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PREFACE.

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

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THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

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ON OLD ENGLISH BIBLES.

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

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

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

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

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

Coverdale's Bible of 1535.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

It contains some peculiar readings :—

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

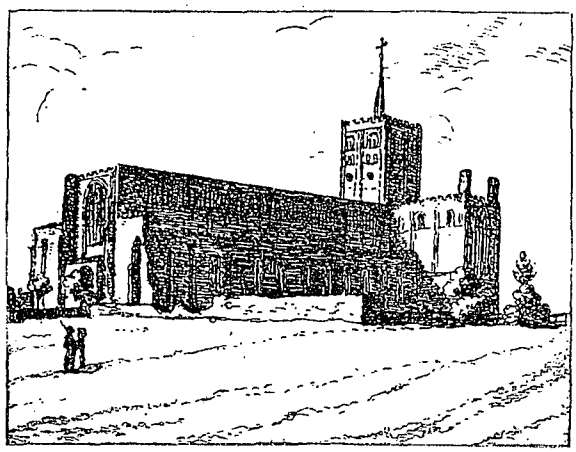
As it may be supposed he would do, he took up his residence in Geneva, where he was associated with Whittingham, Calvin, and others of similar opinions.

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

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

(To be continued.)

ST. ALBAN'S ABBEY.



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

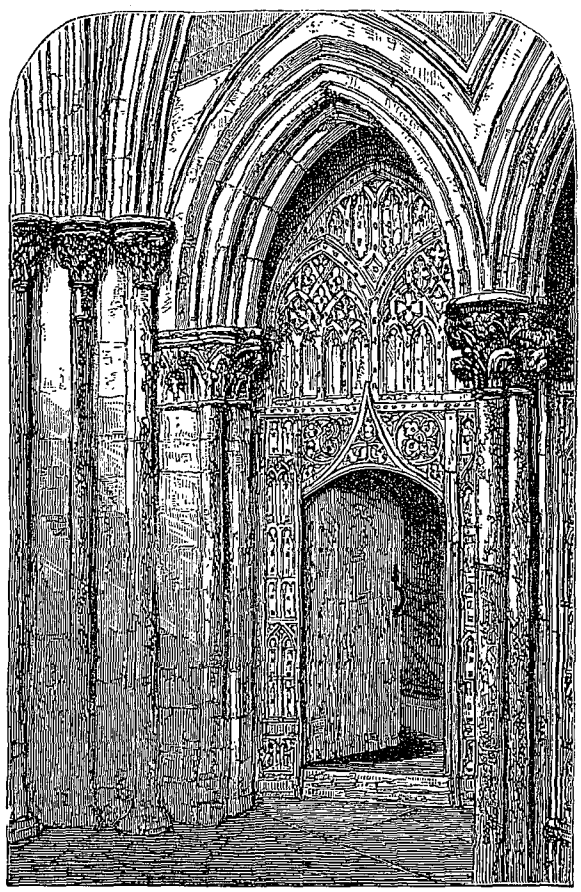
* The Church of the Great Abbey of Bury St. Edmunds has the reputation of having been the longest Norman building ever erected, though it is known that the Norman nave of Winchester Cathedral extended farther westward than the existing one now does; but these works were both later than St. Albans, the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

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

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

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

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



THE WESTERN PORCH.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

BEATRICE.

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

CHAPTER X.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"We are talking about marriage," I said.

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

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

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

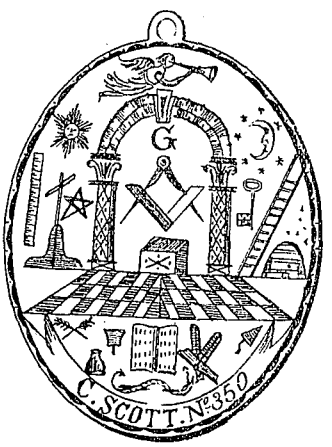
And so, kind readers, you must wait until the next chapter.

(To be continued.)

CURIOUS MASONIC JEWELS.

WILLIAM JAMES HUGHAN.

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



OBVERSE.

REVERSE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

FREEMASONRY.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

TRYING TO CHANGE A SOVEREIGN.

IN TWO ESSAYS.

With Illustrations by the Author.

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

ESSAY THE FIRST.

INTRODUCTORY.

ATTEMPT I.

PART I.

THE CAPTAIN TURNS HIS BUCKLE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

. . . . . .

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

. . . . . .

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

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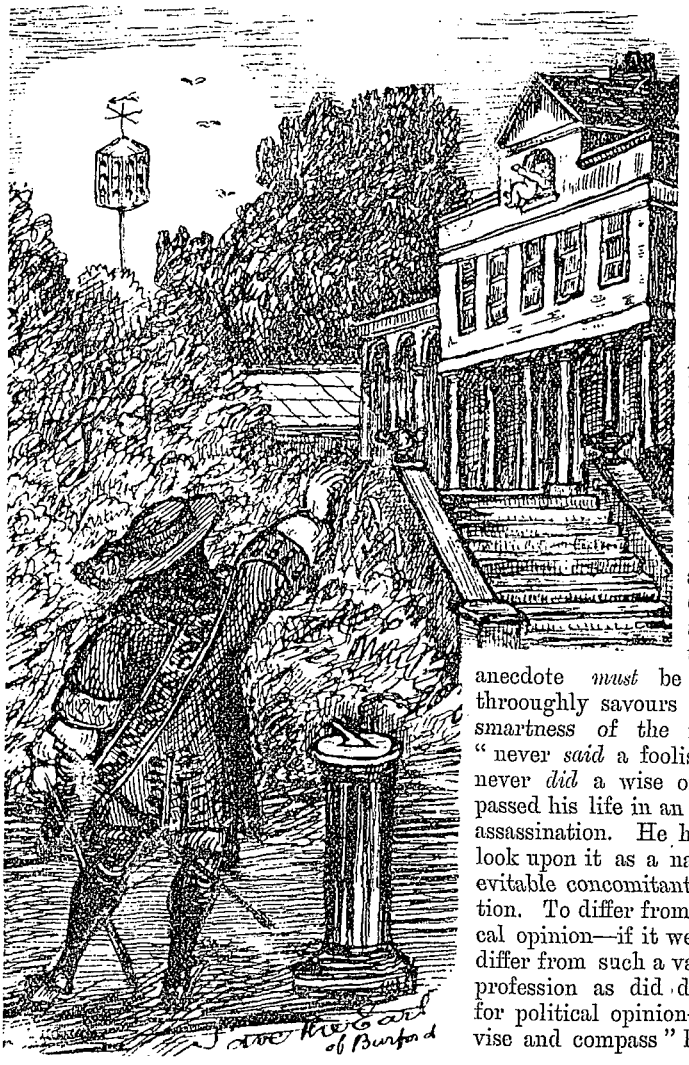
PART II.

A BAD SOVEREIGN.



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

* But see note *post*.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE AGAMEMNON OF ÆCHYLUS.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

LIFE OF THE PRINCE CONSORT.*

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

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

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

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

W.

BROTHER GOULD'S "FOUR OLD LODGES."

WILLIAM JAMES HUGHAN.

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

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

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

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

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

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

EXISTING LODGES TO A.D. 1740.

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

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

SUMMER.

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

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

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

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

Chilton. ETOILE.

FREEMASONRY IN KELSO.

To the Editor of the Masonic Magazine.

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

W. FRED. VERNON.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(To be continued).

THE POET.

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

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

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

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

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

W. CORBETT.

NOTES ON LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

BY BRO. GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.

* Published by Hopwood and Crewe.