

# THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

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No. 72.—Vol. VI.

JUNE, 1879.

PRICE 6d.

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## TRANSMISSION OF MASONIC ART AND SYMBOLISM IN THE FOURTH CENTURY.

*(From the Keystone.)*

BY BRO. GEO. F. FORT.

AS early as the age of Numa, the builders or architects were already, in Greece, associated in guilds or colleges, and shared the building art with the sacerdotal order, and evidently were under Ecclesiastical discipline, as it uniformly existed throughout the subsequent government of the Christian Church till the close of the eleventh century. Mathematics and geometrical science which, without the high antiquity of logarithms, were the essential bases of architecture in the close custody of the building schools, as previously noted obtained from the secret organizations of the priesthood, were also used by philosophic or theosophic schools, such as Pythagoras, etc., as a substratum upon which to erect a religious structure. From this it may be asserted that in these systems of religion, the science of numbers or mathematics, and their various combinations, were so intricately conjoined as to be inseparable, while to a great degree the individualised colleges of artificers united this amalgamation as a sacred element with the practical application of geometric or mathematical principles. This union was certainly maintained and encouraged during the subjection of our mediæval precursors to the Romish Church, and only ceased when the society of Operative Freemasons abandoned one of its dualistic characteristics. Under the salutary regulations of the Ptolemies, the metropolitan city Alexandria, for centuries prior to the time of the Cæsars, became the centre of mental and intellectual activity of both the eastern and western worlds. Especial privileges were generously conceded to renowned scholars, eminent in the higher culture of sciences and arts, who rapidly flocked to this city and were maintained at public expense in the several buildings devoted to the practical cultivation of scholastic pursuits. These immunities were continued by the early Roman emperors, deeply interested in preserving such unions of men celebrated for their erudition and beneficial inventions. The rapid progress of the Christian faith at length reached a class of converts whose learning was of the highest importance in giving stability and extension to the new doctrines. Its inroad upon the ranks of those who had hitherto formed an essential element in the sacerdotal orders soon manifested a strange perversion of the original doctrines of Christ, by the wilful admixture of numerous rites and dogmas which vitalized the decline of paganism. By such means the diversified belief of the devotees of Zoroaster, the monotheistic Jews, the pantheism of the Greeks and of such other religious culture as were aggregated in Alexandria, modified and paganized Christianity; and thus amalgamated, reappeared in sects, of which the most important were Gnostics, Basilideans, and the followers of Manicheios. This infusion or union of rival doctrines, which only harmonized in the mediæval and

accepted notion of a Supreme Deity, the immortality of the soul, and the eternity, or rather the indestructibility of matter, had a profound effect upon the social elements of the Eastern and Western Empire. Its earliest influence was to disrupt and disintegrate the colleges of the priests, and therefore unnumbered forms and ceremonies which in the Temple worship had fascinated the vulgar mind were now boldly adapted to the ritualism of the Christian Church. Another valuable acquisition was also added to the rising sect in this way, and that was the appropriation of much of the secret lore formerly the exclusive property of the sacerdotal communities. This was particularly noticeable from the period when Christianity became the religion of the Empire, in the fourth century. With a knowledge of ancient pagan science, many of the symbolic usages passed to the Church and its numerous sects.

The Basilideans united their Thaumaturgic or magical arts and rites with the increasing pomp of the Christian ceremonies, while the abstruse principles of mathematical science were used to symbolize the sectarian dogmas to the mind of the new converts. Frequent intercourse of the building corporations with those who were eminent as geometricians both at Alexandria and other portions of the Empire, and who were equally illustrious as leaders of religious sects, without doubt materially aided in modifying many venerable pagan ceremonies practised within the secret retreats of college-fraternity. A more forcible reason for the alterations of the heathen ritualism performed by these close organisations down to the fourth century may be found in compulsion consequent upon the formal change made by the Emperor Constantine of the ancient religion to Christianity; such alterations, however, it is apprehended, only contemplated an adaptation to the changed order of state affairs. As an original and component part of the ancient sacerdotal orders, these colleges or guilds of builders shared the secret rites and ceremonies, symbols and emblematic appliances, as well as the occult sciences of the hierarchy. The most uniform and universal ritualism pervading these secret organizations was an impressive ceremonial, typifying an assassination of a great and divine benefactor, such as the Egyptian Hesiri or the Norse god Balder, both of whom stood forth as deified light. Hesiri was, after a long search, found on the coast of Phœnicia, and over him grew an evergreen tree, which was emblemized by the priesthood as a type of immortality. He was ultimately brought up to Egypt and more fittingly interred. When the Emperor Commodus was initiated into the mysteries of the Mithraic rites, he signalized his entrance, or perhaps perfect initiation, by the actual homicide of a human being. The phraseology of Ælius Laupidas, from whom I obtain this fact, is of so equivocal a nature that it may signify that the imperial entrant assassinated the person who represented the divine Hesiri because he feigned to believe it a necessary portion of the solemn ceremonies, or that in such celebrations it was the invariable usage for some initiate to thus typify, by a pretended death, the murder of the light-god; the latter interpretation is both natural and preferable. The members of all these close corporations, in which the principles of science and art were carefully concealed and only revealed under forms of impressive symbols, recognized one another by means of secret signs, whose significance was hidden to the uninitiated eye. It oftentimes happened that the initiates in pursuing strict lines of individual research, into the occult mysteries, with which they had become familiarised, publicly argued upon conclusions reached and entered into personal controversy; but notwithstanding such disputations, the utmost care was taken against divulging a knowledge which appertained exclusively to the several orders of the hierarchy, or to those under sacerdotal direction. Thus, for example, when Democritus entered into a controversy with the Magi, or wonder-workers of his time, no revelations of occult science were made which could vulgarize the mysticism of his craft-associates. Socrates was compelled to drink a draught of death, because, as alleged, he had attempted to poison or deprave the minds of the youth of Athens; or, in other words, this scholastic dialectician had perhaps inadvertently sought to popularize the teachings which he had received by the initiatory rites at the hands of the priesthood, who struggled successfully till the Christian era to repress the sublime idea of a Supreme Deity within the gloomy precincts of sacred enclosures where this doctrine was known. The writings of Cicero reveal a knowledge

of this dogma, one that was abundantly and universally shared by the philosophers of his age. The Phœnicians were, beyond controversy, as the great maritime nation, down to the destruction of Carthage, by their rivals, the Romans, profoundly versed in those arts and sciences which beautified the city of Tyre and have left substantial monuments of oriental skill in the numerous localities where commercial speculations attracted their vessels. This people in remote ages had attained a just celebrity for the superior character of national handiwork, and appear to have been eagerly sought for by munificent monarchs, who used their skill in building elegant structures and imposing edifices. When Sesostris, the King of Egypt, endeavoured to embellish his royal domains, no fitting craftsmen were to be found among the people, and he was obliged to have recourse to the handicraft of such strange workmen as were pre-eminently skilled in the art of constructing superb edifices—the Phœnicians. Whatever skill the Greeks in after ages displayed in the erection of stone structures was certainly derived from these ancient artisans of Tyre, who, as other nations, attributed the invention of the square and compasses with the other implements of the stone-cutter's art to a divine benefactor. The people of Phœnicia anciently preserved the records of historical and other events of public importance upon columns of stone. One of the Masonic traditions clearly asserts that such inscriptions were made by Hermes to preserve the principles of the arts from utter destruction—a legend which still survives; but the most curious confirmation of this venerable transmission is to be found in the fact that the strange workmen employed by Sesostris made, at his command, two columns of stone as a permanent register of the notable occurrences during the reign of the Egyptian King. The Phœnicians were indeed far advanced in mental culture, religious ceremonials, and scientific accomplishments beyond the people of adjoining nationalities. Solomon, King of Israel, was compelled to request, as the Egyptian Sesostris had sought before him, the skilled artificers of Tyre, and paid them enormous wages. Sacerdotal colleges of Phœnicia denominated their Supreme Deity by the name of the Tetragrammaton, or Jah, El, and Adonai, which, when correctly pronounced, was endowed with omnific or irresistible power.

It was this word which Moses whispered in the ear of the Egyptian ruler that produced such miraculous results. Evidently this unutterable word was communicated to the Jewish law-giver in Egypt, where it was for ages written over the main entrance to the Temple of Seraphis. The pronunciation of this name, the central point around which the Masonic organism revolves, has been lost, and although vast erudition has searched to replace the proper collocation of syllables, it has been with unprofitable results. The close and intimate union existing between the rites and religious dogmas of the Phœnician hierarchy and the Elusinian mysteries may be inferred from the curious fact that during the initiatory ceremonies of this secret society in Greece, the theogony or Divine genealogy of Sanchoniathon, who was the chief hierophant in the Phœnician sacerdotal order, was read or recited to the initiates. These mysteries, although not inculcating the unity of God, certainly exercised a wide space and beneficial influence upon the formation of the Greek mind, and none but those of blameless and irreproachable character were admitted to share the secrets of the order. Nero himself, while sojourning in Greece, sought initiation and was refused, on account of the ineradicable stain which the assassination of his own mother had put upon the imperial aspirant; neither could Constantine find pagan priests who would purge him from his numerous parricides.

That a transmission to Greece of occult sciences, together with the ceremonials used by the Phœnician priesthood, occurred, at a comparatively early epoch, is now admitted, and in the absence of historical proofs of these rites having served the Grecian hierarchy as a model for imitation, it is well known that one of their philosophers, Pythagoras, was initiated by the Sidonian priests. When at a later period Numa transplanted such ritualism and sacred customs from Greece into Rome as served best to energize the developing city, one of the distinctive forms incident to Phœnician civilization, viz., the association of builders, was also established in the Latin domains, under the specific title of Colleges of Artificers. These organizations, as hitherto stated,

retained and perpetuated the secret principles of constructive art, and appear to have elaborated many branches of the useful sciences.

In the reign of Tiberius, a distinguished craftsman, by means of ingenious mechanism, restored to an exact perpendicular the leaning sides of the principal entrance to the city. The Emperor at first expressed great pleasure, but envying the skill of the architect, whose name he jealously interdicted from publicity, refused him just compensation and expelled him from the city; but he returned, and seeking to secure favour by displaying a specimen of extraordinary handicraft, produced a glass vase, which he besought the Emperor to hurl with violence upon the floor. This was done, whereupon the skilled artificer picked it up, and the vessel being wrought with a material more tenacious and elastic than gold or silver, he readily pressed each indentation into its proper shape. The only compensation which this unusual work of art received was a prompt order that the craftsman's head should be cut off.

Tiberius subsequently explained that the introduction of such manufactures would debase the value of metal utensils. With so limited encouragement it is not surprising that the secret of malleable glass has been lost. Symbolic appliances, as well as allegorical representations from the remotest epochs, were freely used to add impressive weight to the hidden mysteries of initiation into the sacerdotal orders. It was by such material aids that the lessons of religious import and the explanations of occult science were rendered doubly effective. Many of these have survived to the modern Craft of Freemasons, with much of their original purport and emblematic significance.

These symbols reach far back into pre-historic ages, and were familiar objects in the Egyptian, Phœnician, and other oriental secret orders. They present themselves with oft-recurring frequency in the diversified systems of religion which threatened to disintegrate Christianity in the first three centuries, and appeal to the Masonic eye with the same unequivocal meaning as arrested the inner thoughtfulness of the Gnostic or Manichean devotee. Before the fourth century, and previous to the period when Christianity had reached its powerful development, strong efforts were made by the converts from paganism to unite the system of the more ancient religion with the doctrines of Christ, and in this attempt some of the most cultivated minds among the proselytes were profoundly interested. Out of this process arose numerous sects, such as the Gnostics, Basilideans, and Manicheans, the first of whom, it is presumed, was in existence in the time of St. Paul. All these at a later date had the form of a regular and secret organization, into which none were initiated, except such as voluntarily assumed binding obligations. Ultimately these sects presented the appearance of oath-bound corporations, whose religious ceremonials, based upon symbolized mathematical problems, as in case of the Basilideans, were divided in several grades or degrees; to each of which belonged specific symbols, directly appropriated from heathen temple worship or from oriental sources. In the time of Josephus, the Essenes, of Asiatic origin, maintained a close organization, and used mechanical emblems, which in many respects resembled the typified use of Masonic tools. The central figure of the Gnostic system was the demiurgic, *opi fax mundi*, or architect of the Universe, whose potential means of creation was the Tetragrammaton, or ineffable word Jah, or Jehovah, and sometimes Abrax, which signified the sacred name under another form. Notwithstanding the fact that Philo Judæus largely contributed by his writings, in the first century, to familiarize the diverse schools of Alexandria with the Hebrew traditions and sacred observances, it is beyond controversy that these rival sects did not derive their knowledge of the presumed efficacy of the divine word from Israelitish sources, but perpetuated it as an integral portion of the occult lore transmitted through Egyptian or Phœnician channels.

The five-pointed star or pentalpha of Pythagoras was notably familiar to such religious systems as came from Tyrian sources, and advanced as far westward as the Druids, who marked it upon the soles of their shoes. This symbol in the hands of the mediæval Freemasons was extensively used as a mark. As typified, the Manichean system represented the universe, supported by columns, and in this particular was identical with the ancient Germanic temple at Upsala. A strange perpetuation of the

cardinal points, as made use of among the Manicheans, is still extant, which find their prototype in emblematical allusion to the mouth, breast, and hands. One of the principal features in these close societies was the declaration that *Light* constituted the essence of their religious culture, and what is equally suggestive to the Masonic mind, the *Word*, or unutterable name, was so intricably united with this emblem that the Manichean or Gnostic entrant sought the effulgence *Light*, and the supposed attribute of power in the *Word* at the same time, during the secret ceremonies of his initiation. This word, whose proper pronunciation was lost, was certainly delineated in the convocation of these sectarians, both upon a sphere and as the central point of a circle. Two columns (perhaps the prototypes of Jachin and Boaz), one of which symbolized *Glory* and the other *Light*, also performed an important part in the Manichean rites of initiation, and would appear to have been intimately associated with the circle containing the *Yod* or synonym of the Divine Name. In the mystical rites of earlier sacred colleges this circle performed an important function in symbolizing a Supreme Deity, upon whose circumference were the material images of two subordinate divinities, respectively figured by the upper part of the human body inseparably united by a dove, which also stood as an emblem of the creative word. Our masonic symbol of the circle and central point, upon whose periphery or circumference rest two human figures flanked by a like number of lines, would seem to be fairly traceable to the foregoing emblematical representations.

The early Christian sects borrowed largely, or, perhaps more accurately, transplanted with their conversion, other symbolic paraphernalia, such as the mystic ladder from the secret service of the pagan religion. This emblem, still existing in undiminished vigour to the modern Craft, then as now was invariably used to typify the ascent from an inferior, the terrestrial sphere, to one of exalted excellence, and, with the Manichean initiates, impressively signified the route by which the soul should pass through the various degrees from earth to heaven. To the entrant into the Gnostic rites, certain figured emblems, clothed with appropriate symbols, were manifested and explained, such as Silence, Temperance, Prudence, Justice, and Fortitude, from each of whom, thus delineated, wise and judicious illustrations were drawn, in order to impress the candidate's mind with exalted moral principles. These figures, under the skilful tools of the mediæval stone-cutters, were early embodied in materialized forms in the niched walls of elegant fabrics of the Middle Ages. The Hebrew word *Yod*, the synonym of *Jehovah*, or the ineffable name, had also the meaning of hand, and was thus symbolized to be the direct allusion of that effective force and resistless power best signifying Deity, and in such sense it was currently applied in the ancient pagan rites, and was equally designative among the early Christian sects by a junction of hands in their secret conclaves, the highest idea of peace, fraternal affection and esteem. This symbol is also oftentimes carved by our brethren of the Middle Ages upon stately cathedrals and monastic edifices. One of the Gnostic symbols still extant, a single eye, was an oft-recurring type of divinity whose watchfulness and scrutinizing care reached to the most obscure and hidden thoughts. In this grouping of emblems it may be added that a heart was the universally accepted type of Egypt, and evidently found its way into the ritualism of the *Disciplina Arcanae*, or secret discipline of the pagan and Christian sects, together with others whose significance has remained in their original allusions without alteration, through the lapse of time, and still continue as well recognized symbols among Freemasons.



## A QUEER CAREER.

NOCTURNE IN A MINOR.—THE KEY OF THE STREET.

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P.M. ATHENÆUM NO. 1491.

“Come, in what key shall a man take you, to go in the song?”—“Benedick,” *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act i., Sc. 1.

“I like to be a vagabond, it’s such a jolly lark.”—*Popular, but vulgar, ballad.*

“My name is Augustus Theophilus Nutts,  
An actor I’ve been in my time;  
I have played many parts on the strange stage of life,  
In the ‘general utility’ line.”

*Old Song.*

HE is my hero—I don’t know his name. Tortures shall never make me believe—they may induce the hypocritical profession of faith, as physical pain has had the power of coercing into external acquiescence in all ages—tortures, I say, shall never constrain me to credit that any human being ever legitimately possessed the impossible cognomen of Vigilance Jollybody. Yet that is the only name I ever heard my hero assert belonged to him. I always knew him as Mr. Mole; but then I had christened him so myself from a certain facial excrecence which will be hereafter descanted upon. So if you please we will call him Mr. Mole throughout this sketch of his very queer career.

You will observe in an opening quotation above—a sort of text to my sermon—that an impersonator of character in a humble sphere of art—a kind of

“—————downy stage veteran,  
Who had once got so far as to carry a letter on”—

proudly implies that he has not lived altogether in vain. I am not quite sure that this gentleman’s doggerel assertion—and you will have observed the sublime disregard he displays for the laws of rhyme in the concluding noun—I am not certain that the boast could be legitimately uttered by my hero. That he has played many parts I shall proceed to exemplify. That they have been of general utility either to himself or to anyone else is at least doubtful. However, I do not despair of gaining your assent, before I have done with him, to the proposition that he filled one useful rôle at least, if only that assigned by Dr. Johnson to the memory of Swedish Charles. I will try and make him point a moral, at all events,—as for adorning a tale, why, “Story, God bless you, I have none to tell, sirs.”

At irregularly recurring intervals during the last forty years the information has been lyrically communicated to me that “She”—I don’t know who she was—“wore a wreath of roses on the night when first we met.” I think the late Thomas Haynes Bayley was responsible for this sentimental ballad. Butterfly Bayley, you know he used to be called, because he inflicted upon the world that inexpressibly inane piece of drawing-room twaddle, “I’d be a butterfly.” Lord! Lord! as Mr. Pepys would say, what vapidity our fathers and mothers did put up with in their drawing-rooms!—I think—I really *do* think that their children are wiser. But to return to the young lady with the coronal and the coronach.\* I remember as a child I used to sing this ballad

\* See the last two lines:

“—————and there was no one near,  
To press her hand within his own, and wipe away a tear.”

—it was then as much the rage as “My Grandfather’s Clock” is now; and, when I sang it I always joined in the coronach, and cried too. You have heard it—all of you. It has recently been revived, and with much success. It isn’t half a bad bit of lachrymoseness. It displays a young female—with a tendency to gush—in various phases of feminine life, as maid—bride—widow, and so on. I never hear it but I am reminded of Mr. Mole. I propose to focus my friend, to pose him, as she of the roses and orange blossoms attitudinises—as Mrs. Langtry and Mrs. Cornwallis West and Miss Eveleen Rayne—if their names may be reverently mentioned by one of the most devoted of their myriad slaves—are “photographed like this and are photographed like that.” I will with your permission trot out my friend and invite your inspection of him in some dozen avatars of his wonderful biography.

I say, my friend, because, having known him—by sight that is to say—for five-and-thirty years, somehow I feel that I should miss him and be sad if I knew that I was never to behold him again. I never exchanged a word with him in my life. As I have said, I don’t even know his name. True, I heard him announce what he professed to be his name once, and even beheld him adduce documentary evidence in support of his assertion; but—don’t you agree with me?—the appellation was too preposterous to be accepted as genuine. I dubbed him Mr. Mole from a peculiar wart disfiguring one side of his face. Ah, me! how that dreadful bump has developed in a generation. In the early days of the “forties” it was only a beauty spot—just such a delicate dab as you see in the portraits on the pearly cheeks of the beauties of the early Hanoverian days—by the position of which fair politicians used to indicate their party preferences; but now—when I saw my old acquaintance but yesterday—the—the— Why—why, will Lieutenant Bardolph’s nose, so unmercifully chaffed at mess by his commanding officer, occur to my mind at this moment? But let me not anticipate.

I wonder whether Mr. Mole knows me when he meets me—whether it ever occurs to him, as I curiously regard him, to make the reflection to himself, “That man has been turning up in my path, in one way or another, since ’44: he was only a boy then—I wonder who he is.” Sometimes I fancy he gives me a kind of furtive leer of recognition when he catches sight of me; but this may be conceit on my part. Perhaps the pensive air of interest with which I contemplate him amuses him; *Quien sabe?*

I have heard him assert—he was always a profuse talker—that he stood high in the Varsity betting books for “a good place” in the honours list at Maudlin, or Trinity, or Corpus—at Oxford or Cambridge—in the year ’forty something or other. I have no reason to doubt this statement. I know I came across him once when he was “off duty,” as it were, and he—I verily believe conscientiously under the impression that he was wholly unobserved—was reclining on a green bank, and reading an Elzevir edition of *Æschylus*—yes, sir, reading it with obvious enjoyment and appreciation. It was in a little coppice off Plumstead Common, at Charlton Fair time—that naughty Horn Fair, you know, the origin of which is so delicately—or indelicately—connected with the incognito improprieties of wicked Lackland. Mr. Mole lolled in an indolent but graceful attitude, with a red bandana cotton handkerchief over his head to keep away the flies. His tall shiny black silk hat—a “four-and-nine” we boys used irreverently to call this description of head covering—was upright on the grass by his side. His coat was black, but seedy, tightly buttoned, and shiny. Paper collars were not yet invented, so no white relieved the blackness around his neck, and it was the only occasion I ever saw him without shoes and stockings.

And here let me observe that that black, tall, and shimmering hat appears to have been Mr. Mole’s amulet or talisman for nearly the interval of a generation. I believe it to be the very same “Golgotha” which he bought second-hand in Houndsditch, probably in order to be smart for the opening of the exhibition in ’51. It isn’t—accurately speaking—an anchor in the holding ground of the genteel world, but my hero evidently regards it as a sort of warp or spring upon the cable attached to that instrument, as connecting the vagabond fraternity afloat on the ocean of cadgery—lightly and insecurely it may be—but still somehow connecting it, with a society that doesn’t habitually “doss” on the

"twopenny rope dodge" and breakfast *al fresco*, when they breakfast at all, at a coffee-stall in the Waterloo Road. That hat, poor fellow, is his badge, his crest, his credentials, his "Luck,"\* and he cherishes it accordingly.

I have only seen him otherwise crowned three times—the first of these occasions I proceed at once to describe.

"She wore a wreath of roses the night when first we met." Well, on the first occasion on which I met Mr. Mole it was afternoon, and he wore a Joinville tie.

It was on Epsom Downs, on the Derby Day of 1844, "Running Rein's" year—"Orlando's" year—that I first beheld him. Are you puzzled, patient but not sportive reader, that I cite two equine titles for the winner of the blue ribbon in one year? Oh, unsophisticated peruser! Have you never heard of the safe wager at long odds, that there isn't an "Angel at Islington," and how the taker is "let in" by the authentic information that the renowned hostelry bearing that sign is situate in Clerkenwell? Similarly have you never heard the assertion made, on the responsibility of an offer to back the statement, that the first horse past the winning post has not always won the Derby? To try to pull off the stakes by the paltry equivocation that the winner has sometimes been a mare, is mean and unworthy; but it is perfectly legitimate, I believe, according to gamblers' ethics, to "land your coin" by demonstrating that in 1844 the first animal past the winning post was that racer, sailing under false colours, or rather galloping under an assumed name, "Running Rein," and the second, General Peel's horse "Orlando," and that the latter was subsequently declared the winner from the fact of the equine impostor having been entered under or over—I forget which—the regulation age—so that you see the above instanced gambling proposition may be safely—mind I do not say morally—made, and the result secured, wholly independent of the question of sex.

1844! Thirty-five years ago! "The days of a man's life are but three score and ten years," and, as actuaries will assure you, the psalmist has made a pretty liberal calculation; and, here am I carrying my memory back, without an effort, half of this tolerably long term! What odd unrecorded experiences contribute to our adequately realizing our progress in age! The French female *savant* philosophically noted how, as she advanced in life, men no longer turned in the street to look after her, and composedly estimated that her powers of attraction decreased in the ratio of the hypoteneuse to the semi-square. I adopt a less learned test. Time was when the majority of people I miscellaneously encountered seemed older than myself. Time is when I feel that I am the elder of nearly all whom I meet. I am not a betting man, but in this case I wouldn't mind wagering—say a level sixpence—that the vastly preponderating majority of those who read this disquisition will be my juniors—babes by comparison—children, who have to make an effort to carry their minds back to the Indian Mutiny, and regard the Crimean War much as I do Walcheren and the Peninsular Campaign and Waterloo—as something too remote to realise. How many of ye visited the Exhibition of 1851? Infants! ye can no more imagine what life—society—high and low—dress—manners—pursuits, noble and plebeian, were like in 1844 than ye can depict to yourselves the image of the time when—in her palace in Troy—

"Queen Dido at the window sat,  
A darnin' of her stockin', oh!"

You? Come now! How many of you, do you think, could at a competitive examination perform this exercise, "Describe a Joinville tie. At what period was it worn as a fashionable part of the costume? Of what material was it usually constructed? From what celebrated individual did it derive its name? What circumstance about the time of its introduction had made that individual conspicuous? Was it an article of male or female attire?" (Of course I have given you the "straight tip" anent this.) How many of you, I repeat, could earn a single mark in this branch of domestic history without previous "eram?" If I were your "coach" I'd make you give a shilling for poor dear Albert Smith's

\* "Luck," the amulet heirloom of an ancient family—vide "The Luck of Edenhall," Longfellow.



almost forgotten *brochure*, "The Gent" (Bogue—Fleet Street), if you could get it anywhere, and then rest serenely confident in your approaching triumph.

He wore a Joinville tie. He likewise "sported"—that is the correct term, I believe, —sported—a "box" coat—a very light drab garment then much in vogue. He was crowned with a white hat—it was one of the three occasions to which I have before alluded when I saw him otherwise thatched than with the conventional black "stove pipe." This chapeau, sirs, was none of your felt compromises of these latter decadent days of shoddy and cardboard. No, i' faith, it was a fluffy, shiny, real beaver texture affair, around which floated a gossamer green veil, and which—the tile not the veil—was adorned at a later period of the day with sundry small wooden articulated lay figures, stuck in the band after the manner in which his Most Christian Majesty Louis XI. was wont to decorate his shabby old felt bonnet with trumpery leaden images of Our Lady of the Vosges, St. Catherine Catamaran, St. Hubert of the Forest, St. Boniface of the Red Lion, etc., etc., etc. Then, Mr. Mole wore very large pattern tartan trousers, the extremities of which were very tightly drawn under the insteps of his drab-topped, tiny patent leather-tipped boots, and fastened there with three buttons to each leg, displaying the limb to the greatest advantage—they were called "gaiter-fronted," and I always thought them remarkably graceful. My hero's hands were encased in primrose-tinted gloves, fitting faultlessly, and his cuffs were spotlessly white, and turned up over the sleeves of his body coat. He displayed two waistcoats, the under one of white, with lappels slightly obtruding and turning over, and calling the attention, as it were, to the outer vest of flowered crimson velvet. He was adorned with as many chains as the fabulous Mac-heath, or the historical Jemmy McLean, only they were of gold, and displayed around the neck and over the bosom, whereas the highwaymen's were of iron, and supported by a red "belcher" about the epigastrium, and clinked upon their legs. Mr. Mole had a good-humoured look on his pale, pasty, sickly-looking face—his excrescence seemed rather to redeem the insipidity of the expression, to communicate character, as it were. Later on in the day a flush, not altogether wholesome, replaced the pallor, and, later still, he had hidden his really handsome aquiline nose behind an abominable construction of paste-board, pimply, and of most hideous redness and monstrous size, dependent from which was a pair of prodigiously large black horsehair moustaches. I saw him from the roof of the Guards' drag—where he was perched drinking champagne from a common public-house quart pewter—purchase this article of adornment(?) from a gipsy-looking vagabond, who was exposing a number for sale, hoarsely bawling, "Here y'ar, gents! Cum along, me noble sportsmen. Nose AN' 'air a penny!" I beheld the vendor make a feint of producing two shillings and fivepence change for the half-crown tossed to him, and I heard the generous Mole apply comminatory words to change in general, which naughtiness did not appear to incense the trader, who made no further attempt to wound his customer's feelings by unbecoming efforts to force the rejected balance upon his acceptance.

In those days there was a turnpike at Kennington, and the gate used to be kept on the evening of this annual saturnalia by relays of professional pugilists, specially hired for the occasion by the farmers of the trust. At ten o'clock that night I beheld that Joinville tie very much disarranged, its owner being in point of fact engaged in a milling match at this barrier with one of the—well, not too handsome—stipendiary athletes. I heard the amateur make rather incoherent references to the finished education he had received from Tom Cribb, Tom Spring, Ben Caunt, Bendigo, Alec Keene, and other emeritii of the "noble science." The last I saw of that piquant wart on that occasion was in a ghastly apparition at the near window of the vehicle. Mr. Mole had been ignominiously rescued by his friends from the gladiatorial fists, and consigned—thrust in—fallen from his high estate of the box—to the degraded seclusion of the interior. His body, I have no doubt, was battered. His visage, I know, was bloody. He was weeping piteously. At the same time he was swearing profanely. He was alternately adorning his sainted mother and cursing consumedly. Then he fell to laughing hysterically, and then to pleading plaintively with his companions for more hock and seltzer. He no longer "wore his beaver up," or wore it at all, for I saw it tossed somewhat

contemptuously into the coach after him—a battered, flattened, shapeless mass. There appeared to be solutions of continuity in his resplendent gold chains, suggesting probable absence of the whilom pendant chronometer. One leg of his tartan continuations had been torn off at the knee, and hung something like the Prince of Denmark's stockings when he shocks poor Ophelia by bouncing in ungartered, that is to say, it clung in graceless folds about my hero's ankle, remaining attached only by the strap buttons afore mentioned.

As they say in the play-bills, "four years are supposed to elapse." "The next time that I saw that face"—as Mr. Bayley rather prosaically puts it—no Derby veil was there—a soldier's shiny hat concealed that rather close-cropped hair. That avatar constituted, so far as I was concerned, the second exception to that rule of his life, that clinging to his amulet, that passionate fondness for his "four-and-nine," to which I have already alluded.

It was in 1848—summer time. A bright idea had just occurred to the French General Cavaignac—I think, though, it was rather a plagiarism of the notion of the First Consul, originally put in practice on the 18th Brumaire—however, the *vieux sabreur* had tested the theory that artillery charged with grape and causter radically cleared revolutionary metropolitan thoroughfares—a few years afterwards a then comparatively obscure politician and a literary man, as a writer on artillery—having the power—remodelled the capital of the country over which he was called to rule, entirely with a view to affording facilities for this engaging ball practice. Well, in June, 1848, Cavaignac had "put down the Reds," by mitrailleing Paris from the Place du Trône to the Place de la Concorde. The Chartists in England—at least all of them who were out of gaol—were screaming Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, notwithstanding that little Cuffey, the soda-water-bottle throwing tailor, and mad O'Connor, and poor theorising Ernest Jones were "rotting in England's Bastiles." Rachel was declaiming the *Marseillaise* at the St. James's Theatre. Phelps was demonstrating the republican patriotism of Shakespeare by playing, and sublimely playing, Brutus in *Julius Caesar* every night at Sadlers Wells, and I was seeking, while making a little tour in Kent, to find an old friend who was serving as purser's mate on board Her Majesty's gun brig "Growler" (10 guns), then commissioning at Chatham.

It was a very hot and dusty afternoon when I crossed old Rochester Bridge. I was pedestrianising, be it remembered. Gundulph's Keep smiled welcome upon me I thought. Sir Cloudesley Shovel's "effigies" at the Town Hall seemed to encourage me to shake off my Kentish dust at his *vis-à-vis*, the "Victoria," "nice house—good beds"—*vide* Mr. Jingle; but I resisted the allurements, and pushed on. I looked longingly at Watts's almshouses, and thought how nice it would be to occupy one of the monastic cells for the night, to repose my wearied limbs, to sup on bread and cheese and small beer, and breakfast on the same, and depart in the morning refreshed, and rejoicing with a fourpenny piece in my pocket. I thought I wasn't a rogue, and I knew I wasn't a proctor.\* I had reached St. Margaret's Bank, that kind of compromise or bridge of semi-gentility between the ecclesiastical aristocracy of Rochester and the "United Service" *ton* of Chatham. I was toiling along this raised way when I came across HLM—Mr. Mole!

In those days the Honourable East India Company had a large official palace in Leadenhall Street, London. They likewise rivalled Her Majesty the Queen of these realms—now the Empress of the dominion those indigo and coffee brokers assumed to rule—by recruiting and maintaining an army "on their own hook." This army, like the home affair, boasted "Cavalry, and Rifles, and the R'y!"—or rather the Company's—"Ar-r-rtiller-ry"; also, like the domestic military establishment, it had its corps of Engineers—wonderful fellows—they wore shakoes, broad at the top and narrow at the bottom, with portentous peaks, and devices mounted in bronze of the star of something or other, with the Lion of Jubbulpore sprawling over it. They also sported epaulettes, and were clad in coatees, and their privates peeled off these coatees, and "whopped,"

\* *Vide* adjuratory inscription outside this ancient *hospitium*.

or tried to whop, Her Majesty's "Snappers and Grinders," if they could find occasion to make a quarrel, which, be assured, was no difficult matter, whenever, whether at Woolwich or Chatham, or elsewhere, Queen's Service Sappers encountered the Engineers of John Company.

HE was in a coatee. He had two large golden epaulettes. He wore the orthodox broad-spreading-at-the-top ostentatious peak-shading-at-the-base shako. Mr. Mole had the inverted stripes of a staff-sergeant on his arm, and he carried a rattan, the privilege of his non-commissioned rank. He beamed airily upon me as if he recognised one he had seen somewhere before; but he cast languishing glances at the demure servant maids of the St. Margaret's Bank establishments, and obviously, to employ an oriental metaphor, their hearts "melted as water before the warmth of my lord's smile."

I didn't find my friend the purser's clerk, but I did eat good cheesecakes at the "Rose" at Sittingbourne—the world-renowned speciality of that long since non-existent hostelry—that night, to which I had carried nine miles more white Kentish dust, and I forgot all about Mr. Mole until—until our next encounter.

And ever after that interview he wore the chimney-pot capital I have heretofore described. This is the last time, dear and patient reader, you shall behold him without that churchwarden or dissenting-minister-like voucher of indisputable respectability. On this occasion he had covered his nut with a pork pie, or—so-called—polo, head gear, and he was addressing a numerous and admiring audience in the New Cut, Lambeth.

It was early in '51, the Exhibition year. I am sure I don't know what took me to that aristocratic South London thoroughfare. Perhaps I was wending my way to a temperance meeting in the Westminster Bridge road. Probably I was seeking spiritual consolation at the late Mr. Rowland Hill's Tabernacle, over against the gilded dog licking out the golden pot—the hundreds of years old "dog and pot"—in the way leading to the whilom Magdalen, and the still standing Obelisk. Ascribe to me any dissipated intentions you please, anyhow it was Saturday night, and it was in the New Cut, and—there was a crowd!

Now, if there is one temptation of London street life I *never* COULD resist, it is a crowd. What is it all about? I *must* know. I elbow my way in. If it's an argument, I take a part in it. If it's a sight, I look on and applaud. If it's "Punch," I grin, and cheerfully give my penny. If it's a fight, I—well, sometimes—interpose between the stripped gladiators—take each athlete by the throat—announce that I am a metropolitan ratepayer—invoke the vestry, the Board of Works, the police and the authorities generally, and pose as Ajax defying the lightning.

But this particular crowd was quite amicable. It was clustered around an individual who was civilian as to all parts of his garb but his head covering, and that was adorned by an unmistakable forage or stable cap. It was my acquaintance, Mr. Mole. He occasionally produced from his waistcoat pocket certain diminutive pill boxes—he very ostentatiously displayed a black-handled razor, a strop, and a jagged piece of deal wood—and this is the way in which he addressed his numerous and obviously admiring auditory,—

"Gentlemen,—for it would be in vain to appeal to the sympathies of the softer sex, in a matter in which, by the immutable laws of nature, they cannot be interested,—I am no common man! I hold in my hand an implement—of domestic—ordinary domestic—employment, commonly termed—a—a—razor! Gentlemen, the hand which now brandishes this weapon knows little about such plebeian tools. No, gentlemen, I am more accustomed to the use of a car-r-r-bine—a lance—or a swo-r-r-rd. I do *not* boast. Let the *Gazettes* which record—alas! inadequately record—the exploits of Ferozeshah, Sobraon and Aliwal be consulted, and if the name of Vigilance Jollybody—corporal of the 16th Lancers—be not found inscribed in the immortal archives of that illustrious regiment—Thank you, sir—one penny, sir, and five will make—yes, sir, sixpence—thank you, sir. Watch the moment the razor touches it."

While this exordium had been proceeding he had been wildly hacking his bit of wood with the glittering blade—then he exhibited its edge woefully notched—then he anointed his strop with some of the unguent from the boxes he was purveying—

then he frantically passed the blade up and down the leather—then he impetuously pulled a hair—several hairs—from his not too liberally provided occiput, passed the blade of his weapon through a single one—splitting it as it went—posed in a dignified attitude, and sold his boxes, at a penny each, like wildfire.

When trade from time to time appeared to slacken, he improved the occasion by handing round a War Office form wherein was inscribed the legend that Vigilance Jollybody, occupation ostler's clerk, had "entered the 16th Lancers 19th December, 1849, and was discharged—ill health and incapacity—12th January, 1851—character good." Somehow this didn't fit in with Ferozeshah, Aliwal and Sobraon.

He was "clothed and in his right mind" surely when next I saw him. It was on Tower Hill in the spring of the following year, 1852. He wore *the* (it was the first time) *the* buttoned-up surtout—I will take my oath he sported a "dickey." He had the largest stand-up shirt collar any man except an Ethiopian serenader ever appeared in in public. His "goss"\* was tall and sheeny. His manner was oily and bland. He had a little—oh! such a very little paper-covered trunk at his feet before him. It contained his stock-in-trade, which consisted of an infallible corn salve. He glibly expatiated on the merits of this lenitive, but he left the purveying thereof to—ah! There was a wretched, washed-out-looking, cadaverous woman—oh, so pallid!—oh, so worn!—with a baby, oh, such a tiny weazened baby! clinging to her—as the papoose hangs on to the poor Indian girl. Mite as it was, it seemed too heavy for her infinitesimal allowance of strength, and this poor wretch glided in and out amongst the grinning crowd, and sold the penny portions, and carried the coins meekly to the paper-covered miniature trunk, and ever and anon looked towards the gesticulating hero, the twopenny-halfpenny "brave" of this "squaw who carried the tent-poles," with, oh! so much foolish love! with, oh! so much weak womanly admiration! Oh! Bah! Husband or no husband, or so-called husband, or what ought to be husband—woman, "last at the cross and first at the sepulchre"—it is a bad sign when a man cannot salute thee, and own—reverently own—that with all thy whims—all thy caprices—all thy humours—and thou hast many of each, Heaven knows—the world God has given us would be—without thee—as a geological formation scientifically to be analysed and appraised, but wholly deprived of cheering, exhilarating, invigorating, trouble compensating flowers.

I wonder what had become of this poor squaw and her elfin burthen in the latter part of this same year, 1852, when, in the Strutton Ground, Westminster, I again came across Mr. Mole, *débonnaire* as usual, engaged in a peculiar kind of commercial enterprise, which I will now proceed to describe.

I think it is as old as Hogarth, that is, as far back as Hogarth's time, that some contemporary delineator of manners sketched the itinerant who strode London streets with a bunch of straw under his arm, and sold blades thereof at a penny each, giving a presumably equivocal pamphlet into the bargain. "I don't sell my books, I sell my straw," was the cry of this chapman. To digress for one moment, it is very odd to reflect how this harmless agricultural product, this glorified grass, suggesting peaceful and innocent rural ideas, has always, like "that noble animal, the horse," of our school-books, associated itself with knavery. Didn't the "sham bail," who used to loaf about Serjeants' and Clifford's Inn, and Judges' Chambers—Lord! I knew the last surviving one well—prepared at a moment's notice to swear that they were each worth a thousand pounds after all their debts were paid—didn't each potentially perjured scoundrel carry a blade of straw sticking out of his shoe, to announce to debtors in the hands of Slowman or Levy that he was to be hired to incur the contingent penalty of seven years' transportation for half-a-crown? Read up your "Pickwick" on this point, sceptic.

However, to return to Mr. Mole. In the crowded thoroughfare of the Strutton Ground, one cold winter's evening, that gentleman was moving about very briskly, and confidentially addressing an admiring public beneath the naphtha lamps of the butchers establishments and the stalls of the street market of that populous neighbourhood. He was

\* Gossamer—Four-and-nine—Tile—Golgotha—the place of a skull—Hat.—*Vide Hotten's Slang Dictionary.*

not DIS-respectably dressed—I remember his surtout was well brushed, and tightly buttoned—rather shiny, it is true—but his hat was resplendent, and he wore trowsers straps. He had a way of addressing his audience, particularly the fairer sex, which was, I should say, inimitable. Under his right arm he carried a sheaf of sealed envelopes. In his left hand he displayed a bundle of straw. Selecting a stalk from the latter, and “fixing” the ladies with an irresistible smile, he began,—

“You must understand that I am not what I seem! Under a homely disguise you behold a disseminator of human knowledge. The schoolmaster is not abroad. No! no!! He is at home! In your midst! The deepest problems of human philosophy—the ethics of Plato—the propositions of Aristotle, are contained in these sealed packets, dealing with the deepest mysteries, the profoundest subjects of human speculation—but I am not allowed to *sell* them. No. I appear in the character of a universal benefactor. *I give them away.* Any purchaser of a straw for the modest sum of one penny becomes the happy possessor of the digested philosophy of the sages of all ages. I say—~~THE~~ SAGES OF ALL AGES! The nature of the communication may be conjectured when I inform you” (looking frowningly and lowering his voice) “that I am forbidden to take money for a straw from any young person under the age of sixteen, and that I may not sell two straws to any one individual.”

A perky looky *gamin*, of about twelve, turned up here and proffered his penny. Mr. Mole scrutinised him closely, and questioned him solemnly and severely. The boy protesting to being above sixteen—he would have sworn to six-and-twenty with equal complacency—the proffered coin was taken, and a straw and packet given in return. The vendor was doing a roaring trade—especially among the females—when the urchin burst his way in through the mob, and displayed the open encasement and a flimsy-looking document drawn therefrom. “Ere, I say, mister,” he roared in a rage, “wot d’ye call this ’ere?” The paper, evidently of the date of some one-and-twenty years before, when the first reform agitation was convulsing the land, purported to be an outfitter’s circular, and was an appeal from Messrs. Doudney, of Lombard Street, to “reform your tailor’s bills!”

— In those days, dear reader—I am speaking of more than a quarter of a century ago—certain of the youth of this metropolis were in the habit of resorting on Sundays and holidays to the marine retreat of Gravesend, there to partake of shrimps, and perchance indulge in flirtation. The then usual mode of resort to this fashionable watering-place was by the course of the Thames—the “Star” and “Diamond” companies did a roaring business in rivalry with one another—and I believe friendships have been ruptured, matrimonial engagements broken off, and families severed, over discussions as to the relative merits of the “Terrace” and “Town” piers, the respective termini of the rival boats.

I was one Monday on board the “Mars,” bound for the port to which this fast packet traded, when I found myself absorbed in contemplation of a fearful and wonderful little creature that sat on one of the steps of the paddlebox. He was almost hidden behind the prodigious flaps of the sheets of yesterday’s *Bell’s Life*. Projecting from either side of that document were the fringed ends of the most wonderful Joinville tie I ever saw. Above the print appeared the crown of an enormous “tile.” By the side of the atomy stood the smallest bottle and the largest glass I ever saw in combination, with more creamy froth overflowing both vessels than I ever beheld issue from Guinness’s brew. The breeze causing him a temporary difficulty with his literature, he displayed more of his portentous get up; but I will not expatiate upon the cheeseplate buttons adorning his drab coat, because I was wholly engrossed with the magnitude of his cigar, which was a trifle smaller than the mainyard of the “Agamemnon” (124 guns), then recently launched.

I was, I say, absorbed in contemplating this puny phenomenon when I became sensible of a titter in my rear. All at once I felt myself touched on the arm, and a modest gentlemanly-looking man quietly placed before me a—a—silhouette. Do you remember those horrible sticking-plaster things they used to cut out with scissors and call profile portraits? “Like sir—isn’t it?” the wretch enquired—horribly

grinning. Like! Oh, horror! it was intended for a profile of myself! The *nez retroussé* might have been repudiated. There were many on board to whom that feature might have been attributed; but a certain double pin in my Albert cravat—a large pin and a little pin—connected by a chain, had lent itself to the outline, and the portraying fiend had seized upon that ostensible accessory, and I had to plead guilty, and pay sixpence. I looked around for the perpetrator of the atrocity. Have you ever seen the pianoforte player in the German caricature, where he poses himself on the conclusion of his performance to receive the applause of his auditors? That was the attitude of this proud artist, receiving the congratulations of the passengers on board the good ship "Mars." As I placed the coin in his not too ostentatiously distended palm, I looked upwards, and caught sight of an excrescence on the cheek, and recognised—Mr. Mole!

The unhappy performer of a popular lyric, the refrain of which announces, "I am always on the move, sir," is expected, while singing, to keep trotting backwards and forwards to illustrate the peripatetic proposition. The next time I saw my hero he was rushing backwards and forwards by the kerb of London Bridge, as if he had anticipated this lively ballad. He bore a tray, upon which was piled a heap of gilt card counters—assuming to resemble dragon sovereigns—the obverse showing a poorly executed profile of Her Majesty, the reverse, a man astride a horse, with the legend inscribed above him, "To Hanover," and the date beneath, 1837, sufficiently indicating the gratification which found its popular expression in a kind of joy medal struck by or for the people when the hated Duke of Cumberland left this country for his German kingdom, on the death of our King William IV.\* "Go to Hanover" is a comminatory adjuration not wholly unknown now, I believe, among our lower classes. Well, Mr. Mole was purveying these medals in this wise,—

"The gambling tendencies of our nobility—ladies and gentlemen—are too well known to you all to require expatiation upon from me. I am here as the humble instrument to decide which shall be the winner of a wager of ten thousand pounds made this morning between that celebrated sporting peer, the most noble the Marquis of Waterford, and a certain downy Captain—of the right sort—whose name shall be mum! The noble Marquis bet the Captain—IN PONIES TO THE ABOVE AMOUNT—that a trustworthy emissary should not perambulate London Bridge at mid-day for the space of one hour, and sell one hundred sovereigns at a penny a-piece. There are two conditions of THE BET—the one is that I must always keep moving, and the other that I may never sell more than a single coin to any one person. Now, then, my plucky speculators," and so on, and so on, and so on.

I think I have mentioned Charlton Fair, where Mr. Mole appeared without shoes and stockings. I beheld him on the afternoon of that day, when, having replaced Æschylus in his ragged pocket, he had apparently taken a business—that is to say, he had invested some superfluous coin of which he had temporarily found himself in possession, in the purchase of three canes, three coker nuts, three bags containing sand, and about two dozen short bludgeons. He was smoking a very diminutive pipe, and actively running about barefooted—but crowned with his glossy crest—and as he cheerfully replaced the coker nuts as fast as they were knocked over into the bags of sand, he addressed the fair-haunting rustics hilariously. "Here y'are, my noble swells—six sticks a penny—this is the way to get nuts for nothing and sport into the bargain!"

1853 sees me again at Epsom. It is West Australian's year. It is the last year that those naughty booths shall be open on the common beyond Tattenham Corner, where you don't have nuts for your money and sport for nothing, it is true; but Hebrew women in the flesh, and plenty of it, sitting in crimson and purple velvet, and asking the most perfect strangers to drink champagne, and light up choice regalias, and munch sandwiches, all free gratis for nothing, and who ferociously "row" John and "Arry"—in plush and tights, and silks—rather open to the charge of seediness, however—if they don't "see as the gemman's glass is filled, and won't the Capting take

\* See "A History of our own Times," by Justin McCarthy. London: Chatto and Windus, 1879, vol. i. pp. 16 *et seq.* I had not perused this when the above lines were written.

another of them there sangwiches?" The last year of you, dear madam of the cotton velvet and the Brummagen jewellery, the last year of your hook-nosed, black-whiskered husband—well—ahem! we'll say—husband, croaking over the green baize table, under the canvas, "Cum' 'long—now's yer time. The ball's a-rolling, gen'l'men, *trente à q'rant*. Yer can't stake yer coin s' fast as the bank 'll lose it, gents." No no, Inspector Forrester and his merry men are coming down upon you, Mrs. Mordecai; and my friend Mole, whom I meet again beneath your hospitable improvised roof—my friend Mole, in M.B.\* coat and tall hat—the soft felt "wide-awake" and the tasselled broad-brimmed "pot" had not then come into vogue in clerical costume—the country clergyman who has "looked in" to see what this kind of temptation is like—you know—in order that he may warn his congregation at home, and "who don't mind—really *don't* mind—standing in' with you for a sovereign or two—for they appear—upon my word, they *do* appear—to play—on the—whole—very fairly"—my friend Mole, I say, will have to find another avocation.

Well, he does. Promptly. He makes a great sensation—say in Kentish Town—one Saturday evening, when the tide of cheap commerce of that neighbourhood is at its full height—by seizing a boy by the jacket collar, and beginning at once to lubricate the captured one's sleeve with some vile unguent. "It removes beer stains—wine stains—grease stains—fruit stains," says Mr. Mole, rubbing away zealously, and when *gamin* No. 1 wrenches his garb from his captor's grasp, he of the wart seizes on the cap of *gamin* No. 2 and scours away as cheerfully and vigorously as ever. "Only a penny the ball," he announces pleasantly, and his merchandise disappears rapidly.

Want of space compels me to pass over numerous public interviews I had with Mr. Mole during the ensuing three years. The record would be monotonous. His appearances were invariably in the character of "Un chevalier de l'Industrie," so I will, if you please, glide in silence over the interval I have mentioned.

In the early winter days of 1856 I had occasion to pass down a street in Shadwell, leading into a greatly frequented thoroughfare. A gentleman ahead of me appeared in much tribulation of mind. He was a clerical-looking party, and he stopped at the corner of the avenue I have mentioned, and, taking up a good position in the roadway, at once, and without the slightest preamble, announced, to the passers by who were attracted by his attitude, his conscientious doubts of the truth of the Christian Religion. He said that he was afflicted in mind. He had hitherto been all wrong, but now the light had been vouchsafed, and he forthwith proceeded to eulogise the works of Mr. David Hume, especially that gentleman's "Essay on Miracles," and the productions of Mr. Thomas Paine, and that philosopher's *magnum opus*, "The Age of Reason." By the time he had got about a dozen people around him, "to him"—as the old dramatists say—entered a disputant. Ha! Ha! That shiny black hat, those well polished, albeit down-at-heel and patched boots, that greasy surtout. Do I not know ye? Mr. Mole incontinently proceeded to prove from Jerome, Athanasius, Chrysostom, Polycarp, Thomas à Kempis, and some dozen other of the Fathers, that the clerical-looking one was all wrong, and departing from the primitive faith without the slightest reason. He tenderly touched upon the days when he was maudlin—I mean *at* Maudlin—and, finally, after a very animated discussion, gracefully collected the oblations of an admiring auditory in his inverted "four-and-nine."

There was a public-house at the corner of the thoroughfare. There are not infrequently establishments of this character at the corner of London thoroughfares. Polemics have a tendency to produce thirst. This inconvenience I was subsequently allaying in the "private compartment," which "gives upon" the "coffee-room." Through the glass pane inserted in the top of the door leading to this sanctuary I beheld Mr. Mole and his whilom opponent seated at a table, comfortably drinking what appeared to be cold gin and water. They were likewise smoking cigars.—Havannahs, apparently. I had contributed guerdon to these theological minnesingers, but I was

\* "M. B." "The mark of the beast." The imitation *soutane* assumed by the High Church clergy.—*Vide Hotten's Slang Dictionary.*

content to take my tobacco through a common short pipe—not exactly common, though, for it was one of Fiolet's, of St. Omer—a renowned manufacturer of clay calumets in those ante-briar-root days.

The plebeian perusers of these lines are probably wholly unacquainted with that haunt of the nobility and gentry, the Brill, in Somers Town. It is a street market, much affected, I am given to understand, by the aristocracy of this metropolis. I had long known an establishment in this mart, which, having failed as a porkshop, essayed to derive an income by exhibiting the attractions and accomplishments of three ladies, two alive and one dead and stuffed. The latter was a combination of mummied monkey and dried fish, and was pictorially represented on the huge canvas covering the front of the house as a beautiful creature, floating partially immersed in very green waves—through which a scaly extremity terminating in a fish's tail could bedimly discerned—engaged in brushing her profuse tresses, and contemplating her divine features in a hand-glass, and which presentment is, I believe, the correctly conventional or heraldic manner of depicting a mermaid. The two living fair ones were—one, the very ugliest female I ever saw in my life, who, from this distinction, was exhibited under the description of the pig-faced lady, and was popularly supposed to feed from a silver trough; the other, a young person in tights and very short petticoats, and apparently not too many of them. She dined daily in public off tow soaked in naphtha and consumed in an incandescent state, and delighted numerous audiences by lifting five hundred weights at one time with her back hair, a spectacle which, although—anatomically considered as a demonstration of the muscles of the thorax, might be regarded as instructive—was not particularly exhilarating. The canvas, which exhibited delineations highly imaginative of these, as of the other, attractions, announced that the price of admission was, "Working people and children one penny, the nobility and gentry of the neighbourhood threepence each." It is not material under which character I enjoyed the display. Well, passing through the Brill one November evening in 1857, I saw announced at the old shop an entire change of performances, the staple of the new entertainment being a panorama of the Indian Mutiny, then in everybody's mind, with an accompanying lecture. I paid the admission fee and entered. The back parlour had been converted into a stage, the shop formed the auditorium. I sat through a very dreary and not too refined ballet, and when the curtain drew up on the first scene of the *pièce de résistance* representing the Barrack Square at Berhampore, the lecturer stepped from behind the scene in the person of—Mr. Mole! He was *de point* in evening sables, white shirt collar and cuffs. He carried the indispensable wand. He took his place at the orthodox baize-covered table, which was provided with the traditional *caraffe* and tumbler. It was a very good panorama, and my old acquaintance gave us a capital lecture. I shall never forget the sensation caused by his peroration, when with alarms, excursions, explosions, we arrived at the blowing open of the gate of Delhi. "And thus, ladies and gentlemen, at length Cawnpore was avenged. The tiger lay prostrate, flaccid and powerless, beneath the grip of the lion, and the glorious cross of St. George floated over the domes and ramparts of the gorgeous city of the Mogul!" Thereupon the orchestra—a very assertive cornet, and a by no means demonstrative, but rather remonstrative, fiddle—struck up a few bars of "Rule Britannia." The men and boys cheered and clapped. The hysterical women and girls wiped their eyes, and Mr. Mole gracefully bowed himself behind the curtain.

I again pass over many other avatars. The Exhibition of 1862 saw Mr. Mole on a vacant piece of ground at South Kensington—the gorgeous mansions of Cromwell Road occupy it now—in the usual orthodox black, with a very stiff white choker and demonstrative cuffs. He stood on a Windsor chair, the while a myrmidon by his side supported aloft on a pole a hideous cartoon painted on a square framework, displaying the internal economy of the human body. The professor was very—and disgustingly—learned on chyle, and serum, and lymph, and described, revoltingly in detail, the whole process of digestion. He called attention to the functions of the pylorus, and sold liver pills at a penny the box.

The next year I was marching with my company of volunteers up the race hill at



Brighton, on the occasion of the then usual Easter Monday Review, when I beheld my hero and a companion at the commencement of the steep ascent to the downs, almost impeding the way by spreading a black banner across the road, a pole supported by each. On the flag was inscribed—but no, I shall not say what was written there. There are subjects too sacred—too awful to bring in for the purposes of an idle sketch, though apparently *rien sacré pour un sapeur* must sometimes, perforce, be the motto of the hungry vagabond. Suffice it to say that a bright little boy, obviously not unconnected with the banner-bearers, was mixing with the troops and the camp-followers, bearing a money-box, whereon was inscribed, “Collection in aid of the Mission to the London Laundresses.”

A year or two ago I saw him on Finsbury pavement. A sale of wines was on, and outside the door of the sale-room was a large poster containing a list of the characters, quantities, and vintages. Mr. Mole, in a shocking state of dilapidation, but roofed with the traditional cylinder, knowingly cocked, his head slightly on side, one knee a little flexed, one hand on his hip, a complacent smile curling on his still handsome, though now rather too full lips, was cheerfully examining the *affiche*, and doing as much as in him lay to convey the impression to passers by that he contemplated replenishing his extensive cellar, and was a gentleman particular as to the *crûs*. Poor wretch, perhaps some reminiscence of far-away long-gone-by “wines” in the monastic cells of Maudlin, or Trinity, inspired the curves around, and gave the composed and contented expression to a mouth long since more familiar with “unsweetened” than with Chateau Lafitte.

I hope you have perceived, gentle reader, that I have not assumed to write a history so much as to contribute materials for a memoir. You can fill in the details according to your own knowledge of life. The brilliant genius, rusticated at his university—sent down, we’ll say—to put it indulgently—the “ornament” of the Inns of Court politely requested to remove his name from the books of the Lower Temple or Lionel’s Inn; the seedy spendthrift taking his shilling in John Company’s service—his conspicuous abilities adorning his sleeve with the non-commissioned officer’s chevrons—his irrepressible propensities unstitching them; the deserter escaping handcuffs and a corporal’s picket carrying loaded pieces, by re-enlisting in Her Majesty’s service; the Queen’s “hard bargain,” as a light dragoon, considerably dismissed, and with the “key of the street” once more. The gambling booth “bonnet,” the street hawker—*facilis descensus averni*. Ah, me! Alas! and alack-a-day! Here, dear reader, you have no Cain, you know—no Ishmael—no fellow with his hand against every man, and every man’s hand against him—for I don’t believe Mr. Mole ever wilfully injured man, woman, or child. You have rather an urban Esau—a town hunter of very small game—a pavement gleaner of unnoticed grains after “men of the world” (a convict in his broad-arrow marked suit, and with gyves on his ankles, so described himself the other day in sober Westminster Hall) have reaped their full sheaves. Men of his class are called in the language of the law “rogues and vagabonds,” but I don’t believe that there was much of the former in friend Mole. He was rather, as is commonly said, “Nobody’s enemy but his own. To the latter, I, as herein depicting, and thereby, to a certain extent, representing him, plead guilty; but I don’t think he could have strayed on the shady side of the law very much during all these five-and-thirty years, or I should have missed him from London streets for longer intervals than I have noted. I saw him no longer ago than yesterday. He was taking a walk in the afternoon in the mild May sunshine, along the Thames Embankment, presumably to acquire an appetite for dinner. His chapeau was browner and glossier than ever. He was as jaunty as a man could be whose boots apparently had neither soles nor heels, and very little upper leather. You could see that his “poor feet” were wrapped in rags rather than encased in stockings. He hobbled—he—but what’s this? Sore feet! “To bring in, God shield us! a lion among ladies is a most fearful thing,” as Bottom the weaver remonstrates. I have proved myself, I hope, to be an eminently genteel writer, and sore feet must be, like the Queen of Spain’s legs, ignored; but I reiterate that he hobbled. He shambled up Norfolk Street, and, as he limped on, he pulled from his surtout pocket a penny slice of raw fat bacon. He ogled

it complacently with a kind of fond, longing gratulation, replaced it, and went on his way. Whither was he going? Shall I tell you? No, I won't. Imagine for yourselves, refined readers; but you can't—the "licensed" lodging house in Newcastle Street, Great Wyld Street, or thereabouts—the common fire—the fight for the public frying-pan—the two-pronged forks, and the curved leaden-bladed knives with the black handles branded all over with "Stolen from Muggins's Home for Travellers, Little Frowsy Street, Drury Lane"—the mugs chained to the table—the,—if you please we won't assist further at Mr. Mole's repast. My chronicle of his queer career is a threnody. Granted. We minstrels, "who learn in suffering what we teach in song," can't all be "Lion Comiques," you know. We must sometimes pipe in a minor key. This professes to be no other than a nocturne. The great Lord Bacon tells us that "if you listen to David's harp you shall hear as many hearse-like airs as carols; and the pencil of the Holy Ghost hath laboured more in describing the afflictions of Job than the felicities of Solomon," which noble words, if you please, ladies and gentlemen, shall serve for the epilogue, or, as the slang phrase of the day goes, for the "tag" of my drama. See, as I utter them, the great green black folds of the curtain above tremblingly begin their descent. The scene is a suburban cemetery—say at Finchley or Ilford. "Fosse commune"—I won't say "pauper ground"—for the French tongue seems so much more genteelly to convey what I mean. Slow music? Well, you can't have that, for the fiddlers have long ago gone home to bed. Lights half down—all down—all out soon. And now the great black blind has closed in the proscenium. The fireman in his uniform is casting scrutinising glances round the house. The white-jacketed gasmen vie with the paper-capped carpenters, swatheing the boxes in canvas shrouds, who shall get their work done soonest. We are out in the lighted street—the link boys are raving and bawling, "Shall I call your honour's coach?" "Shall I fetch your worship a cab?" No? Ah, I see you long for the Café Monico, for your "chateaubriand avec pommes," for the reeking tumbler of comfort, and the fragrant weed of consolation, for an easy chair and Offenbach's music, and early oblivion of Mr. Mole and his frizzled scrap of bacon, and his wasted life and his "queer career."

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### THE PAST.

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THE Past! the Past! the solemn Past!  
 The days of "Long ago,"  
 The hours which have faded fast,  
 The time which has ceased to flow;  
 The tales of love and sorrow,  
 Tokens of grief and glee,  
 The warnings of "to-morrow"  
 The weary destiny.

All these are now before me,  
 In vivid colours here,  
 And faces of pallid imagery  
 Appear and disappear;  
 Shriill tones of whispered gladness  
 And silvery voices kind,  
 Start with utterances of sadness  
 To meet my musing mind.

And shadows, as of necromancy,  
 Seem to confront me now:  
 I watch the blush of infancy,  
 I greet the noble brow:

There is old age in its reverence,  
And there is youthful grace,—  
I note the stalwart presence  
I greet the smiling face—

All crowd in upon my loneliness,  
And fill my silent room,  
And lighten up each dim recess,  
And cheer its solitary gloom ;  
Like legends of the vanished past,  
They have a voice for me,  
Of loving mates, of friendship past,  
Of grace, of strength, of witchery.

The Past ! the Past ! the solemn Past !  
How mystic is its sway,  
Which o'er our life-long journey cast,—  
Tis ours to obey.  
Say what we will we cannot live  
Without a Past to-day :  
And to that Past we all must give  
All that here fleets away.

I care not what the world may say,  
Or what it has in store,  
I reckon not what befalls each day,  
As Time grows older evermore ;  
But this I claim, and never  
From its presence will I part:  
The Past, the Past, which for ever  
Is graven in my heart !

NEMO.

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#### A PERFECTLY AWFULLY LOVELY POEM.

THERE was once a perfectly modern girl,  
With perfectly modern ways,  
Who saw perfection in everything  
That happened to meet her gaze.

Such perfectly lovely things she saw,  
And perfectly awful, too,  
That none would have dared to doubt her word,  
So perfectly, perfectly true.

The weather, she said, in summer time  
Was perfectly awfully warm ;  
The winter was perfect too, when there came  
Some perfectly terrible storm.

She went to a perfectly horrid school,  
In a perfectly horrid town ;  
And the perfectly horrid teachers there  
Did things up perfectly brown.

Her lessons were perfectly fearfully long,  
 But never were perfectly said;  
 And when she failed, as often she did,  
 Her face grew perfectly red.

The church she attends is perfectly mag—  
 With a perfectly heavenly spire,  
 And perfect crowds go there to hear  
 A perfectly stunning choir.

The latest style is perfectly sweet—  
 The last the perfectest out;  
 The books she reads are perfectly good.  
 (Just here we raise a doubt.)

A ride she took was perfectly grand,  
 On a perfectly gorgeous day,  
 With a perfectly nobby friend of hers,  
 Who happened to pass that way.

The perfectly elegant falls she'd seen  
 When on her way to the lake;  
 And the graphic description she gave us all  
 Was simply a modern mistake.

The perfectly splendid foam dashed up  
 In a perfectly killing style;  
 And the perfectly terrible waves came down  
 In a perfectly lovely pile.

I might go on with this "perfectly" poem  
 And write to the end of time:  
 But fearing to wear your patience out  
 Will bring to an end my rhyme.

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## TO ARTHUR.

CERTAINLY, my dear Arthur, you have my congratulations and best wishes—  
 Health, happiness, good fortune, and pleasant riches  
 Attend thee and thy bride: and may she learn to speak Irish,  
 And grace, home, heart, and hand, and charm away all that is churlish.

You may send me an invitation to come to your ball,  
 And I'll dance with your bride, and my wit shall not pall;  
 And though I'm quiet and grave, yet for the nonce I'll be the gayest of the gay,  
 And gleam forth my brightest shafts as if I caught them from the sun's brightest ray.

And you shall have the honour of being my host,  
 And offer me a bed, a glass, and a toast;  
 And together we'll share the comforts of a suitable provision,  
 And luck go with us, if we ever have a division.

GARTER.

## ARE YOU A MASTER MASON?

BY BRO WM. ROUNSEVILLE.

*"From the Masonic Advocate."*

A FRIEND gives the following history of the incidents which occurred during a journey taken many years ago, when Troy-built stage-coaches had not been driven out of use and fashion by the more pretentious rail-car, and Masonry was less fashionable and influential than it has since proved itself to be. It should be stated that our travelling friend was a modest, unpretending man, who usually attended to his own business solely, and, when he had done that to his own satisfaction, thought his duty was well performed. But he was a devoted Freemason, and a strong believer in the apostolic doctrine that Charity is greater than either Faith or Hope, and I am not certain but the former would have outweighed both of the others if the decision had been arrived at by the manipulation of his balances. Economical and saving he certainly was, and thereby had accumulated a handsome property, but he never allowed the hungry soul to go unfed from his door, nor did he say "to the naked, be ye clothed," without furnishing him the means to enable him to obey the injunction. There were several families in the village in which he resided who, for years, were clothed in a decent and comfortable manner through his kindness.

Business compelled him to travel through two or three of the North-western States, the method of locomotion being the cozy stage-coach of which our recollection of the days of boyhood gives us clear and pleasant pictures. It was in the gray of an autumnal morning that our friend took his seat in the well-upholstered coach, to which was attached four stout horses, and inside he found two passengers who had already appropriated the back seat, leaving him his choice of the middle or forward seats. He took the latter and soon found himself in that state of blissful, dreamy slumber, which his early rising and present surroundings were calculated to invite. The murmur of the voices of his fellow-travellers assisted to quiet his nerves and render him oblivious to mundane things, and it is probable that he would soon have passed into a sound sleep had he not heard one of his companions propound, in a much louder and more earnest tone than had been used in the conversation theretofore, the question, "Are you a Master Mason?"

This was a congenial subject with our friend, and it thoroughly aroused him from his somnolent condition. He could not but be surprised at hearing such a question asked and such a subject discussed in a stage-coach, but determined to extract what good he could from the conversation. This he felt justified in doing, as neither of those engaged in it seemed to court privacy. On the contrary, the propounder of the question seemed to wish to be heard, as he cast an expressive glance toward the listener. The person to whom the inquiry was addressed merely gave his answer in the negative, saying, "I am not—never had that honour conferred on me."

"You ought to be. You should have applied long before arriving at your present age. Forty, I should think."

"Forty-five, sir."

"Indeed! That is worse and worse! You can scarcely appreciate your damages in living all these years without being a Master Mason."

"Yes, I have got along very well all my life without becoming a member of that institution."

"But just think how much better you would have succeeded had you been backed by such a powerful association."

"Greater success would have been problematic, no doubt."

"A problem easily answered. Why, my dear sir, to be a Master Mason is to be within the circle of the best society in the place in which you reside——"

"I believe I may say, without boasting, that I have always had access to the best society."

"And what an extensive acquaintance with the business men of the country would it give you."

"I never had the slightest difficulty in making the acquaintance of business men."

"Besides, the fact being known that you were a Master Mason would give you patronage."

"Whenever I have been engaged in trade, I believe I have secured my full share of business."

"Well, said the voluble traveller, "if you have everything you wish, and have nothing further to ask for, you are the first man of the sort with whom I have ever met."

"I have learned to be content with my condition in life. To be a Master Mason might possibly augment my sources of pleasure and enjoyment, but at present I do not think so. I am very pleasantly situated as I am, and think for the present I ought to be satisfied with my lot."

"My dear sir, allow me to recommend you to become a Master Mason on your first opportunity."

"Thank you for the extraordinary interest which you appear to take in my welfare. When I feel the need of being a Master Mason, I shall, undoubtedly, apply for admission."

Here the stage-coach entered a little town and drew up before the village inn, to change horses and have the mail assorted, and the conversation was ended. There had been, in addition to what is reported, a liberal sprinkling of oaths on the part of the principal speaker, which are omitted as giving no weight or strength to the arguments. When the vehicle again started the man so liberally advised was not on board, and the seat was occupied only by my friend and the voluble Master Mason. The hitherto silent traveller braced himself up for an encounter with the latter, as he was sure there was to be one. As our fresh team entered upon the ascent of a hill that bounded the village on the west, and the clattering of hoof and wheel for the time was subdued, the cross-questioning commenced:—

"Are you a Master Mason, sir?"

"I have been raised to the third degree of Masonry," was the reply.

"Oh, I see, though your answer is hardly that of a real Master Mason—one who has made that sublime degree his study, as I think I may say, without vanity, I have done. You may examine me in all the tests known to the degree, and I think you will not find me lacking in any Masonic knowledge. I am considered among the brethren to whom I am known as decidedly a bright Mason."

"I have no reason to doubt your knowledge of Masonry——"

"I know and can give any lecture in the three degrees of the Lodge; I can impart all instructions that are legitimate, and flatter myself that I am proficient in the mystic art."

"I was about to say, when you interrupted me, that there were other points in Masonry which claim our attention, aside or beyond those you have mentioned, and of which you profess Mastership."

"What other points, pray, are there in Masonry than those included in the lectures and charges given in the Lodge?"

"The enforcement of the moral, religious, and social duties is not, I believe, by men of your attainments, classed under the head of instructions."

"Oh, the lectures and charges include the essence of all these things, and, of course, in a general way they are communicated to the candidate, and when he is raised to the degree of Master Mason he has the lessons before him and he can study them for himself."

"But will he, unaided, discover the trust in God, the reverence for His character,

the obligation to be moral, just, and generous? Would he be likely to govern his conduct by the rules of the Lodge unless he was constantly reminded of their existence, and of his duty to obey them?"

"I cannot see how he can avoid it. A member who should learn Masonry, as rehearsed in the Lodge, and yet be immoral, irreligious, or unsocial, would deserve expulsion."

"I am pleased to see that we both subscribe to this point."

"No true Master Mason could do otherwise. A bright Master Mason must have religious feeling and a generous heart, or he is false to his vows."

"And yet how many of those whom you call 'bright' Masons are destitute of religious feeling, have not a generous heart, and are not in good social standing?"

"There are very few, I apprehend."

"They are not so scarce as you may imagine."

"There are few of that class in the large circle to which my knowledge extends."

"Pardon me, sir, if I propound to you the question with which you introduced yourself to me this morning. 'Are you a Master Mason?'"

"I am."

"You have already informed me that you are an expert in the mystic art, so I have no need to inquire into your knowledge of Masonry."

"I think I should be able to prove myself a 'workman that needeth not to be ashamed.' Permit me to ask you what was the first pledge you were required to make when you entered the Lodge?"

"I was required to avow my trust in God."

"You did it honestly and sincerely?"

"Certainly."

"You really did have faith in God and trusted in Him."

"I did beyond a doubt."

"And you agreed never to pronounce that name except with that reverential awe due from a creature to the Creator?"

"I cannot deny it!"

"Now, have you kept your promise?"

"Well, as the world goes, I think"

"As the world goes, perhaps, but not as men of religious feeling keep their promises."

"What have I done contrary to the rule in this case made and provided?"

"How many times did you use the name of Deity in an irreverent manner when you were conversing with the stranger who occupied a seat with you this forenoon?"

"Perhaps I did use it a few times; a habit formed in youth is hard to shake off."

"More than a few times, sir. Here is a memorandum of the times a 'bright Master Mason' used the name of God irreverently, or, as the Scriptures express the idea, 'took the name of God in vain'—fifty-seven times in a conversation with a stranger, of about two hours' duration. This bright Mason was recommending Masonry to a clergyman who was inclined to a favourable view of the subject, but who, after listening to the profanity of the advocate, left in disgust."

"Was he a clergyman? Had I known that, I would have been more guarded in my expressions."

"He was a minister of a sect which generally take ground against Masonry, but that makes no difference in the magnitude of the wrong—I was about to say crime—that you, a 'bright Mason,' have committed against the Fraternity. The turpitude would have been as great—the blame no less—had he been the most humble person who can raise money enough to pay his fare in a stage-coach."

"You are very severe upon me for a mere inadvertence."

"Was it an inadvertence? Was it not the outcome of a pernicious habit which you have so long indulged in that you are scarcely aware when you are guilty of it?"

"I know of other Master Masons who are addicted to the same habit."

"But does that exonerate you? Seeing there are members who violate, in this

manner, their Masonic vows, ought you not, as a 'bright Mason,' and, therefore, claiming to exert an influence in the Order, to so conduct yourself as to be in a position to rebuke these transgressors of Masonic law, and by example and precept lead them to obedience?"

"Very few of us do our whole duty!"

"But Masonry requires us to perform our whole duty, and where shall we land if our leaders, those who sit in the place of light, only contribute to the gloom of the place of darkness?"

"It seems to me you are making a mountain out of a mole-hill."

"Is it a small thing that you speak irreverently of Him in whom you trust—that you disgust well-behaved people by your profanity, in a public conveyance—that you arm the enemies of the Institution of which you claim to be a good member with weapons to overthrow it? You sin not only against God, for whom, with all your professions, you appear to have little regard, but you sin against an Institution you profess to love."

"Go on, sir! I can stand your criticism of my conduct."

"I asked you if you were a Master Mason. You answered promptly and unequivocally that you were."

"I still claim to be one!"

"Pardon me if I say, in my opinion, you have a defective title to the name."

"I have been regularly initiated, passed, and raised to the degree of Master Mason."

"Suppose when you were conducted into the Lodge for the first time you had refused to acknowledge your belief in God and your trust in Him; what would have been the consequence?"

"I would have been sent home without having gone through with the ceremonies of initiation. During my Mastership I have thus dismissed two who refused to acknowledge the Supreme Being."

"What, then, should be your penalty for entirely ignoring the existence of a Supreme Being, or if, conceding the fact of His existence, by your act and word insulting His Majesty, trampling upon His laws, and doing what in your power lies to make your profession of trust in Him a fraud and a farce?"

"You are taking a novel view of this matter."

"Under these circumstances ought you not to be rejected as a brother, even as you say you have rejected candidates for initiation?"

"The cases are not parallel."

"Not exactly, but sufficiently so for practical purposes. Now it appears to me that when a man of your habits and practices is asked if he is a Master Mason his response should be in the negative."

"When I have been regularly raised to that sublime degree?"

"When you have been legally invested by its ceremonies, but refused to be governed by its laws and principles. Only those are truly Master Masons who obey the behests of Masonry."

"You would shut out of the Lodge the greater part of the members!"

"And have a Lodge of real Masons instead of non-doers of the laws of the Institution."

"I understand you refuse to recognise me as a Master Mason?"

"Technically you are a Master Mason, I suppose, as you claim to be. Practically you are not, by your own showing. You have been raised to that degree in a regular Lodge, but you do not yield an obedience to the demands of the spirit or laws of Masonry."

"Perhaps you can point out other facts in relation to my conduct that do not tally with Masonry."

"Pardon me when I say that is within my power. You have convinced me of that since you came into this stage-coach. You will recognise the wrong you would commit if you should place any insurmountable obstacle to the reception of a good man to the Lodge."



“To be sure I would, but you are not going to charge me with committing that sin, are you?”

“I heard you endeavouring, apparently, to convince your clerical friend who left us some time ago that it would be for his personal interest to become a Mason, or, in other words, you were using your friendly influence to induce him to join the Lodge.”

“That does not prevent him from becoming a member, does it?”

“Suppose you had possessed sufficient influence over him to have induced him to apply for initiation.”

“Well, we will suppose so.”

“When he came to the ante-room of the Lodge, you know, as a ‘bright Mason,’ he would be compelled to answer that the course was entered upon uninfluenced by friends, and of his own free will, not for personal advantage, but from a sincere desire to benefit his fellow-men. How could he make that avowal if you had convinced him it would conduce to his social, religious, or personal profit? Had you succeeded in your design, and had he proved the honest man I take him to be, you would have most effectually hedged up his pathway into the Lodge.”

“I never looked at the subject in that light before.”

“It is to be hoped that you will look at it in that light oftener in the future. But there is another standpoint from which you can profitably view it. The laws of Masonry, as well as its usages—the common law of the Craft—prohibit members from prompting their friends to join a Lodge. If a man desires to make application for the degrees, if he proceeds rightly, it will be of his own volition.”

“Shall I not ask a friend who I know will make a good Mason to make application?”

“Certainly not; let him ask you—that is the regular method in all well-governed Lodges.”

“Have you any other charge to prefer against me? The conversation begins to grow interesting.”

“I make no charges; I am only showing what I think constitutes a real Master Mason, and it seems that you, measured by the “square,” are found wanting. Perhaps we are all far short of perfection when brought to the test. A man’s theory ought to be better than his practice, else the practice would never improve. The Christian religion, as a rule of action, is valuable chiefly because the best of its professors can never become better than it requires them to be.”

“This is a new idea to me. Will not the same remark apply to Masonry?”

“Undoubtedly, or to any other association, if such there be, whose standard of morality is so elevated as to preclude the possibility of members becoming better than its laws require.”

Here the coach rattled up to a small country post-office, and, as my old friend was to remain over night and take another route the following day, the travellers parted, apparently with a “friendly brotherly grip,” the one satisfied that he had sown some good seed on strong soil which might possibly bring forth fruit, but which was more likely to be choked by the weeds of pride and ignorance; the other, cogitating in his own mind the facts he had heard, and asking himself the question he had so often heard propounded to others, “Are you a Master Mason?” And if the truth was known, it is probable that he would have been found doubting his right to give an affirmative answer.

The writer hereof has put this experience of his old friend on record for the benefit of those “bright Masons” who think when they have been regularly initiated, passed, and raised, that their Masonic character is complete, and they have no further duties to perform beyond learning the lectures and charges. Those who discuss Masonry in a stage-coach or railroad car may also get some useful ideas from the perusal of the story.—*Voice of Masonry.*

THE LITERARY EXPERIENCES OF A YOUNG MAN  
WITH A FUTURE.

A S K E T C H .

BY GARTER.

I AM an author. Nothing very extraordinary in that, as from the time I began to walk and talk literature was my *forte*. Nothing was lost on me. Whatever pearls came in my way I picked up. My guardians were, however, divided as to my future career. One side held that authors, artists, and poets were beings of a divinely ethereal order, far removed above the trivialities of dinners and taxes. The other side held that authors, artists, and poets were low people and decidedly objectionable. I myself liked good dinners, hunter's yatches, and coaches, and all the decencies, refinements, and amenities of life, and after several lectures on common sense (my sense was uncommon, that was what made it so valuable), I allowed myself to be put to "a place of business." Being an author, and being clever, it is needless to say I "made the place," until the Managers, Secretaries, and Deputies began to quarrel at finding they were "nowhere," and that I was "everywhere," continually cropping up in all the departments, like an Admirable Crichton. Then came a crisis. Either they or I must be Manager, or else I had better go. I had never, candidly and frankly, been particularly in love with the "place" or its associates, and so—I went—deeply regretted, I was about to say, by all who knew me; but two poor miserable old clerks actually did wipe away a tear and say I had always had a kind word for them, though, bless my soul and goodness knows, I didn't know it.

Then began my literary career. One day I thought I should have all *The World* smiling at me, for "my tale, it was so flattering;" but on the next day, when my MS. came back with compliments and thanks, I thought, "Ah well, I shall evidently be appreciated in *Time*." Society was, however, getting so much like Becky Sharp, that I thought *Vanity Fair* would possibly be the better for my reflections. *Vanity Fair* was complimentary, but was of opinion that there was a wider field for my moralisations, and suggested I should try *The Globe*. *The Globe* was full of aspirants, so in the interim, whilst I was waiting, I thought I would console myself with *Punch*. *Punch* had grown serious and political, and said if I was going to be flippant, why not try *Fun*? *Fun* said whilst *The Times* was so bad they should not like to avail themselves of my valuable services. *The Times* said I must have patience, but if I was so very quick, why, I might as well be in *The Daily Telegraph*. *The Daily Telegraph* thought I was too aristocratic, and arrogated to myself a *Standard* of excellence. *The Standard* said I was evidently very gentlemanly, why not try *The Gentleman's Magazine*? *The Gentleman's Magazine* said if I wanted money, why, go and try your luck in *Belgravia*. *Belgravia* thought I should no doubt some time or other be sure to be welcome in *The Nineteenth Century*. But oh, what tedious weary waiting it was, how often and how often have I had to go the round of editors and publishers, and how often have I not been "declined with thanks," until I became quite an intellectual flirt, distributing my favours amongst Liberals and Conservatives with smiling impartiality! How disappointed, though, I used to be at finding many of the editorial and publishing offices full of pale, long-suffering humanity, that made my heart sicken within me! How on earth were they capable of forming an opinion and passing judgment on my cogitations, that had taken me study, toil, and genius to work out? If it had not have been for an infinite fund of humour and a keen sense of the ridiculous, I must literally have turned sour with disappointment and vexation. I lived on air to a great extent, whilst waiting for the editors to send me guineas. What model letters did I not write to them? Sometimes, when I felt myself at the top of the tree, in this way, "Herewith is an article I shall be happy to let you have for so many guineas,"—knowing my value, and to the point.

Sometimes, when in a good humour, and wishing to be, as Her Majesty would say, "friendly" with all powers, I would write in a delicate and humorous manner, such as, "I shall be glad to hear from you in reference to my article. You will readily understand, between such distinguished individuals as ourselves, that I should be glad, as our friends the de Rothschilds would say, 'to turn over some coin,' etc.

Well do I remember the first time an MS. of mine was accepted. With what wonder and awe did I not revise the proof. How strange it seemed to see what I had written in print, and to think it was being read all over the world! My writings began to get talked about, as blue writing generally does make itself known and felt, and what I wrote was the bluest of the blue. The "Commons" began to eye me with respect, alertness, and watchfulness. Two or three of the "Lords" wrote me nice, friendly, complimentary, gracefully giving-in sort of letters. The Prince of Wales began to nod to me genially and confidentially, as if he had known me all his life. The Princess of Wales and the Duchess of Edinburgh evidently seemed to think that if that dear, delightful Lady Coutts would make over to me that £70,000 she has just come into, and the Duke of Connaught, say, would present me, how nice it would be, and what an acquisition I should be at their dances and dinners, for you could tell at a glance I waltzed beautifully, and my blood grew richer on a good dinner. A young *litterateur*, who had written a book on Arabs, grasped me enthusiastically by the hand; "Let us go," said he, "to the Turks, Afghans, Zulus, and Cypriotes, and make them into brothers." "Alas!" said I, "we should have to *dine* when we got there, and I have no money." You see I am eminently practical. I have tasted the sweets and bitters of being an author. I studiously refrain from all mention of my effusions in society. I write my articles in the sanctity of my sanctum, and drop them, at odd hours, into the editors' boxes. I live in hopes, though, although I am eminently practical, that Lord Beaconsfield has some pleasant romantic surprise in store for me, and will shortly say, "Here, my dear young friend, I have long been edified, amused, charmed, and instructed by your distinguished abilities. I quite understand that you require a 'vote of credit,' and I have, like Monte Christo, placed so much to your credit at my bankers, and I have every reason to believe I shall be credited with you and you will be a credit to your country."

In the meantime I have to practise horrible little economies, that nothing short, I am persuaded, but genius could combat; and in case I should be likened to the Duke of Edinburgh, I beg most emphatically to state that I haven't his allowance, but that if I had, I should know how to spend it wisely, generously, and sensibly. I hope most religiously I shall not have to become "a mercenary hireling. Still, should a profitable appointment for a Governor-General, Lord-Lieutenant, or Viceroy become vacant, I think I should be strongly induced to send in an application, and—and—and—I shouldn't be at all surprised if I were to be unanimously elected.

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## HERMES TRISMEGISTUS.

*From the "Freemason's Reporter."*

IN Masonic speech and literature frequent mention is made of the Hermetic Philosophy and Brotherhood, and of their assumed bearings upon and relations to the Masonic Institution. Perhaps there is not always a very clear understanding of the import of these terms on the part of those who press them into service; at any rate they are phrases of doubtful meaning to the majority of Brethren. Definitions are always in order. It is always well to put the stamp of clear meaning on words and phrases frequently referred to, both for the actual gain in knowledge, and, also, to prevent those

misunderstandings which so frequently arise from the use of terms of doubtful or hidden meaning. The Philosophy and the Brotherhood denominated "Hermetic" owe their origin, as is commonly held, to a very ancient philosopher, whose name we have written at the head of this article. *Trismegistus* means "thrice exalted," and was applied to this mythical teacher who was regarded both by the ancient Egyptians and a portion of the Greeks as the discoverer of all sciences: the originator of the alphabet and of written language; of Geometry, Astronomy, Chemistry, etc. Tradition gives him the credit of being the first to divide the day into hours, and the year into seasons. So it is said of him that he made important investigations into the phenomena of the natural world, for result of which was the announcement of laws and principles supposed to entitle him to rank among the world's great philosophers. He is believed to have written many books; and certain writings bearing the name of this mythical personage were translated into Greek about the time of the Ptolemies, fragments of which translations remain even to the present day. It may be observed that these fragments are of a very crude and unsatisfactory character. Doubtless they are but a jumble of systems and teachings gathered from a variety of sources. The best informed oriental scholars of modern times are agreed in the belief that Hermes Trismegistus was but a personification of the Egyptian priesthood. Regarded in the mystical sense, Hermes stands forth as having a Divine endowment of light and intelligence—the incarnation of the Supreme mind—the primitive type of Plato's *Logos*.

But whatever the character of his wisdom and works—whether a real or a mystical personage—it is chiefly as the fabled inventor of alchemy that he has been most remembered and honoured. His disciples have regarded the system of a philosophy bearing his name as charged with a power to discover the philosopher's stone and the elixir of life. They have gathered about this system, if it may be called a system, prostituting the name of science to certain incantations, magical ceremonies, the use of cabalistic forms and words, whereby they have assumed to calculate nativities, to transmute base metals into gold, and to prolong earthly existence to an indefinite period. The dupes of the Hermetic art have not been few; the grain of scientific truth and philosophy concealed within a mass of rubbish has been sufficient to attract some minds to a mystical and wonder-seeking procedure, whilst pretenders and charlatans have flourished in promulgating a system of delusion to which so many were drawn simply on the ground of great mystery and great pretension. The philosophy was assumed to be most profound, and what seemed to be absurdity in word and teaching was blandly put forth as hidden truth only to be understood by a favoured few.

Thus Hermetic societies have flourished under a variety of forms and manifestations. Some of these associations have been of higher and some of lower order. In ancient days, perhaps, something of science and of a more advanced knowledge than the common mind was ready to receive, drew together and held together seekers after truth who may have taken the name of Hermetic disciples. That there were these mystic Brotherhoods both in Egypt and in Greece seems reasonably certain. Those old organizations represent the best elements in the Hermetic chain. There was something of a degeneracy both in leaders and ideas when the societies of comparatively modern times were formed; when the Hermetic art was taken up and made a sanction for vain themes and foolish practices. In this way originated a number of Fraternities the objective point of whose search was wisdom, but the practical result of whose endeavours was exceedingly unsatisfactory. Hermetic Masonry, however much or little may be included in that term, is to be classed among those societies which, having some purpose of truth and blessing, have yet never proved themselves of much practical value to the world. That there is some relation between the old system of Hermeticism and the Masonic art cannot be denied. Masonry is not, however, by any means to be identified with the Hermetic Philosophy and Brotherhood. It may have some things in common with the older teachings, but the Craft of to-day do not hold to any such beliefs or practices as are taught in the Hermetic manuscripts. Brethren of these latter times are practical seekers after the truth and not less workers for the good of humanity. They aim so to adapt Masonry as to make it most useful and valuable to man.

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(Continued from page 493.)

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## NOTES ON LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

BY BRO. GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL.

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THERE is a cant language in cricketing, as in most other things. In describing a late celebrated match, a respectable local paper says:—"Mr. — began hitting immediately with surprising vigour. In two successive overs of Mr. — he scored a four to leg, a two snick, a four cut, a two off-drive, and a four off-drive, or sixteen runs from eight balls,"—and so on.

C. Roach Smith, F.S.A., remarks that "the tendency of the soil to accumulate into so thick and impenetrable a shroud is remarkably manifested in the case of what was Roman London, whose vestiges are found about fifteen feet beneath the level of the present streets."

In the Christmas number of the *Masonic Magazine* I made a passing allusion to Izaak Walton having at one time occupied the premises from which it and the *Free-*

mason are now issued. On referring to the life of that "meek old angler, knight of hook and line," by Sir John Hawkins, I find he states:—"His first settlement in London, as a shopkeeper, was in the Royal Burse in Cornhill, built by Sir Thomas Gresham, and finished in 1567. In this situation he could scarcely be said to have elbow-room; for the shops over the Burse were but seven feet and a half long, and five wide; yet here did he carry on his trade, till some time before the year 1624; when 'he dwelt on the north side of Fleet Street, in a house two doors west of the end of Chancery Lane, and abutting on a messuage known by the sign of the Harrow.' Now, the old timber house at the south-west corner of Chancery Lane, in Fleet Street, till within these few years, was known by that sign: it is therefore beyond doubt that Walton lived at the very next door. And in this house he is, in the deed above referred to, which bears date 1624, said to have followed the trade of a linen-draper. It farther appears by that deed, that the house was in the joint occupation of Izaak Walton and John Mason, hosier; whence we may conclude, that half a shop was sufficient for the business of Walton."

In 1632, Walton was living in Chancery Lane, and left London about 1643. Comparatively small as London then was to the mighty metropolis of our day, it was not the place for the bucolic mind of the good old angler, however often he may have stretched his legs up Tottenham Hill, or drank his morning's draught at the Thatched House in Hodsdon, or angled in the Lea, or the upper portion of the Thames. As I publicly stated a quarter of a century ago:—"Of all the writers who have made angling their theme, none please us like honest Izaak. There is a quaint simplicity about his book, which shews us that he had not only made angling his study, but nature as well; and the exquisite bursts of pathos and genuine sentiment to be met with in every page of *The Complete Angler* tell one at once that this prince of anglers possessed a mind ever awake to the beautiful, the good, and the true. I do not say that his intellect was of the very highest order; but his heart was in the right place, and overflowed with devotion to his Maker, and with love towards his fellowmen. He was not, like brave John Hampden, the man marked out by Heaven to resist the unconstitutional levying of taxes to which the representatives of the people had given no sanction in Parliament; he was no Shakspeare, with matchless skill, to delineate all possible phases of humanity, and then, having exhausted his theme, to conjure up a world of his own creation, filled with an infinite variety of strange sprites, from a lovely Ariel to a loathsome Caliban; he was no Bacon, to overturn the time-honoured philosophy of Aristotle, and replace it by a more reasonable one; nor was he, like his contemporary, William Harvey, to benefit science, by discovering how the life-supporting fluid flows in scarlet streams, rich in oxygen, down human arteries, and returns, purpled with carbonic acid, up the veins, to be purified again in the lungs, and pumped once more to the remotest extremity of the body: but in his own province,—that of vividly recalling to the 'mind's eye' of the reader some of the most lovely sylvan spots and quiet nooks of merry England,—he stands almost without a rival down to the present time, enriched though our literature has since become by the genial descriptions of such writers as Pemberton, the Howitts, Tom Miller, and Spencer Hall."

"The milk of that valuable animal, the Welsh sheep," says Lady Llanover, "when mingled with that of the cow, produces cheese which is not only excellent to eat new, but, when old, is more like Parmesan than anything else I ever tasted." Of the Welsh goats she remarks:—"They are much handsomer than the foreign goats with which I am acquainted. It is surprising that no specimen of the real Welsh goat is preserved in the Zoological Gardens. The Welsh goat, being an aboriginal of Britain, ought to be specially protected, whereas it appears that the breed is likely to become extinct. The gallant regiment of the Welsh Fusiliers ought to protest against this neglect of an animal which has always been associated with Welsh regiments and the Principality of Wales. The Welsh goat has a very picturesque appearance, from its long coat and beautifully formed head. There are two species equally aboriginal; one with magnificent horns, and the other without horns." And she adds:—"The she-goat gives, when in

full milking, more than two quarts a day. The value of their milk for children and invalids has been admitted in all ages; their milk makes excellent cheese alone, without the mixture of any other, and the whey is particularly nourishing and wholesome, as well as the curd which is produced a second time from boiling the whey. Kids are always marketable, being excellent food, and their skins very valuable." Why should not the milk of goats—so much richer than that of cows—become a common article of trade in every town? I know that a little put into a cup of coffee is equal to the cream from that of cows.

All that relates to the work of our ancient operative brethren should be of interest to every Freemason. Of Thebes, Mr. A. Henry Rhind, F.S.A., remarks, that its "period of greatest glory may be said to have been spread between fifteen hundred years and eleven hundred years before the Christian era. There are, indeed, imbedded in the mass of temples at Karnac, a few pillars of the time of Osirtasen I., whose date goes back to two thousand years before Christ; and half-buried fragments have been observed by Sir G. Wilkinson at El Assasseef, near the Memnonium, with the name of a preceding king, giving tangible evidence of full vitality, under the earlier of the Theban dynasties, whose memory the historic lists and genealogies have preserved. But it was during the reigns of the eighteenth, nineteenth, and twentieth of those dynasties that the city, and indeed Egypt, attained their zenith. Then it was that all those temples were reared, whose existence the foregoing hasty glance at their sites will recall, and although they were in some cases the subject of repairs and additions in subsequent years, their early splendour was barely maintained, rather than surpassed. It was then also that Egyptian influence was more dominant than ever before or afterwards, within the range of our knowledge, and really filled a cycle in the history of those eastern regions." And he adds, as showing its great antiquity, that "during the period of Thebes' greatest vigour, the home of the Hellenic people, if not itself absolutely unlettered, left no heritage of writing. And when, somewhat later, the poems of Homer appear, as the first instalment of Greek literature, we have, indeed, presented to us a dim vision of the power and splendour of Thebes, by a twice-repeated reference to its wealth,"—alluding to the *Iliad* ix. 381, and the *Odyssey* iv. 126.

I am glad to see that Bro. W. F. Lamonby, P.M., P. Prov. G. Reg., etc., is about to publish, in a five shilling volume, a *History of Craft Masonry in Cumberland and Westmoreland, from 1740 to the Present Day*. As the work is "compiled from Provincial and Private Lodge Records, Grand Lodge Documents, and other authentic sources," it will be a valuable acquisition to that small stock of real Masonic historical literature with which reliable writers like Bro. Hughan, "Masonic Student," and others, are seeking in this country to supersede the fabulous romances palmed upon mankind as the real chronicles of the Craft by writers of the Bro. Oliver school, who have coolly given us fancies for facts. The true history of Freemasonry, so far as it can be come at, is interesting enough for any inquiring mind without resorting to fictions which only in the end bring odium instead of honour. Strange that in an Order which inculcates Truth as one of its principal foundation stones, so many who have sought to become its poets and historians should have so little regarded the point within the circle. I sincerely wish success to Bro. Lamonby in his searches into the *History of Craft Masonry in Cumberland and Westmoreland*, and hope that other competent brethren will do the same for every other Province, as we sadly want "more light" thereon.

Dr. Newman remarks that "the valley of the Euphrates is destined to become one of the greatest commercial and important political centres of the world. I have myself," he adds, "seen whole caravans travelling through this region, bearing nothing but American petroleum. American petroleum now lights up the dark places of Nineveh, of Jerusalem, and all the cities of the East."

Londesborough Park is one of those places in my native county which I have yet to see; and, judging from the following fine pastoral poem, describing "a sylvan nook" therein—which I cull from the *Lyrics*, by the Rev. Richard Wilton, M.A., noticed in the

April number of the *Masonic Magazine*—it is a place where a philosopher might meditate, and a poet plume his wings. Verily, our Brother Lord Londesborough's feet must have "fallen in pleasant places":—

"A grassy hill, with beeches crown'd,  
 Throws its encircling arms around  
 My own peculiar nook of ground.  
 No chilly breath of wandering air  
 From north or east can touch me there,  
 E'en when the sheltering trees are bare.  
 There the first violets, wash'd in dew,  
 Come shyly faltering forth to view,  
 And half disclose their glances blue.  
 And there in turn the spotless May  
 Puts on her fresh and fair array,  
 And sweetly challenges the day.  
 Till soon the wild-rose shows his face,  
 And, crown'd with an all-conquering grace,  
 Shines the brief monarch of the place.  
 And in that sylvan combe are heard  
 The dulcet notes of many a bird,  
 To vernal mirth and music stirr'd.  
 While, from deep hidden springs below,  
 Fountains of living water flow,  
 And make soft murmurings as they go;  
 'Then to a peaceful mere expand,  
 Where patient herons take their stand,  
 And teal disport, a timid band.  
 And the swift kingfisher is seen,  
 Flashing its blue and orange sheen  
 Upon the glassy wave serene.  
 The silent swan its arch of snow  
 And mantling pride steers to and fro,  
 Repeated with a wavering glow;  
 While coots and moorhens round it play,  
 And wild ducks light with splash and spray,  
 And swallows glide and dip all day.  
 Hither Spring's early birds are blown:  
 Here through the Summer doves make moan:  
 And Autumn robins mourn alone.  
 The fading elms which cluster round,  
 To guard the water's azure bound,  
 Mirror their gold in depths profound.  
 Each yellow leaf in sunshine sweet  
 Floats down a phantom leaf to meet,  
 Through the blue wave upspringing fleet.  
 And when the beech and elms are bare,  
 The banded spruce stand watching there  
 Their changeless verdure imaged fair.  
 So many charms are here display'd,  
 As if this pleasant place were made  
 For 'a green thought in a green shade.'\*  
 The seasons, here on circling wing,  
 Reflections bright perforce must bring,  
 Like flowers that bloom and birds that sing.  
 On Nature's face who loves to look  
 In such a calm, sequester'd nook,  
 Must gather lore from God's fair book."

\* Andrew Marvell.

I may mention that our gifted old York Grand Master, Francis Drake, F.R.S., who really made the liberal arts and sciences his study—supposed Londesborough to have been the Roman Station called *Delvogitia*, which Camden, Gale, Stukely, and Horsely all place at Market Weighton, nearly three miles off; and Mr. Wright, in his *Wanderings of an Antiquary*, thinks Londesborough may have been the royal residence of Edwin, King of Northumbria, at the time of his conversion to Christianity,—the pagan temple of Godmundingham being only one mile distant, the parish church of Godmanham now occupying that important historic site. No doubt “the country all round Malton,” as the late Professor Phillips well remarked, was “in early times the most peopled part of Yorkshire, and so it remained till a comparatively late period. The range of villages which cling to the foot of the Wolds, from the Humber, round by Malton to Hunmanby and Filey, is remarkable; a similar crowd of large villages runs from Scarborough, by Helmsley and Thirsk, to the north of the Tees, and from many circumstances there is reason to conclude these lines to have been occupied by settlements in the earliest times. Along them flowed the finest springs; above them were open pastures for sheep, the bustard, the dotterel, and other birds; and below, in boundless forests, roamed red deer and the wild boar; herons and wild fowl frequented the swamps; wolves, foxes, martens, and other animals of some value for skins, afforded occupation to the arrow, spear, pit, or net; while, to complete the happiness of savage life, the roving pirates or merchants of the Baltic and the Elbe might land at the ‘Uchel’ (Ocelum Promontorium, Flamborough), the ‘Dun’ (Dunsley, near Whitby), or the ‘Aberach’ (Eburacum, York), the coloured glass and amber, which made them amulets and ornaments.” What a change since the period glanced at by the dear, genial Professor, and the days when Mr. Ross is illustrating the later history of the *Celebrities of the Wolds*, and Mr. Wilton is singing his *Lyrics, Sylvan and Sacred*, in that peace and security which I am afraid the green-robed *Bards* and blue-invested *Vates* of the ancient Britons never knew. And yet, looking back through the vista of so many centuries, what an outrage has the history of our country too often been on the fine symbolic teaching of the white-vesmented Druid, to say nothing of our oppression of a purer creed! The Green of the *Bards*, or poets, was emblematical of Hope; the Blue of the *Vates*, or historians, was indicative of Truth; whilst the White vestments of the fully-developed *Druid* was symbolical of Light and Purity. So much has the Almighty Father revealed to his most benighted children. How I should like to hear and understand one or more of the songs sung by the ancient *Bards*, on or near the very spots where Mr. Wilton has composed his *Lyrics, Sylvan and Sacred*, and to compare the two! Doubtless, in an age when fighting and hunting were the daily business of the whole male laity, songs of war and of the chase would greatly predominate; but our Celtic fore-elders, too, would have their domestic affections and their love of the rural scenery then surrounding them on every hand; and perhaps could have unhesitatingly sympathised with Mr. Wilton’s sweet poetic welcome to “the First Violet,” given below: for they also had their hopes of immortal life:—

“Sweet violet, that out of view,  
 Through snow, and sleet, and shower,  
 Hast kept a speck of heavenly blue  
 To bless this vernal hour!

Oh! could we learn thy gentle art  
 When trouble clouds our skies,  
 To cherish in our secret heart  
 A hope that never dies!

Sweet violet, that dost enfold  
 In buds thy fragrance rare,  
 Through weary months of rain and cold,  
 To sweeten now the air.

Oh! could we emulate thy skill,  
 To nurse, through days of gloom,  
 A patient faith that watches still  
 To burst in odorous bloom!



Not always in this wintry world  
 Shall Hope neglected lie,  
 But soon its grace shall be unfurl'd  
 Beneath a fairer sky.

Not always will the breath divine  
 Of Faith forgotten be,  
 But soon a genial day will shine  
 To set its sweetness free.

Then, in serenest climes above,  
 Shall Faith and Hope appear,  
 Decking the brow of sovereign Love  
 Through the eternal year."

Having from childhood cherished an ardent love for the beautiful blossom of the Crab-tree, as well as the sight of the ripened fruit, the following sonnet, entitled "Crab-Apple Gatherers," is especially to my liking, both for the matter and the manner though I do not understand how "a golden syrup" is drawn from "the clustered crabs," other than the verjuice, which certainly is not what the poet means:—

"When happy rooks were wheeling overhead,  
 A noisy clan—we spent a bright half-hour,  
 Children and elders, where, in woodland bower,  
 The cluster'd crabs were gleaming rosy red.  
 'Mid shouts and laughter, soon the fruit lay spread  
 Upon the dewy grass, smiling, but sour;  
 And soon we fill'd our baskets with the dower  
 Which nature, from her horn of plenty shed.  
 Then home we hied, with spoils of Autumn laden,  
 And from that fruit a golden syrup drew,  
 The joy of elders as of boy and maiden,  
 At many a merry meal the winter through;  
 Thrice happy who Life's bitters bravely meet,  
 And then, through grace and patience, find them sweet!"

It will be seen, from the specimens I have given, that Mr. Wilton wears his singing robes well. I must now, however, reluctantly conclude my extracts with a sonnet on "Church Sculpture," which might have been written for the *Masonic Magazine*:—

"A sculptor I beheld, with cunning hand,  
 From shadeless stone, fair leaves and flowers untwine,  
 Crowning the columns of a lofty shrine.  
 Like trees those pillars rise, a noble band,  
 Their tops of diverse foliage deftly plann'd:  
 While oak and maple, sycamore and vine,  
 With shamrock, lily, passion-flower combined  
 To emulate some sylvan landscape grand.  
 The God of Nature is the God of Grace;  
 Then bring thy leaves, O sculptor, and thy flowers  
 To shed their woodland beauty o'er this place,  
 Fann'd by the breath divine of holy hours;  
 Until we almost feel we see His face,  
 Whose voice at eve thrill'd Eden's leafy bowers!"

I had marked several other poems for extract, but I must pause, or Mr. Wilton may be down upon me for robbing him of his copyright! The sonnet entitled "A Cruciform Church" will have special interest for the Masons and other readers at Rotherham; and, whether he endorses or dissents from the theology of the volume, which is nowhere vulgarly intruded, every lover of genuine poesy will find plenty in its pages to amply compensate him both for its purchase and its careful perusal.

*Rose Cottage Stokesley.*

## GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE.\*

(Continued from page 429.)

## CHAPTER IV.

A COMPARISON OF SOME BUILDINGS OF THE STYLE OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY, IN DIFFERENT COUNTRIES OF EUROPE, AND ON THE SEVERAL HYPOTHESES CONCERNING THE FIRST USE OF THIS STYLE OF ARCHITECTURE.

THE annexed chronological series of buildings from the eighth to the sixteenth century exhibits the gradual development of the different styles of building which have successively prevailed in Germany, without having recourse to any hypothesis concerning their invention. But as very dissimilar conjectures have been advanced respecting their origin, and especially respecting the pointed arch style, which, as has been already observed, prevailed over almost the whole of Europe, a short examination of these conjectures may be of some interest. According to these different hypotheses the invention of that style of building is derived:—

1. From the holy groves or thickets of the ancient Celtic nations.
2. From huts made with the entwined twigs of trees.
3. From the structure of the framing in wooden buildings.
4. From the pyramids of Egypt.
5. From the imitation of pointed arches generated by the intersection of semi-circles.†

The *first* opinion, according to which the slender pillars and bold vaults of the churches of the thirteenth century are supposed to be an imitation of the holy groves or thickets in which the ancient Celtic nations worshipped the Divinity, is ingenious and pleasing, but has no historical foundation. The most ancient churches have no trace of this similarity; it is only in the fourteenth and fifteenth century, consequently seven hundred years after the old religion of the country had ceased, that the introduction of vaults entwined with ribs, which have been compared to twigs of trees, had existence.

The *second* hypothesis, according to which this style of building is supposed to be an imitation of huts, made with the entwined twigs of trees, and which an Englishman, Sir James Hall,‡ has lately endeavoured to support with many examples, is not better founded, and inadmissible on the grounds before stated. It is only the latest and corrupt buildings of the fifteenth and sixteenth century that display this imitation of twigs.||

The *third* hypothesis supposes that the structure of the timber-work in wooden buildings was the origin of the pointed arch style. An attentive examination of the buildings of the thirteenth century shows that the ancient style of church building presupposes, above all, the art of erecting vaults, and is therefore grounded entirely on stone constructions. But the later pointed arch style is derived from that more ancient style of architecture; and although its forms differ from those of the latter, yet they all refer to the vault and arch. Stone therefore is likewise with this style of building the materials used in the construction of churches, and it was merely the framing of the roofs which was of wood, and the workmanship of the carpenter. The old timber dwelling or guild houses of the fifteenth or sixteenth century bear no resemblance to the

\* An Essay on the Origin and Progress of Gothic Architecture, traced in and deduced from the ancient edifices of Germany, with references to those of England, etc., from the Eighth to the Sixteenth Centuries, by Dr. George Moller, first architct to the Grand Duke of Hesse, etc.

† See the 65th plate of Moller's details of the stalls of Dantzick.

‡ Essay on the Origin, History, and Principles of Gothic Architecture, by J. Hall. London, 1813.

|| See the *fac-simile* of the tabernacles in Moller's monuments.

style of church building of the Middle Age; their forms, on the contrary, are very suitably and intelligently adapted to structures of carpentry. It is the principal advantage of a consistent and improved style of architecture, that the forms of buildings and of their separate parts should be conformable to the building materials used in their construction, and that wood is not to represent freestone, nor freestone to represent wood. The editor has, in several parts of Germany, met with wooden houses, in which individual parts—the house doors, for instance—were in the pointed arch style; but this imitation of stone construction will ever remain inappropriate.\*

Mr. Murphy, the editor of the celebrated work on the convent of Batalha, in Portugal, and the buildings of the Moors in Spain, derives the pointed arch style from the pyramids of Egypt, and argues in this manner:† “The pyramids of the Egyptians are tombs; the dead are buried in churches, and on their towers are pyramidal forms; consequently the pyramids of the towers indicate that there are graves in the churches; and as the pyramidal form constitutes the essence of the pointed arch style, and the pyramids of the towers are imitations of the Egyptian pyramids, the pointed arch is derived from the latter.” But the burying of the dead in churches was a mere secondary subordinate object, not their principal destination. Hence it could not be the intention to designate churches on their outside as tombs; and the most ancient churches and those of the south rarely have pointed steeples; their towers generally end in roofs of very little or no elevation. Neither are the tombs of the Middle Age in the form of pyramids or obelisks; this ornament, on the contrary, is very modern. The points of towers are nothing but a high roof, and whenever the church had such a roof, it could not be omitted in the higher tower; an imitation of the Egyptian pyramid, therefore, is entirely out of the question.

The fifth hypothesis is that of Mr. Milner, to whom we are indebted for several valuable works on the architecture of the Middle Age. After ably refuting with much learning and sound criticism several hypotheses of other writers, he fancies he discovers the origin of the pointed arch style, and of the architecture of the Middle Age in general, in an imitation of the intersecting semicircular arches used as ornaments in the ancient English style of building.‡ But this explanation likewise appears unsatisfactory.

The question is not, who invented the pointed arch; this, like every other mathematical figure, had long been known. The only question is, how this pointed arch happened to prevail in the style of building of the thirteenth century: Ornaments, as unessential parts, are conformably in every style of building to the essential main parts of buildings; but never are the main parts conformably, *vice versâ*, to the ornaments. It is not to be supposed that all the highly characteristic forms of a style of building, which was so generally diffused and so consistently contrived, should have been borrowed from an accidental and unessential decoration of the cornices. Experience also is in our favour, since we observe, in all the buildings of the time in which the older style of building passed over to the pointed arch style, how changes were first introduced in the main forms, gables and roofs, later in the vaults and windows, and still later in the unessential parts and ornaments. Thus, for instance, the small arched decoration which so frequently appears in cornices and cinctures or bands, is still in the semicircular form in the church of Gelnhausen, whilst the gables and windows are thus early pointed.

\* It will be proper on this occasion to say something about what is called *masking*, in which many architects delight. They fancy they have performed something very ingenious if the exterior of a stable or a warehouse looks like a dwelling-house, or a wooden building prettily plastered over and painted resembles freestone. After the mortar has fallen down in the course of a few years, the miserable deception is discovered. The wooden houses of our ancient towns, or the peasants' cottages in Tyrol and in Switzerland, which display at once their wooden structure, are far more pleasing, and are even much more solid than these plastered dwelling-houses. True taste rejects all false appearances. Every building ought to have the proper exterior suitable to its destination and to the materials with which it is constructed.

† J. Murphy's Plans, Elevations, and Sections, of the Church of Batalha in Portugal. London, 1895, pp. 13, 14, 15.

‡ A Treatise on the Ecclesiastical Architecture of England, by J. Milner. London, 1811, page 77.

The foregoing observations show the groundlessness of the several hypotheses mentioned; but the solution of the question, whether the pointed arch style belongs to one single nation exclusively, and to which, is attended with greater difficulties. If the hypotheses on the origin of the pointed arch style are various, opinions are not less divided on the present question, and the invention of this style has been ascribed to the Goths, the Lombards, the Saracens or Arabs, to the Spaniards, the Italians, the French, the English, and the Germans.

It has been shown in the second chapter that the Goths or Lombards were not the inventors of the architecture which takes their name, nor of any other style of building, and that the ancient paganism of the northern nations had no influence upon the style of church building.

The Arabs, who appeared as conquerors from the year of our Lord 610, and who, besides the countries which they conquered in Asia and Africa, possessed themselves in the year 713 of the greatest part of Spain and Portugal, erected in the latter countries some very considerable buildings, which are partly yet existing, and impress us with high notions of their knowledge of the arts, and of their magnificence.\* But a careful examination of their buildings shows that there is nothing in them that has the most distant resemblance to what is called the Gothic style. In the Arabian buildings the arches are in the shape of a horse-shoe, the columns are all low, they stand single, and are never connected in pillars, the windows are small, the roofs flat, and the horizontal is the prevailing form in the whole composition of their buildings. In the ancient churches of the thirteenth century, the arches, on the contrary, are pointed, the pillars high, and composed of several columns, the windows large, the roofs and gables high. The more the two styles of building are compared, the more one is astonished that the Arabs could ever have been thought of, as the inventors of a style of building so different from their own.† It is true that many Arabian capitals, whose form is square at the top and joins the round column below, bears some resemblance to many capitals in the buildings of the Middle Age;‡ but columns are also met with in Arabian buildings with Corinthian and Roman capitals, and yet we do not regard these as an invention of the Arabs. These occurrences are easily explained, when we consider that the Arabs, originally a nation of herdsmen, could not have any architecture whatever; and that it was only after they became stationary in the countries which they had conquered, and from nomades became an agricultural people, that they formed a particular style of building for themselves. And as all the new possessions of the Arabs had formerly belonged to the vast Roman empire, it is very easy to conceive that they must have adopted in their style of building much that they found in the structures of the earlier or later Christian Roman times.

The question about the influence of Arabian architecture is thus easily solved, but the solution of the question, which of the people of Europe first introduced or improved the pointed arch style, is not so easy, for we find this style of building almost contemporary in all parts of Europe. A comparison of the churches built in different countries will facilitate the solution, if we attend to the principles stated in the first chapter, according to which that style of building alone can lay claim to being national which in its forms corresponds with the climate and building materials of the country, and constitutes at the same time a consistent, intelligent whole, excluding everything heterogeneous.||

The cathedral of Orvieto in Italy, which is supposed to be the work of Nicolas of Pisa, who lived about the year 1240, has throughout, with exception of that in the front, rose windows, and exhibits in the front the style of building of the thirteenth century.§

\* See J. Murphy's Moorish Antiquities of Spain; and Durand, *Parallèle d'Architecture*.

† See Joh. von Müller *Geschichte der Europäischen Menschheit; i.e. History of Mankind in Europe*, vol. 11. page 114.

‡ The details of the cloisters of the church at Aschaffenburg.

|| To facilitate this comparison, the two last plates of Moller's work contain the designs of some remarkable churches of different countries, represented to the same scale.

§ This church is copied from d'Agincourt's *Histoire de l'Art par les Monuments*.

But behind the pointed gables of the front there are flat roofs, so that the gables stand quite free above them. A glance at the dwelling-houses of that town shows that flat roofs are indigenous in Italy; and we may therefore justly conclude that the whole style of building which has high gables is foreign there, and comes from a northern country.\* And just as the high gables on the flat Italian roofs belong to a northern country, so the flat gable on the high German roof has evidently been transplanted into Germany from a southern country.

The church of Batalha in Portugal,† affords another instance of the use of the pointed arch style in southern countries. The roof of the church is quite flat, covered with large stone slabs, and suitable to the climate: the whole form of the building, the pyramids, and the small pointed gables with which the aspiring pillars are ornamented, are, however, discordant with the horizontal termination of the nave of the church, and clearly show that the high gable roof is essential in this style of building, and that consequently its origin can be sought for in a northern climate only.‡

It has been seen in the preceding chapter that the pointed arch style of the thirteenth century arose out of the more ancient Christian Roman style. If this and the foregoing observations be admitted, we shall be obliged to look for its origin in a country which has a northern climate and in which that ancient style of building prevailed; consequently in the north of France, in England, or in Germany.

The French churches of the Middle Age, some of which are considerable, are but little known by drawings; the editor, therefore, can refer here only to the cathedral of Paris.§ The main form of the front gate,§ which is said to have been built in the reign of King Philip Augustus, has, upon the whole, no high aspiring proportions; on the contrary, the horizontal line which prevails in the composition, and the flat roofs of the towers, correspond infinitely more with the ancient Christian Roman style than with the architecture of the Middle Age, from which the details alone of the ornaments appear to be borrowed.

Among the more ancient English churches none is more celebrated than York Minster, which was built towards the latter end of the thirteenth, and in the beginning of the fourteenth century.¶ As the English lay such positive claims to the merit of having invented and improved the pointed arch style of the thirteenth century, a closer examination of this church will not be deemed superfluous. Its main forms, the low gable roof, and the flat towers, evidently belong to an originally southern style of building. The whole ornamental system, on the contrary, is of northern origin, and stands in evident contradiction to these leading forms. The pointed gable which crowns the middle window, and is repeated in all the ornaments of the edifice, does not harmonize with the flat gable of the roof. The flat roofs of the towers correspond as little with the other parts of the building; they should necessarily have terminated in pyramids, as all the smaller towers of the aspiring pillars have the pyramidal form. All this shows the incongruous combination of two completely heterogeneous styles of building, and prejudices us so much the less in behalf of the originality of the English ecclesiastical architecture, as at the time when the York Minister was built the German churches already displayed the completest development of the art.

Lastly, let us examine the German style of church building, and particularly the minsters of Strasburgh and Freiburgh, and the church at Oppenheim, which were all built in the second half of the thirteenth, and in the beginning of the

\* To render the truth of this more sensible, there is on the same plate a building with a high roof and flat gable, of which there are so many in Germany, and in all northern countries.

† On the plate just referred to.

‡ A similar disproportion of the ornamental gables to real roofs is found in all the buildings erected in the south in the pointed arch style, particularly in the cathedrals of Sienna and Lyons, and also in most buildings of the north that are in the Italian style.

§ D'Agincourt has given a complete representation of this church in his work.

¶ See Moller's Plates

¶ See Britton's Cathedral Antiquities.

fourteenth, century. The main forms, as well as the whole system of their ornaments, are in perfect harmony in these churches, and rest upon the pointed gable, the pyramid, and the pointed arch. The smallest tower which crowns the aspiring pillars displays, in the manner in which it is filled up, the form of the ornamented windows; above these the pointed gables, and then the pyramid; and thus it repeats on a small scale the figure of the whole. A similar harmony of forms reigns in all the best German churches, from the thirteenth to the fifteenth century.

Having compared these different architectural works, and recollecting the principles laid down in the first chapter, the scholar and the connoisseur will now be enabled to judge which of the nations of Europe displays the greatest harmony and peculiarity in their buildings, and may most confidently claim the merit of the invention and improvement of the architecture of the thirteenth century.

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### ST. ALBAN'S CATHEDRAL.

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WE have been requested to publish the following appeal, which we do with much pleasure, thoroughly approving of the object:—

“The proposed restoration of the west front of the Cathedral Church of St. Alban’s by the Freemasons of England, under the patronage of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, K.G., M.W.G.M.; H.R.H. Prince Leopold, K.G., P.G.M. Oxfordshire; Lord Skelmersdale, D.G.M., P.G.M. West Lancashire; His Grace the Duke of Manchester, P.G.M. Hunts and Northants; Earl Ferrers, P.G.M. Leicestershire and Rutlandshire; Earl of Zetland, P.G.M. North and East Yorkshire; Viscount Holmesdale, M.P., P.G.M. Kent; Lord Leigh, P.G.M. Warwickshire; Lord Methuen, P.G.M. Wiltshire; Lord Sherborne, P.G.M. Gloucestershire; Lord De Tabley, P.G.M. Cheshire; Lord Suffield, P.G.M. Norfolk; Lord Henniker, S.G.W.; Sir W. W. Burrell, Bart., M.P., P.G.M. Sussex; W. B. Beach, M.P., P.G.M. Hampshire and Isle of Wight; Gen. J. Studholme Brownrigg, C.B., P.G.M. Surrey; Lieut.-Col. F. Burdett, P.G.M. Middlesex; Col. E. C. Malet De Carteret, P.G.M. Jersey; John Fawcett, P.G.M. Durham; Montague Guest, P.G.M. Dorsetshire; T. F. Halsey, M.P., P.G.M. Hertfordshire; Major W. H. Smyth, P.G.M. Lincolnshire; Lieut.-Col. Le Gendre N. Starkie, P.G.M. East Lancashire.

“On February 11th, 1879, a meeting was held at the Freemasons’ Tavern, to consider a proposal that the Freemasons of England do undertake the restoration of some special portion of St. Alban’s Cathedral as a memorial to St. Alban. A proposal to this effect had originated with the Hertford Lodge, No. 403, and has since been brought forward at the Provincial Grand Lodge of Hertfordshire, held at Watford, on July 26th, 1878, and the scheme approved, and a local Committee appointed to endeavour to carry out the undertaking.

“At the meeting of February 11th, 1879, after a full explanation as to the nature of the proposal, it was unanimously resolved that the Freemasons of England be invited to subscribe towards the restoration of some special portion of the Cathedral, and a Central Committee was thereupon appointed, with power to add to their number, to carry out this object. It was further decided to undertake the restoration of the west front of the Cathedral, or, in the event of the funds not being sufficient to carry out the whole scheme, one or more of the three beautiful but sadly dilapidated porches at the west end of the building.

“These porches may justly be considered not only to exhibit the most beautiful architectural details of this grand Cathedral, but from the extreme delicacy and beauty of their design, they cannot be excelled by any other examples of this or any other date throughout the kingdom. They were built by Abbot John de Cella, at the commence-

ment of the thirteenth century, and formed part of a magnificent design for the reconstruction of the nave of the Abbey Church, which from want of the necessary funds was only partially carried out. The style of architecture is that commonly known as 'Early English' or 'First Pointed,' and may well compare with similar examples to be found at Lincoln, Ely, Salisbury, and Wells Cathedral, the Western or Galilee Porch of Ely Cathedral bearing a special resemblance to the central porch at St. Alban's.

"It is this central western porch which the Committee propose first to undertake, and their proposal has been most strongly approved by the executive Committee for the restoration of the Cathedral, who are specially anxious to see this portion of the work taken in hand, as this will form the completion of the main structural repairs, which have been going on for several years. A rough estimate was prepared by the late Sir Gilbert Scott, shortly before his death, which states that the probable cost for the restoration of the central porch would be £2,500, and for each of the side porches £2,000, or for the entire west front £9,000. These sums appear at first sight very large, but very much will have to be done on account of the decayed and mutilated condition of the stone work. There can be no question as to the improvement which will be effected by the careful restoration of the west front. At some period, probably in the sixteenth or seventeenth century, some economical repairs were carried out. The outer portions of the north and south porches were cut away, and a plain and unsightly wall built up, which has entirely concealed the north and south porches, and the early English arcade on each side of them.

"It must, we think, be acknowledged that the Abbey Church of St. Alban's has a special interest for, as well as a special claim on the consideration of, all English Freemasons. The original church, built by King Offa in the 8th century, and of which portions remain, was erected by him, and, as we are told, the "Hond Masons," to the memory of St. Alban. Without asserting for Freemasonry a positive connection with St. Alban, it is nevertheless an undoubted fact that all the operative Guild legends from the 15th century claim Alban as a patron of Freemasons, and as the person who procured a charter for the assembly, and settled the amount of Masons' wages. This statement probably refers to the fact, that he was in some way officially connected with one of the operative Guilds or '*Collegia Fabrorum*,' from which the Guilds clearly came. The earliest mention of St. Alban in connection with Masonry is to be found in the Prose Constitutions, among the additional MSS. of the British Museum of date 1425. There we read at line 605:—'And Saint Alban loved well Masons, and he gave them first their charges and manners first in England, and he ordained convenient times to pay for the travail.'

"This statement is repeated and amplified in numerous other Guild legends, such as the two Harleian MSS., the two Sloane, the three York, the Scottish MSS., the Lodge of Hope and the Alnwick MS. In the Lansdowne MS., A.D. 1560, we find these words:—'St. Alban was a worthy knight and steward of the king, his household, and had government of his realm, and also of the making of the walls of the said town, and he loved well Masons, and cherished them much, and made their payment right good, for he gave them 3 and vid. a week and iiid.; before that time all the land a Mason took but one penny a day and his meat, till St. Alban mended it, and he gave them a charter of the king and his "counsell," for to hold a general assembly, and gave it to name assembly.'

"In the Antiquity MS. of date 1686, we find this further statement in addition to the above:—'And he gott them a charter from the king and his "counsell," to hold a general "counsell," and gave itt to name "assemblee," thereat he was himself, and did help to make Masons, and gave them charges as you shall heare afterwards.'

"In 'Krause's' so-called York MS., of date the beginning of this century (but of which it is fair to remark the original is so far unknown), we find this statement, amplified somewhat in these words:—'He, "that is St. Alban," made constitutions and charges for the Masons, and taught them the customs, everything as Amphibalus had taught him. He procured for them also good pay, for he gave to the workmen two shillings per week and threepence for their food, while formerly they only had one

penny and their food. He also obtained a charter from the Emperor Carausius according to which the workmen in the whole of Britain were made into a society by themselves, and were placed under the architects, which had not been the case before, as each individual had taken work where he found it to do. St. Alban belonged to this society himself, helped to admit new workmen, and took care that they had always plenty of work, and he was the first to do this in Britain.' With this unvarying tradition then before us, it seems most reasonable that the Freemasons of to-day, remembering their own Guild legends, will be glad to co-operate in the present seasonable and needful effort to restore that noble memorial of the pious labours of the past, which so appeals to our sympathies as patriots, lovers of architecture, and as Freemasons.

"Is it too much to hope that the present scheme will commend itself to the Freemasons of England, as it has to those of Hertfordshire, as well as to our Royal Grand Master and the Central Committee in London, and that our numerous and generous brotherhood will gladly embrace the opportunity of aiding to restore the goodly fabric of St. Alban's Cathedral, and thus, as speculative Masons, identify themselves with those famous operative sodalities which have left such striking witnesses of their devotion to art and religion in these glorious 'Houses of God in our land,' which, like that at St. Alban's, remain to attest the good and kindly 'art of Masonrye?'"

"To carry out this object, subscriptions are invited from the entire craft, in such amounts as the brethren may be disposed to give, the maximum donation of each individual brother being limited to £5. Payments may be made either to the London and County Bank, Head Office, Lombard Street, E.C., or to the Branch at St. Alban's; or direct to the Hon. Secretary, Bro. C. E. Keyser, by whom formal receipts for all contributions will be given."

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## TO HOPE.

BY BRO. W. FRED. VERNON, W.M. LODGE "KELSO," NO. 58, S.E.

A TINY star,  
 Thou shin'st afar,  
 But in my heart I feel thy gleaming:  
 Where'er I be  
 I turn to thee  
 Encouraged by thy kindly beaming.  
 Tho' tempest tost,  
 Yet never lost,  
 And never doubting aught or fearing;  
 Tho' storms arise  
 And rend the skies  
 Thou shin'st through all the storms careering.  
 With thee for guide,  
 No ills betide,  
 No dark despair my soul engrosses;  
 I count but small  
 Both one and all  
 My troubles, trials, and my crosses,  
 Unto life's end  
 Do though befriend,  
 Still let me be on thee depending;  
 For without hope  
 We only grope  
 In darkness dense, and never ending.





## THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER

OF

# THE MASONIC MAGAZINE.

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### THE DEPUTY GRAND MASTER OF ENGLAND.

WE give, as a most striking illustration to our Christmas Magazine, the portrait of our esteemed and much regarded Deputy Grand Master. Probably no more popular Mason now exists, and just as in his own Province of West Lancashire he is looked up to with universal feelings of regard, attachment, affection, so, by the Craft in general, are his high qualities appreciated, and his Masonic services warmly acknowledged.

Lord Skelmersdale is the only son of the Hon. Richard Bootle Wilbraham, M.P., who died in 1844, and he succeeded his grandfather, the 1st Baron Skelmersdale, in 1853. The peerage was created in 1828. Our distinguished brother was educated at Eton and Christchurch College, Oxford, and attained his majority in 1858, having been born in 1837. He is an officer of the Lancashire Yeomanry Hussars, was Colonel of the 6th Administrative Battalion Lancashire Volunteers, has been a Lord in Waiting, is now Captain of Her Majesty's Yeomen of the Guard, and one, to use a parliamentary technical term, of the Government "whips" in the House of Lords.

When Lord Ripon, by his lamented secession to the Church of Rome, deprived our Order of an admirable ruler, and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales assumed the Grand Mastership, Lord Carnarvon became his Pro Grand Master, and Lord Skelmersdale became Deputy Grand Master, being also Provincial Grand Master for West Lancashire. His subsequent history as a ruler of the Craft is well known, and needs not praise from us.

We feel sure that our readers will like to possess an engraving of so distinguished an official of our great Order, and under the auspices of his honoured name and effective portrait, we recommend our Christmas Number to the sympathy and patronage of the Craft.

## CATHERINE CARMICHAEL ; OR, THREE YEARS RUNNING.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

## CHAPTER I.

CHRISTMAS DAY. NO. 1.

CATHERINE CARMICHAEL, whose name is prefixed to this story, was very early in her life made acquainted with trouble. That name became hers when she was married, but the reader must first know her as Catherine Baird. Her father was a Scotchman of good birth, and had once been possessed of fair means. But the world had gone against him, and he had taken his family out to New Zealand when Catherine was as yet but ten years old. Of Mr. Baird and his misfortunes little need be said, except that for nearly a dozen years he followed the precarious and demoralizing trade of a gold-digger at Hokitika. Sometimes there was money in plenty, sometimes there was none. Food there was, always plenty, though food of the roughest. Drink there was, generally, much more than plenty. Everything around the young Bairds was rough. Frequently changing their residence from one shanty to another, the last shanty inhabited by them would always be the roughest. As for the common decencies of life, they seemed to become ever scarcer and more scarce with them, although the females among them had a taste for decency, and although they lived in a region which then seemed to be running over with gold. The mother was ever decent in language, in manners, and in morals, and strove gallantly for her children. That they could read and write, and had some taste for such pursuits, was due to her; for the father, as years passed over him, and as he became more and more hardened to the rough usages of a digger's life, fell gradually into the habits of a mere miner. A year before his death no one would have thought he had been the son of Fergus Baird, Esq., of Killach, and that when he had married the daughter of a neighbouring laird, things had smiled pleasantly on him and his young wife.

Then his wife died, and he followed her within one year. Of the horrors of that twelve months it is useless now to tell. A man's passion for drink, if he be not wholly bad, may be moderated by a wife, and then pass all bounds when she is no longer there to restrain him. So it was with him; and for a while there was danger that it should be so with his boys also. Catherine was the eldest daughter, and was then twenty-two. There was a brother older, then four younger, and after them three other girls. That year to Catherine was very hard,—too hard, almost, for endurance. But there came among them at the diggings, where they were still dwelling, a young man whose name was John Carmichael, whose presence there gave something of grace to her days. He, too, had come for gold and had joined himself to the Bairds in consequence of some distant family friendship.

Within twelve months the father of the family had followed the mother, and the eight children were left without protection and without anything in the world worthy of the name of property. The sons could fight for themselves, and were left to do so. The three younger children were carried back to Scotland, a sister of their mother's having undertaken to maintain them; but Catherine was left. When the time came in which the three younger sisters were sent, it was found that a home presented itself for Catherine; and as the burden of providing for even the younger orphans was very great, it was thought proper that Catherine should avail herself of the home which was offered her.

John Carmichael, when he came among the diggers at Hokitika,—on the western coast of the southern of the two New Zealand islands,—had done so chiefly because he had quarrelled with his cousin, Peter Carmichael, a squatter settled across the mountains in the Canterbury Province, with whom he had been living for the last three or four

years. This Peter Carmichael, who was now nearly fifty, had for many years been closely connected with Baird, and at one period had been in partnership with him at the diggings. John had heard of Baird and Hokitika, and when the quarrel had become, as he thought, unbearable, he had left the Canterbury sheep-farm, and had tried his fortune in a gold-gully.

Then Baird died, and what friends there were laid their heads together to see how best the family should be maintained. The boys, and John Carmichael with them, would stick to the gold. Word came out from the aunt in Scotland that she would do what was needed. Let the burden not be made too heavy for her. If it were found necessary to send children home, let them, if possible, be young. Peter Carmichael himself came across the mountains to Hokitika and arranged things for the journey;—and before he left, he had arranged things also for Catherine. Catherine should go with him across the mountains, and live with him at Mount Warriwa,—as his home was called,—and be his wife.

Catherine found everything to be settled for her almost before she was able to say a word as to her own desire in the matter. It was so evident that she could not be allowed to increase the weight of the burden which was to be imposed upon the aunt at home! It was so evident that her brothers were not able to find a home for her! It was so evident that she could not live alone in that wild country! And it seemed also to be quite evident that John Carmichael had no proposition of his own to make to her! Peter Carmichael was odious to her, but the time was such that she could not allow herself to think of her own dislikings.

There had never been a word of overt outspoken love between John Carmichael and Catherine Baird. The two were nearly of an age, and, as such, the girl had seemed to be the elder. They had come to be friends more loving than any other that either had. Catherine, in those gloomy days, in which she had seen her father perishing and her brothers too often straying in the wrong path, had had much need of a friend. And he had been good to her, keeping himself to sober, hard-working ways, because he might so best assist her in her difficulties. And she had trusted him, begging him to watch over the boys, and to help her with the girls. Her conduct had been beyond all praise; and he also,—for her sake following her example,—had been good. Of course she had loved him, but of course she had not said so, as he had not chosen to speak first.

Then had come the *second death* and the disruption. The elder Carmichael had come over, and had taken things into his own hands. He was known to be a very hard man, but nevertheless he spent some small sums of money for them, eking out what could be collected from the sale of their few goods. He settled this, and he settled that, as men do settle things when they have money to spend. By degrees,—not very slowly, but still gradually,—it was notified to Catherine that she might go across the mountains, and become mistress of Warriwa. It was very little that he said to her in the way of love-making.

“You might as well come home with me, Kate, and I’ll send word on, and we’ll get ourselves spliced as we go through Christchurch.”

When he put it thus clearly to her, she certainly already knew what was intended. Her elder brother had spoken of it. It did not surprise her; nor did she start back and say at once that it should not be so.

From the moment in which Peter Carmichael had appeared upon the scene all Kate’s intimacy with John seemed to come to an end. The two men, whose relationship was distant, did not renew their quarrel. The elder, indeed, was gracious, and said something to his younger kinsman as to the expediency of his returning to Warriwa. But John seemed to be oppressed by the other’s presence, and certainly offered no advice as to Kate’s future life. Nor did Kate say a word to him. When first an allusion to the suggested marriage was made in her presence she did not dare, indeed, to look at him, but she could perceive that neither did he look at her. She did not look, but yet she could see. There was not a start, not a change of colour, not a motion even of her foot. He expressed no consent, but she told herself that, by his silence, he gave it. There was no need for a question, even had it been possible that she should ask one.

And so it was settled. Peter Carmichael was a just man, in his way, but coarse, and altogether without sentiment. He spoke of the arrangement that had been made as he might have done of the purchase of a lot of sheep, not, however, omitting to point out that in this bargain he was giving everything and getting almost nothing. As a wife, Catherine might, perhaps, be of some service about the house; but he did not think that he should have cared to take a wife really for the sake of the wife. But it would do. They could get themselves married as they went through Christchurch, and then settle down comfortably. The brothers had nothing to say against it, and to John it seemed to be a matter of indifference. So it was settled. What did it signify to Catherine, as no one else cared for her?

Peter Carmichael was a hard-working man, who had the name of considerable wealth. But he was said to be hard of hand and hard of heart,—a stern, stubborn man, who was fond only of his money. There had been much said about him between John and Catherine before he had come to Hokitika,—when there had been no probability of his coming. “He is just,” John had said, “but so ungenial that it seems to me impossible that a human being should stay with him.” And yet this young man, of whose love she had dreamt, had not had a word to say when it was being arranged that she should be taken off to live all her future life with this companionship and no other! She would not condescend to ask even a question about her future home. What did it matter? She must be taken somewhere, because she could not be got rid of and buried at once beneath the sod. Nobody wanted her. She was only a burden. She might as well be taken to Warriwa and die there as elsewhere,—and so she went.

They travelled for two days and two nights across the mountains to Christchurch, and there they were married, as it happened, on Christmas Day,—on Christmas Day, because they passed that day and no other in the town as they went on. There was a further journey, two other days and two other nights, down nearly to the southern boundary of the Canterbury Province; and thither they went on with no great change between them, having become merely man and wife during that day they had remained at Christchurch. As they passed one great river after another on their passage down Kate felt how well it would be that the waters should pass over her head. But the waters refused to relieve her of the burden of her life. So she went on and reached her new home at Warriwa.

Catherine Carmichael, as she must now be called, was a well-grown, handsome young woman, who, through all the hardships of her young life, still showed traces of the gentle blood from which she had sprung. And ideas had come to her from her mother of things better than those around her. To do something for others, and then something, if possible, for herself,—these had been the objects nearest to her. Of the amusements, of the lightness and pleasures of life, she had never known anything. To sit vacant for an hour dreaming over a book had never come to her; nor had it been for her to make the time run softly with some apology for women’s work in her hands. The hard garments, fit for a miner’s work, passed through her hands. The care of the children, the preparation of their food, the doing the best she could for the rough household,—these things had kept her busy from her early rising till she would go late to her bed. But she had loved her work because it had been done for her father and her mother, for her brothers and her sisters. And she had respected herself, never despising the work she did; no man had ever dared to say an uncivil word to Kate Baird among all those rough miners with whom her father associated. Something had come to her from her mother which, while her mother lived,—even while her father lived,—had made her feel herself to be mistress of herself. But all that independence had passed away from her,—all that consciousness of doing the best she could,—as soon as Peter Carmichael had crossed her path.

It was not till the hard, dry, middle-aged man had taken possession of her that she acknowledged to herself that she had really loved John Carmichael. When Peter had come among them, he had seemed to dominate her as well as the others. He and he only had money. He and he only could cause aught to be done. And then it had seemed that for all the others there was a way of escape open, but none for her. No one wanted

her, unless it was this dry old man. The young man certainly did not want her. Then in her sorrow she allowed herself to be crushed, in spite of the strength for which she had given herself credit. She was astounded, almost stupefied, so that she had no words with which to assert herself. When she was told that the hard, dry man would find a home for her, she had no reason to give why it should not be so. When she did not at first refuse to be taken away across the mountains, she had failed to realize what it all meant. When she reached Warriwa, and the waters in the pathless, unbridged rivers had not closed over her head,—then she realized it.

She was the man's wife, and she hated him. She had never known before what it was to hate a human being. She had always been helpful, and it is our nature to love those we help. Even the rough men who would lure her father away to drink had been her friends. "Oh, Dick," she would say, to the roughest of the rough, putting her hand prayerfully on the man's sleeve, "do not ask him to-night;" and the rough man would go from the shanty for the time. She would have mended his jacket for him willingly, or washed his shirt. Though the world had been very hard to her, she had hated no one. Now, she hated a man with all the strength of her heart, and he was her husband.

It was good for the man, though whether good for herself or not she could never tell, that he did not know that he was hated. "Now, old woman; here you'll have a real home," he said, as he allowed her to jump out of the buggy in which he had driven her all the way from Christchurch; "you'll find things tidier than you ever had 'em away at Hokitika." She jumped down on the yard into which he had driven, with a band-box in her hand, and passed into the house by a back door. As she did so a very dirty old woman,—fouler looking, certainly, than any she had ever seen away among the gold-diggings,—followed her from the kitchen, which was built apart, a little to the rear of the house. "So you be the new wife, be ye?" said the old woman.

"Yes; I am Mr. Carmichael's wife. Are you the servant?"

"I don't know nothing about servants. I does for 'un,—what he can't do for 'anself. You'll be doing for 'un all now, I guess." Then her husband followed her in and desired her to come and help to unload the buggy. Anything to be done was a relief to her. If she could load and unload the buggy night and day it would be better than anything else she could see in prospect before her. Then there came a Maori in a blanket, to assist in carrying the things. The man was soft and very silent,—softly and silently civil, so that he seemed to be a protection to her against the foul old woman, and that lord of hers, who was so much fouler to her imagination.

Then her home life began. A woman can generally take an interest in the little surroundings of her being, feeling that the tables and the chairs, the beds and the linen are her own. Being her own, they are dear to her and will give a constancy of employment which a man cannot understand. She tried her hand at this, though the things were not her own,—were only his. But he told her so often that they were his that she could not take them to her heart. There was not much there for a woman to love; but little as there was, she could have loved it for the man's sake, had the man been lovable. The house consisted of three rooms, in the centre of which they lived, sleeping in one of the others. The third was unfurnished and unoccupied, except by sheepskins, which, as they were taken by the shepherds from the carcasses of sheep that had died about the run, were kept there till they could be sent to the market. A table or two, with a few chairs; a bedstead with an old feather bed upon it; a washing-basin with a broken jug, with four or five large boxes in lieu of presses, made up neatly all the furniture. An iron pot or two and a frying-pan, with some ill-matched broken crockery, completed the list of domestic goods. How was she to love such as these with such an owner for them?

He had boasted that things were tidier there than she had known them at the diggings. The outside of the house was so, for the three rooms fronting on to the wide prairie-land of the sheep-run had a verandah before them, and the place was not ruinous. But there had been more of comfort in the shanty which her father and brothers had built for their home down in the gold-gully. As to food, to which she was indifferent,

there was no question but that it had been better and more plentiful at the diggings. For the food she would not have cared at all,—but she did care for the way in which it was doled out to her hands, so that at every dole she came to hate him more. The meat was plentiful enough. The men who took their rations from the station came there and cut it from the sheep as they were slaughtered, almost as they would. Peter would count the sheep's heads every week, and would then know that, within a certain wide margin, he had not been robbed. Could she have made herself happy with mutton she might have lived a blessed life. But of other provisions every ounce was weighed to her, as it was to the station hands. So much tea for the week, so much sugar, so much flour, and so much salt. That was all,—unless when he was tempted to buy a sack of potatoes by some itinerant vendor, when he would count them out almost one by one. There was a store-room attached to the kitchen, double-locked, the strongest of all the buildings about the place. Of this, for some month or two, he never allowed her to see the inside. She became aware that there were other delicacies there besides the tea and sugar,—jam and pickles, and boxes of sardines. The station-hands about the place, as the shepherds were called, would come and take the pots and bottles away with them, and Peter would score them down in his book and charge them in his account of wages against the men, with a broad profit to himself. But there could be no profit in sending such luxuries into the house. And then, as the ways of these people became gradually known to her, she learned that the rations which had been originally allowed for Peter himself and the old woman and the Maori had never been increased at her coming. Rations for three were made to do as rations for four. "It's along of you that he's a-starving of us," said the old woman. Why on earth should he have married her and brought her there, seeing that there was so little need for her!

But he had known what he was about. Little though she found for her to do, there was something which added to his comfort. She could cook,—an art which the old woman did not possess. She could mend his clothes, and it was something for him to have some one to speak to him. Perhaps in this way he liked her, though it was as a man may like a dog whom he licks into obedience. Though he would tell her that she was sulky, and treat her with rough violence if she answered him, yet he never repented him of his bargain. If there was work which she could do, he took care not to spare her,—as when the man came for the sheepskins, and she had to hand them out across the verandah, counting them as she did so. But there was, in truth, little for her to do.

There was so little to do, that the hours and days crept by with feet so slow that they never seemed to pass away. And was it to be thus with her for always,—for her, with her young life, and her strong hands, and her thoughts always full? Could there be no other life than this? And if not, could there be no death? And then she came to hate him worse and worse,—to hate him and despise him, telling herself that of all human beings he was the meanest. Those miners who would work for weeks among the clay,—working almost day and night,—with no thought but of gold, and who then, when gold had been found, would make beasts of themselves till the gold was gone, were so much better than him! Better! why, they were human; while this wretch, this husband of hers, was meaner than a crawling worm! When she had been married to him about eight months, it was with difficulty that she could prevail upon herself not to tell him that she hated him.

The only creature about the place that she could like was the Maori. He was silent, docile, and uncomplaining. His chief occupation was that of drawing water and hewing wood. If there was aught else to do, he would be called upon to do it, and in his slow manner he would set about the task. About twice a month he would go to the nearest post-office, which was twenty miles off, and take a letter, or, perhaps, fetch one. The old woman and the squatter would abuse him for everything or nothing; and the Maori, to speak the truth, seemed to care little for what they said. But Catherine was kind to him, and he liked her kindness. Then there fell upon the squatter a sense of jealousy,—or feeling, probably, that his wife's words were softer to the Maori than to himself,—and the Maori was dismissed. "What's that for?" asked Catherine sulkily.

"He is a lazy skunk."

"Who is to get the wood?"

"What's that to you? When you were down at Hokitika you could get wood for yourself." Not another word was said, and for a week she did cut the wood. After that, there came a lad who had been shepherding, and was now well-nigh idiotic; but with such assistance as Catherine could give him, he did manage to hew the wood and draw the water.

Then one day a great announcement was made to her. "Next week John Carmichael will be here."

"John!"

"Yes; why not John? He will have that room. If he wants a bed, he must bring it with him." When this was said November had come round again, and it wanted about six weeks to Christmas.

## CHAPTER II.

### CHRISTMAS DAY. NO. 2.

JOHN CARMICHAEL was to come! And she understood that he was to come there as a resident;—for Peter had spoken of the use of that bedroom as though it were to be permanent. With no direct telling, but by degrees, something of the circumstances of the run at Warriwa had become known to her. There were on it 15,000 sheep, and these, with the lease of the run, were supposed to be worth £15,000. The sheep and all were the property of her husband. Some years ago he had taken John, when he was a boy, to act with him as his foreman or assistant, and the arrangement had been continued till the quarrel had sprung up. Peter had more than once declared his purpose of leaving all that he possessed to the young man, and John had never doubted his word. But, in return for all this future wealth, it was expected, not only that the lad should be his slave, but that the lad, grown into a man, should remain so as long as Peter might live. As Peter was likely to live for the next twenty years, and as the slavery was hard to bear, John had quarrelled with his kinsman, and had gone away to the diggings. Now, it seemed, the quarrel had been arranged, and John was to come back to Warriwa. That some one was needed to ride round among the four or five shepherds,—some one beyond Peter himself,—some one to overlook the shearing, some one to attend to the young lambs, some one to see that the water-holes did not run dry, had become manifest even to Kate herself. It had leaked out from Peter's dry mouth that some one must come, and now she was told that John Carmichael would return to his old home.

Though she hated her husband, Kate knew what was due to him. Hating him as she had learned to do, hating him as she acknowledged to herself that she did, still she had endeavoured to do her duty by him. She could not smile upon him, she could not even speak to him with a kind voice; but she could make his bed, and iron his shirts, and cook his dinner, and see that the things confided to her charge were not destroyed by the old woman or the idiot boy. Perhaps he got from her all he wanted to get. He did not complain that her voice was not loving. He was harsh, odious in his ways with her, sometimes almost violent; but it may be doubted whether he would have been less so had she attempted to turn him by any show of false affection. She had learned to feel that if she served him she did for him all that he required, and that duty demanded no more. But now! would not duty demand more from her now?

Since she had been brought home to Warriwa, she had given herself up freely to her thoughts, telling herself boldly that she hated her husband, and that she loved that other man. She told herself, also, that there was no breach of duty in this. She would never again see that other man. He had crossed her path and had gone. There was nothing for her left in the world, except her husband Peter and Warriwa. As for her

hating the one man, not to do that would be impossible. As for loving the other man, there was nothing in it but a dream. Her thoughts were her own, and therefore she went on loving him. She had no other food for her thoughts, except the hope that death might come to her, and some vague idea that that last black fast-running river, over which she had been ferried in the dark, might perhaps be within her reach, should death be too long in coming of its own accord. With such thoughts running across her brain, there was, she thought, no harm in loving John Carmichael,—till now, when she was told that John was to be brought there to live under the same roof with her.

Now there must be harm in it! Now there would be crime in loving him! And yet she knew that she could not cease to love him because he should be there, meeting her eye every day. How comely he was, with that soft brown hair of his, and the broad, open brow, and the smile that would curl round his lips! How near they had once been to swearing that they would be each all things to the other! "Kate!" he had said, "Kate!" as she had stood close to him, fastening a button to his shirt. Her finger had trembled against his neck, and she knew that he had felt the quiver. The children had come upon them at the moment, and no other word had been said. Then Peter had come there,—Peter who was to be her husband,—and after that John Carmichael had spoken no word at all to her. Though he had been so near to loving her while her finger had touched him in its trembling, all that had passed away when Peter came. But it had not passed away from her heart, nor would she be able to stifle it when he should be there, sitting daily at the same board with her. Though the man himself was so odious, there was something sacred to her in the name of husband,—something very sacred to her in the name of wife. "Why should he be coming?" she said to her husband the day after the announcement had been made to her, when twenty-four hours for thinking had been allowed to her.

"Because it suits," he said, looking up at her from the columns of a dirty account-book, in which he was slowly entering figures.

What could she say to him that might be of avail? How much could she say to him? Should she tell him everything, and then let him do as he pleased? It was in her mind to do so, but she could not bring herself to speak the words. He would have thought——! Oh! what might he not have thought! There was no dealing in fair words with one so suspicious, so unmanly, so inhuman.

"It won't suit," she said, sullenly.

"Why not? what have you got to do with it?"

"It won't suit; he and I will be sure to,—sure to,—sure to have words."

"Then you must have 'em. Ain't he my cousin? Do you expect me to be riding round among them lying, lazy varmint every day of my life, while you sit at home twiddling your thumbs?" Here she knew that allusion was made both to the sheep and to the shepherds. "If anything happens to me, who do you think is to have it all after me?" One day at Hokitika he had told her coarsely that it was a good thing for a young woman to marry an old man, because she would be sure to get everything when he was dead. "I suppose that's why you don't like John," he added, with a saucer.

"I do like him," she said, with a clear, loud voice; "I do like him." Then he leered round at her, shaking his head at her, as though declaring that he was not to be taken in by her devices, and after that he went on with his figures.

Before the end of November John arrived. Something, at any rate, she could do for his comfort. Wherever she got them, there, when he came, were the bed and bedstead for his use. At first she asked simply after her brothers. They had been tempted to go off to other diggings in New South Wales, and he had not thought well to follow them. "Sheep is better nor gold, Jack," said Peter, shaking his head and leering.

She tried to be very silent with him;—but she succeeded so far that her very silence made him communicative. In her former intercourse she had always talked the most,—a lass of that age having always more to say for herself than a lad. But now he seemed to struggle to find chance opportunities. As a rule he was always out early in the morning on horseback, and never home till Peter was there also. But opportunities would, of



course, be forthcoming. Nor would it be wise that she should let him feel that she avoided them. It was not only necessary that Peter should not suspect, but that John too should be kept in the dark. Indeed, it might be well that Peter should suspect a little. But if he were to suspect,—that other he,—and then he were to speak out, how should she answer him ?

“Kate,” he said to her one day, “do you ever think of Hokitika ? ”

“Think, indeed !—of the place where father and mother lie.”

“But of the time when you and I used to fight it out for them ? I used not to think in those days, Kate, that you would ever be over here,—mistress of Warriwa.”

“No, indeed, nobody would have thought it.”

“But Kate ——”

It was clearly necessary that she should put an end to these reminiscences, difficult as it might be to do so. “John,” she said, “I think you’d better make a change.”

“What change ? ”

She struggled not to blush as she answered him, and she succeeded. “I was a girl in those days, but now I’m a married woman. You had better not call me Kate any more.”

“Why ? what’s the harm ? ”

“Harm ! no, there’s no harm ; but it isn’t the proper thing when a young woman’s married, unless he be her brother, or her cousin at furthest ; you don’t call me by my name before him,”

“Didn’t I ? ”

“No, you call me nothing at all. What you do before him, you must do behind his back.”

“And we were such friends ! ” But as she could not stand this, she left the room, and did not come back from the kitchen till Peter had returned.

So a month went on, and still there was the word Kate sounding in her ears whenever the old man’s back was turned. And it sounded now as it sounded on that one day when her finger was trembling at his throat. Why not give way to the sound ! Why not ill-treat the man who had so foully ill-treated her ? What did she owe to him but her misery ? What had he done for her but make a slave of her ? And why should she, living there in the wild prairie, beyond the ken of other women, allow herself to be trammelled by the laws which the world had laid down for her sex ? To other women the world made some return for true obedience. The love of one man, the strong protecting arm of one true friend, the consciousness of having one to buckler her against the world, one on whom she might hang with trust ! This was what other women have in return for truth ;—but was any of this given to her when he would turn round and leer at her, reminding her by his leer that he had caught her and made a slave of her ? And then there was this young man, sweeter to her now than ever, and dearer !

As she thought of all this she came suddenly,—in a moment,—to a resolution, striking her hand violently on the table as she did so. She must tell her husband everything. She must do that, or else she must become a false wife. As she thought of that possibility of being false, an ecstasy of sweetness for a moment pervaded her senses. To throw herself on his bosom and tell him that she loved him would be compensation almost sufficient to the misery of the last twelve months. Then the word wife crept into her ears, and she remembered words that she had read as to woman’s virtue. She thought of her father and her mother ! And how would it be with her when, after a while, she would awake from her dream ? She had sat silent for an hour alone, now melting into softness, and then rousing herself to all the strength of womanhood. At last a frown came across her brow, very dark ; and then, dashing her clenched hand down upon the table, she expressed her purpose in spoken words : “I will tell it him all ! ”

Then she told him all, after her fashion. It was the custom of the two men to go forth together almost at dawn, and it was her business to prepare their meal for them before they went. On the first morning after her resolution had been formed, she bade her husband stay awhile. She had thought to say it in the seclusion of their

own room; but she had felt that it would be better that John should not be in the house when it was spoken. Peter stayed at her bidding, looking eagerly into her face, as she stood at the back door watching till the young man had started on his horse. Then she turned round to her husband. "He must go away from this," she said, pointing over her shoulder to the retreating figure of the horseman.

"Why is he to go? What has he been and done?" This last question he asked, lowering his voice to a whisper, as though thinking that she had detected his cousin in some delinquency.

There was a savage purpose in her heart to make the revelation as bitter to him as it might be. He must know her own purity, but he must know also her thorough contempt for himself. There was no further punishment that he could inflict upon her, save that of thinking her to be false. Though he were to starve her, beat her, murder her, she would care for that not at all. He had carried her away helpless to his foul home, and all that was left her was to preserve herself strong against disgrace.

"He is a man, a young man, and I am a woman. You had better let him go." Then he stood for a while with his mouth open, holding her by the arm, not looking at her, but with his eyes fixed on the spot whence his cousin was disappearing. After a moment or two, his lips came together and produced a long low whistle. He still clutched her, and still looked out upon the far-retreating figure; but he was for a while as though he had been stricken dumb. "You had better let him go," she repeated. Then he whispered some word into her ear. She threw up the arm that he was holding so violently that he was forced to start back from her, and to feel how much stronger she was than he, should she choose to put out her strength. "I tell you all," she said, "that you have to know. Little as you deserve, you have fallen into honest hands. Let him go."

"And he hasn't said a word?"

"I have told you all that you are to hear."

"I would kill him."

"If you are beast enough to accuse him, he will kill you;—or I will do it, if you ever tell him what I have said to you. Bid him go; and let that be all." Then she turned away from him, and passing through the house, crossed the verandah, and went out upon the open space on the other side. He lingered about the place for half an hour, but did not follow her. Then he mounted his old horse, and rode away across the prairie after his sheep.

"Have you told him?" she said, that night when they were alone.

"Told him what?"

"That he must go." He shook his head, not angrily, but in despair. Since that morning he had learned to be afraid of her. "If you do not," she said very slowly, looking him full in the face—"if you do not—I will. He shall be told to-night, before he goes to his bed."

"Am I to say that he—that he——?" As he endeavoured to ask the question, he was white with despair.

"You are to say nothing to him but that he must quit Warriwa at once. If you will say that, he will understand you."

What took place between the two men on the next day she did not know. It may be doubted whether she would ever know it. Peter said not a word further to her on the matter. But on the morning of the second day there was the buggy ready, and Peter with it, prepared to drive his cousin away. It was apparent to her that her husband had not dared to say an evil word of her, nor did she believe that he suspected her. She felt that, poor a creature as he was, she had driven him to respect her. But the thing was settled as she would have it, and the young man was to go.

During those last two days there was not a word spoken between her and John, unless when she handed him his food. When he was away across the land she took care that not a stitch should be wanting to his garments. She washed his things and laid them smooth for him in his box,—oh, with such loving hands! As she kneeled down to her work, she looked round to the door of the room to see that it was closed,

and to the window, lest the eyes of that old woman should be prying in; and then she stooped low, and burying her face beneath the lid, kissed the linen which her hands had smoothed. This she could do, and not feel herself disgraced;—but when the morning came she could let him go and not speak a word. She came out before he was up and prepared the breakfast, and then went back to her own room, so that they two might eat it together and then start. But he could not bring himself to go without one word of farewell. “Say good-bye, at any rate,” he sobbed, standing at her door, which opened out upon the verandah. Peter the while was looking on with a lighted pipe in his mouth.

“Good-bye, John.” The words were heard, but the sobs were almost hidden.

“Give me your hand,” said he. Then there came forth a hand,—nothing but a hand. He took it in his, and for a moment thought that he would touch it with his lips. But he felt,—feeling like a man,—that it behoved him to spare her all he could. He pressed it in his grasp for a moment, and then the hand disappeared.

“If we are to go, we might as well be off,” said Peter. So they mounted the buggy and went away.

\* \* \* \* \*

The nearest town to Warriwa was a place called Timaru, through which a coach, running from Dunedin to Christchurch, passed three times a week. This was forty miles off, and here was transacted what business was necessary for the carrying on of the sheep-station. Stores were bought at Timaru, such as sugar, tea, and flour, and here Peter Carmichael generally sold his wool. Here was the bank at which he kept his money, and in which his credit always stood high. There were not many journeys made from Warriwa to Timaru; but when one became necessary it was always a service of pleasure to Peter. He could, as it were, finger his money by looking at the bank which contained it, and he could learn what might probably be the price which the merchants would give him for his next clip. On this occasion he seemed to be quite glad of an excuse for driving into Timaru, though it can hardly be imagined that he and his companion were pleasant to each other in the buggy. From Warriwa the road, or track rather, was flat the whole way to Timaru. There was nothing to be seen on either way but a long everlasting plain of grey, stunted, stony grass. At Warriwa the outlines of the distant mountains were just visible in the west, but the traveller, as he went eastward towards the town and the road, soon lost sight of the hills, and could see nothing but the grey plain. There were, however, three rivers to be passed, the Warriwa, and two others, which, coming down from the north-west, ran into the Warriwa. Of these the Warriwa itself was the widest, and the deepest, and the fastest. It was in crossing this, within ten miles of her home,—crossing it after dark,—that Catherine had thought how well it would be that the waters should pass over her head, so that she might never see that home. Often, since that, she had thought how well it would have been for her had she been saved from the horrors of her home by the waters of the river.

We may suppose that very little was said by the two men as they made their way into Timaru. Peter was one who cared little for conversation, and could be quite content to sit for hours together in his buggy, calculating the weight of his wool, and the money which would come from it. At Timaru they dined together, still, we may say, without many words. Then the coach came, and John Carmichael was carried away,—whither his cousin did not even inquire. There was some small money transaction between them, and John was carried away to follow out his own fortune.

Had it been possible Peter would have returned at once, so as to save expense, but the horses made it necessary that he should remain that night in the town. And, having done so, he stayed the greater part of the following day, looking after his money and his wool, and gathering his news. At about two he started, and made his way back over the two smaller rivers in safety. At the Warriwa there was but one ferryman, and in carrying a vehicle with horses over it was necessary that the man in charge of them should work also. On the former day, though the rivers had been very high,

there had been daylight, and John Carmichael had been there. Now it was pitch dark, though it was in the middle of summer, and the waters were running very strong. The ferryman refused at first to put the buggy on the raft, bidding old Carmichael wait till the next morning. It was Christmas Eve, he said, and he did not care to be drowned on Christmas Eve.

Nor was such to be his destiny. But it was the destiny of Peter Carmichael. The waters went over him and one of his horses. At three o'clock in the morning his body was brought home to Warriwa, lying across the back of the other. The ferryman had been unable to save the man's life, but had got the body, and had brought it home to the young widow just twelve months after the day on which she had become a wife.

### CHAPTER III.

#### CHRISTMAS DAY. NO. 3.

THERE she was, on the morning of that Christmas Day, with the ferryman and that old woman, with the half-idiot boy, and the body of her dead husband! She was so stunned that she sat motionless for hours, with the corpse close to her, lying stretched out on the verandah, with a sheet over it. It is a part of the cruelty of the life which is lived in desolate places, far away, that when death comes, the small incidents of death are not mitigated to the sufferer by the hands of strangers. If the poorest wife here at home becomes a widow, some attendant hands will close the glazed eye and cover up the limbs, and close the coffin which is there at hand; and then it will be taken away and hidden for ever. There is an appropriate spot, though it be but under the poorhouse wall. Here there was no appropriate spot, no ready hand, no coffin, no coroner with his authority, no parish officer ready with his directions. She sat there numb, motionless, voiceless, thinking where John Carmichael might be. Could it be that he would come back to her, and take from her that ghastly duty of getting rid of the object that was lying within a yard or two of her arm?

She tried to weep, telling herself that, as a wife now widowed, she was bound to weep for her husband. But there was not a tear, nor a sob, nor a moan. She argued it with herself, saying that she would grieve for him now that he was dead. But she could not grieve,—not for that; only for her own wretchedness and desolation. If the waters had gone over her instead of him, then how merciful would heaven have been to her! The misery of her condition came home to her with its full weight,—her desolation, her powerlessness, her friendlessness, the absence of all interest in life, of all reason for living; but she could not induce herself to say, even to herself, that she was struck with anguish on account of him. That voice, that touch, the cunning leer of that eye, would never trouble her again. She had been freed from something. She became angry with herself because it was in this way that she regarded it; but it was thus that she continued to regard it. She had threatened once to kill him,—to kill him should he speak a word as to which she bade him to be silent. Now he was dead,—whether he had spoken that word or not. Then she wondered whether he had spoken it, and she wondered, also, what John Carmichael would say or do when he should hear that his kinsman was no more. So she sat motionless for hours within her room, but with the door open on to the verandah, and the feet of the corpse within a few yards of her chair.

The old ferryman took the horse, and went out under the boy's guidance in quest of the shepherds. Distances are large on these sheep-runs, and a shepherd with his flock is not always easily found. It was nearly evening before he returned with two of these men, and then they dug the grave,—not very far away, as the body must be carried in their arms; and then they buried him, putting up a rough palisade around the spot to guard it, if it might be so guarded for a while, from the rats. She



walked with them as they carried it, and stood there as they did their work; and the old woman went with them, helping a little. But the widow spoke not a word, and then returning, seated herself again in the same chair. Not once did there come to her the relief of a tear, or even of a sob.

The ferryman went back to his river, and the shepherds to their sheep, and the old woman and the boy remained with her, preparing what food was eaten. The key of the store-room was now in her possession, having been taken out of his pocket before they laid him in his grave, and they could do what they pleased with what it contained. So she remained for a fortnight, altogether inactive, having as yet resolved upon nothing. Thoughts no doubt there were running through her mind. What was now to become of her? To whom did the place belong, and the sheep, and the money, which, as she knew, was lying in the bank? It had all been promised to John, before her marriage. Then the old man had hinted to her, in his coarse way, that it would be hers. Then he had hinted again that John was to be brought back, and to live here. How would it be? Without the speaking of words, even to herself, it was settled in her heart that John Carmichael should be, ought to be, must be, the owner of Warriwa. Then how different would Warriwa become? But she strove gallantly against feeling that, for herself, there would be any personal interest in such a settlement. She would have kept her thoughts away from that if it had been possible;—if it had been possible.

At the end of a fortnight there came out to her from Timaru a young man, who declared himself to be the clerk of a solicitor established there, and this young man brought with him a letter from the manager of the bank. The purport of the letter was this: Mr. Carmichael, as he had passed through Timaru on his way home from Christchurch after his marriage, had then executed a will, which he had deposited at the bank. In this he had named the manager as his sole executor, and had left everything of which he was possessed to his wife. The writer of the letter then went on to explain that there might have been a subsequent will made. He was aware that John Carmichael had been again at Warriwa, and it was possible that Peter Carmichael might have reverted to his old intention of making his kinsman his heir. There had been a former will to that effect, which had been destroyed in the presence of the banker. There was no such document at Timaru. If anywhere, it must be at Warriwa. Would Mrs. Carmichael allow the young man to search? If no such document could be found, the money and the property would be hers. It would be well that she should return with the young man to the town, and take up her abode there in lodgings for a few weeks till things should have settled themselves.

And thus she found herself mistress of Warriwa, owner of the sheep, and possessor of all the money. Of course, she obeyed the counsel given her, and went into the town. No other will was found; no other claimant came forward. Week after week went by, and month after month, very slowly, and at the end of six months she found that everything was undoubtedly hers. An agent had been hired to live at Warriwa, and her signature was recognized at the bank as commanding all that money. The sum seemed so large that it was a wonder to her that the old man should have lived in such misery at home. Then two of her brothers came to her, across from New South Wales. They had come to her because she was alone. No, they said; they did not want her help, though a little money would go a long way with them. They had come because she was alone.

Then she laid a task upon them, and told them her plans. Yes; she had been very much alone;—altogether without counsel in this particular matter; but she had formed her plans. If they would assist her, no doubt they would be compensated for their time. Where was John Carmichael? They had not heard of John Carmichael since they had left him when they went away from Hokitika.

Thereupon she explained to them that none of all that property was hers;—that none of it all should ever be hers; that, to her view of the matter, the station, with the run, and the sheep, and the money, all belonged to John Carmichael. When they told her that she had been the man's wife, and, therefore, much nearer than John

Carmichael, she only shook her head. She could not explain to them her thoughts and feelings. She could not say to them that she would not admit herself to have been the wife of a man whom she had ever hated,—for whom, not for a single moment, had she ever entertained anything of wifely feeling. “I am here,” she said, “only as his care-taker ;—only as such will I ever spend a farthing of the money.” Then she showed them a letter, of which she had sent copies addressed to him at the post-offices of various towns in New Zealand, having spent many of her hours in making the copies, and the letter was as follows :—

“If you will return to Warriwa, you will find that everything has been kept for you as well as I have known how to keep it. The sheep are nearly up to the number. The money is at the bank at Timaru, except a very little which I have taken to pay the wages and just to support myself,—till I can go away and leave it all. You should hurry to Warriwa, because I cannot go away till you come. CATHERINE.”

It was not, perhaps, a very wise letter. An advertisement in the New Zealand papers would have done better, and have cost less trouble. But that was her way of setting about her work,—till her brothers had come to her, and then she sent them forth upon her errand. It was in vain that they argued with her. They were to go and find him, and send him,—not to her,—but to Warriwa. On his arrival he should find that everything was ready for him. There would be some small thing for the lawyer to arrange, but that could be arranged at once. When the elder brother asked at the bank about his sister, the manager told him that all Timaru had failed to understand the purposes of the heiress. That old Peter Carmichael had been a miser, everybody had known, and that a large sum was lying in the bank, and that the sheep were out on the run at Warriwa. They knew, too, that the widow had inherited it all. But they could not understand why she should be careful with the money as old Peter had been ; why she should live there in lodgings, seeing no one ; why she should be taken out to Warriwa once a month ; and why on these occasions she should remain there a day or two, going through every figure, as it was said that she did do. If she liked the life of a squatter, why did she not live there and make the place comfortable ? If, as was more probable, the place could hardly be delightful to her, why not sell it, and go away among her friends ? There would be friends enough now to make her welcome. For, though she had written the letters, and sent them out, one or two at a time, she had told no one of her purpose till her brothers came to her. Then the banker understood it all, and the brothers probably understood something also.

They got upon his traces at last, and found him in Queensland, up to his throat in mud, looking for gold in a gully. “Luck ? Yes ; he had got a little, and spent the most of it. There was gold, no doubt, but he was not much in love with the spot.” ‘Tis always thus the wandering gold-digger speaks of his last adventure. When they told him that Peter Carmichael was dead, he jumped out of the gully, leaving the cradle behind him in which he had been washing the dirt, searching for specks of gold. “And Warriwa ?” he said. Then they explained the nature of the will. “And the money, too ?” Yes ; the money also had been left to the widow. “It would have been hers any way,” he said, “whether he left a will or not. Well, well ! So Kate is a rich woman.” Then he jumped into the gully again, and went to work at his cradle. By degrees they explained it all to him,—as much, at least, as they could explain. He must go to Warriwa. She would do nothing till he had been there.

“She says it is to be all yours,” said the younger brother.

“Don’t you say no more than you know,” said the elder. “Let him go and find it out for himself.”

“But Kate said so.”

“Kate is a woman, and may change her mind as well as another. Let him go and find it out for himself.” So he sold his claim at the gully for what little it would fetch, and started off once again for New Zealand and Warriwa.

He had himself landed at Dunedin in order that he might not be seen and questioned in passing through Timaru, and from Dunedin he made his way across the country direct to Warriwa. I need not trouble my readers with New Zealand geography,

but at a little place called Oamaru he hired a buggy and a pair of horses, and had himself driven across the country to the place. He knew that Catherine was living in the town, and not at the station; but even though the distance were forty miles, he thought that it would be better to send for her than to discuss such things as would have to be discussed before the bankers and the attorney, and all the eager eyes and ears of Timaru. What it was that he would have to discuss he hardly yet knew; but he did know, or thought that he knew, that he had been banished from Warriwa because old Peter Carmichael had not chosen to have "a young fellow like that hopping about round his wife." It was thus that Peter had explained his desire in that matter of John's departure. Now he had been sent for, because of the property. The property was the property of the widow. He did not in the least doubt that. Christmas had again come round, and it was just a year,—a year and a day,—since she had put her hand out to him through the closed door and had bade him good-bye.

There she was, when he entered the house, sitting at that little side-table, with the very books before her at which Peter had spent so many of his hours. "Kate," he said, as he entered, "I have come, you see,—because you sent for me."

She jumped up, rushing at him, as though to throw her arms round him, forgetting,—forgetting that there had been no love spoken between them. Then she stopped herself, and stood a moment looking at him. "John," she said, "John Carmichael, I am so glad you have come at last. I am tired minding it,—very tired, and I know that I do not do it as it should be."

"Do what, Kate?"

"Mind it all,—for you. No one else could do it, because I had to sign the papers. Now you have come, and may do as you please with it. Now you have come,—and I may go."

"He left it to you; all of it,—the money, and the sheep, and the station."

Then there came a frown across her brow,—not of anger, but of perplexity. How should she explain it? How should she let him know that it must be as she would have it,—that he must have it all; and have it not from her, but as heir to his kinsman? How could she do all this and teach him at the same time that there need be nothing of gratitude in it all,—nothing certainly of love?

"John," she said, "I will not take it from him as his widow. I never loved him. I never had a kindly feeling towards him. It would kill me to take it. I will not have it. It must be yours."

"And you?"

"I will go away."

"Whither will you go? Where will you live?" Then she stood there dumb before him, frowning at him. What was it to him where she might go? She thought of the day when she had sewn the button on his shirt, when he might have spoken to her. And she remembered, too, how she had prepared his things for him, when he had been sent away, at her bidding, from Warriwa. What was it to him what might become of her?

"I am tired of this," she said. "You must come to Timaru, so that the lawyer may do what is necessary. There must be papers prepared. Then I will go away."

"Kate!" She only stamped her foot. "Kate,—why was it that he made me go?"

"He could not bear to have people about the place, eating and drinking."

"Was it that?"

"Or perhaps he hated you. It is easy, I think, to hate in a place so foul as this."

"And not easy to love?"

"I have had no chance of loving. But what is the use of all that? Will you do as I bid you?"

"What!—take it all from your hands?"

"No; not from mine,—from his. I will not take it, coming to me from him. It is not mine, and I cannot give it; but it is yours. You need not argue, for it must be so." Then she turned away, as though going;—but she knew not whither to go,

and stopped at the end of the verandah, looking towards the spot at which the grave was marked by the low railings.

There she stood for some minutes before she stirred. Then he followed her, and, laying his hand upon her shoulder, spoke the one word which was necessary. "Kate, will you take it, if not from him, then from me?" She did not answer him at once, and then his arm was passed round her waist. "If not from him, then from me?"

"Yes; from you," she said. "Anything from you." And so it was.

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### CHRISTMAS, 1878.

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CHRISTMAS is here once more to-day,  
 With pleasant strain and jocund lay,  
 And kindly voices sounding nigh,  
 Tell of a song once sung on high.  
 'Mid all that's old, and all that's new,  
 All that's tender, all that's true,  
 All that's far, and all that's near,  
 All that's gracious, all that's dear,  
 We are reminded of that Plan  
 To link again our God to man,  
 To bid our doubts and sorrows cease,  
 And give us tidings of glad peace.  
 Hail, then, oh, Christmas! Now once more  
 Thy tidings swell from shore to shore,  
 Telling, like Angel songs above,  
 Of the Creator's endless love,  
 Of all the gifts of heavenly grace,  
 For this our fallen, dying race!  
 All hail, oh Christmas! Let our lay  
 Be joy for all on this glad day!  
 How many years have passed and gone,  
 How fast the sand of time has run,  
 Since we first greeted far away  
 The pleasant scenes of Christmas Day.  
 Old friends, alas! have quickly passed,  
 The joys of earth were not to last.  
 Soft hours have left us in good truth  
 Alone on earth with "rue" and "ruth;"  
 Yet here we are on Christmas Day,  
 When nought of time has liked to stay.  
 But yet why should we now lament,  
 Or speak in tones of discontent?  
 Let others joy. Enough for me,  
 That others yet can happy be.  
 So welcome Christmas once again,  
 With e'en its noisy laughing train,  
 With all its witchery, all its songs,  
 All that to mirth aright belongs,  
 And wreathed smiles, and converse gay,  
 The goodly groups on Christmas Day.



And let's remember all, I pray,  
As we gladly meet on Christmas Day,  
Amid the goodly sights we see,  
That some are not so blessed as we,  
That some no Christmas keep, but lie  
In hopeless, helpless misery.  
May Charity in gentle guise  
Light up those pleasant laughing eyes,  
What seem to throw a gleam on all,  
In cot and farm, and manse and hall.  
May old and young, as now they find  
That hearts are true, and friends are kind.  
Remember all who are far away,  
And all who want on Christmas Day;  
And as the song and jest go round,  
As loving hopes and hearts are bound  
Once more in words of kindly grace,  
As Old Time pauses in its race,  
To Charity their homage pay,  
And double the joys of Christmas Day.

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S O N N E T.

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BRO. REV. M. GORDON.

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'Tis Christmas-tide, and cheerless winter's sky  
The naked fields with frost and cold doth chill,  
And storms, which through the forests whistle shrill.  
But, as 'twere winter's scant joys to supply,  
Hark the glad song:—Glory to God Most High  
In Highest Heav'n above—on earth, good will  
'Mong men, and peace. The stars of Heav'n stood still,  
As round the shepherds shone full gloriously,  
A light, which made night day,—while in their ears,  
Sounded from high, *that sweet, melodious strain,*  
To usher in the Saviour's promis'd reign  
Of blessedness, which yet shall wipe all tears  
From off all eyes, and let the world have peace,  
With love conjoin'd; and make all wars to cease.

28, *Sun Street, Tunstall,*  
*North Staffordshire.*

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LIST OF "ANCIENT LODGES," 1813, WITH THEIR NUMBERS IN  
1814, 1832, AND 1863.

WILLIAM JAMES HUGHAN.

THE following Roll of Lodges has been carefully compiled from various sources for the Christmas number of the *Masonic Magazine*, as a special contribution from one of the earliest writers for it and the *Freemason*.

Few will probably adequately appreciate the labour that has been involved in tracing the particulars, but all who are interested in the early history of the "Ancient" or "Athol" Lodges will find valuable aid in their studies by consulting the list. The numbers on the left side are those which distinguished the Lodges while under the "Ancients," those on the right being as altered at the Union (1815 Calendar, issued in 1814) and in 1832 and 1863, the vacancies exhibiting those which had been struck off the Roll before 1814, and also before each successive numerical change. Many enumerated have since been removed to other cities or towns, and all in existence now are known by their names, not by the places of meeting; for happily, at the present time, the Lodges generally are assembling in private rooms, or in their own halls—a step in the right direction, and one much needed.

The "Ancients" had a "Grand Stewards' Lodge," but it was not on the Roll, and so did not receive a number at the "Union" of December, 1813, it virtually having been merged in the "Grand Stewards' Lodge" of the regular Grand Lodge, or "Moderns" (so called). The "Ancients" started a Grand Lodge soon after 1750, and sometimes, though erroneously, were called "York Masons." The "Grand Lodge of all England," held at York, never granted a warrant to be worked out of this country, and had died out years before the "Union" was consummated.

The "Articles of Union" provided that the Lodges belonging to the two Grand Lodges should be numbered alternately; hence, the "Ancients," having secured the preference, obtained the same number for their *one* as before, the No. 1 of the "Moderns" becoming No. 2, No. 2 of the "Ancients" became No. 3, and No. 2 of the "Moderns" No. 4. Any question arising out of this list will be gladly answered in the columns of the *Freemason*.

Brethren should also study an article by us in the *Masonic Magazine*, July, 1878. Others also are preparing on this important subject.

No.	A.D., 1813.	1814	1832	1863
1	Grand Master's Lodge, Crown and Anchor, Strand	...	1	1
2	Jerusalem Coffee-house, Clerkenwell-green	...	3	3
3	George, Commercial-road	...	5	5
4	Percy Arms, Church-court, Strand	...	7	7
5	Antwerp Tavern, Threadneedle-street	...	9	9
6	Old Crown Tavern, Swallow-street, Piccadilly	...	11	11
7	Royal Oak, Woolwich	...	13	13
8	Golden Hart, Phoenix-street, Spitalfields	...	15	15
9	Fourth Battalion Royal Artillery, Quebec	...	17	17
10	Angel, High-street, Bloomsbury	...	19	19
11	Constituted in London	...	...	...
12	Neptune, Neptune-street, Rotherhithe	...	23	22
14	At a Private Room, Chancery-lane	...	...	...
15	London	...	26	24
16	Edinburgh Castle, New Church, Strand	...	27	25
18	Seventeenth Regiment of Foot	...	...	...
19	London	...	...	...

No.	A.D., 1813.	1814	1832	1863
20	Freemasons' Hall, Bold-street, Liverpool ... ..	31		
21	Castle, Portugal-street, Lincoln's-Inn-fields... ..	33	29	27
22	James-street, Covent Garden ... ..			
23	White Lion, Elephant-stairs, Rotherhithe ... ..	36	33	30
24	Ordinance Arms, Canterbury... ..	37	34	31
25	George Tavern, Upper Pit-street, Liverpool ... ..	38	35	32
26	Nag's Head, Taunton, Somersetshire ... ..			
27	London ... ..	41		
28	Gibraltar ... ..			
29	Deal Castle Inn, Town of Deal, Kent ... ..	44	39	
30	Island of St. Eustatius, West Indies ... ..			
31	Two Sawyers, Minories ... ..	47	40	34
32	Hart-street, Crutched Friars... ..			
33	Glamorgan L., Cardiff Arms, Cardiff, Glamorganshire ... ..	50	43	36
35	White Hart Inn, Chichester ... ..	52	45	38
36	Constituted in London ... ..	54	47	40
37	King's Arms Tavern, Compton-street, Soho ... ..	56	49	
39	White Hart, Sugar Lane, Manchester ... ..	59	52	44
40	Merchants' Coffee-house, Quebec, Lower Canada ... ..			
41	Windmill Inn, Chelmsford, Essex ... ..	60		
42	In the Fortieth Regiment ... ..			
43	Golden Lion, Butcher Row, Coventry ... ..			
44	Milton's Head Inn, Nottingham ... ..	63	55	47
45	Formerly in Liverpool, but withdrawn ... ..			
46	The George, St. Thomas-street, Rotherhithe ... ..	65	57	49
47	Barley Sheaf, Hinckley, Leicestershire ... ..	66	58	50
48	Constituted in Amsterdam ... ..			
49	The Oxford and Gloucester Inn, City of Bath ... ..	69	61	53
50	Freemasons' Tavern, Plymouth .. ..	70	62	54
51	Ship in Launch, Park Gate, Chester ... ..			
52	Thirty-Seventh Regiment ... ..			
53	Humber Lodge, Fleece Tavern, Market-place, Hull ... ..	73	65	57
54	Unicorn, Wigan, Lancashire... ..	74		
55	Constituted in London ... ..			
56	Flower-pot, Salford, near Manchester ... ..	77	68	
58	Fourteenth Regiment of Foot ... ..			
59	Hwlford Lodge, Haverfordwest ... ..	81		
60	Masons' Arms, City of Worcester ... ..			
61	Spurm and Humber L., Freemasons' H., Great Grimsby ... ..	83		
62	Old Church-yard Tavern, Manchester ... ..	85	75	62
63	Black Boy, Wapping... ..	86	76	63
64	Digbeth, Birmingham ... ..	88		
65	Provincial Grand Lodge, Halifax, Nova Scotia ... ..			
66	Row Barge, Halifax, Nova Scotia ... ..			
67	King's Arms, ditto, ditto. ... ..			
68	Cock and Magpie, Wilson-street, Finsbury Square... ..	91	78	65
69	At Philadelphia, North America ... ..			
70	St. George's L., Angel Ina, Berwick-upon-Tweed ... ..	93	80	67
71	Red Lion, Birmingham ... ..			
72	Mariners' L. Talbot, Redcliff Hill, Bristol ... ..	95	81	68
73	Bell Inn, Saxmundham, Suffolk ... ..	97		
74	The Oat Sheaf, Fore-street, Exeter ... ..	98	83	70
75	Seventy-second Regiment ... ..			
76	Green Man, Shrewsbury, Salop .. ..			

No.	A.D., 1813.	1814	1832	1863
77	R. Jubilee L., King's Head Tavern, Fenchurch-street	100	85	72
78	Kingston-upon-Hull			
79	Falstaff Tavern, Portsmouth	101		
80	The Ship, Reading, Berkshire			
81	Spread Eagle, Whitecross-street	104	87	73
82	Spanish Town, Virgin Islands			
83	Cup, Stafford-street, Birmingham	105	88	74
84	The Chequers, Sevenoaks, Kent	106		
85	Sheffield, Yorkshire			
86	Royal Artillery			
87	Good Intent L., Salutation Inn, Stamford	109		
88	King's Head, Winchester, Hants	111	90	75
89	Provincial Grand Lodge, Philadelphia			
90	Thirty-third Regiment, Pitt Fort, Chatham			
91	George Inn, Leicester	114		
92	Charlestown, South Carolina			
93	London	116	93	79
94	Lord Nelson's Head, Sunderland	118	95	80
95	St. Gregory's, Norwich			
96	Commercial Inn, Aldborough, Suffolk	120	96	81
97	Lynn Regis, Norfolk			
98	Doyle's Lodge of Fellowship, Grover's Hotel, Guernsey	123	99	81
99	St. Giles's, Norwich			
100	Shakespeare, Bath			
101	Fifth Battalion, Royal Artillery, Eastbourne	125		
102	Singular Ancient Lodge, Amsterdam			
103	Ship, Harwood Bridge, Yorkshire			
104	Hercules Tavern, Great Queen-street, Lincoln's-Inn-fields	128	103	87
105	The Ship, Sheffield, Yorkshire			
106	Three Cranes, Chesterfield, Derbyshire			
107	White Hind Inn, Newark-upon-Trent	132	104	
108	Island of Tortola, West Indies			
109	Friendly Brothers' L., Crown Inn, Newcastle, Staffordshire	133		
110	Seven Stars, Footscray, Kent			
111	Woolpack Inn, Colchester	135		
112	Fiftieth Regiment	137		
113	Duchess of Brunswick, Dock-gate, Deptford	138	107	90
114	Ship Tavern, Feversham, Kent			
115	Lodge of St. John, Marseilles			
116	Orange Lodge, Three Crowns, Guernsey	141		
117	At Port Mahon, Minorca			
118	Wine-street, Bristol			
119	London			
120	Second Royal Lancashire Militia, Plymouth	144		
121	Old Harbour, Kingston, Jamaica			
122	Upper Ship Inn, Reading, Berkshire	147		
123	Inniskilling Regiment of Dragoons			
124	Sea Lion, Hanley, Staffordshire	149		
126	Ancient Britons' L., Boar's Head, Caerphilly, Glamorgansh.	150		
127	Golden Lion, Whitby, Yorkshire			
128	Globe Tavern, Blackwall	151	112	95
129	Rising Sun, Bromley, Kent			
130	Masons' Arms, Burslem, Staffordshire	154	115	93
131	Atholl Lodge, their own Hall, Newcastle-upon-Tyne	155		
132	Moreton Hampstead, Devon	157		

No.	A.D., 1813.	1814	1832	1853
133	St. Cuthbert's Lodge, their own Hall, Tweedmouth ...	158		
134	White Lion, Lane End, Staffordshire ...	160		
135	R. Cambrian L., Parrot Inn, Newport, Monmouthshire ...	162		
136	Queen's Head, Soho ...	163	118	101
137	Isle of Ely, Cambridgeshire ...			
138	Twelve Brothers' Lodge, Blue Anchor Tavern, Portsea ...	166		
139	The Britannia, Stockport, Cheshire ...	168	121	104
140	Lord Delaval's Lodge, Ford, Northumberland ...	169		
141	Island of Minorca, West Indies ...			
142	Maid's Head Inn, Lynn Regis, Norfolk ...	172	124	107
143	Star Inn, Water-gate, Chester ...			
144	Castle Tavern, Merthyr Tydvil, Glamorganshire ...	175	127	110
145	Percy Lodge, Private Room, Morpeth ...	177		
146	Calcutta, East Indies... ..			
147	Third Royal Lancashire Militia, Chatham ...	179	130	113
148	Second Battalion Royal Artillery, Gibraltar... ..	181	132	115
149	White Swan, Market-place, Norwich ...			
150	Temple Lodge, Marquis of Granby Inn, Folkestone ...	183	134	
151	Island of Nevis, West Indies... ..			
152	Fort St. George, Madras ...			
153	Shropshire Regiment of Militia, Plymouth ...	186	135	117
154	Concord Lodge, Golden Ball Inn, Whitehaven ...	187	136	
155	St. Andrew's Lodge, Halifax, Nova Scotia ...	188	137	118
156	Royal Horse Artillery, Plough Inn, Colchester ...	189		
157	Blue Anchor, Whitehaven ...	180	138	119
158	Union Lodge, White Lion Inn, Carmarthen... ..	192		
159	Crown and Sugar Loaf, Fleet-street... ..	194		
160	Hiram Lodge, Red Lion Inn, Ponty-y-Pool, Monmouthshire ...	195		
161	St. Paul's Lodge, Private Room, Monkwearmouth ...	197		
162	Mulberry-tree Tavern, Bristol ...	198		
163	Mount Sinai Lodge, St. George's, Grenada ...	200	142	121
164	Bear's Paw, Frodsham, Cheshire ...			
165	Derby Lodge, King's-head Inn, Buxton ...	201	143	122
166	Wild Man, St. Andrew's, Norwich ...	203	14	
167	Ship Inn, Blackney, Norfolk... ..			125
168	King's Head Inn, Hythe, Kent ...	205	147	
169	New York, North America ...			
170	Ninety-sixth Regiment, St. Croix ...	208		
171	Bury Bridge Inn, Bury, Lancashire ...	209	150	128
172	Cock, Banbury, Oxon ...			
173	Provincial Grand Lodge, Minorca ...			
174	Freemason's Hall, Southampton ...	212	152	130
175	Royal Regiment of Cornish Miners, Cahir ...	213	153	131
176	Star and Garter, Ness Gate, York ...			
177	Private Lodge Room, Green Island, Jamaica ...			
178	Raven, Kidderminster ...			
179	St. David's Lodge, Red Lion Inn, Berwick... ..	217		
180	Star Inn, City of Oxford ...			
181	Private Room, Stockholm ...			
182	Freemasons' Hall, Dominica ...			
183	Ninth Regiment of Foot, Valenciennes ...	221		
184	City of Brest ...			
185	Crown Inn, Bicester, Oxon ...	224		
186	St. John's Lodge, London Tavern, Newfoundland ...	226	159	
187	Ninth Battalion Royal Artillery ...	228		

No.	A.D., 1813.	1814	1832	1863
188	Black Bull, Settle, Yorkshire	...	...	...
189	All Saints Lodge, Anchor Inn, Wooler, Northumberland	231	161	138
190	Ancient York Lodge, Charleston, South Carolina	...	...	...
191	First Battalion, 91st Regiment	233	163	...
192	Bell, York-street, Westminster	235	165	141
193	Three Compasses, King-street, Golden Square	237	166	142
194	Crown and Anchor, Fleet Market	239	167	143
195	Ship, Brick-lane, Spitalfields	241	169	145
196	Lodge of Antiquity, Bolton-le-moor, Lancashire	242	170	146
197	London Inn, Falmouth	244	171	...
198	Jolly Potters, Church-street, Deptford	245	172	147
199	Travellers' Arms, Dewsbury, Yorkshire	247	174	149
200	Red Lion Inn, Newport, Isle of Wight	249	176	151
201	Redeross Lodge, Port-street, Manchester	250	177	152
202	Inhabitants Lodge, Gibraltar	251	178	153
203	Lodge of Love and Unity, Hoveling Boat, Dover	253	180	...
204	Lodge of Perseverance, Golden-cross, Preston, Lancashire	255	181	155
205	Market-house Inn, Plymouth	256	182	156
206	The Virgins, Kenilworth, Warwickshire	...	...	...
207	Adam's Lodge, their own Room, Blue Town, Sheerness	259	184	158
208	Phoenix Inn, Plymouth Dock	260	185	159
209	In K. O. Regiment of Stafford Militia	262	...	...
210	New York, North America	...	...	...
211	St. John's Lodge, Halifax, Nova Scotia	265	187	161
212	Do. Royal Exchange, New York	...	...	...
213	In Royal Artillery	268	190	164
214	City of Oxford	...	...	...
215	Royal Cumberland Militia, Halifax	270	192	...
216	East Devon Regiment of Militia, Ireland	272	193	...
217	Masons' Arms, Whitehaven	273	...	...
218	Fort St. George, East Indies	...	...	...
219	New York, North America	...	...	...
220	Provincial Grand Lodge, Gibraltar	276	...	...
221	Three Lords, in the Minorities	277	...	...
222	Mariners' Lodge, Private Room, Horn-street, Guernsey	279	197	168
223	Baylis's English Hotel, Ostend	...	...	...
224	Old Crown Tavern, Lichfield	...	...	...
225	Shakespeare's Head, Percival-street, Clerkenwell	281	198	169
226	Red Lion, Greenwich	282	...	...
227	Golden Key, Church-street, Bethnal-green	284	200	171
228	North Devon Militia, Gosport	286	...	...
229	Rousseau, Dominica	...	...	...
230	Barrack Tavern, Woolwich	238	...	...
231	George, Brook-street, Holborn	289	202	173
232	Constituted in Recten's Hanoverian Brigade	291	204	175
233	Kingston, Jamaica	...	...	...
234	Coach and Horses, High Holborn	293	206	177
235	Queen's Head, Wigan, Lancashire	294	207	178
236	Charlestown, South Carolina	...	...	...
237	Berwickshire Militia	297	...	...
238	Joiners' Arms, Chorley, Lancashire	298	210	...
239	King's Head, Wooden Bridge, Chelsea	299	211	180
240	Lord Cochrane, Spring Gardens, Westminster	301	213	...
241	Royal Artillery, Quebec, Lower Canada	302	214	182
242	Freemasons' Hall, Nassau, New Providence	304	...	...

No.	A.D., 1813.	1814	1832	1863
243	Globe Tavern, Chatham ... ..	306	216	184
244	Angel, John-street, Minories... ..	308	218	185
245	Princess Royal, Paul-street, Finsbury-square ... ..	309	219	186
246	Green Dragon, Dudley, Worcestershire ... ..	310		
247	Benevolent Lodge, St. John's, Newfoundland ... ..	312	220	
248	Seventy-sixth Regiment ... ..	313		
249	Prince Edwin's Lodge, White Hart Inn, Woodbridge, Suffolk ... ..	315	222	
250	Placentia Lodge, Newfoundland ... ..	317		
251	Late at the French Horn, Crutched Friars; <i>suspended for unmasonic conduct</i> ... ..			
252	Twenty-third Regiment, or Royal Fusiliers ... ..	318		
253	Green Man, Mansel-street, Goodman's-fields ... ..	319	223	188
254	Cross Keys, Cokermonth, Cumberland ... ..			
255	Rose Tavern, Bishopsgate-street ... ..	321	225	190
256	Arimathea Lodge, Lion Inn, Weymouth ... ..	323		
257	Union Lodge, Kingston, Jamaica ... ..	324		
258	Anchor and Hope, Union-street, Blackfriars ... ..	325	227	192
259	Porcupine, Newport-street, Leicesterfields ... ..	327	228	193
260	Royal Marine Lodge, in Barracks, Chatham ... ..	328		
261	Green Dragon, Poplar ... ..	329	229	194
262	Seventh Regiment Light Dragoons ... ..	331		
263	Albion Lodge, Temple, Bridge Town, Barbadoes ... ..	333	232	196
264	Percy Arms, Church-court, Strand ... ..	335	234	198
265	White Hart, Maidstone, Kent ... ..			
266	Lodge of Peace and Harmony, Fleece, Dover ... ..	336	335	199
267	Old Globe Lodge, their own Hall, Scarborough, Yorkshire ... ..	337	236	200
268	Northumberland's Head, Fort-street, Old Artillery-ground... ..	338	237	201
269	St. John's Lodge, Castle Inn, Windsor ... ..	340	239	
270	Saracen's Head, Devizes, Wilts. ... ..	341		
271	St. George's Lodge, Richmond Heights, Grenada ... ..			
272	Angel Inn, Guildford, Surrey ... ..	342	240	
273	Prov. Grand Lodge, Quebec, Lower Canada ... ..	343		
274	Prov. Grand Lodge, Montreal, Upper Canada ... ..	345		
275	The Volunteer, Dean's Gate, Manchester ... ..	347	244	
276	Greenhalgh's, Cable-street, Liverpool ... ..	348	245	203
277	Prince Edward's Lodge, Beehive, East Smithfield ... ..	349		
278	Caledonian Lodge, Abercrombie Tavern, Manchester ... ..	351	246	204
280	Swan, Swan-street, Minories ... ..	353	247	205
281	Harmony Lodge, Kingston, Jamaica ... ..	355		
282	Wiltshire Regiment of Militia ... ..	356	249	
283	Royal Lodge, Kingston, Jamaica ... ..	357	250	207
284	Ninth Regiment of Dragoons... ..	359	252	209
285	Seventeenth Regiment of Light Dragoons ... ..	361		
286	Union Lodge, Bridge Town, Barbadoes ... ..	362		
287	Lodge of Fortitude, St. Helier's, Island of Jersey ... ..	363		
288	Amity Lodge, Kingston, Jamaica ... ..	364		
289	Old Sawyer's Arms, High-street, Manchester ... ..	366	254	210
290	Angel, High-street, Bloomsbury ... ..	367	255	211
291	Parkhurst Barracks, Isle of Wight ... ..	369		
292	Royal West London Militia ... ..	370	257	212
293	Vine Inn, Exeter ... ..	372		
294	City of Norwich, All Saints, Norwich ... ..	374	258	213
295	Union Lodge, Earl Howe, Bengal-street, Manchester ... ..	375	259	214
296	Windmill and Bell, Romford, Essex ... ..	377	260	
297	The Grapes, John-street, Manchester ... ..	378	261	215

No.	A.D., 1833.	1814	1832	1863
298	Eighty-fifth Regiment, Brabourne Lees Barracks ...	379	262	
299	Ward's Castle Tavern, Lord-street, Liverpool ...	380	263	216
300	Saracen's Head, Camomile-street, Bishopsgate ...	381	364	216
301	Provincial Grand Lodge, Jamaica ...	383	265	218
302	Shakespeare's Tavern, Liverpool ...	385	267	220
303	St. John's Lodge, Horseshoes, Bolton, Lancashire ...	386	268	221
304	Fortune of War, Woolwich ...	387		
305	St. Andrew's Lodge, Cooper's Arms, East Smithfield ...	388	269	222
306	Royal Invalids, Fountain Inn, Plymouth ...	389	270	223
307	St. George's Lodge, Village Flats, Bermuda ...	390	271	224
308	Concord Lodge, Oisten's Town, Barbadoes ...	391		
309	St. Luke's Lodge, White Horse Inn, Ipswich ...	393	272	225
310	Castle Inn, Market-street, Blackburn ...	394	273	226
311	Sixth, or Inniskilling Regiment of Dragoons, Dublin ...	396	274	
312	Shakespeare's Tavern, Woolwich ...	397	275	227
313	St. Pierre's, Martinique ...			
314	Saddler's Arms, Swallow-street, Piccadilly ...	399	276	228
315	Lodge of True Friendship, Calcutta ...			
316	Royal Lebanon L., Boothal Inn, City of Gloucester ...	401	278	
317	L. of Humility, R. Artillery, Fort William, Calcutta ...	402	279	229
318	The Harrow, Brompton, Kent ...	403		
319	Lisbon ...	404		
320	Hotel, Kingsand, near Plymouth ...	405		
321	Ninety-first Regiment ...	406		
322	Seventy-eighth Regiment ...	408		
323	Marine Lodge, Calcutta ...	410	282	232
324	Somerset Lodge, St. George's, Bermuda ...	411	283	233
325	Anchor and Hope Lodge, Bermuda ...	413	284	234
326	In Garrison, Cape Breton, North America ...	415		
327	Etruscan Lodge, Talbot Inn, Stoke, Staffordshire ...	417	285	
328	Royal Marine Lodge, in Barracks, Woolwich ...	418		
329	Sixth Battalion Royal Artillery, Ceylon, East India ...	419		
330	Lisbon ...			
331	Bridge Town, Barbadoes ...	422		
332	First Battalion, Fifty-eighth Regiment, Portugal ...	424		
333	Ninety-second Regiment ...	426		
334	Lodge of Harmony, Guernsey ...	428		
335	Jersey ...	429		
336	Buckingham Arms, Stonehouse, Plymouth ...	430		
337	Lodge of Unity, at Brother Guilliard's, Guernsey ...	431		
338	First Battalion, Fourteenth Regiment, Calcutta ...	432		
339	<i>Withdrawn</i>			
340	Second Battalion, Thirty-fourth Regiment ...	434		
341	Harmony Lodge, St. Helier's, Jersey ...	436	290	
342	Friendly Lodge, Kingston, Jamaica ...	438	291	239
343	In Fourth Garrison Battalion, Guernsey ...	439		
344	Neptune L., Prince of Wales's Island, East Indies... ..	441	293	
345	Fourth Battalion, Royal Artillery, Portsmouth ...	443		
346	Union Lodge, Curaçao, West Indies ...	444	295	
347	Second Battalion, Fourteenth Regmt., Fort William, Calcutta	445	296	
348	Sixty-eighth Regiment, Brabourne Lees Barracks ...	446	297	
349	Loyalty Lodge, Private Room, Guernsey ...	448	299	243
350	Lodge of Charity, Royal Artificers, Jersey ...	449		
351	First Veteran Battalion, Three Cups Inn, Harwich ...	450	300	
352	Farmers' Lodge, Prince of Wales, Grouville, Jersey ...	452	302	244



No.	A.D. 1813.	1814	1832	1863
353	Fifth Regiment of Foot, Fernoy ... ..	454	304	
354	Tenth Battalion, Royal Artillery, Cape of Good Hope ...	456	305	
355	Mechanics' Lodge, Jersey ... ..	457	306	245
356	Tenth Battalion, Royal Artillery ... ..	459		
357	Royal Union Lodge, Cirencester ... ..	461	307	246
358	Union Lodge, Demerara ... ..	462	308	247
359	Lodge of Chosen Friends, Martinique ... ..	463		

### THREE CHRISTMAS EVES.

#### AN OLD MASON'S STORY.

BY BRO. REV. WM. TEBBS.

CHRISTMAS Eve in Brinemouth that year was not one of those jolly times of which one so often reads in the Christmas Annual, all snow and frost, all gas-light and glitter, all fun and revelry; but it was one of those awful nights that the Brinemouth people can tell of, when the wind howls and roars amongst the house-tops, shaking the roofs and swaying the chimneys, and, down by the Hard, driving the huge inrolling waves high up the street, dashing them in foam against the very house doors, and whirling the blinding foam far above the ridges.

Through the cutting wind and the pitiless pelting rain two men passed from the Crown and Anchor, where they had been at Lodge, but were now returning supperless to their own abode. As they neared the door a blooming woman, scarcely past middle-age, strangely beautiful for her time of life, threw it open ready to welcome with a fond kiss her husband and her son.

"Well, Paul! Well, Charles! how has it gone at Lodge to-night?"

"Dreadfully dismal," replied the son, which he quickly altered to, "solemn as usual, mother dear," as he noticed a strangely sad shadow pass over her usually laughing face, toning down, and well-nigh blotting out her captivating smile.

"Yes! darling," added Charles Nelson to his wife, "solemn, but, to me, most beautiful, as I trust it may ever prove in years to come to all those who, belonging to the old Crown and Anchor Lodge, shall care to learn the meaning of this our Memorial Lodge held every Christmas Eve!"

"Father! Mother!" said Paul, turning to her as he spoke, "tell me the meaning of this, for I am certain from the interest you take in it that you do know the meaning of this night's solemn rites."

"I do, my boy," said Mrs. Nelson; "but it is not mine to tell the tale of how a woman once gained entrance to a Mason's Lodge, and there took silent part in one of the most solemn rites that they have. Ask your father, my boy; and, if he thinks that your probation has been long enough, and that to know this strange history will do more for you than merely gratify your curiosity, I am certain that he will impart, under certain conditions, this knowledge to you."

"That I will, Mary, and this very night, too, for none could be more seasonable, as it was on just such a weird wild night of storm as this that that which we commemorate year by year took place."

Supper ended, and, according to ancient custom, the loving-cup of hotted elder-wine, with its sippets of toast, having been handed round and partaken of, and the

mother, giving her son the same warm embrace with which she had ever clasped him from his childhood until now, an embrace that he was manly enough to be proud of and loving enough to return, having retired for the night, father and son drew nearer the fire, and for a few minutes the crackle of the Christmas log was the only sound that broke the otherwise perfect stillness.

"Father," at length said the younger man, "what is the meaning of what my mother said?—A woman in a Mason's Lodge—a woman a partaker of one of our most solemn rites—a woman the possessor of a secret of which even I, the Master of our Lodge, am profoundly ignorant! What new phase of mystery is this? What *does* it mean?"

"One moment, my son," replied the older man; "before I can tell you the meaning of this rite of to-night I must exact from you a solemn promise on your word of honour as a man, and as a Mason, that you will hand on to your successor in office that which I shall impart to you to-night, provided that he shall prove worthy of the confidence reposed in him; that you will take care that this Memorial Lodge shall always be held, an *Emergency Lodge being expressly called for the purpose*; that after my decease, or my having become incapacitated, you will take care that the chair shall be taken, whenever possible, by the oldest Past Master of the Lodge; and that you exact a like promise from the man to whom you hand on the care of maintaining this solemn observance."

To these several promises Paul having given his complete assent, Charles Nelson continued,—

"On just such a night as this, my boy, five-and-twenty years ago, the ship *Ethel* was lying here weatherbound, the Lieutenant of which, Basil Alisoun, whom you now well know, was a member of our Lodge, but only of the Fellow Craft degree. As there seemed every prospect on his arrival of Basil remaining here the requisite time, a Lodge of Emergency was called in order that he might be raised to the sublime degree of a Master Mason. The only available night was Christmas Eve, and when it arrived and the Lodge was opened, somewhat to our astonishment, every officer was in his place, and every resident member present, although the night was of the character that I describe.

"All went on as usual, the different degrees being worked with possibly a trifle more care and solemnity than was generally the case, although I am glad to say that there has been no lack of either exhibited since I have known the Lodge.

"We had opened in the third degree, and were waiting for the candidate to be introduced, when heavy footsteps, as of persons stumbling, were heard slowly mounting the staircase which wound past the side of the Lodge-room. These sounds were followed by an alarm from the Tyler, who announced that an aged man demanded admittance.

"'Demands?' said our secretary, a little dapper man, who, although kind-hearted, was remarkably fussy and stilted. 'No man can *demand* admittance; he can *ask*, and we may *grant* it, but he cannot *demand* it.'

"'I'm not so sure of that, for when I was a young member of Lodge'—began poor old Brother Blunderbore, who invariably opposed whatever Brother Secretary so confidently advanced.

"As the Worshipful Master knew perfectly well that a discussion of this kind would consume an unlimited amount of time and only result in the same non-agreement at the end of it, he smote his pedestal sharply with his gavel, and said decisively, 'Brother Past Master Chapman, you will go and prove this Visiting Brother, and will bring back with you a report.'

"The Past Master in question, having been absent some little time, returned to the Lodge and reported that 'Brother Paul Roberts demanded admission to his Mother Lodge!'

"Brother Blunderbore nodded with a triumphant air of affable condescension towards Brother Secretary, who had, together with his argument, collapsed, whilst the Worshipful Master ordered that the Brother in question should be admitted, not,

however, before Brother Chapman had informed us that that Brother was very ill, that he had come over in the *Ethel*, that he was staying in the house, and that he had told Brother Goodwin, the host, that he was a member of our Lodge, all of those who were members with him were dead save one, of friends in the outside world he was utterly bereaved, and that it was his earnest wish to say a few words of greeting and encouragement to those who had succeeded his departed friends of this his Mother Lodge. We noticed Brother Blunderbore start uneasily at this recital, but as he was an eccentric, although, as we believed, thoroughly good-hearted old man, we only put it down to senile fidgetiness, and paid no further heed to it.

“‘Let him be admitted,’ said our Worshipful Master, and the door being flung wide open, there was borne in on a chair by Brother Goodwin and the Tyler, and set down at the western end of the Lodge, a hoary-headed man, bowed apparently with age, down whose breast flowed a white beard, which imparted to him such a venerable aspect, that instinctively many a man in Lodge had flashed through his mind the thought that surely our Master Hiram must be there in person.

“Slowly the old man rose, and standing for a moment, supported by the Senior Warden and his Deacon, upon whose shoulders he leaned on either side, he gravely saluted the Master and greeted the Lodge with hearty good wishes for Christmas-tide, apologizing for thus temporarily stopping the proceedings; and saying that before we parted he had a few words to say; he fell back into, rather than resumed, his seat; after which he was borne to the place of honour in the East.

“The proceedings then went on until, at the proper time, the Master, looking across to our visitor, bade him as the oldest Past Master present to give the Charge to our newly raised Brother.

“Again rising slowly from his seat, and leaning upon his Brethren on either side, he impressively rendered those words of solemn counsel and obligation. Beginning weakly at first, the old man’s voice rose and strengthened as he proceeded, until the weighty sentences poured out in a powerful and musical cadence. The Charge being finished, he turned to the Master and said,—

“‘Worshipful Master, my heart longs to say a few words on this my second reunion with my Mother Lodge; whilst my failing strength admonishes me that I may not long delay, I crave your indulgence and that of my Brethren here assembled, whilst I pour forth what may be my last utterances before I enter

“‘The undiscovered country, from whose bourn  
No traveller returns.’

“‘Years ago—so many that I can scarce call to remembrance the number—on such a night as this—on Christmas Eve—a young man full of life and vigour, full of health and promise, I was made a Mason in this very room. I thought but little at that time of our noble Craft, and attended its meetings but now and then, just for the companionship of those I knew and respected. Things went well with me, and, after a year’s courtship, I took to me to my wife, my darling Mary—’

“Here the poor old man’s tears fell thickly, and he shook as if he would have fallen. Collecting himself, however, by an enormous effort of will, he went on,—

“‘One darling girl, the image of my Mary, was given to bless our union, and on her all the wealth of our united love was lavished. When she was three years old, we one day received a letter from a port on the Spanish coast to say that Mary’s uncle, who had been a second father to her, was lying there at the point of death, and that he was wishful to see her before he died. We knew not what to do; go, we felt, we must; but what about our little one? It was winter, and stormy weather, too, and we dared not risk her precious life, whatever we might feel bound to do with regard to our own. At last a worthy brother,—here the speaker’s eye, wandering round the Lodge, lighted for a moment on Brother Blunderbore, who again gave the same nervous start that I had seen before. The old man, however, did not seem to notice it, but proceeded,—

‘took charge of her, promising that he would guard her as his own; and we started.

“‘Before we went—what made me do it I cannot tell—doubtless the Great Architect guided me—I took from my chain a small Masonic charm—the seal of our Royal Grand

Master—and attached it to our little darling's necklace; at the same time I gave my Mary my certificate to put in a place of safety in her luggage.

“In the Channel a terrible storm came on, which, by the time that we had gained the Bay of Biscay, reached such a frightful pitch that we became a perfect wreck.

“The boats were ordered out, and into one I put my darling, when, as I was preparing to follow her, a huge wave came and either swamped the boat or carried her far out of sight of the ship.

“I fell down in a swoon, and only recovered long hours after in the bottom of another of the boats into which the Captain had put me. Instantly the whole scene was again before me, and frantically crying for my darling, something within my brain gave way, and I remembered no more.

“Months or years afterwards—I knew not which—I came to my senses in an asylum in France, to which, by the Captain's (a Brother) kindness I had been taken, and where I had been well cared for, and visited frequently by the Brethren of the Lodge held in the town.

“When I was sufficiently recovered, a farewell Lodge was held, and enough money having been given me to defray my expenses, my more-than-Brethren accompanied me to my ship, and bade me God-speed.

“I reached home—this place—only to find that the bank wherein my money was deposited had failed, and that I was actually a beggar. But worse than this remained behind. My child was gone—my little Mary lost! Oh, heaven! what should I do? The last bond that held me to earth was snapped asunder!

“Wildly I rushed from the Brother's house into whose charge I had given my little one, whence through the carelessness of a nurse she had strayed or been stolen; and, uttering frightful imprecations on that Brother's head, who, nevertheless, was in it all blameless, I hurried in the darkness of that second Christmas Eve to the Hurd.

“My very brain was on fire, for the same wild madness had returned again with tenfold intensity, and I was determined to join my Mary in that far-off land to which I was sure she had been called, or at least to end by one short sharp pang the misery in this that I could no longer bear.

“Rushing frantically along, I can just remember catching sight of a break in the parapet wall of the quay where some repairs were being done, and to this I turned; but as I approached it, with a view to making the fatal spring into the black seething waters below, I stumbled and fell over some tool that the builders had left behind when they had gone from their daily work, and at the same moment my hand struck against some small hard object lying on the pavement in the shadow of the wall. Unconsciously I picked it up, and, for the moment, to my maddened brain, the shock of the fall brought back partial reason. Stooping, I groped for the object over which I had fallen, and, dragging it into the feeble light of the cloud-obscured moon, I thought at first that it was a plumb-rule. In one instant of time—nay! it could have hardly been even an instant—there flashed across my mind—“God is an upright Judge!”—“Shall not the God of all the earth do right?” Sinking upon my knees, I found that the tool was really a large level, and thereupon my thoughts wandered on to: “My ways are equal, *your* ways are unequal, saith the Lord!” At the same moment the moon, bursting afresh from the driving clouds, cast a beam of pale light upon the object that I held in my hand, which fell open, for it was a book, a bible, dropped by some one on the road to church, and there I read: “He ruleth the raging of the sea and stilleth the waves thereof when they arise!” The wind blew over rapidly the pages, and my eyes fell upon the words, “Peace! be still! and immediately there was a great calm!”

“I saw it all now clearly enough, and falling prone upon the hard cold earth, I fervently pressed my lips upon the Word of that Great Father who, thus whispering words of peace instead of condemnation to my troubled soul, had, by His far-reaching pardon, even in the midst of a premeditated deadly sin, “saved my soul from death,” restored quiet to my brain, and drawn my heart to Him.

“And yet I needed comfort. Were not my dear ones gone? Gone, too, was my earthly all. But for this I did not care further than that the loss of it would prevent

my effectually searching till I found the resting-place of my wife and the darling child she left me when she went before.

“Resolutely turning my back upon the treacherous sea, that had so nearly been to me an unhallowed grave, I once more turned into the town, and finding the door of a church—St. Mary’s—open, I turned in and sank upon my knees in humble prayer. I know not how long I stayed, but as I thanked the Great Architect for His mercy, suddenly a voice—it seemed like my Mary’s voice from heaven—burst into song. It was Mendelssohn’s glorious, “In His hands are all the corners of the earth;” and as the words fell upon my ears, they seemed to sink into my very soul, and bid my drooping heart take courage, for that wherever my little one was dwelling, there the Great Father’s hand was over her for good.

“I felt, now that I was calmer, that reparation was due to the Brother that I had wronged; true, my child was lost from beneath his roof, but, equally true, he had sought her, and—finding her not—had mourned for her as if she had been his own. Accordingly I went to his home, but he was away, “gone to Lodge,” they said, and thither I turned my halting steps.

“I approached the door, and was humbly waiting without, when the Tyler, recognizing me, notwithstanding my forlorn appearance, called out my friend, who I found was then the Master of the Lodge.

“I began to ask his pardon, but—half embracing me—he covered my mouth with his hand, and, drawing me into the presence of the Brethren, seated me close by his side. Truly! I felt like the prodigal son! for the meeting was one of Emergency, called on this Christmas Eve, fit night for charity and love, for the sole purpose of considering my case, and the Brethren had determined to give me sufficient for my present wants, and to advance me upon my bank deposits, which it had been ascertained would be refunded, sufficient to enable me to start in life afresh.

“I accepted with joy their generous offer, and having been assured by all that they would aid the Brother, in whose keeping I had left my little daughter, to prosecute the search, I bade them farewell, and started next morning for France to try and glean some tidings of my Mary’s end.

“Returning to the town where French Brethren had so befriended me, I started thence, and wandered in every direction, far and wide, for many a weary month. At last, at the close of a long day’s walk, having been resting for a time under the porch of a little rustic church, hard by the sea-shore, as I rose to go into the village, my attention was attracted to the shadow of the churchyard cross, which was so cast by the moon as to form a back-ground to a tiny marble headstone, which was thus thrown up in strong relief. The stone itself was also in the form of a cross, and on its arms were traced Masonic emblems. Stooping to see better the inscription I read,—

“MARIE,  
DU FRANC-MAÇON, LA  
MARIÉE.”

“Mary! My wife!

“All through that night I lay with my head pillowed on that stone, and was found half dead with cold in the morning, by the village notary, himself a good and worthy Mason, who took me to his house.

“When I had recovered, he told me of the finding of my Mary’s body, lying calm and beautiful as if in sleep, in a weed-bedecked nook in the rocks, on the morning after a terrible storm. In the bosom of her dress, the notary’s wife, since laid to rest beside her, found my certificate securely sewn, whence knowing her to be a Mason’s wife, as such the Masons had reverently buried her, and raised above her grave the marble cross that I had beheld the night before.

“My Mary’s resting-place thus found, half of my earthly task was done, and, knowing that I could only hope, by chance, or rather by the guidance of Heaven’s great Architect, to discover my other treasure, I have wandered about almost without purpose until this night, when, resting once more in the place where my Mother

Lodge is held, for the third time I find assembled on a Christmas Eve a Lodge of Emergency. Something tells me that it too will be an eventful one.

“ ‘This much, my Brethren, before I resume my seat, I now wish to say: To the Master’s keeping I give these papers; in one of them is written in full this history of mine; in a second a disposition of my property in case my daughter should ever be discovered; in a third, another disposition in case this discovery should not be made, a disposition whereby, returning, for Brethren’s love to me, poor, afflicted, sad, a Brother’s love to others in distress, I give my all to Masons’ widows and their children left bereaved.

“ ‘And now, my tale thus done, time warns me to be short; much longer I cannot live; therefore, to you, my Brethren, of those who more than once befriended me the worthy representatives, I give my final charge; beseeching you to follow up my quest: to find my child if possible; to execute the trust of those my testaments and to tell her, my second Mary, that not until his latest breath was drawn did he father cease to seek to find the lost one.

“ ‘My task, so far as in me lies, is done; to you, my Brethren, my failing breath reminds me that I must commit its further care——’

“ ‘Tis done!—Behold!’

“ ‘Every eye followed that of the aged speaker to the door of the Lodge whence proceeded this startling interruption, and there, within the Lodge, stood Brother Blunderbore, whilst through the half-opened door could be seen a woman’s form.

“ ‘From the quivering of the old man’s frame, and from his breathing, which had suddenly become hurried and distressed, it was evident that not a moment was to be lost; so having hastily thrown their coats, or anything that was handy, over such parts of the Lodge furniture as were prominent, the Brethren summoned the woman within the room. She stepped forward, with a startled gaze, till her eyes lighted upon the Traveller-Brother’s face, when in an instant her eye flashed with a strange and almost supernatural fire, as she almost shrieked,

“ ‘FATHER!’

“ ‘At the sound, the old man started to his feet once more, and with the cry,

“ ‘MY CHILD! MY MARY!’

he sank back into his seat, and such a change came over his features that we thought for the moment that he was gone.

“ ‘Not so, however, for with the application of restoratives, he rallied again, and then Brother Blunderbore, stepping forward and taking his hand, exclaimed—

“ ‘Paul! Brother Roberts! Paul! Do you not know me?’

“ ‘I do! indeed, I do!’ exclaimed the old man; ‘but how, William, found you my daughter again?’

“ ‘The story is short,’ said Brother Blunderbore, ‘simply this,—

“ ‘Your child was playing by my door, when a passing tramp decoyed her away, as we suppose, for her clothes. He took her many miles that afternoon, pushing onward to a distant lodging; night came on whilst they were still short of the distance, and the little one, footsore and weary, being able to go no further, he was obliged to beg a lodging in a gipsy’s tent. A flickering ray of light from the camp-fire, piercing an opening in the tent-side, fell sparkling on a little jewel still hanging round the neck of the child; curiosity prompted the gipsy-wife to examine it; when, to her astonishment, she beheld her own talisman, the Seal of the Royal Solomon. She forthwith awoke her husband, and the pair, taking the child under their protection, in the morning, drove forth the tramp, after fruitlessly examining him as to the child’s belongings.

“ ‘For two years they wandered from place to place, calling on an officer of the Lodge in every place they came to that possessed one, and in many instances making visits to isolated Brethren, with a view of restoring the child to its parents; they knew that the little one was a Mason’s child by the jewel, and Solomon’s Seal was sufficient to awaken within their loyal breasts a love that might have been a Brother’s.

“ ‘At length they reached this place, which the child at once remembered, and she was restored to my arms by the gipsies, who would take no recompense, save the

privilege of calling whenever they might pass, to see after the welfare of the girl. In due time she wedded the present Master of our Lodge.

“‘Brother Paul, on this third Christmas Eve she stands before you!’

“‘Father! Father! He falls! he is dying!’—here cried the agonized woman, rushing forward and trying to clasp him ere he dropped to the ground.

“‘Father! Oh! Father, found and at the same time lost!’

“The Brethren’s arms, however, supported him whilst, for an instant, he stood erect, and murmured,—

“‘No! my child! The Father that has so long befriended thee is still thy guardian and thy guide. Follow His behests, and, hereafter, in His good time, join thy mother, and thy father, who now leaves thee, happy in the knowledge of thy fate.’

“He made again as if he would fall, but the Brethren gently lowered him on to a couch that they had pulled forward into the centre of the Lodge. For a brief moment he raised himself upon his elbow, whilst a strange light shone from out his eyes, and exclaimed, ‘Christmas Eve—Christmas Eve—Christmas Eve—Master!—Brethren!—William!—Mary dear!—Farewell!’

“Then as he sank back he said: ‘Work done and labour over, the Grand Master calls to refreshment—So labour—that—ye—may—enter—into—His—Rest.’

“The venerable head fell back, and Paul Roberts was at peace; sobbing convulsively, his daughter fell upon her knees, with her face resting on that breast, all so quiet now, and as she thus bent over him, pendant from her neck, just lightly rested on his heart, for ever stilled to this world, the mystic Seal of the Royal Solomon.

“The Brethren fell upon their knees, whilst Brother Blunderbore, the oldest Past Master of the Lodge, his voice choking with suppressed emotion, tearfully began the solemn Memorial Service,—

“‘What man is he that liveth and shall not see death? Shall he deliver his soul from the hand of the grave?’

“‘Man walketh in a vain shadow, he heapeth up riches, and cannot tell who shall gather them.

“‘When he dieth, he shall carry nothing away; his glory shall not descend after him.

“‘Naked he came into the world, and naked he must return; the Lord gave and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord!’

“Then, taking up the volume of the Sacred Law into his hands, he continued,—

“‘Let us die the death of the righteous, and let our last end be like his!’

“And the Brethren, as one man, replied,—

“‘God is our God for ever and ever, he will be our guide even unto death!’

“Laying the Holy book upon the dead Brother’s breast, most solemnly the Past Master said,—

“‘Almighty Father! into Thy hands we commend the soul of our loving brother.’

“To which the Brethren replied,—

“‘The will of God is accomplished! so be it!’

“Then falling on his knees, the aged Brother prayed,—

“‘Most glorious God! author of all good, and giver of all mercy, pour down Thy blessings upon us, and strengthen our solemn engagements, with the ties of sincere affection! May the present instance of mortality remind us of our approaching fate, and draw our attention toward Thee, the only refuge, in time of need—that when the awful moment shall arrive, that we are about to quit this transitory scene, the enlivening prospect of Thy mercy may dispel the gloom of death; and after our departure, hence in peace, and in Thy favour, we may be received into Thine everlasting kingdom, to enjoy, in union with the souls of our departed friends, the just reward of a pious and virtuous life! Amen!’

“The weeping daughter was tenderly led forth, whilst the body of her father was gently borne to a room in the hotel, whence it was subsequently taken to burial in the old churchyard by the Hard, the yard of the very church where Brother Paul had thought he heard his daughter’s voice in the cheering words, ‘In His hands are all the

corners of the earth!' Many a Mason followed him to his last resting-place, and in a little while we put over him a counterpart of the cross that our French Brethren had erected over the grave of his wife, and of which a drawing was found in his breast-pocket, its sole inscription, besides Masonic Emblems, being,—

“BROTHER PAUL,  
AT REST!”

“The old man’s wills contained a bestowal of his property upon his daughter, if ever found, and, failing that, to Masonic charity. His daughter received the property, which had become considerable, and presented the Lodge with Life Governorships of our Charities in perpetuity.

“That night the Lodge was solemnly closed down, but not before the Brethren had determined always to hold a Memorial Service on Christmas Eve, just as we have been doing to night.”

“My boy,” continued Charles Nelson, “you look enquiringly at me. I will answer your question by anticipation. The woman who for once stood within those sacred precincts, and the Master of the Lodge, that night, were your mother and myself!

“May the great Architect of the Universe grant you, my boy, and your Mildred, as many happy years together as we have spent since the last of those eventful,

“THREE CHRISTMAS EVES.”

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## GRADUS AD OPUS CÆMENTITIUM.

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### FIRST.

BEFORE its portals, bending,  
A lowly suppliant stood,  
In hush'd and awe-struck wonder  
Weighing, for ill or good,  
The step that lay before him—  
The prize he strove to gain—  
When lo! from out the stillness  
Soft music's solemn strain  
Broke on the ear—and the chant  
Of many voices stole  
Louder and louder—bringing  
Peace to the troubled soul.  
At last the calm was broken,  
The time of trial drew near—  
Into the dark uncertainty  
He trode, till half in fear  
He paused; but hands were outstretched  
To help, to guide, to lead—  
And firmer, now, and firmer,  
He stepped towards the meed—  
The prize—the goal he long'd for—  
Pray'd God defend the right:  
He stood before the Master  
Who spake and it was Light.



S E C O N D .

ONCE more he stood, but wondered not nor falter'd,  
As on that night before—  
Grown bolder from the cup he erst had tasted,  
He craved to quaff still more.

A blaze of light, with solemn grandeur, painted  
The stately moving forms—  
Naught seemed of earthly strife or toil, nor tainted  
With aught of earthly storms.

The hush of peace and rest had like a mantle  
Spread its thick folds o'er all,  
'Ere HE appeared to fight another battle—  
To conquer or to fall.



And now in solemn stillness he trode onward,  
The narrow winding way,  
Nor turned to right, nor turned to left, nor faltered,  
Nor ever looked away,

Till, standing firm between the Past and Future,  
And humbly knocking there,  
The veil, by kindly hands, is rent asunder,  
Whilst voices fill the air,

Whisp'ring of Faith, of Love, of Hope unbounded,  
Of virtue to be won,  
Till link by link a brotherhood is moulded  
And fashioned into one.

They spake of that far distant time, now dawning  
When peace, and joy, and rest,—  
Like golden clouds at eventide descending  
Into the radiant west,—

Shall fill the whole earth then, as now the waters  
Do cover the great deep,  
Till Time's Eternity of purpose falters  
And all is wrapped in sleep.

And then the work well done—the labour ended—  
Each brother tried and true,  
Invoked His name, in which all voices blended,  
T. G. A. O. T. U.

T H I R D .

TIME has flown on, and we meet those who had parted,  
Gathered once more round the shrine of Labour and Love,  
Nor long do we wait ere the form we have followed has started,  
In search of that which was lost—treasure-trove from above;  
But with us, as we gaze on the fair face of him who fell,  
Come thoughts of the Past, glad but sad, which we may not tell.

There is in our hearts at such times yearnings far higher,  
 Nor mixed with the dross which clings to all earth-born—earthly,  
 A glimpse of that Eden which comes but to man as a fire,  
 To refine the all that is left of life worthy—  
 A wish to gently glide on for ever and be at rest,  
 To be with those who have conquered, and won, and are blest.

Glad hearts are around, and faces smiling and sunny,  
 To greet with kind brotherly love, and words that are sweet,  
 Him who has dared the perils of Death for the sake of the honey  
 Contained in the hive he has longed for, and laboured to greet.  
 From henceforth, for ever, his portion amongst us to dwell,  
 Till Death bids us welcome, and we to each other farewell.

From Darkness to Light, holding Truth safe in his keeping,  
 To a bright future that shall blot out the care of the Past,  
 To the land where the radiant red roses of love are sleeping.  
 He is welcomed and honoured—a dweller at last;  
 For who that has knocked at that door has received a denial,  
 If spotless and free he has passed the time of his trial?

And now ere the scene fades, and the vision is gone,  
 Let me tell of the calm that descended on one and all,  
 As the Master, in slow, solemn tones, thus addressed the new-born,  
 In words of wisdom—who follows shall never fall.  
 May those precepts be found not alone on our lips, but our heart—  
 For ever and ever to take and to cherish, till Death us do part.

Brother,

Ere we part, I would impress once more upon you,  
 That the shifting scenes through which you now have passed  
 May never lose their hold—may always be remembered,  
 Acted on, and kept before your sight. Thus you will learn  
 To look beyond the narrow limits of particular institutions,  
 And to view each son of Adam a brother of the dust.  
 Never forget that state of helpless indigence  
 In which you entered upon this trial of mortal life;  
 In the active principles of universal charity,  
 Remember ever the time of your distress. Extend,  
 In the hour of affliction, such relief and consolation  
 As you can. Ever bend, with all humility,  
 Before the Great Architect of the Universe.  
 Purify your mind, dedicate your heart,  
 For the reception of that truth and wisdom,  
 Which shall guide you in the improvement  
 Of your fellow-man, and, pressing onwards, shall  
 Lead you upwards, even to the Throne  
 Of God himself. Cultivate the intellectual gifts  
 With which God has endowed you; and learn  
 The just estimate of those wondrous faculties  
 Given to be used for the happiness of mankind.  
 Above all, know thyself; be prepared  
 For the closing hours of this existence,  
 Which is but temporary. Guide your steps  
 Through the intricate windings of this mortal life,

That at the end you shall have fully learned  
 How to die. Remember that, to a man  
 Just and virtuous, Death has no terrors  
 Equal to the stain of falsehood  
 And dishonour.

FURUYA.

## HOW I WAS FIRST PREPARED TO BE MADE A MASON.

BY BROTHER SAMUEL POYNTER,

*P. M. and Treasurer, Burgoyne, No. 902. P. M. Athenaeum, No. 1491.*

THE near approach of Yule-tide reminds me that Freemasonry first presented itself to my notice in the form of a merry game played at a Christmas party in an old country house.

"How many years ago!" as little (?) Buttercup pathetically apostrophises the first lord's "sisters, cousins, and aunts" in the play. Well, I was a very small boy then, and my sisters, cousins, and some of my aunts too, for that matter, were bouncing, romping girls, and we were all full of fun, and as greedy for a new game as an old epicure for a novel relish.

Forfeits palled upon us. Hunt the slipper had fatigued us. The clever youth of the party (not the present writer) had exhibited his card tricks three times over, until the dullest child present, *à* five, had detected all the *modus operandi*. Blind-man's-buff was stale—musical chairs (ah! ah! fair reader, do you know that game?) had not yet been invented; we were rapidly becoming bored, when a genius, in the shape of a lively-maiden, who had seen some seventeen summers, exploded a bomb-shell in our midst, by propounding the astounding query—were any of us Freemasons? Some three or four of the party owned to being members of the sportive craft. I, with the majority, had to confess ignorance; but with that keen desire for knowledge so characteristic of the juvenile mind, we—the cowans, only they didn't call us so—professed our eager desire for initiation. Fortunately our hostess, a buxom and merry young matron, turned out to be a past mistress in the craft, and the introducer of the sport at once enlisted her services and those of the other emeriti who had pleaded guilty to the occult knowledge.

The Scottishman, who, visiting his compatriot, found that the preparations for his hospitable reception were not so patent as he desiderated, jogged his host's sluggish memory with the inquiry, suggestive of possible toddy: "Is there sic' a thing as a kettle i' th' 'oose?" Our mistress of the revels now startled us all, except of course those who were in the secret, with the tremendous question, "Is there a baby in the house?" A baby! In what awful rite were we about to assist? A baby! I had just been reading "Ivanhoe." In the notes to that exquisite romance, I remembered perusing an account of how the populace at Grantham had arisen and slaughtered the Jews in a riot on the false rumour of some uncanny celebration of the passover, in which a baby had played an awful part. I thought of the creed of Isaac of York, and trembled. A baby! Was it not also recorded in the notes to "Woodstock," how the roundheads spread the gruesome calumny that Lunsford's dragoons derived their strength to fight for Church and King from devouring Puritan infants? Is it too discursive to repeat the old but good story anent this vulgar tradition?

In the skirmish at Brentford, roaring cavaliers from Colnbrook and Uxbridge to the west, facing London: snub-nosed, crop-eared traders and prentices, kneeling behind eighteen-foot-long pikes in the east: the dragoons are clearing the streets, using, peradventure, the flats of their broad swords a little too freely-over the backs and

shoulders of fair as well as stern precisians. From an adjacent cottage emerges a poor washerwoman, bearing a by no means plump nursling, and seeks to propitiate the nearest trooper by depositing it on his saddle bow. "Good sir, spare a poor woman's few sticks, in God's blessed name, and here, sir, is a trifle for you. Perhaps you have had no breakfast. We all know that you eat babies, and you needn't mind taking this one, for he's only a nurse child, and there's a year's board owing for him, and the Lord only knows whether I shall ever get paid!"

*Si non vero e ben trovato.* But to return to our muttons, or rather our babies. The fair craftswoman's enquiry having been answered in the affirmative, the past mistresses retired to make the necessary preparations for the reception of the unenlightened, and on their return, that numerous body were relegated to a convenient room adjoining the lodge, which, in this instance, was the hall, and we were all formed up *en queue*, as they arrange you at the entrances to French theatres, outside the dining-room door, for in that *salle à manger* the lodge was then being opened in due form.

Now if you suppose that I am about to betray the secrets entrusted to me on that eventful occasion, you form a very erroneous conception of what I regard as honourable principle; but I will tell you all I dare; all that a scrupulous regard for the duty entailed by my obligation will permit. If any curious or enterprising reader desires to know more, let him communicate with me through the publisher, cheques crossed London Joint Stock.

This, however, I may say, and seriously say, *imprimis*, that the game turned out to be a perfectly pure, harmless, juvenile bit of fun. There was nothing coarse about it. In no conventional sense do I say, in no apologetic tone need I urge, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*. That eminent authority on morals, Mr. Podsnap himself, had he been present, could not have detected in it the slightest tendency to produce that culmination of domestic perfidy, which he euphemised as "calling up the blush to the cheek of the young person." It was a sport in which both sexes could, and did, with perfect propriety and modesty, take part, in that blessed season which has so long been, and long may it continue to be, consecrate to innocent mirth.

You will have observed, gentle reader, that a few lines ago I introduced the subject of a baby with an adroit reference to a kettle. Now this was not done without design, as you will presently perceive, for, while we were waiting without the door of the lodge, and a little uneasy at the sounds proceeding from within, where the craftswomen appeared to be fighting each other, using the fire-irons as weapons—conveying quite a different idea to our minds from that of love and harmony, which we had an indistinct notion even then should characterise the members of the craft—while we were waiting, as I say—one of the brethren—I beg pardon—sisters, emerged with much mystery, only opening the portal sufficiently wide to enable her slim body to pass, carefully managing so that none of the expectant *queue* should get a glimpse, through the aperture, of the interior of the apartment, and, carefully closing the door after her, propounded the very question asked by the Scottish visitor, "Is there a kettle in the house?"

Well, there was no great difficulty in providing a culinary utensil of that tolerably ordinary character, and presently it was carried through the crowd, and, with the same precautions as attended the egress of the bearer, introduced to the lodge. Certainly the fair members seemed very uneasy within, and their wants numerous. Charcoal, for instance, was required. The house was searched—fortunately with success—for a piece of chalk, soap, sponges, basins, cold water,—all were conveyed into the lodge, with the same solemnity and mystery; then came that, according to tradition, indispensable "property" of an initiation, a tremendous poker, procured from the kitchen; but what puzzled the postulants more than anything else was an excursion which one of the ministering priestesses made to some upper apartment, whence she descended bearing goodly store of spotless white robes, of delicate priceless lace, of snowy toilet naper, all of which the portals of the mysterious chamber stealthily, silently, but greedily absorbed.

Stop! did I say silently? I recall the word. The very mischief—whatever that may mean—appeared to be going on inside. The expression "an infernal row" sounds so suspiciously like using an expletive, that it is at all events open to the objection of

inelegance, and yet I know of no other term to describe the *bouddonnement*, the sound of which was—not wafted to but—banged into our ears. And yet “row” is a very expressive word, and the expletory adjective only suggests such a *chamaillis* as the spiritual creatures with whom we imaginatively people the place we, by a wholly incorrect euphemism, term Hades, may be supposed to be in the normal habit of making. I once read a very ghastly but expressive illustration of uproar, but then the clangour was supposed to proceed from supernatural causes. “They make a noise,” said the old sexton, “just as if they was ghostes a playing at skittles with their own dead bones.” But here the concussions appeared to be produced by metallic rather than osseous machinery. Fancy the clanking that Jacob Marley’s ghost’s adornment of cash-boxes and iron safes made when Mr. Scrooge was so frightened; only imagine it much more *staccato*, more strongly accentuated, emphasised, and multiply it, to be moderate, say by twenty, and you will have some idea of the clangour that affrighted our juvenile souls as we stood outside those grim panels, tremblingly wondering what was to happen.

It wasn’t my turn to go in first, I remember. One of the hierophants emerged with the mystery that seemed absolutely *de rigueur*, and seized upon the victim nearest the door as her prey. He was very long and very lanky—one of those stupid boys who at seventeen seem to have left off growing intellectually at seven, and to have sought to compensate for that abstinence by running on into any amount of physical elongation. I believe in those days a gentleman by the name of Calcraft fulfilled an important office in the chief executive of the law. Of course I ought never to have read of such things, but I am afraid the penny dreadfuls of the present day had their antitypes in the fourth decade of this century, and somehow I had acquired an idea of the delicate yet firm manner in which the deemster approached the law’s forfeit at the supreme moment, and for the life of me I couldn’t help connecting Polly Prattleton’s appropriation of trembling and, I rather think, boo-hooing Tommy Twistler, with a certain grim ceremony then rather too frequently performed on a Monday morning in a gloomy apartment denominated the Press-room, and situate within a well known grim stone edifice, near the centre of the city of London.

The first operation performed upon Tommy, and which, I verily believe, produced the boo-hooing aforesaid, consisted in blindfolding that martyr with his own not over-clean kerchief. Then the mysterious portal opened and closed upon the candidate and his conductress, and suddenly the turmoil ceased, and a silence that might be felt reigned within and without—a silence broken after the lapse of a few seconds by shrieks and yells of—yes—demoniac laughter, proceeding from within, in the midst of which the door gapes again to receive another hood-winked aspirant—this time of the fair sex—and the same sequence follows of awesome silence ruptured by spasmodic explosions of mirth.

The victims did not re-appear! Each succeeding burst of hilarity was enhanced by another personal contribution to the cachinnation. Can you recall Lamartine’s wonderful description of the death song of the Girondists? Well, the effect here was inverse to that. If you remember, the twenty-two marched to the scaffold singing the “Marseillaise” as with one voice. Number one is strapped to the board, which is forthwith inverted, the moribund one still singing with the rest. There is a flash, and a chop, and a thud, as a head rolls into the basket, and only twenty-one voices are left chanting the refrain, and the warbling throat of one of these is even then being embraced by the lunette, and then the flash, etc., etc., etc., and there is a warbler the less, but the twenty are still “giving it mouth,” and so on, and so on, and so on, until only one set of vocal apparatus is left to incite to *allonging* and *marchonging*, as Dickens’s unimaginative Briton phrases it. A second more and there is complete silence. There *diminuendo*—here *crescendo*, as the still increasing roar resounds from within. At last came my turn. With faltering voice I professed my willingness to undergo the ordeal. With beating heart I submitted to the tender but ready hands of my conductress as the fatal bandage excluded the light, and then—and then—and then!

Now I should have told you that it was adroitly but diabolically contrived that between the hood-winking process aforementioned and the actual reception into the

lodge-room a period for reflection on the part of the candidate was allowed to intervene—a lapse—an interval of suspense, dread, doubt, who shall not say despair! Many years afterwards, in sad and sober earnest, I went through a process somewhat similar to that I was then undergoing in hilarious play, and I sincerely declare that the uncertainty of the situation, the quasi terror, the semi-solemnity of the sport, affected me more seriously than the ordeal when I was about to engage in the reality. What were they about to do with me? What about that baby? Why the kettle? Whence the noise? Were the white raiments sacrificial robes? Had the poker a symbolical or a very practical meaning? Wherefore charcoal? How was the chalk to be employed?

\* \* \* \* \*

I believe Mistress Anne Agnew was stretched upon the rack, and that Lord Keeper (or was he Lord Chancellor?) Wriothersly, conceiving that the "sworn torturers" did not turn the levers of that machine "with a will," as Captain Cuttle would say, did incontinently pull off his furred robe and "turn to" personally to give the lady's limbs an extra wrench. I am given to understand that the late Guy Fawkes, of Yorkshire, and of the army of His Majesty the Emperor, Esquire, made practical acquaintance with the terrible frame I have mentioned. Mr. Peacham, according to the unexceptionable authority of my lord of Verulam, was "shrewdly pinched" by similar tortures. Monsieur Calas, of the Kingdom of France, a hundred and fifty years later, endured all his limbs being broken one by one, under the hangman's lever on the wheel. In the same happy country we have heard of "Damien's bed of steel," and I profess I would rather suffer that would-be regicide's doom—he was, I believe, kicked to death by wild butterflies, or torn limb from limb by tame horses—I would prefer, I declare, to endure his agonies, or any of those I have above referred to, rather than reveal—unless for a very handsome consideration (see *ante* as to the bank upon which cheques should be crossed)—what I beheld when ultimately the cincture was removed from my temples and the light restored. *Arma virumque cano*, indeed! Of arms—arms and the man, children in arms, you mean—I sing? Rather I cry. But there, if I do not rein up, I shall violate my obligation and let out all about that baby. Suffice it to say that the illumination revealed a situation which fully justified the otherwise unaccountable hilarity.

And here let me endeavour partially to allay some of those excruciating pangs of unsatisfied curiosity which are now doubtlessly being suffered by the tantalised reader. Although tortures—indeed *nothing short of the gentle pressure* before alluded to—when the wind could not coerce the traveller into divesting himself of his cloak, the sun tried, and we all know with what result; when the lady of mature years requested a young gentleman to divulge a certain secret, and on his positive refusal asked him whether neither love nor money could induce him, the prudent youth replied that he didn't know so much about the love, but suppose his fair adjurer tried the money first—(*verb. sat. sap.*) Although, I say, nothing, that is to say, hardly anything, would persuade me into telling you what the secret was; there is no clause that I am aware of in my solemn pledge to prevent me warning you what it is not. Now, a kind of spurious nursery society, working, of course, without any legal warrant, has sprung up of late professing to be the depository of the great secret so gravely imparted to me. I have ascertained *their* signs and passwords, and, as an antidote to the mischief they no doubt try to disseminate, will disclose them fully. There can be no doubt about their spuriousness, inasmuch as the testing phrase was not even invented when I received my baptism in the merry rite. The assumed member of the craft, I am informed, is tried thus:—The examining brother makes a motion with his right hand indicative of hushing an infant to sleep, at the same time whispering solemnly, and as if uttering a caution, "Don't make a noise." Should the examinant be really a brother, he will respond by elevating his right forefinger, as if acquiescing in the necessity of the warning, and reply, also in a low tone, "Or else you'll wake the baby!"

Shall I supply enthusiasts with an illustration that the immortal swan of Avon sung not for an age but for all time—that his genius could anticipate by two hundred and sixty years the refrain of a coekney lyric, and provide a situation wherein it would aptly fit? Why, at Drury Lane the other day, when old Antigonus was toddling about on

the sea-shore, with "the hateful issue of Polixenes" cradled in his senile arms, didn't the gods detect the applicability at once, and didn't they salute the aged male nurse—the faithful old lord—with stentorian quotations of the injunction which forms the chorus of their favourite music-hall ditty?

How many of those happy, gay, healthy, apparently immortal, revellers have since then gone over to the majority? Nay, is not the question rather, how many remain to "in this harsh world draw their breath with pain"? Well, well, *Eheu! fugaces* \* \* \* \* \* *anni labuntur*. It is a reflection that every recurring Christmas will bring with it, and alas! each succeeding one presents it in gloomier tinting!

I have often thought that in the copious literature of this blessed season, one aspect of its joviality, of its apparent recklessness and sentimental gush—to use a hateful but expressive modern word coinage—one idea has escaped due attention. I mean the leading thought of this festivity as a standing protest against dry selfishness, that cold realism and negation of sentiment which some philosophers worship—they probably worship nothing else—under the name of common-sense. Indeed, it was with the French equivalent for this very phrase that the work, the production of a French Abbé—which, translated by Thomas Paine, and re-christened by him with the name of the "Age of Reason," professed to make the most formidable attack ever directed against Christianity since its foundation—first appeared towards the close of the last century. But that peculiar cult which consists in the adoration of a god called Common-sense, created by its worshippers and usually in their own image, does not now, in this country at least, take the direction so much of an assault upon ancient faiths as of a contempt for traditional sentiments. Utilitarianism, in its modern costume of political economy, is no new idol, nor is it now for the first time that heretics, who will not bow the knee to this would-be absolute Baal, lift up their voices against its extreme pretensions. There is in horology a compensating principle to the apparently inflexible working of metallic machinery known as an escapement, and, map and measure human existence and its inevitable incidents as we may, some such principle must be invoked to qualify the effects of an inexorable series of operations, which, logically, consistently, coldly, unimpassionedly, carried out, would render the desiderated perfection of existence a phase of being, having the same relation to our present assumed imperfect but eminently practicable state, that the icy moon bears to our sun-warmed planet. This principle of compensation, this longing after a relaxation of strict inevitable order, common to the whole human race, found expression in the pure and innocent festivals instituted by the Church, succeeding as they did the corresponding but wholly gross recreations of heathenism. To the same feeling of the necessity of sentiment, to the same instinct that life was dual, and that its perfection required the indulgence of the emotions as well as the perception of pure palpabilities, may be ascribed the inculcation of the exercise of charity—the principle of chivalry, founded, as it was, upon the benevolent duty of protection to the weak, by means of valour acquired and encouraged for the purpose of controlling the tyrannically strong.

I do not know that I can adduce a better illustration of what I mean than by directing attention to the opening chapter of the late Mr. Charles Dickens's "Christmas Carol." Indeed, the whole book is a sermon upon this text. Mr. Scrooge, it will be remembered, is a very learned professor in the school of modern political economy, and his opening sentences display, in sententious terms, certain axioms which are not easily controverted by the intellect, however intolerable and even false they appear when their import strikes and shocks the heart. How their real hollowness is exemplified, how an important factor, human emotion, is left out of the sum—and—and—how the product comes out, is known, I should think, to nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand readers of these pages.

Such a protest, then, against materialistic self-love, mere self-aggrandisement, the institution of Christmas supplies. In such a light, this glorious festival has always presented itself to my mind. Nay, may I say it?—I am sure I mean it reverently—in such a light was it, I think, in its inception commended to mankind by the pæans of the heavenly heralds singing in the star-lit firmament above Bethlehem.

The entertainment from very early youth of such sentiments as I have above endeavoured to describe, will, I think, be admitted to be a very hopeful manner of enriching the soil for future Masonic production; but on looking back and reflecting upon the matter, I think that I must have been prepared to be made a Mason by some such negative process as the Spartans are said to have employed to train up their sons in habits of temperance. *Let me try to explain this.*

My first observations of the world external to my own family were formed at a period in this century's history when the saying that the schoolmaster is abroad was common in every mouth. Considering what I remember of that time, reminiscences the accuracy of which any reader of middle-age has the means within his own memory of examining, I am disposed to think that the proposition was founded on truth; but I am furthermore inclined to believe that the world would have been none the worse, but perhaps, on the whole, rather better, had that public officer been exercising his useful functions at home. Be that as it may,—and this is not the place to enter into such a disquisition,—my youthful mind was struck with a certain hardness, coldness, negation of emotion, in the rising school of philosophers—not even now altogether absent from their profession—which disquieted, nay, revolted me. I knew intimately a man who used to absolutely set my teeth on edge with his wise saws and modern instances of what he was pleased to call good sense. The late Mr. Benjamin Franklin was this gentleman's model, and to hear him discourse you would have thought that our American brother—not that I knew anything about Masonic brotherhood then—never entertained a generous impulse or experienced a warm emotion in his life. Brother Ben, I confess, when I came afterwards to recognise his craft fraternity, came down to me heavily handicapped, for in my youth I hated Poor Richard and all his words and works as heartily as in my catechism I had been taught to hate a certain fallen Prince of the Powers of the air, who is not popularly supposed to be altogether averse from the inculcation of self-indulgence and worldliness. Do you require any further idea of the character of the worthy man who was good enough in this matter to play the helot to my Spartan youth? Because if you do, I can refer you to a little known novel called “Hard Times,” where the late Mr. Dickens has presented his fellow under the name of Mr. Gradgrind, and I commend the study to your serious attention, for thereby, although you may—mind I do not say you will—learn what worldly prudence is, you will certainly acquire some knowledge, perhaps no less useful, of what Freemasonry is not.

I gathered, then, that the cardinal and primary article of this creed, or cult, was contained in the saying so often quoted by its followers and believers, “Every man for himself, and God for us all.” It is a comprehensive proposition, if you come to think of it. For example, it satisfactorily relieves the professor from the inconvenient necessity of debarring himself from a single advantage or benefit—or it may be stretched so far as to say even any self-indulgence—that will not work apparent self-harm, for the purpose of promoting the advantage, the benefit, or even the convenience of any other human being. I remember my friend used very sententiously to reconcile its meaning with the attainment of Bentham's famous aspiration, the greatest happiness of the greatest number; I do not remember the process of this learned argument; but it worked out so as to evince that the philosopher's desideratum would be found in the “survival of the fittest,” only Professor Huxley's since renowned saying had not then been uttered. I can recall that I listened to, but was not convinced by, my instructor's contention; but he was doing me good all the same, if only by leading my juvenile mind to ponder whether, after all, there were not more things in “Heaven and Earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy.”

Now it must be remembered that I was a very little boy, that my mentor was a middle-aged and tolerably well-to-do man, therefore he had presumably put his theories into profitable practice—he had exemplified their soundness by a test which the world always regards as final, viz., success. I should inform the reader, too, that I had been carefully brought up in strict, perhaps slightly exaggerated, ideas of the respect due to seniority, and so I did not attempt to argue, as the ingenuous youth of the present



day would incontinently presume to do, only I put this and that together, and came to the conclusion that I was not altogether satisfied that the millennium would arrive when all mankind had become converted to a belief in the utter indisputability of the axiom that the whole theory of human happiness was contained in the injunction to buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest.

Of course it was obvious that such a mistaken indulgence in emotion as benevolence rendered by heaven-born charity could find no place in this scheme of philosophy—a philosophy which, of course, by eliminating charity altogether from its field, bundles the offshoot or manifestation of benevolence along with it—for it is plain that the branch must go with the tree. This, however, was a necessary application of the “survival of the fittest” theory, and I was not scholar enough to controvert its soundness. Somehow, I thought it seemed to clash with scriptural teachings; but then the philosophers would say, “So much the worse for the scriptural teachings,” if they came into collision with their creed. The earthenware pitcher, floating down the stream in company with the brass pot, must give the latter a wide berth, or the crockery will come to grief.

But there was something else. On the principle that birds of a feather flock together, my apostle of utilitarianism was wont to gather around him certain worthy missionaries of the new faith, whose professions I was sometimes privileged to hear. I need not—it would be distasteful to me and repugnant to my readers—attempt to reproduce the profound, the ponderous, the invaluable utterances of these sages. Suffice it to say, I gathered that in literature, the bank-book, the ledger, the title deeds, the rent roll, were all the products of the human brain worthy a prudent man’s attention. Art meant profligacy, degradation, ruin, for it involved idleness and dissipation. Those forms which appealed to the senses under the seductive presentations of music and the drama were not to be named, or alluded to only to evoke a wholesome denunciation in an expression of righteous abhorrence. I used sometimes to think, however—no doubt it was very irreverent, but youth is not without its aberrations into levity—that it would have been very unsafe to tempt one of these old gentlemen with an order for the Lyceum, and bet heavily on the faith of its not being used. Don’t you remember how a hero of fiction of this school, the late lamented Mr. Jonas Chuzzlewit, attempts to obtain *κudos* with his lady-love by treating her and her sister when up from the country to the sights of the town. The passage is worth quoting,—

He “submitted their pedestrian powers to a pretty severe test; for he showed them as many sights in the way of bridges, churches, streets, outside of theatres, and other free spectacles, in that one forenoon, as most people see in a twelvemonth. It was observable in this gentleman that he had an insurmountable distaste to the insides of buildings; and that he was perfectly acquainted with the merits of all shows in respect of which there was any charge for admission, which it seemed were every one detestable, and of the very lowest grade of merit. He was so thoroughly possessed with this opinion, that when Miss Charity happened to mention the circumstance of their having been twice or thrice to the theatre with Mr. Jenkins and party, he enquired, as a matter of course, ‘where the orders came from?’ and being told that Mr. Jenkins and party paid, was beyond description entertained, observing that ‘they must be nice flats certainly,’ and often in the course of the walk bursting out again into a perfect convulsion of laughter at the surpassing silliness of those gentlemen, and (doubtless) at his own superior wisdom.”

In short, the happy individuals who had thus attained to that *apogee* of human excellence to be expressed by the persistent reiteration of the, to them, most essential part of the refrain of the old song, “I care for nobody, no not I,” and acting in accordance with the assertion, had achieved the *summum bonum* of human felicity, which we may take to be not far removed from having but one object and sticking to it. Steadily pursuing your aim, as King Dick achieved the throne. To, as it were, focus your intellect and energies. To imitate Harry Gow in the *melée*, and fight for your own hand. As Lord Houghton illustrates singleness of object by a figure also drawn from the lists when combatants were—

“Content as men-at-arms to fight,  
Each with his fronting foe.”

The streets of the city of old were said to be kept cleansed by each citizen scouring the pavement before his own front door.

So every one of these virtuous citizens set before himself that a steady application to the achievement of one object, which may be described as the conversion of every threepence three farthings into a groat, was the one great sole, worthy, dignified aim of each individual life. Tom Hood limns the creatures thus,—

“Of the very metal of merit they told,  
And praised her for being as good as gold,  
Till she grew, like a peacock, haughty;  
Of money they talked the whole day round,  
And weighed dessert, like grapes, by the pound,  
Till she thought at last from the very sound  
That people with naught were naughty!”

Enough of the contemplation of this loathsome tribe. Let me dismiss my mentor. The steady application of his principles enabled him to make a fortune. Persistent adherence to them lost it. But what then? The calamity. He invested his accumulated capital in an estate, bought for comparatively a song. He snugly chuckled at the idea of evading the conveyancer's expenses, of investigating the title, and, behold, a flaw, and ejection, and lawyers' expenses, a hundredfold the amount originally saved, and consequent loss of prestige, and, perhaps, self-respect, but certainly what he regarded as far more important, purchase-money. But again, what then! The calamity need not necessarily close a career. He was scarcely past middle life. Whatever he had sacrificed, he still retained the habits that had originally achieved for him comparative opulence. At two o'clock in the afternoon the dismayed aide-de-camp announced to Marmont that the battle was lost. “What matter?” was the Marshal's reply, “before nightfall there is time to win another!”

Some shrewd observer has pointed out that in whatever locality we find a poison, beneficent Nature has, on the very spot, provided also an easily accessible antidote. About the time the aforementioned teachings were rife—I had almost written popular, but that they never were, the great heart of the nation is too sound for that—certain voices arose, crying aloud in the wilderness, and proclaiming energetically that though the teachers we had of old been accustomed to revere might not have “known everything down in Judæe,” there was nevertheless a “something” in the inculcation of self-abnegation which those simple fishermen and handicraftsmen had propounded. These zealots wholly declined to subscribe, nay, even earnestly denied the article *de fidei*, that immediate result was the sole measure of value. They even assumed to contemplate the practicability of a kind of sentimental investment, and went so far as to assert their belief that it was not wholly impossible that it might—oh supreme test of logical proof in the nineteenth century—pay! Notwithstanding prevalent faith in the settlement of all things by “the higgling of the market,” they propounded the heresy that,—

“Gentle words and kindly deeds are never thrown away,  
But bring unlooked for harvest on some cloudy autumn day.”

As they say—only it is a myth, more's the pity—that the mangoose, when bitten by the viper, resorts to some wholly fabulous plant, and by eating thereof counteracts the inoculated venom, so I found my antidote ready to my hand. Reader, you possess it also. In the pure literature of your country. In the allegorical lore that has produced a Tom Pinch, a Mark Tapley, a Major Dobbin, a Colonel Newcome, you have a standard ever applicable. Not to inculcate folly—not to panegyrize recklessness—not to discourage thrift. Thank God, the days when the Charles Surfaces and Lovelaces of society were its heroes and desiderated models, if ever they really were, are gone for ever. We live in an age when prudence and sobriety are no longer regarded as incompatible with philanthropy and conviviality; we seek to reconcile temperance with mirthfulness, industry with benevolence. “This should ye do, and not leave the other undone.”

Observation of the world, then, a moderately extensive acquaintance with our literature, taught me very early in life's career that some creed, some cult, was needed

as a protest against the selfish hurry and turmoil which appeared to my boyish mind to be the normal condition of civilized mortals in their struggle for existence. This mental condition, when found,—this solvent which would reconcile prudence with philanthropy—which should indeed, through self-abnegation and benevolence, attain to the soundest and loftiest exercise of prudence,—would be the haven where, if only at intervals, the storm-tossed barque of the soul might ride secure, resting awhile from the struggle with the troubled ocean, and, so to speak, repairing and refitting for the voyage of life, which must ever be renewing, and renewed.

So much “high falutin” has been indulged in when members of our beloved Craft have written anent it, that one cannot be too cautious in the employment of anything like hyperbole in expatiating upon its merits. If I assert that in Freemasonry there is to be found that happy condition which I have above adverted to, it must be distinctly understood that I contemplate—as I am bound to contemplate—the abstract principles of the Order; and I fearlessly assert that in those principles, considered as a profession, the much desiderated reconciling repose may be discovered. I am perfectly aware that thousands of good men have lived and died practising these principles, who, like the individual in the play who had been talking prose all his life without knowing it, have been true and worthy Freemasons without being aware of the fact. I cannot, on the other hand, disguise or deny the truth that not always is the practice of legitimately admitted Freemasons consonant with their professions, but—

“Where’s that palace whereunto foul things  
Sometimes intrude not?”

*Cucullus non facit monachum*; and I admit that the snowy lambskin has adorned the epigastrium of many a man who, notwithstanding his assertions, has not entered our Order uninfluenced by mercenary or other unworthy considerations; who, working and living in it, has not always set before him its sublime aims, its lofty aspirations, its noble exercise. Do you remember the sweeper in Mr. Interpreter’s house? With his rake he picks out of the mud many and many a filthy, and, comparatively, worthless trifle, oblivious of the jewelled crown of gold held within his reach, just above his head, but to which he never lifts his eyes. Is it altogether inappropriate at the blessed Christmas season to claim for Freemasonry that it seeks to set up a standard of that virtue peculiarly associated with the festivities of Yule.

I passed but yesterday a little roadside—shebeen it would be called across St. George’s Channel—beershop: it bore the quaint sign of the “Live and let live.” Surely the thought is not incongruous with a panegyric upon the Craft. To let live, not in the sense of permitting existence, but understood as aiding and encouraging physical and spiritual vitality in your fellow human beings. To live, not for self-gratification, not for self-aggrandisement, but for the welfare of man, and to the glory of God. To bear ever in mind the beautiful profession of Terence, *Homo sum et humani a me nil alienum puto*, and prayerfully to endeavour to act up to it. Such is the interpretation the worthy Freemason puts upon the injunction to “live and let live.” Such the claim he asserts for his Order to be termed sublime. And to you, dear readers, I would most affectionately urge, while wishing you a merry Christmas and a very happy new year, that such reflections are not only not incompatible with the social enjoyments of the season, but are wholesome concomitants thereto. They elevate the mind and submit to that altitude from which the great divine idea of purification inaugurated, as upon this day—that eternal illustration of self sacrifice—should be regarded. And, oh, how beautiful that spectacle of suffering love! Beautiful to all men, of whatever creed; for, as the heathen author has taught us, love, even to the extent of suffering for our fellow mortals, is restricted to no race, confined to no faith! And how much more suggestive to those who have seen the light, the illuminati who can behold clearly what I, the humblest of craftsmen, the servant of servants, perceived as but through a glass, darkly, when I was first prepared to be made a Mason!

## CHRISTMAS DAY ON BOARD HER MAJESTY'S SHIP "NONSUCH."

TWO days before the 25th of December, 1873, arrived and anchored in the spacious harbour of Hong Kong H.M.S. "Nonsuch," one of a series of newly-patented ironclads which had been adopted by the Admiralty. The work of mooring over, the chief aim of "all hands" was to have a "Merry Christmas," and preparations were begun forthwith, which were hardly stayed on the Christmas Eve, when a sad accident happened to a boat's crew. It had been blowing freshly for several hours when the second cutter, which had not been lowered since leaving England, was "called away." From some cause, never explained, the foremost fall (or rope by which the boat is lowered) gave way. The boat fell, her bows just touching the water, while her stern remained fast; the crew was precipitated into the tide, which was running strongly at the time, and, notwithstanding that boats were almost instantly on the scene, they succeeded only in picking up nine of the poor fellows, and of these some had received such severe shakings that they were at once sent to the hospital. Of the remaining three it was thought that they must have been knocked insensible and so have been swept far away by the current, before rising to the surface, if they ever did. By the way, these waters of China are very chary of giving up their prey. Both in the Canton River and the Yangtzi Kiang I have known many cases of "falling overboard," but never once have I seen a single body recovered. I remember in the former, just below Whampoa, that one afternoon a man, who had been slung over the bows to blacken the cable and hawse pipes, slipped into the river from hardly a height of two feet; the alarm was given—the lifeboat manned and dropped almost by the time he could have reached the stern, yet after pulling about for an hour, nothing was brought back save his cap. During the next seven days we fired heavy guns at intervals, but nothing more was seen. Some have put it down to under-currents, but in this last case the man was a powerful swimmer, and surely had that advantage over the cap.

I had several times before visited Hong Kong, but had never climbed to the top of the hill which rises behind the town of Victoria, and is known as Victoria Peak. Its height is 1,825 feet, and there is a signal station on the summit from which a gun is fired when mail-boats are sighted. So on this Christmas Eve A—— and I agreed, with two friends from the old "Princess Charlotte," to inaugurate the following day by an ascent, and we were to meet at the clock tower at 5.15 A.M. Here are the notes I took of that never-to-be-forgotten undertaking:—

- 4.0 A.M.—Roused by the sentry.  
 4.10—Shook A——, who turned over, saying he was too tired to think of it.  
 4.30—Gave A—— another chance; a nap had not altered his opinion.  
 4.50—At the gangway hailing a sampau. How drear and dark it looks!  
 4.59—Reached the clock tower, evidently the first at the rendezvous.  
 5.0—Clock striking. Counted five, and meditated on the best way of passing the next fifteen minutes.  
 5.3—Very dull! darker than ever! think it will rain! increase pace between clock tower and wharf, and take sweet consolation out of an early pipe.  
 5.5—Glimmering lights flitting about borne by dusky Chinamen. Wonder which way they'll come from the "Princess Charlotte"! from Peddar's Wharf or up the Queen's Road? Well! can't miss them while I stick to clock tower. Wonder if they'll do an A——. Pshaw! 'tis too early yet.  
 5.7—Evidently going to rain.  
 5.8—Dropping slowly—faster and faster. Still keep to my walk, and brave the elements.  
 5.10—Raining thick and fast. Despite good resolutions driven under the shelter of Hong Kong hotel colonnade.  
 5.13—Rain shows signs of giving over. Resume walk. Have an idea it will clear up:

5.14—Idea proves good! It has cleared up! Stars are peeping out.

5.15—Now or never! Yes—there's a step—only a couple of celestials. Chin! Chin!! Early birds catch the worm! Serve the worm right for getting up so early! I'll wait another quarter.

5.17—How comfortable I should be on board. Another hour-and-a-half before turning out. Shall I give it up? Away base thought! Never!!

5.20—Suppose they don't come! Start for the Peak by myself in the dark! Don't like it! Have heard horrible stories of prowling Chinamen up that way! Wonder if they carry lanterns! Guess not!

5.22—Yes! I'll give it up—I'll take a walk round Happy Valley instead. Good idea! Get out there just by daylight.

5.24—Unhappy thought! Prowling Chinamen are more likely to be met with out there than up Topsy.

5.25—Pipe out! Between two opinions. Victim of misplaced confidence. By Jove!!! I'll not be baulked—Prowling Chinamen be hanged. Stand clear! I'll do the Peak alone. Happy thought! start at once before courage evaporates.

5.26—Started.

5.29—Lamp-posts getting few and far between.

5.30—Heard clock chime far below. Nearing the open country beyond the settlement.

5.33—Passed the last lamp-post and lost all note of time.

Later—Onward and upward! Closer and closer!! Warmer and warmer!!! Look in vain for daylight. Réveille sounds from the camp and shipping now far beneath me. Look for east, but can't settle its whereabouts.

Time further on—Lighting up away to right. East, of course! Begin to take it easier, as fair light of morn chases away the shadows of night—prowling Chinamen included—and shows things in their proper colours. Take heart accordingly, even whistle for a couple of yards, but find it awfully trying.

About 6.0—Light insufficient to distinguish minute hand of my watch. Passed the Police station in the Gap—all quiet.

Sea-view and sea-breeze come together—delightful!

6.23—Reach the summit and wish the signal-man his first "Merry Christmas." He tells me he has been up some time looking for the mail. Glad to have some one to chat to on this festive morn. Must join him in a cup of coffee. He hopes to sight mail soon, for as soon as the gun is fired, he will be able to get below. Remembers more than one Christmas Day on which the mail has kept him alone at the summit throughout the day.

7.0—Fog has suddenly enveloped the Peak. Signal-man comes down to his garden-gate. Tells me to keep to left side while fog lasts. Good-bye, and I'm fairly started.

7.30—At the G. P. O. in Victoria. Decide that walking down, if quicker, is more trying than going up.

8.0—On board to a Christmas breakfast, after which the hands were piped to "rig church" on the main deck, between the heavy guns with their muzzles "run out" through the portholes, looking anything but emblems of that "Peace and goodwill" which should be preached on this festive morn, more than any other throughout the year. When all is ready the ship's bell is tolled—the sailors and marines come tumbling up from below—the master-at-arms reports to the commander "all aft"—the chaplain takes his place at a reading-desk amidships, and the Christmas service is begun by singing the grand old anthem, "Hark! the herald-angels sing."

But it is not to hear a grand Christmas service that so many visitors have gathered together; save a bit of evergreen stuck round the breach of the guns, there is no attempt at decoration, neither are there altars, lights, or processions; the service is of the simplest, and the sermon wonderfully short. It is not for this that over half-a-hundred followers of St. John's and St. Peter's have forsaken their own churches ashore on this Christmas morn. No! The sailors' Christmas-tide does not commence till the bell strikes eight (noon), and it is for that we are now waiting. Ding! Dong! Ding!

Dong! At last! A procession is immediately formed, headed by the band, led by the Admiral, Sir Charles Reefpoint, and consisting of an immense concourse of officers and visitors, starting, to the merry tune of "The Roast Beef of Old England," to inspect the mess decks. Passing under an archway, with oranges and paper flags peeping out in wild profusion from the thick masses of evergreens that formed it, a scene meets our gaze baffling description, and far surpassing all that the mind ever pictured of the enchanted palaces of Arabian Nights' sweet memory.

The port-holes had been darkened, and on every side the blaze of a thousand candles, curiously and wonderfully fixed, lent their aid in producing a scene of brilliancy rarely equalled. It was not the deck of a man-of-war: everything that could possibly tell of everyday life had been carefully hidden by evergreens, draped with flags, or enveloped with coloured tissue paper and flowers. Each table was bountifully provided with Christmas cheer, whilst at the end stood the cook of the mess with offerings of pudding or cake, and as the Admiral without distinction patronised them all, he soon had his hands full and was obliged to send for his valet to bring a basket. To describe each mess, with its varied emblems and devices, in which sailors love to revel at this season of the year, would be o'ertasking memory's powers, yet we cannot pass on without culling here and there from amongst such an array of beauty a blossom fairer than the rest. Such an one have we in the Petty Officers' mess—a pretty and tastefully got up chandelier formed by two equilateral triangles, composed entirely of many-coloured flowers, whilst on each point of the star that it forms glitters a light. Another, is the shield formed of drawn swords, whose burnished surface reflects in waves of light the rays from the mystical seven candles burning in front of it. A little further on, just opposite the cabin of the master-at-arms (chief of police) we notice a large placard bearing the inscription—

"REFUGE FOR THE HOMELESS AND DESTITUTE."

 *Opposite the Police Station.*

Whilst on the lower deck water tank is pinned a scroll, with the words, "Temperance Hotel." On all sides are innumerable "Merry Christmas" wishes, expressed variously in flowers, coloured papers, evergreens, or lights. For'ard, at the point where we turn to go back on the opposite side of the deck to which we have come, there is placed a highly ingenious representation of the "Nonsuch" minstrel party, the whole formed of cardboard and tissue paper—stage, instruments, and figures so wonderfully true to life, that those who had seen them had no difficulty in picking out the originals from amongst the officers and men. Our progress has been necessarily very slow, but now going back on the other side we get along faster, for there is much that is similar to what we have already seen. A novelty, indeed, is the Admiral's arms and motto (borrowed, no doubt, for the occasion) shown in coloured papers against a bright light—a cockle shell with the motto,—

"Magni nominis umbra."

And now, just before emerging from the labyrinthine mazes of brilliancy we have been treading, we come to one mess whose single solitary light hardly suffices to show the scant preparation for Christmas which has been made; two boys stand, one on either side of the table, almost enshrouded in the funereal darkness—sole representatives of the mess able to spend their Christmas day "at home," for by a strange coincidence the boat's crew, drowned and injured yesterday, all belonged to No 34.

None of the survivors are well enough to spend the day with their two messmates—though three of them are only a little way removed—in the sick bay. The old Admiral, whilst contrasting the loneliness of its two inmates with the joyous gaiety and mirth around, pauses in front of the mess, and placing a hand on the head of each bids them "Never fear! their messmates will soon be back with them, save those who lost their lives in the discharge of their duty," recalling to their memory the beautiful words of Ferguson,—

"Give honour to their memories who left the pleasant strand,  
To shed their blood so freely for the love of Fatherland—  
Who left their chance of quiet age, and grassy churchyard graves,  
So freely for a restless bed amid the tossing waves."

And even as the old man spake the band had ceased the merry strains of the "Fine old English Gentleman," and now, as he finished, softly and solemnly pealed forth the heart-stirring tones of Handel's "Dead March." But only for a few minutes; Christmas festivities are too precious to the sailor—links, like angels visits, few and far between, that draw him nearer home—to be more than transiently clouded. So the Admiral waves his hand, and the tune is changed to "Swallows Homeward Fly," as the procession leaves the lower deck to its undisturbed possession of the enjoyments that have been prepared, not least of which amongst many is reckoned the kindness of the Admiral in allowing his men to "splice the mainbrace." FURUXA.

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## A PHILOLOGICAL FANCY

BY BRO. W. ROWBOTTOM.

"SO you think the English language destined to become universal?"

"The truth of our theory almost appears to require it."

"All calculations based on the ratio of the increase and progress of peoples prove it."

"Foreign philologists are led to believe it, from the study of the points of superiority it possesses over other tongues."

"It is the language of commerce, and has superseded Latin as the language of science."

"Civilization and religion will alike eventually secure it."

"Well, I am somewhat inclined to agree with you; but it leads to strange conclusions if a line of reasoning acceptable, if I mistake not, to the present company, be followed."

The last speaker, who was the one who had asked the question which had drawn forth so unanimous an expression of opinion, looked round at his companions. The company was chiefly composed of brethren, among whom not a few were believers in the Anglo-Israel theory.

"I do not see how that can be so," replied one. "To me, it would appear rather a case of 'survival of the fittest,' than involving any philosophical speculations."

"You may think so, but can you answer me this: 'What was the primeval language?'"

"'Tis a question easier asked than answered."

"You may well say that, for I have never yet heard a satisfactory answer given to it. I remember asking that question when quite a youth. The subject of man's life before the Flood had been under discussion, and it struck me as something very strange that the grand primeval language should have left no distinguishing marks upon its off-shoots by which an idea of its nature might have been formed."

"The Jews, or at least many among them, maintain that Hebrew was the original language, on the ground that Abram was called before the Confusion of Tongues, and therefore, not being involved in the sin of the builders of Babel, would retain the use of the early speech."

"So I have read; but then what was the language of Abram? for it appears to me that it would be very difficult to prove that it was Hebrew as now known. The nature

of Israel's connection with Egypt leads me to hold with Dr. Beke in regarding Hebrew, as far as its vocabulary is concerned, as Hamitic in character. Its structure and idiom would doubtless be preserved, and, indeed, I believe there is great affinity in these points between the present and the original language of the Old Testament—I mean between Hebrew and English."

"There we should agree with you," put in an Anglo-Israelite; "it is one of the canons of our doctrine, that 'contact may affect the vocabulary of a language, but will not change its structure,' unless the people who speak it are entirely absorbed by a superior race, in which case the language of the latter will be strengthened in a greater or less degree by the new element brought in. English, I have heard, possesses, even in a more marked degree than Ancient Greek, the power of attaching to itself and assimilating to its nature the choicest gems of other tongues."

"We are getting away from the question our friend put me, 'What was the original language?' Perhaps he can answer it for us."

"I have not the least intention of doing so, I assure you; but if you care to pursue the subject perhaps you will answer me a few questions, and then I will leave you to draw your own conclusions. I presume that, in the opinions you expressed relative to the future of our language, you took account of the modifications it has undergone, and allowed for similar development in the future. I see that that is so, and now for my first question,—

"You grant the original existence of a universal tongue?"

"Yes."

"That the knowledge of it was lost, and that from it sprang all known languages?"

"Of course, we accept the Mosaic account."

"And you, Anglo-Israelites, is it not part of your doctrine that the families of the earth will once again be united both in faith and language?"

"Undoubtedly so."

"And now, brethren, all of you, think of the mystic symbol of the serpent biting its own tail—'back again'—'the end in the beginning'—and tell me whether the universal language to come will be that which first was, or another—whether the parts of that which was lost will be brought together in a new or in the old order?"

"The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be; and there is no new thing under the sun.' So wrote our great master, and we abide by his teaching; but you would not imply that—"

"My dear sir, I imply nothing. I asked you a question, and you have given me an answer; but, again, was not Israel directed to swear by the *Name* of the Lord, and is it not also written, 'that he who blesseth himself in the earth shall bless himself in the God of truth; and he that sweareth in the earth shall swear by the God of truth,' and is it not promised that there shall come a day when one Lord shall be acknowledged, and *His name* one?"

"Yes, so do we hold, and we maintain that these directions and promises are being fulfilled and obeyed by the British, in virtue of their identity with Israel."

"Then what is the *NAME* by which Israel does now swear, and in which they bless themselves in the earth, and which is to be the *one name* in all the earth?"

"GOD."

"That is then the right and proper *name*, by which no other than GOD alone shall be designated; at least I suppose you will allow that that is the legitimate deduction to be drawn from your own doctrines as given in the answers to my questions. If this be then the sacred *Name*, it will follow that it was this, and no other, that was ever preserved in silence by Israel of old, and I should like to hear what you have to say on this head."

"Undoubtedly, the mystery of the sacred *Name* was most carefully guarded, and I remember that our learned Masonic author, Dr. Oliver, says in one of his works that the correct pronunciation of the sacred *Tetragrammaton* is certainly lost," replied one of the company, and added, "but I don't see how you can identify the simple and grand Saxon name of the Deity with the ancient name revered in silence by Israel."



“It is only a fancy of mine, but I hold to a three-letter name as the subject of the ancient mystery, and our own grand *Name*, whispered letter by letter, has a startling similarity of sound with Israel’s national name for the Deity—G—O—D—Je—ho—vah.”

“Then you mean to say that English was the original language?”

“Pardon me, a man would be accounted mad to say such a thing. I have simply drawn conclusions from your own teachings, and will venture to say no more than that I believe that the language which becomes *one*, is that which was *one*. Think of this when next you see the letter within the triangles. Good-night, and a merry, happy, Christmas to you all.”

*Alfreton.*

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ALONE.

BY BRO. W. CORBETT, 249.

I RISE in early morning,  
And wish the night were here,  
And with each night’s returning  
I wish the morning near :  
I seem to know more sorrow  
Than any one has known,  
And each recurring morrow  
Proves I am all alone !

The music in the bowers  
No longer charms my ear ;  
The sweetly blooming flowers  
Now stale to me appear ;  
The sunshine and the gladness  
Which over them is strewn,  
But fill my soul with sadness,—  
For I am all alone !

The grand mysterious ocean  
In summer time that sleeps,  
Gives to my thoughts the notion  
Of rest within its deeps ;  
The sun shines not upon it  
As once to me it shone,  
But death is resting on it,  
For I am all alone !

My loved ones have departed,—  
In silent dust they lie,—  
And I am broken-hearted,  
And strongly wish to die ;  
For there is none to love me  
Since those I loved have flown,—  
Yes !—There is One above me—  
I am not quite alone !

Away, these thoughts of folly—  
 Away this selfish care ;  
 Be done with melancholy,  
 For God is everywhere !  
 The stars that shine above me,  
 Each bird, and flower, and stone,  
 Prove there is One to love me,  
 And I am not alone !

Nov., 1878.

DESCRIPTION OF A CHURCH SITUATED IN FORT MANOEL,  
 MALTA, IN WHICH ARE SEVERAL INTERESTING MASONIC  
 ILLUSTRATIONS.

FORT MANOEL is situated on an island in the Quarantine Harbour, west of the city of Valetta, built in the year 1726, by Don Manoel de Vilhena, of the Portuguese language (language being the word used as descriptive of the country to which each knight belonged). On ascending several steps from the water, we arrive at the gate and drawbridge leading into the fort. At the gate are two pillars, of a fancy composite order. Beside the capital of the south pillar there is the remains of the figure of a lion ; on the north, an eagle supporting a hand grasping a sword ; under the capital, a wreath and cypher, thus—

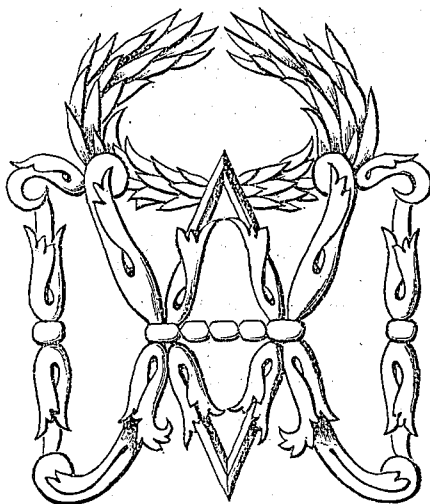


FIG. I.

Passing over the drawbridge into the fortress, we have immediately before us a stone statue, and fountain—now dry—representing Moses striking the rock of Horeb for water, during the passage of the Israelites through the wilderness (*vide* Book of Exodus xvii. 6) ; but it is much disfigured, having been shamefully maltreated by the French troops, when they occupied this place, as was their wont, both in Malta and the Greek islands.

Ascending another flight of steps, we find ourselves in the square of the fort, in the centre of which is a bronze figure of Don Manoel de Vilhena, in the costume of the time of Charles II., decorated as a Knight of Malta. Proceeding a little farther, we

stand in front of the church, of plain but neat exterior, fronting the east, with pillars of the Ionic order. In niches above, and on each side of the entrance, there are figures,

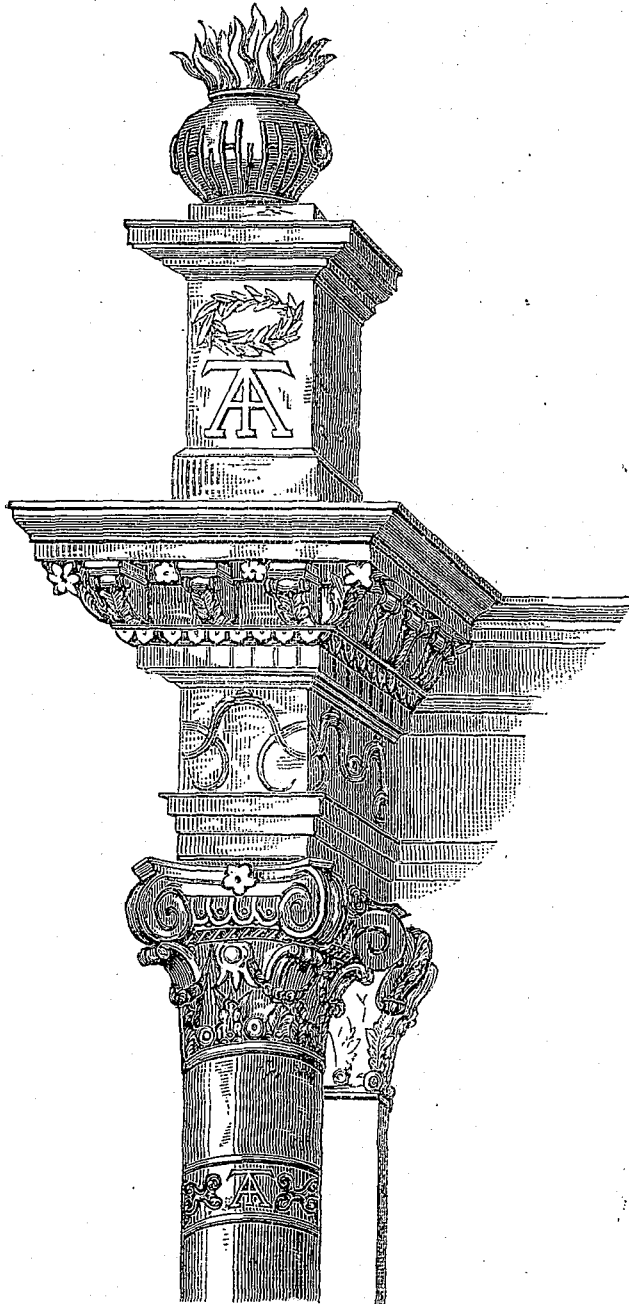


FIG. 2.

pleasingly executed, of Joseph, husband of the Virgin Mary, and our Saviour as an infant in the arms of His mother. These figures are decorated with acacia.

On entering the church five altars are presented to us: one high altar in the west, two on the north, and two on the south. Those altars, if not wholly Masonic, are scriptural. We will merely describe them, leaving to our readers, who may have had the privilege of ascending to the higher degrees of Masonry, to recognise what is Masonic, amidst what to many, as yet, appears to be only scriptural.

We propose to commence our description from the arch of each altar. Immediately under the arch of the high altar is a cross, with three rays or points from each angle, supported by cherubims; then ornaments and a wreath, then a square surrounded by many cherubims. In this square is a dove descending from heaven (*vide* Gospel according to St. Matthew iii. 16); then two pillars, highly ornamented, of what may be called a fancy composite order of architecture. On the capital of each there is a plinth, and on the top of it again an ornamented vase, and from which is represented burning fire. On the front of this plinth is a wreath and cypher (see Fig. 2).

These pillars are circular; have each six rings. Around them, in the centre of each ring, is displayed the—



FIG. 3.

The high altar and pillars are much ornamented with lilies, pomegranates, and acacia; also medals representing the Maltese cross, the base plain. Behind those are corresponding pillars in basso-relievo.

We must now proceed to the altar in the south centre of the building, where we find, under the arch, Noah's ark, the dove with the olive branch in its mouth, the mountains of Ararat, the covenant of our Lord (*vide* Book of Genesis viii., ix.), an olive

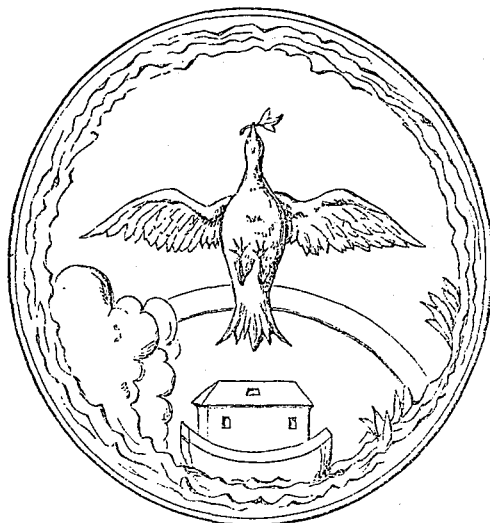


FIG. 4.

tree, and two handsome pillars ornamented with roses, lilies, and pomegranates. Over this altar is a crown, ornamented with twelve cinquefoils, with rays concentrating to a foil of four leaves.

We now turn to the altar east of the last one described. Under the arch are two mounds, or mountains; on each a tree, one a yew, the other an olive. Above those u rounded by twelve stars, thus—

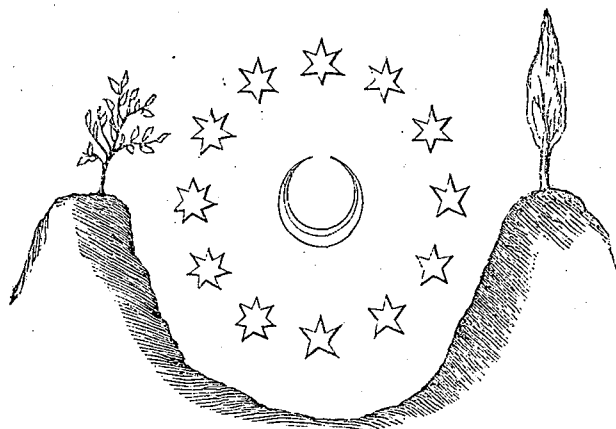


FIG. 5.

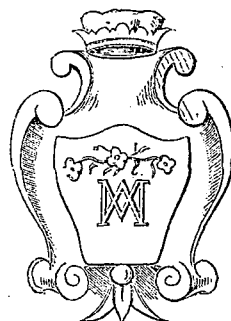


FIG. 6.

This altar is also greatly ornamented; its decorations being the rose, pomegranate, wheat-ear and acacia. The crown of this differs a little from the last, having only eight cinquefoils terminating by rays to a ball. The base of the east presents an ornament.

The west pillar shows a heart, from which are growing acacia branches. On the centre of the heart are carved the letters I M I (see Fig. 6). On the inner square of the base of this altar are two roses representing the white rose and the red rose.

We now proceed towards the altar opposite the last one described. Immediately under the arch are the sun and moon, and under them a crown with a star of five short points and one long one, under which are eleven stars, with a half circle of pomegranates and lilies, as below. The crown of this altar has only eight cinquefoils, and a ball at top.



FIG. 7.

Under the north centre arch we have the pelican of the wilderness feeding her young, twelve in number. This differs in no other respect from the one last described than having the cross of our Saviour, with a wreath suspended on it. This cross is in the centre of the pillar. The crown of this altar has twelve cinquefoils terminating in a ball at top. Within the church are two marble slabs inlaid: one marking the tomb of a clerical member, and the other of the architect of the church, who was buried there at his own last request. This slab shows him to have been a Master Mason and a Knight of Malta.

The following is the inscription—

D. O. M.  
 HIC IN ARCE, QUAM CONDIDERAT,  
 JUXTA EJUS ULTIMA VOTO  
 JACET CAROLUS DE MONDION PARISIENSIS  
 S. R. H. ARCHITECTUS POLEMICUS  
 OB MORUM SUAIVITATE, ET INGENII DOTES  
 INTER EQUITIS V<sup>DE</sup> LINGUÆ FRANCÆ ADSCRIPTUS.  
 OBIT AN. D.N.I. 1733. DEI. 25 DECEMB.

Without this church, on the south side, is the entrance to the vault, now built up, over which is a sarcophagus, doubtless representing the tomb of him,

“Whom king Solomon fetched out of Tyre. He was a widow’s son, of the tribe of Naphtali, and was filled with wisdom and understanding, and cunning to work all works in brass. And he came to king Solomon and wrought all his work.”

J. V. FERNS, Capt. 76th Regt., I. D. 437.

*Fort Manoel, Malta, July, 1852.*

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## THE LOVING CUP: OR, HOW THE DUSTMEN WERE DIDDLED.

### A MASONIC SKETCH.

BY KENNETH R. H. MACKENZIE, IX.<sup>o</sup>

I AM a Commission Agent, and travel with many parcels of goods, both at home and abroad. In the course of my voyages I often stumble in queer out-of-the-way places, on strange things, very different in their uses, or rather in their application to the original purpose for which they were intended. Perhaps this roving life suits me, for I am an old bachelor, without a known relative in the world. I have an ample fortune, which it is my intention to bequeath at my demise to the United Dustmen’s Association. Perhaps there is a good deal of personal estate—perhaps there is very little—that concerns no one but me, and certainly does not concern my present story.

As a Commission Agent I go abroad, and if I can pick up in the neglected *antiquar’s* shop anything to adorn my sanctum at home cheap, or even dear, I selfishly gratify myself with the acquisition. Who has any right to dictate to me what I shall do with my money? There isn’t a soul to care for my dead bones except the Dustmen, and I chuckle at the notion that even *they* don’t know anything about it. Still, I shall repose

in the tomb (I bought a handy bit of ground at Norwood for the purpose, and I have the stonemason's receipt for the monument ready to be fixed), and feel the proud consciousness that, at the Dustmen's Annual Dinner, a solemn toast will be given forth by the toastmaster, and numberless Dustmen yet to come will pledge—ha! ha!—my sacred memory in the best of old port wine, in duly befitting silence, and a potent peal will be performed on the sacred bell of that noble Society.

I—will it be believed?—though now so morose and grumpy, was once a happy youth, and ruffled it with the best. I was once foremost in all sports that may become a man; my football practice is still remembered among the few contemporaries who still growl with me at my antiquated chophouse at the innovations of the time. If I am a curmudgeon, at any rate, I glory in it, and who can interfere with me? I should like to see 'em, that's all.

Now—the curtains are drawn—there's no one likely to come to-night, so I can draw forth some of my treasures. Ann Eliza Jane, my handmaid, has brought up the hot water, and the rum bottle is ready to my hand. Some people say rum isn't healthy: I say that's a mistake. Rum! why, rum is the best of spirits. Add to the sugar and water a proper slice of lemon, and you have a drink fit for the gods; and if fit for them, sufficiently good for an old worn-out Commission Agent. So, John Hector Movis, here's your jolly good health, my boy, and a pleasant nap! This old glass cup before me has seen many a good stoup of liquor in it; and when it is handed round among the United Dustmen, may it do them at least half the good it does me. I'm afraid I've made it strong; but I'm not afraid of gout; and as for twinges of conscience, they may whistle for 'em. Catch a Commission Agent with a conscience—ha! ha! Chrrm! chrrm! chrrm!

Did the foregoing soliloquy really emanate from the brain of John Hector Movis, or not? It matters little for our present purpose. John Hector Movis had in the course of his life done a great number of kind things; but he liked to be a curmudgeon, and would grow red in the face and angry if you hinted he was anything else. He was given to soliloquy; for he was so utterly alone that no one cared or dared to interfere with him, and so he dozed under the balmy influence of the detestable molasses, like a porpoise, by his fireside; and his drinking vessel, curiously cut and double-handled, stood beside him, with the glint of the firelight on it.

It was a singular drinking-cup, and had on it an inscription, with strange figures also. The inscription on it ran thus: "FOR THE SAKE OF ONE, GIVE TO ALL. BE LOVING, AND SHARE WITH OTHERS. ST. MARTIN'S DAY, 11TH NOVEMBER, 1717." A Masonic eye would have also seen the Blazing Star, the Eye with a Radiance, the Sun, Moon, and Seven Stars, and the Square and Compass, and other emblems.

Rat! tat! went the knocker; but John Hector only turned in his easy chair.

Presently it went again. "Rat! tat!" it was the postman, and there was no letter box, the builder not having found it in his specifications. John Hector was roused, but considered it Ann Eliza Jane's duty to answer the door. "Rat! tat!" a third time, and he was fully awake. Not to have his letters at once was a horror to our hero, and, as he heard no one going to the door, he did what many another man would do, he went himself.

"You've been a long time," grumbled the postman, "this foggy night. I was just going. Here, a letter for Mr. John H. Movis."

"All right, my man," said that gentleman, and returned to his snug parlour. It was a foreign letter from a great distance abroad, with many postmarks; but the address was right, and the contents as follows:—

"DEAR SIR" (it ran),—"Several years ago you purchased at my shop a curious glass cup, with some strange designs upon it. I told you at the time I did not like to sell it, as it was scarcely mine to sell, having been left as a security for a small loan, by a gentleman in great pecuniary trouble, who thought some day of redeeming it. You promised to restore it if it ever should be claimed, and ten days ago it was. Please to send it to me, and I will return the price.—Yours, etc.

"P.S.—Since writing the above, the gentleman has called, and to save time I have

given him your address, as he is coming at once to London. His name is Monsieur Achille de Movisse."

The letter fell from the would-be cynic's hands. He was fairly astonished. "What!" he muttered. "My roving brother who left England so long ago; and of whose death I have the certificate. He, the owner of the cup I rescued after so many years! Impossible! the man at Antwerp, of whom I bought it said the man was fair, and my brother Achilles was dark. I shall take no notice of it! It is some impostor. Wait, I'll have another glass of grog, and then to bed."

He was engaged in compounding another jorum of his favourite rum and water, when a cab drove to the door, and a great ringing ensued. Ann Eliza Jane was still out of the way, so John Hector had again to be the porter.

Two persons stood at the door—an elderly man, and a young girl.

John Hector started; it was strange to see a Commission Agent pretty fairly full of rum and water moved; his emotion was not, however, of the Jamaica, but of the real spirit. He had never seen so fair a young creature with such appealing eyes.

The two elder men confronted each other.

"Mr. Movis, I believe," said the stranger.

"That is my name," replied the other.

"Then I am right, no doubt," observed the new comer. "May I have a few moments' conversation with you? I have not long to remain in London, as I must start on important business to Antwerp to-morrow morning."

"Enter if you choose," said Mr. Movis (inwardly adding), "I hope he has no designs on my curios."

The other, accompanied by the girl, entered the parlour, and Mr. Movis, with many apologies for the absence of his housekeeper, tried to set them at their ease. They were soon seated.

"You are, I believe, a Commission Agent, Mr. Movis, often travelling abroad?"

"I am."

"Do you know Antwerp?"

"I do," said John Hector, with visibly increasing perplexity.

"I believe you are fond of curiosities," observed the stranger.

"That is certainly the case," said our hero.

"Did you buy at the shop of a certain M.——," the other began. "But how is this, here is the very article itself," he burst out, "the very cup!"

"I certainly bought this cup at the town you named," said Mr. Movis; "but what concern is that of yours?"

"My honour," said the stranger, "is concerned in its restoration. It is not mine; I carried it away from a Masonic Lodge in a fit of folly, and it should be restored. It was a relic of past times, dear to those who had the right to hold it."

"Your name!" gasped the astonished John Hector.

"De Movisse," replied the other.

"My brother!" exclaimed John Hector. "And who is this?"

"My only daughter Helen," said the stranger. "Do you recognise me?"

"Scarcely," said Mr. Hector.

"Then let me remind you that when we stood ruined both of us in our parental hall, we agreed that if ever we should both see this cup at the same time again, we should restore it, and our hearts and fortunes should again be rejoined. Yours," said the stranger, "have apparently flourished; mine, perhaps, have not languished; but I claim the fulfilment of your word."

"Be it so," said the old bachelor, "and before it is returned to the Lodge, let us drink once more from the Loving Cup."

And so they did, and when Ann Eliza Jane came in from her gossip, she opened her eyes, and the accumulations of John Hector, backed by a handsome fortune made by his brother Achilles, went to Helen, and thus it was that the Dustmen were diddled.



## A CHRISTMAS DAY BEFORE THE ENEMY.

BY THEOPHILUS TOMLINSON.

IT is some years ago since the events of the little story I am about to tell the readers of Bro. Kenning's Christmas Magazine took place; but such as they were, such I relate them now, like an Arabian story-teller, for the information and instruction and, perhaps, interest (I would fain hope it); of a kind and complacent audience. Well, as an old friend of mine, through many changing years, used to say, "here goes," and "never mind the consequences."

It was the day before Christmas Day, 18—, yes, in this very good century of ours, that a detachment of one of not the least distinguished infantry regiments of Her Majesty's army found itself in a small fort not very far from Fort Beaufort, at the Cape of Good Hope. We had there one of our many and long enduring Caffre wars on our hands, and in consequence, in pursuance of the existing policy, we had numerous small forts and encampments held by our gallant soldiers. It is not, as the Irishman put it, "quite conveynient" for me to name the fort, or indicate its position on Mr. Stanford's accurate map. And, truly, what's in a name? This is a question which, here as elsewhere, may safely be left to its own solution! At least, I venture to think so. I will only add, as we are got so "mighty particular," and so fond of facts, (which, by the way, are sometimes fictions), that it was a fort,—if you like, a little fort, but still a fort, and capable of holding, as it held on this occasion, some seventy privates, a proper proportion of non-commissioned officers and buglers, and a few Fingoes. To these were added three or four women, soldiers' wives. And this force was commanded by a gallant young officer (he was young then), whose name, for "reasons of state" as well as for "private considerations," I feel bound also to suppress.

Well, at this time the Caffres were very troublesome, and sundry signs and sounds told the experienced in such matters and served to warn the little garrison that in all probability their Christmas Day would be spent, not in peaceful enjoyment of seasonable fare, and Christmas rejoicings in the old English style, and what our Anglo-Saxon race, true to its cherished and befitting religious and social instincts, seeks everywhere to perpetuate, but "under fire," in active and desperate warfare with a treacherous and angry foe. Still, such is the nature of Englishmen in general and of that often undervalued biped, the British soldier, in particular, for whom I have, for one, great liking and greater regard, that, despite the threatening appearance of things, they made their preparations for Christmas Day as if nothing was going to happen,—as if they were at Aldershot or Portsmouth; or safe and sound amid dear ones and near ones in far-off, but much-loved Old England!

Accordingly, turkeys and geese were got in; the Christmas pigs were killed; apples, and all possible accessories were collected; green branches had been cut down,—and Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Magrath, who were good cooks, assisted the soldier cooks, and determined to have plum-pudding and mince-pies, as in "duty bound." It also was settled to have a "dance" in the evening to keep up Christmas.

A Christmas service had also been arranged by the young commandant for the morning, as all felt (and soldiers are just as religious as anybody else) that Christmas Day was a time of religious as well as of earthly rejoicing. And so Christmas Eve came on. That officer had even got in a "yule log," and tales were being told, and songs were being sung merrily among the men off duty, when crack! crack! crack! went the rifles of the sentries, and the bugles sounding the "assembly" summoned that cheery and gallant body to duty and the fray. As they were all in uniform, they turned out as quickly as I can take in telling you,—almost as quick as a mythical Jack Robinson, of whom some of us may have heard; and they were soon all properly posted to await the result of this little beginning on Christmas Eve of a state of things which was probably to mark all their Christmas Day.

But still, like English soldiers, they were all as cheerful and cool and eager as they

could be, and their principal desire seemed to be to "get at 'em," and "warm their hides for them." This will seem to some of us rather a sad parody on the words of peace which Christmas Day proclaims to a warring world. But alas! such is the truth, and, without any namby-pamby sentiment, let us admit that such must be the inevitable collision of civilization with barbarism. I only state facts.

"Bad luck to thim Caffres, naygurs, you may call them," said Mrs. Magrath, "who can't be laving Christian people alone to ate their Christmas dinner in pacc."

I said to Magrath to-day (Corporal Magrath),—

"I'm a-thinking that them Caffres will be paying us a visit at a very unsuitable season, and spoiling our plum-puddings and mince-pies, and all our good things."

But all the reply I could get from him was,—

"Well, if they do, they'll go off like the shape of little Bo-pape, and carry their tails behind them."

But, you know, Sergeant Jones, the corporal was always fond of his joke.

"Yes, Mrs. Magrath," said that gallant non-commissioned officer (no better anywhere), slowly and solemnly, for so he always spoke, "I remarked to Mrs. Jones this morning, 'Caffres is Caffres, and always will be Caffres. I have seen a good deal of service, Mrs. Jones, but I have always observed this, Mrs. Jones, that when men are so scantily clothed as the Caffres are, Mrs. Jones, and, as you know, there is always a great want of good behaviour, Mrs. Jones; and as for them Caffres, they have neither clothes nor decent conduct, Mrs. Jones; and therefore it is not likely that such as them will know how to respect Christmas Day.'"

Sergeant Jones's eloquent remarks were cut short by a summons from his officer, who was very properly anxious about everything, and especially his men.

"Well, Sergeant Jones," he said, after the usual salute, "I hope you have got the men's pouches "filled up," and the reserve ammunition ready, and a couple of men told off to look to it."

Sergeant Jones assured him that that most important duty had been "properly attended to."

"I've been thinking," said the officer, "in case any of our men are wounded, to place them in store-room D. We can put up a few iron bedsteads, and Corporal Magrath has been an hospital orderly, and had better be detached to attend to the wounded—if any."

"Yes, sir," said Sergeant Jones, "he knows how to put on a 'turnicock,' sir."

Those were the days, kind readers, when the schoolmaster was not so much "at home" among our gallant soldiers as he is now.

Some think we are overdoing it; but I for one do not believe it. We must, if we are sensible, remember this, that nothing stands still here, and that soldiers, like civilians, have to "go ahead."

Whatever his officer thought, however, he said nothing, and Corporal Magrath soon put store-room D, as he said, in "ship-shape," so much so that he declared it almost looked as neat as an "hospital ward at Netley."

Strangely enough, though the soldiers lay down ready to turn out at a moment's notice, fully accoutred, no attack was made during the night, and though the sentries were very watchful, and the officer went his round several times over, everything was quiet and still. No enemy appeared. But in the early dull grey morning, when the officer looked out from a stone sentry box on the parapet, he saw what to others might seem black spots, but were to his practised eye Caffres, amid the thick grass, on the sloping hill—and in swarms.

So the men were quietly "warned," and with that peculiar steadiness and solidity of English infantry which the old Duke was so fond of, and made Marshal Bugeaud declare that the "English Infantry was the finest in the world," they all were "told off" to their respective posts.

"Luckily, Sergeant Jones," said the active officer, "we have plenty of ammunition, and if they will only come within good range we shall give them 'a devil of a peppering.'"

You must excuse, kind readers, under such circumstances, such strong language from a very young man.

"I am very sorry," the officer also remarked, "that they have attacked to-day, as I wanted to give the men a good Christmas dinner; but such is the fate of war."

And then he hummed Wolfe's famous song, which has been often hummed before, and will be as often hummed again, under similar circumstances. All of a sudden he said to Sergeant Jones,—

"By George, they are pouring down the hills, the ground is black with them. Go round to the men, tell them not to fire until they hear the bugle, if they can help it, and not to throw a cartridge and much more a life away; I don't want a single fellow to be missing at 'roll call,' and when we eat our Christmas dinner, not even a Fingoe. I wish there had been time to give them their breakfast first, but there isn't."

As Sergeant Jones left him, "ping, ping," from the corner, told that a sharp-sighted marksman had got a man within range, and the cheers told that a Caffre leader had fallen.

"Well done, Jenkins," said the officer, "that was a very good shot."

"Yes, sir," said Jenkins modestly, "but I'll do better yet;" and you need not doubt but that he did.

It would be impossible in one "Maga" to tell of the hot long struggle of that eventful day. Unweariedly did those gallant fellows, obeying orders, keep under cover, though somewhat grumbly.

The English soldier believes in "going in," and despite "scientificists," and lecturers, and civilians, who, to my mind, will tell English soldiers too often how *not* to do it, there is a good deal in the theory after all.

"Close with the enemy," is a maxim which pleased equally the great Conde, Suwaroff, Nelson, and Tegetthoff, and though the Martini-Henry has brought with it "strange conceits," I am rather still inclined to think that, after all, it will be the "rush" that will decide all at the last.

About five that evening heavy firing on the right flank, and evidently artillery fire, told the little garrison that help was near.

"Ah," said the officer cheerfully, "that's Anstruther with his guns, and Pat O'Flaherty with his rockets. It will be very soon over, now!"

And he was right; for all of a sudden the Caffres disappeared like Roderick Dhu's men in the "Lady of the Lake," and the firing from the front ceased.

Just at this moment an officer in artillery uniform galloped across the hill, and, coming up to the low parapet, said,—

"Well, old fellow, the varmints are off; Pat declares that his last rocket bowled over the chief. But at any rate, they are in full retreat. Bye-bye; a merry Christmas to you!"

And away he galloped to where his men were limbering up and preparing to march back to their encampment some miles away, and eat their Christmas dinner.

For a little while all remained quiet in and about the fort, and the men still were at their posts. At last the officer had the "assembly" sounded, and that gallant little garrison collected together on their little parade-ground in the fort. Happily, not one was missing, and only two were wounded.

"Well," said the officer to his men, "you've done very well; you will all be glad of something to eat."

The men feelingly assented by their looks, and Sergeant Jones said, in a solemn manner,—

"I presume, sir, though most of the cookery has been spoiled, Mrs. Jones says, owing to them badly-clothed Caffres having attacked to-day, the men may now go to their Christmas dinner."

"Certainly," the officer said, with a smile on his face; "and I wish them all good appetites. I must go and see our poor wounded fellows. March the men to their Christmas dinner."

As it turned out, neither of the men was badly wounded, it being only from

“*risochet*,” and they were soon comfortably taken care of, and, I believe, managed to eat a Christmas dinner too.

Well, that Christmas dinner was at last eaten, and I'll venture to say no cheerier Christmas dinner ever was eaten. How the good things disappeared, and how they danced afterwards, and how they sang, need not to be told here.

And when in the evening the officer led down Mrs. Jones to Sir Roger de Coverley,—for they had a fiddle, a bugle, a banjo, and “bones,”—the cheering might have been heard for miles!

And then came an impromptu “social gathering;” they drank the “Queen and Royal Family,” and the “army,” and the “regiment,” and the “officer commanding,” and “sweethearts and wives,” and “friends in Old England,” and “comrades in the field;” and when they broke up, I fancy that, except the watchful sentries, the snoring was heavy and the sleep was long!

The next morning the officer read the Christmas Day service, and made some very seasonable remarks, which were very well taken; for soldiers are a very sensible body of men, and the idea that soldiers are not religious is an entire delusion.

Sergeant Jones said to his officer after the service, as they were settling the details of duty,—

“Sir, we have had a very hard fight, and a good Christmas dinner; how queer it is, sir, that them savages should attack us on Christmas Day.”

“Not at all queer,” replied the officer; “they know no better, and perhaps we should rather pity them than blame them.”

“Well, sir,” said Sergeant Jones, “that may be so, sir, and begging your pardon for making the remark, but I do think if they would wear more clothes, sir, they would not be so savage-like, and, above all, sir, they would not attack us on Christmas Day.”

“Well, never mind, Sergeant Jones,” said the officer, laughing heartily; “thank God we licked the enemy, and thank God we eat our Christmas dinner, and no one is missing.”

And so “mote it be,” let us say, whenever the British soldier does his duty, as he always does it so well (wherever it be), and is before the enemy fighting for Queen and Country.

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## GERMAN MASONIC TEACHING ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

FAREWELL ADDRESS BY BRO. BERGMANN, TO THE LODGE MINERVA,  
AT LEIPSIK, 1778.

*(Translated specially for the Masonic Magazine.)*

THE words of the dying tend commonly to find a fitting entrance in the minds of those to whom they are specially addressed, at least, one cannot deny to them a certain emphatic power of arousing feeling and attention. The soul is then through mournful episodes enlarged and expanded, and, as it were, rendered more susceptible of the impression of certain things, more decidedly affected by certain perceptions, and more heartily assured of the words which flow from the lips of the dying. The truth of all this is confirmed by daily proofs.

Fathers at the edge of the grave, how much effect have your last words on your children assembled around you! Teachers of the approaching death-hour, how deeply their pious exhortations sink into the souls of their hearers! Friends at the portals of eternity, how dear were their last warm wishes, and goodly entreaties!

I am myself almost a dying mortal, soon to be removed from you, perhaps parted

for ever, until God shall revivify these ashes, call me back to life, in which we all have a common share.

I follow my destiny, and leave Leipsic, whither I came from a far land to cultivate my understanding and my heart, to collect together fruits of wisdom and virtue, and to make myself useful to the world and to my Fatherland. How far I have fulfilled these my immediate and pleasant duties, I leave to my future superiors to decide, or to God when He demands a reckoning of the "talents" lent to me. Here fail me neither the applause of my teachers and my friends nor the far more elevated approbation of my own conscience.

My constant wish was in the Church and citizen life to accomplish something of good, and so long as this heart beats in me I will zealously seek to carry it out.

Soon I leave Leipsic, where I have lived full three years in happy youthful content, and have learned to bear with a manly soul the pleasant and the unpleasant. Soon leave I the friends of my heart, yes, dear to my heart, and impressed for ever upon it with imperishable traits,—a painful thought when one feels the true worth of friendship, the noblest gift of God.

Soon, too, I leave thee, beloved "Minerva," teacher of Masonic wisdom as well as my personal teacher; born and educated in thy bosom, under thy "Palms" often have I enjoyed the social glass.

I leave you, my brethren, whose consideration, love, and friendship I never can, never will forget.

And now listen to the entreaties which I in this cruel, sad separation from you all, which I put before you in this last discharge of duty as your Orator. Listen to my wishes, my last wishes—as the last wishes of a dying person—and their fulfilment, which alone depends on yourselves, will be my reward and my happiness.

*First, Honour God and Religion.* This is my first most urgent request. God, whom the whole of nature praises, and through unutterable marvels glorifies; whom Christendom proclaims as Father and Benefactor of the whole human race; whom the intellect recognizes, regards with awe, addresses; whom the heart feels and receives. Then is our morality pure, issuing from the best source, a blessing for us, a blessing for the world; if ambition be not our elastic spring; if our pride be not the impulse of our integrity and magnanimity; if avarice be not the spur of industry and general utility; if fear for injurious consequences of excess be not the ground of self-control and moderation; if our piety be not the mask of wickedness and artifice.

Honour Him through compassion and heartfelt merey, through "good works" and helpful assistance to those who need the help of consolation and salvation. We are all children of one God, created to happiness and perfection, all of us enjoined to seek the same for ourselves and others.

Oh, if the honour of all men only was to be found in love and gentleness, and to rejoice in the affection of another, how happy would it be to be a man!

What a joyous prospect opens before my eyes, my dearest brethren, when I shall see this my first, this my heartfelt entreaty, for zeal in knowledge of God, in honouring of God, in love of God, fulfilled by you! I see men in this their perfection oversteaming with happiness—this habitation changed into a heaven; unstained hearts consecrated to God and virtue; patriotic citizens, true to their country, benefactors of the State and its members; friends of mankind whom a warmer and more intelligent religious zeal excites to deeds of beneficence; Masons, the ornaments of their order, and promoters of its ever-increasing renown; brethren, with brotherly hearts;—and in all these things believers, who hope, with rejoicing soul, for a happy future.

*Have Self-respect, my Brethren.* This is my second and as earnest entreaty, my next solemn wish.

With right can we regard true honour as a spur to great deeds, and as a restraint in unbridled follies. Without it, all our powers would succumb to apathy, and, like standing waters, overflow in foulness. You know your own worth as men and as Masons.

In all our assemblies you are always reminded of this when you enter this house;\* endeavour to maintain it before the whole world. Be true to your end and be true to virtue in order to fulfil your duties; thus learn to respect yourselves, and the world will not withdraw its approval from you. Whoever, in respect of this last duty, is altogether indifferent, possesses not the least touch of feeling, which we may regard as the germ of all true honour, and which is only altogether dead and extinguished in one who is utterly vicious!

Oh, my brethren, great is the honourable thought to be a friend of virtue! This should animate your present efforts, should be your surest companion in the pathway of life, your consolation in unpleasant and painful events, your joy in happiness and well-being, your attendant into eternity. Ten times greater shame must cover us, if we wander from the right way, since we profess to avoid the base, and banish them from our circle, since we recommend to our brethren virtue and morality, and hold so firmly by the observance of our laws and ordinances, and proclaim ourselves to the world as friends of humanity.

No, let our pride be the intelligent pride of true service, our honour the honour of virtue.

*Honour the Order.* This is my third request. Honour it in the persuasion of its excellency, without reference to so-called "observances" † and systems, more especially when we know the origin of the Order, have mastered its organization in full, and have learned to look upon its history, and are infected neither by a desire of novelty nor fanaticism. Honour it before the world by prudent behaviour, and wise examples, by loving works and deeds, by true Masonic zeal. Perhaps Providence has a near future of happier times for the Order for the completion of its end, unattainable by itself. Honour it by industrious meditations on its excellent secrets, which lie hidden under the veil of hieroglyphics. Collect together the researches and knowledge of intelligent and prudent members of the Order, but with caution and without misuse. Then you will never repent to have entered into this Association; you will be able to find more tranquillity in it than the dumb observers of our customs.

And now, my brethren, allow these my wishes and entreaties to be for ever impressed on your hearts; this is the best remembrance which you can present me with, the reward for any humble services rendered to this Lodge. Receive from me, my brethren, now these symbols of my office, with the most lively thanks for your kindly trust in my lowly powers. May all my successors, nevertheless, in this honourable post, bear them as a sacred remembrance of their duties. As much as I could do I did. Faults in respect of readiness of speech, a brother will cover with a mantle of love, and where the heart utters the only language of our assemblies, no rules are required.

Truth in artistic clothing is herself there without any pomp.

Truth—Masonic Truth—I spoke to you, and in good hearts it took root.

Have I, however, fulfilled my duty with truth, with zeal, with industry, with the attention which, at my undertaking of the same, was so impressively inculcated by your Master?

I read in your countenances the, for me, happy and flattering reply to my question.

So at last I am released from this my place as Orator of this "just" and "perfect" Lodge; but I am not severed from your heart, Honourable Master, who have always loved me. No! So much the more am I linked to it, so much the more is my separation sorrowful. I have so much to be thankful for, that I cannot find words sufficient to express my gratitude. You were my brother, friend, teacher, and counsellor. You were all to me, and under this name will I ever admire, prize, and honour you.

Happily and cheerfully may your life flow on, to your own reward and contentment, the good of the Fatherland, the welfare of the Order and our Minerva, unto dis-

\* It has this inscription. *Υρωθι Σεαυρον.*

† Alluding no doubt to the "Street Observances," etc.

tant years. Give me your affection and brotherly love, which as a worldly treasure I will endeavour worthily to return.

May a good Providence ever watch over you worthy Brethren, Wardens, Officers, and Members of this Lodge, whose regard and brotherly friendship have ever been my happiness and honour, and which I ask of you always, and may nothing of good ever fail any of you. May you enjoy in undisturbed peace the worth of a happy cheerful life. More I cannot now say to you. I feel the loss that I, through my departure from these walls and your midst must suffer too deeply.

Farewell—for evermore farewell,

Sis Felix et Memor Nostri Vivas.

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A MEMORY.

THE END OF 1878.

Idlest of dreams! yet still to me  
Thou lingerest in this vale of tears,  
A gleam of gracious witchery  
A down these troublous years;  
And all I think, and all I feel,  
Like wavelets to the sea,  
What tongue can tell, or heart reveal,  
Is a memory of thee.

A hushed strain in the midnight,  
A perfume fading fast,  
A vision gladdening and bright,  
A bliss too great to last;  
As a gentle zephyr playing  
Over a verdant lea,  
My memory it is straying  
In tenderness to thee.

Once more in these darksome hours  
I see thee sitting near;  
Once more, in leaf-stripped bowers,  
Thy dear form does appear:  
In joyous mood I turn once more  
In heart and fancy free  
To youth's radiant and rosy shore,  
With a memory of thee.

The dream is o'er! thy voice is mute!  
Thy shadow sadly flies,  
Vain is the idly proffered suit,  
Veiled are those liquid eyes.  
Life comes and goes; old age deforms  
Glad scenes of hope and glee;  
But yet I cherish 'mid its storms  
One memory of thee.

W.

## ROB MOORSON.

## A YORKSHIRE CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY MRS. G. M. TWEDDELL,

*Authoress of "Rhymes and Sketches to Illustrate the Cleveland Dialect." etc.*

"**T**HINK well what you are doing, Lucy. Much as I love you, I will never remain here if you really prefer Tom Merriford. Your happiness is too dear to me to let my presence annoy you. I will go away for some years, till I think I can bear to return and look calmly upon you as the wife of another."

"What a jealous old fellow you are, Rob," said Lucy. "You would always be at my apron-string. It is too bad of you to hinder me having a flirt with anyone that takes my fancy. Tom is a light-hearted young man, and always makes one feel so merry; besides, I am not to be scolded by you, Master Rob. I shall just do as I like. But you will come to the church to-night, and assist in the decorations, won't you?"

"I have promised, and I will keep my word," said he; "but I hope you will spare me all the pain you can. I have suffered so much of late, and you know, Lucy, it is the last feather that breaks the camel's back; so I beg of you, for both our sakes, to examine well the state of your feelings towards me."

The speakers were Rob Moorson and Lucy Fennel. Rob was a respectable young farmer and land-agent, and resided with his widowed mother and two younger brothers on the outskirts of a small country village that nestled snugly amongst the Yorkshire hills. Lucy was the only daughter of one of the well-to-do villagers, and followed the occupation of a schoolmistress. She was a dark-eyed village beauty, and was much sought after by the young men of the neighbourhood; but Rob Moorson had been so far the favoured suitor.

Only a few weeks before the commencement of our story, a young man had arrived as assistant to the only draper in the place. He was a smart, winning young fellow, and had already commenced a flirtation with Lucy. She, however, only regarded it in that light, as her whole heart had been given to Rob.

When evening came, and all the young people had gathered together at the church, Rob sought out Lucy, and asked her to join him in the decorating. But, unfortunately, Tom Merriford was standing near. So, with a proud turn of her head, she told Rob that she should not confine herself to anyone, for one was as good as another to her; and off she went laughing, to join several of her young female companions. Presently, however, she was handing up sprigs of holly to Tom, who was decorating the reading-desk.

Rob saw all this, and quite made up his mind that Lucy had ceased to love him.

On leaving the church, Lucy again joined the group of her female friends, and Tom Merriford soon made his way in amongst them, and took up his place by her side; poor Rob walking on behind them, half-maddened by their ill-timed jokes at his expense.

When they arrived at Lucy's home, she bade them all good-night, and passed through the wicket-gate into the garden, Rob quickly following her.

"Lucy," said he, "let me speak to you a few moments. I want to tell you that I cannot bear this treatment any longer. I must leave this place at once if you have ceased to love me,—which I think you must have done, by your conduct to me to-night. The day after to-morrow will be Christmas Eve. Will you meet me to-morrow night at our old trysting-place? I shall be there. Think it well over till then, dear Lucy! and let me know honestly your feelings towards me. Should you fail to keep the appointment, I shall conclude that you do not wish to see me again, and I shall leave here as soon as possible. Remember I am serious. If I go, I shall not return for



years, if ever. Good-night! and may you be happy, if I am miserable." And so saying, he closed the gate after him, and took his way home.

In her own little chamber that night Lucy resolved to go and meet Rob the following evening, and to set his mind at rest. "Dear old fellow!" she said aloud, "what a shame it is of me to tease him so much!" But, unfortunately for them both, she did not keep her resolve; for, in passing down the village next night, she met with two of her female acquaintances, who began teasing her about Rob's jealousy—telling her that she ought to teach him better, and not let him have all his own way; and she—poor weak girl that she was—paid too much heed to what they said, and all her good intentions went for nothing.

"Well," said Lucy, "I was just on my way to meet him now, but I think I will take your advice and punish him a little: it will not be for long, for to-morrow night I shall see him at his sister's, as we have both promised to take our Christmas Eve supper at their farm. I shall soon make it all right with Rob, for he is a dear, good fellow; and after that I will not tease him any more." So, instead of keeping the appointment, she went and spent the evening at the home of her companions.

Meanwhile, poor Rob was wandering up and down, under the shadow of some fine old elms, where Lucy and he had so often walked together; and he kept wondering if she would come, so much of his life's happiness depended upon this night's meeting. It was a remarkably fine night for that season of the year, the slight covering of snow on the ground being audibly crisp beneath the tread, whilst the sky overhead was illuminated with innumerable little stars, as if to light true lovers on their way.

When the village clock struck nine Rob gave up all hopes of seeing Lucy, but still he kept pacing to and fro till the clock struck ten. After that he reluctantly turned his steps homeward. Arriving there, he told his mother that he was about to prepare for a long journey. He intended leaving home before daylight next morning; one of the men would have to be up early to drive him to the railway station; and his brother John, who had been accustomed to assist him both in the management of the farm and in his stewardships, was to take his place in everything that he had been employed in. He then confided to her all his trouble about Lucy: how she had deceived him, and how dearly he loved her; and also that he could not stay and see her the wife another. He wished that she might be happy; and if ever he thought he could bear to look calmly upon her and her husband he might perhaps return. He could not say when that would be. But, if ever he came back again, it would be on a Christmas Eve, as he was leaving them at that time.

Long and earnestly did his mother entreat him not to leave his home for the loss of his sweetheart, telling him that it would wear off in time, and all might be well with him again. But all her entreaties were in vain. So, with an aching heart, she set about helping him to prepare for his journey.

His portmanteau and his trunks were speedily packed; and, taking with him a sufficient sum of money for immediate requirements, he started before daybreak for the station, confiding to his mother the care of all he left behind him, with his dearest love to his sisters. He had already promised to write to his mother from time to time, but she could not wring from him a promise to send them his address abroad, for he said that he did not want to hear the village news in the land of his adoption, as it would be too painful to him; but he intended seeing the immense prairies and forests of the New World.

The news spread rapidly in the village and its environs that morning that Rob Moorson had gone off to America. One of Lucy's friends, as soon as she heard it, hastened away to the schoolroom to tell her. She found her just about to dismiss her scholars for their Christmas holiday, and she was busy giving to each child a small present.

Seeing her looking so happy, her friend had not the heart to tell her the news just then, but waited until all were gone out of the schoolroom but themselves. Then she said,—

"Lucy, have you heard that Rob Moorson has gone from home this morning?"

"No," answered she, "I have not; but surely there is nothing unusual about that! Rob often goes from home. But he will be back to-night, for we have promised to join a party at his sister's, and we shall be so merry!"

Her friend made no reply; and Lucy putting on her hat and cloak, the two went out together.

On their way along the village her friend said,—

"I am afraid, Lucy, that Rob won't be with you to-night."

"Not with us!" ejaculated Lucy. "What is it, Mary? Has anything happened to dear Rob? Do tell me at once. You are hiding something from me, I am sure."

"Nothing serious has happened to him that I am aware of," said Mary; "but let us get into the house, and then I will tell you what I have heard."

They entered Lucy's home, and then Mary told her that the report was that Rob had suddenly gone off to America.

Lucy sat mute and motionless as a statue for some time. At last a great sigh gave her relief; for, as Ford says,—

"'Tis the silent griefs that cut the heart-strings."

"And this," she exclaimed, when the power of speech returned to her, "this is my doing!—all my doing! Oh, Rob! this is more punishment than I can bear!" And she gave vent to her feelings in a flood of tears.

The day following she was too ill to rise, and the "merry Christmas" she had looked forward to was spent on a bed of sickness; a slow fever being the result of the shock she had received. And all this, she said, was brought on by her own foolish conduct. She was not worthy of Rob, and now she was justly punished!

Old Mrs. Moorson, hearing of the poor girl's unfortunate state, went, like the good Christian that she was, to visit her, and to give her all the consolation in her power; for she saw how thoroughly she repented of her conduct to Rob. This was a great comfort to Lucy, and was the turning-point in her illness. For to be forgiven by his mother for the trouble she had brought upon her was more, she said, than she could ever have expected; for she took all the blame upon herself, and would not allow any one, in her presence, to blame Rob for being too hasty.

Mrs. Moorson frequently visited Lucy, and always with words of consolation, telling her that they would bear their troubles together, and if Rob came back again she hoped they might share their joys in the same way.

Slowly and sadly Lucy began to regain her health and strength. In a few weeks she was able to resume her duties at the school, but all her old gaiety had left her; and steadily and soberly she moved about among her pupils, all the energy she possessed being now devoted to their mental and moral improvement. Fortunately she was spared the pain of meeting Tom Merriford again, he having left the place during her illness, to enter upon a more lucrative situation. And Tom was one of those general lovers who do not break their hearts for the girls they leave behind them.

The year passed away without anything very eventful happening to her, excepting the news of Rob's safe arrival in America. He had written to his mother to say that he had reached his destination, and was in good health; but no address was given, even the postmarks affording a poor clue, as he stated that his letter was posted at a considerable distance from where he was residing.

Christmas came round again, and Lucy was invited to spend it with Mrs. Moorson, at her pleasant little homestead, which was perched nearly at the top of one of the highest hills in the neighbourhood, commanding one of those extensive views for which Yorkshire is so famous—landscapes which must be seen to be appreciated.

The day preceding Christmas-day passed away. The huge yule-log burned brightly on the capacious hearth; the yule-candles added their light to show the green leaves and red berries more brightly on the walls; the yule-cake and cheese were duly cut, and the furnity too was there, but it was no "merry Christmas," for no Rob came to gladden their hearts. Yet the two resolved to sit up all night and wait for him, in case he should have been delayed so as to arrive at an untimely hour.

A lamp, well-trimmed, was placed in a chamber window, so as to show a light upon the mountainous road leading up to the house. But, alas! morning dawned, and Rob came not; and now they had no hope of seeing him for the next twelve months; for they were both sure that he would keep his word as to the time of his arrival, if he ever came at all, being on a Christmas Eve.

Three more years passed away, and every Christmas Eve was spent by good old Mrs. Moorson and Lucy in watching for the arrival of Rob, the lamp duly showing its light from the window till daylight dawned on Christmas morning; but still he came not. In the meantime several letters had arrived from him, stating that he was in California, and working very hard, doing his best to try to forget the past; and when he felt that he could do so happily, he hoped to return home to his dear old mother and friends once more. He told, also, how he had been struck down by fever, but he had been carefully tended by kind friends whom he had met with on his arrival. They were English people, and he had shared their home during all his residence in California, and his winter evenings had been spent in teaching the children of the worthy people who had been so kind to him in his trouble; and he was happy to state that he was once more in the enjoyment of that inestimable blessing, good health.

\* \* \* \* \*

In the spring of the year, when Rob had been absent from home four years, the man whose home he shared announced to him his intention of returning to England during the summer, as he had realised a sufficient sum of money to make him and his family comfortable in his native land; and he longed to see his old home once more, and all the dear familiar scenes of his childhood. He strongly advised Rob to accompany them, seeing that he, too, had been very successful, and was now a comparatively rich man.

Rob demurred at first. But the thought of being left alone when his dear friends were gone was too much for him, and at last he consented to accompany them. He also had a great longing to see his dear old mother and his home again; so it was agreed that they would all return together. Rob was first to go with them to their native place in the south of England; and, when Christmas came round again, he said he should pay a visit to his relatives amongst the Yorkshire hills.

All necessary preparations having been made, Rob and his friends set sail for England, where they arrived safely in the early part of September.

Having secured a pleasant residence in his native village in Essex, Rob's friend settled down, as he said, "for life." In the meantime Rob paid several visits to the great metropolis, and saw all the principal sights of London; always going, when he wished for rest, to his dear friends in Essex, and many a pleasant day he spent in Epping Forest when the autumnal tints were on the trees.

The autumn, with its grand garniture of many-coloured leaves, wore away, and Christmas was near once again, when Rob made arrangements for his journey into Yorkshire. He was to arrive at his mother's house on Christmas Eve; and, if his false love and her husband had left the village, as he hoped they might have done, he would probably remain there for the remainder of his days; but if not, he would return to his friends in Essex, and only visit his Yorkshire home occasionally to see his relations and friends, and enjoy those charming landscapes from the summit of his native hills, which had often presented themselves, as pleasant pictures, in what Shakspeare would call his "mind's eye," as he mused by the firelight of a winter's night, when far away across the broad Atlantic.

On the twenty-fourth of December he arrived at the market-town nearest to his for-some-time-forsaken home. But a great storm had arisen; the snow had been laid deeply on the ground for some days; the frost was intense; and the wind, in all its fury, was busy forming those dangerous snow-drifts, beneath which so many lives have been lost; so that he was a bold man indeed who durst attempt to climb the Yorkshire hills on such a tempestuous night as that.

Rob tried hard to tempt the landlord of the principal inn, with great gifts, to allow one of his men to drive him to the farm; but all he could induce him to promise was

that he should be driven to the foot of the hills. Even this, the innkeeper said, was a dangerous undertaking; and he strongly urged his guest not to leave the shelter of his roof that evening, telling him that he little knew what he was about to undertake, as it would be almost certain death for anyone to attempt to go up the hills on such a fearful night. But all his reasoning was in vain. Rob was determined to go; so, according to the promise given, a close carriage, with a pair of the landlord's most powerful post-horses, was brought out, and Rob started on his perilous adventure; for his was an iron will, not easily to be bent or broken.

The storm still raged furiously; and at the foot of the first hill they came to, the driver said that he could not possibly go any further; and he tried hard to persuade his passenger to return with him to the town, telling him that he would be frozen to death if he attempted to finish the journey; but all was of no avail. Rob was determined, if possible, to return home that Christmas Eve.

Having dismissed the driver with a handsome present, Rob set off alone, to do battle with the storm, which seemed to increase its fury every step he took.

They who have never encountered a strong north-easter on the Yorkshire hills, with the snow driving in drifts about them, filling up the deepest ditches and water-courses, burying even the dry stone walls that take the place of hedges, and rendering every trace of roads undiscernible, can have no idea of the dangerous task he had undertaken. The wind and snow, and frost combined, were too great for human strength to bear up against. Slow, very slow, was the progress he made up the first hill, and many times he was on the point of sinking down; but he fought manfully to keep upon his feet, knowing that if ever he sat down, sleep would overpower him, and all would soon be over with him as a living man. He managed to descend on the other side; but, alas! another hill, steeper than the one he had surmounted, remained to be climbed before he could reach his destination.

His clothes were now all frozen upon him, and his hair and beard were filled with a mass of icy snow. Wearily he tried to ascend, but a strange feeling had come over him. He seemed to have lost all interest in life, and the only thing he wished for was—rest! At last he saw a bright light in the distance, and, for a moment, hope revived within him, for he knew that it came from his mother's house.

"Ah!" he thought, "they are keeping their merry Christmas! and I, who hoped to have been with them, must perish here alone. Oh! mother, mother! my life's journey is finished!"

He partly ascended the eminence on which the house stood, but could do no more; and, sinking down upon the ground, he was speedily covered up with a mantle of snow, but for which he must have perished by the intense frost in a single hour.

Mrs. Moorson and Lucy, as usual, were keeping their watch on Christmas Eve for Rob's return; and almost wishing that this night, of all others that they had watched for him, they might be disappointed, as they knew the perils of the mountain road on such a night as that.

As soon as Christmas morning dawned, Rob's elder brother, and one of the men-servants, accompanied by their faithful old dog, went forth to look for some sheep, which, they were afraid, might have perished, or otherwise be drifted up prisoners, during the night.

The storm had now somewhat abated; and, about half-way down the hill, Rover came to a stand, and began snuffing about a large snowdrift at the side of the road. Thinking that some of the poor sheep might be buried in it, they set about removing the snow very carefully with a shovel they had taken with them, fully expecting that they would require it in searching for the sheep.

It is scarcely possible to say how greatly they were alarmed, on removing a portion of the snowdrift, to find a human being, instead of the sheep they were seeking for.

They raised him up gently; and, although he was quite unconscious, they felt that there was still some little warmth about the region of the heart; and, wrapping him up carefully in their own top-coats, they carried him, in all haste, to the farm. In the indistinct light they had not recognised his features; but, in laying him down on the "long settle" by the kitchen fire, his brother called out, in a frantic voice,—

“It is Rob! It is poor Rob!”

Mrs. Moorson and Lucy had both gone, only a short time before, to take a little rest; but hearing the young man's loud cry, they hastened downstairs, to see him whom they had so long and anxiously watched for arrived at last, but lying to all appearance dead.

Mrs. Moorson, in her great agony, cried aloud,—

“My son! my son! to see you like this!—to die at your own mother's door! Oh, God! give me strength to bear this heavy trial!”

“Hush, hush!” said Lucy, in a calm voice; “this is no time for lamentations. We must set about trying to restore animation at once.”

Quickly a bed was prepared, and the poor sufferer was placed in it. Hot water was put to his feet, gentle friction applied to the body, and such simple remedies as they could think of were not spared, until the arrival of the doctor, who had been speedily sent for.

For a long time all their efforts seemed to be unavailing, but at last he began to breathe feebly, and then they all hoped for the best.

The struggle was hard between life and death. At last the doctor said that he had hopes that he might live, but he would need to be kept quiet, and require the greatest care. But Rob was in good hands.

Poor Lucy, who had hitherto been the most useful member of the household, now gave way, and had to be carried out of the room in a fainting condition.

For many days Rob's case was a very critical one, as his death might have taken place at any moment; a severe fever being the result of his night's exposure—his feet and legs also being frost-bitten to an alarming extent. All was done for the poor fellow that human skill could devise; but he long remained in an unconscious state. His mother and Lucy, who had somewhat recovered, were his constant attendants; and never was poor invalid more carefully nursed. Sometimes he would mutter, in a low voice, about the dreadful snow, and the light shining in his mother's window. If only he could but once see his mother, then he could die happy. But to die so near, without seeing her, was hard indeed! Mutterings that wrung that mother's heart!

The poor old lady wept bitterly when she heard him talking thus; and Lucy, who was nearly as bad as herself, did all she could to comfort her.

When the fever had reached its height, Rob fell into a deep sleep, which lasted for a considerable time, and his awaking was anxiously looked for, as this was thought to be the turning point in his illness. Well did Shakspeare term sleep “Nature's soft nurse!”

His mother was seated beside him when this occurred. He opened his eyes, and looked earnestly at her. Then he held out his hand to her, and smiled. His consciousness had returned at last.

The doctor now ordered more than ordinary quietness to be observed in the room, and told Lucy not to enter it again when he was awake, for the excitement of seeing her might be too much for his feeble strength.

After this, he began gradually to recover; but, alas! he could not move his limbs, they had been so much frost-bitten. For some time there was great fear that several of his toes would have to be amputated; but, by great skill in their treatment, he was spared that infliction, to the great joy of his friends as well as of himself.

He was now able to converse with his mother and friends; but so far Lucy had never been named by any of them. However, one day, when he had been making inquiries about several of the villagers, his mother said to him,—

“How is it, Rob, that you never ask about Lucy?”

He gave a sudden start, and then said,—

“I will tell you, mother, what I dreamt during my illness. I thought that I was stricken down, and could not help myself in any way; and then I thought that Lucy came and ministered to my wants. And then the thought came to me, if I could only die now, what happiness it would be, to have *her* looking upon me to the last! But it was only a dream, mother! I should like you to tell me now if she and her husband

reside in the village? Much depends upon your answer to this: for if it be so, I fear, if ever I get well again, I shall have to leave you once more. For since I have had my dream, I feel that I cannot bear to see her as the wife of another."

"Dear Rob!" said his mother, "I will tell you another day all about Lucy. I fear you will not be able to bear it now, we have talked so much already."

"Nonsense!" said he. "Do tell me at once, so that I may be able to form my plans for the future as I am lying idle here; I think I can bear what you may have to tell me now."

"Well, then," rejoined his mother, "in the first place, whoever told you, dear Rob, that Lucy was married at all?"

"Not married!" he exclaimed. "Did the villain dare to win her from me, and then deceive her? If so, he shall answer for this! I will——"

"Stop, stop, Rob!" broke in his mother. "You are getting excited already. Be calm, for all our sakes. The young man never did any harm to Lucy. There never was any courting between them. And Lucy never loved but one man; and that is—your dear self, Rob!"

"Mother!" replied Rob, "I can hardly believe what you have been telling me! It seems to me that my life has been one great mistake. But I am beginning to see through it now. This has all been brought about by my own hasty temper and mad jealousy. I have been punished; but, it seems to me, not so much as I have deserved, when I think of the suffering I must have caused her and you. Can you forgive me, mother? And if Lucy is still in the village, do you think that she will come and say she forgives me too? This is all I can now hope for at her hands. Me a poor cripple, that may never be able to work for my own living again."

"Yes, my son!" replied Mrs. Moorson; "she will come and see you. But she says that it is *you* that she hopes may forgive *her* for the misery she has caused us all by her own foolish conduct. She will come to-morrow to spend the Sunday with us; then you shall see her, and she will tell you all. And as to your dream, my boy, it was a reality; for Lucy nursed you, as long as you were unconscious; then, by the doctor's orders, she left us, and went to resume her duties at the school; but daily she has come to the farm, to inquire after your health, and also to ask if you had ever named her. The light you saw in the window was placed there by her hands. Every Christmas Eve since you left us, we have put it there; and we two have watched till daylight for your return. And now that you are here, Rob, I hope you may never leave us again. I have told you enough for the present; do not ask me any more, or you will not be able to see Lucy to-morrow."

So saying, she left the room, that he might not overtask himself by continuing the conversation.

On Sunday morning Lucy arrived, and was told by Mrs. Moorson of all that had been said by Rob and her on the preceding day. Great was her joy to think that she would that day be admitted to his presence, and be able to talk with him of the sad mistake which they had both made in the past, which had caused themselves and others so much sorrow.

The meeting took place in the afternoon, and was a most affecting one. Mutual explanations of their past conduct were made; and Lucy left the farm on the following morning in a more cheerful frame of mind than she had enjoyed during the past five years.

Rob began to recover, but the lameness in his legs and feet still continued. He was able to sit up daily, and even to cross the room on crutches. Lucy spent two or three hours every evening with him. During one of her visits he told her that he could never hope for her becoming his wife now, seeing that he was a poor cripple, and that he might never be able to work for his own livelihood again. Lucy burst into tears, and replied,—

"Dear Rob! if that is all that is to stand in the way of our union, let me never hear you name it again. I am young and strong, and as it was all through me that you were brought into this state, surely you will allow me to work for you. I have my

situation as schoolmistress, and my father is not without money ; and, being his only child, I am sure he would do much for my happiness : and what greater joy can come to me than to have you to tend and care for ? ”

Rob was quite overcome by Lucy's devotion ; but he would not agree to her proposal. However, it was finally settled before she left the house that, as soon as he was well again, they were to be married, and Lucy was to leave all care for the future to him.

Lucy was much surprised one day to receive a present of a handsome gold watch and chain, with a paper enclosed in the same parcel, containing the following words :—

“ To Miss Lucy Fennel, as a small acknowledgment of her many kindnesses to Rob Moorson during his severe illness.”

She was very proud of her splendid present, but wished Rob had been more careful of his money when they were about to begin housekeeping.

As soon as her duties were over at the school, she hastened away to the farm, to thank him, also to caution him about being more careful of his money, as much would be needed for their future wants.

Rob waited patiently till she had done talking, and then, calling his mother into the room, he told them both of his altered circumstances ; how he had realized a handsome fortune in California ; and now that he had found his dear Lucy real and true, he intended to settle down in or near his native village. There would be no necessity for either Lucy or him to work ; and, after her noble offer to him, he had determined not to keep them in suspense any longer as to their future means of living.

Of course his announcement was a great surprise to them all ; for Rob well knew that all the kindness that had been bestowed upon him had nothing but love for its basis. He was now recovering his strength very rapidly, and was able to move about by the aid of a walking-stick alone ; but the doctor gave it as his opinion that he would always be slightly lame to the end of his life. After all the suffering he had passed through, Rob and his friends looked upon this as a comparatively trifling calamity.

It was now arranged that the marriage was to take place early in September, just a year from the time when Rob returned to England ; and Lucy was at once to resign her situation at the school. This latter was done greatly to the regret of both her scholars and their parents, who were sincerely sorry to lose her gentle services.

Pleasantly with them the summer passed ; lovingly they wandered together over the green fields and breezy moorlands, oftentimes seeking shelter from the noonday sun among the greenwood trees, that were filled with wildflowers at their feet, and birds on every bough. All nature seemed to them in perfect harmony with their own feelings. Rob became the purchaser of a small estate, not far from his native village, and Beech Tree House was now being fitted up for their future home.

September came at last, and the interesting ceremony was performed by the good old rector, at the village church where Rob had fostered his jealousy above five years before. The day was observed as a general holiday by all the villagers. The school girls, all dressed in their Sunday clothes, were arranged on each side of the footpath, from the lych-gate to the porch, strewing flowers not more beautiful than their own smiling faces,—for Lucy was one of those wise teachers who win the love of their pupils. A white-haired old man among the many there to wish them joy was heard to say,—

“ Poor things ! they have been treading on thorns long enough, it is time they were among the roses now,” a sentiment in which both young and old concurred.

A large party were assembled at the farm to partake of the wedding breakfast ; and the festivities were kept up all day. Before starting on their marriage tour to London—and from thence to pay a promised visit to his Californian friends in Essex—Rob said that he wished to say a few words to the young men present, and they were these :—

“ Let me warn you never to give way to jealousy ; and, above all, never be too hasty in your judgment of the conduct of others, and you will be spared much misery.”

After he had finished speaking, Lucy stood up and said that she did not think it

right that Master Rob should have all the moralizing to himself. She also wished to impress it very deeply on the minds of her young female friends, that it was a most dangerous thing to give way to flirtation ; and she begged of them all, if they valued their own happiness and that of others, to avoid it ; and, above all, she advised them, whatever they did, always to keep their tryst with the man whom they loved.

*Rose Cottage, Stokesley.*

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PARTED.

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BY BRO. EMRA HOLMES.

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*(Written for the Masonic Magazine.)*

Ah me ! I remember the Sabbath bells pealing,  
 And heard the clear echoes 'midst answering hills ;  
 The babbling brooks their presence revealing  
 By rippling cascades, and musical rills.

And there was one with me who loved the fair landscape,  
 The grand rocky cliffs and the brave breezy down ;  
 Who knew the bright colours and forms of the cloud-wraith ;  
 Who wooed the blest country, and hated the town.

And little thought I when the rich blood was mounting,  
 Suffusing her cheeks with a pure carmine glow,  
 That the fingers of fate her short days were counting,  
 And nature of health made a treacherous show.

We loved and we parted, our summer was over,  
 There only remained to us winter's fierce wind ;  
 For fate was against us, and I, a gay rover,  
 Wandered disconsolate, seeming unkind.

And then I came back, and the deep bells were tolling  
 For the bright English maiden I left in her youth ;  
 And I found that when oceans between us were rolling,  
 Grim Death made her his, and I guessed at the truth.

For slander and calumny had come between us,  
 They drove me away, and they'd broken her heart ;  
 And false-pride prevented what would best beseem us,  
 The kiss of forgiveness, and so we did part.

And this was the end of our gay walks together,  
 Listening gladly to wild birds' soft songs ;  
 Wandering foot-deep in rich purple heather,  
 Little we dreamed of all our cruel wrongs !

Oh ! maidens, bethink you, when false friends discover  
 Some flaw or some fault in the man you love best ;  
 Trust not to their friendship, but trust *him*, your lover,  
 Believe no ill of him, and leave all the rest.



First learn to respect, and then to defend him,  
If worthy of fealty, true to the core ;  
Let no one have power, not the mother who bore him,  
To break plighted troth to him evermore.

Choose well, then be steadfast, resist all endeavour  
To separate you from the man whom you love ;  
Have faith in him always, let naught dissever ;  
Believe in the power which reigneth above.

Whenever the bells are merrily ringing,  
I think of the days when a dear wedded wife  
Was coming so surely, joyously singing,  
To take her place by me ;—alas, came the strife.

A shadow of mystery saddened our story,  
Long days of unrest and nights full of gloom ;  
A treacherous deed from life took the glory,  
And carried my sweet bride with grief to the tomb.

*Fowey, Cornwall.*

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## THE MAP OF EUROPE IN 1879.

BY PTOLEMY PHILADELPHOS.

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I VENTURED in Bro. Kenning's admirable Christmas number of 1877 to give my opinion on the map of Europe as it presented itself to my "optic nerve," or nervous optics, whichever you like ; and with the same fraternal permission, and under the same gay and genial auspices, I repeat my little "deliverance" at Christmas, 1878 ! A year ago, I ventured to speak of the probabilities of the future. Now those probabilities have become realities—events, which nothing can affect, and no one can gainsay. No more momentous treaty ever was signed than the Berlin Treaty, in the history of nations, inasmuch as it begins to deal with that "Crux" for all Europe and all diplomatists, the "Eastern Question." It may be remembered by some of my readers that a year ago I sketched out geographically a settlement of the Oriental Embroglio, which was characterized by two leading points—diminution of the maimed Turkish power, and watching of the great and growing Russian Empire. Such too seems to be the leading idea of the Berlin Treaty, and such no doubt are, in my opinion, both the essence of the whole question and the actual necessity of the case. Though the result has not been achieved in the same manner I ventured to sketch out, "currente calamo," yet it has been brought about almost identically, if in another way. Great Britain watches over the reformed, if diminished, "Ottoman Porte," and is there to "surveiller" the progress and proceedings of the Russian Empire. That fact I regarded, with no special concern for one side or other in the struggle, as the inevitable outcome of diplomatic acuteness, the Nemesis of outraged humanity ! I still am of opinion that my idea of a resuscitated Poland would have but met the actual needs of Europe, and advanced most truly the best interests of the East. It would have been a guarantee for the peace of the world, and the tranquil progress of nations.. I thought so then—I think so still. And I will tell my readers why.

I do not for one moment blink the delicacy of the situation, or the perplexity of the case. I do not overlook the pride and martial spirit of Germany, the ability of Prince Bismarck, or the abstract and concrete difficulty of "Retrosession." Like the lamented Prince Consort, I feel the intense seriousness of the question—"When you talk of resuscitated Poland, what Poland do you mean?"

I originally alluded to the great principle of compensation, and I adhere to it to-day; it is in that I foresee the possibility of a general pacification of Europe, and the prosperity of the East. I confess that I have very little hope or trust in Turkey. If events are sometimes stronger than men, men still rule events, in my humble opinion, and some great and sagacious ruler may yet start up, capable of revivifying and welding together the still wide but seemingly dissolving Turkish rule. But as far as one can now realize the probable march of events, the apparent contingencies of the future, in that wondrous and yet mysterious East, we cannot hope for vitality or duration in the Ottoman sway. It is permeated by evils of numerous if conflicting kinds, and is to outward appearance wanting in the very first principles of cohesion, unity, harmony, and progress. That its "poor soldiers" have fought well, is an historical fact—that Turkey has able men among its leaders, is perhaps true; but the inherent viciousness of its whole administration seems to be so great, both in its corruption and tyranny, its injustice and its intolerance, that to reform it would appear to be hopeless—to uphold it would appear to be impossible.

And yet who can venture to predict the things that will yet be, in that far-off and wonderful clime? It has passed through scathing trials, and desperate convulsions; it has outlived invasion and insurrection, the loss of a province, the fall of a dynasty; and, weak and disunited as it is, survives, when other seemingly far stronger and more homogeneous States have gone down before it, in the "maelstrom" of eddying and destructive time.

As Lord Salisbury has put it, in one of his able state papers—no clearer or more striking are to be found in the annals or archives of English diplomacy—Turkey has another chance, and is bid to set her house in order. Will she avail herself of it? Will she do it? These are questions which can only be answered as the solemn "Parcæ" decide the fates and destinies of nations, in the "years that are to be." Such questions and answers we must, I fear, leave solemnly, if anxiously, to-day, to that history which always repeats itself, to those marvellous events which display alike the greatness and the littleness of men, which unfold the comedies and tragedies of nations, which illustrate the heroism and yet the wickedness of the world.

But going back to my great principle of compensation, I cannot see why all cannot be settled "à l'aimable." I was perhaps a little indistinct in my last "sketch," giving up Constantinople to Russia, though I rather proposed to place at Constantinople a Christian power agreeable to Russia; and I think it was Mr. Duff who started the idea (not perhaps a bad one) of a Christian Bulgarian Byzantine Empire, with the Duke of Edinburgh at its head.

I cannot see why, if Europe is consenting, and the principle of compensation can be found, Poland might not be resuscitated, and form a mighty wedge as between Russia and Europe.

Of course Germany is greatly interested in this question; but Germany might receive large pecuniary compensation, a large transfer of funded debt, and a good deal of territorial increase, which would give her all she wants, and not indispose her to an ally between Russia and herself. With Luxemburg, Heligoland, Rhodes, a repayment of all Silesian expenditure, and a large transfer of national debt, a "modus vivendi" might be found, one is disposed to fancy. Prussia's administration of Silesia has been admirable, and its people are much happier than under its former haphazard government, and probably a large portion of Silesia might prefer to remain German. I have been asked, What about the seaboard? Well, I do not deny the difficulty; but I am rather looking at a solution of that dreadful "embarras" in which Europe is placed, large increasing standing armies, with a sad waste of moral and material expenditure, as the necessary struggle to be prepared for all eventualities. There is a chronic evil, a

great injustice, an open sore, in Europe, which it behoves all statesmen to remember and to realize, and which, until it is dealt with, constitutes the abiding weakness (be it noted) of three of the most powerful empires in the world—Austria, Germany, and Russia. Does any one doubt but that Austria, Germany, and Russia would be stronger without an absorbed Poland than with it? I fancy no one can or will hold any such view really and truly.

But admitted the evil, where is the remedy? It can only be brought about by a second Treaty of Berlin, which, recognizing the injustice of the past, the inconvenience of the present, and appreciating the true interests of the future, seeks, "timely wise," by a real conservative policy (in no party sense), to simplify, to harmonize, to rearrange, and readjust the now confused map of Europe, which seems too often only to offer a prey to some disturber of the public peace, some "hostis humani generis," some titled pirate, or some communistic freebooter. Still, let us gratefully realize how much has been done, what has been accomplished, alike on sound and just principles. If I still adhere to my little geographical programme, it is because I feel sure the question must come up again, and until it is comfortably settled will constitute a dilemma for Europe and the world.

Austria has practically received an extension in Bosnia, a very good move, inasmuch as then we shall open out neglected regions and fertile countries to commerce, and to civilization. Montenegro has got something, Servia has received a good deal, Roumania even more, and Greece, let us trust, may yet see its fair national inspirations rewarded. But Greece can never expect to be dissociated from Athens. It would be profanation. If a Byzantine empire is to exist, it has nothing to do with Greece, which, in my opinion should alone only seek and wish to be "Greece, and living Greece once more." What has Greece to do with Constantinople?

How far years of trial and emigration, of association with questionable leaders, and secret societies have affected the average Pole of to-day, so as to render him incapable of self-government, is, I fancy, a very debatable proposition indeed. If some thus hotly contend, others as firmly believe, that, warned by the errors and follies of the past, deploring national disunion, and loving national life—imbued by patriotic loyalty and chivalric fervour—a Constitutional Poland might arise, destined to be useful to Europe, and a blessing to its own people. But here I must stop. I have been writing geographically. I am now verging necessarily on the political, and such is forbidden by the unchanging tenets of Freemasonry. Would that all Masonic jurisdictions just now would remember that most important and wholesome truth!

What 1879 may bring for Europe and the world, who can say to-day? I do not profess to be a prophet, but am what some one has called a "suggestive party," who in these comfortable and classic pages dares to propound a long-forgotten maxim, by nations as well as by men, that "injustice is a great wrong socially, politically, nationally, morally," and that no government, be it what it may—autocratic, constitutional, or republican—which forgets this unchanged law of man and nations, but finds sooner or later an avenging "Nemesis," which either "saps its power or lowers its prestige."

I trust that the readers of the *Masonic Magazine* will take these offhand and unpretentious lucubrations of mine at their proper value, which is simply that of a humble contribution by a Freemason, to the geography, the peace, the progress of Europe, the extension of the blessings of civil government and religious liberty, the reintegration of the great family of nations on the lasting principles of justice and legality, social order, and religious toleration.

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SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LODGE OF ANTIQUITY, NO. 146,  
BOLTON.

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BY BRO. JAMES NEWTON, P.M., BOLTON.

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**T**HE Warrant of Constitution under which the Lodge meets was granted by the "Ancients" Grand Lodge on the 24th June, 1776, to the Worshipful Charles Walker, as Master, the Worshipful Richard Worthington, his Senior Warden, and the Worshipful James Taylor, his Junior Warden, empowering them "to open and hold a Lodge at the sign of the Fox (or elsewhere), in the Town of Leigh, in the County of Lancaster, upon every Thursday next to each full moon."

Unfortunately the first Minute Book of the Lodge cannot now be found, though it is known to have been in existence a few years ago. The minutes at present extant date back in a complete form to January, 1786.

A few years after the date of the Warrant the Lodge seems to have been removed to Bolton, and the minutes show that the Lodge has continued to meet uninterruptedly at Bolton since 1786, viz. : from 1786 to 1793, at the Crown Inn ; from 1793 to 1802, at the Black Horse Inn ; from 1802 to 1812, at the Weavers' Arms Inn ; from 1812 to 1816, at the Four Horse Shoes Inn ; from 1816 to 1855, at the Rising Sun Inn ; from 1855 to 1861, at the One Horse Shoe Inn ; from 1861 to the present time at the Bull's Head Inn.

The Lodge possesses a code of Byelaws dated 17th January, 1786, certified by Bro. John McCormick, Grand Secretary, in the following terms : "These Rules and Orders are now in practice, and in full force." These Byelaws are printed on large paper, with blanks to be filled up in writing for the No. of the Lodge, and for the amounts of fees, subscriptions, fines, etc., being evidently prepared by the Grand Lodge for such Lodges as were under its jurisdiction, the object being, doubtless to ensure uniformity in the Byelaws of Lodges.

A few Extracts from the Byelaws are here subjoined :—

"No. 1. If any member be absent one hour after the appointed time of meeting, he shall be fined threepence, and if absent the whole night or time of business, he shall be fined sixpence (except such absentee be sick, lame, in confinement, or upwards of three miles from the place of meeting), and sixpence for neglecting to come to the Lodge in a white handkerchief."

No. 2 provides for the election of the Master and all the inferior officers by ballot at the stated Lodge next before each St. John's day.

No. 4 imposes fines for refusing to serve as officers : Master, 5s. ; Wardens and Secretary, 2s. 6d. each ; Deacons, 1s. each ; Treasurer, "at the discretion of the majority."

No. 7 fixes the subscription of each member at 1s. 6d., every stated Lodge night "of which tennence shall be spent, and the remainder put into the fund for the relief of indigent brethren."

No. 9 fixes the proposition fee for a candidate for initiation at "not less than one crown," and if the candidate be approved on ballot, "whatsoever sum the Brethren shall think proper, not less than two guineas and a half, and cloathe the Lodge if required."

No. 10 fixes the joining fee at "not less than five shillings."

No. 11 imposes a fine "at the discretion of the majority," in case any Brother "curse, swear, lay or offer to lay wagers, or use any reproachful language in derogation of God's name, or corruption of good manners, or interrupt any officer whilst speaking."

No. 12 provides that "if any Member come disguised in liquor he shall be admonished by the presiding officer for the first offence ; for the second of the same

nature he shall be fined one shilling; and for the third he shall be excluded and reported to the Grand Lodge."

No. 20 provides a fee of 1s. each to the Tyler and Secretary for every Mason made in this Lodge and 6d. for every joining member.

No. 24 enacts that "no Brother under the degree of Master Mason shall be admitted to visit this Lodge upon any pretence whatsoever."

The fines for absence and other causes seem to have been regularly enforced for a great number of years, and the Minutes during this period contain the names of those Brethren who rendered themselves liable to such fines.

The officers were elected every six months until the end of 1801, since which time they have been chosen every twelve months.

In the early existence of the Lodge, it was not an unusual occurrence for candidates to be initiated, passed, and raised the same evening.

Although prohibited from countenancing any Lodges under the "Moderns" Grand Lodge, there seems to have always been the greatest cordiality between this Lodge and the Anchor and Hope Lodge (now No. 37), warranted 23rd October, 1732, which was a "Moderns" Lodge, and visits seem to have been regularly interchanged by the Members of both Lodges, and on the occasions of processions to church (which, by the way, seem to have been of annual occurrence), the two Lodges both took part therein. It must, however, be observed that when any Brother joined this Lodge from a Moderns Lodge he had to be re-initiated, passed, and raised, the three ceremonies in these cases being performed the same evening.

The Minutes of the Lodge meetings are generally very explicit, and some of the most interesting of the earlier Minutes are here given.

At a meeting held 14th April, 1786, a lecture was given by Bro. Gilbert Robinson, on the Second Step of Masonry, and it is stated that "Bro. B. was fined 2d. for sleeping whilst the lecture was giving, when a question was put to him," and another Brother was fined 1d. for whispering.

Under date 21st June, 1786, appear the Minutes of a "Grand Lodge held at ye Queen's Head, in Wigan, Lancashire," on which occasion it is stated that "the Right Worshipful Brother John Watson, appointed in pursuance of a deputation sent to him for that purpose, from the Ancient Grand Lodge of England, and ye Masonical jurisdiction thereof, with Gilbert Robinson, his Right Worshipful Deputy Grand Master, John Parker, his Right Worshipful Senior Warden, William Macavory, his Right Worshipful Junior Warden, and John Barlow, his Grand Secretary, open'd a Grand Lodge in due form upon the 3rd step of Masonry, and proceeded to the Installation (or Constitution) of Lodge No. 235" (now the Lodge of Antiquity, No. 178), and particulars are given of the installation of the Master and officers, etc.

On the 20th July, 1786, a Lodge of Emergency was held for the purpose of attending the funeral of Bro. Jas. Taylor, "late Master of ye Lodge."

On the 28th August, 1786, "a lecture was given by the W. M. Bro. G. Robinson, on the 2nd Step of Masonry so far as the explanation of the pillars."

On the 8th September, 1786, "Received one book of 'Ahiman Rezon' in part of the three paid for, from the Grand Lodge."

At this meeting "Bro. Taylor's widow presented the Lodge with a sword, for which they esteem the gratitude and respect she shews to her late husband's memory, and the craft in general."

At this meeting also "Bro. C. was fined 9d. for refusing to accept the books and perform his duty as Secretary."

At the festival of St. John, held 27th December, 1786, "Bro. Worshipful nominated Bro. G. as Senior Deacon, on account of Bro. T. not attending. Bro. G. being rather dilatory in his duty of Senior Deacon, Bro. Worshipful appointed Bro. M."

Under date 1st March, 1787, appear the Minutes of a "Grand Lodge held at the Swan, Chorley," when "Bro. Charles Aldcroft (Master of this Lodge) Grand Master, appointed by virtue of a deputation sent to him for that purpose from the Ancient Grand Lodge of England, with Bro. P. Bentley, his R.W.D. Grand Master, Bro.

Thomas Walker, of No. 235, Wigan, his R.W. Senior Grand Warden, and Bro. H. Woods, of No. 196, his R.W. Junior G. Warden, and Bro. James Gradwell, his R.W. Grand Secretary, proceeded to constitute the Lodge, No. 238." This Lodge is now extinct.

At the Regular Lodge held 24th January, 1788, "the Worshipful Master was fined 2d. for writing a letter in Lodge hours when at labour, also 2d. for not being clothed, also 6d. for not appointing a deputy during his absence."

At a meeting held 16th November, 1793, "Agreed by the Lodge to make a contribution for purchasing flannel waistcoats for the brave soldiers serving under the Duke of York. Collected for that purpose, £3 14s. 6d."

Under date 20th April, 1797, appear the Minutes of a "Grand Lodge held at the Hand and Banner, Bolton," on which occasion "Bro. James Abel (Master of this Lodge), Grand Master, appointed by virtue of a deputation sent to him for that purpose from the Ancient Grand Lodge of England with Bro. James Banks, of No. 196, his R.W. Deputy Grand Master, Bro. Thomas Walker, of No. 235, Wigan, his R.W. Senior Warden, Bro. Robert Mansley, of No. 238, Chorley, his R.W. Junior Warden, and Bro. James Gradwell, of No. 196, his Grand Secretary, proceeded to constitute the Lodge, No. 303" (now St. John's Lodge, No. 221).

Under date 1st March, 1798, appear the Minutes of a Grand Lodge held at Blackburn, on the occasion of the Constitution of Lodge No. 310 (now Lodge of Benevolence, No. 226).

On 1st June, 1798, "A present was made by Bro. G., of an excellent warm cap for the Tyler."

On 21st December, 1798, "Bro. R. made a present to the Lodge of 'Ahiman Rezon.'"

This Brother's present appears to have been returned, as it is stated, on 13th September, 1799, "The present made of 'Ahiman Rezon,' by Bro. R. to this Lodge, is agreed on to be return'd to W. W., as being his property."

At the Regular Lodge, held 1st October, 1799, "the W.M. was fined 2s. 6d. for being absent one hour, and, being rather intoxicated, was order'd to sit as a private member."

On 24th April, 1812, "On account of this town and neighbourhood being in a disturbed state, and many of our members being on military and other duty, the absentees to be excused from fines."

On 6th May, 1814, "Proceeded in procession to meet the Bolton Local Militia on returning from garrison duty."

On 18th January, 1816, "Proceeded in procession to St. Peter's Church, accompanied by the Staff of the Bolton Local Militia, to return thanks to Almighty God for the blessings of peace."

On 14th August, 1818, "It is unanimously agreed that Bro. Stanley be presented with a Silver Medal as a reward for drawing a plan of an intended Freemasons' Hall, and that Bro. Bradley get it made."

On 12th February, 1819, "It was unanimously agreed that every member belonging to this Lodge when sick shall receive 6s. per week and 4s. per week when in prison for debt."

On 27th January, 1826, "Agreed by the Brethren present that one volume of Bro. Rev. George Oliver's 12 lectures be purchased."

A Lodge of Emergency was held on 8th September, 1831, to "celebrate the Coronation of His Majesty King William the Fourth."

From this point to the present time the Minutes do not contain much to interest the readers of a Magazine, being confined principally to the ordinary records of a Lodge. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, M.W. Grand Master, has recently been pleased to grant a Warrant authorizing the Members of the Lodge to wear a Centenary Jewel.

The original number of the Lodge was 196, which was changed to 242 at the Union, in 1814; at the re-numbering of Lodges in 1832, the number was again changed to 170; and at the re-numbering in 1863, the number was altered to 146.

At the present time the Lodge is in an exceedingly prosperous condition, and the Master of the Lodge for the time being is a Vice-President of the three Great Masonic Institutions, thus demonstrating the fact that, in its prosperity, the Lodge has not neglected its duty in supporting the Charities of our Order. Indeed, whenever the Lodge is appealed to for the support of any worthy object, the result is invariably successful.

We congratulate the Lodge on its prosperity, and wish for a continuance of the same for many years to come.

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## AN UNKNOWN WATERING-PLACE.

BY BRO. EMRA HOLMES.

*Member of the Durham and Northumberland Archaeological and Architectural Society: Author of "Tales, Poems, and Masonic Papers," "Amabel Vaughan," etc.*

(Written for the Masonic Magazine.)

ONE of the most interesting and picturesque places in Cornwall (that most picturesque of counties) is the ancient town of Fowey (originally spelt and still pronounced Foy), and yet it is a place which to the general tourist is utterly unknown.

It is true that some of our yachting men have discovered that there is here one of the loveliest and safest land-locked harbours in England, and within the last few years the Duke and Duchess of Argyle, the Duke of Sutherland, the Earl of Roden, the Earl of Ducie, the Duke of Bedford, Baroness Burdett Coutts, Lord Alfred Paget, Sir George Stukeley, Bart., Lord Cremorne, Earl Beauchamp, Lord Penzance, the Marquis of Stafford, Baroness de Rothschild, the Earl of Gosford, and other distinguished people have visited Fowey in their yachts, and gone away well pleased with their discovery of so charming a locality. But though there is the old Ship Inn, with its quaint gables, and deep barge boards, and its quaint rooms, with carved mantelpieces centuries old, near the town quay; and the Commercial Inn, at the head of the town, a modern hostelry of the country sort, of which the landlord, by the way, is a brother Mason, and the accommodation very good though limited;—with these exceptions there is no place where visitors can stay, except two very comfortable though small lodging-houses on the Esplanade. An enterprising builder, with capital at command, might do worse than come to Fowey and build some villa residences for residents and visitors on the hills above the town.

Entering Fowey Harbour from the sea, on your right are the great cliffs above Polruan, rising some four hundred feet out of the sea in perpendicular height, and at the highest point, Black Bottle Head, presenting a bold and precipitous, not to say a pitiless, front to the waves. Woe to the ship that comes ashore on this iron-bound coast—no chance of safety except a lifeboat were near—no sandy shore on which a vessel might be safely grounded, nothing but great boulders and jagged rocks, which, in the rough south-west gales that visit these coasts, would grind a vessel to tinder, and dash its crew to pieces in a very few short minutes.

At the entrance to the harbour, on the Polruan side, is a white cross, known as

Punchey Cross, which marks the limits of the jurisdiction of the Mayor and Burgesses of Lostwithiel, an old town situated six miles up the beautiful river Fowey, and which had, by prescriptive right, jurisdiction over the whole harbour—a right commuted now into a money payment, or tribute, of £40 per annum, paid by the Harbour Commissioners to the authorities at Lostwithiel. It is said that Punchey was originally written Pontius, and that Pontius Pilate landed there, though there is probably no reliable tradition of his ever visiting Britain.

Polruan, which is just opposite to Fowey, as Birkenhead is to Liverpool, is a queer, straggling village, which climbs up the side of a hill, parts of the by-streets being literally carved out of the rock. On the summit of the hill, which dominates the little town or village, are the remains of St. Saviour's Monastery, and further on an old Cornish cross over a holy well, and the view from thence is very fine. On the top of the cliffs you can see, in fine weather, looking eastward, far beyond the Rame Head, round which one goes into Plymouth Sound—to the Bolt Head and Tail, fifty miles off, and on this side of Dartmouth; whilst on the other side you look across westward to Point Neptune, St. Catherine's Head, with the old castle, of the time of Henry VIII., still in fair preservation, beneath it, and the Mausoleum at the top, containing the remains of the Hon. Mrs. Rashleigh (daughter of the 11th Lord Blantyre) and her husband, Bro. Rashleigh, a well-known Mason, and a member of an old Cornish family connected with Fowey for centuries past. Beyond this head is the Gribban, on which is an enormous tower or day-mark, erected by the Trinity House some years since, and which would be more useful than it is if it were converted into a lighthouse, which is greatly wanted at Fowey.

Close beneath the Gribban is the pretty beach of Pridmouth, adjacent to Menabilly, the seat of the Rashleighs, where there is a wonderful little grotto, made by the late Mr. Rashleigh, and containing pieces of the ores of Cornish copper, lead, tin, and iron, and all the various crystals of each, together with other geological and mineralogical specimens of great value, such as agates, jasper, etc., exhibited on the walls and roof of the grotto in picturesque profusion, and well worth seeing. The collection is said to be worth £60,000. But far beyond the Gribban does the eye wander right across St. Austell Bay to the range of coast as far as the Dodman, the limit on this side of the port of Fowey, and containing in its boundary westward the creeks of Par, Charles-town, and Pentewan (near which the famous Pentewan stone, used for church purposes, is found). In fine weather, from Polruan Hill, you can see a low line of coast like a faint cloud on the horizon, which is near to the Lizard, and on the other side of Falmouth. On the summit of the hill above Fowey (which lies along the harbour and river side, nestling for shelter, as it were, from the wild storms under its shadow) is the remains of an old tower, believed to have been a mill, and which is mentioned, we have learned, in deeds of the twelfth century. Some very handsome Board Schools have just been built below here, and a noble grammar school is now in course of erection—both from designs by Bro. Sylvanus Trevail, a rising and very successful Cornish architect; and built by Bro. John Julian (of Julian and Sons, Truro). Who shall say who looks at these buildings that Operative Masonry is no longer practised among us?

The parish church is a very fine structure, built in the reign of Edward IV., on the site of a much older edifice, and recently restored at the cost of £4,000, raised through the indefatigable exertions of the vicar, the Rev. H. N. Purcell, and Bro. the Rev. Dr. Treffry, of Place. The monuments here, to the memory of the Treffrys and Rashleighs, principally Elizabethan, are very fine, and have been restored and painted by Dr. Drake, a descendant of the famous Sir Francis Drake, a well-known Cornish genealogist, who is thought very highly of at Herald's College (if report speaks true), particularly by our distinguished Brother Sir Albert Woods, Garter King at Arms.

Dr. Drake, who is an accomplished scholar and antiquarian, and author as well as artist, has added much interest to the church by painting the shields—supported by carved figures of angels, which decorate the old waggon-headed roof—with the arms of the ancient families connected with Fowey, and has published, amongst other more important works, an interesting little history of St. Fimbarus Church, containing an



account of the antiquities. St. Fimbarrus, a Cornish bishop of the 6th century, is said to be buried here.

So the genealogist traces the history of Fowey from the heraldic shields containing the arms of the Plantagenets, Bohuns, Courtenays, Carews, Rashleighs, Treffrys, and other less known names of families connected with the place.

In 1347 Fowey sent forty-seven ships and 770 men for the siege of Calais. Looe, now a creek of Fowey, but then an independent port (a very pretty place and well worth visiting, ten miles to the east of Fowey), sent twenty ships and 315 mariners to assist King Edward III. on this occasion; whilst London only furnished twenty-five ships and 662 mariners. This will give some idea of the importance of these western ports in those old days. The streets of Fowey are so narrow that in no place could two carriages pass one another, and in many places in the principal thoroughfares, if one meets a vehicle of any sort, it is necessary to stand in a doorway and trust to Providence not to be run over. There are one or two quaint Elizabethan houses, with queer gables, latticed heavy mullioned windows, and deep carved barge boards, dear to the antiquarian, and one fine old house, said to have been the town residence of the Rashleighs in the 14th or 15th centuries, still retains its beautiful old stone Gothic windows and doorways, and fine carved oak beams across the roof. Part of it is used as a news-room for the Working Men's Institute, a prosperous body of 250 members (under the genial presidency of the vicar), who have just erected a new and commodious building as an Institute, which is to be opened on the 25th November, by the Lord Bishop of Truro, and, it is hoped, our courteous and courtly Provincial Grand Master, the Earl of Mount Edgembe, Lord Lieutenant of Cornwall.

But the most interesting building in Fowey is *Plâce* (which is the old British name for palace), a grand Gothic castellated residence of the 15th century, standing on an eminence above the church, in its own beautiful grounds, and the residence of a gentleman of the old school, the Rev. Edward Treffry, D.C.L., a very worthy brother Mason, P.M. of the Fowey Lodge, and a P.E.C. of the Restormel Preceptory of Knights Templar of Tywardreath.

There is a very beautiful porphyry hall at *Plâce*, itself alone worth coming many miles to see. The roof, walls, and floor are all polished porphyry, and it is said that its value, taking into consideration the labour as well as cost of material, is such that if it were lined instead with the precious metals it could not have cost more. The Queen and Prince Consort and the Prince of Wales visited Fowey, in 1848 we think it was, and were hospitably entertained of course at *Plâce*. The Prince was very much struck with the porphyry hall, and said he should like to build one like it at Windsor, but he could not afford it. A great carved high-backed chair, which was used by Queen Elizabeth when she visited the then Bishop of Exeter, and which was given to the late owner of *Plâce*, by Bishop Philpotts, was pointed out to her Majesty, who made a reverence or deep obeisance to it, and declined to sit in it, remarking that it was not Royal etiquette to be seated in the chair of her ancestors.

There are one or two interesting stained glass windows in *Plâce*—one of the period containing the Black Prince's badge, the ostrich plumes out of a ducal coronet, but with the legend or motto spelt in "old English," "*Hic Dein*," instead of "*Ich Dien*." Perhaps this may be the ancient German mode of spelling the words which are now translated "I serve." Here also is a portrait of Hugh Peters, Cromwell's chaplain, who married a Treffry.

In 1457, King John of France sent a squadron of ships to burn down and ravage the town, in revenge for many victories obtained over the French by "the gallant men of Fowey," as they were called in the middle ages. They sailed past the two forts built in the reign of Edward III., and which are still standing, and came secretly in the dead of night and burned the little town, whilst the inhabitants fled in terror from their enemies. They afterwards attacked *Plâce*, which was not at that time fortified, and the then owner, Thomas Treffry, being absent, his wife Dame Elizabeth Treffry rallied the citizens round her, fought the French, and drove them back to their ships; and her effigy, which was discovered some years since when restoring the castle, is now to be

seen over a granito gateway under the great tower, with a record of her heroism. Warwick, the King Maker, befriended the Fowey people and helped them to rebuild their town, and, as Lord High Admiral, gave them letters of marque, which enabled them to use their ships as privateers and harass the French, and greatly enrich themselves with the prizes they took. In gratitude they placed his badge, the ragged staff, on their church and houses, where it may be seen carved in the enrichments on the tower of St. Fimbarrus and on the walls of Place to this day.

It is to be feared that in those days they were rather given to piracy, at least Hals the historian says so, and Edward IV., in 1478, sent a sergent-at-arms to Fowey to apprehend the principal men concerned, but they cut off his ears and sent him back to the king. "At which affront," Hals says, "the king was so distasted that soon after he sent down commissioners to Lostwithiel under pretence of raising seamen to go to war with the French, and that such amongst them as appeared most fit and able should have command of some of the King's best ships. At this news a great part of the freemen and seamen of Foy were drawn to Lostwithiel, where they no sooner came but they were immediately apprehended and taken into custody for the crimes aforesaid, their ill-gotten goods and chattels seized by the sheriff and King's officers, and one Harrington, a most notorious pirate, executed; and the chain of their harbour removed to Dartmouth." In 1666, when we were at war with Holland, a Dutch man-of-war of seventy guns, doubly manned (sent from their main fleet of eighty sail, that lay at anchor and cruised before the haven in pursuit of our Virginia fleet of eighty sail, which had escaped them, and had sailed right up the harbour into the river, and there grounded) resolved to force its way past the forts and burn the fleet. But she reckoned without her host, for after two hours' hard fighting, the forts being manned by the Fowey men and seamen from the Virginia fleet, she was beaten off and obliged to turn back and bear off to sea. The cargo of the whole fleet, composed of tobacco, was landed at Fowey, and being sold at a very cheap rate in consequence of the cost of transport to London in those days, the people purchased it in large quantities, and on the conclusion of the peace it was sold again in France, Spain, and Holland, very dear, and so enriched the good people of Fowey, who, a friend suggests, were always most prosperous in lawless times—when we were at war.

Fowey, ecclesiastically, was under the Priory of Tywardreath, a little town three miles off, which reminds us that when the Restormel Preceptory of Knights Templar was consecrated and opened there,—some few years since,—the Templar body went in all their regalia to church there,—the Earl of St. German's, then Lord Eliot, Provincial Grand Commander of Cornwall, and Sir Patrick Colquhoun, Chancellor of the Order, and Col. Peard (Garibaldi's Englishman), whose handsome residence, Trenythen, is hard by, being amongst their number; and it is said that this was the first public procession of Templars in England since the Reformation. On a future occasion we may return to the subject and tell more tales of the old Cornish towns.

In concluding this article, we cannot help remarking how many lovely spots there are like Fowey and its neighbourhood, full of interest in every way to the artist, the antiquarian, the botanist, and geologist, and yet tourists pass them by and never think of looking at home for the beauties and historical associations they might find as well here as abroad. The writer took two ladies up the Fowey river this summer. They were enchanted. One remarked: "Dear me, this is quite as beautiful as the Rhine;" and the other said: "They talk of the Dart, why, this is quite as fine." "I know it," was the answer, "but then no one seems to have heard of the river Fowey."

The harbour is enclosed by great hills, and just across the river opposite the north end of the town is Bodinnick, above which is Hall, the ancient residence of the Mohuns. The Lord Mohun of that day was one of the cavaliers, and Charles II., visiting him here, took a great delight in promenading a green lane near the top of the hill which looks down on Fowey harbour and across the bay to the Dodman and Lizard. It is still known as Hall Walk, and is memorable from the fact that the King was shot at here, but without effect, though a peasant near by was struck with the ball. King Charles, it is said, himself remarked on the beauty of the scenery about this

neighbourhood, and thought the view from Hall Walk the loveliest of its kind he had ever seen. The climate here is so mild and equable, and the town so sheltered by the hills from the north and east winds, that it is a wonder it has not long ere this been noted as a health resort. To our thinking, it is quite capable of being made as popular as it is certainly as beautiful as Torquay, for nature has done everything, and man but little as yet, in modern times at least, for one of the most picturesque places in all England.

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## SHAKSPERE, HIS FRIENDS AND ACQUAINTANCES.

### AN HISTORICAL GOSSIP.

BY BRO. GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL,

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IT is most marvellous, when one comes to look at it, to find how little the world really knows of many of its greatest benefactors. That much had to be done towards civilization before men could hand down to posterity any record of the lives and deaths of their fellows, or of any remarkable natural phenomena that might have come under their notice, can easily be conceived. Cuneiform inscriptions on Persian or Babylonish terra-cotta, hieroglyphics on Egyptian tombs, and Runic characters in our own or other countries, all speak plainly of a time when the human intellect had in some measure succeeded in bringing rude matter into due form. When the leaves of the papyrus, and skins of goats, sheep, and calves were found capable of being converted into materials on which men could hand down to posterity a written scroll, something more than the first step had been taken on the way to the pedestals of Wisdom, Strength, and Beauty. Many of the mythical characters of antiquity, as I take it, originated in vain attempts to chronicle the true actions of real personages by that unreliable, but then only available, method of oral tradition. Thus, for instance, old Bacchus, the original cultivator of the vine, becomes gradually transformed into the god of drunken revelry; and each minstrel and story-teller of the past depicted the dim original in such flaming colours as accorded best with their own unbridled fancy. But that the greatest genius that the world seems yet to have produced, should have been allowed to leave the earth with less record of his life and actions than is frequently inscribed over the pompous tombs of thousands of wealthy Nobodies, does certainly seem, to my poor judgment, not only most remarkable, but pitiful in the extreme. For, as Steevens has remarked, alas! with too much truth: "All that is known with any degree of certainty concerning Shakspeare is—that he was born at Stratford-upon-Avon; married, and had children there; went to London, where he commenced actor, and wrote poems and plays; returned to Stratford, made his will, died, and was buried."

And this occurred, not in the dark ages of which we hear so much, but at a time when he was surrounded by bright, though lesser lights, it is true, moving in every orbit of our unequalled English literature!

As my literary friend, the late John Bolton Rogerson, has truly sung:—

"How shall we speak of him whose cherish'd name  
Is link'd to glorious and undying fame—  
Poet of every clime, and class, and age,  
The worshipp'd wonder of the world's wide stage!

What pen can write, what tongue can speak of him  
 In terms that seem not lustreless and dim ?  
 Yet turn we ever wondering to the past,  
 To pierce the shroud round Shakspeare's greatness cast.  
 How look'd he in his mortal life ? How spoke  
 Those lips that passions numberless have woke ?  
 How fashion'd was the temple that enshrined  
 The fair and matchless jewel of his mind ?  
 What was the seeming of his human form,  
 Ere it became a dweller with the worm ?  
 What were the sources from whose founts he drew  
 His draughts of knowledge, ever fresh and true !  
 What volumes came before his studious sight ?  
 Whose leaves for him bore fruits of wise delight !  
 Who were the co-mates of that wondrous man,  
 Who knew alike both prince and artisan ?  
 With equal skill he painted mirth and woe—  
 What joys were his ? what sorrows did he know ?  
 Alike he knew the smallest, greatest things,  
 The schemes of pedlars, and the plots of kings,  
 The buoyant hopes of youth, the cares of age,  
 The quips of jester, and the saws of sage.  
 With fairy elves he fill'd the mystic green,  
 Or cast his spells o'er some enchanted scene ;  
 For him the past gave up its mighty dead,  
 And heroes paced again with mailed tread ;  
 He waved at will his ever-potent wand,  
 And forms appear'd from known and unknown land."

They who ignorantly imagine that our great dramatist was unappreciated in his own day and generation, and is never mentioned by contemporary writers, have yet to study our glorious Elizabethan literature. And yet, as Ralph Waldo Emerson well observes:—

"There is somewhat touching in the madness with which the passing age mischooses the object on which all candles shine, and all eyes are turned ; the care with which it registers every trifle touching Queen Elizabeth and King James, and the Essexes, Leicesters, Burleighs, and Buckingham's ; and lets pass without a single valuable note the founder of another dynasty, which alone will cause the Tudor dynasty to be remembered—the man who carries the Saxon race in him by the inspiration which feeds him, and on whose thoughts the foremost people of the world are now for some ages to be nourished, and their minds to receive this and not another bias. A popular player—nobody suspected he was the poet of the human race ; and the secret was kept as faithfully from poets and intellectual men as from courtiers and frivolous people. Bacon, who took the inventory of the human understanding for his time, never mentioned his name. Ben Jonson, though we have stained his few words of regard and panegyric, had no suspicion of the elastic fame whose first vibrations he was attempting. He no doubt thought the praise he has conceded to him generous, and esteemed himself, out of all question, the better poet of the two."

But despite the want of a Boswell to record for posterity the sayings and doings of him whose name, as Hallam has it, "is the greatest in our literature—is the greatest in all literature"—though the cloud of obscurity hanging about his personal history will, now, in all probability, never be altogether removed (yet one cannot say what documents are yet remaining, lying, like useless lumber, rotting amidst dust and dampness, which only need a Brother Payne Collier's penetration to throw additional light on this important subject), we are able to gather together a few particulars relating to some of those persons with whom he must frequently have come in contact, either as friends or otherwise. Next to knowing a man himself, one always has a pleasure in being familiar with his friends, and even his casual acquaintances—like the man who had seen a man who had seen the king ! For they who had met with the player Shakspeare, had seen one mightier and nobler than all the crowned sovereigns of the kingdoms of the earth,—

"One of those giant minds, who, from the mass  
 Of millions, soar aloft, and spurn control.  
 \* \* \* \* \* He was one  
 Born to ascend superior over all !  
 A monument of greatness, and—alone !  
 An intellectual monarch, with the mind his throne."

JOHN WALKER ORD.

Judging from my own experience, and from my closest observation of others, as well as from the accounts I have read of most men who have really distinguished themselves for anything good, I should most unhesitatingly say, that the great bard, in all probability, owed most of that lovable nature, which won for him, from his contemporaries, the highly honourable title of the "gentle Shakspeare," almost entirely to his mother, the Mary Arden whom the once substantial John Shakspeare had won, from her pleasant Wilmcote home, to be his bride, little thinking that she was to give birth to, and nurture, a son whose fame will last until "the crack of doom." They who feel an interest in the welfare of the human race, as every Freemason professes to do, should look most assiduously to the true education of the future wives and mothers of their country; for on them mainly depends the training of its citizens, when their plastic minds are susceptible of indelible impressions for good or for evil. That Mary Arden must have exercised a beneficent influence over "gentle Willie" is a firm faith of mine, and one may see its reasonableness confirmed through all his productions.

And next in order I would take that Anne Hathaway, of whom he sings so sweetly in his Sonnets; to win whom his footsteps have doubtless often paced that pleasant foot-path from Stratford to Shottery: and her house at Shottery, though least visited by my brother Shakspearean pilgrims, is really the most genuine, because least tampered with, relic of the poet, except his monument and the Shakspeare graves in the chancel of the fine old church by the willow-fringed Avon. For the birthplace of the poet had been awfully transmogrified—part into a public-house, and part into a butcher's shop—and though now properly enough restored to its former appearance, is necessarily partly new. The wife of his bosom, the mother of his children, and surviving him seven years, during which time the Stratford monument, as we learn from Ben Jonson's verses, had been erected (most probably by her), I look upon it as a piece of downright impertinence for anyone to write and speak, as many have done, and some still do, about Shakspeare's being an unhappy marriage, seeing that there is not the shadow of a proof of the assertion, but every reason to believe that they were as dear to each other when Death did them part, as ever they were when the priest made them one. The fact is that, on its being first noticed by some would-be clever writers that the wise bard had only left her, in his will, the second-best bedstead, they immediately jumped to the conclusion that he had been one of the too many fools who have made awful mistakes in their marriage—the most important step in life—not being aware that she was entitled to dower, besides being, for anything we know to the contrary, otherwise provided for. Really, the impudent way in which some writers poke their pens into matters which do not concern them, and which they cannot possibly understand, and their diabolical wish to blacken the characters of their betters by blotting their worse-than-useless ink upon them, is to me a sorrowful sight, seeing that the profession of letters should be a holy one, used to enlighten, not to confuse; to elevate the human race, instead of degrading it to deeper depths of sensualism, by destroying all faith in the good and gifted of the great brotherhood of man. Unfortunately, too many literary men are like spiders, very much given to worrying one another. Those of them who keep scribbling on about the unhappy marriage of William Shakspeare and Anne Hathaway are totally unfit for their vocation; and, in the language of the bard they traduce, "Let no such men be trusted." They are just as inane as the wretched drivellers on the very dangerous revolutionary character of Freemasonry in England.

An undoubted friend of Shakspeare was Henry Wriothesley, third Earl of Southampton, grandson of that first Earl who was Harry the Eighth's Lord Chancellor, and whose memory is to be held in eternal detestation for his cruel torturing of poor, gentle Anne Askew, for no other offence than refusing to own the dogma of transubstantiation. Of the wealth of the second Earl, father of the poet's patron, we can form some idea from Gervase Markham's description of him moving about with "a whole troop of at least a hundred well-mounted gentlemen and yeomen," all wearing gold chains and other adornments. As he died in 1581, leaving only two children,—a son, Henry, the third Earl, then only eight years old, and a daughter, Mary,—there must have been an immense accumulation of money during the thirteen years of the non-age, or legal

infancy, of the poet's patron; so that he could well afford to do the very generous act with which he is credited, of having kindly presented him with the then very large sum of a thousand pounds. He was only twenty years old when our bard dedicated to him, in much simpler language than was then the fashion, his poem of *Venus and Adonis*, afterwards followed by that of his *Lucrece*. He was pre-eminently a patron of letters; and we find Nashe and Gervase Markham also dedicating works to him. Rowe, who relates his noble generosity to the great dramatist, says: "There is one instance so singular in the magnificence of this patron of Shakspeare's, that if I had not been assured that the story was handed down by Sir William Davenant, who was probably very well acquainted with his affairs, I should not have ventured to have inserted; that my Lord Southampton at one time gave him a thousand pounds, to enable him to go through with a purchase which he heard he had a mind to."

But, as the elder Hood sings,—

"Alas for the rarity  
Of Christian charity  
Under the sun,"

men are so eaten up with worldly selfishness that they are incapable, for the most part, of crediting the possibility of a nobleman rolling in riches doing so generous an act as to freely give, what to him would never be missed, to the greatest genius which the world ever produced. That a later, and, though much humbler, still highly-gifted dramatist, poor Tom Otway, should have literally died of hunger in the wealthiest metropolis, does not tax their credulity in the least; and they will probably readily believe my statement, that I have recently searched the churchyard of St. Clement's Danes in vain to find the graves of Otway and Nat Lee. We can easily credit the starving of a hundred good poets, but that a rich patron should give a thousand pounds—even to a Shakspeare—alas! is too much for us to believe! Such is poor human nature! Verily, as Wordsworth sings,—

"The world is too much with us!"

And greatly do we need the constant iteration of our fine Masonic teaching, that "Charity has the approbation of heaven and of earth, and, like its sister, Mercy, blesses him that gives as well as him that receives." As the ritual is evidently much more modern than *The Merchant of Venice*, I guess this passage has misled those who unhesitatingly assert that Shakspeare was a brother Mason,—an assertion which I should rejoice to see proven, but which I cannot find a particle of evidence to support. And Truth, above all things, is an essential Masonic virtue. The same remark will apply to the assertion, which I sometimes see made, that the divine Milton was also a brother of the Craft. Masonic students have "ample room and verge enough" to make known to us the many good and great men, in all departments, who can be proved to have really been "brothers of the mystic tie,"—a labour of love in which I am anxious to do what little comes "within the compass of my cable tow." But to claim every writer who has ever inculcated Masonic virtues as a brother of the Craft, from that simple circumstance alone, is as ridiculous as the attempt, made by a very learned divine, to prove the Oddfellows to have originated in ancient Rome; of the Foresters to claim a descent from the old keepers of the king's deer; of the Druids to claim descent from the ancient priesthood of Great Britain; of the Shepherds to claim David, the royal Psalmist, and the ancient shepherd kings, as belonging to their brotherhood; and of the Free Gardeners to reckon their origin from the time "when Adam delved and Eve span."

As Queen Elizabeth and King James the First were both delighted patrons of the great dramatist, it would be interesting to know, if one could only come at the facts, what they really did for him, and how far they had the true greatness to break through those social barriers that stood between them. That true poet, Edmund Spenser, in his *Thalia*, evidently alludes to Shakspeare (though only then twenty-seven years of age) as "our pleasant Willy," from which it is not too much to surmise that the two greatest bards of that, and indeed of any other, era in our history, were familiar friends; Shakspeare also having his kindly allusion to the author of the *Faery Queen*. Our national

topographical poet, Michael Drayton (who lived within a stone-throw of the office where the *Masonic Magazine* is published, and Izaak Walton, I may state, lived on the very spot!) was his intimate friend until his death; as was also Ben Jonson, whose remark that Shakspeare "wrote not for an age, but for all time," like old Samuel Johnson's famous line, that he

"Exhausted worlds, and then imagined new,"

will endure till time shall be no more.

With all his brother players and brother dramatists, too, he must have been familiar, and friendly for the most part, notwithstanding the narrow jealousies which some of the latter could not help showing, that one who had never been to any University but that taught by Dame Nature, should so "take the shine out" of Bachelors and Masters of Arts from Oxford and Cambridge. Not that an University training was to be despised, but, as our gifted Brother, Robert Burns, has forcibly expressed it,—

"Give me a spark of Nature's fire,  
'Tis all the learning I desire,"—

a great truth when properly understood; for Bro. Burns knew, as well as any man, that without some little school learning he could never have written his undying poems, just as Shakspeare, with his "little Latin, and less Greek," could never have written even a miracle play without some portion of scholastic education.

Shakspeare's friend, Michael Drayton, was a Warwickshire man; and several of the players appear to have sprung from Stratford-on-Avon and its immediate vicinity. James Burbage, who horrified some of the narrow-minded folks in the neighbourhood by converting, in the year 1573, certain rooms close to the ruined monastery of Blackfriars into a theatre, in what still bears the name of Playhouse Yard, and who (with "John Perkyn, John Lanham, William Johnson, and Robert Wylson," in 1574, when the future player and dramatist who was to immortalise it was only a boy of ten years) procured a patent, under the title of the Earl of Leicester's Servants, is supposed to have been a Stratford man; and our great Shakspearean investigator, Bro. John Payne Collier, F.S.A., has shown that a John Burbage was bailiff of that place in 1555, and that Burbage was a common name in Warwickshire. In 1589, when Shakspeare was only twenty-five years old, we find he had become one of sixteen shareholders in the Blackfriars Theatre, old Burbage's name being the first on the list, and that of his more illustrious son, Richard Burbage, being the second: the names running, 1, James Burbage; 2, Richard Burbage; 3, John Laneham; 4, Thomas Greene; 5, Robert Wilson; 6, John Taylor; 7, Anth. Wadeson; 8, Thomas Pope; 9, George Peele; 10, Augustine Phillips; 11, Nicholas Towley; 12, William Shakespeare; 13, William Kempe; 14, William Johnson; 15, Baptiste Goodale; 16, Robert Armin. This list, it will be observed, includes four of the five persons to whom the patent was granted fifteen years before.

Richard Burbage, to whom Shakspeare left money to buy a ring in his will, was called the British Roscius; and Sir Richard Baker declares that he was "such an actor as no age must ever look to see the like." He died in 1619,—three years after his friend, Shakspeare. As Phillpot pithily remarks: "Exit Burbage!"

Thomas Greene is also supposed to have been a native of Stratford, and to have introduced Shakspeare to the theatre. He attempted poetry, was a comic actor of great power, and John Cook's popular comedy was printed as *Greene's Tu Quoque*, from his acting in it, with his portrait on the title-page.

Robert Wilson—whom Howes calls "a quick, delicate, refined, extemporal wit"—was a playwright, *The Cobbler's Prophecy* being by him. He seems to have afterwards left the Blackfriars company for that of Henslowe, for whom we find he co-operated in manufacturing plays, from 1597 to 1600, along with Drayton, Chettle, Dekker, Anthony Munday, and others. Meres, in 1598, after mentioning Tarleton's facility in extemporising verse, adds: "And so is now our witty Wilson, who for learning and extemporal wit, in this faculty is without compare or compeer, as to his great and eternal commendations he manifested in his challenge at the Swan on the Bankside."

But Shakspeare was not the man to allow his clowns to speak "more than is set down for them;" and possibly men like Wilson might chafe at the rein.

Of John Taylor, Charles Knight thinks that he was "probably an old actor, and might be the father of the famous Joseph Taylor, of whom tradition says Shakspeare taught him to play Hamlet."

Anthony Wadson was also a dramatic writer, as well as a player, and had left the Blackfriars in 1596, and was writing in 1601 for Henslowe's theatre, for which he wrote, amongst other pieces, *The Honourable Life of the Humorous Earl of Gloster, with his Conquest of Portugal*.

"Here," says Heywood, "I must needs remember Tarleton, in his time gracious with the Queen, his sovereign, and in the people's general applause; whom succeeded Will. Kempe, as well in the favour of her Majesty as in the opinion and good thoughts of the general audience." He published an account of his morris-dance from London to Norwich—evidently being a merry blade—and was the original Dogberry and Bottom of Shakspeare. Oddly enough, on my first pilgrimage to Stratford, I found the old sexton bore the name of Kempe.

Robert Armin was a comic actor, a pupil of Tarleton's, translated a novel from the Italian, and wrote ballads and other temporary pot-boilers. His *Nest of Ninnies*, which the Shakespeare Society reprinted some years ago, has neither much good nor evil in it. "Armin's stories, however," as Knight remarks, "are told with an absence of offensive ribaldry which was scarcely to be expected from his peculiar talent. He desires to make his readers laugh, but he does not seek to do so by intruding the grossness by which his subject was necessarily surrounded."

George Peele—the great writer of flunkey speeches in pieces for the Court and City—was capable of producing true poetry, though lacking sadly in the real dramatic faculty; and between him and Shakspeare there is certainly "a gulf fixed." Yet many passages of his are well worth re-producing in the present day, for their eloquence, elegance, and fancy. But Queen Elizabeth, with all her masculine strength, must have been weaker than most women "who do the meanest chares," to witness Venus, Pallas, and Juno (as in Peele's *Arraignment of Paris*, performed before her, by the children of her chapel, in 1584), cheerfully resign their pretensions to Diana's golden ball, in favour of her Majesty's superior beauty, wisdom, and princely state!

Kit Marlowe also an actor (called by Greene "the famous gracer of tragedians"), who came to prepare the way before the greater Shakspeare, with what Ben Jonson truly calls his "mighty line;" and, as Meres has it, "gorgeously invested with rare ornaments and splendid habiliments the English tongue;" and helped to clear the stage, as he himself expresses it,—

"From juggling veins of rhyming mother wits,  
And such conceits as clownage keeps in pay;"

Marlowe, whom Shakspeare lovingly alludes to, after his tragic death, as "dead Shepherd," when he quotes his "saw of might;" and whom Peele declared was

"Fit to write passions for the souls below,"

is a brave pioneer, who, with all his faults, has hitherto had but scant justice done to him; writers like Barry Cornwall having erroneously censured him for what he never wrote. Will the brethren of the great guild of literature ever learn to form a phalanx for mutual support and defence, rather than needlessly tearing each other's reputation to pieces?

Of the sorrowful life of Robert Greene—many of whose lyrics are much better than the average of those palmed upon us in the magazines of our own day, and whose romances were the delight of high and low—my space will not allow me to say more than that I, for one, can in some measure pardon his abuse of Shakspeare for his sufferings, and feel convinced that all was not bad in his heart when, at the end of his sadly wasted life, he wrote from his deathbed, at the poor shoemaker's, to his deserted



wife : "Doll, I charge thee, by the love of our youth, and by my soul's rest, that thou wilt see this man paid : for if he and his wife had not succoured me, I had died in the streets!" It was from him that Shakspeare stole (as *he* at least considered it) the plot of that *Winter's Tale*, first acted apparently at Whitehall, in 1611, and once more, after two hundred and sixty-seven years have passed over our great and growing metropolis, reproduced at old Drury, with the scenery of a Beverly.

Nor must I dilate on the contemporary dramatists, Thomas Nashe, bitterest of controversialists and keenest of satirists ; of little John Lyly, whom Meres calls "eloquent and witty," and who Nashe said had "one of the best wits in England ;" of Thomas Lodge, who, after graduating at Oxford, became player, dramatist, and afterwards barrister and physician, from whom Shakspeare derived the plot of his *As You Like It* ; of Thomas Kyd, whose *Jeronimo* Ben Jonson declared to be "the only best and judiciously penned play in Europe ;" of Dekker, and Anthony Munday, and the rest ; for these alone would supply matter for a chapter themselves. Nor must I pause to imagine Burleigh, and Raleigh, and Sidney, and Bacon, and the other great men of the period, talking familiarly with the popular dramatist, as seems to have been the custom, and how the father of inductive philosophy would have laughed to think there could be fools in a distant age, boasting of its enlightenment, who could really, without one particle of evidence, ascribe to him the authorship of Shakspeare's plays ! But, though my space is nearly exhausted, "last, but not least," I must briefly express the great gratitude we all ought to feel to the dear "fellows" of the immortal bard, John Heminge (whom Malone supposes to have been also a Stratford man, as the baptismal registers of Stratford church prove that there was a John Heminge at Shottery in 1567, and a Richard Heminge in 1570) and Henry Condell, to both of whom also the sum of twenty-six shillings and eightpence each was left in the poet's will, "to buy them rings" to wear in memory of him whom they would see on earth no more ; for to those two sharers with Shakspeare in the theatre we owe the first collected edition of the plays in which they had so often acted leading parts ; many of them never before published, and the others only surreptitiously. "It had been a thing," they modestly say, "we confess, worthy to have been wished, that the author himself had lived to have set forth and overseen his own writings. But since it hath been ordained otherwise, and he, by death, departed from that right, we pray you do not envy his friends the office of their care and pain to have collected and published them ; and so to have published them, as where, before, you were abused with divers stolen and surreptitious copies, maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealths of injurious impostors that exposed them,—even those are now offered to your view cured, and perfect of their limbs ; and all the rest, absolute in their numbers, as he conceived them ; who, as he was a happy imitator of Nature, was a most gentle expresser of it. His mind and hand went together ; and what he thought he uttered with that easiness that we have scarce received from him a blot in his papers."

But for those "pious fellows" of the great bard, as Ben Jonson terms them, the plays of Shakspeare, like those of the old Greek dramatists, might have been for the most part lost for ever, and the mental legacy he has left us—wisely estimated by Thomas Carlyle as worth much more than our whole Indian Empire—would many of them, and amongst them some of his best, have been totally unknown to us.

In some future numbers of the *Masonic Magazine* I hope to be permitted to have other glances with the readers at Shakspeare, from various points of view, and the men who surrounded him ; for it is a subject worthy of the study of every Freemason.

*Rose Cottage, Stokesley.*

## SKETCHES OF CHARACTER.

## No. I.

## MRS. BRULGRUDDERY.

MY heroine does not boast a romantic, or even an harmonious name; "but such as it was, and such as it is," as she used to say, "me ancestors, sor, kept it to the fore, in the days of Brian Boru; and it's myself that's proud of me name intirely." And I hope that my readers may agree with me, when they finish this short contribution of mine, in the excellent pages of the *Masonic Magazine*, that, after all, there is "something in it," despite the dubious query of this inquisitive and restless age.

Mrs. Brulgruddery, when I knew her, was fast getting into the fifties, and was as comely, stout, and personable a person as you would wish to see. She had a good broad face, and a merry pair of eyes, and wonderful hair for her time of life; and she was what someone has called an "expansive personality fore and aft" (whatever that may mean); and she was as cheery and pleasant an individual as you would wish to meet with on a "rainy" day, or, a fine afternoon, for that. She had a competence, and a country mansion, neat and commodious, and a very pretty *bijou* house in one of our new streets; and I cannot conceive any one person more able or more likely to pass on through the rubs and crosses of life, its wear and tear, its vexations and drawbacks, with comfort to herself, and convenience to mankind, than my unsentimental and excellent heroine. But, as with most of us, she had a grievance, a "skeleton in the closet," if you like, which seemed to throw a jaundiced hue over her vision of things and men, and which, being a grievance, she liked to air continually, to "trot out," *con amore*, on all occasions, nay, in every possible contingency of life; so much so, that some people looked upon the stout-hearted, stout-bodied woman as a bore, and very often gave her the "cold shoulder," and a "wide berth," accordingly. The grievance was a very serious one—very domestic, most domestic—nothing less, and nothing more than Mr. Brulgruddery himself.

Mr. Brulgruddery was a thin, dry, weazen-faced, chirpy sort of a little man, who was always smiling, always loquacious, but never seemed to say anything, and to do even less. He always assented to all you said, and was evidently disposed to be on good terms with everybody, being evidently so with himself. But, as few men are heroes in the eyes of their *valet de chambre*, or even of their own belongings (it must be a rare case, and *he a rara avis*, if it be so), so Mr. Brulgruddery was not a hero in the estimation of Mrs. Brulgruddery. Very far from it indeed! On the contrary, he was her standing grievance, the cause of every contretemps, misfortune, mistake, and worry which occurred to her and hers; and, if you could believe her assertion, she never had a moment of "pace or comfort," "because," as she used to like to emphazise it, "Brulgruddery, my dear sor, is sure to make a mess of it, and, as he has neither sense nor anything else, it is sure to be so, and always will be so."

Poor, dear woman, it was very hard upon her. With all her capacities for enjoyment, which were many, with all her opportunities of happiness, which were frequent, it was too bad that all was to be marred by an intrusive and intruding Mr. Brulgruddery, who interfered with all her plans, antagonized all her views, damped all her expectations, and clouded over all her sunniest days. But so it was. *Sic fata voluere*; and if that amiable individual still lingers in substantial shape among us, I can assure her, as I assured her formerly, of my hearty sympathy and sincere concern. I have often thought that we meet many Mrs. and Mr. Brulgrudderys in life—those who would be happy if they could, and those who interfere with the happiness of others—the Mrs. Brulgrudderys, always cordial, correct, sensible, and successful, were it not for that "scapegoat of scapegoats," on whom all blame is laid, and who, whether he be the most estimable of men, or the greatest of actual nuisances, is certain to be blamed by the world at large, and his own better half in particular. Still, I do not wish you, kind,

reader, to find too much fault with Mrs. Brulgruddery. She is not at all a disagreeable personage to know and confront as we wend our pilgrim life thro' this forest of shadows; only—I will tell you the real and complete truth—I prefer her always, at all times, and in all places, as the French put it, *sous tous les rapports*, to that worthy but hopeless little being, Mr. Brulgruddery. For Mrs. Brulgruddery we may feel some compassion, physiologically and psychologically; but for him—none—no, none. Not an ounce of sentiment need we waste on that little human “armadillo,” but for the “sympathetic, ideality” and expansive mind of Mrs. Brulgruddery, let us offer, as Masons and as men, the genuine outcome of emotional sensibility. Let us smile at her jokes, compassionate her grievance, and seek to cheer her sorrows.

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SONNET.

“L'ATTENTE.”

PATIENCE! my pretty one! Why bewailest thou  
 The lingering hours that seem to thee so long?  
 Full soon, methinks that thou wilt murmur—“How  
 Swiftly the moments pass!—Oh! cruel wrong!”  
 “Thy heart is deep?” Aye! ‘Mignonne,’ so is mine!  
 And bears an image burnt into its core;  
 Canst guess whose ’tis? Why, maiden, it is thine!  
 And naught can e’er erase its impress more.  
 Grieve not, then, maiden! that these truthful eyes  
 Behold thee not as close as we could wish;—  
 That which is always present is no prize,  
 And abstinence imparts a keen relish!

Wait then, my darling! Patiently abide  
 A few short hours, and I am by thy side.

W. T.

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THE VOLITATIONIST.

BY SAVARICUS.

**A** LOVE for the marvellous, the gift of a lively imagination, and the study of the supernatural have brought about many unforeseen events.

Ambitious youth, with intellectual faculties well developed, when led on by love, will let his mind soar to unbounded heights.

It is well known that education and study beget knowledge, scholarly, scientific, or general. Knowledge begets power, and love is a good incentive to success. Physical education, as well as mental, is a great help to the ingenious, especially when the

superstitious and lop-sided training of ignorant nurses and parents gives place to an evenhanded—ambidexter—culture.

Many, nay, almost every youth builds aspiring castles in the air, very beautiful and fairy-like, but they are ethereal, vapory, evaporating. The fall of these magnificent ideal mansions, though noiseless and unseen, is not unfeared. Silent soaring aspirations are totally crushed. Ruin and despair seem inevitable to the builders; but a little sober thinking, a few more years of life and its experience, a further acquaintance with the world's usages soon cure the enthusiast of his chimerical misfortunes, and leave him a wiser and a better man, without being a sadder one.

How to fly—how to float in space—to cleave the blue ether at will—how to breathe and live in and above the clouds—have been and are vexing and perplexing problems for the pseudo-scientific.

Some amount of success has attended the labours of several eminent aeronauts. Balloon ascents have become common events, but aerial navigation, the sailing of balloons from place to place, like ships from port to port, is not at present an accomplished fact. The patent rudder and revolving sails are not invented, nor has the patent inventor made his bow before the public. Some aeronautical students have found that their study has led them to a lunatic asylum, or worse, to a violent—accidental—death. It appears that the engrossing study of one particular subject will often lead the thinking brain to act continually on the same idea, and thought running continuously in one groove is apt to produce monomania.

Then again, men are often led away by their dreams, which are but the sleep thoughts of an over-wrought mind, and are as much caused by real impressions as any of our wide-awake mental calculations, being a reflex action of the mind. This reflex action may lead to strange results, and even to wonderful discoveries.

"Then," the reader may say, "dreams are caused by a reflex action of the mind."

This assumption is not far from being correct, but some physiologists state that dreams are caused by a sudden rush of arterial blood to the brain. This also may be true in some cases. To hold with both causes will be right or best. A sleeper suddenly aroused by a loud noise which gives a shock to the system, and causes an increased heart's action, may have a momentary and violent dream. On the other hand, quiet dreams, wherein the dreamer argues with seemingly real persons, and the dialogue so carried on is often remembered, and thought over again when the person is awake, appear to be caused by the reflex action of the mind. A dream being, in a measure, the remembrance of the past, and not the forerunner, or foreteller of the future, in fact, not prophetic!

Young children and youths dream freely and vigorously. As dreaming is intimately connected with this tale of the Volitionist, this little digression may be excused and pardoned. Boys are fond of anything that has a tendency to float, or fly. Boats, birds, fireworks and balloons are their chief delight. Kite-flying (not commercial ones) is a very simple and yet interesting pastime. But to enable a human being to fly is a much more difficult affair, although more persons than one have practically tried the experiment and signally failed.

The reasons are obvious. There are a few natural difficulties to overcome. The absence of wings, in the first place, and the solidity of bones, in the second. The required mechanical contrivance is a task for the ingenious to invent and to make. For instance—

Wanted a small engine to work two wings, lift itself, and also the animal (? Ass) upon whose back it is fixed. The said engine to be set in motion, and also stopped, by the will of the bearer.

To some erratic mechanic, inventor, or engineer this may appear to be a simple affair, and quite practicable. Anatomists and physiologists know better; nature's laws are true to herself.

To fly as a bird we must be made like a bird. Our bones must be hollow, have air canals and cells in them, and these air channels must communicate with the lungs, so

that they may be filled, inflated, or emptied at will. Add to this arrangement wings made of gauze, feathers, or silk, and a neat pocket battery, or electrical machine to work them with, then away we *might* fly on such wings to the sky.

This digressive dissertation being ended, it is my purpose to describe a journey, oft repeated, without the aid of any unnatural or artificial means. To enable me to do so I must adopt the simple style of story-tellers.

The home of my childhood, or native place, is situated in one of the Isles of Kent, being bounded on the North and East by the German Ocean. A long line of beach stretches eastward for three or four miles, running under picturesque cliffs formed of London Clay, with here and there a glimpse of the Bagshot Sands peeping out near the surface. This part of the island is a much neglected health resort. Seaward there is a grand marine panoramic view, and landward beautiful scenery, charming in summer, with the hills of Kent as a background against a sunny sky. Those persons who are born and live near the sea generally have a great liking for it, some indeed—boys to wit—are nearly amphibious. Their minds, their habits, and their associations are of the sea—sailor-like. As a pastime in summer they enjoy the privilege of swimming in the briny water, and there are but few lads who cannot swim. Those that do, swim well and take to the water naturally, like young ducks.

To the fact of being a tolerably good swimmer, and also of being able to float about in the water in any and every conceivable way, manner, position, and direction, I think I can attribute the cause of my act of mental volitation.

The starting place of one of my journeys has an expansive and limitless view of water on the left, on the right it is fringed by a range of reddish brown undulating clay cliffs, forming miniature bays, promontories, and caves.

On this particular and eventful day the sun is shining brightly over head. Walking along the brow of the cliffs at altitude of about one hundred feet above the sea level, I watch the wild birds as they gracefully cleave the air and swiftly swoop down to the bosom of the gently rippling sea, hovering a second, to dip in their slender beaks, and catch the tiny fish upon which they chiefly live. I gaze and feel an influence creeping over me, and with it comes a powerful desire to project myself from the cliff seaward. I have an intense idea that I can imitate the movements of the birds. I feel an ethereal lightness within. I stand still and muse. A thrilling numbing and stiffening sensation passes through me. I feel that *I can* float through the air; I have no other thought or desire. I exert the full power of *my will*: my body becomes rigid, my head falls slightly backward, my feet slowly rise upward, my body is soon horizontal, I am floating, *I will* to go seaward. I go, and whatever *I will* to do, I do.

Moving onward with increasing speed, I float upon the air: sometimes I am close to the surface of the sea, then I rise higher and higher, until I am far above the level of the cliffs. I soar towards the land, descend again, and skim joyfully along feet foremost, going in and out of the bays and broken cliff line, even as a bird might fly. On arriving at the extreme point of the island a slight desire to do so causes me to take a sharp turn to the left, and away I skim fast over the sea, until the land is far behind. The swift motion is most exhilarating: at one time I seem close to the clouds, at another I appear to be in them; but, at *will*, I can always descend or ascend.

Journeying rapidly along with nothing but the clouds and sky to look at, I fancy I am stationary, and, in fact, it appears as if the heavens are rushing past and around me. However, I find that I am still proceeding on my way—whither? Ah whither?

The clouds grow dull and duller, the sky grows dark and darker, the light of day is waning fast, presently it is gone, and darkness supervenes. I feel no dread, the waters beneath sing a soft lullaby, and the wild fowl make responsive cries. The moon soon rises, and the stars come out, the breath of night freshens, and still I go on, forward, forward. The stars at length begin to fade, and streaks of early dawn are thrown upward as the morning of the day is ushered in. The rising sun appears upon the scene all glorious with its dazzling rays; I seem to be skimming along close to the surface of the playful sea right in a roseate track leading directly eastward and to the sun. At a distance I can discern

the outline of some headland peak, and in a short time I behold boldly standing forth the majestic form of a mountain range. The shore draws close and closer, I am soon passing over a lowland of marsh, and field, and dyke. Thinking that I will touch the earth and walk, I *will* it so. In a moment I alight upon my feet, and am walking through green fields intersected by innumerable dykes, and in (to me) an unknown country. Without my power of volitation these dykes would have been obstacles to my progress; but I float over them feet foremost whenever they bar my path. After walking a considerable distance, I see straight before me a quaint looking old town, where gable-roofed, stuccoed, white, and red houses, and church spires seem to be crowded together, intermixed with a plentiful supply of tall poplar trees freely growing round about. On nearing this town I observe coming towards me a posse of men: I halt by the side of a tolerably wide dyke and await their approach. I soon see that they are all dressed alike in suits of dark blue cloth, jacket, waistcoat, and trousers, with muffin-shaped and peaked caps, made of the same material as their clothing; getting face to face with me, they speak one to another, gesticulating with their hands, and are evidently speaking about my appearance. Three of them turn and address themselves to me in a language which seems to beat all the gibberish I have ever heard, it is a complete patter of grunting sounds. I reply to them by saying,—

“Good morning, gentlemen.” At the same time I raise my deer-stalker.

They resume their jargon, and are apparently surprised and mystified. They repeatedly point at me in the most pointed way; then they beckon, as if desirous that I should cross the dyke. I *will* to do so, stiffen my legs, and, as a little display of my power, float upwards across the dyke and circle round over their heads; my intention is to alight among them. But, to my surprise, when I again stand on the ground I find that they are running away as fast as their legs can carry them. I look after them: all at once they stop, stoop, and face about, then running towards me discharge a volley of good sized stones, which rattle close by my head. I *will* that I get out of their reach, and float upwards and away under a salute of stones and granted groans. Circling, I float along, going inland, and soon approach a vast forest; I skirt, and pass over it, and then come to a well cultivated plain, dotted with tastefully built mansions, set in the middle of carefully kept gardens. I sweep over the tops of some trees of giant growth, and alight in a beautiful meadow, made brilliant by buttercups and sparkling with daisies. Neat hedges surround this meadow, and at the far end of the enclosure there is a long wooden rustic building, too large for a garden summer-house, cottage, or lodge; not only is it of great length, but handsomely built and splendidly decorated, the portico being adorned with climbing and sweet-scented flowers, of unusual growth, colour, and luxuriousness. As I approach this building, I hear a murmur that sounds like the voices of many people; and no wonder, for the place is filled with gentlemen, who, as soon as my presence is known, look out at the open windows, and rush out of the doors. Several of them come to meet me with hands extended, exclaiming, “Welcome! Welcome!” To my astonishment they escort me to the building; when inside, I see that it is a beautifully and luxuriously fitted and furnished saloon, capable of holding three thousand persons. As far as I can make out it is used as a place to lounge and smoke in.

The assembled company appear to be men of all nations, speaking every language. They surround, and tell me that each arrangement is complete for the evening's *fête*, and now that I have arrived they will, after I have refreshed myself, at once proceed with me to the place of rendezvous. We soon leave the building at the end exactly opposite to that by which I entered, and in front, at a short distance, I behold a large piece of table-land, which presents the appearance of a huge mountain with a flattened top and perpendicular sides, thickly covered by choice vegetation, standing bodily out by itself, having a height of eight hundred feet and an area of a quarter of a mile. On nearing this detached piece of earth, by a bend in the road, we arrive at the foot of a broad flight of stone steps which reach spirally to the top of it. I find myself ascending, and in advance of the increasing multitude. When half way up I can hear the shouting of people above me, and the music of a band, gaily playing. I now notice that I am

dressed in a dark grey knickerbocker suit. Arriving at the top of the steps, and walking on the summit of the land, a sight at once animated and exciting meets my view. Hundreds of people in holiday attire are walking about, and wherever I look flags are flying.

I saunter along a splendid roadway, adorned on either side by beds of flowers of brilliant colours and of rare perfume. Passing into the crowd, I go towards a large mansion of many stories, built in the centre of the plateau and standing within its own ornamental grounds, where fountains continually play and splash. In these beautifully kept grounds the band is performing. The mansion, which seems to be a large hotel of palatial proportions, is filled to overflowing with company far superior in looks, dress, and manners to the mass of the people. This gay company is evidently awaiting my arrival, and loudly greet me. I nonchalantly walk on as if I perfectly understood all about it, albeit I am as much surprised as any mortal can be, and wonder what is the aim and end of such proceedings. I pass the hotel and cheering multitude, and proceed to an enclosed space just by, where the band is stationed, and also, as far as I can judge, a select party of the *élite* as well as of *la crème de la crème* of the fashionable world. Maybe Kings and Queens, Princes and Princesses, Lords and Ladies, autocrats and aristocrats, patricians all, mingled in laughing and talking profusion. They look very grand, very nice. Dame, sire, and off-spring, Aged nobility, Golden youth—the pink of beauty mixed with the drab of fashion and the mould of form. This enclosure ran down to the edge of the high land; apparently I know what is wanted, or expected, from me. Bowing, I pass the distinguished persons of rank and quality, and proceed to the clear space close to the extreme edge of the precipice, and take my stand. A little noise in the rear attracts my attention. I turn, and see a tall venerable man, snow-white with age, and of imposing mien. He advances towards me with hands extended, and gives a friendly greeting, at the same time he asks permission to be allowed to forestall the display of my acts of volitation, and assures me that he knows the secret is only confined to *the power of the will, and courage*. To look at this hale old gentleman, no one would gainsay his courage; but feeling a great responsibility with regard to other people's precious lives, I at once try to dissuade him from his purpose, and beg that he will forego his volitional attempt. In vain is all talk; his mind is made up. As a last resource, I advise him to go down the steps to the saloon, and, as a safe experiment, float up to the top of the table-land. It is of no avail; *his will* is as strong as *my will*, and stronger. So proceed he must. I now learn that my fame as a Volitationist has extended to this country, that I have been announced and expected, and that this grand gathering is entirely on my account.

I do not altogether like the idea of being publicly exhibited; but as I am situated there is no help for it, no way out of it. However, I make up my mind to get away as soon as possible. My venerable acquaintance is getting impatient; he wishes to essay for himself, what to me is only a pleasure, but what I fear to him will be—death!

I offer to go down the steps with him and to float upwards from the low-lying ground.

“No! No!” he and others exclaim.

“Let him try,” is shouted by many voices.

I turn and address myself to the assemblage: I beg of them not to facilitate the probable and imminent destruction of this brave old man, by encouraging him to jump off this fatally dangerous height.

The response is,—

“Let him do it, if he will.”

I implore, nay, supplicate him, not to try the rash experiment.

He answers proudly,—

“You will do it, and so will I.”

At a given signal the band strikes up, salutes are fired, and, with a wave of the hand, the brave old man leaps off the giddy cliff; then, instead of floating, he falls! Over and over he goes, until—thud! He has reached the bottom, and there he lies, a mangled; lifeless heap of clothes, broken bones, and flesh and blood.

"Poor man!" I exclaim.

Many of the spectators venture to peer over the ledge and look at the frightful spectacle. Hundreds of people below shout with horror. The excitement is intense, and myriad voices are raised against me.

"It is your fault," is said.

Those persons nearest threaten me. I stand unmoved. I wish to speak, to exculpate myself. The mob hear not, they are moving *en masse* towards me, with threatening attitude. My intention is speedily resolved upon. I will to float, become rigid, and move feet first until I am horizontal, then upward and away. There are loud huzzas, and groans, and hisses.

I circle round to show my power, and, glancing downwards, I see a company of soldiers drawn up in line loading their carbines; the steel ramrods glisten in the sun; and what do I next behold and hear? Why, the soldiers bringing their arms to the "present," and covering me with their aim. I hear the words of command, "Ready," "Fire." I suddenly drop, and the bullets are whistling over and above me. Thank goodness, that is a narrow escape.

To exert the whole strength of my will, to float, or soar upwards, upwards, and away, is only the work of a moment; faster than birds fly I move through space. Very soon I hear more bullets whir past; but this time they are beneath me. I dare not circle or descend, so that I may take a farewell glance and bird's-eye view of the place. A little while hence I do so, and find that I am at an enormous height, for the tall trees beneath and beyond are dwarfed to pigmy shrubs. Forests look like miniature woods. A town in the distance appears to be composed of dolls' houses, and toy churches.

I skim away, and away, the sense of so going is delightful. Fear I have none, and never had, not even whilst I was being shot at.

The fields and dykes that I saw in the morning are soon repassed, the mountain range comes in view, and then the open sea, over which I am soon skimming swiftly and pleasurably. The sun is sinking down in the west, and I am journeying towards it. Soon the familiar cliffs, of reddish brown earth and bluish clay, of my island home greet my gladdened eyes; in a short time I land on their verge, and am walking in the direction of my dwelling-place.

Thinking over the wonderful events which have taken place within the last four-and-twenty hours, I say to myself, "No one will credit the reality of such a journey; people nowadays do not believe in the impossible. Write it down if you like, and you will be told that it is only a dream."

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### A SIMILE.

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FAR in the valley of our hidden thought  
 A little pool may lie,  
 Clear and unmarked, as bright unruined steel.

\* \* \* \* \*

You shadowy vapour breaking on the hills in drops—  
 The rills well up, swollen with greedy thirst, to streams,  
 And onward pour, gathering new strength in union,  
 Until the surge breaks through its banks, and flooding on,  
 Rolls in great rivers, lost to all control,  
 Towards the mighty ocean.

\* \* \* \* \*

Gone is the pool!—changed to an eddying force,  
 Knowing no quiet from the seething turmoil  
 Of waters, mad with freedom.

M. D.