

THE

MASONIC MAGAZINE

FOR 1881-82.



VOL. IX.

London :

GEORGE KENNING, 16, GREAT QUEEN STREET, W.C.
(OPPOSITE FREEMASONS' HALL);

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

LIVERPOOL—2, MONUMENT PLACE.

MANCHESTER—47, BRIDGE STREET.

GLASGOW—9, WEST HOWARD STREET.

PREFACE TO THE NINTH VOLUME.

WITH the close of the ninth volume, publisher and editor beg to tender their grateful thanks to many kind and able contributors, and many warm and steadfast friends. If the circulation of the *Masonic Magazine* has not increased commensurately either with the growth of the Craft, or the augmented æsthetic tastes of the hour, while the fact is in itself to be regretted, it is not abnormal in the present condition and amid the average prospects of Masonic literature everywhere. No one reality is more assured, or yet perhaps more explicable, than the apathy of the Masonic Order, in all lands and under all jurisdictions, for even the most intellectual developments of the Masonic mind and pen. Amid the hundred thousands of Freemasons in America, as in the serried ranks in Great Britain, the normal aspects and status of Masonic literature are neither striking nor encouraging, and though the "raison d'être" of this peculiar state of affairs may be explicable on many grounds, it is, we venture to think, much to be deplored in the interests of true Masonic progress and the dissemination of the sacred principles of Freemasonry. Our publisher has therefore determined to *persevere* in maintaining an admirable specimen of Masonic serial literature, which, despite its exclusively Masonic tendency, may compete and contrast favourably with more high-priced magazines.

With the commencement of a new volume we propose to inaugurate a new series.

Henceforth the magazine will be named the *Masonic Monthly, a Magazine for Gentlemen in Town and Country*. It will be a little smaller in outward size, but fuller in internal matter, while the paper will be better, and the typographical arrangement clearer.

Having the promise of support from numerous distinguished brethren, it is hoped that with the July number the foundation may be re-laid of a successful and pleasant Masonic monthly serial, which will alike commend itself to the taste of many readers, and receive that genuine and enlightened support which will reward at last the many sacrifices of the publisher, render all labour with its production light, and all responsibility for editorial supervision a privilege and a pleasure. So mote it be.

CONTENTS.

Acts of Parliament relating to Craftsmen, 326.
 Adonhiranite Masonry, 328.
 After All, 79, 125, 159, 201, 252, 303, 344, 473, 505.
 Among the Hills, 117.
 Ancient Scotch Masonic Medal, An, 397.
 Antiquity of Stone Buildings in England, Tho, 451.
 Architectural Puzzle, 371.

BARNARD'S Inn, Holborn, 53.
 Bassenthwaite Lake, 96.
 Bit of Old London, A, 237.
 Buttermere Lake, 155.

CARDINAL Virtues, The, 353.
 Carthage, 43.
 Charter of Cologne, 282.
 Chinese Freemasonry, 89, 133.
 Curious Correspondence, 389, 436, 480, 502.

Death and Resurrection of Osiris, 500.
 DEFENCE of Archaeology, A, 194.
 Description of a Masonic M.S., 184.
 Descriptive Geometry and our Ancient Secrets, 65.
 Documenta Latomica Inedita, 297, 321, 359, 406, 446, 485.

ECHOES of the last Century, 382.
 Egyptian Archaeological Discoveries, 165.
 Egyptian Book of the Dead, The, 77.
 Examination of a Mason, 23.
 Extract from Newspapers respecting Sir Christopher Wren, 8.

FOUNTAINS Abbey, Yorkshire, 333.
 Freemasonry in China, 22.
 Freemasonry in the Seventeenth Century, Chester, 1650—1700, 265, 309.
 Freemasonry in the Seventeenth Century, Warrington, 1648, 221.
 From a Lodge of the Saints John, 468.

GLEANINGS from the "Blue," 258.
 Gossip about Gretna Green, 430.

Gossip of an Old Mason, 27.
 Guildhall, and the Charters of the Corporation, The, 67.

HERALDRY, 197.
 History of the Airedale Lodge, No. 387, 31, 62, 112, 144, 190, 241, 277.
 History of Freemasonry, A, 37.
 History of Selby, its Abbey and its Masonic Associations, 105, 140.

ILLUSTRATION, The, 51.
 Indiscriminate Charity, 30.
 Inigo Jones M.S., The, 1.

JUNIUS, 98.

KNIGHTS Templar, 453, 512.
 Komoso Society, The, 177.

LANTERN at Plumpton Hall, 342.
 Las Memorias, 25.
 Legend of the Introduction of Masons into England, The, 398.
 Literary Gossip, 86, 130, 174, 212, 262, 305, 349, 386, 433, 476, 510.

MADAME de Sévigné, 170.
 Masonic Symbolism, 66, 119, 186.
 Mason's Marks from Carlisle Abbey, 93.
 Mason's Story, A, 74, 274.
 Masonry and its Origin, 413.
 Masonry v Agnosticism, 11.
 Memoir of Elias Ashmole, 366.
 Memorable Year in English Masonry, 248.

NOTES on St. Botolph and Little Britain, 167.

OFF for a Holiday, 60.
 Old Masonic Address, An, 497.
 Old Mason's Tomb, An, 101.
 Old Records of the Lodge of Peebles, 39, 180, 292, 419.
 On the Rhine, 123.
 On the Water, 154.

PROCEEDINGS of a Captive Lodge, 14.
Pre-historic Brother, A, 240.

Poetry—

Advantage of a Confession, The, 49.
American Ideal, The, 496.
Andreas Hofer, 183.
Another Year, 296.
Autumn Hours, 154.
Come forth, my Love, 247.
Dame Fashion, 479.
Drifting Away, 236.
Faith, Hope and Charity, 169.
Falling, Fallen, Leaves, 188.
Flowers, 124.
Fortitude, 504.
Forty Years Ago, 73.
Freemason's Apron, The, 264.
Going Home, 251.
Hiram, King of Tyre, 445.
Immortality of the Soul, 200.
Impromptu, 435.
In a Hundred Years, 85.
In Memoriam, 208.
In Perilous Waters, 21.
King Solomon, 36.
Lament, A, 164.
Legends of the Craft, The, 338.
Level, The, 423.
Lines on the Death of a Friend, 148.
Maidenhood, 358.
Maiden's Bower, The; A Serenade,
59.
Many Years Ago, 100.
Masonic Beatitudes, The, 10.
Masonic Recitation, 257.

Poetry—(continued)

Masonic Sonnet, A, 173.
Meet on the Level and Part on the
Square, 308.
National Saxon Masonic Hymn, 381.
Nature in Repose, 129.
Queen and the Craft, The, 320.
Relief, 340.
Seaside Sights, 118.
Song of Sorrow, The, 509.
Strong House, The, 412.
To Poverty, 276
Twenty-four Inch Gauge, The, 281.

RECENT Discovery at Thebes, The, 215.
Reviews and Reviewers, 210.
Roman Collegia, The, 364.
Royal Volunteer Review at Edinburgh, 25th
August, 1881, The, 149.

SACRED Books of all the Peoples, 38.
Seal of the Abbey of Arbroath, 441.
Sunderland and Hamilton-Beckford
Libraries, 372.

Templar Reception, The, 402.
Thirlmere Lake, 245, 279.

USE of the Word Freemason, 341.

WEATHER, The, 138.
Work of a Masonic Session, The, 51.
Worshipful Master, The, 375, 420, 460.

YORK M.S. No. 5, A.D. 1670, The, 45.

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

No. 97.—VOL. IX.

JULY, 1881.



THE "INIGO JONES" MS.

THE MS. of which a transcript is now given to Masonic students, was originally sold by public auction in London, and fell into the hands of the well-known firm of Pickering and Co., formerly in Piccadilly, now in the Haymarket, from whom it was purchased by its present possessor.

It is a curious and valuable MS. "per se," not only on account of its special verbiage, but because it possesses a frontispiece of Masons at work, with "Inigo Jones, *fecit*," at the bottom. It is also highly ornamented throughout, both in the capital letters, and with "finials." It is, we apprehend, pretty certain that it did belong to Inigo Jones. It is of date 1607.

THE ANTIENT CONSTITUTION OF THE FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS. 1607.

THE MIGHT of the FATHER of HEAVEN, and the Wisdō of the Glorious SON, through the Grace and Goodness of the HOLY GHOST, three *Persons* and One GOD; Be with us and Give us Grace so to Govern us here in our Living, that we may come to his Bliss that never shall have ending. AMEN.

GOOD BRETHREN and FELLOWS, Our *Purpose* is to tell you how and in what manner this Worthy Craft of MASONRY, was begun; And afterward; how it was kept and Encouraged by Worthy KINGS and *Princes*, and by many other Worthy Men.

AND ALSO to those that be here; We will Charge by the Charges that belongeth to Every FREE MASON to keep; FOR in good Faith, If they take Good heed to it, it's worthy to be well kept FOR MASONRY is a Worthy Craft, and a *Curious* SCIENCE, and One of the LIBERAL *Sciences*.

THE Names of the Seven liberall Sciences are these

I. GRAMMAR, and that teacheth a Man to Speak and write truly.

II. RHETORICK, and that teacheth a Man to Speak fair, and in soft terms.

III. LOGICK, and that teacheth a Man to discern truth from falsehood.

IV. ARITHMETICK, which teacheth a Man to Reckon, and Count all manner of Numbers.

V. GEOMETRY, and that teacheth a Man the Mete and Measure of the Earth, and of all other things; which SCIENCE is Called MASÖRY.

VI. MUSICK, wich Gives a Man Skill of Singing, teaching him the ART of Composition; & playing upon Diverse Instruments, as the ORGAN and HARP methodically.

VII. ASTRONOMY, which teacheth a Man to know the Course of Sun Moon and Starrs.

NOTE I pray you, that these Seven are contain'd under Geometry, for it teacheth Mett and Measure, *Ponderation* and Weight, for Every thing in and upon the whole Earth for you to know; That every Crafts man, work's by Measure. He y^t buys or sells is by weight or Measure. Husbandmen, Navigators, Planters and all of them use GEOMETRY; for neither GRAMMAR, LOGICK nor any other of the said Sciences, can Subsist without GEOMETRY; ergo, most Worthy and Honourable.

You ask me how this Science was Invented, My Answer is this: That before the Generall Deluge, which is commonly Called NOAH'S Flood, there was a Man called LAMECH, as you may read in § IV. *Chapter* of Genesis; who had two Wives, the One called ADA, the other ZILLA; By ADA, he begat two SONS, IABAL and IUBAL, by ZILLA, he had One SON called TUBALL and a daughter called *Naamah*: These four Children found the begining of all Crafts in the World: IABAL found out GEOMETRY, and he Divided Flocks of Sheep, He first built a House of Stone and Timber.

HIS Brother IUBAL found the ART of MUSICK He was the Father of all such as Handle the Harp and Organ.

TUBAL-CAIN was the Instructor of Every Artificer in Brass and Iron, And the Daughter found out the ART of Weaving.

THESE Children knew well that God would take Vengeance for SIN either by Fire or Water; Wherefore they Wrote their SCIENCES that they had found in Two Pillars, that they might be found after NOAH'S Flood.

ONE of the Pillars was Marble, for that will not Burn with any Fire, And the other Stone was Laternes for that will not drown with any Water.

Our Intent next is to Tell you Truely, how and in What manner these STONES were found whereon these SCIENCES were Written

THE Great HERMES (Surnamed TRISMAGISTUS, or three times Great) Being both King, Priest and Philosopher, (in EGYPT) He found One of them, and Lived in the Year of the World Two Thousand and Seventy Six, in the Reign of NINUS, and some think him to be Grandson to CUSH, which was Grandson to NOAH, he was the first that began to Leave off Astrology. To Admire the other Wonders of *Nature*; He proved, there was but One God, Creator of all Things, He divided the Day into Twelve Hours. He is also thought to be the first who Divided the ZODIACK into Twelve SIGNES, He was to OSYRIS King of EGYPT; And is said to have Invented Ordinary Writing, and Hierogliphiks. the first Laws of the Egyptians; And Divers *Sciences*, and Taught them unto other Men.

And at the Building of *Babilon* Masonry was much made of; And the King of *Babilon* the Mighty NIMROD, was a *Mason* himselfe, As it's reported by Antient Histories, And when the City of NINEVE, and Other Cities of the East, were to be Built, NIMROD the King of *Babilon* Sent thither Masons at the request of the King of NINEVE his Cousin; And when he sent them forth, He gave them a CHARGE in this Manner.

That they should be true to one another, and Love truely together; And that they should serve the Lord truely for their Pay, so, that their *Master* might have Honour, and all that belong unto him, And Severall other Charges He gave them; And this was the First Time that Ever any MASON had any Charge of his CRAFT.

MOREOVER when ABRAHAM and SARAH his Wife, went into EGYPT, and there taught the Seven *Sciences* to the EGYPT- IANS; He had a Worthy SCHOLLAR whose name was **Euclhyde*, and He learned right well, and became a Great Master of the Seven *Sciences*; and in His Days, it Befell,

That the Lords and the Estates of the Realm, had so many Sons; And they had no competent Livelyhood to find their Children.

Anno
Mundi.
MDCCLX.

* Anno
Mundi.
MXXIV.

WHEREFORE they took Councell together with the King of the Land, How they might find their Children Honestly as Gentlemen, But could find no Manner of Good way, And then Did they Proclaime through all the Land, that if there were any Man, that could Inform them, that he should be well rewarded for his Travell, And that he should hold him well pleased.

AFTER this CRY was made; then came the worthy CLARK EUCLYDE, and said to the King and the LORDS.

IF YEA will Give me Your Children to Govern, I will Teach them One of the Seven SCIENCES, whereby they may live Honestly, as Gentlemen should; Under Conditions, that Yea will Grant them, and That I may have Power to Rule them after the manner that *Science* ought to be Ruled. And that the King and the Councell Grant Anon and Seale his Commission And then this Worthy *Clark* EUCLIDE took to him these Lord's Sons, and taught them the SCIENCE of GEOMETRY, in Practick, for to Work in STONE, all manner of worthy Work, that belongeth to Building of CHURCHES, TEMPLES, TOWERS, CASTLES; And all other manner of Buildings; And He gave them a Charge in this Manner.

FIRST that they should be true to the King, and to the Lord, that they Serve; and To the Fellowship whereof they are Admitted; And that they should Love and be true to one another; And that they should Call Each other his *Fellow*, or Else BROTHER; and not his Servant or Knave, nor no other foul Name; and that they should truly deserve their Pay of the Lord; Or the Master of the Work that they Serve.

THAT they should Ordain the Wisest of them to be the MASTER of the Work; And neither for Love nor Lynage, Riches nor Favour, to Sett another, that hath but little Cunning, to be Master of the Lord's Work; whereby the Lord should be Evil Served, and they Ashamed; and Also, that they should Call the Governour of the Work MASTER in the time that they work with him.

AND many other Charges He gave them, that are too long to tell, And to all these Charges He made them Swear a great Oath, that Men Used at that time.

AND He Ordain'd for them, a reasonable Pay, whereby they may live honestly; And Also that they should come and Assemble together every Year Once, to consult how they might Work best to serve the LORD, for his profit, And to their Own Credit, And to Correct within themselves him that had trespassed against the CRAFT.

AND thus was the Craft Grounded there, And that WORTHY Clark EUCLIDE, Gave it the Name of GEOMETRY; And now it's call'd through all the LAND MASONRY.

SITHENCE Long time after when the Children of ISRAEL were come into the Lād of the IEBUSITES which is now call'd IERUSALEM King DAVID began the *Temple*, that is called (TEMPLUM DOMINI) with us the TEMPLE of IERUSALEM, alias the TEMPLE of the LORD.

* Anno Mundi.
MDCCLXXIV.
2^d Sam^l v: vi.

THE same King DAVID Loved MASONS and Cherished them, and gave y^m Good Pay. And he gave them the Charges in manner as they were given in EGYPT, by EUCLYDE; and other Charges more, as you shall Hear afterwards.

* *

AFTER the decease of King DAVID.

SOLOMON sent to HIRAM King of TYRE for one who was a Cunning Workman (called HIRAM ABIF) the Son of a womā of the Line of *Naptali* and of Urias the Israelite. &c.

1 Kings,
7 chap.
13 verse.

SOLOMON to HIRAM the King.

KNOW thou that my Father having a will to Build a Temple to God. Hath been withdrawn frō the Performance thereof by the

Continual warrs and Troubles he hath had; for he never took rest before he Eithier defeated his Enemies, or made them tributaries unto him. FOR mine own part I thank GOD for the peace which I possess; And for that, by the means thereof, I have opportunity (according to mine Own desire) to Build a Temple unto GOD; for he it is that Foretold my Father, that his House should be Builded during my Reigne, FOR which Cause, I Pray you, send me some one of yo^r Skilfullest men with my Servants to the wood *Libanus*, to Hew down Trees in that place; for the MACEDONIANS are more Skilfull in Hewing and preparing Timber, than our People are; And I will pay the Cleavers of wood according to your Direction.

HIRAM UNTO KING SOLOMON.

THOU hast Cause to thank GOD; in y^t he had delivered thy Father's Kingdom into thy hands; TO thee I say, who art a Man, wise & full of Vertue; for which cause, Since no news can come unto me more gracious, nor Office of Love more esteemed than this, I will accomplish all that thou requestest: for after I have caused a great quantity of Caedar & Cyprus wood to be cut down, I will send it thee by sea, by my servants; whom I will command (and furnish with Convenient Vessells of Burthen) to the end they may deliver the same in what place of thy Kingdome it shall best please thee; that afterwards, thy Subjects may Transport them to *Jerusalem*. YOU shall provide to furish us with CORNE, whereof we stand in need, because we Inhabit an Island.

SOLOMON King David's Son to finish the TEMPLE that his Father had begun, sent for MASONS into divers Countries, and gathered them together, so that he had Fourscore thousand Workmen that were workers of STONE, and were all named MASONS, and he chose three THOUSAD of them to be Masters & Governours of his work.

AND HIRAM King of *Thyre* sent his servants unto SOLOMON, for he was ever a Lover of King David; And he sent Solomon Timber and workmen to help forward the Buildig^r of the Temple; And he sent one that was Named HIRAM* ABIF a widows Son of the Line of *Nephthali*; He was a Master of *Geometry*, and was of all his Masons, Carvers, Ingravers and workmen, and Casters of Brass and all other Metalls that were used about the Temple.

KING SOLOMON confirmed both the Charges and manners, that his Father had given to MASONS. thus was the worthy work of MASONRY Confirmed in *Jerusalem*, and many other Kingdoms. And he finished y^e Temple Anno Mundi MMM.

CURIOUS Craftsmen walked about full wide in divers Countries; some to Learn more Craft and Cunning, others to teach them that had but little Cunning.

* Anno Mundi
MMCCCCXXVI

AND at the Destruction* of the FIRST Temple by NEBUCHADNEZAR, after it had stood cccxxx years.

THE SECOND Temple Began in the Reign of SYRUS LXX Years after the Destruction, it being hindred; It was XLVI Years in Building and was finished in Darius his reign.*

* MMMDXXII

MMMDCCCXIII.

IN the Reign of *Ptolmie* and *Cleopatra*, ONIAS built a Iewish Temple in *Egypt*, in the place Called Bubastiss, and Called after his own Name.

* MMMDCCCCXLI

THE Tower of *Straton* (alias *Caesaria*)* built by HEROD in *Palistine*, and many other curious works of Marble, As the Temple of *Cesar* Agrippa to his Memory, in the Country called *Zenodorus*, near to a place called *Panion*.

* MMMDCCCCXLVI.

HE also pulled* down the second Temple, that was finished in DARIUS his reign, and appointed one Thousand Carriages to draw ston^e to y^e place; And chose out Ten Thousand

Cunning and expert workmen, to hew, and mould Stone;
And One Thousand he chose out and Cloathed, and made
them Masters and Rulers of the work; And built a New* *MMMDCCCXLVII
Temple on the Foundation, which SOLOMON had laid, not
inferior to ye first; And was finished Nine years before the * MDMDCCCLVII.
birth of our SAVIOR.*

AFTER the birth of our Saviour, *Aururiagus* being King of Britain,
Claudius the Emperor came over with an Army; and fearing to be overthrow,
made a League with him; and gave him his Daughter in
marriage; and that he should hold his Kingdom of Romans, Anno Christi
and so the Emperor the returned. IN the Year XLIII after
the birth of CHRIST, *Masons* came into England, and built a goodly Monastery
near unto Glassenbury, with many CASTLES and TOWERS. XLIII

THIS sumptuous Art of GEOMETRY; it being profest by Emperors,
Kings, Popes, Cardinals and Princes innumerable, who have all of them left
us the Permanent Monuments of it in their severall places of
their Dominions; Nor will this I presume be denied, when Anno Christi
well considered, that Renowned Example the TRAJAN CXVII
COLLUM; it being one of the most superb Remainers of the Romans Mag-
nificence, to be now seen standing; And which has more Immortalized the
Emperor TRAJAN, than all the PENS of Historians. it was erected to him,
by the Senate and People of Rome; In memory of those Great services he had
rendred the Country, and to the end, the memory of it might remain to all
succeeding Ages; and continue so long as the very Empire it selfe.

AND in Saint ALBANES time, the King of England Anno Christi ccc
that was a Pagan, Did wall y^e Town that was called *Verulum*;
And Saint ALBAN was a worthy Knight, and Steward of the King's Hous-
hold; and had got the Government of y^e Realm, and also the Town walls,
and Loved *Masons* well and cherished them much, and he made their Pay
Right good, standing as the Realm then did; for he gave them two Shillings
per week, and three pence to their Chear—For before that time through all the
Land, a MASON had but a Penny a day and his meat, untill Saint ALBAN
mended it.

And he got them a CHARTER of y^e King for to hold a Councell
Yearly. and gave it the Name of an Assembly; and was thereat himselfe,
and helped to make MASON, and gave them charges as yea shall have
afterwards.

IT happened presently after the Martyrdō of *St. Alban*, who is truly
termed England's Proto-Martyr; that a Certan King Invaded the Land and
destroyed most of the Natives by fire and sword That the SCIENCES of
Masonry, was much decayed, untill the Reign of

ETHELBERT King of Kent, Gregory the First Surnamed Magnus, sent
into the Isle of Britaine a Monk with other Learned Men, to Anno Domini
Preach the Christian Faith, for this Natiō as yet, had not fully DCCVI.
received it. this said *Ethelbert*, built a Church in Canterbury
and Dedicated it to St. Peter, and St. Paul; and is supposed to have built, or
restored the Church of St. Paul's in London: he also built the Church of St.
Andrews in Rochester.

SIBERT King of the East Saxons by perswasions of
ATHELBERT* King of Kent, having received the Chris- * Anno Domini
tain faith; built the Monastery at Westminster, to the DCXXX
Honour of God, and St. Peter.

*SIGEBERT King of the East Angles began to Erect * DCXCXCV.
the University of Cambridge.

ATHELSTANE began his Reign he was a Man beloved of all Men, he
had great devotion towards the Churches, as appeared in the Building,
adorning and Endowing of Monasterys. He built one at Wilton in the Diocess

of Salisbury; another at Michelney in Somersetshire: besides these; there were few famous Monasteries in this Realm, but that he adorned the same, either with some new piece of Building, Jewells, Books, or Portions of Lands. he greatly Enriched the Church of York.

EDWYN Brother to King *Athelstane* Loved MASONS much more than his *Brother* did, and was a great Practizer of GEOMETRY, and drew himselfe to Commune and talk with MASONS, to Learn the CRAFT, and afterward

Anno
Domini
DCCCXXXII.

for the Love that he had to MASONS and to the CRAFT He was made a *Mason*, and got of his Brother a *CHARTER, and Commission, to hold an Assembly; where they would within the Realm once a year; to correct within themselves, faults and trespasses, that were done within the CRAFT, and he held an Assembly him-selfe at YORK; and there made MASONS and gave them Charges, and taught the manner; and Commanded that Rule to be kept and made an Ordinance that it should be renewed from King to King. AND for ever after; and gave them the CHARTER AND COMMISSION to keep; when the *Assembly* was gathered together, he made a CRY, that all Old MASONS, and young, that had any writing or understanding of the Charges, and manners that were made before in the Land, or in any other; y^e they should bring and shew them. AND it was proved there were found some in French, some in Greek, some in English, and some in other Languages; and they were all to one Intent and purpose; and he made a Book thereof, how the Craft was founded; and he himselfe commanded, that it should be read or told, when any MASON should be made, and for to give him his Charges; And frō that Day untill this time, manners of MASONS have been kept in that form, as well as men might govern it.

FURTHERMORE at divers Assemblies certain Charges have been made and ordained, by the best advice of *Masters* and FELLOWS.

EVERY Man that is a Mason, take right good heed to these Charges. And if any man find himselfe Guilty in any of these Charges, he ought TO Amend, and pray to GOD, for his grace; especially you that are to be Charged —Take good heed that yea may keep this Charge right well; for it is a great perrill for a Man to forswear himself upon a Book.

THE FIRST CHARGE IS THIS, That yea be true Men to God, and y^e HOLY CHURCH.

SECOND, THAT yea Use no HERESY, wilful; or run into Innovations, but be yea wise Men, and discreet in Every thing.

THIRD; That yea be not disloyall; nor Confederates in treasonable plotts; But if yea hear of any treachery against the Government, you ought to discover it, if yea cannot otherwise prevent it.

FOURTH; That yea be true to one another, (that is to say) to Every MASON of the *Craft* of MASONRY, that be MASONS allowed, yea shall do to them, as yea would they should doe unto you.

FIFTH; that yea keep all the Councell of your Fellows truly, be it in Lodge or in Chamber, And all other Councells that ought to be kept, by the way of Brotherhood.

SIXTH; that no *Mason* shall be a thief, or Conceal any such Action, so far forth as he may wit or know.

SEVENTH; that every Allowed *Mason* shall be true to the Lord or *Master* whom he serves, and shall serve him faithfully to his Advantge.

EIGHTH; that yea shall Call shuch *Mason* your *FELLOW* or *Brother* neither shall you use to him any scurrilous Language.

NINTH; that yea shall not desire any unlawfull Communication with yo^r fellows Wife; nor cast a wanton Eye upon his Daughter, with desire to defile her; nor his Maid servant or any wise put him to disworship.

TENTH; that you Pay truly and honestly for your Meat and Drink where-ever you *Board*; that the Craft be not Slandered thereby.

THESE be the Charges in Generall y^e BELONGS to Every free *Mason* to be kept, both by Masters and *FELLOWS*.

REHEARSE I will other charges in singular FOR MASTERS and *Fellows*.

FIRST, That no *Masters* or *Fellow* shall take upon him any Lord's work nor any other Man's work unless he know himself Able and sufficient to performe the same, so that the Craft have no sland^r nor disworship thereby, but the Lord may be well and truly served.

SECOND, that no Master take no work, but that he take it reasonably, so that the Lord may be well served, and the Master get Sufficiently, to live handsomly and honestly, and to pay his *Fellows* truly their pay, as the manner is.

THIRD, that no *Master* nor *Fellow* shall supplant any other of their work, (that is to say) if another hath taken worke in hand, or stand *Master* for any Lord's work; he shall not deale under hand, to mischief or undermine him, to put him out, Except he be unable of Cunning, to perform^e y^e work.

FOURTH, that no *Master* nor *Fellow* shall take any Apprentice but for the full term of seven Years; And that the Apprentice be Able of Birth (that is to say) free borne, and whole of Limbs, as a Man ought to be.

FIFTH, that no *Master* nor *Fellow*, take any Allowance or bribe of any Man, that is to be made a *Mason*, without the Assent, Consê, and Councell of his *Fellows*; and that he, that is to be made a MASON, be able in all manner of degrees (that is to say) free borne; Come of good kindred, true, and no Bôdman, and that he have his Right Limbs, as a Man ought to have.

SIXTH, That no *Master* nor *Fellow* take an Apprentice unless he hath sufficient Occupation to set him at work—Nay to set three of his *Fellows*, or two at least at work.

SEVENTH, That no *Master* or *Fellow* shall take no Mans work to Task, that Used, or was wont to lourney work.

EIGHTH, That Every *Master* shall give pay to his *Fellows* according as they deserve so that he be not deceived by false workmen.

NINTH, That no Man slander another behind his back to make him loose his good Name, and thereby also make him suffer in his way of Living.

TENETH, That no *Fellow* within the Lodge, or without; Misanswer, or give another reproachfull Language, without some reasonable Cause.

EELEVENTH, That every *Mason* shall Reverence his Elder, and put him in workshop.

TWELVFTH, That no *Mason* shall be a Common player at Hazard, or at Dice, or at Cards nor any other unlawfull Game whereby the Craft might be slandered.

THIRTEENTH, That no *Mason* shall be a Common Leecher, nor Pander, or Baud whereby the Craft might be slandered.

FOURTEENTH, That no *Fellow* go into the City or Town in Night time, without he hath some one or other with him to BEAR Witness that he was in honest places.

FIFTEENTH, That every *Master* and *Fellow*, shall come to the Assembly, if that be within Fifty Miles about him, if he hath any warning, And if he hath Trespassed against the Craft, then abide the Award of the *Masters* and *Fellows*, and make satisfaction accordingly, if they are able; But if not Submit to their reasonable Award; Then they shall go to Common Law.

SIXTEENTH; That no *Master* or *Fellow* make any Mould or Square, or Rule to Mould Stones with all; but such as are allowed by the *Fraternity*.

SEVENTEENTH, That every *Mason* shall Receive and Cherish strange *Fellows*, when they Come over the Coutry, and set thê at work if they will as

the manner is (y^t is to say) if he hath Mould Stones in his place, or else he shall refresh him with money to Carry him to the next Lodge.

EIGHTEENTH, That every *Mason* shall truly serve the LORD for his pay; And every *Master* shall truly make an END of his work; be it Task or Journey—If he have his Demand, and all he ought to have.

THESE Charges that we have now Rehearsed unto you and all other that belong to *Masons* Yea shall keep—So Help you GOD, and the Itallidom.

FINIS.

EXTRACTS FROM NEWSPAPERS RESPECTING SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN.

BY THE EDITOR.

IT has been thought well to put together some “extracts” relative to Sir Christopher Wren, hoping they may educe others, in some form or other, as we do not at all suppose that these are complete, or exhaust the “mine” which we have only just begun to work. Far from it. There are many newspapers, not in the British Museum, which, if brethren will kindly search from 1717 to 1723, they may find therein other extracts interesting to the Masonic student, and valuable to Masonic writers.

The Weekly Journal or Saturday's Post, December 22nd, 1722.—We hear that Sir Christopher Wren has made an offer to the Sons of the Clergy, if they will purchase a piece of ground, to build them an house at his own expence for their Anniversary Meeting.

The Post Boy, No. 5243, from Tuesday, February 26th to 28th, 1723.—On Monday last died Sir Christopher Wren, aged 92. He was formerly Surveyor-General of the King's Works; he rebuilt St. Paul's Church, and all the rest of the Churches that were burnt down in the great conflagration; he was deservedly reckoned one of the best and greatest Architects in Europe, and was lately elected Vice-President of the Corporation of Clergymen's Sons.

The Post Boy, No. 5244, from Thursday, February 28th to March 3rd, 1723.—Monday last, in the 91st year of his age, died Sir Christopher Wren. He was the only son of Dr. Christopher Wren, Dean of Windsor and Wolverhampton, register of the Garter, younger brother of Dr. Matthew Wren, Lord Bishop of Ely, a branch of the ancient family of the Wrens of Winchester, in the Bishopric of Durham. In the year 1653 he was elected from Wadham College, into a fellowship of All Soul's College, Oxon. In 1657 was chosen Professor of Astronomy at Gresham College, London, and in 1660 Savilian Professor of Astronomy in Oxford. In 1661 was created Doctor of Civil Law at Oxford, and some time after at Cambridge. After the great fire of London in 1666 he was constituted Surveyor-General for rebuilding the Cathedral Church of St. Paul, the Parochial Churches, and all other Public Buildings of this City, all which he lived to finish.

In 1669 he was constituted Surveyor-General of all the royal Works, which office he held till April 26th, 1718, by letters patents during pleasure, under the great Seals of K. Charles 2, K. James 2, King William and Queen Mary, Queen Anne, and his present Majesty K. George. In 1680 he was elected President of the Royal Society, of which he had been one of the first promoters. In 1698 he was constituted Surveyor-General and Sub-Commissioner

for the repairs (pursuant to Act of Parliament) of the Collegiate Church of St. Peter's, Westminster, in which service he continued to the time of his death. His body is to be deposited in the great Vault under the Dome of the Cathedral of St. Paul.

The Post Boy, from Tuesday, March 5th to March 7th, 1723.—The following plain inscription is engraven on the plate upon Sir Christopher Wren's coffin, viz., Christiforus Wren, Eques Auratus, hujus Ecclesiæ Architectus, obiit February 25th, Anno Dom. 1723, Ætat 91.

The Daily Post, Wednesday, February 27th, 1723, contains the same as the *Post Boy*, No. 5243, except the following:—He was deservedly reckoned one of the best and greatest Architects in Europe, but as his character is universally known it is needless to enlarge upon that head.

The Daily Post, February 28th, 1723.—The body of the late Sir Christopher Wren is to be deposited in the great Vault under the Dome of the Cathedral Church of St. Paul.

The Daily Post, March 1st, 1723.—The obituary notice, word for word, the same as in the *Post Boy*, No. 5244.

The Daily Post, March 6th, 1723.—On Friday last, the Rev. Dr. Butler, President of St. Mary Magdalen's College, Oxford, was chosen Curator of the Theatre there, in the room of Sir Christopher Wren, Kt., deceased. The said Sir Christopher was last night interred in the great Vault under the Dome of St. Paul's. (Then follows the inscription as given in the *Post Boy*, of March 5th.)

London Journal, No. 188, March 2nd, 1723.—On Monday last died Sir Christopher Wren, the famous Architect, in the 92nd year of his age.

London Journal, No. 189, March 9th, 1723.—On Tuesday last, at night, Sir Christopher Wren was interred at St. Paul's.

London Journal, No. 193, April 6th, 1723.—Just published, The Constitutions of the Freemasons, containing the History, Charges, Regulations, etc., of that most Ancient and Right Worshipfull Fraternity, for the use of the Lodges, Dedicated to his Grace the Duke of Montagu, the last Grand Master. Authorized by the Grand Lodge of Masters and Wardens, at the Quarterly Communication. Order'd to be published and recommended to the Brethren by the Grand Master and his Deputy. Printed for J. Senex and J. Hooke, both over against St. Dunstan's Church, Fleet Street.

The British Journal, March 2nd, 1723.—On Monday died, aged 92, Sir Christopher Wren, Kt., formerly Surveyor-General of the King's Works, fam'd for his great perfection in Architecture. He rebuilt St. Paul's, and the rest of the Churches in this City, since the great Fire.

The British Journal, March 9th, 1723.—Sir Christopher Wren, that worthy Freemason, was splendidly interr'd in St. Paul's Church, on Tuesday night last.

The Weekly Journal, or Saturday's Post, March 2nd.—On Monday last died Sir Christopher Wren, aged 92. He was, near five years ago, removed from the Surveyorship-General of the King's Works, which post he had enjoyed for above 50 years, upon account of his known abilities, notwithstanding the change in Ministries and Government, till the time above mentioned. He was justly esteemed a great Mathematician, and the best Architect of his time. When he was very young he writ a little tract concerning the Laws of Motion, at the very same time that Dr. Huygens and Dr. Wallis published theirs upon the same subject, and these three great men, without knowing anything of one another's thoughts, agreed exactly in the same propositions. He had the fortune (which no other Architect ever had before) to begin and finish so vast a work as the Church of St. Paul's. He built all the Churches in London after the Great Fire. These, with Chelsea College, Hampton Court, and the Theatre at Oxford, etc., etc., will be perpetual Monuments of his skill and mastery in Building.

The Weekly Journal, or British Gazetteer, March 2nd, 1723.—On Monday last died Sir Christopher Wren, aged 92. He was formerly Surveyor-General of the King's Works. He rebuilt St. Paul's Church, and all the rest of the Churches that were burnt down in the great Conflagration. He was deservedly reckon'd one of the best and greatest Architects in Europe, but as his character is universally known, it is needless to enlarge upon that head. The Body of him is to be deposited in the great Vault under the Dome of the Cathedral Church of St. Paul's.

The Weekly Journal, March 9th, 1723.—Account of the burial and inscription word for word the same as the *Daily Post*.

The Weekly Journal, or British Gazetteer, March 9th, 1723.—Tuesday Evening the Body of Sir Christopher Wren, Kt., lately deceased, the most famous Architect in all Europe, was carried from his House in St. James's Street, Westminster, with great Funeral State and Solemnity, and was deposited in the great Vault under the Dome of St. Paul's Cathedral. (Then follows the inscription the same as before.)

The Postman, March 5th to 7th, 1723.—Last Tuesday night the Corpse of Sir Christopher Wren was carried from his late dwelling house to be interr'd in the Vault under the Dome of St. Paul's. The Hearse was preceded by a handsome Calvacade, and followed by 15 Mourning Coaches and six, as well as by several gentlemen's Coaches.

THE MASONIC BEATITUDES.

BY BRO. R. H. TAYLOR, NEVADA.

[If any brother can read the following lines without feeling his pulses quicken, then the true fire of the Craft has not illumined his soul.—*New York Dispatch*.]

MY brother of the Mystic Tie,
 Wherever you abide,
 Or on Nevada's mountains high,
 Or by the ocean's tide;
 Whate'er your station, rank, or fame,
 Where'er your native land—
 Because you bear a Mason's name,
 Here is a Mason's HAND!

As you and I our journey take
 Along life's rugged way,
 No adverse fate our Faith may shake,
 Or turn our Love astray;
 The bond between us, triple-strong,
 No power on earth may part;
 To you this tribute of my song
 Goes with a Mason's HEART!

While in the quarries of the Craft
 We work with one accord,
 A Mason's blessing let me waft
 To all who keep the Word;
 With Charity to all mankind,
 And Faith in God above;
 And these with gentle Hope entwined,
 Accept a Mason's LOVE!

MASONRY V. AGNOSTICISM.*

BY BRO. THE REV. HENRY G. PERRY, M.A., 32°, K.T.

THIS article would read as well were it entitled Masonic belief contrasting and contradicting unbelief, as it exists in the world without Masonry; for Freemasonry proceeds and builds upon Faith from the beginning, and fosters it. But, as Masons may enquire, first, "What of Agnosticism?" we answer, "It is the new name comparatively, for those who are not so much in contradistinction to "Gnostics" as they are of those who say because *we know* not what answers to divine things if there be such, we assert *no* belief in any thing positively. We do not *know* altogether, and need not therefore, *believe* at all.

Now this is not so much indifferentism as it is infidelity. Calling it scepticism does not materially vary or mend matters, for scepticism is but arrant doubt and denial of divine truth. Nor *that* only, as applied to the origin of the Redeemer of mankind's religion, in the Christian economy, under which we continue, enjoying the glorious liberty of the children of God.

The notorious sceptic school of Pyrrho, the Greek philosopher of Elis, 340 years B.C., had not Christ to antagonize; but it went on, all lengths and hazards, through teaching of Gymnosophists, Brahmins, Magi and the like, knowing vastly more than many of the modern blatant profane, who give their readers so many stale and vivid rehashes of Voltaire, Volney, Renan and Paine. And to what did it all lead? Remember some 2,222 years ago!—the great sceptic's answer, in all disputes, to his opponents, was the silly, shallow, senseless agnostic: "What you say may or may not be true I cannot decide;" and thus, in his school taught *that* truth cannot be reached. So vague, unreal, and worthless withal was all this that Pyrrho left no writings, even; and those of Timon, his follower, were lost; while we learn later from another, Sextus Empiricus, that the whole bent of their sceptic work was "rather to overthrow other philosophical structures than to build up their own," which amounted to nothing, if not mischievous, moreover and hurtful. For like motive God's haters would destroy the Book of Books, beg the question, rob faith, render nothing in return if not violence to authority, and sneak away under the "we don't know" cover. History repeats itself! and does so here, noticeably, in the very article of faithlessness.

The Gnostics were bad enough, but the modern agnostics appear worse; because, we maintain, according to revealed religion, *without God in the world*. Let us, to comprehend more clearly, see what the Gnostics were, as "ancient heretics famous from the first rise of Christianity" in the Eastern parts. If we refer to Holy Writ, in I. Timothy vi., 20; Colossians ii., 8; and I. John ii., 18, we are assured of this infection's obtaining in the earliest time. And, strange to add—*lucus a non lucendo*—extremists even then claimed to be beyond the practical common sense Christian of that primitive period! For instance, "they corrupted the doctrine of the Gospel by a profane mixture of the tenets of the old philosophy concerning the origin of evil, and the creation of the world." Irenæus accuses them of introducing into religion certain vain and ridiculous genealogies, *i.e.*, a kind of divine processions or emanations, which had no other foundation but in their own wild imagination. Their persuasion that evil resided in matter, as its centre and source, made

* We take this important paper from the *Voice of Masonry* for May.

them treat the body with contempt, discourage marriage, and reject the doctrine of the resurrection of the body, and its reunion with the immortal spirit." So these roved from one extreme general, or conjecture individual, perhaps, to another. We are told, some even asserting there was no moral difference in human actions; and thus, confounding right with wrong, gave loose rein to all the passions, and asserted the innocence of blindly following all their notions, and of living by their tumultuous dictates—"in whom the god of this world blinded the minds of them which believe not," that is, *rightly*, to say, "lest the light of the glorious gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto them," and so arraign and rebuke their unbelief, excesses, folly, hardness of heart, and superstition.

The tenets of the ancient Gnostics, we learn, were revived in Spain, in the fourth century, by sectaries called Priscillianists, after him put to death in the year 382 by Maximus. In some sort, it seems, there are ever those who perversely follow them. Their doctrines and views are said to resemble those of the Manichæans, another sect; and so, along through the years since, there have been manifold changes of doctrine, with diverse displays of distrust, and more or less speculative unwisdom among men. But, without tracing the errors and extravagance of such philosophists from as late as the fifth to the nineteenth century, we may reasonably conjecture what so many theories in assortment of strange speculators they embrace, and how "science" so-called falsely affects them.

It is Gorgonian in effect and operation to remind one of famed Medusa's serpent tresses that they who contemplated—such the story—turned to stone. So scepticism, changing, petrifies the fount of faith, hardens the heart, and blunts and blights belief in Deity. As from a volcano of abnormal thought—chimerical cogitation coming to the surface—constantly has flowed forth much matter extraneous and corrupt, useless and effete as waste lava that clogs the way and covers with ashen deadening showers otherwise goodly field and vineyard; and thus have come many unhappy visionary figments and monstrosities of more modern mental affectation and vaunted freethinking. I say *mental* merely, because not spiritual technically, as God's law of standard propriety is indeed spiritual, and not of human invention. For of the human barely emanates bald "agnosticism;" to name it, that latest "moonflower" in the vague hapless mead of mortal efflorescences, adopted of adventure and born of philosophic speculation. It consists of mere specious arrangement in presenting, with kaleidoscope expression, man-pleasing notions. It is simply deifying the human will, and heralding self-satisfying ideas; of bringing all things in earth or heaven to the creature's grade and metre, or echoing the animal instead of the angelic! It is the creature paramount, man first, God last! Man's Creator questioned, discussed, criticised, disparaged, set aside, ceased to be thought of, deemed and determined unnecessary and superfluous, defied and finally vituperated and ignored. This is the *agnostic* passive of our day; for such is the outcome of agnosticism's milder *cultus*, if it be worth the name.

To claim non-knowledge as the reason for *not* believing, or rather for occupying the stool of professed uncertainty, belongs to either folly or ignorance. Idiot or ignoramus, with a table of logarithms before him of which he knows nothing, is less to blame for denying their fact and utility than the "fully informed" of this enlightened day, scriptures in hand, saying, "we don't *know* there is any God, and feel justified, therefore, not only in questioning the divine, but also in doing just as we lawlessly choose." That is but the selfish natural language of man's upstart lawlessness, after all, which he wishes and seeks unrestrictedly to indulge; for, in denying the source, the invalidity of that from it follows of a sequence that can be gainsaid and negated, the presumption is, with impunity by the wilful defiant. And this agnosticism, as other *isms* we are cursed with, claims, not conservative

liberty, but license and lawlessness and all that they crave. Hence, I ween, we can in great measure account for the restiveness and repugnance to restraint, if not outlawry, our age manifests, and that should be curbed and overcome for the common good. But we have not room here for longer argument and demonstration in this respect.

Every student and lover of right religious civilization and proper progress, in the march of events to date, will realize that the factor for such conduct and ruling to the canonization of good is Divine Providence overruling for human good really, and making even the wrath of man to serve Him. Out of the decalogue from God's word is declared, *keep my sabbaths; honour thy parents; do no murder, nor adultery, nor theft, nor perjury, and covet not!*

But, meanwhile, if the inordinate negative doctrine of such as agnosticism prevails, and the subject's assumed "I dont know that God is," suffices to excuse obeying what the Great Architect of the Universe commands and requires of mankind, then the devil doctrine succeeds to sap and supplant what is due the Divine. It is sowing the wind to reap the whirlwind; or over again, Esau-like, but bartering one's blessed birthright for the paltry pottage-mess. No man, if resisting, can readily be led into such faithless condition, nor permit himself to get there, or floundering from all faith, afford to warp about revealed truth, and so wrest it as to wrong and mistake His work and word, written as of God's hand for man's welfare throughout the world's ages, to which history, sacred and secular, testifies in time without suffering loss. And such storied statement and showing, with their logic and cumulative appeal to convince the reason of right reflection, mirror heaven's best gift of gospel treasure in holy religion by analogy of the natural and revealed.

Nature is gravid with God's witness, while agnosticism is but barren ignorance. Sun, moon and myriad stars give lie to such sham stuff as this assertion of man's baser self being *superior* to supernal belief? We *can* avow and attribute *implicit* faith in the Almighty! The very earth, in frame and space, within its airy orbit kept by Him who governs all, proclaims a Maker whom night and morning daily come to praise. It is not seemly, neither right nor wise, for pitiful man out of his native clay to disavow the celestial spark within the very soul and essence of his given form—that says of one's born better self, at least, I am Immortal, and not as the dumb beast. I am, and know that I am what I am, the one fixed in faith, before God, can articulate freely. For, the Infinite Supreme over all, the Great I am, self-sentient, ever existent, fashioned and gave us cognizance of our own organized being after Himself,—conscious of the highest for the creature's capacity communicated and inspired to seek of the Everlasting All-wise, begotten to all eternity—in Jehovah's care and covenant—beyond and above the base brute kingdom. Hence the true man *cultures his soul!—orients himself—and believes*, as conclusively Masonry conduces to express and convey our formulated belief and conviction.

From the outset the Master, as of inspiration, instructs the veriest novice and tyro in the Royal Art: Remember now thy Creator! Him the bard, though blind as bat, saw through *faith's* hoodwinked eyes,

God who oft descends to visit men
Unseen, and through their habitations walks,
To mark their doings!

And again, from another faithful soul, of gentler mould, admitting testimony of the Omnipotent—

Spirit! whose life-sustaining presence fills
Air, ocean, central depths, by man untried,
Thou for thy worshippers hast sanctified
All place, all time! The silence of the hills
Breathes veneration; founts and choral rills
Of Thee are murmuring; to its inmost glade
The living forest with Thy whisper thrills,
And there is holiness in every shade.



In vitally rebuking and combating all error so gross as Agnosticism's sodden, desperate presumptuousness, in which the worldly, reckless or professed religionist merely, immersed, may be amusing one's self, let us not be delinquent! With firm hand on the volume of God's Golden Rule and Law, at the altar of Masonic love and loyalty, we point to and renew the obligation indispensable and bond, both of belief in the Lord and hope of resurrection in body through Faith in and intercession by an atoning Saviour.

(*To be concluded.*)

PROCEEDINGS OF A CAPTIVE LODGE.

BY BRO. ROBERT FREKE GOULD.

AMONGST the Military Lodges formerly existing under the rule of the "Ancient" or "Atholl" Grand Lodge, we find at the number 183 a lodge duly constituted in the Royal Artillery, A.D. 1773, and another in the 9th or East Norfolk Regiment of Foot in the year 1803. It being the practice of the "Ancients" not to re-number their Lodges, but to fill up vacancies by re-granting former warrants, the Lodge of Freemasons established in Captain Webdell's Company of the Royal Artillery in 1773, becoming defunct in 1787, Warrant No. 183 was passed on to some brethren of the 9th Regiment in 1803.

An earlier lodge had, indeed, been established in this latter corps. The 9th Regiment, on its return from Gibraltar in 1749, was stationed in Ireland until 1755, and in the year 1754 was granted a warrant (No. 246) by the Grand Lodge of Ireland. The Irish Lodge appears, however, to have died out about 1770. In 1803 the regiment was quartered at Plymouth, when application was made for a warrant of constitution from the Grand Lodge of England "according to the old institutions." No. 183 was accordingly assigned to the regiment, and the lodge duly "installed" on 19th February, 1803.

On the 10th November, 1805, the 1st Battalion, 9th Regiment, embarked at the Cove of Cork, in three transports, in the expectation of taking part in the war on the Continent. Two out of the three transports were, however, driven by contrary winds to the Downs, whilst the third, the *Ariadne*, having the headquarters on board, was wrecked on the coast of France, near Calais, when the staff officers and 262 soldiers were made prisoners of war. The other two transports sailed on their appointed course, but the decisive victory gained at Austerlitz, on the 2nd of December, by Napoleon, over the combined Austrian and Russian armies, was followed by results which occasioned the return of the British troops without being engaged in any operations of importance.

Though the archives of the lodge appear to have gone down with the *Ariadne*, a sufficient number of its members "weathered the storm," and seem to have lost no time, after their involuntary descent upon French soil, in resuming their Masonic labours. The minute book of the Lodge is thus headed: "Lodge No. 183, England, Installed in the Ninth Regiment, at Plymouth Dock, 5803. Proceedings of the Lodge, commencing 30th January, 1806—5806. N.B.—The former Books Lost by Shipwreck on 16 Dec., 1805."

It may be conveniently stated, that the extracts which I shall proceed to give from the minutes of No. 183 are, as nearly as possible, *transcripts*, in all

cases. Where either condensation has been necessary, or it has seemed advisable to interpolate any observations of my own, brackets are employed.

Emergency.—Proceedings of the Military Lodge, No. 183. Held at the House of Brother Francis Smith, No. 7, Rue Cordon, at Valenciennes, on the 30th January, 1806 .∴ 5806 .∴ —

The Brethren of the Lodge, to the Number of Ten, being assembled and joined by the Ancient Masons of different Lodges under the Constitution of England, Ireland, and Scotland, present at Valenciennes, open'd in due form on the first degree in Masonry, with the W. Master, Brother Butler, in the Chair.

[Here follow thirty-two names of brethren certified as "present," including that of "Lord Viscount Barrington *by proxy*."]

Mr. Thomas Deputation was proposed, approved *nem. con.*, and initiated and passed, which being performed he returned thanks in due form, and the lodge [was] closed in peace, harmony, and Brotherly love.

J. Dow, Secy. Signed, E. BUTLER, Master.

[A *regular* meeting was held at the same place on the 6th February, and on the 21st February, and 15th May, at the Pavilion of Liberty, Valenciennes; the minutes commonly signed by the Master, Wardens, and Secretary; two or three meetings usually held monthly.]

19th June, 1806.—An election of officers took place for the ensuing 6 Months:—E. Butler, Master; John Bates, Sen. Warden, Robt. Ware, Junr. Warden; Jn. Dow, Secretary; P. Saunders, Treas.; T. Gregory, S. Deacon; Jn. Moore, J. Deac.; J. Cox, P.M.; and Jas. Moffat, Tyler.

St. John's Day.—The officers renewed their obligations, and Divine Service rehearsed by the W. Master. [Forty-two brethren present, including Colonel E. R. Cope. Capt. Geo. Kerr, and Monsieur de Chevrard "from the French Lodge."]

4th August, 1806.—Sergeants J. Jones, W. Leeds, Jas. Gilmore, S. Jarvis, Wm. Hickey, T. Walters, J. Robinson, Hy. Matthews, and Corporal Edw. Missitt, of the 9th Regiment, initiated and passed.

6th Nov., 1806.—Resolved that during the winter months the Lodge should only meet once a month.

27th Dec., 1806.—[Present] Lord Viscount Barrington and Colonel E. R. Cope by Proxy.

[Two meetings only were held in 1807, and none whatever in 1808. In the former year an application for relief was favourably entertained by the "Ancient" Grand Lodge.* The minutes of the Steward's Lodge—corresponding to our existing Lodge of Benevolence, recording the following:—

Steward's Lodge, 21st Jan., 1807.—Edward Butler, W.M.; John Bates, S.W.; John Dow J.W.; Pat Saunders; Robt. Ware; Isaac Cox, and others, Members of Lodge 183 in the 9th Regiment, prisoners of War at Valenciennes in France, being cast away and shipwrecked in or about March, 1806, and thereon carried to Valenciennes, and in great distress, were ordered 4 G.s. (Guineas) each.—40 G.s.

A further sum of twenty guineas appears to have been voted to the brethren of No. 183 by the Steward's Lodge, since, on a renewed application for assistance on the 16th September, 1807, the dispensers of the bounty of Grand Lodge declined to accede to it, upon the ground "that the 26 brothers, prisoners of war at Valenciennes, had already received 60 guineas from the general fund, and it also appearing that only five of the petitioners were members of Lodges under the 'Ancient' Constitution."]

* The Grand Lodge of England "According to the old Institutions."

30th March, 1809.—The Treasurer, Bro. Saunders, ordered to attend on the 1st Thursday in May and produce the cash.

Observation.—Brother Saunders made his escape on the 28th May without rendering any account of the cash to the Lodge. The Sum of money taken amounted to eleven pounds Sterling and one penny—in cash.*

[No further meeting of the lodge took place in 1809, and the next record appears under date of 1811.]

11th February, 1811.—Surgeon George Burleigh, Royal Waggon Train, proposed Captain Francis Miles Millman, Esqr., of the Coldstream Guards; John Taylor, Esq., Captain, of the Royal Regiment of Artillery; and Mr. John Beckford, Merchant Captain [and they were initiated and passed].

9th April, 1811.—At the apartments of Brother Lord Viscount Barrington, at Valenciennes.—James Slack, Esq., and James Robertson, M.D. [initiated and passed]. BARRINGTON, Secretary. Signed, E. BUTLER, Master.

22nd Dec., 1811.—[Forty-four brethren present] being all the Ancient Masons within hail. The W. Master made several proposals for the better government of the Society while in France, which were all adopted Nem. Con. Resolved that this Lodge should meet on the 1st and 3rd Thursday of each Month.

The W.M. laid before the Lodge several authentic documents respecting the conduct and behaviour of Br. Lord Viscount Barrington, not only derogatory to his dignity as a Mason, but shameful and scandalous as a man, being nothing less than a direliction of all his Masonic duties and breach of all his obligations; on which the Lodge unanimously expelled him.

2nd May, 1812.—[Forty-two members present.] The W.M., Bro. Butler, proposed to the Lodge a desire of uniting the members thereof to the Ancient Mother Lodge of France, by desiring a dispensation from the Grand Lodge to hold the Lodge in this Country under their patronage and support, which was approved Nem. Con., and petitions were immediately made out and sign'd to that effect, in order to send them to Paris.

2nd July, 1812.—Mr. H. Stewart was again proposed and rejected by a majority of 15 voices against 11.

7th January, 1813.—The Lodge visited by the R.W.B. de la Lain, Master of the Lodge of Perfect Union, Donary, and B. Richard Lovelace, Esq., Member of the said Lodge. [Bro. Lovelace, a honorary member of No. 183, was presented on the 18th February, 1813, with a Past Master's jewel, "as a testimony of gratitude for the services rendered by him to the Lodge.]

1st April, 1813.—The Lodge was visited by Bros. Wm. Russell, of Lodge No. 435, Ireland [83rd Regiment]; James Bartley, of No. 165; John Wilson, of 239; James McCollum and Henry Henderson, of 784; and James Austin, of 846 [Tyronne Militia]; who were unanimously approved of as members of this Lodge.

24th June, 1814, St. John's Day.—The Lodge assembled at Br. White, Rue de Bobineau, precisely at 12 o'clock. Fifty-four members present. The new officers were install'd for the ensuing six months, and gav'd their obligations. And an Oration was spoke from the chair suitable to the purpose, after which the Lodge passed to refreshment.

2nd December, 1813.—Mr. Richard Smith, Duckells, proposed to become a member. This Decision was Differed until next regular Lodge in order to inquire into his Character. [This procedure very common in the Lodge.] The

* In the G. L. Register (Ancients), under the No. 183, appears, "Pat Saunders . . . ran away with the money."

Lodge visited by Brs. Peter Russell and Peter Le Cheminant, of Lodge No. 337, Guernsey, call'd the Unity, and by B. Amice Mignot, of No. 222, Ancient York Masons, Guernsey, and Likewise by Philip Langlos, No. 116, Guernsey.

Regular.—FRANCE.—Proceedings of Lodge No. 183, held at Bro. White's, Rue des Bobineau, in Valenciennes, on the 20th day of Jany., 1814, or the 20th day of the 11th Month, Masonic year 5813.

The Lodge being assembled, open'd in the 3rd degree of Masonry, with the following Brethren Present, Viz.: W. Master Br. Butler; B. Barron, S. Warden; Coles, J. Warden; De Jersey, Secy.; Seeds, Treasurer; Allen, S. Deacon; Fisher, J. Deacon; Clark, P. Master; Moffitt, Tyler.

The Lodge having heard the reports of the Different Brethren, Closed in perfect harmony and Brotherly Love, with 21 members present, and adjourned untill the fate of War shall have decided the contents of Europe. *On the 25th Jany., 1814, the brethren were all dispersed. Their affairs were decided on 31st March, 1814 (5814) by the triumphal Entry of the Allies in Paris, and the overthrow of Bonaparte. The ARK was at Riom, in the Province of Auvergne, with only Brs. Butler and Ware present, who seperated, and Br. Butler brought the Lodge to England.—E. Butler.*

Signed by orders of the W. Master and Members,

ISAAC DE JERSEY, Secy.

[The above is a literal transcript of the last entry in the Minute Book of the lodge, during the captivity of the battalion to which it was attached. The words italicized were evidently interpolated by the W.M., Bro. E. Butler, at some later period.]

20th Sept., 1814.—*Lodge of Emergency.*—ENGLAND.—Proceedings of Lodge No. 221, held at Br. Blake's, in the King's Infantry Barracks at Canterbury. Present, W. Master Bro. Butler [and 16 others]. The Lodge proceeded to investigate several Letters received from the Grand Lodge, with Instructions concerning their future conduct on account of the Union being fully explained. The Lodge closed in harmony and Brotherly Love.

8th Dec., 1814.—*Regular.*—For Installation of the New Members, Dedication of Jewels, Furniture, etc.

The Number was changed on the Warrant and proclaimed to be no longer 183, but 221, with the usual Solemnities. [Bro. E. Butler re-elected Master.]

27th Dec., 1814.—Visitor, Br. W. Scott, of No. 5, Prov. G.L. of Andalusia.

7th Dec., 1815.—At the Duke of Wellington, Prospect Row, Brompton. The Lodge opened progressively to the Third degree, when Bros. Salter and Gilmore were proposed to become Masters of the Lodge, and passed the chair severally in due form.

19th Dec., 1815.—Emergency to initiate Mr. Thomas Whatley [passed 21st December, raised 5th January, 1816].

Memo.—In consequence of the small Number of Brethren—Brothers Salter, Coles, and Moffatt having left the Regt. and declared off from the Lodge on the 12th Jany., 1816.—the Meetings are postponed until time and circumstances may admit of their re-commencement. 24th Jany., 1816.

E. BUTLER, Master.

15th Feb., 1816.—[Resolved to purchase the second volume of the Book of Constitutions, just published. The Masters of the several lodges at Chatham and Brompton, together with Bro. Sampson Samuels, P.M. of No. 319, London [now Joppa, 188], elected honorary members.]

Memo.—The Lodge did not Assemble on 20th June or 24th, St. John's Day, having been ordered out from Chatham to Cobham, a small village without conveniences, during the election of a Member of Parliament for the City

of Rochester. Marched out 17th June and returned to Chatham on the 30th June, 1816.

M. D. PALMER, Secretary.

31st October, 1816, Brompton.—Brs. Whatley, Mathews, and Palmer where proposed to become Masters of the Lodge, and where regularly Installed as such.

[During its stay at Brompton the lodge visited by Bros. Drake, 139; Judge, Hobart (W.M.), 306; Reeves, Weekes (W.M.), Seers, Chidley, Conter, Casper, 403; Thomas (W.M.), 328; Brown, 313 E.; Bullock, 522 I.; Lucy, 205 E.; Weinman, 393; Lyons, 154; Buford, 141.]

19th Dec., 1816.—[Bro. Whatley elected Master, Bro. E. Butler having hitherto filled that office, without a break, from 1806.]

20th Feb., 1817, Canterbury.—The W. Master, Br. Whatley, and the remainder of the Brethren being present, it was proposed and unanimously adopted, that Br. Butler, the late W. Master, be again placed in the chair until the 27th Dec., 1817, and that in consequence of the small number of Brethren present at the Depôt, that the W. Master, Br. Butler, be empowered to take the Ark, Warrant, Jewels, and Furniture of the Lodge out with him to France [to join the headquarters of the battalion], he having received orders to that effect. Br. Butler, of course, re-assumed the government of the Lodge, and the meeting parted in love and harmony.

3rd April, 1817.—At a Private Room in St. Amand, France. [Present, fourteen members, including Bros. E. Butler, W.M.; T. W. Whatley, W.P.M.; Camps, 281 Ireland; Rowland, 8 Canada; French, 246 Ireland (9th Regiment); and Conniston, 791 (Westmeath Militia). Future lodge meetings arranged to take place on the first as well as the third Thursday in each month.]

1st May, 1817.—Havrincourt, Near Cambray, in France. Determined, that the Monthly dues should be reduced from one shilling to sixpence for each member.

Memo.—Recommended that the Lodge meet regularly every third Thursday for general instruction in the different degrees.

15th May, 1817.—Visited by Brothers Green, Tiller, and Langden (W.M.), of No. 454, held in the 5th Regiment.

[During the Regiment's stay at Cambray, many non-commissioned officers in the 1st Battalion Rifle Brigade, 23rd Fusiliers, and Coldstream Guards, initiated in No. 221; and amongst the visitors were Brethren from Nos. 874, 443 E., 205, 242, 168 E., 454 (5th Regiment), 675, 253 I.]

20th Nov., 1817.—The Lodge proceeded to initiate for instruction.

4th Dec., 1817.—[Bros. Whatley chosen as Master and E. Butler as Secretary.]

27th Dec., 1817.—Bro. John Johnson, Assist. Surgeon 9th Regt., approved of as a Member. [So far as disclosed by the minutes, this was the first commissioned officer who became a member of the lodge, though I find in the register of Grand Lodge the names of Captains W. Bell and John Elliot, as having been returned in a list of members, A.D. 1806. Bro. John Johnson elected Secretary at the next meeting, 1st January, 1818, in the place of Bro. Butler, "who had temporarily volunteered to fill that office."]

19th Feb., 1818.—A communication read, enclosing certain Grand Certificates, which were executed and delivered. The Ancient Charges were then rehearsed, and the Lodge closed in due form.

[The minutes of meetings ordinarily signed by the Master, Wardens, and Secretary.]

19th March, 1818.—[The Senior Warden, Bro. Rowland, severely reprimanded by the W.M. for contempt of his orders and derision when without the Lodge, in the execution of his Military duties. Various alterations in the Bye-laws approved, and the names of all the brethren subscribed to the new code.]

2nd April, 1818.—Bro. Rowland [and six others] were passed the Chair as Excellent Masters in due form, and installed according to Ancient Custom.

16th July, 1818.—Bro. Jno. Wright, a certified Master of No. 332, held in the 58th Regiment, was received and enregistered in the Book of Members.

6th Aug., 1818, Cambray.—Mr. Henry Clement, an accomptant in the Treasury Department, and Mr. Thomas Lands, a gentleman cadet in the Rifle Brigade, were severally and individually initiated [Bro. E. Butler “unanimously called to the chair of the Lodge,” vacated by Bro. Whately, owing “to the urgent calls of his military duties”*] Declared that, from the advanced season and the number of brethren already undergoing initiation in the Lodge, that no more candidates could be received during the present Summer.

1st Oct., 1818.—Br. Eason [and others] having passed an examination, and being found duly qualified, were elected Masters in regular order, and passed the chair as Excellent Masons.

Memo.—On the 5th day of November, the regular Lodge Night, the Regt. was on the March in separate Divisions between Canterbury and Winchester, consequently no Lodge could be holden.
E. BUTLER, Master.

27th Dec., 1818, St. John's Day.—At the Marquis of Granby, in High St., Winchester, a temporary Union was formed with the worshipful Lodges, No. 111, held by the Inhabitants, and 454 held in the 5th Regiment of Foot, for the purpose of celebrating the usual Festival.

St. John's Day [24th June, 1819 ?].—At the Hall of the Concord Lodge, No. 733, Ireland, Kingstown, St. Vincent, West Indies [No. 221, together with No. 733, marched to the Senate House, where a Sermon was preached by Bro. Rev. Lansdown Gilding, after which the brethren of the two lodges dined in company].

7th Oct., 1819.—Fort Charlotte, St. Vincent. The Lodge not being able to open in form owing to deficiency of Numbers—proceeded to instruct each other amicably as a Friendly Society, and separated in love and harmony at an early hour.

2nd Dec., 1819.—Present, Bro. E. Butler, W.M. [and four others, Bro. Rowland elected W.M., and the veteran Brother Butler, Secretary, *pro tem.*]

27th Dec., 1819.—[The two Lodges Nos. 221 and 733 again walked in procession to Church, and afterwards dined together].

17th Feb., 1820.—Not assembled in sufficient number.

In March.—The same.

20th March, 1820.—An Especial Lodge held in Freemasons' Hall, Kingston, in conjunction with the Concord Lodge, No. 733, Ireland, to take measures for presenting an address of condolence to H.E. the Governor, Sir Chas. Brisbane, on the decease of the ever-to-be-revered Sovereign, King George the Third, and that of our late Past Grand Master, H.R.H. the Duke of Kent, together with congratulations on the accession of King George the Fourth.

When the United Lodges being opened in due form in the Third degree, a committee was appointed to draw up the address accordingly, and it was ordered to be signed by the two Secretaries.

* Bro. Whatley was sergeant-major.

24th June, 1820, St. John's day.—The brethren assembled to the Number of five, when a sermon appropriate to the purpose was delivered by the Past Master, Br. Butler, after a regular rehearsal of Prayer.*

7th Sept., 1820.—Bros. Potter and Troop were unanimously elected to fill the chair of the Lodge, and they were accordingly Installed in Form in that excellent degree.

14th Dec., 1820 [Bros. Whatley, elected W.M., and Butler, Treasurer].

2nd May, 1821.—At Richmond Hill, Grenada [Bro. Butler present for the last time, Bro. Gilmore being elected Treasurer in his room].

26th June, 1821.—An invitation received from the Brethren of Lodge No. 252, to attend the Procession on the ensuing St. John's day.

27th July, 1821.—Richmond Hill, Grenada. The W.M. [Bro. Whatley, Regimental Sergeant Major] reported the improper conduct of Pro. Rowland, he having spoken disrespectfully of the W. Master and the Brethren. The W.M. and Lodge came to the following conclusion, that Bro. Rowland shall retire from the Lodge for six months, and if he then shows the same contrition he has done this evening, he may attend the Lodge as usual.

[Bro. Rowland re-admitted, and elected Master, 7th Dec., 1821; at the next meeting, however, on 11th Dec., the Senior Warden, Bro. Townshend, stated he had written Bro. Rowland's name instead of Bro. Whatley's, by a mistake, which left the numbers equal, viz., four to four, and he requested Bro. Whatley to exercise his casting vote in his own favour, and thus remain in the chair for another year. This Bro. Whatley consented to do, and on 21st Dec. Bro. Rowlands was elected Treasurer.

2nd February, 1821.—Bros. Sandes, Townshend, and Tucker passed the Chair as Excellent Masters.

21st Nov., 1822.—[Bro. Townshend elected W.M., but on 16th January, 1823, resigned the office, on the ground of his pressing duties as Messman, when Bro. Wall was elected in his room].

6th February, 1823.—Unanimously agreed that Bro. Townshend should never be considered as a Mason, his conduct being in many instances, unmasonic and immoral.

14th March, 1824, Richmond Hill, Grenada.—The Lodge settled sundry matters relative to the removal of the worthy P.M. Bro. Watley and Bro. Hopper, the former sent to England for his health, the latter discharged for long service, and pension'd according to his merits. Bro. Stockwell installed Master. Things being adjusted to the satisfaction of the Lodge it was closed until a fit opportunity should offer to resume their work (as the distance, duties, and bad state of health of Brother Cottingham preventing his attendance). Their being but four present in the absence of Bro. Cottingham.

The minutes of the Royal Arch Chapter, held under the sanction of the warrant of No. 183, commence 10th February, 1806, at Valenciennes, and terminate on the 11th June, at St. Vincent, the proceedings of twenty-eight meetings being recorded, over all of which except three, the indefatigable Bro. Butler presided as Z. No convocation appears to have been assembled after this veteran's departure from the head-quarters of the regiment.

No return seems to have been made to Grand Lodge after 1822, and the warrant was returned in 1829. From the minute-book it would appear that between 1803 and the 20th February, 1823, 159 brethren had enjoyed membership.

* No office seems to have come amiss to this worthy brother.

Few minute-books of regimental lodges are available for examination. I think, if records of the kind were more numerous, we should find, in the generality of instances, the honour, reputation, and well-being of each lodge to have been mainly dependent upon the enthusiasm and assiduity of one or two prominent non-commissioned officers. Bro. Edward Butler seems to have been the "mainstay" of the 9th Regimental Lodge, and it fell to pieces directly this worthy sergeant obtained his discharge from the service.

The only history of a British Military Lodge, so far written, was compiled by Sergeant-Major John Clarke, 20th Regiment, in 1849. The "Minden" Lodge, No. 63 on the Registry of the Grand Lodge of Ireland, was established in this distinguished regiment in 1748, Lord George Sackville, its then Colonel being the R.W.M.*

Bro. Clarke's "History" is a most readable one, though he falls into a few errors of quotation, and cites as evidence of the Lodge's vitality in 1772, a printed copy of bye-laws of that year (in the archives), bearing the signature of "William Dickey," Grand Secretary of one of the then Grand Lodges of *England*. In conclusion, it may be stated that the 9th Regiment of Foot was raised in 1685, in the south-west of England. According to my friend Captain Trimmen (author of "Regiments of the British Army") it captured the colours of the "2nd Hampshire Regiment," at Fort Anne, U.S.A., in 1777, and during the Peninsular War obtained the sobriquet of "The Holy Boys," from a habit indulged in by the "rank and file," of selling their Bibles in order to procure the means of quenching a somewhat unruly thirst.

IN PERILOUS WATERS.

'BOUT ship! O brother mariners!
'Tis needful we should flee;
For pleasure spreads her luring net
Beneath this hungry sea.
'Twere death to us did we but pass
Yon ridge of creamy foam;
There, in a sea-cave fathoms deep,
The siren makes her home.

O'er lucent waves of golden green
Soft breezes bear along;
To ears that will not be beguil'd
The wanton's dulcet song;
We scorn the glamour on her face,
A flame with hot desire;
No charm lies in that baleful look
Of eyes that scorch like fire.

Her kisses pall, her love is false—
So quick to seaward sail;
For kinder is the stress of waves—
Less cruel is the gale.
The haven of our hope doth lie
Hard by a brighter shore;
There may we strike our tatter'd sails
And rest us evermore!"

* General Sir Arthur Cunningham, G.C.B., is a P.M. of this Lodge.

FREEMASONRY IN CHINA.

THE publication of Bro. Giles' and W. A. Pickering's works, both on Freemasonry and the Secret Societies, has directed our attention anew to China. That mysterious and wonderful land may yet bear witness to the antiquity and indigenouness of Freemasonry, though at present these essays, strictly speaking, are only tentative efforts, rather than completed arguments, in regard to this complex and abstruse question.

So far, we apprehend, the evidence is on the whole but small which can connect the speculative Freemasonry of 1717 with China in any sense of existence or continuity previously to that date; yet, on the other hand, Mr. Pickering and Bro. Giles point each to a "phase" in the inquiry which is both interesting in itself, and important for us to note.

Mr. Pickering thinks that the "Triad" Society, the great "Shiang-Ti-Hiu" Association, was once really Masonic, though now perverted to a merely political association.

Bro. Giles, while he says, p. 2, that the "comparatively modern system" of Freemasonry at vogue in the present day, among western nations "does not exist now among the Chinese, and has never existed in China at all," goes on to quote the use of a seemingly Masonic symbolism from the time of Confucius, which is 481 B.C. We may add here, that in the library of 33, Golden Square, is a small image of Confucius, with a square and an apron, and they also possess in their museum an old and ornamented "square." Both these are in "Jade," and are said by "experts" to be very old indeed.

The square is not, however, our square, which contains an angle of 90 degrees. Constant references, we are told, occur to the use of the "square and compasses," or as the Chinese say, "the compasses and the square."

Thus "Mencius," a great follower of Confucius, who lived 200 years later, tells us, that "just as the most highly skilled artificers are unable without the aid of the square and compasses to produce perfect rectangles or perfect circles, so must all men apply these tools figuratively to their lives, and the level and the marking line besides, if they would walk in the straight and even paths of wisdom, and keep themselves within the bounds of honour and virtue."

Then also in his book, vol. i., we find these express words, "A Master Mason, in teaching his apprentices, makes use of the compasses and the square. Ye who are engaged in the pursuits of wisdom must also make use of the compasses and the square."

In the work called "The Great Learning," between 300 and 500 years B.C., we find in chapter x., "that a man should abstain from doing unto others what he would not they should do unto him," "and this," adds the writer, "is called the principle of acting on the square."

In a celebrated poem, called "The Li Sao, or Dissipation of Grief," written by a certain statesman called Chii Ping in the fourth century B.C., we find these metaphorical allusions :

"Of a truth the workmanship of the age is specious !

"Neglected lie the square and compasses, our true guides.

"The measuring line is discarded, and the crooked is pursued.

"A showy elegance is the standard now aimed at by all."

Poor "Chii Ping's" words may be good of other ages besides his own.

And in the same poem is found, "inter alia," these lines :

"In the relation of sovereign and subject, seek the harmony of the square and the measuring line."

Bro. Giles, from whose interesting paper we take these extracts, adds, "I could go on producing a large number of similar quotations from various Chinese authors of note, such as the philosopher Wentzu, fourth century B.C.; the poet Lin Tsung Yüan, A.D. 773; the famous scholar and poet, Su Tung Po, 1086 A.D.; and can even "shew how this Masonic phraseology has found its place in the literary language of China even to the present day."

But not to weary the reader, I will merely mention that Bro. Giles gives us several proofs of the common use of, to us, familiar Masonic symbolism. Certain Masonic symbols, as the point within a circle, the level like that on a Past Master's apron, and even the tau may perhaps be traced. An "apron" is mentioned by Confucius, and an illustration is given by Bro. Giles; while the Chinese symbol for an axe represents Master Mason, which fact may interest Bro. Fort, in reference to Thor's hammer, and the like.

As regards the Triad Society, whatever it be now, many of its ceremonies have a Masonic character, and seem to point to a common origin. If they be pre-1717 they are very ancient indeed; if they are only the adaptation of English Masonic verbiage, then of course their value is represented by the "unknown quantity."

On the whole we are inclined to think, that in China as elsewhere, we are only on the threshold still of Masonic investigation. If the "relics" at Golden Square are veritable ones, and there seems no possible doubt in that respect, Freemasonry had an early existence in China, and, though perverted through the lapse of ages, seems to illustrate Oliver's old theory, of the connection of Freemasonry with primeval religion and the "ancient mysteries," which at one time were the only depositories of any "residuum" of religious wisdom, truth, and belief.

EXAMINATION OF A MASON.

IN *The Flying Post, or Post Master*, from April 11th to 13th, 1723, the following curious tract is found. Bro. R. F. Gould was the first, we believe, to publish "in extenso," in *The Freemason*, and to unearth, this "Catechism," though reference is made in Kloss to a catechism in the *Post Boy* of 1724-25-26, and Bro. Hughan and "Masonic Student" mentioned the fact of the existence of the *Post Boy*. Kloss also alludes to an earlier catechism, though he clearly had not seen this one. We have thought it well to re-publish it from another transcript for easy reference in *The Masonic Magazine*, as it has several important points.

EXAMINATION OF A MASON.

WHEN a Freemason is enter'd, after having given to all present of the Fraternity a pair of Men and Women's gloves and Leathern Apron, he is to hear the * * * * * belonging to the Society read to him by the Master of the Lodge. Then a Warden leads him to the Master and Fellows, to each of whom he is to say—

I fain would a Mason be,
As all your Worships may plainly see.

After this he swears to reveal no secrets of the Worshipful Fraternity, on pain of having his Throat cut, and having a double portion of Hell and Damnation hereafter.

Then he is blindfolded and the Ceremony of * * * * * is performed. After which he is to behold a thousand different postures and grimaces, all of which he must exactly imitate, or undergo the discipline till he does. After this the word, Maughbin, is whisper'd by the youngest Mason to the next, and so on, till it comes to the Master, who whispers it to the enter'd Mason, who must have his Face in due Order to receive it.

Then the enter'd Mason says what follows :

An enter'd Mason I have been,
Boaz and Jachin I have seen ;
A Fellow I was sworn most rare,
And know the Astler, Diamond, and Square ;
I know the Master's Part full well,
As honest Maughbin will you tell.

Then the Master says—

If a Master Mason you would be,
Observe you well the Rule of Three,
And what you want in Masonry,
Thy Mark and Maughbin makes thee free.

When you would enter a Lodge, you must knock three times at the Door, and they'll challenge you :

Q. Are you a Free Mason ?—*A.* Yes, indeed, that I am.

Q. How shall I know it ?—*A.* By Signs and Tokens   7, from my entrance into the Kitchen, and from thence to the Hall.

Q. What is the first point of your Entrance ?—*A.* Hear and conceal, on pain of having my Throat cut or Tongue pull'd out.

Then one of the Wardens will say, God's greeting be at this Meeting, and with the right worshipful the Master, and Worshipful the Fellows, who keep the Keys of the Lodge from whence you came, and you are also welcome, Worshipful Brother, into this Worshipful Society.

Then you salute as follows : The right Worshipful the Master, and the Worshipful Fellows of the Lodge from whence I came, greet you abundantly,

Q. What Lodge are you of ?—*A.* I am of the Lodge of St. Stephens.

Q. What makes a just and perfect Lodge ?—*A.* A Master, two Wardens, four Fellows, five Apprentices, with Square, Compass, and common Gudge.

Q. Where was you made ?—*A.* In the Valley of Jehosaphat, behind a Rush-Bush, where a Dog was never heard to bark, or Cock crow, or elsewhere.

Q. Where was the first Lodge kept ?—*A.* In Solomon's Porch ; the two pillars were call'd Jachin and Boaz.

Q. How many Orders be there in Architecture ?—*A.* Five, Tuscan, Doric, Ionic, Corinthian, and Composite, or Roman.

Q. How many points be there in Fellowship ?—*A.* Six : Foot to foot, Knee to Knee, Hand to Hand, Ear to Ear, Tongue to Tongue, Heart to Heart.

Q. How do Masons take their place in Work ?—*A.* The Master S.E., the Wardens N.E., and the Fellows Eastern passage.

Q. How many precious Jewels are there in Masonry ?—*A.* Four, Square, Astler, Diamond, and Common Square.

Q. How many lights be there in a Lodge ?—*A.* Three : The Master, Warden, and Fellows.

Q. Whence comes the pattern of an Arch ?—*A.* From the Rainbow.

Q. Is there a Key to your Lodge ?—*A.* Yes.

Q. What is't ?—*A.* A well-hung Tongue.

Q. Where is it kept ?—*A.* In an Ivory Box between my Teeth, or under the Lap of my Liver, where the Secrets of my Heart.

Q. Is there a chain to it ?—*A.* Yes.

Q. How long is it ?—*A.* As long as from my Tongue to my Heart.

Q. Where does the Key of the working Lodge lie?—*A.* It lies on the right hand from the Door, two foot and a half, under a green Turf, and one Square.

Q. Where does the Master place his Mark on the Work?—*A.* Upon the S.E. Corner.

To know an enter'd Apprentice you must ask him whether he has been in the Kitchen, and he'll answer, Yes.

To know an enter'd Fellow you must ask whether he has been in the Hall, and he'll say, Yes.

To know a Mason in the Dark you must say, There is no Darkness without Absence of Light, and he'll answer, There is Light without Absence of Darkness.

To compliment a Brother Mason, You put your Hand to the right side of your Hat, and bring your Hat under your Chin, then the Brother will clap his right Hand to the right side of his Hat and bring it to the Left Side under his Heart.

To meet a Brother you must make the first Step with your right Foot, the second with your Left, And at the third you must advance with your right Heel to your Brother's right instep, then lay your right Hand to his left wrist, and draw the other Hand from your right Ear to the Left under your Chin, and then he'll put his right Hand to his left Side under his Heart.

To Gripe, is when you take a Brother by the right Hand and put your middle Finger to his Wrist, and he'll do so to you.

To know a Mason privately, you place your right Heel to his right instep, put your right Arm over his Left, and your Left under his right, and then make a Square with your middle Finger from his Left Shoulder to the middle of his Back, and so down to his Breeches.

When a Mason alight's from his Horse, He lays the Stirrup over the Horse's Neck.

To call a Mason out from among Company you must cough three times, or knock against anything three times.

A Mason, to show his necessity, throws down a round piece of Slate, and says, Can you change this Coin.

LAS MEMORIAS.

AS the Spanish say, "*Las Memorias*," or "*the Memories*," are very abiding and very precious to us all.

And it is remarkable how very little to-day can touch the secret spring of memory, and unlock and open out its most hidden mysteries!

A touch, a word, a flower, a line of poetry, a song, a strain of music, a look of hair, a casual expression, a smile, a tear, a chance meeting—all and each have a potent influence sometimes on us all alike, and in a moment the flood tide of memory rises, sweeping all before it, and carrying us away on its surging and impetuous waves to a long distance,—to a far-off shore!

We are in the midst of a busy and prosperous life to-day, surrounded by the artificialities of society, or the thronging interests of present existence, and yet, as it were by magic, an unscen power transports us, as on the "fairy carpet" of old, to quite a different scene, to other faces, voices, pursuits, pleasures, pains.

All comes out clear before us, and we invest with a thousand graceful fancies what, perhaps, at the time we ourselves cared little for before, because memory, bridging over the period between the present and the past, throws a

roseate colouring over "the things which once were and never can be" to us here again. Indeed, nothing is so domineering, or autocratic as Memory, in that it takes us completely at times away from the present—with its dull cares or petty trials,—and makes us denizens of another clime, where all was fresh and fair, fragrant and free, and when Hope, with its most halcyon tones, could breathe into us those glowing aspirations and anticipations which, alas, time and experience, and sorrow and separation, and treachery and change, have told us too surely and too sternly, are only, after all, "bottled moonshine," for the most part, for us poor mortals now.

For instance, I was looking over some dirty old papers the other day, preparatory for an "auto da fe," innocent and befitting, unlike the Inquisition of old, when I was attracted by a sealed envelope which had lain there many years, and which, when opened, contained the little crayon drawing of a fair face I once knew very well, the portraiture of one I cared for much and grieved for deeply, long, long years ago.

And then, in a magic minute, memory came to the rescue, and took me out of my little den, with its old books, and musty furniture, and countless old bachelor surroundings, to a distant epoch, now almost dim itself to me, and rejuvenated me, and hemmed me in on every side with the words, and songs, and smiles, and happiness, and gay ways, and cheery doings, the bright faces and loving hearts, of a very fair time and a very pleasant scene in my own humble career. What recked I then of to-day? I was far, far away! We were all young again.

And that very little drawing reminded me of one with whom some of my pleasantest days were passed, and yet such is the irony of fate, such the "perversity of things here," she had faded out of my memory and life just as she herself had passed in gentleness away, in life's young morn. And yet now memory supervening, had filled my room with the tender ghosts of the past. They were all there, not one was missing—old and young, grave and gay, fair maidens, sportive youths.

I could hear the quips and realize even the pranks of those old days, long forgotten now, but gracious even to recall to mind. How little pleased us then, gratified us then; how merry, how contented, how truthful, how real, we all then were!

Alas! how, too often, does the world change us all after a few short years, and what actors and hypocrites we do become. But then, how everything contented us, how satisfied we were with one another and with ourselves. In the immeasurable conceit of youth, we fancied that never any got on so well together before.

And yet, here to-day, I am all but the solitary survivor of that once gay, merry, and joyous gathering, and the old papers I destroy, and the old letters I read, and the old portrait I gaze on, are but the Memories, fading and evanescent, of a past which can never be recalled, of sympathies which time cannot renew, of friendship and affection which could only endure for a season, but, let us hope, may outlive even Time's "encroaching hand," survive even "decay's effacing fingers." But it is a mistake to suppose that when we get old we can reconstitute for ourselves the friendships of years.

As Horace Walpole well put it, a hundred years ago, we can live with the young and like the young, but their ways are not ours, nor ours theirs. They cannot interest themselves in what interested us long years ago. Each age thinks "no small beer of itself," and it will not allow us, who are inclined to dream that the past is superior to the present, to seek to make them believe that the faces were fairer, the hearts were warmer, the associations were more enduring, than those with which they are identified to-day.

The same writer tells a pretty story in one of his letters to George Montagu or to General Conway—I forget which—in illustration of what he contends for. He once gave a party to three of the most beautiful ladies of his

acquaintance, Lady Ailesbury, the Duchess of Richmond, and Lady Coventry, and after the partings were over, old Horace says, "Well, I can never see three prettier women; no party that any one can get together will ever excel them for me, and I shall always be satisfied in thinking, that my "three Graces" kept me company here. Three such charming women are not likely to meet here again."

So let us cherish "las Memorias" of the past.

They are a pleasant "shadow hand" for us all, to which we can have recourse when wearied and oppressed with cold formalities or lying frivolity to-day. There, at any rate, we can be at rest and peace; there professions mean something; friendship is a reality, and hearts are loyal and loving to the end. There we can be cheered and consoled when the world wearies us, or sickness depresses us, with the memories of the past, with the hopes of the future, when true friends shall meet true friends again, when the "day" shall "dawn" and the "shadows flee away."

GOSSIP OF AN OLD MASON.

BY BRO. ROB MORRIS, OF KENTUCKY.

IT may seem to amuse the readers of the *Masonic Magazine* if I offer them, in the character of "Masonic Gossip," some recollections connected with the preparation of the many "Reports on Foreign Correspondence" which have passed my hand. This branch of Masonic literature, though practically American, has attained such proportions during the last thirty years that the historian cannot pass it over. These reports afford, indeed, all the materials of Masonic history. Some of them, as those of Robbins, of Illinois; Howry, of Mississippi; Drummond, of Maine; and others, are almost exhaustive in reasoning upon questions of jurisprudence and analyses of current facts. I think a collection of the American Grand Lodge Proceedings for the past twenty-five years a library calculated to make its owner proud of the industry and erudition of their compilers and the progress of the Fraternity.

But to my own share in these things. I began the study of the current history of Freemasonry in 1846 by making collections of all sorts of facts bearing upon the subject, from a newspaper clipping to a tome of many pages. A few years later, when I was first appointed Chairman of the "Committee of Foreign Correspondence," I found this accumulation of facts right in my hand. Incidents of the slightest moment, when considered separately, form valued links in a chain of history. This I particularly observed when making a series of chronological tables of Masonic events. Had I a copy to send you, Mr. Editor, you would be amazed at the number of these, picked up here and there in the desert of desultory reading and wrought together for use.

In 1850, we had no extended reports upon foreign correspondence. Chairmen of Committees to whom the subject was entrusted satisfied themselves by hasty glances at the communications laid before them by Grand Secretaries, and generally reported, that "there was nothing in the papers submitted to them that particularly called for notice." In rare cases, indeed, like that of the serious *imbroglio* of New York Masonry about 1850, the subject was deemed worthy of closer examination, and occasionally a little sparring with neighbouring Grand Lodges was indulged in, only this and nothing more. My first "Report upon Foreign Correspondence," though more brief than later ones, went more fully into subjects of general interest to Masons than any that

had proceeded it. I reviewed the proceedings of twenty sister Grand Lodges, nearly all that were then in correspondence with us. Among these was *not* the Grand Lodge of England, neither of Scotland, Ireland, France, or, perhaps, any foreign organisation. My report concludes with the assertion that "the tone of the publications before me is uniformly cheering. It indicates high prosperity in the respective jurisdictions for which they emanate. They are replete with sound moral, often with profound religious, sentiments worthy the Order whose basis is the Word of God. In this respect they will bear comparison with anything the year has produced. To those who doubt or criminally deny the morality of Masonry, we may triumphantly hold up all these publications as testimonies that cannot be refuted.

For all the period until my term of Grand Mastership began, I was retained to prepare annual reports upon foreign correspondence for my Grand Lodge (Kentucky), as I am at the present time. From 1850 to 1858, I was living in the western portion of the State, near the Mississippi river. More than one of your readers will recall his visit to me in my "Old Kentucky Home" at Lodgeton. The days were those of slavery, and there was nothing more curious to an English traveller in our ante-bellum times than to observe the relations between master and servant. I will not shock your sensibilities by praising the institution of slavery. It has disappeared as well from the American Republic as the British Empire. But I am free to say I have witnessed (and so have your readers) many worse things in this evil life than the mild form of slavery that existed around my Kentucky residence thirty years since. But where is my gossip leading me?

It was my custom in those days, as now, to take the summer months to the preparation of "*Reports upon Foreign Correspondence*," and the other papers entrusted to me by Grand Lodge. Shall I ever forget those happy days, that happy employment? The weather was too sultry for much movement. My little table set its legs firmly in the rich alluvium in the deep shadow of the beech tree, and tempted me to its side. Was the classical allusion wanting? Had I not "the Mantuan Bard" (*Virgil. Delph.*), withh is *sub tegmine fagi*? The great poplar tree of Southern Kentucky (*Liriodendron tulipifera*), which is our magnolia, throws its lofty shade upon the lower beech tops, and added a coolness to the same. My little children played around me, or enjoyed their *siesta* near by, or opened the pages for me, occasionally reading aloud or even copying a passage here and there as wanted. It was then that those three boys resolved "to grow up and be good boys, so that we may be good men and become Masons." Poor fellows! they have found life a hard and stony way, yet they were good boys, and they are good men, hard-working and faithful to a trust, and they *are* good Masons. Something then of good has grown out of those summer days at Lodgeton. There were seven of the children, six of them yet living, and the heads of families, and I have only to look over the family register to count fifteen of a new generation who call me "grandfather." And here comes the noisest of the lot, and I know from his clamour that I shall not get rid of him until I have replenished his little purse with coins.

As I went on with my reports my Masonic neighbours would come in by ones and twos, utterly unemployed at that hot season, and anxious to inflict their tediousness upon me. Good fellows! They have disappeared to the last man. The civil war swallowed up many; the scythe of the Destroyer reaped the rest. To them I read my notes while they smoked the strong Kentucky tobacco, and wondered that "one little head contained so much Freemasonry" (Cowper altered). My neatest passages, my sharpest thrusts, my keenest reports have never excited so much approbation as from those favourable critics. Truth to say, we had not much talent employed in that line. The witty Corson had not fleshed his maiden sword then; the beaming Drummond had not brought his battery of logic and humour to bear in this direction; the cordial Frank Goulley (alas, for what a fate he was reserved—the death by fire!) was

note even a Mason. (I conferred the Third Degree upon him myself in 1857). O'Sullivan was working to make his calling and election sure as Grand Secretary of Missouri. Albert Pike, then a resident of New Orleans, was beginning to be heard of in Masonry, having taking a distant start towards it as an Oddfellow, and another as Grand High Priest of Royal Arch Masonry. My contemporaries in the work were such "good pens" as Mellen, of Mississippi; Philip C. Tucker, of Vermont (*facile princeps*); B. B. French, of Washington City; Finlay M. King, of New York; and Wilkins Tannehill, of Tennessee. Of this last a fact is recorded worthy of note. A few ardent souls at Nashville used to write an annual "Report on Foreign Correspondence," put his name to it, and procure an appropriation of 500 dollars from the Grand Lodge for his benefit. He was blind and poor. But few of his acquaintances knew of this circumstance, but supposed that the report was prepared by his dictation. I have overlooked, purposely, Bro. J. S. Parvin, of Java, who was then, as now, one of the best writers upon Masonic themes, of which our literature can boast. His reports would bear republication to-day as a good history of American Masonry for thirty years. It is a heartrending comment upon the above paragraph that every one of the names given as my contemporaries, save Parvin, has passed the boundary that separates earthly darkness from promised light.

And now to come down to the work laid out for the present year. My Grand Lodge meets in October. In time for that my report must be finished and printed, that a copy may be placed in the hand of each delegate, 600 in number. It will be about 250 pages in length, set up in small type, and must treat of all the variety of subjects suggested by the documents placed in my keeping. Here they are, a huge mass, indeed! Beginning with the Grand Lodges of this Continent, fifty-four in number, the bulk comprises 12,000 printed pages. Then here are circulars, charges, replications, bulletins, official serials, letters in manuscript, etc., enough to turn the brain of one whose moderate supply of brain material has not become indurated by so much experience.

In alphabetical order, commencing with "Alabama, Arkansas, British Columbia, etc.," I have laid out the piles, some eighty-five in number. Jupiter, what a mass and a mess! "The Orient" is printed in Bohemian. Other papers appear in Greek, Spanish, Italian, German, French—what not. Some of the works before me, as California, Illinois, New York, etc., run up to 600 pages each. To cull from each all that is novel were easy enough, for I have so long made study of these matters as to be able to sniff an innovation afar off, but to cull only such novelties as will interest Kentucky readers is not so easy. We Masons of "the dark and bloody ground" abhor innovations. Only call anything an "innovation" here and toss it away. The Grand Lodge will not abide it. We never can understand how "The United Grand Lodge of England" could innovate upon its ancient Constitutions at the tremendous rate they have done it. Was it a sudden or a gradual process? Was there no protest? Why, I have tried here for nearly thirty years to introduce the system of District Deputy Grand Masters, but in vain. It is an innovation. I wish your erudite contributors would show me how to introduce some of those radical changes which I observe in comparing your Constitutions of 1881 with those of 1722.

But I am making this paper much too long. It is the weakness of gossip that there is no (natural) end to it. "Men may come and men may go," but the old chatterbox talks on and writes on until his night cometh. However, I will wait to see whether you publish the present article, and if I find it in print will follow it up with a second batch, describing the subjects to be particularly considered in my report on foreign correspondence for 1881. We have a number of controversies on the *tapis*, quite a number of things settled every year for thirty years have to be settled again. Some grand new jokes are to be published. Many lamentable deaths are to be mourned. In brief, our reports for 1881 may be worth the reading.

INDISCRIMINATE CHARITY.

INDISCRIMINATE Masonic charity is many times a serious evil, instead of good, and often works harm for the fraternity. It affords too much encouragement to the professional beggar, who knows he is sure of a quarter at least, for his persistence, and that he will be easily disposed of at that; for it saves the donor the trouble of making any investigation as to his worthiness, and opens a field for quite an extensive business. For some reason these frauds are not as common as they used to be, but they put in their appearance occasionally, and should be treated as their unworthiness deserves. It is not a good plan as a general rule to dispense Masonic charity in an individual way, for Masons in their individual capacity are not prepared with all the means, or time, for testing the worthiness of the applicants, and should refer all such cases of charity to the officers of the lodge, whose duty it is to make investigation before dispensing alms.

It is not all who can recite the lectures, and who are possessed with the secret language of the fraternity, who can prove themselves worthy, and this is an important factor to be considered before going down into your pockets for assistance. If he is not found worthy he should receive no encouragement in his nefarious raid upon the good feelings of the fraternity, who are generally disposed to assist a brother whom they find in distressed circumstances; but when they have been deceived a few times they harden their hearts toward all who appeal to them.

The lodges should first look out for the needy ones in their own flock; adopt the worn-out adage, "Let charity begin at home," and practise it as liberally as their finances will allow; but when one presents himself who is not known, let him establish his worthiness before he is sent away replenished.

A brother in another jurisdiction, commenting upon this subject, expresses his astonishment at the readiness with which American Masons are swindled; for all our solemn and imposing machinery does not prevent the plodding tramp to work his brazen face into our lodges, deplete our treasury, and pass triumphantly on to new fields.

And he asks: "How shall we protect ourselves? Is there no way by which the Masonic Order can close its doors against brazen imposters?" The man who comes wrapped up in the mantle of Masonic covenants, hailing us in the language of Heaven itself, and demanding aid; will not somebody tell us how to *try that metal*, whether it be gold or pinchbeck?"

Experiences which have been brought to our notice during the twenty years of our connection with the fraternity, warrant, to some extent, the exclamations of our distinguished brother; but we know of no other rule which will prevent the unworthy from continuing to thrive on the liberality of others, than that which has already been suggested; and many times the mark of unworthiness is stamped so thoroughly on the individual, that little time or trouble is necessary to arrive at a safe conclusion on which to base action. A little attention to this subject of indiscriminate charity will soon settle the business, so far as the *gullers* are concerned, and the fraternity will be the better for it, not only in pocket, but their benevolent disposition will not become hardened when objects of real charity shall present themselves.—*Loomis' Musical and Masonic Monthly*.

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 (*continued*).

GRADUALLY the Lodge regained its vitality once more, a strong proof of which is exhibited in the minutes of April 27th, 1842, which records that "it is but just to remark that, considering various circumstances, considerable merit is due to most of the worthy Brethren, who went through their work with true Masonic worth." A small part of this minute is in the Mark cypher.

On the 14th December, 1842, there were only six members present. These, being sterling workers, seem to have felt some disappointment at the absence of so many on this occasion, especially as it was the usual night for election of Master. Nevertheless, with true Masonic charity, they made the best of it, and the humorous way in which the Acting Secretary entered the minutes is a striking proof of his lightheartedness in the matter.

Wednesday night, Decr. 14th, 1842.—At a meeting held this night there were present: Thos. Robinson, W.M.; John Walker, senr., S.W.; Nicholas Walker, J.W.; James Brown I.G.; John Smith, Tyler; Nobody, Deacons; His Rt. Hon. L. Barker, Secretary. The rest of the Brethren not being present, we proceeded to business without 'em, and transacted it nearly as well without them.

Bro. Thos. Robinson was again proposed to stand as Master for the next coming year.

Also, we agreed to canvass the members for attending St. John's, and those who agreed to attend should sign their names, and afterwards be considered responsible for the expense of the Dinner, etc., in case of non-attendance.

The Business of the Lodge being settled, we closed in the usual form with solemn prayer.

Of course we had a glass or so each after our fatiguing labours, and then bundled home.

At the foot of the page there is a note made by the Lodge Secretary (Bro. Wainman Holmes) a fortnight afterwards, and it needs nothing more to shew how utterly impossible dissensions must have been amongst, and how strongly the Masonic principle of Brotherly Love had entwined itself round the hearts of the veteran Masons of Airedale Lodge at this time. The note above referred to reads as follows:—

Dec. 29th, 1842.—After reading the above I cannot but note here how thankful I am for Bro. Barker's kind way of officiating for me, and should this remark come before a Lodge of Freemasons in one hundred years from hence, take my word for it, Bro. B. is a well beloved Bro. Mason.

(Signed) W. HOLMES, Sec.

For the edification of my brethren, more especially as Bro. Barker was present in good health, I read the note nearly thirty-six years after it was penned, viz., on the opening of the new Masonic Hall at Wellcroft, Shipley, October 2nd, 1878, and I hope that at the expiration of sixty-four years more there will be many brethren of Airedale Lodge who will feel pride and pleasure in, as well as take an example from, the memory of such Masons.

In 1843 the Huddersfield Lodge (then 365) completed its fiftieth year, and a jubilee in honour of the event was held, 24th April, being the date of its anniversary.

I was surprised to find that only six Past Masters were returned to Grand Lodge, 13th May, 1844, viz.: Joshua Bell, W.M. 1844; Thomas Robinson, 1843; Nicholas Walker, 1841; John Beck, 1837; John Walker, jun., 1836; and William Whitwham, 1835. As a memorial of the time, the following communication is peculiar—

ROYAL YORKSHIRE LODGE.

332, Keighley, June 5th, 1844.

Sir and Brother,—In consequence of the death of our late worthy brother, William Hopkinson, who departed this life at seven o'clock this morning, I am directed by the W.M. to inform you that his remains will be committed to Mother Earth on Sunday next, at 12 o'clock.

You and all your Brethren are hereby desired to attend a Masonic Procession on the occasion, and to meet in the Lodge Room on the above day not later than ten o'clock a.m. From yours fraternally,

R. C. SHARPE, Secretary.

N.B.—The Brethren to appear in Black Dress, with White Gloves and Craft Orders.

On the 17th April, 1845, the Wakefield Lodge (then 727, and held in Thornhill Street,) was consecrated, its warrant being dated March 1st, 1844. In the following month the Alfred Lodge, Leeds, No. 384, having completed its fiftieth year on the 27th April, commemorated the event by a grand Masonic ball, under the patronage of the R.W. Prov. Grand Master, the Earl of Mexbrough, at the Assembly Rooms, Crown Street. The Lodge held its meetings at this time at Scarborough's Hotel.

Lodge Truth, Huddersfield, No. 763, was constituted December 3rd, 1845.

Lycias Barker and John Mann rejoined in 1845.

On April 8th, 1846, it was found necessary to make a levy upon the subscribing members for twelve months :—

Bro. John Walker, W.M.; Bro. N. Walker, S.W.; Bro. John Beck, J.W.; Bro. Joshua Bell, P.M.; Bro. Joseph Walker, I.G.; Bro. John Smith, Tyler; Bro. Wm. Whitwham, Treas.; Bro. Thos. Robinson, Secy.

It was proposed by Bro. John Beck and seconded by Bro. Nicholas Walker, and unanimously carried, that the whole of the regular members pay a contribution of 6d. per month for 12 months, to defray the Returns and other expenses belonging to this Lodge.

On the 2nd September, 1846, Bro. M. Rogerson, W.M., and eleven members of the Lodge of Hope, attended as visitors, and the Airedale accepted an invitation to their Lodge, at Bradford, for the 5th October, 1846.

An important meeting was held on Sunday night, December 6th, 1846, there being present Bros. John Walker, W.M.; N. Walker, S.W.; John Beck, J.W.; Joshua Bell, P.M.; W. Holmes, Secretary; L. Barker, Treasurer; Thomas Robinson, S.D.; J. Walker, J.D.; John Mann, I.G.; J. Smith, Tyler. Bro. Thomas Robinson proposed the re-admission of Bro. Wainman Holmes. This was seconded by Bro. Joshua Bell and carried unanimously. Bro. Nicholas Walker proposed Mr. Nicholas Walker, jun., Baildon Mill, as a Candidate for Freemasonry. Bro. Lycias Barker proposed Bro. Wainman Holmes as W. Master for 1847, seconded by Bro. Beck, and carried unanimously.

However, from this date to the St. John's meeting at the end of 1847, only six meetings of the Lodge were held. On the fifth meeting, held 24th November, 1847, "it was proposed by Bro. John Beck, and seconded by Bro. Nicholas Walker, that Bro. Wainman Holmes stand as W.M. for next year." "No other being proposed, he was necessarily elected," adds the Secretary, Bro. Thomas Robinson.

The Cleveland Lodge, Stokesley, No. 795, was founded this year.

Strange to say, there are two versions of the minutes on St. John's Day, December 29th, 1847. One of these is, however, an undoubted, though only partial, copy—if not actually written in the new minute book *from memory*. I accept the original by Bro. Thomas Robinson, P.M., as entered in the old minute book, especially as it includes (in addition to other particulars usual on installation meetings) every entry of the later one. On this occasion, nearly

twenty-one years after his first installation, Bro. Wainman Holmes was again placed in the chair as W. Master, and Bro. Thomas Holmes was initiated. The returns to 31st December, 1847, were made February 28th, 1848, fifteen members being returned, inclusive of two initiates, during 1847.

On the 28th October, 1848, the following brethren attended our Lodge from the Royal Yorkshire, No. 332, Keighley:—Bros John Gordon, Thomas Brown, Thomas Lund, Joseph Buckley, John Ellison, James Emmett, Thomas Midgley, Abraham Shackleton, James Cawood, Daniel Town, John Hagar, William Simpson Servant, George Pool, George Falshaw.

And on the 10th January, 1849, Bro. Nicholas Walker, senior, was again elected W.M. On this occasion six brethren volunteered to provide the supper for the six following meetings.

Bye-laws had previously been found necessary, and many attempts made to frame them; but in this year (Thomas Holmes, Secretary,) strenuous efforts seem to have been made to have them compiled. On July 4th, 1849, they are thus referred to:—

The Lodge, after a short lecture, was duly closed after the negligence attending the delay of writing out our Bye-Laws was alluded to, and when each member was to be strictly requested to attend at the next meeting, that the business may be accomplished.

Again, on the 5th September, 1849 (the next meeting): “The completion of our Bye-Laws is a matter of business which stands over until next meeting, when it is hoped we shall be able to finish their compilation;” and on the next meeting following (October 3rd, 1849): “Bro. Wainman Holmes promised to arrange the Bye-Laws and submit them to the inspection of our next meeting for the approval of the Brethren.” Notwithstanding these efforts and promises, the matter seems to have been allowed to pass out of mind, as it was twenty-one years after this that bye-laws were compiled and printed. The Zetland Lodge, Guisbrough, No. 820, and the St. Germain’s Lodge, Selby, No. 827, were founded in 1849.

On February 26th, 1850, Bro. John Walker, senior, again rejoined, but the attendance was anything but satisfactory up to 1853 inclusive.

On Monday, 22nd September, 1851, the M.W. Grand Master, the Earl of Zetland, laid the foundation stone of St. George’s Hall, Bradford, on which occasion, for the first time, a special Grand Lodge was held in the old Exchange Buildings (now the General Post Office), Kirkgate, Bradford, the Provincial Grand Lodge having been previously opened by Bro. Charles Lee, D. Prov. G.M. W. Yorkshire, at eleven a.m. Bro. William H. White, Grand Sec., Bro. Michael Costa, and other distinguished brethren, were present.

In May this year the Huddersfield Lodge, having a candidate for one of the Masonic charities, acknowledged the receipt of 120 votes from the Airedale Lodge.

On Wednesday, January 7th, 1852 (Nicholas Walker, junior, W.M., Thomas Wharton, Secretary), “it was proposed by Bro. Thomas Holmes, and seconded by Bro. John Ambler, that instruction meetings be held every Saturday night at 7 o’clock, one night at Bro. John Smith’s and the other at Bro. Wainman Holmes’s; it was unanimously agreed to. Bro. Joseph Walker, Bro. N. Walker, jr., and Bro. John Walker, jr., are particularly requested to attend.” It is not very difficult to make out from this who were the chief workers in the Lodge at this date.

The Harmony Lodge, Bradford (No. 874), the North York, Middlesbrough (No. 876), and the Zetland Lodge, Cleckheaton (No. 877), were established in this year.

On the 8th September, 1852, £1 was voted from the Lodge funds to a sick brother, and the same amount on Nov. 24th, 1852. Bro. Jonathan Walker was again a joining member in this year, and more life was perceptible in the Lodge for many years following.



May 25th, 1853.—“The business being finished, Bro. Barker presented the brethren present with a good supper.” As I happen to know what “a good supper” means when thus expressed by a Baildon brother continually under the influence of the exhilarating breezes of the adjacent moors, I am inclined to think these plain and substantial but wholesome suppers often decided a wavering brother to attend his lodge even when perhaps his occupation or some social attraction of a different character to Freemasonry pulled in an opposite direction. How many hearts, rarely assailable, and purses, too, have been opened through the mysterious agency of a good supper.

I find brethren walked over the moors from Keighley and Bingley, and from Idle and Guiseley, regularly to attend the lodge at Baildon at this time, showing the perfect harmony and activity then existing.

October 19th, 1853.—“Jonn. Walker again proposed as joining brother,” at the St. John’s, and installation of Thomas Holmes, December 28th, 1853.

It was suggested by the W.M., and agreed to by all the brethren in the lodge that it be taken into consideration to look out for some competent and suitable person for an Outer Guard. It is proposed by Jonn. Walker, and seconded by Bro. Mich. Walker, that any respectable young man coming forward to be made a Mason, by being Tyler, shall tyle 40 regular nights, and be allowed 6d. each time to pay his own contribution fees and cost of certificate and registration.

The name of a candidate was brought forward next meeting, February 15th, 1854, but at the ballot (15th March) two black balls appeared against him, and his reception was *postponed*. However, the rejection was confirmed April 12th, 1854, and the names of the two objectors were made known by their own admission in open lodge, and entered in the minutes.

Henry Smith and Fredk. W. Mowbray proposed, balloted for, and accepted Friday, December 29th, 1854, Thomas Wharton being installed W.M. The Fredk. W. Mowbray referred to seems to have attended the lodge only once, viz., on December 6th, 1854. He was not returned as a joining member of our lodge. Bro. Smith acted in various offices, from O.G. to S.D. during 1854, and was first returned as a member July 3rd, 1856 (for 1855). He was not appointed to any office until the St. John’s Day, December 29th, 1854 (the date of his joining the lodge), when he obtained the position of J.W., and on the following St. John’s Day, December 24th, 1855, that of S.W. Bro. Smith was installed Master in the Airedale Lodge on December 29th, 1856.

St. Cuthbert’s Lodge, Howden, No. 913, was established in 1854, its warrant being dated March 24th, 1854. Bro. Lycias Barker “declared off” April 4th, 1855. In this year “Holme Valley” Lodge, Holmfirth, No. 937, was founded; also the Royal Filey, No. 926.

On February 20th, 1856, the lodge met for the first time at the Angel Inn (Bro. Wainman Holmes’s), the landlord of the Malt Shovel (Bro. John Smith) “having had to leave the house.” Notice of the removal was sent to the Grand Secretary, July 3rd, 1856. Camelodunum Lodge, Malton, No. 958, constituted. Bro. Nicholas Walker, jun., having died on the first or second day of this month, a letter of condolence, in most affectionate terms, was sent to his widow dated 13th of August, 1856.

September 17th, 1856. A brother was admitted “on the usual affirmation of an Episcopalian, i.e., without swearing.”

October 5th, 1856. “It was decided that a paid Tyler should be appointed, commencing June 18th (?), and that the appointment be left in the hands of Bro. Joseph Walker.”

On November 12th, 1856, two pounds were voted to “the Chas. Lee Testimonial Fund.” Airedale raised five pounds seventeen shillings altogether.

It is very gratifying to record that on March 11th, 1857 (Thos. Wharton, P.M., as W.M., in the absence of Bro. Henry Smith as W.M.), “there was working and lecturing to a great extent in each Degree, which was very instructive and interesting.” At the next meeting

(April 7th, 1857,) the W.M., Bro. Henry Smith, was deputed by the lodge to represent it at the Provincial Grand Lodge meeting at Huddersfield on the 8th, and attend the business in connection with the Royal Benevolent and the Widows' Fund, and towards the former very liberal subscriptions were made. A meeting held September 2nd, 1857, indicates the new life which the lodge had begun to feel. It deserves more than a passing notice, and is therefore given nearly *in extenso* :

Wednesday, September 2nd, 1857.—Bro. Henry Smith, W.M.; Bro. Nich. Walker, S.W.; Bro. John Walker, jun., J.W.; Bro. John Smith, I.G.; Bro. Jos. Bell, O.G.; Bro. W. Holmes, Secretary; Bro. Thos. Wharton, P.M.; Bro. Jesse Denby; Bro. John Walker, P.M.; Lycias Barker, P.M.; Josh. Walker, P.M.; and 13 visitors from "Hope" and "Harmony" Lodges, Bradford.

The lodge being opened in the 1st Degree, Bro. John Walker, jun., P.M., commenced the lectures, which were gone through by the members in a commendable manner. Bro. John Walker, jun., P.M., then gave the three first clauses in a very creditable form, which was highly spoken of by our visiting brethren. Our visiting Brother T. J. Robinson gave the first Tracing Board in a very solemn and impressive manner. The lodge was then opened up into the 2nd Degree, when lecturing, &c., were gone through, and the second "Tracing Board" was given by Bro. Joseph Walker, P.M., in a masterly style. The working in this Degree was excellent. The lodge was then opened in the 3rd Degree, in which the members were very much instructed and edified by the way in which Bro. John Walker, jun., P.M.; Bro. Nicholas Walker, P.M.; and Bro. Joseph Walker, P.M., conducted and went through the different lectures, &c., connected with this Degree. Our visitors were much pleased, and passed a high tribute of praise for the manner in which the lodges had been conducted and the working gone through."

Having previously referred to bad and indifferent minutes, it is a real pleasure to discover a meeting like this, and to express an opinion that it is alike most creditable to the W.M. and Past Masters of the lodge, and was, no doubt, one of the most instructive, interesting, and satisfactory meetings ever held in the lodge.

A letter was read on November 4th, 1857, from Bro. Thomas Brown, of Keighley, wishing to become a member of this lodge.

It was proposed by Bro. Geo. M. Wand, S.W., seconded by Bro. John Walker, and carried unanimously, that Bro. Thomas Brown becomes a member of this lodge, and that the Secretary be desired to write him, and to give him an invitation to our St. John's. At this meeting Bro. George Motley Wand was elected W.M., and a brother "returned thanks to the members for the kindness shown towards him in getting up a petition for relief to the Prov. Grand Lodge, although being too late it could not be received, and the sum of four pounds was collected. "Bro. W. Holmes was desired to get up a petition (assisted by his Bro. Secretary, Wm. W. Holmes) to the Grand Lodge for relief of the brother referred to."

The Secretary was also desired to return thanks to the Prov. Grand Lodge in the name of the same brother, for the relief given. At the next meeting, December 2nd, 1857, petitions for his further relief were signed, and a small sum was voted from the lodge funds. At this meeting the three first clauses were given by Bro. Josh. Walker, P.M.; Bro. John Walker, jun., P.M.; and Bro. Nicholas Walker, P.M., after which the W. Master feelingly referred to the death of Bro. Thos. Wharton, P.M.

On July 6th, 1857, the Loyal Ancient St. James's Lodge, 656, was removed to Halifax.

To be continued.)

KING SOLOMON.

 BY BRO. THE REV. JAMES B. MURRAY, NEW YORK.

KING SOLOMON stood in his crown of gold,
 Between the pillars before the altar,
 In the House of the Lord. And the King was old,
 And his strength began to falter,
 So that he leaned upon his ebony staff,
 Sealed with the seal of the Pentegraph.
 And the King stood still as a carved king,
 The carved cedarn beams below,
 In his purple robe, with his signet ring,
 And his beard was as white as snow,
 And his face to the Oracle, where the hymn
 Dies under the wings of the Cherubim.
 And it came to pass as the King stood there,
 And looked on the house he had built with pride,
 That the hand of the Lord came unaware
 And touched him; so that he died,
 In his purple robe, with his signet ring,
 And the crown wherewith they had crowned him king.
 And the stream of the folk that came and went
 To worship the Lord with prayer and praise
 Went softly ever, in wonderment,
 For the King stood there always;
 And it was solemn and strange to behold
 The dead King crowned with a crown of gold.
 For he leaned on his ebony staff upright,
 And over his shoulders the purple robe,
 And his hair and his beard were both snow-white,
 And the fame of him filled the globe;
 So that no one dared touch him though he was dead,
 He looked so royal about the head.
 And the moons were changed and the years rolled on,
 And a new king reigned in the old king's stead,
 And men were married and buried anon;
 But the king stood stark and dead,
 Leaning upright upon his ebony staff—
 Preserved by the sign of the Pentegraph;
 And the stream of life as it went and came,
 Ever for worship, and praise, and prayer,
 Was awed by the face, and the fear, and the flame
 Of the dead king standing there;
 For his hair was so white and his eyes so cold
 That they left him alone with his crown of gold.
 So King Solomon stood up, dead in the House
 Of the Lord, held there by the Pentegraph,
 Until out from the pillar there ran a red mouse
 And gnawed through his ebony staff;
 Then flat on his face the king fell down,
 And they picked from the dust a golden crown.

A HISTORY OF FREEMASONRY.

BY THE EDITOR.

IN the last magazine appears an able article reprinted from *The Voice of Masonry*, in which English Freemasonry is said to be derived from the operative Germanic guilds.

Of this fact, however dogmatically stated, I am aware of no proof whatever. Bro. Findel originally claimed the Masonic Poem as a proof of the Germanic connection, on account of the legend of the "Quatuor Coronati," as identical with the legends of the German Steinmetzen. But it has been shown that no argument can safely be built up on this fact, as the "Quatuor Coronati" were part and parcel of the "Communis Religio," in that, canonized in the seventh century in England, their day had been observed, according to the Sarum Missal, in the eleventh century. They were canonized in the seventh century, a church was built at Rome in their honour, and they are mentioned in early hagiologies.

I am not aware of any published evidence of the "Steinmetzen" of Germany which precedes the Masonic Poem, certainly of quite early fifteenth century, if not late fourteenth date. The earliest so far published is 1462, though there are said to be some at Treves, so far unpublished, of earlier date.

Bro. Shaw used to like to say that our good Bro. Findel had "put the cart before the horse," and that the German Stonemasons took their ideas from England, inasmuch as there is earlier evidence of the legend of the "Quatuor Coronati" belonging to the Masons in England than in Germany. On this point much may be said on both sides, perhaps.

The incorporation of the Freemasons in the thirteenth century by the Pope has yet to be proved.

The earliest use, so far, of the word "Freemason" is in the contract to build Fotheringay Chapel, Wm. Horwood, Master Mason, 1435.

An earlier use may yet, however, be found. The word does not occur actually in the Act of Edward III. What the earliest use in Germany of the word Freemason is, I do not know; but certainly, so far as is proved, not earlier than the eighteenth century as "Freimaurer." The word "Freemason" does not occur in the original German Constitutions, though "Mason" does. This is a "fact" to be noted.

Previously to the thirteenth century the word is generally Cæmentarius Latomus, Le Maçon.

We may thus observe that here is really and truly the great difficulty of Masonic Students and Historians, the looseness and incorrectness of "Masonic Scribes." The amount of "sheepwalking" in Masonic essays is positively painful to contemplate. The same story is repeated over and over again with an air of gravity and an appearance of correctness, and yet all the while without "collation" of MSS. or verification of authorities, and when looked into clearly proves to be a complete myth.

Hence we must always bear in mind that Freemasonry has its mythical as well as its realistic period, its age of "gold" and its age of "brass," that we have a pre-historical epoch to deal with, in some respects a recent and a late one, and that our "Crux" consists mainly in this to-day, to separate critically what is true from what is false; what is fact from what is legend; what really took place from what "is said" to have happened. There will probably always be various theories as regards Masonic history. It is unlikely that we

shall agree in our delineation of the past, in our explanation of the cause and continuance, and secret and certainty of Masonic life in the world.

But what we ought to try to do to-day is, as it seems to me, to avoid handing on unverified statements, to test all previous assertions, so that, if it be possible, which may, perhaps, after all, be doubtful, we may present a rational and readable history of our truly great order, divested of childish fable and heated romance, and which will be equally acceptable to the Masonic reader and the non-Masonic critic,

SACRED BOOKS OF ALL THE PEOPLES.

BY BRO. JAMES B. GRANT, 32°.

THE Vedas or Vedams are the sacred books of the Hindoos, as the Bible is supposed to be ours. They are three in number, the Rig Veda, the Yadjour Veda, and the Sama Veda. These books are very rare, being written in the most ancient language of the Brahmins. Those who count four Vedas have added the Altar Veda, which treats of ceremonies. In addition to these books there are a collection of commentaries upon them which are called the Oupanashada, of which we have a French translation, published by Anquetil Duperron, under the title of "Oupen Akhat"; a curious book this, and it gives an idea of all the others.

The date of the Vedas, twenty-five to thirty centuries before our era, and their contents, show that all the reveries of the Greek metaphysicians came from India. After the Vedas followed the Shasters, to the number of six. They treat of theology and science. Then comes to the number of eight the Pouranas, which treat of mythology and history. The book entitled "Manava-Dharma-Shastra" contains the laws of the first reformer, Menon, or Moses. After the sacred books of the Hindoos come those of the Persians, the Sadder and the Zend-Avesta, the religious code of the Bactrians, Assyrians, Chaldeans, and Medes; they contain the doctrine of Zoroaster. The Boun-Dehesch, the book of Genesis of the Parsees, successors of the ancient Persians, is a compilation of the ancient laws of the Magi. After these come the five books of Hermes, the Priest-King of Egypt, founder of the castes, who lived about 3370 B.C. Then the Taote-King and the Chou-King of the Chinese, the first of which contains the metaphysocial doctrines of the Lao-Tseu, and the second the sublimely moral doctrines of Kong Tseu, or Confucius; then in point of time may be ranked our Bible, the Old Testament of which contains the cosmogony of the Jews and Christians, and the laws of Moses, with a history of the Hebrew people, and the New Testament, which embraces the Gospels of evangelical morality, peace and charity of Jesus Christ, the founder of Christianity.

The Koran of Mahomet, containing the precepts and doctrines transmitted by him to his followers, would necessarily follow to make the list complete. Egypt is the only country which possessed a complete code of doctrines of great antiquity. Clement Alex., of Alexandria, has transmitted to us a curious detail of forty-two volumes which were used in the procession of Isis. "The Chief, or Singer," says he, "carries an instrument symbolical of music, and two books of Mercury (Hermes), one of them containing the hymns of the Gods, the other the list of the Kings. After him followed the horoscopist, observer of

the seasons, carrying a palm branch and a timepiece symbolic of astrology. He was supposed to know the four books of Mercury (Hermes) which treat of astrology; the first of which treats of the order of the planets, the second the rising and setting of the sun and moon, and the third and fourth of their movements in their orbits, and the aspect of the stars. Then comes the sacred writer, having some feathers arranged in his hair, and in his hand appears a book, an ink bottle, and a reed for writing, according to the manners of the Arabs. This officer understood hieroglyphics, symbolical of the language of the ancients, the description of the universe, the course of the sun, moon, planets, the division of Egypt into thirty-six districts, the course of the Nile, the sacred ornaments, and the holy places. Then follows the stole bearer, carrying the gage of justice, or measure of the Nile, and a chalice for libations, together with ten columns containing the sacrifices, the hymns, the prayers, the offerings, and ceremonies of the feast.

Finally appears the prophet, having in his bosom, but exposed, a pitcher. He is followed by those who carry the bread, as at the marriage of Cana. There is much more to be said upon this topic, but we will conclude by remarking that India offers us a civilisation the most advanced; from her proceeds science and philosophy, and her sacred books present the most striking resemblance known to the primitive Christian doctrine.

OLD RECORDS OF THE LODGE OF PEEBLES.

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

(Continued from page 460).

MINUTE BOOK THIRD.

This book commences at St. John's Day, 1794, as follows:—

At Peebles, the Twenty-seventh day of December one thousand seventeen hundred and ninety-four years, which day being the anniversary of St. John the Evangelist, and the Honourable Lodge of Massons, Peebles Kilwinning, Convened agreeable to previous warning given to the whole of the Brethren, and being constitute by prayer the Lodge preceid to the Collection of the quarter dues and paid as follows—(List of 38 paid and 2 not paid)—Then the Lodge so convened and constituted as said is proceeded to the Election of the Master, Wardens and the other office bearers of the Lodge when was duly elected and chosen by plurality (plurality) of Votes G.M. James Ker, D.G.M. John Hislope, S.W. Johnstone, D.S.W. James Gray, J.W. William Scott, Treas. James Donaldson, S. Stewd. James Scott, J. Stewd. James Morton, Sec. James Bartram. And the Master, Wardens, and the other office-bearers of the said Lodge were qualified by taking the oath *de fidei administratione officii* and the Master have signed this minute.

THOS. BROWN, Master.

Peebles Kilwinning Lodge sixth January seventeen hundred and ninety five years. And the Lodge being mett agreeable to previous warning the Brethren present Right Worshipfull Master James Ker, Worshipfull S.W. John Johnstone, Worshipfull J.W. William Scott, Treasurer James Donaldson, and 15 Brothers.

JAS. KER.

[At this Meeting the R.W.M. "was enjoined" to purchase the House and Garden to the north of the Lodge belonging to Margaret Low's daughter for £50 sterling, regarding which transaction a lengthy minute is recorded, embodying the correspondence anent the same; after considering which the bargain was concluded; the purchase money to be obtained as follows—£40 to be borrowed from the incorporation of hammermen, and £10 from John Girdwood Carter in Peebles.]

Peebles, 27th April, 1795.

The Lodge met according to appointment and found the Treasurer clearly settled and discharged, and Mr. Ballame found in his hand is three pounds, four shillings and three farthings sterling.

JAS. KER.

Peebles, 21st August, 1795.

"The Peebles Kilwinning Lodge having mett agreeable to previous warning," the Brethren take into consideration the repairing of the house purchased from Margaret Lows, and remit to Brother Oman and a Comitee of the office bearers to make out a plan, and reseive estimates for the work, to be executed by the term of martinmass next.

JAS. KER, Master.

Peebles, 3d Novr. 1795.

At this Meeting the Brethren come to the conclusion "that from the state of the funds the Lodge is not able to repair the said house conform to the Estimates given in, without incumbering the society with more debt, therefore they are of oppinion and think it proper to sell the said House to the best advantage, and for that purpose they instruct their Secretary to make out advertisements mentioning that private offers will be taken in by the Master of the Lodge betwixt and the 12th current, against which time if no private offers appear, the house will be exposed to public roup within the Masson Lodge upon Tuesday the — current.

JAS. KER, Master."

Peebles, 17th Decr., 1795.

The Peebles Kilwinning Lodge having mett agreeable to previous warning given to the whole of the Bretheren, and having considered the Minnte of the 3rd Novr. last, and that the house therein mentioned cannot be got sold, and finds that it will absilutely be necessary that it will need some repairs before it can be left to any tenant to possess therefore they were of opinion that Brother Oman should make out a plan of said house and appointed Brothers Thomas Grieve and William Sanderson Wrights, and John Hislop Masson to give in estimates against St John's Day forenoon, &c.

At this meeting it was also agreed that there should be a Dinner in the Lodge upon St John's Day—and Brother John Johnstone is to provide accordingly for thirty Bretheren—and recommended to their Secretary to write cards to the whole of the Bretheren except the officebearers of the Lodge.

JAS. KER, Master.

Peebles 28th Decr 1795.

The foregoing minute being read to the Lodge, Brother John Hislop gave in a plan of said house. Therefore the Operative Masons agreed upon furnishing Lime, Stone &c., and to work the Mason work gratis—and the other Members of the Lodge to contribute what they think convenient. And appoints Thomas Grieve to buy as much wood at Neidpath* as will be necessary for repairing said house.

JAS. KER, Master.

* Neidpath with its wood and castle is situated about three quarters of a mile west of the town of Peebles, and is still much visited by tourists. The wooded eminence upon which the castle now in ruins stands, overlooks the opening vale of the Tweed, as is described by Dr. Pennecuik in his history of Tweeddale, as follows—

"The noble Nidpath Peebles overlooks,
With its fair bridge and Tweed's meandering brooks,
Upon a rock it prond and stately stands,
And to the fields about gives forth commands."

It was from this wood or plantation that the Masons of old Kilwinning Lodge, Peebles, commissioned their brother to buy timber for repairing the house recently purchased. The district is still thickly wooded, but about this time it seems to have been still more so, as about the close of last century and the beginning of the present, it is recorded that the last of the Dukes of Queensberry, who had no male issue to inherit the entailed estate, caused many of the valuable trees to be cut down and removed before the estate passed to the descendants of the family in the female line. The poet Wordsworth refers to this in the following lines—

Degenerate Douglas ! oh, the unworthy lord,
Whom mere despite of heart could so far please,
And love of havock (for with such disease
Fame taxes him), that he could send forth word
To level with the dust a noble horde,
A brotherhood of venerable trees,
Leaving an ancient dome, and towers like these,
Beggared and outraged ! Many hearts deplored
The fate of those old trees ; and oft with pain
The traveller, at this day, will stop and gaze
On wrongs which Nature scarcely seems to heed.

The next four pages of the book is filled up with lengthy minutes still in connection with this old house, its repair, and its lease to a tenant for nine years, for the yearly rent of £6, and finishes up the records of what seems to be a bad bargain by borrowing another sum of £65 to pay said repairs. Although the "Operative Masons" agreed to do the mason work gratis, still the accounts for repairs amounted to the sum of £72 19s. 0½d. During 1794 and 1795 the following entrants were initiated, viz : Andrew Ritchie, Mason in Peebles ; Mr. James Ingles, in Edinburgh ; William Ker, of Peebles ; John Ballantyne, of Peebles ; and Wm. Thomson, Stocking Maker there (Jas. Ker, Master).

Upon St. John's Day, 27th December, 1796, a motion was made by the R.W.M., that the Lodge should be turned into a Mason's friendly Society, and the Lodge agreed that their should be a Comitie appointed to make out proper regulations to be laid before a general meeting. The Comitie is the office-bearers for the time : Brother Oman, Brother James Donaldson, Brother Bartram, and Brother John Hislope, and to meet when convenient. At this meeting thirty-four members are marked paid on list, and seven not paid. All the entrants this year seem to have been initiated in the month of December, viz :

Peebles, 2nd Decr., 1796.

Simon Brown, son of Mr. Brown, was duly and legally admitted a member of the Lodge ; also Robert Oman, son of Mr. William Oman, rector of the Gramer School of Peebles.

Decr. 20th, 1796.

William Grant, of Smithfield, Esquire, and Walter Laidlaw, tenant in Hundhillshope, were admitted Apprentices.

Decr. 26th, 1796.

James Lawson, Robert Elphinstone, Merchant ; and William Hunter were admitted Apprentices ; also same day, William Brown, son of Mr. Brown, a member of the lodge, and John Hislope, son of John Hislope, also a member of the lodge, were admitted Apprentices.

Decr. 27th, 1796.

James Ker, Barber, in Peebles, was admitted Apprentice

Decr. 27th, 1797.

Anniversary of St. John held—37 members are marked present, and paid their dues, and 2 unpaid. James Gray is elected Master.

January 6th, 1798.

The following financial statement is submitted to the lodge by Brother Thomas Grieve, Treasurer:

Money reserved during the year	£50	2	4 $\frac{1}{2}$
Do. expended as per voucher	44	8	6
Leaving a balance due by Treasurer of	£5	13	10 $\frac{1}{2}$

Attested by

THOMAS GRIEVE, Treasurer.
JAMES GRAY, Master.

The next minute refers to the Master having to leave Peebles on account of his going to reside in Dundee, and he calls a meeting on 23rd May for the purpose of appointing a Depute Master, when Robert Scott, Mason, in Peebles, is appointed to preside over the lodge till St. John's Day next. The R.W.M., Bro. Gray, on this occasion presents the lodge with a copy of "The Young Freemason's Assistant."

June 25th, 1798.

This minute refers to the appointment of Mr. James Bartram, Writer, Edinburgh, as Proxy Master for the lodge, and a letter dated Decr. 12th, 1798, from Brother Bartram, is minuted thanking the brethren of Lodge Kilwinning, No. 25, for the high honour thus conferred, concluding with the following paragraph:

"It may, perhaps, be expected that I should give you some account of the business of St. Andrew's Day. Suffice it to say, that the Peebles Lodge appeared, as she has hitherto done, in that respectable light amongst her sister lodges, which she has uniformly desired, and which, while I have the honour to represent her, no efforts of mine shall be wanting to support, etc.

"Signed JAS. BARTRAM."*

Peebles Decr. 27th, 1798.

Which day being the anniversary of St. John the Evangelist the Hon. Lodge of Masons of Peebles Kilwinning convened &c. Follows list of 36 members marked paid and 5 unpaid, and at the election Robert Scott is chosen Master. At this meeting there was laid before the Lodge the following congratulatory letter from Brother James Reid, Provost of Peebles, which was unanimously agreed to be recorded in the minute book. Brother Reid was an old member of the Craft, and at this period, when free thinking and seditious tenets were prevalent, this letter is worthy reproduction.

"Peebles 27th Decr., 1798.

"Brother Reid greets The Right Worshipfull Master, Worshipfull Wardens, and Worthy Brethren with his best wishes for their lasting felicity, but now in the 46th revolution of the all Chearing Luminary since Brother Reid joined the Craft, he must be excused the Labours of the Day.

"He is happy to congratulate his Brethren here as being of the old stock who still devoutly Venerate the all Powerfull Architect of the Glorious Wonderful Universe, and hopes never to see his Bretheren tainted by the fascinating attempts of assuming Illuminati, who by specious reasoning to remove prejudices, try to Divert men of all principles, either religious, moral, or humane, thereby to turn the world into a waste of savage monsters, whose views end in the grave.

* Brother Bartram was originally a member of Peebles Kilwinning. For 40 years he filled the office of Grand Clerk in Grand Lodge of Scotland, and died in 1837.—R.S.

"May the Almighty Creator protect this favourite Island against the baneful effects of adopting such Diabolical Atheistical opinions, should be the prayer of every worthy Brother. Directed to the Brethren of Peebles, Kil-winning."

At this meeting James Ker, Barber, and Robert Smith refused to pay the Quarter Dues conform to the new Regulations, and therefore are to be considered as having no right to the benefit of the Society, in so far as connected with the Friendly institution present under consideration.

Also the Right Worshipful Master laid before the meeting a letter from the Grand Lodge of Scotland, with respect to erecting a Hall for the Masons of Scotland.

The meeting resolve that the subject be taken into consideration in regard to contributing, both as Individuals and as a body.

In the meantime recommend to the Secretary to send an answer to above letter, that the subject suggested has been talked of at St. John's Day meeting, and a Definite answer may be expected in the course of a month or two.

CARTHAGE.

A paper read before the annual meeting of the members of the York College of Rosicrucians at York, 26th February, 1881.

BY R.W. FRA. A. M. BROADLEY, VIII^o.

R. W. Chief Adept and Fratres,—I very much regret that my manifold occupations concerning the Carthage of the present have curtailed the few words I desired to say about the Carthage of the past. Our greatest bard has exclaimed, *speaking of the country I have designated the Carthage of the present*, "This Tunis, sir, was Carthage." How powerful the interest and how rich the associations concentrated in these few words! The general features of the history of the ancient Mistress of the South are doubtless known to you, and I, therefore, only need remind you that both Carthage and Tyre, as well as the Great Temple of Jerusalem, had a common origin. They sprang one and all, from the operative labours of the most ancient, and at the same time the most skilful of the old-world Masons, the fellow countrymen of H. A. The immediate descendants of the artificers of the Temple almost lived to see the walls of Carthage rise on the slopes of the African hills in the centre of the long coast-line of the Mediterranean. Never was site of city better chosen; overlooking a wide spreading bay, skirted with purple mountains, and bathed by the waves of a sea which vied for richness of colour with the azure African sky overhead, the site of Carthage was perhaps without an equal. It was here, amidst the palm trees, which became the emblem of their state, the Tyrian workmen built "Ancient Carthage." It was on the same site there rose in succession Roman and Byzantine cities, each on the ruins of its predecessor. The Phœnician remains, which are covered by the *débris* of the edifices of succeeding populations, are surpassingly interesting. They bear nearly all the emblems and signs familiar to the Masonic brotherhood, and present to the

inquirer problems of no mean difficulty—a puzzle, the final solution of which I must leave to others wiser than myself. I must, therefore, be understood to suggest rather than state conclusions. The great blocks of stone which once formed the Temple of Baal, the scene of the most tragic incidents of the Punic wars, bear a variety of symbols—triangles, circles, double triangles, lines, etc. Are these builder's marks only in the operative sense, or have they a mystic and moral meaning? I believe I can clearly distinguish three classes of builder's marks, viz., marks of approval, marks of particular artificers, and marks of conjunction of stones, but there are other symbols which seem to have another and a hidden meaning. The perpetuation of these symbols as amulets by the children of the same soil in our own days, lead me to think they had ever then a moral signification. The double triangle is found alike on the foundation of the ancient Phœneecian Harbour, the walls of the Roman temples, the lamps of the early Christians of the time of Cyprian and Augustine, the key-stones of the gates of the Moslem city of Tunis, and the state swords of its Princes. The same symbol engraved on golden plates, and enclosing a sacred word known to all of us, is worn to-day as a charm by the Israelite settlers, who for centuries have inhabited this Phœneecian site.

Another problem of interest are the Gnostic relics, which the ground often discloses when turned by the plough of the Arab, or removed by the spade of the antiquary. These remains consist of engraved stones, apparently for rings and seals, and bear symbols almost identical with those before referred to; and, very strange to say, below these marks one of the familiar and revered words of the Masonry of the present is inscribed in every conceivable combination of syllables. The idea, therefore, suggests itself that there may have been, even in those remote times, a Speculative as well as an Operative Masonic brotherhood, and that some link of union may be traced between the Gnostics and the contemporaneous building societies.

The remains of Carthage now visible are not numerous, but are of great interest. The ancient ports of both Roman and Phœneecian Carthage can be clearly traced; the amphitheatre and "stadium" are still discernable; the lower portion of the façade of the Temple of Esculapius is still tolerably perfect, and even exhibits to-day the traces of that great funeral pyre which consumed the cowardly Phœneecian leader with his family and treasures; and the greater and lesser cisterns are almost entire, so much so that they may be, perhaps, once more utilised in irrigating the fields which cover the subject of that relentless sentence, "*Delenda est Carthage.*"

Speaking to you in York, a place famous in the annals of Operative Masons and Operative Architects; equally celebrated in the history of the Speculative Masonry of our own times, and destined, I feel sure, to play an important part in that archæological and scientific Masonry of the future. I trust I have said enough to show you that the site of Ancient Carthage will amply repay a visit, and afford a rich and comparatively untried field for the patient and zealous Masonic investigator.

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

No. 98.—VOL. IX.

AUGUST, 1881.

PRICE 6D.

THE YORK MS. No. 5, A.D. 1670.

BY WILLIAM JAMES HUGHAN.

THE York MS. No. 5 is in the possession of the York Lodge, No. 236, and was one of six owned by the extinct "Grand Lodge of All England," held in the city of York. The numeration is that of the Grand Lodge Inventory of A.D. 1779, but the arrangement is not in chronological order. No. 1 and No. 6 were recognized in the archives of the Grand Lodge of England (London), which were doubtless left there by the late Bro. Godfrey Higgins. Nos. 2, 4, and 5 are in the custody of the York Lodge, with other effects of the old lodge and Grand Lodge (York). No. 3 of A.D. 1730 is unfortunately still missing. We shall all rejoice when the whole of these MSS., etc., are in the Library of No. 236, as they deserve to be. In the *Masonic Magazine* have been printed York MS. No. 1 in August, 1873, and No. 6 in March, 1880. No. 1 was first of all printed in our "Old Charges of British Freemasons" (1872), and Nos. 2 and 4 are in our "Masonic Sketches and Reprints" (1871). The present MS. therefore concludes the series as far as possible. It is written on a long roll of paper, 7½ ft. by 8 in., and contains neither date nor signature. The transcript is by the lamented Bro. William Cowling, and was carefully examined by Bro. Ralph Davison, P.M. 236. It is a copy apparently of MS. No. 1. It states most clearly the nature of the Book on which the apprentices were obligated, viz., "Y^e holy Scripture."

The copy which has been used for the *Masonic Magazine* is from the library of Bro. the Rev. A. F. A. Woodford, M.A., P.G.C., who is well known as a diligent Masonic student and *hunter after old MSS.* Through him and others, about a score of these documents have been published in the *Masonic Magazine*, all the numbers of which can be had for less money than the transcription of one of the MSS. cost when made for Masonic students.

* * * * * ck or Astronomic nor * * * * * Sciences can any man find
* * * * * trie methinks y^t y^s Science * * * * * foundeth all others, but
now I shall tell you * * * * * worthy Sciences was first begun before
Noah * * * * * was a man called lameck as Itt is written * * * * * the Chapter
of Genesis & y^s lameck had two * * * * * one named Adath, by whom he had two
Sons y^e * * * * * Iabell & y^s other Iubell & his other wife was * * * * * Zillah
by whom he had one Son named Tuball, and one daughter named Naamath &

these four Children founded y^e beginning of all y^e Sciences in y^e world: viz.: Labell y^e eldest Son found out y^e Science of Geometrie, & he was a keeper of Flocks and Lands in y^e field as Itt is noted in y^e Chapter aforesaid & his brother Iubell found out y^e Science of Musick & y^e third brother Tubell Cain found y^e Science of Smith Craft of Gold Silver Brass Iron & Steel & y^e Daughter found y^e art of weaveing & these persons knowing right well y^t God would take vengeance for Sin either by fire or water therefore they writ their Several Sciences they had found in two Pillers of Stone y^t they might be found after Noah's flood and y^e one Stone was Marble because Itt would not burn with fire y^e other Called Iaternes because Itt would not Drownd with water now our Intent Is to tell how these Stones were found in which these Sciences were written y^e Antient Hermarnes which was after Called Hermes had a Cube his Son y^e which Cube was Sem y^t was Noah's Son y^s Hermarnes Called Hermes y^e father of wise men he found one of these two pillers of Stone & he found y^e Sciences written thereon & he taught y^m to other men & att y^e building of y^e Tower of Babell there was masonrie att first very much esteemed & y^e King of Babylon who was Called Nimrod He was a mason Himself & loved well Masonrie & when y^e Citty of Ninevie and other Cittys of y^e East should be builded Nimrod y^e King of Babylon sent thither masons at y^e request of y^e King of Ninevie his Cousin and when he Sent y^m forth he gave y^m a Charge on y^e manner y^t they Should be true one to another & y^t they Should love well one another & y^t they Should Serve y^e Lord truly for their pay so y^t their Master may have worship & all y^t belongeth unto y^m & other more Charges he gave y^m and y^s was y^e first time y^t ever any Mason had a Charge of his Craft moreover when Abraham & Sarah his wife went Into Egypt he taught y^e Seven Sciences to the Egyptians, & he had a worthy Scholar named Euclid & he learned right well & was master of y^e Seven Sciences in liberals and in his day Itt befell y^t y^e Lords & States of y^e Land had so many Sons, some by their wives and some by their Concubines for y^e Land is a hot land & plenteous In Generation & they had not a Competent portion of estate wherewith to maintaine their Children for whom they took much Care & y^e King of y^e Land Caused a great Council and Sumoned a parliament to Consult how they might provide for their Children where to live Honestly as Gentlemen, and they thought as they Could do no manner of good y^t way, yⁿ they made a proclamation throughout all y^e realm y^t If there was any y^t could Inform y^m y^t he Should Come yⁿ & he Should be well rewarded for his travails so y^t he Should hold himself satisfied after y^s proclamation was made there Came y^s worthy Clark Euclid & said to y^e King and to his nobles If you will accept of me to teach Instruct and govern your Children in y^e Seven Sciences whereby they might Live Honestly as gentlemen I will do it upon Conditions you will grant me & y^m a A Commission y^t I may have power to rule y^m after y^e maner y^s Science ought to be ruled which y^e King and all y^e Counsil granted him and sealed y^e Commission & yⁿ y^s worthy Docter took to him these Lords Sons & taught y^m y^e Science of Geomitrie and Practise to work In Stone all maner of worthy work y^t belongeth to Buildings Castles Temples, Churches Towers Manners & all maner of buildings & gave y^m In Charge on y^s maner first y^t they Should be true to y^e King & to y^e Lord y^t they Serve and Should Love wel one another & y^t they Should Call one another his fellow or his Brother & not his Servant or his Knave or other foule names & y^t they should truly Deserve their pay of their Lord they Serve and y^t they should ordaine y^e wisest of y^m to be master & neither to Chuse for Love or affection or greatness or Riches to Set any y^t hath not sufficient Knowledge & Cunning in y^e work to be master of y^e work whereby y^e master may be evil Served and they Disgraced and also y^t they should Call y^e Governour of y^e work Master During the time they work with him & to all these Charges he made y^m Sweare A Great Oath y^t men used in y^t time & ordained for y^m Reasonable wages y^t they might live honestly thereby & also

y^t they should Come and assemble themselves together once every yeare to Consult how they might best work for their Lords profit & their own Credit & to Correct within themselves Him y^t trespassed against y^s Science & thus was y^s Science groundend and y^e worthy M^r Euclid y^e first y^t gave Itt y^e name of Geometrie which Is called Masonrie throughout all y^e nation and after y^t when y^e Children of Israel Came into y^e Land of Behes which Is now called among y^e County of Iury King David begun y^e temple y^t is now Called Templum Domini & Is named with us y^e temple of Jerusalem & y^e said King David Loved well Masonrie & Cherished y^m much & gave y^m good wages & he gave y^m both y^e Charges & maners as he had Learned in Egypt given formerly by Euclid & other more Charges which you shall have afterwards & after y^e Decease of King David Solomon His Son finished out y^e temple y^t his father had begun & he sent for out of Divers Countries & lands & gathered y^m together So y^t he had fourschore Thousand workers of Stone which were after named masons, & he Chose out of y^m three thousand y^t were ordained Masters & governors of his work & furthermore there was a King of another region y^t men called Hiram & he loved King Solomon well & he gave him timber to his work & he had a Son named Amon & he was a master of Geometrie & he was Chief Master of all his gravings & Carvings & of all his Masons & masonrie as appears In Scripture in y^e first Booke of Kings y^e fifth Chapter & y^s Solomon Confirmed both Charge and manner y^t his father had given to Masons & thus was y^t worthy Science of Masonry confirmed in y^t County of Iury & in y^e Citty of Jerusalem in many other Countries Curious Craftsmen walked about full wide & Spread themselves Into divers Countries some to learn more Craft and Cuning & some to teach y^m y^t had little Skill & Cuning & Itt befell y^t one Namus Greacus y^t had been att y^e building of Solomons temple came into France & there he taught y^e Science of Masonrie to men of France & there was one of y^e royal Line of France named Charles Martial & he was a man y^t loved well such a Craft & he drew to y^s Namus Greacus above said & he learned of him y^e Craft & took upon him y^e Charge & maner & afterwards by y^e providence of God he was elected King of France & when he was in y^t State he took & helped to make men Masons which before there was none & gave y^m both y^e Charge & manner & good pay as he had learned from other Masons & also confirmed a Charge from year to year to hold their assembly where they would & he Cherished y^m much & thus Came y^s famous Craft Into France.

England in all y^s time Stood void of Masonrie especially for any Charge Imposed upon y^e Science untill S^t Albons time & in his Days the King of England being yⁿ a pagan walled y^e town of S^t Albons about y^s S^t Albons was a worthy Knight & Steward of y^e Kings Houshold & had y^e governance of y^e Realme & also had y^e ordering of y^e said towns wall & he loved well Masons & Cherished y^m right much & gave y^m their pay right good Considering how wages and other things yⁿ for he gave y^m 2^s 6^d a week & 3^d for their non finch & before y^t time a Mason had but a Penny a day untill S^t Albons advanced itt as abovesaid & procured for y^m a Charter from y^e King & his Council whereby to hold General Council & gave Itt a name of assembly & thereatt he was himself & he helped to make men Masons & gave y^m a Charge which you shall hereafter hear but Itt happened shortly after y^e death of S^t Albons y^t there arose great Wars in England which out of Divers Nations So y^t y^e good order of Masons was destroyed untill y^e days of King Athelstone who was a worthy King of England & brought y^s Land into good rest and peace he builded many great works as Abbyes Towers and other maner of buildings & loved well Masons & he had a son named Edwin & he loved much more yⁿ his father & he was a great practioner in Geometrie & he delighted to commune with Masons and to learn of y^m Skill and Cunning & afterwards for y^e love he bore to masons & to their Science he was made a mason himself and he procured for y^m of his father a Charter & Commis-

sion to hold every year an assembly wheresoever they would within the realm of England to correct within themselves y^e trespasses & y^e faults y^t were done within y^e craft & he himself Held an assembly at York & there he made masons & gave y^m y^e Charge & taught y^m y^e manners and Commanded y^m rules to be kept ever after and took for y^m y^e Charter to keep & also gave orders y^t itt should be Renewed from King to King & when y^e assembly was gathered together he made proclamation y^t all old masons & young y^t had any writings or understandings of y^e Charge of y^e manners Concerning y^e Said Science y^t were made before in y^s land or any other they should bring them forth & when they had viewed and examined there found some in french Some in Greek & some in English & Some in other Languages & y^e Intent & meaning of y^m was found out and he made a Book thereof how this Craft was found out & he himself gave Command y^t they Should be read or told when y^t any Mason should be made & he gave y^m y^e Charge & from y^t day to y^s manner of master have been kept and observed in y^t form as well as men might observe & governe Itt & furthermore att divers assemblies and addition of Divers things in y^e Charge ordained but y^e best advice both of Masters and fellows every man y^t Is a Mason take good heed to these Charges and y^t he may amend himselfe before God If he find himselfe Guilty of any of those Charges & in particular you that are to be Charged take good heed y^t you may keep those Charges right well for Itt is perilous and great danger for a man to forswear himselfe upon y^t Holy Scripture.

The First Charge is y^t he or thou be true to man & god & y^e holy Church & y^e use neither error nor Herisie according to your own understanding or discretion on wise men teaching and also y^t he shall be a true Liegeman & bear true allegiance to y^e King of England without any treason or any other falshood If you know of any treason y^t you may amend it privily if you may or else warn y^e King & his Council of Itt by Declaireing itt to y^e magistrates & also y^e Shall be true one to another y^t Is to say to every Mason of y^e Craft of Masonrie y^t be allowed masons you Should do to y^m as you would they should do to you & y^t you keep truly y^e Councill of Lodge & Chamber & all other Councill which ought to be kept by way of Masonrie & y^t also you Shall use no theft but keep your Selves true & also you Shall be true to y^e master you serve & truly se his his proffit and advantage promoted and furthered & also you shall call Masons your brethren or fellows but not any other foule names, also you Shall not take in evill any of your fellows Wives nor unlawfully his daughter or Servant or put him to any discredit & also y^t you pay truly for your meat & drink where you go to table & y^t you do not any thing whereby y^e Craft may be Scandalized these be y^e Charges In generall which belongeth to every Free Mason to keep both masters & fellows;

Now come I to rehearse Certain other Charges; Singulerly for Masters & fellows Viz. y^t no master shall take upon him any Lords work or any other mans work except he know himselfe to be of Suffitient Skill & Cunning to performe and finish the same so y^t y^e Craft thereby receive no Slander or discredit but y^t y^e Lord may be well Served & have his work sufficiently done & also y^t no master take any work at unreasonable rates but so reasonable y^t y^e Lord or owner truly served with his own goods & y^e master to live honestly thereby & to pay his fellows their wages as y^e manner is & also y^t no master or fellow have taken any work to do & therefore Stand as Master of y^e Said work y^e shall not put him out of Itt unless he be unable of Skill or Cunning to performe y^e same to y^e end & also y^t no master or fellow Shall take any Apprentice under y^e tearm of Seven years and y^t such an Apprentice sufficiently able of body and Sound of his limbs & also of good birth free born no Alien but Dissended of a true and honest kindred & no bondman & also y^t no mason take any apprentice unless he have Snffitient occupation whereon to employ 2 or 3 fellows at y^e least & also y^t no master or fellow shall take any Lords work over another mans head or from his fellow mason y^t was wont to work

Journey work also y^t every master shall give wages to his fellows according as his work deserves y^t he be not deceived by fals work & also y^t none Shall Slander another behind his Back whereby he may lose his good name or worldly riches & also y^t no fellow within y^e Lodge or without shall Slander or Misanswer another unlawfully without a cause & also that every mason Shall reverence his eldest brother and put him into honour & y^t no mason shall be a common player at Cards or dice or any other unlawfull Game whereby y^e Science may be disgraced & also y^t no fellow at any time go from his fellow of y^e Lodge into any town adjoining except he have a fellow with him to witness y^t he was in Honest Company & at a Civill place & y^t every Master or fellow shall come to y^e Assembly of masons If Itt be within fifty miles if y^t they have any warning of Itt & if he or they have trespassed against y^e Craft all Such trespassing Shall Stand there at y^e award or arbytration of y^e masons & y^t they to make accord & if they Cannot agree y^m yⁿ go to y^e Common Law & also y^t no master or fellow make any mould or rule or Square for any layer or set any layer within y^e Lodge or without to hew any mould Stones & every mason Shall exercise Strange fellows which come out of other Countries and set y^m on work if he can as y^e manner Is. Viz. If he have no Stone or mould In y^t place he shall him refresh with money to supply his wants untill he come att y^e next Lodge & also y^t every fellow Shall do his work & not Slightly for his pay but serve his Lord truly for his wages & also y^t every Mason shall finish & make an end of his work whether Itt be by tax or turney by measure or by days If he have his pay and all other covenants performed to him by y^e Lord of y^e work according to y^e bargain these Charges y^t we have Rehearsed to you & all other here present which belongeth to Masons you shall well & truly keep to your power So help you god & y^e contents of y^t Booke.

THE ADVANTAGE OF CONFESSION.

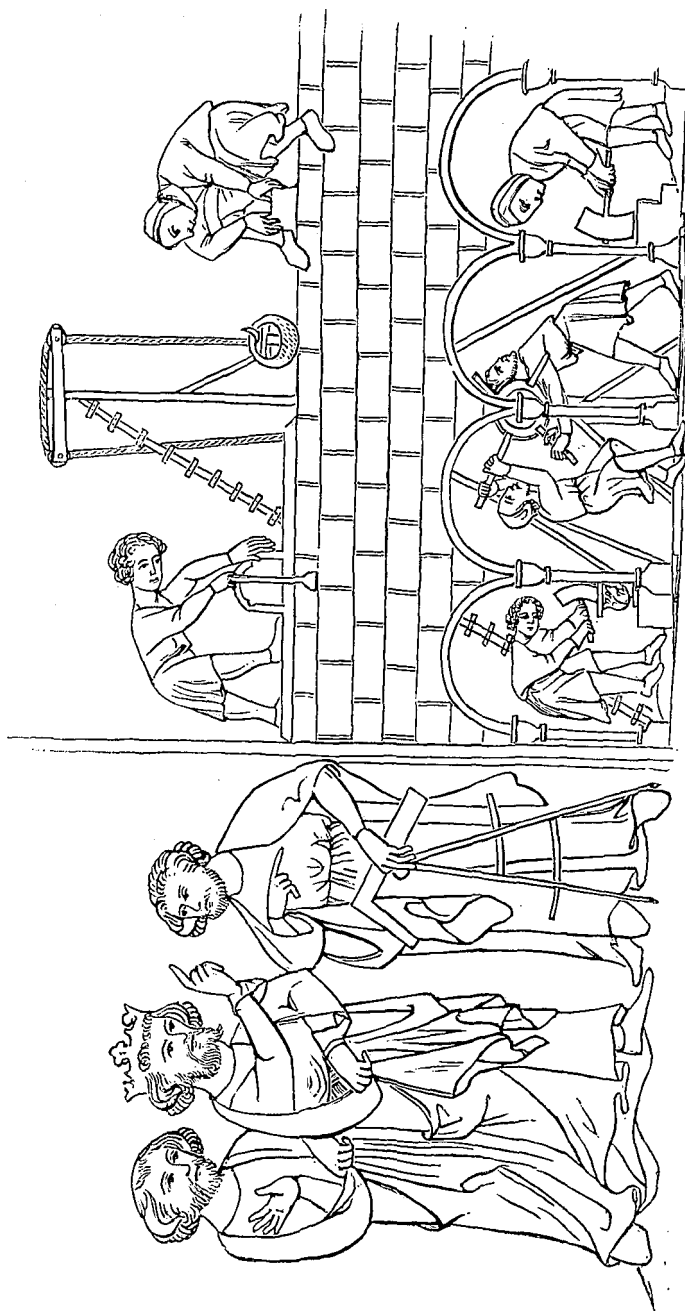
NOW Mike was an ostler of very good parts,
 Yet sly as a church-mouse was he;
 And he came to confess to the new parish priest,
 Like a pious and true devotee.

When his sins were reeled off till no more could be found,
 Said the priest: "Are you sure you've told all?
 Have the mouths of the horses never been greased,
 So they could'nt eat oats in the stall?"

"With respect to yer riv'rence," said Mike, with a grin,
 "Sure for that ye may lave me alone;
 I've scraped till there's niver a sin left behind—
 Me conscience is clane to the bone!"

So absolved, happy Mike went away for more sins,
 Till the day came around to tell all;
 And the very first thing he confessed:—He had greased
 The mouth of each horse in the stall!

"How is this?" said the priest. "When here, but last week,
 You never had done this, you swore?"
 "Faith, thanks to yer riv'rence," said Mike, "sich a thing
 I niver had heerd of before!"



THE ILLUSTRATION

ON the opposite page is taken from a MS. in the Cottonian Library, British Museum, Nero D. 1. It is found in a "Life of King Offa," written by Matthew Paris. In the illustration, King Offa is represented as giving instructions to the "Master Mason" of the masons—"Hand Masons," one MS. calls them—employed in the erection of St. Alban's Cathedral. The Master Mason has the "square and compasses" in his left hand. Two Masons are at work under the arches knocking off the superfluous "corners" from the stones. One is placing a stone in its proper position; another is "adjusting a perpendicular arch on its proper basis" by the plumb rule; two are hoisting up stones by a windlass.

This drawing well represents, doubtless, the dress and working tools of the "mediæval Freemasons."—[Ed. M.M.]

 THE WORK OF A MASONIC SESSION.

 BY AN OLD MASON.

WERE I a young man I might hesitate to trouble the readers of the *Masonic Magazine* with my lucubrations, but pleading the garrulity of old age, I will "spin" for them a short "yarn," which I hope will "bore" none, and may interest, perchance, some friendly minds; for I assume on "my premise" that we all "believe in" Freemasonry. Of course, if we do not, then mine is truly "mentalis labor" in writing—theirs a "waste of time" in reading.

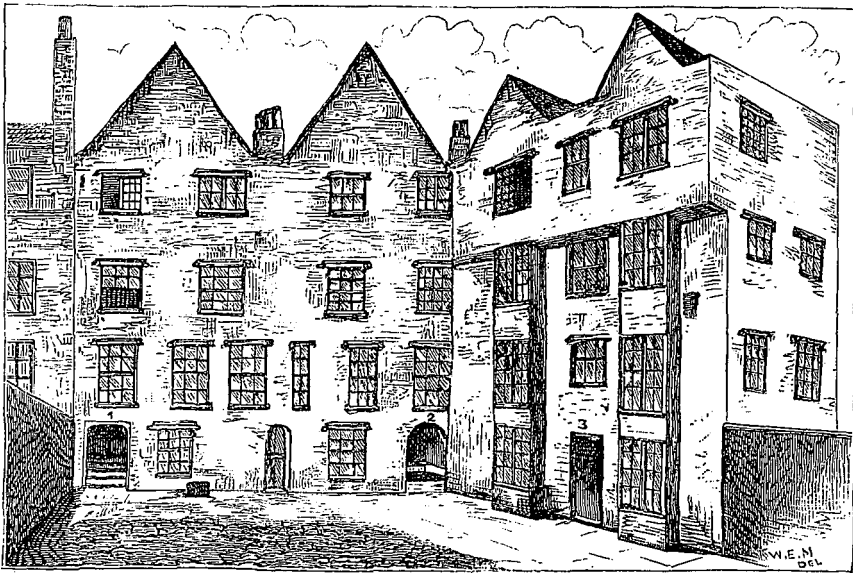
No doubt there are "Freemasons and Freemasons;" there are those, that is, who enter Freemasonry from idle, yes, and sordid motives, to whom its "be all and end all" are found in glittering decorations and dainty banquets. But such miss the inner mind and value of our great and mysterious Order. They have the "trash" without the "jewel;" they realise the "show," not the "reality;" they possess the "shadow," not the "substance;" they have found the "exoteric" not the "esoteric" of our ancient organisation. There are a good many of us who affect to deny what they call "sublimated views" of Freemasonry, and so they sink the Masonic gatherings to the level of a convivial club. There are not a few who look to Freemasonry both for what it gives and what it does for them, and beyond that narrow and dim horizon their ideas cannot pass, their vision cannot penetrate. But I do not write for such, they are out of my "pale" altogether; they belong to a school which I think is passing away, and with them and for them I do not affect to sympathise or feel. But I am writing to-day for some who, like myself, after long years of faithful membership have found value, improvement, happiness in our "good old Order." Like myself, they can recall gratefully many years; maybe, of kind, fast friends and good real work; and they are not ashamed to avow themselves Freemasons wherever they be, at home or abroad, because they are proud both of the kindly and tolerant principles and the practical beneficent outcome of this worldwide sodality.

The season which has passed away has memories and meaning for them. True, it may be, that the extension of the Order seems to have received a slight check. Some may think this as it should be, but they have seen with unmixed gratification that the real paid work of Masonry has gone on regularly and measuredly, without a drawback and without a hitch. Lodges have met and closed; brethren have assembled happy and genial; the meetings have been pleasant, and Masonic life has run on cheerily; much good feeling has been engendered; new friendships have been formed; old friendships have been riveted, if it were possible, closer and firmer; and, above all, the work of charity has progressed and proceeded in wonderful measure. To say nothing of our monthly grants from the Board of Benevolence, what shall we say of our great Metropolitan Charities, but that their present "status" and yearly returns are simply marvellous as an "outcome," real and startling, of the zeal of Masonic Stewards and the warmth of Masonic hearts. A decade ago—certainly two decades ago—our returns were counted by hundreds, whereas they are now by "thousands," and there seems so far no limit to the possible expansion of Masonic charity in this respect. During the Masonic season of 1881, the first two meetings have produced in round numbers £27,000, and even that sum will be exceeded for them—the Royal Masonic Benevolent Institution and the Girls' School—before the close of 1881. The Boys' School Festival at Brighton, on June 29th, under Lord Londonderry's Presidency, produced the sum of £11,500, making a grand total for our three great Charities of £38,500 for the season of 1881. And even this amount, large as it is, does not cover the possible totality for 1881. By December 31st, 1881, it is not too much, I think, to anticipate that the offerings of the Craft for the three Charities will exceed without doubt £45,000. I always feel inclined to say, like a fair queen of old, if not, "O, wonderful Masons!" "O, beneficent Brotherhood!" Do any of us know of any other earthly society which, taking humanitarian goodwill for its basis, deliberately sets itself to raise £30,000 a year to keep its needful charities "a-going?" If they do, I do not. Of course there is, we all know, great Home and Foreign Societies for instance, which, claiming the sanction of "holy religion," act on a purely missionary or denominational view, and raise immense sums. All honour to them. But amid many benevolent humanitarian associations, I know of none which, "adopting our platform" or "ranging itself under our banners," calmly contemplates and alone carries out such labours of self-sacrifice and liberality. For let us bear in mind Freemasonry is not composed of the richest members of society. We have amongst us opulent brethren, but the great mass are men of "moderate income," and many are practically and comparatively "poor men." But such is the "elan" of Masonic charity and sympathy—such the realization of the fact that our Charities are the "crown," so to say, of our Masonic profession—that instead of decreasing, despite hard times and bad trade, our returns are actually increasing, and so say I "mote it be" in the future of our great Order, when we ourselves have passed away from our work and from our lodge. So long as Freemasonry in this country is true to its mission; so long as it eschews political and religious controversies, always hurtful; so long as it upholds its great and fundamental principles, Loyalty, Toleration, Charity; so long will it flourish amongst us, a pride to its members and a blessing to mankind. The work of 1881 may, indeed, make us all glad to think that we belong to that Masonic Brotherhood, which has "stood the test of ages" and seems to "defy" the "encroaching hand of Time."

BARNARD'S INN, HOLBORN.

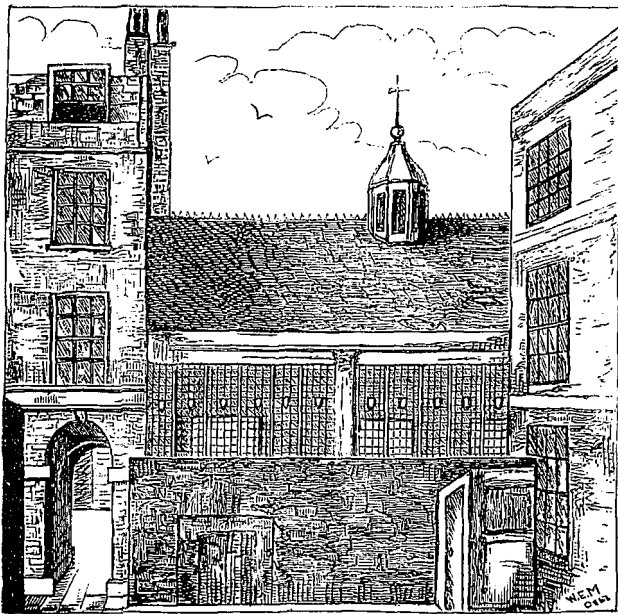
WE are indebted to the very kind and courteous permission of the publisher and editor of the *Antiquary*, that valuable medium for archæological inquiry and research, for the appearance of this interesting article and its effective illustrations in our Magazine. We feel quite sure that the "fact" will be appreciated by our readers as it is by us.—ED. M. M.

THIS veritable relic of Old London, which, in part, escaped the Great Fire, has lately been sold, and will shortly be demolished. Known originally as Mackworth's Inn, from having been the residence of Dr. John Mackworth, who was Dean of Lincoln in the reign of King Henry VI., it was afterwards leased by his successor and the Chapter (as an endowment for the services which were to be celebrated over his grave in the Cathedral) to a gentleman named Lionel Barnard, from whom it received the name it now bears. The



repose and solitude that invest its three courts are typical of the mystery which hangs over its fortunes. The history of Barnard's Inn is involved more or less in obscurity. One or two facts, however, are definitely ascertained. Rebuilt in 1510, soon after the accession of Henry VIII. to the throne, it was constituted an Inn of Chancery, being attached to Gray's Inn. During the reign of Queen Elizabeth, as many as fourteen dependent Inns had gathered around the great Inns of Court, like colleges around a University, and Barnard's then formed one of "the houses of Chancery within the Liberties." In later years it became celebrated as the last abode of Peter Woulfe, who, surviving Dr. Price, of Guildford, may fitly be termed the last of the

Alchemists.* That singular being—singular in each sense of the word—lived into the beginning of the present century. Sir Humphry Davy has left us a description of the home, the personal appearance, and eccentricities of the philosopher, whose seclusion and researches were unbrightened by any of the cheerfulness which, as Edwards, his old schoolfellow, naively told Dr. Johnson, he had found to effectually discourage all continuance in the one or prosecution in the other. Here he died as he had lived—solitary; whatever secrets he may have discovered remained secrets to all the world besides. Desolate and otherwise forgotten has been this little Inn for generations past, but it was a brave place in its day. Tradition still lingers, with whispering voice, around its isolated quadrangles of the once useful Ancients, of their nine Companions with the Principal at their head. The Companions, elected



by the Principal and the Ancients, enjoyed the privilege of countless dinners in the Hall. The Ancients had an additional title to the receipt of certain "little fees," whilst the Principal, as master of the revels, had no graver responsibilities cast upon him than lay in keeping his small society within the easy limits of a moderate decorum.

The Royal Commission which sat in 1854 on an inquiry into our Inns of Court of Chancery, failed to elicit any evidence of material importance in respect of the antecedents of Barnard's Inn or its possessors. No students, it

* See, however, the account given in *A Personal Tour Through the United Kingdom*, by Sir Richard Phillips, of a visit made by him in the year 1828, to a Mr. Kellerman, at Lilley, a village midway between Luton and Hitchin. Kellerman claimed to have discovered the art of making gold, and the sublime alkahest (or universal solvent), the "fixing" of mercury, and the "blacker than black" of Apollonius Tyanus. He laboured under the delusion that every Government in Europe was in league to gain possession of his secret by force. In the course of the interview he quoted Woulfe, amongst other authorities, in justification of his pursuit.

was stated, had ever belonged here; but this does not agree with what Stow tells us, or, indeed, with the subsequent admission that during the latter portion of the seventeenth century a reader in Law would occasionally come over from Gray's Inn. But the library was afterwards sold, as consisting of "a few old books which were of no use;" and all traces of earlier condition or constitution of the Inn rapidly disappeared. A treasurer and a secretary, it is true, responded to the call to go before the Royal Commission. But they had little story to tell other than that the account books of the Inn covered a period dating from more than three hundred years ago; and that the property was held under a lease renewable every fourteen years at a fine of £1400. Their rent-roll then brought in an income of the yearly value of about £1000.

Turning out of Holborn opposite Furnival's Inn, through an insignificant though substantially built gateway, over which appear the date and letters, 1758, P.R.W., we walk along a narrow passage into the first and outer court, with a brick archway at its south-eastern corner. This court has for its southern side the archway and diminutive Hall of red brick which are shown in my sketch. The Hall, as will be observed, has a very plain elevation, and is unusually well lighted with side-latticed windows and a central lanthorn. Though not especially remarkable in any other way, the Hall forms an interesting feature in a district which, including its more attractive neighbour—Staple Inn—where Johnson wrote his "little story book," as he termed his Eastern tale—is as yet untouched by the Apollyon of utility and improvement. It has, however, a pleasing interior, fitted and decorated in the customary manner, and adorned with portraits of King Charles II., Lord Burghley, Lord Verulam, the Lord-Keeper Coventry, and Lord Chief Justice Holt. Its dimensions do not exceed a plan of about thirty-six feet by twenty feet, with a height of thirty feet. The coats of arms of past Principals, in stained glass, ornament the side windows. But a high wall, which shuts off its northern side, and a hideous yellow brick structure forming its entrance from the south, greatly disfigure the exterior of the Hall. Beyond the middle and smallest quadrangle, which is almost wholly occupied by the yellow brick entrance to the Hall, is a larger court, having at its south-eastern corner the Jacobean buildings represented in my other drawing. The alchemist lived in the second floor chambers of the staircase No. 2. The mullions above the windows, with the overhanging upper story and two bays on the right, are very picturesque. A large tree stands equidistant from the three entrance doorways. There are buildings of a more modern age on the western side of this, the furthest court from Holborn, and they also have trees planted before their doors. Charles Dickens, in *Great Expectations*, indulges in a few characteristic strokes of humour at the expense of Barnard's Inn, but his pleasantry is applicable to scores of places that have been suffered to fall into neglect and decay. Here, as elsewhere, his graphic pen seems to me to miss the true *genius loci*.

W. E. MELLIKEN.

MASONRY V. AGNOSTICISM.*

BY BRO. THE REV. HENRY G. PERRY, M.A., 32°, K.T.

(Concluded from page 14).

THE celebrated Ruskin may not be a Mason, but admitted to and advocate of our exalted "Royal Art," as I am, I read with zest that the arch critic avers:—"All great art is the expression of man's delight in the work of God."

This is direct testimony. Under no assumed pretence of present or prospective *good of all*, indiscriminately, can what God has given us be overridden or contemned even in the name and practice, however novel or seductive, of a so-called goddess "philanthropy" that would deify man and deride Deity. The result, in time, however successful, proves bad, as it is at the expense, especially, of that which He came, as the Light of the World, to shine into the heart of mere "natural man," to bring him from darkness to light—nearer the Lord his God, and the shrine of the soul's true worship. To this, we say, Masonry contributes, and elevates, dignifies and enlightens the candidate far more than even its "mysteries" claim, morally or otherwise, to confer. And this, too, the world's history, in the oncourse of ages, discloses to the fair-minded student. What have not godliness and the principles of the Order done for mankind? And what would we in the world be, this moment, but for Heaven's revealed word; the higher life and combined effort for good in carrying out the principles of the divine Master to make men holy, happy and harmonious?

Man makes mistakes, God never! After great exposure, suffering, error, and trial, men may reach the haven of safety, through God's mercy and guidance, where their mistakes have made them but misery by the way. But the success is of Him with whom nothing is impossible. God overrules for good, while man merits, if anything, from his due obedience in God's service.

Nor can I omit the occasion, at this near date of its baleful consequence and exhibit, to animadvert upon what is of the malignant, hydra-headed, Briarean agnostic brood; the genus, that is "Agnosticism," and the species legion; as, for instance, from ordinary scepticism and materialism, on through more offensive agrarianism, communism, and socialism, aggressively, Nihilism, or whatever such, anywhere, may choose to call themselves, *et hoc genus omne*,—*all*, so to speak, for self-aggrandizing pessimism; the disturbance of established usage and existing government; to defeat the Divine, however impossible; to impugn law and order, and all things sacred; pander to the improvident; paralyse industry; terrify, demonise, unsettle and peril all idea of security, so that in the end, life, legal liberty, and property rights were at "mob's" brutal whim and disposal—the prey of the brand, the bullet, and the blade! A fine promising picture is this for the commonwealth's freedom to contemplate, if threatening the Republic! Let us not shrink from it! The Czar's assassination was that of an old man, not long to live, but who interests all as a citizen of the world and legitimate ruler, the liberator of millions, patron of arts and sciences, improver of the immense territory over which he was set, and respected accordingly, it cannot be denied. And his death was terribly to "baptize in blood" really the Agnostic in its sweeping, extreme, denunciatory, most lawless and unprincipled reach,—of anarchy and confusion the very incarnate. Theirs is the doctrine of desperadoes! as a journal of the day, after all, says of them: "Political and moral nondescripts; no word will describe them, even vaguely, except the name of Socialists, or its substantial equivalents,

Nihilists or Communists,"—and "their ideas of what constitutes civilisation are immeasurably below those of the wildest American Indian."

It takes brave brain and brawn to cope with creatures like these, even for *their* benefit! No envied office, easy empire, or bed of roses, for the duty-doer, at best. So take we timely heed, trusty citizens, in custody of right liberty, to the Federal Union! Sowing, weeding, watching, reaping—what of the harvest? Then, "Yea, and why, even of yourselves, judge ye not what is right?" asketh the Master. "Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?" One thing here, though, thank God! such alien caitiffs can never of right be Freemasons.

To prove that Nihilists are out-and-out agnostics, we have but to quote briefly from what, thirty-three years ago, the ring-leading formulator declared of this Nihilism, viz: "The gospel admits of no half-measures and hesitations. The old world must be destroyed and replaced by a new one. The lie must be stamped out and give way to truth. Now the beginning of all the lies which have ground down this poor world in slavery is God. Tear out of your hearts the belief in the existence of God, for as long as an atom of that silly superstition remains in your minds, you will never know what freedom is! The first lie is God, the second lie is Right." And "once penetrated with a clear conviction of your might, you will be able to destroy this mere notion of right." Thus, "when you have freed your minds from the fear of God and from that childish respect for the fiction of right, then all the remaining chains which bind you, and which are called science, civilization, property, marriage, morality, and justice, will snap asunder like threads. Let your own happiness be your own law!"

Your own "sweet will" only is what is meant in this selfish ostracism, and wholesale demolition of all common sense and decency even. But the Nihil-gospel continues: "In order to get this law recognized, and to bring about the proper relations which should exist between the majority and minority of mankind, you must destroy everything which exists in the shape of state or social organisation! Our first work must be the destruction and annihilation of everything as it now exists."

"Neck or nothing!" To this "you must accustom yourself"—actually to be an expert slayer, successful incendiary, and complete exterminator in general of everybody but yourself, and of all things but your own! Mark well! the very Nihil-mandate of what vicious wantonness and thoroughly unprincipled import "to destroy everything—the good with the bad; for if an atom of this old world remains the new will never be created. Take heed that no ark be allowed to rescue one atom of this old world, which we consecrate to destruction."

On the heels of the late Czar's assassination there were meetings at various principal American points, as in Chicago, Cincinnati, and New York, of Communists notably in active accord and sympathy with the Nihilists, gloating over the murder of Alexander. From New York emanates the threat of an open Socialist published through the prints of the day: "In America, the fate which has overtaken Alexander has a point. There are those in the United States who should heed the warning, for it bodes disaster to some among us in high places," and there was still more of corresponding villainous intimation from this impious gangrene, of agnostic odour, marking its source. Not, I take it, that all Agnostics are Nihilists; but, of their ignoring God, all Nihilists are agnostic; and Nihilism, pregnant of agnosticism, is from the common matrix of Infidelity;—corrupt spawn, as of the ephemeral mortal despising the Divine eternal. Why the Most High One suffers it He only knows; doubtless it is for some purpose in the economy of events beyond our limited ken, however strange to the world; for His greater glory, and for the faithful to realise, ultimately, how much better his Maker is to that man than man to mankind.

But, on this agnostic aspect of affairs, to afford "an idea of the terrible purpose which actuated their terrorising faction," one of the Nihilists in the

confidence of the conspirators, the red-handed Goldenburg, confesses: "I have resolved to lay open the entire organisation all that is known to me as a preventive against the dreadful future which awaits us, against a whole series of executions and other repressive measures."

Shake Bakunnin and Goldenburg in the Nihilistic bag together, and how is it for choice criminally of even "honour among thieves," or, agnostically, who is the "wise" that he may profit thereby? False principles and contaminating colleagues but corrupt and inculcate the innocent and unwary, often. So they exclaim, at last, like the Fleet prisoner's starling that from his wretched cage when some one asked his master, "What brought you here?" would dolefully drawl out, "*Poor company, poor company!*"

Beware of junto and cabal, the furtive league and congregations for evil! Holy Writ warns in the beginning of the Book: "O my soul come not thou into their secret; unto their assembly mine honour be not thou united; for in their anger they slew a man."—Genesis xlix., 6. See, too, Psalms xxvi., xxvii., xxviii., and note carefully in Proverbs first chapter, from the seventh verse, how "Fools despise wisdom and instruction." Scan these Bible home-truths closely! Also the beatitudes, as of the Illustrious Master's teaching in the Gospel (Luke, vi., 20), how they contrast with the infernal summary published of the New York Socialists' platform and programme for murder. "I. Inauguration of the terror system by destroying all persons injurious to the party of progress, whether public or private persons. II. Vengeance against functionaries for past misdeeds. III. Assassination of all persons whose death would increase the power of the party of progress. IV. Division of the real and personal property of persons thus assassinated among the "friends of progress and the children of the Goddess of Liberty."

In other words, kill, plunder, and share the spoils, as the scoundrel assassins please! That would be, in un-Masonic style and parlance, a "lay-out" to make the angels weep; but worthy of the lowest lazzaroni horde of thugs and cut-throat thieves the land were cursed with indeed to gain the upper-hand against thrift, sound educational development, religious principle, peace and patriotism. The "Dark Ages" were paradise to any Nihilist establishment! If such excrescences agnostic on the fair face of our civilisation look for success in "this land of liberty," they must join issue with Freemasonry in the United States to begin with; and there are some 50,000 of the Craft on "God and humanity's side" in Illinois, alone. That sentence contains much, and it will bear putting faith in, as, when the Fraternity moves all concertedly to defend and preserve a "landmark," the great mass is one man. An occasional Achan may be suspected, but the tares are few in the full field. If there be one, here or there, individually vacillating or refractory so "fallen from grace"—degradedly unmade of and unmaking one's self—let all know it was not thus, nor could it have been rightly at "entering" the lodge. Evil doubt, or after defection has since come or been taken wrongly upon the recreant backsliding from the sacred tenets of the Craft. Sad! if any there be! so far forgetting their high calling and profession as to blaspheme and retrograde, Judas-like denying that Deity to whom they knelt in prayer, they receive but deserved rebuke. For, however variant else, *The Ancient Charges*, world-wide immemorial, are those without which Freemasonry "could not exist" simply. The "belief and trust in one God, and in a Divine Revelation, and obedience to the ten commandments of Sinai, are essentials opposed to which nothing 'opposite' nor 'contradictory' can be tolerated." And any Mason, as such, openly denying the Divine Being renders himself liable to presentment and discipline. May that day be far removed that such should prove the forced extremity in which Fellow Craft were driven to try the Master! Rather, let all of Masonic membership, from Apprentice to Arch, vie with and emulate each other in bringing honour upon and edifying

the Fraternity; and to inculcate *that* devoid of which all our doings are nothing worth. It comes of God's sanctifying spirit besought to redeem us; and "to pour into our hearts that most excellent gift of Charity, the very bond of peace and all virtues, without which whosoever liveth is counted dead before Thee!" Grant it for the sake of Thy Holy One. Such is the pure ennobling sentiment of prayerful piety. In so far as this connects with the Throne of Grace, Masonry surely is not irreligious.

In that Masonry inculcates devotion and confidence in Divine things, it is admittedly akin to and the worthy hand-maid of religion. And as Masonry moves and bids us trust in God, the Father Almighty, and to ask Him in merciful condescension to assist us at all times and places proper, we acknowledge Him, and should so serve and strive ever to realize the Divine blessing. And Him, therefore, must we seek in every relation of life, and in all things excellent, to put them into reasonable practice for our sovereign good. Thus, "in Thy Light shall we see light;" O thou Lord of life and enlightener of all, humbly approaching Thee, to grow in Thy strength and favour into the millennium of the Sun of Righteousness at the perfect meridian of the coming day! "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom," most truly, if men would but determinedly accept and act upon this. To them that love Him is the promise, He shall guide and keep thee for ever; thy feet from falling, and thy soul from death. Blest be His Name! and may increasing faith merit the reward of all those who put their trust in Him. And so, as forcibly follows, it is shown how the child of faith abjures the demon Doubt, and summons help and comfort from on high to sustain him through life's journey—

Maker! Preserver! My Redeemer! God!
Whom have I in the heavens, but Thee alone?
On earth but Thee, whom should I praise, whom love?
For Thou has brought me hitherto, upheld
By Thy omnipotence; and from Thy grace,
Unbought, unmerited, though not unsought--
The wells of my Salvation hast refresh'd
My spirit, watering it at morn and eve.

THE MAIDEN'S BOWER: A SERENADE.

BY BRO. EMRA HOLMES.

THE dews of night are falling light
Upon the maiden's bower:
The evening star now shines afar
High over hill and tower.
My lady sleeps, no vigil keeps,
And calm is her repose,
Whilst I'm awake for her sweet sake,
And scarce mine eyelids close.
Sleep soft, my love. O God above,
Now shield her from all harm;
Let heavenly gleams shine through her dreams,
And keep her from alarm;
I'll tune my lays to chant her praise,
And serenade my queen,
The fairest flower in maiden bower,
The sweetest, too, I ween.

OFF FOR A HOLIDAY.

BY A TRAVELLER AND A BROTHER.

“ALL work and no play makes Jack a dull boy,” says an old English proverb, and there is an immense amount of truth in this familiar and humble saying. If the fact be so as regards youth, and it is undoubtedly so, how much more true is it of us all and for us all as we get on in years and find ourselves in the full tide of the “wear and tear” of life, amid the busy and often weary throng of men, burdened with care, engrossed with profit, or bowed down by toil? For then, be it noted and remembered, we are neither so elastic nor active as we once were wont to be; we do not so soon rally from unexpected or unprecedented pressure of labour or worry; as the doctors like to say in their often to us mystical and learned phraseology, our “recuperative powers” are not what they once were. This is so much the case, as we all know, more or less, that if any of us persevere too long in an overwhelming course of hard mental or bodily work, we become jaded in body, depressed in mind, morbid in fancies, nervous and “out of sorts.” Ill-health confronts us sternly, it maybe, with its moral certainty; dyspepsia haunts us with its “dark shadows and afflictive vagaries.” Hence it becomes necessary for all who work—really work, for there are “workers and workers”—every now and then to have a “break” in their continuous toil, a pause in their normal life, a breathing time in their incessant round—their very existence to have, in fact, relaxation of mind as well as rest of body. Many of us who read these lines, for instance, have arrived at that period of our natural life, when—as with youth, so also with maturity, yes, and old age—a good and needed holiday-time for us is setting in happily; and it is the object of this humble paper, dull, perhaps, and prosaic enough in all conscience, to try and depict, however hastily and imperfectly, the views and sentiments with which we naturally greet, and as profitably should use, this temporary change in the customary conditions of our mundane existence day by day. I do not know whether it much matters if we are married or single. We all equally want a holiday. The married man, no doubt, has more “impedimenta” to think of, more possible obstacles to smooth over and “interview.” The wife of his bosom is not always easy to be pleased; the “olive blossoms” all have to be considered. What suits him exactly may not suit them at all, and “mater familias” is sometimes apt to go in for a “strongish order” when “doing the maternal;” and taking up the “high line” with a vengeance, she denounces this or praises that, not because it harmonizes or disagrees with the views of her “lord and master,” but because it suits or does not suit “baby”—a fat, howling brat of eight months old—or the engaging Flossy, or that “feeble” Tommie. The poor, solitary, lonely bachelor, or as the French writer once elegantly put it, “*pauvrè vieux garçon solitaire*,” has his troubles also to contend with. His servant also wants a holiday, or cook gives notice, or Mary Ann’s young man won’t wait, and just as he is starting he has no end of domestic embroglios to disentangle and dispose of. I think at that time many a bachelor cries for a “domestic sewing machine,” who really could be a useful “helpmate” to him in all his worries, though not like Mrs. Radde, take them “all upon herself” and desire Raddle not to “interfere.”

But let us assume we are “off” at last, encumbered by many packages and with three times too much luggage. How pleasant it is to find that we are really, for a time, free from matutinal callers or midday business, those press-

ing letters which you must answer, those numberless communications which it is a sheer waste of time to even respond to. And then how fresh and new everything appears. We have not smelt the "grass" for ever so long; the perfume of flowers comes floating on the breezes; that general "country feel" which is so pleasant to us denizens of large towns, and which when we live in the country we ungratefully often fail after a little to realise at all. Whether we are wending to the seaside to inhale ozone and seaweed odours, whether we are off to a cottage in a Welsh vale, whether we are bound to Newry, or Britany, or Iceland in this "hottest of weather" with "cool anticipations;" whether we mean to take a "gîte" at Ostend, and disport ourselves among the sea "naiads and dryads," or Dieppe, Etretal, or Trouville; whether Helsingen, or Homburg, or Schwabach, or Marienbad are our ultima thule, it is exactly the same. Yes, I repeat, whether we are intent on Switzerland or the Tyrol, Westmoreland or Cumberland, Ireland or Scotland, Harrogate or Scarborough, Broadstairs or the Isle of Wight; whether we are up to a walking tour or boating "down" the Thames, there is but one feeling prevalent in our minds, unless we be hepatically jaundiced or very ill-conditioned folks, and that one of freedom, happiness, and content. We take what we can get, and meet what comes in our way gladly and cheerily. Like Mr. Samuel Weller, "we eats our melting pears" with much satisfaction, and "asks no names." We are not put out with little accidents or petty "contretemps." We are always amiable, serene, good-tempered, and considerate. We do not seek for difficulties, and we do not invent them. We do not render ourselves disagreeable to ourselves and a laughing-stock to others by a display of an irritable temper or a peevish disposition. We are pleased with everything. We delight in the happiness of others, and are glad to make our holiday a real holiday to us and them in the pleasant associations it educes, and the pleasanter memories it will one day evoke when returned to dear smoky London, the cares of a counting-house, the calls of a profession, the "copy" of a journal. We have sometimes met cross, and snappish, and sardonic people "out for a holiday," and we have always wondered why, in the name of all that is unfathomable, they did not stay at home. Good humour and good spirits are essential to the enjoyment, whether of a family party, or a solitary tour, or a holiday jaunt; and I would respectfully suggest to all who are either "short" in "temper," or defective in "good breeding," to find some quiet spot where they can be bad-tempered and rude to themselves. I suggest this specially, because some "good people" always deem it needful, though what for I cannot realize, to be stiff and starched and difficult to get on with when "out for a holiday." Of course, there are some "tempers" in the world which are always desperate, in that they can never be smoothed down, but why people who are easy-going at home should make themselves essentially disagreeable abroad, is one of those mysteries over which, like "Isis," we had better drop the veil.

I trust that all who read these pages will feel as I do, not only the need but the good of a holiday, and seek to make "much of it," and to profit by it. If properly used it may do them and us all great good. It will throw us all together more closely, friends and family, and teach us to make allowances and smooth off each other's angles. It will bid us be cheerful and considerate, genial and gentle, tolerant and *debonnaire*, as we shall learn by "hourly juxtaposition" how life is truly made up of "giving and taking." And so may we use our "holiday hours" that when we recount the scenes we have visited, and the dangers we have braved, we may say, "Ah, what happy hours these really were, when we got off at last for a 'holiday!'"

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 (*continued*).

ON January 9th, 1858, Bro. Geo. Motley Waud was installed W. Master by Bro. Thos. Brown, P.M., "in a most solemn and impressive manner, and gave to each of the officers a beautiful charge on their respective duties."

The advent of this brother (P.M. Brown), who was well known throughout the province as a superior worker in Freemasonry, seems to have further encouraged the worthy Past Masters, already referred on several occasions, as he was also a regular attender, and during 1858 the working of our lodge was perfect. Members from the Lodges Hope, 379, and Harmony, 874, were present at every meeting, and their admiration of the masterly manner in which all the ceremonies were conducted may well be understood.

Bro. Brown was initiated in the Royal Yorkshire Lodge, Keighley, December 27th, 1814, and at this time was 64 years of age. He was one of the brightest ornaments of our lodge—one of those "perfect ashlar" all should strive to emulate. May his memory never fade from our hearts, but be perpetuated not only in our lodge (which might in the uncertain future become extinct), but by those other lodges which so freely benefited by his zealous and successful efforts to elevate them.

Six visitors attended from the Hope Lodge, Bradford, to witness the initiation of the Rev. Thos. W. Kelly, of Horton, on June 1st, 1858. Bro. the Rev. Henry de Laval Willis, D.D. (one of the visitors), gave Bro. Kelly the charge in a most solemn manner, Bro. John Walker, P.M., giving the W.T., and Bro. Thos. Brown, P.M., the first tracing board.

On Wednesday, October 20th, 1858, "an invitation was received from the Lodge of Hope, 379, Bradford, requesting the brethren of this lodge to attend at Bradford, and open a Mark Mason's lodge in their rooms on Monday night next, the 25th inst., for the purpose of initiating Bro. the Rev. A. F. A. Woodford, M.A., P. Prov. G.S.W., and other brethren." It is also recorded on November 24th, 1858, that the Mark Masons of Airedale Lodge gave four members of other lodges the Mark on the 25th ult. at the Lodge of Hope, 379, Bradford. The Londesborough Lodge, No. 1036, Bridlington, and Friendship Lodge, No. 1052, Cleckheaton, constituted in 1858.

A lodge of emergency was held May 7th, 1859, to approve of a petition to the Royal Masonic Benevolent Institution for Aged Freemasons and Widows, on behalf of a brother (J.B.) initiated in 1830. He was a worthy member, and in a humble way had done his duty to the lodge and the charities. In consequence of an accident in 1839, Bro. Bell suffered from several serious injuries, had lost an eye, and at this period, at the age of 70, was still further incapacitated from pursuing his ordinary occupation through a recent attack of paralysis. The other afflictions of this unfortunate brother were also very heavy, and called forth the genuine sympathy of our members, who adopted the petition referred to, their efforts resulting in his election as an annuitant on May 18th, 1860.

Bro. the Rev. A. F. A. Woodford, M.A., P. Prov. G.S.W., etc., visited the lodge again October 12th, 1859. "The lodge being closed in due form with a prayer by Bro. Woodford, who we (the brethren of this lodge) were sorry to part with, at a few minutes past nine o'clock."

A brother, John Smith, "declared off" December 28th, 1859. He was *not* one of the petitioners for our warrant, and now joined the Scientific, Bingley. This Bro. Smith was initiated in the Airedale Lodge, Dec. 29th, 1841.

At the Prov. G. Lodge meeting at Huddersfield, March 28th, 1860, a Provincial Charity Committee was formed, to consist of one member from each lodge in the province. Bro. the Rev. A. F. A. Woodford, M.A., P. Prov. G.S.W., etc., was elected Chairman, and Bro. R. R. Nelson (Prov. G. Sec.), Secretary. Bro. Henry Smith, P.M., was nominated to represent Airedale Lodge on this Committee, the first meeting of which was fixed to be held at Heckmond-wike. At the foot of the minutes on April 4th, 1860, is entered a minute of an interesting episode as follows :—

At the refreshment board, and after a few appropriate remarks made by our much respected visiting Brother, J. T. Robinson, W. Master of the Lodge of Hope, he presented to the Treasurer of this lodge a purse, the contents of which were for Bro. P.M. Joseph Walker, from a few brethren of the Lodge of Hope, to be applied for a purpose afterwards explained. Bro. Robinson also invited the members of the lodge to pay a visit to the Hope Lodge at their next meeting, on Monday, 7th May, 1860.

On April 10th, 1860, the donations of sixteen members, amounting to ten guineas, was forwarded to the Institution for Aged Freemasons and Widows. On the 30th April a further sum of £2 was sent, and on May 10th, £1 5s. more, altogether £13 15s. This liberality was no doubt purely a Masonic thank-offering in consequence of the election of Bro. Joshua Bell as an annuitant. Our unfortunate brother was not destined, however, to reap much benefit from his successful first application, as he died July 29th, 1860, aged 71 years.

A visit was paid to the Harbour of Refuge Lodge, No. 1066, West Hartlepool, on the occasion of the installation of Bro. John Sutcliffe as W.M., on Wednesday, 25th July, 1860, and this visit is referred to in Bro. Wainman Holmes' "Reminiscences," given in the Appendix I. The names of our brethren who journeyed to West Hartlepool on this occasion were Bro. Jesse Denby, W.M.; Bro. C. F. Taylor, S.W.; Bro. Wainman Holmes, Secretary and P.M.; Bro. W. W. Holmes, P.M.; Bro. John Walker, jun., P.M.; Bro. Joseph Walker, P.M.; Bro. John Mann, Bro. Jesse Cockshott, Bro. Samuel Atkinson; and an interesting letter, dated 6th August, 1860, thanking the W.M. and brethren of 1066 for their hospitality, is copied in the minute book.

In this year Craven Lodge, 1112, Skipton; St. John's, 1129, Dewsbury; and De Grey and Ripon Lodge, 1139, Ripon, were constituted.

At the regular meeting, January 23rd, 1861, £10 was voted to the Annuity Fund for the purpose of making the W.M. a Life-Governor. On September 18th, 1861, eight visitors were present from Hope Lodge, 379, and the minutes, which are very interesting, contain the following :—

It was mentioned by the W.M. that several of the brethren were unavoidably absent, owing to domestic bereavement, which was deeply deplored by all present. The lodge was opened to the 2nd and 3rd Degrees, when some excellent working was gone through by Bro. John Walker, P.M.; Joseph Walker, P.M.; and Thomas Brown, P.M., who really astonished every one present with the very excellent expatiation of the seven sections of the long lecture, and gave food for every fellow-craft's mind to think over. It was proposed by Bro. Geo. Motley Waud, and seconded by Bro. N. Walker, and carried by acclamation, that the best thanks of the lodge be returned to our venerable Bro. P.M. Thomas Brown for his kindness in giving so interesting and philosophical a lecture, and that the Grand Geometrician may long preserve so eminent a F.C. amongst us.

On November 20th, 1861, the Treasurer was authorised to pay the sum of £1 to a distressed P.M.

At the meeting on January, 15th, 1862, "the W. Master called the attention of the brethren to the necessity of punctual attendance, thereby leaving more of the evening for Masonic duties, and enabling the brethren to return home in good time." Bro. Joseph Denby proposed that £1 be given out of the lodge funds for the relief of Bro. P.M. —, "who is very poorly, and whose circum-

stances are bad." It is most satisfactory to find how readily our brethren responded to the impulses of generous sympathy and true charity on this occasion also, a subscription being at once made for the same object, and the sum of £3 17s. being collected that amount was handed over to him.

Bro. Edward Haigh presented the lodge (on February 12th, 1862) with working tools of the Three Degrees, "which he had got made during his residence in Australia; also a beautiful box made of Australian woods to place them in."

On July 9th, 1862, "the different lectures were gone through. Bro. John Walker, sen., gave the working tools in a very efficient manner, the more astonishing as he had not repeated them for near twenty years." A very good and handsome Bible was presented to the lodge by the W.M. (Bro. John C. Read), on October 8th, 1862. In this year the Phoenix Lodge, Rotherham, was constituted as No. 1206, and the St. Oswald's Lodge, Pontefract, No. 1212.

In 1863 the Airedale Lodge became No. 387; and Lodge Trafalgar, 971, Batley, and Pentalpha, 974, Bradford, were constituted. On the 1st July, 1863, "a good muster from this lodge attended the Provincial Grand Lodge at Ripon, and then proceeded in Masonic costume to dine in cloisters at Fountains Abbey." A memorial of condolence with the widow of late Bro. John Walker, jun., was ordered to be drawn up on October, 28th, 1863; and at the end of the minutes of the meeting held December 23rd, 1863, occurs the following:—

The Mark Lodge was opened, and Bro. John Taylor and Bro. Craven, of Bradford, went through the ceremony of giving the Mark to Bro. S. Priestley, and all other things necessary for it.

From this night up to 1869 the lodge was greatly indebted to Bro. Taylor, who was a constant visitor, and undertook the chief working. After the change of numbers this year, the roll of Yorkshire lodges stood as follows:

No.	No.
57 Humber, Hull.	387 Airedale, Baildon.
61 Probitry, Halifax.	401 Royal Forest, Slaidburn.
123 Lennox, Richmond.	408 Three Graces, Haworth.
139 Britannia, Sheffield.	439 Scientific, Bingley.
149 Peace, Meltham.	448 Loyal Antient, St. James, Halifax.
154 Unanimity, Wakefield.	458 Aire and Calder, Goole.
200 Old Globe, Scarbro'.	495 Wakefield, Wakefield.
208 3 Gd. Principles, Dewsbury.	521 Truth, Huddersfield.
236 Union, York.	543 Cleveland, Stokesley.
242 St. George's, Doncaster.	561 Zetland, Guisbro'.
250 Minerva, Hull.	566 St. Germain's, Selby.
258 Amphibious, Heckmondwike.	600 Harmony, Bradford.
264 Nelson of the Nile, Batley.	602 North York, Middlesbro'.
265 Royal Yorkshire, Keighley.	603 Zetland, Cleckheaton.
275 Harmony, Huddersfield.	630 St. Cuthbert's, Howden.
289 Fidelity, Leeds.	643 Royal, Filey.
290 Huddersfield, Huddersfield.	652 Holme Valley, Holmfirth.
294 Constitutional, Beverley.	660 Camalodunum, Malton.
296 Royal Brunswick, Sheffield.	734 Londesborough, Bridlington.
302 Hope, Bradford.	Quay.
304 Philanthropic, Leeds.	750 Friendship, Cleckheaton.
306 Alfred, Leeds.	810 Craven, Skipton.
307 Prince Frederick, Hebden Bridge.	827 St. John's, Dewsbury.
312 Lion, Whitby.	837 De Grey and Ripon, Ripon.
330 Prince George, Bottoms, Stansfeld.	904 Phoenix, Rotherham.
337 Candour, Upper Mill.	910 St. Oswald, Pontefract.
380 Integrity, Morley.	971 Trafalgar, Batley.
	974 Pentalpha, Bradford.

Phoenix Lodge, Hull, No. 256, and Allmann's Lodge, Almondbury, No. 594, had become extinct; and five lodges, as under, had been removed from the register, either for the same reason, or by erasure of Grand Lodge:

No. 323, Newtonian, Knaresbro'	...	...	...	Erased 3rd Dec., 1851.
„ 677, Savile, Leeds	...	...	...	„ „ „ „
„ 681, Verity, Ripon.	...	...	...	
„ 688, Tudor, Saddleworth.	...	...	...	
„ 716, Friendly, Barnsley	...	...	...	Erased 3rd Dec., 1851.

(To be continued).

DESCRIPTIVE GEOMETRY AND OUR ANCIENT SECRETS.

*A Paper read before the Eboracum Lodge by Bro. W. W. Whytehead, M.A.,
B. Sc. (Paris).*

I WILL in a few words explain how my attention has been drawn to the subject of my paper. After a prolonged residence at Paris, I determined to consolidate my acquaintance with the French and their language by taking a degree at the University of France. I had, ten years previously, taken a degree in mathematics at the University of Cambridge, and, therefore, decided to read for the degree entitled “Baccalauréat ès Sciences,” the programme of which is composed of Latin, literature, history, mathematics, physics, and chemistry. Of the ten subjects of mathematics, several differed in method from what we are generally used to in England; for instance, Euclid, that foundation of mathematical studies here, has been quite discarded in France, having given place to “Modern Geometry,” which is so far more serviceable than Euclid, and more in harmony with the advanced and practical condition of mathematics of this nineteenth century. But the name, even of one of the subjects, was entirely new to me; it was called “Descriptive Geometry,” and is the science which forms the basis of architecture, engineering, and map drawing. We have here a good illustration of the advanced state of general scientific education in France, where the study of this subject is obligatory in the case of every mathematical student. Descriptive geometry is the science of representing on a sheet of paper any machine or construction whatever. There is an important distinction between an ordinary drawing and a plan. Put the former into the hands of anybody and he will be able to picture to himself the object represented; but the mason, artizan, or carpenter only seeing one side of the object will have to guess what may be the appearances of the other sides; moreover, the curves, angles, and retreating parts of the object will be more or less distorted by the effects of perspective, so that the workman will not be able to make use of his rule and compass in order to ascertain the dimensions of the object. On the other hand, the plan does not represent the object except to the skilled eye, but supplies the constructor with the dimensions he has need of. The applications of descriptive geometry are then to be found in architecture, timber cutting, military engineering, and in the construction of sundials; and a knowledge of the science, carried to a greater or less extent, is demanded of all candidates for the Government schools of France, as, for instance, those of the army and navy, of civil engineering, of mines, of architecture, of fine arts, of woods and forests. It is the draughtsman who makes a daily use of these principles, which, however, he may never have studied scientifically, and may, therefore, be reduced to working mechanically and by simple routine.

Descriptive geometry makes use of two plans, one horizontal, the other vertical; the object to be represented is then projected by means of perpendiculars dropped on these two planes, and one has thus two drawings, which are called the projections horizontal and vertical of the figure; or in the case of a machine or building, the plan and elevation; sections through fixed points are then added, and by means of the rule and compass the dimensions of each stone, timber, or casting are determined and embodied in a pattern of wood or sheet metal, which serves to guide the workman. Such is the method that has always been used to determine the forms of stone which compose a building. The Greeks made use of these two planes under the names of "ichnographic," and "orthographic." We read in the Bible of the construction of our Masonic temple: "And the house, when it was building, was built of stone made ready before it was brought thither; so that there was neither hammer, nor axe, nor any tool of iron heard in the house while it was building." Thus, then, the stones came ready cut out of the yard, the dimensions of each one having been previously worked out by the draughtsman. Moreover, tradition says that Hiram, the architect, was murdered by his workmen, because having discovered the use of the rule and compass he refused to publish his discovery. The secret was handed down from age to age as an occult science, and we see its symbols in the apron, trowel, square and compass of Freemasonry. The first treatise on the subject appeared about the middle of the sixteenth century, at a time when architectural science was in its decay. This decay, indeed, probably accounts for the publication of what had previously been kept secret. The author of the work, Philibert de l'Orme, architect of the Tuileries, does not profess to be the discoverer of the system, but only to have extended its application. Other treatises on the subject appeared in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, where we first find the rules laid down for the construction of circular staircases; but for the most part the subject was not treated geometrically. The noble timber roofs of our cathedrals are examples of the use of the rule and compass in carpentry, on which a treatise was first published about the middle of the eighteenth century, and entitled "The Carpenter's Euclid." However, the author allows that his treatment of the subject is only practical, and lacks rigour. The subject was raised to a science by the great Monge, one of the most brilliant of that body of learned men who presided at the birth of modern science under the enlightened encouragement of the first Napoleon. It was Monge who embodied, or shall I say re-embodied, the principles and rules which are common to the rigorous carrying out of the different branches of the constructor's art; he it was who united together what had been disconnected practical knowledge upon a harmonious and scientific basis, under the name of descriptive geometry. However, this science, put into shape by Monge, did not assume under him the development which it has since attained. The growth of the railway system, for instance, has extended its applications, and it is descriptive geometry which has given the true solution of the form of the stones which compose a skew bridge.

It has often been a matter of speculation among Masonic students as to what were the real secrets of the mediæval Masons. It is absurd to suppose that their guilds existed simply for the sake of a few words or grips, as in the case of the modern speculative society. Of course, we know that there was a certain amount of religious dogma taught in their lodges; this much we gather from the old constitutions left to us. But I am inclined to submit that the science rediscovered by Monge, and called by him Descriptive Geometry, constituted the real secret of our ancient brethren, and that it was this knowledge which they so carefully concealed from the profane, and which gave to them the monopoly which has immortalized their memory. Without enlarging upon this point, I merely throw it out as a suggestion which, correct or not, certainly affords a reason and justification for the power wielded by the great mediæval guilds of builders.

THE GUILDHALL AND THE CHARTERS OF THE CORPORATION.

AT a recent meeting of the London and Middlesex Archæological Society, held, by the permission of the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Councilmen, in the Council Chamber at the Guildhall (the Lord Mayor attending in state, and occupying, for a short time, the chair), Bro. Sir John B. Monckton, F.S.A. (*President of the Board of General Purposes*), Town Clerk, gave some interesting information explanatory of the charters and early records of the Corporation. He said the charters were about a hundred in number, and mostly in possession of the Corporation. A few only of the number had been mounted, in order that they might be capable of being exhibited. These earlier ones, some nine or ten, had been in the care of his predecessors, and under his own care. They were the shortest of the charters, and the old kings had managed to say in a few words what now it would take many words to express. The first was a charter of William the Conqueror (1066-87); it was what was called a charter of liberties, and read as follows: "William the King greets William the Bishop and Gosfreaght the Portreeve and all the Burghers within London, French and English, friendly. And I make known unto ye that I will that ye be entitled to all those laws to which ye were entitled in the days of King Edward. And I will that every child shall be his Father's Heir after his Father's day. And I will not suffer any man to offer you any wrong. God give you health." In the same case was the charter of William I., granted to his man Deorman a hide of land at Gyddesdesne, in Essex. This was the only charter they held in Saxon. No. 2 was a charter of liberties Henry II. (1154-89); as also No. 3, Richard I., date 1194. No. 4 was a charter of Richard I. directing the removal of kiddles or wears in the Thames. John granted several charters, one of liberties, and another (1199) directing the removal of kiddles and wears in the Thames. Another, No. 7, was an important one, granting the shrievalty of London to the citizens and burgers. No. 8, a charter by John (1202), abolishing the Weavers' Guild (which had its origin under Henry II.) in consideration of receiving 20 marks from citizens in lieu of 18 from weavers. No. 9 was a charter granted by John (1214) giving to the citizens (then styled barons) of London liberty to choose their mayor. Among the early MSS., which were well written and richly illuminated, and which would be shown to the members, were "*De Antiquis Legibus*," in 1274. This was on vellum, written in Latin and Norman-French. "*Liber Albus*," now "*Liber Niger*," Latin and Norman-French, had been written by his learned predecessor, John Carpenter, in 1419. In 1582, or later, it had been copied, also on vellum, under supervision of Robert Smith, so that "*Qui liber albus erat, nunc est contrarius*," an allusion to the original copy having become darkened through age. "*Liber Custumarum*," of date 1154-71, which was interesting from the excellence of the writing and the richness of the illumination, was on vellum, written in Latin and Norman-French. "*Liber Horn*" was a bequest to the City by Andrew Horn, citizen and fishmonger. "*Cartæ Antiquæ*," on vellum, was beautifully coloured and illuminated, and was in Latin, Norman-French, and English. In those days they seemed, said Sir John Monckton, to have possessed the art of gilding and colouring their manuscripts so as to render the work lasting, a power which those who were judges said we had not now. In concluding, he referred to the Letter Book A (1275), and said that the Corporation prided themselves on the continuity of their records from that date down to the present time, and which were fairly written and well preserved.

Bro. Horace Jones, City Architect, speaking of the Guildhall, gave to the meeting the following notes on the history of the old and interesting building so close to them at the moment, and so closely interwoven with the history of the great city which surrounded them. Built a few years after the magnificent structure at Westminster—the pride and honour of the last Plantagenet that occupied the throne of England—it bore, in several of its features, some resemblance to its contemporary, for in those days fashion in the form and art of building was more *exigant*, and more followed than at present; it was much smaller though in proportion, much loftier, and better adapted for hearing when used as a hall for deliberative or electioneering purposes. There were many buildings still scattered about the country devoted to the same purposes, or nearly so, as our own Guildhall—the civic Guildhalls at York, Norwich, Exeter, &c., though most of them could bear little or no comparison with Guildhall, which in size and character was second only to its great neighbour at Westminster. Its uses and purposes might be characterised as threefold: primarily, for the assembling of the guilds from which it took its name, and for meetings of the citizens for the election of mayors, sheriffs, and burgesses in Parliament, as well as for meetings for petitions, &c. Secondly, as a court of justice, not only for the administering such minor justice as might be required in the daily occurrences of city life in olden time, and the recovery of small debts, &c., but also for trials of offences of the highest kind, including treason and other capital offences. More especially was held there the Court of Hustings, the Saxon Folk-mote, or, as it was now called, the Hustings Court, which was considered the highest court of judicature, the presiding judges being the Lord Mayor and sheriffs. Thirdly, as a banqueting hall, where had been entertained many crowned heads, and the most illustrious and distinguished men of their time, not of England alone, but of foreigners, the name of stranger being only an additional reason for civic hospitality to be extended to them. The Guildhall was of very early date; the first entry he had been able to find being 1212, fourteenth of John, in a roll of the Hustings Court, and this he would call the first Guildhall. The second, according to an entry in the Corporation records, was built in 1326, twentieth Edward II., in the mayoralty of Richard de Breton,—“Timber and lead granted for the building of the Guildhall and chapel.” Part of the chapel crypt still existed, though much defaced by fire, some of the columns and capitals being visible. It extended to half the present hall, and adjoined the present crypt, being divided by a brick wall. The third Guildhall was begun in 1411-12, Henry IV., by Thomas Knoles, then Mayor. No doubt a very different building, as left by Thomas Knoles, had presented itself to the gaze of the visitors present as they had entered that afternoon, as they probably did, by the principal south porch, which consisted of two divisions formed by an arch and columns crossing in the centre, and vaulted. The wall on either side was divided into small compartments, with tracery and quatrefoils. The groined roof, with the stone ribs springing from the sides, was intersected in the centre with sculptured bosses with various devices of the arms and bearings of Edward the Confessor. Above the porch was a commodious chamber approached by an external staircase still possessing the remnants of panel tracery and canopied niches, showing one amongst the many instances in which labour and thought were expended upon all its parts. A well-proportioned and wide-opening archway led from the porch to the hall itself. The hall was 152 ft. long, and divided into eight bays, seven buttresses on the north side, five on the south, four massive turrets at the corner, with circular or spiral stairs in each, and leading from the crypt below to the roof above. Between each buttress a lofty window, filled with stained glass, represented various scenes of civic history, or the restoration of the City charter in 1688. The height from the present pavement to under side of ridge was 89 ft. The collar or beam between the queen-posts was 29 ft. long, cut out of timber 2 ft. 8 in., or nearly a yard square. The *coup d'œil* of the hall, with

its stained glass and monuments, and massive open roof of oak, presented a grand and dignified appearance, which need fear comparison with no similar structure. Many supposed that the original hall was roofed in a not very dissimilar manner, and a statement existed, recorded by an eye-witness, that on the night of Tuesday, September 4th, 1666, "the sight of Guildhall was a fearful spectacle, which stood the whole body of it together in view for several hours, after the fire had taken it, without flames (I supposed, because the timber was of such solid oake) in a bright shining coale, as if it had been a pallace of gold or a great building of burnished brass." Others held that the building had, or was intended to have, stone ribs, as at Mayfield in Sussex, and other buildings well known, if not numerous, of that period. The crypt was one of the most ancient and perhaps the finest example of the kind existing in London. It extended only under the eastern portion of the hall. It was divided into three aisles of equal width by two rows of piers, which were clusters of four small pillars, with plain capitals, from which the arches and groins spread over the roof. The bosses at the intersection of the arches were many of them very large, bearing shields of the arms of Edward the Confessor, the City, and some well-sculptured roses.

MASONIC SYMBOLISM.*

*A Paper read before Landmark Lodge, No. 422, A.F. and A.M., Chicago,
by W. I. Culver.*

EVERYONE who has passed to the degree of Fellow Craft in Masonry has been instructed that "the lapse of time, the ruthless hand of ignorance, and the devastations of war, have laid waste and destroyed many valuable monuments of an antiquity on which the utmost exertions of human genius have been employed. Even the Temple of Solomon, so spacious and magnificent, and constructed by so many celebrated artists escaped not the unsparing ravages of barbarous force."

Yet to these same monuments, or to such of them as have survived the ravages of time, we are indebted for all that is really known of those ages between the creation of man and the beginning of authentic history. By the deciphering of symbols inscribed upon them by pre-historic nations who have lived and died upon the earth, leaving behind them neither literature nor tradition, the veil of oblivion has been in part withdrawn from races of men who rose, flourished, and sank into obscurity away beyond the borders of human history. In ruins brought to light after centuries of entombment we have evidences of amazing architecture, a development of civilization and material progress truly wonderful, but it is to the hieroglyphics and other symbols found upon their monumental records, in their sepulchres, and on their edifices, that we look for a knowledge of the people themselves. These memorials of past time reveal to us the names and histories of monarchs and peoples who lived fifty centuries before the Christian Era. One author says: "It is now as certain as anything else in ancient history that Egypt existed as a civilized country not less than 5000 years earlier than the birth of Christ."

* This interesting paper is "reproduced" from the *Voice of Masonry* for May.

And in the same connection he observes:—"The researches in Egypt have given us dates as authentic as the monuments themselves, which confound the current chronologies, and open the past to our view somewhat as the discoveries of Columbus opened the world to the geographers of modern Europe." (Baldwin's Pre-Historic Nations, page 32). I have in my library a copy of this book, which once belonged to Hon. Sidney Breese, formerly and for many years a judge of the Supreme Court of Illinois, and which contains many annotations in his handwriting. He says, among other things: "There can be no doubt that India is the birthplace of civilization." Again he says: "The Egyptians derived their knowledge from India, which was civilized *ages* before Egypt." If the judge was correct about this the monuments found in India connect us, indeed, with an antiquity more remote than is generally imagined. By inscriptions coming to light within a very recent period, the race inhabiting a given country, the date of their habitancy, and the countries they had previously emigrated from, with the courses they had travelled, are told with as much accuracy as will be found on the pages of modern history. Their battles, their religious faith, even the character of their ordinary pursuits, are marked in indelible characters, and become as an open book to the modern scientist.

In Egypt, Arabia, India, Greece, Phœnicia, Chaldea, Italy, and even in Great Britain (as it is now known), as shown by archæological investigation, the use of symbols as a ready and enduring means of perpetuating events and conveying information to "all nations, kindreds, and tongues," was common long ages before the building of King Solomon's temple.

It is not strange that nations possessed of the ingenuity and ability to construct the pyramids of Egypt and the wonderful architectural excavations found in India should find means, long before the day of books, and while the science of language was in its infancy, to leave behind them symbolic revelations concerning themselves and their histories, which are legible and intelligible to scholars of the present day, through whose industry and learning their mysteries are interpreted to us all. Thus are we made acquainted with the work of hands of whose history nothing is known to save by the symbols engraved by themselves.

Even on this continent, and particularly in Mexico and Central America, there have been found religious symbols and devices nearly identical with those found in the old world. They indicate planet worship, and convinced Humboldt that ages before Columbus was dreamed of communication existed between the two hemispheres. According to the early Spanish writers, the symbols which abounded in the Aztec temples at the period of the conquest of Mexico, as well as the inscriptions upon their public monuments, alike proved their unity of origin with the ancient inhabitants of Asia.

In view of the above, and in view of the universality and age of ancient Freemasonry, it is not singular that our society should be in its history, its work, and its methods of imparting instruction, so essentially symbolic. That Freemasonry has stood the test of ages—that it is to-day an acknowledged factor in morals, in religion, and in civilization, I believe to be very largely due to its symbolic character, as much so perhaps as to the truth and purity of its teachings, perhaps even more so, since without its symbolism its teachings might long since have been forgotten. These symbols speak the same language to-day that they did at the birth of Masonry; they bear the same construction and significance; they lead to the same moral reflections and point to the same results; and as they have never varied in the evidence they have given, it is impossible to suspect their integrity or impeach their veracity. They are founded on the eternal principles of right, justice, and morality, and who shall venture to doubt that will endure for ever?

The Bible tells that after the Deluge "the whole earth was of one language and of one speech," and it so continued until God saw fit to rebuke

man's presumption in attempting to build the tower of Babel by confounding the language of men so that they might "not understand one another's speech." As a result of the decree of Omnipotence, Masons, like all men, are unable to make themselves understood by the use of ordinary speech, except to those instructed in the same language; yet, by the use of Masonic symbolism, so perfect is it, that the well-informed Mason is able to hold Masonic converse, prove his qualifications, claim Masonic sympathy and charity, travel in foreign countries, and, in a word, make himself understood anywhere in the Masonic world.

The only universal language is symbolic: therefore the universality of Masonry depends upon and is due to its symbolism. The wonder is that in all the centuries of Masonic existence this symbolism should have been kept so nearly perfect, so clear from clippings and accretions all over the world, as still to be the same, in all essential respects and particulars, the world over.

But although this symbolism is indeed "of higher antiquity than memory or history can reach," we should be careful not to confound its extreme age with the idea that Freemasonry itself as a science is not progressive. I believe it to be true that most people outside of the lodge, and even many within it, are of opinion that Masonry is wholly an institution of a past age. Yet nothing could be farther from the truth. On the contrary, our symbols themselves, ancient as they are, prominently teach the necessity of improvement, of learning, of progress. The Entered Apprentice is taught to wish for light, the Fellow Craft for yet more light, and the Master Mason for still further light. Every step in Masonry is progressive. One might as truthfully say that a study of history or of ancient literature would tend to curb the progress of mental development as to say that a careful, conscientious, thoughtful contemplation of the truths and teachings of ancient Freemasonry will or can be inimical to mental, moral, or material advancement. What Masonry abhors is dangerous innovation, but never true progress. The latter it advocates and encourages as vigorously and as earnestly as it discourages the former. This is the true philosophy of Masonry, and it is a philosophy which inevitably leads to moral perfection, intellectual improvement, and practical good among its followers who obey its precepts. To the praise and honour of the Institution be it said that, unlike the Church in past ages of religious darkness and superstitious tyranny, Freemasonry has never yet countenanced the oppression of the learned or the suppression of learning, but, on the contrary, has been the steadfast and consistent friend of both. It could not be otherwise without belying the revered principles of our ancient brethren, and without evading and ignoring its most fundamental and essential landmarks. It has been, in its entire career, uniformly consistent in recognising and supporting truths and principles of sublime importance leading necessarily and inevitably to the civilisation and improvement of mankind. Every thoughtful Mason knows it is a baseless slander upon the Institution to say that it is in any sense an enemy of progress. When it becomes so it will cease to be Freemasonry in spirit and in truth, by whatever name it may then be called.

In Masonry three is a mystic number, and its symbols naturally range themselves in threes. Thus there are three degrees in Ancient Freemasonry, each emblematical of a stage in human life, viz., youth, manhood, and age. These three degrees are symbolic of probation, progression, and perfection. During the period of probation the Entered Apprentice is a bearer of burdens; as a Fellow Craft he realises a progress in learning, but with privileges scarcely superior to those granted him in the first stage of his Masonic career; and it is only when he has attained the perfection of a Master Mason that he obtains the reward for which he has wrought—the right to participate in the real business of his lodge, to claim charity in case of need, and to receive masonic burial in the event of death. Applied still more broadly to human life the Masonic degrees are symbols of man's creation, his mature development physically,

morally, and intellectually, and of his final spiritual and eternal existence beyond the grave.

By the symbolism of the First degree we are instructed how best to divide our time so that a portion of each day of our active life may be devoted to religion and charity, a portion to our worldly cares and interest, and the remainder to refreshment and rest; in the Second degree we are admonished to act honestly, live virtuously, and to be not forgetful of the future life towards which we are fast journeying; and in the Third degree there are vividly exemplified to us the certainty of death, the dissolution of our bodies, and the immortality of our souls.

In the First degree we are taught the importance of prayer, the necessity of a belief in Deity, and the virtue of charity; in the Second the value of learning, the dignity of true character, and the wisdom of God, the Creator of the boundless Universe; and in the Third that fidelity and zeal are essential elements of true manhood, and that cowardly and brutal assaults upon them will inevitably result in defeat, disgrace, and punishment.

Faith in God, the hope of a future life, and the duty of human charity, are symbolized by three rounds of a ladder—the one of which Jacob dreamed. Morality is symbolized by the square, equality by the level, and uprightness and integrity of character by the plumb. Brotherly love is exemplified by the cordial grasping of hands, relief by the pictured story of the Good Samaritan, and truth by the Word of God, which is never closed in open lodge.

The beehive is an emblem of industry, frugality, and thrift, is a symbol which would be understood as such in or out of the lodge. So with the hour-glass as a reminder how rapidly our sands of life are running out. The scythe as an emblem of death, the coffin as a reminder that our bodies are born to decay, and the acacia as the symbol of eternal spiritual life, are, at sight, so many legible volumes of the truths they speak. Their language is, indeed, a universal one—as plain, almost, to the unmasonic as to the Masonic reader.

Every man's temporal career is apt to be as chequered as the Mosaic pavement pictured on our Masonic charts, but when he shall have passed through the mysterious borderland indicated by the indented tessel, the blazing star, symbolizing eternal glory, leads him to hope for an immortality wholly beyond the power of mortal language to describe. Thus, from the very furniture and ornaments of his lodge, the reflective Mason learns, and may philosophize upon the whole story of his existence, present and future. From them he may learn patience, fortitude, and hope—patience to bear the ills of life, fortitude to endure the pangs of death, and hope—nay certainty—of a glorious immortality.

(To be continued.)

FORTY YEARS AGO.

TO AN OLD FRIEND.

Eheu fugaces, labuntur anni.—*Horace.*

HOW things have changed since you and I
Were youths in "auld lang syne;"
How swiftly time has passed by
Alike for yours and mine.
It seems but yesterday, in truth,
Since we laughed at care and woe,
And yet, that was, yes, in good sooth,
Quite forty years ago.
The old hall's filling once again
With faces "debonnaire,"
We hear the jest and the refrain,
All life is fresh and fair.
Our cricket match again we've gained;
How fast those boats do row;
And yet that pleasant Regime reigned
For us, now forty years ago.
We hear the beagles on the hills,
We are running on yon plain,
A pleasant memory through us thrills,
As those "old tones come again."
If now we're lagging in the race—
If now they deem us "slow"—
Yet, surely once we "went the pace,"
Full forty years ago!
And some are missing, true and kind,
Whose worth we all could tell—
Some genial friends we've left behind
Whom we knew long and well.
The song is hushed, the tones are mute,
That "Cornet's" ceased to "blow;"
Silent for ever voice and lute,
Which pleased us forty years ago.
How Time plays tricks with you and me,
How yet it still deceives,
Stripping the bloom off every tree
And leaving us "dead leaves."
The friends who clung to us firm and fast—
The friends we trusted so—
Are all but shadows of the past,
And forty years ago!
Alas! I am getting very old—
Old friend, I'm nearly grey;
And like the tales we've often told,
Such hours must pass away.
Our friends are scattered far and wide,
Since we listened to the flow
Of that old "weir," by the river's side,
Just forty years ago.

W.

A MASON'S STORY.

(Continued from page 464, Vol. VIII.)

IT is a glorious summer's day. Not with the sun shining as we see it here, in our cold and humid England, but pouring down with fierce brilliancy on the white turbaned heads of those who are under its rays.

"Not, as in northern climes, obscurely bright,
But one unclouded blaze of living light."

Reader, the scene is India. "India, the scene of the earliest traditions," to use the words of Dean Stanley, "and languages of the civilised world; the birth-place of the mightiest and most widely spread faith that has ever dawned on the earth; the scene of those great conflicts betwixt the most absolute monotheism on the one hand and the most elaborate polytheism on the other;" the seat of the very *acme* of theology, and the source from which all that is great in astrological science or Masonic symbolism has emanated which has enlightened the world, from the remotely misty ages of dim antiquity to the present time. Who is there among us to whom the name of India does not awaken recollections which thrill his very heart as he thinks of the names of the Clydes, the Havelocks, the two Lawrences, and all those names which go to make up our glory as a nation, and adorn our history with imperishable marks which shall last when we, as a nation, shall be no more?

Calmly gliding over the blue waters of the noble river Ganges is a small boat, whose white sails flap languidly in the slight breeze, and in the boat are seated three men, one of whom we recognise as Lord Anglesea, who reclines idly in the stern, reading the latest news from home while he smokes his "hookah." The second we may see is our old friend Penrhyn, who seems to be busily engaged in conversation with somebody whom we have not met before. He, the third party, is a curious spectacle. Long matted hair, hanging profusely over his horsehair garment; tangled beard, the growth of perchance scores of years; deep sunken eyes, the result of years of incessant fast, vigil, and study—proclaim him as a Brahmin of the first order. With that strange pertinacity which always distinguished my loved friend, Falconer is discussing with him the theology of the great Hindoo faith—that faith which, taking its rise in Egypt, spread itself in a more or less varied form over every portion of the universe, and has thrown a mighty influence and an unbreakable spell over every branch of theology which man has ever thought or dreamt of. The scene was admirably fitted for such a conversation. The version of our own sacred records fixes the creation of man, his location in paradise, his subsequent expulsion therefrom in that locality. The Garden of Eden is supposed to have been situated betwixt the Euphrates and the Tigris, and it was not very far from these rivers where the trio were now sailing. For aught they knew, the holy steps of the Nazarene might have trod over the ground they had so lately trod, during the period of that memorable sojourn among the Essenes, which Renan has described so graphically. Northward towered the peaks of the Snowy Mountains, known as the Himalayan range, frowning down on them with its yawning chasms and gaping passes, which, in spite of fearful odds, our brave men have held against overwhelming numbers. Westward was just discernable the grim old visage of Atlas, round which the ancients wove so many of their mystically beautiful fables, not least of which was the story of Perseus and the Gorgon, and which they thought, in their rude simplicity, held the heavens and the earth apart in his never-tiring, never-wearied grasp.

Let us draw near and see what the strange topic which interests both so much can be about.

The old Hindoo priest is telling Falconer—about whom he is much concerned—in his own way his ideas of a Deity. He is saying :

"You, my white friend, must of a sheer necessity admit that all things had a beginning. Now, if we look to what that beginning was, we shall soon come to understand what he whom you call God is. Without the great light which shines above us our earth would be nowhere; we could never have been brought into being. I have spoken with your learned Englishmen, and they tell me they know as what they call in their language a "scientific" fact, that this ball which we inhabit is thrown off from the sun, and to that sun it is now returning, so that we shall by-and-by become a very part of that sun. That sun, in its turn, is travelling to a great fountain of light from which everything has proceeded, and that will become eventually absorbed in it. This is what we believe to be Brahma, the great god, into whom we shall all become at last absorbed, and with whom we shall be endlessly happy. The 'spirit,' says your Veda and mine, 'shall return to he, the Bramah, who gave it and the Shiva who preserved it.' Let me tell you what the great Mahomet said of the sun. He said it was the 'great brightness, whose attendant angel was the moon, and his creation the glory of the heavens—the night, the sight of the sin which covered the earth. He completely formed the soul, and inspired the same with its faculty of distinguishing between wickedness and piety. Now he hath purified it, and is for ever happy when he hath gathered in unto himself all that he loved and redeemed.' Praise be unto Him, the Creator of heaven and earth, for He is almighty. Oh, man, remember his favour to you; there is none beside Him who provideth food for you from heaven and earth."

He ceased, and his words gradually faded away, while Penrhyn remained buried in thought. But his utterances had not been lost. A new train of ideas had been opened up to the mind of one of the listeners, and henceforth he determined to try, with the assistance of the God whom he sought, to find out for himself the cause of this faith which reached to all nations, and exercised so great an influence on all alike.

Penrhyn and his noble patron were now on the best of terms; and, in fact, he was treated with as much confidence as though he had been a friend of long standing. As they walked home through the almost deserted streets, arm in-arm, his lordship said: "Well, you and the old Brahmin seemed to be having a long confabulation together this afternoon. You seem to pick up friends wherever you go. You are very fortunate. May I inquire how it came about?"

"Certainly, my lord," replied Falconer. "I went to one of their temples the other day in order to witness their mode of worship and contrast it with that used in our own country. I can assure you I saw some very strange feats performed, which are to me wholly inexplicable, and which I cannot at all account for on the score of legerdemain. On the conclusion of the service, being, as you know, an adept in the linguism of Hindostanee, I ventured to accost the remarkable individual whose company we have been honoured with this morning. He seemed struck with my earnestness, and gave me a good deal of information. When, however, I asked to inspect their sacred books he looked very wise, and informed me that this was a favour which could only be allowed to initiates. His concluding remarks were: 'I shall see you again where you least expect it,' and he was waiting by the river this morning when we went down. He told me that he knew we would be there at this time. He seems to be a sort of Zicci."

"Well," said his Lordship, "I would give something to know as much as you know about himself and his fraternity. There are not many Englishmen with whom they can be brought to associate."

With this the subject dropped.

* * * * *

While her lover was thus striving after a knowledge of the unattainable, Mary was living the same quiet life in her English home. The summer, with its many and varied glories, was drawing to a close, and already the hay-making season had ended, and those round about her were resting for a short time before commencing the harvest. The wheat was already ripening, and in the dales and on the sunny hillsides nature glowed with a golden beauty, while the grain rocked and swayed in the breeze, its music bringing back old songs long since forgotten, but with old memories re-awakened. Soon winter would be on them again, and the winter would not find her idle, but it would not find her so happy as before.

Pelham had recovered from his well-merited snubbing at the picnic, and was prosecuting his suit with renewed ardour. His efforts at success were now seconded by her father, whose views in regard to Falconer had blotted out all feeling of honour and right. If his conscience ever pricked him concerning the dishonourable part he was playing in the little drama, he would adopt the Jesuitical motto that the end fully justified the means. Besides that, he reasoned, "Falconer is away; and though he probably may and will come back, he will not prove so pliant a son-in-law as Pelham." That Falconer certainly would not, for where any point of honour or right was concerned he would prove as obstinate as Mr. Morton himself.

One day her father said to Mary: "Mary, I wish you would listen to what Pelham has got to tell you, I think he is a God-fearing young man who would be calculated to make your life happy." Mary had replied: "Look here, father, the less you say about him to me the better, for I heartily despise the fellow." With that it had ended, save for such little hints and inuendos as he had ventured to throw out, all of which were altogether lost on his fair listener. Mary was as constant as Falconer, and she could wait, although the waiting was weary, until he could come back to claim her as his own, when all this would be forgotten as some disagreeable dream.

* * * * *

On the same night as the events narrated took place, Falconer awoke from a troubled sleep, with a disagreeable impression that he was not alone. There was no one in sight, however, and he arose and approached the window to look out. The stars were shining fiercely in the Indian sky, and the moon was shining with a powerful radiance. While gazing on them, and wrapt in profound contemplation, a hand was placed quietly on his arm, and the voice of his old friend in the morning bade him look on the scene before him and say was there no God?

"Oh, man," said he, "thou hast need of God, and He is self-sufficient and to be praised. Be not thou afraid, neither be dismayed, for for ever will He be with thee, both here in this world and also in the next, wheresoever thou shalt go."

Ere Penrhyn could look round he had vanished; but it was as though a ray of light had suddenly burst upon him and he had been left alone once more in his darkness. He again sought his couch, but sleep was out of the question, and the words kept ever recurring to his mind: "God ever present." Verily God was revealing Himself to Falconer.

(To be continued.)

THE EGYPTIAN BOOK OF THE DEAD.

BY THE EDITOR.

MR. POOLE, of the British Museum, has delivered recently a lecture on the Egyptian "Book of the Dead," which is voted so interesting and important for Masonic students that we give a condensed report of it below. It is well known that Dr. Buck translated it for the fifth volume of the late *Chevalier Bunsen's great work*, but that is now both dear and scarce. Lepsius, the great German Egyptian investigator, has issued it in "*hieroglyphics*," and M. Naville, in France, has published over two portions, and in "*Texta de Ravise*" some very interesting remarks, contained in the "*Congres Provincial des Mentalistes Français*," 1880. The Society for Biblical Archæology, of which our Bro. W. H. Rylands is the accomplished secretary, has just published in Vol. X. Egyptian Texts, "*Records of the Past*," translations of portions of the "*Book of the Dead*," "*The Book of Hades*," p. 79, and the "*Address of Horus to Osiris*" p. 61. To these we refer later.

Mr. Poole thus treats the subject:

In the Litany of Ra all other divinities disappear in the all-pervading splendour of the one whose leading form was the sun.

The Litany of Ra first appears in the Tombs of the Kings of the Nineteenth Dynasty. It may be significant that in time it thus immediately follows the heresy of the end of the previous dynasty, by which King Khu-en-aten, who, be it remembered, was maternally of foreign descent, substituted for the Egyptian religion the material worship of the sun, not as Ra, but as Aten, the Disk. The Litany of Ra appears at an opportune moment. The disk worship has gone, but in its stead a philosophy is taught which restores to the chief object of nature in the visible universe that empire which seemed just to have been lost for ever.

Our knowledge of the Litany of Ra is due to M. Naville, who has published it with an admirable translation and commentary, and at the close of the work a summary of its contents, thus giving us after the manner of De Rougé that which is wanting in too many works of the same nature, the final judgment of the scholar most competent to pronounce it. This essay covers the whole of one distinct subject in the complex contents of the Egyptian religion, which will never be understood until its difficulties have been removed one by one in a series of such exhaustive essays. (E. Naville, "*La Litanie du Soleil*," p. 122, *et seq.*)

Clearly the Litany of Ra displays an esoteric philosophy. It is the introduction to the mysterious scenes of the Tombs of the Kings. As proper to these sepulchres it is the royal philosophy, the wisdom which was known to the initiated, and above all to the King as High Priest. It is not an essay, but a series of prayers; therefore it does not state, but implies, a philosophy. That system is wholly pantheistic.

The doctrine of the Litany of Ra treats of the universe under that name. Ra, the sun, is but an emanation. The object of its prayers is that the king, already an image of Ra on earth, should in the after world be identified with Ra, become one and the same. As there is nothing but Ra, all nature presents his manifestations, and the doctrine becomes purely pantheistic. Good and ill

alike come from the same source, and thus the moral value of good is greatly weakened; in the *Litany* moral responsibility disappears. This doctrine does not admit of personality; there is nothing in which Ra is not. The local divinities vanish. Man, his creation and his destiny, never once appear. It is strange that with such liberty of speculation the doctrine should be conveyed in the stiff hieratic form of Egyptian teaching; but this was inevitable in every expression of this strange nation.

These general conclusions are supported by the theory which is developed in the text. Ra is the universe. From all eternity he abides in a sphere. He is double, and has a double sphere, for he must develop himself. He produces or creates seventy-five forms, each with its sphere. Essences arise and creation proceeds. The universal being who rested in darkness produces the elements of the universe by perpetual reproduction. Yet the earth is also his manifestation, and thus is eternal, and is not material. By the voice of Ra, creation is animated, bodies are endowed with life. All that opposes creative energy is evil, and hence a perpetual combat in which Ra is ever victorious, yet evil is his work, for he is the universal source, and thus he is even called in one manifestation "the impure." Yet there is a trace of the contrast of moral good and evil left in the story of the war of Ra and his enemies, the meaning of which could not be reasoned away. By this theory the inharmonious elements of the Egyptian religion are reconciled. The low nature worship is explained by the sacredness of all created things; the high nature worship of the astronomical cycle of gods is necessary. In fact, it is the absolute contact of the *Litany* of Ra with these last divinities, who are at the same time the chief Egyptian objects of reverence, which made it acceptable to the native priesthood.

The mythological link with the *Book of the Dead* is clear enough in the importance of Ra and the mention of the double sphere, but the theory of good and evil marks a new departure, and unless the two systems were kept apart, one reserved for the king and it may be a few of the higher priests, the other for the people, a conflict must have inevitably arisen. Yet the doctrine supposed to be the older, maintained itself by the side of the pantheistic system in its very sanctuaries, for in one of the Tombs of the Kings a whole side of the chief hall bears the famous negative confession of the *Book of the Dead*. The ethical link is the conflict of Ra and his opponents, which could not wholly lose its moral significance. This shows how careful we should be to avoid sweeping generalizations in dealing with the delicate changeful subject of Egyptian religious thought, especially when philosophy and morals are in conflict. Historically, the *Litany* of Ra has an immense value from its middle place between the *Book of the Dead* and the so-called Neo-Platonism of Alexandria. In its idea of divine speech as creative power there is a positive advance in this direction. Its comparative value is not less.

We are the farthest here from the idea of personality. The *Book of the Dead*, while denying the personality of the First Cause, admits that of its divine creations; but the *Litany* of Ra, by the diffusion of the First Cause, loses all possible personality in an all-pervading soul.

Thus in these different phases of Egyptian monotheism we observe the absence of the idea of a personal God. They are the efforts of philosophers to see unity in place of the confused plurality of the Pantheon, and they have the abstract character of all such attempts or rather protests.

We thus gain from Mr. Poole's abridged lecture the fact of an "initiatory process and reception," and this is a very important point to note and remember, especially at this critical period of Masonic investigation. For in any history of Masonry we cannot afford to forget the reality of initiation into the mysteries as probably the means of the preservation of any "truth in the world, and as the remains, though overawed by the accretion or corruption of primæval religion. In the *Stile* of Tritsen, who was a great artist, probably a writer on

stone, as published in the tenth volume of the "Records of the Past," we hear of the "mystery of the Divine word;" and in the Book of Hades we hear of the gates of access; and in the Book of Hades we are struck with the constant reference to the "mysteries." In the Book of the Dead, by Dr. Buck, we believe a sort of examination is to be found, and if possible, and if it be found useful for our pages, it can be alluded to and dealt with in another paper. The subject is one of great interest and value, and has just now, for Masonic students, a twofold importance.

AFTER ALL.

BY HENRY CALVERT APPLEBY,

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

CHAPTER XI.

A fellow feeling makes one wondrous kind.—*David Garrick.*

"MY dear fellow, much as you may have suffered, your case is a mere bagatelle to mine. Patient Job had no worse sufferings than I have. I would rather endure the horrors of the 'Inferno,' conjured from the tortured brain of a melancholy Dante, than the agony I now feel; the Giant Despair's Doubting Castle was a paradise to my aching heart. Oh, if this were only some elysium-crowned purgatory I could bear it! But this is unmanly. Forgive my excitement. I must remember the Tennysonian teaching, 'It becomes no man to nurse despair,' though I wish that the keen sickle of death would arbitrate mine."

"Truly, do we both miserably flounder in the Slough of Despond. But give me your hand, Humberton, and together we will baffle the fiendish fates yet; the wheel of fortune must turn some day."

"Who cares for fickle Fortune and her devil-invented wheel, if she bring me not back my loving bride? Oh, 'tis damnable! To lose the fairest creature on earth so cruelly and undeservedly. Twice have I fairly and honourably won her for my own, and lost her in the height of my happiness. I cannot but think some evil spirit is working against me, allowing me only this Tantalus-triumph. And now my reputation is blasted in her eyes—a more pitiful fact than if all the eyes of humanity were rolled into one scornful demon eye to torment me. The talk of the town is nothing to the melancholy reproach of her beautiful eyes; for her to think I have thus ungratefully 'lost the immortal part' of myself—lost my honour, 'the immediate jewel' of my soul. With the noble Othello I might 'have found in some part of my soul a drop of patience,' even if made,

A fixed figure for the time of scorn
To point his slow, unmoving finger at.

I could have borne that.

But there, where I have garner'd up my heart,
Where either I must live or bear no life;
The fountain from the which my current runs,
Or else dries up, to be discarded thence.

Oh, Redtaper, well can I imagine the proud Moor's vast grief, and feel a bond of deep sympathy with his sorrow, when he despairingly says :

Turn thy complexion there !
Patience, thou young and rose-lipped cherubim ;
Ay, there, look grim as hell !”

“You have, indeed, great cause for grief ; and I can fully understand it because of my own, which I have explained to you, for I have ever been discarded,” said Redtaper, sadly.

“And never having known the sweets of reciprocal love, you cannot realize what it is to have lost them, as I can.”

“Well, well, we will not argue again the point that neither will concede ; but you admit that she is all that is lovely. Ah, me, what a strange world this is ! But I am selfish. For yourself, how did this new catastrophe happen, for I know nothing but what the papers say, and I am anxious to know for your sake ?”

“Thanks, thanks ; I will tell you all. What the papers say is substantially correct, but at the office they have put another light upon it. There—oh, heavens !—I am branded as a thief, and I have no redress. They will not admit or listen to me ; my letters are unanswered—perhaps unopened. What am I to do ? The facts are these. Remaining rather late at my work last night, I was left alone, though for the matter of that I am generally the last to leave, as you know, and then having finished, and seeing that all was secure, I suddenly found that Mr. Bulliker had forgotten some bank notes and left them on his desk. I thought this was very strange, as he is generally so careful with money, but I considered it best to at once secure their safety by putting them in my pocket-book, and you know the rest. I was attacked at the loneliest spot on my journey home, and the robbers soon overpowered me and found out the notes—unusual things for me to carry about with me—and decamped without taking anything else. I suppose they were satisfied with their booty. It seems peculiar, though, that they should waylay me on that particular night ; it's almost enough to make one believe in the law of coincidences. You know the horrible sequence of all this. How I rushed about, as though mad, to report the circumstances and follow the thieves ; how no one would believe me. The facts seem only too much against me in every way, and the thieves cannot be found.”

“It is terribly hard for you,” said Redtaper, feelingly, “and I can see that your situation is even worse than my own ; but I will do all I can for you to try and solve this matter. I *know* you are honest, and believe all you say. The only thing is, how can I make others believe so ? but I will do my best. Meanwhile, you can only wait ; and I should advertise for the robbers, offering a reward worth having. It might do some good.”

“Thank you, my dear fellow,” said Humberton, from his heart, for the real friendship evinced for him in the other had strongly touched him. “I will try and follow out your good advice. But you seem to have forgotten yourself in your kindly interest for me. Shall you wait, too ?”

“I don't know ; I can't tell. I feel almost hopeless. Do you know I once thought that you loved Violet, and I wronged you ?” said Redtaper.

“Well, I admit that Miss Cumberland is a most fascinating creature, and likely enough I was drawn towards her at our musical meetings, but nothing more. Nothing ever passed between us relating to love ; and my heart was ever true to Olivia, however I may have been touched by Violet Cumberland,” said Arthur, energetically.

“Ah, no one could help loving such beautiful grace as she possesses ; and yet she ever treats me coldly, and the more she holds me off, the more madly I love her. It is irresistible. If I could only win her esteem.”

“Courage, man ; we may both win yet. Heaven grant the dark cloud may be

swiftly lifted that glooms our horizon of hope. We must work, and the time will come," returned Arthur, trying to be cheerful, and failing in the attempt.

"Bulliker will not say anything about you at the office, but shrouds the affair in mystery, and Phane seems very much cut up about it," Redtaper said, by way of information.

"Yes, and he won't give me a chance of vindicating myself. It makes me miserable," said Humberton, impatiently.

"Well, *au revoir*, old fellow, we will help one another all we can. As for me, I shall try to intercept Violet from entering the nunnery as a *dernier ressort*," exclaimed Redtaper, excitedly.

"Good bye! May you succeed. It is horrible to think of such a lovely creature shutting herself up out of sight to pine away with a lot of miserable, careworn, haggard maidens. Success!"

"Adieu!" murmured Redtaper, filled with emotion at this picture of convent life, and he walked rapidly from Humberton's lodgings.

This mutual revelation had been beneficial to them both; both felt stronger for their bond of sympathy. Humberton, almost despairing, took a kind of melancholy courage, and determined to do his best to work resignedly in spite of all untoward circumstances, and see what time had in store for him. Many things seemed against him, and black indeed was his outlook.

One thing he did not mention to Redtaper, and that was that he had received a letter from Olivia previously to the unfortunate loss of the money, and after their last happy meeting, jealously accusing him of flirting with Miss Cumberland. This was very distressing to him, as it was far from true. However, such an idea had been suggested to her he could not imagine. This was another bitter ingredient in his cup of sorrow. What to do he hardly knew. For the thieves he had advertised two hundred pounds reward, and could only wait the result and trust for something to turn up.

He strode back dismally from the street where the flickering lights seemed to hold out no hope to him; they were too feeble, they seemed to say, ever to catch a thief. Arthur flung himself into a chair to think and re-think over his situation—over the strange advent of the two masked men on that particular night—over the peculiar fact of Bulliker leaving out the hundred pounds. Mrs. Chatwind asked him if he would have any supper, but his looks plainly said "No." So she left "that poor young man, who was so happy nobbut a day ago; and now he's hardly eaten anything all day, and seems as though he didn't know what to do. I'll be bound it's that nice young lady again. They're queer creatures is gals nowadays; but she might go much further and fare worse, as they say."

So soliloquised the well-meaning Mrs. Chatwind as she went upstairs. Arthur sat there trying to puzzle out the mystery for hours, but nothing came of it. Suddenly he jumped up with an involuntary exclamation. Bulliker had left the money there for a purpose! There was no doubt about it; and he had put the very worst construction on the consequences. Devil incarnate! Bulliker had, as it happened, been successful in blasting his best hopes, and would gloat over the event, for he was ever his sworn enemy. And those thieves stopping him the same night! How singular! How unfortunate! He could but wait, however, and see if time would unravel the mysterious secret. Anyway, he would live down the calumny; but what would happen in the meantime to Olivia? He dare not think of it. Would Merisslope once more become a favourite? Banish the idea! He must not prophesy his own fate.

CHAPTER XII.

"Æsthetic transfiguration."—GILBERT.

"**I** WANT to look very fascinating, you know," said the comely Phillis Belsize to her friend, Louisa Delcote, as she arranged some pale lilies in her beautiful auburn hair, that hung in long lacy curls over her well-rounded shoulders.

"Of course, dear, I know it is not your vanity so much that prompts you this time, as your love of revenge," replied the aforesaid Louisa, candidly.

"Say, rather, my love for frolic," returned her companion, testily. "In fact, you're mad after that flirt Merisslope; more so than ever I was," she continued, in an affected indifference, but eagerly watching her friend's face.

"Indeed! I fancy it looks like it when I snubbed his lordship in your presence, and to your great amoyance," said the other, with a triumphant curl of her lip and a satisfied toss of her pretty little head.

"Oh! of course, you will always bring that in," said Phillis, pettishly; "a little bit of show off on your part, that's all, my dear;" and she gave an obstreperous lily a vicious twitch.

"Oh, very well! Just as you like. Anyway, you're taking a lot of trouble to serve out that poor Miss Phane by entrapping her late sweetheart, Humberton. I believe you really love the fellow, after all," answered Louisa, insinuatingly.

"Well, and what if I did? Perhaps you think he is specially reserved for you? Poor Miss Phane, indeed, after rejecting him and then taking Mr. Merrisslope! Oh, yes!" retorted Phillis, getting angry and excited.

"Then, I suppose you think you are fully able to eclipse Violet Cumberland with this gay Lothair?" taunted Louisa.

"Oh, do talk sense, my dear! You know he is no Lothario, but I want to turn his head. Don't you think I can do it? You promised to help me, you know," and the spoilt girl of some twenty summers turned her neat figure gaily round, draped as it was according to the latest æsthetic craze. A loose, flowing dress of a pale greenish hue enveloped her shapely form, while a girdle of golden sunflowers shone resplendent from her dainty waist. Even tricked out thus she was a very charming little daughter of Eve, and it would take a stout heart to defy her temptation. Her friend could not restrain her admiration, and she cordially assented that she was very pretty, and would no doubt overcome the vacillating Humberton.

"You do, indeed, look delightfully 'utter,'" she exclaimed; "just like one of dear Monsieur Du Maurier's pictures cut out of *Punch*. Oh, you can't help but catch him now! Why Burnand himself would fall in love with you, and the 'love-sick' maidens in 'Patience' would all be jealous of you if they saw you,"

"Am I really pretty? Thanks, love!" and the vain girl turned and viewed herself sideways in the long glass before her. "Fancy, we'll make a regular Bunthorne of him; and then, when we've carried him as far as possible, leave him to pine with his music, poor fellow!" laughed the gay Phillis.

"I wonder if there really is such a thing as 'a transcendentality of delirium,' such as the inimitable W. S. Gilbert speaks of, or 'an acute accentuation of supremest ecstasy.' I sometimes fancy I have almost experienced such when I am having a delicious yawn, or just when I am going to faint. I am afraid it is only to be found in the fleeting visions of dreamland or in the anodyne poison of death!" mused the philosophical Louisa, as she gazed at the mystic emblems with which her friend Phillis had carefully decorated her room.

"There's one thing," Louisa suddenly exclaimed, "you can't do the drooping despair business, or the clinging limpness."

"No, and I don't want. I can be æsthetic without that; and besides, that would not be the way to win Humberton. I shall show him as much as I can that I love him intensely with all my soul," returned the laughing Phillis, playing with her long curls.

"I say, Phillis," said Louisa, energetically, after a moment's pause, "he's a poet. Why shouldn't he write a comic opera for us all? I'm sure his music's as good as Sullivan's. Do you think you could persuade him?"

"Capital! I will try; but I'm rather doubtful whether he will, though he's clever enough."

"Yes, and it would be so jolly."

"Just fancy Humberton yearning with quivering passion, or writhing in thrilling rapture after some wild Æmpeyrean fashion, or some weird, antiquated, and Della Cruscan idea. Isn't it too ridiculous?" laughed Phillis, taking up a Japanese fan.

"I should just like to see him dressed in a kind of flowery drab velvet, with a long rapier and a turban, and then I could almost fall in love with the grotesque rogue myself. Poor fellow! He little knows how we're discussing his points," continued Louisa, merrily.

"What a cultured sentiment we're getting up for this artistic young man in these idle dreams of ours. Heyday, I must try and charm him into the toils to-night."

"I really believe you love him, after all, Phillis," said the other, playfully.

"Don't be so foolish, Louisa," protested the blushing Phillis.

"Well, then, if you don't," argued Louisa, "will you—now don't go and make any insinuation—will you give him up to me for to-night, and be content with the admiration you lavishly receive from those other infatuated gentlemen; eh, dear?" she urged.

"No, I won't. I must try and captivate him to-night, and I will leave all my other admirers to you."

"Oh, you are a greedy little thing!" laughed Louisa; "but I suppose you must have your own way," she said, half-resignedly.

"I've already persuaded him to like blue and white china, although he's none of your lean and lank, or horridly haggard young men," said Phillis, triumphantly.

"But since his last disappointment there's just a refined morbid taint about his manner which you might lead to something that would resemble a 'quite too consummately' inspired state of mind?" queried Louisa.

"Yes, but I expect I shall only succeed in making a sort of marionette of him in the end," answered Phillis.

"But it is nearly time we were ready to go, love, and I shall be a saucy Philistine just to set you off, you know."

In another hour these strange creatures had arrived at the rooms of the Crochet Society, where they were the observed of all observers. Miss Louisa Delcote, though a little older than her friend, had dressed herself very coquetishly, and her dimpled smiles soon gained her a little knot of admirers. But by far the greater number of the male sex had been attracted to the more singular Miss Phillis Belsize, who played on the violin so sweetly and pathetically, while the other ladies of the company seemed to be quite forsaken. But the advent of Humberton soon changed affairs, and though he looked pale and careworn, he conducted his excellent band of amateurs with a vivacious spirit; but his manner seemed somewhat forced.

Briskly as they rattled through glees, madrigals, catches, rounds, and choruses, they did not seem to catch a real hearty sympathetic swing, and the solos, duets, trios, and quartets, had not the usual attention given to them.

Miss Phillis Belsize was at last requested to sing a solo, and after some

reluctance she chose a passionate song of Shelley's, set to music by Humberton at her request. Now, for the first time, was all attention given to the music, and when she sang the following words, in a clear, sympathetic voice, all were thrilled with delight at the charming song so exquisitely rendered and accompanied :—

I pant for the music which is divine,
 My heart in its thirst is a dying flower,
 Pour forth the sound like enchanted wine,
 Loosen the notes in a silver shower ;
 Like a herbless plain for the gentle rain,
 I gasp, I faint, till they wake again.

This was so in harmony with her æsthetic profession that they were all highly pleased with it, and they breathlessly waited for the next verse, which was given almost with more feeling than the first. Now had they discovered that æstheticism really did exist in their midst, and was no myth, and they were all ready to become votaries to the fascinating goddess of the art, who sang in the purest tones :—

Let me drink of the spirit of that sweet sound,
 More, O more—I am thirsty yet,
 It loosens the serpent which care has bound
 Upon my heart, to stifle it ;
 The dissolving strain, through every vein,
 Passes into my heart and brain.

After this verse a perfect ovation was given to the singer and composer, and Humberton had repeatedly to thank them on his own and Miss Belsize's behalf. She had indeed made a favourable *début* at a critically appreciative meeting, and won the admiration of Humberton for her accomplishments. He was profuse in his thanks to her for the excellent service she had done him by so poetically—so feelingly interpreting the poet and musician.

"How can I thank you for your kindness in so exquisitely rendering my poor setting of Shelley's divine words!" he had said; and she, gratefully but coyly, had replied, "By becoming more devoted to the æsthetic principles of Art;" and the earnest, ready reply had been, "I will try, Miss Belsize."

"Do you not think—it is almost impertinent of me to ask you—but could you not write, say, a real æsthetic opera, after the style of Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan?" she naively asked.

"You overrate my powers," he modestly replied.

"Not at all; I'm sure you could do it if you would, and I should be glad to assist you in my little way," she said, merrily.

"Well, if you will promise to help me, I will seriously think of it; and it is really a good idea, which I think would work well with proper treatment. Thank you very much," he said, chivalrously.

"Then you won't forget," urged Miss Belsize, smilingly.

"Certainly not; I will think of some plan at once."

That night the volatile Miss Louisa Delcote was satisfied that her clever æsthetic friend, Miss Phillis Belsize, had made a very palpable hit, and she was a little jealous in her heart of hearts that her affected æstheticism should have been so successful in winning the admiration of one sex and the envy of the other.

(To be continued.)

IN A HUNDRED YEARS.

BY J. E. PANTON.

IT will not matter in a hundred years
That you are rich, that I am sick and tired;
For all these little smiles and faithless tears
Will perish with the life that them inspired.
And when in dust we two are both laid low,
Which had the best in life none here will know.

I watch your dainty ways and little airs,
And see you waste what oft would spare me pain.
Life holds us both, yet gives unequal shares,
For you are rich (I say it once again)
And I am poor. Yet death, whose eyes are blind,
Stands by us both, and round both hearts is twined.

I do not want to think that you must die,
You charming child. I love to watch a while
Your pretty colours mock the Summer sky;
You grace the very garden with your smile.
But in a hundred years no one shall say
That you were sweet *that long dead Summer day.*

I think it would be better should you pause
A little while to think of why life came
And breathed upon you. Say you know the cause,
And that your parents only share the blame.
Yet 'twould be best if gentle words and deeds
Replaced at times gay fashion's useless weeds.

You see there is a certainty that God exists—
That some bright heaven will hold the happy dead;
Or, if we only sink into gray mists,
Some trifling songs we sang or we said,
May help some sufferer on the path of life,
To hear sweet music 'mid the battle strife.

And so I deem when these same hundred years
Are vanished, and both you and I are laid
Beyond life's smiles and hopes and trivial fears,
It would be better, while yourself decayed,
If some one whispered o'er your funeral gloom,
"Her memory blooms like roses from her tomb."

LITERARY GOSSIP.

MR. William Smith, F.S.A., announces as in active preparation the second volume of "Old Yorkshire," the initial issue of which work was recently so well received. It will contain a further budget of antiquarian and historical information anent the county of broad acres, from the pens of competent writers, including Llewellyn Jewitt, F.S.A.; J. P. Briscoe, F.R.H.S.; Rev. F. W. Jackson, M.A.; J. O. Bailey, F.S.A.; Thomas B. Trowsdale; Frederick Ross, F.R.H.S.; G. W. Tomlinson, F.S.A.; Rev. R. V. Taylor; William Andrews, F.R.H.S.; and many others. The Rev. James Payne, M.A., Canon of York, Secretary of the Surtees Society, will write an introductory chapter, and the volume is to be dedicated to Lord Houghton. There will be many illustrations interspersed throughout the letterpress, and a copious set of indices is being compiled by Mr. Trowsdale. The volumes of "Old Yorkshire" cannot fail to be recognised as an acquisition to an archæologist's library. The editor is doing his part of the work with much judgment and skill, his contributors are ably seconding him, and the publisher's share in the production is performed in a most commendable manner. The work is issued by subscription, and the names of persons desirous of obtaining copies may be forwarded to Mr. Wm. Smith, Osborne House, Morley. Longmans, Green and Co. are the publishers.

An excellent illustrated story, describing the lovely route of the Caledonian Railway Company through "The Western Highlands," has just been completed in the Saturday issues of *Society*. Mr. Horace Weir is the author, and so well does he do his work that the reader might almost imagine the picturesque panoramas of mountain and loch depicted so appreciatively were in reality passing before him.

Mr. Oscar Wilde, whose æsthetic vagaries have furnished a theme for the burlesques of comic opera writers, contributors to *Punch*, and comic cartoonists of every rank, from Du Maurier downwards, for many months past, has brought out a book of his erratic verse. Hitherto he has contented himself with the transitory fame to be derived from the publication of his "poems" in the pages of *Pan* and other society serials, but now adorers of the transcendentality of Mr. Wilde's genius may obtain a complete collection of his ethereal conceptions in all the glory of parchment binding for half-a-guinea. The imagery of the æsthetic poet is characteristic of him, being certainly of the Wilde-street order. Here is a specimen of our pet of the drawing-room at his best :—

REQUIESCAT.

Tread lightly, she is near
Under the snow,
Speak gently, she can hear
The daisies grow.

All her bright golden hair,
Tarnished with rust,
She that was young and fair
Fallen to dust.

Lily-white, white as snow,
She hardly knew
She was a woman, so
Sweetly she grew.

Coffin-board, heavy stone
Lie on her breast;
I vex my heart alone,
She is at rest.

Peace, peace, she cannot hear
 Lyre or sonnet,
 All my life's buried here,
 Heap earth upon it.

There is something beyond the comprehension of mere mortals in such strained nonsense. It is too intensely utter—utter rot.

Mark Twain has in hand a "Cyclopædia of Humour," and will also shortly send to press a "Handbook of Etiquette."

Bro. George Markham Tweddell, of Stokesley, Yorkshire, is publishing a series of highly interesting historical pamphlets under the title of "North of England Tractates." Amongst the authors who have already written brochures for the series are John Reed Appleton, F.S.A.; J. Walker Ord, F.G.S.; Dr. J. Ryley Robinson; "Eta Mawr;" Florence Cleveland (Mrs. Markham Tweddell); J. G. Grant; and the Rev. J. Holme.

From Campbell and Tudhoe, of Glasgow, we have a selection of pleasing poems from the pen of John Ryley Robinson, L.L.D., F.R.G.S. The writer is the author of several volumes of verse which have been favourably received, and the pieces before us, being printed in a broad ornamental border, and of convenient size, are eminently suitable for enclosing in letters or gratuitous distribution. They are well adapted, too, for school reward tickets, one or two of the packets being specially designed for that purpose. The following will show the quality of Dr. Robinson's muse:—

POWER OF KINDNESS.

Oh! there are words; which, instantly
 Can chase our grief away;
 Before their sunshine, not a cloud
 Of sorrow dares to stay:
 They dissipate the gathering gloom,
 New life and pleasure bring,
 And make the winter in our heart
 Give place to joyous spring.
 Then let us drop a loving word,
 And give a cheerful smile,
 To those we meet upon our path,
 Their sorrow to beguile:
 And though the act to us appear
 As one of little worth,
 Their grief and care, through it, may yield
 To joyousness and mirth.
 The blessings we receive from God
 Should cause our hearts to feel
 Unceasing gratitude and joy:
 Then let us strive to heal
 The broken-hearted, and restore
 The fallen and the faint,
 And point them to the blood which flowed
 To wash away their taint.

A work of some importance to the antiquarian public is announced by Mr. Samuel Margerison, a Yorkshire archaeologist of repute. Mr. Margerison is preparing for publication a transcript of the ancient registers of the church of Calverly, embracing the period intervening between the years 1574—1649, together with a sketch of the history of the church and a view of the building. In days gone by Calverly was a parish of great importance. Nearly all the baptisms, marriages, and burials from Pudsey, Idle, Farsley, Bolton, and Windhill took place in this church, and the registers contain besides many entries relating to Bradford, Tong, and other neighbouring townships. Doubtless the work will prove of great utility and interest to the genealogist and local historian.

The current issue of the *Illustrated Phonographic Meteor* contains many very readable articles of general interest, besides several very pretty poems, notably two by Miss Rosa Mackenzie Kettle and Guy Roslyn, respectively. "Notes and Notions," by the editor, are smartly written. The portraits and other illustrations, drawn by Mr. Tindall Wildridge, and other artists of eminence, are remarkably well done.

Mr. Cornelius Brown, F.R.S., author of the "Annals of Newark," has just commenced the issue of an entertaining and instructive local work in monthly parts. It is entitled "The Worthies of Nottinghamshire and Celebrated and Remarkable Men of the County," and will include biographical notices of the Peverels, Robin Hood, Crammer, Ireton, Hutchinson, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Byron, the Howitts, Kirke White, Philip James Bailey, Admiral Howe, Lord George Bentinck, and a host of other notabilities associated with the county of Notts. The parts are well got up, and are prefaced by an engraved portrait of one or other of the worthies treated of in the text. The local publisher is Charles Wheatley, Peter Gate, Nottingham.

The "Sonnets and Songs" of Robert Millhouse, described as the "Barns of Sherwood Forest" by a high authority on English verse, are being edited and prepared for publication in handy volume form by Mr. J. Potter Briscoe, F.R.H.S., the Public Librarian of Nottingham. The book will be printed on thick toned paper and prefaced by a careful biographical sketch of the poet's life. A contemporary critic writing in the *Gentleman's Magazine* of Millhouse's sonnets, remarked that they would "hereafter be regarded as models of that species of composition." Application for copies may be made to the editor, University College, Nottingham.

Mr. William Andrews, F.R.H.S., the obliging Honorary Secretary of the Hull Literary Club, forwards us from time to time copies of papers read before the members, which have been printed in response to numerous applications. Many of these booklets are of considerable value. The latest to hand is of great scientific interest, treating, as it does, in an able and exhaustive manner of *trichinus spiralis*, or the pork parasite. The author is Dr. James W. Fraser, who has evidently devoted much attention to the study of this subject.

The Universal Instructor now being issued in weekly and monthly parts by Messrs. Ward and Lock, is one of the best publications ever devised for the education of young men and women, with a desire to improve their mental condition. Each subject elucidated is in the hands of an eminent specialist, and the "get up" of the publication is simply surprising in its general excellence. We would specially commend "The Universal Instructor" to the studiously inclined.

The same enterprising firm are doing good service by the publication of their penny biographical series. Really excellent sketches of the lives of eminent men of every age are thus placed within the reach of all. We are told that an immense sale of this series has ensued, a circumstance which cannot fail to afford satisfaction to publishers and public alike. For one penny sixteen pages of biographical information and a capital portrait are given. The great men already dealt with include Gladstone, Beaconsfield, Nelson, Wellington, Luther, Chatham, Chaucer, Humboldt, Carlisle, Cæsar, Wesley, Peter the Great, Burns, A'Becket, Scott, Columbus, Shakspeare, Bunyan, Dante, Goldsmith, Burke, De Montfort, Moliere, Johnson, Schiller, Stephenson, Raleigh, Napoleon, and Frederick the Great.

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

No. 99.—VOL. IX.

SEPTEMBER, 1881.

PRICE 6d.

CHINESE FREEMASONRY.

BY BRO. KENNETH R. H. MACKENZIE, IX^o.

I know how birds can fly, how fishes can swim, and how beasts can run. And the runner may be snared, the swimmer may be hooked, and the flyer may be shot by the arrow. But there is the dragon. I cannot tell how he mounts on the wind through the clouds and rises to heaven. To-day I have seen Lau-tsze, and can only compare him to the dragon.—KUNG-FU-TSZE (CONFUCIUS).

AN ancient Masonic tradition connects the foundation of the Order of Prussian Knights with Peleg, the architect of the Tower of Babel, and hence with the confusion of tongues. An equally ancient tradition ascribes to Noah, otherwise named Foh or Fuh, the foundation of the oldest existing empire in the world—that of China. With the history as transmitted of Peleg most average Masonic students are familiar. Dumb and confounded he journeyed far to the West, and by leading the life of a contrite and humble personage, ultimately reconciled himself to T.G.A.O.T.U., recovered his speech, died, and was buried or burnt. His resting-place was discovered fifteen cubits from the surface of the earth, and on a white marble stone, in 533, it is said that an inscription existed, saying: "Here repose the ashes of the Grand Architect of the Tower of Babel. The Lord had pity on him because he became humble." It is quite unnecessary to pursue the history of the Order of Prussian Knights further at the present time. Indirectly their descendants have founded a great empire, again proving the truth of the saying that "whosoever humbleth himself shall be exalted."

The descendants of Noah, however, appear, according to Chinese tradition, to have spread themselves to the uttermost East, and there to have founded a vast and enduring empire with a singular religious creed, and an innate reverence for chronological facts and for the names of their ancestors. As it has been frequently argued that Masonry subsisted from the earliest times of the world historically known to us, it becomes an interesting inquiry as to what figments of Masonry may be found among that undoubtedly ancient people. We are not to expect traditions analogous to those connected with the foundation of King Solomon's Temple; it is more likely that we shall find fragments of Masonic teaching and morality of a wider and purer type, guiding us, although faintly, towards the great source of universal light itself. Nor was it unlikely that some such fragments should remain among a people which has jealously guarded its literature and history from the most ancient times—a people which, more than any other, has, by high honours and with

deep devotion, distinguished its philosophers and sages, and, as it may be said, almost deified the literary profession. Even the defeat of the Ming dynasty by the Tartars failed to efface this affectionate clinging to historic and philosophic detail; and although the revolt of the Five Kings, known as the Taeping rebellion, some twenty years ago, was unsuccessful, its leaders appealed rather to the moral ideas of the general Chinese public for success than to the force of arms, but it should be remembered that the Five Kings came in the name of the Mings. It is certain that the Taepings relied in great measure upon the professedly pure morals expressed in their proclamations for their ultimate supremacy in the government of that centralized and populous country. Their defeat, with which we have nothing to do, was the result of other conjoint interests.

The world has long been aware that certain secret societies existed in China. Whether these societies were wholly political it is impossible to say without further information. That rites and ceremonies existed amongst them of an esoteric nature is however unquestionable. Even Masonry itself is known in China, as I shall now proceed to show. How far this is to be connected with the Craft Masonry of Europe and America we cannot at present tell.

Some time in 1863, it would appear, a native Chinese, named Ting Tun Sing, a native of Kouantchu, near Peking, presented himself at the Lodge La Jerusalem des Vallées Egyptiennes, at Paris. The W.M. of the lodge, Bro. Hubert, appointed my distinguished friend, the great Orientalist, Bro. Léon de Rosny, to act as interpreter and guide. The initiate exhibited moral points of contact as to belief during the ceremony, and, after fulfilling the necessary conditions, expressed his lively satisfaction at receiving the apron of E.A.P. He then stated that in his own country similar associations existed, bound together by solemn vows. But never having been initiated he could tell no more.

Another Chinese, however, visited Paris shortly afterwards, named Sam-ung who had been passed to the Second Degree. From this brother it was learnt that Masonry existed throughout China, and was known as the San-ho-hoei, or Triad Society, but was only tolerated at Canton and Hong Kong. This Chinese gave an account of the signs adopted among Chinese Masons, which I possess, but think most prudent not to commit to writing. This Masonry is of two classes, philosophic and benevolent, and political and revolutionary. It was this last section which lent great aids in the Taeping rebellion.

Now the existence of such a kind of Masonry in such a nation of precedents and tradition as the Chinese—slow to receive impressions of such a character—led me to the conclusion that where so much existed, there might, at least, be more behind. In point of fact it invested the philosophic writings of the Chinese with an interest I had not possessed in them before; and, with a view to making such results known as might properly be communicated, I continued to read in this rich field, almost unknown to Europeans even in our inquiring age. For a long time my studies were unremunerative. I found no book containing anything approaching to what I so strongly suspected to be in existence. Philosophy of the boldest kind, and morality, almost laughable from its non-observance, cropped up in plenty, but at last what I was in search of came to view; although I am not visionary enough to assert that what I am about to present is the actual primeval Chinese Masonry, it is so nearly and closely allied to it in all essentials as to merit the most serious attention.

About the sixth century before the Christian era, there undoubtedly existed a personage whose patronymic is now lost; in fact, it was lost by the year B.C. 200, for Sze-ma-Fsien gives him another name and surname. But gradually a designation took the place of a name, and he came to be known as Lau-tsze, the Old Philosopher, or the Philosopher Lau, analogous to the more modern expression of the Tao-Tsze, or Doctors of Wisdom—themselves an offshoot

from his original doctrine. Officially he held position as the Treasurer of the ancient Chow dynasty, and he must have been an old man when Kung-fu-tsze saw him, and was led to make the complimentary remark I have used as the motto of this paper. In his capacity of Treasurer, particularly among a literary nation like the Chinese, he had probably charge of, and, at any rate, access to, the records of the preceding reigns and dynasties, for the object Confucius had in conferring with him was to learn everything he might about the observances and ceremonies connected with antiquity. It was a laudable ambition, and met on the part of Lau-Tsze with the greatest frankness. "Those," said Lau-Tsze, "whom you talk about are dead, and their bones are mouldered to dust; only their words remain. When the superior man gets his opportunity, he mounts aloft; but when the time is against him, he moves as if his feet were entangled. I have heard that a good merchant, though he has rich treasures deeply stored, appears as if he were poor, and that the superior man, whose virtue is complete, is yet, to outward seeming, stupid. Put away your proud air and many desires, your insinuating habits and wild will. Those are of no advantage to you. This is what I have to tell you."

It is quite clear to any one reading the account of the conference of two such earnest men—one very advanced in years, and the other full of enthusiastic desire to reclaim his countrymen—that a great juncture had arisen in the morals of the people, and that the junior, subsequently destined to immortal fame, sought the senior from no common motive. That Lau-Tsze was the teacher and the restrainer in this instance seems sufficiently clear. We seem to see a touch of Talleyrand in this Oriental mode of enforcing the maxim: *Sur tout, point de zèle*. It was evident, therefore, that there was knowledge worth seeking with the Old Philosopher—the man whose position, as Guardian of the Imperial Treasury of the Brother of the Sun and Moon, placed him above and beyond criticism. The question in hand now is, first, what did this great official teach; next did he teach it of himself, or was he the head of a great moral secret society, similar to our Freemasonry? We know from every document obtained from China how exclusively merit was the passport to great rank and to privilege, and under the Chow dynasty history notes continual promotions from the ranks. As to Confucius, his family was ancient and respectable, and, therefore, his conference with Lau-Tsze was by no means out of the way. But to a great officer of the Empire, or Middle Kingdom, it was alone likely that so remarkable a function as that of Grand Master would be entrusted.

It is, however, very likely that Lau-Tsze was practically the reformer of ancient beliefs on morality, as twelve centuries later the Muhammad was the Pericleus or Reformer of the elder Arabians. But the influence of Lau-Tsze was great upon Kung-fu-tsze, and the joint influence of teacher and pupil at any rate left a large body of moral philosophy for the literati to examine and study.

Before we enter upon an examination of the *Tau Teh King*, in which the doctrines of Lau-Tsze are contained, it may be convenient to say that four secret societies, in addition to the Triad Society, exist in China (as shown in my Royal Masonic Cyclopædia, p. 679), viz., the *Thian-ti-wé*, or Union of Heaven and Earth, the doctrines of which enforce the equality of mankind and the duty of the rich to share superfluities with the poor; the *Pe-lian-Kiao*, or Society of the Lotus, introduced from Hindustan at a very remote era, and similar to the Society of the Seven Brethren; the *Thian-le*, or Society of Celestial Reason, rationalistic and destructive; and the *Thian-ko-pe*, or Society of the White Waterlily, a purely political society. With these societies in the rest of this paper we shall have nothing to do.

The first point of contact between the teachings of Lau-tsze and the teachings of Freemasonry, particularly when we remember the era (B.C. 600) of the writer, is sufficiently remarkable as to arrest the attention of the most superficial

ceremonial Mason of the present day. Speaking of *Tau* (i.e., Reason, God, the Unembodied) he says at the very outset, "The *tau* which can be *tau*-ed is not the Eternal *Tau*"—in other words, the Being or Essence which can be comprehended is not the Infinite Being or Reason. The next sentence is yet more remarkable: "The name which can be named is not the Eternal Name." That is to say, that the Name is not orally communicable, or is not that sacred Name lost in all Masonic rites, but for which a shadow or emblematic name has been substituted. It is somewhat singular to see the Chinese philosopher proclaiming, at the outset of this metaphysical guide-book for his disciples, the very quintessence of Royal Arch Masonry. The true virtue of the Name in the Occidental systems (comparatively with China) as proclaimed by the ancient Masons of Palestine, and perpetuated by the Kabbalists, Rosicrucians, and Freemasons, will here occur to every mind.

M. Stanislaus Julien, in translating the next section of the first chapter, puts the original phrases into very singular words: "That which is without a name is the beginning of heaven and earth—with a name is the mother of all things. Therefore, he who is without passions beholds the mystery; and he who always has passions beholds the issues"—in other words, the Name is the power of Creation, as held by the Theosophists, passing into passive chaos (the female principle or mother chaos) when spoken, and bringing forth externally perceptible things. Those who (like the Brahmins of Hindustan) are without passion perceive the reason of such a process; men of ordinary calibre only see results. The ratio existing between these two conditions Lau-tsze calls "the abyss—the abyss of abysses—the gate of all mystery."

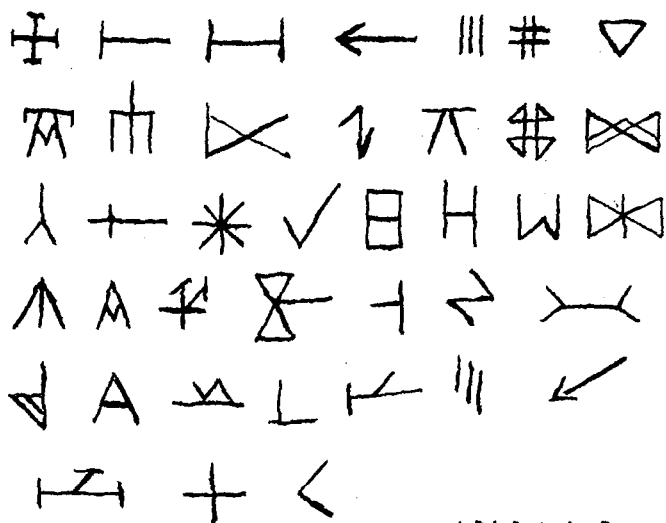
Lau-tsze at once illustrates this duplex existence and non-existence by the doctrine of analogy, or contrast, setting beside beauty ugliness—the one being the reason of the other's existence, and both a product of the mind, itself the judge by innate perception of relative superiority.

In like manner the good suggests the existence of evil, and thus we have difficulty and ease, long and short, high and low, nay, even what to a Chinese mind is the most striking, we have the first idea of time in the crude notion of before and after. Thus from the series of ideas we obtain Lau-tsze's idea of a true sage:—"He carries on teaching without words; he produces without holding possession; he acts without presuming on the result; he completes his work and assumes no position for himself, and since he assumes no position for himself, he never loses any." Is not this teaching a true equality of motive, such as theoretically prevails among Freemasons? It can scarcely be expressed in fewer words.

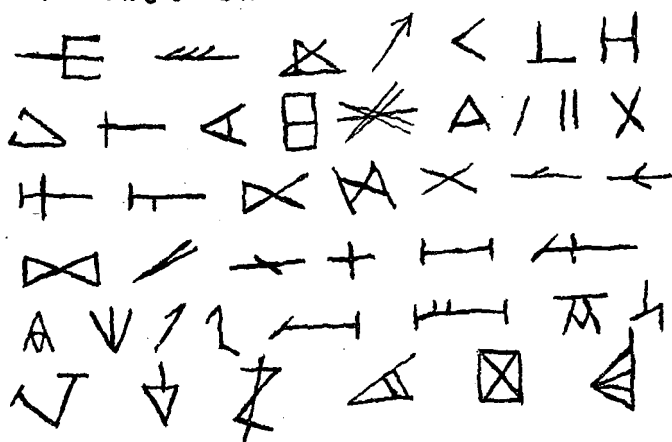
As to the moral government by superiors, after some maxims of comparative unimportance, we find Lau-tsze recommending that the knowledge of evil should be kept from the people by inducing wholesome and proper alimentation, and in repressing tumults, so that those unofficially accredited should not "dare to act." This is all, in his metaphorical manner assigned to the sage, or ultimate initiate (as I take it to be) in his mysteries, over which I suppose him to bear rule. But it is evident that the "masterly inaction" which has kept the Chinese Empire in a concrete agglomerative mass, has led in late years to great emigration. That emigration should take place is not by any means astonishing, for the Chinese code of punishment for even trifling offences is a risk that few would not rebel against. We are not, however, writing an exposition of the customs of China, but try to arrive at results. I should think that chapters two and three of this remarkable book have been written to the command of some "licencer of the press" to put the work in proper form for "approbation."

The ideas of Lau-Tsze on the other have, at least, the merit of being as intelligible as those of Kant, Hegel, and Spencer, but there is infinite pathos in feeling of faith exhibited by the Pre-Christian. "*Tau*," he says, "is empty; its operation exhaustless. In its depth it seems the father of all things.

CARLISLE CATHEDRAL ANCIENT
MASON MARKS FOUND ON =
NAVE WALLS OUTSIDE —

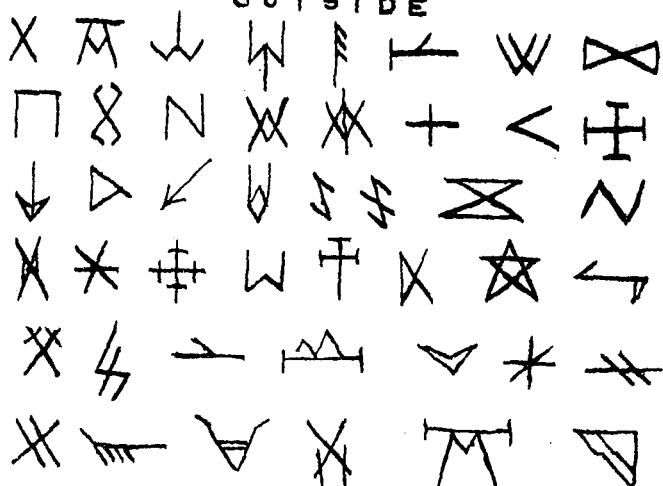


MARKS. ON INSIDE WALLS.

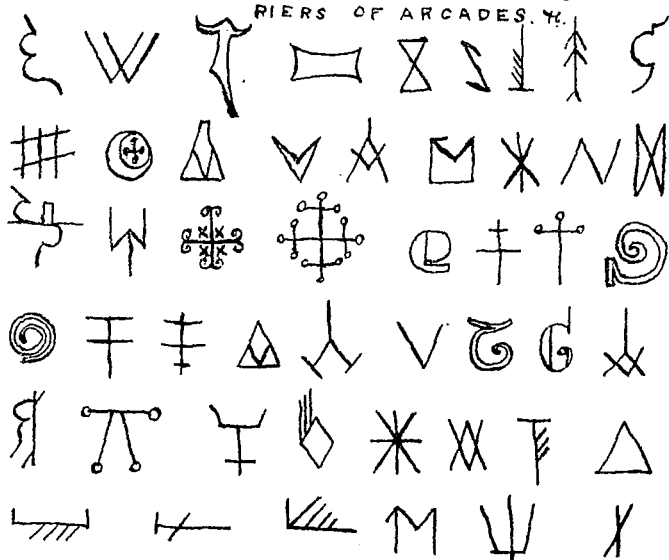


MASONS' MARKS FROM ABBEY, CARLISLE.
PLATE I.

MARKS FROM CHOIR WALLS
OUTSIDE

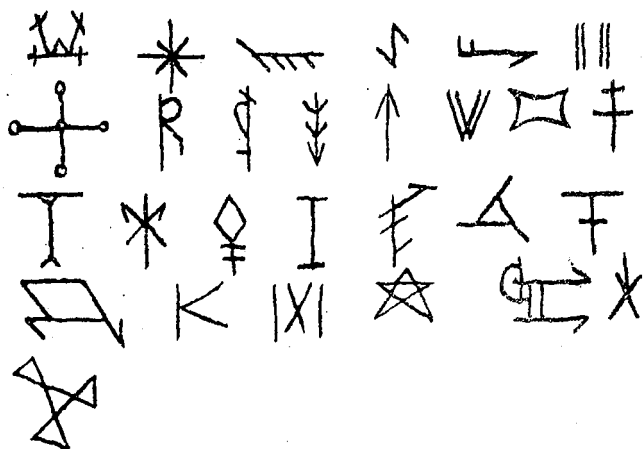


FROM INSIDE WALLS
PIERS OF ARCADES, &c.

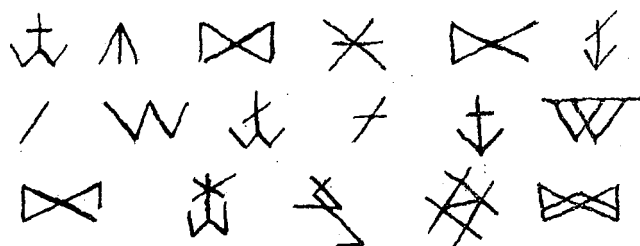


MASONS' MARKS FROM ABBEY, CARLISLE.

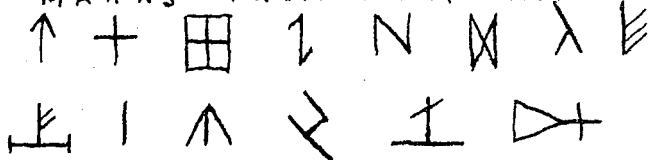
MARKS FROM TRIFORIUM AND -
TOWER WALLS AND PASSAGES



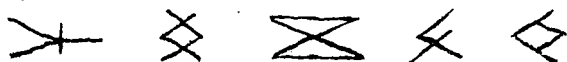
MARKS FROM THE WALLS OF
TITHE BARN INSIDE AND OUT



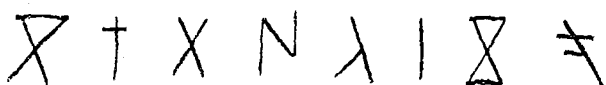
MARKS FROM ABBEY GATEHOUSE



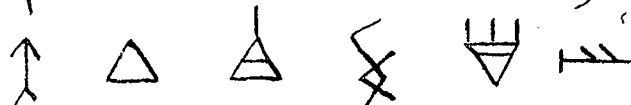
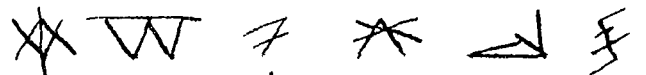
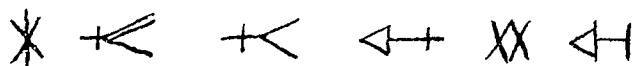
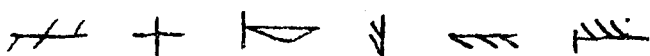
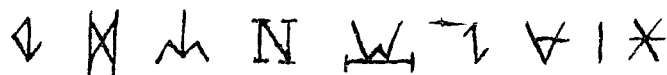
FROM CANON CHALKERS HOUSE



MARKS FROM THE DEANERY WALLS



FROM FRATRY WALLS INSIDE AND
OUTSIDE



MASONS' MARKS FROM ABBEY, CARLISLE.

PLATE IV.

In tranquillity it ever seems to remain. I know not whose son it has been, 'and profoundly pathetic,' it seems to have been before God."

The cosmogony of Lau-tsze is quite in conformity with the general principles of Oriental belief, an undying and unhesitating acceptance of the immortality of all created things—not alone man, but animals, even to insects. The process is (according to him) by the power of the Spirit, which never dies, which (in his own terms) ceaselessly endures, is the root of heaven and earth, *and is employed without effort*. This must surely remind my brethren of the idea formed by the Masonic fraternity of the Grand Master in heaven.

"The sage," again says Lau-tsze, "puts himself last, and yet is first; abandons himself, and yet is preserved." What is the position of a Mason up to the time of his becoming a Master in Israel—but this? Are there not moral perils, and deep psychological abysses to pass ere the quiet soul is settled in the assurance of the doctrinal truths and symbols of Masonry? Let us suppose this desirable condition attained, and then refer to our Chinese teacher once again. "When a work of merit is done and reputation is coming, to get out of the way is the *Tao* of heaven." In other words, to claim pre-eminence over others for executed works is vain and deteriorates from its moral value.

(To be continued.)

MASON'S MARKS FROM CARLISLE ABBEY.

BY BRO. WILLIAM THOMAS CREED, CLERK OF THE WORKS AT CARLISLE CATHEDRAL.

Communicated in a letter to the Editor of the Cumberland and Westmorland Antiquarian and Archaeological Society's Transactions,

WITH AN APPENDIX BY THE EDITOR.

THE following article, with its illustrations, is taken by the kind permission of R. S. Ferguson, Esq., the able secretary, and Mr. Creed, the writer, from the last interesting volume of the Transactions of the Cumberland and Westmorland Archaeological Society. It has deep value for all Masonic students.

Carlisle Cathedral, August 14th, 1880.

Sir,—I beg to enclose copies of my sketches from the Mason's marks taken from the Cathedral and the Abbey buildings. I have not had time to write down my thoughts about them, but I have no doubt that at some time the matter will be taken up, and more will be known about them than any of us know at present. Most people have a theory of their own about Masons' marks, but all who know anything about the matter must agree that the builders of the very earliest times have made use of marks much like those found on the walls of Carlisle Cathedral; and no doubt it would be a most interesting thing to find out why these marks are so general in all parts of the world, and in most parts so very similar in form and size. The very slight information I have upon the matter suggests to me the propriety of not reading a paper at the time noted. With many thanks for the pamphlets you so kindly sent me,

I am, Sir,

Yours respectfully,

WILLIAM THOMAS CREED.

R. S. Ferguson, Esq.

APPENDIX.

It is very desirable that those who have the opportunity should follow the laudable example set by Mr. Creed, and help this society to record the Mason's marks on the buildings within its district. A collection of those, which probably exist at Lanercost, Holme Cultram, Calder Abbey, and Shap; at Caldbeck, Dearham, Crosthwaite, and other churches; and on military and other secular buildings, might tend to the development of some general law as to these little understood marks.

Attention was first drawn to them by Mr. G. Godwin, F.R.S. and F.S.A., the editor of *The Builder*, in his letters to Sir Henry Ellis, K.H., F.R.S., secretary S.A., dated December 11th, 1841, and February 2nd, 1843, and printed in the *Archæologia*, vol. xxx., p. 113, with five plates of marks to the number of 158, taken from Gloucester and Bristol Cathedrals, Furness and Malmesbury Abbeys, St. Mary's, Redcliffe, Cheetham College, Manchester, from churches at Poitiers and Cologne, including the Cathedral at that place.

Mr. Godwin suggested that—

These marks, if extensively examined and compared, might serve to aid in connecting, and perhaps discriminating, the various bands of operatives who, under the protection of the Church, mystically united, spread themselves over Europe during the Middle Ages, and are known as Freemasons.

At the meeting of the British Archæological Association, held at Canterbury in 1844, Mr. Godwin read a paper on the marks on Canterbury Cathedral. He said:—

These marks appear to have been made simply to distinguish the work of different individuals (the same is done at this time in all large works), but the circumstance that, although found in different countries, and on works of very different ages, they are in numerous cases the same, and that many are religious and symbolical, and are still used in modern Freemasonry, led him to infer that they were used by system, and that the system was the same in England, Germany, and France.—*Archæological Journal*, vol I., p. 382.

Mr. Godwin continued the subject in *The Builder*, vol. 27 (1869) p. 237, and at pages 245, 246, he gave between 500 and 600 marks taken from England, Scotland, Ireland, Italy, France, the Tyrol, Switzerland, Sweden, Germany, Austria, Spain, Portugal, and the Holy Land.

From the Cathedral at Carlisle, and from the buildings in its precincts, Mr. Creed has collected the following examples:—

Nave walls (date 1101 to 1133) outside	...	...	...	...	39
" " " inside	...	...	...	...	42
Choir walls, outside	...	...	...	...	45
Choir walls, inside and main Piers of Arcades	...	...	...	...	43
Triforium, Tower, Stairs, and Passages	...	...	...	...	34
Tithe Barn (end of 15th century)	...	...	...	...	19
Fratry (mainly end of 15th century)	...	...	...	...	65
Abbey Gates (beginning 16th century)	...	...	...	...	14
The Deanery outside	...	...	...	...	11
Canon Chalker's house (end of 17th century)	...	...	...	...	5

316

If we exclude four of the number as being the initials of Pri r Thomas Gondibour (T. G. or G. alone), and make also an allowance for the same mark occurring in more than one of the above divisions, we get nearly 300 Mason's marks from Carlisle Cathedral and its precincts.

It would occupy too much space to go in detail through the Carlisle marks, but a few of them may be mentioned.

The hour-glass form, X or closed X, occurs in nearly twenty different variations, from the simple saltire, or St. Andrew's Cross, to more complicated forms. An instance of the pure hour-glass will be found in No. 7 in the examples from the Deanery, plate iv. The hour-glass is found on the stones of Carthage, and Mr. Godwin gives examples from all quarters from the eleventh to the fifteenth

century. Laid on its side with its ends curved, it is the letter M, as seen in many inscriptions in the Lapidarium Septentrionale. It is a well-known Freemasonic sign.

An eminent antiquary, visiting Carlisle Cathedral, thought he had found the Labarum or sacred monogram on a Roman stone on the outside of the nave. Careful scrutiny has convinced Canon Chalker, Mr. Creed, and myself, that the supposed Labarum is only a variation of the hour-glass. It is laid on its side, and a perpendicular line drawn through it. What appears to be the top of the P is a flaw in the stone.*

The universal N form, as Mr. Godwin calls it, occurs in about as many variations, including therein the Z forms. It occurs from Carlisle to the Holy Land; from the eleventh to the sixteenth century.

The pentacle, or Seal of Solomon, a five-pointed star, formed by a continuous line, occurs twice. This is a widely-spread sign, and is found on a Saxon fibula of the seventh century. It is a Freemasonic sign. The hexapla does not occur in the Carlisle marks.

The A, both topped and plain, occurs in several varieties, the shape of the cross stroke being differenced. Topped, it is found in Samaria and over Europe. So is the double V, the V's overlapping, which also occurs as W. Two V's also occur in several combinations; a single one inverted is said to be the "*flabellum*;" also the masculine principle; upright the feminine. But the Mason who cut these marks probably regarded them as mere signatures, whatever their origin may have been.

The cross with stopped ends occurs at Carlisle, as at Furness, Gloucester, Fountains, York, etc. It is the first mark on Plate I. One variety of it is *fitched* or pointed at the foot. The cross-crosslet also occurs. Very ornate crosses occur in the choir at Carlisle.

The pheon appears at Carlisle. The horizontal $\mathcal{P}$ does not, but it appears erect, and also turned round.

Several of the marks apparently originated in Runic letters. Of nine other Mr. Godwin has shown the similarity to letters of the Lycian alphabet. The most curious of the Carlisle marks are evidently those from inside the Cathedral in Mr. Creed's fourth and fifth divisions, Plates II. and III. More than one would appear to be monograms or initial letters. There is one very curious one which resembles a stocking. At Strasburg and at Norwich the outline of a human leg occurs.

The Archæologia, vol xxxiv. p. 33, contains a plate of Mason's marks from Scotland, and also a plate of Mason's marks from the cash book of St. Ninian's Lodge of Freemason's, Brechin. *The Builder* for 1863 contains a series of papers by Mr. J. E. Dove, in which he attributes very recondite meanings to many of the forms used as marks, but the Masons used them as mere signatures, and attached no other meaning to them.

Since writing the above remarks, I find that the fourth volume, "Proceedings Antiq. Soc. Scotland," contains a large collection of Mason-marks copied from Melrose Abbey, Dryburgh, Jedburgh, Elgin, and several other places. There is also a short paper by John Alex. Smith, M.D., sec. S.A. Scot., who divides the marks into two classes—the False or Blind Mark of the apprentice, displaying an equal number of points; and the True Mark of the fellow-craft or passed Mason, which always consist of an unequal number of points.

* The Mason's marks on the Roman stones in the nave of the Cathedral seem later than the Roman tooling. Mr. Creed thinks, and so do I, that these marks were put on by the Mason who quarried the stones out of the Roman wall.

BASSENTHWAITE LAKE.

THIS lake was anciently called *Broadwater*, but Robinson, in his book on Cumberland and Westmerland, says it received the name of Bassenthwaite from the number of Basts (the local name for perch) which are in it. Although the poet Gray visited it in 1769, he saw it indifferently, in the beginning of October, travelling in a post-chaise. He went along the east side to Ousebridge, running directly along the foot of Skiddaw. "Opposite to Withobebrows, clothed to the top with wood, a very beautiful view opens down the lake, which is narrower and longer than that of Keswick, less broken into bays, and without islands. At the foot of it, a few paces from the brink, gently sloping upward, stands Armathwaite, in a thick grove of Scotch firs, commanding a noble view directly up the lake. At a small distance behind the house is a large extent of wood, and still behind this a ridge of cultivated hills, on which, according to the Keswick proverb, the sun always shines." So says Gray to his friend, Dr. Wharton. He dined at Ousebridge (at a public-house which has since disappeared), and he returned by the turnpike road to Keswick, which had just then been finished from Cockermouth.

In 1785, Mr. Peter Crosthwaite published his maps of eight of the principal lakes, and Bassenthwaite formed an interesting one of the series, with vignettes of Mirehouse, of "Armathwaite Hall, the seat of Sir F. F. Vane, LL.D., Ousebridge Inn, Powter How, and Castle How, with old trenches upon it dug out of the solid rock." The best way to see the lake is to drive round it from Keswick, a distance of eighteen miles. It is better seen by going round the western side, leaving the picturesquely situated village of Braithwaite on the left, with Grisedale Pike and Causey Pike in the background. On the right you pass Powter How wood, at the foot of which is a comfortable roadside inn for the accommodation of anglers and tourists. On a knoll just beyond the inn may be seen, on looking at the Barff mountain, a jutting rock commonly called "the Monk," the contour of which reminds you of the picture of St. Paul preaching at Athens. It is quite as good in its way as the Lord Chancellor of Glencoe. Passing by Woodend Farm, you reach Beck-Wythope, where the ancient road winds up the mountain to Lowes-water, rendered famous to Cumbrians as the road Dr. Gibson says Bobby Banks travelled in his "bodderment." Wythope Woods are the property of Sir Ralph H. Vane, Bart., and also Wythope Hall, anciently the seat of Sir Richard Fletcher, who was created a knight and baronet by James I. for his hospitality to Mary Queen of Scots at the old hall, Cockermouth, on her road from Workington to Carlisle. He was ancestor of the present owner, Sir R. H. Vane, Bart. At Peel Wyke there is a good old-fashioned inn, where every accommodation may be had, and many parties now take advantage of the railway from Keswick and from Whitehaven for pleasure trips and fishing on the lake in summer, and for skating in winter. Hard by is Castle How before mentioned. Here are three tiers of trenches thrown up facing to Wythope, and on the side facing to Keswick, they have been dug out of the solid rock. There can be no doubt that these works are British, thrown up as a last defence against the Roman invaders. An action had taken place near the old schoolhouse near to Wythope Mill. A Roman two-edged sword in a bronze scabbard was found buried, with other weapons of a Roman foot soldier, three feet below the surface. The scabbard was ornamented with enamel of different colours, and had no doubt been the accoutrement of a Roman officer. It was formerly in Crosthwaite's Museum, Keswick, but on the dispersion of that collection in 1870 it found its way into the British Museum, with many other valuable antiquities. A Roman

battle-axe was also found, with some other armour, on the fell-side at Embleton near the mill. Leaving the Castle How, which is reached by a winding path, and where there is a good view of the lake, you take the road and go over Ouse Bridge, which stretches over the river Derwent as it suddenly issues from the lake. Standing on the bridge and looking to the lake you have Skiddaw on the left, and Helvellyn in the distance, with Thorthwaite Fells on the right. Looking down the river you have an island in it at a short distance, and the scene is well wooded and a beautiful piece of river scenery. The river runs along past Dunthwaite, the seat of John Harrison, Esq., through the ancient village of Isell, through Cockermouth, and finally falls into the sea at Workington. At an evening sunset sometimes the roseate hue is seen on the Skiddaw and Hevellyn range of mountains, when the scene is magnificent. Leaving Ouse Bridge the woods around Armathwaite Hall are passed, which enrich the view. The mansion of Bassenfell rises to the view in a situation which commands a splendid view of the whole valley. This unique house was built by Rathbone Brothers, of Liverpool, for a summer retreat. Passing along the eastern shore, Scareness, which runs with a sharp promontory into the lake, is seen. There stands the old farmhouse, once a dwelling of the Wane's, but now the property of Sir R. H. Vane, Bart., close to which is Scareness Cottage, a shooting-box of the genial and popular baronet.

Behind the old farmhouse is an avenue of trees, one side of which are yews. The house itself is a superior residence, built about the reign of Charles II. In the house are panels, with paintings of parties going hawking, hunting, shooting, &c. Over a mantelpiece there is a good landscape, painted on wood, of Bassenthwaite Lake. One of the Wanes' was a J.P. He had increased the family fortunes in the Indies, and is buried in Bassenthwaite Church. Following the high road, Broadness and Bowness are seen on the right, promontories jutting into the lake. When on the highest part of the road, called Bassenthwaite's Sandbeds, if the tourist will leave the carriage and ascend the hill-side two or three hundred yards, a complete view of the whole lake is obtained from the best point of view. Bassenthwaite Church, which stands near the lake, is dedicated to St. Bridget. There is also a chapel built at the Hawes in the year 1471. The parish church is ancient, and has several monuments of interest in it. One to Adam de Bassenthwaite, the last of his name, who died in the time of Edward II.; and left two daughters co-heiresses; others to the Wanes, Vanes, Storeys; and on the restoration of the interior by the Spedding's, of Mirehouse, a beautiful stained glass memorial window was placed at the east end by public subscription in memory of the late Thomas Storey Spedding, Esq., J.P., a learned and accomplished country gentleman, who long resided and exercised a beneficial influence in the county. Passing Mirehouse, an excellent country seat commanding a full view of the lake, you pass Longclose, belonging to Lawrence Harrison, Esq. Here is a beautiful view of the whole panorama, which opens out as you approach Keswick. You have a road on the left before passing Duncing Gate, which is the beautiful terrace drive along the breast of Skiddaw, through the villages of Millbeck and Applethwaite, so often walked over by Southey during his forty years' residence, and much praised by him for the enchanting views it affords.

Bassenthwaite Lake is being more frequented by tourists every year, and it affords a pleasing contrast to the sister lake of Derwent, which in no way detracts from its charms. The deepest part of Bassenthwaite Lake is 18 feet, while Derwentwater is 27 feet. There is good fishing on the lake, and boats may be had at Thornthwaite and Peel Wyke. No tourist who has a day to spare should omit visiting Bassenthwaite Lake.

JUNIUS.

JUNIUS'S emphatic declaration that his "secret" should "perish with him" is still both a "crux" and a truism. His motto, "Stat nominis umbra," still, like the Sphinx of old, baffles explanation and defies investigation. Vain have been the essays of erudite commentators, the labours of learned "analysts," the explanations of pseudo-Hierophants; the great mystery still remains a mystery nevertheless for those who take an interest in such questions and such investigations. Numerous as have been the names of the supposed "real and original writers," we do not affect to suppose that the list is by any means completed, or the number of possible claimants for this posthumous distinction by any means exhausted.

It may be well for us to number up here the names of those whom either irresponsible writers, or injudicious friends, or eager partisans, have in succession dogmatically and deliberately put forward as the writer of Junius.

Claims, more or less urgent, more or less reasonable, have been asserted for Edmund Burke, for Horne Tooke, for Hugh Boyd, for single speech Gerard Hamilton, for Horace Walpole, for Lord Chesterfield, for the wicked Thomas Lord Lyttleton, for Dr. Wilmot, for M. De Lolme, for Mr. Charles Lloyd, for the Duke of Portland, for Lord George Sackville, for General Lee, and for Colonel Barré. On the theory of a co-partnership, we have Mrs. Dayrolle as the amanuensis of Lord Chesterfield, and Anna Chambers, afterwards Lady Temple, as the amanuensis of Lord Temple. Sir Philip Francis is, however, the person to whom Mr. Taylor originally, in his "Junius Justified," etc., and Mr. Twisleton, in his "Hand-writing of Junius," etc., supported by the authority of Lord Campbell, Lord Macaulay, and Lord Stanhope, upheld to be the real Simon Pure, and to whom, we think, the modern view undoubtedly inclines.

Still, it is felt,—we speak under correction,—that even the evidence of handwriting, detailed as it is with all the skill of M. Charles Chabot, the well known "expert," in Mr. Twisleton's magnificent volume, is, if very suggestive, by no means conclusive.

On the contrary, it is impossible to study carefully, for instance, Lady Temple's striking and peculiar handwriting without seeing how strangely it seems to accord with the writing of Junius. No doubt a good deal may be said in favour of the "Franciscan" theory, as it is termed. There are some wondrous and striking "coincidences," such as M. Chabot has so skilfully educed, but yet the result of the whole argument is, as we said before, somewhat unsatisfactory at the best, and does not appeal either to our sense of what is clear, what is distinct, what is proved, what is convincing. If anything, M. Chabot proves too much, and it is perhaps well for us to remember here that the origin of the last important work "in re" Junius, "The Hand-writing of Junius," etc., published by Murray, 1871, arose from a letter book of Sir Phillip Francis from 1767 to 1771, Mr. Smith's MSS., and the Woodfall MSS. in the British Museum—all sent to M. Chabot by Mr. Twisleton for comparison and collation. To this was added subsequently a copy of a note to Miss Giles at Bath, and some verses which had been said to be written by "Junius." M. Chabot, after a most exhaustive examination and collation of Junian and Franciscan MSS., and considering the host, moreover, of opposing claimants, came to the unhesitating conclusion (see p. 244 "Hand-writing of Junius," etc.) that "the letters of Francis and all the MSS of Junius were written by one and the same hand,"

namely, that of Sir P. Francis; and that the verses were "handwritten" by his brother-in-law, Tilghman, but that they were composed by him, as the evidence showed, and the "note" which went with them was distinctly in Sir P. Francis's writing!

Such a statement, so unhesitating and so distinct, ought, apparently, to settle the question. But yet it has not settled the question, and it has been felt that, though there is a great similarity of hand-writing, yet that it is not absolutely conclusive after all; and many doubt whether Junius's own words will not still prove true, that his secret has perished with him, whoever he may have been.

There are, however, some points on which it would be well to fix our attention for a short time to-day, even if when singly they have each great force, combined they certainly do give additional strength to the Franciscan theory.

Mr. Taylor tells us, in his interesting work, "*Junius Identified*," that a passage in a letter of Junius, signed "Veteran," March 23rd, 1772, first suggested to his mind the reality of the claim of Francis:—"I desire you will inform the public that the worthy Lord Barrington, not contented with having driven Mr. D'Oyly out of the War Office, has at last contrived to expel Mr. Francis."

Certainly, this is an odd paragraph "per se," and may serve as the clue to the real author. We say may, for we do not ourselves feel sure that it is not a morsel of coffee-house gossip thrown in to add virulence to the attack on Lord Barrington, whom "Junius" did "not love".

In his famous private letter to Woodfall, of November 10th, 1771, Junius says—"I must be more cautious than ever. I am sure I should not survive a discovery three days, or, if I did, they would attain me by bell. Change to the Somerset Coffee House, and let no mortal know the alteration. I am persuaded you are too honest a man to contribute in any way to my destruction. Act honourably by me, and at a proper time you shall know me."

There is no doubt that Junius penned this letter in much anxiety, as the "interlineation" under the words "Somerset Coffee House" is very shaky indeed, though that fact may not prove much either way. In a subsequent letter he tells us that the gentleman who does the "conveyancing business" was watched, and this statement has led to the theory of two persons being concerned in the letters, one as "writer," the other as "porter." There is, indeed, a most curious passage in a letter from Tilghman to Francis, September 27th, 1773, which to a great extent confirms Lord Campbell's statement that Junius was silenced by Lord North, and "would write no more," which last statement is said to have been made by no less a person than King George the Third himself.

Tilghman says pointedly, "But how did you get this appointment? It is miraculous to me that a man should resign his office in 1772, and in 1773, without any change of the Ministry, be advanced in so very extraordinary a manner. Your merit and abilities I was always ready to acknowledge, sir, but I was never taught to think much of Lord North's virtue or discernment. His treatment of you has in some measure reduced him in my opinion." On the whole, the considerations arising from these points, when fully realized, appear to strengthen—we do not say they are conclusive—Sir P. Francis's claim to be considered the author of Junius. The idea of Lord Lyttleton being the writer of these letters had something "taking" in it when it first appeared in the "*Quarterly*," from the fact of his mysterious life, and still more mysterious death, his great parts, his peculiar knowledge of all the gossip of the day, and his connection with the well-known Dr. Combe, the author of "*Dr. Syntax*," etc. But there are difficulties connected with his travels in foreign parts, in 1771, which seem to be fatal to any such claim. Lord George Sackville's claim is not increased, despite his strange and somewhat mysterious interview with Lord Mansfield just before his death, by a careful consideration

of the facts of the case, on the contrary, it is weakened; and one fatal objection to Lady Temple's claim is this, that Lord Chatham must have had his suspicions aroused when he received the letters of Junius, if written by one, though the hand-writing was feigned and stiff, whom he knew so very well.

Mr. Chabot's collations and comparisons have certainly strengthened the claim of Francis to be the author of Junius, though, as we said at the outset, Junius's motto is still unexplained, undoubtedly, as he prophesied it would be—"Stat nominis umbra."

For our part, though we have carefully studied the evidences for years on this subject, we have never been able to get over the objection of one of Sir P. Francis's relations, judging from the normal and even abnormal characteristics of thought, action, and habit of the man himself, namely, that had Francis really been the author of Junius, he was too "conceited a man" to have "kept the secret." And certainly, all his own by-play in respect of Junius has always appeared, to our mind, to be consummate acting. But we leave the subject, as it is impossible for any one to profess to say what may yet be discovered as to Junius.

MANY YEARS AGO: THE ANCHORITE'S LAMENT.

BY BRO. EMRA HOLMES.

MANY years ago, when summer winds were blowing,
And swallows' tender twitter was heard beneath the eaves,
I sauntered by the arching vines, with my sweet love, knowing
That she would be my wife before the trees had lost their leaves.

Happy by the river's marge, each bend fresh charms disclosing,
Watching the swift tide as it eddied near the sea;
Listening to the nightingale—on the banks reposing—
As its voice melodiously sounded o'er the lea.

But the tempter came, and blissful dreams were ended;
So the love-talk passed away in a noble scorn;
Then it all departed, all that vision splendid,
And I was left in misery, desolate, forlorn.

Many years ago, friends I had unnumbered;
Love and youth were on my side, no pain did I know;
Jealousy and calumny were the foes that slumbered;
Now lover, friends, and peace have left me many years ago.

AN OLD MASON'S TOMB.

ACCORDING to tradition the church of St. Helen, Bishopsgate Street, is celebrated for the number of Masons interred within its walls. Here rest the remains of Sir Thomas Gresham, of whom it has been reported that in 1567 he was Grand Master of the south. In this church, also, is the fine altar tomb of William Kerwin, "free Mason."

The sketches we give are taken from drawings made in 1869 by Mr. E. Flint, and kindly lent to me by Mr. R. H. Hills.

The tomb is ornamented with pilasters of white marble carved in relief. The top slab is black marble, and on panels of the same material are incised the figures of the deceased and various armorial bearings, all filled in with yellow; the lettering, all in Lombardic capitals, is also incised and filled in with some black composition. On the south side of the tomb are the following inscriptions, commencing on the pilaster and running along the frieze:—

HERE LYETH THE BODIE OF WILLIAM KERWIN OF THIS CITIE OF LON DON
FREE MASON WHOE DEPARTED THIS LYFE THE 26TH DAYE OF DECEMBER AÑO 1594

Beneath this, on the top border of the panel;—

MAGDALENE JACET VIRTUS POST FATA SUP[ER]STES: CORPVS HVMO TECTVM CHRISTO VENIENTE
RESVRGET:

CONIVGIVQE FIDE RELIGIOQVE MANENT: VT MENTIS CONSORS ASTRA SUPREMA COLAT

On the north side, commencing on the pilasters and continuing along the frieze;—

AND HIERE ALSO LYETH THE BODIE OF MAGDALEN KIRWIN HIS WIFE BY WHOME HE HAD
ISSVE III SONNES AND II DAVGHTERS SHE DECEASED THE XXIIJTH OF AVGVST 1592

The top border of the panel:—

Ædibvs Attalicis Londinvm qui decoravi: Me duce svrgebant alijs regalia tecta:
Exigvam tribvnt hanc mihi fata domv: Me dvce conficitvr ossibvs vrna meis:

At the west end, upon the frieze, are the following two lines:—

CHRISTVS MIHI VITA
MORS MIHI LVCVM.

On the top border of the panel:—

NOS QVOS CERTVS AMOR PRIMIS CONIVNXIT ABANIS.
IVNXIT IDEM TVMVLVS IVNXIT IDEM QVE POLVS.

Upon the lower border of the panels, commencing on the south side, is the following inscription, which reads all round the tomb:—

AND 5 DAVGHTERS WHEREOF 5 OF THEM LYETH HEERE IN THIS VAVLT &
BËIAMIN KIRWIN Y^R SONNE OF WILLIAM KIRWIN DECEASED Y^R 21TH OF IVLY AÑ: DOÑI:
1621 WHOE HAD ISHVE 7 SONNE.

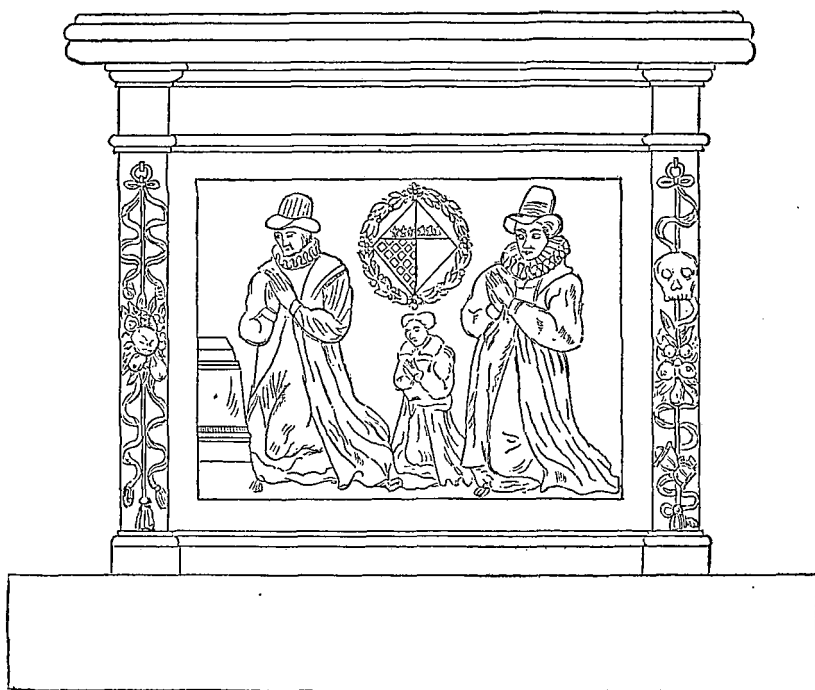
The east end is entirely without ornamentation, but has inscribed on the panel:—

REPAIRED AND RESTORED BY THE PARISH, 1868.

From Stowe* we learn more of the tomb and the family of William Kerwin; he writes:—"In the South Ile of this Church, is a very faire Window with this inscription: 'This window was glazed at the charges of Joyce Featly, Daughter

* "Remaines," being a supplement to his "Survey," 1633, p. 837.

to *William Kerwyn* Esquire, and Wife to *Daniel Featly*, D.D., *Anno Domini* 1632. This window is beautified with three rich Coates, her Fathers, her first and her second Husbands.' Over against this Window, towards the middle Ile, is a Monument erected to the memory of her worthy Father, the aforementioned *William Kerwyn*, Esquire, dated 1594, the time of his death and buriall. Also of *Mistresse Magdalen Kerwyn* her Mother, buried in the yeere of our Lord 1592. Of *Benjamin Kerwyn* her Brother, buried the 27. of July *Anno* 1621, who had Issue seven sonnes and five daughters, five of those children deceast, and here (with them all that are before named) interred. This Monument in this passage of 39. yeeres, somewhat defaced and withered, was raised, repaired, beautified, and encompassed with iron Barres, in a faire and gracefull manner, at the charge of his loving Daughter, the aforementioned, *Mistresse Joyce Featley*, 1632." *Seymour** states that *Joyce Featley*, left by her will, that after the death of



her husband and herself, the sum of 4*l.* *p. ann.* for ever was to be paid to the Vicar and churchwardens of the parish of St. Helens, out of the rents and profits of a messuage in the Parish of Lambeth in Surrey (being copyhold of the Manor of Kennington). After recounting various charitable purposes to which portions of this sum of money were to be assigned, the will states that "6*s.* yearly was to be bestowed in repairing her father's tomb, and the other 2*s.* yearly to the Sexton for keeping clean the same tomb."

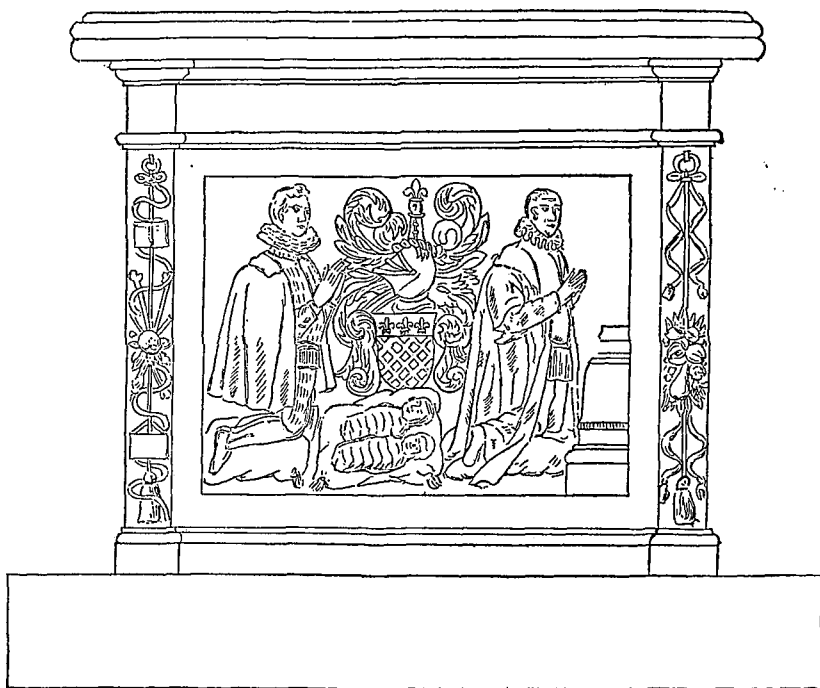
Dr. Featly died April 21st 1645, and the heirs refusing to pay the legacy, after some litigation, an order for payment was obtained in 1703, but for some reason with a remittance of arrears. This order was made a final decree of the Court of Chancery, and was so enrolled in the Petty Bag Office, March, 1703. It would appear† that Dr. Featly was the son of John Fairclough

* "History of London," 1735, Vol. I., p. 364.

† In *Chalmer's Biographical Dictionary* and *Anthony à Wood's, Athen., Oxon.*, will be found lengthy biographies of Dr. Featly, with lists of his numerous works.

and Marian Thrift. He was born near Oxford, 15th March, 1582, and changed his name from Fairclough to Featly. He was rector of Allhallows, Bread Street, Acton, in Middlesex, and other places. During the time that he was rector of Lambeth he married (1622) one of his parishioners, Mrs. Joyce Holloway, who is supposed to have been his senior by some years. We learn from the stained glass window described above that she was a daughter of William Kerwin, and must therefore have been a widow when Dr. Featly married her. In 1525 Dr. Featly ceased to be Chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury, died in 1645, and was buried in the chancel of Lambeth church. The probability seems to be that William Kerwin died intestate, at least his will does not appear to be extant.

In the Prerogative Court of Canterbury the administration of himself and his son are recorded as follows :—



"13 Jan., 1594—5. Administration to William Kerwyn, late of St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, in the city of London, deceased, granted to Benjamin Kerwyn, the son." (Fo. 121.)

"19 October, 1621. Administration to Benjamin Kerwyn, late of Kennington, within the parish of Lambeth, co. Surrey, deceased, granted to Ann Kerwyn, the relict." (Fo. 141.)

The family of Curwen, Culwen, Kerwin, or Kerwyn, has been long settled in Cumberland and the bordering counties, and possibly William Kerwin was a junior member of a branch of this family. His arms, as given on the monument, may be described : [argent] fretty [gules] on a chief [azure] three fleur-de-lis [or]. These arms differ slightly from the usual blazon, there being fleur-de-lis on the chief, and in other varieties of the coat there are on the chief one or more escallop shells. The impalement or arms of his wife I have not been able at present to trace with certainty, but it may be that of the family of Richardson : On a chief, three lion's heads erased.

On the south side of the monument, between two figures, probably repre-

senting William Kerwin and his son Benjamin, with two children, we have the same Kerwin arms, with the addition of the crest—an arm erect, in armour, holding a fleur-de-lis. No doubt both the arms and the crest were confirmed or granted to this branch of the family. The west end presents, from a Masonic point of view, the most interesting portion of the tomb. In a panel, supported on each side by ornamental pilasters,* is represented the arms of the Masons as granted by William Hawkeslowe in the twelfth year of Edward IV. (1472-3):—On a chevron engrailed, between three square castles, a pair of compasses extended—the crest, a square castle with the motto, God is our guide. It is interesting to find the arms here rendered as they were originally granted, with the chevron engrailed, and with the old square four-towered castles, and not the plain chevron and single round tower as now so often depicted. So far as I have been able to discover, this is the earliest instance of the title “Free-Mason” being associated with these arms.



A short description of the monument (from Stowe) is given in the “Dictionary of Architecture,”† where it is suggested that Andrew Kerwin, Paymaster of the King’s Works, *circa* 1604, was one of the sons of William Kerwin. It is, however, difficult to understand how so little should be known of a man of whom the monumental inscription records:—“The Fates have afforded this narrow house to me, who have adorned London with noble buildings. By me royal palaces were built for others. By me this tomb is erected for my bones.”

W. HARRY RYLANDS.

* At the base of the left hand pilaster is a curious ornament, having in the upper division a rose with five petals, and in the lower what may also be intended to represent a rose.

† Issued by the Architectural Publication Society. Vol. IV.

THE HISTORY OF SELBY, ITS ABBEY, AND ITS MASONIC ASSOCIATIONS.

Read by FRATER J. T. ATKINSON, 1^o, before a meeting of the York College of Rosicrucians, held in the Masonic Hall, Selby, in the month of May, 1881.

IT affords me very great pleasure indeed in giving you a most hearty and fraternal welcome to the good old town of Selby, which now, for the first time, has been honoured by the presence of the York College of Rosicrucians. There is, for obvious Masonic reasons, great fitness in your visit here, and I give you this welcome in a twofold capacity: first, as a Brother Mason, and next, in my official capacity as one of the Churchwardens of the Abbey Church, having had the privilege of being one of its official guardians for the last seven years.

I have ventured to call Selby "a good old town," and I think I may fairly claim for it to be such, inasmuch as it has been known to history for over 800 years, and also on account of the splendid pile of buildings which the piety of our ancestors has erected, and to which I shall speedily call your attention.

Although there is no record of Selby earlier than the time of William the Conqueror, still its name seems to indicate its Danish origin—Selby, *i.e.*, "Sealby, or the place of the seal or sea-calf;" and also from the fact that a few years ago Roman remains were discovered; and also hazel twigs in coffins formed of trunks of trees, as hereafter mentioned, would to a certain extent prove that it was not unknown in those early times. Doubtless, its favourable situation on the banks of the river Ouse, in the midst of a well-wooded and rich pasture and corn-growing district, would tend, even in Anglo-Saxon times, to make it a place of some little importance. After the battle of Stamford Bridge in September, 1066, which virtually terminated the Danish power in England, their fleet, which lay at Riccall, about three or four miles from here, was captured by King Harold, and his greed in retaining the treasure may have in some measure caused the disastrous defeat of Senlac in the following month.

But the real history of Selby undoubtedly commences with the founding of the Abbey in 1069, and the manner was stated to be as follows: Benedict, a secular monk in the Abbey of Auxerre, in France, was ordered by St. Germain to leave his own country and go to a land which he would show him. The Saint told him that the place was at Selby, in England, situate on the river Ouse, near the city of York, which was ordained for his praise. He therefore set out for England in search of the spot, having concealed in his arm miraculously the gift of the Saint's finger, which was then preserved on the high altar; but the place of his destined labour being then unknown, he got directed to "Salisbury," where, making the acquaintance of a pious monk called Edward, who afterwards was one of the witnesses to the charter granted by the Conqueror, and therein styled "Edward of Salisbury," and showing him the precious relic, he was most kindly received and helped on his way, having also received from him many beautiful and precious gifts, long preserved in the Abbey of Selby. Amongst them was a golden phylactery, of considerable size and beauty, also a certain covering for the altar decorated with rich workmanship in loom-work, the design representing our Lord on the cross, the twelve apostles, and four evangelists. St. Germain then again appeared to him, and to prevent further mistake distinctly repeated the syllables of the word "Selby," and shewed him the place in the vision. Benedict went on his way rejoicing, and arriving at Lynn, in Norfolk, took shipping for York, and after

a prosperous voyage approached Selby, when recognizing the place as shown in his vision he commanded the sailors to land him, which they did; and truly to the storm-tossed saint the prospect must have been most inviting, for it was indeed a fair land, well-wooded and pastured, abounding in cattle, and also fish, especially the royal salmon, and having also in the neighbourhood good stone for building, and of which he and his successors were to make such excellent use hereafter. It was also pleasantly and conveniently situate near the mouth of three great rivers, and near the royal and episcopal city of York. Truly Benedict might feel, as he raised the cross and built a hut under a large oak, that his lines had fallen in pleasant places. He then built of wood a monastery on the banks of the river Ouse, afterwards removed to its present site. Benedict was fortunate in obtaining the favour of Hugh, the Norman governor of York, who introduced him to William the Conqueror, and probably procured him his favour; who accordingly, in gratitude for his northern victories (for here it was that in 1068 the great battle between the Saxon earls, Edwin and Morka, took place, in which William was victorious, and thus in consequence triumphantly consolidated his power in the north), determined to found the Abbey of Selby in 1069, and granted the manor of Selby to Benedict, who was ordained first abbot by Thomas, Archbishop of York, who was also a great friend to the newly-established monastery. Benedict was unwearied in his efforts to obtain gifts for the monastery, and obtained from the king a carucate of land (from sixty to one hundred acres) on which the town and monastery were built; one carucate of land in Snaith; a wood called Flaxley, containing six bovates or oxgangs; the town of Roucliffe; and another half carucate of land at Braiton, and a fishery at Whitgift.

His friend, Thomas of York, gave Fryston and Minor Selby and the monks were free from all exactions; and granted a court sac, toll, team, and infaugene-theft, with all such customs as had been enjoyed by the Episcopal Church of St. Peter's at York. The manor of Crowle, in Lincolnshire, was given by Galfrid de la Wirchi; an estate at Stamford-upon-Avon, Northamptonshire, by Wido de Rainscourt; and the Pope Alexander II. granted at Auvergne, 31st May, 1076, a faculty for the abbot and his successors for ever to use the ring, mitre, pastoral staff, dalmatic coat, gloves and sandals, and the right of blessing the palls of the altar and other ecclesiastical ornaments, and of conferring the first tonsure. These privileges were afterwards confirmed by Archbishop Greenfield and the Dean and Chapter of York on 30th March, 1308. A copy of the charter founding the abbey is to be found in Dugdale's *Nomasticon*, and as the same is most interesting I trust you will allow me to read it.

"In the name of the holy and individual Trinity, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, Amen, William, the bravest and most powerful of all the kings by whom at this time royal sceptres are swayed under heaven, governing the great realm of England, which, by the permission and will of God, first, by signs and wonders, and after by great power and war overcoming the English, to holy church, as well as to his earls and barons and all his ministers, greeting. By the providence of God's divine pity and by my own goodness, inspired by the mercy of God, I have granted leave to Benedict, a most pious abbot, who has devoutly requested it, to build in Selby a monastery in honour of our Lord Jesus Christ and of His most blessed mother the Virgin Mary, and of St. Germain bishop of Auxerre, In which foundation I have comprised, and of my royal munificence have set apart and given from my own table, Selby, itself, that is to say, one carucate of land in Snaith, six oxgangs of land in Flaxley and Roucliffe and half a carucate in Braiton, and a fishery at Whitgift; and the lands given to the same church by Thomas, Archbishop of York, namely, Frieston and Minor Selby, as well as by viva voce, as by the tenor of his brief. In the same manner I have without any reserve confirmed the grant of Crull, namely, one hundred, which lies in the county of Lincoln, and of Stamford in the county of Northampton, which Galfrid de la Wirchi, and Wido of

Rainecourt gave, And in my gift, I have granted him to hold along with these, all things from whatever source, as well in lands and possessions, as in other offerings which, by the promptings of the Holy Spirit, may be presented by pious benefactors, and whatever may be acquired in any way, by right, by solicitation, or by purchase, under the royal favour, quietly and freely, exempt from all taxation, trouble and annoyance, as becomes the alms of a king and an abbey of his founding, in endless and perpetual peace; and to have and possess for ever, its own court with sac, soc, tol, team, and infangenethefe, and all customs of a higher order, that the church of St. Peter at York, has, for the evidence or testimony and confirming of this charitable gift, for the salvation of my soul, and those of my ancestors and successors, this charter was given and confirmed at London in the presence of these, namely, Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, Edward of Salisbury, Hugh of Portu, Hugh of Montford, Richard, son of Earl Gilbert, Baldwin, his brother, Bishops Remigius, Radulph, Talebois, Robert of Tany, Ganfrid de la Wirchi, and of the king's whole court."

It may be interesting to note that William only founded two abbeys in consequence of his northern victories, viz.: Selby and Battle Abbey, in Sussex.

In 1070 William brought his queen to the north to assist him to settle the endowments of the newly-founded monastery, and whilst they were at Selby it is stated that our first English king, Henry Beauclerc, was born; but the fact is by no means free from doubt, and is yet a subject of controversy.

During the reign of Stephen a castle was erected in what is now Finkle-street, of which the remains were discovered some twenty years ago.

For the next 400 years Selby pursued pretty much the even tenour of its way as a small but important provincial town, under the leadership of the abbots, who were its masters; indeed, the history of the abbey is, until the Reformation, virtually the history of the town. The abbots of Selby were very important personages in those days, for being mitred abbots they were lords of Parliament; and the Abbot of Selby, with his colleague of St. Mary's, at York, were the only mitred heads of houses north of the Trent. They were wealthy, for in 1292, in the time of Pope Nicholas IV. (the only Englishman who ever wore the tiara), the value of their possessions was estimated at £832 11s. 1d., a large sum at that time.

Doubtless there were gay doings in Selby in those days, whether on the occasion of the Church high festivals or when some royal or other important personage passed through; and the archbishops of York would most likely pass through it on their way to and from their episcopal seat, and to and from their palace of Cawood, within five miles from hence.

Of the royal visitors prior to the Reformation, may be noticed Edward I., who, making a progress in the north with his second wife, Margaret, daughter of Philip III. of France, visited Selby on the 1st of June, 1304, being conveyed up the river Humber in a fleet of eleven barges belonging to Gilfred de Selby. He stayed at the abbey, and shortly afterwards his wife gave birth to a son in a small manor-house at Brotherton, near Ferrybridge. In 1322 Edward II. stayed all night here; and, doubtless, in 1530, the great Lord Cardinal Wolsey passed through here on his arrest by Percy, Earl of Northumberland, at Cawood, on his way to Leicester, "there to lay his weary bones," and thus end, perhaps, the most chequered career that has ever befallen English subject, and whose character is so beautifully but pathetically drawn by our great English bard—the Swan of Avon.

In 1540, the act dissolving the Abbey of Selby and its possessions was passed, vesting them in the Crown; and possibly owing to the fact that the last abbot, Robert Selby, was not implicated in the Pilgrimage of Grace, very liberal terms were secured to the abbot and monks, for he got £100 per annum for himself, and at least £5 per annum a-piece for the twenty-three monks. This abbot led a very chequered career, for he ultimately be-

came Chancellor to King Robert of Sicily. The value of the possessions surrendered was estimated at £819 2s. 6d. And here it may be noted that the leader of the Pilgrimage of Grace was Robert Aske, who lived at Aughton, near Bubwith, within ten miles from here.

Of the eighteen abbots that governed Selby, the most remarkable were Benedict, first abbot; Hugh de Lacey, who built the nave of the present church, and was second abbot, and the virtual founder of the present building, removing it from its old site to the present one, and who, like a true Master Mason, worked with his own hands, and who ruled his abbey wisely and well for twenty-six years, and then, from old age, amidst universal sorrow, resigned his charge into the hands of Archbishop Thurston, also a zealous friend to Selby Abbey (for it was at his instance that the Priory of Drax was founded), and after leading a retired life died, and was buried in the chapter-house of the Abbey; Roger de London, who was a protégé of Richard the lion-hearted, and in whose time a body of Selby men, under the leadership of Sir Robert de Turnham went to the Crusades, one of whose leaders, Richard Tempest, is buried in the abbey; and the cross-legged effigy of a knight of that period with his wife, supposed to be the said Richard Tempest and his wife, may yet be seen in the north aisle of the church; and lastly, Richard, who was the only abbot of Selby who received his installation from the Archbishop of Canterbury.

In the sixth year of John, Selby had risen to such importance as to be included with York, Hull, and other principal towns to pay tollage, and it was in his time that the King confirmed the possessions of the abbey, no doubt out of gratitude for the hospitality shown him whilst Earl of Montague. It was in the time of Abbot Alexander (*circa* 1214) that the nave of the church was completed, and the monks could look with pride and pleasure upon a building that had few equals for magnificence in the north. In Hugh de Brayton's time (*circa* 1244) William de Hamilton was born, at Brayton, about two miles from Selby. He ultimately became Dean of York and Lord Chancellor, and it is supposed that in his time the building of Brayton church was commenced. In the time of his successor, Thomas de Whalley, the park of Staynor, near Selby, became the possession of the abbey, and served as the grange of the monastery; and in his time, Archbishop Giffard says, in 1274, "The church of St. Germain in the town is a chapel; the rite of baptism was administered in it until children were carried to the monastery. The chapel and its altar are not dedicated, because the dead are interred in the burial ground of the abbey." John de Wigstowe, supposed to be a native of Wistow, is the next on our list, and he was a most distinguished ecclesiastic. In his successor's time (Abbot William de Assleby, A.D. 1300) was the great persecution and almost destruction of the Order of the Knights Templars, who held extensive possessions in Yorkshire, and who had property at Temple Hurst, near Snaith, of which there are the remains of a Knight Templar Preceptory to this day, and a few weeks ago I had the very great pleasure of visiting the same with our R.W. Chief Adept. In the time of Abbot John de Wigstowe, John de Lacy obtained licence from King Edward III. (1332) to found his chantry at Gateforth, to which for 200 years a priest was appointed by the Abbot of Selby. This abbot was also summoned to a Parliament at York (octave of St. Hilary, 1332), when, owing to a dispute between the two archbishops, only the Archbishop of York, Bishops of Lincoln and Carlisle, and the Abbots of York and Selby were present.

In 1335, John de Heslyaton was appointed, in whose time the monks of Selby, "as soon as they had money enough were to build the new choir." Doubtless the history of Selby Abbey Church was like most of that of the greater churches. First the choir, wanted for divine service, was built; then continuously beautified until it was found too small for service; then the nave and transepts were built, until there was a church with nave and transepts more beautiful than the choir. Then the choir was rebuilt, and then the

building finally completed. It was in John de Heslyaton's time that the new choir was begun. In one of the deeds still preserved there is a gift from the Vavasour family relating to the Selby "Quarel" Pit, and the abbey was fortunate in having so near at hand the excellent quarries of Fryston and Hillam, from which all the stone was brought. In 1341, Wm. de Gaddesby followed, who held the office for twenty-six years. He completed the choir; and in his time the noble decorated nave of the collegiate church of Howden was built, and also Wressle Castle, a seat of the great Percy family. He was also a great engineer, and made a sluice over the Trent near Hatfield Chase, where the abbey had lands. He also erected a fortified manor house at Staynor. In the time of Abbot Aslaghby a controversy had arisen as to the rights of the Abbot of Selby in the adjoining church of St. Mary at Snaith. This lasted over 100 years, and in the time of Abbot John de Sherburne, the successor of Abbot de Gaddesby, A.D. 1409, received its final settlement, which, on the whole, was in favour of Selby, for by the decree of Richard Potts, Chancellor and Commissary of the Archbishop of York, it was decreed that the Church of Snaith, with Selby and Whitgift, together with their chapels on them depending, and also the Churches of Athelingfleet and Brayton were canonically united to the Abbot and Convent of Selby, who should hold them with all manner of spiritual and contentious jurisdiction in the said church and town of Snaith, and the chapel of the town and territory of Selby, and in Frieston, Hillam, Hambleton, and of their men and servants of Thorpe Brayton and Acaster, and also the probates of testaments and last wills of parishioners, parsons, inhabitants, and others dying within these places, and officiating administrators of the goods of the said deceased, and of other dying intestate within the said places, all which was duly confirmed by the Dean and Chapter of York. This was the origin of the Peculiar Court of Selby, which ultimately became confined to the Parish of Selby and Brayton, and was also confined as to its jurisdiction, and was finally abolished on the passing of the Probate Court Act in 1857, the late Mr. J. R. Mills, of York, who only died at few months ago, being the last registrar. Amongst the last wills proved therein was that of Mr. Michael Welburn, the last Custom-house officer of the port of Selby. Abbot Sherburne's tombstone of alabaster is in the chancel of the Abbey. In his time was Ralph de Selby, one of the most distinguished men that Selby ever boasted, for in A.D. 1386 he was made Sub-Dean of York; in 1390 Master of King's College, Cambridge; in 1393 Baron of the Exchequer, and also a Commissioner to attend a truce in France; in 1398 one of the King's Council. Passing over some forty years, the next important abbot is John Ousethorpe, A.D. 1436, in whose time the last important addition to the fabric of the church was made, the eastern aisle being added to the north transept on the endowment of a chantry there by John Lathom. He reigned over the abbey twenty years. In the time of his successor, Abbot John Sharrow, most likely the large perpendicular window in the north transept was added. The next abbot, Lawrence Selby, was buried on the 3rd of April, 1504, in front of the high altar. His tombstone still remains, and is remarkable for the fact that, except on the roof of the chapter-house, it is the only place where the arms of the monastery are to be found. Robert Deeping, the next abbot, 1504, added some buildings to the south-west of the abbey buildings, which remained until this present century. The tomb of the last abbot but one (John Barwick, 1526) still remains, and you will find it in front of the high altar, and is a remarkable one; he is habited in full canonicals and holds his crozier in his hands.

This, then, is a brief account of some of the most famous abbots, most of them remarkable men in their time. Had they no other claim for our gratitude, they deserve our everlasting thanks for the noble pile they reared. Perhaps here a description of the Abbey buildings, as they are supposed to have been at the time of the Reformation, may not be considered out of place.

The first feature was the close, surrounded by a wall or moat (the traces of which may still be seen at Selby), and entered by a gateway usually of an imposing character. Within the close were included all the appendages of a large domain occupied by the owners, with a grange or farm-house, barns, stables, mill, &c. The outbuildings of the monastery were thus completely protected, not only against ordinary depredations but also many of the accidents incident to times of tumult. Next, was the house itself, situate in the lowest and warmest part of the enclosure, consisting usually of one large quadrangular court, into which the various offices and apartments opened; and to all these a warm and sheltered access in every season was provided by means of a pent-house cloister surrounding the whole.

The north side of the quadrangle was formed by the nave of the conventual church, so placed with great judgment on account of its height and bulk, as in that position it afforded the best shelter against northern blasts, and in any other would have excluded more or less of sunshine from the cloister. Attached to the end of the south transept, and with it constituting in part the east side of the quadrangle, was the vestry, and next the chapter-house. This was also considered a part of the church, and received the same peculiar consecration. Here all elections were made, and all acts of discipline were performed. Opposite to the church, and forming the south side of the quadrangle, were the refectory, kitchen, and other offices, usually situated near to the river for convenience of drainage. The higher storey on the western side was generally the dormitory, often supported by a line of columns beneath and connected, as at Selby, with the south-west corner of the church, in order that the monks might easily pass to their devotions.

The abbot's house was usually, as at Selby, attached, or a little removed from, the south corner of the quadrangle, and so placed as to afford an easy communication with the cloister, chapter-house, and church.

The general plan of the buildings at Selby in its principal features corresponded with this. The monastery was situated on the south and west sides of the church, extending southward and beyond the west front, the abbot's house being built on the ground now covered by the streets leading to the Abbey granary. The Abbot's Well and the Abbey Yard still retain their names and position. Within the last half century several of the leading lines of the domestic part of the establishment were traceable; the precinct to a great extent was open on the south side of the church, and shrubs, and trees, and the remains on very uneven ground marked the course of walls which were intelligible to the practised eye. These walls marked the position of the cloisters which formed one side of the quadrangle. One of the latest additions to the fabric was that of Abbot Deeping (A.D. 1504—1518), who built a timber structure at the south-west end of the church. This building was in two stages, mounted upon a stone basement 33 inches in thickness, and buttressed. The pattern of the tracery was extremely delicate and exquisite in design; and on the north side of the room were painted in frescoes single figures in compartments, which formed a feature of considerable interest. It was this chamber that tradition assigns as the birthplace of Henry I., but as the crossbeam on the roof bore the arms of Abbot Deeping, and an inscription stating that he had erected it, this is evidently an error.

The main relic was a sturdy structure of stone, beautifully built. It formed the ground chamber of a noble apartment, which was most certainly connected with the great dormitory. This building bore evidences of having been erected in the early part of the thirteenth century, and was elegantly arched and groined in stone in two avenues, the pillars, circular, 22 inches diameter upon bases; all this work remained in admirable strength and preservation to the day of destruction. It was closely connected with the side of the church, and was not a solitary appendage, its adjuncts extending towards the east and the south. The west side of the cloister was in all probability connected with

the extremity of the groined chamber, and the monks' dormitory with the south side of it, thus enclosing it with buildings except at the west end and a short length on the south side. There was a circular staircase near the south angle of the east end, and another within a lobby facing the south-west angle of the church. This stair connected the upper floor of the entire range of the buildings at this angle. Probably before the erection of Abbot Deeping's timber room, joining this room to the church, the angle of the church was free, and thus the north side of the chamber would be open to view in the front court. Further than this we are left to conjecture; but the remains of a wall parallel with the church at the south transept appear to indicate a building of considerable strength, and which may have formed the chapter-house before the erection of the present choir. The chapter-house was contiguous to the transept, and sometimes attached to it, as at Wenlock, but in general it was separated from the wall of the church by a passage; and that this was the case at Selby is proved by the existence of a stout wall, about nine feet beyond the front of the transept. This wall, or at least its foundation, extends eastward from the cloister beyond the breadth of the transept; but destruction has accomplished its work so thoroughly that the other walls of this great chamber are not to be traced without researches which are scarcely practicable, and if practicable, are very likely to prove unfruitful, considering the uses to which the ground has been appropriated. The chief entrance, or great gateway, which was situated to the west of this, and formed the entrance from the outer to the inner court of the monastery, remained until 1792, when it was taken down to form the opening into the crescent which was then built. This gateway, which exactly faced the Londesbrough Hotel, contained the porter's lodge, &c., and over these were the chambers in which the abbots held their courts and transacted public business.

The tithe-barn, in which the produce of the Abbey lands was formerly deposited, is one of the most interesting buildings of the kind remaining. The walls are 3 ft. thick and supported by buttresses, and before the middle portion of it was pulled down, about twenty years ago, it was 313 ft. long and 29 ft. wide. The beams and pillars are of the most massive kind, and all of oak. From the solidity of its construction and the goodness of the materials, though it may have stood six or seven hundred years, it shows no symptoms of decay, and may endure as many more. It is yet in good repair, the eastern portion being used as a barn and stable and the western as a brewery.

The warehouses at the end of Wide Street, and the site of a wharf which still retains the name of the Abbot's Staith, and also the Soke Mill, are yet standing.

The Abbey, with the manor, and a large portion of the lands, were granted by King Henry VIII. to Sir Ralph Sadlier, Knt., in consideration of £736 paid down, a yearly rent of £3 10s. 8d., and, no doubt, subject to the pensions allowed to the abbot and monks. Through a succession of hands it has passed, until at present the greater part of Selby belongs to Bro. Lord Londesbrough, whose father bought it from the Petre family, the purchase money being stated to be £270,000. Lord Londesbrough is the lay rector.

In 1604 the great Yorkshire plague visited Selby, amongst other places.

In 1618 the Abbey church became a parish church by letters patent of James I., dated 20th March, 1618. The church is dedicated to St. Mary and St. Germain.

(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 IV.—1864 to 1879.

AT the meeting of our lodge on July 28th, 1864, a sum of money was again voted to the relief of a worthy Past Master, and in the following month (date not being specified) this entry is made in the minute book, having mournful reference thereto.

On account of the death of our dear Brother Joseph Walker the following brethren attended the funeral :—Bro. Wainman Holmes, Bro. Thomas Holmes, Bro. Wm. W. Holmes, Bro. John Walker, Bro. Nicholas Walker, Bro. L. Barker, Bro. W. Ellison, Bro. Joseph Renard, Bro. John Ambler, Bro. John Mann, Bro. Nathaniel Smith, Bro. Henry Smith, Bro. S. Atkinson, Bro. S. S. Blakey, Bro. John C. Taylor, Bradford ; Bro. John T. Robinson, Bradford ; Bro. John Ward, Bradford ; Bro. S. O. Bailey, Bradford ; Bro. Geo. M. Wand, and Bro. H. Butterworth. After the funeral the lodge was opened in the First Degree, and left open until next night.

Our brethren preferred deeds to promises, and every record of this character bears the unmistakable stamp of true charity. I have often felt it would be difficult to decide whether the objects of sympathy, or our worthy brethren in having it in their power to dispense so much good around them, felt the most happiness on such occasions. Without doubt these men carried their beneficence into many an abode of sorrow outside the bounds of Masonry ; for although, to use an old proverb, "ill weeds wax weel," it is no less true that the desire to alleviate the sufferings of others grows equally fast upon the inclinations of him whose heart prompts him to begin it. At the next meeting, September 14, a resolution was passed that "the balance of the expenses appertaining to the funeral of our late departed brother be paid out of the lodge funds." Bro. John Mann was at this meeting proposed as and appointed Tyler. In this year seven lodges were constituted in Yorkshire, viz. :—

No.		No.	
1001	Harrogate & Claro, Harrogate.	1034	Eccleshill, Eccleshill.
1010	Kingston, Hull.	1040	Sykes, Driffild.
1018	Shakespeare, Bradford.	1042	Excelsior, Leeds.
1019	Sincerity, Wakefield.		

On the meeting, October 19th, 1864, a proposed Provincial Grand Lodge by-law, having for its object the levying of £20 per year on every member of lodges "for expenses," was discussed, apparently without much difference of opinion. The lodge appointed a committee, and took active steps to oppose it at the next Provincial Grand Lodge, and at the meetings of other lodges in the meantime. The opposition to this proposed by-law seems to have been very strong in our lodge, and if similar unanimity prevailed in other lodges round the neighbourhood the resistance it met with must have been most formidable.

At the meeting, February 8th, 1865, the W.M. stated that West Yorkshire had sent up more than £1000 to the Widows' Fund, from which it appears the province has long and actively interested itself in the Masonic Charities. Our brethren seem also to have been personally interested in the matter, and subscribed at this meeting £31 5s. for the Aged Freemasons' Fund. Of this sum

£20 was remitted May 8th, 1865, and on May 10th, 1865, the first official proposition to remove the Airedale Lodge from Baildon to Shipley was made. This was proposed by Bro. Wainman Holmes, seconded by Bro. Wm. W. Holmes. The Secretary was also "directed to give notice of this resolution in the next circular, so that the members may come and vote." A long discussion took place at the regular meetings held June 14th and August 9th following, but on both occasions was postponed to next meeting. On October 11th, 1865, "the motion connected with the removal of this lodge was then brought forward by the W.M., and on the votes being taken it was unanimously resolved that it should not be removed, and, therefore, that question is now settled for the present." Such is the entry closing for a time the first agitation which indicated that the lodge was making its progress rather in the direction of Shipley and Bradford than at Baildon. At this meeting a proposition was made and passed that the monthly subscriptions of the brethren should be one shilling. Up to this time it ought to be stated the contributions were but six shillings per annum.

Early in the year 1866 (January 31), the sum of two shillings and sixpence per lodge night was voted to the landlord of the Angel Inn at Baildon (then Mr. Joseph Field) "as a small remuneration for the use of the lodge-room, fire, and light, as under the present circumstances he must be a loser through the bad attendance of members and other causes." Bro. John C. Taylor now took a lively interest in the working of the lodge, and under his able tuition the junior members attacked the ritual in real earnest. On March 28th, Mr. J. R. Riley was initiated, having been proposed by the W. Master, (Wm. W. Holmes, P.M.), the preceding month. On June 26th, 1866, Bro. Thomas Murgatroyd, Bro. Thomas Renton, and Bro. J. R. Riley were made Mark Masons. In this year the Mirfield Lodge, Mirfield, No. 1102, and the Wharfedale Lodge, Otley, No. 1108, were constituted.

The year 1867 was in several respects, so far as Airedale Lodge was concerned, an important year, and a trying one in its history. On February 20th "revision and regulation of our by-laws" was proposed, and a committee of three formed for that purpose. It was also proposed that £21 be given to the Masonic Charities, and Bro. Henry Smith was appointed Charity Steward. At the next meeting, March 20th, it was agreed that ten guineas be given to the Aged Freemason's Annuity Fund, five guineas to the Boys' and five guineas to the Girls' Schools. It was settled, on the 17th April, that the donation to the Aged Freemasons could be given in the names of the two Wardens, but was remitted in the name of the S.W. only. On the same evening Bro. Sam. Jackson (of Shipley, architect) again brought forward his plans for building a new lodge room at Shipley, and after discussing the desirability of the change, Bro. Thomas Murgatroyd proposed "that this lodge be removed to Shipley when suitable rooms can be got." Bro. Joseph Denby seconded the proposition, which was carried. Later on the same evening, the Brethren carried another resolution, "that the rooms about to be built by Bro. Jackson be taken." Illustrative of the inconsistency or thoughtlessness of members, many dissensions and resolutions were brought forward about this time, apparently without the slightest regard whether the Lodge would benefit or suffer thereby. One brother, who had not been in the lodge since 1862, supported quite vehemently a proposition made on the 8th April, 1868, "that from the 1st July next the members should pay their subscriptions in advance." This very desirable and proper resolution has since been in operation; but it is a strange fact that not only was the brother referred to an absentee from the lodge ever after, but his subscriptions in arrears had to be written off as a bad debt, and his name erased in 1871. The furnishing of the new rooms was soon brought forward, and on May 6th a committee, consisting of the W.M. Bro. Thomas Murgatroyd; J. Renton, S.W.; J. R. Riley, J.W.; Thomas Denby, S.D.; F. W. Booth, J.D.; S. S. Blakey, I.P.M.; and Samuel Jackson (of

Bradford, Builder) were appointed to carry out the same. The joining fee was fixed at twenty-one shillings the same night. On August 5th, 1868, the initiation fee was raised to five guineas, and a motion to raise a furnishing fund by £1 shares amongst the members was passed. At the installation of Bro. Thomas Renton as W.M., December 30th, 1868, the lodge being held at Baildon, was closed there, and the brethren adjourned to the new lodge rooms at Westgate, Shipley, to celebrate the St. John's Festival. This year seven lodges were established, viz.: Goderich, No. 1211, Leeds; Scarborough, Batley, No. 1214; Defence, Leeds, No. 1221; Savile, Elland, No. 1231; Wentworth, No. 1239, Sheffield; Marwood, Redcar, No. 1244; and Denison, No. 1248, Scarborough.

On January 27th, 1869, the first lodge meeting was held at Westgate, Shipley, and on that occasion Bro. Wardman presented the beautiful centre lamp in the lodge room, and Mrs. Wardman a handsome Bible cushion for the pedestal. On April 28th, 1869, the subscriptions were advanced to £1 13s. per annum, and on May 6th, this resolution was added to, and finally passed, December 15th, 1869, in the form following: "That all members of this lodge who have been initiated since January, 1864, pay an annual subscription of £1 13s. to same, to include suppers." At this meeting, being St. John's, and the installation of Bro. Thomas Denby as W.M., Bro. J. R. Riley was, owing to the removal of Bro. Wainman Holmes to Wiltshire, officially appointed acting Secretary. Bro. Blakey was also elected Charity Steward, superseding Bro. Henry Smith, this being one of the first results indicative of an unwholesome feeling and unsatisfactory condition of the Lodge. The Ryburn Lodge, Sowerby Bridge, No. 1283, was established in 1869.

The year 1870 was an important one, the by-laws of the lodge being drawn up by the Secretary and passed in open lodge on 13th July. The 35th Regiment of Foot being stationed at Bradford Moor Barracks, several Masons being amongst them, visited Airedale Lodge frequently. The unusual popularity and good name which the regiment had gained during its stay in Bradford was forcibly illustrated on the day it left the town; the occasion being regarded as a public loss, and as such alluded to in all the local papers. The Airedale Lodge felt its particular loss also, and several of the members, amongst whom were Bros. Wardman, Todd, and myself, attended at Laister Dyke Station, and with many hearty good wishes, presented a M.M.'s jewel to Bro. Quartermaster-Sergeant Imbusch, as a slight memento of his sojourn in Bradford. On September 15th died suddenly a worthy, though humble brother, John Mann, an obituary notice of whose death appeared in *The Freemason's Magazine* of 1st October, 1870.

The Brethren of Airedale Lodge would have a framed address of condolence sent to Mrs. Mann, and having a strong personal appreciation of Bro. Mann's amiable character, I wrote it out myself, and it was signed by thirty-five members. I was so pleased with the reading of this memorial recently (1878) that I am tempted to reproduce it in the Appendix (G). At one time it was contemplated placing a memorial window in Baildon Church, but serious illness overtook the brother most wishful for it, and in the anxiety to set his own house in order, the project had to be abandoned. Bro. John Mann was a good Freemason, and his example might be fitly followed by many whose university education has not prevented them from engaging in unseemly wranglings in print of late years. Amongst his Masonic brethren he was universally esteemed, and, in all probability, had scarcely an enemy in the world. Four lodges were established in 1870, viz: Brighouse, Brighouse, No. 1301; De Warren, Halifax, 1302; Zetland, Leeds, No. 1311; and Anchor Lodge, 1337, Northallerton. In consequence of the disposal of the funds in the Treasurer's hands to the three Masonic Charities on removal from Baildon to Shipley, and the very heavy outlay requisite to furnish the new rooms, as well as the increased rent, etc., the Lodge was getting uncomfortably into debt; and on 5th

April, 1871, the position of affairs was discussed, this resulting in a proposition that the Secretary should prepare a list of members, and that each should be called upon to contribute something towards starting the lodge fairly in its new quarters free from debt. I recollect how careful we were to avoid any compulsory levy, which, though generally the best as well as the fairest course, will not answer during certain stages of a lodge's existence. Ours had passed into the hands of another generation, whose youthful vigour was practically ousting the former one from a position it was compelled reluctantly to resign; whilst a distasteful removal also combined to influence many of the old members at this time to withhold even a passive assistance. The appeal was cheerfully responded to by about twenty brethren, all the rest refusing to subscribe. The amount raised was £90 only, but this sufficed to cause an anxiety which did much good afterwards, by checking all unnecessary expense. One of the first things thought of was the letting of one of the rooms, and so strongly did a majority of the brethren regard retrenchment and economy as necessary, that although actively opposed by one or two influential Past Masters, the room was let for one night a week to a building society at Shipley, on the 2nd August, 1871. On November 29th, 1871, a bye-law was passed, the existence of which is quite unknown to most members now, viz: that non-resident members shall only pay 21s. per annum subscription. To come within the operation of this bye-law it is requisite that every such member must reside not less than ten miles from the lodge. It has been a useless bye-law, and did not even satisfy the brother for whom it was originated (who I believe did not, however, specially ask for it), who resigned in 1874.

At the meeting on February 28th, 1872, the Secretary read a letter to the Prov. G.S.E. West Yorks, with reference to the removal of the Moravia Chapter to Shipley. I certainly never saw any excuse for the "mysterious mysteries" with which this beautiful degree was invested for our novitiate. However, the dulllest performance has its termination, and probably the wholesome exercise of other than Masonic virtues (meekness especially) did none of us any harm. The following members of Airedale Lodge being wishful to become R.A. Masons, were the resuscitators (we all felt "resurrectionists" I am sure) at this period of the Chapter's history:—Thomas Murgatroyd, Thomas Denby, F. W. Booth, George Glover Atkinson, and J. R. Riley.

Comp. Booth had been exalted in Charity Chapter, 302, and now joined Moravia. The last meeting of the Chapter prior to resuscitation was on March 26th, 1862, so that after being dead eleven years a little special mystery might have been expected. On April 24th, 1872, still carrying out the retrenchment policy, four members in arrears of subscriptions were erased from the list, and on the 24th July the annual subscription was raised to two guineas. In September this year a goodly sum was subscribed towards the De Grey Scholarships. In 1872 the Falcon Lodge, No. 1416, Thirsk, was constituted.

The 15th January, 1873, was in many respects an important meeting, and the culmination of a feud and distrust dating from the election of Master in 1869. It was the "black-letter" day of our lodge, and for a time the prospects of Airedale Lodge were gloomy indeed.

In marked contrast to other "business," on the same evening, our late worthy Bro. H. J. Wardman (then S.W.), presented the lodge with a fine harmonium. We were supposed to possess one of these instruments, until after several years' use it was suddenly removed by the donor! To supply the loss thus sustained, Bro. Wardman purchased and presented the harmonium now in the lodge room. On June 11th, this year, five more members were erased "in arrears;" and on November 5th Bro. F. W. W. Booth, P.M., was for the first time elected charity member. Bro. Henry Smith, P.M., held the office from 1857 to 1869, and Bro. S. S. Blakey from 1870 to 1873, inclusive. In this year the Wharnciffe Lodge, Penistone, 1462, was founded.

Two more defaulting members were erased, January 15th, 1874; and on

February 4th, 1874, the Secretary presented to the lodge a large tracing board of the First Degree, which he explained on several subsequent occasions. Two handsome stands for the globes were, at the next meeting (March 4th, 1874), presented by Bro. Samuel Jackson, W.M.

The finances of the lodge continued a source of anxiety to the more interested members, and on the 29th April, 1874, Bro. John Morrell gave notice of a proposition to levy £1 each "on every member without distinction," for the purpose of clearing off the Furnishing Fund of 1868. At the same time Bro. P.M. Thomas Denby's proposition to raise the initiation fee to ten guineas was negatived, and Bro. Morrell's amendment (seven guineas) substituted and passed. Bro. Morrell also proposed that the joining fee be raised from two to three guineas, which was passed.

Bro. Morrell's proposed levy was passed in open lodge, June 3rd, 1874, and the project of building new rooms was first discussed as a practical scheme. The first effect of the levy was, unfortunately, to cause dissatisfaction to our oldest member and first Master, Bro. Wainman Holmes, who wrote to me on the subject; and, in accordance with his instructions, it ultimately became my disagreeable duty to propose that his resignation be accepted. On the 1st July, 1874, Bro. Thomas Murgatroyd, P.M., moved, seconded by Bro. Samuel Jackson, P.M., "that this lodge expresses its thanks to Bro. Wainman Holmes for his past services and usefulness during upwards of forty years, and accepts his resignation with sincere regret."

By the 26th August the meetings and discussions had fairly settled down into a project of "enlarging" the lodge premises, the former idea of building a new hall being entirely abandoned. A very acceptable and thoughtful gift of crimson table cloths was made by the retiring W. Master, Bro. Chas Roebuck, on 30th December, 1874. In this year the Alexandra Lodge, Hornsea, No. 1511; Friendly, Barnsley, No. 1513, Thornhill, Lindley, No. 1514; and Olicana, Ilkley, No. 1522, were founded.

In January, 1875, the lodge lost two worthy members—Bros. Wardman and Delves, the former after a long and painful illness. Letters of condolence with Mrs. Wardman and the family of Bro. Delves were duly passed by the brethren and forwarded by the Secretary. On the 24th July four more erasures were made for arrears. Legiolium Lodge, Castleford, No. 1542, and Baildon Lodge, No. 1545, Baildon, were constituted; and in 1876 the De La Pole Lodge, Hull, No. 1605; Colne Valley Lodge, Staithwaite, No. 1645; Eboracum Lodge, York, 1611; and the Prince of Wales Lodge, No. 1648, Bradford. On the 25th May, 1876, nine brethren attended our lodge as promoters of a new lodge to be called the Prince of Wales Lodge, to be held at Bradford, and these signed in open lodge the declaration and petition required by the Book of Constitutions. The same evening, Bro. Charles Marchbank having generously promised a useful piece of furniture; in return, it was unanimously carried that the old furniture formerly used in the lodge at Baildon should be presented to him. July, August, and September were chiefly occupied with my notices for the revision of certain bye-laws and the renewed proposition of Bro. Thomas Denby, P.M., to raise the initiation fee to ten guineas; the latter, however, Bro. Denby withdrew, after an unfavourable report upon it by the Lodge Committee. The amended bye-laws were all passed, 6th September, 1876.

Having prepared a complete list of the members of Airedale Lodge from its foundation, shewing the date of initiation, passing, raising or joining, Bro. Chas. Honroyd, P.M., most kindly volunteered to have it framed for the lodge room. On 4th October, 1876, he presented it on his and my behalf. On the same evening Bro. Marchbank presented a most useful gift of a sideboard for the kitchen, which had long been needed.

(To be continued.)

AMONG THE HILLS.

BY A WANDERER.

IT is wonderful to think, if not somewhat humiliating to realize, what creatures of habit and circumstance we all are, and how our normal life becomes to us a "second nature," which we pursue placidly and contentedly through many changing years. Some of us who pass a lifetime among the streets and offices of our "little village," who become accustomed to its scenes and its noise, its throng of hurrying mortals, its huge accumulation of "brick and mortar," its heat, its noise—yes, and its "evil odours," are sometimes apt to smile at the enthusiasm, or doubt the statements of those who speak in rapture and emotion of the "everlasting hills." The utmost such veritable "cockneys" ever aspire to or believe in is to be found in Brighton or Margate, Richmond or Herne Bay. Greenwich and Epping Forest come in, as well as Hampton Court, for a general share of their admiration of a "country outing." Perhaps a neat little "box" in Bedfordshire or among the Surrey hills, a farm in Buckinghamshire or Sussex, seem to such the "highest height" of pleasure and change to which they can hope to aspire.

But to suppose, for one moment, that they are forced to live "among the hills"—to denude themselves of those comforts to which they have been so long habituated, to have to do with steep ascents, terrific descents, with shortness of breath, and weariness of legs—a lightning storm among the mountains, the bad roads and uncomfortable conveyance of some remote and rustic inn, is indeed to all such a subject of alarm and antagonism, of dread and of dislike. And yet, when once "among the hills," how marvellous is the change, how stupendous the charm! No longer breathing the tainted atmosphere of pent-up cities, no more the victims of slow or rapid locomotion, crowded omnibus, or reckless hansom; for them the penny steamboat has no more attractions, the unholy "growler" indecent accommodation. They are away from the crowds of Fleet Street, the uproar of Ludgate Hill, the fashionable assemblage of Rotten Row, the tumult of countless or all but impassable thoroughfares. We are "among the hills"—we are in one of great nature's amphitheatres,—and everything around us breathes of calmness and gracefulness, grandeur and repose, and points to all that is wonderful and charming, all that is elevating and subduing, which those who have eyes to discern and hearts to master can ever find for themselves under that bright and glorious "regime" which the beneficent creator of us all, T.G.A.O.T.U., has in store ever for humble students and faithful searchers.

We are "among the hills"! Everything around is for us fresh and fair, new and startling. We look up to those towering and massive precipices which lower above us like castled heights in solemn stateliness or striking contour. We watch the mists, or the scudding clouds, or we admire the gleaming foliage and the browsing sheep; we scent the pleasant heather, we feel that "country feel," so searching, so pleasant, and so real. What a happy change for us! What a good thing for us all.

The geologist can pursue his interesting studies with ardour and energy. The mineralogist can pick up countless specimens to adorn his well-filled cabinet. The painter can find many a subject for his fertile pencil; the musing student can turn over the pages of his favourite book with double "gusto." With a knapsack on your back, and old Tray at your side, you can trudge on happy and contented, finding your abode for the night at some village hostelry, pursuing your journey with early dawn, inhaling the scented air of the hills and listening to the musical echoes of the hillside rills.

In the balmy fragrance of a fresh summer morning you feel elated, satisfied with yourself, at peace with the world.

What matter to you the debates of "great talking houses," the reverses or the gyrations of statesmen, the startling intelligence of large type, the often terrific earnestness of the telegraphic message.

You are far, happily, from the vanities, the contentions, the struggles, the baseness of men: Nature is your companion, your guide, and your familiar friend.

You are "among the hills," and you soon learn to look on them with reverence and love;—to know their outline and welcome them as old familiar friends; to refresh your often wearied spirit and dazed understandings with a sight of their goodly outline, with the realization of their quiet calm, their mighty stature, their immovability and their perpetuity. Other things fade, not they. Many old landmarks are removed, they still remain.

If any of my readers in their little holiday have, like myself, been "among the hills,"—if to them it has been given to gaze admiringly on some of the noblest scenes from nature that dominates in this our favoured land; if any of those who have been over these paths have been privileged to look up to these wondrous and speaking memorials of Creative greatness and wise development, they will, I feel sure, enter into my feelings, and assent to my few and hesitating words! But no apology, I feel sure, is needed for any one who seeks to-day to offer his humble meed of admiration for that provision of ample and true enjoyment which Nature, ever kind and considerate, engaging and tender, offers to countless "Pilgrims" of all ages, and ranks, and sexes—"Among the Hills."

SEA-SIDE SIGHTS.

BY SAVARIUS.

I SAW some little ones at play
 Upon the shingly shore,
 With lanky limbs, and unkempt hair
 Begrimed and matted o'er.

I saw them bathing in the sea
 With tattered dress; and thought
 How cheaply health and happiness
 From nature can be bought.

I saw that after they were washed,
 How white their bodies were;
 But oh! their meagreness was great—
 It proved how hard their fare.

I, musing, thought what homes have these?
 They need a parent's care.
Improvvidence then crossed my mind,
 The fault, it must lie there.

How many sights we daily see,
 That move compassion's tears—
 Neglected children! What more sad?
 And those of tender years.

I looked around, and soon espied
A group just further on,
And plump and ruddy was their flesh,
And good clothes they did don.

I saw some lazy, loafing men,
Who gazed upon the scene ;
And they were fat, and loudly dressed,
And insolent of mien.

I saw the fair expanse of sea
With ships well dotted o'er,
And felt the charm, so exquisite,
I'd often felt before.

I saw the distant cliffs look grand,
In summer verdure clad ;
The shrimpers shrimping far beneath,
And eyes and heart were glad.

I saw some lads with rakes and pails,
At ebb-tide on the sands ;
And they were "cockl'ing" ; for their food
Depended on their hands.

I saw the swimmers in the sea
Disporting with the waves,
And felt the joy that man must feel
When he another saves.

I saw the sun arise at morn,
And set again at night,
And cloud and sky, and earth and sea
Were bathed in glorious light.

MASONIC SYMBOLISM.

(Concluded from page 72).

IN the fact that every lodge is dedicated to St. John the Baptist and St. John the Evangelist is traceable back through Masonic traditions, as a pure channel of communication with the past, a series of historical truths of no little importance. We are informed that from the building of the Temple at Jerusalem to the Babylonian captivity of the Jews, all regular Masonic Lodges were dedicated to King Solomon. Solomon began his reign upon the throne of the Israelitish Empire 1015 (some authorities say 1018) years before Christ, and the Temple was completed seven (some authorities say eleven) years thereafter. Some two hundred and eighty-five years after the Temple was completed, Jerusalem was taken by the King of Assyria, and the mass of the Jewish people were carried captive to Babylon—so that Masonic Lodges were dedicated to King Solomon for a period of not more than 300 years. During the period of the Jewish captivity Babylon was one of the most important cities of the world. The walls surrounding it "were of a prodigious height"—so says Rollin—"and appeared to be inaccessible," and within them were an immense

number of men for their defence. "Besides," continues Rollin, "the city was stored with all sorts of provisions for twenty years." Yet while Belshazzar, the last King of the Chaldean dynasty in Babylon, was reading upon the wall the prophetic words, "*Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin*," Cyrus, the King of the Medes and Persians, was at the gates of his capital, and speedily became its master. With the conquest of Cyrus the Babylonian empire ended after a duration of two hundred and ten years. Twenty years later, after the Jews had endured captivity for seventy years, they were suffered, by the edict of Cyrus, to depart from Babylon, under the conduct of Zerubbabel, and to return to their own country. From that time forward until the coming of Christ, Lodges, we are told, were universally dedicated to the hero of the homeward journeying of the Jews—Zerubbabel. St. John the Baptist was next selected as the patron of Freemasonry, and to him lodges were thereafter dedicated until the final destruction of the Temple, not many years later, by the Romans under Titus Vespasian. Freemasonry then fell into decay for a short time; few lodges continued to exist, until finally a number of Masons deputed by such lodges as continued in precarious life, solicited St. John the Evangelist, then Bishop of Ephesus, and already upwards of ninety years of age, to take upon himself the duties and honors of Grand Master of the Fraternity, into the mysteries of whose Order he had been initiated in early life. The venerable man, having the good of the Order much at heart, complied, and from that time to this, a period of nearly 1800 years, all lodges have been dedicated to both the Saints John—the Baptist and the Evangelist. Understood with reference to the history of the connection of these two eminent patrons of Masonry with our Order, how significant is the symbol of the two perpendicular parallel lines, embordering the point within a circle which supports the Holy Scriptures, and is explained to the Entered Apprentice in the third section of his degree! These parallel lines, as every Mason knows, refer to and represent the two Saints; the circle is an emblem of eternity, and may refer to the everlasting character of the principles taught by the Saints John and still inculcated in the Ritual of Freemasonry; the point within the circle really represents the Sun, or the prolific principle in nature, and may be said to Masonically represent the life-giving and life-sustaining power which perpetually revivifies the truths which our early parents preached, and keeps them ever alive to the generations of Masons as they come and go upon the earth; while the Holy Scriptures—that Great Light in Masonry, supported by this circle—is emblematical of the historic Masonic fact, claimed by Masons, that to Freemasonry the civilized world owes the preservation of its Bible. If Freemasonry had accomplished in and for the world no other good thing than the preservation of the Scriptures, it should, for that alone, be revered by every civilized being under the sun. In spite of this there are some—even educated in the Church—who continually revile Masons and Masonry, either ignorant of or choosing to ignore the incalculable value of the service it has performed for them and for all of us. Yet every Mason knows that every teaching of Freemasonry is good, and pure and true—and no man can truthfully gainsay the assertion that every perfectly good Mason, if such a man exists, must, in the very nature of things, be a perfectly good Christian in the broadest and most perfect sense of the term.

Another beautiful and instructive symbol in Freemasonry is the placing of the Master's chair in the East. Every Master's station is symbolic of the Oriental Chair of King Solomon, as every Mason knows; but perhaps not all have reflected that it is placed where it is for any other reason than that the Temple at Jerusalem fronted East, and that its great builder's seat was in that end of the magnificent structure which he erected. But an equally cogent reason is this—and it is a reason which applied to the chair of Solomon as much as to any Master's seat now. The sun is the source of light. Its course is from East to West. And it is a fact in history that all knowledge, all religion, all civilisation, have emanated from Eastern nations, and have travelled

Westwardly in the course of the sun. All discoveries have been in a Western course. The arts and sciences, and in a word every substantial benefit the world has enjoyed—every improvement, every ray of advanced thought—all have come from the East. That they have grown to matured proportions in their Westward progress is most true; that the West has always been, apparently a necessary, certainly a prolific field, for their development, cannot be denied; but it is an undeniable fact that, without important exception, they have germinated Eastwardly and followed the course of the sun in their natural progress. How appropriate then that in all Masonic Lodges, Masonic instruction and enlightenment, coming as they do from the presiding officer, should come from the East! Thus it is, that from our first Grand Master down, all Master's stations have been, theoretically and symbolically at least, in that direction from which the sun's bright beams come to gladden and fructify the earth, and from which, in obedience to nature's unchangeable laws, every material benefit to mankind has been derived.

The Temple of Solomon, sometimes called the cradle of Freemasonry, has changed its potential existence to a symbolic one; the armies of a mighty empire were able to destroy it, but its grand symbolism they could not affect. *The Monitor* informs us that when it was built the earth was supposed to be in the form of a parallelogram, or "oblong square," and the Temple, to symbolically represent the earth, was built in that form. If Solomon were living now, and should undertake a similar enterprise, he would make his Temple round or nearly so. Concerning the circumstances which led King Solomon to erect the Temple upon the exact spot selected on Mount Moriah, the Arabs, as I have somewhere read, have a very beautiful legend. According to that it would seem that the site of the Temple was originally a cultivated field, belonging jointly to two brothers. One of them was married and the father of a numerous progeny. With many mouths asking for food, he had but his own two hands to feed them. The other was a poor, forlorn old bachelor. One harvest time the brothers, who cultivated the field in common, bound up their sheaves and put them in two stacks of equal size. In the night it occurred to the bachelor brother that it would be a gracious and charitable thing for him to do to take some of the sheaves from his stack and secretly add them to his married brother's, reflecting that the latter had a wife and children to maintain. He did so. Later in the night the married brother said to his wife: "My brother lives alone, with no companion to console him, no children to warm his heart, and it will be just and right for me to add to his stack some of my sheaves." He arose and did so. The next day the brothers to the surprise of each, discovered the stacks to be of equal size; neither could account for it; and neither spoke of the matter to the other. They pursued the same course for several nights, only to be secretly astonished the next day, the result being always the same. One night they met, each carrying sheaves to the other's stack, and the apparent mystery was solved. It is said Solomon heard of it and determined to erect the Temple on that very spot to commemorate this grand instance of fraternal charity. Whether the legend is true or not, it may serve to remind us that the Temple itself is a symbol of the greatest of Christian and Masonic virtues—Charity and Brotherly Love, as well as of the terrestrial world itself; and though now Mount Moriah is crowned with the Turkish Mosque of St. Omar, the value of the Temple to the world in the fact that it once existed in all its marvellous grandeur of workmanship, that it was erected upon a spot made sacred by such legendary lore, and that it was the cradle of Freemasonry, and long used for the practice of Masonic virtues, is not lessened thereby.

The design of the Temple did not originate with Solomon, for the Bible tells us that David, his father, had long contemplated such a work during his lifetime, but was prevented from carrying his plans into execution in that direction by the "wars which were about him on every side." When

Solomon came to the throne, however, there was "neither adversary nor evil occurrent," so that time and leisure were afforded him to accomplish the stupendous design of his father. It seems that before Solomon sent to Tyre for the "widow's son of the tribe of Naphtali," to superintend the work upon the Temple and draw designs upon the trestleboard, he had placed Adoniram, a native of Jerusalem and his trusted friend, in command over his levy of thirty thousand men who worked by courses—a month at Lebanon and two months at home. Adoniram was thus in full and direct charge of the entire work, and when he gave way to the superior talents and ability of his successor, who was perhaps the greatest Mason and one of the noblest men who ever lived, it is said he was placed in charge of the quarries and of the works on Mount Libanus, or Lebanon, where he thenceforward superintended the preparation of the timbers and the working of the stone which finally gave the magnificent building the appearance of being the handiwork of the Supreme Architect of the Universe, so perfectly were the several parts fitted to each other. Yet in our lodges we hear nothing of the genius of this man, great though he must have been. We are instructed that the stones for the Temple were hewn, squared and numbered in the quarries where they were raised, and that the timbers were felled and prepared in the forest of Lebanon, but nowhere is Adoniram mentioned; and yet it is a historical fact that all that magnificent work was performed under his immediate superintendence and direction. He was not one of the trio to whom were entrusted the sublime secrets of the Order, nor was he, so far as appears, admitted to their councils; yet he must have been a superior man, and it is not unlikely that but for the untimely death of one of the Grand Masters before the completion of the Temple he would have taken an equal station with them, and have come down to us through Masonic tradition on a plane with them. The oblivion which has fallen upon this distinguished man, in a comparative sense, is an evidence that an excellent life is not always awarded the reputation it deserves. Yet his name may symbolize deserving merit awaiting recognition, which when it comes, will be all the more to the credit of its recipient. In his character we find in a high degree the virtues of modest worth, successful industry, and uncomplaining patience.

Finally, in Masonic history, tradition, and work we find exemplified these truths, viz.: that the symbolism of Masonry, the philosophy of the ancients, the character of the early patrons of our Order, and the pure teachings which have come to us from them, all tend to prove, by evidence which we cannot doubt, the existence of God, the immortality of the soul, the reward of virtue and punishment of vice, the value of morality and true religion, and the ultimate happiness of man. Whoever lacks these elements of belief has failed to receive *light* in Masonry.

There is not, in Masonry, a symbol or a ceremony which does not teach and has not always taught some beautiful and useful moral lesson. No man can study and reflect upon the work of either degree without being the better for it. Nor can he ever reach perfection in it, since to arrive at perfection in Masonry is but another way of stating a man's arrival at perfection in manhood—and that is a stage which humanity may not attain this side of the grave. But probation presupposes progress, progress advancement, and advancement perfection in the end: so that every true Mason may hope, if he shall here fit himself in some degree for the occupancy of "that spiritual building—that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," that in the world to come he may prove himself to be "worthy and well qualified, duly and truly prepared," to be raised by the Supreme Architect of the Universe to the sublime degree of Mastership in that celestial lodge above, beyond which and above which nothing is, and within which is perfect bliss.

ON THE RHINE.

AT this period of the year, when so many of our "gentle Craft" are "on the wing," it may be well in these pages to recall to our minds the "souvenirs" of that famous river, which still are prevailing with many of us, despite the irresistible drawbacks of gout, rheumatism, infirmities, and old age. For if once of old we were able to sing, "*Wein herz est am Rhein*," to-day memory, which often plays great pranks with us all, takes us straight away from a dull, silent, or weary present to laughing faces and wreathed smiles, to the gay songs of youthful friends, to dear faces, and sweet voices, and loving hearts now passed along and away adown the greater river of life. But as we stand to-day on the banks of the Rhine, whereon we pitch our tent, whether it be Bonn, or Bacharach, Nonnenwerth, or Bingen, Boppard, or Coblenz, or even descend to Mayence, or Worms, or Mannheim, the thought supervenes perforce of pleasant days and parted friends, of summer holidays and happy expeditions, and of that wondrous commingling of castles and vineyards, and hills and spires, and wood and water, which makes the "glorious Rhine" still a legend and a "lamp of beauty" to many a poor way-farer here.

Now it is well known to many that you can get to the Rhine from Holland, and that the poetic Rhine is not that we greet only at Cologne or Köln, as the Germans term it, and which we generally leave at Mayence, always at Mannheim.

By leaving Rotterdam in one of the lines of steamers on the Maas, which in some parts is called the Merwede, and again the Waal, you at last enter on the true "German Rhine" at a place called Lobith, after Neymeguen, and where, with the conjunction of the Waal and the Lech, our "Rhine," like our united Germany, is one. Many travellers have complained of the voyage up to Emmerich and Dusseldorf, and even to Cologne thus far, and specially of the Dutch portion of the "trajet," as "low, level, plain, and heavy"—something like the "canards, canaux, canaille" of the bored Frenchman of old. But as I like seeing different countries, and looking on strange lands, and watching the various forms, nations, and scenery, I assume to think such complaints are neither fair nor reasonable.

We cannot expect to see the "Siebengebirge," for instance, amid the level plains and canals of Holland, and as each district has its peculiarities let us visit them and not grumble. With Cologne begins for most of our readers the good old home of poetry and song, of robber knights, of decaying castles, of the Lurley Lei, of Roland and his "ladye dear." And I know of no pleasanter holiday than wandering down the Rhine with a "congenial crew," and spending some cheery hours amid the beauties, and songs, and "patois" of Rhine land.

You will find comfortable entertainment at all those well-known picturesque villages on the banks, sometimes in quaint hostleries, sometimes in new hotels; but the Rhine has in itself, and of itself, enough to repay the wanderer, who, light of heart and devoid of care, pleasing and being pleased, forms part of that cheery group which nothing can daunt, tire, or put out of countenance, and which extracts poetry from every turn of the river, a legend from every ruin, and health and amusement from holiday hours and "al fresco" meals. Alas, our holidays are far too short in life,—they end too rapidly for you and me, kind readers.

Even to-day we can remember some peregrinations and pilgrimages of old—alas, when our hearts were lighter than they now are,—and yet of those true councillors and merry mates, and fresh, fair, and gay young maidens—"sodales et amici"—how few remain!

Life, as it passes along the turbid stream of time, seems often to remind one of having been on the banks of the Rhine, inasmuch as on it goes, despite turnings and bendings of the stream, sweeping along with it the fragile boats and hopes of men, those passing moments of joy and pleasure, those few fading glances of undimmed happiness which, happily and mercifully, are our lot mostly now. And those of us who, like myself, like travelling for travelling's sake, when they reach their journey's end, and "warm themselves," as Præd sang in "Court or College," will often gladly recall, amid life's arduous cares or sadder scenes, when their minds are jaded or their spirits depressed, some of those pleasant scenes they once saw on the banks of Father Rhine. To them at a long distance the vine-clad hills will appear still more graceful; castles and hills and wondrous foliage and nestling villages will seem endowed with more picturesque reality; while Boun and Boppard, and Bacharach and Bingen, and Biberich, and Coblenz, the Drachenfels and Ehrenbreitstein, the Nuus' Island, and Mayence, and Worms, and Mannheim, and many others that are full of graceful associations and legendary tale will appeal to us with redoubled and renewed interest, for that they are associated one and all with hours which can never return, and with fair faces of old truth and affection, whom perhaps it will be our lot never again to see on this side the grave.

If to-day, as some of us are wandering here and there in pursuit of health or pleasure, of required holiday or needful rest, we find ourselves in a little Rhine village, let us seek to enter into all the beauties of what the Germans call the "Gegend" of the "surroundings"—the "fixings," as the Americans would say; and let us treasure up in our minds fantastic legend and quaint tradition of ruined building or crumbling castle; and one day they will be repaid a hundredfold in those softening associations which still are able to brighten up solitude or relieve weariness, in that they summon up before us the gentle shadows of the past to cheer, to soothe, to comfort, and uphold us amid the inevitable flow of the great river of Time—on, on, on, to the illimitable ocean of Eternity.

FLOWERS.

BY JOHN B. TABB.

THEY are not ours,
 The fleeting flowers,
 But lights of God,
 That through the sod
 Flash upward from the world beneath,—
 That region peopled wide with death,—
 And tell us, in each subtle hue,
 That life renewed is passing through
 Our world again to seek the skies,—
 Its native realm of Paradise.

How brief their day!
 They cannot stay;
 The very earth
 Desires their birth,
 And spreads her ample bosom deep,
 Some relic of their stay to keep,
 And each in benediction flings
 A virtue from its dainty wings.
 But, lo! she treasures it in vain;
 It blooms, and vanishes again!

Lippincott's Magazine.

AFTER ALL.

BY HENRY CALVERT APPELBY,

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

CHAPTER XIII.

Shut round with narrowing nunnery walls.—GUINEVERE.

"MY dear sister, do not give way like this. Come, cheer up! You know this will never do you any good. Remember, Mr. Redtaper is only slightly hurt."

"Don't mention his name to me, Victor, if you love me. I cannot bear it now. Poor fellow! He has suffered much for me, and I have been very cruel to him; but I can never be anything to him; my heart is not mine," and she again burst into sobs.

"Well, well, but listen to reason. This is weak; we all have our crosses to bear. Be brave and true, and Arthur Humberton may be yours yet."

"Do you think I would have him now, when he has again made love to that pale-faced, yellow-haired, Miss Phane, with no more passion about her than a butterfly? No, let him follow his weak fancy; let him adore her; worship her; smother her with kisses until he sickens of the delicate flower, while my heart, which might have satisfied him, breaks—breaks—breaks! Humberton!" she hissed; "a fool who cannot appreciate a true woman's love, but falls in love with a doll—a woman with only half a soul; and it might have been—ah!" and once more she wept bitterly.

Victor felt that he only made matters worse in attempting to soothe her, so he wisely desisted and left her alone. He was sorry that his impetuous sister should have carried affairs so far with Humberton, whose heart had evidently been elsewhere, and that she should have given way to such violence.

Her parents had little power over her, and could little affect her paroxysms of grief: perhaps she was best alone, where she could think in leisure over the past few months and their miserable climax. She had always been very wayward, and would take no counsel, and she generally had her own will in spite of wholesome opposition. Not that she was not affectionate and grateful in her way, but it was in an impetuous, imperious manner, full of self-consciousness and a kind of condescension. With Arthur Humberton, however, there had been little of this kind of feeling. She had thrown herself (figuratively speaking) heart and soul at his feet, unreservedly; and as she had felt his resistance gradually overcome, and the power of her attraction became felt, her heart had gone out still more to him, and she made wilder efforts than ever to secure him all for herself that she might feed on his whole love. Thus had she untiringly enticed him for months, and she had begun to feel her passion returned; she saw that soon his passion would burst its bonds and declare its full force in her power. A little longer and Humberton would have fallen at

her feet, completely conquered, and have sued for her love; he would have told her of his pent-up love for her, have yielded up his whole soul, and she would have been mistress of all his wealth of love. Two worlds' of love would have blended and become one. But on the eve of her triumph had all her glorious vistas of happiness been blighted by the fragile spectre of Miss Phane, and her wild earnestness had been more powerful than all her charms, and—Humberton had forgotten her! Oh, cruel fate! Why was she thus unfortunate, unhappy? Were there not thousands of eligible young men eager to ask her hand? Yes, but not of the calibre of Humberton—not to be chosen, like him, above all others; and now she would wed none other. Why did she not commit suicide? It would show Humberton what he had lost, and she was tired of life. But a *felo de se* was always branded as a coward. No, she would immerse herself away from the world in a nunnery. Love and the world were no longer for her. Perhaps, too, she had acted foolishly; but, there, she would no longer be the victim of her own passions. So she resolved to take the veil without reserve, and she would steal away unknown to anyone, where she could forget and be forgotten, for life was no longer worth living.

Poor Violet! Surely such a course was impetuous weakness, and mistrust of self.

Exhausted, she slept in her operatic costume, as she had flung herself down, until late the next morning, though she felt little refreshed for her rest, and her purpose was as determined as ever. To others, she appeared to have sullenly and resignedly accepted the facts as they were, but meantime she was making active preparations for a sudden departure. They fondly imagined she had given up her idea of becoming a nun; but one morning before daybreak a carriage silently drew up a short distance from her home, and in a few minutes she was being rapidly whirled away towards her destination, and she felt like a martyr leaving the vain world and its follies.

But who was that madman tearing after the carriage thus early? It could not be Redtaper! But it seemed like him. It was him! with his hat lost and his coat flying, while his hair seemed tearing from his head. He was running after the vehicle at break-neck speed, with his teeth clenched and his eyes starting from his head, and straining every nerve to catch up to the now galloping horses. The driver, too, had seen him, and he whipped his cattle into their highest speed, and urged them with loud whoops. Still Redtaper, though evidently physically distressed, was gaining on the carriage. On, on, the horses sped, while Redtaper struggled frantically and breathlessly behind, and Violet watched him tremulously through the window. She pitied him in his determined but fruitless devotion, and she could almost have had another feeling for him had not Humberton absorbed all her passion. Redtaper really had some spirit in him, but his *tout ensemble* could not compare with Humberton's. Now he was steadily gaining on the rapidly-flying vehicle, and Violet began to be afraid lest all her plans might be frustrated through his interference. Her compassion for him almost made her check the driver; but dreading the consequences she drew her hand away, and flinging herself back in the carriage she tried to bury her thoughts, while she devoutly wished the journey was at an end.

Meanwhile, poor Redtaper came panting along almost exhausted. His presence there was accounted for by being up early walking in the neighbourhood of the lady whom he so madly and hopelessly adored. Every morning since that catastrophal night he had risen from his sleepless couch in spite of the physician's injunctions, and, his arm in a sling, had meditatively walked near the house which contained all he held dear, hoping to catch sight of her at some time. He had just come that morning in time to see her jump into the carriage and be rapidly driven off. Immediately he gave chase, for he guessed her object in a moment. Although he was still weak from pain and loss of blood, the excitement lent him strength, and he steadily kept up the chase

until within sight of the convent, when the poor fellow fell down fairly exhausted and unable to move another step. Luckily, or otherwise, Miss Cumberland did not see this, but just as she was entering the sepulchral door of the nunnery, Redtaper managed to totter towards the gate, unable to speak or act, but with a most supplicating look, which struck Violet to the heart as the great door closed for ever and left him outside.

But she was not a woman to change her will when it was once fixed, and Redtaper was now out of sight, though not out of mind; and she at once put herself in the hands of the lady superior, who was highly pleased at the entrance of the wealthy "novice." In the meantime, Herbert Redtaper rode back in the carriage which had just brought her, almost unconscious of his situation, but with a dead, lost feeling at his heart. His wound was bleeding afresh, and he was obliged to summon his physician's aid when he reached home again.

The Cumberlands had not been aware of their daughter's disappearance until apprised by Redtaper, when too late. The latter had a slight attack of fever after his disappointing adventure, but all dangerous symptoms were quelled in a few days. Still he had not given up all hope, and he determined to follow his loved one to the bitter end. Even in a nunnery he would try to influence her in his favour and make her his own. There was one thing in his favour, if even he could not see her, at least no one else could. Round and round the solemn place he paced with weary step, but nothing suggested itself to him. It was like a prison; there was no ingress or egress possible without disturbance; besides, it was surrounded with other buildings, and he had no idea where he should find the object he sought. It was almost impossible to hope for success, and Redtaper had nearly despaired. But one day when he had been more dejected than usual, to his unbounded joy he saw the face of Violet Cumberland through one of the upper windows, and he thought he observed a sympathetic and encouraging look upon it as she waved him a kindly *adieu* and disappeared. What should he do now? Could he obtain an interview with her by any means? He was afraid not, but he would try his best. After that he was busy contriving scaling-ladders and collecting tools for filing the bars of the grim windows. It seemed to him that she was a prisoner, and would now perhaps flee with him, and perhaps love him at last. It was worth trying; and the time came when the scaling-ladders and all his other appliances were ready; and one dark night, unknown to any of his friends, he started on his dangerous enterprise. Cautiously he proceeded with his work. All was quiet as he dexterously succeeded in fixing his ladder in the window in which he had seen the face of Miss Cumberland, and which he surmised would be her room. What if it were not? Why, then his pains would be fruitless; perhaps worse than useless. But it was his only chance, and he could wait no longer. He would risk the chance. Steadily he ascended the silken ropes, and when he reached the window, his heart wildly palpitating, he listened again. All was still. Then he carefully selected his fine files and commenced to work on the bars of the window. Slow was the progress he made in his awkward situation on the unrelieved face of the building, and the work was very tedious and fatiguing; still he perseveringly continued until three of the bars were sawn away, and he had been working nearly an hour. Then he thought he heard a slight noise, and he ceased and listened intently. There was certainly some one moving in the room. He crouched down as low as possible without creating a sound, not sure that it might be Violet. Even then he scarcely knew how to act. Her surprise or indignation might betray him. He was all excitement as he heard the window being stealthily lifted, and he was ready to rapidly descend if an alarm were given.

Oh, the moments of agonized suspense he endured while the window was being raised; it seemed as though he had lived half a lifetime on the wall of the nunnery. Would it never be open? At last he saw, to his delight that it was

Violet Cumberland who had so opened the window. She had heard the slight grating sound, and at first had been unable to account for it; but suddenly she was inspired with the thought that it was Redtaper endeavouring to take her away, and she had carefully peered through the glass and made out his form, when he first heard a voice in the room.

She had at first taken kindly to the discipline of her new life, but she soon became tired of the restraint which hardly seemed like freedom from the world, cooped up amongst a lot of wretched sisters. She had recognised that her disappointment with Humberton had been mostly her own fault, and she now thought she could live comparatively contentedly, perhaps, at home again. These thoughts came into her mind, but it was impossible to fulfil them; there was no way of escape; she was shut up for ever. Sad, cruel fate—the fate of a foolish, impetuous, passionate girl, who, in a moment of anguish, seeks an everlasting asylum in one of those devil-invented prisons, the trap-door of which, though easily entered, closes on its deluded victims for ever. She could wish for some way of escape but it was useless. There was nothing but resignation, and, perhaps, it was best after all. Then she had thoughts of poor devoted Redtaper, and she wondered if it was possible for her to love him. So when she heard the unusual grating noise, her thoughts had followed these channels, though with a sinking heart.

She spoke softly to Redtaper through the open window, and upbraided him for coming there. He pleaded his love, and she no longer rebuked him. He would save her; he would take her away and cherish her; soothe her griefs, while he adored—loved her.

“It cannot be; it is impossible. I am here for ever. Thank you—thank you very much for your devotion and attachment to me; but, Herbert,” and here she reached her beautiful round white arm partly through the bars, and he took her hand in his, “you must say *adieu* for ever. I cannot, dare not, will not, try to go.”

All Redtaper’s persuasions were vain, and she cautioned him not to delay lest he should be discovered.

“Then you will not refuse me the favour of one sweet kiss, as a last request before I die, as an angelic passport to heaven?” urged Redtaper, still in a whisper, and his lips met hers for the first and last time, while her deep velvet eyes flashed into his through the bars, and then fell beneath his enraptured gaze.

Oh, the rapture! the ecstatic joy of the moment! Then Herbert Redtaper thought himself amply repaid for all his past misery, and he forgot everything but Violet.

Short-lived joy. A shout from below told him he was discovered, and like one intoxicated he parted from the fainting form of Violet Cumberland, and rushed down the rickety ladder into the arms of his enemies, the wardens of the convent and the constabulary they had silently summoned, by whom he was soon conveyed into safe-keeping, only to be brought up on a charge of house-breaking, and convicted for one calendar month; extenuating and extraordinary circumstances inducing the magistrate to pass what he termed such a lenient sentence. Unfortunate Redtaper!

(To be continued.)

NATURE IN REPOSE.

A MID the hills we wandered
In incongruous array,
A gay and cheery party,
Bent on a holiday.
With spirits buoyant as the air,
And all our cares at rest,
The hills echoed back our laughter
At many a harmless jest.
The sights we saw, the sounds we heard,
In that all but fairy scene,
Are linked tenderly in our memory
With our "good things" that have been;
Kind Nature in her stillness,
As around her marvels rose,
Seem'd to fill our minds with wonder,
And our spirits with repose.

We look'd on high, we gaz'd around,
On meadow, hill, and vale,
On the smooth and graceful waters,
On the outspread woods and dale.
And all around was beautiful,
And all around was peace;
Nature at rest and full of charms,
Whose "graces" never cease.

Far from the cares and haunts of men,
Their idle warfare still,
Life's painted follies vanished,
With its strife of good and ill;
We learned to know fair nature's truth
In all its stately grace,
As we communed in these genial hours,
With our "Teacher" face to face.

How pleasant were the thoughts which came
And went with the passing day;
What goodly dreams and gentle forms
Seemed to greet us on the way.
If everything was beautiful—
If peace at last we found—
Nature itself seemed fairer far,
As joyous we gazed around.

From giddy heights, from hopeless aims,
From vice's gilded show,
May the great Creator guard us,
As we wander on below;
Amid our toils and cares once more,
When our holiday hours close,
May we often think all gratefully
Of fair Nature in repose.

W.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

“**M**IDNIGHT Scenes in the Slums of New York, or Lights and Shadows,” is the rather erratic title of a book of sketches, chiefly autobiographic, from the pen of the Rev. Fred. Bell, an evangelist labouring among the lower orders of the inhabitants of Nottingham. Mr. Bell is perhaps better known by the name of “the Singing Preacher,” from his practice of interspersing his exhortations with vocal melody—an innovation which has secured for him considerable popularity. The major portion of the volume consists of narratives of episodes in the author’s life in England; his conversion; descriptions of his method of mission work, which seems to have met with some success; and of visits paid to London, Liverpool, and Derby. One third of the space is devoted to sketches of Mr. Bell’s spiritual labours among the dwellers in the vilest haunts of sin and crime in the city of New York. The author’s graphic stories bring the reader face to face with many startling scenes, full of sensation and thrilling interest. They are pictures of the deepest strata in human existence, drawn by the hand of one who has toiled in the mine, and is familiar with its workings. As affording faithful glimpses of the dark side of our nature, these papers have a value apart from the religious phase. Mr. Bell, in his preface, modestly disclaims any attempt at elaboration or literary polish. The sketches, it seems, have been already printed, some of them in an American social journal, and others in the *Midland Sunbeam*, of which Mr. Bell is the editor. Kent and Co., of Paternoster-row, are the publishers.

The *Academy* announces that “some time ago Mr. Thomas B. Trowsdale published in the columns of the *Lincoln Gazette* a series of carefully prepared papers under the title of ‘Gleanings of Lincolnshire Lore.’ He also edited in the same journal ‘Local Notes and Queries,’ and it is now his intention to issue the whole in a volume. It will make a valuable addition to local literature.” With regard to the above work, we are in a position to state that it will contain much information of an historical and antiquarian character. The majority of the matter is from the pen of Mr. Trowsdale, who has had the assistance of numerous local archæologists of repute. The “Gleanings” are arranged under the headings of Topographical and Historical Notes, Local Nomenclature, Antiquities, Castles, Records of Religious Houses, Churches, Fonts, Bell Lore, Epitaphs and Epitaphiana, Old Parochial Records, Lincolnshire in the Civil Wars, Parliamentary Elections, Curious Customs, Legends and Traditions, Superstitions and Superstitious Observances, Folk-lore, Lincolnshire Families, Lincolnshire Worthies, Eccentrics and Eccentricities, Remarkable Stories and Occurrences, and Historic Scraps. From the enumeration of the titles of the sections, it will be seen that the work is an extensive one, dealing with every branch of Lincolnshire lore, and one which will be worthy of a place in the library of every person having an interest in local history. The volume is to be well illustrated, and will be issued to subscribers only, at five shillings per copy. Names of subscribers are now being received by Mr. Trowsdale, at his address, 91, Caledonian Road, London, N.

“Lays and Romance of Chivalry,” by the well-known London journalist, Mr. W. Stewart Ross, is the title of a little volume of charming verse just

issued by Stewart and Co., of Holborn Viaduct Steps. Mr. Ross has drawn his inspiration chiefly from stirring scenes in British history ; and for excellence of poetic treatment many of the pieces fall little short of similar productions from the pens of Macaulay and Mrs. Hemans.

The Sacristy, the new eclesio-archæological serial, edited by Messrs. Edward Walford, M.A., and G. Gilbert Scott, is now published by the firm of Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. It is a really valuable magazine, and deserves the support of all lovers of old world lore.

A recent Saturday issue of *Society*, edited by Bro. George W. Plant, contains a well-executed cartoon of Mr. William Andrews, F.R.A.S., whose antiquarian writings are not unknown to the readers of these pages. We learn that Mr. Andrews is engaged upon a new work, entitled "Romantic Tales and Historic Sketches."

"Fifty Years of Green-Room Life ; or, Recollections of an Actor," written by Mr. W. Donaldson, a work to hand from J. and R. Maxwell, contains a fund of pleasant information anent matters theatrical. Junius Brutus Booth, Kean and Kemble, Munden and Macready and a host of other stars now set for ever, are brought back before the reader, and chatted about in an anecdotal, entertaining manner by the author.

Mrs. Augusta Webster, who has recently and justly been described as unquestionably the foremost among living female poets, has published another enjoyable volume through the house of Macmillan & Co. It is simply called "A Book of Rhymes," but contains much beautiful imagery couched in graceful style. Here is a little song from the drama of "The Auspicious Day."

"One star only of Love's heaven ;
One rose only of Love's breast ;
One love only to be given.

"Star that gathers all stars' glory ;
Rose all sweetness of the rest ;
Love that is all life's glad story."

Longmans & Co. are publishing what they term the "Hughenden Edition" of the novels and tales of the late Lord Beaconsfield. The edition is a beautiful one, consisting of eleven volumes in crown octavo, bound by Simpson & Redshaw from an artistic design by John Leighton, F.S.A.

The latest additions to the "Mayfair Library" of Messrs. Chatto & Windus is a volume curiously called "Quips and Quiddities ; a Quaint Essence of Quirks, Quizzical and Quotable." The title might well rank among the rest of the comicalities contained in the work. To say that the editor is Mr. W. Davenport Adams is a guarantee of the taste displayed in the selection of the good things presented. It is an admirable alternation of pun or parody, satire and sarcasm, culled from every conceivable source. Mr. Adams is an experienced and capable maker of books, and we predict that this will not be the least popular of his compilations.

A novelty is announced by the editor of the *Bradford Times* in the form of a poetical London letter, from the pen of Mr. F. W. Broughton, author of "Withered Leaves," and other popular dramatic pieces.

It was too bad of genial George Augustus Sala, in alluding to the Civil List Pensions and their recipients, in a recent column of his "Echoes of the Week," to confess ignorance of the name and writings of Robert Stephen Howker. We pointed out, when the widow of the "Vicar of Morwenstowe" was accorded a pension some months since "in recognition of the position of her late husband as a poet," how much Mr. Howker had penned of a meritorious character. The clerical poet usually wrote over the signature of the "Vicar of Morwenstowe," hence, probably, Mr. Sala's non-acquaintance with the name of Howker. "Mercator," alluding to this subject in *Society*, draws attention to the fact that Mr. Sala cannot be unacquainted with that spirited imitation of a seventeenth century ballad, containing the well-known lines :—

"And shall they scorn Tre, Pol, and Pen,
And shall Trelawney die?
There's thirty thousand Cornish men,
Shall know the reason why!"

This ballad was written by Mr. Howker during his academic career, and was pronounced by many antiquarian authorities, including Davis Gilbert and Sir Walter Scott, to be a genuine antique folk song. It is quoted by Macaulay in his inimitable history. In 1827 Mr. Howker carried off the Newdigate prize for English verse at Oxford. He has published since several volumes of elegant poetry, chiefly enshrining the old traditions of the West Country. Morwenstowe is a remote parish on the northern shore of Cornwall, and there Tennyson, on a visit to the vicar, composed his beautiful stanza beginning—

"Break, break, break on the cold grey crags, O sea."

There, too, Canon Kingsley, under Mr. Howker's guidance, was introduced to scenes he afterwards embodied in his charming story, "Westward Ho!" Many admirers of the Vicar of Morwenstowe's poetical productions will be surprised that a man of such literary knowledge as George Augustus Sala should be unaware of the name and writings of one so widely appreciated.

All archaeologists will note with pleasure the knighthood just conferred upon Mr. J. A. Picton, F.S.A., the Liverpool architect and historian. He is an indefatigable student of old world literature, and a liberal supporter of art and education. Long may he enjoy the title of Sir J. A. Picton, Knt.

Mr. Charles H. Barnwell, of Hull, will shortly publish a volume of poems by Mr. Edward Lamplough, whose contributions in verse to various periodicals have been much admired. The book is to be called "The Siege of Hull, and other Poems," and from what we have seen of the pieces to be included, we can promise the subscribers an enjoyable collection of poems.

Cassell's *Magazine of Art* is now a very commendable serial, both as regards literary and artistic merit. It bids fair to become a formidable rival to the higher-priced art journals. Its contributors are wielders of pen and pencil of the highest competence and experience, and the enterprising publishers seem to have spared no expense in making their magazine a success.

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

No. 100.—Vol. IX.

OCTOBER, 1881.

PRICE 6D.

CHINESE FREEMASONRY.

BY BRO. KENNETH R. H. MACKENZIE, IX^o.

(Concluded from page 93).



AT present it will be as well to pass over some few sections of the *Tau Teh King*, and proceed to the consideration of the section in which Lau-tzse gives expression to a most important series of thoughts. "What you cannot see by looking at it is called *plainness* (*I*). What you cannot hear by listening to it, is called *rareness* (*Hi*). What you cannot get by grasping it, is called *minuteness* (*Wei*)."¹ With a very slight allowance for an ancient divariation of pronunciation, we would seriously draw the attention of Masons, and especially Royal Arch Masons, to this memorable sentence. And the context very certainly plainly shows what the Chinese Grand Master meant to convey. "These three," he says, "cannot be examined, and therefore they blend into unity. Above it is not bright, below it is not obscure. (See the Smaragdine Tablet of Hermes on this point). Boundless in its operation, it cannot be named. Returning, it goes home into nothing. This I call the appearance of non-appearance—the form of nothing. Would you go before it you cannot see its face. (No man can see God face to face). Would you go behind it you cannot see its back. (Moses was placed in the cleft of a rock while the glory of El Shaddai, the Mighty, or Jehovah, passed by). "But," he concludes this section with the remark, "to have such an apprehension of the *Tau* which was from of old as to regulate present things, and to know their beginning in the past; this I call having the clue of *Tau*." In like manner a Mason having possession of the substituted word, the El Shaddai, or Strong, can *in limine* perform true Masonic work. And that this is so is further proved by the passage immediately following, when Lau-tzse expressly says that the skilful philosophers in times long anterior to his own had "a mystic communication with the abysses." My Rosicrucian brethren may at any rate ponder the deep significance of this last sentence.

Nor is it long before Lau-tzse unequivocally speaks the language familiar to those to whom the transmutation of metals is no secret. "Having once," he observes, "arrived at a state of absolute vacuity, keep yourself perfectly still. All things come into active operation together, but I observe whither they return. When things have luxuriated for awhile, each returns home to its origin—this is called stillness, or a reversion to destiny, itself summed up

in the word eternity. He who knows this eternity is called bright. He who does not know this eternity wildly works his own misery." And now mark the argument. "He who knows eternity is magnanimous. Being magnanimous, he is catholic. Being catholic, he is a king. Being a king, he is heaven. Being heaven, he is *Tau*. Being *Tau* he is enduring. Though his body perish, he is in no danger."

Can the immortality of the soul be proclaimed in plainer language? And in a few more words this ancient Grand Master points out epigrammatically the stages of belief and unbelief. He says, "In the highest antiquity people knew only of the existence of their superiors. In the next age they became attached to them, and flattered them. In the next they dreaded them. In the next they despised them. For, where faith is insufficient, it is not met by faith."

The celebrated Dr. John Dee, a friend of Queen Elizabeth, and of the sage Emperor Rudolph of Austria, took as his motto, through similar studies, the words, "Simple faith excelleth all science," but he was not aware that the Chinese philosopher had adopted it also. Describing himself, as a natural man, Lau-tzse says: "I am alone in my timidity, and show no sign of ambition. I am as a child not yet matured. I am forlorn, as if I had no home to go to. All other men have enough and to spare; but I am, as it were, left behind. In mind how like I am to the fool! I am all in a maze. The common people are brightly intelligent; I alone seem to be in the dark. The common people are discriminative; I alone am without discrimination. I am tossed as the ocean, I roll as if never to stop. All other men have something that they can do; I alone am good for nothing, and despicable. I alone differ from other people, but I glory in my nursing Mother *Tau*." Across the dark centuries stretches the bond of human sympathy, and Lau-tzse, Dee, Ashmole, and more modern thinkers are seen to be bound by one common chain, that which we now denominate the Mystic Tie. Faith is the common mother of such associations, and such she will ever remain.

The Chinese sage had an evident knowledge of the essence of God, derived through countless series of ancestors, from whom he had by succession derived pure and holy thoughts. The section headed the "Vacant Heart" is worthy of our best study. "Virtue in its grandest aspect is neither more nor less than following *Tau*. (*Tau*, it will be remembered, was the mystic sign of reconciliation held up by Job, the Arabian patriarch, and by David in the presence of Achish, King of Gath). *Tau* is a thing indefinite, impalpable. Impalpable! Indefinite! and yet therein are forms. (The doctrine of Plato). Indefinite! Impalpable! and yet therein are things. Profound! dark! and yet therein is essence. This essence is most true, and therein is faith. From of old until now it has never lost its name. It passes into all things that have beginning. How know I the manner of the beginning of all things? I know it by this *Tau*. He that humbles himself shall be preserved entire. He that bends himself shall be straightened. He that is low shall be filled. He that is worn out shall be renewed. He that is diminished shall succeed. He that is increased shall be misled. Hence the sage embraces unity, and is a pattern for all the world. He is not self-displaying, and, therefore, he shines. He is not self-approving, and, therefore, he is distinguished. He is not self-praising, and, therefore, he has merit. He is not self-exalting, and, therefore, he stands high. And inasmuch as he does not strive, no one in all the world strives with him." Again Lau-tzse says: "Now *Tau* is great; Heaven is great; Earth is great; a king is great. In the Universe there are four greatnesses, and a king is one of them. Man takes his law from the earth; the earth takes its law from heaven; heaven takes its law from *Tau*; and *Tau* takes its law from what it is in itself."

I will pass over many sections of the *Tau Teh King* wholly engaged with the conduct of life evidently given by the great Chinese teacher as a code of

ethical morality for ordinary life. It is sufficient to say that they are instinct with goodness and elevation of thought, and fresh from that mint of God ever at the disposition of the Hermetic philosopher. This *Tau*, of whom or which Lau-tzse so constantly speaks, is nowhere defined by him. Indeed, he says: "*Tau*, as it is eternal, has no name. But, though it is insignificant (so little even as to have no name), in its primordial simplicity, the world does not make a servant of it." And in another place he says: "Great *Tau* is all pervading. It can be on the right hand, and also at the same time on the left. All things wait upon it for life, and it refuses none. When its meritorious work is done, it takes not the name of merit. In love it nourishes all things, and does not lord it over them. It is ever free from ambitious desires. It may be named with the smallest. All things return home to it, and it does not lord it over them. It may be named with the greatest. This is how the wise man, to the last, does not make him great, and therefore he is able to achieve greatness. Lay hold on the great form of *Tau*, and the whole world will go to you. It will go to you, and suffer no injury; and its rest and peace will be glorious."

My Rosicrucian brethren are entreated to ponder also the cosmogony of Lau-tzse, which he thus gives in the thirty-ninth section of his work; a fulness of idea is here expressed with the utmost directness of phrase, which our modern metaphysicians with their cloudy phantasmic logic leave less intelligible than before.

"The things which from old have obtained unity are these: Heaven, which by unity is clear; Earth, which by unity is steady; Spirits, which by unity are spiritual; the valleys, which by unity are full (of water). All creatures which by unity live. Princes and kings, who by unity rule the world. This is all the result of unity (*i.e.*, each of these subsist, and can subsist, *only* as a part of the *Unity* of the *Universe*). Returning is the motion of *Tau*, (*i.e.*, turning back, retrogression, the opposite of development or progress, which is all a departure from the primordial simplicity of *Tau*). Weakness is the character of *Tau*. (By this weakness of *Tau* is signified its non-interference with human free will, which it does not oppose. 'Masonry is free,' &c.) All things in the world are produced from existence, and existence is produced from non-existence." Oken, in his "Natur Philosophie," has a similar idea: "Das Zero bestimm allein den Werth in der Mathematik, obwohl es für sich nichts ist. Die Mathematik ist aber auf das Nichts gegründet und entspringt mithin aus dem Nichts. Zero alone determines values in mathematics, although in itself it is nothing. But mathematics are founded upon zero, and from zero they arise." *Tau*, according to Lau-tzse, is, therefore, the mathematical zero, but at the same time the psychological or spiritual everything. In section forty-two he proceeds thus: "*Tau* produced one (unity); one (unity) produced two (duality); two (duality) produced three (trinity); and three (trinity) produced all things. Everything carries the *yin* (shady, dark, still, deathlike, &c.) on its back; and the *yang* (bright, active, lively, &c.) on its front; and is harmonized by an intermediate (immaterial) breath."

Lau-tzse scatters allusions over the whole of his book in reference to the value of silence: "They that know don't speak, and they that speak don't know. To shut the lips and close the portals of the eyes and ears; to blunt the sharp angles; to unravel disorder; to soften the glare; to share the dust; this I call being the same as deep heaven (the abysses)." "The sage says, I do nothing, and the people are spontaneously transformed. I love quietness, and the people are spontaneously rectified. I take no measures, and the people become spontaneously rich. I have no lusts, and the people become spontaneously simple-minded."

This sentence refers to an arcanum well known to occult students, as to the silent power of will, and may be correlated to the following expression in section fifty-eight: "The sage is himself strictly correct, but does not cut and

carve other people. He is chaste, but does not chasten others. He is straight, but does not straighten others. He is enlightened, but does not dazzle others."

That Lau-tzse regarded the possession of *Tau* as the most precious privilege in the world is manifest by his words: "*Tau* is the hidden sanctuary of all things, the good man's jewel, the bad man's guardian. For what did the ancients so much prize this *Tau*? Was it not because it was found at once without searching, and by it those who had sinned might be pardoned? Therefore it is the most estimable thing in the world." And Lau-tzse actually speaks of "holding out" this *Tau* as a visible token, so that we may fairly presume that an emblem was given to the initiates. The three precious things which he holds fast and prizes are *compassion, economy and humility*. "Being compassionate, I can, therefore, be brave. Being economical, I can, therefore, be liberal. Not daring to take the precedence of the world, I can, therefore, become the chief of all the perfect ones." And he beautifully adds, "When heaven would save a man it encircles him with compassion."

In another place he expressly refers to the Great Architect. Speaking of capital punishment, he observes: "Now, for any man to act the executioner's part, I say, it is hewing out the Great Architect's work for him. And he who undertakes to hew for the Great Architect rarely fails to cut his hands." This reference to the Great Architect is most important, as it distinctly implies a belief in the existence of a personal God, which is the fundamental landmark of Freemasonry in all ages; and it is the more remarkable as the Chinese of the outer world—the non-initiates as I may call them—have no equivalent exactly answering to our word God, but use the word *Tien* indifferently for God and heaven.

The seventy-seventh section says: "The *Tau* of heaven may be compared to the extending of a bow; it brings down the high and exalts the low. It takes from those who have overmuch, and gives to those who have not enough. The *Tau* of heaven takes away where there is too much, and makes up where there is deficiency. Not so the *Tau* of man. Man takes from those who have not enough, to serve those that have too much. Who is the man that having an overplus can serve the world with it? It is only he who has *Tau*. This is the reason why the sage acts and expects nothing; completes his meritorious work and holds no place. He does not wish to show his worth.—(Section lxxviii.) He who bears the reproach of his country shall be called the lord of the land; he who bears the calamities of his country shall be called the king of the world.—(Section lxxxi.) The sage does not lay up treasures. The more he does for others the more he has of his own. The more he gives to others the more he is increased. This is the *Tau* of heaven, which benefits and does not injure. This is the *Tau* of the sage, who acts but does not strive."

It is a singular coincidence, at least, worthy of notice, that the *Tau Teh King* has been at a very remote period divided into exactly eighty-one sections, a number of great importance in Freemasonry when analyzed or when expressed as a whole number. This was done by some unknown follower of Lau-tzse, and although it may have no direct occult bearing, is still a curious number suggestive of design rather than accident.

We have now rapidly surveyed the whole tractate of the ancient philosopher, and though we may fail, as is most natural, to perceive what the ancient ritual of these Chinese initiates may have been, sufficient is indicated by various passages to show that, in essence, the morality of the *Tau*-ists was that of the modern Freemasons, and that, however different the religion of the ancient Chinese, their ethics were derived from sources as pure, and perhaps more pure, than those of the occidental nations of antiquity. It is much to be questioned at the present day whether we are really acquainted with the thousandth fraction of what the primitive sages of China knew. And all human institutions have only one basis in human consciousness, so more

modern nations (in reality the true ancients) may have had occasion and opportunity, according to their several capacities, to re-discover moral and physical truths, and re-perpetuate them by slightly varying systems, the common centre point of all their systems being that "God is One, and in Him is no darkness at all." Of course this recognition of the unity of God, as in other nations, was preceded by a species of polytheism; it was impossible in primeval times to grasp the idea of One Eternal Sustainer, and hence minor spiritual beings were worshipped by the very early Chinese. They had in those times no sacerdotal classes, nor were there any revelations from heaven to be studied and expounded. The chief of each tribe was its priest; the emperor was the high priest of the empire; the subordinate prince was spiritual ruler of his province, and every father was the priest of his family.

"The name," says Dr. Legge (*"Chinese Classics,"* vol. iii., part 1. *Pologomena*, p. 193), "by which God was designated was the *Ruler*, and the *Supreme Ruler*, denoting emphatically His personality, supremacy, and unity. We find it constantly interchanged with the term *Heaven*, by which the ideas of supremacy and unity are equally conveyed, while that of personality is only indicated vaguely, and by an association of the mind. By God kings were supposed to reign, and princes were required to decree justice. All were under law to Him, and bound to obey His will. Even on the inferior people He has conferred a moral sense, compliance with which would show their nature invariably right.—(*"Shoo King,"* Part iv., Book iii., par. 2.) All powers that be are from Him. He raises one to the throne, and puts down another. Obedience is sure to receive His blessing; disobedience to be visited with His curse.—(*"Shoo King,"* Part iv., Book iv., par. 2, *et passim*). The business of kings is to rule in righteousness and benevolence, so that the people may be happy and good. They are to be an example to all in authority, and to the multitudes under them. Their highest achievement is to cause the people tranquilly to pursue the course which their moral nature would indicate and approve.—(*"Shoo King,"* Part iv., Book iii., par. 2). When they are doing wrong, God admonishes them by judgments—storms, famines, and other calamities. If they persist in evil, sentence goes forth against them. The dominion is taken from them, and given to others more worthy of it. The Duke of Chow, in his address on the *Establishment of Government*, gives a striking summary of the history of the empire down to his own time. Yu the Great, the founder of the Hea Dynasty, 'sought for able men to honour God.' But the way of K'ue, the last of his line, was different. He employed cruel men, and he had no successors. The empire was given to Tang the Successful, who 'greatly administered the bright ordinances of God.' By-and-by Tang's throne came to Show, who was all violence, so that 'God sovereignly punished him.' The empire was transferred to the house of Chow, whose chiefs showed their fitness for the charge by 'finding out men who would reverently serve God, and appointing them as presidents and chiefs of the people.'

"It was the duty of all men to reverence and honour God by obeying His law written in their hearts, and seeking His blessing in all their ways; but there was a solemn and national worship of Him, as ruling in nature and providence, which could only be performed by the emperor. It consisted of sacrifices, or offerings rather, and prayers. No image was formed of Him, as, indeed, the Chinese have never thought of fashioning a likeness of the Supreme."

We are not now considering the nature of the Chinese religion, and have, therefore, introduced the foregoing passage in order to show that the primitive Chinese, like all the primeval nations—the Hindus, the Egyptians, the earliest Assyrians, and others—were monotheists, and not as it is so often erroneously reiterated, polytheists and idolaters. The powers of nature and the spirits of ancestors indeed received reverence in some degree, but they were esteemed as subordinate to and distinct from the Great Ruler of All. "There is no hint,"

says Dr. Legge again (Vol. iii., Part i., p. 196), "in the Shoo, nor elsewhere, so far as I am aware, of what became of bad emperors and bad ministers after death; nor, indeed, of the future fate of men generally. There is a heaven in the classical books of the Chinese but there is no hell; and no purgatory. Their oracles are silent as to any doctrine of future rewards and punishments. Their exhortations to well doing, and their warnings against evil, are all based on a reference to the will of God, and the certainty that in this life virtue will be rewarded and vice punished. 'Of the five happinesses, the first is long life; the second is riches; the third is soundness of body and serenity of mind; the fourth is the love of virtue; and the fifth is doing or receiving to the end the will of heaven.'—('Shoo King,' Part v., Book iv., par. 39). There is no promise of rest or comfort beyond the grave. The virtuous man may live and die in suffering and disgrace—let him be cheered. His posterity will reap the rewards of his merits. Someone, sprung from his loins, will become wealthy or attain to distinction. But if he should have no posterity? it never occurred to any of the ancient sages to consider such a case."

Some kind of Freemasonry would seem peculiarly necessary to a people holding such general views of the existence of man and its object. It seems in consonance with the thought-genius of the Chinese mind, and a good moral life would certainly be taught in the lodges. Before I conclude, however, I ought to add that the Freemasonry of China in no way rests upon the traditions adopted in the West, nor does it resemble the Brahminical Masonry still practised in India. Indeed the greater mass of the population regard Freemasonry as practised by the Western nations with a mixture of dread and contempt. A well-known and distinguished brother, Major Samuel Owen, who served in several of the Chinese wars, told me that when he was at Hong Kong he frequently visited the local lodges, but his native bearers, who conveyed him in a sedan, exhibited unequivocal repugnance at the service they were obliged to render him, and spoke of the Masonic Hall as a "Devil's House," in which the unholy mysteries were celebrated. That this feeling is not, however, universal, is shown by the statements of the Chinese brethren alluded to at the beginning of this paper.

THE WEATHER.

BY A WANDERER AND A BROTHER.

THAT interesting subject of English conversation has certainly recently come "to the fore" with "a vengeance," and the holidays of some of us, well earned and needed as they are, have been seriously interfered with by ungenial temperature, and the unheard of vagaries of the "clerk of the weather." Our excellent friend Jones, always beaming and modest, cheery and talkative, gives us a dismal account of his trials and troubles on this account, which he declares gruefully, and we believe him, were really at times "too much" for his nerves and his temper. It seems he took the wife of his bosom, and his wife's mother, and his wife's sister, and his son and heir to a charming cottage in the lake country; but he equally declares that never in his whole life did he suffer such a martyrdom, and never in his whole existence was he so bored, so bothered, and in such bad humour; and the reason was, he declares solemnly, "the weather." We could not get out; we had to stop in. "Women, my dear friend, he adds, solemnly, require variety, excitement, novelty—something to do, see, and talk about. They do not like being boxed up, and

never getting any exercise—never ‘letting off the steam’ out of doors. What is a poor fellow to do when everybody becomes short, unpleasant, and touchy? and even the wife of your bosom—your own angelic Ellen—wishes she had never come down to such a disagreeable country and such “bad weather;” declares that her dear mother says it is very dull; and that she does not know what will become of Tommy.” Poor Jones! he is to be pitied; and as I suspect he has not a few companions in misery just now, I think it well to insert these few lines of thoughtful consideration and sympathy for any such suffering victims of “connubial felicity” and bad weather. And certainly “deponent” must admit that Jones’s complaints are true. The weather has been very bad and trying, alike for farmers and the harvest, as for tourist and holiday-seekers. It has not been cheering, for instance, to read such authoritative remarks as these: “The weather for the past week has been exceedingly rainy and unsettled, and the month of August closes with temperature nearly ten degrees below the average, and dull inclement conditions generally.” The poet of the hour can find no other subject to dilate upon but “the weather.” Listen to his strains—Mr. Wilfred B. Woollams’ I mean—they give you a cold shiver—in the *Graphic* newspaper:

IT RAINS.

It rains in the morning: it rains at night,
And all the day.
It rains on the fields, where the crops now white
With plenty sway.
It rains while the farmers murmur and mutter;
It rains through the prayers the churches utter.
It rains away.

It rains on the sad and increases their sorrow;
And on the gay;
On those who declare ’twill be better to-morrow;
On those who such comfort don’t readily borrow,
But hope it may.
It rains in the city, the crowded streets
So dense and grey;
It rains in the country, the still retreats
Where tourists stray.

It rains, whatsoever we wish to see;
It rains through the land, wherever we be,
Where’er we stray,
And wearily, drearily on the sea
It rains for aye.
It rains, and what will become of the raining?
And what of our hoping? of our complaining?
Of all we say?
It rains, and it must while there’s any remaining:—
So rain it may.

As the writer transcribes these words the glass is again falling, and there seems nothing before us but rain, rain, rain.

Some of us may recall to mind those lines of a great poet, which serve to describe the same state of things, whether in Lakeland, or Welsh vales, or in Scotch hills, or amid Italian plains.

But when we crossed the Lombard plain,
Remember what a plague of rain—
Of rain at Reggio, at Parma,
At Lodi rain, Piacenza rain, &c.

A recent writer, alluding to a similar position of affairs as that we have sought feebly to portray in this little paper, tells us the following amusing story:—

There is no limit to what human beings may be driven to by stress of weather, and especially by that "clearing shower" by which the dwellers in Lakeland are wont euphemistically to describe its continuous downpours. The Persians have another name for it—"the grandmother of all buckets." I was once in Wastdale with a dean of the Church of England, respectable, sedate, and a D.D. It had poured for days without ceasing; the roads were under water, the passes were impassable, the mountains invisible; there was nothing to be seen but waterfalls, and those in the wrong place; there was no literature; the dean's guide-books were exhausted, and his Bible, it is but charitable and reasonable to suppose, he knew by heart. As for me, I had found three tourists who could play at whist, and was comparatively independent of the elements; but that poor ecclesiastic! For the first few days he occupied himself in remonstrating against our playing cards by daylight; but on the fourth morning, when we sat down to them immediately after breakfast, he began to take an enforced interest in our proceedings. Like a dove above the dovecot, he circled for an hour or two about the table—a deal one, such as thimble-riggers use, borrowed under protest from his own humble bedroom—and then with a murmurous coo about the weather showing no signs of clearing up, he took a hand. Constant dropping—and it was much worse than dropping—will wear away a stone, and it is my belief if it had gone on much longer his reverence would have played on Sunday.

Jones declares that never again will he take his wife, and his wife's mother, and his wife's sister for an excursion unless he has fine weather, and for once he may be believed. Still, as everything has its "compensation" here, let us trust that many of us have been able to pass the long hours pleasantly enough; and for some of us, perhaps, that enforced "juxtaposition" has led up to "souvenirs" which will be always precious, and associations, despite bad weather, nay, the worst of weather, which will be always agreeable.

THE HISTORY OF SELBY, ITS ABBEY, AND ITS MASONIC ASSOCIATIONS.

(Concluded from page 111.)

IN 1639, at the commencement of the Civil Wars, on Wednesday in Easter week King Charles I. reviewed his troops at Selby; and during the Civil Wars the town was occupied by both parties, and many sanguinary engagements took place; notably one on the 11th April, 1644, the town being then held by the Royalists, who were attacked by the two Fairfaxes in three places, a cavalry engagement taking place at the end of Ousegate, close to the station, under Sir Thomas Fairfax, the foot entering by Gowthorpe, which is at the other end of the town, the result being that the Royalists were defeated and compelled to retreat to York with a loss of 1600 men. This victory was the precursor of Marston Moor, and ended in the complete destruction of the Royalist power in the north of England.

In March, 1690, the tower of the church fell, on the south side, of which accident you will see traces in the church.

In 1774 the Aire and Calder Canal was opened.

In 1793 the Crescent and the streets, on the south of the town were built, and the market-place improved, and the market cross altered, but unfortunately these involved the destruction of the abbey gateway and other remains of the monastery.

In 1791 the bridge over the river was built in lieu of the existing ferry.

In 1815 steam communication was established between York, Selby and Hull, but the trade has gradually gone to Goole.

In 1834 the Hull and Selby Railway was opened, one of the first in the kingdom.

In 1878 our M.W.G.M. paid a short visit to Bro. Lord Londesborough, and had a day's shooting here, when the town was illuminated, and he received a hearty Yorkshire welcome.

In Selby we have the usual institutions of a small agricultural market town, of which not the least is, I venture to say, the Masonic Lodge of St. Germain.

The arms of the abbey, and since of the town, are—sable, three swans argent.

I am glad to be able to say that that virtue, so endeared to every Mason's heart—I mean charity—is not unknown amongst us, for we have several charities, the majority of which are vested in a Board called the Feoffees of Selby; the other charities being the Blue Coat Charity, the Brown Coat, Chamberlain's Charity, and Hudson's Charity.

The oldest part of the town is the Church Hill, where the original parish church stood; and a few years ago, whilst digging down for the foundation of a house, some half-dozen coffins were found, composed of trunks of trees half split, some pieces of tiles and hazel-twigs, also two pieces of stone carving, which evidently belonged to the original church. Close to my house is the landing-place sometimes called the Abbot's Staith, to which I have before referred. Further north is Bondgate, which was occupied by the lord's tenants, a class of men equivalent to copyholders of the present day. Retracing our steps to the corner of Millgate, we come into a spacious street called by three names—Micklegate, Broad Street, and Finkle Street. Here was erected the Norman castle of King Stephen's time, traces of which were discovered whilst excavating for drainage in 1854. In connection with this drainage an ancient sea-cobble pavement was discovered in the adjoining street, called Gowthorpe, about 3 feet 6 inches below the surface. At the southern end of this street was the old Postern Gate, which led to the property now called Portholme. The abbot's house was situate in what is now the Crescent. This was the extent of Selby at the time of the dissolution of the monastery. The population in 1574 was about 1390, in 1801, 2361, and at the 1881 census, 6031.

Apart from the abbots of Selby and their time, the town of Selby cannot be said to have produced many distinguished men, but the following were natives of Selby:—

Thomas Johnson, an English botanist of the seventeenth century; his chief work was a new edition of "Gerard's Herbal." He went into the army on behalf of the king and attained the rank of Lieut.-Colonel, and died from the effects of a shot received near Basingstoke, in September, 1644.

Smithson Tenant, a celebrated English chemist, born in 1761. He contributed many valuable papers to the Royal Society, of which he was a Fellow.

Dr. Bateman, a distinguished civil servant and lawyer, born 1797, and ultimately Assistant Secretary of the Board of Excise, London. He wrote many valuable legal works.

With respect to the Masonic history of the town, there is not, unfortunately, a great deal to be said. No doubt amongst the numerous builders of the abbey were many Freemasons; indeed, from the proximity to our Great Mother Lodge at York, it could not fail to be so. Bro. Fort, in his excellent work "The Early History and Antiquity of Freemasons"—a work which should be in every Freemason's library—has on page 330, etc., given some illustrations of Masonic marks taken from the abbey. I may add that I have in my possession a stone which I found whilst altering my house which bears Masonic marks, and which I shall be most happy to show any of the brethren. The earliest records we have of Freemasonry in modern times are to be found in the minute book of the Mariners' Lodge, which was consecrated on the 7th June, 1799, and which lasted apparently until about 1814; and I commend to

your most careful reading a most interesting paper thereon by Fra. T. B. Whytehead, in the Masonic papers for 5th March, 1881. In 1849 the Lodge of St. Germain was formed, Bro. Matthew Pearson being the first W.M., and T. M. Weddall, S.W., and R. J. Parker, J.W. Bro. T. M. Weddall is the father of the lodge, and I hope you will permit me, as a P.M. of that lodge, to say that I trust he will long continue in that honourable position. In St. Germain's Lodge we have preserved several relics of the old Mariners' Lodge—The Master's chair, the back being adorned by a blazing sun, and surrounded by the motto "sit lux et lux fuit;" three pedestals for candlesticks, about a foot high; six engraved glasses; the old square, and the J.W.'s column. It is pleasant to be able to report that our lodge is rapidly increasing in numbers, under the auspices of our present W.M., Bro. P.M. Staniland, and there is every prospect of our having a more than usual happy and prosperous Masonic year.

The great glory of Selby is, undoubtedly, its abbey church, and as it is so closely interwoven with the history of the town, I have in my slight sketch given you its history. It is, in fact, the only one of our Yorkshire abbey churches not in ruins, and it is therefore "the most perfect monastic church in the county."

The church is in the form of a cross, and the plan comprises nave, choir (these two being about equal length), lady chapel, a central tower between nave and choir, and a north transept with eastern aisle. The south transept was destroyed in March, 1690, by the fall of the tower. The entire length of the church is 298 feet, and the width about 60 feet.

There are four distinct architectural styles in the church:—

1. *Norman*—A portion of the nave and transept, *circa* 1090.
2. *Transitional*—West portion of the nave, and its porch and doorway (1170).
3. *Lancet or Early English*—In the upper part of the nave on the south side.
4. The choir of the *Geometrical* period and its completion in the *Curvilinear*, when flowing tracery was prevalent (*circa* 1320).

The aisles have square terminations eastward, parallel with the eastern termination of the lady chapel. The nave is late Norman and early English (1097—1170). The choir and lady chapel are Decorated, 1335—1367. There is an Early Decorated chapel, often called the chapter-house (*circa* 1250), on the south side of the chancel, and a porch on the north side of the nave. The tower rises in the middle, the lower portions being Norman, the upper being rebuilt in a debased style (*circa* 1702).

Perhaps some details of the dimensions of the building may be interesting:—Total length 298 feet. Nave, 139 feet long by 58 feet wide. Nave aisles, north, 16 feet; centre, 27 feet; south, 14 feet 10 inches; total width, 57 feet 10 inches. Choir, 141½ feet long by 60 feet wide. Choir aisles, north and south, 15½ feet; centre, 29 feet; total width, 60 feet. North transept, 41 feet long by 23 feet wide; north transept aisle, 23 feet wide. Width of nave piers, 12 feet 4 inches; width of choir, 14 feet 6 inches; width of tower, 17 feet 6 inches. Sacristy, 19 feet 6 inches by 34 feet 1 inch.

There are no bells of any great antiquity in the tower; it is supposed the last abbot took the old ones away. The oldest bell of the present peal dates from 1614.

Of the choir, the late Sir Gilbert Scott said:—"This is in the finest Decorated or Middle Pointed style, and of the most perfect design and execution; indeed, it would be difficult to find an example of that style excepting in some of the finest of our cathedrals more perfect than that of Selby. It is seven bays or arches in length, and of uniform and harmonious design, though the length of time occupied in its erection has led to a slight change in the details as it goes upwards. The pillars are richly clustered and with foliated capitals; the arches elaborately moulded. Between these, in each of the spandrels, is a beautiful niche, and above the clerestory and triforium are united

in one as at York, and the whole covered with groining, that of the centre being of oak, though this does not appear as to have been originally intended so, whilst that over the aisles is of stone. And the same distinguished architect says of the exterior eastern façade, "a noble and magnificent composition."

One of the greatest of our living writers, Dr. E. A. Freeman, says:—"It may appear strange to claim the first place amongst the abbeys of Yorkshire for Selby. That great church has had the luck, good or bad, to be preserved in an almost perfect state. It is certain we have at Selby a foundation of the Conqueror, which grew into a high position amongst the monastic houses of England, and to a specially high position among the monastic houses of its own district, where it could have no rival of its own order except the house of St. Mary of York. Selby and St. Mary's stand alone in their own reputation as Benedictine houses of the first rank, and of these two Selby stands alone as having its church preserved in an all but perfect state. And the Minster of Selby is, in truth, a building worthy of a unique position. In outline it is certainly lacking: the western towers were never carried up; the south transept is gone, the only mutilation of the church itself as distinguished from the utter sweeping away of the conventual buildings which joined it on the south side. And even this mutilation was negative rather than positive in the same diocese, though not in the same shire. But in most eyes the glory of Selby will be its choir, ending in a window which may claim at least the second place of its own class in England, and therefore in the world. Like York, Lincoln, Ely, and Carlisle, Selby has neither apse nor lord-chapels spreading beyond the main building. The ends of the choir and its aisles form the grand and simple east of a type exclusively English. Within, the choir may be thought to suffer somewhat from the common English fault of lowness. A somewhat larger triforium range would have made the difference; and the vault of wood is clearly the right thing if the walls and pillars were found unable to support a vault of stone. A wooden vault is, of course, a makeshift, but it is an allowable and necessary makeshift. The wooden vault of Selby is thoroughly good of its own kind, and it is a special relief to one who comes to it from the paltry roofs of its metropolitan neighbour at York."

Fratres—My agreeable task, and also, I fear, my tax upon your patience, is now nearly finished. I feel sadly too conscious that the foregoing remarks are not worthy of your acceptance, for I am not an architect, nor do I understand architecture; but the longer I live the more do I venerate the noble pile under whose shadow I pursue my daily work. I have endeavoured in this slight sketch to do my best to draw your attention to the one great feature of our little town. I must, at the same time own my deep obligation to Mr. Morrell's valuable history of Selby. The preparation of this paper has been a great source of pleasure to me, and if it will be of any service to you I am more than repaid.

The facts show you, imperfectly as I have done my task, that Selby occupies no undistinguished place in the history of Yorkshire, and we cannot but feel very deep gratitude to those Brethren who reared our splendid abbey church which mostly contributed to its fame. It is true that their names are unknown, but we are taught in the Second Degree what are the duties of Craftsmen, and I think we may fairly adjudge them to have acted on the same rules.

I will, before closing, venture to throw out the suggestion that there is ample scope for another visit of this College to Selby, for within ten miles you will find the Priory Church of Hemingbrough, the Collegiate Church of Howden, the Priory of Suaith, the Castles of Cawood and Wressle, the Knights Templar Preceptory of Temple Hirst, and many neighbouring village churches of great interest.

I thank you, Fratres, for the very patient hearing you have accorded me.

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 IV.—1864 to 1879—*continued.*

ON November 1st, 1876, an occurrence of great rarity took place in our lodge, viz., the signing of a Grand Lodge certificate twenty-five years after its issue. The brother was originally initiated to become Tyler in 1848, and finding that he had not been returned by Airedale since 1856, I felt it incumbent upon me to require that this certificate should be signed in our lodge, and meanwhile obtained the Grand Secretary's sanction. I found the document crammed, with "ten rows a penny" of antiquated pins and several aged candle ends, in the corner of a huge wooden chest which formerly belonged to the Duke of York's Lodge at Doncaster, and which chest I had taken a great fancy to. The contents took me the whole of one Saturday afternoon, and several nights of the following week, to turn over. If one of our "antient brethren" had been in the habit of occupying the box in question after exceedingly festive occasions as a bedstead, and had all the brethren regarded and made use of it at other times as a dust-bin, it could not have been more effectually soddened down, and, consequently, more got into it!

"Oblivion" I named it, and should have moved in the lodge that it be cleansed in the only effectual manner—*by fire*, but for the pleasure the dirty old thing had given me in rummaging its contents. At the bottom was another certificate, still older, and several more in other parts of the box, together with many written curiosities, *wherein the writers most specially desired that after perusal they should be destroyed!* The dates of many of these papers went back to 1788, and some were very interesting—the reminiscences of the old coaching days especially—but such having no connection with Freemasonry beyond that the writers and receivers were Masons, and being for the most part domestic and family matters intended to be the secrets of the recipient, I did not hesitate to obey the injunction of the writers of several by burning them. The Masonic papers I carefully preserved.

One of the certificates had evidently been used as a "churchwarden" lighter, hastily extinguished and thrown into "oblivion;" I presume, to hide the unpardonable sacrilege. Seeing the burnt end of a dirty-looking "screw" of paper, about an inch thick, I unfolded it carefully, and after spending some weeks' trouble in pressing and otherwise preparing, I mounted it on a large cardboard. I am only sorry that the brown and black patch in the middle cannot be hidden; but few would suspect the use to which the document had been applied if ignorant of its history, whilst those who *were* acquainted with it might possibly regard it as a "beauty spot," under the circumstances of its discovery.

At the installation of Bro. John Hey as W. Master, St. John's, 6th December, 1876, I received from my brethren of Airedale Lodge two gifts which I shall ever prize, not only as a spontaneous act of good feeling on their part, but for the very delicate and thoughtful manner in which they sought to further honour me by inviting my father to be present. As the presentation

was entirely unexpected on my part (in fact, I had to attend in travelling dress, for I had come from London the same evening, and it was therefore by no means certain that I should be present at all), I could not fail to appreciate their goodness, especially as I have always felt during my Masonic career that the esteem and goodwill of my brethren were infinitely preferable to any gift of whatever intrinsic value. There were present the W. Master, Bro. William Parker, the W.M. elect, Bro. John Hey, ten Past Masters, and twenty-three members of Airedale Lodge, besides representatives of seven other lodges, viz., Amphibious, 258; Three Graces, 408; Truth, 521; Harmony, 600; Eccleshill, 1034; Wharnccliffe, Penistone, 1462; and Baildon, 1545. The presentation consisted of a beautiful gold Past Master's Jewel of special design, and a very handsomely framed address, most artistically executed.

In the Lodge circular dated 28th February, 1877, I inserted a foot-note as follows:—"The 11th April being the fiftieth anniversary of the lodge, in which all should be interested, you are specially desired to attend and assist the W.M. in deciding what steps should be taken to celebrate that important event."

The announcement took the brethren by surprise, but there was an unmistakable desire generally shown to commemorate the event in a fitting manner, and a committee was at once formed, with Bro. John Morrell as secretary of same, to decide upon and carry out a suitable programme; and at a meeting of that committee on the 8th March, 1877, it was decided to give a banquet to the W. Master, Bro. John Hey, on the 11th April; and, in order permanently to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the constitution of the Airedale Lodge, a bookcase and the foundation of a Masonic library, for the use of the members, should also be inaugurated. Accordingly, a lodge of emergency was called for the 11th April, 1877, at four o'clock in the afternoon, at which twenty-seven brethren were present. After the usual preliminary business of the lodge, a letter and "Reminiscences" of our first W. Master, Bro. Wainman Holmes, were read. As these, with the proceedings on this occasion, have been already published, it is unnecessary to reproduce them here.

On the 25th April, 1877, several matters in connection with the library were settled, books being presented by members of the lodge on 30th May; and on June 27th, 1877, "Laurie's History of Freemasonry in Scotland," by our late Bro. Thomas Murgatroyd, P.M., also a portfolio of music by the W.M., Bro. John Hey.

On the 26th September, 1877, the sum of five guineas was voted to the Indian Famine Fund; and the W.M. was empowered to treat with the owner of the lodge premises for their alteration according to plans already passed by the Shipley Local Board. Trustees on behalf of the lodge were appointed, on October 9th, to sign a ten years' lease of the premises at an increased rental, and the circumstances gave me an opportunity of reviewing the financial position of the lodge for the seven years preceding, and warning the brethren that the proposed undertaking would require increased solicitude about lodge affairs, and a more general anxiety for progress on the part of all. A full report of this is in the minute book. It had a beneficial result, although, as a consequence of an investigation into the Treasurer's ledger, five more members were erased. However, difficulties arose with the owner of the lodge premises, and under the circumstances it became imperative that other premises should be secured as soon as possible. On the 24th, "Bro. Hey, W.M., presented to the library a handsomely bound copy of my so-called "History of the Airedale Lodge." Similar copies he was good enough to present to me, also to the R.W. Prov. G. Master and to the D.P.G. Master, whose acknowledgments for the same are copied in the minute book. It was practically decided, 21st November, 1877, that in future the duties of Tyler should be the first step to office in the lodge, there being a general wish amongst those more nearly affected by it—viz., the junior brethren—that it should be so.

Building negotiations were now in progress, and at the St. John's, 19th December, 1877, plans were submitted of new premises at Well Croft, Shipley, and being recommended by the committee, were duly passed.

I received a letter on the 20th February, 1878, from Bro. John C. Taylor, P.M., which I have much pleasure in giving in the Appendix. The writer of this letter (Appendix H) is Masonically known in Bradford and district as "Working Taylor," a cognomen he had, in fact, earned when I was received into Masonry. He was initiated in the Lodge Three Graces, August 18th, 1834; was greatly attached to Airdale Lodge, of which he has long been an honorary member, and I know of no brother more generally respected. In the early part of my Masonic career, Bro. Taylor, the late Bro. Samuel Priestley, and myself, met on Saturday afternoons, for Masonic practice, in the fields at Horton, where is now Scholemoor Cemetery. I take this opportunity of publicly acknowledging the pride I always felt in his Masonic friendship, as well as thankfulness and gratitude for inexhaustible Masonic information and instruction received at his hands. He is a worthy Mason, and no eulogies of mine will add to the praise he has universally gained and merited.

Of a naturally retiring disposition, Bro. Taylor has not found it possible to entirely neglect Masonry in his old age, and one of his greatest pleasures is in receiving brethren at his own house and communicating to them "light and instruction" from a fountain of Masonic lore, alas! too rarely equalled. Bro. Taylor took a very active part in the Airedale Lodge between 1863 and 1869, during which time he was a constant attender and undertook all the principal working. He, moreover, instructed the "workmen," who ultimately again raised, almost on its very ashes, the superstructure of our lodge. *Palmam qui meruit ferat.* A feature, not unworthy of imitation by all lodges, characterised the business of the meeting on February 20th, 1878, for, as a practical illustration of cosmopolitan Masonry and true charity, a subscription was made on behalf of a distressed brother of a neighbouring lodge. It ought to be remembered that the brethren had continual claims upon their liberality at this time, as the Charities were not allowed to suffer, whilst so many sacrifices had to be made for the new premises now actively progressing. The chief business of every meeting consisted of committee reports and building suggestions and arrangements, but on the 17th April receipts were handed to the Secretary for thirty guineas subscribed to the Girls' School for the purpose of endowing chairs of the lodge.

Bro. Bentley Shaw, J.P., P.D.P.G.M. of West Yorkshire, and our highly esteemed and justly beloved Prov. G. Supt. of R.A. Masons, died at his residence, Woodfield House, near Huddersfield, on the 20th March, 1878.

The memory of his virtues as a man, not less than as a Mason, will long live in the hearts of the Freemasons of West Yorkshire. To him I was indebted for the first practical example of what Masonry can do for the destitute and oppressed. I shall never forget the circumstance, nor could I ever see him afterwards, either in Prov. Grand Lodge or in any other capacity public or private, without calling it to mind, and no doubt many readers will recognise it. At one of the Prov. Grand Lodge meetings, years ago, held at the Masonic Hall, St. George-street, Leeds, a peculiar case of charity came before Prov. Grand Lodge—one in fact which to all appearance had to be dragged there. It was a case of *the real poor*, and the subject a widow lady. In the absence of the R.W. Prov. Grand Master (Earl de Grey of Ripon), Bro. Bentley Shaw presided, as Deputy Prov. Grand Master, and I was present on this particular occasion. Suffice it to say, owing to the urgency of the case, no petition had been forwarded to the Charity Committee in the usual way, and it could not on that account be officially entertained by Prov. Grand Lodge. It happened, however, that the poor lady's late husband had been a member of the same lodge as the worthy Deputy Prov. Grand Master, who made himself acquainted with the particulars; and the explanations and

eloquent appeal he made for a subscription amongst the brethren present resulted in a sum being collected which I could not help reflecting would make "the widow's heart leap for joy." The episode is imperfectly sketched, but few of the Masons present on that day will find it difficult to fill in the particulars which had so much influence upon me.

Here was a wide field of usefulness open if I choose to accept it, and I mentally desired to profit by the teaching I had received. But Bro. Bentley Shaw's useful life was passed in the exercise of benevolence and charity, and the 114 votes lost to the province of West Yorkshire by his death exemplify but a drop in the ocean of his philanthropy.

On the 19th June our lodge passed a rather strong resolution against a proposition in Prov. Grand Lodge to compel payment of one shilling per member annually throughout the province for additional purposes of the Charity Committee. The motion in Prov. Grand Lodge was ultimately withdrawn however, there being quite as strong objection to it shown in other lodges. After voluminous reports and "building business," on the 17th July, 1878, including that of raising £150 for additional furniture, etc., the lodge sanctioned the necessary arrangements made by the Secretary for the opening of the new hall by the Right Hon. the Earl of Carnarvon, M.W. Pro Grand Master, on the 2nd of October, 1878. The action of the Secretary throughout his communication with the M.W. Pro Grand Master, was also enthusiastically approved of and confirmed; also the invitations of the R.W. Prov. G.M. (Sir Henry Edwards, Bart.), the W.D.P.G.M. (Thomas W. Tew, J.P.), and the officers of Prov. Grand Lodge to dedicate the building on the same occasion. The raising of the annual subscriptions had for some time been contemplated, and was finally settled at £3 on the 14th August, 1878. At the same time precisely the same resolutions were moved as on several previous occasions, to raise the initiation and joining fees to ten guineas and five guineas respectively, and met with the same result as before, the brethren being still unwilling to make any alteration in them. The meetings of September 2nd and September 11th, 1878, were chiefly for the purpose of removing the lodge, the necessary formalities being completed at the latter meeting. The following circular was issued 27th September, 1878:—

Masonic Hall, Kirkgate, Shipley, 27th September, 1878.

Dear Sir and Brother.—You are requested to attend the duties of the lodge next Wednesday morning at 11.30 o'clock. By order of the W.M. Yours respectfully and fraternally,

J. RAMSDEN RILEY, P.M., Secretary.

BUSINESS.

Opening and Dedication of the New Masonic Hall by M.W. Bro. the Right Hon. the Earl of Carnarvon, Pro G. Master; R.W. Bro. Sir Henry Edwards, Bart., D.L., Prov. G. Master W. Yorks; W. Bro. Thos. W. Tew, J.P., D. Prov. G. Master W. Yorks.—The W.M. will open the lodge in the three degrees at 12 punctually.—Luncheon in the dining-room at 2.15 p.m.

On October 2nd, 1878, a red-letter day in the history of our lodge, there were present:—

M.W. Bro. the Right Hon. the Earl of Carnarvon, Pro G. Master; R.W. Bro. Sir Henry Edwards, Bart., Prov. G.M. W. Yorks; V.W. Bro. Thomas W. Tew, J.P., Deputy Prov. G.M. W. Yorks; nineteen Provincial Grand Officers, eleven Worshipful Masters of Lodges surrounding Shipley; two old Past Masters of Airedale Lodge, but now of Baildon, 1545 (Bro. John Walker and Bro. Lycias Barker), besides members of Airedale Lodge as follows:—

Bro. John Morrell, W.M.

„ John Hey, I.P.M.

„ John Magson, S.W.

„ Frederick Ives, J.W.

Bro. F.W. Booth, P.M., Prov. G.D.C.

„ Samuel Jackson, P.M.

„ C. Roebuck, P.M.

„ C. Howroyd, P.M.

Bro. James Lister, S.D.	Bro. W. H. Hargreaves.
" J. R. Riley, P.M., as Treas.	" T. J. Gamble.
" Samuel Smith, as I.G.	" Samuel Smith.
" J. W. Taylor, as O.G.	" Joseph Dawson.
" J. R. Riley, P.M., Sec.	" William Spencer.
" H. Smith, P.M., Prov. G. Sec.	" Elias Heaton.
" W. W. Holmes, P.M.	" C. W. Marchbank.
" Joseph Denby, P.M.	" S. A. Anty.
" J. C. Taylor, P.M.	" Alfred Glaize.
" S. S. Blakey, P.M.	" William Oddy.
" Thos. Murgatroyd, P.M.	" S. Minakin.
" Thos. Denby, P.M.	" C. W. Curran.
" Wm. Turner, W.M. 1545.	" John Holder.
" F.W. Nicholson, P. Prov. G.O.	" Joseph Atkinson.

Reports of the proceedings at the opening appeared in several local papers, but were necessarily incorrect in some particulars. In the *Freemason*, however, it was correctly reported, and after reading this over I have decided to reprint it here making, however, an important addition and expunging two paragraphs referring to myself personally.

(To be continued.)

LINES ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

BY SAVARICUS.

WE, living, mourn the dear ones dead,
And feel the parting's sad;
But think the soul, that upward soars
To heavenly rest, is glad.

The pilgrimage of life to us
Is fraught with joy and pain;
The change from earth to realms of bliss
Is beatific gain.

Dear honoured age we crave and love,
To life it lends a charm;
And sheltered by affection's care,
The aged fear no harm.

When loved ones die the tears we shed
Are hallowed as they fall;
In death, sublimely, we but see
The portion due by all.

A mother dear we dote upon,
From her 'tis hard to part;
But still our mem'ry fondly keeps
"Remembrance in one's heart."

THE ROYAL VOLUNTEER REVIEW AT EDINBURGH,
25TH AUGUST, 1881.

AT any time a visit to Edinburgh well repays the traveller in search of the pleasures to be derived from varied and picturesque scenery. Its favoured site and surroundings, its quaint old buildings, its imposing citadel and its venerable palace, hallowed as these are by traditions of and associations with the most exciting periods of the nation's history, give to the capital of Scotland attractions of unique and abiding character.

It need hardly be said that a royal visit to the ancient Palace of Holyrood was an important occasion for the city, while a review by the Queen of her Scottish Volunteers was an event in its history that not Scotchmen only would wish to share the glory of, if even as but humble spectators. In such capacity then we visited Edinburgh in August, 1881, among the many hundred thousand of loyal subjects who desired to see and greet their gracious Sovereign, and to witness the gathering of her northern army of 40,000 volunteers. What a grand success the review was, in spite of the most unpropitious weather, is already known to all. The Queen herself, H.R.H. the Commander-in-chief, and military and civilian spectators of the highest capacity, have united in praising the admirable arrangements of those responsible for moving the troops, and testifying to the magnificent appearance and behaviour of the volunteer soldiers under the most trying conditions. The weather was indeed deplorable, and will probably be remembered by those who took part in the review as the most prominent feature of the day. The previous day had been very wet, and when we arrived in Edinburgh in the afternoon it was raining heavily. Already thousands of visitors were pouring into the town, fondly hoping, as we did, to avoid the bustle and crowd of the next day. The hotels and lodging-houses were able to put on an exceptional tariff, which, if it did not "protect" them from overcrowding, at least made a handsome recompense for the extra trouble and worry. A friend had secured for us comfortable quarters near "The Meadows," two large public parks on the south side of the city, which had been chosen for the "rendezvous" of two-thirds of the volunteer army. The other division was to assemble in the "Queen's Park," nearer the review ground, but at no great distance from our lodgings. After dinner the rain gave over somewhat, and though it was nearly dusk we strolled to the park to inspect the scene of the morrow's show. Towering over the houses in this part of the city the rocky escarpment of Salisbury Crags arrests the eye, and above, the lion-like mass of "Arthur's Seat" dominates, and yet does not detract from the bold outline of the cliffs below. This Royal "park" is unlike anything else of the name, and is one of the most attractive features of Edinburgh scenery. Lying on the east side of the old town it stretches from Holyrood Palace southwards to the village and Loch of Duddingston, a distance of nearly two miles, and of nearly circular shape extends east and west for a similar distance. Arthur's Seat is the highest point in it, and from the summit (800 feet high) there is a magnificent view of the city and its environs, as well as of the opposite shores of the Frith of Forth. There is every variety of hill scenery in the compass of this park—"crags, knolls, and mounds, confusedly hurled"—and the Lochs of Dunsappie and St. Margaret add further charms to this wonderful bit of pure nature that keeps so close company with the busy haunts of man. A broad carriage-way, known as the "Queen's Drive," encircles the park, offering at various points enchanting views of town and country. The Parade-ground, as used by the garrison and by the Edinburgh volunteers for battalion drill, is a tolerably smooth piece of ground lying to the east of the Palace, with a few trees (the

only ones in the park) along its margin. Large enough for this purpose, it is quite insufficient in extent for the movements of an army corps of 40,000 to 50,000 men. The authorities had accordingly arranged that only the First Division should be drawn up there for inspection, while the Second and Third Divisions were to be massed along the south side of the drive on the narrow strip of ground between it and the steep slopes beneath Salisbury Crags. When we got to the park on Wednesday evening this portion of the review ground was in a dreadful state from the rain. A large body of men were employed emptying cartloads of ashes, &c., on what was already a marsh, and which next day's rain must have converted into a lake. We found strong barricades erected along the hill-side, where the crowd of spectators was expected, and at points where the nature of the ground would make a crush dangerous. The grand stand (seated for 6000) was erected on the north side of the Parade Ground, facing the hill, and just behind the saluting point where Her Majesty was to be stationed during the march past. Having noted the dispositions for the great event of next day, we retraced our steps by the gates near Holyrood Palace. Here a large crowd was assembled, in the hope of seeing the large space in front of the Royal residence illuminated by the electric light. As it was now almost dark we joined the expectant throng, and, lighting our pipes, awaited with patience the display. In about an hour we were rewarded with a flash of about three minutes' duration, but meanwhile the gas lamps were sufficiently bright to enable us to note the extensive decorations that made the old Palace-yard look quite gay. More effective, however, were the flags and streamers that were stretched across the narrow Canongate and High-street, which, in the glare of light from shops and lamps gave a brightness and lightness to the rather dingy old street, although at some points it has architectural features of great merit, and is full of interest to the historian and antiquary. Readers of Sir Walter Scott's novels, and especially of "*The Heart of Midlothian*," will recall many allusions to the scenes we have just alluded to both in the old town and in the Queen's Park. As we proceeded to the new town the crowds in the streets appeared to increase, and at the east end of Princes-street, where a display of the electric light was expected, there was an immense concourse of people, making locomotion very difficult. Every one seemed in the best of humour, and not even the failure of the promised light affected the temper. The decorations in Princes-street, George-street, and St. Andrew and Charlotte-squares were on a very elaborate scale, Venetian masts being erected at various points, with a most extensive display of bunting. The hotels in Princes-street are large and numerous, and some of the proprietors lit up every window, which added greatly to the cheerfulness of the scene. Visitors were still pouring in from the railway stations, and everything betokened the eve of a great event. The view of Princes-street from the opposite side of the valley was very fine, and the illumination was pretty general. We believe the electric light was in full play before midnight, but rather tired with the day's travelling and sight-seeing, we thought it better to retire to rest early and prepare for the more exacting business of next day.

The morning of the 25th was bleak and dull, but fair, and the cold wind had wonderfully dried up the roads. After breakfast, the "*Meadows*" being so near, we could comfortably observe the arrival of the troops at their "*rendezvous*," and note the behaviour of the volunteers. Already the east meadow was gay with scarlet and blue uniforms, and a Lanarkshire regiment of rifles in grey, over 1000 strong, was marching in. They tramped along at a fine swinging pace, and seemed in capital spirits and form. Arms were soon piled, and the men were allowed to fall out and attend to the wants of the inner man. The commissariat arrangements appeared to give satisfaction, and were on a large scale, judging by the immense wagons that were placed in rear of each brigade; nor did the shops and public-houses in the vicinity escape

requisition, and the place was soon a somewhat confused scene of *al fresco* breakfasts and luncheons. Some corps, however, maintained more rigid order, and mounted officers seemed busy in keeping every one on the alert and exercising a little control over these irregular movements. In the "West Meadows," where the First Division was assembling, the appearance of some of the Highland regiments elicited general admiration. The First Argyshire Rifles, under the popular Lieut.-Col. Malcolm (of Poltalloch), and the Sutherland men, commanded by their chieftain the Duke, came in for a special share of approval. All the morning large bodies of volunteers came marching to the rendezvous, and took up their positions with beautiful order and precision. The detraining of the troops was accomplished, we believe, without any hitch or mishap whatever, and the greatest credit was given to the railway authorities for the careful arrangements made for the conveyance of so many thousands to and from Edinburgh. Some few of the Highlanders arrived in town on the previous night, but for the most part the large army corps was disembarked at the various railway stations in and around Edinburgh between five and ten a.m., and despatched again in the evening between seven and ten p.m. It need hardly be said that there was an enormous general passenger traffic on all the lines during the day and far into the following night. One instance of loyal self-sacrifice on the part of a volunteer corps may be noticed. A detachment of the First Inverness Artillery from the Island of Lewis in the Hebrides, left home on Monday night, reached Edinburgh on Wednesday night, left again on Thursday night, and did not reach home till Saturday evening, all this at a time of year when their earnings at home were of greatest value. It is right, too, to mention that the expenses of their transit, necessarily considerable, were defrayed by the generous Lady Matheson, of the Lewis.

About mid-day increased animation was given to the scene in the meadows by the unexpected arrival of H.R.H. the Commander-in-Chief, accompanied by H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, Sir Garnet Wolsey, and staff. They rode on to the ground and made inspection of the disposition of the various brigades composing the two divisions at this rendezvous. Our Cumberland friends were brigaded in the second division, which had assembled under Salisbury Crags, in the Queen's Park. After looking to our own commissariat, and not forgetting a few wraps and umbrellas, we resolved to walk that way before taking up our places on the Grand Stand. The cold wind of the night had wonderfully dried up the ground, and the rendezvous being on the upper slopes of the valley, this division had certainly the best of it so far, and the men seemed to be enjoying themselves under the shelter of the hill. The Cumberland battalion had left home about midnight, and arriving in Edinburgh before six a.m., were wisely marched off to a large hall for a comfortable breakfast before assembling in the Park. The spectacle, on gaining the St. Leonard's entrance, was a very pretty one, the troops being disposed along the opposite side of the valley, while regiment after regiment was marching on to the drive at various points, the varied colours of different battalions showing well among the grey rocks and green turf of the Park. On the ridge above, and on every hill in the neighbourhood—even on Arthur's Seat itself—there were clusters of spectators, who seemed thoroughly to enjoy these preparatory movements. After greeting our friends from "canny Cumberland," we proceeded along the side of the hill, anxious to get through the line and across the Parade-ground before the way was blocked. The weather was beginning to look threatening, and a bitter wind was sweeping up from the east, but nothing seemed to daunt the pressing crowds who were swarming up the hill sides. The Grand Stand was as yet comparatively empty, and we were able to secure a sheltered post from which we could comfortably see the review. The sight of the hills opposite was one not easily forgotten, and multitudes still kept adding to the immense concourse of spectators that covered the slopes. There seemed so little movement in the crowd, and there was so

little colour in the dense masses that occupied every available rising ground, that one could think of nothing they were like but huge swarms of bees sticking to a branch. By-and-by, when the rain set in, the effect of the many thousand umbrellas close set together was somewhat comical. No one seemed to dream of retreating, if, indeed, that were possible; but there, in the face of what proved a pitiless storm of rain, men, women, and children patiently stood watching and waiting. The First Division is meanwhile getting slowly into position on the Parade-ground, immediately in front of us, and as regiment after regiment marched up, the blue and scarlet uniforms make a pleasing contrast and brilliant foreground to the black masses on the hill behind. The brigades were drawn up in open columns of companies and extended on two sides of the square, the commanding officers in front, the whole division being under the command of Major-General Sir Archibald Alison, K.C.B. The leading brigades in each division were composed of artillery corps. Away to the right, under Salisbury Crags, we could see large bodies of troops still pouring into the Park, but before three o'clock the whole of the divisions were in their places (the second and third being formed in deeper columns than the first). The view then from the hill above must have been very fine, although the continuous rain was blurring sadly the gay picture, which extended nearly a mile in length. Presently a body in strange costume appears by the Palace garden. It is the Royal Body Guard of Scottish Archers, with their ancient dress and arms—the uniform, green and gold, and the weapons the long ash bow and arrows. Commanded by the Duke of Buccleuch, and composed of noblemen and gentlemen of Scotland, they were fitly stationed near the royal standard on this, as on all such occasions. Meanwhile the Grand Stand has rapidly filled, and under its shelter the ladies are able to show more variety in costume than the less fortunate spectators on the hill. The rain continues to increase, and everyone feels that the sooner the business of the day is got over the better for everybody. But a royal review cannot be done hurriedly or otherwise than by plan and precedent. At length the signal is given by flag that Her Majesty has left the Palace, and immediately a battery of the Royal Artillery, stationed on the eastern flank of Arthur's Seat, fires a royal salute of twenty-one guns, while the royal standard is hoisted at the saluting base, all amid the loud cheers of the waiting multitudes. The mounted volunteers, three small corps, have been drawn up near Holyrood, and are first inspected, after which the Queen, accompanied by the Duke of Cambridge and staff, proceeded up the valley to the extreme left of the line, where the rear brigade of the Third Division was stationed, under Salisbury Crags. The royal carriage was then turned, and Her Majesty drove slowly down in front of the troops, receiving the usual salute as she passed each brigade. The pent-up enthusiasm of the volunteers found relief in ringing cheers, which were sent after Her Majesty, and mingled with the abundant demonstrations of loyalty from the crowd on the hill. From our point of view, the approach of the Queen was heralded by the sudden display of myriads of pocket handkerchiefs, which lighted up the dark masses of spectators in a curious way. Driving on to the Parade-ground, Her Majesty completed the inspection by proceeding in front of the First Division to the extreme right of the line. She seemed in capital health and spirits, and, wrapped up in a dark waterproof, made very little use of the umbrella which she bravely held up all the way. As she drove past the Grand Stand she acknowledged most graciously the cheers of its occupants, and gave her loyal subjects a good opportunity of seeing their Sovereign, and of admiring her pluck and good nature. The rain was now pitiless in its severity, and the Parade Ground was fast becoming a frightful puddle.

The Volunteer Cavalry having taken up position on the right were now ready to lead the army for the march past. The Fife Light Horse, in scarlet uniform, led by Colonel A. Thompson, had the honour of first passing Her Majesty, followed by two small corps from Forfar and Roxburghshires in grey.

It was, perhaps, well that day that this branch of the service was not more largely represented, for the cavalry march did not improve the ground, which seemed every minute to grow worse. The artillery brigades of the First Division that followed made a gallant effort to preserve line and step; but the task was a formidable one, and abundantly proved the quality of the troops, the First Inverness specially distinguishing themselves. Then came three battalions of Forfarshire Rifles in scarlet tunics, followed by the Perthshire corps in grey, the 2nd Perth in kilts, and marching well together. The third brigade was led by Stirling and Kincardineshires Rifle Corps in green, which were soon eclipsed by the magnificent Highland battalions from Sutherland and Argyleshires. The physique of these men was splendid, and they marched in grand style, apparently accustomed to the soaking conditions of weather and ground. A very fine regiment from Dumbartonshire followed in green uniform. The last brigade was led by two Lanarkshire battalions, and comprised, also, the First Aberdeenshire corps, of whose steadiness and appearance Colonel Jopp may well feel proud. The artillery brigade in the Second Division was made up of corps from Mid-Lothian to Durham, more than 1300 coming from south of the Tweed. The Fifeshire battalions, both artillery and rifles, made a capital appearance, the marching of the latter being very praiseworthy. In the third brigade a detachment of the London Scottish came in for a large share of popular favour, though in appearance and military style they were undoubtedly surpassed by the First Midlothian and the First Cumberland which followed. Indeed, except some of the real Highland regiments, there was no body on the ground that looked better than the the last-named regiment. The Edinburgh Rifles, in dark grey, that led the next brigade are a very fine corps, 2000 strong; but although on their own ground, their marching was not equal to those preceding, nor to that of the very soldier-like bodies from the border counties that made up the last brigade of the division.

The ground was now in an awful state, and more than one mounted officer had come to grief; the men had to wade ankle-deep in mud and water, and the soaking rain took away all brilliancy from the uniforms. Still the sight was a magnificent one; and the west-countrymen who made up the Third Division, though they had the worst of the ground, received deserved cheers for their plucky and determined bearing. The First Renfrewshire, First Ayrshire, and notably the First Lanarkshire regiments made as fine an appearance as any corps that day.

Long before the last battalion marched past, the crowd on the hill was beginning to give in to the storm; and had the means of egress been equal to the desire for escape, the retreat would soon have been general. At one time, indeed, the pressure was so great that the line of troops was in great danger of complete collapse, and order was only restored by the most prompt action on the part of the commanding officers.

Her Majesty, amid a royal salute from the battery and the hearty cheers of the spectators, quickly drove off the field and entered the Palace Garden by a private way. After that the stampede on the part of the public became general, and within an hour the Park and hill-sides were as bare of human beings as a Highland moor.

Space will not allow to tell of the incidents of the return to the town. Suffice to say that the whole of the troops were got off in wonderfully good time; and though individual sufferings and discomforts must have been great, there was no breakdown or mishap anywhere. The rain continued all the evening, and the state of the streets and railway stations can be more easily conceived than described.

The Volunteer army that day achieved one of its proudest successes, and Queen and country may well be satisfied with the quality of their citizen soldiers, after the magnificent displays at Windsor and Edinburgh in 1881.

ON THE WATER.

BY CHARON.

DO not let any of my readers expect a very interesting or sensational article under the above heading, neither let them be afraid of the old and classic name of the "venerable Boatman." Despite the more florid and animated attractions of this youthful but somewhat ignorant generation, some of us "old boys" can yet "tell a tale" of the past both interesting and edifying. Better, I trow, and trust than making young ladies run away with groom boys, and filling a volume with no end of crime and the most astounding criminals,—so astounding, as even to startle the mind of the most experienced detective at Scotland Yard.

No: my poor paper is very humble and very prosaic indeed; and if it succeeds in evoking a smile and raising a little tender sigh, Othello's occupation will not be "goone," as Mr. Booth says so emphatically, but it will be both rewarded and accomplished, thanks to Bro. Kenning.

I am a "man and a Mason," a "friend and a brother," and I have been having a holiday. Near to the spot where I pitched my tent lies a placid lake. I do not wish to take my readers too much into confidence for various reasons pressing and personal "to wit," but I may say, though there are, as we all know who have travelled, whether we belong to the Alpine Club or not, "lakes and lakes," yet there is a "lake of lakes"—a lake "par excellence." Nothing too laudatory can be said as regards its charms and its romanticity, the hills which surround it, the green glades which run down to the silvery edge, the large expanse of still or stormy water, all combining to make up a scene of grace and beauty, which is, indeed, for all who love nature and nature's gentle ways, "a joy for ever."

Now one of the amusements much indulged in by our youth of both sexes, nay, by those of all ages, is boating on the "expanse" of its "peaceful bosom." No visions are here of dreadful crossings to Calais, Boulogne, or Ostend; no terrific reminiscences of that dreadful, dreadful day, when we lay, and pitched and rolled "all the day in the Bay of Biscay, O"!

No; the most timid sailor is here courageous,—the most irritable "mucous membrane" is here serene.

We have seen learned lawyers and reverend divines, several rural deans, an archdeacon and a bishop, all comfortable and smiling in a family "gondola" propelled by fair "gondoliers." Oh, what enjoyment for youth, what tender hopes even for old age; what promises of unquenched devotion can a little row on the lake produce? what prospects of unlimited and unequalled happiness for some sentimental bipeds?

I know of no pleasanter or healthier exercise for a fine afternoon than to find yourself one of a "merry crew," and pulling, or pulled by fair hands, "floating" across the tranquil waters of the loveliest of lakes.

The heart expands, the spirits revive, cares are forgotten, worries are no more; nature and art alike in unison (don't suspect me of any rash allusions to ladies' dresses or decorations), you feel calm and contented, happy and hopeful; and nature itself all gracious and beauteous as she is, seems in your eyes still more gracious and beauteous. For, say what theorists and writers will, in the abstract, after all "juxtaposition" has a good deal to do with our present comfort and future convenience. And I for one feel sure of this, that nine tenths of our happiness here below is bound up with the society we live in, the friends we form, the company we keep. Man is not meant to live alone, neither is it good for him to do so; and therefore I say to all such as I see congregating in cheery laughing parties "on the water" before my eyes, "go on and prosper;"

be happy, contented, trusting, and rejoicing. Thank God heartily that He gives you so much domestic felicity, so many kind mates, and such good health, so much joyous promise of a graceful and genial future."

It may be that for you, my young friends, the skies will not be always blue—the clouds will gather, the waves will rise. Perhaps it may be a question whether life has any "compensations" here below to outweigh its troubles, losses, treacheries, sorrows. Those who, like myself have grown old, must feel, as we survey the gay scene to-day from the window where I am penning these lines, that alas! we too can recall as joyous parties, and as sunny smiles, and as silvery voices in the days of old. We have survived them all. They are for us but peaceful loving shadows of a long buried past, which every now and then come and visit us in the gentler memories of the day and night,—to remind us that happiness is here short-lived, and that the "encroaching hand of time" sweeps away in relentless certainty all that we love the best, and count the dearest and most valued upon earth.

But then to suppose that all my readers share in such semi-sentimental, quasi-mournful views, would indeed be a paradox of paradoxes. So, like the pleasant Frenchman of old, let us say, in such cheery hours of holiday gathering and "outing,"

Soyons fous aujourd'hui,
Nous serons sages demain."

BUTTERMERE LAKE.

THERE is not in Britain a finer day's excursion than through Borrowdale to Buttermere, and return through the Vale of Newlands. Coaches leave Keswick at ten a.m., and return at six p.m. It was only some thirty years ago that carriages first began to run that way. Before that the tourist went on horseback, or in a jaunting car with one horse, locally called a "tub." Now, the Market Square, on a fine morning, is the scene of eight or ten coaches making ready for the start, some with a pair of horses, others with three (unicorn as it is called), and the larger vehicles with four horses. The route leaves Castelette and the towering Wallowcrag on the left. As you emerge from the great wood, a splendid view of High and Low Falcon Crag, with Barrow Side, Barrow House, and Cascade burst upon the view; and on the right Derwent Lake, with its islands, St. Herbert's and Ramps-holme, and on the western side Catbells, and the beautiful wooded estate of the Rev. A. F. A. Woodford, called "Derwent Bay," where a romantic villa is almost hidden from view by the profusion of magnificent trees which surround it. Passing Barrow you have Catgill on the left, a waterfall which is never dry, and opposite to which the floating island from time to time makes its appearance. Then you have Lodore Waterfall full in view, with Gowder Crag on the left and Shepherd's Crag on the right. When seen after heavy rain this fall is magnificent, and beggars the splendid description given of it by Southey:

How does the water come down at Lodore?

Here it comes sparkling,
And there it lies darkling;
Here smoking and frothing,
Its tumult and wrath in.

It hastens along, conflictingly strong,
Now striking and raging, as if a war waging,
In caverns and rocks among.

Rising and leaping,
 Sinking and creeping,
 Swelling and flinging,
 Showering and springing,
 Eddying and whisking,
 Spouting and frisking.
 Turning and twisting,
 Around and around,
 Collecting, dissecting,
 With endless rebound.
 Smiting and fighting,
 A sight to delight in.
 Confounding, astounding,
 Dizzying and deafening the ear with its sound.

* * * * *

And so never ending, but always descending,
 Sounds and motions for ever and ever are blending,
 All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar,
 And in this way the water comes down at Lodore.

The carriages stop for the tourist to walk up to the fall. The little roadside inn at which the Prince of Wales stayed all night in 1857 is still there, and by its side a grand new hotel has been built by Mr. Geo. Wilson, of Nunthorpe Grove, York, the owner of the fall. Winding, the road takes you round Grangefell, and you are presently opposite Castle Crag, a conical hill covered with wood, except its craggy top, which seems erected by nature to defend the dale. It has no doubt been a place where the Romans kept a look-out, although the natural strength of the place needed no works to defend it. Tradition says it was also a place of offence and defence against the moss-troopers, to prevent them making a short cut over the Stake Pass into Westmorland and Lancashire to surprise and plunder the wealthier districts. Passing Bowder Stone on the left (which is also worth climbing 150 yards to see), you descend upon Rosthwaite, where there are two comfortable hostelries, the Scawfell Hotel and the Royal Oak Inn. Many a clergyman and many a rest-seeking tourist sojourns in Borrowdale for a few weeks amidst the most charming and peaceful scenery. Lord John Russell said he had "never seen any place like Borrowdale." Seatoller, once the residence of the late Abraham Fisher, Esq., J.P., a prince amongst dalesmen (the last of his family and name in the dale), is now let for lodgings to summer tourists. Leaving Seatoller you begin the ascent of Borrowdale *Hause*. A mountain gill runs down on the left, where leaving the road for twenty yards you have a small waterfall into a basin, which would be, as Southey said, the perfection of a cold bath. None but ladies are allowed to remain in the carriages for the next two or three miles, and only those unused to climbing. As you reach the summit, the magnificent Honister Crag comes in view on the left, while Yew Crag towers up on the right. This is truly the most romantic pass in this country. On both sides the mountains have been pierced with close head quarries, and the finest green slate in the kingdom is produced. It took the first prize in the great Exhibition in London in 1862. The descent is not less difficult for the carriages than the ascent, after which you run along through Gatesgarth, and presently come in sight of the beautiful Lake of Buttermere, lying like a bird's nest, surrounded by hills and woods of nature's planting.

One of the earliest writers on Buttermere was Josh. Budworth, Esq., F.S.A. He published "A Fortnight's Ramble to the Lakes," in 1792. He gave a gossiping account, commencing at Margate and finishing at Levens, near Kendal. It was he who first drew attention to Mary of Buttermere, then a girl of fifteen years. "Her hair was thick and long, of a dark brown, and though unadorned with ringlets, did not seem to want them. Her face was a fine oval, with full eyes and lips red as vermilion. Her cheeks had more of

the lily than the rose, and although she had never been out of the village (and I hope will have no ambition to wish it) she had a manner about her which seemed better calculated to set off dress, than dress *her*. She was a very Lavinia.

Seeming, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most."

Budworth revisited Buttermere in 1797-8, and it is to be regretted that he again injudiciously drew public attention upon her. He said, "She is nineteen, and very tall; her voice is sweetly modulated; and in every point of manners she appeared such as might befitting,

Or to shine in courts with unaffected ease," &c.

In 1802 there arrived at the Queen's Head Inn, Keswick, in a handsome well-appointed carriage, a person who assumed the name of the Honourable Alexander Augustus Hope, brother of the earl of Hopetown, and member for Lintithgow. From Keswick he made excursions, and in an evil hour for the peace of Mary Robinson, and her father and mother (owners of the Fish Inn), he visited their house at Buttermere. He made the acquaintance of an Irish gentleman, who had been resident with his family some months at Keswick, and deluded him into the belief that he was the person he represented himself to be. Can it be wondered then that he deceived Mr. and Mrs. Robinson and their only daughter? On the 2nd of October they were married at Lorton Church. In the course of his stay he made the acquaintance of Mr. John Crumpton, of Liverpool, who had given him leave, as Colonel A. Hope, to draw upon him for a limited amount. Accordingly he drew a bill in favour of George Wood, of Keswick, host of the Queen's Head Inn, for twenty pounds. It was shortly afterwards found that he was a swindler, named John Hatfield, and for forgery and franking letters he was tried at Carlisle, and executed in that city on September 3rd, 1803. Mary Robinson bore her misfortunes with so much propriety as to earn for her the sympathy of all right-minded people. She afterwards married a respectable yeoman of Caldbeck, and has left descendants remarkable for their energy and force of character. You have the choice of two hotels, each good—the Fish and the Victoria. Here there is time for luncheon, and for those who like to go down to Crummock Lake, and sail to the western side, and walk up to Scale Force Waterfall, a fall of 152 feet, besides a smaller fall below.

The view, with Melbrake in the middle distance, and Honister to close the view, is grand when seen from the Lake as you go to Scale Force. Crummock Lake should have a day all to itself from Keswick, going by the Vale of Lorton to Scale Hill, whence also Scale Force can be well visited. The second of Mr. Peter Crosthwaite's stations, marked on his maps, was the favourite one of Dr. Brownrigg and Dr. Franklin, when the latter was a visitor at Ormathwaite House. The return by Whinlatter shows the Vale of Lorton to great advantage from Scale Hill.

The return from Buttermere by the Vale of Newlands diversifies the scene; and descending down towards Derwentwater, backed up by Skiddaw and Blencathra, with Bassenthwaite Lake and valley coming in sight, past Swinside Mountain, makes a day of ever changing scenery nowhere else to be seen in the same time. The whole distance by road is twenty-three miles. The visit to Scale Force adds about three miles to the day's journey. Buttermere Lake is 93 feet deep, and Crummock is 132 feet deep.

N.B.—In our article last month on Bassenthwaite Lake, the depth of Derwentwater, by a slip of the pen, was given as 27 "feet" deep. This should have been written *yards* = 81 feet deep. Also, Bassenthwaite was given 18 "feet," and should have been *yards* = 54 feet deep.

AUTUMN HOURS.

AUTUMN hours, autumn hours,
 Far, I ween, our thoughts must stray,
 As mid both "shine and shower"
 Your stately moments fleet away.
 Summer in its golden glory
 Has vanished all apace,
 And with your graver story
 You wane in calmest grace.

How like to life you are,
 In all your scenes and ways ;
 In bright moments few and far,
 And your swiftly passing days :
 For summer's sheen is o'er,
 Its glad hours disappear,
 And on Time's silent shore
 Lie your mem'ries glad and dear.

Autumn hours, autumn hours,
 Your gleams of burnish'd gold
 Fall on our summer bowers,
 As the year itself grows old.
 Your leaves are no more green,
 Your festive scenes have flown ;
 And all those brighter sunny scenes
 You call no more your own.

Yet such are life and time,
 All our good things fade away ;
 Bright dreams and hopes sublime
 Cease with a short-lived day.
 All, all is doom'd to fade,
 All that we see below,
 The things our hands have made,
 The hearts we love, the friends we know.

Autumn hours, autumn hours,
 Like the scene of life's repose,
 And the fading of the flowers,
 And the withering of the rose,
 All is passing—passing slowly—
 All must end with earthly day ;
 Highest aims and labours lowly,
 Like your moments fleet away.

A F T E R A L L ;

OR, THRICE WON.

BY HENRY CALVERT APPLEBY,

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

CHAPTER XIV.

Base men being in love, have then a nobility.—OTHELLO.

CAN we doubt the inspiring, elevating, transforming power of love? Is it not all powerful? If music can sooth the savage breast, what may not the syren Love do? When man is led by this master passion he is no longer himself, but he emulates the object upon which he has set his affection, which stimulates his good qualities and represses his evil ones. He is no longer human, but angelic.

But to the point. In this mood was Mervyn Merrisslope. Whatever vices he may have had, he made an assiduous and attentive lover, and few could have fought successfully against his attractive manner. Perhaps there was not the perfect gentleman there (and how is *he* defined?), but there was an excellent impersonation of one, an art that covered a multitude of sins. Ever since Arthur Humberton's misfortune, or misdeemeanour as some chose to call it, Merrisslope had again been welcome at Manville Villa; and though it was long before Miss Phane had encouraged his advances still he steadily gained her favour and she was gradually overcoming her scruples and drawing towards him. Humberton's disgrace had been a heavy blow to her, and she thought it was impossible then for him ever to be anything more to her than a crushed memory—a broken dream. She, too, would have liked to have left the world and its follies and troubles, to have buried herself anywhere out of sight. But gradually this sentiment wore off, and she became more rational, though never forgetting her cherished love for Humberton. Of course, she could never marry him, but she would care for no one else like him; and could she conscientiously marry another? Had Merrisslope not been so earnest in his love for her, she would have been strong against the temptation; but was it not folly—was she not wrong to weep for a mere fancy? Argument, however, was useless; it always failed to convince her; it was the ardent sincerity of Merrisslope's love for her to win her, in spite of her determination and the memory of Humberton. Not quickly or suddenly did she yield, but very slowly and surely.

She thought Humberton was too ashamed to write to her; she dare not write to him. How could it have happened; he, so noble, so true, so good? She could have forgiven him even then, but he had never asked her; and what about their future, and her poor father and mother whose hearts it would almost break. No, she must sacrifice herself. It was a most reluctant yielding on her part to Merrisslope, but what could she do?

Merrisslope was very attentive and escorted her everywhere. He had whispered his love on every auspicious occasion in the modern Babylon, than which "earth has not anything to show more fair," according to the simple Wordsworth. A sight "touching in its majesty" is the city when it wears "the beauty of the morning" like a garment

Silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields and to the sky,
All bright and glistening in the smokeless air.

When the sun steeped in his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill, in a deep calm, how could she hear unmoved the piteous tale of his love, told in a low, gentle voice; how could she continually resist his fascinating addresses. It was too flattering to her, too delightful; and Miss Phane at last agreed to change her name with Merrisslope. He had wooed her where "the river glideth at his own sweet will," and the very houses seemed asleep where "all that mighty heart is lying still."

Many a time and oft did Merrisslope lead Olivia to the marvellous sights of the metropolis, and conduct her through the busy haunts of holiday seekers, where they dreamed their happy lives away; and yet not quite happy—there was a shade of sorrow tinting their gladness. Humberton was not yet forgotten, and Merrisslope knew that she was not wholly his. They had not the same light-hearted wonderment at novel sights with which their country cousins were infected, of whom it has been said that

In blithsome mood they visit every spot,
The royal palace and the Switzer cot:
Enjoy with equal gust the glare and gloom,
The mirthful party and the mournful tomb.

No: theirs was an æsthetic enjoyment, half sad, half glad; and a tinge of human pathos touched all they saw, varied as it was in this "resort and mart of all the earth." London, great London! is there not food enough for speculation in this immense city, "by taste and wealth proclaim'd the fairest capital of all the world," to occupy all thought; and sufficient gaiety to drown all melancholy?

Where has commerce such a mart,
So rich, so throng'd, so drain'd, and so supplied
As London—opulent, enlarged, and still
Increasing London? Babylon of old
Not more glory of the earth than she—
A more accomplish'd world's chief glory now.

So says contented Cowper, and we believe him. Olivia Phane loved London, her native city; she cherished all the favourite haunts of

The seat where England from her ancient reign,
Doth rule the ocean as her own domain.

She could say with sweet Southey, whose words she had written in her little album of treasures—

In splendour with those famous cities old,
Whose power it hath surpass'd, it now might vie.
Through many a bridge the wealthy river roll'd;
Aspiring columns reared their heads on high.
Triumphal fanes grac'd every road and gave
Due guerdon to the memory of the brave.

Of course there are many other opinions of London's goodly city, and many far from favourable; for does not the facile Byron speak of

A mighty mass of brick, and smoke, and shipping,
Dirty and dusky, but as wide as eye
Can reach. . . . Amidst the forestry
Of masts, a wilderness of steeples peeping—
A huge dim cupola, like a foolscap crown
On a fool's head—and there is London town.

Not very flattering that, and our friend Olivia by no means endorsed the impertinent lines.

Hampstead Heath, romantic and noble, was one of her favourite haunts; and there she had spent many happy hours amid its charming variety of land-

scape scenery. Here she would admire the constant change of undulating hill and dale, with their pinky walks and clustering clumps of shady trees.

Poor Arthur Humberton, the few opportunities he had been blessed with, he had taken Olivia to that grand and wealthy shrine, that mausoleum of statesmen, Westminster Abbey. Here they would reverently read the sacred monuments to genius and greatness, and listen to the sweet harmony of the rolling organ, or the tuneful choir singing their songs of praise. What an inspiring place to tread; how its nobility thrills one, filling the mind with elevating thoughts. Here the ashes of many great and good men are gathered together in their final resting-place; they have done their work and are no more. How solemn, how awful to contemplate! In this magnificent pile of legendary foundation they had roamed on one or two occasions when the beautifully stained windows had been flooded with sunlight, and all their aspirations had worn a roseate hue, while their hearts were light as air. But she had never seen its marble columns and statues since Humberton had taken her there. Its memories, even, were too sacred to arouse by visitation, and she hardly dared to awaken the old happy thoughts of long ago.

Now, Merrisslope escorted her to St. Paul's majestic Cathedral, with its conspicuous cupola, golden ball, geometrical staircase, giant bell, and whispering gallery, rising Phoenix-like from the ashes of many churches and temples. This pantheon of warriors, rivalling St. Peter's of Rome in symmetrical beauty, is yet cold and uncomfortable in its interior in spite of its grandeur. Still Merrisslope preferred this magnificent and lofty building, the largest Protestant church in the world, to the wonderful Westminster Abbey.

The Crystal Palace, too, another wonder of the world, was a favourite resort of his, and many honied hours had he and Olivia spent in the delightfully artistic gardens surrounding it. The style of the whole is by no means "Early English," but all is essentially modern. The fountains playing in various parts of the grounds are exceedingly pretty sights. The brilliant historical courts in the interior of the glass edifice are strangely interesting. In this glittering house surely he could divert the sympathetic mind of sweet Miss Phane from the sad memories of Humberton; surely there was sufficient pleasing and interesting variety here. Most of the wonders of the world are gathered under its transparent roof, and the ephemeral attractions are too numerous to become monotonous. The best of music was to be had here, though the immense size of the building swallowed up much of its sweetness. Still the best talent was often engaged, and the most fastidious would find something to their taste. All forms of art could be studied and admired—sculpture, architecture, pictures, photographs, manufactures, machinery; also botany, ethnology, palæontology, geology, and a thousand other interesting sections too numerous even to hint at.

Through all these the assiduous Merrisslope led the pliable Miss Phane, ever whispering of love, and gradually controlling her will until she became almost his—until, at last, his will was almost hers, and his wish began to assume the shape of a command.

CHAPTER XV.

Subdued by the power of music.—POPE.

Olivia Phane had now reconciled herself to her approaching marriage with Mervyn Merrisslope, and seemed happy. Mr. and Mrs. Phane were anxious that she should by all means forget Arthur Humberton, and they did all possible to forward the consummating marriage to Merrisslope, trusting thus to complete the happiness of their daughter and finally settle all difficulties.

Besides, Mr. Phane, unknown to his family, was now in financial difficulties, and he and Merrisslope had been conferring together very frequently of late. In fact Mr. Phane was somewhat involved with this young man, and he was the more anxious that he should become his son-in-law, as he would soon be obliged, unless affairs took a brighter turn, to make him a partner in the firm. Of course this would be the best provision possible for his daughter, and therefore he was doubly desirous that her marriage with Merrisslope should take place as soon as possible.

Merrisslope, too, was more infatuated than ever with Olivia, and he wished to grasp the cup of happiness before it could be dashed from his lips again. He could never feel certain that Miss Phane's heart was really and solely his (in fact, he knew that there lingered sad thoughts of another in the corner of it yet) until they were indissolubly wedded. Sincerely he felt that he would do almost anything to possess the whole heart of the fair creature, for he felt that he had many amends to make.

Poor Mrs. Phane, she had strange forebodings of evil in her soul. She hoped Olivia was happy; and really Merrisslope was a very attentive lover, but she had never altogether liked him: perhaps it was a foolish prejudice on her part. Her husband, too, had been strangely taciturn and morose lately, as though some great difficulty were weighing on his mind, and the late bad trade hardly seemed sufficient to account for it all. God grant that it might only be her superstitious fancy; but the fear of some dreadful calamity seemed to hang over her like a shroud. Dear, good woman; she could but trust in Providence.

On the other hand, Merrisslope, though absorbed in the society of Olivia, never seemed so happy as when amid a whirl of life, and he constantly sought the busy hum of men—a peculiar frame of mind, but quite consistent, quite in accordance with his character, and easily explainable. Although he adored Miss Phane, and was inspired and elevated by her presence, still he had thoughts to flee from actually connected with her, which only the distracting stir of humanity could erase for the time, while he could still enjoy her now indispensable society. When absent from her he was moody and melancholy with more than the misery of a lover, and yet she alone, though the chief item of his desires, was not sufficient for him; he must have society. Thus, in the face of his approaching marriage, he led her through the most crowded thoroughfares, tenderly guarding her the while. Through fashionable Hyde Park they roamed, and in the aristocratic Rotten Row; from thence they would go to the finest collection of wild-beasts in the world in the famous Zoological Gardens. Plenty of interesting objects there to avert the gloomiest thoughts, and Merrisslope was soon cheerily describing the different animals to his interested companion, who was so fond of dumb creatures. They might have been strangers to the metropolis who had never seen such sights before. Nor were the theatres neglected. Olivia had never led such a gay life before. Intellectual Irving and quietly conscious Ellen Terry were her favourites, though Merrisslope preferred rather the accentuated Booth as Iago. Once or twice he winced at the withering denunciations of the noble Moor, for he had the weight of sin on his mind. Just as Irving had thrown Iago on the ground in a moment of distrustful passion, Merrisslope seemed as though he could no longer bear the play, and he begged Olivia to leave with him, as he felt very indisposed. She was about to comply with his strange request, when, in the opposite box, she suddenly caught sight of the pale face of Arthur Humberton, with a peculiar eager expression upon it. It was the first time she had seen him since his disgrace; and though she tried to avert her eyes she could not, for there was a strange fascination in that sad face of his. Merrisslope was no longer anything to her, and her heart leaped out to Humberton ready to forgive and forget. But she could not think that face was guilty; no, it could not be. It was all that was

good, and was it impossible for them ever to meet again? Oh! the agony of the moment!

Merrisslope saw all this, and with a fiendish gleam in his eyes he clenched his teeth and dragged Olivia (holding out her arms imploringly to Humberton whose face lit up with momentary joy) out of the box away from the exciting scene. Humberton's face had now flushed with anger as he hastily rushed from his side round the theatre in pursuit of Olivia and Merrisslope. The latter quickly carried the now inanimate form of Olivia out into the street, jumped with her into a cab, instructing the Jehu to drive with all speed to Manville Villa. This was the work of a few moments; and when Humberton arrived, nothing was to be seen, and the distant rattle of wheels alone told him that he had been baffled, and pursuit was useless.

Merrisslope, meanwhile, thanked his stars he had got over that difficulty, and applied restoratives to Olivia. When she slowly opened her wondering eyes in the madly chasing vehicle, he endeavoured to soothe her with all his former ardour, and in tones of apology for his rough action; but as soon as recollection's flash revealed the past few moments to her mind; she refused to be comforted, and burst into a flood of tears. Thus they reached the house of Mr. Phane, where Merrisslope explained the circumstances with his own colouring. Matters had reached a crisis. Olivia retired with her trembling mother, and Mr. Phane angrily and excitedly conferred with Merrisslope. In the end he advised him to stay away a few days until Olivia was prepared to see him again. Much as it pained him, he felt that the happiness of all rested with her, and he must persuade her to follow out his wishes, even against his own, for the good of all.

The next day anger got the better of his curiosity, and he threw a letter from Humberton to Olivia into the fire unopened. In a moment he was sorry for the act, but it was irretrievable.

Olivia now shrank from her impending marriage with Merrisslope, and it was not until Mr. Phane had stammeringly, beseechingly told her his whole position, and how the happiness of her mother and all were concerned in it, that she consented to sacrifice herself. It was not without much struggling with himself that Mr. Phane had brought himself to this resolve, and he repeatedly blamed himself for thus jeopardising the happiness of his dear and only daughter. But what could he do? And, besides, she could not marry the scapegrace Humberton, and Merrisslope would make her a good husband he felt sure. So the marriage date was brought still nearer. Mrs. Phane was miserable; she could not understand it at all, and Olivia could not tell her. Oh! that all might soon be right.

Again poor Olivia tried to forget Humberton and to love the man whom she was so soon to wed. Again Merrisslope escorted her to interesting sights, anxious to divert her mind until the day when she should be his for ever. He took her to the art and science wonders of the South Kensington Museum, and related the history of all the marvels to be found there. She was more moved out of herself and her troubles by the Royal Academy, amidst whose beautiful representations she found much of sympathy; and she left Burlington House touched with the sad pathos of many of its stories, and convinced that there were some trials worse to bear than her own. Merrisslope reminded her that this immense picture show was originated by the grotesque Hogarth. Then to William the Conqueror's tragic Tower of London, a cluster of famous structures, or group of houses, warehouses, barracks, armouries, and towers, with its dismal dungeons, glittering armour, and funny "beef-eaters." Perhaps that wonderful storehouse of literature, science, and art, that magnificent institution, the lottery-bought British Museum, interested her more, with its antiquities, prints, maps, books, drawings, sculptures, and natural curiosities. The chief depository of the nation's pictures, the National Gallery, was also visited. Very interesting was that noble Tudor

Gothic structure, the new Palace of Westminster, or the Houses of Parliament, with their sumptuous decorations. Thus did they spend the days until the date of the wedding, which at last arrived.

Olivia had summoned all her courage and determined to do her best. Perhaps it was all for the best. Extensive preparations were made for a grand wedding at the old church, and many were the invited guests. All seemed to augur well for the future. Not a hitch had occurred anywhere, and the sun smiled on the happy scenes in his brightest mood. All appeared imbued with a cheerful spirit as they forwarded the arrangements. Mrs. Phane was not so fearful of disaster as before, and almost happy that her daughter would at last be comfortably settled. She had long been tossed on a sea of bitter disappointment and grief, and her good mother hoped that now she would at last be made happy. Mr. Phane, too, looked with an approving eye on the preparations, and wishing the event was safely over. He loved his daughter, and he sincerely trusted she would be happy. Merrisslope was still impatient, counting the slow dragging hours. He would not feel safe and secure until the marriage was over—he was strangely filled with the presentiment that he would not be able to drink the cup of pleasure even this time.

At last the time arrived, and all went well for a while, though Olivia seemed much agitated, and she trembled so much that the service was obliged to be delayed. Totteringly she walked when they commenced again, and when the clergyman came to that important question: "Wilt thou have this man?" &c., to the astonishment of all, she shrieked out "No!" and rushed out of the church, and Merrisslope indulged in an audible "damn."

(To be continued.)

A LAMENT.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINRICH HEINE.

Und Wüsstens die Blumen die kleinen, etc., etc.

COULD the tiniest flowers know
How deeply wounded my heart has been,
They would with me "a weeping go,"
To heal my wound so keen.

And were the nightingales aware
How ill and sad I be,
They would outpour everywhere
Their quickening song for me.

And did each little golden star
My misery learn to "ken,"
It would come from its brightness afar,
And "speak peace" to me "there and then."

But none of them can know—
Not one of them knows my pain,
She has herself rent with a blow,
Yes, rent my heart "in twain."

EGYPTIAN ARCHÆOLOGICAL DISCOVERIES.

A GREAT find has been made in Egypt, and mighty is the bustle of the *savans*, intense the fervour of Egyptologists!

A secret mausoleum has been accidentally discovered rich in mummies, inscriptions, papyri, ornaments, jewellery, and treasures of various kinds, all food for the enquiring and sagacious minds of students, professors, sages, and sciolists.

What the result of such a "find" will be as to increasing our share of knowledge in "*Rebus Ægyptiacis*," who can venture to predicate? It may be much or little, trifling or startling.

But as it is at present impossible to "discount" what the reality may turn out to be, we prefer to "leave to the future the things of the future," simply premising that we give the best and most authentic account we can of the discovery, (taken from the *Times*), and which we think deserves to be perused in the correct pages of "*Maga*," as a very stiking fact in the annals of Egyptology and Egyptian discoveries.

BESIDES being memorable for the appearance of the comets, the year 1881 must ever hold a high place in the annals of Egyptological discovery. Monsieur Maspero, the recently appointed director of the Boulak Museum, is at the present moment in Paris, actively engaged in preparing for publication the texts of the pyramids of the Fifth and Sixth Dynasties, which were opened last spring at Sakkara. The forthcoming number of his "*Recueil*" will contain the entire text of the pyramid of King Ounas, the last king of the Fifth Dynasty. But the saying that "it never rains but it pours" may be now fairly applied to archæological discovery. Long before the *savants* have had time to peruse, ponder over, or profit by the wonders unearthed at Sakkara, they are now suddenly overwhelmed with a fresh supply of material in the form of the largest papyri yet known, and by the apparition of the mummies, with all their mortuary appendages and inscriptions, of no less than thirty royal personages. This discovery, which has just been made, calls for special interest in England, for among the thirty royal mummies are to be found those of King Thutmes III. and of King Ramses II.; it was the former who ordered the construction of the obelisk which now stands upon the Thames Embankment, and it was the latter who, 270 years afterwards, caused his own official titles and honours to be inscribed upon its faces, besides those of Thutmes III. These two monarchs now lie side by side in the Boulak Museum, and even the flowers and garlands which were placed in their coffins may to-day be seen encircling the masks which cover the faces of the deceased just as they were left by the mourners over 3000 years ago.

Last June, Daoud Pasha, governor of the province of Kench, which includes the ancient Theban district, noticed that the Bedaween offered for sale an unusual quantity of antiquities at absurdly low prices. The Pasha soon discovered that the source of their hidden treasure was situated in a gorge of the mountain range which separates Deir-el-Bahari from the Bab-el-Malook. This gorge is situated about four miles from the Nile to the east of Thebes. Daoud Pasha at once telegraphed to the Khedive, who forthwith despatched to the spot Herr Emil Brugsch, a younger brother of Dr. Henry Brugsch Pasha, who during Monsieur Maspero's absence in Paris is in charge of all archæological excavations in Egypt. Herr Brugsch discovered in the cliffs of the Lybian mountains, near the Temple of Deir-el-Bahari, or the

"Northern Convent," a pit, about 35ft. deep, cut in the solid rock; a secret opening from this pit led to a gallery nearly 200ft. long, also hewn out of the solid rock. This gallery was filled with relics of the Theban dynasties. Every indication leads to the conviction that these sacred relics had been removed from their appropriate places in the various tombs and temples, and concealed in this secret subterranean gallery by the Egyptian priests to preserve them from being destroyed by some foreign invader. In all probability they were thus concealed at the time of the invasion of Egypt by Cambyzes. Herr Brugsch at once telegraphed for a steamer, which on Friday last safely deposited her precious cargo at the Boulak Museum.

The full value of this discovery, of course, cannot as yet be determined. The papyri have not yet been unrolled, nor have the mummies been unwrapped. The following Theban sovereigns are the most important of those whose mummies Herr Brugsch has identified:—

Aahmes I. (Amosis), First King of Eighteenth Dynasty, reigned B.C. 1700 (about).

Amenhotep I. (Amenophis), Second King of Eighteenth Dynasty, reigned B.C. 1666 (about).

Thutmes I., Third King of Eighteenth Dynasty, reigned B.C. 1633 (about).

Thutmes II., Fourth King of Eighteenth Dynasty, reigned B.C. 1600 (about).

Thutmes III. (the Great), Fifth King of Eighteenth Dynasty, reigned B.C. 1600 (about).

Ramses I., First King of Nineteenth Dynasty, reigned B.C. 1400 (about).

Seti I., Second King of Nineteenth Dynasty, reigned B.C. 1366 (about).

Ramses II. (the Great) Third King of Nineteenth Dynasty, reigned B.C. 1333 (about).

Pinotem, Third King of Twenty-first Dynasty, reigned B.C. 1033.

Raskhenen (dynasty and date of reign unknown).

Queen Ra-ma-ka (? Hatason).

Queen Aahmes Nofert Ari.

Conspicuous by its massive gold ornamentation, in which cartouches are set in precious stones, is the coffin containing the mummy of Mant Nedjem, a daughter of King Ramses II. Each of the mummies is accompanied by an alabaster canopic urn, containing the heart and entrails of the deceased.

Four papyri were found in the gallery at Deir-el-Bahari, each in a perfect state of preservation. The largest of these papyri—that found in the coffin of Queen Ra-ma-ka—is most beautifully illustrated with coloured illuminations. It is about 16in. wide, and when unrolled will probably measure from 100 to 140 feet in length. The other papyri are somewhat narrower, but are more closely written upon. These papyri will probably prove to be the most valuable portion of the discovery, for in the present state of Egyptology a papyrus may be of more importance than an entire temple, and, as the late Mariette Pasha used to say, "it is certain that if ever one of these discoveries that bring about a revolution in science should be made in Egyptology, the world will be indebted for it to a papyrus."

No less than 3703 mortuary statues have been found which bear royal cartouches and inscriptions. Nearly 2000 other objects have been discovered. One of the most remarkable relics is an enormous leather tent, which bears the cartouche of King Pinotem, of the Twenty-first Dynasty. This tent is in a truly wonderful state of preservation. The workmanship is beautiful. It is covered with hieroglyphs most carefully embroidered in red, green and yellow leather. The colours are quite fresh and bright. In each of the corners is represented the royal vulture and stars. Fifteen enormous wigs for ceremonial occasions form a striking feature of the Deir-el-Bahari collection. These wigs are nearly 2 feet high, and are composed of frizzled and curled hair. There are many marked points of resemblance between the legal institutions of ancient Egypt and of England. For instance, pleadings must be "traversed,"

"confessed and avoided," or demurred to. Marriage settlements and the doctrines of uses and trusts prevailed in ancient Egypt, but the wearing of these wigs was not extended to the members of the legal profession, but was reserved exclusively for the princesses of the blood and ladies of very high rank. It is curious to recall the fact that when Belzoni, in 1817, discovered at Bab-el-Malook the tomb of Seti I.—a tomb which has since been popularly called "Belzoni's tomb"—a fine sarcophagus in alabaster stood in the furthest chamber. This sarcophagus was subsequently brought to England, and it is now in Sir John Soane's Museum. Herr Brugsch has now brought to light the original occupant of this sarcophagus, who may now be seen at the Boulak Museum, near his son, Ramses II. Herr Brugsch assures me he believes that there is another secret gallery leading from the pit at Deir-el-Bahari. When M. Maspero returns next October further excavations will doubtless be undertaken, but the Boulak Museum, so suddenly enriched as it has been during the present year, now occupies a position not inferior to any in Europe.

NOTES ON ST BOTOLPH AND LITTLE BRITAIN.*

WE have seldom read a more interesting little sketch, both in its antiquarian facts and bearing, than the one which has been printed for private circulation for Mr. Alderman Staples. It is both full in detail and lucid in arrangement, and seems to us to be exactly what such a local description and "souvenir" should be. As it deals with St. Botolph's Church and Little Britain, and the "guilds" in the church, we propose to take each head "seriatim," merely premising that we have already called attention to the "Guild of the Holy Trinity," and given a sketch of the Guildhall from Brayley, while we have also reprinted Washington Irving's well-known reference to Little Britain in the interesting pages of our "Magazine."

St. Botolph's Church is of great antiquity, being mentioned in a writ of Edward I., in 1279, as having then Richard de Medhurst vicar, so that its foundation must have been much earlier. It was of old, we are told, a rectory, but now a curacy, and having been annexed to the abbot (Islip) and convent of Westminster, July 17th, 1503, by Henry VII. to support his new chantry and chapel. After several mutations it was confirmed to the Dean and Chapter of Westminster by Queen Elizabeth in 1560. It is now a vicarage, and the Rev. J. Flood Jones is the present incumbent, minor canon of Westminster. The church escaped the great fire in 1666, but in 1753, it was partially and practically rebuilt. In 1880 the burial ground, long disused, was very wisely thrown open as a "recreation ground" to the public.

Little Britain, in which our publisher's great establishment is situated, and which as a Masonic emporium is unequalled in Masonic jurisdiction, is touched upon in this able little sketch; and though we have previously given its ancient history in the Magazine, we repeat Alderman Staple's interesting account.

"We are accustomed to speak of St. Botolph's Church as being situated in Aldersgate Street; but it is properly in Little Britain, and all the old writers so describe it. Little Britain is said to derive its name from the Duke of Bretagne, who, according to Stow, lodged there. In the early edition (1598) the term Britain Street is used; but in Strype's edition, 1754, it reads Little Britain, previously called Britain Street. Delaune, in his "Present State of London," written in 1682, describes the church as being in Britain Street. Bro. Northoonck, who edited the 1784 edition of the Con-

* Notes on St. Botolph Without, Aldersgate, London. By John Staples, F.S.A., Alderman of the Ward of Aldersgate. Privately printed.

stitutions, in his "History of London," 1773, states that Little Britain is so called from the Duke of Brittany's Palace, and describes the Duke as being Arthur, nephew of King John.

Alderman Staples says this statement is questionable; and it appears that in 1315, ninth Edward II. William de Langewerme and Isabella his wife granted to John of Brittany, ninth Earl of Richmond, certain houses in the parish of St. Martin's, Ludgate. In 1611 the town mansion of the early Dukes of Brittany and Earls of Pembroke was required for the purpose of erecting Stationers' Hall.

In none of the "*Inquisitiones post mortem*," Alderman Staples says, does it appear that any one of the Dukes of Bretane or Brittany possessed property in this locality at the time of his death. In the inventory of the property of the fraternity of St. Fabian and St. Sebastian a tenement is described as being situated in "*Peti Bretane*," which would no doubt be "*Norman French*" for "*Little Britain*;" and as we hear of *Petit Wales*, and *Little London*, in all probability we have here the real origin, not that it really matters one way or the other.

Little Britain in the reign of Charles I., Charles II., James II., William and Mary, as Alderman Staples reminds us, and even much later, was as remarkable for its booksellers as Paternoster Row is at the present day. John Day, the most eminent typographer of his time, 1546—1584, and the first in England who printed in Saxon characters, dwelt over Aldersgate, and sold his books in a shop under the gate. Richard Cheswick, of Little Britain, buried in St. Botolph's Church in 1711, is described as the "*Metropolitan Bookseller of England*."

Many of us who like old books are aware that a large number of curious and hermetic works always "*hail*" from Little Britain.

As we before remarked, St. Botolph's Church had three guilds or fraternities attached to it, and one seems somehow or other connected with the Masons, as "*laborariis*" or "*operariis*," namely, that of the Holy Trinity. We give a summary of their history and rules.

It seems that there were three guilds, or fraternities, or brotherhoods in the church of St. Botolph, first, that of the Holy Trinity; secondly, that of St. Katharine; and, thirdly, that of Fabian, and St. Sebastian. The Guild of the Holy Trinity was founded in 1374, and five years afterwards, it being enlarged, a chaplain was appointed "*pro operariis et laborariis*," we may fairly understand "*Masons*" under such terms, who went to the church for the religious services of the day. That chaplain, the worthy alderman tells us, "*still officiates*," if in altered form. This brotherhood was suppressed, with all other guilds, in 1547, the first year of Edward VI. The hall and old chapter of the guild, if still really existing, now belong to the parish. The fraternity had a master and wardens and male and female members. They met annually on Trinity Sunday. It seems that by a supplementary charter of 1446 Henry VI. gave license to Joan Astley, his nurse, and Richard Caswode and Thomas Smith, to establish a perpetual guild, consisting of one master, two custodes, or wardens, and "*brethren and sisters*" of the parishioners of the same parish and "*others who would be of the same fraternity, in honour of his consort and himself*." This seems to be a sort of "*revival*" of the old guild. The date of the origin of the Fraternity of St. Katharine is not known, but in 1389 "*the wardens of this fraternity appeared before the Council of the Lord the King at Westminster, on the 30th January, and presented a return of the authority, foundation, inception, continuation, and regulations of the said fraternity, as are more fully set out in the schedule hereunto annexed*." Let our readers note what follows. "*The first 'poynt' in the said schedule is, 'that when a brother or sister shall be received that they shall be sworn upon a book to the brotherhood for to hold up and maintain the poynts and articles that be writ after following, each man to his power, saving his estate; and that every brother and*

sister in token of love, charity, and peace, at receiving should kiss every other of them that be there. If any of the brotherhood suffer from poverty, old age that he may not help himself, sickness, or loss by fire or water, he shall have fourteen pence a week; also, what man is to take on to be a brother shall pay to the alms at his entry as the Masters and he may agree; and every quarter, for to maintain the light and the alms of the brotherhood, threepence. And if he have a wife, and she will be a sister, the two to pay sixpence for the quarter, or 2s. a year for them both. The brethren and sisters to associate together in the Church of St. Botolph on the day of St. Katherine and hear a mass, and 'offer in the worship of her'—(a strongish order!)—and on the afternoon of the same day, or the next Sunday following, together to choose their masters for the year following. The brethren and sisters are to attend the burial of a brother or sister. The guild shall pay costs of worshipful burial of any brother dying within ten miles of London 'if he were not of power to pay them for himself.' Loans may be granted to the brethren in such amounts that one may be eased as well as another." This guild was also dissolved in 1st Edward VI. The Fraternity of St. Fabian and St. Sebastian was founded 51 Edward III., A.D. 1577. There was a return made of the guild in 1389 to the King Richard II., according to Act of Parliament. The masters of the guild were Johannes Duncastre and Ricardus Spaigne. The following were the regulations: When a brother or sister shall be received, he shall be sworn on a book to maintain the points and articles of the brotherhood, and every brother and sister "atte receyvynge" should, in token of love, charity, and peace, "help all of those that live there." Weekly help, to the extent of fourteen pence, is to be given in cases of suffering from poverty, old age, sickness, fire or water, or any other mishap, so it be not through his own wretchedness. The young that fall into "meschef," and have nought of his own to help himself with, the brethren shall help him. Every man to pay an entrance fee of half a mark, and threepence every quarter, to maintain the right of the brotherhood and the alms; wife of a brother to pay other threepence a quarter. Burial of brother or sister to be attended; the common box to bear the cost of burial of those who have nought of their own to be buried with; those dying within ten miles of London to be fetched to London for burial. Loans from the box may be granted to the brotherhood, but to none other. Brethren "alosed" of theft, or of any other wicked fame, to be put out of the brotherhood without any delay. This guild, though it is not traceable, is supposed to have been also dissolved in the 1st of Edward VI.

We always are glad to welcome such little histories, as they are full of interesting "facts" for the antiquary and the student.

FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY.

On Mamre's plain, beside the Patriarch's door,
 The ministering angel sat—the world was young,
 And men beheld what they behold no more.
 Ah, no! The harps of Heaven are not unstrung:
 The angelic visitants may yet appear,
 To those who seek them. Lo! at Virtue's side,
 Its friend, its prop, its solace, and its guide,
 Walks Faith, with upturned eyes, and voice of cheer,
 A visible angel. Lo! at Sorrow's call,
 Hope hastens down—an angel fair and kind,
 And whispers comfort, whatsoe'er befall!
 While Charity, the seraph of the mind,
 White robed and pure, becomes each good man's guest,
 And makes this earth a Heaven to all who love her best.

—Mackay.

MADAME DE SÉVIGNÉ.*

MRS. Richmond Ritchie, better known, perhaps, to our readers as Miss Thackeray, the authoress of *Elizabeth*, etc., etc., has given us a most charming "miniature painting" of the famous Madame de Sévigné. Many of us have probably perused her remarkable "letters," in which the love of a faithful wife and a devoted mother is forcibly contrasted with all the vivid touches and impulses, the ideas and sympathies of a graceful, a clever, and a fascinating woman. Indeed, the fact that after this long lapse of years—amid altered circumstances and habits of life, and changed conditions of thought and taste—Madame de Sévigné's letters are still read and admired, as they deserve to be, is a proof, if proof be needed, of their inherent excellency, and of the powers and popularity of their gifted "scribe." For, as a rule, the world is very chary indeed of accepting the utterances of letter-writers, either for what they claim to be, or what they profess to declare. How few letters, for instance, are still cared for, and fewer still are read at all, or are even worth reading.

Horace Walpole's wondrous correspondence is no doubt still "to the fore"—a mine of interest and information to any who find a pleasure in realizing to-day an old-world lore, and recalling the ideas, the ways, the very words of a defunct generation. But of the many collections of letters which we all may have heard of, and some of us perchance have read, how very, very few, we repeat, there are which can "live" in this critical, dissatisfied, dyspeptic age of ours, or which are, after all, deserving either of careless perusal, or careful study?

It is just possible that we shall, some of us, recall to our minds some pet work which we still amusedly and gratefully linger over, as, looking back on the great waste and wilderness of time, we feel how some words in pointed truth, or graceful fervour—the "*épea pteroenta*," if you like, of the brave, the true, the kind, the good,—are still potent to evoke fascinating memories out of a long buried past, are still able to stir the dull cold level of current formality, and bring it into something of ancient animation or former realism; to summon back, in fact, another age, other personalities and strange scenes, which weird and vanished as contrasted with our present mode of living and trains of thought, are often too much forgotten by us all.

Madame de Sévigné's letters can, nevertheless, still delight the young and move the old. They even now, after this lapse of time, appear to us full of grace and goodness, truth and trust, beauty and beneficence, as we pore over them delightedly to-day, and seek to construct from their full, their lively, their touching, their striking "outcome," as the case may be, a structure of thought, affection, and poesy, graceful in its culture, and grateful in its totality to the inner heart and being of us all. Indeed, perhaps no more realistic representation of what constitutes the "*To Agathon*" of life, its intense sympathy, its living earnestness, has ever been offered to our inquisitive and callous race than the one so graciously presented by that most moving writer, who "stirs," as some one has said, "the pulses of our common humanity," and who has been able, by her own grace, and goodness, and intellect combined,—by the effective passages of her marvellous pen,—to invest the common ideas of common life, its onward flow of duty, interest, affection, pain, pleasure, pity, love, with a soul of living fire, and to place before us in verbiage ever striking, and if unartificial most subduing, all the best feelings of the human heart, and all the most gracious sensibilities of domestic affection.

* Madame de Sévigné. By Mrs. Richmond Ritchie Blackwood & Sons.

And then what pictures of the old past of France! its court and courtiers, its "grand monarque," and the petty incidents of every day existence, the habits of thought and fashion current in another generation, in another land,—are we able to bring out, one by one, from the crowded canvas before us.

The king himself is there, "great in his littleness and little in his greatness"; and Versailles, in all its magnificence, and Parisian and French life in all their good and evil—their prodigality and their parsimony, their magnificence and their squalor, their realism and their heartlessness—are admirably depicted for us.

That Louis XIV. had fine natural powers, though most badly educated, no one can fairly deny, we think; and that he was probably a greater and a better ruler, after all, than in the reaction of revolutionary thought we are sometimes willing to concede to-day, we think is also the fact. And yet that picture of absolute irresponsibility has something in it both sad and fearful, inasmuch as you seem to catch glimpses here and there of an under-current of thought, and dissatisfaction, and anger at work which forced fair France, its court and people, into the heartrending throes of an implacable and godless revolution one day.

Louis himself had outlived those "hours of folly and passion," when poor Louise de la Vallière could charm, or Madame de Montespan could domineer.

The crowd of favourite "sultanas" which had swayed his impetuous and ill-trained youth had long since given way to the mature iron rule of Madame de Mainton, to whom Louis had been privately married, and who once the beautiful wife of the witty and profligate Scarron, had succeeded in captivating the ageing monarch, and had successfully set up that *régime* of Jesuit intrigue and hopeless fanaticism which was preparing, though at a distance still, fearful troubles and mournful ignominy for the court and people alike.

St. Simon, in his wondrous "Memoirs," has given us an account of the same epoch, and as we seek to ponder over it, or to draw from his sarcastic epigrams, or Madame de Sévigné's lighter touches, the picture as it stands before us now in all its certainty, clearness, reliability, and reality, it is one, we think, which must distress rather than delight, depress rather than cheer, alarm rather than edify every thoughtful student of so many vanished personages, so many vanished scenes.

Marie de Babutin Chantal was born in 1626, the only surviving daughter of an old Burgundian family, once great in the old chateau of Bourbilly, with countless quarterings on their coat of arms of Rabutins, and Chantals, and other noble families, and even the royal family of Denmark. In addition to this, the family had the privilege of claiming a canonized saint, a certain Jeanne Madame de Chantal, the friend of Francis de Sales and Vincent de Paul. Her son, the Baron de Chantal, married, it seems, a pretty and pious heiress, Marie de Coulanges, and in 1626 was born their second and surviving child, Marie de Chantal, better known in after life as the Marquise de Sévigné. Her father was killed at the island of Rhé, fighting against the English with great gallantry when only thirty-one. His little daughter was then not more than one year old, and as her gentle mother, who would not re-marry, died herself not long after, the poor little orphan, now an heiress, was sent to her maternal grandfather and grandmother. Thus she grows up, motherless, and brotherless, and sisterless—a poor little lonely "waif" cast on the rough shores of life. The good grandfather and grandmother ere long also in turn passed away, and were buried in the church of the Minimes, in the Place Royale, Paris, where the heart of her father and the body of mother were interred.

Happily for herself and for us, after some debate in that mischievous institution the "Conseil de Famille," Marie de Chantal was confided to the

care of her natural uncle, the Abbé de Coulanges, who took her with him to his "abbaye de Livry," and became to her indeed a true friend and guide for many eventful years. She always terms him "le Bienbon."

Probably the happiest hours of her own life were spent at Livry, where she grew up a charming young woman, receiving, happily, an admirable education, which afterwards bore sweet good fruit. At eighteen she is described as most "lovely"—an heiress, surrounded with numerous admirers, and among them her cousin, the notorious Bussy Rabutin; and then all of a sudden a marriage is arranged between this fascinating heiress and the rich and good-looking young Marquis de Sévigné, allied with the highest families in France including that of "Duguesclin," and in 1644, August 4th, the young couple are married in the Church of St. Gervais and St. Protais at Paris. Thus ends happily the first chapter of Madame de Sévigné's eventful life. The second, alas, does not close so well.

For some time all went cheerily with the young couple, for theirs was a "mariage d'affection," and they seem to have led a very contented and enjoyable life, and to have had a very flourishing "menage" both in Brittany and at Paris.

But, alas, evil days soon came on—the blue sky became overclouded.

The charming and loving wife, clever, graceful, devoted, whom everyone admired but her own husband (though he did, no doubt, in a way), was deserted for long and weary hours. Her husband had come under the baneful influence of a certain well-known, "Ninon de L'Enclos," on whom he wasted large sums of his own and his wife's fortune, and for whom he neglected the wife who lived only for him.

A daughter was born to them in the autumn of 1646, and in the March of 1648, the birth of a second child, a son, afterwards the Marquis de Sévigné, took place. In 1651, five years after their marriage, her husband was slain in a duel by the Chevalier d'Albret, a deed unlamented apparently except by his ever faithful wife. The poor grieving widow then took refuge with her good old uncle, and who, happily for her, lived until 1687, nine years only before her own death. Henceforth, refusing all offers of marriage, she devoted herself to the education of her children and the payment of her husband's debts.

She was still young, beautiful, clever, fond of society and intellectual culture, and at one time proved the delight of a congenial circle of famous literati and graceful dames. But all this she gave up, for some years living in absolute retirement.

There are many descriptions of her in her corporeal and mental charms, all no doubt perfectly true and life-like. Some of us who read old French poetry may remember some lines of "Montreuil," which Mrs. Ritchie gives us. They were written on seeing her play at "Blindman's Buff."

De toutes les facons vous avez le droit de plaire,
Mais surtout vous savez nous charmer,
Voyant vos yeux bandés, on vous prend pour l'Amour,
Les voyant deconverts, on vous prend pour sa Mère.

Mrs. Ritchie adds "the original has not lost by the change," and then sets before us a translation by Mr. Hallam Tennyson, which all will admire:—

Your right is to enthrall,
You charm in every way;
But surely most of all,
You charm us all to-day.

Your blind-fold eyes we see,
And deem you Love—none other,
Your blind-fold eyes we free,
And lo! you are Love's Mother.

Some of us may like to have recalled to mind here General Fitzpatrick's lines on the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire :—

Quis Dea sublimi vehitur per compita curru ?
 An Juno, an Pallas, an Venus ipsa redit ?
 Si genus aspicias Juno est, si dicta Minerva,
 Si spectes oculos, Mater amoris erit.
 What goddess is this we see borne by ?
 Does Juno, or Pallas, or Venus return from the skies ?
 The voice is like Juno, the words are Minerva's,
 But the Mother of Love shines forth in those eyes.

But, as we know, Madame de Sévigné's life was given up to her children and friends, and especially her daughter, whom she liked to term the "prettiest girl in France," who became the charming Madame de Grignan, and to whom most of her letters were addressed. Her happy letters from the Hotel Carnavalet, Paris, and from "Les Rochers," Brittany, are indeed most interesting and touching in themselves, and may be well termed "classic," in that they preserve amid the graces of an unequalled style and charm of expression, both exquisite and marvellous, all the truer and better feelings of the human mind and heart. So life-like are they that we almost fancy we can see her penning them in her little boudoir in the Hotel Carnavalet, or behold her waiting for the letter carrier at a turn of the road near "Les Rochers." Some have made a pilgrimage to spots thus dear to tender memory and noble sentiment, the aspirations of duty, the reality of sympathy, and we think they are right.

We will only add that no one can form a just idea of Madame de Sévigné who does not read her letters in the original French, though in truth unequalled in any language for perfection of style and verity of sentiment, as well as the warmth and life of undimmed and undying affection.

Madame de Sévigné, after a most real and true existence, died in 1696. The last letter is dated March 29th, and on April 10th she went to her rest, suffering from an attack of small-pox, then mostly a fatal disorder, superinduced apparently by careful but exhausting watching at the bedside of her daughter Madame de Grignan. Happily for the world and for us all her letters have been preserved, and thus most effectively, in all the reality, truthfulness, and gracefulness of intellect and affection, still set before us her own noble, high-minded character, and can still affect and interest, and delight and edify another and a grateful generation.

A MASONIC SONNET.

BY BRO. GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL.

BROTHERS, if we would all be Masons true—
 In public and in private strove to be
 Faithful unto the principles which we
 Are taught in our tyled lodges, they would imbue
 Our minds with all which tends to elevate
 The man above the brute. A phalanx firm,
 Standing unmoved by every raging storm
 Of worldly cares or wickedness, our state
 Would then be one of peace with God and man.
 All that is pure and lovely would be ours,
 And we should feel within us nobler powers
 Of thought and action than we ever can
 So much as dream of, marching to our graves
 Mere slothful, sinful, worldly-minded slaves.

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

OUR venerable friend, the *Gentleman's Magazine*, has in its September issue an excellent alternation of poetry and prose. Mr. Montgomerie Ranking has a learned article, entitled "Where was King Stephen Buried?" containing much speculative matter worthy of careful consideration. Swinburne contributes a poem in twenty-five eight line verses, eulogistic of Victor Hugo, perfect in metre and rhythm, but evincing more of the spirit of the admirer than of the judicious critic. Among other entertaining papers is one from the pen of Mr. W. Davenport Adams, dealing with the "Poetry of Parody" in lucid style. The writer enters into his theme at considerable length and with great force and clearness.

Mr. John Russell Waller, F.R.H.S., an author and journalist of some reputation in the north of England, has just published a volume of verse through Mr. George Richardson, of Bedlington, under the title of "Wayside Flowers." Mr. Waller some time since gave the world a similar work called "Unstrung Links," which contains some very pretty poetry. This latest effort of his muse shows greater vigour and maturity, some of the pieces being finely finished, and abounding in pleasing imagery. Mr. Waller dedicates his work to Mr. Joseph Cowen, M.P.

We regret to notice that Mr. Horace Weir, under whose guidance the *Illustrated Phonographic Meteor* has been raised into the foremost position among stenographic serials, is retiring from the editorial chair of that now excellent magazine.

The *Phonographic Monthly*, a magazine of literature and art, presided over by Mr. William Goddard, has among its contents a readable article by Enford Stanley, descriptive of a "Visit to Verulam." Mr. Stanley is a ready and graphic writer, and, but for his proneness to "point the moral and adorn the tale," might make a successful magazinist. The rest of the articles are fairly meritorious, a poem by George Brown, entitled "Fairy Fancies," calling for special mention. The magazine contains a profusion of illustrations, some of them of a pleasing and artistic character, while one or two are remarkable for the manner in which they ignore the first principles of art. The editor will do well to keep out these productions of amateur wielders of the pencil for the future. The phonographic printing is admirably executed.

A new magazine, called *English Etchings*, issued by Mr. W. Reeve (of 185, Fleet-street), is being highly spoken of by all admirers of excellence in art. A series of interesting etchings of nooks and corners of old London is announced, which should increase the already large circulation of this commendable periodical.

Mr. Dante G. Rosetti had the subjoined pretty sonnet in a recent number of the *Athenæum* :—

PRIDE OF YOUTH.

Even as a child of sorrow that we give
 The dead, but little in his heart can find,
 Since without need of thought to clear his mind
 Their turn it is to die and his to live :—
 Even so the winged New Love smiles to receive
 Along his eddying plumes the auroral wind,
 Nor, forward glorying, casts one look behind
 Where night-rack shrouds the Old Love fugitive.

There is a change in every hour's recall,
 And the last cowslip in the fields we see
 On the same day with the first corn-poppay.
 Alas for hourly change! Alas for all
 The loves that from his hands proud Youth lets fall,
 Even as the beads of a told rosary.

The twelfth quarterly number of *Leisure*, quite equal in every respect to the high standard attained by its predecessors, has just reached us. With the current issue comes the title page and index to the first volume, which is worthy of a place in any well-selected library. From its establishment *Leisure* has borne unmistakable evidence of careful editorial control, many of the stories and lighter articles have been contributed by writers of well established fame, the essays and descriptive papers have always been entertaining and instructive, and the poetry has been remarkably good; indeed, in this respect, the magazine has been much superior to serials of wider celebrity.

Land, commenced by the enterprising firm of Cassell, Petter, and Galpin some time ago as a high-class weekly newspaper for all having landed interest, is a great success from every point of view. It has reached a large circulation, and gives great satisfaction to its multitudinous readers, being now the recognised authority on matters appertaining to the soil. *Land* is very well edited, its news notes are smartly and concisely written, and there are a number of special articles of great interest in each issue. Altogether *Land* fills what was before a blank in the ranks of journalism in a manner pleasing to all concerned.

Speaking of *Land* reminds us that a new and important provincial paper is about to be issued under the title of the *Lancashire, Cheshire, and Wales Gazette*. This journal is to make a *specialite* of land and agricultural questions, and will, doubtless, become the organ of the farming and land agency interest in the large district included in its radius. The paper is being floated on quite an extensive scale, all the official advertisements of the County Palatine and the Welsh borders having been already secured for its columns. The proprietors are announcing attractive literary features to ensure for the *Gazette* popularity in the household of the country gentleman. Among other arrangements, a series of popular stories from the pen of Mr. Horace Weir, entitled "Newspaper Romances," are to appear.

"A Week at Oban: What to see and how to see it," is the title of a charming book which has reached us from the publishing house of Mr. Thomas Grey, Glasgow and Edinburgh. The author (Mr. Stewart, a Glasgow journalist) must not be confounded with the ordinary run of guide book writers. He has an easy, graceful style, and says what he has to say in a manner that is as picturesque as it is pleasant. "A Week at Oban" should be in the hands of all who contemplate paying a visit to the delightful "land of Lorne."

Mr. Thomas B. Trowsdale is engaged upon a new work descriptive of striking phases in the lives of our forefathers, to be entitled "Glimpses of Olden England." Advanced sheets of the work are to appear simultaneously in the columns of a number of county newspapers. The chapters are written in a popular form, with a view to compel the interest of everyday readers in the doings of the "good old days." It is a source of gratification to observe the increasing attention given by the provincial press to matters historical, proving, as it does, that this branch of literature is not unappreciated by the masses.

Bro. George W. Plant announces the special winter number of *Society*, which is to be styled "Sleigh Bells." Should this *avant courier* of Christmas

annuals be half as interesting as the preceding holiday issues of this sparkling serial, to wit "Round the Fireside," and "Midsummer Dreams," its readers may anticipate a treat.

Thomas Cooper, the one-time radical reformer and freethought champion, but better known for his lengthy poems "The Purgatory of Suicides" and "The Paradise of Martyrs," has had conferred upon him a gift of £300 from the Royal Bounty. This graceful recognition of literary worth has been further supplemented by admirers of Mr. Cooper to an extent sufficient to secure him a life annuity of £100.

Cassell's are about to issue an "Illustrated Universal History," which has been in preparation for some years past. It will be issued in serial form.

Mr. William Andrews, F.R.H.S., has concluded arrangements for the appearance in the columns of the *Ashton Reporter* of a series of papers dealing with local popular antiquities, to be headed "Gleanings of Lancashire Lore."

Messrs. J. R. Osgood and Co., the enterprising publishers of Boston, U.S., are about to bring out an elegant edition of Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass," without any expurgations, the author having made this a condition of the contract. Many new poems will be included. Dr. Bucke, of Ontario, says, the *New York Critic* is just now engaged upon a life of the "good gray poet." Walt Whitman's many admirers here in England will hail this announcement with pleasure.

Mr. Andrew Lang, the author of a charming collection of *vers de societe* called "XXXII. Ballades in Blue China," has the following lines in a recent issue of the *St. James's Gazette*, in celebration of the joys of the æsthetic brotherhood:—

Here, where the hawthorn pattern
On flawless cup and plate
Need fear no housemaid slattern,
Fell minister of fate;
'Mid webs divinely woven,
And helms and hauberks cloven,
On music of Beethoven
We dream and meditate.

We know not, and we need not
To know how mortals fare;
Of Bills that pass, or speed not,
Time finds us unaware;
Yea, creeds and codes may crumble,
And Dilke and Gladstone stumble,
And eat the pie that's humble;
We neither know nor care.

The September number of *Macmillan* has a deeply interesting article anent the late Dean Stanley, from the pen of his cousin, Mr. Augustus J. C. Hare, author of "Memorials of a Quiet Life." The early life of the much-regretted and estimable Dean is chiefly dealt with.

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

No. 101.—VOL. IX.

NOVEMBER, 1881.

PRICE 6D.

THE KOMOSÔ SOCIETY.

BY the attention of a kind correspondent we are enabled to print the following interesting paper on a Japanese Secret Society, and which appeared, we think it fair to say, in the *Japan Weekly Mail*, August 30th, 1879, but the subject of which is unknown to most of our readers.

In several of the works recently published in Europe touching upon the manners and customs of the Chinese may be found allusions to what are commonly known to foreigners by the name of the Tryad Societies. These are said to be secret associations, whose branches spread throughout the length and breadth of the Chinese Empire; and although but little is as yet known with regard to the tenets and object of these so-called fraternities, it is nevertheless beyond all doubt that they do actually exist, and that their members are bound one to another by certain hidden ties and secret mysteries that are kept carefully concealed from uninitiated outsiders. It is even asserted that several foreigners have also been admitted as members, which, if true, would seem to indicate that these societies are of a cosmopolitan nature, the right of entrance thereto not being restricted to natives of the "Middle Kingdom" alone. In Japan, too, it is well known that what may be termed Secret Societies have existed, and amongst these that of the *Komosô* stands first and foremost.

The *Komosô*,—as their very name implies,—were a semi-monastical association; and although the date of their original organization is unknown, it is a fact that they existed in Japan down to the time of the Revolution of 1868. Whether the scattered remnants of the society have been re-organized since that date, or, indeed, whether there now exist any remnants at all, is a question enveloped in the deepest obscurity. But it is of the past, not the present, history of this strange society that we now propose to speak.

According to Japanese traditions (for it may here be observed that all the information at present forthcoming with regard to this subject is merely oral, not written) the *Komosô* Society first came into prominent notice at the time of the rise of the last, or Tokugawa, dynasty of Shôguns,—i.e. in the year 1603 A.D. Its history prior to that date is unknown, but from that time down to the year 1868 its existence was fully recognised. As a proof of this we may mention that in the well known Japanese drama of the *Chiushin-gura* (describing the deeds of the famous "Forty-seven Rônin"), one of the most effective scenes is that in which Kakogawa Honzô appears upon the stage

disguised in the white garments of a *Komosô*; and again, in the illustrations to popular Japanese novels of recent date there may often be observed representations of some member of this mysterious association.

The Society (or Fraternity, as it may well be styled) was filled from the ranks of the *samurai* class alone, and entrance into it proved a means of refuge for any person who had committed a deed of bloodshed, &c., which rendered it necessary for him to flee away from the territory of his feudal chieftain. Thus its numbers were recruited chiefly from amongst those who had, under the influence of intoxication, or in some way other than of malice aforethought, killed or wounded a fellow clansman, a friend, or other person. None, however, was admitted who had been guilty of any disgraceful crime held to be unworthy of a *samurai*,—as for instance, adultery, burglary or theft.

Although its history, prior to the accession of the Tokugawa dynasty of Shôguns, be altogether unknown, we find that in the early part of the 17th century certain lands were granted to the *Komosô* by that family,—by which act the existence of the society was formerly recognized by the then rulers of the east of the Empire. These lands were situated in the province of Owari, a little to the east of the castletown of Nagoya, and slightly removed from the highroad (the Tôkaidô). Here was the *Honji*, or chief temple of the society; but there were also *Matsuji*, or Branch Temples, in different parts of the country. The situations of the latter were not, however, precisely known except to the *Komosô* themselves. Meetings were held in these Branch Temples at various intervals, and troops of *Komosô* were often to be seen entering some remote town or village in different localities; but where or when they met was a profound mystery, and the morrow's dawn saw them leaving the place as silently as they had entered it.

The society was under the command of a Chief, elected by the general votes of the members. Under him were an Assistant Chief, Treasurer, and other officers, all chosen in similar manner. The Chief usually resided at the Chief Temple, and was invested with wide powers. His style of living and general position are said to have been equal to those of any *Daimiô*. He had power of life and death over all his fellows, and was only required to make a report to the Government in the event of any *Komosô* being put to death by his orders. The Assistant Chief might act in his stead, whenever such necessity arose.

The Society could never boast of very large numbers, most probably owing to the fact that a member of it could often return to his own province in a few years time, when the affair in consequence of which he had originally fled away had been hushed up. Any one desirous of entering the Society used to go to the Chief Temple, and there make application to be received, stating his case and giving the reason why he had left his feudal lord's domain. He was then lodged in the temple, while private enquiries were set on foot to ascertain the truth of his statement; if it were discovered that he had committed some unworthy deed, he was rejected and dismissed, but if it appeared that his offence of bloodshed was not premeditated, he was admitted into the Society with all due rites and ceremonies. What these rites were is unknown, but it is allowed that every candidate was bound by solemn oath to conceal them.

The distinctive dress of the *Komosô* was white, consisting of the loose Japanese *kimono* and tight-fitting trousers. The wide trousers and upper mantle usually worn by the *samurai* class were never used. They carried but one long sword. The hat was of bamboo, in shape resembling a large inverted basket of circular form, with a small aperture to enable the wearer to see freely. This hat was never removed during a journey; it was worn, too, in lodging-houses, and even at meals. When sleeping however, the *Komosô* might take it off, and in the temples of the Society it could be laid aside at will. A long staff and a flute completed their equipment, and certain notes blown on the latter formed one of the signs by which the members could make themselves known to their fellows.

The lands granted to the Society enabled its members to obtain sufficient means of maintenance. On a journey they were assisted by other *Komosô*, and often by outsiders also. If a *Komosô* met another person similarly attired, he at once challenged him by signs, &c., to ascertain if he were a true member of the Society. In case of failure to respond, such person was deemed to have assumed the garb merely as a disguise (as was, indeed, often the case), and the true *Komosô* was then held to be justified in seizing and confiscating the clothing of the pretender. The white clothing was in the first instance given to each man by the superior officers of the Society. The chief, when travelling, was always attended by a select band of his fellows, and their journeys were performed on foot,

No women were admitted into the Society, and a man desirous of entering it used therefore to leave his wife and family in the charge of relatives or friends. A son was often admitted with his father, but boys of tender age were on no account received. Communication with the outer world was discountenanced, and it was an exceedingly difficult matter for any uninitiated person to gain access to a friend who had entered the Society. He was always subjected to rigid examination at the temple, before various members, ere he be could be allowed to see his friend, and even then the interview was but brief.

Those members who died were buried in the temple enclosures, whenever this was practicable. The tombstones, so tradition has it, always bore the true name of the deceased; and thus, in death, were at last known the actual appellations of those who, during their lifetime, had wandered to and fro, homeless and unknown men. One of the principal *Komosô* cemeteries is said to exist even now in the neighbourhood of Nagoya, and another to the east of Kiyôto: the very site, however, of the latter is well-nigh unknown, and it is probable that the former has shared the fate of the Chief Temple to which it was originally attached.

The *Komosô* were most numerous in the province of Owari (their headquarters) but large numbers were also found along the line of the Tôkaidô and in the province of Shimôsa. They generally avoided the large towns, and kept to the country districts, where they received substantial assistance from the farming population, in the way of money, food, &c. It is a well known fact that many of these mysterious men perished while fighting on the Tokugawa side in the battle in the temple-ground of Uyéno, in Tôkiô, on July 4th, 1868; and it is also stated that on that day a numerous band of their fellows, with others, were on the march from Shimôsa to succour the force besieged in Uyéno. A violent storm of wind and rain delayed their arrival until after the combat was over, but had it not been for this mishap the swords of these *Komosô* would doubtless have done good service in aid of the clan by whom their society had been both recognised and assisted.

Many men entered the ranks of the *Komosô* not in consequence of any offence on their own part, but voluntarily, the better to carry out plans for avenging themselves on the murderer of a relative. It is said that instances have even been known of men so admitted discovering the murderers, of whom they were in search, among the *Komosô* themselves, and there and then carrying out the vendetta by killing the latter. Such cases, however, were undoubtedly very rare, though it is certainly within the bounds of possibility that both pursuer and pursued might have been enabled to find an asylum in the ranks of this strange fraternity.

Such is the history of the *Komosô* so far as is known to the outside world. Of their secret arts and hidden mysteries it is improbable that anything further will come to light, for, according to oral assertion, their extinction as a Society was contemporary with the downfall of the Tokugawa dynasty. It remains, however, for after ages to prove this fact, and to determine whether the *Komosô* are really extinct, or likely to appear again under, perhaps, a fresh name and a different organization.

OLD RECORDS OF THE LODGE OF PEEBLES.

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

(Continued from page 43.)

Peebles, 11th January, 1799.

The which day the treasurer produced to the lodge his accompts for the year ending St. John's Day last. And it from them appears that the money received by him, including the Balance at last settling, amounts to Twenty-eight pounds nineteen shillings and tenpence halfpenny, and what he has expended conform to particular state and vouchers produced, to seventeen pounds sixteen shillings and threepence, and the Balance thence arising and due by the Treasurer to the Lodge amounts to Eleven pounds three shillings and sevenpence halfpenny sterling, which is attested by

ROBERT SCOTT, Mr.
THOS. GRIEVE, Treasurer.*

Peebles, 23rd August, 1799.

The which day the Lodge being convened in consequence of a letter from the Grand Lodge of Scotland inclosing a Copy of their Resolutions regarding an Act of Parliament passed in the last session of Parliament, Cap. 79. entitled "An Act for the more effectual Suppression of Societies Established for Seditious and Treasonable Purposes," which Resolutions and Letter, after having been read and duly considered by the Brethren present, they unanimously approved of the same, and appointed said Resolutions, with the accompanying Letter, to be ingrossed in their Sedurent Book.

The Lodge also appoint their Right Worshipful Master Scott and Secretary Bartram to go before a Justice of the Peace and Depone in terms of the said Act of Parliament; and they also appoint their Secretary to give in a full list of all the ordinary attending members to the Shereff Clerk of the County, in order that the same may be recorded in terms of the said Act; and also appoint a List of the Arrears due to the Grand Lodge to be made out, and the same to be settled as soon as possible, and thereafter to apply for and obtain from the Grand Lodge a Certificate that this Lodge has complied with the whole requisites of the Act of Parliament. It was also moved and unanimously agreed to that the thanks of this Lodge are justly due to the Grand Lodge of Scotland for their uniform care and attention to the Interest of Masonry, not only on the above, but on every occasion where the welfare of the Craft is concerned.

[The next extract presents a somewhat ludicrous contrast to the foregoing.—R.S.]

Brother Johnstone, the Tenant of the Lodge, Represented that the entry (passage) to his stables is and has been much impeded and obstructed by John Dicks laying Dung and other Nuisance in the closs (passage), that several of his best Customers have threatened to leave him on account thereof. The Lodge, therefore, feeling it their duty to protect their tenant in the full right and enjoyment of his property, appoint Brothers Robert Scott, Andrew

* The above minute, as well as the following, bearing upon the action taken by Grand Lodge of Scotland in reference to the Act for the Suppression of Societies established for Seditious and Treasonable Purposes, are well written, and occupy nine pages of the Minute Book. The matters referred to therein are historical, and may be found in Laurie's History of Freemasonry, pp. 151 to 161, but may not be out of place in being again brought before the Masonic reader.—R.S.

Ritchie, and John Jamieson a Committee to visit and inspect said closs, and if they find it in the state represented, the Lodge authorise said Committee to apply to the Dean of Guild and his Court for their authority to get said Nuisance removed.

The following is the letter from the Grand Lodge enclosing the resolutions above-mentioned :—

Grand Lodge of Scotland, Edinbro', 12th August, 1799.

Right Worshipful Brother,—You are requested by the Grand Lodge of Scotland to pay immediate and particular attention to the enclosed extracts from their Minutes at last Quarterly Communication of 5th Instant.

And I am desired to intimate the suspension of Brother Sommers from his functions as Grand Clerk, and the interim appointment of Brother Bartram to that office.

Any Communications or Remittances may be addressed to me here.

I remain, Right Worshipful Brother, yours &c.,

Signed WM. GUTHRIE, Grand Secretary.

Then follows—

Extracts from Minute at a meeting of the Grand Lodge of Scotland :—

August 5th, 1799.

It was stated from the chair that by an Act passed in the last Session of Parliament, Cap. 79, entitled "An Act for the more Effective Suppression of Societies Established for Seditious and Treasonable Purposes," it was *inter alia* declared illegal for any body of men to require an oath, test, or declaration from their members not authorised by law, but that an express exception was contained therein in favour of Freemasons, under certain provisions of the following tenor :—

SECTION 5TH OF THE STATUTE.—And whereas certain Societies have been long accustomed to be holden in this Kingdom under the denomination of Lodges of Freemasons, the meetings whereof have been in great measure directed to charitable purposes, be it therefore enacted that nothing in this Act shall extend to the meetings of any such Societies or Lodges which shall before the passing of this Act have been usually holden under the said denomination and in conformity to the rules prevailing among the said Societies of Freemasons.

SECTION 6TH OF THE STATUTE.—Provided always that this exemption shall not extend to any such Society unless two of the members composing the same shall certify upon oath (which oath any Justice of the Peace or Magistrate is hereby empowered to administer) that such Society or Lodge has before the passing of this Act been usually held under the denomination of a Lodge of Freemasons, and in conformity to the rules prevailing among the Societies or Lodges of Freemasons in this Kingdom, which certificate duly attested by the magistrate before whom the same shall be sworn, and subscribed by the person so certifying, shall, within two callender months after the passing of this Act, be deposited with the Clerk of the Peace for the County, Stewartry, Riding, Division, Shire, or Place where such Society or Lodge has been usually held. Provided also that this exemption shall not extend to any such Society or Lodge unless the name and denomination thereof, and the usual place or places, and the time or times of its meetings, and the names and descriptions of all and every the Members thereof be Registered with such Clerk of the Peace as aforesaid within two months after the passing of this Act, and also on or before the 25th day of March in every succeeding year.

SECTION 7TH OF THE STATUTE.—And be it enacted that the Clerk of the Peace or the person acting in his behalf in any such County, Stewartry, Riding, Division, Shire, or Place is hereby authorised and required to receive such Certificate, and make such Registry as aforesaid, and to enroll the same among the records of such County, Stewartry, Riding, Division, Shire or Place, and to lay the same once in every year before the General Session of the Justices for such County, Stewartry, Riding, Division, Shire, or Place, and that it shall and may be lawful for the said Justices or for the major part of them at any of their General Sessions if they shall so think fit upon complaint made to them upon oath by any one or more creditable persons, that the continuance of the meetings of any such Lodge or Society is likely to be injurious to the public peace and good order, to direct that the meetings of any such Society or Lodge within such County, Stewartry, Riding, Division, Shire, or Place, shall from thenceforth be discontinued. And any such meetings held notwithstanding such order of discontinuance, and before the same shall by the like authority be revoked, shall be deemed an unlawful combination and confederacy under the provisions of this Act.

Which enactments the Grand Lodge having taken into their most serious consideration, they unanimously agreed that it was their province as the head of the Masonic Body in Scotland, from whom all Regular Lodges held their right of meeting by Charter, to take effectual steps for enforcing observance of the law before recited, a law which as bearing honourable testimony to the purity of their Order, and thus silencing the daring breathe of calumny, must be truly flattering to the Brethren at large.

They do, therefore, in the first place, most strenuously recommend the instant attention of the whole Lodges of Scotland to the foregoing legislative regulations, by which it will be observed that two essential requisites are necessary for entitling the Freemasons of Scotland to hold in future their usual meetings.

1st. That two of the members of each lodge shall certify upon oath before any Justice of Peace or other Magistrate "*That the lodge has before the passing of the said Act been usually held under the denomination of a lodge of Freemasons, under conformity to the rules prevailing among the Lodges of Freemasons in this Kingdom.*" And which affidavit, certified by the magistrate before whom it is taken, must be registered with the Sheriff Clerk of the county where the particular lodge holds her meetings within two callander months from the 12th of July last. And

2nd. That one of the Presiding Officers of the lodge do record with the Sheriff Clerk within the same space: 1st, The name by which the lodge is distinguished; 2nd, The place and days of meeting; and 3rd, The names and descriptions (designations) of the attending members.

And the Grand Lodge, responsible for the regular conduct of the Masons of Scotland holding of them, which they are firmly persuaded is almost without exception entirely consonant to the principles of the Craft, yet anxious to guard against every intrusion on their ancient and respectable Order, or upon her established and accustomed forms, do unanimously resolve—

1mo. That every Lodge holding of the Grand Lodge of Scotland shall, *within six months* from this date, apply for a certificate from the Grand Lodge, which certificate shall bear an express renewal of power to hold Masonic meetings under her sanction and authority, and which shall not be granted without production of evidence to the Most Worshipful Grand Master, his depute or substitute, that the Act of Parliament above recited has been literally complied with. And every lodge which shall not within the said space demand and obtain such certificate shall be expunged from the Grand Roll, have consequently no right thereafter by her Presiding Officers, or by proxy, to sit or vote at their meetings, and be deprived of all future protection of the Grand Lodge.

2do. That the said certificate shall be subscribed by the Grand Master, his depute or substitute, and by the Secretary and Clerk for the time, and have the seal of the Grand Lodge appended thereto, for which a fee of five shillings, and no more, at the disposal of the Grand Lodge, shall be exacted.

3tio. That the said certificate shall be thereafter applied for on or before the 25th day of April, 1801, and of every succeeding year, and evidence produced as before mentioned so long as the said Act is in force under the same certification of being so expunged from the roll in case of failure.

4to. That no such certificate shall be granted untill all the arrears due to the Grand Lodge be discharged.

5to. That the names of all the lodges who have obtained certificates shall be annually transmitted to one of His Majesties Principal Secretaries of State, and to the Lord Advocate of Scotland.

6to. That the foregoing resolutions be printed, and copies transmitted to all lodges throughout Scotland holding of the Grand Lodge, that none may pretend ignorance thereof.

7mo. That copies thereof be also transmitted to His Grace the Duke of Athole, and the Right Honourable Henry Dundas, by the Most Worshipful the Grand Master, and he be requested to take that opportunity of expressing the grateful sense the Masons of Scotland entertain of their exertions in behalf of the Craft.

8vo. That a Committee be appointed to wait on the Lord Advocate with a copy of the said resolutions, and who be instructed to assure his Lordship that they have a grateful feeling of his Lordship's kindness to the Masons of Scotland, and will be ready to listen to any other regulations that to him may appear proper to be adopted. And the following

Committee were accordingly named for that purpose: The Right Honourable and Most Worshipful the Grand Master, his Substitute, and Brother Campbell, of Fairfield.

900. That a copy of these resolutions be also transmitted to the Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Ancient Free Masons in England.

And lastly, that the thanks of the Grand Lodge are justly due to the Right Honourable and Most Worshipful Sir James Stirling, Bart., their present Grand Master, for his constant attention to their interests since his unanimous election to the chair, and more particularly in his correspondence with Mr. Secretary Dundas during the dependence of the late Bill in Parliament.

Then follows list of members of the old Lodge of Peebles, No. 25, with the affidavit of the master.

(To be continued.)

ANDREAS HOFER.

FROM THE GERMAN OF MOXEN.

IN chains true-hearted Hofer was in Mantua we've heard say,
 And then the enemy's escort led him to death away;
 Fraternal hearts bled for him on that all mournful day,
 All Germany in grief and shame and stupefaction lay,
 And with them Tyrol's land.

With hands behind him clasped, without of fear a trace
 Andrea Hofer calmly marched in firm and measured pace;
 For death to him appeared a little thing to face,
 That death he had from Iselburg sent with his hardy race
 In holy Tyrol's land.

But when from prison windows, as in Mantua he was stayed,
 He saw his comrades lift their hands to bless and not upbraid,
 "Then God be with you all," all tenderly he said,
 "And with the German people so utterly betrayed,
 And Tyrol's holy land."

They say the drummer's hand refused the march to play
 As that stern convoy led him to meet his death that day;
 As he, Andreas Hofer, passed on undaunted on his way,
 And free in fetters stood so stately on that bastion grim and grey
 That man from Tyrol's land.

There should he kneel, they said, but he replied, "Not I!
 As now I stand upright, so erect will I die!
 Just as I stood in stubborn fight in days gone by!
 Long live my good Emperor Francis, my last cry,
 And with him my land Tyrol!"

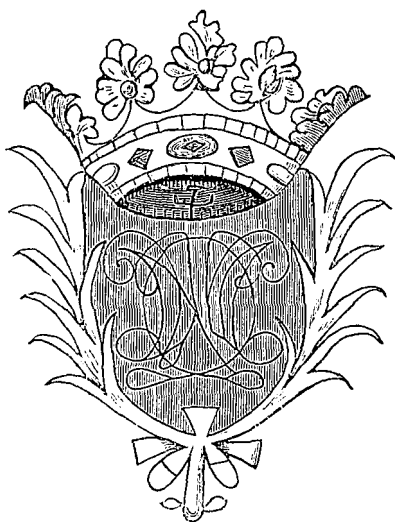
A grenadier then took the bandage—they tell us, all unmanned
 As Andreas prayed a last short prayer on this sublunary land.
 "Mark well," he cried aloud, "steady, comrades, be your hand,
 And hit me well. Fire! Ah, you clumsy band—
 Farewell my land Tyrol."

DESCRIPTION OF A MASONIC MS.

BY 'MASONIC STUDENT.

THIS is a curious MS. in the British Museum, among the Additional MS. It is practically the history of Coustos and the Inquisition in MS., with some additions, and certain other MS. not Masonic. Coustos's book was published in 1746. The MS. also contains the history of the evil morals of the Inquisition, which is found in "The Bloody Tribunal," by John Marchant, 1756. It is not original, as it appeared in Gavin's "Master-Key to Popery." Where Gavin got it from he does not say. But as we have here a translation of Coustos (and Coustos's life and sufferings have been often published in French), the probability is we have here a translation of the story as it is in Gavin's "Master-Key." Of course the MS. is after 1754.

TITLE: "Procédures curieuse de l'inquisition de Portugal contre le francs-maçons, 1754.



Begins :—

Je suis né a Bern en Suisse et aujourd'hui lapidaire de profession mon père m'en mena dès ma tendre enfance dans un pais bien éloigné de ma cheré patrie comme il étoit chirurgien. * * * *

At fo. 36 :—

"Je terminai ma justifications par les quatre vers suivant qui ont été faits par un maçon." Here follow two fanciful devices within which are written two sentences, the one beginning "Nous suivons tous des sautiers peu batus, nous cherchons a batir : et tous nos édifices sont des temples pour les vertus ou bien des cachots pour les vices." The other : "J'ajoutai a ce quatrain la celui qui suit mais du contraire hélas seraije convaincu je vois l'inexorable et cruelle injustice sa charnes a poursuivre en ces lieux la vertus pour mieux faire briller le triomphe du vice."

Fo. 57b. The first portion appears to end here with these words :—

"Confiance dans leur adversité et qui mettant tout leur plaisir, a faire du bien aux mortels meritent et leur respect et leur vénération."

Fo. 58. Then follows another fanciful border in which are entries of names of three persons, commencing with :—

"Ioão Custos Coustos hérégé protestante lapidario natural de Contaô de Brazilla e morador nesta citade por introduzir é patrie, car nesta corté a citados pédreiros Livres condenada pedasé apostolica." * * *

Fo. 58b. Within a similar border :—

"Que le ciel le préserve tout vrai maçon de cithiranique tribunal c'est le vieu sincere que je vous soite de tout mon cœur. De là valée de Josaphat lan de la foundation du temple de Salomon."

Fo. 59. Here the second article or part (apparently) commences as follows :—

"L'inquisition ex communice par un officier françois témoins de la Debauche des Inquisitions. En lan 1706 après la bataille Dalmanza, un corps darmée Françoise composé de quatorze mille hommes, fut a la conquête de l'Aragon."

This ends at 68b, with these words :—

"Que l'avarice des inquisiteur et leur amour insatiable des richesses souvant fait connoitre a ceux qui ont jugé de leurs démarches sans prévention."

Fo. 69. Here begins

"Histoire d'une jeune demoiselle mise a l'inquisition uniquement pour avoir plû a un des Inquisiteurs."

Below this is a device, and upon the next side (fo. 69b) this heading is repeated, and the *histoire* commences thus :—

"Un jour qui je fus avec ma mère rendre visite a la Contesse Dullras son confesseur Dom Franchisco Torrejon second Inquisiteur y'étoit aussi malheureusement pour moy il me fit plusieurs question que me parurent très embarrassantes sur ma religion." * * *

The course of this recital is interrupted by several of the fanciful ornaments (?) before spoken of, but without any writing withinside. The *histoire* comes to a close upon fo. 85, thus—

"Sur la route dici à Paris nous lui rendrez visite de même que mon mari qui est a présent a la cour de France pour y solliciter une autre charge dans le militaire ou plutôt une commission dans le civile et qui sera charmé de vous voir. Fin."

At fo. 85b. is another device, within which is written :—

"Nous connoissons quelque cephalas, nous connoissons quelque proces. Qui par ces espreuves fatales, ont esté quelques fois surpris, etc." * * *

Fo. 86 appears to commence abruptly :—

"Il faut remarquer que l'inquisition ne se borne pas a sa jurisdiction, sur les vivans et ceux qui meur plusieurs de ceux qui sont morts dans les prisons."

The subject is the treatment of Free-masons by the Inquisition. At fo. 93b. this passage occurs :—

"Je ne pouroit sans ingratitude taire les bontes de toutes espèce que les francs maçons de Lisbonne eurent pour moi et pour les autres frères qui estoient prisonniers." * * *

This ends on fo. 95. On fo. 95b. is a short paragraph entitled "Histoire de Caivajal." Fo. 96, Title :—

"Extrait d'un écrit intitulé Les bon mots Du petit père André."

Fo. 97. Here this title is repeated, and the "Extrait" commences thus :—

"Le petit père andré si connu par ses bon mots prêchoit le carême à albij dans le tems dés fameuse dispute de Monsieur Arnaud avec les jesuites." * *

This ends upon fo. 104. At fo. 104b. is a title which is repeated on fo. 105 :—

"Sentence de Messieurs les vicaires généraux de l'archevêché de Tours."

Begins thus :—

"Nous vicaires généraux de l'église metropolitaine de Tours le Siège Archipiscopal vacant, sur lavis qui nous a été donné par plusieurs personnes de consideration de cette ville." * * *

This finishes on fo. 106b. On fo. 107 commences a subject with this heading:—
 “Textes du nouveau Testament aus quel les propositions condamnées ont Rapport.” “Texts”: Que de mendrai je mon maitre m’ayant ôté l’administration de son bien je ne puis pas labourer la terre et j’ai honte demandier. En St. Luc, ch. 16, v. 3.” * * *

The *textes*, 101 in number, end upon fo. 117b. Then follows (on fo. 118):—
 “Eclaircissement sur le formulaire,” commencing, “Mais quand on en feroit l’application au formulaire ou seroit le crime de combien de parjures en effet n’est il pas loccasion on assure en lesignant que les cinq propositions sont dans le livre de Jansenius.” * * *

Ends on fo. 127 with an *etc.* The next fo., 127b. has a brief heading “A les causes.” The paragraphs are marked (a) (b) *etc.*, throughout the alphabet, as if they are *notes* illustrating some portions of the preceding text.

These end on fo. 143 with a design similar to those before named. Within is written:—

“La vérité des miracles opérés par l’intercessions de Monsieur de Paris démontrés contre Monsieur l’archevêque de Sens ouvrage dedie au Roi par Monsieur De Montgeron Consieller au parlement, 1737.”

A few short articles follow, viz.: fo. 146b.:—“Eclaircissement sur l’excommunication.”

Fo. 152b:—

“Priere en l’honneur du bien heureux François de Paris.”

Fo. 152b:—Table of Contents.

Fo. 154:—

“Le Miseréré de Monsieur Chauvelin veille de sa disgrace.”

Fo. 155:—The same, better written.

Fo. 158:—

“Les quatre embaras de la France—Le Roy, Le parlement, L’archevêque, Le porte Dieu.” (*In verse.*)

From fo. 1 to fo. 106, the *running heading* is “Procedures Curieuses.”

From fo. 107 to fo. 152, the *running heading* is “Unigenitus. La Constitution.”

The writing is small and not good, neither is the spelling correct, as may be seen by the extracts given.

MASONIC SYMBOLISM.

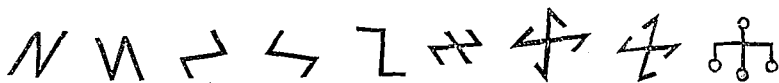
BY W. M. BRAITHWAITE.

THE symbol representing the letter N assumes a great variety of modifications in ancient, mediæval, and modern Masonry. Originally an astrological symbol, connected with the glorious sun-worship of Egypt, India, and Persia, it was imported into Masonry by the descendants of those who practised such worship, and who became transformed into Rosicrucians, Mystics, Fakirs, Dervishes, and the like. It traces back to the dim and remote ages of antiquity, when by the reedy banks of the Nile, or the bed of the roaring Ganges, or the grim shadows of the Himalayan heights, or in the sacred groves of Persia, the sun, in all his meridian splendour, was adored by the crowd of prostrate devotees, who saw in him the typical representative of a Great Principle—guiding, sustaining, and ruling all nature—a principle from whom all had proceeded, and to whom all should in time return. “The

spirit shall return to God who gave it " was the teaching of the Hebrew sage, and the Egyptian magi inculcated a similar dogma, while the Hindoo Brahmin was content to pass to the unseen world in the sure hope of an ultimate absorption into the first great object of worship—"Brahma the Creator."

The letter N was imported into Masonry as a symbol at the same time as the hexalphi, the tau, the pentacle, the cross, and the V or Y. The *first* origin of these symbols is shrouded in an altogether impenetrable darkness. They were probably, as Mrs. Hardinge Britten says in her "Art Magic," connected with fire worship, and as such were sculptured in the galleries and corridors of the mighty "sun temples," which we now call the Pyramids. The Rosicrucians, or brethren of the Rosy Cross, were the first to introduce them into Mediæval Masonry. Let me prove my position in regard to the connection between the two. Egyptian mysticism was essentially a form of spiritualism; not the form that we know now, with its attendant bewilderments of table tiltings and rappings on the ceilings, but a veritable, unquestionable *rapproch* and intercommunion with the denizens of the unseen world. Witness the great works which in India and Egypt are performed at the present day: witness the revelations received by the Jewish patriarch on Mount Sinai, and the "serpent transformations" which symbolized the worship which was then in Egypt beginning to be practised; the deification of the serpent as the—to them—wisest of all the beasts. And the Rosicrucians maintained the same ideas in regard to superhuman intercourse. They taught the theory of the two kinds of life, the "elementary" and the "compound." They advocated man's dual nature. The elementary was the "sylphide" or spirit life. The compound was the human, or soul-life. The duty of their sages was by fasting, contemplation, and prayer to bring about a union or "Rosicrucian marriage" with the *sylphide* or elementary. That union produced another (which it would be more proper to call a "tripartite" nature), which was compound life in the next world—in the paradise of heaven. "It was," so they held and taught, "the desertion of the spirit-bride which constituted the fall of man." The grand purpose of the brethren was to bring about the entire regeneration, and perfection, and immortalization in mankind in body, soul, and spirit. By the help of the "spirit-brides" they could penetrate the secrets of nature, or, as the *Taliesin* says of the Druidical god life, they could see into the life of things; and the fruits of the glorious alliance which they sought were to be science, genius, and immortality, as in the Eleusian initiation.

The symbol N to which I have referred assumed a variety of modifications. Thus, by distortion and a series of metamorphoses, it produced the following, all of which are known to those of the Master Degree:—



Thus a straight line cuts it into its two terminal angles, as if it would draw our thoughts to the *duality* of these angles; then a second N takes the place of the division, and we have the + or X or †, which, among the mystical nations, has always been assigned a prominent place. It is worth remark that the third to the last of the figures given is identically the same as the mark of the ancient Hindoo Jains; and the last is a symbol known and venerated among both the Chinese and Hindoos, just as the Y symbol is known in this and other countries as an heraldic bearing, and as the "pall" or official vestment of the Vatican archbishops. In all the varieties of the N symbol there is the same peculiarity as in the St. Andrew's Cross X, viz., the two reversed angles. Here may be seen an equivalent for the sexual union of the V and Λ of the feminine and masculine signs of the Egyptians, and by putting the V and Λ together thus AV the N may be regarded as a compound syllable. Regarding the con-

nection betwixt Persia and Freemasonry or Rosicrucianism, which I have mentioned, it is just worthy of remark that on the coins of the Aridrethes, a series of kings who lived before Jesus, there is the N symbol, and the A, also the M, a *trinity* of angles, the T and the hexalpha. These symbols are associated with the figures of Minerva and Victory, from whence Christianity derived the idea of the Virgin and Child, inculcating thereby the beautiful teaching of the "God man," or divine nature which enters into all humanity.

Before concluding my article for this month I would like to say a few words concerning mirrors or images.

They are of peculiar significance in Masonry, as well as in magical science, and ancient mysticism and Christianity. Warburton speaks of the "shining image" of Isis, or midnight sun, which appeared to Lucius as well as to Moses. It is often referred to by the mystics as representing divinity in general. And Paul, the mystic writer of the *Anno Christian* era, says of mirrors, "We with open face behold as in a glass or mirror the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory." And again, "For now we see through a glass, or mirror, darkly, but then face to face." *Apropos* of this, we, in the North, have a curious custom or magical superstitious tradition. It is said that if a maiden proceed at the mirk hour of night on "Hallowmas Eve, when the witches do glide," to her apartment, and comb her hair before a mirror by candlelight, the apparition of her true lover, or spirit-partner, will be shown in the mirror; some say that water is more potent to produce this effect than a mirror. Thus Narcissus falls in love with his own double by seeing it reflected in a brook. We are all seeking the "shining image." We, of the antiquated faiths, yearning like those of yore for the absorption into deity, after myriads and myriads of countless ages, which it almost makes the brain reel and the heart burst to think of, of never ending progression; the Jews, as they look for the promised Messiah with whom they shall proceed to an immortal earthly kingdom, seek the shining image, as the Isis sought Osiris, or Ceres Proserpine, or the Christians their bodily resurrection after ages of an unbroken dreamless sleep, or as the Japanese seek the Tensir Dai Sin. We are all travelling onward to the light. Away across the river gleams the loved forms of the spirit ones who have gone before, and even now the boatman pale comes to ferry us over to the other side. Whether we be Rosicrucians, Brahmins, Jews, Christians, or Moslems, we shall, as the apostle says, "know hereafter," when we shall be "face to face"—participators in the great progression—one with the great I am—*Omnia in omnium*. Next month I purpose taking up the subject and dealing with some of the other symbols.

FALLING, FALLEN, LEAVES.

THE leaves are falling one by one,
 As autumn hours speed away;
 A dimmer sky, a colder sun
 Mark each departing day;
 The wavy trees around are bending
 Beneath a stern and bitter blast,
 And autumn's hues are sadly blending
 With pleasant aspects fading fast.

In vain kind nature seems unwilling
To pass us with all of autumn's grace ;
But wood, and vale, and hills are filling
With duller tints which melt apace.
The brightness of the golden grain,
And all the glory autumn yields,
Are past with autumn ; once again
We look on bare and silent fields.

Around us, too, on every side
Where all was lately purple-green,
'Mid kindly woods and leafy pride
A magic change is seen ;
A few short hours no more appear
The charms we lately found,
Autumn's brown tints no more are here,
But "sere leaves" strew the ground.

And now the landscape seems to tell
Of gloomy hours and coming storms ;
The trees are bare, a darker spell
Nature itself deforms.

Summer is sped, and autumn's fled,
E'en winter's signs draw near ;
The leaves are falling, fall'n, dead,
Which glorified the year.

How like to Life is Nature still
In all her scenes and ways,
In parting good and coming ill,
In swiftly passing days ;
How still the golden hours fade
As the seasons come and go,
How all our hands and hearts have made
Is mortal here below.

Spring's hopes and summer's brightness,
And autumn's graces each in turn,
Our scenes of grief and tones of lightness,
The dreams which touch, the thoughts which burn,
Our troubles, cares, our joys and pleasures—
Affection's tenderness and trust,
Soft memories and fancy's treasures
End but in ashes and in dust.

And all we counted choicest, dearest,
The friends we lov'd so long and well,
The joys which filled our hearts the nearest,
Nearer may be than tongue can tell ;
Youth's glowing dreams and hours of gladness,
And manhood's trust matur'd sublime,
All must give way to age and sadness,—
All must depart with dying time.

All, all is doomed to weakness ever
While "sojourners" we linger here,
Each loyal word and fond endeavour,
And hopes we count both true and dear.
Nothing outlives the passing hour ;
The years which vanish, months which flee,
Alike attest Time's sovereign power ;
Thank God Time's *not* Eternity !

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.

THE occasion of the Earl of Carnarvon's visit to Saltaire has been taken advantage of by the Freemasons of Shipley to give *éclat* to the opening proceedings of a new Masonic Hall in that town, an event which was looked forward to with considerable interest, not only by Masons in the district but by those of the Craft resident elsewhere. The securing of a hall specially adapted for Masonic purposes by the brethren at Shipley was of itself an event sufficiently interesting, and has been rendered increasingly so by the circumstances that they have been able to secure the good offices of so distinguished a Mason as the Pro Grand Master of the Order to conduct the inaugural proceedings. Another circumstance of interest is the fact that the new hall is a memento of the jubilee of the Airedale Lodge, 387, for whose accommodation the hall has been erected.

From the published address of the Secretary, P.M. J. Ramsden Riley, which was given upon the fiftieth anniversary of the lodge in April, 1877, we learn that the Airedale Lodge was established at Baildon, on April 11th, 1827, having succeeded to the paraphernalia of the defunct Duke of York Lodge, which was constituted at Doncaster in 1788.

During the latter part of this earlier lodge's existence it does not appear to have shown much vitality, and in 1807 it was removed to Bingley, where it existed under slightly better conditions until January, 1815. A few brethren of the district appear to have met without interruption at each other's homes, but it was not until 1827, mainly through the exertions of Wainman Holmes and Jonathan Walker, assisted strenuously by two or three members of the Keighley Lodge, that a lodge could be formed, and the present Airedale Lodge constituted. The last fifty years has been so important an epoch of Masonic history that it would have been extraordinary if the Airedale had not had its vicissitudes, and notably in 1838, when its members were returned to Grand Lodge as seven (although nominally comprised of about fourteen), the career of the lodge had well nigh ended through the severe commercial depression in the Baildon district. It had even then, however, some staunch supporters, whose example has no doubt materially affected the subsequent growth and importance of the lodge, which since 1866 (commencing as it were another generation), has had an uninterrupted prosperity, while its future prospects are decidedly auspicious. The jubilee of the lodge was held on the 11th April last year, in the old rooms in Westgate, Shipley. The number of members is now about fifty, the following being the acting officers of the lodge, viz., John Morrell, W.M.; John Hey, I.P.M.; John Magson, S.W.; Fred Ives, J.W.; J. Lister, S.D.; H. Mitchell, J.D.; S. Smith, I.G.; E. Heaton, O.G.; the indefatigable Secretary of the lodge being J. R. Riley, P.M.

The new Masonic Hall is situate in Welleroff-court, Kirkgate, Shipley, and has been erected upon the site of the former New Inn, by Mr. Jonas Bradley, who has built the Star and Garter Hotel adjoining. About £1000 has been

expended upon the building, which is every way adapted for the purposes of a lodge of Freemasons. There are two large rooms for lodge purposes, a room of medium size, a large kitchen, with store-rooms, lavatories, &c. The lodge-room, which is upon the upper storey, is twenty-seven feet by twenty-five feet; the dining-room being of equal dimensions, and situate upon the floor beneath. To the former a small ante-room is attached, and to the latter a convenient store-room. Upon the first floor are situate the practice-room, twenty-five feet by twelve feet, and a kitchen, eighteen feet by thirteen feet. The latter is fitted with the best appliances for cooking and upon all those occasions when the austerities of the Craft are so far relaxed as to allow its members to dine, this department of the lodge premises will be regarded as an indispensable adjunct. A hoist communicates with the dining-room and also with the lodge-room. All the rooms are lofty, and are well ventilated. The lighting of the lodge-room is effected by means of a central chandelier and six side lights, while in the dining-room a central light on Benham's principle is introduced, supplemented by side lights, a very cheering effect being produced thereby. The furnishing and decoration of the premises are quite in keeping with the structural arrangements of the hall, the appointments of the lodge-room being such as to entitle it to rank as one of the neatest in Yorkshire. The decoration of this room has been effected with considerable taste, all the colours being in distemper. The ground colours of the wall is of fawn, relieved by parallelograms divided by chocolate lines, the panels filled in with Masonic emblems drawn in vermillion and blue. Boldly-designed corbels support the roof, the frieze being effectively relieved by a series of Egyptian figures continued round the room. This design is reproduced from one introduced into the decoration of the former lodge-room. The ceiling of the room is done in colours and gold. The dining-room is of a modest tone, the prevailing colour being drab. Round this room is a surbase moulding in pitch pine, the interval between this and a deep plinth being filled in with geometrical designs in black. The furnishings have been the subject of much attention, and in respect to some portion of the furniture a more than ordinary interest attaches. Three of the pedestals, presented to the lodge by Bro. Chas. Marchbank, have withstood the wear and tear over ninety years, having been used in the old Duke of York Lodge, and, re-furbished, look equal to quite as long a tenure of existence. Apropos to the opening of the new hall, various presents have been made by members of the lodge, including an eagle-lectern, a large quarto copy of the Holy Scriptures, a beautiful ivory mallet, &c. The various works in connection with the erection of the building were contracted for by the following tradesmen, viz.:—Mason, John Rhodes; joiner, George Yates; plumbers, S. Rushworth and Son; plasterers, Walsh and Son; decorators, Sam Oddy and Son; gas fittings, C. Howroyd. The architects for the works were Messrs. Jackson and Longley. The extra decorations rendered necessary by the ceremony consisted of the laying of crimson cloth along the passages and staircases of the hall, and draping the windows with curtains, &c. These have been supplied by Messrs. Pratt and Sons, of Bradford.

The brethren of the lodge assembled in good force, but owing to the limited accommodation of the building (although sufficiently large for the purposes of their own meetings), they were unable to make the occasion so general as it otherwise would have been. Their invitations included the acting members of the Provincial Grand Lodge of West Yorkshire; and they had succeeded in securing the honour of the company of the M.W. Bro. Earl Carnarvon, Pro Grand Master. The lodge having been opened by the W.M. and officers of the Airedale Lodge, the Provincial Grand Lodge entered, and was presided over by the R.W. Bro. Lieut.-Colonel Sir H. Edwards, Bart., Prov. G.M., assisted by the W. Bro. T. W. Tew, D.P.G.M. of West Yorkshire. After the customary salutations of these two dignitaries, a procession was formed, and escorted the M.W. Pro. Grand Master (Earl of Carnarvon) into the lodge.

Bro. Sir Henry Edwards, Prov. G. Master of West Yorkshire, said :—

I beg to return my hearty thanks to this assembly for their very cordial reception of me. We are gathered here to-day to perform an important ceremony. It is to dedicate this new Masonic Hall to the purposes of Freemasonry for ever, and to encourage and exhort the brethren in this town and province to learn and practice more and more the beautiful principles of our ancient Fraternity. We are honoured to-day by the presence of the Pro Grand Master of England, the Earl of Carnarvon. This compliment to West Yorkshire is warmly felt and appreciated by the whole Craft in this province, over which I have the honour to preside. I need not dilate on the admirable way in which the Pro Grand Master performs his Masonic responsibilities, or the immense interest he takes in the affairs of the Grand Lodge. He always does everything he undertakes for the benefit of the Craft in the same admirable manner, and, I repeat, we owe him a debt of gratitude for being present amongst us to day. The address of the Pro Grand Master to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales on his installation as Grand Master on the 28th April, 1875, which I had the honour to listen to, will be long remembered. We welcome the Pro Grand Master to West Yorkshire, a province of sixty-five lodges and 3000 loyal Masonic subjects, who read with the deepest interest of his dignified conduct whilst occupying the throne of Freemasonry in Grand Lodge. I can assure the Pro Grand Master that implicit obedience to Masonic law is in my province encouraged and enforced; and it is with pride that I can refer his lordship to his highly esteemed Grand Secretary, Bro. John Hervey as to the punctuality of this province on the part of the brethren in rendering and making the annual returns and payments. It is a well-known circumstance that wherever you find prosperous lodges they are certain to be the most loyal and punctual observers of the regulations and landmarks of the Grand Lodge and the bye-laws of the Craft. I may also point out the strictly enforced rule laid down in our Provincial Grand Bye-laws, especially No. 47, in which it is incumbent on the Master of a lodge wherein a candidate seeks admission to make inquiry, in writing, of the Master of the lodge established in the town or place wherein the candidate resides, touching the character and moral fitness of such candidate or joining member. Our great difficulty is with candidates coming into our province and obtaining admission from lodges over the border, or from some populous place where sufficient enquiry cannot be made. This appears to be a weak point in Masonic watchfulness and carefulness, as to the admission of "just, perfect, and upright" men only, "of mature age, sound judgment, and strict morals," and I hope one not unworthy of his lordship's grave consideration. Again thanking the Pro Grand Master for his presence here to-day I call upon you to salute him with the honour due to his exalted rank.

The Secretary (Bro. Riley, P.M.) then read an address of welcome to Lord Carnarvon, which he afterwards presented to his lordship.

The following is a copy of the address presented to the M.W. Pro Grand Master, the Right Hon. Earl of Carnarvon :—

Most Worshipful Pro Grand Master,—The brethren of this lodge, being animated with a desire to promote the interests of Freemasonry, have caused these premises to be erected for their convenience and accommodation. They are wishful, should the various arrangements meet with your lordship's approval and that of the R.W. Provincial Grand Master, that the building should be solemnly dedicated to the purposes of our Order, according to the ancient usages of the Craft, and that your lordship will formally declare it open on this auspicious occasion. My lord, with sentiments of the heartiest welcome, the Worshipful Master and brethren of the Airedale Lodge, No. 387, humbly beg your lordship to accept their most sincere and grateful thanks for the honour your lordship has condescended to do them by consenting to be present and take part in the ceremonies of this day. The reality and world-wide usefulness of Freemasonry is sufficiently testified by its continual spread throughout all lands, and is especially identified in our own favoured country by the results of those labours which proceed from brotherly love. In this visit of your lordship we are proud to recognize and acknowledge a noble example of that first grand principle of Free-

masonry which cannot fail to support and animate us in all our Masonic duties. Although occupying so deservedly high and distinguished a position, no doubt your lordship finds a pleasure in being present; and associated as your lordship's noble name will henceforth be with this lodge, it will also continually remind us, as members, to take especial care that the Airedale may be always worthy of the distinguished honour conferred upon it. One and all the brethren of this lodge feel (so magnanimous has been your lordship's kindness) that no words can adequately express their sentiments of gratitude towards your lordship, and they pray that by the providence of the Great Architect of the Universe your lordship may long be spared to devote to Freemasonry that love and attachment to our illustrious institution, which, we believe, have entirely influenced your lordship to come amongst us, in so generous a manner, on this occasion. We most cordially wish your lordship health, prosperity, and happiness; and trust that this visit to Airedale will not be the least pleasurable of your lordship's Masonic experiences; but that your lordship will always be able to look back upon the proceedings of this day with feelings of unalloyed satisfaction.

The Right Hon. the Earl of Carnarvon, Pro Grand Master, in responding said :—

Right Worshipful Master, and Brethren,—It does not need so hearty a demonstration of feeling to assure me of meeting in Yorkshire, and, indeed, in every part where Freemasonry prevails, with a truly fraternal and sympathetic welcome. I rejoice greatly to have the opportunity of coming amongst you to-day; I rejoice greatly to hear from your Right Worshipful Provincial Grand Master of the progress of Freemasonry in West Yorkshire; I rejoice greatly in meeting the Worshipful Master and brethren of the Airedale Lodge—a lodge old in Masonic history, well known in the Craft, and holding an honourable position in this province—in their new home; and I cordially tender to each and all my hearty good wishes. May it be the beginning of a fresh and bright chapter in the history of the lodge; and may it also be the beginning of fresh honours for Masonic success. It has been truly said in that address which has just been read to me that Masonry had a world-wide name and character. I will only say that when we reflect on the truthfulness of that assertion it becomes more patent to us that we have a great duty to perform; that by our actions, whether we act in the lodge, or whether we act in the province, or whether it be in our individual capacity outside the lodge, our aim should be to uphold and maintain the fair fame of the name and character of Freemasonry; that we may not only be able to hand it down to future brethren in all its brightness, but that we may be able to send it on with additional lustre. All who study Freemasonry know the high standard of its principles, and I believe all who do, make it a study to try to live to those principles. I hope the number may be largely augmented in the future members of this lodge. Every lodge ought to possess a home of its own; nothing, I think, so much as a migratory residence tends to damage the prestige of a lodge. A settled home is a source of continual pleasure; a constant gathering of new history. Such, I hope, will be the new home of the Airedale Lodge; and may it be to its several members a source of additional attraction. I will say no more on this subject, but will most gladly, at the proper time in the ceremony, and if requested so to do by your Right Worshipful Provincial Grand Master, comply with the wish you have expressed in that address, and formally declare this lodge open.

A DEFENCE OF ARCHÆOLOGY.

THE Bishop of Lincoln, who is well known as one of the first scholars of the day, welcomed the Lincoln Architectural Society to Lincoln about a year ago in a speech of great power, thought, and beauty. We have deemed it well to give it nearly "in extenso" to our readers to-day, as one of the great objects of this magazine is to preserve a record of such passing addresses and lucubrations which tend to illustrate alike Masonic antiquity and general archæology. We feel sure that our readers will thank us for calling their attention to this most able address.

"It is no part of my duty to-day to pronounce a panegyric on the study of archæology. It may well stand on its own merits. Some, I am aware, have disparaged it as only subservient to the indulgence of an idle curiosity or learned pedantry. And doubtless it has its weak side, and cautions are needed in its pursuit. Sir Walter Scott, archæologist as he was, has revealed some of its frailties in his "Antiquary." And another English poet not unwisely says

How profitless the relics that we cull,
 Troubling the last holds of ambitious Rome,
 Unless they chasten fancies that presume
 Too high, or idle agitations lull;
 Heaven out of view, our wishes what are they?
 Mere fibulæ without a robe to clasp,
 Obsolete lamps, whose light no time recalls,
 Urns without ashes, tearless lacrymals!

But I am speaking now of the study of archæology when rightly pursued. And at this time, and in this place, I do not scruple to claim for it something more than a technical and professional character, or even than a literary and scientific value. It has, I conceive, a high moral, social, intellectual, and spiritual dignity. Let me illustrate my meaning by reference to present circumstances. England has just been passing through the severe ordeal of contested elections, and is now approaching the close of a stormy Parliamentary campaign. At such a time it is surely a great relief to be raised above the troubled atmosphere of party politics, and to meet, as we do here to-day, as friends and brethren. Human nature is weary of strife; it craves peace, and longs for repose. The Middle Ages expressed that desire by their *trêve de Dieu*, their holy truce; and classical antiquity consecrated that long-ing every fourth year at the summer solstice beneath the light of the full moon, which gleamed on the waters of the Alphæus and on the olive groves of Olympia. Belligerent nations then laid down their arms; political feuds were forgotten in a general amnesty; and foes embraced one another in a periodic armistice. So it is now. We welcome all here to-day, as friends and brethren, to our own archæological Olympia. We forget our political differences. In the present week we are all Liberals, and we are all Conservatives. We are all Liberals because we are all met to promote those liberal arts and studies which adorn society and dignify human nature; and we are all Conservatives because we desire to protect, preserve, and restore with affectionate reverence the time-honoured monuments of antiquity, and thus we are associated in the fellowship of a Liberal-Conservatism, and of a Conservative-Liberalism. And we give a hearty welcome to all who have come to this peaceful harbour from the stormy sea of politics, and we hope that they may feel refreshed, like the ancient hero and his prophetic companion as described by the greatest of

Roman poets, when they emerged from the shades of Erebus into the clear light and pure breezes of Elysium,

Devenere locos lætos et amœna vireta
Fortunatorum nemorum, sedesque quietas ;
Largior hic campos æther et lumine vestit
Purpureo, solemque suum sua sidera norunt.

But we may rise higher. We may claim for archæology a nobler prerogative than this. It emancipates us from the thralldom of modern prepossessions and prejudices, and frees us from the tyranny of ephemeral passions and local conventionalities. It makes us contemporaries with every age, and citizens of every clime. We are too prone to be absorbed and engrossed by the things of to-day, and to be the slaves of personal interests and party trammels. We need to be liberated from such vassalage. Archæology does this, if studied aright, and especially if it is connected, as your present visit to Lincoln is, with a tour and pilgrimage to places hallowed by the memories of great men in bygone ages. Pardon a personal reminiscence. About forty-seven years ago, when returning from Greece and Italy, I read with delight a passage of the great Roman orator, statesman, and philosopher, Cicero, which exactly describes this feeling. At the beginning of the fifth book of his philosophical treatise, "*De Finibus*," he is describing an afternoon walk which he took with his brother and friends from the western gate of Athens to the gardens of the Academy. He there observes that we are more affected by visiting places in which great men have lived, than we are when we read their writings, or hear of their deeds. "*Magis movemur, quum loca videmus in quibus viros memoriâ dignos versatos esse accepimus, quam quum scripta eorum legimus, aut facta audimus.*" And he illustrates this by a reference to objects which he and his friends saw that afternoon. Among these were the tombs of Pericles, and the spot where Demosthenes trained himself to become the greatest orator of Greece, and the grove of the Academy, immortalised by the School of Plato, and the beautiful Colonus, the birthplace of Sophocles and the death place of Œdipus. If I might illustrate this by referring to sacred archæology and topography, I would do so by a notice of the earliest Christian itinerary of the Holy Land, the letter of St. Jerome, in the fourth century, describing his visit, in company with the noble, pious, and munificent Roman matron, Paulla, the descendant of the Scipios, to the most celebrated sites and remains of Biblical history in Palestine. But I forbear, and will pass on to observe that in our archæological excursions and researches during the present week in Lincoln and its neighbourhood, our thoughts will be extended from the narrow range of to-day, and we shall be made contemporaries with nineteen centuries. In the Roman Arch standing in the northern wall of the ancient citadel of Lindum, and spanning the military road which stretched from Lincoln to the Humber, we may imagine ourselves spectators of the warlike legions of the ancient mistress of the world, which marched along those great martial highways, marked by milestones, of which one was disinterred the other day from its grave of 1600 years; and near it we may listen in fancy to oratorical pleadings of lawyers in the ancient Roman Basilica, of which the columns of the façade has just been revealed to our view. Near them we are brought into contact with the greatest of Saxon kings, and of Norman conquerors in his feudal castle of Lincoln, and, with one of the greatest of Norman bishops, St. Hugh; and with St. Hugh you will also hold spiritual communion in your visit to the noble Minster of Stow and to Stow Park; and when you make your pilgrimage to Southwell and its grand Collegiate Church, soon, we hope, about to become a cathedral of a new diocese, you will be brought into union with Paullinus, the apostle of Northumbria and Lindissi, in the seventh century, who built a church at Lincoln, and with Cardinal Wolsey, Dean and Bishop of Lincoln in the sixteenth, and with King Charles I. in his later days, in the seventeenth century.

You will thus be brought into sympathy with great men, and into synchronism with great events, and will drink in a refreshing draught of that generous spirit which the study of archæology freely ministers, and which, if we are not wanting to ourselves, will make us wiser and better men.

We might, if time allowed, dwell on that consolatory influence which this study exercises in times of sorrow. It was said by the greatest critic or antiquity that tragedy has a purifying power, because it displays noble examples of suffering. There is also a tragedy of events and places connected with great events, and this has a purifying, elevating, and soothing influence. When we contemplate the desolation and ruins of ancient buildings and cities, of palaces, churches, abbeys, and castles, we forget our private griefs in a feeling of sympathy with public sorrows. I have referred to an antiquarian picture drawn by the hand of Cicero; may I refer to an antiquarian sketch, by means of which one of his friends, Sulpitius, consoled him in the bitterness of his private affliction, the death of his only and dearly beloved daughter. "On my return from Asia," he writes, "I was sailing from *Ægina* to *Megara*, and I then saw the ruins of cities formerly famous, but now desolate. Behind me was *Ægina*, in front *Megara*, on my right *Peiræus*, the harbour of Athens, on the left *Corinth*, all once prosperous, but now dead and buried. Why (he adds) should we grieve so much for our own private losses, when cities themselves are tombs?" To a Christian this question comes with greater force, for there is a promise of a glorious and eternal future for our children and friends, but there is no such resurrection for cities.

And here, before I conclude, may I be allowed to say a few words on the spiritual uses of archæology? One of the most instructive revelations which this study presents to us is that of the deep feeling of religion which animated the greatest nations of antiquity in their most heroic days, and which showed itself not only in their cities at home, but wherever they planted colonies abroad. Let anyone stand in the solitary plain at *Pæstum*, or on the hilly ridge of the Sicilian *Girgenti*—the ancient *Agrigentum*—and contemplate the group of magnificent temples on both those sites, or in the sequestered vale of *Segesta*, and look on that noble religious fabric standing there in its lonely grandeur, or on the huge columns of *Selinus* thrown prostrate by an earthquake; or let him stand on the *Areopagus* at Athens and look at the *Erechtheum* and *Parthenon* towering above him—and let him remember that all these grand buildings were works of religion, not, indeed, rightly directed, but grounded on a belief in unseen heavenly powers controlling human affairs, and in a future state of rewards and punishments; and let him consider also that those who erected those noble public religious buildings cared little for their own private houses, which were comparatively mean and insignificant, and he will feel himself constrained to ask whether we may not learn some lessons of religious zeal and self-sacrifice, especially in this sceptical age, from heathens themselves. The first thing that some of them did in planting a colony was to build a magnificent temple. Where are our own cathedrals erected by England in her colonies?

One topic more. We may claim also for archæology the honour of illustrating the inspired text of Holy Scripture and confirming the truth of Revelation. The researches of Rosellini and Sir Gardiner Wilkinson in Egypt have refuted the allegations of certain sceptics, and have corroborated the Mosaic narrative. The cuneiform inscriptions of Nineveh have proved that Samaria was not taken by *Shalmanezzer*—as some had supposed, but as the Bible nowhere asserts—but by *Sargon*, once mentioned by *Isaiah*, whose history they have revealed. And they have shed a flood of light on Hebrew prophecy. Archæological researches at Babylon have brought to light *Nebuchadnezzar's* own account of his magnificent works in which he gloried, and have explained to us why *Belshazzar* is represented by *Daniel* as chief in power at Babylon when taken by *Cyrus*. Similar contributions have been

recently made by archæology to the elucidation of the New Testament. The inscriptions lately discovered at Cyprus have removed objections to the accuracy of St. Luke's statement in the Acts of the Apostles on the Preconsulate of Sergius Paulus; and the inscription lately found at Jerusalem illustrates the assertion in that book that to bring Greeks into the Temple there was regarded as a heinous crime.

We think that by this time all who have perused these striking and touching words, marked alike by dignity of thought and eloquence of expression, will be both encouraged and edified by this very seasonable defence—if defence be needed, for a pursuit, a science, which if worldlings rail at and ridicule, wise men "Oi Sophoi," admire and appreciate. Some of the pleasantest moments of our lives have been spent in archæological studies and expeditions; and still for us, and all thinking minds, the old past is, and ever will be, a great and grave reality to be studied and realized in all reverence, sympathy, and affection.

HERALDRY.

BY BRO. BLAZON.

INTERESTING as is the study of heraldry to the "student of the past," important as it is to him who wishes to master all that antiquity and archæology can unfold, it has found, as some of us know, many in successive periods who have antagonized its claims and ridiculed its pretensions. But leaving all such objections and tirades behind, let us go on to-day to consider its history and to number up its historians, a study not without use and pleasure, let us hope, also to some readers of the Magazine. Heraldry, then, is that science proper which has to do with the work and procedure of "heralds," and heralds are those who have to decide or ordain what "armorial bearings" a gentleman may claim or maintain; to decide questions of rank or precedence; and in former days to be messengers of peace and war; to go on solemn embassies, to arrange Court festivities, convey "orders" of knighthood, and invest the new knights; and even to-day our distinguished Brother, Sir Albert W. Woods, has just gone on a similar mission to Spain. It was the peculiar attribute of the "generosus," the "gentilhomme" of former days, to have a right to bear a "cote of armes," which he had either by "lyneage and descent, as originally granted, or obtained by a fresh grant, or purchased with a manor, and was entered, allowed, and upheld by the "College of Arms." As time ran on and the line of demarcation between various classes became less and less distinct, and wealth progressed, and grants of arms were made to corporations and fraternities, and special services obtained special grants, the College of Heraldry and the Chapter of Heraldry enlarged alike the number of their clients and the "field" of their labours. Some writers make "heraldry" very ancient indeed; and "heralds" in some form or other are of very early institution, undoubtedly in the history of civilization, in the life of nations, committees, and sodalities. The Greeks had their "keruges," or heralds; the Romans their "fæciales"; and there seem to have been analogous officers in eastern nations, and special "heralds" in the mysteries.

Milton talks of the "sceptred heralds" of pre-Christian times, which is clearly an afterthought, for it is equally certain that their full development dates from the age of Chivalry.

In the Boke of St. Albans, printed 1486, we find this passage:—"Our large cote armuris were begun afore thyn-carnation of oure Lord Jhesu Christ. Jafet made first Target, and therein he made a Ball in token of all the

world, and afterwarde II^m yere æ xxiii before thyncarnation of Christe cote armure was first made and figiurd at the sege of Troye, where in 'gestis troianorum' it telleth that the first begynnyng of the law of armys was the which was effigured and begunne before any lawe in the world bot the lawe of nature, and before the x commaundementis of God. And this came of armys encrouned with iv diveris preciouise stonys of colouris and of vertuys divers." And both the Boke of St. Albans and Dame Juliana Berners ascribe armorial bearings to the Patriarchs. Waterhouse, an erratic writer in 1660, gives a coat of arms to Adam and to Joseph, and Legh, in his "Accedense of Armorye," gives the arms of the chiefs of Troy and Greece, Queen Semiramis, King David and Catiline. But we may surely content ourselves with the "chivalric ages," without going back to such "ancient days"—to pre-historic claims."

The earliest coat of arms so far known in England is said by Gough, *teste* Dalloway, to be that of Geoffrey de Magnaville, Earl of Essex, in the Temple Church, 1144; but, according to the old chroniclers, armorial bearings came in with the Normans, and were not unknown to the Saxons and Danes.

In 1187, Gervase de Paganel bore on his seal, we are told, "two lions passant," and King John is said to have borne the same coat of arms. In the "Charta Honoris de Richmond," as we are also told, we find a picture of William the Conqueror with lions on his surcoat; Alan of Bretagny and twenty-two knights, each having his proper coat-armour on a banner; to use the words of the Norman French, "ette dit seigneur tenvit en au lance le pennon de ses pleins armes." In the Phillipeis, by Guillaume le Breton, 1230, in which he celebrates the birth of "William de Barr" and "Richard Earl of Poictou," he says of the latter especially, "Rictus agnosco Leonum illius in clypeo." In the "Romaunt" of Richard Cœur de Lyon we are told that he bore "upon his shoulders a scheld of stele, with the Lybbardes painted wite." In "Les Tournois de Chauvenci, Valenciennes," 1853, set out originally in MS. in 1285 by Jacques Bretex, a long French poem, armorial bearings are in full use and evidently "normal" in chivalric life and jousts. In the "Roll of Karlavverok," 1300, we find armorial bearings worn and acknowledged, the technical terms being all Norman French, and in it we are informed—

El milisme tres centeisme an
Grace, au jour de Saint John,
Tint in Carluel Edward Grand Courte, &c., &c.

In the Roman de la Rose, as well as in Chaucer, and Gower, and Lydgate, we meet with constant allusions to armorial bearings; and no doubt, also, many MSS. relating to heraldry exist unedited and uncollated, which have escaped the researches of curious Dry-as-dusts.

In many illuminations we find pennons with "devices," and clear it is that from the days of chivalry each knight was known by his special "bearing," just as we read still of the Knight of the Silver Swan, of the Golden Eagle, of the Rosy Cross.

To Dr. Nicholas Upton, in the reign of Henry VI., a learned civilian, must be ascribed the first distinct work on the subject, so far as can be ascertained, and which was first published, in folio, in 1654, by Sir Edward Bysshe. If other MSS. exist, as probably they do, they have not as yet, I believe, "come to the fore." A MS. of date 1488, by Hoddesworth, on heraldry, is said to be in the library of Trinity College, I believe, unpublished; and in the British Museum, Dallaway tells us, there is also a MS. equally unpublished, as far as I know, termed "Agon Historicus concerning Arms and Armourie," though it may be the "substratum" of some other work. Dallaway also alludes to a translation made by John Dade of an heraldic MS. of "John de Foveis," though where it is is not stated. Perhaps the earliest certain heraldic work is that by Gerard Legh, "Accidens of Armorie," published by Tottel, 1562. Legh has been termed the "father of modern blazonry," and

his work seems to be really and truly the basis of others, such as John Bossewell's "Workes of Armorie," 1572; Sir John Ferne's "Blazon of Gentry," 1586; William Wyerley's "The True Use of Armory," 1592; and the "Gentleman's Academie," by Gervase Markham, 1595. Dr. Johnson uses this last work. Some of us may also have seen Sir William Segar's "Honor Militarie and Civil," and Bolton's "Elements of Armories," 1610, as well as Thomas Miller's "Catalogue of Honor," 1612. Dallaway mentions a scarce book in the Herald's College Library, called the "Mirrour of Majestie," &c., London, 1618, without an author's name. Page 32 has the arms of the Earl of Dorset with these lines:—

'Tis true your various bend thus quarterly
Of honour and of virtue trullie claimed
Described, points out the great antiquitie
By you who have preserved them free unmaimed:
Let none that's generous think his time ill spent
To imitate your worth so eminent.

There are few of my readers who interest themselves in such studies who have not heard of John Guillim's "Display of Heraldry," 1610, though it has been asserted that the main part of his work was really written by a certain John Bareham, Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and Rector and Dean of Bocking, Kent. This well-known work has gone through many editions, and in "Rob Roy" Die Vernon makes belief in "old Guillim" part of the "creed" of "Cub Castle," hazy as it was at the best. The original MS. of this work, dedicated to King James I., was once in the library of Naworth Castle. In the fourth edition, which has the name of a certain "Francis Nower," who styles himself "student in heraldry," though Dallaway dubs him a "sign painter," and which is dedicated to "none but gentlemen," we have the following Latin lines descriptive of the heraldic literature so far generally known, though, curiously enough, Gervase Markham is forgotten:—

Armorum primus Wynkenthewardius artem
Protulit, et* trinis linguis lustravit eandem,
Accedit LEGHUS; concordat perbene BOSWELL
Armorioque; suo veri dignatur honoris
Clarorum clypeis et ivistis ornat eumque
Pulchre nobilitat generis blazonia FERNI,
Armorum propriam docuit Wyrleius et artem;
At tu præ ceteris GUILLIME.

Subsequently to Guillim we have, as many of my readers know, Brookes's "Catalogue," 1619; Vincent's "Discovery of Errors," &c., 1622; York's "Union of Honour, 1640; Doddridge's "Honour Pedigree," 1652; Nicholas Upton's "De Studio Militari," 1654; Spelman's "Aspilogia," 1654; Waterhouse's "Discourse and Defense of Arms," &c., 1660; Morgan's "Sphere of Gentry," 1661, and his "Armilogia," 1666; Holmes' "Accademie of Armorie," (undated); Gore's "Catalogue Script de re Heraldica," 1668; Philpot's "Origin and Growth of Heraldry," 1672; Carter's "Analysis of Honour," 1673; Dugdale's "True Use of Armoury," 1681; Nisbet's "System of Heraldry," 1722; Cotes' "Dictionary of Heraldry," 1725, which I constantly use; Porney's "Grammar of Heraldry," and Edmondson's "Complete Body of Heraldry," 1780. In 1793, Dallaway published his fine work, dedicated to the Duke of Norfolk, entitled "Inquiries into the Origin and Progress of the Science of Heraldry in England," &c.. From this work I have taken most of the "facts" which make up this little humble compilation, and which I intend simply as a reminder of a most interesting study, and as a help to other "non-experts" like myself. There are many other books, English, and foreign especially, which will occur to my reader, some of which I know and possess myself; but I have preferred to keep to English heraldry. I conclude

* Alluding to the "Boke of St. Albans," printed in blazonry in three languages, by Wynken de Worde, in 1496.

with three extracts from Dallaway, all of which I think highly pertinent to the aim and idea of this paper :—"It has been a general, but ill-founded censure, that heraldic knowledge is unconnected with classical learning, or philosophical utility." Elsewhere he says,—“Heraldry in its present state has just pretensions to be reached in the circle of sciences, so general in its usage, so infinitely various in its discriminations, and so classical in its specific differences, that if system be the groundwork of science, this claim may be fairly advanced.”

Let us listen to the sound old teacher once more, whom some of us know, in his valuable “History of Architecture,” &c. :—

To the young student of English antiquities, heraldry affords constant information and amusement. When he surveys the repositories of the illustrious dead, how many an un-inscribed monument will he be enabled to discover and appropriate. Amidst the pomp of older days and the proud reliques of feudal magnificence he will recognize the symbol by which those who founded or improved the structure are notified to posterity. He will investigate with principles which rest not in ingenious conjecture but certain proof. These are the means by which topography is rendered interesting, for however necessary the embellishment of learned commentaries and philosophical enquiries may be to its perfection, simple facts incontrovertibly ascertained must form the ground-work. As to the extent of the study there have been few who pursued it with every advantage of longevity and perseverance who could boast that all its resources were exhausted by them. There are abundant opportunities of gaining information in our public libraries and in many private collections; and perhaps no field of literature offers greater inducements of novelty and entertainment. But to those who have had access to the library of the College of Arms, I need only refer for a confirmation of my opinion, whilst I indulge sentiments of the truest respect for that liberal and well-informed society, whose urbanity I am proud to acknowledge.

And so, as Russell says, if somewhat adapted and altered, “Go forth little essay,” and may you gratify others, and lead others to peaceful studies and pleasant toils.

IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

From an unpublished Poem

BY BRO. GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL.

IF thou ne'er leant in sorrow o'er the bed
Whereon some dear one linger'd in the pains
That too oft herald the dread calm of Death;
Hast ne'er, with tearful eyes, beheld expire
A parent—or life's partner—or the child
That should in thine old age have tended thee;
In thy infirmity thy pillow smooth'd,
And when “life's fitful fever” had pass'd o'er,
Have seen thee decently entombed; if thou
Ne'er felt thy very heart-strings crack with grief
When the cold grave has hidden from thy view
Those whom thou dearest loved of all on earth;
Thou canst not realise how dear the hope
Of meeting once for aye in endless bliss
Is to the mourner's soul.

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.

AFTER ALL;

OR, THRICE WON.

BY HENRY CALVERT APPLEBY,

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

CHAPTER XVI.

Beauty and her Chivalry.—BYRON.

THE golden sun had sunk in glorious splendour, and a faint line of light now marked where the gorgeous hues which painted the fleecy clouds had departed, as the scintillating stars shone through the cerulean sky. Slowly the pale moon crept up the vault of heaven, casting long sharp shadows with its cold beams. A refreshing breeze played over the tired earth as the night grew on apace. Soon, midnight tolled out from the churches in discordant monotony, while all else was hushed in slumber. No, not all else; for wrapt in an ample cloak, and pacing with meditative, sad strides around the mournful nunnery, was the miserable Redtaper. Not much consolation to him that he was now out of bondage vile, for he was as far as ever from his beautiful idol, imprisoned somewhere in the walls of the hateful convent. Silver gleamed the placid moon on its gaunt shape, stencilling the sharp outlines in brilliant light. All was silent as the grave.

Redtaper was wondering where they could have removed his darling, as he inconsolably walked to and from the neighbourhood of the nunnery. Bold projects for the future filled his heart, and he determined by some means or other the lovely Violet Cumberland should be released from the detested thralldom of the Roman Catholics. On, on, he now hurried rapidly away from the precincts of the horrid building, muttering curses against the blasphemous system existing within its walls. Wilder and wilder his thoughts grew as he excitedly anathematized indiscriminately the whole of the followers of Popedom.

"Darkness sieze the —ah!—perhaps not! Perchance, but for these infernal fools I should never have known her love for me; for she does love me; no, no, not with the love of pity, but with true and tender passion. God bless her! Ah, me!—Hey, what!"

The latter exclamation, uttered in a startled tone, was caused by the sound of fire-bells from several quarters. At first it had been unnoticed by him, but when the first bell had been echoed by several others their real cause suddenly dawned upon him. They were the brazen alarms of terror, the turbulent cymbals of fright, the clamorous tocsin of death. Louder and louder they screamed their distracting sounds into the startled ear of night, madly appealing, wildly expostulating with the deaf, unmerciful flames. In the distance Redtaper could now detect a lurid glare, and he at once made for the spot. Horrors, it was in the direction of the convent; possibly it was the convent itself now being devoured by the greedy element, and all that he held dear was in dreadful jeopardy. Frantically the bells now seemed to peal, swelling despairingly with clanging blast and clashing roar. Their palpitating din nearly drove him mad. Irving's masterly Poe-like frenzy was mild in comparison to the tortures he felt. The air seemed filled with the fearful knelling boom; the skies rang again with the fulminating thunder of deafening twang-

ing, ear-splitting wrangling, and soul-piercing jangling, of the angry iron-tongued monsters; the heavens were rending with the death awakening *tintamarre*.

At least, so thought the madly excited Redtaper as he rushed up the same road he had similarly travelled when Miss Cumberland had fled to the nunnery. Sure enough it was on fire; and the cruel bonfire shot forth its Plutonic sparks into the midnight air. Sheets of fire spurted out from the volcanic mass, and lambent flames flashed from every opening. Already the convent burned like a furnace, though half an hour ago not a sign of fire was to be seen. Hoses were now playing on the building from every quarter, and Redtaper darted up to the nearest fireman, and snatched his hose from him. Madly he exerted himself, endeavouring to cover the whole building with the puny flood. Shrieks and cries rent the air as nun after nun threw themselves blazing into the crowd below or down the avalanche of the fire escape. But no Violet. Distracted beyond endurance, Redtaper threw away the miserable hose, and rapidly climbed one of the scaling ladders nearest to where he had erected his own unfortunate instrument a month ago. Into the stifling smoke and through the red-hot blaze he flung himself, where the horrid suffocating atmosphere exceeded any tropical heat. Room after room he entered, but most were empty, while some contained the dead bodies of unfortunate nuns smothered in the choking smoke. His blood was boiling, and his skin burnt by the scorching flames. Several rooms he could not possibly enter, and once or twice he almost succumbed to the dreadful heat.

"Save me! save me!" shrieked an agonized voice; and there, across a ghastly gulf of flickering flame, he saw the thinly clad figure of Violet, still safe, thank God, but environed on every side by the rapidly encroaching fire. He forgot all the torture he was enduring, though his eyes were so blistered he could scarcely see, and taking three or four rapid strides backwards, he leaped across the fiery chasm, and clasped the trembling girl in his arms. She would *have been content to have died with him there; the escape seemed impossible*: but the terrible danger he had encountered had invested Redtaper with the daring of a demon, and the love he bore for Violet seemed to inspire him with the agility of a tiger and the courage and strength of a Goliath. But he needed the impenetrable skin of a Vulcan to withstand the terrible heat he was subjecting himself to, as he panted for breath, while a fierce perspiration burst from every pore. But there was no time for hesitation. Swiftly he tore off his now charred and smoking long cloak, wrapping it tightly round the frightened and clinging form of Violet, covering her from head to foot; for himself he tied a handkerchief round his nostrils, and taking her up he prepared to leap back; but his strength was not sufficient, and he dare not risk the jump. Violet elected to jump by herself, and persisted she was strong enough. So they rushed together across the deadly chasm with resolute faces, he bearing half her weight, and they just cleared the distance. Rapidly he raised her now inanimate form, and, clenching his teeth, he staggered to the nearest outer window—back through the broken and crashing timbers, back through the blinding smoke, and lurid spreading flames leaping and clutching at their prey, to sink exhausted and insensible on the threshold of safety, succumbing to the fury of the fire. But two firemen seized the blazing masses and bore them through the window to the anxious and excited crowd below.

Violet was insensible, but otherwise seemingly uninjured, but Redtaper was badly burnt. He could just murmur his wish to be carried to the nearest hospital with Violet, and a dozen willing hands carefully conveyed them thither immediately. There it was found that Violet was unhurt, but Redtaper's injuries were severe, and his face had especially suffered. He endured fearful agony now that he felt the effects of the fire.

The fire had now been raging an hour, and was quickly getting under control, as a strong supply of water had been secured. Out of the eighty-

seven inmates twenty-two were still missing, and it was feared they had all perished. Redtaper was well attended by the doctors, Violet insisting on helping in various ways, and many little comforts were soon prepared by her hands, though she had hardly recovered her fright yet. Indeed, shortly after she herself had taken some restoratives, she fell asleep, and did not wake for twelve hours.

During the next five weeks she was the almost constant attendant at his bedside, smoothing his pillow, anticipating his desires, soothing his pain, and showing infinite tenderness in her kind solicitude and loving devotion. In Redtaper's eyes she was a more beautiful creature than ever, and his love increased. She in her turn truly loved her hero and saviour with more than the delirious love she had experienced for Humberton, and she had promised to be his wife. But she had overtaxed her strength by her devoted vigils and care for Redtaper, and she sank under the strain. A week's rest and medicine, however, brought her back to health, and in three months they were to be married. Redtaper was well again, though his face was marred by the disfiguring fire. But she loved him the more for that, and they determined that nothing should now prevent their union. She had renounced the nun's life for ever. Redtaper had not the slightest suspicion that her love was simply the feeling of deep and dutiful gratitude to her preserver—it was too ardent, too earnest for that.

Quietly they were married, and happy, happy was their wedded life as a poetic dream. The queenly Violet loved her brave and persevering husband (who was almost a head less than herself) with a love that had perhaps just the slightest tinge of patronage in it; while he adored her. Long was the honeymoon they spent at fashionable Brighton, and loth were they both to leave the place. There was almost a longing visible in Violet's beautiful face to go back to the festive city by the sea. There she could not help observing how she had been universally admired, and her piquant dresses tended greatly to heighten her attractive beauty. Foolishly she had permitted a photographer to display her photographs in his conspicuous window, and after some persuasion allowed him to sell them, the consequence being that the photographer made a little fortune out of it, and Violet a proportion of it. This was too flattering for her vanity to resist, and she felt she was fast becoming a professional beauty; indeed she was *the* belle of Brighton for that season. Naturally Redtaper did not exactly like it, but he could refuse his dear wife nothing, and she knew how entirely he was in her power, and she easily turned all his chagrin into kisses. So she had her own way, and now she was in London; the town began to buzz and echo with her name and beauty, a name and beauty that had before been unknown, and now was on every lip. Happy were the privileged ones who managed to creep into her society, and were held spell-bound by her imperial vivacity, her brilliant beauty, and swift *repartee*. The moths flew round the candle, dazzled by the unusual glare. Yes, the city went into raptures over her, and Redtaper became the friend of the nobility, though not for his own sake. It was not the happiness he had wished for; he did not care to know that hundreds had fallen in love with his lovely and accomplished wife, and that she was the most popular woman in London. Still she was his, and true and loyal to him; still she had kisses and caresses for him; her love had not faded by her new passion yet, though he feared what it might lead to; for she was veritably the favourite idol of the hour, the fancied queen of the "crutch and toothpick" fraternity, ay, and of the aristocracy. She had risen from the frothy foam of the past, and burst like a brilliant bubble upon the susceptible hearts and minds of her admirers—the incomparable, the indefinable, piquant, beautiful Venus of the modern Babylon—literally empress of all she surveyed, for London was at her feet; her intoxicating presence flashed its dazzling splendour upon the electrified citizens of the mighty metropolis.

CHAPTER XVII.

Rash-embraced despair.—THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

LET us take a peep behind the scenes and fortunes of the unfortunate Phane family. There was something undermining their happiness and welfare, of which only one person was fully aware. That one was a veritable demon, whose devilish machinations had already accomplished the ruin of more than one innocent victim. With all the fiendish insinuating power of an Iago, combined with the cringing servility of a Uriah Heep, this foul fiend encompassed the downfall of his unsuspecting prey. Gifted with a minimum of the milk of human kindness, a generous act was an unknown quantity to him; and, possessed of a most spiteful nature, he gloated over the misery of his dupes, while he greedily grasped his ill-gotten spoil. Not that he needed wealth, except to satisfy his miserably morbid craving for hoarding the yellow coin. More, more, more, that was his inward cry, while the meanest parsimony characterised his every action. No matter by what vile means, money must be his; money was power—power over his enemies; power over the gilded son of folly, who sneered at or pitied his shabby habiliments; power over the virtuous and sharp-sighted, who despised his petty meanness; power over any who were fool enough to trust him. He pulled the wires of society; he, the unpretentious, the humble; he, the honest servant, worked out the damnation of all who came in contact with him. What short-sighted fools! He was the master of them all; they played into his hands, and he was ever victorious. He paid them back tenfold for their sneers, and was still in pocket.

"Ha! ha!" he chuckled to himself, "Carlyle was right, 'Most men are fools.' With a little ingenuity and convenient servility I have it all my own way. Ho! ho!" he cried, while he rubbed his skinny hands with glee at the thought.

Perhaps the reader has already guessed the name of this blackened specimen of humanity—no, libel on humanity, type of the foul fiend himself, who had thus honeycombed the fair fame and hopes of those surrounding him, so that it needed but a touch to cause their complete collapse. The crisis was impending, and the climax close at hand; it could not long be averted, and the vile worker of these execrable plots was—let us anathematize him with the vehemence of an indignant Othello, or let us blurt it out with the repugnance of an exasperated Micawber—Bulliker!

Yes, James Bulliker, the trusted servant of the credulous Robert Phane, was as black as he is painted above. He it was who compassed the disgrace of the unfortunate Humberton, a mystery never yet fully solved. A strange state of things now existed, and curious circumstances had come to pass. Some time before the extraordinary marriage-scene in the church, Merrisslope and Bulliker had been much together; in fact, the former was fast getting into the power of the latter, mortgaging his property with him to a frightful extent. Where he procured the money from he knew not, but he treated him as an old Jew, only Bulliker pretended to be doing it more out of kindness to him. Still Merrisslope was not so blind as not to know that the virtuous cashier did nothing without a motive. Mr. Phane's business lately had been very bad, and his books showed only a very poor account. The merchant felt he must either make some bold successful stroke to recoup his losses or fail altogether. He hardly comprehended his position, or understood how it had been brought about, but he was obliged to accept the stubborn facts. He needed money, and Merrisslope had been foremost to lend it to him. Merrisslope had been in the office, and in his time the profits accruing to the business were large, and he was not aware of the state of things when he lent the money. He thought Mr. Phane simply required more capital to extend his business, and Bulliker, from whom he raised the ready money, did not inform

him of the true state of affairs. Merrisslope gladly helped Mr. Phane, thinking thus to rise in his favour and secure his daughter, and then in time the firm would belong to him. Thus affairs were getting singularly entangled, and the culminating crash was near at hand.

Of course Bulliker was at the bottom of all this. Truly, he told Merrisslope that he wished to leave Humberton no chance of winning Olivia, but he also took care that he did not work for nothing even while succeeding in his plans. He was gradually drawing and tightening his net around both Merrisslope and Mr. Phane simultaneously. A little more time, and, unless some untoward event spoilt his elaborate plans, all would be his. As soon as Merrisslope was completely in his power, he would find a means of destroying the offices of Messrs. Phane and Co., and with them all traces of his misdeeds, and then the game was his. But not yet.

Olivia's action at the church had somewhat alarmed the cashier at first, but afterwards circumstances seemed to dovetail with his plans beautifully. Merrisslope went nearly mad after the occurrence, and borrowed still more money from Bulliker, which he spent recklessly, getting further and further into the power of the unscrupulous designer. He still held to a kind of wild, despairing hope that Olivia might yet be his, and he would not on that account withdraw his substantial support from Mr. Phane, though he paid so dearly for it. Thus he still continued borrowing; and now he sought all kinds of excitement, no matter what it was, to divert his distracted mind from its miserable melancholia. Wildly he plunged into the betting ring, and speculated in horses. Success crowned some of his first ventures, but they gave him little happiness. Recklessly he carried on the deceptive and uncertain game, until a turn came in the tide, and he lost. Deeper and deeper he fell into difficulties; further and further he plunged into debt. Then he took to that desperate solace of madmen—drink. Still, he never solicited Mr. Phane to return his loans, while he constantly raved of Olivia. He was gradually losing his reason, and he became a mere plaything in Bulliker's hands. But he was not quite ruined yet; a little longer, and then—

Meanwhile, Olivia heard of these things with strange feelings, sorrowing for him and blaming herself for much of his misery. But she could never have been his wife. Mr. Phane, for his part, had become somewhat resigned to circumstances, and he could only wait and see what turn they would take next. He was too ashamed to blame his daughter's conduct, and he considered his best course to be comparative inaction. Mrs. Phane was completely prostrated by the untoward turn of events, and she was rendered so ill that she could hardly grasp the situation. Her troubles had been too much for her to bear, and she had succumbed to the severe strain upon her delicate constitution.

Bulliker, of course, was rubbing his hands in devilish delight at the success of his diabolical plans. Meanwhile, Merrisslope was rapidly growing worse. His mansion was the scene of midnight orgies, frequented by *blasé* and disreputable characters and inebriated worshippers of the god Terpsichore. Now had he lost all self-respect, and his wild vagaries were those of a lunatic. He flung himself headlong into the most outrageous follies, regardless of the disastrous consequences. He no longer calculated the cost of his expensive carousals, but allowed himself to be robbed on all sides. His latest freaks were the talk of the neighbourhood. In the glaring glitter of the society he cultivated, he for awhile forgot his misery, and consoled his stultified faculties with the insincere flatteries of his hollow acquaintances and the amatory embraces of his female companions—satanic syrens who lured him to certain ruin. Had he not gone mad for a woman? and now he was the prey of women! Poor, weak humanity! Poor Merrisslope!

CHAPTER XVIII.

The noiseless Bed of Rest.—CARLYLE.

'Twas a lovely day in autumn, succeeding a fearful storm, and the sun gleamed through the breaking clouds as it rapidly slanted towards the west. Doubly rich were the varied tints of the fast fading leaves on the trembling trees, as the golden rays glinted on their drooping splendour. Gently were they stirred by the repentant wind which had softly brushed away the remaining rain drops of the previous night. Slowly sank the sun lower and still lower, its colours deepening as it cast a few square feet of glory into the sick chamber of Mrs. Phane. Contentedly cawed a few swirling rooks as they carelessly circled in the neighbourhood of Manville Villa, while a brilliant ray of sunlight shot across a shred of clinging ivy broken by the stormy blast, and lit up the fair hair of little Dorothy Hope sitting by the invalid's bedside. Faithful Carlo, too, lay stretched on the floor, venting an occasional melancholy whine, but so gently he might have been gifted with human intelligence. At times he would restlessly pace the floor, and come again and again to Dorothy to have his shaggy head stroked, as though to show his sympathy for the sufferer. All seemed so still and quiet and secluded from the outer world, and every little noise had such a far off sound, that everything seemed to be merged into the distant past, and the present was hardly apparent. At least, so thought the sorrowfully anxious Olivia, as she softly glided in and out of the room anticipating her mother's every want.

It was a month after Olivia's refusal of Merrisslope, and ever since that shock to her system Mrs. Phane had gradually declined. Poor woman, she had suffered much, and her delicate constitution had been sorely tried. Mr. Phane was nearly delirious with his troubles, and blamed himself for much of his dear wife's misery. Only he and the doctor knew how near she was to her end, and that any moment she might rapidly fade away. Olivia knew not the full extent of her mother's danger, but she was strangely fearful. Every little circumstance seemed ominous of approaching evil; and several times during the day she could not refrain from stooping and kissing her dear mother with a long, sad, tender, kiss, and she seemed each time to have a foreboding that it might be her last. That morning as she was tending the fragrant flowers on the window-sill, a pretty little robin had perched on the edge of the tiny garden, and then fluttered away with a mournful chirp.

Cheery Dr. Chirrup had been in the morning, and endeavoured to enliven them all with his quaint touches of quiet humour, though he knew how very near was the King of Terrors. A gentle smile played over Mrs. Phane's thin face as the doctor jocularly assured her she would soon be well, but it quickly died away again. She loved to have little Dolly with her, who playfully chattered with her picture-books, though the dear little thing refrained from asking too many questions, conscious that "mamma" was not well. To Mrs. Phane it was a comfort to have such an innocent little creature near her, who understood not the meaning of that mysterious fact—death; for she felt that it was close at hand in spite of the doctor's assurances.

Poor Olivia had wept many times over the misery she felt she had caused, and misfortune's hand seemed heavy upon her. It was not her fault she had been so changeable. Her heart had been true to Humberton, her first and only love, but cruel fate seemed to have decreed that he should never be hers. Her happiness was constantly blighted, and verily had true love been a rough experience to her. Would that she could see into the future! How would it all end? Why had she been born? She had only been a source of much sorrow and anxiety to her mother, and now she had been unable to help her father in his difficulties. Her dear mother was, perhaps, lying at the door of

death, and all for her; and her anguish seemed almost more than she could bear. Sometimes in trying to cheer her mother she would involuntarily burst into tears, as the thought came suddenly upon her sensitive mind, "Who has caused all this?" Many and many a time did she wish that she had married Merrisslope, that her mother might have been spared to her. Poor girl, she felt the affliction doubly.

Still, thoughts of Humberton forced themselves upon her mind, and mentally carried her back into the church where he had played his successful march as she tottering entered with Merrisslope. How the chords had seemed to thrill into her very being, and fill her with the utmost repugnance of her intended husband; how she had still bravely borne up against the feeling for her father's sake. She hardly wondered how it was he was there, for the consciousness of his presence caused her such agony while she was passing through the ordeal of the service. She could feel the anger and astonishment of her father, and the inquisitive wonder of the people; it was only too painfully plain to her, and she would never forget the cruel moment when the final question was asked, and she looked up and saw the sorrowfully beseeching face of Humberton above the choir curtain, and she had desperately shrieked out "No!"

A few days ago Mrs. Phane had wished to see Humberton, who had sent her some delicious grapes during her illness. She had desired to see her daughter with him once more, and her wish was gratified. Once a day did Humberton call to inquire after Mrs. Phane, and each time he saw Olivia. It was happiness to see and be with her once more, and she felt much of her sorrow alleviated. But he never spoke of love, and they felt as if an indefinable mystery still enveloped them. Notwithstanding the unexplained tragedies of their lives so mutually affecting each, they never mentioned them; much as they both wished a better understanding of their relations and actions, nothing but commonplaces passed between them. Arthur would much have liked to have asked her a few questions of the most vital importance to his welfare, but he restrained his desires, deeming it best to wait a little longer yet, much as it pained him. To see her was something; but, oh! how he longed for more!

He had been there that morning, and had gone away with a sad heart. Olivia was still thinking of him, but with strangely conflicting emotions. Her mother also occupied much of her thoughts. She had just given her another long pitiful kiss, and come away to look after some little delicacy, with a strange weight at her heart.

Meanwhile the sun sank lower and lower, and the orange light melted away into the twilight. Colder and colder grew its beams, and the twilight was quickly fading into darkness. Poor Mrs. Phane stretched out her thin hand, and called Dolly to kiss her, in a small weak voice.

"God bless you, my child," she said as their lips met. "Sing me that little hymn about Jesus in heaven," and she wearily closed her eyes, exhausted with the effort of speaking. Prettily did the bonnie creature trill through the pathetic hymn with her little melodious voice, and when she had finished she said, "Mama, do you like that?"

It was Mrs. Phane's favourite, which she had carefully and lovingly taught to little Dolly; but no reply came to the child's query; Mrs. Phane had passed into the spirit-land of rest.

(To be continued.)

In Memoriam.

BY SAVARICUS.

JAMES ABRAM GARFIELD,

*President of the United States of America. Born 19th November, 1831 ;
Shot 2nd July ; Died 19th September, 1881.*

A Brother's dead ! and one whose greatness lives
 Within the hearts of nations brave and just ;
 We sympathetic mourn his sad, sad loss,
 And join the universal grief of men.
 A noble life, well spent from childhood's days
 To man's estate ; for knowledge struggling hard
 Amid the wants and cares of bare existence,
 Till, step by step, by learning crowned, he stood
 The foremost man in all the World called New.
 To him Humanity was " all in all ;"
 Nor creed, nor colour could his honest heart
 E'er sway : all men to him were kin ;
 For Freedom's spirit ruled his gentle soul,
 And Justice prompted him to stand by Right.
 His Country's welfare being his chief aim,
 'Twas all he sought ; cold wordly wealth in vain
 Its sordid charms hung out, the dazzling bait
 Ne'er took the good man's eye ; his heart was true,
 And bravely went he on from day to day,
 Until the honoured goal was proudly won.

* * * * *

Too surely does the Evil One possess
 Some men, and thus to work his baneful Will ;
 The coward deed done by th' assassin's hand,
 A thrill of horror sent through ev'ry land.
 Each feeling heart was by emotion stirred,
 And many earnest prayers were offered up
 To God to spare the life a wretch would take.
 We know the Hand Divine is merciful,
 And we believe the immortal soul gone forth
 Has entered into joyful rest above—
 A blest reward for Faith and Fortitude.

* * * * *

Upon the pinnacle of earthly Fame
His name for ever stands in bold relief,
As Nature's Nobleman and Mankind's Friend.

* * * *

The loved ones left to weep, such anguish feel
As draws forth tears from loving Angels' eyes ;
A world's condolence soothes, but Time alone
Can soften down our reverential grief.
Brave wife, poor widow, thy devoted care
Availed not ; a task of love, well done,
That added glory to thy womanhood.
The Martyr's halo round thy Hero's head,
O'ershadows thine with loving lustrous grace ;
And his distinguished life and name the world
Will ne'er forget ; but Cleveland's hallowed shrine
Shall serve to mark the cherished spot where rest
The mortal relics honoured as a King's.
When great men die, we greet with deep respect
Those near and dear to them ; this loyal act,
Or loving tribute paid by willing hearts,
Is balm indeed, and comforts pining souls.
For Garfield's fate the millions freely mourned ;
All ranks were touched with pity sad, sincere.
Our Queen, Beloved Victoria, foremost was
To show how greatly Majesty was moved.
Her kindly heart each feeling message sent,
Replete with hope until the bitter end.
Then sweet compassion's tender words went forth
From heart to heart, engend'ring peace and love.
The bonds of life are often closer drawn
When ruthless Death asserts his cruel power.
A Ruler dies, the nation feels its loss,
And doubly so when foul play wrecks its will.
The deed is done—the victim's slain—what good ?
For grief and sorrow are the sole result.
We have no words but those of love and praise
Wherewith to speak of Garfield's honoured name :
A future Age, with universal tongue,
Shall tell the tale of dastard crime, and paint
The Hero's worth in language full of Truth.

REVIEWS AND REVIEWS.

IT is amusing sometimes to note the "current" of contemporary reviews, and to see both in what they excel, and in what they exceed. Those of us who have read "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" in other days,—for it is but seldom we fancy it is read now, its interest having passed away, and its allusions being only half understood,—will remember to what indignation Lord Byron was wrought up by a "savage" and unappreciative notice of his early "poems," by the great "Edinburgh Review." Some of us, too, may call to mind Lord Macaulay's "scathing" if unjust review of poor "Satan," Montgomery, and even now may realize what it is to fall under the "lash" of a competent, or incompetent reviewer.

No doubt we all get over the hard words and "unappreciative ignorances" of some "dunderhead," who neither felt the "powers," or entered even into the meaning of our own little "poem," or "animated prose." And after a little we forget the little "contretemps," and smile (if savagely, perchance) at the weakness, or the want of taste of "that unfair reviewer."

We took up a well-known contemporary of ours the other day, and we found some "gems" of reviewing which we think it worth while to commend to the notice of our readers. The following is a week's normal review of the "poetry" which comes before a most successful journal, in such rapid, and, to our minds, unhealthy profusion.

Let us listen to the "critic" on this new "Poiesis," and we may say, "en passant," that we have no reason to doubt either the faithfulness and the fairness of these reviews, though we may be struck with their turseness and pithiness,—commendable characteristic of all reviews,—and even feel ourselves slightly discomposed at their "plain speaking." In Newmarket slang, there is no want here of a "straight tip." How excessively pleased and flattered the "writer" will be when he reads the following very appreciative notice of his "Songs of Passion and Pain?" We cannot feel sorry for him. Can our kind readers?

Mr. Ernest Wilding, the author of "Songs of Passion and Pain" (Newman), must be a very silly young gentleman, and it is rather a pity that his schoolmaster,—he can only have been at an "Academy,"—did not look over his verses as well as his letters home. The results, however, might have been corporeally disastrous. The poems (?) are "quite too awfully utter," and consequently, it need hardly be said, beneath contempt. Here are a few of the titles,—*"Study in White and Blood"* (*sic*), *"Harmony in Sea and Silver,"*—why does this suggest soap-suds?—and *"Nocturne in White and Silver."* What did the boy think he meant! It is high time to protest, once and for all, against the wretched, emasculate, un-Christian folly which finds its exposition in such sickening trash as this. Mr. Wilding's method of making blank verse is obviously to count out ten syllables upon his fingers; whilst for such a piece as "Rest" the recipe is,—Take a few plagiarisms and hash them up with original rubbish,—it begins "Far from the maddening crowd," and shortly after we have, "After life's fitful fever!"

The veteran poet, R. H. Horne, well known to some of us, does not seem to please his reviewer.

For the sake of the magnificent work which the author has done in bygone days we are inclined to speak leniently of "Bible Tragedies," by Richard Hengist Horne (Newman), but must confess to a wish that the veteran poet had rested on his well-earned laurels. Of the two plays proper,—which are supposed to be modelled upon the old Mysteries,—the subjects are "St. John the Baptist" and "Judas Iscariot," and the latter is in every respect the better. The third piece is a strange imitation of Biblical literature, entitled "Rahman," and professes to deal with Job's wife, but we fail to see in what the interest consists, and the diction is not always in keeping. Some of the utterances of St. John the Baptist

are not without a tincture of later Arianism, and most of the piece is little better than an indifferent metrical paraphrase of the Authorised Version. The speech of Judas in *Aceldama* has fine points, reminding us of what Mr. Horne could once do; but, perhaps, nobody but Marlowe could ever quite have grasped the situation *in toto*.

We confess that we should have liked a more favourable notice had we written and published "*The Shepherd's Dream!*" though it is rather a sheepish title, is it not?

Little need be said about "*The Shepherd's Dream: a Dramatic Romance,*" by Henry Solly (Brook and Co.); it is tedious to read, and would be still more so in performance. The plot turns on the career of a Suffolk hind who, in Tudor times, wins the love and hand of a titled lady,—a highly probable incident, as all will allow. This phenomenon nearly gets burned for a heretic in the Marian persecution, and the martyrdom of Dr. Rowland Taylor figures prominently in the action. It may be remarked that the good priest in question was *not* a Lollard, which epithet Mr. Solly seems to imagine a synonym of Protestant! The attempts at humour are depressing, and make one inclined to sympathise with Sir Roger, when he addresses Master Carey as "vulgar ninny;" he had certainly endured much.

Poor Erro!

It is not necessary to break butterflies upon the wheel, so that "*The Vile of Hermanli, and Other Poems,*" by "Erro" (Newman), may pass with little more than the comment that the title is a misnomer, as there is not a single poem in the book, though it contains some feeble attempts at blank verse, evidently by a novice with no musical ear.

There is a good deal in the reviewers "protest" against morbid verse. There is a vast amount of "morbid verse" afloat just now, alike in the sensational and sentimental, the classic and the realistic school. Some of our readers will recollect in "*Our Street.*" The poetess of "withering verse" and "morbid outpourings," who eat a "hot mutton chop" and drank a glass of warm brandy and water "every night of our blighted existence." There is a fashion in such things. But to the review.

"*My Old Portfolio*" (C. Kegan Paul) was probably intended for private circulation, and contains some sympathetic verse, with one or two attempts at a higher strain. "*Too Late,*" "*A Lay of Provence,*" and "*One in a Thousand*" are pleasant, thoughtful songs, and "*He Would be a Sailor*" is rather a good ballad, though the ending shows most exaggerated morbidity of sentiment. But will nobody write us a few cheerful verses? Surely this world is not all made up of dust and ashes! The rhymes are occasionally very faulty.

The following three reviews seem not unkindly meant as sound advice to writers of a similar stamp from obtruding under any pretence, their cherished "bantlings" on a generous but suffering public.

"*Other Days*" (Simpkin, Marshall) is an unpretending little volume of verse of a rather old-world nature,—as will be supposed when we mention that one piece deals with the death of the Princess Charlotte. The subject of Henry II. and his Clifford love has been better treated, and once for all; but the version of David's lament has merit,—it reminds us rather of some of N. P. Willis's serious pieces.

Two little scholastic volumes are the first and second parts of a "*Poetical Reader for Schools*" (Marshall, Japp and Co.) Whatever may be said for the plea of novelty put forward in the preface, we cannot think the selection has been wisely made. Most of the pieces are taken from unknown or third-rate authors, and where a well-accepted name does appear it is not, as a rule, suitably represented.

"*Hymns for Children of the English Church*" (William Poole) professes to give "simple verses for every Sunday and Holy Day in the Christian year." As a matter of fact, none of the Black Letter festivals are noticed, and the verses are of a very low order.

Even the dramatic writer does not please this stern "Censor Morum" and of verse.

The nature of the type used is almost fatal to the chances of "*Bernice: a Tragedy,*" by J. H. Pearce (Charing Cross Publishing Company); a strong microscope would be indispensable to the enjoyment of such beauties as the play may possess. It is described as a "tragic trilogy" (*sic*), and is very tragic indeed, as the wicked heroine more or less in-

directly compasses the death of most of the characters before she relieves us by dying in horrible torments. It is a melodramatic and rather silly play, but strangely enough the verse is above the average; perhaps the author has only mistaken his line, and may do better in some other branch of poetry. It appears that he originally intended to emulate George Psalmanazar, and invent a new language in which to convey his thoughts; it was wise to abandon the idea, as it might have tended to make his audience an eclectic one.

With his "one word" of praise we conclude these "selections" and this paper, which we hope may slightly amuse some of our readers.

A most delightful anthology from the higher class of national poetry is "English Odes," edited by Edmund W. Gosse (G. Kegan Paul), which is issued in the publishers' series entitled the "Parchment Library." The editor's preface, giving a succinct account of the origin and progress of the ode, is good and to the purpose, whilst his selection has been very judiciously made. The range will be owned as comprehensive, since we find specimens of many of our best poets, from Spenser down to Mr. Swinburne. The extracts from Leyden, Warton, and Sir William Jones will be new to many.

We do not ourselves consider these "reviews" at all unfair or too severe. All reviewing is very difficult just now, and that review to our mind is utterly worthless which neither aims at fairness nor seeks honestly to speak, perchance, "unwelcome truths."

LITERARY GOSSIP.

THE *Burlington Magazine* (Remington and Co.), edited by that popular novelist, Miss Helen B. Mathers, has, by way of initial article, a powerfully-written story of lowly life, entitled "Pretty Polly." "A Dream of Dead Authors" is a delightfully readable, imaginative sketch, in which "the master minds of old" are compelled to revisit "the glimpses of the moon." There is also an amusing essay anent monkeys, quaintly styled by the writer "Our Poor Relations." Among poetry, some pathetic verses by J. Keith Angus are particularly pleasing. "The Story of Sin," a fascinating serial from the editor's accomplished pen, approaches the climax in a manner most artistic. The *Burlington* runs its costlier rivals very close in the matter of literary excellence.

Among other highly-interesting papers in the current number of the elegant and useful *Magazine of Art*, is a picturesque description of Jersey, regarded as an artist's haunt, by Edward Bradbury.

"Follies and Fancies: a Medley in Metre" (London: *Society* Offices, 108, Fleet Street) is the title of a modest little booklet of poems which has recently come to hand. Horace Lennard ("The Melancholy Jacques," whose perennially interesting column called "The Folly of the Week," which appears in the Wednesday edition of *Society*, has won him so many admirers) is the author. This is not by any means his first literary venture. We have pleasant recollections of his "Busy Babylon;" and "Lie-a-bed Lyrics," by the same writer, has pulled us together in many a *mauvais quart d'heure*; while we found another of Mr. Lennard's books, "Harmonies in Tricolor," an invaluable *vade mecum* while wandering through the cosmopolitan thoroughfares of the Champ du Mars during last Paris Exhibition. In the present volume the author's talented pen traces in harmonious metre the most delightful verse. His muse ranges "from grave to gay, from lively to severe." Here it is prettily

playful, as in "Naming the Baby," "Two To-day," "May," Buttercup Bell," "Dingle Bay," "In the Conservatory," and "The Christmas Tree;" there, full of tender pathos, as evinced by "The Baby Midshipmite," "The Price of Coal," "Only a Pauper," "A French Husband," "The Gospel according to the Strand," "The Demon of the River," "A Voice from the Sea," &c. Scattered through these pleasant pages too are many rich gems of quaint philosophy. Vivid pictures of human nature are given with all the grace of a master's hand, and exquisite moral touches abound. We have read and re-read "An Old-Fashioned Prayer." Surely, none but a very good man, large-hearted and kindly withal, could have written it. The book is dedicated to the author's friend, Bro. G. W. Plant, editor of *Society*.

Under the title of *Hand and Heart*, a penny weekly family, social, and temperance journal, has for some six years past wrought much good in many a humble home by its continuous presentation of pure and irreproachable literature. *Hand and Heart* has secured a large circulation; and now, with a view to giving greater prominence to the end and aim of the periodical, it has been re-christened, and will henceforth be known as *The Church Standard*. The excellent illustrations, and all the other well-established features of the paper are to be continued. One useful section, which we are glad to note has been very popular, is that headed "Men of Mark." This is a series of concisely-written biographies of contemporary worthies, and accounts of the works which have brought their names into honoured eminence. Many of these are accompanied with nicely engraved portraits. One of the latest pictures in the gallery is that of Matthias Barr, the "Children's Poet-Laureate," as someone has well called him. An entertaining sketch of Mr. Barr's poetic progress is given, with a number of apt quotations from his published volumes of verse. Here is one poem from his pen:—

ONLY A BABY SMALL.

Only a baby small,
Dropt from the skies;
Only a laughing face,
Two sunny eyes;
Only two cherry lips,
One chubby nose;
Only two little hands,
Ten little toes.

Only a golden head,
Curly and soft;
Only a tongue that wags,
Loudly and oft;
Only a little brain,
Empty of thought;
Only a little heart,
Troubled with nought.

Only a tender flower
Sent us to rear,
Only a life to love
While we are here;
Only a baby small,
Never at rest;
Small, but how dear to us,
God knows best.

A new paper has been started in the Midlands, mainly for the elucidation and discussion of local and national social and political questions. Special attention is to be given to agriculture and the laws by which it is affected;

the stumbling-blocks to Church progress, commercial affairs, temperance education, and other vital themes. The journal is called the *Nottingham and Derby Home Reader and Exchange Gazette*, and judging from the initial issues seems to be in vigorous hands.

One of the most remarkable things in latter day journalism is the prominence given by editors to the provision of family reading matter over and above the supply of news and other information which comes within the legitimate province of journalism. Almost every respectable newspaper has now its serial story, and a greater or less array of "specials." As a noteworthy instance of how largely fact and fiction are in some cases blended, we may name the *Evening News*, a smart halfpenny daily, in the columns of which no less than three continued tales are now concurrently appearing from the several pens of Miss Owens Blackburne, Harry Blith, and E. Lynch Dowdney.

The second volume of "Old Yorkshire," announced a month or two back, is now in the hands of the subscribers, and a very valuable addition to antiquarian literature it is. We regret to notice that the editor, Mr. William Smith, F.S.A.S., intimates in the preface that ill-health and other engagements will prevent him from bringing out a volume in regular annual sequence, as was at first promised. The two issues of the work already published have thrown no inconsiderable light upon Yorkshire history. Among the contributors we note the names of Messrs. William Andrews, F.R.N.S., and T. Broadbent Trowsdale, whose writings in elucidation of archæological subjects are not unknown to readers of this magazine.

"Stanley Brereton," Mr. Harrison Ainsworth's new story, is just about to be published by Routledge's. The veteran romance writer, in further token of the delight he has in being known as the "Lancashire novelist," is inscribing the work to Alderman Baker, the Mayor of Manchester.

Mr. W. Davenport Adams, who must be as industrious as a *littérateur* as he is accomplished, has edited yet another volume of Chatto and Windus's "Mayfair Library," under the title of "Latter-day Lyrics." This latest addition to that popular series is a garland of recent poetry, selected with admirable taste and ability.

The long-expected work on "The Alphabet," from the erudite pen of Isaac Taylor, whose valuable "Words and Places" is to be found in every good library, will, we are glad to learn, be given to the world during the coming season.

Though the cry has already been taken up elsewhere, we cannot refrain from here entering our protest against the manner in which the works of our dearest authors are being hacked and mutilated, and having "the heart torn out of them," to use the words of one feminine condenser, by the catchpenny publishers. The delightful romances of Sir Walter Scott, the deathless creations of Dickens, and other books "not of an age, but for all time," are being ruthlessly shorn of their inimitable beauty and completeness by literary men and women whose own attainments ought to cause them to shrink with horror from such unwarrantable sacrilege. The world wants no mauled penny "Pickwicks" and "Waverleys," when those books can be produced as their authors perfected them at a merely nominal price.

THE RECENT DISCOVERY AT THEBES.

WE have thought it well to preserve the record of this very wonderful find, and therefore we have given Professor Maspero's and Mr. Peake's accounts.

PROFESSOR MASPERO begins by describing the place where the mummies were concealed, which is probably the tomb of a certain Queen Ansera, whose mummy is among those recently discovered. The entrance to this excavation is situated behind a fallen rock, in an angle of the cliff a little way to the south-west of the temple of Dayr-el-Bahari, and is so cunningly contrived that one might pass it twenty times without noticing any outward sign of its existence. The ground rises considerably to the foot of the cliffs, and the mouth of the pit is about 60 mètres above the level of the alluvial plain. A perpendicular shaft descending to a depth of 12 mètres leads to a gallery 74 mètres long, at the end of which is a sepulchral chamber measuring 7 mètres by 4. The height of the gallery varies from 1 mètre 10 centimètres to 5 mètres. A sketch of the cliffs showing the fractured rock and the position of the shaft, a sketch-map of the locality generally, together with a ground plan and section of the excavation, accompany this part of the memoir. M. Maspero then goes on to say that his attention and the attention of the late Mariette Pasha had long been drawn to the fact that large numbers of valuable objects were constantly flowing from Egypt into Europe, many of them bearing the same royal names and belonging to the same periods. Between the years 1872 and 1877 no less than five royal papyri made their appearance, four of which were the funeral papyri of queens. Of these, two were purchased for the Louvre and two for the Boulak Museum. The fifth—a superb specimen—was bought by Captain Campbell, an Englishman, and proved to be the funeral papyrus of Pinotem I. Other objects came to light bearing the name of the High Priest Masahirti, &c. “Mariette, like myself,” says M. Maspero, “had come to the conclusion that the Arabs had found some royal tombs. During my stay at Thebes in March and April last (1881) I ordered the arrest of one Abd-er-rasool, to whom a variety of testimony pointed as possessor of the secret. He was imprisoned at Kenh, then released, and it was not till the beginning of July that one of his brothers decided to reveal all to Daoud Pasha, the Mudir of Kenh.” Daoud Pasha hereupon telegraphed to the Khedive, and the Khedive despatched a steamer to Thebes, having on board Herr Emil Brugsch, keeper of the Boulak Museum, and Ahmed-Effendi-Kemal, acting secretary and interpreter. M. Maspero warmly eulogizes the devotion and energy with which these gentlemen performed their work; and states that by the end of July the whole treasure had been safely packed and transported to Cairo. The number of mummy cases discovered is twenty-nine, of which seven contain mummies of kings, nine mummies of queens and princesses, five various personages of distinction. “The presence of all these royal mummies in a single tomb would be very surprising,” writes Professor Maspero, “if we did not know that the necropolis of Thebes was pillaged towards the end of the Twentieth Dynasty, and that the reigning Pharaohs were consequently obliged to take every possible precaution to insure the remains of their predecessors against profanation and theft. It therefore became necessary to remove the sarcophagi of those Pharaohs from their sepulchres in the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings, and to hide them in some place duly

prepared for their reception. Several hieratic inscriptions written upon the mummy-cases of Amenophis I., Thothmes II., Seti I., and Rameses give the dates of transfer, and also of the periodical inspections to which the depot was subjected. It was the Priest-Kings of Amen, from Her-Hor to Pinotem III., who peopled the cavern at Dayr-el-Bahari. One of the seals impressed upon the shattered door of this hiding-place yet bears the titles of the high priests of Amen enclosed in a royal oval; and this testimony confirms the testimony of the hieratic inscriptions before mentioned."

Then follows a list of the principal mummy-cases and mummies, arranged as far as possible in chronological order.

The period preceding the Eighteenth Dynasty is represented by at least two personages—1. A wooden sarcophagus painted white and formerly gilded, like the sarcophagi of the Eutefs and of Queen Aah-hotep. On the breast are the two cartouches of Raskenen-Taaken named in the inscription of Aahmes. 2. A mummy bearing the name of "the royal wife," Queen Ansera. According to the hieratic inscriptions before mentioned, the mummies of Seti I. and Rameses were laid in the tomb of this queen; hence the probability that this excavation was originally her sepulchre.

Eighteenth Dynasty.—3. Mummy and mummy-case, bearing the name of Ra-neb-pehte, Ahmos. I. The mummy is unbandaged, and measures 1 mètre 70 centimètres in length.

4. Mummy of Queen Aahmes-Nofretari, in a *cartonnage* of hardened linen. A smaller brown case enclosed. Four canopic vases.

5. Wooden sarcophagus bearing the name of a Queen Aah-hotep. M. Maspero is inclined to connect this case with the famous mummy of Queen Aah-hotep in the Boulak Museum, which with a rich store of jewels was said to have been found in the sand, only a few feet below the surface.

6. Mummy and mummy-case of Queen Hont-ti-mou-hoo.

7. Mummy-case of Princess Mashont-ti-moo-hoo, probably daughter of the preceding. The mummy is missing, and has been replaced by a piece of wood bandaged to represent a mummy.

8. Mummy-case of an infant princess named Sit-Amen.

9. Mummy of an infant prince named Se-Amen, eldest son of Ahmos I.

10. Mummy and mummy-case of King Amenophis I. The second cartouche bears the name of "Amen united to Egypt," instead of only Amenhotep, as usual. A hieratic inscription on the breast states that the mummy was transferred hither in the seventh year of Pinotem, son of Pinotem, son of Piankhi.

11. Mummy-case of Thothmes I., containing the mummy of Pinotem II.

12. Mummy-case of Thothmes II. The hieratic inscription states that its removal took place in the reign of Pinotem, son of Piankhi.

13. Mummy-case of Thotmes III. The mummy presents a very "ambiguous" appearance, and measures only one mètre 55 centimètres. The case has been broken open in ancient times. Various objects enclosed bear both the cartouches of Thothmes III.

14. A mummy-case, evidently of the Twentieth Dynasty, containing the mummy of Queen Sitka, of the Eighteenth Dynasty.

15. Mummy-case of the Lady Rai, nurse to Queen Aahmes-Nofretari. In this case was found the mummy of Queen Ansera.

16. Mummy-case of Sonou, Master of the Household of Queen Nofretari. The mummy is replaced by that of the Princess Mirit-Amen.

Nineteenth Dynasty.—17. Mummy-case of a woman, surcharged with the cartouches of Rameses I. The mummy is missing; the mummy-case is of the Twentieth Dynasty.

18. Mummy-case of one Neb-Seni.

19. Mummy and mummy-case of Seti I. A hieratic inscription dates its removal "in the year VII."

20. Mummy-case of P-hir-petti, servant of the Necropolis.

Twentieth Dynasty.—21. Mummy and mummy-case; the mummy-case of unpainted wood, bearing a Royal effigy, of which the eyes, beard, sceptre, whip, and Royal asp are painted black. On the breast two cartouches, which read *Rameses Mer-Amen, Ra-user-ma Sotep-en-Ra*. "It is this personage," writes M. Maspero, "whom it has been sought to identify with *Rameses II.* I see many difficulties in the way of such identification, the chief being that the mummy-case, which is of very fine workmanship, bears every characteristic of the Twentieth Dynasty, as for instance, in the orthography of the cartouches, in which we find the special form of N (a hieroglyph representing the Crown symbolical of Lower Egypt), which was in favour at that time. The face of the effigy, in which it was invariably sought to present a likeness of the deceased, in no wise resembles the aquiline and well-known features of *Rameses II.* In the absence of further evidence, this mummy may, therefore, be accepted as that of *Rameses XII.*, of the Twentieth Dynasty, the namesake of *Rameses II.*, and the Pharaoh of the Stela of Bakhtan."

22. Mummy-cases (two) and mummy of Queen Notemit, wife of Her-Hor, the first Priest-King.

23. Two mummy-cases and mummy of the High Priest of Amen, Pinotem son of Piankhi, grandson of Her-Hor.

24. Mummy of Pinotem II., son of the foregoing; found in the mummy-case of Amenhotep I.

25. Two mummy-cases, *cartonnage*, and mummy of the High Priest of Amen, Head of the Archers, of Upper and Lower Egypt, Masahirti, son of Pinotem II. His statue is at Brussels.

26. Two mummy-cases of Queen Hathor Hin-Tauï.

27. Three cases and mummy of Queen Ast em-af, daughter of Masahirti, married to her uncle Menkheperra. Also a funeral papyrus of this Queen in an Osirian statuette, four canopic vases, three boxes containing libation-vases, and a large canopy of cut leather. The inscriptions show her to have been a grand-daughter of Pinotem and the mother of Pinotem III.

28. Two mummy-cases usurped by the Princess Nesi-Khonsu, daughter of the Lady Tahonnoo Thouti.

29. A double sarcophagus containing the mummies of two Queens, named Makera and Mant-em-hat; also a papyrus of Queen Makera.

30. Two mummy-cases usurped by the body of a Royal son of *Rameses*, named T'ot Ptah-fonkh.

31. Mummy-case of one Noi-Shounap.

32. Mummy-case and various objects belonging to the Lady Nesi-Tanebashera.

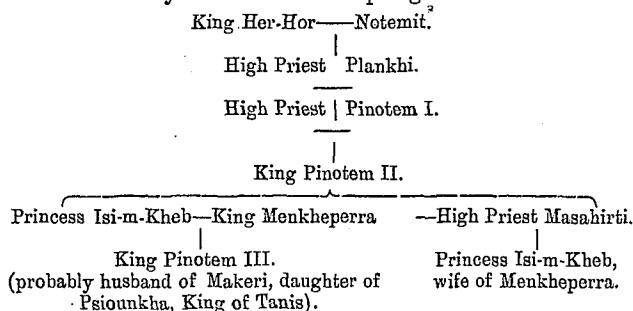
33. Mummy-case of a Lady Hati, usurped by the Lady Ta-hirt.

The presence of these last three personages in the midst of so many Kings and Queens is explained by their titles, all being attached to the worship of Amen, and connected probably with the reigning family of the line of Priest-Kings. Summing up the foregoing, M. Maspero attributes this assemblage of mummies of various periods to two causes—1. They were first concealed in consequence of the great tomb robberies which took place during the reign of *Rameses IX.* The tomb of Amenhotep I. was precisely one of those attacked at that period; but the robbers failed to break their way into it. Everything now indicates that his tomb must have been situate in the necropolis near Koorneh, and that it was in the midst of tombs of Kings of the ancient dynasties of the Thebaid, as well as of Kings of the Eighteenth Dynasty.

Secondly. Judging from the actual condition of the objects, it would seem that several mummies were already missing at the time of removal, their tombs having been pillaged, like those of the King and Queen mentioned in the Abbott papyrus. This is certain as regards Queen Mashont-ti-moo-hoo, and seems probable as regards Thotmes III., *Rameses I.*, *Seti I.*, &c. The

coffin of Rameses I. has disappeared ; that of Seti has been opened and rifled, though the body is unharmed.

The transfer of these various sarcophagi has been made at different times, not far apart as to date ; and evidently (the excavation having come to be regarded as a safe place of concealment) contemporary mummies continued to be deposited there for a considerable time. Doubtless, the later Ramessides and the Priest-Kings of Amen were sufficiently wealthy to make vast sepulchres for themselves ; but the revolts in the north of Egypt and the establishment of the contemporary Twenty-first Dynasty at Tanis, kept the country unsafe and unsettled, and caused the family of Her-Hor to make this hiding-place their own provisional sepulchre—at all events, until such time as Egypt should again be united under their own rule. From the time of Queen Notemit, the whole Royal family of Priest-Kings would seem to have been buried in this place, The last so buried was probably the last before Sheshonk. Pinotem III. laid his family there, but has not been found there himself. Either he died in exile among his relatives at Fapata, or the Arabs have stolen his mummy. The facts that emerge most conspicuously from this discovery are the links in the history and genealogy of the Priest-Kings of Amen. With only our present resources it is easy to reinstate their pedigree :—



Six generations and seven men here succeed each other with no appreciable break in the line, all High Priests of Amen. One now sees how this fact coincides with the facts related by Manetho, and how they accord with De Rougé's hypothesis as to Smendes having been the successor of Her-Hor. The following is a probable table of the contemporary dynasties :—

Her-Hor ..	...	...	...	...	...	Smendes.
Plankhi ..	...	...	...	...	...	Psousennis.
Pinotem I.	...	...	...	...	...	Nephercheres.
Pinotem II.	...	...	...	...	...	Amenoophyths.
Menkheperra-Masahirti	...	...	...	...	...	Psiounkha.
Pinotem III. (husband of a daughter of Psiounkha)	...	...	...	...	...	Psousenness.

At the very moment when Queen Makera died, the Bubastite Dynasty, originating from a Semitic family long settled in lower Egypt, began to come to the front ; and the head of that family, Sheshonk, was already not far from the throne.

It will be noticed by those Egyptologists who advocate Brugsch's theory of an early Assyrian invasion of Egypt that M. Maspero's summing up excludes any such possibility, and places this much-disputed point in an entirely new historical light.

THE following are extracts from a letter just received from Mr. Alexander Peake, who holds the office of Inspector of Provinces in Upper Egypt under the "Contrôle Générale." The description he gives of a personal examination of the antiquities tabulated in M. Maspero's memoir, published in *The Times* a little time back, will be read with interest :—

Cairo, August 31.

"All those who take an interest in the past life of this country have been awaiting with the utmost anxiety the arrival from Upper Egypt of the proofs of the reported grand discovery made lately, and which Herr E. Brugsch has gone to bring home to Cairo, said to consist of various kings and queens who have long been known by name, but have scarcely been thought to exist longer in the state in which they are well known to have been preserved after their death. The remarkable and valuable things found much more than substantiate the reports, but before entering into a description of the actual relics found, and now lying in the Boulak Museum, it may interest you to have a short account of how the valuable mummies, cases, &c., were found and rescued from their tombs.

"It was remarked by the authorities of Upper Egypt during the earlier part of the year that an unusual quantity of antiquities, papyri, statues, pieces of mummy cases, &c., were offered for sale by the natives. A suspicion was caused by this fact and the matter reported to the Viceroy, who sent Herr E. Brugsch to Upper Egypt to investigate and endeavour to find out the reason. His investigations soon proved to his satisfaction the fact that more was known of the valued treasure than should be confined to the sole keeping of such people as the natives, whose only reverence for the antiquities is in exact proportion to the amount of sovereigns or piastres they can secure in exchange. More careful and systematic investigation very soon enabled Herr Brugsch to discover the native who was in possession of the desired secret, and he was called to give an account of all he knew. To all those knowing the country it is needless to remark the native was entirely ignorant of any tomb or valuable. However, he was given six hours to make up his mind and receive the reward for disclosing his secret. Fair means failing, and the six hours having passed without the man presenting himself, an order was issued for his arrest, and as he still pleaded ignorance, he was put into prison. Meanwhile, the fact travelled to his brother, with whom he had had a quarrel, and, it being a fine opportunity for revenge, he disclosed the whole secret and conducted Herr Brugsch to the tomb, in which were such treasures as never yet have been discovered, and one cannot but regret that the late Mariette Pasha is not alive to participate in the wonders which it is now the good fortune of M. G. Maspero to be the medium of giving to the world. At Dayr-el-Bahari, or the Northern Convent in the Libyan mountains, was the pit or tomb, about thirty feet deep, cut into the solid rock, and leading into a gallery about 150 feet long, and full of the most perfect antiquities yet exhumed. For several minutes Herr Brugsch remained in silent awe, overpowered by the grand sight of the splendid wonders, unable to do anything but gaze at the magnificent cases containing the mummies of Egypt's past kings and queens, with papyri, statues, &c. Steps were at once taken to remove all to Cairo, and a steamer was a few days afterwards on its way with the whole collection bound for the museum, where everything now is. Such is the history of the discoveries, and I should like to describe in detail all there is to see. But this must be left to those more competent than myself, and from whom you will get an historical account. A few, however, of the most important things may be interesting, which will give you an idea of the great value of this discovery. Through the kindness of a friend I had the pleasure of visiting the museum, and the most interesting of many interesting objects, to an ordinary visitor, are its various and numerous cases containing the mummies of ancient Egyptians and over twenty-five royal personages. English people will generally feel more deeply the value of these discoveries, when it is known that among the royal mummies are to be found the embalmed bodies of King Thothmes III., about B.C. 1600, and King Rameses II., about B.C. 1330. The former it was who ordered the execution of the obelisk which now ornaments the Thames Embankment, and the latter who, 270 years later, added his own titles to those already inscribed by order of his

predecessor, Thothmes III. It is difficult to realise the fact that side by side in the Boulak Museum one can now see the actual bodies, enclosed in their respective cases, of men whose orders caused the execution of the monument so lately the object of so much interest in England, and which, in almost perfect preservation, has survived 3000 years. It is curious to notice in these cases containing the royal mummies the flowers (among the number the now obsolete lotus) and garlands with which it was the custom to encircle the neck of the embalmed body after swathing with cloth, perfect in form, but, perhaps not unnaturally, faded and dry. It is supposed that these royal mummies were removed from their own tombs and sarcophagi to prevent their being desecrated by an invader, perhaps Cambyzes, and placed for safety in the pit just discovered. This would seem to be corroborated by the fact that Belzoni found and took away to England a sarcophagus, but without any mummy, some years ago, and that the body for which that same sarcophagus was made, and said to contain at one time, is now found among the number collected in the Dayr-el-Bahari and now lying at Boulak side by side with the supposed father of Rameses II., during whose reign, it is said, Moses was born (somewhere about the sixth year). One of the most magnificent of the mummy cases is that containing the body of King Rameses's daughter (possibly the identical lady who found Moses in the cradle among the bulrushes), which is in a most perfect state of preservation, looking, at it lies in its coffin, just as if it had only a few hours previously left the hands of the people whose duty it was to embalm it and swathe it in its cloth. The coffin is most beautifully finished and ornamented with colours and a sort of mosaic of precious stones. The colours are as fresh as though only done yesterday. It is to be regretted that much of the valuable mosaic has been robbed, having been chipped off, evidently with some sharp instrument. The crystal eyes have also been removed, but the breast ornamentations fortunately remain perfect and untouched, thus giving one an idea of the grandeur of this case before its mutilation. If all the wives and children of this distinguished monarch were treated in the same fashion as this daughter, one may hope to some day find other specimens of this grandeur, for he is said to have had many wives and 170 children. It was during his son's reign (his successor) that the plagues of Egypt occurred, and the Exodus of the Israelites.

"Everyone will await with impatience the translation of the various papyri, which form anything but the least important portion of this discovery, and may possibly prove its most valuable feature, as throwing conclusive light upon many points which are now much disputed among *savants* of Egyptology. Many alabaster vases were also found, which are said to contain the heart, &c., of defunct kings and queens, &c. Small statues in many hundreds have also been added to the already large stock in the museum, also a most curious tent made of pieces of leather of different colours sewn together, and bearing the cartouche of some king, and hieroglyphs embroidered in various colours. It is supposed to have formed a canopy over the sarcophagus of some king or queen. Another curious feature in this collection from the Dayr-el-Bahari is a number of hair wigs, the property of royal personages, who upon occasions of grand ceremony thus adorned themselves.

"There are many other things of great interest, but you will see from the foregoing how valuable and grand has been and is this collection, the full value of which, however, we must wait until a thorough study has been made by M. G. Maspero and others to thoroughly understand. The papyri read and translated, the mummies, perhaps, unwrapped, and all told which can be by those documents and defunct personages of a far-off past, will afford an interesting subject for some future time."

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

No. 102.—VOL. IX.

DECEMBER, 1881.

PRICE 6D.

FREEMASONRY IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY: WARRINGTON, 1646.

BY BRO. W. HARRY RYLANDS, F.S.A.

FROM the time of the first publication of the entry in Ashmole's Diary relating to the Lodge of Freemasons at Warrington, the subject as to the real character of the Lodge has been oftentimes discussed. Much has been based on the statement in an edition of Preston's work, that Ashmole was elected a fellow as a singular favour—chapter and verse for such a statement it would have been difficult to produce.

The subject is again opened, and I notice in a recent letter to the *Freemason*,* that Masonic Student taking no doubt some such careless and incorrect copy of the quotation from the Diary as that used by Paton,† falls into the error that "fellow crafts" are mentioned, but no such words, really occur in the original. Under the circumstances, it may be well to give here all the entries from the diary referring to Freemasonry.‡

"1646, Oct. 16, 4.30 p.m.—I was made a Free Mason at Warrington in Lancashire, with Coll. Henry Mainwaring, of Karincham in Cheshire. The names of those that were then of the Lodge [were] Mr. Rich. Penket: Warden. Mr. James Collier, Mr. Rich: Sankey. Henry Littler. John Ellam. Richard Ellam, & Hugh Brewer.

* * * * *

"March, 1682.—10: About 5 p.m. I rec^d a Sumons to app^r at a Lodge to be held the next day, at Masons Hall London.

"11: Accordingly I went and about Noone were admitted into the Fellowship of Free Masons.

"Sr. William Wilson Knight, Capt: Rich: Borthwick, Mr. Will: Woodman, Mr. Wm. Grey, Mr. Samuel Taylor, and Mr. William Wise.

"I was the Senior Fellow among them (it being 35 yeares since I was admitted). There were p^rsent besides my selfe the Fellowes after named.

"Mr. Tho: Wise Mr: of the Masons Company this p^rsent yeare. Mr. Thomas Shorthose, Mr. Thomas: Shadbolt, Waindsford Esq^r Mr: Nich:

* October 22, 1881. † "Freemasonry and its Jurisprudence," p. 92.

‡ See the facsimile plate published by Mr. W. W. Gee, 28, High Street, Oxford.

Young, Mr. John Shorthose, Mr. William Hamon, Mr. John Thompson, and Mr. Will: Stanton.

"Wee all dyned at the halfe Moone Taverne in Cheapeside, at a Noble dinner prepared at the charge of the New-accepted Masons."

It would be all but impossible at the present time to describe upon what constitutions the Lodge at Warrington was based, or what was the character of its *speculative* masonry. It would at the same time be equally absurd to fall back upon the common and often unfounded statement of "architects," "builders," and the like, and to say that Ashmole, Col. Mainwaring, and the rest were of that class.

In "Kenning's Cyclopædia"* it is stated that "recent researches have proved that Ashmole was not a member of the Masons' Company, though almost all the persons he named were. It then is clear that the 'Fellowship of Freemasons' was a lodge of separate Freemasons more or less speculative." Had Ashmole been a member of the Masons' Company, he, so particular in notifying his other associations, would surely have mentioned this one. The latter portion of the sentence referring to the other "fellows" I take to apply to the names of those mentioned as being present at the Lodge in London, but whether this is what is intended or not, I would submit that it does not enter directly into the question. Ashmole himself was not a member of the Masons' Company, and yet he was summoned to appear at a Lodge, and was the senior Fellow present; hence, I suppose he took the chair, and according to the old custom became the acting "Master." The meeting, although held in Masons' Hall, therefore could not be a meeting of the Masons' Company, otherwise why was Ashmole, the "senior fellow" present, "summoned" to, and present at, what must have been a private meeting where a number of *gentlemen* were admitted Fellows.

Ashmole leaves no record in his diary as to his attendance at any lodge between 1646 and 1682; but it is worth remarking, that although he was first admitted to the "Fellowship" at Warrington, he was summoned thirty-five years afterwards to a Lodge held in London, is particular to specify that Mr. Thomas Wise was the Master of the Masons' Company, and is equally particular to call the "Fellowship" that of the "Free Masons," except where he writes of the "New-accepted Masons."

I am indebted to my friend Mr. William Beamont, of Warrington, for the use of his printed copy of the Memoirs of Elias Ashmole, published by Charles Burman, Esq., London, 1717. The copy from the original MS. used for this edition, it is stated in the preface, is in the handwriting of Robert Plot, L.D., collated by David Parry, M.A., both in their time Keepers of the Ashmolean.

Dr. Robert Plot was a friend of Ashmole; some entries relating to him occur in the diary:

December 10th, 1677.—Dr. Plot came to me to request me, to nominate him to be Reader at Oxford of the Philosophical Lecture upon Natural Things. I told him if the University liked him, he should have my Suffrage.†

August 18th, 1684.—Dr. Plot sent from Oxford to visit me came to me.

Nov. 19, 1684.—Dr. Plot presented me with his Book, *DE ORIGINE FONTIUM*, which he had dedicated to me.

May 23rd, 1686.—Dr. Plot presented me with his *Natural History of STAFFORDSHIRE*.

7th October, 1687.—Dr. Plot came to me at my office, and told me that the Earl Marshal had chosen him Register of the Court.‡

The Preface is dated from Newington, Feb. 1716-17," and signed Charles Burman. In Mr. Beamont's copy, with what authority I know not, some

* See also "Masonic Magazine," Vol. viii., p. 457. May, 1881.

† Dr. Plot brought a letter from J. Evelyn, dated Whitehall, 7th December, 1677. It is printed in full at the end of Ashmole's Diary.

‡ He was made Mowbray Herald Extraordinary and Register of the Court of Honour.

one has written underneath the printed signature "alias Richard Rawlinson, LL.D."

The writing is perhaps one hundred years old. Allibone* speaks of John Burman as being the stepson of Dr. Plot.

As already pointed out, it is a somewhat suggestive fact that the Sloane MS. No. 3848, is thus signed: "Finis p me Edwardū Sankey, decimo sexto die Octobris, Anno Domini, 1646," the very day Ashmole was initiated at Warrington.†

It will be noticed that in the list of entries from the Warrington Registers, subsequently given, relating to the Sankey family, Edward, son to Richard Sankey, Gent. Bapt., 3rd February, 1621-2, is mentioned.

If I were asked to express an opinion on the Warrington Lodge of 1646, I should feel obliged to say that, so far as I am able to judge, there is not a scrap of evidence that there was a single *operative* Mason present on the afternoon of the 16th of October, 1646; in fact, the whole of the evidence seems to point quite in the opposite direction. How far the following notes will bear out such an opinion I must leave to the judgment of others.

For astrological reasons Ashmole was particular to note in his diary the exact hour and minute, when possible, of all the events of his life, and from this diary the following notes have been for the most part gathered:—

He was the only child of Simon Ashmole, of Lichfield, saddler, the eldest son of Mr. Thomas Ashmole, of the same city, saddler, who was twice chief bailiff of that corporation, by his wife Anne, one of the daughters of Anthony Bowyer, of Coventry, draper, by Bridget, his wife, only daughter of Mr. Fitch, of Ausley, in Warwick, gent. He mentions his uncles, Thomas and Ralph Ashmole, the latter of whom died 29th October, 1675, and a consin, William Ashmole, saddler, of London. His father, Simon Ashmole, died 1634, and his mother, Anne Ashmole, died of the plague in July, 1646.

Elias was born, as he himself informs us, giving the precise time of the day, with his and Lilly's rectification of his nativity, on the 23rd of May, 1617, and was baptized on the 2nd of June, at St. Mary's Church, Lichfield. His father served under Robert, Earl of Essex, in Ireland and elsewhere (A.D. 15—), and "loved war better than making saddles and bridles." By his improvidence the family appears to have suffered considerably; but fortunately for Ashmole, his musical voice caused him to be noticed by James Paget, Esq.,‡ the Puisne Baron of the Exchequer, who had married "to his second wife BRIDGET, one of my Mother's Sisters, and Widow to—MOYRE, a Confectioner in LONDON." After having been made a chorister in Lichfield Cathedral, and taught to play upon the virginals and organ, he was sent to London in 1633, by Thomas, the Judge's second son. Here he continued his musical education and studied law, residing in the Temple, under the patronage of his friend. In 1639 he tells us that "Peter Venables, Baron of Kinderton, wrote to me, to take upon me the

* II. p. 1609.

† "Early History and Antiquity of Freemasonry." London, 1878, p. 137. By George F. Fort. In "Masonic Sketches and Reprints," Bro. W. J. Hughan gives the date (Unpublished Records of the Craft, p. 22), "Sexto die Octobris." In the old "Masonic Charges" he gives it correctly on p. 51, as I found on consulting the original MS.

‡ It is worthy of note that the MS. *Constitutions* in the possession of the Lodge of Antiquity was "Written by Robert Padgett Cleark to the Worshippfull Society of the Free Masons of the City of London," &c., in the year 1686. Robert Padgett's name is not to be found in the books of the Masons' Company according to the Article *MASONS', COMPANY OF*, in "Kenning's Cyclopædia." Ashmole was very intimate and connected by marriage with the family of the Puisne Baron, and in 1651 he borrows books from Dr. Paget. On "June 14. 1652. 11 *Hor. ante Merid.* Dr. Wilkins [John Wilkins D.D., afterwards Bishop of Chester, a writer on Philosophy and Mathematics, &c.] and Mr. Wren came to visit me at Black-Fryers, this was the first time I saw the Doctor." Ashmole is said to have possessed a roll of *pergamentum*; But the possibilities these and other points suggest are too numerous to enter into at the present time.

Management of his Law Business." On February 6th, 1641, he was formally admitted of Clement's Inn, and on the 11th was sworn an Attorney in the Court of Common Pleas. Many were the honours showered upon Ashmole, as is shown by the following extracts from his diary :—

1645, May 9.—I was entered a Gentleman of the Ordnance [in the Garrison of Oxford] *9 ante Merid.*

Dec. 8th.—I was recommended to the Commissioner for the Excise of WORCESTER, unknown to me, which when I knew, I accepted, and prepared for my Journey thither.

Dec. 16.—The King caused Mr. — to be out of the Commission of Excise, and mine to be inserted in his Place.

Dec. 19.—2 *post Merid.*—Mr. SWINGFIELD and myself received the Commission of Excise from the Clerk of the Crown.

Dec. 22.—I took my journey from OXFORD to WORCESTER, 10 *Ante Mer.*, with Sir CHARLES LUCAS.

Dec. 23.—8 *Ant. Merid.*—I arrived at WORCESTER.

Dec. 27.—11 *Hor. 15 Min. ant. merid.*—Mr. JORDAN, Mayor of WORCESTER, Mr. SWINGFIELD, and my self took the Oath as Commissioners of Excise in the Town-Hall, and thence went into the Office, and entered upon the Execution of the Commission. The Commission bears Test the 15TH of DECEMBER preceding.

In 1646 he was made Receiver and Register. A new commission was granted for the excise at Worcester. He took the oath with others, and on the 27th April was chosen Register.

On March 12, 1646, he records :—

1 *Hor. post merid.*—I received my Commission for a Captainship in Lord ASHLEY's Regiment, and on May 22, Ten *ante merid.*, Sir RALPH CLARE moved me to take a Command about the Ordnance in the Fort of WORCESTER.

June 12.—I entered upon my Command as Comptroller of the Ordnance.

June 18.—One *Hor. Ten Minutes post merid.*—I received my Commission from Col. WASHINGTON.

July 24.—WORCESTER was surrendered, and thence I rid out of Town according to the Articles, and went to my Father MAINWARING in CHESHIRE.

1657, Nov. 11, 2 *Hor. 15 Minutes post Merid.*—I was admitted of the MIDDLE TEMPLE.

In 1660, at the time of the Restoration, more honours were added, for we find—

Sep. 3.—My Warrant signed for the Comptroller's Office in the Excise; and Oct. 24, 5 *Hor. post merid.*—I came to the Excise-Office and took Possession of the Comptroller's Office.

Dec. 28.—I took my Oath as Comptroller of the Excise before Baron TURNER.

Nov. 2.—I was this Night called to the Bar in the MIDDLE TEMPLE Hall.

Nov. 7.—I had my Admittance to the Bar in the said Hall.

1661, Jan. 15.—I was admitted a Member of the Royal Society at GRESHAM-COLLEGE.

Feb. 9.—A Warrant was signed by the King for my being secretary of SURINAM, in the WEST-INDIES.

In 1662 he was made one of the Commissioners for recovering the King's Goods. In 1668 "Accomptant-General in the Excise, and Country Accomptant" in the Excise. In 1669 he was made "Doctor of Physick at OXFORD."

1674, May 29.—He records that "About Five *post merid.* the Order was made in the Chapter House at WINDSOR for Recommending me to the Knights of the Garter."

In 1685 he first sat on the Commission of Sewers and that of Charitable Uses. Of his Parliamentary experiences Ashmole gives the following account; there is another reference on November 4th, 1677 :—

1677, Dec. 19.—Having received several Letters from LICHFIELD to request me to stand for a Parliament-Man there; I at length consented, provided it was not too late; and upon attempting it by others for me, found it was so; for I found the Magistrates and Friends not so cordial to me as I expected, and therefore drew off and would not stand.

Another attempt was made at a later date, an account of which we also obtain from the diary :—

1685, Mar. 2.—5 *Hor. 15 minutes post merid.*—I received an obliging Letter from the Bailiffs, Justices, &c., of LICHFIELD; so also from the Dean, inviting me to stand to be one of their Burgesses for Parliament. I sent them Word that I would stand.

1685, Mar. 3.—Whereupon they set about getting Votes for me, and I found the Citizens very affectionate and hearty. About a Fortnight after my Lord DARTMOUTH told me, the King would take it kindly from me, if I would give way to Mr. LEWSON. Upon this I applied myself to my Lord Treasurer, and desired to know of him the King's Pleasure, by whom I found it was the King's Desire, and then I immediately wrote down, to acquaint my Friends that I would resign; but they would not believe my Letter, which occasioned me to go to the king, and let him know so much, who told me he did not know I stood when he gave Mr. LEWSON Encouragement to go down, for if he had he would not have done it; I told him I was all Obedience, which he took very kindly. I then wrote down again to assure them I would sit down, and so Mr. LEWSON with the Assistance of my Votes carried it at the Day of Election.

At the Restoration he was appointed Windsor Herald, and records in his Diary:—

1660, June 18th.—10 *Hor. ante merid*, was the second Time I had the Honour to discourse with the King, and then he gave me the Place of Windsor Herald. June 22nd.—This Day the Warrant bears Date. On May 16th, 1661, he received a grant of Arms from Sir Edward Bysshe, Clarenceux. From some discontent, probably owing to some such cause as the one he records, "that the Officers of Arms seem unwilling to let him have the funeral-turn," which would have given him a considerable sum of money, he wished to resign his office, and with some difficulty he obtained the consent of the Earl Marshall, on January 29th, 1675-6. There is little doubt, had he remained, he would on the first opportunity have been made Garter.

Ashmole was married three times—it has been said "for affection, fortune, and esteem." He thus informs us of his marriages:—

1637, August 21.—I came to SMALLWOOD, to Mr. Peter MAINWARINGS, to ask his Consent to Marry his Daughter.

Sept. 4th.—The second time I went to SMALLWOOD.

Sept. 16th.—I returned to LONDON.

1638, March 27th.—I was Married to Mrs. ELIANOR MAINWARING, eldest Daughter to Mr. PETER MAINWARING, and JANE his Wife, of SMALLWOOD, in COM. CEST. Gent. She proved a vertuous, good Wife. The Marriage was in St. BENEDICT's Church, near Pauls Wharf, by Mr. ADAMS, Parson there.

She died on the 5th December, 1641, during Ashmole's absence, and was buried at Astbury Church, Cheshire.

His second wife had been before married several times,—to Sir Edward Stafford, Mr. Hamlyne, Blanch Lion, and Sir Thomas Mainwaring, Knt., Recorder of Reading. Her marriage, although Ashmole appears to have been in no way to blame, proved an unhappy one; she lodged a suit against him, which failed (in 1657), and died April 1st, 1668.

It is thus recorded in the diary:—

1648, November 6th.—Having several times before made Application to the Lady MAINWARING, in Way of Marriage, this Day Eleven *Hor. Seven Minutes, ante Merid.*, She promised me not to Marry any Man unless myself.

November 10th.—Two *Hor. Fifteen Minutes, post Merid.* She Sealed a Contract of Marriage to me.

November 15th.—I was Sequestered of my Lands in BERKSHIRE.

1649, December 5th.—The Lady MAINWARING was Sequestered by the Committee of READING upon her Son HUMFREY STAFFORD's Information.

1649, November 16th.—Eight *Hor. ante Merid.*—I Married the Lady MAINWARING. We were Married in Silver-Street, LONDON.

1668, April 1st.—2 *Hor. ante merid.*—The Lady MAINWARING, my Wife, died.

He thus records his third marriage:—

1668, November 3rd.—I Married Mrs. ELIZABETH DUGDALE, Daughter to WILLIAM DUGDALE Esq., NORROY King of Arms, at LINCOLN'S-INN Chappel. Dr. WILLIAM FLOYD, married us, and her Father gave her. The Wedding was finished at 10 *Hor. post merid.*

She survived him, and died at Lambeth in April, 1701.

Ashmole died 18th May, 1692, and was buried in the church at Lambeth, where a black marble slab at the east end of the south aisle is placed to his memory. It bears the following inscription:—

Hic jacet Inclitus Ille & Eruditissimus
 ELIAS ASHMOLE *Leichfeldensis, Armiger,*
inter alia in Republica Muneva,
Tributi in Cervitias Contra Rotulator,
Fœcialis autem Windsoriensis titulo
per annos plurimos dignatus.
Qui post duo connubia in Uxorem duxit tertiam
 Elizabetham, GULIELMI DUGDALE
Militis, Garteri, Principalis Regis Armorum, filiam;
Mortem obiit 18 Martii, 1692. anno ætatis 76.
Sed durante Musæo ASHMOLEANO, Oxon,
nunquam moriturus.

Near it is an achievement set up for him, bearing Quarterly, *Sable* and *Or*, in the first quarter a fleur-de-lis of the second for Ashmole; impaling Dugdale, *argent*, a cross moline *gules*, and a torteau, with this motto, "*Ex una omnia.*"

Ashmole bought many libraries, and inherited by will from John Tradescant, all the collections of rarities made by members of his family. Many entries occur in the diary with reference to these curiosities. One says, in 1664, May 18—"My Cause came to hearing in CHANCERY against Mrs. TREDESCANT." This, he tells us, May 30, 1662, was "for the Rarities her Husband had settled on me." On November 26th, 1674, he obtained some of the "Rarities;" and on December 1st, he records: "I began to remove the rest of the Rarities to my house at SOUTH-LAMBETH." A fire in his house destroyed some of his books, &c., and his fine collection of engraved portraits, but many of his curiosities are preserved in the Ashmolean Museum, which he founded and endowed.

Ashmole was the author of a number of works,* "*The History, &c., of the Garter,*" 1672, being the most famous of them. It is said that he made collections for, and intended to write a history of Freemasonry, but this never appeared. However, we have in the "*Diary and Correspondence of Dr. John Worthington*"† the following at p. 157:—"I hear that Mr. Ashmole hath published the orders of the Rosy Crucians and Adepti; can you tell me what esteem it bears?"

The book here intended may be his "*Fasciculus Chemicus,*" 1654, or "*Theatrum Chemicum Britannicum*" 1652. The latter, Lowndes says, "gained him great reputation and was the means of extending his acquaintance in the literary world."

As the subject is an interesting one, perhaps I may be forgiven for adding the following note by my friend Mr. James Crossley, F.S.A., the editor of the Chetham Volume, "*Worthington's Diary,*" &c. :—

The work perhaps intended, though it scarcely answers to the description, is "*The Way to Bliss,*" in three books, made public by Elias Ashmole, Esq. *Qui est Mercuriophilus Anglicus.*" Lond. 1658. 4to. The object of this treatise, the author of which, Ashmole informs us, was without doubt an Englishman, "but has hitherto passed with us among the anonymi," and which "seems to be written about the beginning of the late, or end of the former century," was to prove the possibility of such a thing as the philosopher's stone. The "laborious searcher" who found the manuscript of this treatise, was most fortunately directed to three grains of powder, closed up between two leaves thereof, with which he made projection! The judgement of the writer of Ashmole's life, in the "*Biographia Britannica,*" (who was Dr. Campbell, the author of "*Hermippus Redivivus,*") on the book

* A list may be found in Watt, Lowndes, Anthony, or Wood, &c., &c.

† "*Chetham Society,*" Vol. xiii. Entries relating to Ashmole also occur in the reprint of "*Newcome's Diary,*" published by the "*Chetham Society,*" Vol. xviii., and "*Autobiography of Henry Newcome,*" Vols. xxvi. xxvii., principally relating to his repeated visits to Cheshire and Staffordshire. It must be remembered that Newcome married July 6th, 1648, Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. Peter Mainwaring, of Smallwood, and sister to Ashmole's first wife. It was to Colonel Mainwaring that Newcome was indebted for the living of Gawsworth, in the county of Chester. ("*Autobiography,*" p. 16, 18, 61, &c.)

itself, is almost as astonishing as this circumstance. He says "it deserved the pains that both Dr. Everard and Mr. Ashmole bestowed upon it, for beyond all doubt, in the genuine edition of our author, it is the best and most sensible book in our language." I rather agree with Dr. Dibdin, who pronounced it "a work invincibly dull," and "a farrago of sublime nonsense." "Bibliomania," p. 387. Probably neither of us have the true Hermetic vein, which only "Panci quos æquus amavit Jupiter" are blessed with. Dr. Campbell might be one of those more favoured readers of whom Ashmole speaks, ("Fasciculus Chemicus," Lond., 1650, 12mo., prolegomena.) "It is a cause of much wonder, when he that reads, though smatteringly acquainted with nature, should not meet with clear satisfaction; but here is the reason: *Many are called but few are chosen.* 'Tis a haven towards which many skilful pilots have bent their course, yet few have reached it. For, as amongst the people of the Jews, there was but one who might enter into the holy of holies, (and that but once a year), so there is seldom more in a nation whom God lets into the sanctum sanctorum of philosophy, yet some there are. But though the number of the elect are not many, and generally the fathom of most men's fancies that attempt the search of this most subtle mystery is too narrow to comprehend it, their strongest reason too weak to pierce the depth, it lies obscured in, being indeed so unsearchable and ambiguous, it rather exacts the sacred and courteous illuminations of a cherub that the weak assistance of a pen to reveal it, yet let no man despair." The address to the "Way to Bliss," which is dated April, 1658, was a kind of farewell to Hermetic Philosophy on the part of Ashmole. He had fortunately by this time discovered that readier way of acquiring the elixir, which old Anthony Wood, with his usual dry humour, and, though Ashmole was a man after his own heart, Anthony could not forbear the joke, has indicated. "But," observes he, ("Athen." Oxon II., 891) after enumerating his Hermetic collections, "the best elixir that he enjoyed, which was the foundation of his riches, wherewith he purchased books, rarities, and other things, were the lands and jointures which he had with his second wife Mary, and widow of Sir Thomas Mainwaring, of the Inner Temple, Knt., sometime steward of Reading." From the references in his diary to his disputes and litigations with this second wife, it may be surmised that Ashmole occasionally found to his sorrow that the possession of the elixir is not always the "way to bliss." Of Ashmole, who was connected by his two first marriages with the Cheshire family of Manwaring or Mainwaring, and who in too interesting a subject to be compressed within the few lines at present allowed, a fitter opportunity will occur to speak in the preface to Dr. Dee's "Autobiographical Correspondence." (This refers to a future volume of the Chetham Society.)

The above is a short sketch of some of the principal events in the life of this extraordinary man, who has been called "the greatest virtuoso and curioso that ever was known or read of in England." The time of Ashmole's introduction to Lilly marks the period of his life most interesting to Freemasons—the year 1646, as it was during the same visit to Cheshire that he was made a Freemason at Warrington. After Worcester was surrendered by the King's troops, Ashmole, as mentioned above, rode out of the town and went to stay with his father-in-law, Mr. Peter Mainwaring, in Cheshire. The following entry occurs immediately after that recording his initiation at Warrington. The next entry is Dec. 3rd.

1646, Oct. 25.—I left CHESHIRE and came to LONDON about the End of this Month, viz. the 30 Day, 4 Hor., Post Merid. About a Fortnight or three Weeks before I came to LONDON, Mr. JONAS MOORE brought and acquainted me with Mr. WILLIAM LILLY; it was on a FRIDAY Night, and I think on the 20th of Nov.

This was the beginning of a friendship which so much influenced the thoughts and actions of Ashmole, and some notices of which occur in this diary.

1670, Octob. 8th.—I moved my Lord Archbishop of CANTERBURY for a License for Mr. LILLY to practise Physick, which he granted.

1672, July 20.—I and my Wife went to Mr. LILLY's, where we stayed till SEPTEMBER the 2nd.*

Besides the libraries, &c., of Milbourn, Hawkins, John Booker, and Dr. Dee, Ashmole bought that of William Lilly, who died 1681, as he records in his diary:—

1681, June 12.—I bought Mr. LILLY's Library of Books of his Widow for £50.

* There are several other entries relating to visits paid to LILLY, &c. "1651, Oct. 20th.—Mr. LILLY gave me several old Astrological Manuscripts.

A recent writer* on the subject of Freemasonry, credits Ashmole with having written "an elaborate history of the Knight Templars." This is an error, the full title of his book published in 1672, is "The Institution, Laws, and Ceremonies of the most noble Order of the Garter." The same writer adds: "It is not impossible that Elias Ashmole may have sought a knowledge of the mysteries of Freemasonry, presuming, perhaps, upon the service it might afford him in preparing his history of chivalry."

It would appear that after the taking of Worcester in 1646, Ashmole devoted himself to his profession and various other branches of science until the Restoration, when he again took office under King Charles II. Mixed up with the *literati* of the time, and having, it is evident, a great love for mysticism of all kinds, such a fellowship as that of the Freemasons would have a peculiar fascination for him, and to this more probably his initiation was due.

The following entries from his Diary show how, on his return to London, he connected himself with the Hermetic art.

1647, Feb. 14.—The Mathematical Feast was at the WHITE HART in the OLD BAILY, where I dined.

1649, Aug. 1.—The Astrologers Feast at PAINTERS-HALL, where I Dined.

1649, Octob. 31st.—The Astrologers Feast.

1650, Aug. 8.—I being at the Astrologers Feast, two *Hor. Post Merid.*, I was Chosen Steward for the following Year.

1654, Aug. 22.—Astrologers Feast.

1656, Aug. 29.—This Day the Astrologers Feast was held.

1659, July 2.—Was the Antiquaries Feast.

1659, Nov. 2.—Was the Astrologers Feast.

1682, July 13.—The Astrologers Feast was restored by Mr. MOXON.

1683, Jan. 29.—The Astrologers Feast was held at the Three CRANES, in CHANCERY-LANE. Sir EDWARD DEERING and the TOWN-CLERK of LONDON were Stewards.

Ashmole informs us that he was made a Freemason "with Coll. Henry Mainwaring, of Karincham." This is usually taken as meaning that they were both "made" Freemasons at the same time. Robison† speaks of Colonel Mainwaring as being the father-in-law of Ashmole, but this is an error, as he himself states that his father-in-law was Peter Mainwaring, of Smallwood.

The family of the Mainwarings of Kermincham was a younger branch of the old Cheshire family of the Mainwarings of Peover. Randle Mainwaring, the first of Kermincham, established himself there about the year 1445, his father (of the same name) having purchased the manor in that year. His great-grandson, Randle Mainwaring, of Kermincham, Esq., added to his estates by the purchase of lands in Swanley and Barnshaw, and his son, Henry Mainwaring, Esq., was High Sheriff of Cheshire in 1575. The latter was buried at Swettenham on the 16th March, 1617-18, leaving his estates to his grandson, Henry Mainwaring, of Kermincham, Esq., who died in the year 1638. By his first wife, Mary, daughter of Anthony Kinnersley, of Loxley, co. Stafford, Esq., whom he married about 1607, the latter was the father of Henry Mainwaring, his eldest son and heir, afterwards known as Colonel Mainwaring. Born about the year 1608, in 1626 he was married at Gawsworth to Frances, fourth daughter of Sir Edward Fitton, of Gawsworth, county of Chester, Bart., and one of the co-heiresses of her brother, Sir Edward Fitton, Bart. The Licence for this marriage, as filed at the Bishop's Court, Chester, is dated 12th June, 1626, and the settlement after marriage is dated 20th March, 1626-7. For some years he appears to have resided at Barnshaw, as he is called of that place in 1633, but on the death of his father in 1638 he succeeded to Kermincham. At the outbreak of the Civil War he attached himself to the Parliamentary party, and is not unfrequently mentioned in the records of the fighting which took place in Cheshire and the neighbouring counties; his father-in-law, on the

* Fort's "Antiquities of Freemasonry," 1878, pp. 136-7.

† Proofs of a Conspiracy, &c., 1797, p. 21.

other hand, being one of the most devoted adherents to the Royal cause. He was the father of three sons—Roger, Edward, and Peter—and four daughters. His eldest son and heir-apparent died before his father in 1660; but by his wife Sarah, daughter of Randle Ashenhurst, of Ashenhurst, county Stafford and Beard, county Derby, Esq., left issue a son Roger who, ultimately, as will be mentioned, succeeded his grandfather. Of the other two sons—the one Edward became a clergyman in Cheshire, married and left issue, and the other, Peter, died in 1664, unmarried.* It is recorded in Newcome's† *Autobiography*: "On September 10th, 1649, I went with Colonel Mainwareings two sons, Peter and Edward, to Cambridge, and admitted them under Mr. Pickering, Fellow of St. John's College, fellow commoners."

On turning to the "History of East Cheshire,"‡ I find the following:—"In February, 1643-4, he [Lieut.-Colonel Robert Duckenfield] attacked and took Wythenshawe Hall, and on May 25th, 1644, he, together with Colonel Henry Mainwaring, commanded the forces sent to guard Stockport, and to prevent Prince Rupert's march into Lancashire."

And again,§ "Macclesfield does not seem to have played any important part during the Civil War. It is said to have been attacked in 1643 by Sir William Brereton on behalf of the Parliament, and taken from Sir Thomas Aston, the Royalist, who defended it on behalf of the King, and that subsequently the Royalist Colonel Legh, of Adlington, endeavoured to retake it from Colonel Henry Mainwaring, but unsuccessfully."

Another account adds a little more to our knowledge:—||

[1644, May 24].—Upon Friday they [Prince Rupert and his army] advanced towards Lancashire and lodged at Knutsford. Upon Saturday [25th] they advanced towards Stockport, where Col. Mainwaring and Col. Duckenfield were with their companies, but they left the town and fled into Lancashire.

[May] 26th, [1643-4].¶—Captain Ogle and Captain Rawstorne were allotted for the ac'con, but they like good p'vident fellows, thrifty of their owne lives, p'vented the Capt. this hono'r [Captain Mosley to make a sally out next morning with two hundred men], who heareing of the Prince's [Rupert] victorious entrance into the Countrey (by the defeate of Col. Duckenfield, Mainwaring, Buckley, and others who kept the passe at Stockport, the second key of the county) stole away betwixt 12 and 1 o'clock in the night."

Warrington was surrendered May 27, 1643,** for "when, after a fort-night's attendance, there happened that unfortunate surprise of the Lord Goreing in Wakefield, which utterly disenabled her majesty to spare him any relief; which the Governor of Warrington (Colonel Norris) understanding, after five days siege, gave up the town, the greatest key of the county, to the enemy, and all his lordship's forces, then with the Lord Molineux and Colonel Tildsley, marched down to York."

"1644, Jan. 25.—In the north-west, the regiments recalled from Ireland, had been beaten and almost entirely cut to pieces by Fairfax, under the walls of Nantwich in Cheshire."††

I cannot say if Col. Mainwaring was present at this defeat, but certainly he was not amongst those killed.

* The above account of the Mainwaring family has been kindly supplied to me by my friend Mr. J. P. Earwaker, M.A., F.S.A., from his MS. Cheshire Collections.

† "Chetham Soc.," Vols. xxvi. and xxvii.

‡ By J. P. Earwaker, M.A., F.S.A., Vol. ii. p. 13. § *Ibid*, p. 471.

|| "Civil War Tracts of Lancashire: Chetham Society," Vol. ii., p. 187. "The First Siege of Latham House," Harl. M.S., 2074.

¶ *Ibid*, p. 182 and "Siege of Lathom House, App. to Memoirs of Col. Hutchinson." Bohn, p. 489. In the same account a Lieutenant Pencket is mentioned as having been one of the garrison of Lathom. Captain Rawstorne was also there.

** "Siege of Lathom," Bohn, p. 492-3.

†† Guizot, "Hist. Eng. Revolution." Trans. by W. Hazlitt, p. 229.

The Battle of Marston Moor was fought on July 2, 1644, and on 15th May, 1645, Chester was relieved by the King; on the 14th of June following the King was defeated by Fairfax, at the Battle of Naseby. Chester surrendered to the Parliament, 3 Feb., 1646.

Of Col. Mainwaring there is little more to relate. In 1662 he came to Manchester, for Newcome records in his diary, 1662, "Munday, August 4th, Col. Manw: came in & was wth me a little while." His family, as owners of Barnshaw, had certain small yearly payments reserved to them, which passed in the middle of the last century to the Mainwarings, of Peover, when they purchased that Lordship.

Fee farm-rents were paid in 1656, 1660, 1662, 1676,* &c., to Colonel Henry Mainwaring, of Kermincham, and in 1685 to Roger Mainwaring, Esq., whom we see, from the will, was his grandson.

It is clear, from the will of Colonel Mainwaring, printed in abstract in the Appendix, that for some reason, in the year 1672, perhaps finding himself becoming advanced in years, he had given up Kermincham, and made it over to his grandson and heir apparent, Roger Mainwaring. He then retired to live on one of his smaller estates at Blackden, near Goostrey, co. Chester.

In "Newcome's Autobiography"† under the year 1684, it is recorded:— "I heard of the death of old Col. Manwareing: and of gratitude to him for kindnesses in the former part of my life. I resolved to go to his funeral, and so did on December 2nd." Thus he died, at a ripe old age, having lived through troublous times, and had he survived but a few months would have lived to see King Charles II. pass away. Whatever the opinion of the side he took in the politics of his time, it is some satisfaction to us to know that one who played so important a part in the history of his native county, and of England, was also one of the "Fellowship of Free-Masons."

We are not informed by Ashmole who occupied the place of Master on the 16th of October, 1646, at the Lodge in Warrington, but *Mr. Richard Penket* was *Warden*.

My friend Mr. Beamont, of Warrington, was kind enough to place at my disposal his papers on the Penketths of Penketh,‡ of which family there is no doubt the Warden of the Lodge at Warrington was a member. I was not a little pleased to find that Mr. Beamont had made the same identification with regard to Richard Penketh as myself.

From the Heralds' visitation of Lancashire, made by St. George in 1613, it appears that Richard Penketh§ of Penketh, who died *circa* 1570, married Margaret, daughter of Thomas Sonkey, of Sonkey [gent.], and had a son, Thomas Penketh, of Penketh, county Lancaster, who married Cecilye, daughter of Roger Charnock, of Wellenborough, county Northampton, Esq., whose son Richard (dead in 1652), married Jane, daughter of Thomas Patrick, of Bispham, in the county of Lancaster. This no doubt was the Richard Penketh who was a Freemason at Warrington in 1646.

Mr. Beamont is of opinion that he was twice married. This is probably the case, for in the parish register at Warrington there is the following entry:— "1591, June 11th.—Richard Penkethe, Gent., and Mary Etoughe." By his [second] wife, Jane,|| he left an eldest son and heir, Thomas Penketh, then living, aged three years, and three daughters. In an interesting account of the Early History of the Roman Catholic Mission in Leigh, Lancashire,¶ it is stated that the earliest Missionary Priest of Leigh was Father John Penketh, *alias*

* "East Cheshire," Vol. ii., p. 361. Chelford Deeds.

† "Chetham Society," Vol. xxvi. and xxvii., p. 257.

‡ The Penketths bore for their arms, argent three poppinjays [or kingfishers] ppr. Sometimes a chevron is added between the birds.

§ "Chetham Society," p. 132; also Visit, 1567. || Visitation, 1613.

¶ "Leigh Chronicle Scrap Book," Vol. ii., Nos. 162, 163.

John Rivers, who was serving there in 1678 and again in 1693, and was for six years confined in Lancaster gaol for high treason, under the act of 27th Elizabeth. He appears also to have been at one time a soldier in the French army.

"On entering the English College at Rome, in 1652, he gave the following account of himself* :—"My name is John Penketh, *alias* Rivers. I am son of Richard Penketh of Penketh, in the County of Lancaster, Esquire, who married the daughter of Thomas Patrick, of Bisham, in the same county, gentleman. I was born and bred up in my father's house, and am now twenty-one years of age. My father, before his death, had spent nearly all his fortune, and left very little to my mother. My relatives are of good families, but reduced to poverty in these evil times. I am the youngest of thirteen children, and have only two brothers and one sister out of the thirteen living. My relatives are entirely Protestant, but my father, with all his family, one brother excepted, was always Catholic," &c.

Father Penketh died on the 1st August, 1707, aged 71.

"In 1641, the House of Commons, on the motion of Mr. Pym,† having resolved on a protestation to defend the privileges of both Houses, and the performance of those duties to God and the King to which they were obliged as good Christians and good subjects, Herle‡ (*Clarendon's History of the Rebell.* iii. 181) and his curates, Nicholson, Gee, and Norman, his three *men servants*, and a number of his parishioners signed the required protestation." Amongst a long list of names is entered that of a Richard Penketh.§ Mr. Beamont writes :|| "When the list of seats in Warrington Church was made in 1628, Richard Penketh's name does not appear among the *Parishoners*; but in January, 1642, when the protestation was signed to maintain the Protestant Religion, &c., &c., Richard Penketh was one of those who subscribed to it and we hear of him again in the entry in Ashmole's Diary, &c." It is difficult to reconcile this with the statement of Father Penketh, that his father "was always a Catholic," and I am inclined to believe that this was not the Richard Penketh, of Penketh, Freemason.

Father Penketh states that his father had spent nearly all his fortune before his death, and Mr. Beamont writes¶ :—"Penketh Hall, the ancient seat of the Penkeths, seems to have changed owners much about the same time that Bewsey, the time-honoured residence of the Butler's [Bewsey Hall, near Warrington], passed into the hands of strangers; for, in the year 1624, we find Sir Thomas Ireland exchanging with Thomas Ashton the hall and demesnes of Penketh, late the inheritance of Richard Penketh," &c.

From this it would appear that Mr. Richard Penketh, Freemason, was the last of his race who held the family property, and that with him also commenced the downfall of the family.

One more member of his lineage, although not bearing on the subject, deserves a note. This was the celebrated Thomas Penketh, who was a monk of the Hermit Friars of St. Augustine, at Warrington, evidently descended from the family of his name.** The name remained in or near Warrington, and in the Appendix I print an abstract of the will of a RICHARD PENKETH dated 1705. No will or administration of Richard Penketh, the Freemason, dead before 1652, is on record now at Chester or London.

The next on Ashmole's list of the gentry present was Mr. James Collier. I regret that I have but little to record in this instance, but perhaps it may be

* *Ibid*, from "Foley's Records of the English Province of the Society of Jesus."

† "History of Winwick," by William Beamont, p. 42.

‡ Rev. Charles Herle, then rector of Winwick.

§ "History of Winwick," by William Beamont, p. 43.

|| Papers from the family of Penketh, in the *Warrington Guardian*, 1881 (?).

¶ "Warrington, in 1465." Chetham Society, p. x., note.

** *Ibid*, p. xxxix.

assumed that he was the James Collyer, of Newton-le-Willows, co. Lancaster, who married Ellen, the eighth daughter of William Bretherton, of Hey, the then (he died about 1640) representative of that well known ancient Lancashire family, by Margaret, daughter of Richard Urmston, of Lostock, co. Lanc.* The register book of the old church of Winwick, situated only a mile and a half from Newton-le-Willows, thus records some members of the family, in all probability the Freemason and his wife :—

1673-4, Jan. 17.—Mr. James Colliar buried.

1678-9, Jan. 4.—Mrs. Ellen Collier, aff. [idavit that she was not buried in Linen, according to the Act of Parliament.]

Of course it is impossible to state positively that these entries, or the will given in the Appendix, refer to the Mr. James Collier, Freemason, mentioned by Ashmole; but there seems to be every probability that such is the case. Mr. James Collier, or Captain James Collier, as he is called in the endorsement of his will, must be the same as the one entered in the pedigree. He holds lands in Newton-le-Willows; his wife is named Ellen, and "her brother, Bretherton," is mentioned. Although the will is endorsed as being made 16th April, 1668, it was not proved until 21st March, 1673-4, which agrees with the entry of his death from the parish registers of Winwick.

The family of Sonkey, or Sankey of Sankey, as they were called, were landowners in Warrington at a very early period, as appears from a charter *circa* 1275.† They held Little Sankey and Great Sankey, the former in the Parish of Warrington, and the latter in that of Prescott. The property in Little Sankey was held under the Butlers, the Lords of Warrington, and evidence is extant that from time to time homage was done by them for these lands.

In the Warrington parish registers are the following entries amongst the baptisms :—‡

1591, Feb. 22.—Joane, dau. to Edward Sonkey, Gent.

1595, Aug. 12.—Allis, dau. to Edw^d Sankey.

1621-2, Feb. 3.—Edward, son to Richard Sankey, Gent.

1628, Aug. 10.—Margaret, dau. to Richard Sankey, Gent.

1631, Sep. 4.—Eleanor, dau. to Richard Sankey, Gent.

1636, April 19th.—Alice, dau. to Richard Sonkey, Gent.

1639, May 27.—Sen John [St. John], son to Richard Sankey, Gent.

And also

1635, June 11.—Ellen, dau. to Richard Sankey, Gent., Buried.

At a later period of the same registers there appears :—

1634, Mar. 25.—Cha^s., son to Richard Sankey, baptized.

1635, Ap. 30.—Cha^s. son to Richard Sankey, buried.

And finally :—

1667, Sep. 28.—Buried, Mr. Richard Sankie.

As the Warrington Parish Registers only commence in 1591, there is no record there of the marriage of Richard Sankey,

The hamlet of Sankey, like that of Penketh, lies close to Warrington, and coupled with the fact that at no very distant date a Penketh married a Sankey of Sankey, as mentioned above, it is not extraordinary to find two such near neighbours and blood relations associated together as Freemasons.

The names to which the distinguishing title "Mr." is apparently not intended to be prefixed, are Henry Littler, John Ellam, Richard Ellam, and Hugh Brewer.

* "Dugdale's Visitation of Lancashire," 1664-5. Chetham Society.

† "Warrington in 1465," by William Beamont, p. 46n. Chetham Society.

‡ "Local Gleanings Magazine," 1879-80, p. 136, &c.

There was certainly a gentle family of Littler or Lytlor settled in Cheshire at this time.

In the *Inq. p. Mortem* of Sir Richard Bulkeley, Knt., of Cheadle, in Cheshire, taken at Northwich, 8 April, 6th of Edward VI. [1552] the name of Robert Lytlor, of Wallerscote, appears as a juror.*

Inq. p. m.† of John Davenport, Esq., who married Anne, daughter of Randle Mainwaring, of Karincham, taken at Northwich Sept. 11th, 1582. Richard Lytlor, gent., is one of the jurors. The same appears again as a juror, in the *Inq. p. m.*‡ of Sir John Savage, Knt., taken at Chester 1 Oct., 41 Eliz. [1599].

In the *Inq. p. m.*§ of Thomas Leigh, Esq., of Adlington, taken at Chester, 7 Oct., 44 Eliz. [1602] the name of Ralph Litlor, of Wallerscote, gent.

And again in the *Inq. p. m.*|| of Thomas Wyche, gent., taken at Middlewich, 16 Sept., 17 James [1619] the marriage of his son Richard Wyche, gent., with Anne, daughter of Robert Litlor, of Tarven, is mentioned.

The Rev. Robert Littler, M.A., the son of the Rev. Robert Littler, incumbent of Goostrey, near Sandbach, was in 1826 incumbent of both Marple and Chadkirk, which he resigned for Poynton in 1832 and 1837.

A good yeoman family bearing the name of Ellam has long been resident in the Parish of Winwick and the neighbourhood.

In the list of persons above eighteen years of age, within Winwick and Houlme (an adjoining hamlet on the high road between Warrington and Winwick), who took the Protestation oath before the Rector of Winwick, we find :— William Ellam, sen. ; John Ellam, and William Ellam, jun. The will of Alice Ellam, of Croft, in the Parish of Winwick, widow, dated 1636, is in the Probate Court at Chester, and there is also the will of Thomas Ellam, of Croft, in the Parish of Winwick, dated 1612.¶ The John and Richard Ellam mentioned by Ashmole were doubtless members of this family, a probable branch of which had apparently settled at Lymm, a village in Cheshire, about five miles from Warrington, and in the appendix I give the Will of Richard Ellam, Freemason, and that of John Ellam, husbandman, but cannot assert that the latter refers to the person mentioned by Ashmole. At the same time this John Ellam may have been a Freemason; he appears to have been more wealthy than Richard, leaving, as he did, goods to the value of over £165, and a tenement.

Of the family of Hugh Brewer, I regret to say, no trace has come to hand.

One word as to the present oldest Lodge at Warrington. From information kindly sent to me by my friend Bro. William Sharp, P.P.G.J.W. It appears that the original Charter of Constitution was granted by "John Smith, of Hammersmith, in the Parish of Fulham, and County of Middlesex, Gentleman, Provincial Grand Master, &c., for the County of Lancaster," 8th November, 1765. This was confirmed by the Earl of Zetland, Grand Master (the Earl de Grey and Ripon, D.G.M.), on the 6th February, 1863; as the "Lodge of Lights." From this warrant it appears that at the time of the original constitution the Lodge was No. 352. At the alteration in 1770 it became No. 289, and at the alteration in 1781 it became No. 232. At the alteration in 1792 it became No. 198, and at the Union, on December 27, 1813, it became No. 246. At the alteration of numbers in 1832, it became No. 173. The Warrington Lodge, at the closing up of the numbers in 1863 became, and is now, No. 148. Its warrant for a centenary jewel is dated 9th March, 1865, and that of the Charter of Constitution to hold a Holy Royal Arch Chapter, by the title of "The Chapter of Elias Ashmole," bears date 2nd May, 1866.

I have nothing more to add. My endeavour has been to select from my note books only such facts as bear directly on the subject, and to make clear to

* "Earwaker's East Cheshire," Vol. i., p. 175.

† *Ibid.* Vol. ii., p. 382 n.

§ *Ibid.*, Vol. ii., p. 241 n.

‡ *Ibid.*, Vol. i., p. 190.

|| *Ibid.*, pp. 621, 623.

¶ Record Society of Lancashire and Cheshire, "Index to the Wills of Chester."



the best of my power the position and identity of the various persons whose names have been handed down to us. No doubt if a life of Colonel Mainwaring were required, other information could be collected, and also isolated references to the other Freemasons. This paper has run to far greater length than was anticipated, but I must plead as my excuse the interest of the subject, and the fact that this is the first effort that has been made to throw light on a record so valuable in the history of Freemasonry in the seventeenth century.

APPENDIX.

I give here abstracts of the wills which have, up to the present time, come to hand. It is much to be regretted that the will of Richard, and more particularly that of Edward Sankey, have not been found; but every source of information is not yet exhausted. The same difficulty appears with the wills of Henry Littler and Hugh Brewer, but it is hardly surprising, as the period during which the men lived—1660 to 1690—is the most unsatisfactory to work upon, so many records having perished. It may be well to add that the following are from careful transcripts taken for me from the originals at Chester, and they are now printed, I believe, for the first time.

IN THE NAME OF GOD, Amen. 15 Dec. 1680. I, HENRY MAINWARING, of BLACKDEN, co. CHESTER, ESQUIRE, being aged and weak in body, My body to be buried at the discretion of my Executors.

Whereas by a deed of settlement dated 30 April 24 Charles II [1672], made between me the said HENRY MAINWARING, by the name of HENRY MAINWARING of KERMINGHAM, co. CHESTER, ESQUIRE, and my GRANDSON ROGER MAINWARING my Executor hereafter named, by the name of ROGER MAINWARING GRANDSON AND HEIR APPARENT OF THE SAID HENRY MAINWARING, upon the one part, and Sir Hilk Lucy, late of Henbury, co. Chester, Knt, deceased, Thomas Kinnersley of Loxley, co. Stafford, Esquire, Richard Bradshaw of Pinnington, co. Lanc. Esquire, and S^r James Bradshaw, now knight, by the name of James Bradshaw of the City of Chester, Esquire, upon the other part, this particular clause, amongst divers others, is specified that from and after the decease of the said HENRY MAINWARING AND Frances his wife, the sum of £1000 part of £1500 should be paid for the use and benefit of THE SISTERS of the said ROGER MAINWARING, and that the £500 residue should remain in the hands of trustees for securing the jointure of MARY [WIFE OF THE SAID ROGER MAINWARING] from all manner of incumbrances made by THE SAID HENRY MAINWARING, but if the said jointure be clear at the death of the said Henry Mainwaring then the said £500 to be disposed of as the said Henry Mainwaring shall by his will appoint. Now I do bequeath the said £500 to MY SAID GRANDSON ROGER MAINWARING towards the clearing and securing the premises limited in the jointure of his said wife, from the incumbrances in the said deed of settlement mentioned, and for the payment of any debts which I owe to MY SAID GRANDSON ROGER MAINWARING, and I make MY SAID GRANDSON ROGER MAINWARING OF KERMINGHAM, co. CHESTER, ESQUIRE, my sole Executor.

(Signed) HENRY MAINWARING [very shaky].

Armorial seal nearly illegible.

Sealed, signed &c. in the presence of: Edm. Jodrell.

Samuell Leadbeater

John Dudley (?)

Thomas Whittingham,

Proved 28 Jan. 1684[-5].

Endorsed, COL. MAINWARINGS WILL.

IN THE NAME of God, Amen, I RICHARD PENKETH OF GREAT SANKEY, co. LANC. YEOMAN, being weak and "creazy" in body, but of a sound mind, I will that all my just debts and funeral expenses be paid, And whereas I stand siesed of that messuage and tenement in Great Sankey aforesaid, for remainder of a term of 99 years, if the lives in the original Indenture of Lease so long live NOW I do hereby devise unto ELLEN MY WIFE the annual sum of £5 for her life (if the term so long continue) to be paid out of the said

premises, provided she does not marry, but if she marry I hereby devise unto her only the annual sum of 5s. Item I do further give unto my said LOVING WIFE, certain furniture, pewter, linen, my silver watch &c. Item, I give to my son JAMES PENKETH, one bed &c. Item to my DAUGHTER ANN now the WIFE of HENRY SEDDON of DALLOM, YEOMAN, £15. and to JOHN SEDDON their son £15. to be paid out of the profits of my said messuage &c within 3 years after my decease, To all the children of my son RICHARD PENKETH living after my decease 5s apiece, and to the children of my son NICHOLAS PENKETH. 2s. 6d. apiece, and to the child of my BROTHER-IN-LAW WILLIAM LOMAS 2s. 6d. To my son RICHARD PENKETH and the said WILLIAM LOMAS, my Executors hereinafter mentioned 20s. apiece, and to my son NICHOLAS, the annual sum of 20s, to be paid out of my said messuage &c, And after payment of my debts &c I give the said messuage &c unto my son NICHOLAS PENKETH for the term yet unexpired. And I appoint my said son RICHARD PENKETH and my BROTHER IN LAW WILLIAM LOMAS my Executors, hereby revoking all former wills made by me. Dated 24. Nov. 1705.

(signed) RICHARD PENKETH.

Signed Sealed &c
in the presence of
Josh. Stockton, his mark,
John Barrow.

Proved. 25. Oct. 1706.

IN THE NAME OF GOD, AMEN, This is my last will and testament, My body to th^e earth to be decently buried there, To my WIFE ELLEN COLLIAR my house &c. and land in the township of Newton. All that is remaining at her death, to my BROTHER WILLIAM POWELL and his issue male, in default, then to the next kinsman I have of the Colliars, [He appoints his wife sole executrix.] "I charge you not to trust YOUR BROTHER BRETHERTON nor any of his, for you and I have found them bad, God forgive them, so with my dear love to you I rest yours.

Signed JAMES COLLIAR [good signature].

[Small red seal: A cross croset fitchée, a martlet in dexter chief. Crest: A cross crosetlet fitchée between two wings.]

WITNESSES

Peter Leigh,
John Wilson.

ENDORSED Captin. James Colliers
Last Will and Testament.
Aprill the 18th, 1668.

Proved. 21. March 1673-[4].

[A very long Inventory "of the goods of Mr. JAMES COLLIAR late of Newton." The total is not given, and it contains no items of interest.]

The 7th day of September. Ano. Dom 1667.

IN THE NAME of God Amen, I RICHARD ELLOM of LYME [LYMME] co CHESTER FREEMASON. being sick and weak of body. My body to the earth to be buried in Christian Burial at my Parish Church of Lyme, or otherwise it shall please God to appoint the same. Whereas I have an estate of the messuage and tenement wherein I now dwell by force of one Indenture of Lease heretofore made by Richard and Maria Domvill late of Lyme aforesaid Esq. deceased, bearing date 16 Feb. 16. Charles II. [1664] for the term of 99 years, if the said RICHARD ELLOM and WILLIAM ELLOM his son or either of them, so long live. I assign all my said messuage &c immediately after my decease, unto my BROTHERS JOHN ELLOM and PETER ELLOM for the use, education &c of ALL MY CHILDREN until the youngest is 18 years of age. My will is that my ELDEST SON WILLIAM shall have all my said messuage &c for his life, paying unto my said BROTHERS JOHN ELLOM and PETER ELLOM or their Executors £10 within 2 years after he shall enter the said messuage &c, and the said £10 to be employed to the use of the youngest child or children of the said Richard Ellom then living. All my goods, catle, &c, I give unto my said BROTHERS JOHN ELLOM and PETER ELLOM, for the bringing up of my said children And I ordain my WELL BELOVED BROTHERS JOHN ELLOM and PETER ELLOM Executors, and desire my well beloved friend William Leigh of Rushgreen and my LOVING BROTHER IN LAW RICHARD RATLIFE to assist my said Executors. Dated 7 Sep. 19. Charles II. 1667.

(Signed) RICHARD ELLOM [in a shaky hand].

Before the sealing of the within written deed THE SAID RICHARD ELLOM DID GIVE to HIS SON WILLIAM the dishboard in the house to stand as an heirloom, and then signed and sealed in the presence of

Margaret Moose her A
William Leigh.

PROVED 17 Jan. 1669-[70]

The Inventory was taken on 10 Oct. 1667 by John Leigh and Peter Martin. Total 77li. 16s. 00d.

IN THE NAME of God. Amen. 7th June I. William [1689] I JOHN ELLAMS of BURTON co. Chester husbandman, being of perfect memory.

First. My body to be buried in Christian burial, at the discretion of my Executors hereafter mentioned. Item. I leave one half of my tenement in Burton, now in the possession of MY SON IN LAW SAMUELL LIGHTFOOT, with half the housing thereunto belonging, TO MY WIFE ELSE [or ALICE] ELLAMS after my decease, so long as she liveth, if the lease so long last.

Item, All the rest of my household goods, husbandry ware, cattle &c I leave to MY DAUGHTER ELIZABETH INCE, and MY DAUGHTER ANN ELLAMS, and MY DAUGHTER ELSE ELLAMS after my decease, to be equally divided amongst them, paying my funeral expenses, debts &c, only I leave to MY DAUGHTER ANN ELLAMS, one colt that is 2 years old, and also one other colt that is 2 years old, I leave to MY DAUGHTER ELSE ELLAMS. Leaving MY WIFE ELSE ELLAMS, and MY DAUGHTER ANN ELLAMS my sole Executors, revoking all other wills by me made.

(Signed) JOHN ELLAMS, his mark [in a very shaky hand].

Witnesses.

John Cawley, Robert, Mouldsdale.

PROVED, 27. July. 1689.

A True and perfect Inventory of JOHN ELLAMS of Burton late decd. both of goods and cattle made the 6th day of July, 1689. by Thomas Bruen, Richard Ince, and Robert Mouldsdale. Total 165li. 02s. 08d.

DRIFTING AWAY.

DRIFTING away from each other,
Silently drifting apart
Nothing between but the world's cold screen,
Nothing lost but a heart.

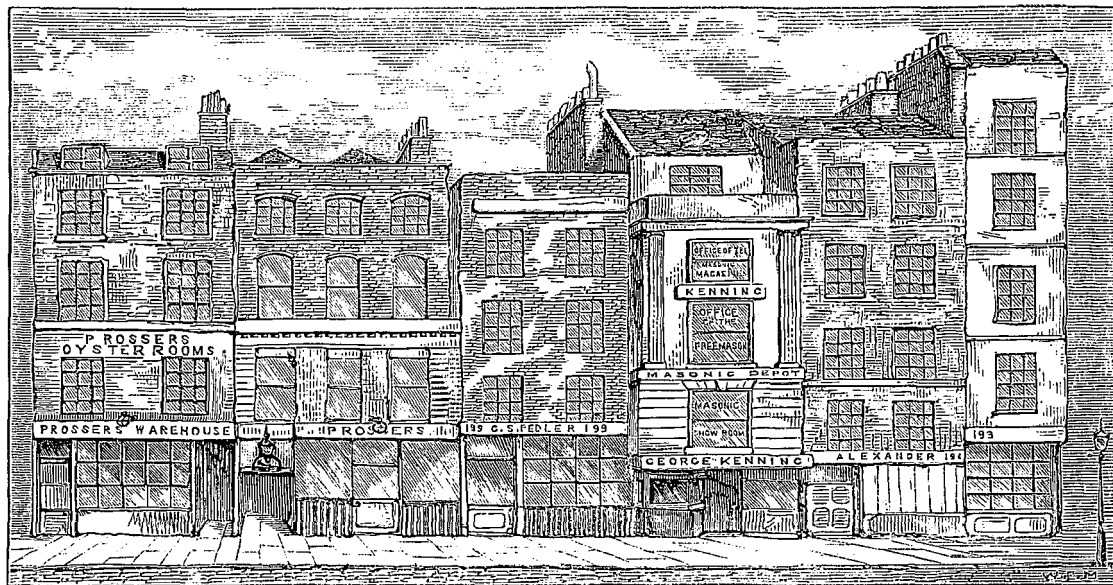
Only two lives divided,
More and more each day,
Only one soul from another soul
Steadily drifting away.

Only a woman's heart striving
Bitterly hard with its doom,
Only a hand small and tender
Slipping away in the gloom.

Nothing of doubt or of wronging;
Nothing that either can cure;
Nothing to shame, nothing to blame,
Nothing to do but endure.

The world cannot move less quietly,
Both time and man must change;
Nothing here that is worth a tear,
Love failing, noways strange.

Drifting away from each other,
Steadily drifting apart,
No wrong to each that the world cannot reach,
Nothing lost but a heart!



FLEET STREET, FROM BELL YARD TO CHANCERY LANE.

A BIT OF OLD LONDON.

BY W. E. MILLIKEN.

We walked in the evening in Greenwich Park. He asked me, I suppose by way of trying my disposition, "Is not this very fine?" Having no exquisite relish of the beauties of nature, and being more delighted with the busy hum of men, I answered, "Yes, sir; but not equal to Fleet Street." JOHNSON: "You are right, sir,"—BOSWELL [Saturday, July 30th, 1763].

THE ballad of "Robin Conscience" (1683), which deserves to be better known, gives a lively picture of one aspect of Fleet Street at that period. After the Great Fire, even, it consisted mainly of timber houses hanging, in all imaginable positions, over the narrow and badly paved roadway. The shops were little better than rude sheds, with pent-houses for the protection of their wares, which the dealers announced *ore rotundo* to the passers by, with an endless shouting of "What d'ye lack, gentles—what d'ye lack?" The appearance of the street may be gathered from a print of old St. Dunstan's church, which, originally published in the *Mirror* (vol. xiv., p. 145), has since been reproduced on a larger scale. Of that church no record can with exactness be given; it escaped destruction, however, in the Fire, which stopped at the "Temple Exchange" coffee-house. The church stood far into Fleet Street, and the shops which are shown in the engraving were, if not the earliest, at any rate, among the earliest fixed places for the sale of books in London. Originally in the pointed style of architecture, the structure became greatly disfigured by later repairs and additions after the Italian manner. Above the cutler's shop at its eastern end stood a statue, which is still preserved *in situ*, of Queen Elizabeth, removed thither in 1766, from the western side of Lud Gate, which had been taken down six years previously. The most peculiar feature of the exterior was the projecting dial, with its two life-size figures of savages. These, carved in wood, were set up in an alcove above the dial; each had a club in his right hand, and moving his head the while, would strike the quarters on two suspended bells. For this piece of ingenuity, one Thomas Harrys was paid with £35 and the old clock in the year 1671. The dial, figures, etc., are now at St. Dunstan's, Regent's Park, the residence of Mr. H. H. Gibbs, formerly of the Marquis of Hertford. In December, 1829, the materials of the former church were sold at auction, and on the 31st July, 1833, the present building was consecrated. It was designed by John Shaw, and stands, for the most part, upon the burial ground of its predecessor.

The district is singularly rich in memories—not always the happiest—and traditions of the past. To the house of one Russell, a tailor, in St. Bride's Churchyard, Milton brought his young royalist wife, Mary Powell. "She found it very solitary," Aubrey tells us; "no company came to her, and oftentimes she heard his nephews beaten and cry." In the church lies buried Richard Lovelace, who, at his presentation to King Charles I. at Oxford, Anthony Wood says, was "the most beautiful and amiable youth that eyes ever beheld," the betrothed of Lucy Sacheverell, the "divine Althea" of his exquisite stanzas beginning

When Love with unconfined wings—

and who died, destitute, in Gunpowder Alley, Shoe Lane; and the author of "Clarissa," whose sublime triumph over her sullied purity is the most beautiful creation of uninspired fiction. In Salisbury Court, at a house which may still be seen, Richardson had his printing office; and here Oliver Goldsmith, one time his reader (1757), corrected the sheets of "Pamela" for the press. Whitefriars included the Sanctuary of Alsatia, which yet lives in the pages of the "Fortunes of Nigel." The annals of the Temple alone would fill a volume. I, for my part, never pass down Middle Temple Lane without recalling that concourse of women, unhappy outcasts,

who on the morning of Monday, the 4th of April, 1774, gathered in Brick Court to lament the death of him whose hand had never been extended to them save in pitying charity. Strange, unaccustomed group of unbidden mourners, what lesson do you not teach us who have promised to renounce the vain pageantry of woe? Goldsmith, like Gay, had "many friends": none were with him at the last; whilst of all who have been moved to smiles or tears by his writings there is no one that can point out the spot in the Temple Church burial-ground where the author of "The Traveller" and "The Vicar of Wakefield" was laid to his rest. He had purchased for £400—out of the profits of his "Good-natured Man"—the set of three rooms at No. 2, Brick Court, immediately above Blackstone's, being, as we learn from Mr. Filby, his tailor, on the second floor to the right hand of one ascending the stairs. Hard by, at No. 1 staircase, Inner Temple Lane (pulled down in 1858), lodged Dr. Johnson during the period 1760-5. Whilst living here he was awarded his pension, when, Lord Bute having signed the order for its bestowal, he owned that a Scotchman could write well; and soon afterwards, eagerly adopting the proposal of Sir Joshua Reynolds, established the club which, at Garrick's funeral, became distinguished by the title of the Literary Club. They met at the "Turk's Head," in Gerrard Street, Soho, the street of Dryden and of Burke. Goldsmith, had he been the survivor, would indubitably have written Johnson's life. What a life of Goldsmith have we lost at the hand which penned the lives of Addison and Savage! In No. 4 staircase, also pulled down, lived "Eliu," who describes, in an undying theme, the benchers of the Temple. To the "Mitre," since sadly changed—appositely-named resort of the Tory and good Churchman, Johnson—he, Boswell, and Goldsmith often repaired. Here was planned the tour which gave us the delightful "Journey in the Western Islands of Scotland." At Robinson's shop, in the western corner gate-house of Inner Temple Lane, Pope and Warburton first met. Between the Middle Temple Gate—which, built by Sir Christopher Wren, occupies the site of one erected by Sir Amyas Paulet as a fine to Cardinal Wolsey—and Temple Bar, stood the "Devil Tavern." Its sign was "St. Martin and the Devil." Here Ben Jonson held his club, the "Apollo," for which he composed his "Leges Convivales." This is the tavern spoken of by Pope—

And each true Briton is to Ben so civil,
He swears the Muses met him at the Devil.—

SATIRES (Hor. Ep. P. ii., 1).

It was esteemed of good repute in the early years of the last century. "I dined to-day," says Swift, in a letter to Stella, "with Dr. Garth and Mr. Addison at the Devil Tavern, near Temple Bar, and Garth treated." Looking to the date of the letter and the political changes of the time, it is conceivable that Swift did not greatly enjoy the dinner. Frequent mention occurs in *The Tatler*, and similar works, of many famous shops and coffee-houses in this quarter, such as "Nando's" coffee-house, "Dick's," the "Grecian," the "Rainbow," (said to have been indicted in former times for the nuisance of selling coffee), the shops of Jacob Tonson and Bernard Lintot, booksellers. In the latter of these Gay was anxious that his works should appear:—

Oh! Lintot, let my labours obvious lie
Ranged on thy stall for every envious eye.—

TRIVIA, Book ii.

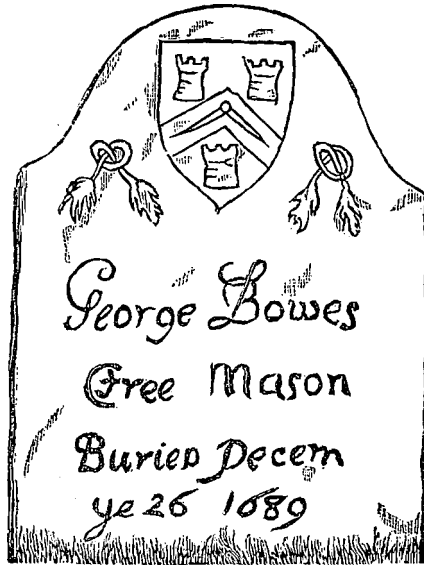
Nor must we forget Ben Tooke's, a bookseller, and the shop of Charles Mather, *alias* Bubble-boy, the toymen. Next door to the "Devil Tavern" Francis Child conducted the banking-house that he had founded with the marriage fortune of his wife, the daughter of his master, William Wheeler, a goldsmith. Here, at the sign of "The Marigold," King Charles II., Prince Rupert, Dryden, Pepys, with many others, including Nell Gwynne, kept their accounts. Of poor Nell there is little to be said that has not been said before. She, no less than Vane—

Could tell what ills from beauty spring;

but I do not think enough has been made of the circumstances that, unlike her compeers, she seldom used her influence with the King for evil, or that she retained a strong hold in the affections of the people by her sympathies with their more innocent pleasures and pastimes. Buried in the old church of St Martin's-in-the-fields, a Tillotson did not disdain to preach her funeral sermon. Shire Lane, Boswell Court, and one side of Bell Yard were cleared away for the new Law Courts. The lane is said to have derived its name from forming the boundary between the city and the shire. At the "Trumpet," since called the "Duke of York," in Shire Lane, Isaac Bickerstaff met his club, and hence dates many of his papers in *The Tattler*. Here also was the "Bible Tavern," a favourite haunt, together with the "White Lion" in Wych Street (pulled down 1880), of Jack Sheppard. The "Bible Tavern" communicated by a subterranean passage with Bell Yard. To Bell Yard Pope often came, visiting Fortescue, afterwards Master of the Rolls. At the house of Christopher Katt, a pastrycook famous for his mutton pies, in Shire Lane, was held the Hanoverian Kit-Kat Club. Jacob Tonson, the secretary, had the portraits of its members, with his own, painted by Sir Godfrey Kneller. These pictures form the celebrated Kit-Kat series, now preserved at Bayfordbury, in Hertfordshire.

The six houses which I show in my drawing stand—or, rather, stood, for their demolition, with the exception of No. 193 to the east, has already been begun—on the north side of Fleet Street, between the southern openings of Bell Yard and Chancery Lane. One of the group, in particular, will be of lasting interest to all readers of this journal, as being the premises of Mr. George Kenning, and the publishing office of *The Freemason* and kindred publications.

The house itself is said to have been a residence of Izaak Walton, who shared it with one John Mason, a hosier. The next house to the east was an inn, long known by the sign of "The Harrow." Some assert that when Walton moved to Fleet Street—which he did in 1624—it was to the house on the other side of "The Harrow"; that is, to the house which stood on the site of Attenborough and Son's, No. 193, at the south-western corner of Chancery Lane. I am told, though, that Walton lived for a while in Crown Court, at the rear, part of which was lately pulled down. Walton moved from Fleet Street, in 1632, to a house on the western side of Chancery Lane, a few doors from Fleet Street, and opposite to what was, in later years, the shop of Jacob Tonson, the bookseller. There he kept a sempster's, or man-milliner's, shop. If Mr. Kenning's was the house inhabited by Walton in Fleet Street, it had not then its present elevation, but resembled the two a little further eastwards, near the southern end of Fetter Lane. In one of those lived Drayton, who composed the "*Polyolbion*." The court passing between Prosser's warehouse and the "Cock" tavern (to the west of the latter) is Apollo Court, leading into Bell Yard; it is a curious little thoroughfare, and well worth a visit. The destruction of the five houses in Fleet Street threatens the time-honoured "Cock" tavern, though only the front portion, happily, will fall a victim to the Dæmon of Improvement. Hither Pepys, to the great delight of his wife, would come gallivanting with the pretty, fascinating Mrs. Knipp, of the King's Theatre, Killigrew's new house in Drury Lane. He records how, on one occasion, they "drauk, ate a lobster, and sang, and mighty merry till almost midnight." The scene of a lyrical "monologue" of the Laureate is laid at the "Cock," and opens with a call for some of its celebrated port. The exterior of the tavern has no interesting features, but within one may see the high-backed settees—as at the "Cheshire Cheese," in Wine Office Court (where they yet show Dr. Johnson's customary seat, next to the window in the first box on the right hand side as you enter), with a finely-carved oak mantelpiece of the Jacobean period. With small effort the visitor may picture what the room was as far back as, it is said—and I would be the last to deprive Mrs. Colnett of her inherited renown—the time of King Charles I.



A PRE-HISTORIC BROTHER.

BY BRO. T. B. WHYTEHEAD.

THE question so ably and fully opened out by "Masonic Student" in the columns of *The Freemason* as to the pre-revival character of Freemasonry is of the deepest and widest interest, and every scrap of information bearing on the Craft in the seventeenth century should be carefully preserved. Some time ago Bro. the Hon. W. T. Orde-Powlett, of Wensley Hall, told me that he had discovered in the churchyard at Wensley a monumental slab recording the death of a Freemason in 1689. At my request he very kindly made a rubbing of the stone, a task of some difficulty, as the slab is leaning forward at a considerable angle, and the surface is much honeycombed by the weather. From this rubbing I have made a reduced sketch, which it may be worth your while to produce in the pages of the Magazine. The measurements of the stone are about two feet six inches by two feet, and it is a curious circumstance that it faces west, or in an opposite direction to the rest of the stones. The reason for the interment of the dead with their faces to the east is well known. May not the western position in this case have reference to the direction in which the Master Mason is supposed to go in search of that which was lost? The entry of the interment of Bro. Bowes occurs in the parish register, and the date on the stone coincides with it.

The North Riding of Yorkshire has long been a very old seat of Masonry, and at Richmond exists the Lennox Lodge, one of the oldest on the roll. Several lodges were, during the eighteenth century, from time to time warranted by the Grand Lodge of All England, and worked at North Riding centres, and it is not improbable that Bowes, if not made at York, was made by York Masons. The legend on the stone, "George Bowes, Free Mason," is exceedingly curious, because it would seem to point to the fact either that the man was best known in his character of a "Freemason," or that the singularly terse inscription was placed on the stone at his own request. In either case it would imply that Bowes was a prominent man in the Society, and something more than an operative mason.

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 IV.—1864 to 1879—*continued.*

THE ceremony of dedication was proceeded with, according to ancient Masonic custom, by the W.D. Prov. Grand Master, Bro. Tew, in an able manner, the oration being given by Bro. the Rev. William Collings Lukis, M.A., F.S.A., Prov. G. Chaplain West Yorkshire, De Grey and Ripon Lodge, 837, as follows:—

Brethren,—We have met together to assist in a stirring and interesting ceremonial, and our heartiest wishes accompany the performance of the act. In addressing the members of the Airedale Lodge on this auspicious occasion, I am not addressing a young Lodge, but one that has already attained to a respectable and respectful age. It is composed of well-instructed brethren, many of whom are better qualified to teach me than I am to tell them anything which they have not already learned and endeavoured to practice as true and loyal Masons. The Airedale Lodge is in the fifty-second year of its existence, its Warrant of Constitution bearing date 12th March, 1827. It seems in its origin to have risen, phoenix-like, out of the ashes of an old lodge, viz., the Duke of York's Lodge, No. 428, originally constituted at Doncaster in 1788, and removed to Bingley in 1807. In 1815 the Duke of York's Lodge at Bingley is supposed to have closed its career, and the Airedale Lodge sprang into existence, at Baildon, in 1827, its originators being Bro. Wainman Holmes, of the Lodge of Hope, Bradford, and other brethren of the defunct Bingley Lodge. From Baildon it finally settled here at Shipley, where we trust it will long continue to pursue an honourable and useful career. This wandering life will account for the circumstance that no dedication of the lodge should have occurred earlier. During the period between 1827 and 1877 its number has been twice changed, owing to the erasure of extinct lodges; the first time in 1832, when from 814 it was recognised on the roll of the Grand Lodge of England as No. 543, and the second time in 1863, when it obtained its present number, 387. It is not necessary that I should enter more at length into the history of the lodge and its vicissitudes, because that history has been compiled by Bro. P.M. Riley, and printed in a very handsome volume. I shall simply add what I believe will be felt by every member of the lodge, that the brother who must always be gratefully recognised as its founder and mainstay, and whose long and active services have contributed to its prosperity, is the venerable Bro. P.M. Wainman Holmes, who, to quote his own words, stated last year that "out of the fifty years that the Airedale Lodge has been constituted, I think I should be W.M. and Secretary at least thirty or more years (perhaps forty years), and whatever I had to do I did it with pleasure, and particularly in my younger days, when Masonry was my 'hobby horse.'" I will venture to say that there is probably no other lodge in this province that can grasp the warm hand of its living founder at the end of fifty-one years. May the prayer of the lodge uttered last year be fulfilled, that the G.A.O.T.U. may make Bro. Holmes's closing years happy and contented. Before making a few general remarks I cannot forbear alluding very briefly to two points which come to light in the printed history of this lodge, because they indicate in a forcible manner that the brethren have been in the past, and continue to

be at the present time, imbued with the true spirit of Masonry; that they have not only maintained a careful adherence to its ritual, but have practically illustrated its principles. Firstly, the brethren have, throughout the long career of their lodge, manifested the deepest sympathy in the sufferings and distress of sick and mourning members. Secondly, to the Masonic Charities the lodge has been a liberal contributor; and, owing to the zealous exertions of its indefatigable Charity Steward, Bro. F. W. Booth. P.M., a large increase of charity votes has been secured. This example is worthy of imitation on the part of all lodges of the province. You are no doubt, as in duty bound to be, firm believers in the great antiquity of the Craft, and you have been taught that as regards structural science, there was a period in the history of mankind—a period dark, dreary, and comfortless—when Masonry had not laid her line or extended her compasses; when men took refuge from storm and tempest and the attacks of savage beasts in thickets of woods and in dens and caverns of the earth; and that from these poor recesses and gloomy solitudes the Grand Geometrician of the Universe in pity drew them and instructed them to erect buildings of a rustic kind in artless imitation of simple nature. This remark of the author of the Fourth Section of the Second Lecture contains the element of a truth of which he was probably little conscious at the time. The earliest buildings of which antiquarians have any knowledge were not of the Tuscan order, as he states, however rustic that order may be, but were structures of Cyclopean architecture, many of which in all their majestic proportions and solidity have survived through tens of centuries of civilization (in spite of civilization itself, which is not always disposed to show a conservative reverence towards the works of former times), and remain to this day as footprints of Masonry. These rude monuments may be briefly described as constructions whose walls are composed of ponderous unquarried stones, selected with a certain amount of care and suitableness, on which are placed, so as to form a ceiling, blocks of far greater dimensions and weight, the whole being hidden from sight by an outer covering of earth or of small stones, often of considerable altitude, and constituting a chambered mound. In process of time, and from various causes, natural and regrettable, which need not be detailed here, these mounds fell away, or have been in many instances partially or wholly removed, and the denuded chambers now stand forth in imposing nakedness and grandeur, and proclaim to us the mighty power of united action of the enduring nature of works undertaken with combined energy and resolution, even when those works have been accomplished with the aid of simple and mean appliances. In their exposed condition they are commonly called cromlechs, which are ignorantly considered by some persons (happily an almost extinct family) to have been connected with the bloody rites of Druidic worship. These constructions, which have been observed in all parts of the world, are rude, yet, in a certain sense, skilful Masonic institutions of those natural dens and caverns in which men of the palæolithic age lived, died, and were oftentimes buried, and were intended for sepulchral purposes only. They are, however, standing and imperishable witnesses to truths of considerable importance, for they tell of a belief in the G.A.O.T.U., the Almighty and Eternal Teacher of His people, of the immortality of the soul, and of a future life. They speak also of respect and reverence for chiefs and heroes, of brother and family affection, and of mystic rites of religion which have been, from the earliest ages, inseparable from burial customs. May we not perceive in this parallel how the grand principles of the Craft are amply illustrated? If the origin of Freemasonry is not lost in the mists of pre-historic antiquity as some sceptics suppose, it possesses similar attributes to those possessed by the monuments of which I have spoken. It can boast of an immemorial existence. It is universal in its distribution, and its chief glories are reverence for the Eternal Architect and ruler of the Universe, loyalty to the throne, brotherly love, and truth, based upon a comprehensive faith. It teaches us that in our perishable frame

there resides a vital and immortal principle, and that when we consign the mortal remains of a faithful and true brother to the cold bosom of the grave, it is with a holy confidence that the immortal principle is in the merciful hands of the Lord of Life. A Provincial Grand Master once remarked that if any brother wishes to rise to eminence in the Craft, he should give to the subject deep study, much thought, and constant antiquarian research, for Masonry is a well-stored mine, in which treasures are deeply hidden. Research thus directed may never be able to decide to the satisfaction of the fraternity the conjectures that Julius Caesar and his generals were patrons and protectors of the Craft in England; that the Emperor Carausius held its tenets in the highest veneration; that Alban, the canonized martyr, presided over British Masons as their Grand Master; and that Athelstane was a promoter of the art in the same capacity. But, however interesting these investigations may be to the inquirer, we may rest assured that a wide field of study is open in the direction of those grand principles which have exalted Masonry into a moral science, and have helped to humanize mankind. It is an inspiring reflection that our God-honouring institution advocates and upholds a morality of the highest kind, and a never-failing charity in a cold, unsympathizing world. The G.A. of the Universe has not placed us here and endowed us with various gifts that we may live for ourselves alone. The immortal bard has uttered this sentiment in these sublime words:—

Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,
Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touched
But to fine issues.

With one other quotation I will conclude. In 1876, our very excellent and greatly respected Provincial Grand Master expressed a wish that there might be "on the part of the fraternity in his province an earnest desire to study the principles upon which our ancient and time-honoured Order is founded," being well convinced that by doing so they would become better men, and better fitted for higher things than if they confined their attention to the mere routine work of the lodge. As in the monuments of which I have spoken, the outer covering of earth hid from sight the massive and imperishable portion of the sepulchral structure, which, when its solid materials are brought into view, is a token of marvellous engineering skill, so should the external ceremonial of Masonry be regarded as the simple clothing which conceals from the superficial observer those everlasting principles of Heaven-born truth, which it is our duty to study and to teach. May the lofty purposes of Masonry, which have been so earnestly fulfilled in the past by the members of the Airedale Lodge, continue to animate them through a long future, causing them to work harmoniously, in obedience to the will of Him who would have all men to be steeped in the effulgence of His Divine love.

The Pro Grand Master then rose, and said: Brethren, the ceremony of dedication being now completed in all its parts, it only remains for me to perform the task I undertook to day, namely to open this building. And it is open accordingly.

The musical part of the service was most impressive, the really fine consecration service of Bro. F. C. Atkinson (Mus. Bac., Cantab., P. Prov. G.O., W. Yorks.) having rarely had such an interpretation as was given to it on this occasion by the musical members of the lodge.

After the business of the lodge had been brought to a close, a sumptuous luncheon, under the superintendence of Bro. R. Brener, of the Belle Vue Hotel, Bradford (and which reflected the highest credit upon that brother for the ability and exquisite taste displayed in all its details), was served in the banqueting-room, after which the usual loyal and Masonic toasts were given and honoured.

In response to the toast of "The Right Hon. the Earl of Carnarvon, M.W. Pro Grand Master," which was most enthusiastically received with loud and continuous cheering, his lordship said: Worshipful Sir and Brethren—It is with no common feeling of satisfaction I find myself here to-day; and it is also a great satisfaction to meet with so hearty a welcome. If there was one circumstance that could have pleased me more than another it is the pleasure of having my health proposed by one of the oldest members of the Airedale Lodge; by one whom I am quite willing to accept as a representative brother. I thank the Airedale Lodge most heartily for their invitation; I thank the representatives of the Provincial Grand Lodge of West Yorkshire who have attended here to-day; and I thank all those representative brethren who have come to join in the interesting ceremony of to-day and to assist in giving me so hearty a welcome. I, too, share the regrets that have already been expressed of the lack of accommodation; but I rejoice to see so many here present. My knowledge of Yorkshire is, as yet, small, yet it is such as to teach me that no plainer, franker-speaking people lived than Yorkshire people, none who could give so hearty a welcome. The county possesses some of the best temporal gifts which God could send. Brethren, I cannot lay claim to an extended age in Masonry, as some around me can, but since I have been enrolled in its ranks I have taken great interest in its welfare. I can truly say I have never known the Craft in so prosperous a position. We are wealthy; we are powerful; we are free from internal strife; and that is a condition of which all who are in authority ought to be justly proud. May I qualify that remark, however, with one word of counsel, in a homely saying, "that times of prosperity are times of anxiety and watchfulness." Our strength lies not in the number, or the wealth of our members; it rather lies in our maintaining intact the great principles of Freemasonry, in standing steadfast to its great and good landmarks, in acting in whatever sphere we move, in our corporate and private capacities, honestly and honourably to its precepts. I am glad to have made your acquaintance to day, and I shall carry away with me a lively recollection of to-day's ceremony and of your truly fraternal welcome. I trust the day may not be far distant when I may have another opportunity of speaking to you (loud cheers); not then as a half stranger, but as an old friend. One reason that takes me away so soon and so hurriedly to-day is that I am going to see your late Provincial Grand Master, the Marquis of Ripon. He is an old and dear friend of mine. No one felt more deeply the loss we sustained by his secession from our Order than I. After many periods of doubt and anxiety did he decide on the action he took, and although I have no sympathy with his action, yet I believe he acted honestly and conscientiously to his convictions. I believe I was one of three friends to whom he communicated his change of creed and withdrawal from our ranks, but it was then too late to endeavour to dissuade him from his purpose. The act was then done. Of all the difficulties he had to contend with, mentally and otherwise—of all the sacrifices he felt called upon to make, I have reason to know that the severing of himself from Masonry was the greatest possible wrench his feelings sustained. I am sure, brethren, it will be a source of satisfaction to him to know, as it is to me, that though his Masonic brethren disagreed with the action he took he had not forfeited their esteem. Allow me again to thank you, and I hope soon to meet you again. (Loud and continued applause.)

His lordship again rose, and said:—I rise to give you the sentiment "Success to the New Hall." To no one could that task be more acceptable. May all the good omens which form a part of that strikingly interesting ceremony in which we have to day taken part be accomplished in this lodge. May the oil of kindly feeling and brotherly goodwill ever make smooth the differences and dissensions our natures are prone to; may the grain, the symbol of plenty, indicate the combined growth and prosperity of your lodge; and may the salt, which symbolises "the feast of reason and the flow of soul,"

make your Masonic meetings pleasant and attractive. Accept my every good wish for your prosperity.

The toasts of "The Visitors," "The Worshipful Master," "Past Masters," "The Building Committee," "The Secretary," "The Musical Committee," and last of all, "All Poor and Distressed," brought this red-letter day in the annals of the Airedale Lodge to a truly harmonious and happy termination.

Letters were received by the W. Master from the R.W. Prov. G. Master (Sir Henry Edwards, Bart.), and by the Secretary from the M.W. Pro G. and Master (the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Carnarvon), both expressing their acknowledgments for the reception, also approval of the admirable arrangements for their comfort and the pleasure generally which the day's proceedings had given them.

(To be continued.)

THIRLMERE LAKE.

THIS beautiful lake rejoices in four distinct names. The most ancient is Brackmeer, so called in Nicholson and Burn's "History of Cumberland and Westmorland," p. 79. It is thus noticed in the history, published 1777:—

"At the foot of Wythburn there is a large broad meer, or lake, called Brackmeer, well furnished with pike, perch, and eels; from the north end whereof issues the river Bure, which falls into Derwent below Keswick.

"At little below Brackmeer, at the head of Buredale, stands the ancient seat of the Leathes's, called *Dulchead*; which gave the name to a family of the Dales, whose daughter and heir was married to Leathes, of Leathes, in the parish of Aketon."

When Gray, the poet, visited the lakes in 1769, in his journal under date October 8th, he says: "Came to the foot of Helvellyn, along which runs an excellent road, looking down from a little height on Lee's water, (also called Thirl-meer or Wiborn-water),* and soon descending on its margin. The lake looks black from its depth, and from the gloom of the vast crags that scowl over it though clear as glass; it is narrow, and about three miles long resembling a river in its course."

Gilpin, in his tour, 1788, says: "We now approached the lake of Wyburn or Thirlmer, as it is sometimes called; an object every way suited to the ideas of desolation which surround it"—

A joyless coast

Around a stormy lake.

"And to impress still more the characteristic idea of the place, the road hanging over it ran along the edge of a precipice. One peculiar feature also belongs to it. About the middle of the lake, the shores, on each side nearly uniting, are joined by an Alpine bridge. I did not observe any picturesque beauty, arising from this circumstance, but rather a formality; at least from the stand where I viewed it. A communication, however, of this kind rather increases the romantic idea."

The earliest writers on Thirlmere do not seem to have discovered a tithe of its beauties in consequence of having passed it on the highway. The lower reach of the lake is completely hidden from view by Great How, a fine, wooded

* Gray always spells names of places as he heard them pronounced. Leathes-water, Thirlmeer, and Wythburn being the correct spelling at that time.

eminence, famous for its hazel nuts. To make a good day's excursion, the tourist should take his route through the Vale of St. John's, which he can do either on foot or by waggonette. He would drive three miles, having the River Greta, with Brundholme Woods, on his left, backed up by Blencathra and Loftly Skiddaw. At the third mile-stone he should turn to the right, and enter St. John's Valley, with Hollin root on his left and Shundrahaw on his right. In front, as he crosses the valley, there is Hill Top, the ancient seat of the Gaskarths, a family of great respectability in their day. It was the Rev. Dr. Gaskarth who gave £200, two centuries ago, to increase the endowment of St. John's Chapel, and his family enjoyed the right of presentation alternately with the freeholders, till one of his descendants sold it to the first Earl of Lonsdale. Another clergyman of the family, who owned Hill Top, had a daughter who married Colonel Howard, afterwards Lord Andover, and ultimately Earl of Suffolk. Her portrait, a beautiful one, was unfortunately destroyed by a fire, which took place at Greystoke Castle, not many years ago. Next the tourist passes Lowthwaite, a neat country residence of the Williamsons, long settled there. As he progresses the valley narrows, and Castle Rock (of Sir Walter Scott's *Bridal of Triermain*) comes prominently into view, and stands a perpendicular mass of rock, resembling in form a huge tower or keep of the olden times.

Passing Stanah, the occupation-road turns to the right and leads into the Keswick and Ambleside turnpike-road. Here it turns to the left, and half a mile brings you to Thrispot, where there is a road-side inn, with the sign of the King's Head. Here may be seen an ancient sign, preserved inside the house, having the following distich upon it:—

John Stanley lives here and sells good Ale,
Come in and drink it before it goes stale.
He succeeded his father Peter,
And i'th old man's time, it was never better.

Just beyond the inn, the road to the lake leaves the turnpike and passes Dalehead Hall, which stands on the right, with a fine green field stretching down to the lake. In half a mile you come to the stone foot-bridge, which looks as indestructible as if it had been built by the Romans, albeit they have not left much to mark their way through this remote lake and mountain land. There is no cement used, and therefore we may conclude that it is British in imitation of Roman work. Here the tourist should leave his vehicle, cross over the bridge, and walk along the western shore of the lower reach of the lake; then he will discover that its principal beauties are to be seen along this side. Green, in his excellent guide, says: "Mrs. Radcliffe, like others who have written upon it, seems not to have deviated from the turnpike-road, for she says: "This is a long but narrow and unadorned lake, having little else than walls and rocky fells starting from its margin. It is much to be regretted," he adds "that Mrs. Radcliffe did not traverse the western side, for, had she done so, the public would doubtless have been much gratified by her descriptions of some of the finest scenes in nature." The distance from Keswick by the direct road over the bridge, which cuts the lake in two, is about thirteen miles, and may be done only on foot. But the pedestrian would do well to take the Keswick road to Ambleside so far as near the end of Shoulthwaite Moss, then diverge by an occupation-road past Smathwaite, round the foot of the lake to Armboth and so cross the foot-bridge. By this route you have Raven Crag, Bull Crag, and Fisher Crag on your right, and the bends, promontories and islets on the lake are seen stretched at full length at your feet as you traverse the ancient mountain road. The way I have indicated, through the valley of St. John's, adds about two miles to the distance. Southey says there are no legends in the lake country, and, indeed, they are very few, and those there are would have puzzled that incomparable magician to have made a taking story of them.

Take for example the story of Clark's Leap. It is given in "Clarke's Survey of the Lakes," published 1787, a folio volume, and is "dedicated to H.R.H. Henry Frederick, Duke of Cumberland and Strathern, Earl of Dublin, Ranger of Windsor Great Park, Admiral of the Blue Squadron, Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, Grand Master, &c., &c., &c.; The Right Honourable Thomas Howard, Earl of Effingham, Lord Howard, acting Grand Master; Sir Peter Parker, Bart., Deputy Grand Master; the Grand Wardens, past and present Grand Officers of the Grand Lodge of England, and brethren of the most ancient and honourable society of *Free and Accepted Masons*: This book is humbly dedicated by their most obedient brother and servant—JAMES CLARKE."

He says, "Passing Swirly Gate, a little beyond the seven mile-post, is seen a rock jutting out into the Lake, which has got the name of *Clark's Leap* from the following strange story: A man of the name of Clark was jealous of his wife to that degree that he was resolved to put an end to his own existence. He communicated his resolution to his wife, and told her at the same time, that he was determined to hang himself. To this she objected, for fear it might prove too painful. He then said he would shoot himself; but from this she likewise dissuaded him, for fear he might not kill himself outright, and so suffer extreme pain to no purpose. He next proposed to drown himself; this pleased her, and they went very lovingly to the water's edge. He then proposed to wade in, but she said the weather was very cold, that he would suffer much needless pain. They then walked by the water side till they came to this rock, which she told him she thought was fit for his purpose, as the water was deep enough at the edge to drown him. He was then going to throw himself directly in, but she told him he might hurt himself against the rock before he reached the water, so that he had better take a run and leap as far as he could. He followed her advice; very calmly put off his coat and took his leap. She staid till she saw him drowned, and then returned fully satisfied that she had done her duty in giving him the best advice she could. This story she related to her neighbours, and I had the curiosity (for she is still alive) to ask it from her own mouth."

(To be continued.)

COME, FORTH MY LOVE!

BY J. TATLOW.

COME forth, my love. The rude north wind hath fled,
 No longer doth he scourge the shrinking wold;
 The gentle zephyrs softly breathe instead,
 While glowing Phœbus tints the scene with gold;
 Again bright Flora's laughing nymphs bespread
 The greenning meads; once more each brooklet flows
 In glitt'ring radiance o'er its pebbly bed,
 And sings a song of gladness as it goes.
 To welcome spring the regal oaks, in state
 Magnificent, their vernal robes renew;
 To greet the sun the lark doth leave its mate,
 And mounts, with song, the empyrean blue.
 Thou comest, sweet! my glad heart bounds elate,
 As thy bright presence crowns the sylvan view.

A MEMORABLE YEAR IN ENGLISH MASONRY.

There are few institutions, as there are few nations, in whose history there are no bright particular epochs at which there occurred events that have exercised a beneficial and enduring influence over their subsequent fortunes, and certainly our Freemasonry is no exception to the rule. Just as for instance the Englishman looks back with pride to the year 1215, when Magna Charta was signed by John, as marking the inauguration of his boasted liberties, to 1603 as strengthening British interests by the union of the English and Scottish crowns; and to 1757 as the commencement of our supremacy over the vast and densely-populated peninsula of Hindostan; so does the English Freemason call to mind with the liveliest feelings of satisfaction the events of the year 1717, when the Four Old Lodges met together and elected one Anthony Sayer, gentleman, as Grand Master of England; the year 1790, when, for the first time in the annals of our Craft, a Prince, who was heir-apparent to the throne, was chosen to preside over its destinies; or 1813, when the dissensions which had prevailed in our midst for some three-quarters of a century were put an end to, and the union of the rival Grand Lodges of England was so happily consummated—never, let us hope, again to be disturbed. It is to this last mentioned year, though not alone to the event I have just referred to, to which I am about to draw the attention of my readers.

There is no single year throughout the whole history of Speculative Freemasonry into which are crowded so many interesting events as 1813. Taking these events in the order of their occurrence, I find that on the 27th January, a magnificent fête was held at Freemasons' Hall for the purpose of doing honour to one of the most distinguished men and Masons that ever wore the insignia of our order. I allude to the Earl of Moira, who had filled the high office of Acting Grand Master during the whole of the Grand Mastership of George, Prince of Wales, and who, being on the eve of leaving England, in order to take up the Governor-Generalship of India, was under the necessity of resigning his office. More than thirty years previously his lordship had won distinction as a military commander during the war of American Independence. He had subsequently served in Flanders under H.R.H. the Duke of York, and had likewise rendered important service to his sovereign as an hereditary member of the British Legislature. How admirably he justified his selection for the arduous office of British Viceroy of India is a matter of history that needs no comment here; but it may not be so generally known that Lord Moira, if he did not take the initiative in the fortunately successful attempt to bring about the union of the Regular and Atholl Grand Lodges, was one of its earliest and most ardent promoters. To the Duke of Sussex and Kent belongs the chief honour of having contributed to bring about the union, but the labours in the same direction of the Earl of Moira place him almost on a level with Their Royal Highnesses. Be this as it may it was his lordship's first care to exert all his influence in removing such prejudices as had previously existed; and he it was who, on the 21st July, 1810, presided at the first of the united committees of the two Grand Lodges appointed to consider the terms of reconciliation—the Athol brethren being his lordship's guests on the occasion. No wonder then that, when he was on the point of leaving for India, the opportunity should be taken by the chiefs of his own Grand Lodge to indicate in some especially pronounced way their sense of his eminent services to the cause of Universal Masonry. Hence this banquet at which, in the absence of the Grand Master the Prince Regent, his brother and Deputy, the Duke of Sussex, presided. The Earl of Moira had the place of honour to the right of the chair, and among those present were Their Royal Highnesses the Dukes of York, Clarence, Kent, Cumberland, and Gloucester,

the Swedish Ambassador, Lord Kinnaird, Sir John Doyle, and all the most distinguished members of the regular Craft. The principal gallery was set apart for ladies, among whom was the Countess of Loudoun and Moira, while in the other was posted the Duke of Kent's band. Even in those days, indeed, it would be difficult to picture to the imagination a more brilliant assembly; while as to the arrangements, which gave to the fête a kind of public character during the first part of the proceedings, so as to admit of the presence of the ladies, the latter being wholly Masonic, nothing could have been in better taste. It is hardly necessary to say that everything passed off most successfully, the meeting being roused to a pitch of enthusiasm when the toast of the evening, the health of "The Earl of Moira, the Friend of his Prince, of his Country, and of Mau," was proposed by the illustrious chairman, and drunk with three times three, a song by Bro. Rodwell Wright, Provincial Grand Master of the Ionian Islands, specially written for the occasion, accompanying it. When the noble Earl had returned thanks the ladies withdrew, Grand Lodge was opened and tyled, and the Duke of Sussex, after having given the customary toasts, rose and delivered another speech in honour of Lord Moira, at the close of which he presented to his lordship a magnificent jewel, intrinsically of great value, as a work of art exquisitely beautiful, but, as indicating the warm feelings of the whole craft towards the noble recipient for his Masonic services, beyond all price. When the gift had been acknowledged in most eloquent terms, other toasts followed, Grand Lodge was closed, and one of the most honourable episodes in the history of our Craft was closed likewise.

At a Quarterly Communication on the 7th April, the Earl of Moira sent in his resignation as Acting Grand Master, and a letter was read from H.R.H. the Prince Regent, in which *his Royal Highness resigned the office of Grand Master*. The latter resignation was, of course, accepted, but with the acceptance was coupled the unanimous expression of a wish that the Prince would become the Patron of the Order. A suitable address for his great services and the deep interest he had always taken in the Craft was agreed to, while a worthy successor to the Regent as Grand Master was found in the person of his brother, H.R.H. The Duke of Sussex, who for some time had held the office of Deputy Grand Master, and who, on this occasion, was unanimously elected to occupy the vacant Masonic throne.

The first act of the illustrious Duke in his new capacity was to preside at the Anniversary Festival of the Masonic Girls' School, which was held on the 14th of the same month, or only a few days later, in Freemasons' Hall. His brother, the Duke of Kent, was present, as well as a distinguished muster of guests, among whom were Curran, the famous Irish lawyer, and a Captain Bock, an officer in the Russian army, who had arrived in England shortly before, and whose reception was most enthusiastic—as will be readily understood when I point out that Russia and Great Britain were firmly allied together against Napoleon Bonaparte, and that the former had just succeeded in driving back and almost annihilating the invading hosts that would, had not Providence willed it otherwise, have enslaved the empire of the Czar. The occasion is only memorable for the speech of the Duke of Sussex, in which, in proposing the health of the eminent Curran, he said, "a Master of the Rolls might be found every day, but a CURRAN could not."

On the 12th May, a Grand Lodge was held at Willis's Rooms, St. James's. The chair was taken by the Duke of Kent, who, in due course, and according to ancient and solemn form, installed his royal brother, the Duke of Sussex, as M.W. Grand Master for the year. Among the brethren appointed Grand Officers were Lord Dundas, Deputy Grand Master; and Bros. W. H. White, Grand Secretary; the Chevalier Ruspini, Grand Swordbearer; and Samuel Wesley, Grand Organist; amongst the Grand Stewards was Bro. Rev. Samuel Hemming, D.D. When this part of the proceedings was over, Grand Lodge took into consideration the services rendered by Bro. W. H. White, who,

during the thirty years he had held the office of Grand Secretary, had fulfilled his important duties "with honour and credit to himself and to the entire satisfaction of the brethren at large," and it was unanimously agreed that a handsome vote of thanks should be recorded to Bro. White, and that a piece of plate of the value of one hundred guineas, and bearing an appropriate inscription, should accompany the vote.

On the 17th of the same month, the Duke of Sussex was re-elected "Grand Master" of the Supreme Grand Chapter of Royal Arch Masons of England, with Comps. John Dent and John Aldridge as his assistants in place of the Earl of Moira and Comp. W. Rodwell Wright, who had resigned in consequence of having received official appointments in the public service abroad. The business of the chapter was concluded by "a unanimous vote of thanks to their highly respected Bro. and Comp., W. R. Wright, Esq., accompanied with a request that he would accept a present of plate, of not less than three hundred guineas value, in token of their regard and esteem, and as an humble tribute of acknowledgment for the very eminent service he had rendered to the order during the long series he had assisted in presiding over them." The account concludes: "This being the Annual Festival, the remainder of the day was devoted to social intercourse and conviviality;" so it seems that in those days Grand Chapter as well as Grand Lodge had an Annual Festival.

On the 23rd June, at a Grand Lodge held in Freemasons' Hall, under H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex, a letter from Col. McMahon was read, announcing in the most flattering terms that H.R.H. the Prince Regent "had been graciously pleased to continue the Society under his protection, and allow himself to be styled 'Grand Patron of the Craft,' and a bust of His Royal Highness, of the value of one hundred guineas, was voted to be placed in the Hall over the chair of the Grand Master."

On the 1st December, H.R.H. the Duke of Kent was formally installed Grand Master, at a special communication of the "Ancient" Grand Lodge, in place of the Duke of Atholl, whose resignation as Grand Master had been accepted at another special meeting held on the 8th November. The installation of the Duke of Kent was witnessed by the Duke of Sussex and a number of his Grand Officers, who, in order that they might be present, had been previously made Ancient Masons in a room adjoining.

Of the act of Union between the two Grand Lodges, which, taking place on the 27th December, brought this "memorable year in English Masonry" to a close, I need say little. To the wisdom which planned, and the ability, tact, and judgment which carried the design of the Union to a successful issue on this eventful day, we owe the present prosperity of our United Grand Lodge of England. But the story of this Union has been too well told by Hughan and others to need repetition in this paper. Suffice it to say that the bright star of Masonic prosperity which was in the ascendant on the 27th January, 1813, when honour was done to the Earl of Moira, reached its zenith on the 27th December, when was accomplished that grand Union, to bring about which he had laboured so well and worthily during so many years.

To conclude with a question. Am I not right in describing the year 1813 as a memorable one in English Masonry? In the first of its twelve months was held a Masonic fête, with six Royal Dukes present, in honour of the Earl of Moira, the soldier, the statesman—"the friend of his Prince, of his Country, and of Man." In the last was consummated the Union. In the interim were installed two royal brothers as Grand Masters respectively of the rival Grand Lodges. The office of Grand Patron was instituted and two worthy brethren publicly honoured. I, say, then, there are few years like it in our history.

And whence think you, reader, I have derived most of my information as to the details, at least, of the above story? From Masonic sources? Well, no; from the pages of an ordinary magazine of the year.

G. B. A.

GOING HOME:

A CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL EPISODE.

BY HORACE WEIR.

A WAY from the roar of the noisy old town
They brought us a bairnie one night;
We tenderly, lovingly laid the boy down—
So weak did he look, and so white.

Each moment we thought little Rob would have died,
As the surgeon his limb cut away;
But he rallied, then opened his eyes, and he cried
"I shall never be able to play."

We could not persuade him to look at his toys;
But he lay and he list to the chimes,
And the shouts in the street of the girls and the boys,
And the birds as they sang in the limes.

To be patient and good the little boy tried,
As he lay in his cot day by day;
We nursed him with care, but we knew that the tide
Of his life was fast ebbing away.

Of a picture that hung o'er his head he caught sight,
And divine was the lustre that shone
From the face of our Lord, the sweet Fountain of Light,
As he bless'd the wee bairns one by one.

Poor Robbie had heard of the Saviour of men,
Though his years upon earth were but seven;
He remembered this text, and he quoted it then—
"For of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

One night as the wild wind went shivering by,
Like the sobbing of souls in deep pain,
Rob saw me in tears, and he said, "Do not cry;
I shall go very soon home again.

"My mother is lost, and my father is dead,
And if I am to die—I don't care;
I saw a sweet angel last night by my bed,
And she told me of Father—up there!

"She told me that I had grown better, not worse,
And she bade me rejoice and be glad;
And she asked me to give you her blessing, dear nurse,
For the love you have shown a poor lad."

* * * * *

The call came at last, and Rob, patient and meek,
(On this earth never more will he roam)
With a smile on his face, and a tear on his cheek—
Had gone to his Father and Home.

AFTER ALL;

OR, THRICE WON.

BY HENRY CALVERT APPLEBY,

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

CHAPTER XIX.

Guide, philosopher, and friend.—POPE.

ARTHUR HUMBERTON sat in his room thinking, and he had much to occupy his thoughts. Stern events had filled up the last few years, making a solid framework on which to build his active imagination; a suggestive support for the flowers of his fancy, which twined hither and thither, in and out of the trellis-work of his past life. He sat warming his feet before the cosy bars of his bachelor's fire, and musing as he gazed on the bright red coals, blazing and crackling as if for joy. Cold and crisp was the weather without, while the biting wind blew in a rattling gust against the shaky window, and set everything in its neighbourhood vibrating. Warm and cheerful was the ruddy glow within, and Arthur thought of those less comfortable than himself as the fleeting ideas chased themselves through his mind.

His thoughts reverted back to the time when he had first seen the beautiful Olivia at Mr. Phane's office, and he traced their successive meetings from that happy one at the evening party to their last, after her mother's death. What strange vicissitudes had troubled his existence since their acquaintance; how he had known a heaven of love, a hell of separation. Their meetings, only too few and short, when he had lived in a romantic Aiden with his beloved one; how he had counted the heavy hours when absent from her side; how he had struggled to win a reputation and position for her sake; and how all his hopes had been rudely dashed to the ground. His career of successes had been chequered with despair. He had always been true to his first love, notwithstanding the attraction of others, and almost thrice had he won Olivia for his own. But was she indeed inclined towards him now; he who had a stain on his character? Had she forgotten her attachment to poor Merrislope, and returned to her old love? Who could tell?

Thus he ruminated over his position. Now he was rich by his own exertions, success having attended his musical efforts. Was it money that made him friends, or was it purely for himself that they flocked round him in his prosperity? Or were they attracted to this slave of thousands, this dirty god, this vile idol—money? Yea, this yellow slave, the root of all evil, is indeed a wonder-worker, making and unmaking friends as with the touch of a wand. 'Tis a good soldier that gilds the knave and troubles the brave.

"Yes," soliloquised Arthur, "Shakespeare was not wrong when he said 'Put money in thy purse!' The man who cannot wield the numismatical power of a financier must fail in this world. A man with a lack of roneaux is shunned like the plague, but a veritable god is he who possesses a lac of rupees. Ha! ha! I'm growing humorous. But hist, who comes now?"

It was a tripping, cheerful step at the door, and a merry rat-tat-tat at the grotesque knocker, and in walked Dr. Chirrup, seemingly brimming over with fun. A portly little man, stout and comfortable-looking, who might almost have been called "podgy," but that it would have been insulting his good nature. Jovial to a degree, he was at the same time a kind, warm-hearted man, whose genial manner betrayed his soul within. Not that he possessed

a shallow nature, but he was open and frank in his disposition, while he was as capable of working a problem as of doing a good deed.

"Well, Mr. Humberton, how are you?" he said, before Arthur had recovered his surprise at the unexpected visit. "You look startled. I thought I would just pop in and cheer you up a bit, and I trust you will never require my professional services; I have plenty of work. Don't be downhearted, man; come, cheer up."

"No, thanks, Dr. Chirrup, I am not miserable; merely musing. But I am very glad to see you; it does me good."

"Thanks, thanks; but you do too much of that melancholy 'musing,' as you term it. Why don't you be and feel jolly as I do, and I've had plenty of trouble in my time?"

"Ay, but not like mine," said Humberton, sadly, as his thoughts went back to the past.

"Tut, tut, boy, you don't know what trouble is yet. Look here, you'll have to use more philosophy than you have done if you intend to live a happy life. Now I've taken a fancy to you, and I'm going to give you a bit of good advice now and then, and not having been blessed with sons of my own I shall talk to you like a father at times, and I know you'll be sure enough to listen, and I hope you may profit by my experience."

"It is very good of you to take such an interest in me," returned Arthur, gratefully.

"Don't mention that. Now I know where your thoughts are. I've been similarly placed myself. Courage, man; remember how Colonel Hay epigrammatically says:

Wisely a woman prefers to a lover a man who neglects her.
This one may love her some day; some day the lover will not;

and

There are three species of creatures, who when they seem coming are going,
When they seem going they come. Diplomats, women, and crabs.

"Yes, but I don't see the particular bearing of those quotations," objected Arthur.

"No, you won't look at it in a proper spirit. You know its 'years that bring the philosophic mind,' according to Wordsworth. Depend upon it, my young friend, philosophy is adversity's sweet milk, as the divine Shakespeare terms it; a good horse that teaches by examples, triumphing easily over difficulties. Does not the imaginative Keat say 'that it will clip an angel's wings?' My dear fellow, if you will only take the trouble to analyze the difficulties that seem to you insurmountable and unconquerable, you will laugh at the idea that they should ever have troubled you. Try a little Baconism—multiply your enjoyments and mitigate your sufferings. Thanks, I will take a cigar;" and the little old gentleman soon half filled the room with smoke, while he gave vent to profound sentiments between the puffs. "You know—puff, puff—the first idea—puff—is to diminish misery—puff. One must not grasp too much—puff—that is a false philosophy—puff—but economize. The great source of melancholia is too great faith being placed in the fulfilment of hopeful anticipation. One should always be prepared for disappointment if it comes, and ready to bear up against it, though it need not be expected. 'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof;' live in the present, and leave the past and the future in a shadowy, uncertain unfulfilment; vain regrets and wild speculations will only work misery and discontent." And the doctor having delivered himself of this good advice and rather mixed metaphor set himself once more to vigorously puffing his cigar.

"But you would not have one attempt the indifference of a Stoic, or practice Platonic philosophy? Am I to give up every comforting trace of romance that gilds the stern face of fact for a cold, cheerless philosophy that

renounces even facts themselves, and replaces them with impossible theories? Human nature is not capable of it; in fact, does not Shakspeare himself say, 'There never was philosopher yet that could endure the toothache patiently?'" and Arthur having delivered himself of this retaliation, triumphantly waited to see what his good-natured companion would reply to it.

A few contemplative puffs, and Dr. Chirrup replied in the best possible humour:

"My dear fellow, do I look cold, cheerless, and unromantic, and am I an impossible fact? I think I am pretty solid," he said, with a laugh, tapping his broad chest with his hand. "Now don't run to extremes, but just clear away a little of the romantic nonsense, and you will find your troubles all the easier to bear. Depend upon it if you only wait long enough all will come right even yet."

"I believe you are right, doctor, and I am much obliged to you for your encouraging counsel, which I will try to follow," and Arthur sighed as he sought relief from his thoughts in the distorted fancies pictured in the glowing embers of the shining grate, while the door-bell tinkled unmelodiously. "Pardon my abstraction, but I am a poor companion to-night," said Arthur, rousing himself.

"Don't trouble yourself on my account. Here's someone ferreted me out, and I must go; but cheer up, and we shall see big things yet. Good bye!"

A hearty shake of the hand, and the good-hearted doctor took his departure to attend a fresh patient who required his professional services, while Arthur turned his words over in his mind, and meditated far into the evening, after which he felt that the doctor's call had not been in vain.

CHAPTER XX.

Drown'd in the gloom and horror.—TENNYSON.

FULL of poetic philosophy, Arthur wended his way one fine night to Manville Villa. It was some time since he had visited the residence of his beloved Olivia, though he had been often prompted to do so. But he wished to leave Olivia free to follow her own fancy, without attempting to sway her actions. Twice had he won her affections; twice had she refused him. Yet he felt that he had a strange influence over her whenever they met, but he determined to wait the course of events without using undue efforts in the direction he would most have wished. He hardly knew why he was going that night, and he felt a strange flutter at his heart as he drew nearer and nearer to the house where he had been in days of yore with many conflicting emotions.

Miss Phane was in, and glad to see him. At first they spoke of recent events and common-place things. But there was a restraint observable in them both, arising from a fear that they should touch upon subjects painful to either, and a mutual misapprehension of their feelings towards one another. Did he still love her as before, and was he honest? were the thoughts to arise in Olivia's mind, and she answered herself in the affirmative. Humberton, too, imagined that she still loved him with her first love, but he was handicapped like herself by not knowing that his letters to her of long ago, protesting his innocence of the crime attributed to him, had been cruelly intercepted. Thus they were both placed in false positions. Mr. Phane was not well, and could not be seen, so they were alone.

By some accident or other—how it happened they could never tell, for they guarded carefully against alluding to the past—the subject of Humberton's disastrous adventure was broached, and suddenly Arthur exclaimed:

"Miss Phane, do you believe my innocence? Do you believe that the accounts as they appeared in the newspaper at the time are literally true, that I was robbed by two ruffians of the money I was taking charge of, which I strongly suspect to have been part of a villanous plot to ruin me? Oh, how I have suffered to think I was branded as a thief in your eyes!" said Arthur passionately, and anxiously awaiting her reply.

"No, no, I don't believe that; I have always thought you innocent," said Olivia feelingly; "but you never explained this to me before, and I have suffered much to think that you had never vindicated your character to me, though I never believed you guilty."

"What? Did you never receive my letter explaining all?"

"No; I never knew anything about it" said Olivia in accents of surprise.

"Then it has been intercepted. Oh cruel, cruel! But I wrote two: did you never get either?" asked Arthur excitedly.

"No. Indeed, I thought you had forgotten me," she said quietly.

"Never: we have both been deceived—tricked. How much unhappiness to both of us might have been saved had we only known," returned Arthur sadly; and do you still love me with the old love?" he asked in earnest tones.

For answer she laid her head on his shoulder, and allowed him to take her tiny hands and kiss them, and his arm stole around her waist, when a loud shriek aroused them from their reverie, and Olivia recognised the voice of little Dolly.

She immediately rushed away to find out the cause of her scream, and found that she had awoke from a horrid dream, and she soon pacified her. After this interruption the lovers again held sweet communion, and Arthur at last pressed the question: "Will you be mine?"

"I cannot tell you now, Arthur" she replied, accompanied with a beseeching, loving glance. And Arthur pressed her to him and gently kissed her yielding lips, which were half raised up to his, and after one long embrace he tore himself away from his precious enchantress, for such indeed she was to him; and with all his determination he could not resist the sweet influence of those lips and eyes, both eloquent in the living language of love; and as he left the house he mentally promised to return on the morrow and receive his answer.

Olivia, though happy, still thought of her father's troubles, financial and domestic. The loss of her mother had been a great grief to her, and she knew how much her father had suffered too, and determined to do all in her power to soothe his sorrow. Poor Merrisslope, too, was almost mad, and roamed about the country like an escaped lunatic; and she blamed herself for much of his misery. It was just six months since she had refused him at the altar, and he had grown worse ever since.

As for Arthur, he once again felt his old spirits return, as with a brisk step he walked homewards. Away with the spirit of philosophy and back to the regions of romance. Romance was life and soul to him; how could he play the part of a cynic while such a creature as Olivia Phane lived? Impossible! "The age of romance can never cease," and I believe Carlyle is right. A touch of Quixotic Utopianism gives a spice of enjoyment to reality, without which one would soon be satiated of plain unvarnished facts." Thus he mused as he gazed at the fleecy clouds in the light of the silver moon, and his imaginative fancy pictured sylph-like fairies in their pure white forms, which mythical whim he followed as the clouds altered their shapes, without noticing whither he was going. Chimeras of all kinds were created in his fertile brain, as he went on inventing original ideas from the suggestive forms of the soft white vapour that hung in woolly billows in the cerulean sky. Air-castles they were, floating in his mind, and he conjured up a vision of his beautiful Olivia as their queen, reigning over his heart and countless retinues of servants. On, on he went, indulging in his reveries of conception—his ideal

dream—and giving “to airy nothing a local habitation and a name.” He walked while possessed with this rhapsodic vision like a somnambulist phantasm. Olivia’s soul-stirring kiss still possessed him, and filled his brain with fleeting phantasies of bliss outvieing the “Arabian Nights” in their splendour. Now, indeed, was he experiencing “a fine phrenzy” in his “thick-coming fancies”; and his mind’s eye pictured in vivid colours “such stuff as dreams are made of,” until in his sanguine ecstasy he noticed not that he had doubled on his course and was again approaching the neighbourhood of Manville Villa, until a wild shriek for help and a figure fleeting in the distance rudely roused him from the millennium of his trance, and he wondered where he was. Still the cry for assistance rang in his ears, and he impulsively ran in the direction of the figure. It was flying at a terrible speed, and it appeared to be a man carrying something white that floated behind him. Nothing was heard now save the running, and Arthur gradually gained on the object of his pursuit; and now he fancied the burden bore a resemblance to a woman. And then he remembered that he had just passed the house of the Phanés. Could it be Olivia?

These thoughts floated like lightning as he hotly pursued the figure; and then he thought of Merrisslope, and was it possible that he was running off with Miss Phane? *’Twas the act of a madman*, and every circumstance seemed to be in favour of the supposition though he had had no time for collecting his thoughts, and all seemed a mystery to him. On, on they excitedly tore, the pursued now urged by the sound of pursuit, until the river came in sight. Oh, horrible! He was rushing straight for it; what would he do? Was he going to plunge in and thus end the existence of himself and the girl who had refused him? How the seconds seemed to drag as Arthur, nerved almost to despair, raced after them and never seemed to get any nearer! Now it seemed as though they were both standing still, now they were getting out of his reach again, and his feet felt as though shod with lead. On, on he strove; only a few yards now separated him from them; could he reach them before the wild plunge was made? Burdened though he was, Merrisslope (for it was he) seemed gifted with the agility of a fawn, and ran as only a madman could have done. Three more strides and they would be in the river, when Arthur caught the loose flowing robe of Olivia, and they all three plunged in together, Merrisslope clutching his prey with the tenacity of a demon. Down, down they sank, and then slowly rose to the black surface of the swift flowing river, both Arthur and Merrisslope almost exhausted with their run, and having swallowed large quantities of water. Merrisslope would not relinquish his clutch, but he struggled with the vigour of a maniac devoid of fear. The suspense was terrible to Arthur. How could he act? At present they were rapidly drifting, but soon they would sink, and he felt that it would be never to rise again. They were getting lower and lower in the water, when Arthur freed one of his hands and aimed a blow at Merrisslope as a last chance, when the latter’s head struck against the buttress of a bridge, and he loosed his hold and sank to rise no more. Arthur now, with difficulty, kept himself afloat with the insensible form of Olivia, while he strove to keep her head above water. But it was no use; they were inevitably sinking, and with a last despairing effort he endeavoured to raise her above the water, while his own head sank below. A gurgling sound and all was over, and the dark rolling waters passed on unconscious of their guilt. All this had happened within the space of five minutes—an epoch of fearful agony.

Merrisslope had been hanging round Manville Villa, and had seen Olivia come out on to the balcony to inhale the cool night air for a few moments, and while she was deeply plunged in thought he had stolen behind her and carried her off. At first he led her down the steps without materially alarming her, until he reached the foot, when he flung open the garden door and carried her bodily away at full speed, her screams at the time attracting Arthur Humberton. There had been little time for thought, and action had

to be prompt; but into those few moments years of suffering had been crowded. Now the moon was hidden behind a dark cloud, shrouding the earth in solemn gloom, but the stars twinkled brightly as before, and a brilliant meteor shot across the sky and then plunged into the realms of space.

(To be continued.)

MASONIC RECITATION,

*Composed and repeated on the occasion of the Installation of Bro. George Porteous
as W.M. of the Williamson Lodge, 949, September 2, 1881.*

BY BRO. C. MACNAMARA, W.M. 97.

COME, brethren all, your joy record,
For our brother now to health restored,
At length with the Master's square array'd,
Oh, may his prestige never fade !

Now, since he's reached the Master's chair,
And does its flowing honours bear,
Oh, may he advance from day to day
In Masonry, and all the fruits display.

May he rule the Lodge with truth and love,
An herald of that Lodge above ;
May he the wise King's path pursue,
His rulings righteous, just, and true.

To the "Williamson" may he ever cling,
And greater honours may he bring
To its old fame, and may he prove
How Masons work, how Masons love.

But since you've placed him in yon chair,
Remember, brethren, 'tis but fair
That you support your own free choice,
And with your help his heart rejoice.

As W.M. of 949,
May your just honours on him shine,
Both full and fair; and may health and will
Be given, its duties to fulfil.

And as the sun rises in the east,
May he, like it, with zeal increas't
Attain at last his greatest height,
With fame and labours sound and "bright."

May all true joy attend you then—
We wish it, sir, again, again ;
And may the Lodge a portal be
To Life's own great Eternity !

“GLEANINGS FROM THE BLUE.”

A REVIEW.

THIS is a little selection printed for private circulation from the Christ's Hospital magazine, and dedicated to an esteemed friend and brother, Dr. Brette, Christ's Hospital. There are in the little work many indications of originality and talent, of high promise, and of future excellence, and several of the “selections,” both in poetry and prose, are well worth reading, and, above all, preserving from that “oblivion” which too often sometimes falls here—on the efforts of “genius,” on the “toils of inanity” alike. Let us seek to be more just, and consequently more “Masonic.” The first little morceau” to which we deem it well to call special and approving attention, is headed in French, “A un Vieux Fauteuil.” It is alike simple and truthful; the idea is very well carried out, and is exceedingly suggestive.

A UN VIEUX FAUTEUIL.

O fauteuil d'autrefois, vieux meuble de famille,
Grâce à toi, mon esprit remonte au temps passé.
J'aime à te voir le soir près du foyer qui brille,
Avec ta soie usée et ton bois tout cassé.

A mon père tu fus offert un jour de fête ;
Tes bras ont soutenu jadis ses bras tremblants ;
Voici la place vide où reposait sa tête
Grave et douce à la fois sous ses beaux cheveux blancs.

Grâce à toi, je revois sa noble et pure image,
Son air de patriarche et son front soucieux ;
Notre mère en silence observe son visage,
Et nous à leurs côtés les adorons des yeux.

Hélas ! Ces jours sont loin ! Depuis bien des années
Tes maîtres sont partis, ô mon vieux serviteur !
Mes cheveux ont blanchi, tes fleurs se sont fanées,
Et nous voilà brisés par le Temps destructeur.

Mais plus nous vieillissons, plus chère m'est ta vue.
Reste, ô reste avec moi jusqu'au jour du trépas,
Et quand ma dernière heure, ami, sera venue,
Laisse-moi doucement m'endormir dans tes bras !

A very amusing little skit on the “Good Old Times” points out truly and fairly enough that mercenary art of “cruel expressions” and proverbial sheep-walking in which we all, more or less, are apt to indulge.

GOOD OLD TIMES.

We have all heard of the good old times ; we do not know when they were, or what they were, but we were told that they were something very different from anything that we personally have experienced.

The mention of them is so frequent that after a while their antiquity becomes more evident than their excellence : we come to loathe the mouldy fragments thus cast in our teeth, and, beginning to fancy that the times now belauded as good and old must once have been bad and new, and may at that date have been disadvantageously contrasted with some past excellence, we come to doubt in the very existence of good old times, as a certain historical personage did in the existence of Mrs. 'Arris.

When were these good old times ? Where is the contemporary record of them ? When was the glorious present ? Poets rave about an excellent past and a glorious future, but the present is, to them, always disgusting : in fact, happiness with them is like jam with the “white queen”—it comes yesterday or to-morrow, but never to-day.

We will leave the future alone, and confine our attention to the past. In the earliest records of the human race we soon come upon a fratricide : such times seem rather “old”

than "good." In the early days of the Christian Church, when we might expect absolute serenity and virtue, we read of querulous widows and hypocritical philanthropists.

Whence, then, arises this idea of departed excellence? It is just possible that it is a bit of grumble. Discontented with the present, men throw a halo over the past: human nature loves a grievance, and having found one, hugs it.

Of a piece with this, as it seems to some, is the hackneyed regret for childhood: what humanity generally does for its own past, that each individual does for his: that is to say, extols it at the expense of the present. The past being hopelessly gone, what can be a simpler and safer grumble than to profess regret for it? The broken toys and scalding tears of childhood are carefully forgotten, while the present uneasiness is exaggerated. If we would but be honest with ourselves, we should find that the past was not so nice and the present not so nasty as we profess it to be.

It has been hinted that poets are mainly responsible for these fictions: to quote passages depicting the delights of a sensual and otiose past would be an endless task. Instances will occur to all. One poet, however, stands out as a noble exception. Homer makes a hero profess his belief that his generation is better than the one preceding, and in another passage represents childhood as not being altogether blissful, by introducing a simile of a child running by the side of its weary mother and ceaselessly wailing until it is picked up and carried. Homer spoke from experience, not from a frenzied imagination.

Aristophanes professes to regret the "good old times" of Marathon, but hard measure need not be meted out to him, for there is a natural affinity between comedy and conservatism—an affinity, by the way, lost sight of by *Punch* in recent days, somewhat to the detriment of that publication. Remembering this affinity, the writer was astonished to hear an advanced Radical talk of the good old times in language often used by a rigid Conservative. The wonder ceased with the thought that extremes meet. In answer to inquiry, both agreed in placing the Golden Age fifty years ago. This coincidence seemed to imply reality, until it was remembered that this was the period of their youth, and also that the time was too recent to admit as yet of impartial or authentic history.

If we turn to history, not merely strings of dates and lists of battles, but such as is recorded by novelists, we shall find it hard to fix the date of the "good times." Thackeray is supposed to give a fair picture of the period whereof he treats, and certainly in the Georgian era, which he describes, there is nothing so very lovely that we need desire or regret it. And turning to another great writer—Charles Dickens—his recently-published letters show plainly how his righteous soul was vexed by the sentimental regrets for an imaginary past.

Thus neither in the earliest records of humanity, nor in those of Christianity, nor, again, in those times just distant enough to be called "old," do we find a monopoly of what is "good." If it were a mere matter of sentiment, it would not be worth while to attack this "poetic licence;" but as a fact, this view of the past implies and fosters a discontent with, and ingratitude for the present, and this leads humanity as a body, and each man as an individual, to be contented with a low standard of morality. If the natural tendency of human nature in general, and of each human nature in particular, is downwards (as the phrase "good old times" implies) rather than upwards, neither a nation nor a man will make a real effort to rise. The words act like a prophecy that fulfils itself.

We commend much the "freshness" of the "lines" "*O ubi Campi*," their sense and brightness of youth. They are truly redolent of green fields, hawthorn lanes, and summer flowers.

O UBI CAMPI.

I am tired, I am tired, I've been stewing for weeks
Over musty collections of Romans and Greeks,
Over mummies and dummies in sawdust and bran;
I can't understand them and don't know who can.

I am tired, I am tired of Cicero's jokes;
Oh, surely the Romans were very dull folks:
Bucolics and Tusculans put them together,
Compared with Miss Braddon they don't weigh a feather.

Just think of those antediluvian times,
Of Virgil or Horace reciting their rhymes:
With a voice full of passion, and gesture to mate it,
In toga and slippers—I can't contemplate it.

Then take them and fling them all out to the winds;
Let Æolus collar whatever he finds.
He is welcome, for I, for a long time to come,
Shall not be in need of their *auxilium*.

"Gated" is a lament of a suffering "Juventin," with which we cannot help sympathy. Does a "fellow feeling" or an ancient memory make us "so wondrous kind?"

"GATED": A LAMENT.

Saturday Afternoon, June 13th, 1874.

If poets tell their tales of grief.
 If Ovid sighs and moans
 With bitter tears
 His lonely years,
 Why should not I, as they, seek like relief
 In groans?

Fame says Siberia's plains are bleak,
 And fame no doubt says true;
 Calcutta's sun
 Has ruth for none,
 Consuming British livers in a week
 Or two.

Yet exile here or there were sweet
 As still I gaze upon
 This cheering view
 The whole day through:
 The Middle Arch, the pump, a few square feet
 Of stone.

It might have been my happy lot
 From Putney's bank to steer
 A four or pair,
 Devoid of care,
 Youth at the helm and at the prow a pot
 Of beer.

But stern fate points to duties owed,
 Toils not yet overcome;
 Demands Greek verse
 Or even worse,
 Judicial systems and the legal code
 Of Rome.

We originally gave the "French" of some very touching lines to the poor widowed Empress Eugenie, for whom all loyal hearts must feel both the deepest sympathy and the truest respect. To-day we find an English translation of the same, and lest our readers have forgotten we give them side by side.

A SA MAJESTÉ L'IMPÉRATRICE
 EUGENIE LORS DE SON RETOUR DE
 ZULULAND.

Idem Anglicé.

Il est fini, ton triste et long pèlerinage!
 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.

Thy long and mournful pilgrimage is o'er!
 We celebrate thy safe return to-day,
 And all who love thee stand upon the shore,
 A tribute of respect and love to pay.

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!

Each heart is touched, and every head is bent;
 The echo of thy grief resounds in ours.
 Ah! if thy crown with thorns of sorrow pent,
 We might exchange for one of joyful
 flowers!

Si nous pouvions, hélas! Altesse infortunée,
 Te rendre en même temps tous les bon-
 heurs perdus!

Alas, if but we might, unhappy Queen,
 Give back the blessings torn from thee by
 strife,
 Fashion another fate than what has been,
 Worthy thy noble heart and virtuous life.

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 à l'avenir n'y laisser que le
miel !

"Son cœur saigne ; ses pieds ont gravi le
Calvaire,

"Son front pâle est courbé sous le poids
des malheurs !

"Verse sur sa blessure un baume salulaire,
"Et taris dans ses yeux la source de ses
pleurs !"

But what, poor mother, avail our grief and
love ?

Our vows are naught without the aid of
Heaven ;

The wormwood from her cup, O Lord,
remove,
Vouchsafe that honey alone henceforth be
given.

Her heart is wrung, on Calvary stand her
feet ;

Her face is pale, and crushed with woes
and fears ;

Anoint her wound with healing balm and
sweet,
And in her eyes drain dry the source of
tears.

And once more we think it well to notice some very effective lines in Latin
and English, called "Prospice."

PROSPICE.

Idem Latiné.

Fear death ?—to feel the fog in my throat,

The mist in my face,

When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
I am nearing the place,

The power of the night, the press of the storm,
The post of the foe ;

Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible
form,

Yet the strong man must go ;

For the journey is done and the summit at-
tained,

And the barriers fall,

Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon is
gained,

The reward of it all.

Mortemne ut timeam—Sentire in gutture
fumos,

In facie nebulas ?

Ut cæpere nives, propioraque flamina signant
Me tetigisse locum,

Quâ hox arma movet, tempestas urget, et
hostis

In statione suâ est :

Statque viris præsens Libitina timoris imago,
Nec renuenda viris !

Nam confecta via est, et habemus culmina
montis,

Ipsaque valla cadunt,

Quamquam pugna manet, pretium mercedis
et actum

Fine colonat opus.

I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,

The best and the last !

I would hate that death bandaged my eyes,
and forbear

And bade me creep past.

No, let me taste the whole of it, fare like my
peers

The heroes of old,

Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's
arrears

Of pain, darkness, and cold.

For sudden the worst turns the best to the
brave,

The black minute's at end,

And the elements rage, the fiend voices that
rave,

Shall dwindle, shall blend,

Shall change, shall become first a piece out
of pain,

Then a light, then thy breast,

O, thou soul of my soul ! I shall clasp thee
again,

And with God be the rest !

Pugnaui meruique manu : nunc optima
tantum

Summa, relicta dies :

Nollem luminibus captis mihi præter eunti
Mors faceret veniam.

Immo ego, quæcunque est ediscam, heroës
ut ante,

Consimilesque mei !

Cuncta feram, lætæ reparem dispendia vitæ,
Nocte, dolore, gelu :

Nec mora : nam subito prosunt et pessima
forti ;

Nigrior hora perit :

Tartaræ voces, elementaque sæva, quiescunt,
Ut coise putes.

Fiet mutatis dolor otia—luxque—tuoque in
Pectore deliciæ,

O vitæ vita ipsa meâ ! te amplectar, ut olim :
Viderit inde Deus !

Many other of the articles equally deserve attention and perusal, but our
limits are exhausted. We hope this little work will find many friendly reader's
attention.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

TENNYSON'S new poem, entitled "Despair," published in the November number of the *Nineteenth Century*, gives us another taste of the Laureate's power in depicting the extremity of human passion. The subject is unlovely, but it is treated in a masterly manner.

Oscar Wilde's gorgeously got up volume of poems has passed into a second edition, spite of the manner in which so much meaningless and silly rhyming is intermingled with not a little unaffected and genuine verse in its pages. Its author is the pet of the æsthetic drawing room; hence, doubtless, the run his book has enjoyed. Mr. Wilde is clever enough, but he has been spoiled by society's praise. If he would only give up his morbid affectation he might achieve a permanent success.

Through Macmillan's Miss Christina G. Rossetti has given to the world a new volume of verse, with the title of "A Pageant, and other Poems." It is, we must confess, a little disappointing, displaying most of the fair writer's shortcomings and few of her distinguishing excellencies. The chief fault evinced is unnaturalness. She should assert her own individuality, and not be content to so often echo the method and idealism of others. "The Months" in the "Pageant" which furnishes the title are quaintly conceived and tolerably well worked out. The "other poems" are mostly short and of varying merit, and many of them are marked with deep religious feeling. "Johnny" and "Brandon's Both" are simple and very pretty; but perhaps the best bit of poetry to be found in the whole two hundred pages is contained in the eight lines headed "Buds and Babies." Here they are:

A million buds are born that never blow,
That sweet with promise lift a pretty head
To blush and wither on a barren bed,
And leave no fruit to show.
Sweet unfulfilled. Yet have I understood
One joy, by their fragility made plain:
Nothing was ever beautiful in vain,
Or all in vain was good.

The new "Birthday Book," designed by Princess Beatrice, and splendidly produced by Smith, Elder, and Co., is the sensation of the season. The price is two guineas, and the volume is one of the handsomest issued from the English press for many a day.

Art and Letters: an Illustrated Monthly Magazine of Fine Art and Fiction (Remington and Co.), is quite a journalistic novelty, being a combination of high class fiction and art literature, together with news notes and critiques on innumerable themes appertaining to art and letters. It has been deservedly well received, and will, we trust, become a permanent periodical.

Dr. William Howard Russell, the veteran "war correspondent," who has been across the Atlantic of late in company with the Duke of Sutherland, will shortly send to press an account of what he saw in America, under the title of "Hesperothen: Notes from the Western World."

We are glad to notice that the popular sixpenny monthly known as *The Burlington* will for the future be published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall,

Henrietta Street, Covent Garden. With such a firm as this as publishers, and such a well-known and justly popular author as Miss Helen B. Mathers as editor, there can be no doubt that the future prosperity of this already prosperous magazine is assured. The November issue of *The Burlington* is on a parity with the best of its shilling contemporaries. The contributions are bright, clever, and varied, and we doubt not they will find a host of interested readers. We understand that one of the features of the December number will be a highly entertaining Christmas story from the pen of Mr. Horace Weir, the ingenious author of "Newspaper Romances," and other works. The story will be entitled "One Winter's Night." Some of its incidents are said to be both original and dramatic.

Messrs. Chapman and Hall are about to issue in three volume form a new novel by the editor of *The Burlington*. Miss Mathers' "Story of a Sin," from what we have seen of it in the magazine named, is brilliant as to style and unique as to plot, and, in our opinion, ranks with the best of the many good works which have emanated from the same pen. We predict a second and a third edition for this novel.

The Reporters' Magazine (80, Fleet Street), edited by Mr. Edward J. Nankivell, F.R.H.S., is, as its name implies, the organ of the reporting profession. It is printed in phonographic characters, and contains much that will interest not only the profession to which it is devoted, but shorthand writers generally. The get up and general appearance of the magazine are in every sense excellent.

The November issue of *The Phonographic Monthly* is, as usual, an excellent one. A very interesting paper relating "Personal Recollections of Thackeray," illustrated with a good portrait of the brilliant novelist, is one of the items, and comes from the clever pen of Mr. Edgar Wallis. Mr. Horace Weir contributes a fascinating story called "Snowflakes and Sunbeams," and Mr. T. Broadbent Trowsdale furnishes an article on "The Shropshire Peasant Countess." There are poems from the pens of Dr. Ryley Robinson, F.R.G.S.; John Rowell Waller, F.R.H.S.; and John Brent, F.S.A.; besides other meritorious contributions in prose, and a number of well executed illustrations. The magazine is phonetically printed, and the editor may well be proud of it, for it fairly surpasses many of our old established and popular monthlies.

The publisher of *The Phonographic Monthly* (Pitman, 20, Paternoster Row) is issuing a Christmas annual in shorthand, containing a budget of stories and sketches from well known pens, and a host of capital illustrations. It is wrapped in a very tastefully designed cover, and is styled, "All in the Downs," from the title of the opening article, a well written story in the manner of Messrs. Besant and Rice. Among other specially attractive features are a novelette written by Mr. Horace Weir, and a very entertaining and appropriate article on "Christmastide Customs." This unique annual ought to be extensively circulated among the numerous writers of phonography to be found in all our great towns.

We have received a copy of *The Fan*, the newest thing in society papers. Its contents are "spicy" and the illustrations good. Judging from the early numbers, we think it should do well.

The Stage, a new organ of the dramatic profession, shows evident signs of a healthy vitality. Its criticisms are both sound and honest, and its weekly information relating to plays and players is written in an interesting manner, and is fully abreast with the times. The acting of amateurs is not treated in an indulgent spirit, but still, for all that, the notices bear the stamp of courtesy and discrimination, and there is a palpable absence of those brutal "slatings"

which seem to be the order of the day in some quarters when dealing with the doings of amateurs.

Mr. Thomas Baines, one of the best known of local historians, and a veteran member of the Fourth Estate, has just died suddenly at Seaforth Hall, near Liverpool. He was a brother of Sir Edward Baines, the father of the Liberal party in Leeds, and for many years connected with the Yorkshire newspaper press. Mr. Thomas Baines was long the editor of the *Liverpool Times*, at one time a highly influential journal.

Another new journal has been established to guide those who are purchasers of new books, either for themselves or others. It is called *The Bookbuyer*, and is a sort of index to current literature, and will contain a pithy criticism of every important new work. An interesting feature of *The Bookbuyer* is that a part of its pages are set apart as a medium of communication between buyers and sellers of rare books, and this free of charge. The journal is published at the small charge of twopence per month, at 9, Essex Street, Strand.

"Gleanings of Lancashire Lore," a series of local historical sketches now appearing in the columns of the *Ashton Reporter*, from the pen of Mr. William Andrews, will shortly be published in volume form.

Miss E. Owens Blackburne's new novel, "The Love that Loves Always," is just to hand, in the orthodox three volume form, from White and Co. It is a story of great power, and will doubtless be widely read. Miss Blackburne is deservedly advancing in popularity as a novelist.

As a collection of current intelligence, *The People*, the new Conservative weekly journal, is a worthy example to the old established papers. The news columns are surprisingly full and well arranged.

An attempt has been lately made to institute a novel departure in London journalism. *The Illustrated Evening News* lived, however, only four days. The idea is not, we think, a bad one, but in this case it fell short of success entirely through absence of enterprise. It was a very rude print indeed.

THE FREEMASONS' APRON.

From an Unpublished Volume of Masonic Sonnets,

BY BRO. GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL.

AS spotless as the Aprons which we wear,
 As innocent as Lamb's, our lives should be ;
 For we are marching to eternity,
 And from our souls must all defilement tear.
 Our ancient brethren, building temples rare
 In honour of the Almighty Architect
 (Whose skill and love hath reared and does protect
 The Universe with more than Father's care)
 Should teach us all to square our actions so
 That we may each become as living stones
 In his immortal Temple, though our bones
 Are crumbling into dust. Then let us go
 Through life not slipshod, nor blindfolded quite,
 But as true Masons, who have seen the Light.