content,
> It stops me here; it is too much of joy:
> And this, and this, the greatest discords be
> That e'er our hearts shall make. (*Kisses*).

Ah! and he was doomed to virgin those kisses for long after that blissful night. 'Twould have been bliss to have died then, but after satisfying his soul with kisses, to live without them was misery, misery in the memory of past happiness. Long might they taste their bliss, for it was their last:

Ten kisses short as one, one long as twenty.

But it could not last for ever; he was obliged to leave those "kissing cherries," and with "sweet sorrow" part from his idol, his charming *fiancée*. Carlo whined ominously, but all else went well. He had said his last "Good night."

Happy, happy be their dreams of myrtle and orange blossom, of the temple of Hymen and the nuptial knot, of bridesmaids and the golden honeymoon, of Strephon and Chloe, Darby and Joan; even if to awake to the painful sorrow that they were only dreams unfulfilled, a vanished pageant.

Meanwhile, Mr. Phane had been troubled and uneasy about something which he had not even mentioned to his wife. He looked upon Humberton with distrust! the betrothed of his daughter! his future son-in-law! Why? Why should he lose confidence in the open-hearted, generous Humberton, who had been so long tried and trusted? None could tell, nor, indeed, did any know save one (perchance two), and that one Bulliker!

Iago-like, he had never forgiven Humberton for his supposed wrongs, for his slights and honesty, and for his success. That galled him most. He had vowed revenge; secret, malicious, unscrupulous, revenge! "The upstart," as he called him, "pretentious young devil, presuming, canting saint, he's getting dangerous: but I'll be even with him yet. I have my plans: I'll *tempt* him and ruin him. But, in stage language, I must dissemble.

I have it, it is engender'd. Hell and night
Must bring this monstrous birth to light."

For some time this virtuous cashier, this man of figures, this trusted man in office, had poisoned the ear of his master, Mr. Phane, with grave doubts and suspicions connected with the unfortunate Humberton. At first Mr. Phane would not listen to nor believe them; but at last, driven to desperation by the vile insinuations of his cashier (an honest man, as he believed), he agreed to try Arthur's honesty by certain means devised by Mr. Bulliker. What if he was right? How should he like his daughter to be married to a thief? He would try it for satisfaction's sake, though he hardly required it. Still, it was right to be on the safe side, disagreeable as distrust of a supposed worthy servant might be. But he would stake his life, almost, Humberton was honest. Time, however, would show.

Bulliker had so thoroughly imbued his trustful master with the idea that his clerk was dishonest that he put his whole faith in the proposed test of this man-devil, though he could hardly bear to think of it. A man of passionate impulse however, and worked upon by these distorted views of a villain; but arouse his fears of lodging a viper and his anger would drown his sense; circumstantial suspicion would be proof positive.

That night (the night after Olivia had named the happy day) Bulliker, slimy reptile, left *by accident*, for the third time, a hundred pounds in notes on his own desk, and Humberton alone and busy in the office. Ha! how he chuckled to himself, and rubbed his hands for glee as he thought of the consummation of his vile plans, the climax of his revenge! Would it succeed? Humberton must see it some night, and then all his plans were clear. Two other nights he had tried it, but Arthur had not perceived the notes, and Bulliker had been obliged to come back after Humberton had left, and make the money secure, Oh, how keenly the wretch watched his quarry! How his fingers itched for his defeat!

This night he watched as before, and when he went back to the office his villanous plan had been successful, the money was gone! Could it be possible that the temptation had really been too strong for him? Bulliker gloated; the virtuous Humberton had been caught at last. How would it end. At eleven that unlucky night Arthur gave information at Scotland Yard that he had been mysteriously robbed of a hundred pounds in notes by two masked men. He then rushed to Mr. Phane's house to inform him of the disaster, but all was locked in quiet, so he hastily strode away in the direction of Mr. Bulliker's house. That gentleman (*sic*) had not yet retired, for there was a light in his bedroom. A queer tumbledown-looking sort of house, with an evil leer about it, a consciousness of sneaking guilt, as if it would like to get its ugly form squeezed out of sight.

In answer to Arthur's summons, Mrs. Bulliker threw open the window with "Who's there?" Mr. Bulliker was out late somewhere, but she would tell him directly he got home. A poor careworn, emaciated-looking woman, with hair unkempt, and shabby clothing.

When he arrived at home he related all to his landlady, and she sympathised with him. In the morning he went early to Mr. Bulliker's, who gruffly and unceremoniously said he had better see Mr. Phane. Arrived there, he was told by the servant that he could not have admittance. Mr. Phane would not see him. At the office it was the same. Mr. Bulliker had given instructions that he was not to be admitted; that he had better keep quiet, or it might be worse for him. Protestations were useless. Mr. Phane rudely pushed him aside when he arrived, and would not hear him speak. Humberton had been waiting for his arrival. Mr. Phane would not be moved, but entered the office with averted head and stern face, not trusting himself to speak.

Arthur sent him an explanatory note, but he received no reply; it was placed on the fire unopened. He sent one to Olivia, protesting innocence; it was intercepted. He had lost his situation, his friends, his reputation, and most agonising of all, his betrothed. He was almost beside himself with grief. Branded as a thief too! What would *she* think? Would she believe him? The newspaper reports gave the account of the garrottal as related by himself, but what construction would she place upon it? Horrible, horrible!

Bulliker's plan, then, had been successful; Arthur had been proved dishonest. The cashier was full of glee over his success. Mr. Phane was weighed down with sorrow and severe disappointment, disappointment in a young friend in whom he had placed every trust, who had now deceived him in his conduct, a veritable viper; yet was he sorry for him and for his own daughter. For there was something noble and fascinating in Humberton notwithstanding—"But, ah! that it should be so—false, false," and he bent his head in grief. And Humberton, had he really succumbed to the temptation? Was he indeed guilty?

(*To be continued.*)

HISTORY OF THE AIREDALE LODGE, No. 387,

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

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

Z. MORAVIAN CHAPTER, NO. 387.

SECTION II.—1821 TO 1832—*(concluded).*

THE Royal Forest Lodge, Slaidburn, was constituted as No. 846 on August 18th, 1829.

Also in this year the Fund of Benevolence for the Province of West Yorkshire was first originated, and a copy of the circular and the rules and regulations sent out by the Prov. G. Lodge to all the lodges in the province are here given :

Worshipful Sir and Brother,—By command of our right Worshipful Grand Master, Lord Viscount Pollington, I herewith transmit to you a copy of the Rules and Regulations of the Lodge of Benevolence for this Province, unanimously agreed upon at the Provincial Grand Lodge held at Wakefield, on Monday, April 27th, and which I trust will meet with the cordial approbation of you and the brethren of your Lodge. By the first of these you will see that the first Lodge of Benevolence will be held at Wakefield, on Monday, July 6th *next, when your presence, as actual Master of your Lodge, will be to you, I would hope, an* act of pleasure as well as of duty. I remain, your faithful friend and brother,

Wakefield, June 5th, 1829. RICHARD HIRD, P.G. Secretary.

Rules and Regulations of the Lodge of Benevolence for the Province of the West Riding of Yorkshire.

I. That a Lodge of Benevolence shall be holden on the first Monday of January, July, and October, and on the day of the Provincial Festival, in every year, or oftener, at the special summons of the Right Worshipful Provincial Grand Master, or his deputy.

II. That this lodge shall consist of all present and past Grand Officers, and of all actual Masters of contributing lodges within the province.

III. That three Provincial Grand Officers shall be summoned for each meeting at the discretion of the Provincial Grand Master, or his deputy, to act as Masters and Wardens on the occasion.

IV. That in the event of the absence of any one of these, the senior officer present shall take his place.

V. That no member shall be subject to previous solicitation, in order that all may have their minds unbiassed and free. In any case where this rule has been transgressed the consideration of that case shall be put off for three months.

VI. That no one shall vote in a case on which he has been canvassed, or which concerns any relation of his own.

VII. That application for relief shall be made by petition, stating the name, place of abode, and present circumstances of the petitioner, with the name and number of the lodge in which he was initiated, and also the time when that ceremony took place.

VIII. That the applicant, if capable, shall sign the petition.

IX. That every petition shall be accompanied with a certificate, signed, in open lodge, by the Master, Wardens, and a majority of the brethren present, of the lodge to which the petitioner belongs, or of some other contributing lodge.

X. That the petitioner shall have been, for not less than two years, a contributing member of some regular lodge ; and that, after the year 1830, his name shall have been registered in the books of the Provincial Grand Lodge.

XI. That no brother, once relieved, shall petition a second time within the space of one year.

XII. That relief may be awarded to a petitioning brother, not exceeding the sum of five pounds.

XIII. That relief may be afforded to the widow or indigent children of a deceased brother, not exceeding the sum of five pounds; provided the application be made through the medium of some contributing lodge within twelve months after the brother's decease.

XIV. If any case of extraordinary distress shall occur in which five pounds does not appear sufficient to afford adequate relief, the Lodge shall refer the case to the Right Worshipful Provincial Grand Master, who may grant any sum which the Lodge shall recommend, not exceeding ten pounds.

XV. That, in order to supply funds for this benevolence, the contributions now made by each lodge in the province shall be devoted to this purpose, subject, however, to be charged with the necessary expenses of the Provincial Grand Lodge.

XVI. That at the annual meeting of the Provincial Grand Lodge voluntary contributions shall be received from the brethren present in aid of this Benevolent Fund.

XVII. That a full and clear statement of the receipts and disbursements of this lodge shall be laid before the Provincial Grand Lodge, at its annual meeting.

So late as 1830 it was customary for the Prov. G. Sec. of North and East Yorkshire to send fraternal invitations regularly to Worshipful Masters of West Yorkshire lodges.

On Sunday, February 13th, 1831, the day appointed for the funeral of Bro. Robert Smith, many brethren from Bradford, Keighley, etc., attended. There is a quaintness and peculiarity about the proceedings which can be best described by an extract:

At half gone ten o'clock in the forenoon the body went to church, returned to the lodge, and in a few minutes afterwards proceeded to the house of the deceased, two and two. The brethren were (with the exception of about six) clothed in black, white gloves, and the members of this lodge crape on the left arm, *à la militaire*. Bro. Gordon, of Keighley, repeated the burial service from Preston's.* Everything was conducted in the most respectful manner. Fifty-three members dined after the funeral, and after the dinner the different brethren dispersed, and by 5 o'clock the whole body had separated. The members met in this manner at the particular request of the deceased.

Most of the minutes up to and inclusive of 1831 are very creditably entered, but a few in 1830-31 are specimens of writing under difficulties, whether of the pen, the hand, or the head, it would be equally difficult to determine.

The Lodge Three Graces, Haworth, was reconstituted as No. 862 in this year. It had been erased as No. 541.

The old furniture appears to have been considered the property of, but to have remained as a debt upon the lodge until February 13th, 1832, when it was finally liquidated by the following remarkable document, those brethren of the Duke of York's Lodge who previously had an interest in it having been paid off before.

Baildon, Feb. 13th, 1832.

The Airedale Lodge,

BOUGHT OF JOHATHAN WALKER,

The undermentioned debts upon the furniture of the old Duke of York's Lodge of Freemasons, viz:—

Jonathan Walker	5	0	0
William Fox	0	10	6
Josh. Wild	2	0	0
Charles Bland	0	4	0
W. Booth	0	4	0
W. Wilkinson	1	1	0
£8	19	6—at 7s. 6d. in the £, £3	7 6

The debt being £32 2s. 6d., and sold at £12, being 7s. 6d. in the pound.

1832, Feb. 13.—Settled for the above-mentioned members of the Duke of York's Lodge, Bingley, £8 19s. 6d., at 7s. 6d. in the pound.

(Signed) JONATHAN WALKER.

Witness the above agreement and settlement. (Signed) WM. FOULDS.

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* Illustrations of Masonry.—J. R. R.

In the year 1832 the number of Airedale Lodge was, in consequence of the erasures by Grand Lodge, changed from 814 to 543, *vide* G. L. circular, 5th September, 1832.

The Nelson of the Nile Lodge, No. 500, was removed from Mirfield to Batley on 15th August, 1832.

On Tuesday evening, June 5th, 1832, a meeting was called for the better convenience of members attending (the regular meeting night being on Whitsuntide). Present:—Deputies: John Walker, jun., as W.M.; W. Whitwham, as S.W.; W. Brearey, as J.W.; T. Ince, as P.M.; J. Sutcliffe, as S.D.; John Bland, as J.D.; W. Holmes, as Secy.; J. Beck, as Treas.; Josh. Lister, as I.G.; Jno. Hudson, as Tyler. Resolved, That from this night a great reformation in this Lodge must take place, or otherwise to all appearance the Lodge cannot flourish.

The minutes in 1832, up to June 5th inclusive, are nicely entered by Wainman Holmes, who, however, from that date attended to the duties of Secretary no more until May, 1834, during which period he seems to have been absent from all lodge meetings. In his place, therefore, Bro. William Brearey acted as Secretary for six meetings, to December 5th, 1832, and whilst feeling that this brother probably did his best, and in that case should be praised, we must consider these the worst minutes of the Airedale Lodge. The then W.M., Bro. John Walker, sen., made out the returns, otherwise it is much to be feared the Grand Secretaries would have found it necessary to call in the assistance of an expert to decipher them. On St. John's, December 27th, 1832, Bro. John Walker, jun., being installed W.M., appointed Bro. John Walker, sen., his Secretary, and the minutes once more improved in consequence.

The Yorkshire Lodges now stood as follows, after the change of numbers by Grand Lodge:—

65, Humber, Hull;
73, Probity, Halifax;
144, Lennox, Richmond;
162, Britannia, Sheffield;
174, Peace, Meltham;
179, Unanimity, Wakefield;
236, Old Globe, Scarborough;
251, Three Grand Principles, Dewsbury;
256, Phœnix, Hull;
287, Union, York;
298, St. George's, Doncaster;
311, Minerva, Hull;
322, Amphibious, Mill Bridge;
323, Newtonian, Knaresborough;
330, Nelson of the Nile, Batley;
332, Royal Yorkshire, Keighley;
342, Harmony, Halifax;
359, Philanthropic, Skipton;
364, Fidelity, Leeds;
365, Huddersfield, Huddersfield;
371, Constitutional, Beverley;
373, Royal Brunswick, Sheffield;
379, Hope, Bradford;
382, Philanthropic, Leeds;
384, Alfred, Leeds;
385, Prince Frederick, Hebden Bridge;
386, Prince George, Bottoms, Stansfeld
391, Lion, Whitby;
422, Candour, Upper Mill;
529, Integrity, Brighouse;
543, Airedale, Baildon;
575, Royal Forest, Slaidburn;
591, Three Graces, Haworth;
594, Allman's, Almondbury.

The Samaritan Lodge, Keighley, No. 539, had been removed to Bacup, in Lancashire; and the following twelve lodges had either expired or been erased from the roll of Grand Lodge:—

280, Amity, Steeton;
412, Royal Oak, Ripon;
451, Rodney, Hull;
460, St. George's, York;
502, Duke of York, Bingley;
504, Globe, Scarborough;
532, Loyal and Prudent, Leeds;
533, Phœnix, Rotherham;
541, Three Graces, Barnoldswick;
580, Ebenezer, Pateley Bridge;
595, Mariners, Selby;
749, St. Alban's, Leeds.

The Phœnix Lodge, Hull, acquired the position of the defunct Apollo Lodge, No. 290, taking No. 368 in 1817.

APPENDIX.

A.

On January 5th, 1790, Bro. Colonel Lenox was balloted for and admitted a member of the Duke of York's Lodge. In the previous year this brother fought a duel with the Duke of York on Wimbledon Common, which, absurd as the whole proceedings appear, made a considerable sensation throughout the country. As an interesting episode of the lodge and a record of the time, and especially as a practical illustration of the influence exerted by the teaching of Freemasonry, I give the origin of the duel and a report published by the two seconds. Amongst non-Masons the general opinion will of course be, that teachings which did not make such an exhibition altogether impossible between two Masons are not of much value. I cannot fairly find fault with such an opinion, but the Craft, for whom alone this work is written, must decide whether the bit of Freemasonry is not the only redeeming feature of this burlesque *affaire d'honneur*.

A dispute happened between His Royal Highness the Duke of York and Colonel Lenox (son of Lord George Lenox, and nephew and heir to the Duke of Richmond) which terminated in a duel. This dispute originated in an observation of His Royal Highness, namely, that Colonel Lenox had heard words spoken to him at the club at Daubigny's to which no gentleman ought to have submitted. This observation being reported to the Colonel, he took the opportunity, while His Royal Highness was on parade, to address him, desiring to know what where the words which he had submitted to hear, and by whom they were spoken. To this His Royal Highness gave no other answer then than by ordering the Colonel to his post.

The parade being over, His Royal Highness went into the orderly room, and sending for the Colonel, intimated to him, in the presence of all the officers, that he desired to derive no protection from his rank as a prince and his station as a commanding officer, but that, when not on duty he wore a brown coat, and was ready, as a private gentleman, to give the Colonel satisfaction.

After this declaration Colonel Lenox wrote a circular letter to every member at Daubigny's, requesting to know whether any such words had been used to him, and appointing a time for an answer from each, their silence to be considered as a declaration that no such words could be recollected. No satisfactory answer to this being returned, the duel took place, of which the following account was published by the seconds:—

In consequence of a dispute already known to the public, His Royal Highness the Duke of York, attended by Lord Rawdon, and Lieutenant-Colonel Lenox, accompanied by the Earl of Winchelsea, met at Wimbledon Common. The ground was measured at twelve paces, and both parties were to fire at a signal agreed upon. The signal being given, Lieutenant-Colonel Lenox fired, and the ball grazed His Royal Highness's curl. The Duke of York did not fire.

Lord Rawdon then interfered and said he thought enough had been done. Lieutenant-Colonel Lenox observed that His Royal Highness had not fired. Lord Rawdon said it was not the Duke's intention to fire. His Royal Highness had come out upon Lieutenant-Colonel Lenox's desire, to give him satisfaction, and had no animosity against him. Lieutenant-Colonel Lenox pressed that the Duke of York should fire, which was declined upon a repetition of the reason. Lord Winchelsea then went up to the Duke of York and expressed his hope that His Royal Highness could have no objection to say he considered Lieutenant-Colonel Lenox as a man of honour and courage. His Royal Highness replied that he should say nothing; he came out to give Lieutenant-Colonel Lenox satisfaction, and did not mean to fire at him; if Lieutenant-Colonel Lenox was not satisfied he might fire again.

Lieutenant-Colonel Lenox said he could not possibly fire again at the Duke, as His Royal Highness did not mean to fire at him. On this both parties left the ground. The seconds think it proper to add that both parties behaved with the most perfect coolness and intrepidity.

RAWDON.

Tuesday evening, May 26th, 1789. WINCHELSEA.

B.

In the year 1800 the Masonic Benefit Society was established, under the authority of Parliament, for the relief and support of the sick, aged, and imprisoned brethren of the Antient and Honourable Society of Free and Accepted Masons, their widows, children, and orphans: under the patronage of His Royal Highness George Prince of Wales, G.M.

I possess a copy of the rules and regulations of this society, with lists of brethren acting as trustees, agents, and committees in all the counties. It was represented in Yorkshire by local committees as under:—

LEEDS.

Bro. John Simpson,	Bro. Francis Maguire,	Bro. Matthew Mennel,
John Hustler Leach,	John Walker,	Joseph Wood,
Robert Sutcliffe,	Henry Thornton,	Thos. Sherwood,
William Sadler,	Joseph Dalby,	Isaac Nichols,
John Hepworth,	John Wood,	James Taylor,
George Ireland,	Richd. Dalton,	Thomas Foster,

Bro. John Smalpage, Provincial Agent.

HULL.

Bro. Quarten Levitt,	Bro. John Lawson,	Bro. Michael Coltman,
John Scholefield,	Robert Hayes,	William Ward,
Stephen Dickenson,	George Epworth,	George Lambert.
	Matthew Smith,	

KEIGHLEY.

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

SHEFFIELD.

Bro. Samuel Robinson,	Bro. Thos. Frost,	Bro. Richd. Jessop,
Wm. Rowley,	John Dyson,	John Garnett,
John Lamb,	Saml. Tompkins,	Joseph Hincliffe,
William Willey,	Luke Pass,	James Woollin,
Joshua Norton,	Aaron Allott,	James Johnson.

BEVERLEY.

Bro. William Wardell,	Bro. William Acklam,	Bro. William Cash,
Joseph Bateson,	John Peacock,	Wm. Harrison,
Robt. Stephenson,	Thos. Spenceley,	Joseph Turley,
Saml. Montgomery,	Robert Peacock,	Francis Tadman.

RICHMOND.

Bro. James Galloway,	Bro. John Dalton,	Bro. John Cowling,
Thos. Wright,	Mark Plues,	Christopher Metcalf.
	George Ewbank,	

WHITBY.

Bro. Robt. Mooresum,	Bro. John Gardiner,	Bro. John Summerson,
Thos. Brodrick,	Ralph Milner,	Andrew Allen,
Thos. Fishburn, jun.	John Storme,	George Trueman.

HALIFAX.

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

YORK.

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

The society was what its name imports, allowing to members afflicted with sickness, lameness, or blindness 14s. per week, and to members imprisoned for debt (provided this was not occasioned by any act reflecting upon their moral character or by notorious extravagance) 4s. per week, and a further sum not exceeding 10s. per week if such member was afflicted with sickness, etc., during his confinement. For old age, 6s. per week; widows, 4s. per week; with 2s. per week additional for every child under 12 years until he or she attained that age.

C.

THREE brethren of the Duke of York's Lodge attended the Provincial Grand Lodge at York in 1808; and a note of their expenses, now interesting, is copied and reproduced hereunder:

	EXPENCES PAID TO YORK AND BACK.	£	s.	d.
Oct. 25, 1808.	Dinners and Ale at Bradford	0	3	3
	Coach-hire from Bradford to York	0	18	0
	Paid to Coachmen and Guards and expences to York	0	6	7
Oct. 26.	Paid to the Provincial Grand Lodge for the Hall—Lickquadations and Register Fees	4	5	6
	Dinner Tickets for three, at 10s. 6d. each	1	11	6
	Coach-hire from York to Bradford	0	18	0
	Sunderey Expences to Coachmen and Guards and upon the Road from York to Bingley	0	7	2
		£8	10	0

D.

THE following interesting circular was sent to the Duke of York's Lodge, 438, Bingley, in 1810, about the date stated. The occasion is referred to in the History:

To the Worshipful Master, Senior and Junior Wardens, and the rest of the Officers and Brethren of the Lodge Duke of York, 438, Bingley.

Worshipful Sir and Brothers,—We beg leave to inform you that we intend to have a procession here in honor of His Royal Highness George Prince of Wales, our worthy Grand Master's birthday (to be kept on the 13th of August next).

We therefore particularly wish the attendance of as many brothers as possibly can from your lodge.

Your reply, on or near the 31st instant, saying what number we may expect, will oblige us.

Dinner tickets, &c., 7s. each.

It is also desired that such as mean to walk will not be later than nine o'clock.

The dress (if convenient) black coat, waistcoat, breeches, white apron, gloves, and stockings.

We remain, Worshipful Sir and Brothers,
Your faithful Brothers,
RD. M. SCHOLEFIELD, M.
JOHN TALBOT, S.W.

Lodge of Hope, No. 539,
Bowling Green, Bradford,
July 11th, 1810.

E.

Original petition for a lodge at Baildon, noting the alterations subsequently made, sent to Robert Carr, Esq., Deputy Grand Master, Wakefield, in January, 1827:—

To the MOST WORSHIPFUL PROVINCIAL GRAND MASTER OF THE UNITED FRATERNITY OF ANCIENT FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS OF ENGLAND.

WE, the undersigned, being regular registered Masons of the Lodges mentioned against our respective names, having the prosperity of the Craft at heart, are anxious to exert our best endeavours to promote and diffuse the genuine principles of the art, and for the conveniency of our respective dwellings and other good reasons, we are desirous of forming a new lodge to be named the Duke of York's Lodge [subsequently altered to "Airdale Lodge"].

In consequence of this desire we pray for a Warrant of Constitution empowering us to meet as a regular lodge at the Malt Shovel Inn, Baildon, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, on the first Wednesday of every month [altered to "on or nearest to the full moon"], and there to discharge the duties of Masonry in a constitutional manner, according to the forms of the Order and the Laws of the Grand Lodge, and we have nominated and do recommend Brother William Simpson to be the first Master [altered to "Wainman Holmes"], Bro. John Smith to be the first Senior Warden, and Brother Abraham Hartley to be the first Junior Warden of the said lodge. The prayer of this petition being granted, we promise strict obedience to the commands of the Grand Master and the laws and regulations of the Grand Lodge.

Wm. Simpson,	Kendal,	No. 175.*	Thomas Lund,	Keighley,	No. 503.
John Smith,	Keighley,	No. 503.	Jeremiah Parker,	Do.	No. 503.†
Abm. Hartley,	Do.	No. 503.	William Fox,	Do.	No. 503.
Wm. Foulds,	Do.	No. 503.†	Phineas Smith,	Do.	No. 503.†
Thos. Wild,	Do.	No. 503.†	Abrm. Bolton,	Bradford,	No. 565.
Richard Stell,	Do.	No. 503.			

The original Petition (re-written and signed) was transmitted to the Grand Lodge by Bro. Carr, Dep. Prov. G.M., 5th February, 1827.

* Altered to "Wainman Holmes, Bradford, 565." † Omitted afterwards as not returned.

F.

The following is a copy of a letter sent to the W.M. of Airedale Lodge in 1831, and is a specimen of Masonic Charity as practised fifty years ago :—

Dated at Keighley June 18th, 1831.

W. SIR AND BRO.,

The purport of this letter is to inform you that Bro. James Shaw, of Bingley, is in such a state of health as to be confined to his bed of a mortification in the leg, and is in such a state of mind that he does not know any person he has been particularly acquainted with, and, as a brother, I think he requires immediate relief. We have set a subscription on foot at our place, and I thought that I would let you know, knowing that he was a worthy brother, hoping that you would do likewise, as he has no other dependence but the parish allowance. He is at Abraham Grace's, the Fleece Inn, in Bingley, and I hope to be there at 4 o'clock to-morrow afternoon, and I should be glad to see any of your brothers there.

I remain, yours fraternally

JOSH. MURGATROYD.

THE PHILOSOPHY AND WORK OF PYTHAGORAS.

THE history of Pythagoras, the distinguished Grecian sage, has a sort of mysterious and mythical environment. Associated with his career are fables and traditions innumerable, and it is exceedingly difficult to draw the lines between the true and the false. There can be no doubt, however, that Pythagoras was a real personage, a master spirit in Greece, who gave to his countrymen a profounder philosophy than they had ever before known. That his genius was of the highest order, and his work in behalf of learning and science of the most potent character, there can be no question. We may regret that we have no authentic remains of the great teacher—that there are no contemporary memorials of his work—but there is no cause of doubting that he flourished in the second half of the sixth century before Christ, that he was a powerful factor in many important movements relating to politics and science, and that his work was of such a character as to entitle him to an immortal renown.

There is no agreement as to the paternity of Pythagoras, the place of his birth, the manner of his education, and the special surroundings of his early life. On these points even the historians who wrote of him nearly two thousand years ago joined issue, and their writings indicate the most amazing contradictions. The early writers, however, do concur in this statement, that

Pythagoras passed a considerable portion of his early adult life in travelling through Egypt, India, and other countries, and that when he was about forty years old he established a school of general learning at Samos, where he was the first person to have applied to himself the name of philosopher. Here he taught the principles of natural science, and a system of mental and moral philosophy, attracting to his leadership a small but faithful band of disciples. But the school at Samos did not prosper according to his wishes, and he removed to Crotona, in Southern Italy, where the most important work of his life was accomplished.

At Crotona the wealthiest and most cultivated people waited upon his instructions, and became obedient to his precepts. He did a work in political reform which showed the statesmanlike grasp of his thought. As a philanthropist he succeeded in effecting changes in the morals and manners of the common people which tended to a great improvement in their social condition. As a philosopher he unfolded a system of truth touching life at every point, and sweeping to farthest worlds; while he also applied a stimulus to the human mind such as it had not before received.

But the special and chief ministry of Pythagoras was the organization of a secret society, composed of the most influential and best educated men of his time. It is assumed that this society was created with some distinct political aims, but there is not the slightest proof that such was the case. It may be argued, inferentially, that such a society, so closely bound together by the ties of a common opinion, sentiment, and affection, would be very likely to employ concerted action in public matters. However this may have been, the testimony is ample that the secret society formed by Pythagoras was organized with special reference to the subjects of mathematical and mystical knowledge, and that its chief aim was to apply the principles of wisdom and truth to life. The order instituted by Pythagoras was not a sodality, though undoubtedly it was a brotherhood within whose lines a close and intimate sympathy found exercise, and a delightful fellowship was enjoyed. This order had three ranks, and members could only pass from one branch to the other after they had served a long period of probation. The government of the passions was enjoined as a sacred duty, for to be a Pythagorean disciple of the first rank a man must have learned to command himself.

Silence was prescribed to the candidate, who was obliged, sometimes for a term of years, to refrain from all speech. Luxury, sensuality, and idleness were condemned in word, and a practice of severe application and rigid virtue marked out. The highest knowledge was sought to be communicated, healthful recreations for mind and body were provided, music and geometry were taught as sister sciences, and to these were added the distinctively moral and religious teachings of the great philosopher which had reference to the doctrines of the spirit existence, metempsychosis, moral accountability, and the reciprocal duties of human life. A society placed on such a foundation and having so able and zealous a head could but prosper, and we are not surprised, therefore, to learn that the Pythagorean system and brotherhood made rapid increase in members and resources, that it lasted for generations, during which its influence was felt in the progress of civilization and in the intellectual and moral development of Greece and Italy.

As we study the past to gleam what information we can of the great Samian philosopher and his work, we can but be interested in what this large-hearted and pure-minded teacher accomplished by means of the secret society which he formed. He could hardly have done as much had he not separated the few from the many, joining them in a close brotherhood, giving to them a symbolic system and a code of signs by which they could easily recognize each other whenever and wherever they met.—*Repository.*

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

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THE WOOD MS.

THE MS. of which we give the following representation, "verbatim et literatim," though not in "fac-simile," which was impossible, is a very curious MS., for various reasons. It is written on parchment, with partially illuminated letters here and there, and said to be "translated."

The "Finis de Tabula" at the end of the index, for it has also an index, is, according to the view of some, most "archaic," and may refer to a copy two hundred years old, and the MS. therefore deserves careful noting and perusal by all Masonic students.

The Constitutiones of Masonrye.

Wherein is briefely declared, the first foundation of divers Sciences, And principally the Science of Masonrye. With divers good Rules, orders and precepts, Necessary to be observed of all Masons.

Psalm 127.—Except the Lord doe build the house: his labourc is loste that buildes it.

Newlye Translated by J. Whitestones for John Sargensonne. 1610.

The Constitutions of Masonrye.

The mighte of the father of heaven, with the wisdome of the glorious sonne, throughe the grace of the holie ghoste, three persons and one god be with us at our beginninge, and give us grace to governe us here in this life, that we may come to his blsse that never shall have end. Good brethern and fellowes, our purpose is to declare to you, how and in what manner this worthie Science of Masonrie was begun, and afterwards how it was founded by worthie kinges, and princes, and divers other worshipfull men.

And also to them that be heare we will declare the charges that belongeth to every true Mason to keepe. Therefore take good heede; it is well worthie te be well kept for a good Crafte and curious Science, for there be 7 Liberall Scyences, of the which this is one of them. And theis be theire names hereafter followinge:

The first is Gramer, which teacheth a man to speake trulie, and to write trulie.

The second is Rethoricke, which teacheth a man to speake faire in subtill termes.

The third is Logicke, which teacheth a man to discerne or know truth from falsehood.

The fourth is Arithmetick, which teacheth a man to Reccon and accoumpt all manner of numbers.

The fifte is called Geometrye, which teacheth a man to Meate and Measure the Earth and all other thinges, the which Science is also called Masonrie.

The sixte Science is called Musick, which teacheth a man the craft of songe and voyce of tongue, organ, Harpe, and trumpett.

The seaventh Science is called Astronomie, which teacheth a man to know the course of the son and Moone, and Moone and starrs.

Theis be the 7 liberall Sciences, the which are all found by one Scyence, (that is to say) by Geometrie.

For it is knowne that all Mett and Measures, Ponderacons and waights of all maner of thinges in earth, for theare is no man that worketh any Crafte, but he worketh by some Mette or Measure. Nor no man that buyeth or selleth but by some measure or some waighte, but all is don by Geometrye. Thus Marchanntes and crafts men and all other of the seaven Sciences, and especiallie the Ploughman and tiller of all maner of groundes, or Deedes or Letters of others fruites.

For Gramer, nor Arithmetick, nor Astronomye, nor any of all the other 7 Sciences, can any man find Meytt or Measure without Geometrye.

Wherefore we thinke that the science of Geometrye is moste worthiest that findeth all other Scyences.

How this worthie Science was first began we shall yon tell. Before Noe's flood, there was a man that was called Lamech, as it is written in the Bible, in the 4 Chapter of Genesis.

This Lamech had two wives, the one called Ada, and the other called Zilla.

By the first wife he begat two sonnes, the one called Jabal, and the other Juball. And by his other wife he gat a sonne and a Daughter. These 4 children found the beginninge of all the Crafts in the World.

The eldest sonne Jabal found the Craft of Geometrye. And he devided the flockes of sheepe and Landes in the feild. And first wrought houses of stone and of trees, as it is noted in the chapter above said. And his brother Juball found the Craft of Musick, songe of Tongue, Harpe, and Organ.

The third brother of Jubalkaine found the Craft of Smithes, of golde, silver, Copper, Brasse, Iron, and Steele.

And his sister Naamah founde the crafte of weavinge. These 4 children knew well that God would take vengeance for sinne either by water or by fyer.

Wherefore they wrote the Scyences which they had found in two pillers of stone, that the Sciences might be found after Noahe's Flood.

One of the pillers of stone was of Marble, which would not burne with any fier.

And the other piller of stone was of the stone called Laterns, which would not disolve, sinke, or be drowned in any water.

Our intent is to declare unto you truly how and in what manner these Pillers of Stone (before declared) were first found where in the sciences (before mentioned) were written.

The great Hermerius, which was Cush his son, the which Cush was Sem his sonne, the which Sem was Noah his sonne.

The said Hermerius was afterwards called Hermes, who was the father of the wise men.

The which said Hermes founded one of the saide Pillers of stone, in the which stone he found the Sciences written.

And the said Hermes taught the said Scyences unto men at the makinge or buildinge of the Tower of Babilon, thus was the Science of Masonrie first found and very much estemed.

The Kinge of Babilon, whose name was Nemrod, was a Mason himselfe, and loved the Scyence of Masonrye, as is declared by the Maisters of the Histories that when the Cittye of Nynivey and other citties of the East should

be builded, Nymrod, the King of Bablon, sent thither 60 Masons at the Rogation of the King of Nynivey, his coosen.

And when the Kinge of Babilon sent the 60 Masons forth he gave them a charge one this manner which was as followeth:

First, that they should be true each one to other.

Secondly, that they love truly together.

Thirdly, that they should serve theis Lord trulie for his pay that the Kinge of Babilon might receive homage for sending them to the King of Ninivie.

Divers other charges the Kinge of Babilon gave unto the said Masons.

This was the first tyme that ever any Mason had any charge concerninge his Science.

Moreover when Abraham and Sarah his wife went into Ægipte, there he taught the 7 Sciences to the Ægiptians. And Abraham had there a worthie Scholler called Euclid, who was singuler well learned, and was a Maister of all the 7 Sciences.

In his dayes the Lords and states of the Realme had so manie sonnes whom they had gotten, some by their wives, and some by other Ladies of the Realme, for that Land is a hotte Lande, and replenished with generation, so that they had not competent livinge to maintayne theire children withall.

Wherefore they made much care (and then the king of that Land held a great Councell and Parliament to wit) to enquire how they might finde their children, but they could find no good way.

Then Proclamation was made made throughout all the Lande and Realme which was That if there were anye man that could informe them that he should come unto the Kinge, and he should be so well rewarded for his travell as he should be well pleased.

After this Proclamation was made, then came this worthie scholler Euclid, who said unto the King and to all his great Lords of the Realme, yf you will let me have your Children to governe and to teach they sciences wherewith they might live like Gentlemen.

Upon condition that the Kinge and his Counsell would graunt him a Commission that he might have power and authoritie to rule them, after the manner that the science ought to be ruled.

Then the Kinge and all his Councell granted him a Commission and sealed it.

And then this worthy Docter Euclide took these Lords' sons and taught them the science of Geometrie by practise, to worke in stones all manner of worthie workes that belonged to the buildinge of Churches, Temples, Courtes, Castells, Towers, Mannors, and all manner of other Buildinges.

Then he gave to them straight charge on this manner followinge.

1. First that they should be true to the Kinge, and to the Lords whome they served.

2. That they should love well together.

3. That they should be true eche one to other.

4. That they should call eche other his fellow, and not his servant, ne his knave, nor any other evill name.

5. That that they should truly serve their Lord or Maister for theire paye, whome they served.

6. That they should ordaine, appointe, and chose the wisest of them to be the Masiter of the Lord's worke, and no other, neither for love, Lyneage, riches, nor favour to ordaine or appoynt another (that hath little cunninge or experience) to be Maister of their Lord's worke, whereby theire Lord should be evill served and themselves ashamed.

7. That they should call their governoure of theire worke theire Maister, duringe the tyme that they worke with him.

8. That they should assemble once everye yeare to devise how they should

worke best to serve theire Lorde for his profitt, and theire worship or creditte.

9. That they should correcte him that hath trespassed againste the science.

Divers other moe Charges Euclid gave them, which would be to tedious to recite.

And to all these 9 Charges he made them to sweare a great oathe, which men used to sweare in those dayes.

And he ordayned for them reasonable wages by which they might honestly live.

Thus was the Science of Geometrye grounded, whereby that worthie Scholler and excelent Mason. Euclid gave it the name of Geometrye, and now it is called throughout all the Realme Masonrye.

Sithence longe after when the children of Israell were come into the Land behest, which now is called amonge us the contrye of Jerusalem.

Kinge David began to builde the Temple of Jerusalem, that now is with them Templum domini, and is named with us the Temple of Jerusalem.

The same tyme Kinge David loved Masons well, and cherished them much, and gave them good pay, and he gave them the Charges, as they had in Egipte given them by Euclid.

Other Charges moe he gave them, which hereafter followeth.

After the decease of Kinge David, Solomon, who was kinge, David his sonne, performed the finishinge of the Temple, which David his father had begon to builde.

And then Salomon sent for workemen into divers Contries and lands, and gathered them together so that he had 80,000 workemen of stones, who weare all named Masons, and 70,000 who bare burdens, 3600 to be Maisters and Governors of his work.

There was a kinge of a Northan Region, called Iram, who loved well Kinge Salomon, and gave him Tymber to finishe his worke.

The same Iram had a sonne called Aymon, who was Maister of Geometrie, and chiefe Maister of all his Masons, and was Maister of all his gravinge, and carvinge worke, and of all other manner Masonrie worke that belonged to the Temple, as is mentioned in the Bible in the Fourth Booke of the Kinges, and in the third Chapter.

The said Kinge Salomon confirmed both the Charges that his father, King David, had given to Masons, and thus was that worthie scyence of Masonrye confirmed in the Contrie of Jerusalem and in divers other kingdomes.

Then curious workemen walkeinge about into divers Countries, some because of learninge more experience in their science, and some to teach their Science to others.

So it befell that theare was one curious Mason called Naymus Grecus, who had bene at the buildinge of Sallomon's Temple, came into Fraunce, and there he taught the science of Masonrie to men of Fraunce.

And there was one of Regall Lyne of Fraunce, Charles Marrill, who loved well the science of Masonry.

Then came to him the said Naymus Grecus, and taught him the science of Masonrie, and took upon him the Charges.

Afterwardes by the grace of God he was elected to be kinge of Fraunce.

He being in his estate he tooke to him many Masons, and he made many men Masons that were not before, and sette them on worke.

He gave them both Charges, and manners, and good paye, which he had learned of other Masons.

The said Kinge of France confirmed the Masons a charter from yerre to yeare to hold there Semblie or Councell, cherished them much.

Thus the science of Masonry came first into France and England, and from his time unto the time of Albon, it stood voyd for any Charges of Masonrye.

In Albone's tyme the Kinge of England who was a Pagan, walled a towne called Saint Albones.

The said Albon was a worthie Knight, and was cheife Steward of the King's Realme, and also of the buildinge of the towne walles of Saint Albones.

The said Albon loved Masons well, and cherished them much.

Also the said Albon made the Mason's wages three shillings and five pence a weeke standinge or continuallye (as the Realme did then) for their duable wages.

Before which time throughout the land a Mason tooke but a penny a daye, and meate and drinke, untill that St. Albon mended theire wages, and gave them a Charter from the Kinge and his Counsell, to hold a generall councell, and gave it the name of an Assemblye, and theareat he was himselfe, and gave them Charges and Orders to be observed amongst them as hereafter followeth.

Presentlye after the death of St. Albon theare insued divers warrs within the Realme of England throughout divers Nations, so that the good science of Masonry was destroyed unto the tyme of Kinge Adellstone his dayes who was a worthie kinge of England, and subdued the Land, and governed it in peace.

The same King Adelstone builded many great workes, as Abbeys, Castells, Towers, and divers other buildings. He loved Masons well.

The same Kinge Adelstone had a sonne called Edwyn, who loved Masons much more than his father, wherefore his father perswaded him to comune with Masons (because he was a great practiser in Geometrie), and to learne of them their science.

Afterward for love he had to Masons and to theire science was made Mason himselfe.

The aforesaid Edwin obtained of King Adelston his father a Charter, and a Commission to hold everye yeare an Assemblye or Councell, whearesoever himselfe with the Masones would, within the Realme of England, to ordayne and make statutes within themselves, and to correcte trespasses which weare comytted by any man within theire scyence.

And the said Edwyn held asemblye or counsell himselfe at Yorke and there he made Masones and gave them Charges and taught them the order of Masones, and commaunded them that those orders should be holden for ever after.

And then the said Edwyn delivered to the Masons the said Charters and Comysions and made ordinances that should be observed and kepte from Kinge to Kinge to be renewed.

When this Semblye was gathered together the saye Edwyn caused proclamation to be made which was as followeth

If theare be any old or young Masons that hath any writeinges or understandinge of the Charges or Orders that weare made before in this Land or in any other Land that they should shewe them forth.

And then theare was found some writinges in frenche, some in Greeke and in Englishe, and some in other Languages, and the intent of them was found all one.

Then the said Edwyn caused a Booke of Orders to be made for the Masons, and how the scyence was founded, who commanded that the said booke should be read when any Mason should be made, and by the said booke to give and declare unto him charges and orders, and from that day unto this day and tyme, the orders of Masonrye hath beene observed and kept, and in that forme and maner governed as the Science required.

Furthermore at divers Assemblies or Counsels holden by the Masons, theare hath been added divers Charges or Orders more, by the best advise of Charters to be observed amonge the Masons.

Tunc unus ex senioribus teneat libram, et tunc precepta debeat Segi. That

is to saye, then one of the Elders holdeth the booke, and then the precepts ought to be read.

Therefore let everie man that is a Mason take heede that he observe, performe, fullfill and keep theis Charges and Orders, yf he find himselfe guiltie in any one of them that he amend and reforme himselfe therein, for it is a great offence to God for a man to sweare himselfe.

The first order to be observed by the Masons as followeth:

1. That they shall be true to God and his holy Church.

2. That they commit no Error, no heresie in their understanding or interpreting the Scriptures.

3. That they shal be true subjects to their prince, nor conspire, or comytt any maner of treason against theire prince, and counsell, or State of the Realme. Neither that they, the said Masons, nor any one or some of them shall know any Traytor or Treason intended to be conspired against their Prince, his Crowne and dignitie, or Councell, and State of the Realme, but that he, or his, or they shall forth with presently reveal ye same.

4. That they be true everie one to another (that is to say) that everie Maister, Governor, and fellowe of the Science of Masonrie, who are Masons allowed, that they doe to their Maister, Governor, or Overseers of their Science as they would they should doe to them.

5. That every Mason keepe secret any good directions in their science given by their Maister, or Governor of their Science, whether it be in their lodginge, or in their chamber, and also that they keepe secret all other counsells which ought to be kept concerninge theire Science.

6. That no Mason committe any fellonie.

7. That everie Mason be true to their Lord or Maister whom they shall serve and trulye to serve him in his profitt and advantage.

8. That everie Mason do call one another Brethren and fellowes, and not any other evil name.

9. That no Mason covet nor desire his brothers, or fellowes wife, his Daughter, or his Maide servant contrarie to the 7th commandment.

10. That every Mason doe justlie and trulie paye for theire Dyett and lodginge, wheresoever they sojourne or bourde.

11. That no Mason comitt any theffte or fellonye within or without the house wherein they shall sojourne or bourde, whereby their Science might be disgraced or discredited.

Theise are the 11 specall Charges or Rules, or Orders which every Mason ought justly and truly to observe, performe, fullfill, and keepe.

Here followeth Divers other Charges Rules or Orders to be observed performed fullfilled and kept by the Masters Governors, and Apprentices of the Science of Masonry.

1. First that no Maister shall take uppon him any Lords worke neither any other Mans worke, except he know himselfe well able, and sufficiente in estate, and experience, or skill to performe the same, so that the Lorde maye be well and trulie served to the creditt of theire Science.

2. That no Maister of Masonrye take any manner of worke, excepte he take it at a reasonable Rate whereby the Lorde may be well and trulye served with his owne goods, and that the Maister of the worke may thereby be well able truly to pay his fellows theire wages, and himselfe may liue thereby honestly to mainetaine his familie as the Science requireth.

3. That no Maister or brother of the Scene of Masonrye doe take, or put any Maister or brother of his Science out of any manner of worke which he hath taken before to doe, except the Maister of the Science find him not able or sufficiente of Skill or experience to performe or finist it.

4. That no Maister or brother of the Science of Masonry shall take any one apprentice for any lesse terme then 7 yeares, and that he be one that is not base of birth, but righte and sounde of his lymmes.

5. That no Mason take any allowance to be made Mason without the assent or consent of 6 or 7 of his bretheren of the said Science.

6. That he that is to be made Mason be well able, and of good degree (that is to say) that he be of good birth, true, free borne, and no bondman, that he be righte and sounde of his lymmes as a man ought to bee.

7. That no man take any Prentice, except he have sufficient worke ynoughe to employe one, twoe or three fellowes vppon, at the leaste.

8. That no Maister nor brother of the Science of Masonrye put any Lords or other mans worke to taske which was wonte to be journey work.

9. That every Maister shall give no more wages to any of their bretheren then they shall deserve that the Maister of the work be not deceaved with false workemen.

10. That no Mason or brother of the Science doe slander one another behinde theire backes wherby they might cause one another to loose theire good names or wordly substance to their hindrance.

11. That none of the bretheren of the Science of Masonry, within the place or house where they lodge, or without, shall use any manner of ungodly speeches, one to another, whereby quarrels might arise, except there be reasonable cause.

12. That everye Mason shall reverence and yeeld worshippe to their elder, or Governoure.

13. That no Mason shall use to play at any unlawfull games wheereby theyre scyence should be discredited.

14. That no Mason shalle use any Ribalde talke, whearby the Science mighe receive disgrace or dicredite.

15. That no Mason walk abroad in the night from his lodging except one or two of his bretheren or fellowes goe with him, that they may testifie that he was in no evill companie.

16. That every Maister and theire brethren shall come to the Assembly of the Massons if it be holden within 50 Miles compas of his or theire dwellinge, if he or they have any warninge sufficiente, at which assembly, whosoever hath trespassed against his brother, of his scyence, that then they shall stand and abide such an awarde as theire Maister and brethren shall theare determin and sett downe to make them accord and agree, yf they cannot make an accorde or agreement betweene them, then to leave them to goe to the comon lawe.

17. That no Masone shall make any Mowlds or Squyers or Rules for any Layer.

18. That no Masone sett any Layer on worke within the Lodge or without to have Mowlde stones, with any Mowlds of his owne makinge.

19. That every Mason shall receave and cherish strange Masons who travell abroade into divers contries to seeke for worke, and to sett them on worke accordinge as theire science requireth (that is to say) yf he have Mowlde Stones readie he shall sett him in worke a fortnight at the leaste and paye him his wages truely, and yf there be no stones to sett the strange Masons on worke then the saide Maister of the science of Masonrie shall releive the stranger Mason with money to bring him to the next Lodge.

20. That everye Masone make an ende of any manner of worke which he hath taken to doe, be it Taske or Journey worke and finish it if he be well assured of his paye, which he ought to have by agreement.

These 20 Precepts, Rules, or Orders and everye one of the other precepts or orders before in this present booke prescribed which belongeth to the Science of Masonrye, whatsoever, Everye Mason shall well and truely observe, performe, fulfill and keepe to his or their power so god him helpe.

THE SO-CALLED EXPOSURE OF FREEMASONRY.

IT may interest your readers, perhaps, if I endeavour to show, within the limits of discreet publication, how far the "interesting find" I made some time since in the Guildhall Library agrees with "A Mason's Examination," as furnished to the *Freemason* early in the course of last month by Bro. Gould. The latter would seem to have been, so he says, the earliest of such exposures, and was published early in the year 1723, while that in the Guildhall Library bears date the 6th August, 1730. The former has an introduction which is in the highest degree complimentary to the Society of Freemasons, and then very justly stigmatizes the exposure which follows as the work of one of those "mean wretches" who "have of late studied a thousand practices to bring this Worshipful Society into contempt and obloquy." A few lines further on it describes them as "the persons who trump up many foolish and idle signs, gestures, and practices, and vouch them for the very basis and ground plot of Freemasonry." It speaks of the "sample of their malice,"and which they pretend was left in writing by a fellow Mason lately deceased, as being, "in very truth," a mere "senseless pasquinade," and highly derogatory to the honour of the whole body and each worshipful Fellow." The Guildhall broadside is entitled "The Parish Signs and Wonders of a Free-mason; with their Ways of Admitance and Entrance; being found in the Cabinet of M. S., a Brother Deceas'd, the 6th of August, 1730: likewise their Oath, and by what means they know a Brother, &c." Thus, in respect of the source whence it is supposed to have been obtained, what for the sake of brevity I will describe as "my" exposure bears a very close resemblance to that of Bro. Gould.

But though, in many respects, this close resemblance is maintained, and they both contain the references on which Bro. Gould so justly lays a stress, there are, in other respects, many noteworthy divergences: for instance, that portion of Bro. Gould's which forms a kind of preface to the catechism, beginning "When a Free Mason is enter'd" down to "challenge you" is wanting in mine, though the supposed matter of the oath is given in greater detail towards the end of the 1730 broadside. There is nothing at all in mine about "a thousand different positions and grimaces," or "the word Maughbin," but "Boaz and Jachin" are both referred to, as indeed they are in Bro. Gould's.

The 1730 Catechism begins in a somewhat similar manner to the 1723; but in the answer to the question "How shall I know you are a Mason?" nothing is said of the kitchen and hall. The question "What is the first point of your entrance?" and the two instructions which follow, do not occur in mine. In their stead are the four questions, "How was you made?" "Give me a sign," "Give me a letter," and "Give me another." The answer to the first accords very closely with that to a somewhat similar question in the French Ritual, as it was some fifty years ago, and as, for aught I know to the contrary, it may be now. The answer to the second is, "Every square is a sign; but the most solemn is, the right hand on the left breast, the arm hanging down, a little extended from the body." Of the answers to the other two questions, it is unnecessary to say more than that directions are given as to the manner in which they should be framed, the additional information being vouchsafed to the effect that the words are scriptural, and will be found in I. Kings vii., 21, as the names of the "Pillars in Solomon's Porch." There is, however, a marked divergence in the answers to the question "What lodge are you of?" and "To what lodge do you belong?" To the former, which is in Bro. Gould's, the reply is, "I am of the Lodge of St. Stephen's;" to the latter, which is in

swered 'No.' Upon which he let me pass by him into a dark entrance; there mine, it reads, "The Holy Lodge of St. John." Though most of us are aware that the latter is oftentimes introduced in connection with Freemasonry, the association with it of the former is apparently not so capable of explanation; unless its introduction into this exposure is to be accounted for by the fertile imagination of the author of this "senseless pasquinade." Passing on, I note two questions in mine which are not in Bro. Gould's, namely, as to the position of the said Lodge of St. John, and as to when the catechist was entered. Instead, in Bro. Gould's version, the question "What lodge are you of?" is immediately followed by a request for a definition of a just and perfect lodge, the answers being identical in both, save that in mine no mention is made of the "five apprentices," nor is there a "N.B." to the effect that "one of them must be a working Mason." The omission of the latter is perhaps the more remarkable, as the working Mason is more likely to have been referred to in the earlier than in the later year.

The questions that follow, namely, "Where was you made?" with its answer, "In the Valley of Jehosophat," etc.; "Where was the first lodge?" and "How many orders be there in architecture?" with their respective answers, agree in both versions; but as to the next, which relates to the points in fellowship, the answer in Bro. Gould's is "six," "tongue to tongue" being one of them; but in mine the number is given as "five" only, the tongue point being the absentee. As to the place of Masons in their work, in Bro. Gould's this is said to be for "The Master S.E., the Wardens N.E., and the Fellows Eastern Passage;" in mine "The Master's place East, the Wardens East, and the Fellows the Eastern Passage." Again, as to the number of jewels in Masonry; this, in Bro. Gould's, is set down as "four: square, astler, diamond, and common square;" and there are said to be three lights, "The Master, Warden, and Fellows;" but in mine, I read one question only, "How many precious jewels be there in Masonry?" to which answer is given "three: the Master, Warden, and Fellows." The next questions, from "Whence comes the pattern of the Arch?" down to "Where does the Master place his mark on the work?" are found in both, except that which asks for a definition of the "key" to a lodge, which is not in the later or 1730 Catechism. The answers, likewise, are nearly alike, save that in fixing the locality of the lodge key, the second part of the answer reads in Bro. Gould's "or under the lap of my liver, where the secrets of my heart are not;" while in mine the word "not" does not appear; while, as to the "key of the Working Lodge," the concluding words in the answer in Bro. Gould's are "under a green turf and one square," in mine, "under a green turf or under a square astler."

The catechitical portion of the 1723 "exposure" ends with the question as to whereabouts the Master Mason sets his mark upon the work, but in that of 1730 this form of examination is continued to the end, with directions and explanations interpolated where the author thought them necessary. Thus, the paragraphs in the former explaining how you may recognize an "Entered Apprentice" by reference to the "kitchen," and an "Entered Fellow" by mentioning the "hall," are put in the form of question and answer; in the latter the answer to the "Hall" being stated as a means for recognising a "brother Mason," the term "Ent'red Fellow" not being used. There is also the question "How old are you?" with directions for a particular answer to be given, according to the degree a brother may have taken. Here, also, occur the reference to having "pass'd the Master's part," until it is pointed out that a brother is "only an Enter'd Apprentice." A note is added: "There is not one Mason in an hundred that will be at the expense to pass the Master's part, except it be for interest." Following this in mine is the question "How was you admitted?" the answer to which begins thus: "When I came to the first door, a man with a drawn sword asked me if I had any weapons. I an-

two Wardens took me under each arm and conducted me from darkness into light, passing through two rows of the Brotherhood, who stood mute, to the upper end of the room, from whence the Master went down the outside of one of the rows, and touching a young Brother on the shoulder, said, 'Who have we here?' to which he answered, 'A gentleman who desires to be admitted a member of this Society.' Upon which he came up again, and asked me, if I came there thro' my own desire or at the request or desire of another? I said my own. He then told me, if I would become a brother of their Society I must take the oath administered on that occasion." Then follows a description of the manner in which the ceremony was supposed to have been carried on and "the purport"—so far as the writer's memory serves him—of the oath that was said to have been administered, and an explanation of the word "cloathing." Two more questions, with notes appended, complete the catechism, the first enquiring how the Master was clothed, the answer being "In a yellow jacket and blue pair of breeches," and the other as to what the candidate was doing "while the oath was tendering." As to the modes of recognition which form the concluding portion of Bro. Gould's version, these are wanting in mine, while a part of what I have been latterly describing is referred to in his introduction.

This completes the list of the points of agreement and divergence as between these two "exposures," and show, as Bro. Gould has said, that there is a strong "family likeness" to each other.

G. B. A.

FREEMASONS AND NIHILISTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

A FOOLISH French writer has recently amused himself by asserting that "Freemasons are Nihilists, and Nihilists Freemasons;" that in fact they are a "secret society conspiring against order, society, and theories," etc. Indeed, there is no crime with which such just and accurate writers do not credit Freemasons and Freemasonry. As Freemasonry proper, and as Freemasons in Great Britain, in its Colonies, and its Dependencies, and Canada, or India, and at the Antipodes, as well as in the United States, constitute preeminently a peaceful, and a loyal body, obeying law hostile to all "plots and conspiracies against the State," never mixing up in political movements or watchwords of any kind, one is at a loss at first to understand why such charges should be recklessly asserted in 1881, or invidiously persisted in when the answer is clear and ready to hand, so to say, and when, as all experience tells us, they are deliberately false. I have thought it well, therefore, to try and point out, moderately I hope, justly I trust, in this paper, why it is that our loyal, and peaceable, and orderly Fraternity is still mentioned ignominiously in the same breath as Nihilists, Carbonari, and the Abe.

It is possible, I admit, that something in respect of this evident delusion on the part of some writers may be set down to the rash words and untoward deeds of some sections of foreign Freemasons. People read violent speeches, hear of extraordinary movements, and not discriminating, and going as they

say "from a particular to an universal," at once dub all Freemasons Atheists, Revolutionists, and Nihilists; because forsooth, certain sections of the family of Freemasonry have separated from the "parent stock," and have shown themselves to be both very silly and very un-Masonic in idle utterances or hurtful positions. A good deal of the common prejudice against Freemasonry may be attributed fairly enough to the isolated acts of individuals, to proclamations, and resolutions, which only have a local, not a general importance, and to inflated views on the one hand of what Freemasonry is, and unsafe dogmata on the other of what Freemasonry is not. But it is the Roman Church, after all, that we still have to thank, as ever, for a most untrue, most uncharitable representation of what Freemasonry is, wishes, teaches, and intends. Wherever the Roman Catholic Church is powerful and aggressive, there Freemasonry finds many opponents and has to meet countless libels. From 1738, when the first Bull of Clement appeared, down to the last allocution of Pio Nono, or the last address of Cardinal Manning, Freemasonry is condemned, unheard and on grounds which are altogether untenable and untrue.

The original condemnation of Masonry, remember, was based on three facts, (*a*), that Roman Catholics and Protestants venture to meet together; (*b*), that they did not teach Roman Catholicism, but a "sort of natural religion;" (*c*), that they were a "secret society," hostile to all religion, law, and morality.

For these three reasons the Society was placed under a "perpetual interdict," not to be removed. All the rites of the Church were to be denied to Roman Catholic Freemasons, their houses were to be destroyed, they themselves arrested and handed over to the Secular arm, and if any one harboured lodges or Masons they were to be heavily fined and imprisoned, and punished also by the Inquisition. Such is the "key note" of all the Roman Catholic ideas of Freemasonry, and the uncharitable utterances of the first Bull have never been recalled, are still valid for Roman Catholics, and have borne a bitter fruit.

Many Roman Catholics are Freemasons, many Roman Catholic priests do not approve of the position of the Church of Rome in this respect; but such is the power of caste and prejudice that to this very hour these foolish views prevail officially where ever Rome bears sway, with this addition, that Freemasons are dubbed Revolutionists, Destructives, Atheists, and Nihilists. Now, as I said before, foreign Freemasons must defend themselves, we cannot do so. Their foolish speeches and their unwise acts have often alienated friendly rulers, and increased the irritation of hostile ones, while they have given point and lent a "virus" to the libellous statements of heated and unreasoning Ultramontane opponents.

We laugh at such things in England, because we know well their utter absurdity and their inherent falsity, but it has struck me that with this closing number of the eighth volume of "Maga" we may well reiterate our horror as Freemasons of all Nihilistic proceedings, pointing out their entire antagonism to every principle of Freemasonry, and at the same time avow openly and manfully the unchanged and unchanging loyalty of English Freemasons, and I will say the great Anglo-Saxon Brotherhood, to the laws and constitution of their native land, whatever the form of government may be.

Freemasonry knows nothing of "Revolutionism," or "civil discord," or "surreptitious plots," or "secret political societies." It ignores, disapproves of, and repudiates all such, whatever their names.

Freemasons constitute an orderly, peaceable, friendly, benevolent Brotherhood, intent on doing good and inculcating kindly feelings between man and man. They never approve of unjust wars or intestine convulsions, but are emphatically favourable to all those emotions and longings of the true patriot, who, objecting to acts which have a tendency to subvert the peace and good order of society, gives a strenuous support to lawful authority, and unceasingly advocates at all times, and under all circumstances, implicit obedience to the

laws of the land. Indeed, Freemasons go further, and pay faithful obedience to the law of any country where they only even temporarily reside. No body of men in the world, I make bold to say, has regarded with more absolute horror that late fearful crime at St. Petersburgh, which has convulsed the whole civilized world, than the Freemasons of this country, and, I believe, of all countries.

Here, happily, in this favoured land, loyalty has ever marked the progress of the Masonic body. Loyal to the throne, loyal to the Royal Family, and now loyal to the Grand Master, it is most emphatically, and I believe, nay, feel sure, ever will be, unless, indeed, a day should arrive, which, I hope, will *never* be the case, when Freemasons become abject apostates from their own great, and sacred, and ennobling principles.

MASONRY'S SEVEN AGES.

(After Shakespeare.)

THE Master, officers, and brethren, all are play'rs;
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one brother in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. First the Enter'd 'Prentice,
Enrapt in Masonry and all its charms.
And then the Craftsman with his working tools,
And shining ev'ning face, trudging to Lodge of Instruction,
Most willingly to school. And then the Master Mason,
In Masonry most earnest, with a tuneful ballad.
Made to his Master's installation. Then the Warden,
Full of great power, and speaking like a bard,
Jealous of his Lodge's honour, sudden and quick with gavel,
Seeking Mason's reputation
Ev'n in the Tyler's mouth. And then the W.M.,
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe, and jokes well dried and cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances:
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the honour'd and respected Past Master,
With spectacle on nose and jewel on side;
His Mason's clothes, well us'd, are now too wide
For his shrunk shank; and big, manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childhood and mere oblivion,
Sans *badge*, sans *jewel*, sans *collar*, sans everything.

THIS IS FREEMASONRY.*

BY BRO. TRENMOR COFFIN, GRAND ORATOR G.L. OF NEVADA.

HOWEVER great the benefits of Freemasonry are, it is far more than a benefit society; and I have been led to make some inquiry as to what man, or what set of men, were wise and large-hearted enough to originate such an institution.

The first impression made upon a Candidate by the initiatory ceremonies, and the Legend of the Craft, is that Masonry flourished, full-blown, under the patronage of King Solomon. But I am forced to conclude that such was not the case, and that Masonry, as we enjoy it, is a grand result never dreamed of by the toiling Craftsmen who first banded themselves together for mutual support, more in the nature of a trades' union, or mechanics' union, than the nature of a universal benevolent brotherhood. That many thoughtless, and not a few unworthy men, have found their way into the Society would be folly to deny; but this amounts to nothing more than a confession that Masonry is not exempt from the imperfections incident to every human society. Our ritual and symbols are full of allusions to the Jewish period of Biblical history, and, instead of inquiring into how these ceremonies were incorporated into our system, many take it for granted that we have received them as a direct legacy from King Solomon.

We are Speculative Masons, engaged in the erection of a spiritual temple, not made with hands, and, if we once fairly apprehend this idea, we shall see that nothing could have been found more fit, or could more strongly testify to the wisdom and piety of our forefathers in the Craft, than the choice of this sacred allegory. There were quasi Masonic societies in the early periods of the world's history, and frequent mention is made of them during the period of the Roman Empire. But they seem to have been in the nature of mechanics' unions, and the different societies had but little connection with each other. Upon the tombs of Roman Masons are found the compasses, square, plummet, and trowel, and, occasionally, a pair of shoes upon which lie the half-opened compasses.

It is, however, to the Masonic Guilds of Germany of about one thousand years ago, and to the English Masons of about three hundred years ago, that we seem to be indebted for Masonry as we now find it in all parts of the globe. The Roman Mason's duties and obligations were limited to his collegium, or as we call it, lodge. He had no pass-words or signs by which he could gain admission to a lodge on his travels. About the year 1000, a great impulse to the building of churches and cathedrals arose throughout Europe, and buildings which were the result of that impulse gave employment to large numbers of artificers for long periods. It was about this time that the idea of a universal brotherhood seems to have been conceived by Masons, and the word brother to have been first used among them. Masons—for at that time there were no Freemasons and no Accepted Masons—were divided into three classes: Apprentices, young men deemed worthy of admittance into the brotherhood; Fellow-Craftsmen, who had sufficiently advanced to be able to work alone on the details of building; and Masters, comparatively few in number, who were competent to undertake the direction of entire works in the capacity of architects, surveyors, and master builders. The Entered Apprentice was intrusted

* We publish this able paper, from the *Voice of Masonry*, in all reserve as to its theories, and will call attention to it in our next.

with a secret password and a sign, and bound, under oath, not to divulge the secrets of his art, or the rites and practices of his lodge. This method of secret recognition was a necessity in the absence of indentures and diplomas, and could be more safely guarded. Further credentials were also provided in the form of a set of questions and answers, forming a sort of catechism which was orally communicated, and by which the brothers, as they now called one another, could identify themselves when they might travel in search of employment. The German Masons seem to have been the first to travel in foreign countries, work and receive Masters' wages, etc. These catechisms are, in all essential points, preserved in the lectures of the three degrees of modern Freemasonry. At first, the lodges worked entirely independently of each other, under the direction of the clergy, in the building of churches and cathedrals. In the fifteenth century, however, the necessity of further union began to be felt, and the Masons of Southern and Central Germany met, revised and codified their regulations, united themselves into a single brotherhood, and declared the Chief of the Lodge at Strasburg Perpetual Grand Master, which seems to be the origin of Grand Lodges and Grand Masters. As the Masons became stronger and more united, they were enabled to throw off the yoke of the Catholic clergy and to assume the title of Freemasons, distinguished as companies of skilled artificers working under their own Masters, and lending theirservices upon their own terms to their clerical employers.

At an early period the German Masons, in their travels and work in foreign countries, introduced Free, Operative Masonry into England. In England, the name Freemason first occurs in a statute of Edward III., A.D. 1350. In the Constitution of the Court of Common Council of the City of London, A.D. 1376, we find, among the several trade guilds, the Masons sending four members and the Freemasons two, thus proving their mutual independence at that early period. Nothing further appears to change the general character of Freemasonry until after the period of the Reformation, when the impulse for church and cathedral building was on the wane, when Operative Masonry began to decline for want of work for the Craft. About the year A.D. 1600 Operative Freemasonry found a new field of labour, a new trestleboard of work laid out before it in England, in the revival of a general taste for art and architecture, which resulted in giving to the world the Free and Accepted Masonry as worked by the Craft of Nevada to-day upon this mountain, and by the Craft upon every mountain and plain upon the face of the civilized earth. At this time the English nobility and men of wealth began to vie with each other in their encouragement of architecture, and naturally became the patrons of Freemasonry, and noble, learned, and wealthy men were admitted into the Fraternity as a sort of associates or honorary members, or, as they were called by way of distinction, "Accepted Masons." Here began Speculative Masonry upon English soil, less than three hundred years ago. About A.D. 1700 Freemasonry declined in England, until, to prevent its total extinction, it was resolved "That the principles of Masonry should no longer be restricted to Operative Masons, but extended to men of every profession, provided they were regularly approved and admitted into the Order." "Here, then," to quote the words of Dr. Findel, the great historian of the Craft, "we are at the end of Ancient Masonry. The Operative Masons, who for a long time past had been decreasing in number, now acknowledged, by this resolution, that it was out of their power, as Operative Masons, to continue the existence of their fraternity any longer. They had fulfilled their mission by carefully preserving their ancient laws, traditions, and ceremonies, and transmitting them as a heritage to the Grand Lodge of England. . . . . The long-contemplated separation of Freemasons from the Operative Guilds was now speedily carried into effect, and the institution made rapid strides towards a complete and perfect transformation. From this material, slowly, surely, and regularly, prepared far back in the dim twilight of the Middle Ages, carefully cherished

and handed down to posterity by the old building associations of Germany and England, arose a new and beautiful erection. Modern Freemasonry was now to be taught as a spiritualizing art, and the Fraternity of Operative Masons was now exalted to a brotherhood of symbolical builders, who, in place of perishable temples, are engaged in the erection of one eternal, invisible temple of human hearts and minds."

After some preliminary negotiations, the four ancient lodges of London met and constituted themselves a Grand Lodge, and elected a Grand Master on St. John's Day, one hundred and sixty-two years ago. Among other resolutions carried at this meeting was one, that "with the exception of these four lodges which had met from time immemorial, every lodge to be afterwards convened should meet only in virtue of a Warrant, granted by the Grand Master, on petition, legally authorising the members to act as a lodge." And, to-day, these four lodges are the only lodges in the world meeting without a charter. Formerly a sufficient number of Masons, whenever and wherever they might see fit, might open a lodge and initiate new members, a custom which, however proper in the times when it was practised, would be open to great abuse in these days. From this time Freemasonry has continued to flourish in England, and was received back from England by Germany—where, in the meantime, the brotherhood of Operative Masons had become almost extinct—and has spread to every land known to civilization. We are indebted to the ancients, possibly to King Solomon, for Operative Masonry and architecture as a science; to the ancient Romans for an organized system of Operative Masons; to the Germans of the Middle Ages for a universal brotherhood of Free Operative Masons; and to the English for Free and Accepted Speculative Masonry, which to-day encircles the earth with a chain of benevolence and brotherly love.

In presenting these views and facts, I have not intended, nor been willing, to wantonly shake the faith of any brother in the legend of the Craft, that King Solomon organized and presided over a lodge similar to the lodges in which we now convene. But it rather gives me more pleasure to view Masonry as an institution that, in all ages, has adapted itself to the then better instincts and wants of men—an institution which, in all ages, has kept pace, and heart, and sympathy, with the progress of humanity. Freemasonry seems always to have grown more vigorously when it has, to some extent, been under the hand of oppression, or, at least, under the ban of popular opinion, or when, in some way, it cost a man something to be a Mason. Then not so many knocked for admission at the door of Masonry simply for the benefits they might derive from it—the "loaves and fishes." Then a greater proportion of the applicants came actuated by a desire, not only to enjoy Freemasonry themselves, but to have the good of the institution at heart, and to pass it down, not only unimpaired, but richer and purer for the enjoyment of those who came after.

It is a grave question, one that demands the earnest consideration of all true Masons, whether or no the institution, in the remarkable prosperity it has enjoyed in the last half century, is not gathering about it so much dead weight as to ultimately mar, if not ruin, the beauty of proportion and the solidity of structure of its ideal temple. This can be avoided only by a more honest, unprejudiced, and unsparing use of the black-ball; by a more honest appreciation, on the part of each and all of us, of the injunction of the Master to vote without fear, favour, or prejudice, but alone for the good of the Order. It cannot be too strongly insisted that Freemasonry is not a benefit society, as is often supposed by the uninitiated. A benefit society is an insurance office where a man pays stated sums, and in the event of certain contingencies, such as misfortune, sickness, or death, he, or his family, receives certain pecuniary assistance, which he claims as a matter of right, a kind of *quid pro quo*. All Masonic relief and assistance, on the contrary, is voluntary, is dependent on the merits of the particular case, is fixed in amount or character by no hard

or fast lines, is given silently and unostentatiously; is, in fact, charity in the purest import of the word. Says an an eminent Masonic writer: "It is impossible to estimate the true Masonic benefits. Patronage, customs, and acts of kindness and friendship have no ascertainable value, but moral support is no less real than pecuniary help, because it cannot be expressed in the form of a balance sheet, and secrecy is the very essence of Masonic charity, as it is of everything belonging to the Craft. Such, then, is Freemasonry. This Union of Unions, which joins all good men into one family, in which the principle of equality, together with that of brotherly love—that is, love for the human race—is the predominant one, and the end and aim of all its moral influence upon others. This is Freemasonry.

THE LESSON OF THE OBELISK.

An Interesting Chapter on Egypt.

MR. W. C. PRIME writes to the New York *Journal of Commerce* of the obelisk as follows:

I take no stock in the doctrine of some writers that objects like the obelisk are better left in their own countries. The interests of scholarship are better served by removing them. The unity of the human race is better taught by thus making the people of various lands and ages familiar by sight with the work of other men and other times. No possible object could be served by keeping this monolith in the place where a Roman put it long after it was first erected at Heliopolis.

It has been a restless stone. Quarried at Syene, floated to Heliopolis, again floated to Alexandria, and now again across the ocean to America, it will perhaps yet make the circuit of the world and return to Heliopolis before the old faith of the Egyptian becomes reality and he returns in the flesh to see his great works which he built for eternity.

I see that it is now making its slow progress through the streets of the city toward the park. It was cut out of that quarry at Es-Souan, the ancient Syene, at the first cataract of the Nile, some 3,400 years ago. If it was erected at Heliopolis by Thothmes III, that must have been toward B.C. 1500. The date is not certain. No Egyptologist pretends to fix it. Egyptian chronology is very much in the dark at earlier dates than B.C. 800.

Taking its commonly received history as true, it was moved by the quarrymen just about as far overland from the quarry to the Nile as it is now moving from the water to Central Park. If probably moved quite as fast, perhaps faster. From the monumental pictures of transported colossi we are led to suppose that such heavy weights were drawn on slides by brute force of thousands of men at the ropes. But it was down hill from the quarry to the river, and it is uphill work now. It was floated down the Nile some hundreds of miles, and probably by a short canal to Heliopolis, which was a city a few miles north of the site of modern Cairo. This city is supposed to be identical with On, and, though small, was a renowned seat of learning.

It did not stand, as some have supposed, on a plain. It is a matter of course that the temples of Heliopolis stood on elevated ground, and Strabo describes the city as so standing. The annual deposit of the Nile has raised the surrounding plain to a level above part of the ruins. The rise was not great, but sufficent to keep it above high Nile, and therefore at least fifteen or twenty feet above the plain of Egypt. With a companion obelisk on the other

side, this stood at the front of the temple, by the gateway; and between the two rosy monoliths the worshippers entered.

The obelisk in front of the temple at Luxor stood, and one now stands, on the summit of a low hill. The obelisk at Karnak stood inside the temple walls. There is no truth in the prevalent idea that obelisks should stand on plains. At Tanis (Zoan?), the city of obelisks, where fragments of ten or twelve remain in the ruins of one temple, it is probable that most of them stood within the temple courts. And it may be taken as certain that every temple obelisk in Egypt stood on a mound above the reach of high Nile at the time it was erected. Modern Egypt, after centuries of annual deposit of high Nile, is considerably above the level on which the ancient Egyptians lived.

They were a people of as great civilization as the world has since known. Probably in many respects their civilization was higher than ours. Elegance, refinement, splendour, characterised Heliopolis, and also Memphis, which lay some fifteen miles distant across the Nile. The people, rich and poor, were educated. The prevalence of sculptured and painted inscriptions on every wall and stone shows that the whole people were expected to read and appreciate them. We know that they had an extensive literature, historians, poets, philosophers. The profound mysteries of modern thought, the vagaries of modern metaphysics, the doctrines of the skeptics, the evolutionists, all had their day in Egypt. They have had their day about once in every four centuries, with such regularity that it is a wonder some one does not discover that philosophic science is like light and heat, undulatory—moving in regular waves over or in the intellects of man.

But Egyptian philosophy and faith never doubted that man derived his origin from God, never descended to find that origin among the beasts. They, like all other ancient civilizations, were proud to trace their ancestry up to the Divine. It was left for a later age of pigmies in philosophy to seek with human senses the formation out of matter of the immaterial and immortal, and to imagine their souls born in the brains of monkeys. Drifting away, age after age, from the primeval symplicity of monotheism, the Egyptian system of faith never to the death of the last Apis ceased to hold as its cardinal doctrine the supremacy of one God over all other gods, giver of all power and life to gods and to men.

Egypt had been settled, some centuries before the erection of this obelisk, by a colony who had come across the desert from Asia. The date of this settlement is still a subject of investigation. Egyptologists are the most modest and most judicious of all scientific workers. They argue in favour of their several theories, but they rarely insist that the theories are absolutely affirmed as truths. Of late years there has been a marked tendency on the part of those who held the extreme antiquity of the settlement to accept a less remote date. We no longer hear Bunsen's B.C. 20,000 even hinted at. The extremists now reckon the immigration under Misraim at about B.C. 5000, while a large body of careful students are assured that it was not so long ago as B.C. 3000.

Longer or shorter, Egypt had, in her isolated position, cut off by seas and deserts from the rest of the world, grown to be a peculiar people, with peculiar customs and habits, peculiar religion. Here we find the oldest records of human faith in God outside of the sacred record. Asia has no such antiquity of recorded history. India and China have fables of an heroic age, myths which are vague dreams like the Greek stories of Perseus and Herakles. These myths, like the Greek, do not profess to be connected with history until the time after this obelisk had been erected. Nowhere in the world are there any physical certainties proving human existence so old as in Egypt. Human arts are genealogical, and the genealogy carries us back in nearly all of them to or through Egypt. And among human inventions, many forms of religion and faiths are to be ranked as works of art—of men's device. Some ignorant

writers, looking no further back in history than to the barbarians of our own day, have talked about serpent worship and fetish worship as early, the earliest form of human religions. This is pure fancy, without basis in history. The oldest religion of which we have any record outside the Bible is Egyptian, and that religion was the religion of Enoch and Noah and Abraham, the worship of one God. There is no dispute among Egyptologists. Monotheism was the religion of young Egypt.

Nor did the one Supreme God ever leave the Egyptian Pantheon, over which he was always Lord. He was indeed known only to the most learned in the later ages, and the unity of all the deities as the mere developments of Him and His attributes was the mystery of the initiated. Nevertheless, he is as visibly recognised in Egyptian art as any deity whose statue has come down to us. The obelisk itself is a kind of Hieroglyph. Its sculptures, read by all the people, taught them to believe in Horus and the sun as givers of life and power. Thus on the obelisk erected by Thothmes III., and receiving additional sculptures from Rameses II., we have several long legends, ascribing the power of these monarchs to certain gods. The middle lines of the three perpendicular inscriptions on each side relate to Thothmes, the outer lines to Rameses. On one side the middle line is translated freely thus:

"The Horus, powerfull bull, crowned in Western Thebes, lord of diadems, whose kingdom is set as the sun in heaven, the Setting Sun Lord of Heliopolis, caused him, Thothmes, to be born. The gods gave him a home beautiful as their own, foreseeing that he would found a dominion, like the sun, for ages. He (is) King of Upper and Lower Egypt, Meokheperra (Thothmes); beloved of the Setting Sun, the great God and his surrounding Gods, giver of all life, stability and power, like the sun for ever."

The line at the left reads thus:

"The Horus, powerful bull, son of Kheper, King of Upper and Lower Egypt, sun-favored Usermara, the golden hawk, rich in years, greatest of the great, Rameses, beloved of Amon. He proceeded from the sun body, to take the crowns, to be sole lord, lord of the two countries sun-favored Usermara (Rameses) glory of Tum (the setting sun) like the sun."

The other inscriptions are of similar character. But while all, in mystic terms, relate to gods known to the people, in mystic terms, the four converging lines of the obelisk itself were pointing heavenward, toward the residence of the one God of the Egyptian fathers; and these lines were abruptly broken off, to signify that it was vain for human power to attempt to reach the spot where those converging lines would meet. This was the grand lesson of the obelisk. The same lesson is taught, less clearly, by modern church spires. It is the most important feature, the whole of the monolith. Wherever an obelisk stood, at Heliopolis, at Karnak, at Luxor, in the Fayoom, it taught the same truth. And it is not the least value which attaches to it in this youngest of countries that it is a monument of the oldest religion of our race, the worship of the one God whom Mariette-Bey, writing of the Egyptian religion, describes as "one only God, immortal, uncreated, invisible, and concealed in the inaccessible depths of His own being. He is the Creator of heaven and earth; He has made everything which exists, and nothing was made without Him."

To this God the obelisk pointed to all who approached the gate of the temple. To Him the grand court and assembly place of the people was open, roofless, for He could not be inclosed in walls. No image of Him was made. Only the obelisk directed the gaze of the worshipper upward to His far-off abode. Thither human thought could go; human art could not prevail to reach. The material could never be made to reach the immaterial. On the bank of the river of Asia the ancestors of the Egyptian had once essayed with brick to bridge the chasm from earth to heaven. The wiser descendants reared the granite monolith to teach for ever the lesson learned at Babel.

HISTORY OF THE AIREDALE LODGE, No. 387,

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

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

SECTION III.—1833 to 1863.

THE Lodge Three Graces, Haworth, No. 591, seems to have had a very precarious existence, and was again resuscitated on Sept. 2nd, 1833.

March 26th, 1834, William Brearey and Jonathan Walker "declared off," and on April 23rd, 1834, May, 1834, and September 17th, 1834 (the second-named being interesting and important is given below), the S.W. ruled the lodge in the absence of the W.M., Bro. Wm. Brearey, who appears to have made even a worse Master than Secretary, only filling the chair twice during his year of office.

This night, at a meeting held, following members were present:—Presiding, Bro. John Sutcliffe, W.M.; John Walker, S.W.; Wm. Whitwham, J.W.; J. Winterburn, P.M.; Jos. Bell, Treas.; W. Holmes, as Secy.; J. Hudson, S.D.; N. Walker, J.D.; Jas. Brown, I.G.; Josh. Walker, Tyler.

Having received a letter from the Grand Lodge concerning the members of this lodge being registered with the Clerk of the Peace, according to an Act of Parliament passed in the 39th year of the reign of George III., etc., etc., it was resolved that the whole list of members should not be registered that were returned to Grand Lodge, but only subscribing members. This meeting being in part appointed for the consideration and consultation of what was to be done with regard to brethren in arrears with their payments, it is now resolved that all the following members, not being in circumstances to pay, shall be set straight, that is to say, their respective accounts balanced up to this day, and that none but the brethren who are really present shall be considered as "Members" of the Airdale Lodge (this does not include those members who are not in arrears, viz.:—

* * * * * * * *

The business as above being gone through, Bro. John Beck wished to be no longer a member of this right worthy and respectable Lodge, and therefore declared off.

The year 1834 seems to have been an unsatisfactory one for the lodge generally, although there is no doubt whatever that the dormant energies of several of the old members were most vigorously aroused in consequence of its flagging condition; and not only did the Lodge receive ultimate benefit thereby, but it had the effect also of establishing the Royal Arch Chapter in the year following. The Chapter Moravia has always experienced one great difficulty, viz., that of obtaining high-class members; so that a death is severely felt. Often the working of the Chapter has been entirely suspended owing to such an unfortunate event.

The warrant is dated 4th February, 1835, and is as follows:—

Z.

Durham, D.G.M., H. Augustus F., G.M. J. Ramsbottom, J.

IN THE NAME THE GRAND ARCHITECT OF THE UNIVERSE.

△

To all the Enlightened OUR Brethren of the several DEGREES of the Royal Craft, but more especially those Citizens of the World and Servants of the OMNIPOTENT, who have been or hereafter may be honoured by Exaltation to our Sublime Degree.

HEALTH PEACE. GOODWILL.

△ Be it known that our excellent companions, Joseph Walker, Z., John Walker Senior, H., John Walker Junior, J., Wainman Holmes, William Whitwham, William Fox, Joseph Murgatroyd, Hugh Heaton, Thomas Lund, and others, having made known to OUR SUPREME GRAND CHAPTER their desire of holding a CHAPTER OF OUR ORDER for the cultivation of this Grand and Universal Science in Hopes thereby the more to extend their Aid to and promote the Happiness of all our Brethren and link Mankind together by indissoluble Bonds of Friendship, Peace, and Harmony. And that our Grand Chapter, having taken their Petition into consideration, and finding it concordant with our Grand System of Universal Benevolence WE DO HEREBY with the consent of our said Grand Chapter grant unto the said Companions this our CHARTER OF CONSTITUTION, to be held with and attached to the Warrant of the Lodge No. 543, called— △

THE AIRDALE LODGE,

with full Power for them, their Companions and Successors to open and hold a Chapter of Our Order at the Malt Shovel Inn, Baildon, Yorkshire, or at such other Place, and at such Time as Our said Companions and their Successors shall, with the consent of US and OUR Successors, Grand Officers for the time being, think meet. The first Chapter to be opened on Monday, the twenty-eighth day of December, now next ensuing, by the title of

THE CHAPTER OF MORAVIA,

with such Privileges, Powers, and Immunities as do of Right belong to regular established Chapters and Companions of OUR said Most Excellent Order, subject, nevertheless, to the General Laws and Ordinances already, or to be hereafter enacted by Our Most Excellent, Grand and Royal Chapter.

Given at London, under our Hands and the Seal of Our Grand and Royal Chapter this 4th day of February, A.L. 5835. A.D. 1835.

WILLIAM H. WHITE, E. EDWD. S. HARPER, N.

Seal.

The three Principals named in the warrant, with Comp. Wainman Holmes, as S.E., were re-elected April 2nd, 1836, but the Chapter, strange to say, was dormant until May 3rd, 1847.

On January 14th, 1835, "Bro. John Beck, Bro. Wm. Brearey, and Bro. John Walker, senr., were again proposed to become members of this Lodge and admitted."

On May 15th, 1835, "Bro. W. Holmes then proposed that the Treasurer lent Bro. ——— £2 (two pounds) out of the Lodge funds, which being agreed upon, was accordingly so done."

On June 1st, 1835, "The Lodge was opened in the different degrees of Craft Masonry, and instruction given to the members by the W.M. and his assistants," no doubt to the perfect satisfaction of all present. "On account of this meeting being held on the Sunday night," it was "conducted accordingly and closed in due form." The Integrity Lodge, Morley, No. 529, removed from Brighouse, March 16th, 1835, and some of our members walked in procession on the occasion of a formal opening there on the 29th July, 1835.

There is an amusing reference to a friendly gathering of Craft Masons, on Sunday, 30th August, 1835, consisting of 16 from Huddersfield (365), 5 from Mill Bridge (322), 5 from Batley (330), and 2 from Haworth (591), as follows:—

This day a few friends from the Huddersfield, Mill Bridge, Batley, and Haworth Lodges paid us a visit. About 27 or so sat down to dinner, exclusive of the members of this lodge *who dined at home* (!). The afternoon was spent in a very satisfactory manner, and the visiting brothers all left by about 6 o'clock. The meeting left the lodge room by 8 o'clock.

At a meeting held November 4th, 1835, 10 being present, "it was agreed that all brethren considered as members of this Lodge should be noticed; and those not attending, that have not been in the Lodge for the space of six months, should be noticed no more, and their names erased from the books."

On Friday, 26th February, 1836, six of our members (John Walker, jun., W.M., Nicholas Walker, J.W., William Whitwham, P.M., Joshua Bell, Lycias

Barker, and John Walker, sen., P.M.) attended the funeral of Bro. Teal, an aged member of the Royal Yorkshire Lodge, Keighley. Had Bro. Teal lived a few days longer he would have completed his 50th year as a member of the Keighley Lodge. He died as he had lived, beloved and respected by all who knew him.

The Scientific Lodge, Bingley, was constituted this year as No. 642, its warrant being dated September 23rd, 1836. On November 23rd, 1836, Wm. Simpson, one of the two brethren who removed the Duke of York's Lodge from Doncaster to Bingley (described as initiated in Kendal Lodge, 171, and W. Master of the Duke of York's Lodge at Bingley in 1808, 1809, and 1810), was accepted as a joining member. I do not however find that he was present once after that date, and, as in many other cases of joining brethren, no further record was taken, and no returns were ever made either to the Grand or Provincial Lodge. In this year a young man of wonderful talents and real genius entered a neighbouring Lodge (3 Graces Haworth). Under different circumstances, no doubt this brother would have made the name of Brontë still more famous. Patrick Branwell Brontë was proposed and accepted February 1st, 1836, initiated February 29th, passed March 28th, and raised April 25th, 1836. John Brown, W.M., John Bland, S.W., John Roper, J.W., Jos. Redman, Sec. He was present at 11 meetings in 1836, the minutes of one of these (September 18th) being fully entered by him. On December 26th, he acted as J.W., also on the following meeting January 16th, 1837. On June 12th, 1837, July 24th, August 14th, September 11th, October 9th, and December 11th, 1837, he was Secretary, and entered the minutes. On December 25th, (Christmas Day), 1838, he acted as Organist.

I have often talked to those who knew him most intimately, and have reasons for believing that he never deserved the obloquy which has been asoociated with his memory in the public mind. Surely it is a greater sin to hypocritically hide the known good qualities of a man under the cloak of presumed general wickedness of character, than it is a virtue to screen his faults and weaknesses, even in the sacred name of Charity! De mortuis nil nisi bonum. It matters little now what may be said for or against him. October 11th, 1837, being the election of Lycias Barker as W.M., the following entry is made :—

> The 2nd day of this month Lycias Barker was delegate to attend at a meeting at the White Hart Inn, Leeds, which was for instructions in the working part of Masonry; about 27 brothers were present, and another meeting was settled for, to be at Huddersfield on the first Monday in January, and to be regularly carried through all the lodges. . . . . At this time our long-standing errors with the Provincial Lodge, Wakefield, were all settled, and Bro. Ellis Gaunt's name for the first time appeared right in their books.

On March 20th, 1837, Harmony Lodge, Halifax, 342, was removed to Huddersfield.

During this year the attendance of members was so unsatisfactory that, on the installation of Bro. Lycias Barker as W.M., December 27th, he felt it his duty to take action in the matter, and on the first meeting in 1838 (February 7th), also on the second meeting (March 14), reference is made to it as under:

> After Bro. Barker's enquiry of the brethren their opinions of three-monthly [quarterly] meetings, and finding it an opposite idea, it was dropped. However, after different ideas had been expressed, yet to the dissatisfaction of the brethren then present, it was then unanimously agreed for each member to state his opinion, what would be his wish for the future destination of the lodge, on the next meeting, in writing, and the same to be read by the W.M. in open lodge, and the majority of opinions to decide on its aforesaid future destiny.

On Wednesday, March 14th, 1838, the same subject was again brought before the lodge, consisting of ten members, eight of whom were present at the previous meeting; and they "had a long, but not a decided discussion over the future destiny of the lodge, as stated last meeting. However, it was

mutually agreed not to have another meeting until the proper time in May, viz., in two months." At the same time "it was unanimously agreed that for the future the postage of no more letters should be paid."

The next meeting was held on May 9th, 1838, and it was then proposed by the Secretary, Bro. William Ellison, seconded by Bro. Beck, P.M.:

That the Sick Fund should be discontinued provided that half of the stock of money should go to that purpose to the first who may need it. The aforesaid carried unanimously.

It was also decided—

That not not more than seven should be returned to Wakefield and London out of the lodge; but that if any person should like to be returned anxiously he may by returning himself, and so reducing the number from the lodge.

In accordance with the preceding resolutions thus passed, on May 21st, 1838, the returns were made to Grand and Prov. Grand Lodges with payments to 31st December, 1837. Only seven members were so returned, viz., John Sutcliffe, John Winterburn, John Bland, John Beck, Nicholas Walker, James Brown, and William Ellison, Secretary. Besides the severe depression of trade at this time the lodge had a far more serious cause of alarm and anxiety in the personal dissension amongst a few of the members, and for a time these unfortunate troubles were a sore trial. Probably this was the most critical period in the history of our lodge.

There is much to admire in the straightforward, manly way in which the Secretary (Bro. Ellison) explained some of the difficulties at this time, in a letter to Bro. W. H. White, the Grand Secretary, and although to many the idea of further economy being possible by the refusal to pay postage, as resolved upon, may seem somewhat absurd, in these days of cheap postage, yet it should be remembered that letters in 1838 cost 5d., 8d., 10d., and some, according to distance, over 1s. each, consequently postage must really have been a most serious item of lodge expenditure if indulged in to any extent. The letter referred to (as well as a note entered in the minute book respecting the Provincial returns made at same time, read as follows:—

"Owing to some partial disturbance among our brethren, depression of trade, etc., etc., we have unfortunately had our members reduced to the small number of seven, tho' we hope in our next returns the quantum will be considerably augmented and all affairs finally restored to peace.

"We now find the expenses to be very burdensome, since so many have declared off, with the rent, expenses of journeys, and the large quantity of letters coming from London and country lodges, which we have regularly received, that we are compelled to adopt some economical mode to abridge our payments or follow the rest of our brethren. This latter part we are not inclined to consent to, therefore we have unanimously agreed to stop paying the postage of all letters coming from any lodge whatever to ours, and now give you notice to send us no more unless you pay the postage. We have no particular inclination to see any future quarterly returns, nor any other annual letters, but will place confidence in your benevolence and wisdom in the distribution and management of affairs, tho' you may always expect us punctual in our yearly returns for the members we have regularly attending, but it will be two years before we make out our returns again, except that we have some initiations. Baildon, May 24, 38."

At the same time the returns were sent to the Provincial Grand Lodge through the hands of a ropemaker, with the sum of 14s., and in all respects expressed the same as those sent to London, to which refer.

Our Lodge seems to have been so generally abandoned to die a natural death at this time, that these seven brethren are fairly entitled to the credit of preserving our warrant and saving the lodge from erasure, whilst the personal sacrifices they must have made prove beyond doubt a genuine love of the institution and an exemplary reverence for the tenets and benevolent objects of our Order. Like many noble acts and intentions which, too often, are never recognized until many years have passed, and frequently not until after the death of many truly great men, the example of these worthy brethren did not immediately bear good fruit. The lodge seems to have been completely

deserted, and the clouds of adversity too dense to be dispelled, otherwise than by the most patient fortitude of those few who, fortunately, had its interest in their hearts, and were therefore determined to uphold it.

The Loyal Antient St. James's Lodge, No. 656, was consecrated at Thornton, near Bradford, 29th October, 1838.

There were only six meetings in 1838—February, March, May, September, October, and December; and at the three first the condition of the lodge formed the topic of discussion and the chief "business." At the last (St. John's) meeting, on Thursday, December 27th, 1838, eleven being present, the minutes record that the meetings had been "twice neglected owing to a want of a sufficient number, but now being our St. John's Festival we have as under brothers present" (the eleven above referred to). After this meeting signs of a revival were apparent, five of the old members being returned as rejoined in 1839, viz., John Walker, senior, Thomas Walker, John Walker, junior, Wm. Whitwham, and Lycias Barker. There is, however, no prior record of any of these "declaring off," and as all, excepting Wm. Whitwham, were present and did good work in the lodge during all the meetings in 1838 and 1839, I am at a loss to understand why it was requisite. The Aire and Calder Lodge, 672, Goole; Savile, 677, Leeds; and Verity, 681, Ripon, were founded in 1839.

The returns for 1838-9 were made May, 11th, 1840, payment being remitted for twelve members. In 1840 four more rejoined, viz., Joshua Bell, Thomas Ince, Benjamin Wilkinson, and Thomas Robinson. Tudor Lodge, Saddleworth, No. 688, was founded this year, being consecrated 10th February, 1841. The Aire and Calder Lodge, 672, Goole, was consecrated 14th October 1841, its warrant bearing date, March 26th, 1839. On October 3rd, 1841, Wainman Holmes and Joseph Walker were proposed again as joining members (the fee of 2s. 6d. must have been very troublesome at this period, as brethren could so readily "declare off," as it was called, and after several years of non-payment rejoin on payment of that sum), but as the fees seem to have been overlooked, neither were returned either to Provincial or Grand Lodge. However, during this year meetings "for mutual instruction" were held jointly by several of the Lodges in the district, including "Airedale," always on Sundays, on 7th March, at the Beehive Inn, Bradford; 4th April, at the Loyal Antient St James's Lodge, Thornton; 6th June, at the Scientific Lodge, Bingley; 3rd October, at the Black Bull Inn, Bradford; 5th December, at the New Miller Dam Inn, Bradford; and no doubt others were held at these and other places.

(To be continued.)

THE MURDER OF ARCHBISHOP À BECKET.

BY THOMAS B. TROWSDALE.

THE City of Canterbury is indebted not a little for the prominent manner in which it has figured in history to a deed done within the walls of its grand old Cathedral on a December day more than seven centuries since. We refer to the remarkable murder of Archbishop Thomas à Becket. To be precise, this celebrated incident occurred on the 29th of December, 1170. We know of no episode in the chronicles of the county of Kent which possesses a deeper interest; so we ask the attention of our readers as we recapitulate its principal particulars.

Thomas à Becket was the son of a metropolitan merchant, and received in early life an excellent education. There is a tradition concerning the famous prelate's parents which deserves passing notice on account of its singularity. It is related that the elder à Becket, while but a boy, fought with the Crusaders upon the plains of Palestine. During one of the engagements he fell into the hands of the enemy, and was confined in a Moorish castle. Here immured, the young English soldier's handsome exterior and engaging manner won the heart of a dark-eyed Mohammedan damsel, the daughter of the chieftain whose prisoner he was. Allowing love to overcome duty, the girl assisted Becket to escape, exacting from him a promise that in after-time, when peace should enable him to sheath the sword, he would send across the seas for his protectress, and be united to her in the bonds of wedlock. Years rolled on, but Becket never redeemed his vow. At length the Moslem girl, wearied of waiting, set out for England to remind her erring knight of his engagement. Knowing nothing of the language of the western land, undismayed by difficulties, she prosecuted her search for the soldier who had stolen her affection, and at length was rewarded by finding him living in London, and not unwilling to wed her. Accordingly the two were espoused, the romantic maiden being first baptized into the Christian faith at St. Paul's Cathedral. Of this strange union the future Archbishop was the only offspring. Such is the legend, which lives in several antique ballads; and eminent authorities like Mr. Froude, M. Thierry, and others, have contended for its historical truth. Looking at the curious story in the light of these latter years, however, we are compelled to admit that there is little likelihood of its having any foundation in fact. But to pass on.

As a youth Thomas à Becket found occupation in the office of the Sheriff of London. Here his superior address attracted the attention of Archbishop Theobald, who sent him into Italy and France to study civil law, and in due course preferred him to a position in the Church. The Primate's confidence in Becket's ability was so unbounded that he entrusted to him an important mission to Rome. The young cleric acquitted himself so well in the performance of this trust that King Henry II. called for him on his return, and complimented him on the diplomatic tact he had displayed. The esteem and attachment of his sovereign thus secured, Becket's advancement was rapid to an almost unparalleled degree. In 1158 he was exalted to the dignity of Chancellor of the Realm. Though Becket was then but forty years of age, his sovereign had no occasion to regret having appointed his favourite to fulfil this high position. The Chancellor proved himself to be not only a most accomplished courtier and pleasant companion to the king, but also a far-sighted and sagacious statesman. Well had Henry stayed his hand at this point. Not so, however; wishful to curb the growing temporal power of the Church, he bestowed upon Becket the archiepiscopal see of England, thinking that thereby he would secure the speedy subjugation of the recalcitrant supporters of the Pope to State authority. But Becket, whose strong hand had reduced the affairs of England to order, and who had, in fact, hitherto been the king's staunchest adherent, was altogether a different personage when appointed to preside over ecclesiastical affairs. Finding Church and State in conflict, he energetically applied himself to further the interests of the former. In his own life he effected an entire revolution. From the splendidly equipped and luxurious Chancellor, participating in all the gaieties and grandeur of the court, he was transformed into the austere and enthusiastic monk, whose sole object was the exaltation and extension of "Holy Church." All his temporal offices were relinquished, so that he might throw his entire energies into the duties of the Primacy; and, according to his day and generation, there is no reason to doubt that he made a most excellent archbishop.

Becket's zeal in asserting the claims of the church to be paramount at last brought about a disruption between him and his sovereign. In the struggle

for supremacy which ensued Henry had for awhile the better of Becket, and the latter had eventually to quit his country. He remained in exile for several years, returning in 1170, a seeming reconciliation having been effected through the instrumentality of the Pope and the King of France. In these apparent amenities there was, however, no sincerity, for neither king nor cleric were in the least disposed to relinquish what they deemed their rights. During the Archbishop of Canterbury's absence from England three prelates, their Graces of York, London, and Salisbury, had officiated at the coronation of the King's eldest son. This arrogation of one of the privileges attached to the primacy greatly incensed Becket. Immediately after his return to the archiepiscopal palace he published letters of excommunication against the offending bishops. Information of this daring act was conveyed to King Henry—then residing at the Castle of Bur, near Bayeux, in France—who flew into a terrible passion, and unthinkingly exclaimed, "Will no one rid me of this turbulent, upstart priest?" Four of the King's courtiers, imagining him to be in earnest, immediately set out to execute his wish. Their names were Reginald Fitzurse, Hugh de Morville, William de Tracy, and Richard le Breton. On the evening of December 28th, 1170, the quartette concocted a scheme in a dark chamber of Saltwood Castle for the slaughter of Becket at his palace on the succeeding day. By some means the Archbishop had heard of the danger that threatened him, and on their arrival at his abode the four knights found the doors barred against them. After some delay, however, they succeeded in forcing an entrance, only to find that Becket had repaired to the cathedral by way of the cloisters to conduct evening vespers. Thither they immediately followed, and entered into an angry altercation with the primate, Fitzurse at length striking him on the head with his sword and knocking off his cap. Tracy next followed with a deadlier thrust, and several additional blows left Becket a bleeding corpse on the cathedral pavement.

Smitten with terror at the enormity of their cruel and sacrilegious act, the four murderers fled northward to Knaresborough, and secluded themselves in the castle close by the banks of the Nidd. No punishment beyond excommunication (a dire penalty in those days, be it remarked) seems to have overtaken them.

The King, whose fit of fury had prompted the knights to assassinate the staunch champion of the church, had, as everyone has heard, to undergo severe punishment in expiation of his crime. It was only with extreme difficulty that he obtained absolution, and his pilgrimage to, and penance at, the shrine of the sainted Thomas, was an abject acknowledgment of ecclesiastical supremacy. Henry's humiliation has been fully described in all our national and local histories, but in none more graphically than our good friend Mr. John Brent's valuable book, entitled, "Canterbury in the Olden Time," which also contains many other particulars anent Archbishop à Becket which we have not space to refer to. Here is Mr. Brent's picture of the regal penance:—

With bare, and after a time, bleeding feet, Henry, King of England, great grandson of the Conqueror, walked through the streets of the city to the cathedral.

What a wondering crowd beheld his approach, and then following at his steps, in silence, doubtless, if not awe-stricken at the judgment of God, at the triumph of his Church!

Tarrying a few minutes at the spot where the murder had been done, yet looking strange and shadowy, with a hundred gloomy lights and tapers, here, we are told, he burst into tears, and flung himself upon the ground. A group of knights and ecclesiastics were around him. The Bishop of London stepped forth and repeated something like a confession for the King, that he had not commanded the murder, but he had caused it by his hasty speech!

The King now moved towards the tomb or shrine. He made offerings of silk, and, it is said, wedges of gold. To the Chapter he promised lands.

Then came the strangest scene of all, the satisfaction to be given on his person in expiation of the crime.

The king threw off his cloak, he knelt, and laid his head on the tomb of Becket, and bishop and abbot, as many as were present, each struck him five times with a rod.

The eighty monks followed, each striking him three times. Such was the penance. Then Henry Plantaganet arose, but not as yet to depart. For the rest of the day, nay, through the night till morning, he remained in silence, without food, without sleep, by the martyr's tomb.

From the moment of Becket's murder to the time of the Reformation, his tomb in Canterbury Cathedral attracted countless multitudes of pilgrims, and the church reaped a rich harvest from their oblations. On the overthrow of Roman Catholicism in the sixteenth century, the archbishop's shrine was dismantled and plundered, and the name of the saint himself expunged from the calendar. It is not our purpose to regard the event in other than an historical light; or to offer any opinion as to Becket's sincerity or otherwise. We will content ourselves with remarking that there are still those who aver that he was nothing more than a scheming priest and audacious rebel, whose death was a righteous judgment on his overweening ambition, while others contend, with equal warmth, that he was a holy man and a martyr.

FRIENDSHIP:

An Impromtu to the Rev. B. O. Baker, M.D., Honolulu.

BY SAVARICUS.

IN friendship's name I greet thee, friend,
Though seas between us roll;
No time, no distance, can e'er rend
The sympathy of soul.

A bond so firm, so good, and true,
Doth not exist in vain;
For boundless thought can travel through
The mountain, sky, or plain.

So, blest by mem'ry's magic power,
We live the past once more;
In "fancy free" at any hour,
We roam from shore to shore.

Then say not "friendship's but a name,"
"A charm that lulls to sleep;"
A better state for it I claim—
Remembrance we can keep.

And, aided by a simple thing—
A picture, flower, or word,
Our joyous hearts spontaneous sing,
So kindly are they stirr'd.

Sheerness-on-Sea.

EXTRACT FROM AN ADDRESS,

Delivered before the Grand Lodge of Arkansas,

BY BRO. THORNBURGH, M.W.G.M.

THE universality of Masonry exceeds that of any organization under the sun. A Mason may leave Arkansas, cross either ocean and circle the globe, and wherever he goes he finds a brother. Though his tongue be unknown and his colour strange, let him appeal in the powerful language of the hailing sign, and assistance is at his side.

He may speak the English language to foreign ears and it brings no response, but let him call in the silent language of the token, and warm recognition at once is given.

Masonry has taught all nations to speak one language by signs and symbols. She glories in age, without the least sign of dotage. She presents herself today in all the vigour of youth, and with the wisdom of manhood. She moves like an angel of mercy wherever suffering and want are known. Her countenance beams with the light of heavenly charity. Her garments are unstained, and her white banner floats upon the breeze of every clime, the admiration of the good and true of every country. And while she peacefully carries forward her heaven-blessed work, there are those who, filled with envy and hatred, would crush her out of existence, were it in their power. A few instances of this spirit may be interesting to you, and as the principal actors preach the total depravity of the human soul, they are entitled to the credit of consistency, as they practise what they preach. An organization exists in Chicago, the object of which is to oppose Freemasonry. They call themselves "The National Christian Association, opposed to Secret Societies." They show their deep piety, on the start, by committing a fraud upon, and crime against, the postal laws. They sent their circulars to the New York *Independent*, and doubtless other papers, and on the inside of the *printed* matter, snugly hidden, was a *written* letter to the editor.

A circular was sent me from several members of a lodge at Red Wing, Minnesota, stating that they were members of a church whose pastors and officers were oppressing them, and endeavouring to force them to renounce Masonry or leave the church. They desired help to build another church.

The Reformed Church, which held its General Synod in Brooklyn, in June last, had a desperate wrestle. The bigots in that church, flattering themselves that they were in the majority, introduced a resolution in the Synod to force all who were Masons out of the church, But they found, to their sorrow, that they had "dug up more snakes than they could kill." Nearly every doctor of divinity, nearly every college professor, and nearly every prominent layman in the Synod proved to be a Mason. Dr. Porter, one of their ablest divines, said: "Masonry does not hinder any man's Christian work. I wish to God the Christian Church knew enough to copy the methods of Masonic lodges, that it might do more good. You never find widows and orphans of Masons in the poor house." That was a high compliment to be paid in the face of such bitter hatred. The Synod, instead of adopting the ridiculous resolutions, declared that every organization "should be judged by its fruits," and that the fruits of Masonry were good. All honour to the true men of that Synod.

It is strange, and it is melancholy to see such a spirit of intolerance and bigotry exhibited under the cloak of that religion whose Divine founder was the meekest and mildest of all teachers. It is just as strange that, after so much has been said and written by the wisest and best men in all countries in favour of the moral tendency of Masonry, and after the testimony of the

truest and greatest men in nearly all churches, proved to be sincere by their long attachment to the Order, that such wilful blindness, or malicious prejudice, should find a place in the breast of any sane man. And it seems in vain to refute the calumnies or correct the misapprehension of men who have ears, and will not hear, and eyes, and will not see, but are wrapped in the impenetrable garments of their own uncharitable conceit.

A man convinced against his will
Is of the same opinion still.

The great shame of this abominable crusade is the attempt to tarnish the fair vestments of Christianity by these wolves, clothing themselves in the robes of Protestant Christianity, and waging war in the name of religion. Pure religion demands not this hatred. Christianity does not approve it, for that is "peace and good will to man."

The religion (forgive the expression) of these fanatics is the very antipode to every thing high and holy. They will forge a tyrant's chain, revive the inquisition, and fire the fagots around a martyr stake.

I visited an old and honoured member of Rocky Mount Lodge last winter. He was a member of the old-side Baptist Church when he was initiated. The Church very promptly arraigned him for what they supposed was a great crime. Very much to their surprise he appeared on trial day and demanded the proof of his sin. He denied that he had violated any law of God or command of Christ. The case was continued from time to time on the motion of the prosecutors, until they despaired of a conviction, and sought to persuade the brother to quit the lodge, but to no purpose. He quitted the church and joined another more charitably disposed. The pastor of the old church, who was of all most energetic in his efforts to convict Brother Nix, was struck with the devotion of the old man to the Order, and determined to inquire into its history and examine its principles. The sequel is that he is to-day an enthusiastic Mason. And such will be the result of every honest investigation. Religion and Masonry have no quarrel to raise and no war to wage with each other. Neither will Masonry usurp the seat of the Church, but, as its handmaid, she will modestly ask its approving smiles upon her labour of love and work of charity.

And now comes a revival of the old political war, long ago buried in oblivion. In 1831 a candidate was run upon the Anti-Masonic ticket, and notwithstanding a thorough canvass was made, and the people everywhere appealed to to protect their government from this dangerous organization, yet, when the verdict was rendered it was found that only Vermont had voted for the Anti-Mason. And now this same "Green Mountain State," in this good year of 1880, furnished a candidate upon the same ticket. Poor Vermont! how I sympathize for her. What has she done that she should be thus singled out for such terrible affliction? Perhaps the Grand Representative from that state can account for it, as he is a "Green Mountain Boy," and a strong believer in Special Providence.

Phelps, in his speech accepting the doubtful honour of being the candidate of the Anties, said that the only way for the two sections of our country to harmonize was to unite in a common war on Masonry! Poor, prejudiced, consumed politician! Doesn't he know the only real reconciliation that has been made is in Masonry? Masonry has used her trowel, and the cement of brotherly love has been carefully spread, and her beautiful temple towers aloft in the glory of union and fraternity. With sorrow I point to two conferences for that prodigy of growth and power which John Wesley planted in America, and for which his brother Charles so sweetly sang. It is painful to behold that staunch old church, which delighted to honour Calvin and Knox, and which boasts of its learning and conservatism, still in twain, with two Assemblies where there should be but one. And the energetic church for which Judson toiled and died has not survived in union. In politics a solid

South stands arrayed against a solid South. Not so with Masonry. Her General Grand Chapter has just been held. In the list of officers elect we read the names of men from every section. Some from the North, some from the South. One from Boston, the hot-bed of abolitionism; another from New Orleans, the chief city of the late slave-holding states. All dwelling together in unity. What a monument this is! Here is one institution that has broken down party lines and abrogated territorial boundaries; one body of men, knowing no North—no South, and declaring, in actions kind and true, that we are one people, from the Gulf of Mexico to the pine-clad hills of Maine. We have gathered together the bitterest political opponents and the most zealous religionists, all joining in one accord as brothers, exemplifying the lesson taught us of the "fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man."

Yet we are dangerous to society! to State! and to Church!

We are anathematized by the Pope, excommunicated by Cynosurians, and read out of the Government by dead politicians.

If any man doubts the loyalty of Masonry to free government let me remind him that the blood of Joseph Warren, the first Grand Master of Masons in America, baptised the soil of Bunker Hill as a memorial of freedom; that the young and gallant Frenchman, Lafayette, who left his beautiful France to bare his breast to the storm of war for our liberty, was a Mason; that the hero of New Orleans was once Grand Master of Tennessee, and he who humbled proud Santa Anna was one of us. But, above all, we proudly point to that illustrious father of American Independence, who was first in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen, and first in his attachments to Masonry.

Masonry is not to be disturbed in her triumphant march by these little ripples upon the surface of public sentiment. She has a mission to perform, which will continue while time shall last; a mission which will never end as long as the exercise of "Brotherly Love, Relief, and Truth" are necessary for the welfare and happiness of man. The clouds may gather, the darkness thicken, and the storm beat upon her walls, but the Genius of Masonry will ride high over all, bearing foremost and uppermost that great light which is the anchor of our hopes, both sure and steadfast. She has stood the test of over twenty-eight centuries, through bad as well as good report. She has seen continents discovered, kingdoms and empires rise and then crumble into decay. She has seen secret societies steal her livery, flourish for a time, and then vanish like the morning dew. Yet, notwithstanding all the mutations of time, and the many persecutions of State and Church with which she has had to contend, she still lives, a glorious reality, with principles as pure and spotless as when first founded, and which will continue to live until the sun and moon are blotted from the blue arch of heaven, and the death angel has gathered the last sheaf into the garners above.—*Masonic Advocate.*

ONCE UPON A TIME.

BY THEOPHILUS TOMLINSON.

I CAME across these words in an old diary the other day, and they carried me back through many years, other days, and other scenes and other friends, and made such an impression upon me, so serious and so sentimental for the "nonce," that I determined to put down my ideas and feelings and remembrances on paper, and send them to the Editor, for the benefit of the readers of Bro. Kenning's *Magazine.*

"Once upon a time." Yes; these words strike a chord on one's sympathetic memory, which vibrates through one's "inner harmonies," whatever these are, through and through, and take one away in the spirit from all that constitutes the "burden" of the flesh to-day, with a vigour and rapidity and lucidity with are themselves all highly refreshing and beneficial for us all. I will try by a few familiar pictures to illustrate what I mean, what I wish to say, what I want to convey.

"Once upon a time"—takes us away from cold, stern, often cruel realities, to the romance and the bright day-dream of youth.

We, too, once were young. Life for us then had a brilliant outcome apparently. All was fair and kind, and pleasant and propitious. We knew no evil, and we recked of no dangers. All was happily before us. Hope told us its most flattering tale, and we invested with the "painted bubbles" of vivid imagination all that we had to confront, all that we expected to meet on the way, all that we trusted to receive, to gain, and to find. To-day, alas, experience has caused the film to drop from our eyes, the haze to open from before our vision, and things are not what they once seemed to be; realization is, indeed, a very, very different thing to expectation; we have reached a "Promised Land" perhaps only to find the "Dead Sea fruits."

Alas for us! And so to-day we often grieve over fond fancies faded and vanished, kind voices hushed, and fair dreams sped away. The gift has turned out to be our bane. The prize we sought and won has become a very curse to us, and on all on earth in its fairest form and brightest aspects there seems to fall a blighting power, whispering ever of failure and decay, of deceit, of frailty, and of death.

To many of us no longer young, "once upon a time" only recalls, with a sigh of memory, pained and weary, the voices, the forms, the reveries, the wild follies, the idle longings, the frivolity and feebleness of other days; those who are no longer with us to cheer us on our way; homes which we never more shall see. We hear once again the gay laughter of childhood, and watch once more the wreathed smiles of youth; we are transported to almost fairy bowers, redolent with the grace and beauty and flowers of perpetual spring, and we look around our experience once upon a time, and like a spell, as in the fairy tale, "Castle Gracious" has faded from our sight, and we have before us nothing but a desolate hill, nothing but a barren moorland. But I must not become too serious or too sentimental.

"Once upon a time" is very often a message of some moment to the poor married man. The wife of his bosom is not all he once fondly trusted she would be to him, and "that," as he says to himself or his old chum John Jones—though he ought not to say it, in my opinion, "crocodile that she is—she once promised me to be."

"You remember her," he says, "Johnnie, when she was only Annie Walker, before she became Mrs. Walter Carew, what a most insinuating, accommodating, peaceful, charitable little woman she then was. And now, old fellow," he adds, with a heartfelt sigh, "what a trimmer she has become. She's never punctual, she's always combative, she won't sew one on a button, she won't look after one's creature comforts; but she's always scolding me and the servants, and she's always pitching into any woman I think well of. What a change! 'Once upon a time.' Ah! I often think of some one else; I know she is not happy, and she often looks at me reproachfully; and when I remember what I have lost, I am not consoled by what I possess. Don't you think we might get an Act of Parliament to relieve us poor victims? You say it's incompatibility of temper, Johnnie; I say it's the inherent artfulness of the female. She does not care what she says or does, if only she takes you in. Not that she minds really, as Mr. Weller judiciously puts it to Mr. Pickwick, 'What is the consequence of her maneuver.'"

But is there is no reverse to this picture, kind reader, no other side to the common coin of the realm? I fancy there is, I trow there is.

Is Henry all his fair Matilda once hoped and believed him to be? Is he always the same civil, ingenuous, considerate, courteous, forbearing, patient, kindly-spoken young man he was when they went gipsying, courting, etc., in Bushy Park, say fifteen years ago? Does not his dear Matilda, though I admit she is very provoking, often find that if the old adages are true, that "hard words break no bones," and "civil words butter no parsnips," yet the former are very often difficult to digest, and the latter are, like angels' visits, few and far between, from her dear, dear Henry. Henry is not always as good tempered as he once used to be, and he likes dining out (paying for expensive dinners), and coming home late, and his poor Matilda sometimes is inclined to think that if she had taken Charlie Hope, when he proposed to her—which he did twice—it might have been better for her.

I fear that "once upon a time" recalls many sad memories, and not a few subduing thoughts, to many a "menage" in this favoured land. But after all why complain? The true philosophy of life would teach us all that such things are, and ever will be, the inevitable accompaniment of man's journey here. All we have to do is to realize them calmly, to bear them patiently, to confront them in a spirit of kindly sympathy. It is useless to "cry over spilt milk," it is idle to expect that we are all to "walk for ever on roses," or that "the sky above is to be always blue and serene." "With a heart for every fate," let us await patiently the good providence of God.

On the whole, "Once upon a time" is, perhaps, a sad memento, for the man who, opening his diary by chance, lights upon an entry which carries him back to what constituted the happiness of his life. Neither is it well for any of us to resist such thoughts as sentimentality, or to close the books hastily, and put them away from our minds, as unwelcome and unseasonable. It is probably that we are all of us often an "enigma" to others, as well as a "paradox" to ourselves. And the reason is this. We all have our inner life, which the outer world cannot see or penetrate; which sometimes our nearest and dearest do not realize, and yet which goes with us and our sorrows, our follies, our pleasures, our actual body day by day, which we carry about with us while we live, and descends with us to the grave.

And though the converse is equally true that "no man liveth and no man dieth to himself," though human life might at first sight seem to contradict the bare assertion, yet man's spiritual being outlives the lingering grave, the inroads of fell disease, and, as we rightly and safely believe, is reproduced under more perfect conditions in a happier and a better scene. Do not let us be ashamed even in this age of shallow materialism of being sometimes a little sentimental now and then, seeking to remember that we have all better and truer feelings within us than the cold, rough world would sometimes seem to allow us, and that our spiritual part, when this poor, weak, mortal body has crumbled into decay, is again resolved into its original dust, will again, in the wondrous goodness of the G.A.O.T.U., the Living Creator of Man, find in a deathless existence memories that never weaken, and rest, and peace, and love, and light, which see no shadows and know no end.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

MR. William Andrews, F.R.H.S., is out with his "Punishments in the Olden Time." The book is brimful of information of a curious character related in pleasant style. The illustrations are numerous and well executed. W. Stewart and Co., of Holborn Viaduct Steps, are the publishers.

"Holiday Haunts and Echoes" is the title of a new work from the pen of Mr. H. Calvert Appleby. It is to deal with personal reminiscences of remarkable spots, both in Britain and on the Continent. Prior to publication in complete form the sketches are, we observe, to appear simultaneously in a number of provincial journals. Doubtless his new work will win for Mr. Appleby a wider circle of admiring readers.

Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. have just issued a volume of pleasing poetry by Mr. John Brent, F.S.A., historian of Canterbury, and the author of one or two well-received poetical works. This, the latest production of his pen, appears under the title of "Justine, a Martyr; and other poems." Justine is a typical maiden of old Rome in the days of the Empire, who, having embraced Christianity, suffered death for her adherence to the faith. Mr. Brent tells the touching story of her heroism with great dramatic power. In the minor poems, too, the author more than sustains his established reputation. The book is a most enjoyable one, and, being elegantly bound in white and gold, will form a graceful gift book.

"In the Derbyshire Highlands; or Highways, Byeways, and My Ways in the Peake Countrie"—such is the fanciful name of a new book written by "Strephon," whose previous works dealing with the scenery of Derbyshire have met with much press praise. "Strephon's" descriptive ability shows no deterioration in this selection of new pen-pictures of lovely places in and about Dovedale, along the banks of the Wye, and elsewhere in the English Switzerland. He points out in a manner at once graphic and pleasant an infinity of beautiful landscapes, almost unknown to the tourist, and yet hardly a day's journey on foot from Buxton, the metropolis of the Peak. By way of contrast to the charming spots he shows us, shut out, as it were, from the clamour of commerce, "Strephon" plays the part of guide to the treasures of Chatsworth and Haddon in two chatty chapters. The latter papers having recently appeared in the pages of Cassell's *Magazine of Art*, will be familiar to many of our readers. With confidence we commend this volume to every lover of the picturesque. Mr. J. C. Bates, of Buxton, is the publisher.

Miss Rosa Mackenzie Kettle, the gifted novelist whose stories we have often had occasion to speak of in terms of unqualified praise, has recently given to the world yet another work called "The Falls of the Loder, a Romance of Dartmoor." The plot is a fascinating one, the characters firmly sketched, and the scenery exceedingly well described. The "get-up" of this, the author's edition of Miss Kettle's stories, reflects great credit upon the publisher, Weir, of Regent Street.

A delightful biographical sketch reaches us from the Edinburgh Publishing Company, written by Mr. James Simpson, a member of the Scotch press. The author displays considerable originality, and possesses, moreover, the by no means common power of telling a story in a manner which never loses its hold on the reader.

It is astonishing how much can be legibly written on a post card. We have from Mr. Samuel C. J. Woodward, a clever stenographer, and the publisher of the *Phonographic Meteor*, photographs of two ordinary post cards, on the first of which has been penned in microscopic English script a sketch of

the life of the late Lord Beaconsfield, comprising no less than 4734 words; and the second containing 3541 words from the book of Psalms. From the same we receive clearly printed photographs of circles the size of a penny piece, one of which contains the Lord's Prayer eleven times repeated in longhand; and the other the same sublime composition written in shorthand as many as thirty-four times. The whole of these caligraphical curiosities may be had from the *Meteor* office, 38, Upper Bainbrigge Street, Derby, for the trifling sum of two shillings.

Shorthand, a quarterly magazine for practisers of the "winged art," contains a variety of matter of much interest to all who write any of the various systems of shorthand. Mr. Edward Pockwell, of Falcon Court, Fleet Street, an experienced pressman, is the publisher and conductor of the serial.

Mr. John Sampson, of York, announces as nearly ready for the press, the first volume of a highly important work from the pen of Canon Trevor, a distinguished northern antiquary. It will be an elaborate civil and ecclesiastical history of the old cathedral city, and is to be issued, to subscribers only, under the title of "Memorials of York."

"Ned Farmer's Scrap Book," a new edition of which is just now being issued by Bemrose and Sons, is a miscellany of simple but beautifully pathetic verse by Mr. Edward Farmer, whose ballad, "Little Jim, the Collier's Dying Child," is universally known and admired.

Mr. F. E. Longley sends a handy biographical sketch of the late Reverend William Morley Punshon, "the prince of preachers," as Lord Palmerston not inaptly termed him. The many who have listened to his marvellous pulpit and platform oratory will do well to secure a copy of this account of Mr. Punshon's life, which contains also specimens of his sermons and lectures.

The new number of *Leisure* contains a capital story by Mr. Horace Weir, entitled "Lost;" also articles on the "Father of Railways," and "Quintin Matsys," by Mr. Thomas B. Trowsdale and "Nemesis" respectively, and a number of other very able contributions in prose and verse. The general literary excellence of *Leisure* is well sustained from issue to issue.

Messrs. Batsford, of High Holborn, are about to bring out a work on "Charitable and Parochial Establishments," written by Mr. H. Saxon Snell, F.R.I.B.A.

The Stephenson Centenary has called into existence quite a little library of biographical brochures concerning the career of the originator of railroads. Smiles's admirable and exhaustive life of Stephenson must always remain the standard work on the subject, but an excellent little brochure, issued by the Tyne Publishing Company, deserves a word of praise, it being without doubt the best biography of this "king among men" obtainable at the price.

Visitors to Oban and the picturesque Western Highlands ought to obtain copies of Maclure and Macdonald's handbooks to these now fashionable holiday resorts. The locality is accurately described by accomplished writers well acquainted with their subject, and many of the most noteworthy places are shown on charming steel engravings. These handbooks are in every respect a welcome departure from the stilted phraseology and exaggerated illustrations of the ordinary guide-book.

The June part of *The Illustrated Phonographic Meteor*, which, under the editorship of Mr. Horace Weir, has taken a place at the head of stenographic serials, contains a number of smart literary notes and technical articles, besides papers from the pens of Mr. W. H. Davenport Adams, Mr. W. C. Leng, of Sheffield, Mr. T. B. Trowsdale, and other writers of repute. The phonographic printing is admirable, and the illustrations of high artistic merit.

JOHN'S WIFE.

"SO John is married," said Dr. Moreland. "Had the small-pox—failed twice in business—lost all he invested in the Middlecomb mining stocks—and now, by way of a grand stroke, has committed the last blunder he can possibly be capable of—getting married! Just like John."

Dr. Moreland was a bald-headed man, with aquiline features, sparkling eyes, and an iron-grey fringe of air around his temples—and, as the moneyed man of the family, all his relatives looked up to him with the utmost respect, not unmingled with a little awe; for he had what is called a temper of his own.

"He hopes you'll like it, uncle," said John Moreland's sister, a little timid old maid of two or three-and-thirty.

"Hopes I'll like it!" repeated the irrascible doctor. "Why don't he commit suicide at once, and then send word to me that he hopes I'll be pleased?"

"But she's a very beautiful girl."

"Beautiful?" Dr. Moreland elevated his aquiline nose in double-distilled scorn. "And, of course, she'll want India shawls and sets of coral, and silk frocks to deck off her beauty—and where is John to get them?"

"And she is a poetess, Uncle Moreland."

"Worse and worse!" groaned the old man. "Burnt puddings, buttonless shirts, dust in all corners, and inky fingers—a poetess? Just like John!"

"But you'll call, uncle, wont you?"

"Call? what should I call for?" sharply demanded Dr. Moreland. I can't congratulate her on marrying John, for I think she is a fool to do it. I can't congratulate him, for I think he is a bigger fool still to entangle himself with a simpering doll-baby of a wife who writes verses! Bah! I've no patience with the folly of this world!"

"Yes, but uncle—"

"My dear," interposed Dr. Moreland, brusquely, "I'm particularly engaged this morning, so perhaps you'd better go down stairs."

"Yes, uncle," said Keziah Moreland meekly. She was used to her uncle's rebuffs, and took them with a philosophy which was worthy of a better cause.

In spite of this vituperation, however, the Doctor did call on the bride. He rang the door bell at 99 Dolby Square, at an early hour, as he chanced to be passing.

"I'll catch her in curl papers," said he to himself, his lips twirling with a malicious smile.

A little maid in frilled cap and white apron answered the door bell.

"Keep a girl, eh?" said Dr. Moreland, savagely. "A pretty way of economizing, that!"

The little maid showed him into a sunny little parlour with an open grate fire on the hearth, and hyacinths in the window, where a very pretty young lady sat at her needlework. She rose to greet him—and he was a little disappointed to see no trace either of curling papers or inky fingers.

"I suppose you are John's wife?" said he.

The young lady smiled.

"Yes," said she, "I am John's wife. And I conclude that you are John's uncle, Dr. Moreland."

"What do you keep a servant for?" demanded the doctor, plunging abruptly *in medias res*.

"To do the work," said Mrs. John, opening her eyes rather wider than usual.

"Why don't you do it yourself?"

"Because I do not like washing windows and scrubbing doorsteps," calmly responded the bride.

"My mother did her own work," curtly remarked the doctor.

"But I am not your mother."

Mrs. John's feminine spirit was evidently becoming aroused.

"No," said Dr. Moreland, "you are one of the women of the period, You prefer to sit with folded hands, while your husband toils his life out trying to scrape together a little money."

"You are mistaken there, Dr. Moreland," said the bride. "I may be one of the women of the period—in fact, I rather glory in the title—but I am also one of those who firmly believe that husband and wife should share alike the burdens of life as well as its pleasures."

"Humph!" said Dr. Moreland, and if ever monosyllable expressed a whole dictionary full of obnoxious epithets, it was that "Humph!" "You write poetry, don't you?"

"Yes," said Mrs. John, not without a certain defiance in her tone, "I write poetry."

"Let me give you a piece of advice, said Dr. Moreland, with hands in his pockets and nose in the air. "Just burn all your pens and paper, roll up your sleeves, and go to work. That's the only way to get ahead in this world."

"Do you think so?" said Mrs. John.

"Yes, I think so," said Dr. Moreland.

"I am very sorry not to agree with you," said Mrs. John, "but I take a different view of things."

"Oh, very well," said Dr. Moreland, rising in high dudgeon. "Think as you please. This is a free country—quite free."

"Won't you stay and take lunch with us, Uncle Moreland?" asked the bride soothingly.

"No, I thank you," said Dr. Moreland. "But there's one thing I want to impress upon your mind, and perhaps it would be as well for you to mention it to John, too."

"What is it, uncle?"

"Just this: that if you come to want—*when* you come to want would, perhaps, be a more correct expression—you don't come to me for aid. I wash my hands of you and your poetry."

Mrs. John smiled.

"I assure you, uncle," said she, "we never had the least idea of becoming pensioners on your bounty."

"Perhaps you had, perhaps you had not," said Dr. Moreland, catching up his hat. "I wish you a very good morning."

And he descended the stairway two steps at a time, and shook the dust of the offending household off his feet.

Scarcely three months afterwards poor little Keziah came in with a very red nose and swollen eyelids to tell Uncle Moreland that John was dead.

"Dead, is he?" said Dr. Moreland. "I said when he married that poetry-writing girl, that he had committed the last blunder that he could be capable of, but it seems I was mistaken. He could die and leave her on our hands."

"Oh, Uncle Moreland!" sniffed little Keziah between her tears.

"Don't be a fool," said Dr. Moreland. "I liked John as well as you did, but he wore my patience out. And I am sorry that he must needs go and die, and put us to the expense of a funeral."

"What is to become of John's wife?" faltered Keziah timidly.

"I don't know, that's not any of my business," said he.

It was scarcely a month after poor John's remains were laid in Greenlawn cemetery when Dr. Moreland received a black-edged note.

"From John's wife," said he, contracting his brows. "I wonder what she has got to say to me after all my warnings?"

From John's wife it was—a neatly-written missive, which ran thus:

"DEAR UNCLE MORELAND,—Will you come to me this afternoon at three o'clock? And oblige your affectionate niece, CLARA MORELAND."

"Ah!" said Dr. Moreland to himself, "I knew very well how it would be; I predicted it all along. She's going to throw herself on my compassion. Widow, penniless—blighted hopes—and all that sort of thing. But it wont go down," buttoning his pockets with a significant air—"I warned her just how it would be, and I shall give her to understand that as she has made her bed, so she must lie upon it."

Keziah picked up the note when she was dusting her uncle's library, and looked piteously at it.

You'll go, uncle, won't you?" said she.

"Oh, yes," said Dr. Moreland, "I shall go."

And he went accordingly.

John's wife was sitting by the fireside, dressed in the deepest of black and looking prettier than ever. Dr. Moreland sat himself down opposite, and looked hard at her.

"Well," said he, "what do you want of me?"

"I want to ask your advice, uncle," said the young widow.

"About what?" instinctively clapping his hands over the pocket where he kept his money.

"About the investment of my money."

"Of—your—money?" Dr. Moreland could scarcely credit his ears.

"Yes, my money; the money I have earned by sending poetical contributions to the various magazines and publications of the day. It is not a great deal, but it is enough to enable me to live comfortably for the rest of my life, if I can only manage to get it suitably invested."

Dr. Moreland stared. He had come thither prepared to steel himself against a penniless poor relation; but here was John's wife entirely independent of him—a moneyed person in her own right. And the idea that the pale-faced woman should have absolutely accumulated a little fortune by her pen, seemed incredible to him.

Success is a wonderful softener of human hearts, and Dr. Moreland's hard features relaxed in spite of himself.

"I shall be very glad to help you invest it, my dear," said he. "And—and I really think you are a very sensible girl. And if you have not decided upon a home, my niece Keziah and I shall be very glad to have you come and live with us."

"No," said Clara serenely, "I prefer my own home."

"Is there nothing else that I can do for you?" asked Dr. Moreland as he took his leave, after receiving the young widow's detailed instructions.

"Nothing more, I thank you," said Clara coldly.

Dr. Moreland went home, seated himself before his desk, and drew a very long breath.

"A superior woman," said he; "a very superior woman."

"What did she want, uncle?" said Keziah.

"That is the strange part of it," said Dr. Moreland. "She did not want anything. My dear, I never was more mistaken in my life than about John's wife."

"The Freemason" Printing Works, 16, Great Queen Street (opposite Freemasons' Hall), London, W.C.