THE

MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A Monthly Digest of

FREEMASONRY

IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

(SUPPLEMENTAL TO "THE FREEMASON.")

VOL. V.

UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES, K.G.
The M. W. Grand Master.

ENGLAND.

SIR MICHAEL ROBERT SHAW-STEWART, BART.,
The M. W. Grand Master.

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARL OF ROSSLYN,
The M. W. Past Grand Master.

SCOTLAND.

COLONEL FRANCIS BURDETT,
Representative for Grand Lodge.

IRELAND.

AND THE GRAND MASTERS OF MANY FOREIGN GRAND LODGES.

LONDON:
GEORGE KENNING, 198, FLEET STREET.

1877-8.

PREFACE

TO THE FIFTH VOLUME.

WE have arrived at our Fifth Volume, and a few words of Preface are customary and needful. Not, indeed, that we have very much to say. We betray no secrets, and we reveal no mysteries, when we mention once again that were Masonic Literature to be supported alone by the patronage of our Craft, we fear that the result would be a very limited "outcome" indeed,—very far from a "strong order." If our good Publisher only measured the "*Supply*" he so liberally provides for the "pabulum mentis Latomicæ" by the "*Demand*," which hails and encourages his sacrifices, we are inclined to fancy, though it is only our own private opinion, "quantum valet," that the status of Masonic Literature amongst us would be neither very promising nor flattering;—nay its very appearances, "like angels' visits," must be "few and far between."

Despite our excellent friend Bro. Hubert's complimentary estimate of English Masonic Literature, we feel bound honestly to admit that there is a "little" room for an improved taste and more extensive patronage! But yet we do not wish to seem to write in a spirit of complaint or fault, especially at the conclusion of our Fifth Volume! For with such a fact before us, we must really beg to congratulate our Order on gallant efforts, resolutely made, to diffuse amongst our Craft a sound, sensible, readable, healthy Masonic Literature. We think we may fairly say this of the only English Masonic Magazine, and which we owe to the discernment and determination alone of our fraternal Publisher. Perseverance, we all know, is a great virtue, and as it has been our Publisher's motto in all his extensive and flourishing business transactions, so are we inclined to hope that it will reward one day his cheery expectations and his unselfish exertions for Masonic Literature.

The Christmas Number for 1877 was a great success, and we hope to make the Christmas Number of 1878, as a separate and special publication, a still greater one. We have no fear but that the Sixth Volume will show a steady improvement in all respects.

Publisher and Editor beg once more to thank their kind contributors for many able Papers, as well as sympathetic subscribers for their unwearied support. They beg to commend Vol. V. to the notice of the intelligent and educated of their great Brotherhood, just as they venture to bespeak for Vol. VI. literary assistance and fraternal patronage.

198, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.,
June 1, 1878.

INDEX.

INDEX.

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

No. 49.—Vol. V. JULY, 1877. Price 6d.

Monthly Masonic Summary.

—o—

We have little to report, or to note, except that the last Quarterly Communication was one of the most interesting we have had for some time. All our brethren will be pleased to peruse the admirable remarks of Lord Donoughmore, and the important details of Bro. J. M. Clabon's seasonable address.

Our Lodges are rapidly increasing; we are close upon, if we have not already exceeded, 1,700; and, if the present rate continues, the end of 1877 will behold us rapidly nearing to 1,800.

We do not take the alarmist views of some good brethren in respect of this great increase, (but then Bro. Peter Grievous likes to air always his jeremiades,) and we are neither optimists nor pessimists. Like Mr. Samuel Weller we "likes to eat our melting pears," we "asks no names," and we "gets on pretty well." The true philosophy, be it observed, of human life!

Some of our brethren seem fond of going before the law courts just now, and we hope that they will attend to the sage and seasonable reproof of Mr. Justice Field. It is becoming a great disgrace to us all, and a complete burlesque on our Masonic professions.—See the *Freemason* of June 23. In the *Monde Maçonnique*, for June, there is a very remarkable letter from a French Brother in London, which also appeared in the *Freemason* for June 23, and which confirms entirely our view of the insane struggle into which French Freemasonry has been plunged by an intolerant minority, and of the abnormal position it will inevitably be placed in, if this revolution and this "Coup des libres penseurs" are permitted to get the upper hand.

We still cling to the hope that the good sense of the majority of French Freemasons will refuse to allow Freemasonry to be drawn behind the car of irreligion and revolution.

Freemasonry has nothing to do with politics or religious contests, and the sooner the French and Belgian Freemasons well learn this fundamental truth of all cosmopolitan and true Freemasonry, the better it will be for Masonry in General, and the French and Belgian Lodges in particular.

SONNET.

ON OUR "LITERARY NEW YEAR," JULY, 1877.

BY BRO. REV. M. GORDON.

COMMENCING WITH THE FIFTH VOLUME OF THE "MASONIC MAGAZINE."

In ev'ry scene, from vale to mountain-glen,
Now flow'rs and blossoms, full of promise, glow—
As fair as flow'rs—for glad July doth show
The brightness of her flushing features, when
With this month's hues of beauty smiles again
Our literary new year—to all, not so—
For "Lodges"—are there not?—alas! too slow,
Who "all too dear," our monthly "Maga's" pen
At "sixpence" hold;—some, if I ween aright,
Who ne'er have learn'd intelligently t'explore
Its monthly lucubrations with delight?—
Nor heed Masonic Bounty's gen'ral store
Be 'pov'rish'd by a miserable mite,
Monthly reserv'd to aid Masonic lore.

HISTORY OF THE "PRINCE OF WALES LODGE."

ROYALTY AND FREEMASONRY.

WILLIAM JAMES HUGHAN.

From the "Voice of Masonry."

AUGUST 20th, 1787, a warrant was granted to the Rt. Hon. Colonel Samuel Hulse as W.M.; the Hon. H. T. R. Stanhope, as S.W.; Colonel G. Lake, as J.W.; and Bartholomew Ruspini and the Rev. W. Peters, to hold a Lodge, to be called "The Prince of Wales Lodge," to consist wholly of those "who were honoured with appointments under His Royal Highness, or men firmly attached to his person and interests." The members to whom the dispensation was granted (dated early in the same year), assembled on the 16th April for Masonic business, and ranked as follows: Lewis Weltze, Chevalier Ruspini, Rev. W. Peters (first Secretary), James Farmer, and James Bottomley. The list of members, however, commences with the name of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, accepted as a joining member on the same day. On July 12th Colonel Hulse was elected a joining member, and the two Wardens on August 28th. The first meeting of the Lodge subsequent to the real warrant, was called on December 17th, for the initiation of Sir W. Addington, Bart., upwards of twenty-eight years a magistrate at Bow Street, London. Under such distinguished patronage, it will readily be supposed, the Lodge prospered very rapidly and permanently. No history, however, of its proceedings has been written until now, when the energetic Secretary, Bro. Thomas Fenn, P.M., etc., has issued an account of its chief transactions for nearly a century, in a handsome and most interesting form. Being published *privately, few* beyond the threshold of the Lodge will be any wiser as to its internal history, unless some one (favoured with a copy and possessing peculiar facilities for the work), reproduces its special features in a widely-circulated Masonic magazine. We are enabled to discharge this duty, and enjoying as we do the valued assistance of the author, having also access to many documents rarely accessible to the Masonic student, we hope to succeed in our self-imposed labours.

First, a word as to Bro. Fenn. As Master of the Prince of Wales Lodge for 1868 and 1869, and Assistant Grand Director of Ceremonies in the Grand Lodge of England from 1864 to 1869, few brethren are better known, and none so competent to deal with its history, by reason of his acquaintance with its records, and personal knowledge of its members. Before leaving this part of our subject, we must not forget to state that H.R.H. the Prince of Wales was graciously pleased to appoint Bro. Fenn to the rank of Past Senior Grand Deacon of Grand Lodge, in recognition of his most competent services as Assistant G. Director of Ceremonies on his Royal Highness' installation as M.W.G.M., at the Royal Albert Hall, on the 28th April, 1875.

The proceedings of the Lodge furnish a very direct denial to the charge that Freemasonry is of a revolutionary and irreligious character, for unless we suppose that "Princes of the Blood Royal" would conspire together to dethrone themselves, and clergymen assemble to promote opposition to Christianity, or religion generally, the records prove that Freemasonry is loyal and charitable, and numbers on its rolls many brethren of the classes we have named as its most distinguished and honoured members. We will just glance at the princes who have been or are connected with the Society in England:—

1.—Frederick Lewis, XXII., Prince of Wales, and Heir Apparent of King George II. (created P. of W. 8th Jan., 1729), was initiated and passed on the 5th Nov., 1737, at an occasional Lodge convened for the purpose at the Palace of Kew, the learned Dr. Desaguliers, F.R.S., etc., officiating as W.M., and at another assembly under similar auspices, was raised to the Third Degree. The second edition of the "Book of Constitutions" was dedicated to H.R.H. by the Rev. James Anderson, D.D. Beyond that we fail to trace aught noteworthy in H.R.H.'s Masonic career, which, alas, was soon terminated by the iron hand of death!

2.—The author of "Multa Paucis" states that his Royal Brother William, Duke of Cumberland, was likewise initiated

in 1743. If correct, the fact was overlooked by Preston.

3.—An "occasional lodge" was formed at the Horn Tavern, Westminster, in which H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester was initiated on the 16th February, 1766, Lord Blaney, M.W.G.M., being the W.M. who presided, and who was most active in the discharge of his duties.

4.—H.R.H. the Duke of York was admitted into the mysteries and privileges of Freemasonry while abroad during the same year (1766), but exactly when and how we cannot find in our notes.

5.—In 1767, H.R.H. Henry Frederick, Duke of Cumberland, was received as a member of our ancient and honourable Society, at an emergent Lodge convened at the Thatched House Tavern, St. James Street, London, under the Mastership (pro tempore) of Colonel Salter, the then Deputy Grand Master of England. H.R.H. was Grand Master from 1782 to 1790. (In consequence of these three princes, brothers of His Majesty George III., becoming Freemasons, it was resolved by the members of the Grand Lodge on the 15th April, 1767, "That each of their Royal Highnesses be presented with an apron, lined with blue silk, and that in all future processions they do rank as Past Grand Masters, next to the Grand Officers, for the time being.")

6.—H.R.H. William Henry, Duke of Clarence, when Lord High Admiral, was initiated in the "Prince George Lodge," since defunct, at Plymouth, on the 9th March, 1786, whilst sojourning in that neighbourhood. By the decease of George IV., His Royal Highness became His Majesty William IV., in 1830, and before then acted as Deputy Grand Master of England.

7.—On the 6th February, 1787, H.R.H. George Augustus Frederick, XXII., Prince of Wales (afterwards George IV.), was was made a Mason at still another occasional Lodge, convened at the Star and Garter Tavern, Pall Mall, under the auspices of H.R.H. Duke of Cumberland, M.W.G.M., who acted as W.M.; H.R.H. the Prince of Wales was Grand Master in succession to H.R.H. the Duke of Cumberland, from 1791 to 1812, when on assuming the dignity of Regent, the office was considered vacant, and H.R.H. became Patron. As George IV. His Majesty accepted the title of Grand Patron from 1820, and a similar honour was conferred upon the Fraternity by His Majesty William IV. graciously continuing the same title, as also did H.R.H. Albert Edward, the Prince of Wales, until his election as M.W.G.M., in 1874.

8.—The Brittanic Lodge (now No. 33), is the only Lodge which has had the honour of initiating two members of the Royal Family into Freemasonry. H.R.H. Frederick Duke of York was admitted in due form therein on the 21st November, 1787, and at the Grand Lodge held on the 28th of the same month, the pleasing event was communicated to the Craft, when a similar presentation and position were conferred on H.R.H. to those already noted, and likewise on the following Princes, most of whom joined the "Prince of Wales" Lodge.

9.—On the 10th February, 1790, it was stated in Grand Lodge that H.R.H. Edward, Duke of Kent, had been regularly initiated into Masonry, in the Union Lodge at Geneva. Few Princes have done more for the Craft than this Royal Brother, for to him, as M.W.G.M., of the "ancients" (for the month of December only, 1813), we are much indebted for the blessed union of the two Grand Lodges, but especially so to our next royal notice.

10.—H.R.H. Augustus Frederick, Duke of Sussex, was admitted a member of the "mystic tie" in a Lodge at Berlin, 1790—probably 1798—and certainly for appreciation of the principles of Freemasonry, a ruler of the Craft, and for many years its most distinguished exponent, H.R.H. was the Prince of Masonic Princes. As Deputy Grand Master in 1812, and M.W.G.M. from 1813 to 1842, it is simply impossible to adequately describe a tithe of the numerous fraternal deeds of that truly Royal Brother.

11.—H. R. H. William, Duke of Gloucester, "first saw the light" before the Pedestal of the W.M. of the Brittanic Lodge, on the 12th of May, 1795; the Earl of Moira (afterwards the Marquis of Hastings), acting Grand Master, being the holder of the gavel on that occasion.

12.—The King of Hanover (then Ernest Augustus, Duke of Cumberland) was the

last member of the "House of Hanover" who joined the Craft during the last century, viz., 1796.

13.—H.R.H. Albert Edward, XXIII. Prince of Wales, was initiated at Stockholm by His Majesty the King of Sweden, in the year 1868, and subsequently joined the various degrees of what is known as the "Swedish Rite;" thus making the third Prince of Wales, within a century and a half, who has been content for a time to "figuratively represent a seeming state of poverty," and learn the lesson of charity so aptly taught in our Masonic ceremonies. In 1870 the rank of Past Grand Master was conferred —according to custom—on His Royal Highness; and on the 28th of April, 1875 (as we all rejoice to remember, who took part in that grand assembly), the "Heir Apparent" to the throne of Great Britain and Ireland was installed, in the Royal Albert Hall, London, by the Pro-Grand Master, the Earl of Carnarvon, the Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of England, the oldest and largest Grand Lodge in the world! After all, what could possibly have been better for the real interests of the Fraternity than the resignation of the Marquis of Ripon, as M.W.G.M.—much as we regretted the event—and the succession of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales? We merely stop now to say that H.R.H. as W.M. of the "Apollo University Lodge," Oxford, the "Royal Alpha Lodge," and, lastly, of the "Prince of Wales Lodge" from 1874 (and we hope for many years to come), has exhibited, in a marked degree, his preference for the science and art of Freemasonry. Long may the Craft flourish under his Royal sway!

14.—H.R.H. Arthur William Patrick Albert, Duke of Connaught, was received as an Entered Apprentice, under the Mastership of his brother, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, in the Lodge of the "Prince of Wales," on March 24th, 1874, and in the presence of the M.W.G.M. the Marquis of Ripon, and other Grand Officers. H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught received the Second Degree on the 28th of April in the same year, and became a Master Mason a year afterwards (27th of April).

15.—H.R.H. Leopold George Duncan Albert (Prince Leopold), the youngest Prince of the United Kingdom, became a student of Freemasonry on entering the "Apollo University Lodge," Oxford, on the 1st of May, 1874, and subsequently as W.M. of that Lodge (1876), and now as Provincial Grand Master of Oxfordshire, has taken a lively interest in the welfare of the Craft, subject, alas, to occasional drawbacks from weakness of health.

For "fifteen Princes" of Great Britain and Ireland, from 1737 to 1874, to have been candidates for the mysteries and privileges of Antient Free and Accepted Freemasonry, and, what is more, to have generally taken an active part in the official and ceremonial observances of the Craft, renders any further attempt to defend our time-honoured Society from the attacks of bigots and fanatics wholly superfluous.

H.R.H. George, Prince of Wales (afterwards George the IV.), was Master of the Prince of Wales Lodge from 1787 until 1820, the Deputy Master throughout that period being Sir Samuel Hulse. The "Constitutions" provide that, on a Prince of the Royal blood becoming the W.M. of a Lodge, a Deputy Master shall be appointed who can officiate as W.M., and when out of office has all the privileges of a P.M. The same law prevails in England with respect to the Pro-Grand Master, who is appointed whenever a Royal brother is elected M.W.G.M. The title formerly was Acting Grand Master. Colonel the Right Hon. Samuel Hulse, who was subsequently made a Knight, entered the Foot Guards in 1761, commanded the 1st battalion of his regiment at the siege of Valenciennes, and served during the rebellion in Ireland. In 1789 he received the rank of Lieutenant General, and in 1803 that of General. He was engaged in the expedition to the Helder, and in 1820 became Governor of Chelsea Hospital. Seven years before his decease he was promoted to the rank of Field Marshal, and during his eventful career held various offices in the Royal Household. Our distinguished brother was Provincial Grand Master of Surrey, and apparently, also, of Kent (in 1815), and a warm supporter of the Prince of Wales Lodge, of which he was first D.M. The Chevalier Bartholomew Ruspini, Dentist to the Prince of Wales, was most remarkable for his generosity and benevolence,

and to him we are indebted for the Royal Masonic Institution for Girls in the year 1788. Bro Fenn thinks it probable that the Lodge was formed by his suggestion—at all events, he was its firm friend, having been Treasurer until his death, in 1814, a period of twenty-seven years. He was appointed Grand Sword Bearer in 1791, and reappointed until 1813, and of the Grand Royal Arch Chapter Bro. Ruspini was Third Grand Principal in 1778, and one of its chief adherents. The first secretary of the Lodge was the Rev. William Peters, who was the first and only brother who held the office of Grand Portrait Painter of the Grand Lodge from the 23d of November, 1783 to 1813. The creation of the office was due to the Duke of Manchester, at whose request the honor was conferred on the Rev. William Peters, "in testimony of the services which he had rendered to the society by his elegant present of the portrait of Lord Petre" * (a distinguished Past Grand Master, and Roman Catholic). Bro. Peters was also Provincial Grand Master of Lincolnshire, the Grand Sword Bearer of the Grand Lodge from 1778 to 1785, and 1788—90. Bro. James Bottomley was another of the original members, and a well known member in the Grand Lodge. Colonel Lake, who served his country many years most faithfully as a soldier, joined the Lodge August 28th, 1787, whilst under a dispensation. Bro. Fenn tells us, in a racy sketch of his career, that "Viscount Lake, born in 1744, served in Germany during the seven years' war; in 1771 he was in America, under Lord Cornwallis, where he signalized himself at the siege of New York, and in 1793 he went to Holland with the Duke of York, to command the 1st brigade of Guards, and was in several engagements. In 1798, having attained the rank of General, he had the chief command in Ireland during the rebellion, and in 1800 was nominated Commander-in-chief of the British forces in India. In September, 1803, he gained the victory over Scindiah, the Maharatta chief, and the French General Perron, on the Plain of Delhi." He was created Viscount Lake in 1807, and died the year afterward. He was the first J.W. of the Prince of Wales Lodge.

* "Preston's Illustrations," Spencer's Edition, 1861, p. 229.

Thomas Dunckerley joined Feb. 18th, 1788, and though not one of the first batch of members, we cannot forbear presenting a short sketch of his career, strange and eventful as it was. Although for a time in most humble circumstances, and serving in the navy as a common sailor, on the death of his mother it transpired that he was the natural son of George the Second, and was acknowledged accordingly by His Majesty George III., who assigned to him a pension and apartments in Hampton Court Palace. He was a most enthusiastic Mason, and his most valuable services on behalf of the ritual and lectures received recognition from the M.W.G.M. in an unusual manner, having been appointed to the rank and privilege of a Past Senior Grand Warden, without serving the office, and he subsequently held the position of Provincial Grand Master for the counties of Hampshire, Essex and five others. In Royal Arch Masonry he was a most energetic companion, and was superintendent of these Provinces and others as also "Past Grand Master Z." of the Grand Chapter. He died at Portsmouth, 1795,

H.R.H. Frederick, Duke of York, joined April 20th, 1789, "on the proposition of the W.M. (his brother), seconded by the whole Lodge, and admitted with three huzzas." H.R.H. was W.M. of the Lodge from 1820 to 1827. The Deputy Masters for that period were Sir Harry Verelst Darrell (1821), Lord Dundas (afterwards Earl of Zetland and Pro. Grand Master), Sir Frederick Fowke, and two others.

H.R.H. William Henry, Duke of Clarence, joined May 30th, 1789, and was J.W. 1792. In 1827 he was elected W.M. and continued in that office until 1830.

H.R.H. Duke of Sussex, succeeded and acted as W.M. from 1830 to 1843, having a brilliant galaxy of Deputy Masters from year to year to assist him in the duties of the Lodge, during which period he was also M.W.G.M. In 1837 to 1839, the Hon. Thomas Dundas, afterwards Earl of Zetland, was Deputy Master, and succeeded H.R.H., as M.W.G.M. of England. His Lordship was also for many years Provincial Grand Master of the Province of North and East Yorkshire, and was succeeded on his decease by the present Earl of Zetland, who is also a member of the

Lodge. Sir David Pollock, D.M., 1833–4, was S.G.W. of England in 1834, and in 1846 was appointed Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Bombay. Thomas Field Savory, who was a Grand Deacon, acted as D.M. the two years following. From 1839 to 1840, Kenyon Stephens Parker was D.M., and was a S.G.D. of the G.L. in 1840. Philip Hardwick, R.A., F.R.S., etc., was the last Deputy Master having served for 1842—3. He was a Vice-President of the Royal Institute of British Architects, and in many respects a remarkable man and Mason. The Freemasons' Girls' School was built from his design, and he was also Grand Superintendent of Works for the Grand Lodge. Bro. Fenn states that his principal works are the Hall of the Goldsmith's Company and the entrance of the Euston Square Station. Then follows an interregnum (so to speak) of 33 years, during which there were no Deputy Masters, the W.M.'s not being "Princes of the blood royal."

The first W.M. after the decease of H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex, M.W.G.M. (the W.M.), was L. C. Humphrey, J.G.W. of the G.L. in 1846, and Prov. Grand Master of Kent. The second W.M. was Thomas Henry Hall, who joined in 1842, and was Grand Registrar of the G.L. in the same year. Bro. Hall was Provincial Grand Master of Cambridgeshire for very many years, and was much respected. The W.M. of 1849 was the well known Dr. Henry Beaumont Leeson, who was the Grand Commander of the "Ancient and Accepted Rite" for England and Wales until recently, and had scarcely an equal in his time for a general knowledge of the "hautes grades." He was in fact the Albert Pike of Great Britain, and a favorite with all classes. We remember him well, having received several degrees of that Rite from him at a special convocation.

William Cubit, who followed Dr. Leeson as W.M. was Lord Mayor of London, 1860 and 1861. The next year William F. Beadon, one of the stipendiary magistrates of Middlesex, occupied the chair. He joined in 1845, and was J.G.W. of the G.L. in 1849. Frederick Dundas, M.P., who succeeded, was S.G.W. in 1849, and Thomas Jones, Q.C., the W.M. in the two following years, viz., 1854-55, was S.G.D. in 1856. The W.M. for the years 1857 and 1858 was Robert Warner Wheeler, J.G.D. of the G.L. in 1860, and James Merryweather, who was elected as Master in 1859 and 1860, was appointed to the same office in Grand Lodge as his predecessor, in 1865. William Simpson occupied the chair of K.S. in 1862 and 1863, and was J.G.D. for the year 1863; similar honors being conferred upon Edward Barker Sutton by the Lodge in 1864 and 1865, and by the Grand Lodge in 1870. The present Treasurer, Francis Robinson, was W.M. in 1866 and 1867, and the present Secretary as we have already stated, was W.M. in the two succeeding years. Brother Fenn having occupied the chair when several distinguished Masons became joining members, such as Lord Lindsay, the ardent astronomer, S.G.W. of G.L. in 1871; Rev. Arthur Bruce Frazer, Grand Chaplain (1872); the present Earl of Zetland, Prov. G.M., Yorkshire, N. and E.; James Ashbury, M.P.; the Hon. Henry Lowry Corry, Lord de Clifford, and Colonel the Hon. Somerset J. Gough Calthorpe. George Plumcknett, the last W.M. (as a commoner) was S.G.D. in 1864.

H.R.H. Albert Edward, Prince of Wales on assuming the Mastership, and having been installed by the Right Hon. the Earl of Limerick (Prov. G.M. of Bristol), was presented with an address by the Lodge, signed by the Master and Wardens, wherein the facts of the history of the Prince of Wales Lodge, under the patronage of Royalty, were graphically described, no less than four Princes having occupied the chair in times gone by, and it was also stated in the same document that "Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, has herself given public proof of her confidence in the principles of the Craft by extending to it the prestige of her name as patron of one of those flourishing educational institutions, of which the Freemasons of England are justly proud." The Prince of Wales in reply, made quite a long speech, the gist of it being as follows, viz., that "He quite agreed with that portion of the address which referred to the close connection between the Throne and the Craft, and felt assured that as long as Freemasonry remained true to the principles of religion, and loyal to the throne, so long would it continue to flourish, which he sincerely hoped would be for ever."

H.R.H. appointed Robert Gray as his Deputy Master in 1874 and 1875, who was invested as J.G.D. in 1875.

We must remark here that it should be remembered that these Deputy Masters, or W.M's., have generally served as W.M. of one or more lodges before assuming the chair of the Prince of Wales Lodge, there being no limit to the number of lodges a brother may join and subscribe to, and it is usual for long service, in younger or less distinguished lodges, to be the *sine qua non* for admission, even as a joining member in the old and especially select lodges of London, membership of such proving a reward for the attention to Masonic studies and labours on behalf of our charities, the Mastership or Deputy Mastership being the crowning appreciative act of the Lodge, when members have particularly signalized themselves in the ceremonies and duties of the Craft.

On January 20th, 1791, General William Augustus Bowles, chief of the Creek Nation, was elected an honorary member of the Lodge. It seems he was one of the leaders of the Creek Indians, and commanded the Creeks when they assisted the British at Pensacola, in 1780. After a roving life, subsequently, he visited England in 1790-1, and on his return to to America, he became commander-in-chief of the tribe. He ended his days, however, in prison, having been captured by the Spaniards. In the Calendar for 1793, we find that this noted American was then acting as Provincial Grand Master of the Creek, Cherokee, Chickasaw, and Choctaw Nations, on behalf of the Grand Lodge of England.

General Sir John Doyle, Bart., G.C.B., who was D.M. in 1822-4, was an enthusiastic Mason and Provincial Grand Master of Guernsey, Jersey, etc., and one of the founders of a lodge in those islands. He served with distinction throughout the "American War," and afterwards on the Continent under H.R.H. the Duke of York, and in Egypt, not escaping, however, without severe wounds, "though covered with glory." George Corry, who joined in 1797, was J.G.W. of the G.L. in 1795, and on February 21st, 1800, the Lodge received as a member General Paoli, the celebrated Corsican Patriot. The Earl of Wigtown joined on July 16th (1800), at which meeting H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex was present, and the latter joined at the following meeting, in accordance with the By-Law, which provided that any brother must visit the Lodge once prior to his election as a member. A similar rule prevailed as to the candidates for initiation, but we presume the latter must have referred simply to an introduction to the members in the ante-room. The visitation, however, was compulsory, and the minutes in some cases actually record such instances. It is a good practical common sense law, which requires the attendance of a member of the Fraternity at the Lodge as a visitor, prior to his being proposed as a joining member, for it enables the brethren to judge of his character, appearance, etc., for themselves.

The Lodge elected the Earl of Mountnorris, a joining member on June 19th, 1800. His Lordship was Provincial Grand Master for Huntingdonshire. The office of Prov. Grand Master in Great Britain and Ireland is somewhat on a par with that of a District Deputy Grand Master in the United States, only that the former appoints a series of officers in his Province, and within his jurisdiction has nearly all the privileges of a M.W.G.M. The office ranks immediately after D.G.M. Edward David Batson, who joined at the next meeting, was S.G.W. of England during the same year. Waller Rodwell Wright, elected as a joining member during the same evening, was one of the most zealous Freemasons of about three quarters of a century ago, and was especially distinguished as one of the most prominent members of the Red Cross of Rome and Constantine, subsequently presided over by H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex. He was also Provincial Grand Master of the Ionian Isles, and the Grand Chapter of England voted £300 for the purchase of plate in testimony of his worth, prior to his leaving England. During the Mastership of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, a valedictory address was voted to Bro. Waller Rodwell Wright, who had been the working Master of the Lodge for some years, in which the following passage occurs: "We know not where to look for your equal in the united character of a poet and a Mason." This was on March 18th, 1814, and was doubtless presented

in consequence of his leaving for abroad. John Hunter, who joined during the same year (1810), was S.G.W. in 1797. George Cory became a member Feb. 17th, 1797, and was the J.G.W. two years earlier. Arthur Gore joined some six years later, and was S.G.W. the same year that Bro. Hunter received his Grand Lodge honours.

In 1805 (March 15th), the Rev. Lucius Coghlan, D.D., joined the Lodge, H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex, M.W.G.M., being in the chair. Dr. Coghlan's name is never likely to die out in Freemasonry, as he was the acting Grand Chaplain at the Union of the "Moderns" and "Ancients" (or the Regular and Seceding Masons) in Dec. 1813, having been Grand Chaplain in the Regular Grand Lodge previously. At this period (1805) there were forty-three members on the lodge-roll; sixty-four was the maximum number allowed by the By-Laws.

Herbert Compton, elected a joining member, Jan. 17th, 1806, was a Grand Warden in 1809, apparently in succession to one of the Grand Wardens who had died in office. "At this meeting the Prince of Wales was declared to be ever presiding as Master." In addition to a Deputy Master, an Acting Master and acting Wardens were appointed, the S.W. and J.W. respectively being H.R.H. the Duke of York, and H.R.H. the Duke of Clarence (King William IV.) Prince Marsico, better known as the Prince of Moliterno, was accepted a joining member Jan. 16th, 1807. Bro. Fenn states of him that "He fought in the Austrian army against the French with great distinction." He failed to free his country from the French yoke, and died 1840. Sir William Beechy, a portrait painter of celebrity, joined Nov. 20th of the same year. "His first portrait exhibited at the Royal Academy, was that of the Chevalier Ruspini. He painted the large portrait composition of George the Third, with the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York, reviewing the 5th and 10th Dragoons, which is now in Hampton Court Palace, and is esteemed one of his best works. He became R.A. in 1797, and was knighted the same year." The Rev. George Henry Glasse was initiated in the Lodge May 20th, 1808. He was a classical scholar of repute, and Chaplain to the Duke of Cambridge. "He died by his own hand in 1809." Charles Mathews was elected June 17th, 1808 (Hon. member Second Class). He was the son of a bookseller, and was educated at Merchant Tailors' School, subsequently apprenticed to his father's business. The stage, however, proving more attractive, he joined a provincial company for a time, but the great versatility of his talent soon placed him at the head of his profession. For the last sixteen years of his life he entertained large audiences by his single efforts in "Mathews at Home." Charles James Mathews joined Feb. 15th, 1833. He married Madame Vestris in 1838, and became with her joint lessee of the Olympic Theatre He is the author of many successful pieces chiefly adapted from the French. He can perform as fluently in the French language as in the English, and has appeared on many occasions in the theatres of Paris. On April 19th, 1833, Charles Mathews (the elder) and Charles James Mathews were present together in the Lodge. Lord Roebeck and William Henry White, were elected members in 1809 (March 17th), the former being initiated then. Bro. White was for many years Grand Secretary in succession to his father, William White, and officiated in that capacity at the "Union" of 1813. Sir Alexander Johnstone (Chief Justice of Ceylon) was initiated April 13th, 1810.

There were but few initiations in the Lodge, the members accepted being in reality, in most cases, brethren well known and respected in the Craft years prior to such election. The Chief Justice, in fact, making but the twenty-eighth initiate since the constitution of the Lodge, although upwards of eighty joining members were received during the same period.

George Canning, Prime Minister of England, 1827 (Foreign Secretary under the Duke of Portland, 1807, and Earl of Liverpool, 1812), was elected a joining member at the same meeting as the brother previously noticed. "He became a member of the Lodge the year after his duel with Lord Castlereagh, in which he was wounded in the thigh." George Canning was initiated in the Somerset Lodge, according to Dr. Oliver, in 1810, by the Earl of Mountnorris, W.M., who had pro-

posed him. Lord Hawke and Colonel O'Kelly joined June 21st, 1811. Sir Frederick Gustavus Fowke was initiated February 9th, 1813. He was the J.G.D. in 1816, and the S.G.W. in 1821. He was also President of the first Board of Grand Stewards (appointed May 29th, 1815) of the "United Grand Lodge." *The Gentleman's Magazine* thus describes him: "Naturally generous and social, possessing more than a fair share of talents and accomplishments, a humourist, a musician, a ready rhymster, handsome in face and in person, affable, courteous, and prepossessing in demeanour, young Frederick Fowke became a universal favourite. His sobriquet of "Fred Fun," given to him by the Prince Regent, best expresses the idea his associates formed of him. He was Provincial Grand Master of Leicestershire from 1851 to 1856.

Captain Frederick Andre, who was initiated and passed May 19th, 1814, was raised the following day. This is the only instance of such rapid advancement, in the records, and was doubtless, due to most exceptionable circumstances. Soon afterwards, however, it was made illegal so to do, and we do not at the present time, know of a Grand Lodge that would tolerate such hasty work, save Scotland. March 18th, 1815, it was resolved that the Lodge should meet in the afternoons, earlier than usual, "for the purpose of being instructed in Masonry, under the orders of the Grand Lodge." This resolution was in consequence of the "Lodge of Reconciliation," which was formed to secure uniformity of working in the United Grand Lodge, and a most excellent plan it was.

The Lodge was constituted a "Red Apron Lodge," by order of the M.W.G.M. the Duke of Sussex, and Bro. Linley was the first Grand Steward (joined December 18th, 1807). There were peculiar privileges attached to the office of Grand Steward. Apart from the "Red" Clothing, because of which it was termed by that title, Grand Stewards had the sole privilege of joining the Grand Stewards' Lodge, chartered in 1735, which is placed at the head of the Roll of Lodges without a number, but does no Masonic work, save as to charity, etc. From the Grand Stewards formerly, the Grand Officers were selected. Before the "Union," the regular Grand Lodge appointed, through the twelve Lodges selected for the purpose, twelve Stewards. The number in 1816 was increased to eighteen Lodges and eighteen Stewards, hence the addition, and the choice of the Prince of Wales Lodge, it not having been previously so distinguished. Some have thought there were no "Red Apron Lodges," prior to the "Union of 1813," but that is a mistake, as we have a list of such in 1798, copied from "Browne's Master Key" of that year, as follows:

(Now)	No.			
4	2	Somerset House Lodge,	3	G. Stewards
21	12	Lodge of Emulation,	1	„
23	14	Globe Lodge,	1	„
28	21	Old King's Arms,	1	„
29	22	St. Alban's Lodge,	1	„
Extinct	26	Corner Lodge,	1	„
91	117	Lodge of Regularity,	1	„
108	142	London,	1	„

The Rev. Samuel S. Colman, Prov. G.M. of Norfolk, was elected a member of the Lodge, May 17th; Sir Henry Wrighte Wilson May 22nd; Major-General Campbell Callander, December 20th; as also Colonel the Honourable Henry Caulfield, in the year 1816, and Sir Henry V. Darell, Bart., Sir George Alderson (Sheriff of London), and Sir Henry Thompson, were admitted directly afterwards. Sir John Scott Lillie, C.B., who served in the Peninsular war under the Duke of Wellington, and distinguished himself at Salamanca, joined the Lodge January 17th, 1823, and Sir George Naylor, Garter (Grand Director of Ceremonies at the Union of the two Grand Lodges) was accepted in May of this same year. Whilst noting the admission of this distinguished "King of Arms," we may as well also record the fact that the present "Garter King of Arms," Sir Albert William Woods, an old and universally respected member of the Craft, joined the Lodge April 18th, 1874. "Bro Sir Albert Woods" (as he is so well known in Masonic circles), is one of the most prominent Masons in the Grand Lodge, and has been Grand Director of Ceremonies in succession to his father for many years. His services have been so important on behalf of the Craft that at the installation of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales as M.W.G.M., Bro. Woods was appointed to the rank of a Past Grand Warden, for upon him and Bro.

Fenn the chief burden of the arrangements in the Albert Hall had fallen, and nobly was the duty discharged. John Nelson, who died in 1872, joined the Lodge June 20th, 1823, and was Treasurer for a period of thirty years. He was the S.G. Deacon of the Grand Lodge in 1849, and well deserved the honour. Edwards Harper, who joined Jan. 16th, 1824, was joint Grand Secretary of the United Grand Lodge, with Bro. William Henry White. He also acted as Secretary of this Lodge, and formerly was connected with the "Athol Grand Lodge." His attention to his duties as Grand Secretary did not equal his partner, Bro. White. Sir William Rawlins, who was elected a joining member in 1825 (Jan 21st), was the S. Grand Warden in 1802, and during the same evening Augustus Bozzi Granville, M.D. (P.G.D. of England), was also elected. The latter was the Physician in Ordinary to H.R.H. the Duke of Clarence, (the W.M. from 1827 to 1830), and only "departed in peace" in the year 1872, though born at Milan in 1783. After his death was published, "The Autobiography of A.B. Granville, M.D., F.R.S.; being 88 years of the life of a physician who practiced his profession in Italy, Greece, Turkey, Spain, Portugal, the West Indies, Russia, Germany, France, and England." The former "Master in Chancery of the Supreme Court of Calcutta" (Edmund McNaghten) joined April 15th, 1825, and Lord Yarborough on May 20th, when the number was limited to sixty-four members. At the reception of two members June 17th, H.R.H. the Duke of York presided, and H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex, M.W.G.M., was present, and a similar attendance was registered a few month's later. John Williams, the oldest member at present of the Lodge, joined Jan. 20th, 1826. He was made an honorary member in 1839, and now resides at Debden Hall, Essex. May he long "wear his honours." At the next meeting Philip Joseph Salamons was elected a joining member. He was a Grand Sword Bearer of England, an office which has rarely fallen to any but the most zealous Masons. Godfrey Higgins, the celebrated author of the "Anacalypsis," became a member Dec. 21st, 1827, and it was probably owing to his connection with this Lodge, and seeing more than usual of the M.W.G.M., that he was led to deliver certain MSS. into the care of H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex, which once belonged to the extinct "Grand Lodge of all England held at York." Some of these MSS. have since been returned to York by the Earl of Zetland as the M.W.G.M. During 1829, Colonel C. S. Fagan, C.B., and John P. Larkins, Prov. G.M. of Bengal, joined, and on March 16th, 1832, Lord Henry John Spencer Churchill (Junior Grand Warden) was elected as a joining member. The Rt. Hon. Lord Monson, Major Graham, and General Caulfield, C.B., were elected during the same year with several other brethren as joining members; Lord Saltoun and Abernethy being elected to that honour the year afterwards. The Earl of Yarborough, Deputy Grand Master 1846 to 1857 (previously Lord Worsley), was initiated Feb. 17th, 1837, and was Prov. G.M. of the Isle of Wight. The Rev. John Vane was also similarly received at the following meeting, and subsequently served in Grand Lodge as Grand Chaplain. The Grand Registrar of 1840, William Harrison, Q.C., joined as a member Jan. 19th, 1838; one year later the Lord Charles Fitzroy, M.P., was initiated, and on May 17th, the Hon John Charles Dundas, M.P., was likewise initiated. Frederick Dundas, also was initiated June 21st, 1844; was S.G.W. 1849. The Rev. Joseph Bowles, D.D., was initiated June 21st, 1844, and subsequently was appointed Prov. Grand Master of Hereford. Two months before this the Rev. John Charles Ridley joined the Lodge, who was Prov. Grand Master of Oxfordshire. Edward Hodges Bailey, R.A., who joined April 18th, 1845, was a pupil of Flaxman's. "His Eve at the Fountain was produced at the age of twenty-five, and was considered a work of unrivalled grace and beauty. The statue of the Duke of Sussex, in Freemasons' Hall, and the colossal statue of Nelson in Trafalgar Square, are also his works. Lord Francis Egerton (Earl of Ellesmere in 1846, became connected with the Lodge during the same year. "His lordship was Prov. G.M. of East Lancashire, was a Knight of the Garter, President of the Asiatic Society, and author of several works of merit. His gallery of pictures was considered the finest

private collection in the Kingdom." During the same year Sir William Napier, Baronet, and the Most Noble Henry, Duke of Beaufort, were elected joining members.

In the succeeding two years several members were added to the Roll, amongst whom we might mention Lord Rendlesham (an initiate), Lord Calthorpe and Sir Charles Fergusson Forbes, M.D., Lord Worsley (afterwards Earl of Yarborough), was initiated March 27th, 1860.

On March 24th, 1863, H.H. the Maharajah Duleep Singh, was elected as a member, and was passed and raised in this Lodge. This distinguished brother was appointed a P.S.G.W. of the Grand Lodge, A.D. 1864. Archibald Alexander Spiers, M.P., who was initiated in the Lodge on May 24th, was J.G.W. in 1867. He was Provincial Grand Master of Glasgow a little while before his decease in 1868, and much beloved. John Anthony Rucker, an energetic member of the "Mystic Tie," joined on April 29th, 1867, and was S.G.D. in 1874. Lord Lindsay joined Jan 28th, 1868. He was S.G.W. of England in 1871, and is still Provincial G.M. of Aberdeenshire West. At the same Lodge the Rev. Arthur Bruce Frazer was elected (Grand Chaplain in 1872). On May 25th, the Hon. Henry Lowry Corry and Baron de Clifford were initiated, and on May 24th of the following year Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild was permitted to "see the light" in the body of the Prince of Wales Lodge. Sir George Elliot, Baronet, M.P., joined April 25th, 1871, who is the newly appointed Provincial Grand Master of South Wales (E.D.), in succession to the lamented Bro. T. M. Talbot, and was formerly Deputy Prov. G.M. of Middlesex. At the same meeting Joseph Charles Parkinson (J.G.D. in 1874) was also elected a joining member.

The year 1872 (Jan. 29th), was rendered remarkable in the annals of the Lodge by the election of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales as a member, when an address was presented to H.R.H. through the Earl of Zetland, then M.W.G.M., on the happy occasion of his recovery from a severe illness. During the same year the membership of the Lodge was added to by the election of Rear Admiral Selwyn, Lord Balfour, of Burleigh (S.G.W. in 1873), and others.

The year 1874 was rendered a "red letter" period, not only from the initiation of H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, but also from the brilliant assemblage on that interesting occasion. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales occupied the chair, and was supported by the M.W.G.M. the Marquis of Ripon, the Earl of Carnarvon (the present Pro. Grand Master), the Grand Wardens, Grand Chaplain and other Grand Officers. The Marquis of Ripon soon afterwards resigned his connection with the Craft, and was succeeded by the Prince of Wales, Heir Apparent to the throne of Great Britain and Ireland, so the only loser by the exchange has been the Marquis himself.

April 28th, 1874, the Earl of Onslow and Sir Albert William Woods, Garter, were elected joining members; and thus concludes our record of the distinguished Masons who grace the Lodge Roll.

We should like to have presented a few more extracts from Bro. Fenn's excellent work, but already our paper has extended beyond the ordinary limits, and our own additions to the various quotations from the work have occupied no inconsiderable space.

The frontispiece to the work is a reproduction by the heliotype process of an engraving of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales (A.D. 1800), by the brother of the artist. Bro. Fenn states in a private letter to us, that the original was a water-colour painting by a Bro. Scott, artist of Brighton, and represents H.R.H. the Prince of Wales as M.W.G.M., sitting in open Lodge, "invested with the insignia of that ancient and honourable Order." We notice that on Nov. 19th, "a portrait of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales was presented to the Lodge by Bro. Corry." This may have been a copy of the same engraving, but the one herein alluded to is the property of Bro. Fenn.

Various presentations made to the Lodge from time to time, we have had to pass over, as also numerous addresses, ending with the last of the latter, which apparently concludes the history, viz., the address to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, on his happy return from India.

The members have had the permission

of the M.W.G.M. from the institution of the Lodge, to wear a "royal medal, having the Prince of Wales' plume and motto, 'Ich Dien,' within a garter, containing another well known motto, 'Honi soit qui mal y pense,'" and from February 23rd, 1875, with the addition thereto "of a representation of the coronet of the Prince of Wales," which rests on the jewel proper. The numbers of the Lodge have been as follows: At its constitutions in 1787, it was 503. In A.D. 1792, it became 412. At the Union of A.D. 1813, it was altered to 493. In A.D. 1832, it was 324, and from A.D. 1863, it has been 259.

SUMMER.

BY BRO. JOHN SAFFERY.

In summer-time the songs of many birds,
Rejoicing loudly with their heartfelt joy,
Are borne upon the gentle gale, and fill
With pleasant sounds the perfume-laden air.
How sweet it is
To wander forth upon a summer's day
At early dawn, and looking to the *East*
From breezy downs with an expanding view
Of boundless sea and sky, behold the sun
Emerge from the horizon's depths and shed
A flood of orient light o'er all the scene.
How straight and short reflection's path
Across the rosy rippling sea doth seem;
'Tis but a fancied span from shore to sun.
The golden gates of heaven are centred in
The radiant orb methinks, and open wide
At dawn, to light and cheer the world, with rays
Celestial from the Mighty Throne of God.
The transient pictures made by passing ships,
That "Sailing o'er a summer's sea" like birds
With wings outstretched, give to the scene a touch,
A grace, enhanced by fleeting fleece-like clouds.
The sea-girt rocks along the coast complete
With rugged grandeur, clothed with verdant shrubs,
Delight the eye, and lead the observing mind
To contemplate with reverential awe
The splendid majesty of created things.
It is sublime, at noon, to climb the steep
And drink the senses full of soul-inspiring sights.
Below, in field and mead, the lowing herd
Refresh and feed among luxuriant grass,
And others, satisfied, have sought the hedge
To rest, and chew the cud, in grateful shade.
Away, far over dell and forest glade,
And range of distant hills, the sweet repose
Of hamlet, house, and cot, is undisturbed.
The scintillating river winds and flows,
And bears upon its silv'ry shining breast
The swan-like yachts, for pleasure sailing to
The ocean's path; all animated things
Discernible, appear to harmonize
And mingle with the landscape's perfect calm.
To gaze on such a scene, resplendent made
By solar light and warmth enquickening,
With joyous rapture fills the human heart.
And sweet it is
To stroll at eventide where wild flowers bloom
And scatter fragrant odours all around;
To watch the sun sink in the Western Deeps,
And tint with aureate red the white-flecked sky.
'Tis then the glory of departing day
A sense of sadness gives—foreshadowing
A Time when setting suns shall rise no more.
Fair Nature's charms, by land and sea and sky,
Exalt the soul, and to the "Still small voice"
Of man, e'en seem to say, "Prepare thyself
"By faith and Holy Love, for better things—
"The glory of a brighter world to come."
The balmy summer air with ozone charged,
Is life and health and happiness to us;
We breathe and live, and should have thankful hearts
For blessings well bestowed—Divinely given.
This is a world of joy, and wisely made,

With precious gifts endowed for sinful man,
That, living purely, he may pass this life
Bereft of care, contented with his lot.
The world, create, is perfect in each part,
And human misery but self-imposed.
The good and Godly praise their Heavenly King,
Extol His Works; and ever 'tis to them,
In summer-time, at morn, or noon, or night,
That earth and heav'n are one with glory bright.

Sheerness-on-Sea.

THE ADVENTURES OF DON PASQUALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "OLD, OLD STORY."

CHAPTER I.

"Ich traum als Kind mich zurücke,
Und schüttle mein greises Haupt!
Wie sucht ihr mich heim, ihr Bilder,
Die lang ich vergessen geglaubt?"
CHAMISSO.

As autobiography is, so to say, the "idea" of the hour, which seems most to interest the mind and affect the imagination, which appears most to "pay," I think it well to give to the readers of the MASONIC MAGAZINE some very remarkable personal papers, in the autobiographical line, which have lately fallen into my hands, for purely autobiographical purposes. Indeed, just now, everybody seems to wish to live over again "in print." What "our Thomas" did, and what our "Ellen" said, appear to interest greatly that "profanum vulgus," which revels in scandals and delights in mysteries; though why the lives and fortunes of Thomas Higginbotham and Ellen, (his lawful wife,) can concern any one, I cannot understand, as one should have been inclined to think "à priori," that they could hardly have a "scintilla" of interest, pleasure, or importance for any mortal being.

But in so saying or in so thinking, we should be undoubtedly quite wrong, as at this moment nothing is read so much, or is so lucrative "per se," as autobiography, whether of the great or humble. Whether it is we like—

"To be iniquitously just,
And rake up the ashes of the guilty dust,"

or whether it is only that we desire "pour passer le temps," to moralize over the weaknesses, and littlenesses, and "bas-sesse," even of our friend, is a moot question. Yes, I think it is a very difficult problem to solve, whether we desire most to "testify," or "take the high moral line," to strip off the "iron mask," or to penetrate into the "aporreta" of domes tic life,whenwe thus give up our "days and nights" to the study of "autobiography."

It is, in my opinion, a very vicious taste at the best, and one that will not last very long. But here it is, and my readers and myself must yield to it for the nonce, as it would never do to be "out of the fashion."

Perhaps, if one seeks, as one always should do, to take a philosophical view of things, much of this love of the "autobiographical line" may be traced to a desire for historical accuracy and statistical information. These are highly commendable characteristics, and are pleasurable in themselves, let us believe, to young, middle-aged, and old; to ladies in the decline of life, to our matronly and young married women; to old maids and blooming maidens, and, above all, to that "gang" of aged boys, mature youths, and verdant young men,—who cackle just now rather like affected and dissolute ganders, than even the shrillest "swans of Meandér."

A poet has well described the philosophical and striking love, not of "lying," but of biography, which is always to be commended:—

"I've often thought biography the neatest
And most instructive kind of composition,
Especially if written (as is meetest)
By literary people of condition.
I never liked the records (though completest)
Of kingdoms, battles, wars, wounds, ammunition:
Preferring Plutarch, Charles the Twelfth, Munchausen,
Robinson Crusoe, Valentine and Orson.

"I own, too, that I like a little scandal;
I like to know what heroes thought and said;
I like to hear how Pitt put out his candle;
What time, exactly, Fox got into bed;
And whether Burke preferred Mozart or Handel;
What kind of nightcap wrapt Lord Nelson's head.
One loves to see all these important facts,
Elucidated by authentic tracts."

But biography is not autobiography, and while I praise the one, I denounce the other. Yet it is just possible, that reasons like these I have recently quoted animated the author of this autobiography, (in his usual kindly consideration for the frailties and feelings of others), when he prepared his papers so carefully for public perusal, and we will therefore proceed with them.

That he is a man of uncommon parts, the following chapters will show I think clearly, that he is a person of thorough veracity and reliability there need, I apprehend, be no question. His words speak for themselves. I have taken the liberty for obvious reasons, to suppress the egotistical assertion of the first person all through the chapters, and if the words of this striking autobiography may lose a little in forcibility of individual utterance, they yet gain I make bold to think, in lucidity and terseness of expression.

I may be wrong in this, as in all other matters, (for no one is infallible here,) but the fact can, after all, only be decided by the suffrages of my readers, and I leave the question, for the present, in the fullest confidence in the hands of a critical and impartial jury!

Benedito Paesiello was the real name of my hero, (the writer of this autobiography,) which I have ventured to reproduce and adapt for my readers—though he was generally called "Don Pasquale." It is often very difficult to know the actual reason of this or that nickname, which sticks to a man—aye, and to a woman, for the matter of that—for life. Sometimes there is a cause, sometimes no cause at all. It arises, as much as anything, often, from the perversity of us all alike, who like to invest the ridiculous and the passing with the attributes of the permanent and the serious!

Some little incident, some ludicrous "contretemps," some human infirmity, some sense of the ridiculous confers upon the individual a "soubriquet" which he or she never loses.

Benedito Paesiello, Italian as he was, was very fond of the opera, and was noted for his attendance at the performance of the masterpieces of the old and new Italian schools, and, in fact, any school at all,—though Wagner then had not burst on the astonished world in the plenitude and harmony of the "coming man." So, whether it was that he was attracted by the "songs of sirens," the energy of the orchestra, or the smiles of the prima donna, must remain a mystery. Some facetious acquaintance, in an hour of exuberant mirth, and harmonious "furore," dubbed him "Don Pasquale," and "Don Pasquale" he has ever since remained to friend or foe.

Now our "Benedito," as I have said before, was an Italian. He was a native of a little independent principality, the name of which matters nothing, which, partly by its own insignificance, politically speaking, and partly by the happy arrangements of its rulers, hymeneally considered, had preserved its independence through many vicissitudes and through changing years!

It was quite a bijou principality after all, with its little capital and its little court, and so peaceable were the inhabitants, that it was comfortably governed by ten "sbirri," (Italian for a policemen,) and one Superintendent, one Inspector, and two detectives. Its army contingent consisted of twenty-five men, one lieutenant, and one captain—a retired major was its commander-in-chief; and its navy was composed of one gunboat and the royal yacht.

But this Court had its officials and its little struggles nevertheless. Benedito's father was the grand Arquebusier (unpaid), and a proprietor of some acres and a "lang pedigree!" He was a very important person in that slender coterie.

He was a man, too, of singular clearness of vision and decision of character. When the Prince, who had taken the "grand tour," and returned home to the long galleries and orange groves of his palace, found everything so humdrum and quiet, he determined on a great innovation,

—a radical reform in his peaceable and conservative principality.

He summoned the officers of his Court together, (the Board of Pink Cloth,) he determined to hold and did hold, in the ancient language of the legal documents, (borrowed, apparently, like a new fashion from Paris,) "a bed of justice," and propounded his intention of dressing all his Courtiers in nankeen small-clothes. He had seen nankeen for the first time in London, and took a wonderful fancy to it. This was henceforth to be the dress "de rigueur" for the Court. The old nobility and the "gens de la Cour," loudly objected. Some of them were old, some of them were thin; some of them were fat, some of them were knock-kneed; some disliked change, many suspected foreign interests; while not a few even went so far as to say that the Jesuits had a "finger in the pie." And thus began that famous feud which convulsed the little Court and principality for many months. Parties were formed, and chiefs elected. There were three parties mainly. The young and ardent, (if not verdant,) who went gallantly for the "small clothes;" the timid and the old who suggested "en pantalon;" while the "great middle class," of the independent and the educated, asked both for liberty of conscience and fulness of trousers.

It was then that "Gaetano Paesiello," our hero's father, threw his great weight into the scale of the "via media," and declared for the unfettered rights of the country and people—in the full, free, comfortable, easy-going, neatly-fitting, nankeen trousers. And such a moderate and sensible view of course prevailed, and for a long time such was the normal regulation of that Court and Principality. Probably, in the changes of Italy, that little free spot has been swept away and absorbed, (that is the correct word,) and those old customs with it; but, at any rate, numerous tracts are extant—in the British Museum, and the Library of the Vatican—to demonstrate the vivacity and bitterness of the contest, the eloquence of opposing patriots, the unanswerable arguments of the pamphleteers, and the greatness of the question, and of the victory!

Benedito was happy in having an educated woman for his mother, who encouraged him in his studies, and lauded his acquirements. For Benedito was always a lover of books, and under that sunny clime, and amid scented orange groves, surrounded by the songs of birds and the perfume of flowers, he mastered the great principles of a serene and practical philosophy, which he never lost, which he never forgot, amid the trials of later years, in the "tourbillon" of earthly society. He often used to say to himself and to his intimate friends in later times, "I never can forget what I owe to an interest which never ceased, to an intellect which was ever active, to a wit which was ever pleasant, and to a sympathy which was ever abounding!"

We hardly often here realize, it appears to me, what we owe to the mother's influence, to woman's directing will, or intellect, or cleverness—her ceaseless kindness, sympathy, and love! For woman, strange in her psychology, and differing vastly from man, is, no doubt, in the good Providence of God, mindful when man is oblivious; careful when man is reckless; pitying when man is contemptuous; just when man is hasty; loving when man is indifferent; and conscientious when man is lax.

Some of our greatest heroes, many of the human "idols" of admiring generations, owe the very "contour," so to say, of their characters, the great "primum mobile" in them of all that is good, true, admirable, heroic, to the tender nurture, the true heart, the wise aphorisms of the mother, or the female! Yes, the female, often doubted, not unfrequently condemned, but still, as God ordained, is man's helpmeet ever here, a truth we sometimes lose sight of, and around her innate tenderness, truth, faith, and love, circle, if I may so say, all the virtues of life, all the visions of the good, the beautiful, and the true!

Poor Benedito lost his father through an attack of malaria, and his mother, after a few years peaceful widowhood passed away, too, amid the tears and regrets of her son, leaving him just twenty-one, friendless, to wage life's war comparatively all alone, for his relatives were sparse, and his acquaintances were few. Thus often ends the dream of life, when all seems fairest and brightest now. The blue sky becomes overclouded in a moment, the sea rises,

the billows roar, and the fragile craft goes down entombed in the pitiless main.

Paesiello thought he had lost all happiness, when he bade farewell to his best and truest friends, but Time, which heals most wounds here, partly healed his.

He never forgot the past, or dear faces of loving friends, indeed they were with him year by year, day by day, hour by hour.

But he had duties to perform, and work to do; and he sought reverently and submissively to carry out the one and accomplish the other. Luckily for him, he ever was a firm believer in Providence, and so, unlike some, he looked on through all things here, to bright days beyond the "clouds and thick darkness" now, to to a peaceful time when the journey was over, and the rest was won!

But he was just twenty-one, with a comfortable competence, a château on the hills, a house in town, a plenteous store of "golden ducats," high health, good looks, and fine youth; and so he determined to see a little of "men and manners," to judge for himself in many things about which he felt doubts and hesitations, and perfectly to realize, if he could do so, alike his true position, and his real mission in the world!

And who can blame him? You won't, I know, kindly reader, and I cannot; so let us give him credit, alike for goodness of heart, clearness of vision, and calmness of will.

It is, then, his wanderings and adventures, which from his own authentic MSS. I have prepared for an indulgent audience; and having finished my prologue, (probably much to your satisfaction), I will, in the next chapter in the next month's Magazine, draw up the curtain, and range my "Fantoccini" on the stage!

Until then, I offer you my best thanks for your past, and I ask for the continuance of your future toleration.

(To be Continued.)

TRAM-CARS AND OMNIBUSES.

THE following forms part of the opening address of the President, Bro. R. M. Bancroft, before the Civil and Mechanical Engineers' Society, 7, Westminster Chambers, Victoria Street, the subject being a very interesting one to the public:—

Conveyance by tram or 'bus now forms such an important part of Metropolitan and Provincial life, that a few remarks taken from the proceedings of this Society may be interesting.

The weight of cars, of course, vary according to their loads and the gradients for which they are used. In Leeds some one-horse cars carry 18 passengers and weigh 34 cwt. empty, and cars to carry 20 passengers, empty 47 cwt., and fully loaded 4 tons. The weight of a London Street-Tramway Company's Car, empty, to carry 36 passengers, is from 2 to $2\frac{1}{4}$ tons at the outside, its cost is £200, and the duration of these cars it is expected will be from 12 to 14 years. The North Metropolitan Tramway Cars to carry 46 passengers (22 inside and 24 outside), weigh about 2 tons 5 cwt. empty, and over 5 tons 7 cwt. when fully loaded, and costs £220. The life of tramway cars vary so much with the quality of materials and workmanship, size, shape, mileage, work, whether they have roof seats or not, that it is rather difficult to give an average. Cars have been in use on the North Metropolitan Tramway Company nearly seven years, and are in very good condition, while others used for a less time are worn out. This Company find an American firm supply the most durable, and therefore the most economical, and they are estimated to last 14 years. The three Metropolitan tramway companies conveyed about 48,000,000 passengers last year. The rapid growth of this particular branch of industry is remarkable, and foreign manufacturers find it to their interest to have agents established in our midst.

The weight of an average London omnibus is about 24 cwt. empty, and over 3 tons with a full load of passengers, and its cost is £140. Its life, if well built—as the London Omnibus Company make them at their own works—should be from ten to twelve years, but if badly built only seven or eight years. The London General Omnibus Company owns very nearly 8,000 horses, and in addition to its own vehicles supplies horse power to some of the tramways, and carried in 1876 51,158,946 passengers.

The cost of London tramway car and omnibus horses is from £39 10s. to £43. The age when horses for this kind of traffic are considered capable of doing their work is rising five years, and with proper care and dieting of say 30lbs. of food, and running fifteen miles per day all the year round, they will be good for their work in London or our large provincial towns for an average of five years, although on a level tramway and no Sunday work they may last for twelve years. The London General Omnibus Company send about 1,000 annually to the slaughterers, besides selling by auction 600 to 700 at £9 or £10 each. Horses which do not die of disease, get worn and strained about their feet and legs, and have to be sold as unequal to do this kind of work, and then used for purposes where pace is not required. The chief maladies they suffer from are similar to ordinary draught-horses, such as colds, injuries, cracked heels, sand cracks, springs at their knees, and quitters, which latter is a hard round swelling upon the coronet, between the heel and the quarter.

The foregoing remarks serve in a manner to show the cost and wear and tear going on with both live and rolling stock, and anything that engineers or patentees can do to reduce this to a minimum should be done.

While so many schemes are being tried to introduce other motive power than horses, it would appear that until very lately the idea has not been entertained of storing up that power used in breaking and stopping the cars, so as to utilise it for starting and propelling. This is now being tried by Mr. A. Squire, of Howland Street, Tottenham Court Road, with some prospects of success. He proposes to apply it to both omnibuses and tram-cars, and it is surprising to think that such a simple contrivance has not been used before; it is only a pair of ordinary laminated carriage springs, such as are used in every light carriage, being straightened out by means of a chain winding round a clutch box on the axle, thus braking the wheels and throwing out of gear, when the driver wishes to start the car, thereby assisting to propel it, and saving much strain upon the horses—a subject well worthy the support of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, the more so when we know that from 1,600 to 1,700 London General Omnibus Company's horses are broken down every year.

Steam will, no doubt, supersede horse power for this work, at some future time; and we all must wish our respected fellow-member, Mr. Perrett, every success he may desire in his endeavours to perfect the steam tram-car he kindly showed the members and friends of this Society in the last session.

American Tramways.

Age of Horses.—It is not considered judicious to put a horse at tramway work at less than six years of age. A horse is at his prime at about eight years old, and a good selection of horses will average a service of four years, though many horses do better. Formerly three to three-and-a-half years was considered the average service of horses, but improvements in the lightness and easy running of tram-cars has become relief to horses.

Injury to Horses.—The feet of horses suffer from the constant travel on the stone pavements, and the limbs from the strain in starting the car, enhanced with us by the extreme loads carried.

Sickness.—Horses are also affected with various diseases caused by the bad ventilation of their stables.

Weight of Cars.—The "Imperials," or top-seat cars, which Messrs. John Stephenson and Co., of New York, send to Europe, weigh 4,800 to 5,000 lbs. The "Two-horse" cars, used in New York, of their make, weigh 4,300 to 4,800 lbs.; but they make cars of the same seating capacity, weighing 3,700 to 4,300 lbs. These latter are used in South America and in some of the continental cities of Europe. Weight of passengers added, about 150lbs. each, therefore the car with top seats, seating 44 persons, aggregates about 11,600 lbs. The New York practise is for cars 4,800 lbs., and eighty passengers at 150lbs. each, equals 16,800 lbs. The difference in the efficiency of the horses is largely caused by the form of the tram rail, the English practise being a groove rail, which causes almost unceasing contact of the wheel flange, while the American form of rail being open at one side, per-

mits freedom of flange, reducing resistance about one-third.

Life of Tram-cars.—We have no data as to the life of American top-seat cars, as cars of that kind are not used there; but the cars of this character used on the tramways of Great Britain, of "home make," have performed service of five years. We also understand the cars sent by Messrs. J. Stephenson and Co. to Liverpool and London, for the opening of those tramways in 1869, are yet in good condition and likely to do many years' service. The American cars are calculated good for twenty-five to thirty years of such service as we have named. The cars referred to are on a tramway connecting the business centre of New York with the Grand Central Depot, from which radiate the great railway lines running east, north, and west, therefore the tram-cars at "train-time" are subject to the most excessive loads. These cars have been in such service for nearly twenty years, the platforms, hoods, and ventilators have been modernised, and they are now said to be good for twelve to fifteen years more.

Cost of Horses.—Average about 150 dollars (£31 5s. English). This sum will now buy the best class. It is the custom in America for the horse merchant to furnish his tramway company with horses at a price agreed upon, and the tramway officer will pick from each new drove of horses such as he fancies; and should a few days develope inefficiency in a horse, it may be returned to the dealer as often as desirable until a satisfactory horse is obtained. After horses become unfit for tram service, they are sold at reduced prices to farmers or others.

Cost of Cars.—The best top-seat cars cost on an average about 1,100 dollars (£229 English), and the cost of cars as used in New York is about 1,000 dollars (£201 6s. English) each. The lighter cars cost less.

The car bodies, with its appertenances, constitute the most durable part of the car. The wheel, costing 6 dollars each (25s. English money), performs an average service of about 30,000 miles; the axles 200,000 to 300,000 miles.

The best wheels for tramway cars are cast-iron wave-plate wheels; this allows the outside rim to cool while the centre portion is not placed in tension. Car wheels wear much longer in America than in England, on account of the form of rail spoken of above.

The original street car manufactured in 1831 by John Stephenson, New York, shows in the drawing that leather springs were then used, and was in appearance much like the old coaches before the advent of railways.

WONDERS OF OPERATIVE MASONRY.

V.

We continue our description of leading Abbeys and Cathedrals in Great Britain and Ireland, premising that in another and final article we shall conclude the series with an account of the exact connection of the Freemasons of the middle ages with the construction of these important edifices.

Salisbury Cathedral, on the river Avon, 81 miles south-west from London, is a splendid Gothic structure, in the form of a Greek Cross, 419 feet long, with transepts of 232 and 172 feet respectively: It was erected in the reign of Henry III., A.D., 1220, about the same time as Westminster Abbey, with which alone it can be compared in grandeur. The west front is a beautifully enriched specimen of pointed architecture, and has niches filled with many statues. The tower, with spire, is exceedingly lofty, the whole height from the pavement to the top of the cross being 400 feet. The following lines convey a popular description of the interior of this cathedral:

"As many days as in one year there be,
So many windows in this church we see;
As many marble pillars here appear,
As there are hours throughout the fleeting year;
As many gates as moons one year does view—
Strange tale to tell, yet not more strange than true."

Its front, with tall spire and multitudinous pinnacles and towers, is as beautiful as that of York Minster. Among the ancient tombs in the aisles is that of

Longsword, Earl of Salisbury, and son of Fair Rosamond, in chain mail; another of a Crusader, indicated by an effigy with legs crossed; and on one tomb there is a recumbent skeleton. The noses of several of the statues, strange to say, are unbroken. The Chapter House is remarkable. Its roof is sustained by a single great central pillar, which at the ceiling gushes out with a beauty that overflows all the walls—as if the pillar had been a petrified fountain.

LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL is in Staffordshire, 119 miles north-west from London, and was founded by Oswy, King of Mercia, in A.D. 656. The present edifice was erected A.D. 1128, and exhibits a combination of Norman and Pointed architecture. The west front is eminently beautiful, rich in tabernacled statues, and having three tall, shapely and highly ornamented spires. Twenty-four kings are represented on the front, in effigy, wearing regal crowns. The central spire is after a design by Bro. Sir Christopher Wren, intended originally for Westminster Abbey. In the interior the clustered columns of the naves have foliated capitals, each differing from the others, supporting the pointed arches and a vaulted roof, which is curiously and elegantly embossed.

> "Like a cluster of rods,
> Bound with leaf-garlands tender,
> The great massive pillars
> Rise stately and slender;
> Rise and bend and embrace
> Until each owns a brother,
> As down the long aisles
> They stand linked to each other.
> Unity! Mystery!
> Majesty! Grace!
> Stone upon stone;
> And each stone in its place."

BOLTON PRIORY is in Yorkshire, on the river Wharfe, 46 miles west of York, and 222 miles north from London. This Priory was founded A.D. 1121, at Embassay, two miles from Bolton, but in 1154 was removed to Bolton, as a memorial from a mother,—the wife of Wm. Fitz Duncan, of a son, who was drowned. It was a magnificent monastic establishment, of which there are now picturesque remains. It was dissolved in A.D. 1540, when its revenues were £444. Its transepts and choir are in ruins, but part of the nave is used as a parish Church. One of the gate houses has been converted into a dwelling house, and is the occasional residence of the Duke of Devonshire. Opposite to the east window, the river on which it is situated strikes a high rock, from the top of which there descends a fine water-fall. It was long a tradition, that after the dissolution of Bolton Priory a white doe at divine service made a pilgrimage to the adjacent churchyard. Upon this story Wordsworth founded his romantic poem of "The White Doe of Rylstone." Wordsworth thus refers to the present Chapel in his "White Doe:"

> "In the shattered fabric's heart
> Remaineth one protected part—
> A rural chapel neatly dressed,
> In covert like a little nest;
> And thither young and old repair
> On Sabbath-day for praise and prayer."

One of the most marked features of this structure is the western tower, begun by the last Prior before the Dissolution, but never completed. It contains a fine receding arch, and is embellished with shields, statues, and a window of exquisite tracery.

WELLS CATHEDRAL is 121 miles south-west from London, at Wells, an ancient city, that owes its name to three springs or wells that are near the east end of the Cathedral. The west front is 235 feet in length, and one of the grandest in England, being of the purest Early English architecture. It is full of niches, which contain over 300 statues, 150 of which are of life size, or colossal, being effigies of kings, queens, bishops, knights, and princessess. The effect of these is remarkable. Some of the statues are quite quaint. For example, Noah is represented in a working dress, with a cap on his head, and the flaps tied under his chin. This west front, however, is a sculptured page of biblical, ecclesiastical and political history, and a masterpiece of art, without a parallel in England, and only equalled at Rheims and Chartres, in France. The central tower is 160 feet high (completed in A.D. 1321), and the Cathedral is 371 feet in length, with transepts of 135 feet. As compared with other buildings of a like character, the interior of Wells Cathedral is not especially remarkable for

grandeur, but its west front, composed of three decorated towers, all rich in niches, pedestals, statues, and canopies, is of unsurpassed elegance, and an architectural wonder.

GLASGOW, or ST. MUNGO CATHEDRAL, Glasgow, is one of the most venerable edifices in Scotland that has been preserved in its completed state. St. Mungo, its founder, was contemporary with St. Columbo, Abbot of Iona. He was a son of the King of the Scots, by a daughter of the King of the Picts, and died A.D. 601. The first church was destroyed, but afterwards restored in the twelfth century by King David I., and finished A.D. 1136. It was burnt and rebuilt A.D. 1197. Subsequent bishops and patrons extended it greatly, some in the fifteenth century. At the period of the Reformation the Cathedral was in its present state, and escaped the destruction dealt out by the populace to most of the monastic edifices of that epoch. Oliver Cromwell, after his victory over the Presbyterians at Dunbar, made a formal procession to the Cathedral and attended service. The minister, Rev. Zachary Boyd, preached and boldly inveighed against Cromwell and the Independents. "Shall I pistol the scoundrel?" whispered the Secretary to his master. "No," said the General, "we will manage him in another way;" and having asked him to sup with him, Cromwell concluded the meal with a prayer of some hours' duration, so that they did not separate till three o'clock in the morning, which so pleased the minister that he declared Cromwell to be one of the "elect."

Glasgow Cathedral is architecturally, a fine example of undecorated Gothic. John Morrow, who built Melrose Abbey, was its architect. Its length is 319 feet, its interior height 90 feet, and it has a spire of 225 feet. In the Church and crypts there are 147 clustered columns and 159 windows. While cruciform in shape, its transepts are short, projecting but little beyond the side aisles. The Lady Chapel is very rich, with clustered columns having beautiful foliated capitals. The crypts of this cathedral excite equally the admiration of the architect, the antiquary and ordinary visitor. In extent, construction and ornamentation they are without an equal. Joceline's Crypt is 127 feet long, by 60 feet wide. Bro. Sir Walter Scott graphically described it in his "Rob Roy," and it is the alleged meeting place of Rob Roy and Francis Osbaldistone. The stained glass throughout the Cathedral is very rich.

For some years Glasgow St. Mungo Lodge of Freemasons statedly assembled in a room in St. Mungo Cathedral, and we have seen one of its Lodge notices containing at its head a fine engraving of this ancient edifice. In this notice the members of the Lodge were summoned "to harmonize in the Light"—a phraseology that is peculiarly Masonic.

THE TRUE FREEMASON.

BY BRO. W. CORBETT.

Mariner's Lodge, 249, *Liverpool.*

WHO is the true Freemason? He
Who speaks the truth, disdains to slander;
Who scorns deceit, hypocrisy,
And will not into bye-laws wander;
Who keeps his word; who keeps his place;
Is true and trusty in his dealing,
Has honesty upon his face,
And is a man of tender feeling.

He is a Mason good and true
Who neither wily is nor double,
And who is very best will do
To help a worthy man in trouble;
Who owns a modest, moral mind;
A hand that firmly grasps another,
A heart that kindly feels inclined
Ev'n to the failings of a Brother.

A Mason good and true is he
Who lives by plumb-rule, square and skirrit,
What e'er his sphere of life may be
His is the true Masonic spirit!
Within due bounds with all he lives,
And travels on his path of duty—
A path which many a vista gives
Of sweetest scenes of moral beauty!

TOM HOOD.

"He sang the Song of the Shirt."

A Lecture by Bro. Emra Holmes, delivered at Ipswich, Colchester, and Saxmundham, and rewritten for the MASONIC MAGAZINE.

THE subject of my present lecture was a living proof of the truth of the Latin axiom, "Poeta nascitur non fit." Nature stamped him as a genius—as a poet—when the world would have it he was only a comic writer, a mere punster, who could make you laugh and nothing more.

Robert Chambers, in his "Encyclopædia of English Literature," says Thomas Hood appeared before the public chiefly as a comic poet and humorist, but several of his compositions showed that he was also capable of excelling in the grave, pathetic, and sentimental. He had thought "too deep for tears," and rich, imaginative dreams and fancies, which were at times embodied in continuous strains of pure and exquisite poetry, but more frequently thrown in like momentary shadows among his light and fantastic effusions.

His daughter, in the "Memorials of Thomas Hood," which she compiled, and which her brother (the late talented editor of *Fun*, and of the new series of *Hood's Comic Annual*, which delights the lieges at Christmas), prefaced—thus opens the story of his life, in the interesting book which I have quoted, and to which I have gone for most of the matter in this brief sketch of a great man :—

"The public record of Thomas Hood has been long before the world—either in the quaint jests and witty conceits that enlivened many a Christmas fireside, or in the poems which were his last and best legacy to his country. All that remains is the history of his private life—that 'long disease'—as it was truly called—so long and so severe, that it was only wonderful that the sensitive mind and frail body had not given way before.

"From his earliest years, with the exception of a few bright but transient gleams, it was a hand-to-hand struggle with straitened means and adverse circumstances. It was a practical illustration of Longfellow's noble lines :—

> "'How sublime a thing it is
> To suffer and be strong!'

He possessed the most refined taste and appreciation for all the little luxuries and comforts that make up so much of the enjoyments of life; and the cares and annoyances that would be scarcely perceptible to a stronger and rougher organization, fell with a double weight on the mind overtasked by such constant and harassing occupation. He literally fulfilled his own words, and was one of the "master minds at journey work; moral magistrates greatly underpaid; immortals without a living; menders of the human heart breaking their own; mighty intellects without their mite.

"The income his works now produce to his children might then have prolonged his life for many years; although when we looked on the calm, happy face after death," she says, "free, at last, from the painful expression that had almost become habitual to it, we dared not regret the rest so long prayed for and hardly won." His life like that of most modern literary men, was very barren of incident; there is, therefore, little to relate save the ebb and flow of health and strength—

> "As in his breast the wave of life
> Kept heaving to and fro."

With the distinct and even minute foreknowledge of organic and mortal disease, liable at any moment to a fatal and sudden termination, it must, indeed, have been a brave spirit to bear so cheerfully and courageously as he did that life, which was one long sickness. He knew that those dearest to him were dependent on his exertions, and his mental powers were cramped and tied down by pecuniary necessity; while his bodily frame was enfeebled by nervousness and exhaustion.

Of Hood's birth and parentage we can glean but few particulars. His own joking account was that as his grandmother was a Miss Armstrong, he was descended from two notorious thieves, *i.e.*, Robin Hood and Johnnie Armstrong; which reminds one of the gentleman who said he was named John after his Aunt Sarah.

His father's name, however, is mentioned in "Illustrations of the Literary History of the 18th Century," by J. B. Nicholls, F.S.A., as having died at Islington, of a malignant fever. He was a bookseller of the Poultry, and Mr. Nicholls says he was a native of Scotland, and came to London to seek his fortune, where he was in a humble position for four or five years. Mr. Hood was one of the associated booksellers who selected old books for reprinting. The firm consisted of Messrs. Vernon, Hood, and Sharpe, and they were the publishers of "The Beauties of England and Wales," "The Mirror," Bloomfield's (the Suffolk poet) poems, and those of Kirke White.

Mr. Hood married a Miss Sands, sister to the engraver of that name, to whom his famous son was afterwards articled. At his house in the Poultry on the 23rd May, 1799, Tom Hood was born.

The elder Mr. Hood was a man of cultivated taste and literary inclinations, and was the author of two novels, which attained some popularity in their day, although now their very names are forgotten. No doubt his favourite pursuits and his business avocations influenced in no small degree the amusements and inclinations of his children; and for those days they must have been a very fairly intellectual family.

As I have before stated, Tom Hood was articled to his uncle as an engraver, preferring the drudgery of an engraver's desk to encroaching upon the small family store, and he was subsequently transferred to one of the Le Keux. His elder brother James died early, a victim to consumption, which ultimately carried off his mother and two sisters.

His father had died rather suddenly, and the widow and children—there were six in all—were rather slenderly provided for.

He was a most devoted and excellent son to his mother, and the last days of her widowhood and decline were soothed by his tender care and affection. Many of the readers of the MASONIC MAGAZINE will remember the sweet verses he wrote, "To a Child Embracing his Mother."

The lines entitled the "Death-Bed," in the *Englishman's Magazine*, were written at the time of her death. The poem has been frequently quoted without the name of the author, and so with several other of Hood's poems, is not generally known to be his. Shortly after his death it appears that a Latin translation of the "Deathbed" appeared in the *Times*.

An opening that offered more congenial employment presented itself at last, when he was about twenty-one. By the death of Mr. John Scott, the editor of the *London Magazine*, who was killed in a duel, that periodical passed into other hands, and became the property of Hood's friends, Messrs. Taylor and Hessey, who soon sent for him, and he became a sort of sub-editor of the magazine.

Mr. Hessey describes him when young as a singular child, silent and retired, with much quiet humour, and apparently delicate in health.

He was educated at a school at Clapham or Camberwell; and it appears whilst there was the hero of many schoolboy tricks and adventures, which might go among the *exempla minora* to prove the rule, "the child is father of the man."

He was articled at fifteen or sixteen to his uncle, but the confinement not suiting him, and his health beginning thus early to suffer, the engagement was put an end to; he was sent to a relative in Scotland —at Dundee, I believe—and it was here that his first literary productions appeared in the *Dundee Advertizer*. His first introduction to the literary world, however, was no doubt the *London Magazine*, and here he amused himself by concocting humorous notices and answers to correspondents in the Lion's Head. The "Echo" in Hood's magazine was a continuation of this idea, and some of them are very quaint and amusing. I cannot do better than quote one or two :—

VERITY.—It is better to have an enlarged heart than a contracted one, and even such a hemorrhage as mine, than a spitting of spite.

A CHAPTER ON BUSTLES is under consideration for one of our *back* numbers.

N.N.—The most characteristic Mysteries of of London are those which have lately prevailed on the land and the river, attended by collisions of vessels, robberies, assaults, accidents, and other features of Metropolitan interest. If N.N. be ambitious of competing with the writer whom he names, let him try his hand at a genuine, solid yellow, November fog. It is dirty, dangerous, smoky, stinking, obscure, unwholesome, and favourable to vice and violence.

This was evidently aimed at "Reynold's Miscellany," the "Mysteries of London," and other like publications.

His first original paper came out—"Verses to Hope"—in July, 1821, and in the November number, the humorous "Ode to Dr. Kitchener" appeared. From that time he became a regular contributor, and some twenty-four papers were published, the last coming out in June, 1823; since which he wrote no more in that paper.

His connection with the Magazine led to his introduction to Mr. Reynolds (son of the Head Writing-Master of Christ's Hospital), whose sister he afterwards married, and also to the other contributors to the work, amongst whom we notice the names of Charles Lamb (the gentle Elia), Allan Cunningham, Hazlett, Horace Smith (author of "Rejected Addresses"), Justice Talfourd, Barry Cornwall (the poet); Thomas De Quincey, one of the most polished writers of English England has ever known; Hartley Coleridge, one of a gifted family—and others.

One of the most humorous of his poems, known, no doubt, to many of the readers of the MASONIC MAGAZINE, appeared in June, 1822, in the magazine—"Faithless Sally Brown."

Amongst others of his graver and more charming pieces is a picture which most mothers—I fancy, and many fathers—will think exquisite: "To a Sleeping Child." It was published, I think, in the magazine for 1822.

Perhaps, as a descriptive poem, the "Romance of Cologne" is as effective a piece of versification, in its way, as anything of the kind in the English language. I wonder it is not oftener introduced into Public Readings, etc. You must judge for yourselves as to its merits.

Mr. Hood's brother-in-law, Mr. Reynolds, himself wrote in the *London Magazine*, and it was in the pleasant spring tide of their friendship, and with the old partiality for the writings of each other, which prevailed in those days, that many pleasant versified encounters took place.

This may be instanced by the following verses which were inserted in the *Athenæum*. When Miss Fanny Kemble took leave of the stage, at her farewell performance she took off her wreath and threw it into the body of the house. The following verses were written by Tom Hood, as from a young farmer in the country:—

MISS FANNY'S FAREWELL FLOWERS.

I came to town a happy man,
I need not now dissemble
Why I return so sad at heart,
It's all through Fanny Kemble.
Ah, when she threw her flowers away—
What urged the tragic slut on
To weave in such a wreath as that,
Ah me!—a bachelor's button!

None fought so hard, none fought so well
As I to gain some token,
When all the pit rose up in arms,
And heads and hearts were broken;
Huzza! said I, I'll have a flower,
As sure as my name's Dutton.
I made a snatch—I got a catch—
By Jove! a bachelor's button!

I've lost my watch, my hat is smashed,
My clothes declare the racket;
I went there in a full dress coat,
And came home in a jacket.
My nose is swell'd, my eye is black,
My lip I've got a cut on;
Odd buds! and what a bud to get—
The deuce! a bachelor's button!

My chest's in pain; I really fear
I've somewhat hurt my bellows,
By pokes and punches in the ribs
From those herb-strewing fellows.
I miss two teeth in my front row,
My corn has had a fut on;
And all this pain I've had to gain
This cursed bachelor's button!

Had I but won a rose—a bud—
A pansy—or a daisy—
A periwinkle—anything
But this—it drives me crazy!
My very sherry tastes like squills,
I can't enjoy my mutton;
And when I sleep I dream of it—
Still, still—a bachelor's button!

My place is booked per coach to-night,
But oh! my spirit trembles
To think how country friends will ask
Of Knowleses and of Kembles.
If they should breathe about the wreath,
When I go back to Sutton,
I shall not care to show my share,
That all! a bachelor's button!

My luck in life was never good,
But this my fate will harden;
I ne'er shall like my farming more,
I know I shan't the garden.
The turnips all may have the fly,
The wheat may have the smut on;
I care not, I've a blight at heart—
Ah, me! a bachelor's button!

To this Mr. Reynolds replied in the following :—

LINES TO MISS F. KEMBLE,

ON THA FLOWER SCUFFLE ET COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

Well, this flower strewing I must say is sweet,
And I long, Miss Kemble, to throw myself considerably at your feet;
For you've made me a happy man in the scuffle, when you jerk'd about the daisies,
And ever since the night you kissed your hand to me and the rest of the pit, I've been chuck full of your praises!

I'm no hand at writing, though I can say several things that's handsome;
But that ignorance, thank my stars, got me off when I was tried for forgery upon Ransome.
I didn't try to get the flowers, which so many of your ardent admirers were eager to snatch;
But I got a very good going chronometer, and for your sake I'll never part with the watch!

I've several relics from those who got your relics—a snuff-box, a gold snap,
A silver guard and trimmings, from a very eager young chap;
Two coat-flaps with linings, from a youth, who, defying blows
And oaths, and shovings, was snatching at—and I am sorry to say missing—the front rose!

One aspiring young man from the country, rushed at the wreath like a glutton,
But retired out of the conflict with only a bachelor's button!
Another in a frenzy fought for the flowers like anything crazy,
But I've got his shirt pin, and he only got two black eyes and a daisy.

The thought of you makes me rich; oh, you're a real friend to free trade;
You agitate 'em so, and take their attention off. If you keep farewelling my fortune'd be made.
Oh, how I shall hate to make white soup of the silver, or part with anything, for your sake!
I'll wear the country gentleman's brooch, on your account, it's so very pretty a make!

I didn't get a bud; indeed, I was at that moment busy about other things;
I wish you'd allow me to show you a choice assortment of rings.
You understand the allusion; but I'm in earnest, that's what I am;
And though I'm famous a little, domestic happiness is better than all fame!

Well, you're going over the water (it may be my turn one of these days);
Never heed what them foreigners the Americans says!
But hoard your heart up till you come back, and if I luckily can
Scrape up enough, you shall find me yours, and a very altered young man.

(To be Continued.)

IN MEMORIAM — BRO. GEORGE FRANK GOULEY.

"We mourn, in common with the entire Craft in the United States, and indeed throughout the Masonic world, the sad and tragic death of Bro. George Frank Gouley. He was one of the first victims of the terrible conflagration at the Southern Hotel, St. Louis, Mo., on April 10th."

Such are the words with which our contemporary, the *Keystone* commences its obituary of Bro. Gouley, and we think it well to reproduce them here, as a suitable "In Memoriam" of an able confrère and a zealous Mason.

"Conflicting accounts have appeared of the disaster, but the following we have reason to believe is correct :—

"The body of Bro. Gouley was found on the sidewalk of the Walnut Street front of the hotel, with skull fractured, chest crushed, and one arm and one leg broken. It was soon taken in charge of by friends. Bro. Gouley had dressed and found it impossible to make his escape through the house, full of smoke and flame. He then returned to his room, and raising the window, waived his arms and called to the then scattering people in the street below. An attempt even to throw water to reach him was useless. One or two of his acquaintances who happened to be there and knew his room recognized him. All other means of escape being cut off, it was evidently his purpose to attract the attention of the fire department to his situation and possibly get a ladder raised for his release. But the ladders were too late coming. Bro. Gouley was driven to the window for air, and finally becoming suffocated, lost consciousness and fell out of the window into the street. His watch which he had put on was still running when the body was recovered by his friends. In his pocket were his port-monnaie which contained some pills and a leather match-box nearly full of matches, which had been exploded by the concussion of the fall, while the wood remained unconsumed.

"Bro. George Frank Gouley was a man of more than ordinary capacity and attainments. He was born in Wilmington, Del., February 15, 1832, and was forty-five years of age. He received a good academic

education, studied law in the office of Senator James A. Bayard, and was admitted to the bar. Soon after he went to Washington and filled a position in the land department from 1858 to 1860. He was for a time private secretary to Stephen A. Douglas, and became well acquainted with the public men of the country and national politics. About 1861 he went West, and was a short time in Nebraska on business connected with public lands. Returning thence to St. Louis he engaged in the commission business, after which he entered the service of Messrs. Berthold, Smith & Co., as book-keeper.

"Bro. Gouley was made a Mason during his residence in Washington. Soon after settling in St. Louis he became a member of Missouri Lodge, No. 1; St. Louis R. A. Chapter, No. 8, and St. Louis Commandery, No. 1, Knights Templar. In 1864 he became the assistant of Bro. Anthony O'Sullivan, Grand Secretary of the Grand Masonic bodies of Missouri, and immediately after Bro. O'Sullivan's death in 1866, Bro. Gouley was chosen Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge, A.F. and A.M. of Missouri, to which position he has been annually elected ever since. He also succeeded to the office of Grand Secretary and Grand Recorder of all the other Masonic bodies of the York Rite; and was appointed chairman of the various committees on foreign correspondence, year after year, for eleven successive years. Bro. Gouley was also Past Grand Commander of the Grand Commandery of Knights Templar of Missouri. He filled all his Masonic offices with marked ability and honour, and performed all his Masonic duties with zeal and fidelity. He was an acknowledged power in the Masonic fraternity of Missouri, and won a national reputation as a Masonic writer. For several years he edited and published the St. Louis *Freemason*, a Masonic Journal, which gained a wide circulation and influence among the Craft. This Magazine was merged into the *Voice of Masonry*, of which Bro. Gouley became a regular editorial contributor. Last fall he had a severe attack of illness, and for a time his life hung in the balance, but he had fully recovered from this and was again enjoying robust health.

"Bro. Gouley had an original and active mind—was a Master of Masonic law, a fluent speaker, and an able writer. He was of an essentially charitable nature, and no appeal for aid was ever made to him in vain. Figuratively speaking his heart was larger than his body. Bro. George Frank Gouley was in the prime of life and usefulness, and his tragic death will be mourned by the Masonic Fraternity everywhere. It is reported that he had his life insured for 20,000 dols. in favour of his wife. He had made provision for his funeral, directing that the services be conducted by Missouri Lodge, No. 1., of which he was Past Master.

"Bro. Xenophon Ryland, of Lexington, Grand Master of Masons of Missouri, arrived in St. Louis shortly after Bro. Gouley's death, to make preparations for the funeral and vest the office of Grand Secretary *in suitable hands until the next* session of the Grand Lodge in October.

"Bro. Gouley's wife escaped unhurt, and owes her safety to her coolness and presence of mind in the hour of her imminent peril. She and Bro. Gouley had spent the evening pleasantly together, laying plans for trips and excursions, and visiting new places next summer. Mrs. Gouley was awakened by the smoke. She aroused Bro. Gouley, and the two began to make preparations to leave in case of danger. Both were calm and collected, and apparently in equal readiness to leave. The smoke became suffocating. Mrs. Gouley saturated a towel with water, and placed it over her head and face, told her husband to do the same and follow her. She left the room, supposing he was following her. It was totally dark, but she found the head of the stairs, which was near at hand, and began her descent. At the first landing she called to Bro. Gouley to come on, and a voice further down said "Come." She supposed it was that of her husband, who had passed her in the darkness. She went on and was met by Mr. Miles, manager of a Cincinnati theatre, who commenced hurrying her along out of danger. She would have gone back for her husband, but the strong man who had taken charge of her would not permit her to throw away her life by returning. She was finally told that Bro. Gouley was safe outside, and thus hoodwinked was got into the street, and escaped without bodily

harm. Mrs. Gouley was taken to the residence of Bro. Wm. C. Defriez, a long time friend of Bro. Gouley and family. Here the deeply stricken widow, unable to realize the terrible situation, received every attention that friendship and sympathy could suggest. Bro. Gouley was childless. They had one child, a daughter, who died years ago. They were a most harmonious couple, and were greatly loved by all their friends.

"There are several theories of Bro. Gouley's fate. It seems somewhat strange that his wife should have been able to escape while he was not. Bro. George Frank Gouley was a fearless and generous man. Some who knew him best supposed that, not knowing the danger to be so imminent, and seeing his wife in a fair way to escape unharmed, he delayed following her in order to help some friends who were in distress on the same floor, and stayed too long. Others think that he may have made an effort to save some papers or other property in the room, and coming out was stifled and bewildered, and had to return to the room as his only refuge, to wait for ladders that never came. Whatever the cause, we mourn in Bro. Gouley's death the loss of an ardent, learned and noble Freemason—one who made friends wherever he went, and whose works will live after him to testify to his worth. He was a model Masonic editor and writer, and a noble man. Peace to his ashes.

"Bro. Gouley's body was taken after the accident, to the Masonic Hall, where it was laid in state from Friday until the burial on Sunday. It was placed in a handsome casket mounted upon a catafalque, and surrounded with flowers arranged as Masonic emblems. The coffin lid bore the inscription: "George Frank Gouley, Past Master Missouri Lodge, No, 1, R.W. Grand Secretary, M.W. Grand Lodge, of Missouri, A.F. and A.M. Died April 11, 1877. Aged 45 years."

"A guard of honour of Knights Templar was in attendance, detailed from St. Louis Commandery, No 1; Ivanhoe, No. 8; Ascalon, No. 16, and St. Aldemar, No. 18. Missouri Lodge conducted the services at the hall. A Lodge was opened at 1 p.m., and the members escorted to the large room under escort of the Grand Commandery of Missouri.

"The following was the order of the funeral exercises:

"Prayer. Hymn. Address by M. W. Xenophon Ryland, Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Missouri. Address by W. Bro. John Goodin, P.M. of Missouri Lodge, No. 1.

"Missouri Lodge, No. 1, having the place of honour, then took the casket in charge, and the funeral procession formed with the Knights Templar in front of the hearse and pall bearers, followed by the Master Masons. The procession was a very large one. The body was taken to Bellefontaine Cemetry and placed in a vault, where it is to remain for ten days, when it will be brought East, and finally interred in Wilmington, Delaware."

THE HISTORY OF EDUCATION.

Mr. Oscar Browning delivered on Friday evening, June 1st, a discourse at the Royal Institution, choosing for his subject the "History of Education." We read in the *Times* of the 4th:—

"He gave an interesting description of the young Phædrus or Theatetes in the Greek gymnasium, who in the intervals of running or the bath walked under the cool shades of trees to answer and learn from the rapid questions of the philosophers. Plato was the first writer upon education, and was the author of three theories on the subject. Quintilian's essay, the next step, differed from his predecessor's work, as the Roman official and general, sparing neither himself nor others, defending his client in the forum, or exploring unknown countries at the head of an army to annihilate the enemies of Rome, differed from the Greek, quick in argument and feeling, enjoying the things of this life, but elevated by the constant seeking for the highest ideal. In the Middle Ages the monkish schools and the training of the young knight maintained a similar autonomy. Harshly disciplined, looking upon woman as the deadliest foe, the student of the monkish schools trod

the seven years' path of the trivium and quadrivium; grammar, dialectics, rhetoric; music, arithmetic, geometry, astronomy. The young knight, who looked to the lady of the castle as his patroness, learnt to ride, to shoot the bow, to swim, box, hawk, play chess, and make Provençal songs. A colony of men in the Northern Netherlands made the first improvements in education. At Deventer and elsewhere they had large schools. Gerhard Groote (who flourished in 1360), might be named among them. In the brighter light of the Italian Renaissance, however, they came to be called obscurantists. Luther carried education into the cottage. John Sturm, of Strasburg, the diplomatist and schoolmaster, founded the methods which were preserved in English public schools till within living memory. Unlike Erasmus, who was content with "lingua franca," he stickled for "Ciceronian" Latin. All the great teachers were Protestants till the Jesuits turned their attention to education and produced editions of the classics which are still used. Their aim was to satisfy the demand for knowledge by amusing it, not to stimulate research. In discipline, they exercised the minutest surveillance. Montaigne protested in favour of freedom and the French language. A hundred years later Locke followed in the same direction as Montaigne. Busby's date was 1606, and Milton's 1608. Milton drew a fascinating picture of a college in which everything was studied, and yet the scholars rode out in companies to see all famous and fair things in the land. Speaking to the teacher, he said, "this is not a bow for every man to shoot with." While Milton was writing, the Jansensists realized his ideal at Port Royal. It was their "garden of Greek roots" which taught Gibbon Greek. The Jesuits prevailed, although Fénélon and Rollin owed much to Port Royal. Rousseau's Emile was a great epoch. Even Kant departed from his regular habits to read this wonderful book. Emile, the hero of it, was not to see a book until he was twelve. It was enough if he could read at fifteen. He was to be strong and hardy, a good judge of distances, a natural boy, not knowing obedience, but only good comradeship. The ideas were easily seized and acted on, and the first generation of Emiles were thirty when there happened the French Revolution. Goethe's theories on education were to be found in the second part of "Wilhelm Meister;" we were indebted to James Mill for a valuable essay on the subject. Mr. Herbert Spencer and Professor Bain had studied it in our own time; but we still preserved in our schools methods which all educational reformers had scouted for the last 200 years. Education must be followed as a science of observation, and teachers wanted the same kind of organization that members of the medical profession have."

Without endorsing all the views, or accepting all the facts of the Lecturer, we think his words worthy of note. To say the truth, some of his contentions appear to be somewhat rash, his "reforms" are a little empirical. It is so easy to pull down, but so very difficult to build up.

CARA IMAGO.

I DREAM, but, alas! my dreaming
Is nought but a fading gleam,
Of a face most bright in its seeming,
A soft shadow on Life's dark stream;
For I look and listen in sadness,
As the vision flits away,
And that little glimpse of gladness,
Dims with the duller day.

Dear face of departed hours,
Thou seem'st to be smiling now;
No frown on thy forehead low'rs,
No cloud on that calm brow;
But with all of compassion beaming
Thy sunny face appears,
And though it be only dreaming,
'Tis a dream of pleasant years.

Methinks we are standing together,
And o'erlooking yon far champaign,
Mid fair and boisterous weather,
Through pleasure and through pain;
Oh, truest of mates I greet thee,
As I greeted thee once of yore;
But, alas! thy shadow leaves me,
Thy dear presence charms no more.

Yet even now on this hazy scene,
Thy bright face seems to shine,
And on the trust which once has been,
Thy glad smile beams benign!
So that neither desolate nor forlorn,
When hope is fled and vain,
I still look on to a radiant morn,
When I shall see thee again.

No longer only a vision
In shadowy form supreme,
No more in sad transition
Thou art only a fading dream;
But full of thy fond affection
Which lightened each hope of dust,
Beyond fear and dark dejection,
Thou livest for love and trust!

NEMO.

HARRY WATSON;

OR, THE SECRETS OF FREEMASONRY.

BY H. A. M. HENDERSON.

From the "Kentucky Freemason."

"AND are you going to join the Masons and have secrets you cannot tell your wife?" said Mrs. Watson to her young husband, as he got up from the tea-table and informed her of his purpose to unite with the Lodge that night. The question was put in a pouting way, and loaded with that tone of remonstrance which women know so well how to use, and which is more powerful than the words employed. Let a woman put her heart into her speech, and words seem to take on fresh forms as they fall from her ruby lips, and even common ideas are transformed into poetic fancies as they pass through the alembic of her mind.

Mr. and Mrs. Watson had been married but a year, and during this time he had told his wife all his troubles and plans, and entrusted to her keeping everything he knew, or felt, or learned. She, therefore, could not well bear the thought of his coming into possession of facts or principles that he could not disclose to her. Then he had never left her sight after nightfall, but had lingered to listen to her voice translate to his enchanted ear the grand conceptions of the old bards sublime, or to hear her own tuneful measures in song thrill his soul with the sweetest accents. Should he join the Lodge, he would go to its meetings and she would be deprived of her audience, and the lonely hours would hang heavy on her hands. Then, too, her pastor was violently opposed to all secret societies, and she feared his saintly frown when it was known that Mr. Watson had plighted faith and entered into covenant with a society deemed by his reverence as sacriligious. All these things were gently gone over in a trembling tone that seemed to be pathos itself, and each sentence was punctuated with a bright, sparkling tear, while the liquid eyes gazed pleadingly into those of the husband.

Harry Watson felt sorry that he had applied for admission, and could he have withdrawn his petition that moment he would doubtless have done so, but he had been balloted for and elected, and the Craft had congratulated him on the clear ballot he had received, and a special meeting had been appointed for his initiation, and an expert in conducting the ritual exercises had been invited from abroad, and to parley then with hesitation seemed to him unworthy of a resolute man, and treachery to those who had honoured him with their votes and provided the very best conditions for his introduction to the venerable Order. So mustering up courage, he engaged in the first argument with his wife, and said: "Darling, my father was a Mason, and for many years engaged in the benevolent labours of this ancient Craft, having a most exalted opinion of the nature, design and works of the institution. Many times have I heard him detail it labours of mercy. When he died he requested that I should take his place in the Lodge. He was borne to burial by his brethren, and from the hour I turned from his grave, I have had a purpose to unite with the Order he loved so well in life, and that had laid him in his grave with such tender fraternal hands when dead.

"It is selfish for a man to live for himself, and exhaust his heart upon his family, It is true that 'Charity begins at home,' but it should not end there. All vital

forces work from the centre outward. 'None liveth unto himself and none dieth unto himself.' I feel that I should unite with my fellows in effort to ennoble manhood and to mitigate human suffering, and, as for secrets, I understand the Masons have none except the drama of the Order and passwords, grips and signs, by which its members may know each other, and thus be protected from imposture."

Mrs. Watson did not reply, but kissing her husband good-bye, turned with a heavy heart to the cradle of her babe and spent a full hour humming the lullaby:

"Hush, my babe, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed;
Heavenly blessings without number
Gently fall upon thy head."

There was a rap at the door, and the servant announced the Rev. John Peeksnif, her pastor. She trembled like a reed shaken in the wind, for she had a presentment that the venerable clergyman had been made acquainted with the fact of her husband's intention to unite with the Masons, and had come to read the church riot act to the family. He had a very grave visage when his feelings were the brightest, but on this occasion he wore his most funeral expression. His salutation was in a deep, sepulchral tone, suggesting by its coarse, gutteral accent:

"*Hark! from the tombs, a doleful sound.*"

His step was measured, befitting the solemn tread that accompanied the dead march in his soul. His very breath seemed reeking with sulphurous fume. Now, while Protestants theoretically ridicule the Roman Catholic confessional, and affect contempt for the papal anathemas, there is a large class of timid people who are as much under the domination of their own preachers as were ever the most priest-ridden people of Southern Europe. Many there are who dare not think or act, without first inquiring what the minister will say. Mrs. Watson had been brought up a Presbyterian of the strictest sect. Her memory run not back to the time when she could not answer every question in the shorter catechism. Parson Peeksnif had baptized her, buried her mother, married her to her husband, and baptized her child. No wonder that she held the venerable gospeller in the profoundest esteem, and dreaded to offend him, or to have her husband provoke his ire. He began to inquire for Mr. Watson, and she, with faltering accent and quailing heart, blundered out, in broken syllables and hysterical sentences, the awful fact that at that very moment he was in the dreadful toils and secret den of the sacriligious Masons. The groan that escaped the thin lips of the clergyman seemed as if it might have been an echo of the sigh which nature gave when at first she yielded the sign that all was lost. The parson announced his regret and the startling penalty that Harry Watson would have to renounce Masonry or be expelled the communion of the church. To Mrs. Watson this was equivalent to social degradation and eternal woe, and, so burying her face in her hands, she burst into a flood of grief, in the midst of which her husband returned from the Lodge. Imagine the *tableau*—a sleeping babe, a weeping woman, a stern old clergyman, and an Entered Apprentice Mason—looking none the worse for his first goat ride.

The first impulse of Harry Watson was to sternly rebuke the old divine who had intruded his unwelcome presence upon his wife at this unusual hour, and added to her disquietude of mind by informing her of the dire penalty to be visited on him for having joined the Masons, but an imploring look from his wife who seemed intuitively to read his heart, enabled him to restrain his purpose and choke back the words that had nearly reached and became vocal on his lips. After Mr. Peeksnif had expressed his disapprobation and his purpose to inflict a severe ecclesiastical punishment, Harry told him that at an early stage of the initiation he had been assured, by men of the strictest probity of character, whose truthfulness and honour were well known to him, that nothing would be imposed upon him as a matter of either faith or practice that would in anywise conflict with his relations or duties to God, his country, his neighbours or his family, and that, should he find anything which his conscience protested, he could at any stage withdraw. Thus assured, he had completed the first step in Masonry. He had not seen or heard anything but

what was calculated to refine thought, sublimate feeling, enoble affection, and, indeed, broaden both a man's mind and heart. He had seen present only men of the strictest morality, and whom he was accustomed to respect in all the relations of life, and all the miscellaneous subjects he had heard talked of were in connection with the relief of the poor, the education of the orphaned, the watching of the sick, and the comfort of the widowed. He had met men of the opposite party to himself in politics, representatives of all the churches, for whom he had had always kindly feelings, and was glad to meet them on some common, fraternal platform, where relationship would not be disturbed by the rivalries of business, the rancour of partisan strife, and the hostility engendered of sectarian bigotry. He said "I revere the Church as Christ instituted it. Masonry is neither a rival nor a substitute for it. All she asks of the Church is a kindly recognition of her works of mercy, and an humble seat upon her footstool. But rather than yield to the dictation of unreasoning prejudice, or the passion of bigotry, and thus surrender my private right of judgment, I will adhere to Masonry and be expelled from your congregation. Understand, however, that I draw a clear distinction between Christ's free Church and *your* narrow Church. Besides, Presbyterianism is too liberal to propose to measure all men with a two-foot rule. Her's is no Procrustean policy. Your individual hostility to Masonry, the product of ignorance of the characteristics and ends of the Order, is not regarded by me as an exponent of the great catholic Presbyterian church—many of whose ablest and most pious ministers are ardent supporters and active members of our institution. I would appeal from your dictation and the session's action to the Presbytery."

The old parson was surprised at the vigorous response of his young parishioner, and, as he was a promising young lawyer, and bade fair to achieve distinction in his profession, and erelong to become a pillar of the Church, he concluded to let the matter drop.

(To be Continued.)

EVERY YEAR.

BY BRO. ALBERT PIKE.

THE Spring has less of brightness
Every year,
And the snow a ghastlier whiteness
Every year;
Nor do Summer's flowers quicken,
Nor Autumn's fruitage thicken
As they once did, for we sicken
Every year.

It is growing darker, colder,
Every year,
As the heart and soul grow older
Every year.
I care not now for dancing,
Or for eyes with passion glancing,
Love is less and less entrancing
Every year.

Of the loves and sorrows blended
Every year;
Of the joys of friendship ended
Every year;
Of the ties that still might bind me,
Until time to death resigned me,
My infirmities remind me
Every year.

Oh! how sad to look before us
Every year,
While the cloud grows darker o'er us
Every year!
When we see the blossoms faded,
That to bloom we might have aided,
And immortal garments braided,
Every year.

To the past go more dead faces
Every year;
Come no new ones in their places
Every year.
Everywhere the sad eyes meet us,
In the evening's dusk they greet us,
And to come to them entreat us,
Every year.

"You are growing old," they tell us,
"Every year;"
"You are more alone," they tell us,
"Every year;"
"You can win no new affection,
You have only recollection,
Deeper sorrow and dejection,
Every year."

Thank God! no clouds are shifting
Every year,
O'er the land to which we're drifting
Every year;
No losses there will grieve us,
Nor loving faces leave us,
Nor death of friends bereave us,
Every year.

THE WORK OF NATURE IN THE MONTHS.

BY BRO. REV. W. TEBBS.

I.—JULY.

To Masons, whose delight equally with their duty it is to explore "the hidden mysteries of nature and of science," the pages of the Eternal Architect's great world-book are never open in vain. Of its study we cannot tire, for its daily lessons are ever over-flowing with freshly varied beauties. In its domain there is a place for every student, superficial or profound; food, light or solid, for every mental appetite; charms to suit every varying mood,

> "From grave to gay,
> From pensive to serene."

Ever since the Great Architect laid out in symbol the plan of man's life, with its varied hours of work and rest, labour and refreshment, mental as well as bodily, in the very acts of creation, have His appointed teachers gone to the great storehouse there provided for texts whereon to found their lessons, for threads and pearls alike wherewith to string the chaplets of His jewelled lore. From the first recorded object-sermon—Jotham's Parable of the Trees that went forth to anoint a king,—to those of Our One and Only Perfect Master, every imaginable subject that can affect the creature has been symbolized and shadowed forth in that the Creator's eloquent, though seemingly silent, kingdom. True, its objects may be to outward seeming dumb, but if one but possesses, as every Brother should in his heart possess, the key, there will be evidently revealed what our own great poet saw and understood—

> "Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

Nature's lessons, then, as deep as perfect, are good for profit, but are they too for pleasure? What says our poet yet?—

> ——"This life more sweet
> Than that of painted pomp.
> * * * * * * * *
> I would not change it."

Yet once again, its security and happiness insure alike for mind as body—

> "Are not these woods
> More free from peril than the envious court?
> Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
> The season's difference, as the icy fang
> And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
> Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
> Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say
> 'This is no flattery; these are counsellors
> That feelingly persuade me what I am.'
> Sweet— * * * * * *
> ——this our life exempt from public haunt."

We must not, however, dwell too long on these moral lessons taught us by nature of that nature's God, for our purpose now is rather to cull some of the myriad sweets from her bounteous lap—we say "cull" advisedly, for touch we ever so lightly, we cannot in the space and time now at our command, mention one thousandth part of her varied gifts; nor can we look at any of them from even a slightly scientific point of view; the forms and structures of plants, the natures and habits of the insect world, the species and instincts of the animal kingdom, we must pass over, or, at best, touch on but lightly, for our present purpose is rather to briefly indicate what is most commonly to be observed in a summer-day's ramble, than to teach with the minuteness that requires the space of the many-paged volume to describe, and the long hours of patient study to acquire.

Our way, then, lies just now through the leafy woods, of whose blossoms we can say but little, for but few are in their greatest state of beauty now; one tree, however, demands our attention if only for the exquisite perfume exhaled by its sweetly-scented flowers, we mean the Lime or Linden, whose yellow bloom-clusters are always alive with the music of the multi-

tudinous insects attracted by their rich store of honey. First and foremost of these, we find the Honey-Bee, whilst amongst the more brilliant, if less useful frequenters of the plant, we find the Lime-Hawk-Moth, the Kentish Glory, the large Emerald, the Buff-tip, the Lobster Moth, Orange Moth, Dagger Moth, Brindled Beauty, and many others too numerous to mention. The Lime is a tree that in Britain we rarely see except as a cultivated favourite, ranged in trim avenues or belting those sacred spots where—

"The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

There is, however, a small kind abundant in a wild state, especially in Sussex and Essex; but, if we would see this tree in surpassing luxuriance, we must seek such specimens as those at Moor Park, in Hertfordshire, or that well-known example at Knowle Park, in Kent, which might well be designated the British Banian. This unique specimen sends out luxuriant branches, which, bearing hard upon the ground at their extremities, have rooted and sent up daughter stems; these stems have again branched out and rooted like the parent stock, until this single tree, together with children and grandchildren, covers ground of well-nigh a fourth of an acre in extent. As the denizens of this tree are numerous, so too are its uses to man, both useful and ornamental; for turnery and toys it is invaluable, so too it is for sounding-boards of pianofortes and for carriage-panelling; whilst to its soft, smooth-grained and light wood, we are indebted for the exquisite carvings of Grinlling Gibbons, which, though executed two hundred years ago, are still to be seen at St. Paul's and Canterbury Cathedrals, Windsor Castle, and Chatsworth, as delicate, as sharp, and as beautiful as when they left that master's hand. Humbler uses too the tree deigns to serve—the bastmatting of the gardener and the packer is prepared from its inner bark, whilst its blossoms yielded to our grandmothers one of those simples, which, if they were not useful for the purpose well-enough intended, still did perhaps but little harm, a quality that we cannot as readily accord to many of the nostrums of this our vastly more learned age.

The Tamarisk we can hardly call a tree, perhaps, but it will be well to notice here its waving feathery boughs and spikes of small white flowers, as it will lend us a step downwards towards the humbler shrubs.

Many a hedgerow now, especially if the season be late, is thickly adorned with the Honeysuckle, whose perfume is as sweet as its flowers are lovely, whilst, if the soil be chalky, we shall find hanging in profusion the sweet white flowers of the Traveller's Joy or Clematis: this plant is one of those boons of vegetation which render every season beautiful—its clusters of trailing light green foliage in the spring, its abundant perfumed flowers in summer, its silver-haired fruit, earning for it its rural name of Old-man's-beard in autumn whilst in winter its stem-tracery is a marvellous study of nature's handywork. Nor is another sense, and that by no means an unimportant one, left ungratified, for we can readily find the grateful fruit of some of the bramble-tribe, the Wild Raspberry, and others, whose berries, if small, possess a flavour often sought in vain at the hands, or rather of the branches, of their more favoured garden rivals. Nor must we forget the Queen's or Cloud-Berry, which, if its fruit affords us but small gratification directly, does so indirectly, for it is the favourite food of that royal bird, the grouse. Talking of this right-royal bird, at once brings to mind the Ling or Heather which, now makes many a hill-side of the far North extremely beautiful: where, too,

"Still keeps the Ling its darksome green,
Thick set with little flowers."

We shall find, too, especially if the ground be marshy, the large rose-coloured blooms and prettily cut foliage of the Dwarf Red Rattle, which, by the way, is found throughout almost the whole of Europe, and is as plentiful in the moist grounds of Siberia as those of our own land. Here, too, we find the aromatic Wild Thyme, that prime favourite of "Ann Page."

Downwards again to the less aspiring, but not less beautiful, family the Bind-weeds. With this wild convolvulus every hedgerow is now ablaze, and the stalks of corn in nearly every cornfield firmly bound together to the farmer's no small disgust.

If now the sickle has not already taught

its lesson of the brevity of our existence in this beautiful world, as bright as brief for us, we shall gather a splendid nosegay of summer flowers, than which no product of green-house or conservatory can be more lovely, if even it be more proudly grand. Here is the upright stem and the crown of bloom of the deep red Corn-cockle, close by stands the bright Blue-bottle and hard by the glowing yellow heads of the Corn-Marigold; here, too (and, indeed, almost everywhere), we may learn weather-wisdom of the Shepherd's Warning, or Scarlet Pimpenell, whose property of keeping close in damp weather was noticed by Sir Francis Bacon; nor is it by any means a bad clock, for it opens and closes most punctually, although it does shut up shop somewhat early in the day, being never more than a minute or two past two-o'clock. Another brilliant addition to our posy is the blue Succory, a variety of which plant affords the Chicory, which is such a decided addition (pardon! not improvement) to our matutinal Coffee. Would we add next a lilac flower to our bunch, there are the little tufts of Field Madder; whilst of all the crimson blossoms none can equal for intensity the Adonis or Pheasant's eye. Another handsome lilac flower is the Knautia, whilst a deeper purple is afforded by the Knapweed; one more to give sweet perfume, so we pluck the Marjoram, and, leaving the cornfield, take to the lane, whose banks and waste-places are positively covered with such a profusion of flowering plants, that we can do little more than mention a few by name. There is the Red Dead Nettle, as well as its white sister, of which Bishop Mant has spoken—

"And there with whorls encircling graced,
Of white and purple-tinted red,
The harmless Nettle's helmet head;
Less apt with fragrance to delight
The smell, than please the curious sight."

There, too, is the Trailing Tansy or Silver Weed, the Sowthistle's yellow bloom, the bright golden Avens, the climbing Tufted Vetch, the primrose-coloured Cow-wheat, the Black Horehound with its purple buds, with Wild Parsnep, fragrant Basil Thyme, the heat-resisting Yellow Bed-straw or Cheese Rennet, the Musk Thistle, the Burdock, the dingy cream-coloured and evidently dangerous Henbane, the equally fatal but surpassingly beautiful and variously-coloured Foxglove, and the suspicious green-flowered Dog Mercury; here too, we find the dingy-yellow Ploughman's Spikenard, with the wrinkled Wood Germander or Garlic Sage, the pale Nipple-Wort, and the splendid Mallow—there living apparently on nothing is the Biting Stonecrop or Wall Pepper, and here the acrid but delicately beautiful Wood Sorrel; next to our hand rises the Viper's Bugloss, whilst hard by is the once vaunted simple blue Common Agrimony; but little less precious in the herbalist's catalogue is the Yarrow or Nose-bleed, whilst no less valued in the butler's list comes the blue-spangled Borage; another pretty purple-blossomed plant is the Hedge Woundwort, whilst close to us is the Soap-wort, with its delicate, rose-coloured petals—do we want a charm, here is Vervain; do we seek beauty, even in a seeming freak of nature, here is the Bee Orchis; whilst, if we want bringing back from the flights of fancy to the realities of our mundane existence, here is a reminder ready to our hand in the formidable shape of the Great Nettle. A peep over this hedge, in which the profuse white blossoms of the Guelder Rose or Snowball Tree have given place to those handsome clusters of berries, which though now green, will soon ripen into a vivid crimson, and we shall see in the adjoining clover-field one of the most extraordinary objects that Dame Nature presents to us in her vegetable kingdom. We have but few native parasitic plants, but here is one of the most singular. The seed of the Broom Rape or Strangle Vetch, frequently lies dormant in the earth for years, until some plant favourable to its growth springs up near it, when it germinates, and striking its suckers into the root points of its neighbour, quickly establishes that most profitable of all partnerships, a participation in profits without sinking capital in the working machinery. Clover is the favourite stock upon which this parasite battens, and it may be easily seen, for the stem even of the lesser variety is generally more than a foot high. It presents a strange withered appearance, being leafless, but having on its stem scales of a dull, reddish brown colour: its blossoms are of a dingy purple cast, mixed with yellow.

If our collection is not complete, let us

seek the meadow, but pause one moment and gather the clustering fruit of the Wild Cherry, decidedly more pleasing to the sight than gratifying to the taste. Amongst the grass, then, we may pluck the Yellow Goat's Beard and the pale blue Flax, the purple Self Heal, and the deceptive green Wild Mignonette; if we are in luck's way, we shall find the Deptford Pink and the golden Ragwort, the Hawkweed Picris and the curious Sundew; whilst near the water's edge we are sure of finding the glorious Willow-weed—the Bird's-foot Trefoil will reward our search with its ladies'-slippers, or pattens-and-clogs, of our childhood's day's; the yellow Vetchling is here in force with its neighbour, the Woad-waxen or Dyer's Greenweed; next come the Meadow weed, the Hemp Agrimony, and the magnificent purple Loosestrife; we must not forget that general favourite, the turquoise Forget-me-not, with its touching story, dear to lovers' hearts—

"Then the blossoms blue to the bank he threw
Ere he sank in the eddying tide;
And 'Lady, I'm gone, thine own knight true,
Forget-me-not,' he cried.

"The farewell pledge the lady caught,
And hence, as legends say,
The flower is a sign to awaken thought
Of friends who are far away."

In the water itself we observe the conspicuous Water-plaintain; close under its lofty stems nestles the handsome patches, resembling miniature Water-lilies, of the white blossomed Frogbit; whilst, last but by no means least important, we cull for our *al fresco* luncheon, the cool delicious Water-cress.

Time will not serve us to describe the handsome flags and rushes, or enter into the study of the myriad grasses, and so we must linger only to add to our list of insect friends fluttering over the grassy mead—the Tortoise-shell Butterflies (larger and smaller), the gorgeous Purple Emperor, the White Admiral, and the Painted Lady; whilst to our Moths we add the Tiger, the Oakeggar, and the Dark Crimson Underwing. Of birds, their eggs, and nests, we must this month say little more than that most of them, having started successfully one family into the world, are busily engaged attending to the wants of a second brood.

As we glance across the stream, however, and our sight falls upon the ivy-mantled tower of the church, our eyes are attracted by a singular spectacle. On every projection and every cornice, and indeed on every point that will afford a lodgement, cluster numberless Swallows and Martens, getting ready for their long, long journey, whither? we know not, save that the wide salt sea is no bar to their progress, for the rigging of many a ship has afforded a temporary resting place to the birds in the midst of their long journey, upon which they will enter towards the latter end of the month.

The day is now rapidly closing in, and the honey-laden bees are wending their way hive-wards for the last time 'ere nightfall, and we can but hope that our day's work in culling the sweets of knowledge may prove as productive as the labour of those tiny workers; truly do they commend themselves to our respect, and bid us follow the example of their ceaseless industry; but whilst we render them every possible honour for this estimable quality, we cannot forget that there is one very disagreeable trait in their character which takes an exceedingly practical turn in the last week of the month, we mean their great selfishness, turning everything and everybody of their acquaintance into profit, and as soon as they have made all they can out of it, getting rid of the object to which they have paid hitherto such scrupulous, but we fear hypocritical, attion. Need we say that we mean the dreadful murder of the husbands by those lady-bees, who have turned their talents into other than maternal directions. We often compare our own busy country to a hive of bees, but it would be rather hard lines for some of us if the simile were to be carried out in its entirety; the "shrieking sisterhood" are there, and their instincts are doubtless somewhat allied to those of these bloodthirsty "neuter" bees, woe betide us poor "drones," as they consider us, if they should ever get the upper-hand. However, this hive of ours is not yet altogether converted to the faith that the greatest talkers are invariably the greatest doers, and so we may wend our peaceful way homewards for a little longer

yet, our solitary walk brightened still by one of Nature's tiny marvels, for—

"Among the crooked lanes, on every hedge,
The glow-worm lights his gem, and through the dark
A moving radiance twinkles. Evening yields
The world to Night."

BRO. JAMES NEWTON'S SKETCH OF THE CONCORD ROYAL ARCH CHAPTER, No. 37, BOLTON.

WILLIAM JAMES HUGHAN.

If any brethren a few years since considered that Bros. the Rev. A. F. A. Woodford, M.A., D. Murray Lyon and ourselves were mistaken in the belief that there was yet a mine of Masonic wealth to be found in our Lodge and Chapter Records, their doubts must have long ere this, have fled. Month after month we hear of fresh discoveries, and important links being prepared for our universal History of Freemasonry, and should the rapid progress be maintained, we may soon hope for material sufficient being accumulated whereupon to base the work.

Bro. Newton, P.M., 37, of Bolton, is another labourer in the field, and we give him a most hearty welcome as a competent writer and accurate scribe, for he has done his work well for the Records of the Concord Chapter, and deserves the thanks of his numerous readers.

The first note we have of the "Anchor and Hope" Lodge *by name* is of 1777, and it also occurs in the Grand Lodge Calendar for 1784. The Chapter it appears, met under the wing of the Lodge, for being under a separate charter of the "Moderns," it could not be held directly by its authority. Its number was 45. From 1823 to 1863 it has been subject to three changes of numeration in connection with the Lodge, to which, after the Union of the Grand Chapters on 18th March, 1817, it became attached, viz., Nos. 51 (1823), 44 (1832), and 37 from 1863. In 1823 there were in all 38 chapters for the Royal Arch, meeting in the whole of Lancashire, and three at Bolton—viz., 51, 242, and 386.

The Lodge itself met in a private room A.D. 1734, and has for years happily returned to such suitable associations.

We should much like to know who Bro. Michael James Boyle was (a companion and "Mason of the world"), and we expect our Bros. Newton and Ellis would also be glad to be aware as to his Masonic history. The seal mentioned by Bro. Newton (page 515) was in all probability, used by the said Bro. Boyle, who was likely enough a member of the "Royal Arch Union Lodge," No. 211, Grand Lodge of Scotland. This Lodge was constituted in 1785 (Feb. 7), and was held in the 3rd Regiment of Dragoons, its number being subsequently altered from 211 to 159. The Lodge has been for some time *dormant*; but we should say that if the records are preserved, it will be found to have been with the Regiment at Bolton or neighbourhood, at the period in question, and possibly Bro. Boyle was connected with these Dragoons. The seal evidently was that of the Lodge; and though the Grand Lodge of Scotland has never recognized the Arch, and in fact not any degrees save the three first and the "*Mark*," yet at the time stated a very free use was made of the Lodge warrant, and it was generally considered that the presence of such a document made all the proceedings regular, for which reason the warrants were often *lent* for a few hours, when meetings were held in the Mark and Royal Arch degrees.

The "Super Excellent Masonry" spoken of, was evidently something additional to the ordinary "Royal Arch degree," and was what is termed the "higher order." As the warrant of No. 45 did not authorize the working of "Super Excellent Masonry," it is just possible that Bro. Michael James Boyle was the medium of authority, as his name frequently occurs as some one of consequence in the Records of the Chapter at Bolton, as also at Sheffield. The title of the "Moderns" Grand Chapter was the imposing one of "*The Grand and Royal Chapter of Jerusalem.*" Its constitutions or regulations were issued in 1778 (A.L. 5872) and 1782 (A.L. 5786), and, as we have seen, it united with the "Ancients" soon after

the union of the two Grand Lodges in 1813. Since then there have been issued those of 1817, 1823, 1843, 1852, 1864, and 1875.

The three officers who signed the Records 30th November, 1787, with simply the letters P., A., and E., attached, we take to mean Principal Sojourner (*i.e.* P.), Assistant Sojourner (or A.), and Scribe E. (or E.) These names are in accordance with the titles of the various officers.

The By-laws as quoted by Brother Newton, are valuable and curious, and form an interesting feature of his entertaining sketch.

The "H.R.A. of the Earl of Antrim" (page 565), it will be as well to note, refers to brethren of the "*Ancient*" constitution, or seceders, who on joining the Chapter of the "Moderns," disobeyed their own Laws as promulgated, A.D., 1801. However, such was frequently done.

We hope that Bro. Newton's sketch will form the herald of many subsequent histories of our old Lodges and Chapters.

We append a list of country Chapters in existence, A.D., 1792, under "*The Grand and Royal Chapter of Jerusalem*" *aforesaid*:—

3 *Friendship*, Portsmouth.
4 *Nativity*, Burnley.
5 *First Miracle*, Colne.
6 Manchester.
7 *Unanimity*, Bury.
8 Swansea.
9 *Charity*, Bristol.
12 *Unity*, Colchester.
13 *Concord*, Southampton.
14 Liverpool.
17 *Union*, York.
20 *Harmony*, Salisbury.
21 *Amity*, Poole.
22 *Durnovarian*, Dorchester.
23 *Unity*, Plymouth.
24 St. Michael, Chester.
25 *Benevolence*, Plymouth.
27 Fortitude, 1st. Reg. Dragoons.
28 *Cumberland*, Bath.
29 *Resolution*, Exeter.
30 Friendship, Dartmouth.
31 Science, Salisbury.
32 Britannia, Whitby.
33 Fortitude, Birmingham.
34 Weymouth.
35 *Minerva*, Hull.
*39 *Industrious*, Hull.
36 *Mount Moriah*, Chatham.
38 *Concord*, Canterbury.
41 *Prudence*, Ipswich.
43 *Rectitude*, Boking.
45 *Concord*, Bolton-le-Moor.
46 *Harmony*, Kingston.
47 *Union*, Bridgwater.
49 *Hope*, Deptford.
51 *Concord*, Durham.
52 *Land of Cakes*, Eyemouth.
53 *Goodwill*, Braintree.
56 Fortitude, Darlington.
60 Union, Gateshead.

"ABSENT FRIENDS."

THE clans are met! The yearly feast
Upon the board is spread;
The holly and the mistletoe
Hang mingled overhead.

For 'tis our birthday gathering,
Looked forward to each year;
And, save with here and there a blank,
We all of us are here.

From granddad with his silver head,
Who fourscore years hath seen;
To fair-haired Dora, who hath reigned
For just four years our queen.

Ring out sweet childhood's trebles shrill,
And joyous is the sound;
And elders smile as the red wine
Goes moderately round.

Hushed for a moment is the mirth,
Grave for awhile the gay;
As, glass in hand, old grandsire gives,
"The dear ones far away!"

There's dark-eyed Frank in India's clime,
Bluff Walter on the sea;
And Nell, who married in the spring,
Another home hath she!

We'll pledge the dear ones, each and all,
Although no answering hand
Can press our own, no answering voice
Can join our joyous band.

Full many a "toast" we'll drink to-night
Ere our blithe gathering ends;
But none so sweet, and none so dear,
As that of "Absent Friends!"

* Sic.

SHIRTS AND COLLARS.

(From the "Keystone.")

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY IN MY OWN BEHALF FOR THE BENEFIT OF THOSE OF THE OPPRESSED RACE USUALLY CALLED MAN.

[WE take this amusing skit from our excellent contemporary, to whom we are often indebted.—ED.]

HAVE you ever had any trouble with your linen, dear reader? I say dear reader, after the style of religious writers, for who knows but that many otherwise pious men have been made to exclaim, "Darn the shirt and collar!"

If ever man was afflicted with shirts and collars, so that he would forget his own identity, and have to call on his mother-in-law to tell him his wife's maiden name, I am he; *yes*, I am HE. Let me give you a few of my many experiences:

I was once stopping at a hotel in Richmond. Having arrived late on Saturday night, and being vary tired, I slept in my only shirt. I might here say that I had a half-dozen different sizes of collars with me, not knowing whether my neck would contract or expand in that warm climate.

After a LIVELY night's rest (I was *amused* most of the time with some kind of a bird that insisted on calling me cousin) I arose and prepared for breakfast. Looking into the mirror before me, what a *sight!* I had forgotten to remove the tobacco from my mouth on retiring, consequently the bosom of my shirt presented a forlorn appearance. I immediately rang the bell for a servant; one appeared shortly. First asking him his name (he called himself the *late* Judge Frisby) I said:

"Can you buy me a shirt?"

"Oh, yes, Boss, get you a nice one for five dollars."

Handing him the money, and telling him to hurry up, I waited patiently for his return. He arrived shortly and said:

"Boss, dis am de nicest shirt out, *sure*. No trouble to put it over de head; but buttons all down de side."

Putting it on, the *Late* Judge asked me if it was large enough.

"Well, I should think it was, most; I didn't ask you to buy me a whole suit. Take this back and get me another."

He returned in a few minutes, saying the store was closed, and the boss had gone to church. I put the shirt on again, determined to do the best I could under the circumstances.

Just at this moment, I noticed a stir among my collars, and a suppressed laugh of the late Judge, whom I kept in torture for a half-hour, breaking all his fingernails in trying to fasten the back button. Having accomplished this, I told him to button the front. Now, if you have never heard a coloured judge deliver an opinion, you ought to have been present.

"Boss, this shirt am a cutaway, and the collars are six inches too short, *sure*!"

My patience becoming exhausted, I ordered him to sew two of the collars together, and bring my breakfast to my room, determining not to be made fun of by the other guests.

On my return home I sent the shirt to a charitable institution, the matron of which, in acknowledging the donation, said she had made one dozen nice sheets and a linen table-cloth out of it. She thanked me kindly on behalf of the Board of Directors, and of the little children of the Institution.

Being one of the proprietors of the *Commercial List* (the *only* paper devoted to the commercial interests of Philadelphia), I received as part of my dividend an order on a Gents' Furnishing Store, and with this I hastened to get measured for one-half-dozen shirts of the latest style.

When the shirts came home, my wife remarked, "Why did you get shirts with collars on them, when you know you must have a clean collar each day?" "I did not order them so, my dear; but guess this must be the new style. I will wear one to-day, and see how I like them." My wife (always wishing me to look nice) said, "My dear, I would, but remember, do not spit on your bosom."

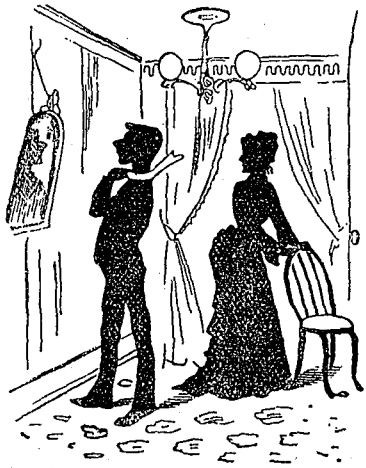
I had not proceeded far from the house, when the boys commenced to yell "Look at that sport!" "Jakey!" "New York!" and such like expressions: and not wishing to be made sport of, I returned home to see what was the matter with the shirt. On examination, my wife found that the man

who made the shirt had drawn too much muslin up in the neck, to the detriment of the lower end. Without getting angry however, I took off the shirt and put on an old one—sending the fashionable ones back to be altered to the old style.

In a few days they were returned to me, cut bias in the back and gored. "Now," said I to my wife "I think they are all right," putting on one which fitted splendidly.

But, alas, my trouble ended not here, as I had forgotten to order collars with the shirts—not knowing that every collar ought to fit a shirt, and every shirt fit a collar. Nevertheless, I thought myself equal to the emergency, having collars of all sizes on hand.

I went to the drawer, took out a half-dozen collars—thinking one of them would fit. I first tried the "Captain"—my favourite, but it was no use, for as fast as I would button in front, it would come off behind. I next tried "Lord Byron," the old standby, but it would not fit; then I tried the "Grant," but it was frayed out on the edges, from long usuage, and refused to be tacked on a new administration. My patience becoming almost exhausted, I determined to nail the next one fast, and had already secured the back, and was with my left hand fastening the front part, when my wife came to me and said, "Deary, won't you take me to the opera to-night?" when away went the collar!



"Now, my dear, don't bother me when I am putting on a collar. *You know it makes me mad.*"

"Well, I have never been to the opera in my life."

"Wade Hampton and Florida Water! don't bother me!"

My wife seeing me get angry, said, "Deary, perhaps I can fix it for you."

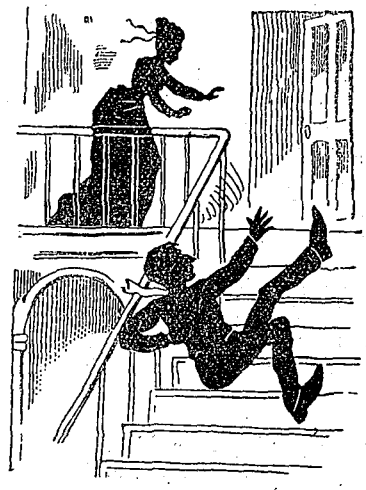
"Eh! will you go to bed, or do something?—*anything*, but don't annoy me."

My wife now began to get mad too.

"Why don't you go to a decent place and get your shirts and collars? I don't make them."

"Did I *say* you made them? I will go to another room where I can put my collar on in peace."

I went at once, and after walking up and down the room for half an hour, twisting and screwing at my collar, and scarce knowing what I was about, I heedlessly walked out of the open door, and this was the result:



Some people may think this is a funny picture. I don't. After lying there for half an hour, I was asked by my wife if I had broken anything on the way down, and, almost in the same breath, the servant girl came in and told me that the black hen wanted to set. I immediately replied:

"Give her thirteen —— collars!" (I would add, that the old hen is still setting without avail).

All this time my wife was bathing my head and calling me kind and endearing names. Such as:

"Oh, you old simpleton! I hope you are satisfied now!" etc. (I *was* more than satisfied.)

After listening to all this, I started up stairs to get another collar, when to my utter horror, some thirty or forty collars seemed to be dancing and wriggling about, putting themselves into all manner of shapes, evidently rejoicing over my annoyance.

Talk about your "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to animals"—if I had just at that moment been the happy possessor of "Jerry McSweeny's Centennial bull dog," I would have set him on the collars, bureau and all, so exasperated was I.

After the collars got quieted down, I picked up one and said, "Perhaps you would like to go down town to-day." It making no particular objection, I dipped the band in water, so that my neck might not be worn through before night, and then I started down the Street, feeling in about as good a humour as a man can after enduring so much torture, when happening to think I had my cane instead of my umbrella, and it was then raining hard, I turned back hurriedly, when I beheld—

but no, I won't tell you, look for yourself.

Talk about corruption in high places; *woman* at the bottom of it; here was the "old fellow" himself and all his bookkeepers, tormenting me beyond all human —yes, even spiritual endurance.

I returned home utterly demoralized, when my wife came to my rescue once more. Said she, "Come hear, dear, I bet I will fix that collar so it will stay on, I will sew it fast."

I answered by running my hand down my back, and pulling collar, shirt, and all off, and then said, "Take it, do what you please with it," and I fell back on the bed exhausted. Presently, I fell asleep, when I dreamed of a new country.

There I saw about one hundred millions of collars, trying to fit themselves on to one man, each offering money for the privilege of being tried on first. I thought I saw a man, and he was lame, who had a very thin neck, and who was being tormented with a very large collar, which looked to be about eight hundred feet wide. I drew his picture on the spot just as he emerged from one of those estab-

lishments, which if taken at flood tide, leads on to destruction. I looked again, and lo! the sign was changed, and in its stead I saw this figure, and below were the words,

"In Memoriam."

I asked the Spectre what he was looking at, said he, "Behold! young man, a supero-lateral view of a crushed cranium, and interior part of the body. My pectoral bone appears as a sagittiform plate with thin edges, and rounded, lateral angles. A thin, median prolongation, the greater part of the border of my collar, is distinct and displays the continuity of the supra-temporal regions. (I thought he said infernal).

"Its *ramus mandibuli* is longer than my neck proper, the number of frayes on the edges of the collar cannot be determined, but they are rather large, and traces of them extend all around the neck.

"The length of the anterior *mandibuli* in the back part of the collar is 7 mm., and the diameter is at the base 47 mm.—diameter of base of superior maxillary, 00 mm,—the approximate length of the *mandibular ramus* is 37 miles longer than a Mississippi freshet. The one angle of the collar projects and gives a surface somewhat ribbed rather than of a continuous character." At this point the spectre disappeared, and I awoke, finding my wife standing over me, bathing me with a mixture of South Carolina and Louisiana water, and holding blue glass to my nose.

She said, "My dear, you have been dreaming and talking in your sleep." Well, said I, "I think I have." Said my wife, "Take my handkerchief and wipe the perspiration off your face!" "What! a handkerchief, did you say? better bring a bucket and see that it is large."

At this point an alarm of fire was sounded. I rushed to the door and asked a boy who was proceeding to the scene of conflagration what was on fire, he replied it is "Longshortness's Collar Factory." Then, I am happy, said I.

Revenge! Revenge!! Revenge!!!

Our Archæological Corner.

ST. KATHARINE'S GILD AT COVENTRY,

Thomas de Schynton, Nicholas Pake, William de Tuttebury, William de Overton Clerk, Peter Percy, Richard de Darkese, Simon Wareyn, John Vincent, and John de Pakynton, gave a fine to the king for a license to found in the seventeenth year of King Edward III. a gild in Coventry to the honour of St. Katharine, but this shortly afterwards, says the author of "Ancient Reliques," became united to those of the Holy Trinity, the Virgin Mary, and St. John the Baptist. There was, and still is, a beautiful Gild Hall at Coventry.

The oath which the Master of the Gild took on coming into office, was as follows:—

"That I shall be good and true to the Brethren and Sistern of the Trinity Gild, St. Mary, St. John, and St. Katharine, of Coventrie, and all lawful points and ordinances of this place, afore this time ordeyned, truly to keepe to my power, and in especiall all the ordinances that been or shall be the general days ordayned truly keep and observe. Also I shall truly re-

ceive and truly accompt, yield as well of me receipts as of all other things that longen to the master of this gild; and arrerage of my accompt, if any be, truly pay, or I depart from my accompt; and all other things truly doe that longen to the office of the said master: So help me God and All Saints. Also I shall once before Candlemas next coming, with six or four brethren of this Gild, oversee all the tenements of the same Gild."

We have mentioned the Trinity Gild. This was also founded in the thirty-eighth year of King Edward III. by Henry de Kele, and Thomas Orme, of Coventry; but in the sixteenth year of Richard II. united to that of St. John the Baptist and Our Lady, and henceforth to bear the conjoint name.

It is very important to collect and preserve all these "bene notanda" of the old Gild life of England.

ED.

A Review.

A Selection of Masonic Songs. By Bro. E. P. Philpots. Poole: Tilsed, High Street.

There are many collections of Masonic Songs, and all more or less interesting to the Freemasons, as witnesses of that love of melody and harmony which has ever been a characteristic of our Order. Without at all entering into the question of that somewhat florid style, and excess perhaps of sociality, which marked Masonic gatherings like the world generally, say fifty years ago, we think all reasonable persons will admit that Masonic songs are welcome adjuncts to the friendly gathering, to the inner circle of the Lodge. Bro. Philpots is an effective writer of Masonic songs,—his words are sensible and his rhythm is good. We think it therefore well to make a few selections from his recent brochure, which merits the patronage and perusal of our readers.

We take Song No. IV. as a good example of reality and harmony of verbiage:—

Air—"I'll fill my pipe again."—SYDNEY.

"Come, brothers, ere to-night we part,
In perfect harmony,
Let's sing success to every heart,
That keeps our precepts three.
The Chisel, Mallet, Guage I sing,
And other emblems rare;
You know we prize the truth they bring,
With Compasses and Square.

Chorus—With Compasses and Square,
With Compasses and Square,
We cannot err when guided by
The Compasses and Square.

"The Gauge it tells of passing time,
Going never to return;
It teaches us a truth sublime,
Our lamps let's brightly burn.
And as we pass along the road
So let us all prepare
Our minds to learn the maxims good,
Of Compasses and Square.

"The Gavel, too, instruct the mind,
To purify and free
Of thoughts that none of us can find
Deduced from Masonry.
Thus may we wiser each one grow,
That happiness to share,
That's taught us as we try to know
The Compasses and Square.

"The Chisel shows us how the power
Of conscience should us rule;
And mighty is the Mason's power,
Who uses well that tool.
As better men and Masons too,
To be we would prepare;
Let's try what can the Chisel do,
With Compasses and Square.

"From all the three we learn to know
How Knowledge, Truth, and Light,
Guide Masons wheresoe'er they go,
If they would use such might.
As on the Level we have met,
As Brothers true and fair,
So let us keep the precepts yet,
Of Compasses and Square."

We also take the sentiment of Song VII.:—

Air—"My Native Highland Home."

"I sing the song of hearts as true
As ere were in our land;
Who always keep one aim in view,
Fast to their vows to stand.

And faithful to the Craft they own,
Their actions bright we see:
No brighter virtues ever shone,
Than those of Masonry.

Chorus—Let heart and hand united stand,
whilst firm and free,
With Square and Compass, too;
We pull together; none like we
Can be so just and true.

"When cares oppress, and 'gainst the stream
The vessel labours hard,
Masonic Light shall brightly gleam
And have its own reward.
The Sacred Law shall help us on,
Life's journey wand'ring through,
To cheer us as the night comes on,
A Compass sure and true.

"And when the lamp of age grows dim,
And life seems ebbing fast,
We shall not fear death's shadows grim,
If Masons to the last.
For bright shall shine the beams of love
To those, who just and fair,
Look upward to the Lodge above,
And act upon the Square."

We all shall appreciate, we think, the truly Masonic sentiment of Song XI.:—

Air—"Jock O' Hazeldean."

Let's sing the well-known theme of old,
That Masons love to hear;
That's many a time and oft been told,
To those assembled here.
'Tis "Prosper well our noble Art,"
Far o'er the earth and sea;
For dear to every faithful heart,
Is good Freemasonry.

"The wisest king that ever reigned,
Has firmly laid the stone,
That true for ages has remained,
From which our Craft has grown.
And though The Temple is no more,
By heathen's base decree,
The Art that built it 's as before,
And called Freemasonry.

"Then glory to the Architect,
Whose rule for ever stands,
Whose Name the Craft with awe respect,
And all our praise demands.
And may He, ruling from On High,
Still present with us be,
Whene'er we square our actions by
The rules of Masonry."

All loyal Freemasons amongst us, and we are all loyal, will greet warmly the words of Song XIV.:—

Air—"God Bless the Prince of Wales."

"We're met once more together,
To join in social throng,
And praise the Art that can impart
A bond of union strong.
Then let us all, as Brothers,
Upon the Level part,
As on the Square we love to meet,
With true Masonic heart.

Chorus—From pole to pole resounding,
Let nations all incline,
To learn the Art we love so well,
Freemasonry divine.

"Our secrets are a wonder
To those who will not learn;
Our virtues all are noble,
Bright as the sun they burn.
Our Craftesmen work together,
A Temple high they raise,
And all unite with powerful might,
To celebrate its praise.

"Our Lodge is consecrated,
It stands on Holy Ground;
And favour in His perfect eyes,
Freemasonry has found.
Built on the Truth so stedfast,
Kept by the Craft secure,
To endless ages distant far
Our work shall aye endure."

Song XIX. is very animated and pleasant, and we shall equally approve of Song XXI.

SONG XIX.

Air—"Le Petit Tambour."

"No matter where I chance to go,
No place has charms for me,
When I can to a Lodge repair,
Of Masons true and free.
Then I can learn of virtues rare
That brightly ever glow;
No sect with Masons can compare,
So to the Lodge I'll go.

Chorus—Then to the Lodge we'll go,
Then to the Lodge we'll go;
{And to the Lodge of——,}
{And to Lodge number——,}
We often like to go.

"There is a sort of sacred tie,
Together us to bind;
We cannot sever, though we try,
However we're inclined.
A band of brothers happily
We journey on, and know
The truth will always present be,
So to the Lodge we'll go.

"We like to view the times gone by,
When first the Craft so free,
Was built, since when it's firmly stood,
And boasts antiquity.
The wisest King that ever reigned,
Devised it long ago;
And since the structure's firm remained,
So to the Lodge we'll go.

"Then prosper well the Art so free,
And prosper every man,
Whose mind is set on Masonry,
Who loves its depth to scan.
And may our Lodge in strength increase,
And never fail to grow;
Masonic virtue ne'er can cease,
So to the Lodge we'll go."

SONG XXI.

(The Tyler's Song.)

Air—"Believe me will all those endearing young charms;" or "The spring-time is coming."

"'Tis the toast of the Tyler, my Brothers, we'll sing,
'Tis a theme well befitting a song;
Some our Craft are adorning, who fortune may bring
Nought to cheer them or help them along.
Let's wish them success in their pathway of care,
May their sorrows and griefs be but few,
And may the Great Architect for them prepare
A road smoothly levelled anew.

Chorus—"Let's wish them," &c.

"'Tis the toast of the Tyler, the poor and oppressed,
Who've wandered away far from home;
May they find from their sorrow a sweet time to rest,
And back to their Fatherland come.
We'll welcome them all, for they're Brothers we know,
We'll soothe the afflictions they bear;
Our friendship Masonic shall full overflow,
And we'll help them to banish their care.

Chorus—We'll welcome them, &c.

"'Tis the toast of the Tyler in silence so deep,
We'll drink ere refreshment time's o'er;
Our poor and distressed in our minds we will keep,
And we'll welcome them back to their shore.
Let's think of the pledge we have vowed we will keep,
And the hand of a Brother firm hold;
That a friendship may grow as the ocean as deep,
And our virtues once more may be told.

Chorus—Let's think, &c."

We cannot pass over Song XXVII. which is very effective:—

Air—"It goes against the grain."

"As we go through this world of strife,
No matter what our station,
We ought to act to all men fair,
To Brother Masons on the Square.
Our Art should be Freemasonry,
Our greatest admiration,
To higher still ascend the hill,
And mind the golden rule.

Chorus—The ties we cannot sever,
Freemasons we are ever;
Forsake the Craft we'll never,
Accepted, Fair, and True.

"Should sickness, grief, or poverty,
Be cast upon a Brother,
A friend sincere he's sure to find,
To sympathy the Craft's inclined.
For love, relief and truth, our grief
Shall soften for each other;
And ties thus sure shall long endure
Within the Circle true.

"Then, Brothers all, unite with me,
In daily celebration,
Of all the virtues we possess,
None equal them that we profess.

As Masons true, we'll keep in view
The Craft's perpetuation,
Until we see Freemasonry
By every one adored."

We also greatly approve of Song XXXII.:—

Air—"Free and easy."

"Through the world my journey taking,
Many "ups and downs" I've seen;
Luck was often me forsaking,
Yet contented have I been.
Taking one time with another,
Well with others I compare,
For I aimed to be a Brother
Who would act upon the Square.

Chorus—True to the Craft I'll remain till the end,
Whilst every Brother's a Mason and a friend;
Always ready, sure and steady,
Mason's virtues know no end.

"If the wind is fairly blowing,
And *my* vessel journeys on;
Many a Brother's grief is showing
Fortune on him never shone.
Could I pass him by in trouble?
No,—my help is at his call;
I may be rewarded double,
Though my help may be but small.

"Though my riches are not many,
Still I have a mite to spare
For the man who has not any,
If a Mason on the Square.
Those among us whose position
We may envy, from renown,
Soon may change their high condition,
And be suddenly cast down.

"Let united every Brother,
By the ties of Masonry,
Seek new virtues to discover,
As a Fellow-Craftsman free.
Aiming as a good Freemason,
Thus to act, to live, to die;
So that he can take his station
After in eternity."

We conclude, as we think, not inaptly, with Song XLV., as it is a very good resumé both of Masonic teaching and Masonic duty:—

Air—"Men of Harlech."

"Brothers all of every nation,
High or lowly be your station,
Drink success to every Mason,
Prosper well the Art.
Noble minds the work engages,
Founded long ago by sages,
It shall last for many ages,
And a joy impart;
Mighty men declaring,
That it's good they're sharing,
Brighter far than morning star,
With Orders none comparing,
Virtues high to beautify,
With other Arts it well can vie,
Masonry can never die,—
Then prosper well the Art.

"Let the ties which firmly bind us,
Of our solemn vows remind us,
Let the world as Masons find us,
"Acting on the Square."
Thus to live we are contented,
To be faithful we've consented,
None of us have ere repented
That the badge we wear.
Virtues high attend us,
And our deeds commend us,
Whilst we "act upon the Square,"
Brothers shall defend us.
High we'll see Freemasonry,
Shall bear us towards eternity,
So our motto still shall be,
To "act upon the Square."

We cannot close our short extracts without commending Bro. Philpotts' production to the notice of all Masons, who are interested in Masonic harmony, or appreciate Masonic sentiments.

NOTES ON LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.

BY BRO. GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL,

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

MR. Robert E. Brown, an experienced factor and estate agent, in his able *Book of the Landed Estate*, remarks, that "taking farmers as a class, there are few, in comparison to their numbers, who have made rapid strides in the improvement of their farms, and who occupy, consequently, a high standing in their line of life. This is no doubt owing to the want of proper

training and education, whereby their minds can be made to comprehend the advantages arising from superior modes of culture; partly to the want of sufficient capital to enable them to carry out farming on better principles; and, perhaps, partly to the fact that, generally speaking, the beef, mutton, and grain belonging to the man who rears them in the ordinary way, meet with as ready a demand in the market as these commodities do when reared and sold by the improver, the difference in the profits lying more in the quantity than in the quality—of course, all other points being equal." But he adds, "Generally speaking, and with some exceptions, even where farmers are inferior in intelligence, and possessed of but small capital, if they are liberally dealt with, and under the direction of liberal landlords, and judicious agents, they may be made to carry out and follow such a system of cultivation on their respective farms as will be found highly conducive to the interests and prosperity of both landlord and tenant."

An eminent classical scholar and antiquary, the Rev. John Kenrick, M.A., F.S.A., has just passed away, at his residence, No. 38, Monkgate, York, in his ninetieth year; dying of natural decay, and remaining in full possession of his fine intellectual faculties to the very last. He was a native of Exeter, took the degree of M.A. at Glasgow, and afterwards studied at the universities of Gottingen and Berlin. In 1810, he went to York, as professor of classics in the unitarian college which had been removed to that ancient city from Manchester, and there married the daughter of the principal, the Rev. Charles Wellbeloved, the eminent antiquary, whose *Eboracum* is the best account of York under the Romans known to our literature. On the removal of the college back to Manchester, in 1840, Mr. Kenrick continued his connection with it for a few years, but never gave up his residence in the Yorkshire capital. On the 4th of February, 1858, he was elected a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, London, to which he was formally admitted, and contributed several valuable papers. He was one of the founders of the Yorkshire Philosophical Society, of which he was vice-president and curator of antiquities; but, in his latter years, the Rev. Canon Raine, I believe, has really done the greater part of the labour of the curatorship. Mr. Kenrick was the author of two octavo volumes on *Ancient Egypt under the Pharoahs;* of one, with maps and illustrative plates, on *Phœnicia;* of a small work on *Roman Sepulchral Inscriptions, their relations to Archæology, Language, and Religion;* and of an interesting *Selection of Papers on Subjects of Archæology and History, communicated to the Yorkshire Philosophical Society;* the latter of which opens with the best treatise I have seen on "The Rise, Extension, and Suppression of the Order of Knights Templar in Yorkshire;" from which we learn that the Templars had possessions at Allerthorp near Bedale, Ampleforth, Appleton-wisk, Alverthorp near Wakefield, Bagby, "Baggaflete," Barton St. Mary's near Croft, Brotton, Brough near Catterick, "Burnebam," Burrell near Bedale, "Calvertune," Carlton near Arncliff, Carlton near Stanwick, Cattal, Catton, Cliff, Cold Kirby, Copmanthorp, Cowthorp, Coxwold, Craik Hall near Bedale, Drewton, Etton near Beverley, Faxfleet, Fenwick near Campsall, Great Langton, Hawskwell near Leyburn, Hayton in the East Riding, Hunsingore, Hunton near Patrick Brompton, Ilkley, Ingleby, "Jernewic," Kellington, Kildale, Kirby Fleetham, "Kirdintane," Leeming Bridge, Leyburn, "Lindebi," Lund in the parish of Hawes, Newbiggin (near Temple Newsome), North Cave, North Ferriby, Nunnington, Oldfield near Studley, Osgodby near Thirsk, Patrick Brompton, Penhill, Ribston, Richmond, Riplingham near South Cave, Scawton, Scruton, Skelton near Temple Newsome, Sowerby near Thirsk, Stamford Bridge, Stanghow near Gisbro', Startforth, Stonegrave, Temple Cowton, Temple Hurst, Thimbleby, Thirsk, Thornton Watlass, Thorp near Burniston, Waldby, Westerdale, Wetherby, Whitkirk, Whitley, Willetoft near Bubwith, Wilton, Wimbleton near Harum, Winmore, Yarm, and York. "Mount St. John near Thirsk," says Mr. Kenrick, "has sometimes been reckoned among their possessions, but it seems from the first to have belonged to the Hospitallers." I have taken the trouble to arrange the names of the places in alphabetical order, because they are thus easier of reference; and where the modern name is certain, I have

given it. Of those where the ancient name is retained, marked by being given in inverted commas, I will be glad of any assistance to fix their exact locality; but I must mention that Mr. Kenrick conjectured "Burnebam" to be Burniston; "Calvertune," to be Cawton near Gilling; "Jernewic," to be Gervic near Skelton in the North Riding; "Kirdintane," to be Kirklington near Sinderby; and "Lindebi," to be Lindrick near Ripon; but with "Baggaflete," he seems to have been fairly baffled. The whole article is full of information on the Templars, and written with great fairness. "The Templars," says he, "had not even the consolation of dying with arms in their hands; they were the victims of treachery and chicane." And, having shown the gross cruelty and injustice of confessions made under torture, and the rapacity of their persecutors, he remarks: "The proceedings against the Templars were so contrary to all principles of jurisprudence, that in a purely judicial point of view the evidence against them is worthless. As a question of historical probability, their partial guilt or entire innocence is not so easily settled." Mr. Kenrick was interred in the York Cemetery on Saturday, May 12th, and besides great numbers of the religious body with which he had been through life connected, Canon Raine and many members of the York Institute were present; but perhaps the most touching part of the whole ceremony of paying the last token of respect to a worthy man and scholar, was when the pupils from the Wilberforce School for the Blind, of which he was vice-president, dropped their floral offerings on his coffin. Though kindly invited by the aged antiquary to pay him a visit in the event of my again going to York, I had not the pleasure of his personal acquaintance, but his kind correspondence I found to be useful to a humbler labourer in that great field of usefulness where there is room alike for the man of one talent and the man of ten. I ought perhaps to mention that, besides contributing to the publications of his own denomination, he was a contributor to the *Edinburgh Review*, to the *Philosophical Magazine*, and to the *Cambridge Philological Museum*, then edited by the late Bishop Thirlwall. Mr. Kenrick (for though he bore the title of Reverend, he never officiated as a minister) is one more proof that *study* is not injurious to longevity.

"It is America," remarked a writer in the *Atlantic Monthly*, a few years ago, "that we may reasonably look to for a new type in architecture—the type that will be generated by the necessity of accomodating immense masses of people under one enclosure for purposes of political discussion, of religious service, of legislative debate, or of the administration of justice—a type more majestic than that of the Roman Basilica, and capable of the highest embellishment by sculpture and painting." I sincerely hope the performance may be equal to the promise. England has certainly seen a wonderful revival in her architecture of late years, but still we seem only capable at best of imitating the Ancients, and that too often at a great distance. Though I have never had the least desire to see our noble Craft return from its fine speculative Masonry to that of a mere trade guild, I have long felt that we, of all men, ought not merely to cultivate all the liberal arts and sciences that lay within the compass of our cable-tow, but a knowledge and love of architecture in particular: else the valued ceremony of laying the foundation-stones of public buildings with Masonic honours is a privilege to which we are no more entitled than our excellent sister organizations, the various Orders of Oddfellows, Foresters, Druids, Free Gardiners, Ancient Shepherds, and such-like. Had the Craft been true to its history and traditions, the ugly ecclesiastical edifices, for instance, would never have risen under Anne and the Georges, when, "to prevent starving," as George Alexander Stevens humourously expresses it, in his *Lecture on Heads*, "Architecture hired herself as a bricklayer's labourer." Many of our recently-erected Masonic Halls are positively disgraceful to the tastes of the brethren of the Lodges that erected them, being eclipsed in beauty of design by the adjoining schools and meeting-houses. Every Freemason ought to feel with the German critic, Frederick von Schlegel: "To me the sight of a splendid edifice or a lovely country is an ever-springing source of pleasure: I feel its grandeur more, and love its beauty better, the more frequently I behold it; and, in the same manner, the

continual contemplation of a fine building unconsciously elevates a susceptible mind, and maintains it in a fit frame for appreciating the beauty of other works of art, whilst a taste for architecture seems indeed to form the basis of every other artistic taste."

Rose Cottage, Stokesley, Yorkshire.

Forgotten Stories.

THE BOGLE OF ANNESLIE.

OR, THE THREE-CORNERED HAT.

[We take this pleasant little tale, which will be quite new to most of our readers, from a forgotten work of much merit.]

"An' ye winna believe i' the Bogle?" said a pretty young lassie to her sweetheart, as they sat in the door of her father's cottage one fine autumn evening. "Do you hear that, mither, Andrew 'll no believe i' the Bogle?"

"Gude be wi' us, Effie!" exclaimed Andrew—a slender and delicate youth of about two-and-twenty—"a bonny time I wad hae o't, gin I were to heed every auld wife's clatter."

The words "auld wife" had a manifest effect on Effie, and she bit her lips in silence. Her mother immediately opened a battery upon the young man's prejudices, narrating how that on Anneslie Heath, at ten o'clock at night, a certain apparition was wont to appear, in the form of a maiden above the usual size, with a wide three-cornered hat. Sundry other particulars were mentioned, but Andrew was still incredulous. "He'll rue that, dearly will he rue't!" said Effie, as he departed.

Many days, however, passed away, and Effie was evidently much disappointed to find that the scepticism of her lover gathered strength. Nay, he had the audacity to insult, by gibes and jests, the the true believers, and to call upon them for the reasons of their faith. Effie was in a terrible passion.

At last, however, her prophecy was fulfilled. Andrew was passing over the moor while the clock struck ten; for it was his usual practice to walk at that hour, in order to mock the fears of his future bride. He was just winding round the thicket which opened to him a view of the cottage where Effie dwelt, when he heard a light step behind him, and, in an instant his feet were tripped up, and he was laid prostrate on the turf. Upon looking up he beheld a tall muscular man standing over him, who, in no courteous manner desired to see the contents of his pocket. "Deil be on ye," exclaimed the young forester, "I hae but ae coin i' the warld." "That coin maun I hae," said his assailant. "Faith! I'se show ye play for't then," said Andrew, and sprung upon his feet.

Andrew was esteemed the best cudgel-player for twenty miles round, so that in brief space he cooled the ardour of his antagonist, and dealt such visitations upon his skull as might have made a much firmer head ache for a fortnight. The man stepped back, and, pausing in his assault, raised his hand to his forehead, and buried it among his dark locks. It returned covered with blood. "Thou hast cracked my crown," he said, "but yet ye sha' na gang scatheless;" and, flinging down his cudgel, he flew on his young foe, and, grasping his body before he was aware of the attack, whirled him to the earth with an appalling impetus. "The Lord hae mercy on me!" said Andrew, "I'm a dead man."

He was not far from it, for his rude foe was preparing to put the finishing stroke to his victory. Suddenly something stirred in the bushes, and the conqueror, turning away from his victim, cried out, "The bogle! the bogle!" and fled precipitately. Andrew ventured to look up. He saw the figure which had been described to him approaching; it came nearer and nearer; its face was very pale, and its step was not heard on the grass. At last it stood by his side, and looked down upon him. Andrew buried his face in his cloak: presently the apparition spoke—indistinctly, indeed, for its teeth seemed to chatter with cold—"This is a cauld an' an eerie night to be sae late on Anneslie Muir!" and immediately it glided away. Andrew lay a few minutes in a trance; and then arising from his cold bed, ran hastily towards the

cottage of his mistress. His hair stood on end, and the vapours of the night sunk chill upon his brow as he lifted up the latch, and flung himself upon an oaken seat.

"Preserve us!" cried the old woman. "Why, ye are mair than aneugh to frighten a body out o' her wits! To come in wi' sic a flaunt and a fling, baresconced, and the red bluid spatter'd a' o'er your new leather jerkin! Shame on you, Andrew! in what mishanter has thou broken that fule's head o' thine?"

"Peace, mither!" said the young man, taking breath, "I hae seen the bogle!"

The old lady had a long line of reproaches, drawn up in the order of march, between her lips, but the mention of the bogle was the signal for disbanding them. A thousand questions poured in, in rapid succession.—"How old was she? How was she dressed? Who was she like? What did she say?"

"She was a tall thin woman, about seven feet high!"

"Oh, Andrew!" cried Effie.

"As ugly as sin!"

"Other people tell a different story," said Effie.

"True, on my Bible oath! and then her beard ——"

"A beard, Andrew!" shrieked Effie, "a woman with a beard! for shame, Andrew!"

"Nay, I'll swear it upon my soul's salvation! She had seen saxty winters and mair, afore e'er she died to trouble us!"

"I'll wager my best new goun," said the maiden, "that saxteen would be nearer the mark."

"But wha was she like, Andrew?" said the old woman. "Was she like auld Janet that was drowned in the burn forenaint? or that auld witch that your maister hanged for stealing his pet lamb? or was she like—"

"Are you sure she was na like *me*, Andrew?" said Effie, looking archly in his face.

"You—Pshaw! Faith, guid mither, she was like to naebody that I ken, unless it be auld Elspeth, the cobbler's wife, that was blamed for a' the mischief or misfortunes o' the kintra roun', and was drowned at last for having sense aboon the lave."

"And how was she dressed, Andrew?"

"In that horrible three-cornered hat, which may I be blinded if ever I seek to look upon again! an' in a lang blue apron."

"Green, Andrew!" cried Effie, twisting her own green apron round her thumb.

"How you like to tease ane!" said the lover. Poor Andrew did not at all enter into his mistress's pleasantry, for he laboured under great depression of spirits, and never lifted his eyes from the ground.

"But ye hae na told us what she said, lad!" said the old woman, assuming an air of deep mystery, as each question was put and answered in its turn.

"Lord! what signifies it whether she said this or that? Haud your tongue, and get me some comfort; for, to speak the truth, I'm vera cauld."

"Weel mayest thou be sae," cried Effie, "for indeed," she continued, in a feigned voice, "*it was a cauld an' an eerie night to be sae late on Anneslie Muir!*"

Andrew started, and a doubt seemed to pass over his mind. He looked up at the damsel, and perceived, for the first time, that her large blue eyes were laughing at him from under the shade of a huge three-cornered hat. The next moment he hung over her in an ecstacy of gratitude, and smothered with his kisses the ridicule which she forced upon him as the penalty of his preservation.

"Seven feet high, Andrew!"

"My dear Effie!"—

"As ugly as sin!"—

"My darling lassie!"—

"And a beard!"—

"Na; na! now you carry the jest o'er far!"

"And saxty winters!"

"Saxteen springs; Effie! dear, delightfu', smiling springs!"

"And Elspeth, the cobbler's wife! oh! Andrew, Andrew, I never can forgie you for the cobbler's wife!—and what say you now, Andrew! is their nae bogle on the muir?"

"My dear Effie, for your sake I'll believe in a' the bogles in Christendie!"

"That is," said Effie, at the conclusion of a long and vehement fit of risibility, "that is, in a' that wear 'three-cornered hats.'"

A. M'F.