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THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF
FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

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Monthly Masonic Summary.

There is not a great deal to report this month. Our Order appears to be rapidly extending in Great Britain, and such also seems to be the case in Canada and the United States. Curiously enough the attacks on Freemasonry instead of decreasing seem to be increasing in virulence and violence; and we hear of sermons against Freemasons, and even an anti-Masonic Convention in the United States. Well, much good may it do them all! As Paddy says, "more power to their arms." For our part, we are like the eels—we have got accustomed to it all, and on the whole it is rather amusing than otherwise. Romanists and Ritualists, Baptists and Reformed Presbyterians, fanatics of differing denominations are just now like a pack of hounds in full cry. Mr. Hecke-thorn, among his other amenities, amused himself by saying that Freemasonry had no literature. This may be true or not, but for specimens of the most dreadful bathos, vulgar impertinence, and illogical twaddle, commend us to the recent attacks on our Order, all marked by the peculiar colouring of the Jesuit or Ultramontane school. That the Ritualists should follow suit we do not wonder, as, with the exception of Baring Gould and perhaps Orby Shipley, the distinguishing characteristic of their writers is hopeless weakness, to which may be added a profound contempt for the facts of history and the veracity of assertion. We say nothing of their folly, or perversity, or reckless contempt of their superiors, their *avopia*, in short; but we do feel what a pity it is that before they write on Freemasonry they do not study the subject originally, and not depend on the rowdy utterances of insane Ultramontanes—insane, that is, on this topic. We are not astonished at the Ritualists repeating this senseless cry of the Roman Catholics as regards us irreligious and revolutionary Freemasons, "ad Leones;" but we are surprised, we confess, to observe that so called Protestant sects, who profess

to believe in liberty of conscience, &c., are actually pulling in the same boat with Romanist and Ritualist. Shades of John Knox and the Father of Pseudo-Baptists! &c., &c. It only convinces us how true theory often is—how hard practice. How easy it is to preach, how difficult to perform, and what an intense difference there is between the acceptance of a truth and its personal realization. Indeed, this persecuting tendency is, in our opinion, a great disgrace to the religion of the hour, and may be, ere long, a stumbling-block to many reverent and thoughtful minds. Let them rail on, Freemasonry can afford to laugh at childish incrimination, just as it contemns malignant falsehoods.

There has been a controversy going on in the "Freemason" about Bro. Major Burgess. He has been excluded from the Priory of the Temple, and, in consequence of a concordat with that order and the A. and A. Rite, and the Mark Grand Lodge, a judicial committee of the three orders has been formed, which has ordered his expulsion from the Mark degree. As he has committed no offence against Mark-Masonic law, it seems "hard lines" for our gallant Bro., and a queer manifestation of Masonic justice.

Bro. Caubet, the well-known G.S. of the Grand Orient of France, has answered the Bishop of Orleans' "Etude," ably as is his wont. But not, in our opinion, as fully as we could wish, as he apparently cannot get over the many foolish speeches and un-Masonic acts of individuals, to which the Bishop rightly takes exception, and calls attention to. Bro. Caubet has proved, we think, the un-Masonic speeches, &c., complained of to be those of individual brethren, not of the Grand Lodges.

There are two excellent coloured prints of our Royal Grand Master, which may be seen at Bro. Kenning's, either of which would effectively adorn our lodge rooms. Brethren in town had better pay Bro. Kenning's show room a visit, as we fancy the demand for these coloured prints will be very great.

THE MINUTE BOOK OF THE
LODGE OF INDUSTRY, GATES-
HEAD.

BY THE EDITOR.

(Continued from page 76.)

I PROPOSE now to give a series of documents which have for the first time been publicly made use of since they were written in the old Minute Book by the same clear hand about 150 years ago. Most interesting they all are, and most important towards a true history of Freemasonry in England.

Orders of Antiquity.

"1st. That every Mason be a True Lodgeman to God and the holy Church. That he use neither errour nor heresy, nor desert discreet and wise men's teaching.

"2nd. That you be true to each other, and do to every man as you would they should do unto you.

"3rd. That you keep truly all Council of the Lodge Chamber, and Council that ought to be kept concerning Masonry.

"4th. That you shall call all Masons fellowes or Brethren and no foul names.

"5th. That you shall pay truly for your meat and drink, &c., where you lodge or board.

"6th. That you shall do no villany where you board, whereby the Craft may be slandered.

"7th. That no mason take upon him any Lord's or Masters work, nor any other Mason's unless he know himself to be Master of the said work: so that the Craft may have no slander, nor evil report by him in so doing.

"8th. That no master or fellow deprive other Masters of their work which they have taken, Unless he can render him or them in-capable of the work.

"9th. That no Master or Fellow shall take an Apprentice for less time than Seaven years, and one that is able of Birth, free born, whole of Limbs, and as a man ought to be.

"10th. That no master or fellow take any allowance or fee of any for their being made a Mason without ye knowledge and Consent of Seaven of the Society at least. [Verte is here written at the foot of the page.]

"11th. That no Master or fellow put any Lord's work to Tax, that was to be done pr journey.

"12th. That every Master or fellow give pay unto his Fellow according as he deserves, so that he be not deceived by false workmen.

"13th. That no Mason shall Slander another behind his back, to make him loose his good name.

"14. That no Mason be any Common player at dice, or any other unlawful games, whereby the Craft may be Slandered, or Evil Spoken of.

"15th. That no fellow go into the Town at night except he hath fellows with him, that may bear witness he was in good Company.

"16th. That every Master or fellow upon due warning shall not fail to attend the Assembly upon the General meeting day, if he be within fifty miles of it.

"17th. That if any have Trespassed against the Craft he shall stand to and abide the Award of the Master and fellows.

"18. That every Master and fellow shall cherish strange fellows when they come out of strange Countreys, and set them on work if they have any, and they willing to work. If not to supply them with money to the next Lodge if need so require.

"19th. That every Mason shall truly make an end of his work, be it Tax or Journey.

"That the Master or Steward keep the Book of Constitutions, Institutions, Orders, Acco^s and Register, and from Time to Time Informe or Instruct any of the Assembly in such requests as they shall want to be informed in.

"21st. That all fines are to be pd upon first proof on demand and such fines and money as is or may be in Stock, in ffund Box, be disposed of as the majority of the Assembly shall determine."

I now transcribe the Apprentices' Orders, which so far, to the best of my knowledge, in their present form are unique.

Apprentices Orders.

"1. Forasmuch as you are contracted and Bound to one of our Brethren: We are here assembled together with one Accord, to declare unto you the Laudable Dutys appertaining unto those yt are

apprentices, to those who are of the Lodge of Masonry, which if you take good heed unto and keep, will find the same worthy your regard for a Worthy Science: for at the building of the Tower of Babylon and Citys of the East, King Nimrod the Son of Cush, the son of Ham, the son of Noah, &c., gave Charges and Orders to Masons, as also did Abraham in Egypt. King David and his Son King SOLOMAN at the building of the Temple of Jerusalem, and many more Kings and Princes of worthy memory from time to time, and did not only promote the flame of the 7 Liberal Sciences but formed Lodges, and gave and granted their Commissions and Charters to those of or belonging to the Science of Masonry to keep and hold their Assemblys, for correcting of faults, or making Masons within their Dominions, when and where they pleased.

"2. That you be true to the King and use neither error nor heresy to your understanding, nor despise discreet and wise men's teaching, but in all things behave yourself towards your Master Reverently, in Lowliness of heart and mind, without grudging or repining serving him faithfully, dutifully, and diligently.

"3. That you reverence your elders according to their degree, and especially those of the Mason's Craft, and in no respect misreport a Mason behind his back, to hurt his good Name, or slander the Occupation.

"4. That you be no thief, nor commit adultery or fornication, nor frequent Taverns or Alehouses, nor contract matrimony with any woman during your Apprenticeship, (except with your master's knowledge and consent,) nor neglect to pay honestly for your meat and drink &c., allowed in your Master's absence; nor Cause or Suffer any Loss or damage to your host if you can hinder or prevent the same.

"5. That you willingly do your Duty to the Lord or owner of the work; and if you pceive or discern any damage or harm done or to be done to him, You are forthwith to discover and give intelligence thereof to him, or some Superiour of the work: whereby the same may be remedied or prevented.

"6. That you be true one to another, when you stand in peril or danger, by height, Lift, or otherwise, whereby a man may be much hurt, or his life endangered;

taking good heed thereunto, as well for your fellow as yourself.

"7. That you call not one Another by any foul name, but if any manner of fault, cause or difference happen, you are to Communicate the same to the Master and fellows, or any of them, and voluntarily abide the Correction, &c., they award.

"8. That you well and truly keep your Master's Councils, your fellows and your own, and behave one to another gently friendly, Lovingly and Brotherly; not Churlishly, presumptuously and forwardly; but so that all your Works and Actions may redound to the Glory of God, the good report of the fellowship & Company, So help you God. AMEN."

I now bring before my readers some General Orders, which are also deeply interesting to all Masonic students.

General Orders.

"1st. That there shall on St John Baptists day June 24th yearly by the Majority of Votes in the assembly be chosen, a Master and Warden for the year ensuing, and a Deputy to act in Masters absence as Master.

"2ndly. That the Chief Meeting Day be June 24th each year, the 29th of September, the 27th of December, and the 25th of March, Quarterly meeting days.

"3rdly. That no apprentice when having served 7 years, be admitted or accepted into the fellowship, but either on the chief meeting day, or on a Quarterly meeting day: and that on his admission he pay 10/6 to the fund Box, and further pform all other dutys as the master and fellows shall think proper.

"4thly. The Master and Warden shall on any Emergency have power to summons and call together an assembly of the Members nearest at hand, to consult and determine any dispute or Cause that may Occur; Seaven or more to be psent, and such act or determination shall be as valid as if done by the whole Assembly.

"5thly. If any member of the Society have work to pforme in masonry or otherwise, shall employ some one or more of the Assembly to do it, if there be psous capable to do it, and such psous shall pform the work fairly and effectually for the Credit of the Craft and Society.

[Verte again at foot of page.]

"6thly. No woman if comes to Speak to her husband, or any other person, shall be admitted into the Room, but speak at the door, nor any woman be admitted to serve wth drink, &c.

7thly. There shall be 2 Locks and 2 Keys to the fund Box differing in make or sort one to the other, The one Key kept by the Warden, and the other by the Deputy.

"8thly. All such matters or disputes as may arise and not provided for by a written order; such cases to be determined by a majority of Votes in the assembly."

I now give "verbatim et literatim" also, as those carefully copied above, some very curious Penal Orders, of which I do not remember, so far, to have seen any other copy.

Penal Orders.

"1st. Whatever Mason when warned by a Summons from Master & Warden, [these two last words erased,] shall not thereon attend at the place and time appointed, or within an hour after, without a reasonable Cause hindering, Satisfactory to the fellowship; he shall pay for his Disobedience the sum of 00—00—06., whether on a Quarterly Meeting or any other occasion.

"2ndly. That no Mason shall huff his fellow, give him the lie, swear or take God's name in vain within the accustomed place of meeting, on pain of 00—01,—00, on the yearly or Quarterly meeting days.

3rdly. That the MASTER shall receive all fines Penalties, and moneys collected amongst the fellowship; And keep the moneys in the public fund-Box of the Company. AND from time to time render a just account of the State thereof to the fellowship, or a majority thereof when required on penalty of £01—00—00.

"4thly. When any Mason shall take an APPRENTICE he shall enter him in the Company's Records within 40 days, and pay 6d. for Registering on Penalty of 00—03—04.

"5thly. That the Apprentices shall have their Charge given at the time of Registering or within 30 days after, or penalty of 00—03—04, to be paid by his master: Who shall also see the said apprentice perform the same on pain of 00—02—06.

"6thly. If the Master and Apprentice do not Shew the Indentures to be recorded in the Register Book—within 3 months after date, shall pay each 00—02—06.

"7th. That the Master and Wardens [and Wardens erased,] do give out to each member of the Society a Summons, or Advise when and where to meet, signed by himself and wardens [run through with a pen,] to be delivered at least Two full days before the day of Meeting on Penalty of Master 00—01—00. Warden 00—00—06 [latter clause run through with a pen].

"8thly. If any be found not faithfully to keep and maintain the 3 fraternal signs, and all points of fellowship, and principal matters relating the secret Craft, each offence penalty 10—10—00.

"9thly. If the Master or Deputy at any Meeting except the yearly meeting do not collect the Reckoning before or as soon as 4d each is come in, viz^t of the persons assembled shall forfeit 00—00—06.

"10thly. If the Master or Deputy be absent at the appointed time and place of meeting on Chief meeting day, penalty ea. 00—02—06, or any other meeting day penalty 00—01—00.

"11thly. If the Warden be absent at the appointed Time and place of meeting penalty 00—01—00.

"12thly. If any member of the assembly during any private meeting shall curse, swear or speak any indecent language, each offence penalty 00—00—04.

"13thly. If any oppose the Master or Warden or use any disobedience towards either of them in the assembly penalty 00—00—06.

"14thly. If any member have behaved indecently in Time of meeting, shall for each offence pay 00—00—03."

"15th. If any member fail to attend when ordered pr Ticket from Master and Warden, within an hour of the appointed time, penalty 00—00—06. [The words 'within an' here are erased.] See Order 19.

"16. Whatever member of the Assembly shall neglect to attend 4 meeting days successively, when Lawfully summoned, shall be mulcted 00—02—00, and if Guilty of any further breach of non attendance, shall for such Contempt be further mulcted according as the majority of votes in the Assembly shall determine. [This has been crossed through.]

"17. Whoever shall psume to call for or order any licquor, &c. &c. except by direction of Master or Deputy Master, ye time of assembly, shall forfeit 00—00—02.

"18. If any stay out after 10 oclock the meeting night without the Masters leave, penalty 00—00—06.

"19. Whatever member having due warning shall fail or neglect to attend at the apointed time and place of meeting, on the Chief meeting day, viz. June 24th yearly, shall pay to fund Box 00—02—00.

"20. No mason shall take any work or employ others so to do, that he has heard any of his Brother Masons been meeting about unless he first acquaint his Brother that was Bargaining for ye said work, or can prove him incapable of performing the same penalty 20s.—00."

This last rule is written in another hand. I close here to-day, and propose to give in the next Magazine what may be called the "Fund Laws," but which are too long for the present number. I feel more and more what a debt we owe to the W.M. Bro. R. Gregory, to Bro. E. R. Robson, and the members of the Lodge of Industry, No. 48, Gateshead, for so kindly allowing these ancient and valuable documents to be communicated to the Craft. I feel sure that their courtesy and kindness will be deeply appreciated by all Masonic Students.

MASONIC ODDS AND ENDS.

COLLECTED BY WILLIAM JAMES HUGHAN.

The "Sloane MS."

In the "Freemasons' Magazine" for May, 1861 (p. 348), occurs a notice of the Sloane MS. It is by "M. C." in "Notes and Queries." The writer styles it "a very curious paper, evidently written about the middle of the seventeenth century." The O. B. is inserted, which agrees with the Sloane MS. We take the above to be a transcript, and the *earliest* we have met with of the MS. in question in any Masonic paper.

Early Symbolical Freemasonry.

In Sebastian Munster's *Cosmography*, printed in 1554, the Square and Compasses, with the letter "G." within, occur as a margin ornaument. The "Square and

Compasses" may be *operative*, but the letter G, being so depicted is certainly speculative.

T. R. H. Duke of Kent and Duke of Sussex.

In the "Congregationalist" for January, 1875, is an article by the Rev. Robert Halley, L.L.D., entitled "Recollections of the Old Dissent." After alluding to several able Nonconformist ministers "who have passed away," Dr. Halley presents a most racy sketch of the ministry of the Rev. Dr. Collyer, of London. "His great attraction was his imaginative power; never unduly indulged, but simply and pleasantly illustrating his subject. . . . His preaching attracted the attention of some persons belonging to a class seldom seen in a dissenting place of worship. Among others were two royal dukes, the Duke of Kent, father to our present Queen, and her uncle, the Duke of Sussex." On the occasion of opening his new chapel at Peckham, at that time thought a very grand affair, the two royal dukes attended to show their regard to him."

A good story is told of this Dr. Collyer. He once invited their Royal Highnesses the Dukes of Kent and Sussex to dine with him, and to his consternation they graciously accepted his invitation. His humble residence at Blackheath he knew was too small for the purpose, and his servants were unused to the entertainment of such exalted guests.

As a last resource Dr. Collyer ordered a sumptuous dinner at the "Green Man Hotel," Blackheath, at that time frequented by the nobility, and there dispensed the honours of the table in a manner worthy of royalty.

Dr. Halley tells us "the most extravagant estimates were prevalent as to the cost for the luxuries, wine, and the waiting, but the worthy doctor kept the secret to himself, and never appeared to have gratified the curiosity of his friends on the subject."

The Mason's Company.

We find from our notes that for some time before and after the year 1686, the clerk to the "Master, Wardens, Assistants and Commonalty of the Art and Mistery of Masons of the City of London," was called *Thomas Stamppe*.

This name differs (as already noted), from the clerk to the Society, which owned the Antiquity MS., and to us it

seems far from improbable that the Company or lodge which Elias Ashmole visited was the same which owned the Antiquity MS., and which is still represented by the Lodge of Antiquity of to-day.

There is a Book of Accounts preserved by the regular Mason's Company extending from about 1630, to past 1686, and on the first page thereof occurs the term *Freemason*. The following is the reference to the Company in Stow's Survey of London, enlarged by A. M (unday). London, 1633 :

"The Company of Masons being otherwise termed Free-Masons of ancient standing and good reckoning, by means of affable and kinde meetings, divers times, and as a loving Brotherhood should use to doe, did frequent this mutuall assembly in the time of King Henry the fourth, in the twelfth yeere of his most gracious Reigne."

There is a woodcut of the Company's arms corresponding with that at the head of the Antiquity MS. "Sable, a chevron between three castles, &c."

Sir Christopher Wren.

Sir William Chambers in his "Civil Architecture" (Lockwood & Co. London, 1862, p. 263), thus speaks of the above :

"To the eternal disgrace of the reign of George the First, Sir Christopher Wren was, at the advanced age of eighty-six, after fifty years of useful, active and laborious self devotion to the services of the public, dismissed from the office of surveyor-general. His death took place on the 25th February, 1723, in the ninety-first year of his age."

Sir Christopher Wren was born, we believe, on the 20th October, 1632.

FROM THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

A Legend of Dover.

"So that after a grill, or short turn on the mill,
And with no worse a singeing, to purge her iniquity,
Than a Freemason gets in the Lodge of Antiquity,
She'd have rubb'd off old scores, Popp'd out of doors,
And sheer'd off at once for a happier port,
Like a white-wash'd Insolvent that's gone through the court."

John Murdo, the Master Mason.

Bro. James Millar, in "The Architects

and Builders of the Middle Ages"* (page 131), observes, "From the following inscription on a tablet upon the wall of the south transept of the famous Melrose Abbey, we are led to infer that John Murdo was inspector of several of our Scottish ecclesiastical structures. The inscription is in rude rhyme, packed in by the sculptor without regard to the metrical line, and quoted by Mr. Archibald McLellan, in his essay on the Glasgow Cathedral, from the Monastic Annals of Teviotdale, by the Rev. John Morton."

We have placed them according to general usage as the sense of this very ancient inscription is otherwise sacrificed.

John : Murdo : sum : tyn : callit : was : I :
And : born : in : purysse : certainly :
And : had : in : keeping : all : Mason : werk :
Of : Sant : Androvs : ye : hys : kirk :
Of : Glasgu : Melros : and : Pustay :
Of : Myddysdall : and : of : Galway :
Pray : to : God : and : Mary : baillh :
And : swett : Sanct : John : to : keep :
This : haly : kirk : frae : shaitly :

There is also another inscription in this old abbey on a shield, charged with the compass and fleurs-de-lis, respectively indicating the Masonic rank, and native country of the above John Murdo.

"Sa gans ye compass ebyn about
Sa truly and laute do,
But doubt behaulde to ye hende
Quoth John Murdo."

Or, as we should say, "As goeth the compass even about, without deviating from the true circle, so, without doubt, do truth and loyalty—look well to the end, quoth John Murdo."

In 1830, under the foundation stone of the very ancient Bridge "Baal's," Limerick, Ireland (Bro. Michael Furnell reported in the Freemason's Quarterly Review, 1842, p. 288), was found a brass square with the inscription,

"I will strive to live with love and ease."

1517.

On the reverse was the following :

"Upon the Level, by the Square."

* Glasgow : Maurice Ogle & Son, 1851.

DRAGONI'S DAUGHTER.

BY MARVIN HYDE.

(Continued from page 50.)

CHAPTER III.

A MERRY carnival was that of 1560. Sounds of merriment and boisterous gaiety saluted the ear at every turn. Sleep seemed to have flown to regions unknown; maskers were abroad early and late; every inn and hostelry in all Venice was crowded with gay cavaliers, who divided their nights between the card-table and the wine-cup. Almost every palazzo was ablaze with lights for the festival, and strains of merry music stole through thick shrubberies and floated out on the Adriatic.

It was near midnight when Dragoni's daughter sat mid gloom and tears in her father's palace. This alone was unlighted, for a brilliant festa, given by one of Venice's proudest nobles, claimed among the guests the count and countess, and Elena, on plea of fatigue, remained at home. Now she sat alone; not a breath of air stirred either trees or flowers, and even the very silence seemed audible, as she sat musing upon her fate. The farewell kisses of her parents yet lingered on her lips, and her grief broke forth at the thought that perhaps that night she had seen them for the last time.

"It is thus that I repay their never-ceasing love!" she exclaimed, in an agony of grief; "thus, by taking my fate in my own hands, and new vows upon my lips. I have seen them for the last time—will they not curse my memory? Will they not cast me utterly from their hearts? Alas, alas!—never again can I breathe proudly within these old palace walls. Dragoni's daughter will become an outcast, an alien from her native Venice."

But a gush of woman's tenderness swept over her. Woman-like, she accused herself of selfishness.

"But why these tears?" she murmured. "Back, weak tones of a selfish love! Be still, vacillating will—faltering heart! What has he not dared for me? The daggers of a hundred nobles—aye, even the horrors of the Inquisition, from which all good saints preserve him! And now Elena

Dragoni sits selfishly weeping at the hour when his reward should be bestowed!"

"Nay, dearest," said a low, sweet voice by her side. "Mutual is the danger; and can my poor love ever recompense such a sacrifice?"

Elena lifted her eyes to the beautifully eloquent face of her lover, and laid her hand in his. Its pressure was tenderly returned. No further word was spoken. Drawing near the toilette, Pietro noted the jewels lying in their caskets, not one of which, her father's gifts, the daughter could take with her on her flight; and silently, almost tearfully, yet with the light of a firm purpose burning in his dark eyes, he placed a folded slip of parchment among the gems, then turned toward the weeper, and led her, amid her blinding tears, to a seat in the waiting gondola. Pushing rapidly from the marble steps leading down to the water, the barge bounded on its way; but after passing rapidly through a narrow inlet and out into the Grand Canal, Pietro suddenly laid down his oars and looked back.

Venice, the first city of Italian liberty, the mistress of the sea, the queen of the Adriatic, lay bathed in moonlight. Her hundred palaces threw back the white moonlight from their marble walls; light shone resplendently from the casements; the air was one hum of blended music, voices, and laughter; a rising breeze swept outward upon the Adriatic's bosom the fragrance of orange-blossoms blooming at the water's side; and the silver moonlight enveloped the spires of San Marc pointing heavenward. The motion of the gondola ceased, and Pietro broke the silence.

"Elena Dragoni!" he exclaimed, sadly, lifting from his bosom the beautiful head which had rested thereon, and withdrawing to a little distance—"Elena Dragoni, ere my gondola takes us another oar's length from Venice, my lips must unfold a story which I intended not to tell you till many and many a league away. Listen to its recital!"

"Two years ago the fame of Dragoni's daughter's wondrous beauty came to me in my far-off mountain home. I said to my own heart, 'Take courage; let us gaze on this noble lady; let us journey to distant Venice, and gaze for ourself on her passing beautiful face.' Thither came I, the mountain youth, to your proud city

enthroned on her hundred isles, and standing where you daily stepped from the marble stairs into your noble sire's velvet-lined gondola, I gazed my fill upon your face. The half had not been told me. From that hour a wild, mad love took possession of my soul; I vowed to win you and your love, or die. I doffed my mountain garb; I, who had always hitherto been free, ay, a king among his own people, clad myself in the attire of an humble artizan, and apprenticed myself to the jeweller who fashioned trinkets and baubles for beauty's fingers; I, whose mountain home was richer far in its hoarded gold, its massive drinking cups, its sumptuous gems, than any palace in yonder city. But enough. The rest is soon told. I was bidden by my master to take a casket of jewels to the Palazzo Dragoni. They were the birthday gift from a noble count to his only daughter; that noble count himself bade me carry them into her presence. Elena, you know the rest: First, my wild, mad passion, that glance that first shot from my eyes to yours, and fired our souls; our midnight meetings—our mutual love. But alas! Elena, *bell' idol moi?* you do not know all. I have deceived you. I am not Pietro Baptiste, the citizen; I am Carlo Trevorra, the bandit captain!"

In silence had Dragoni's daughter listened; her very breath seemed suspended; no word of reproach, no scream of surprise smote the air. That very silence itself was more eloquent than any uttered reproaches could have been.

"Elena," said Carlo Trevorra, and the lover came nearer and took her hand, "Elena, for the Virgin's sake, speak to me! At least, say you forgive me. For the past I have no excuse save my mad love; but I am not the villainous man I seem. At this hour, if you but wave your white hand toward yonder city, the prow of my gondola shall be turned thither. Much as I worship, Elena, I would not force you away. Now, Elena, shall I turn again toward Venice?"

Dragoni's daughter paused; but it was only for a moment. Perhaps it was undutiful; but it was like a weak, yielding, loving woman, who must live in him she loves, or have no life. The grief of her parents, her pride of birth, the scorn of all Venice, were as naught at that moment;

for, though her cheek was deadly pale, her lips wavered not as she said, in a low, firm voice:

"I risked all for the citizen, and I can do no more for the bandit; row on?"

And silently they sailed down the Adriatic.

It was a wild and gloomy cove, belted by a hedge of olives, where they landed. Drawing a small silver whistle from his belt, Carlo applied it to his lips, and at its shrill peal ten of his bravest followers sprang from the shelter of the olive grove and stood about their chief. Ere two hours had fled, Dragoni's daughter, borne thither on a litter of velvet cushions by the sturdy men, gained the mountain cavern, and an aged priest, whom the bandit chief had gained over to his purpose, performed the rites that cast her fate and fortune with her outlaw lover's.

CHAPTER IV.

Three years had passed away in Venice, but still no tidings from Dragoni's daughter.

Terrible was the woe that fell like a thunderbolt upon the old count, when late on the next morning after the carnival he sent a page to his daughter's apartment, summoning her to his presence. She was not there; and presently, pale with affright, the waiting-maid came with the slip of folded parchment which she had found lying upon the toilet among her mistress's jewels.

"Some trick of my child's, this high carnival time, methinks," muttered the old count, receiving the missive from the hands of the trembling girl, who, wakened late by the page, knew not how to account for her unwonted sleepiness (for Elena, fearing pursuit, had mixed a slight sleeping potion in her waiting-maid's drink.) "Go hence, Cattina," said the count, "and seek thy mistress in the garden of the plaza."

But when the old man's eyes glanced over that slip of parchment, for a moment all the fire of his patrician blood was up in his veins; then staggering feebly to the countess' room, with a low moan he sank down.

"What is it?" exclaimed the contessa, taking the paper from his trembling fingers, and reading like one in a dream:

"Pursuit is useless. Ere this shall reach the Count Dragoni's eyes, his daughter will be many leagues away, the bride of Carlo Trevorra, the bandit."

"The pride of our noble house, the hope of our old age a bandit's wife! O, the Virgin and all the saints forbid! Hasten, recover her, ere she be lost forever?" shrieked the patrician mother, grasping at her husband's arm.

Her touch roused him; the old count rose to his feet; the fire of pride and anger ran riot through his veins and flashed in his eyes. He paced the floor with great strides.

"Ho, there! See that the gondola be doubly manned!" he shouted to his page, who bore the summons to his serving-men. Large tears filled his eyes, but he quickly dashed them away, exclaiming, "Away!—tears are for the weak, but I am strong, and will have revenge! Yes, revenge! Base-born, menial dog! Undutiful, deceitful daughter!"

"Spare, O spare Elena! remember that she was kind and dutiful until now. It may be that he forced her away against her will!" pleaded the stricken mother, with a gush of returning tenderness, as the page entered to inform the count that his gondola was in waiting.

An angry, proud patrician went forth; but a feeble, grief-stricken, crushed father returned from his interview with the Doge of Venice. Next morning the whole city rang with the elopement of Dragoni's daughter; groups of men assembled at corners, conversed in low tones of the bandit's temerity; the gaiety of the carnival seemed hushed; immense rewards were offered by the doge, and stamped with the seal of San Marc; the Council of Ten sent out spies, and parties scoured forests and mountain fastnesses for leagues and leagues around; but all of no avail, and of but small harm to the youthful pair, safe in their far-away, inaccessible mountain retreat.

So days went by, and "the Ten" remitted not in their endeavours; but love and caution possessed eyes more Argus-like than even the dreaded Inquisition; and so the days glided into weeks and months and years, and the name of Elena Dragoni was rarely heard in the city that gave her birth.

CHAPTER V.

An old man lay dying in Venice. He lay upon a low pallet in a miserable hovel. A light breeze stole through the broken casement, and now and then, like wandering angel fingers, lifted the few scattering gray hairs from his sunken temples. The restless eye gleamed strangely bright, not with a holy beam, but with that wild, unsatisfied, reckless gaze that tells of a hardened, desperate soul within.

Suddenly setting his glances upon a young boy who in fright cowered down by the bedside, he said sharply, in the feeble accents of one already on the threshold of the grave:

"Hasten, Manual, to the palace of the Count Dragoni—tell him a dying man would speak with him. Speed thee!"

The lad's excited manner and strange story obtained but little credence of the porter who guarded the entrance of the Dragoni mansion, and it is probable that he would have returned alone had not the old count, who had returned in the twilight from a visit to the doge's palace, encountered him in the vestibule pleading for admittance.

"A boy who insists upon carrying a dying, dirty lazzaroni's message to the most noble Count Dragoni," said the man, bowing respectfully to his master.

"Nay, it is my grandsire, and he is dying. Come, noble sir, he must see you," pleaded the lad, so strongly that the count, whose curiosity was excited, joined him, closely followed by the faithful Sylvestro, who only saw in this some scheme to entice the old count into the hands of assassins and murderers.

But neither robber nor murderer waylaid the trio, who soon entered the miserable hut where the old man lay battling with the grim death angel. In choking accents and hurried gasps, while the count stood close at his bedside, the dying man breathed out a few sentences, and yet a strange, joyful revelation was this that sent the Count Dragoni to his palace home a happier man than he had been for three long years.

"Count Dragoni"—so spake the dying man—"you, the proud patrician, have lost an only child. Years ago, I, the humblest artisan that walked the streets of Venice—I, the plebeian, had a brave, a beautiful boy. Time passed on; he grew into man-

hood; he was my pride, my idol. One day, a young noble basely insulted him—an insult so base was it that a dog could not have brooked it, and my brave Bernardo dealt him a fatal blow. The patrician could spit in the plebeian's face, and men only laughed, but all Venice rang with shouts against the murderer, who only wiped out the insult with his blood, and before sunset the spies of 'the ten' had traced my boy to his retreat, and condemned him to death by torture. Ay, Count Dragoni, my brave, my darling boy perished by the accursed Inquisition; they murdered my gallant Bernardo! I swore revenge; revenge on one and all of the accursed Council, and foremost, against Count Valzive, the chief among the senators who pronounced his death-sentence. And that hour came. Even as I had suffered, so should he; he should know how distressing it was to have an only son torn from his arms.

"One night, when Count Valzive and his lady were from their palace at a masked ball, with three brave accomplices to do my bidding, we entered his plazzo, gagged the nurse, and seized his only son and heir, the little Ernesto, then a boy of but two years, and fled with our prize. But I could not kill the child; his bright eyes smiled into my heart, and his baby laugh seemed a call for mercy. I carried him afar, gave him into the hands of a rude outlaw, who bore him to his far-off mountain home, where the boy grew up brave, strong, noble, and in after years became their leader. Count Dragoni, when I gave up the child I swore that I never would reveal the home to which he was taken; this I will not do; but in my dying moments something whispered that forgiveness is better than revenge. Old Valzive died long ago of grief; your daughter's flight almost broke your heart; I am dying, and why should I fear to tell you that Carlo Trevorra, the bandit, and husband of your child is no other than Ernesto Valzive, heir to his father's title and estates? There, I have told you all; be kind, be merciful to my son here; be—but ah, send for the priest! I feel a cold hand—in my throat—upon my breast—it chokes, it stifles me—it is death!"

Yes, it was death, the conquerer, stilling the pulse-beats of a heart, lifeless for evermore to the calls of revenge or for-

giveness. The plebeian lay cold and stark; and the count sought his palace home with a new joy born within his heart.

It is almost needless to add that a proclamation of full pardon to the bandit was immediately issued, with a recall to his father's estates; and that after a brief season, this was literally accomplished, and the still blooming, beautiful Elena, was received amid tears of forgiveness into her parents' embrace.

In Venice to this day, there still lingers an old tradition of the outlaw's bride, Dragoni's Daughter.—*New York Dispatch.*

SAINT HILDA'S BELLS.

An old Whitby Legend, literally rendered.
 BY MRS. G. M. TWEDDELL (FLORENCE CLEVELAND), *Author of "Rhymes and Sketches to Illustrate the Cleveland Dialect."*

The sea was calm, the clouds hung low,
 And on his good ship's deck
 The pirate walk'd in sullen mood,
 A man no laws could check.

His crew look'd on all silently,
 For none durst question him;
 They knew he plann'd some daring deed,
 To do when night grew dim.

At length he stopp'd. "My men," quoth
 he,

"See you old Whitby town?
 'T' the abbey tower some bells are hung,
 This night we'll have them down.

"Cast anchor there below the cliff,
 A stout heart never quells;
 Be brave, my lads! and we to-night,
 Will steal St. Hilda's bells."

The task is heavy. "Ha, ha, ha!"
 The pirate laugh'd with glee:
 "Our ship will bear a weighty load,
 When we put out to sea.

"Our stoutest ropes will lower them down,
 And when our prize we win,
 We'll pledge St. Hilda's memory,
 In a keg of Holland's gin."

'Tis bootless here to tell the toil
 Of the pirate's hardy crew,
 Or with what oaths he urged them on,
 For quick the night hours flew.

Before the dawn a wind arose,
 But all were safe on board ;
 Their work was done, the prize was won,
 The ship had got its load.

They laid them down to rest awhile,
 But the winds blew louder then :
 "The storm has come," the captain cried,
 "Put out to see, my men !"

Louder and louder grew the blast,
 The sea ran mountains high ;
 But not a yard the ship will move,
 Howe'er so hard they try.

"Our ship is doom'd !" the pirate said,
 A curse is on its load ;
 Oh, evil night that ere we took,
 Such fearsome goods on board !

"Unload the ship !" he bellow'd forth,
 But all unheeded then,
 His mandate fell upon the ears,
 Of his terror-stricken men.

The lightning flash'd, the thunder roll'd,
 More fierce the storm raged on ;
 No help for them ; when morning dawn'd,
 Both ship and crew were gone.

Beneath the cliff the vessel sank,
 With no one there to save :
 The bells went with the lawless crew,
 Down to their watery grave.

And old folks say, that to this day,
 When storm the ocean swells,
 Above the raging of the wind,
 Are heard St. Hilda's bells.

Old grand-dames shiver at the sound,
 They hear them, loud and clear,
 Ring, ring, ring, ring ; but younger folks,
 The bells can never hear.

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.

HUMAN NATURE.

OUR amiable Captain was pacing the quarter deck, the apparent picture of ease and contentment, and the envied of all observers. His luxurious dinner was over, and he seemed to contemplate with plea-

surable serenity his splendid vessel, and the beautiful purple sea she was ploughing through so swiftly. Finally, selecting a cozy spot in the shade, he ordered his Chinese servant to bring him a commodious easy chair, his well-browned meerschaum, and a late package of illustrated papers. Improving the opportunity, I approached the ocean monarch.

"Going to sea is a fine thing, Captain," I said, "when a man has reached the command of a craft like this."

"Yes, you would naturally think so," he replied, "but it's the greatest mistake in the world."

I was surprised, and continued: "But isn't it immense satisfaction for a man to find himself at the top round of the ladder of promotion, after so many years of hard toil, from which he can command so many others who are yet eagerly climbing?"

"Tut ! I wouldn't give a fig for all the pride I feel in the matter," he answered. "The duce of it is, that Captains nowadays are paid only about half what they ought to get. More or less stealing is always going on at headquarters, and of course it has to be made up out of the salaries of the captains. They are always cutting our salaries down. Things used to be different. In old times, sea captains were independent of everybody, as by right they should be. Now we are tormented to death by managers, agents, sub-agents, and the Lord knows what else. I fared much better when I was only first officer."

"Yes, but isn't there quite a difference between the salaries of the two positions?" I asked.

"Not what there ought to be. The first officer is under no social obligations whatever, but the captain, in every port he stops at, is expected to spend his money freely, entertain visitors, be liberal with the friends of the company, make presents, and so forth. He must keep the wheels greased, or they will break some day or other before he knows it. I am disgusted with the whole business. I can't give my family half the money they want, and I haven't got a dollar to put in stocks or real estate. In fact, I'm really the poorest man on the ship."

I thought it time to change the subject, and accordingly, made a few casual remarks about the weather.

Shortly after I encountered the first officer coming from his watch, and went down into the cabin with him, where a good dinner, composed of all manner of delicacies and substantial, awaited his arrival. The opportunity was too good to be lost.

"You are quite young," I remarked, "and yet you are first officer of a magnificent steam ship—a position to coveted."

"To be coveted, sir? To be coveted, did you say? I should like to know where that word comes in when you talk about my job," he answered. "A sailor before the mast sees a better time than I do. If I was captain everything would be different, but the way things are I've got all the work to do, and all the responsibility on my shoulders, and the captain gets all the credit."

"But you get a good salary, don't you?" I asked.

"Not by any means. Any laud-shark makes more money with his hands in his pockets than I do by being knocked about here eighteen hours out of twenty-four. My girl has been after me for months to end our long engagement and get married, but how can I save any money out of the miserable salary the company pays me?"

"Everybody on the ship seems to be in a bad fix," I said with a laugh.

"Well, I think I've got good reason to complain," he replied; "but they're not all so badly off. There's the chief engineer over there—he coins money by merely doing nothing. Every time we reach port he travels with a heavy bank-book from the steamship office to a savings bank. His salary's more than double mine, and yet while he's snoring away in his blankets I have to face the winds, rains fogs, and night air, as well as a scorching sun by day. Yes, sir, those engineers are over-paid for the little they know, while us poor sailors have to suffer for it."

I concluded to interview the chief engineer. When I found him he was enjoying a bottle of ale and a fine cigar, and appeared perfectly contented with himself and all mankind.

"I am glad to see you so comfortable, chief," I said. "Your engines are as bright as a dollar, the boat's making big time, and we'll soon be rounding to at San Francisco."

"Well, sir, I'm doing all I can to get you there," was the response. "I always try to do my duty conscientiously, but it's precious little credit engineers ever get for the hard work they have to do. The captain and the other officers win all the glory and the benefits, and the engineer has to toil and sweat for the most miserable of pay."

"That's downright injustice," I replied. "A man in your important position ought to get liberally paid for his services. Why, some of them were saying, a while ago, that your salary was almost as large as the captain's."

"Yes, that's quite true, but you mustn't forget that all the other officers of the ship have little perquisites that we engineers don't get. I support my family only by the severest economy. Take the purser, for instance. Just compare his position with mine. He gets a good salary for scribbling down a few letters and figures, and loafing around the balance of the time. Why, a purser is a downright fool who don't get rich in five years. I only wish I had his chance."

This conversation possessed me with a desire to talk with the purser. He opened the conversation himself.

"My friend, never be a purser," he remarked, languidly, laying down his pen with an air of disgust. "It's a dog's life. We'll soon be in port, and if I don't have my vouchers and accounts in perfect shape by the time we strike the wharf they'll want to hang me at headquarters."

"Are they so particular as that?" I asked.

"Particular! If you only knew all my annoyances, you'd pity me. I've been working for the company for years, and the longer I work for it the sicker I get of it. I often think of quitting the sea and taking to herding cattle."

"Oh, pshaw!" I laughed; "you'd soon wish yourself back. Your office is most luxurious, and your pay is undoubtedly in proportion."

"Don't mention it. It's all humbug. I've got nothing before me but hard work and miserable pay, and no prospects of advancement. The glorious days for pursers are over. In the good old times such an office as mine was equal to a gold mine. Now it is worthless. My books have to be miracles of exactness. I have

to pay for every lost or missing article, from an orange to an ox. Agents and spies surround me continually. Then the Custom-House officers are leagued against me. They won't let me take the least thing ashore. Why, I'd rather be a fireman in the engine-room than be watched and badgered the way I am. The chief steward, I'll venture to say, makes more in one voyage, by his little trading, than I do in a whole year. Nobody noses around his operations, and he makes a good thing out of it; but there's nothing but drudgery and impecuniosity ahead for me."

My friend was growing a little excited, and I thought it prudent to leave him.

The next day the chief steward happened to be in my room, and I couldn't resist the temptation to tackle. To my astonishment, his complaints were fully as bitter as those of his predecessors.

"No, sir!" he exclaimed. "I'm the last man on the ship that's making a dollar. Why, bless you, twenty years ago, when I was a common waiter—then was the time for the chief stewards. Then they bought all the meat, fruits, vegetables, provisions, linen and bedding for the steamers, and they could charge double prices without being questioned. I recollect a case where a chief steward, in one voyage charged seventeen quarters of beef to the ship that were never delivered. Just think of that. But the thing was overdone, and now the broth is spoiled entirely. I've been on this ship many years, but I think I'll give it up before long, and settle down in a shanty at 'Frisco."

I confess that I was by this time somewhat bewildered. Everybody looked round, fat and contented; everybody seemed to be in high clover; everybody thought everybody else but himself was making money; and yet each one vigorously protested that he was being rapidly reduced to beggary. I determined to grapple with the problem before me with redoubled energy. I assailed the surgeon, the freight clerk, the second and third officers, the assistant engineers, the quarter-masters, the butcher, the cooks, and even Jack Tar himself.

The result was the same in every instance. I evoked nothing but doleful and despairing responses. In a fit of desperation I cornered a Chinaman.

"Here," I thought, "is an unlettered

heathen. He will teach to his more civilized brethren the virtues of patience and contentment.

I demanded his opinion on the subject of my investigations.

"Heap licee," he sighed, "but Chinaman no can catch heap dollar. Company no good. No hab heap dollar for poor Chinaman. White man catchee all."

When that same steamer was ready to put to sea again, my curiosity prompted me to step aboard a moment to see how many of its late crew had abandoned seafaring ways in quest of pleasanter fortunes on shore. To my surprise I found every one of them (the Chinaman included) at their old posts again, and actually impatient to be out of port and once more ploughing the bounding waters. Such is human nature.

OYSTERS.

LET no Oyster-loving brother infer from the above title that I shall tell him how to get his Oyster lunches cheaper next season, or that I am about to give statistics of Oyster breeding, with long tables to show that they ought to be more easily produced, and consequently, cheaper. I have heard from very good authority that *Natives* will be dearer than ever this season; therefore, let those who can afford, eat them, and pay—and those who cannot afford—well—let them grumble.

The brotherhood is not, I think, altogether insensible to the charms of an Oyster when properly displayed; therefore, I have ventured to give a short account of how they are dredged, which may possibly interest those individuals, should such exist, who do not know whether they are caught with a hook, or dug out of a potato field.

While staying in a small town on the Kentish coast, where one of the largest Oyster companies reigns supreme, and having some interest in the company, I was allowed to go dredging with them, a favour not permitted to strangers. One morning nearly at the end of March I was called up about sunrise, and after a careful toilet (for an Oyster dredgerman has to bestow a great deal of care on his dress for a rough day, if he expects to keep a dry skin), I find myself enveloped in Sou-

wester, Oilskin and Sea Boots, and feel myself "a man," and able, to a great extent, to set the elements at defiance. Our worthy skipper, rejoicing in the name of Pooner, escorts me to the beach, which was yesterday occupied by groups of amphibious individuals, each with his hands in the lowest depths of his pockets—for it appears to be a great breach of etiquette for a long-shoreman to show the least particle of his hands, except to attend to his pipe. The shore is now a scene of life and animation, there being about three hundred men, all going on the same errand as ourselves, in parties of three to six. Launching or rowing off in skiffs to their respective yawls, each man appears to be working against time for a wager. It is a fine fresh morning with a cool wind, which makes one, as Mr. Pooner says, glad they are alive. Our skiff is lying about half afloat on the beach, with the sea dashing against her. I feel a pleasurable sensation in being able to walk into the sea without getting wet, owing to my sea boots. With a cheerful "Jump in, Sir," from the skipper, who at once follows me, I am in the skiff. Our two hands, Jack and Bill, "shove her off" into deep water, and then jump in themselves. We are now fairly away for the yawl which is lying off some little distance in deeper water. I find already the use of my oilskin, as we get rather more than a shower of spray over us occasionally. After a five minutes pull in company with the other skiffs, making it appear like a monster whaling expedition, we come alongside our yawl, a smart little craft about thirty feet long, which our skipper is justly proud of, and were it not for the fishing number painted on the side, might be taken for a yacht. There are about ninety of these yawls, which really do credit to their owners for the way in which they are kept. Many of them are almost unequalled for sea going and sailing qualities, proved by the prizes taken at some of the local regattas. We are now on board, and all is bustle and hurry, hoisting the sails, and letting go the slip, to which the yawl is made fast, during which time nearly every halyard, rope and spar seems to get under my feet, and every one, apparently, wants to come just where I am standing; but we are now under weigh, and sail along at a spanking rate under two reefs and small jib, with the

sea flying over us, and the bulwarks often a good deal under water. Our craft being a fast one, we pass lots of the other yawls and seem like winners in a regatta; the skipper tells me how in the years 1856-7-8 they had spats of many thousands of pounds worth of brood or young Oysters. Such years they would like to see again. Each dredgerman is an equal shareholder in the ground, and each boat takes the same share as a man, but owing to having so small a quantity of brood for so many years, their incomes, of course, have greatly diminished.

The dredging mornings are, usually, two or three times a week in the season, so that the dredgerman leads a tolerably easy kind of life. He may work occasionally at tide-work, which is really attending to, and cleaning the ground, if he feels disposed, and for which he gets extra pay. The company is managed by a jury elected by a court or general meeting held annually.

As we are sailing along I notice the dredges. These are iron triangles with one side shorter than the other two. The short side is flat, and about two inches wide, which acts as a scraper when dragging along the ground under water, thus scooping up everything loose, indiscriminately into a kind of bag, which is fastened on behind the dredge, made of leather and string, and when full holding about two ordinary size house pails. As we are now on the ground, the three dredges are each made fast to a long rope or wharp, the other end of which is fastened to the gunwale. They are then heaved or thrown clear of each other, and we soon notice the difference in our speed. As the dredges touch the ground they act as three skids to the vessel.

Our skipper, Mr. Pooner, who is steering, looks the picture of health, with his nut-brown skin, and bright, cheerful, sailor-like face, has a slight difference of opinion with Jack and Bill as to where is the best part of the ground for us to dredge, but as the skipper has the helm his arguments are unanswerable, and he slyly winks at me, while Jack and Bill, each of whom appear to differ from each other, express their opinions with rather more force than would be permitted under Naval discipline; in fact it appears each one in the boat knows better than the other two upon all

matters relating to wind, tide, sailing, &c. But now our business begins, and we haul away at the dredges. I take a haul as a stranger, and find it quite difficult enough to lift a full dredge over the side of the boat, as every roll makes me think I am going over the very low bulwarks. The conglomeration of Oysters, stones, shells, sea weed, &c., is emptied out of each dredge on to the deck, and the dredge is then thrown in again, all hands are busy culling out Natives, the proper size for London market, which about occupies them until it is time to haul the dredge again. We continue tacking up and down over the grounds for about an hour and a half, when we have caught the requisite quantity for our boat. These are placed in what, ashore, would be called bushel baskets, but afloat are called prickles. Our skiff, which has been at our stern all the time, is now brought into requisition again, and the prickles of Oysters are placed in it, and Jack and Bill then row off with them to the market boat which is lying on the ground to take them in; and when the other boats have all discharged their Oysters into her, she immediately sails for Billingsgate with her very expensive load. Each Oyster being worth nearly twopence it is very much like carrying a cargo of the old copper coinage. Jack and Bill come on board again, and we make for our slip, where we leave the yawl, and come ashore in the skiff, all of us (if I may judge by myself) with good appetites: I hope the reader will have one as good the next time he sits down to an Oyster lunch or supper.

R.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN OLD CHURCH WINDOW.

I HAVE heard of old people being put into a mill and ground young. I can't say that I ever saw any one on whom the operation had been performed, and I used to think it was only idle talk. I begin, however, to think it may be true. At all events the operation has been performed on me. And, if on an old window, why not on an old man or an old woman?

But I am to write my autobiography; and I must begin at the beginning. Here I have been, in the east wall of Westhorpe

Church for more than 500 years! What changes I have seen, to say nothing of those I have undergone.

Westhorpe was a place when I first knew it. The hall was a hall then, and inhabited by hall people too. Such doings; knights in armour, and ladies dressed in a fashion the ladies of the present day vainly try to imitate. And then the retainers, and the hawks, and the hounds, and the horses!

Every now and then there was a tournament at the hall; and then it was a sight to see the armed knights ride by on their richly caparisoned steeds, and the ladies richly dressed and mounted, hastening to the sight. It was also worth while to see the bold yeomen with their bows and arrows contending for the smiles of the village-born maidens, just as the knights contended for the favour of the high-born damsels, with sword and spear.

And then, the church was a sight to see! On Sundays, and festival days, there were the gorgeously attired priests, with their music, and their lights, and their incense, and their processions, and their crosses, and their banners. Things are changed now. People say it is for the better, and no doubt it is; for surely people are more likely to benefit by joining in a quiet, intelligible service, and hearing the word preached faithfully, than by a theatrical spectacle. But then, I, as a window, am all eyes; and as a show, and a scene of wonder, the old rites certainly had many charms.

I don't remember all the inhabitants that have seen the light of heaven through me. But I do remember one fair creature, who for some years used to worship here. Hers was a face to gaze upon, one seldom surpassed. This was Mary Tudor. She was the daughter of a king of England, and had been married to a king of France; but her husband had died, and the young widowed queen had been married to one of England's nobles, Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, to whose home at Westhorpe she had been brought, and with whom she lived for some years. Here she died: but here she was not buried: and I remember seeing the solemn gorgeous procession pass by on its way to her interment at Bury St. Edmund. And then the Priests here sang masses for the repose of her soul till my bones ached with the vibration.

About her time there began to be changes. Now and then, some friar would come and preach against the corruptions of the church and clergy: and I, as a disinterested spectator, could see that there was room enough for their indignant remonstrances. The priests, on the other hand, angrily denounced them as impostors, and threatened all sorts of spiritual and temporal penalties. But the new opinions grew. Bye and bye the gorgeous rites, the theatrical shows, were banished, an open Bible was placed in the church where it could be read by all, and the preaching of the gospel took the place of the mass, with all its superstitious observances. It was an edifying sight to see the people come to hear and read the word. Many of them could not read themselves, so they would get one who could to read to them, while they with eager ears drunk in the words of life.

Soon after these changes, there was a great commotion in Westhorpe. It was rumoured that England's maiden queen was about to pay a visit to the hall. And the sensation increased when she came. I remember her well. A handsome commanding woman, whose beauty was, however, of a somewhat masculine cast. She rode into the village in great pomp, on her stately palfrey, surrounded by a numerous band of nobles and retainers. This was the last visit of royalty to Westhorpe: but it was still the abode of nobility. I well remember the Duke and Duchess of Buckingham. The duke was in some trouble and was hiding here. The duchess was out riding, when she fell in with royal messengers, coming to arrest her husband. But her steed being swift and sure, she rode hard, and was in time to see her lord put in hiding before they came. After remaining thus for a few days he crept. I think I see him now, coming across the long meadow dressed like a ploughman, but unable to walk like one. He could not deceive *my* eyes; but he did those of the men who were watching for him, and got safely off.

Time wore on; the hall was destroyed; the glory of Westhorpe was departed. The church began rapidly to fall into decay, the progress of which there was none to arrest. I was mutilated, the beautiful tracery work in my heading was broken up, my two side lights were built up, leaving only

three. Persons came and looked and admired my remains, the beautiful jambs and mullions, and said, "What a lovely window it must have been." But nobody did anything for me. At last the wall in which I had stood so long began to crumble, and I thought my end was drawing near. The wall was pulled down. But I found my dislocated members were being handled gently, and placed, not *under* but *on* the turf in the churchyard: and I understood that I was to be built up again just as I had been taken down. Then there was a consultation, and I heard that I was to be restored to something like my former beauty. This has now been done: and here I am, not perhaps, so well proportioned as formerly, for the roof over my head dwarfs me, but comely and beautiful. I sometimes think, when I look round at the other parts of the church, too beautiful. But I believe an effort is to be made to restore the rest, so that the whole building may again be not only decent but beautiful. The roof of the chancel is to be raised, and then perhaps I may raise my head as heretofore.

May those who have done so much for me, do so likewise to the other parts of the building; and may it long stand a monument of antiquity, the House of God, where his glory may be promoted, and souls edified and strengthened with the bread of life.

The parish church of Westhorpe is in an obscure part of Suffolk. Lying away from all great thoroughfares, it is but little known, and yet, in years long past, it was a place of considerable importance. The manor was very ancient, and seems to have been held in the time of Edward the Confessor by one Rebric Pagana, and in that of William the Conqueror by Endo, the son of Spirvil.

This is not the place to trace the owners of the manor through all the changes that took place; suffice it to say that it was held in 1312 by Bartholomew de Elmham, who is supposed by some to have built the nave and chancel of the now-existing church. They have certainly been built about that time. In 1330 he was succeeded by his son Henry, who is supposed to have added the south aisle as a chantry chapel. That this aisle was a chantry

chapel there can be no doubt, as there is a piscina in the south wall, and a part of it is enclosed by a very handsome carved oak screen of fourteenth century work. In a canopied niche in the wall is a coffin-shaped tomb, supposed to be that of Henry de Elnham, on which is a simple but elegant cross in relief.

Passing by many of the lords of the manor, we find that it was held in the reigns of Henry V. and VI. by William-de-la-Pole, fourth earl, subsequently created marquis, and then Duke of Suffolk. After his death he was succeeded by John-de-la-Pole, who married the sister of Edward IV., and after whom came Edward-de-la-Pole, who was beheaded by Henry VIII. in 1513.

In 1514, Charles Brandon, Viscount L'Isle, the comely and courageous friend and companion of Henry VIII., was made Duke of Suffolk, with a grant of the estates of the deceased duke.

Mary Tudor, the beautiful sister of Henry, was married to the aged and decrepid Louis XII. of France. After an unhappy two months of wedded life, she was left a widow, and was very soon afterwards married to Charles Brandon, when they took up their abode at the manor house of Westhorpe, then no doubt a house of princely dimensions, with its chapel and its tilt-yard, and the other usual adjuncts to the house of a great noble, including a beautiful garden which Mary had laid out under her own superintendence in the style which she had seen in France, and in tending which she is said to have spent much of her time. Here she lived in quiet seclusion for eighteen years, and here, in 1533, she died. Her remains were first interred in the monastery at Bury St. Edmund's, and on the dissolution of the abbey they were removed to St. Mary's Church, where they now repose.

The last occupant of the hall seems to have been Maurice Barrow, who died at the age of 69, in 1666, and whose monument, a reclining figure in marble, is in a mausoleum, which seems to have been erected for its reception, on the north side of the chancel. To the memory of his father there is a beautiful monument on the north wall of the chancel, with kneeling figures of himself and his two wives, in the quaint costumes of the period.

It is said that the manor house was

pulled down with cart-ropes, and without any regard to the preservation of the ornaments. On the site now stands a farm house, which the present owner has converted into tenements for labourers. All now left to indicate its former greatness is part of the moat, with the remains of a very ancient bridge.

Since the demolition of the hall, Westhorpe has, as was natural, declined, and it is now a village of about 200 inhabitants, almost exclusively engaged in agriculture. All that remains of its former glory is its beautiful, but dreadfully dilapidated church.

This church was mainly erected in the decorated period, *i.e.* in the first half of the fourteenth century, the chancel, the nave arcade, and the south aisle belong to this period. The clerestory and roof are later, added perhaps a hundred years after, also the north aisle, and the tower, which is 70 feet in height beautifully proportioned, and contains five sweetly toned bells. The arch opening from the nave into the tower is peculiarly beautiful. From remains it was evident that there was once in the chancel a very beautiful five-light window; but some years ago, when it was the fashion to mutilate churches the roof of the chancel was destroyed, a barn-like one being substituted at a considerably lower pitch, and, I suppose, at the same time, the two side lights of the window were built up, and the Gothic heading destroyed, a square top being put in its place. Through the liberality of friends I have been able to restore this window, under the able and careful superintendence of our architect, Mr. Barnes, to something like its original state, in a style corresponding with the other very handsome windows in the chancel.

For the above historical and descriptive sketch I have been mainly indebted to a very able paper, read in the church last summer, by E. M. Dewing, Esq., Secretary to the Suffolk Archaeological Society, before a meeting of that society, from whom I now quote the following eloquent passage.

"And now, what shall I say about the sacred structure in which we are assembled? As lovers of our ancient churches, and jealous critics of all who tamper with their beauties, vainly calling that a restoration which is but too often a destruction, it

would seem we ought to rejoice in the untouched condition in which we now find it. But earnestness is stronger than sentiment. We may admire this beautiful production of the best period of Gothic art, and rejoice that its lines and mouldings have not been made smooth and neat and straight by the matter of fact care of a modern mason. Yet we cannot but grieve to see this house, dedicated to the service of God, so dilapidated that its very existence seems endangered. Surely, it cannot be that an ancient monument, where for centuries our ancestors have worshipped, where queens and barons, knights and men of low degree have met together with one consent to offer prayers and praises to their common Maker, it cannot be that such a monument be allowed to crumble to the ground for the want of an earnest effort to save, a determined will to mend."

To this appeal, I answer that I am determined to make the needful effort; and such faith have I in the generosity of English churchmen, and of all lovers of ancient monuments, that I feel assured it will be no vain effort.

The church is in a very dilapidated condition. The lead on the roof is in such a state that the rain comes through freely, making pools of water on the floor. In consequence of this the timber of the roof are fast decaying. The floor, in some places, is in holes; the pews are of all sizes and shapes; and the whole church is in a deplorable condition.

I purpose to take off the lead from the roof to put the timbers in good substantial repair, and then to recover it with lead; to do away with the present barn-like roof of the chancel, and to provide one of oak in its stead, raising it to the original pitch, and covering it, as now, with slate; to scrape the stone-work, and put the walls in substantial repair; to provide benches for about 200 persons; to tile the floor where not occupied with seats; to provide a carved oak pulpit, and an approved warming apparatus; to repair screens, font, south door, and sundry other matters, and, if sufficient sums are forthcoming, to provide a small organ.

The plans and specifications have been submitted to the parish vestry, the arch-deacon and the bishop of the diocese, and have received their approval, on condition that funds be raised to execute any portion

of the work, before such portion be taken in hand.

To do this, and to make the church decent, comfortable, and fit for its purpose, a sum of from about £1,500 to £2,000 will be required; and towards this your help is hereby solicited.

Subscriptions may be sent to me by cheque or post-office order payable at Stowmarket; or they may be paid to Messrs. Oakes & Co.'s Bank, Stowmarket, to the "Westhorpe Church Restoration Fund."

It is proposed to hold a bazaar in September, in behalf of the fund, towards which contributions of drawings, photographs, illuminated texts, and other fancy articles are solicited from ladies and others.

Collecting books will also be supplied to any persons who may volunteer to collect small sums among their friends.

Receipts will be sent for all contributions in money or kind, besides which they will be acknowledged in the "Ipswich Journal," the "Suffolk Chronicle," the "Bury Post," the "Bury Free Press," and the "Stowmarket Courier."

Trusting that this may meet with the most favourable consideration of the public, and that I may succeed in restoring this ancient church to the glory of God and the delight and use of his people, I leave it in the hands of those to whom I appeal.

J. J. FARNHAM,

Curate-in-Charge of Westhorpe.

Westhorpe Rectory.

April, 1875.

FREEMASONRY: ITS ORIGIN, ITS HISTORY, AND ITS DESIGN.

BRO. DR. A. G. MACKEY.

THE public ceremonies which were inaugurated a few weeks ago by the Grand Lodge of the Free and Accepted Masons of New York will very naturally attract the attention of what Freemasons call, in a technical and not offensive sense, "the profane world," to the history, the character, and the objects of the Masonic institution. But there needs no occasional event, how-

ever interesting may be the circumstances connected with it, to secure to the Masonic order a valid claim to public consideration. To say nothing of its antiquity—for it is by far the oldest secret organization in existence—nor of the humanitarian objects which it professedly seeks to accomplish, its universality alone clothes it with a peculiar interest that does not appertain to associations more circumscribed in their relations. Computing, as it does at this day in the United States alone, a population of half a million of active members, Freemasonry boasts, as did the Emperor Charles of the extent of his Empire, that there is not a civilized country of the world, whether Christian or not, in which its lodges are not to be found. The question of the origin of Freemasonry as a mystical association has for more than a century and a half attracted the attention of many scholars of Britain, Germany, France and America, also a body of treatises and essays on the subject have been published, the extent of which would surprise any one not familiar with Masonic literature. At the present day the historians of Freemasonry who are engaged in the discussion of this question may be divided into two schools, which may be appropriately distinguished as the mythical and authentic. The former of these is the older, for the latter has become prominent only within the last three or four decades. Masonic opinion is, however, very steadily, and, indeed, rapidly moving in the direction of thought that has been adopted by this latter school. The mystical school of Masonic history was inaugurated about the beginning of the last century by James Anderson and Theophilus Desaguliers, both doctors of divinity, and who had been mainly instrumental in elaborating what has been called the revival of Masonry by the establishment in 1717 of the Grand Lodge of England. Dr. Anderson was a man of acknowledged learning, the minister of a Scotch congregation in London, and a writer of some reputation. Dr. Desaguliers was recognized as a distinguished lecturer on experimental philosophy. But it is Anderson who is really to be considered as the founder of the school, since he first promulgated its theories in the "Book of Constitutions" which he published in 1723 by order of the Grand Lodge.

Unfortunately for the interests of truth

Anderson was of a very imaginative turn of mind, and, instead of writing an authentic history of Freemasonry, he accepted and incorporated into his narrative all the myths and legends which he found in the manuscript records of the operative Masons.

The Masonic writers of England who immediately succeeded Anderson more fully developed his theory of the establishment of the Order at the Temple of Jerusalem, the division of the craft into lodges, with degrees and officers, and in short an organization precisely such as now exists. This scheme was accepted and continued to be acknowledged as the orthodox historical creed by the fraternity during the whole of the last and the greater part of the present century. It was incorporated into the ritual, much of which is founded on the assumption that Freemasonry is to be traced, for its primitive source, to the Temple of Jerusalem. The investigations of the more recent or authentic school have very nearly demolished this theory. All of this is now explained, not historically, but symbolically. And so important, and, indeed, essential to speculative Masonry is the Temple of Solomon as a symbol, that to eradicate it from Masonic symbolism would be equivalent to destroying the identity of the institution.

The theory of the origin of Freemasonry now most generally accepted is that of the authentic school of Masonic history. The leaders of the authentic school in England are Hughan and Woodford; in Scotland, Lyon; and in Germany, Findel. If a prodigality of credulity has been the weakness of the mythical school, their rivals may be charged with having sometimes exercised an excess of incredulity. They decline to accept any statement whose authenticity is not supported by some written or printed record, and a few of them have gone so far as to circumscribe the history of Freemasonry within the narrow limits of that period which commences with the revival, or as they prefer to call it, the foundation of the Grand Lodge of England, in the beginning of the eighteenth century. Others, however, have been more liberal, and now, as a general rule, their theory of the origin of Masonry has been accepted by the more intelligent members of the fraternity, while the

fanciful and legendary speculations of the old writers are gradually giving place to the well-supported statements, and the logical deductions of the authentic school. By most of the leaders of this school the complex question of the origin of Freemasonry is being solved in the following way:—

There existed in Rome from the first days of the kingdom, and all through the times of the republic and of the empire, until its final decay, certain guilds or corporations of workmen, which are well known in history as the Roman colleges of artificers. Numa, who is said to have founded these guilds, established only nine, but their number subsequently greatly increased. From the Roman writers who have treated of the form and organization of these colleges, we learn enough to show us that there was a great analogy in their government to that of the modern Masonic lodges, and this, especially in their character as a great society, and in their initiations and esoteric instructions to which candidates for admission and the younger members were subjected. Of these guilds the one to which Masons particularly refer, is that which consisted of architects or builders. The authentic school of Masonry does not claim, as this mythical most probably would have done, that the Roman colleges of architects were lodges of Freemasons. They simply contend that the facts of history exhibit a regular and uninterrupted derivation of the Freemasonry of this day from these Roman guilds, although the course of the succession was affected by various important changes. But these changes have not been sufficient to altogether obliterate the evidence of the relationship. This relationship is thus indicated. From a very early period the Roman people were distinguished by an active spirit of colonization. No sooner had their victorious legions subdued the semi-barbarous tribes of Spain, of Gaul, of Germany, and of Britain, than they began to establish colonies and to build cities. To every legion that went forth to conquer and to colonize, was attached a guild or college of architects, whose numbers, taken from the great body at Rome, marched and encamped with the legion, and when a colony was founded, remain there to cultivate the seeds of Roman civilization, to inculcate the principles of

Roman art, and to erect temples of worship and houses for the accommodation of the inhabitants. In the course of time the proud mistress of the world became extinct as a power of the earth, and the colonies which she had scattered over the Continent became independent kingdoms and principalities. The descendants of the Roman colleges of artificers established schools of architecture, and taught and practised the art of building among the newly enfranchised people. A principal seat of this body of architects was at Omo, a city of Lombardy, where a school was founded which acquired so much reputation that the masons and bricklayers of that city received the appellation of masters of Como, and architects of all nations flocked to the place to acquire the correct principles of their profession. From this school of Lombard builders proceeded that society of architects who were known at that time by the appellation of Freemasons, and who from the tenth to the sixteenth century traversed the Continent of Europe engaged almost exclusively in the construction of religious edifices, such as cathedrals, churches and monasteries. The monastic orders formed an alliance with them, so that the convents frequently became their domiciles, and they instructed the monks in the secret principles of their art. The Popes took them under their protection, and granted them charters of monopoly as ecclesiastical architects, and invested them with many important and exclusive privileges. Dissevering the ties which bound them to the monks, these Freemasons (so called to distinguish them from the rough masons, who were of an inferior grade and not members of the corporation) subsequently established the guilds of stonemasons, which existed until the end of the seventeenth century in Germany, France, England and Scotland.

These stonemasons, or, as they continue to call themselves, Freemasons, had one peculiarity in their organization which is necessary to be considered if we should comprehend the relation that exists between them and the Freemasons of the present day. The society was necessarily an operative one, whose members were actually engaged in the manual labour of building, as well as in the more intellectual occupation of architectural designing. This with the fact of their previous connec-

tion with the monks, who probably projected the plans which the Masons carried into execution, led to the admission among them of persons who were not operative masons. These were high ecclesiastics, wealthy nobles, and men of science who were encouragers and patrons of the art. These, not competent to engage in the labour of building, were supposed to confine themselves to philosophic speculations on the principles of the art, and to symbolizing or spiritualizing its labours and its implements. Hence there resulted a division of the membership of the brotherhood into two classes, the practical and theoretic, or, as they are more commonly called, the operative and speculative. The operative Masons always held the ascendancy in numbers, but the speculative Masons exerted a greater influence by their higher culture, their wealth, and their social position.

In time there came a total and permanent dis severance of the two elements. At the beginning of the eighteenth century there were several lodges in England, but for a long time there had been no meeting of a great assembly. In the year 1717 Freemasonry was revived, and the Grand Lodge of England established by the four lodges which then existed in London. This revival took place through the influence and by the exertions of non-operative or speculative Masons, and the institution has ever since preserved that character. Lodges were speedily established all over the world—in Europe, America and Asia—by the Mother Grand Lodge at London, who, for that purpose, issued provincial deputations or patents of authority to introduce the Order into foreign countries. No important change has taken place in the organization since that period. Now in every kingdom of Europe, with two exceptions, in every State of the American Union, in the Dominion of Canada and other British Provinces, and in each of the South American Republics, there is a grand lodge exercising sovereign Masonic power, while in some colonies which have not attained political independence provincial grand lodges have been invested with slightly inferior prerogatives.

Freemasonry of the present day is a philosophic or speculative science, derived from and issuing out of an operative art.

It is a science of symbolism. One of the authoritative definitions of Freemasonry is that it is "a science of morality, veiled in allegory and illustrated by symbols." But a more correct definition would be that it is "a system of morality developed and inculcated by the science of symbolism."

Its original descent from an association of builders has given to its symbolism a peculiar character. All the labours of operative or stone masonry, its implements and its technical language have been seized by the speculative Freemasonry, and appropriated by them as symbols, each of which teaches some important moral or religious truth. The cathedrals which their predecessors erected, some of which still remain as proud monuments of their surpassing skill in architecture, have been replaced for esoteric reasons by the Temple of Solomon, which has become, with one exception, the most important and significant of the symbols of the Order.

As all these symbols are applied to religious purposes, and received a religious interpretation, we must conclude that Freemasonry is a religious institution. It is not a religion. It makes no such claim. It does not profess to offer the renovating efficacy or the spiritual consolation which make religion so necessary an element in the healthful life of man. But it does inculcate some religious truths, without any attempt to define theological dogmas. It demands of its initiates a trusting belief in God and in the immortality of the soul, and its ceremonies and its symbols impress these truths with all the moral consequences that a belief in them implies. It recognizes all religious truth, and tolerates, but does not accept, sectarian dogmas. It repudiates nothing but atheism. Around its altar, consecrated to the Grand Architect of the universe, men of all creeds may kneel in one common worship, each holding in his heart with all tenacity his own peculiar faith, the brotherhood around neither making or condemning by word or look. Incidental to its organization as an association of men engaged in the same pursuit we had other characteristics common to it, with all similar human associations, but which it possesses and practises with greater perfection because of its universality and its numerical extension.

Such is its social character. In the lodge all artificial distinctions of rank, and wealth,

and power are at the time suspended, and Masons meet together on the great level of equality. The prince and the peasant, the bishop and the layman, sit together, and join hand in hand in the same symbolic labour. It is but the other day that the heir apparent of the British Crown was seen kneeling at the feet of one of his subjects and giving to him his oath of Masonic allegiance and fealty.

So, too, it is eminently a benevolent institution. There is no other institution that has built and endowed more asylums for the aged and decayed, or hospitals for the sick, or houses for orphans, or done more to clothe the naked, to feed the hungry or relieve the poor, and in granting eleemosynary aid to the distressed brother or his destitute widow. It hallows and sanctifies the gift by the silence and secrecy with which it is bestowed. Such is Freemasonry—venerable in its age and beneficent in its design.

New York Herald.

ASSYRIAN HISTORY.

MR. GEORGE SMITH, the learned Assyriologist, has delivered a course of three exceedingly interesting and valuable lectures on "Assyrian History," at the Royal Institution, Albemarle-street, which have been listened to with marked attention and intelligent appreciation by large and cultivated audiences of members and visitors. Mr. Smith introduced his subject by a reference to Assyria's striking adaptation by nature to be the seat of a great empire, and drew a parallel between its advantages and those of Egypt in this respect. He next alluded to the complete contradiction given by the cuneiform inscriptions to the traditions handed down by Ktesias and other Greek writers respecting Ninus, the alleged founder of the Assyrian monarchy and of its capital Nineveh, and of his warlike Queen Semiramis, the pretended founder of Babylon. Of this Royal pair the engraved clay tablets and cylinders knew no more than they did of the world-wide realm they are said to have carved out for themselves with their swords. The cuneiform records equally ignored the long line of *Jaincant* kings, unbroken by the appearance of a single

hero, whom classical authority makes out to have been the successors of this redoubtable couple. According to the epigraphic sources, which, although fragmentary, are pretty copious, the earliest known settlers of Assyria must have been a race speaking the Turanian tongue, akin to the Tartar and Finnish, and variously known as Akkadians or Proto-Chaldeans. At a very remote but as yet unascertainable date they and their civilisation, which was a of high type, were submerged by hordes of conquering Semites, speaking languages allied to the Hebrew, Syriac and Arabic. Arabia is plausibly thought to have been the hive whence these barbarian conquerors swarmed. In time these Semite Assyrians learned to write, borrowing for this purpose the arrow-headed script of their Turanian predecessors, along with the other arts and sciences, and even the religion and mythology of that subjugated people. The age of no Assyrian monument is known to reach higher than B.C. 2300. But the advanced state of the arts of engraving and architecture, and the high development of the mythology which are found, even at this early period, necessarily presuppose a long antecedent stage of infancy and many ages of gradual growth. Just as the naturalist, looking at some newly-found but highly-developed animal or vegetable form, can confidently assert the existence of earlier transitional types, so we, looking at the evidence of culture in Babylonia 4000 years ago, can feel sure that this state of civilisation was only reached after many centuries of progress. The learned lecturer then sketched briefly the most ancient geography and mythology of Western Asia, and next, amidst the breathless silence of his deeply interested audience, began to speak of a new document on which he had lately lighted in the British Museum, giving accounts of the Creation, the Fall, and the building of the Tower of Babel. The Babylonians and Assyrians in pre-historic times, he said, appear to have distinguished four eras. These were the epoch of the Creation, of the Flood, of the Tower of Babel, and lastly of Izdubar or Nimrod. There was a very general and early tradition in the Euphrates Valley as to the Creation, one version of which is known to us from the fragments of Berosus. Mr. Smith had recently found an Assyrian copy of another

much fuller and differing in several points from this account of Berosus, and apparently approaching closely the account in the Book of Genesis. The account of the *Creation commences with a description of chaos, before the formation of the universe.* In order to show the style of this composition he quoted the opening lines of the first tablet of the history of the Creation:—

- 1, When on high the heavens were not raised ;
- 2, and beneath on the earth a plant had not grown ;
- 3, and the deeps had not yet produced their seeds ;
- 4, the chaos Tiamat (or the ocean) was the begetter of the whole of them ;
- 5, their waters first were established ;
- but 6, a tree had not grown up, a flower had not unfolded ;
- 7, then the gods had not founded anything ;
- 8, a plant had not sprung up and order did not exist ;
- 9, there were made the gods only ;
- 10, and the demigods they caused to exist ;
- 11, and to grow * * ;
- 12, and the upper expanse and the lower expanse existed ;
- 13, and a course of days and long time passed.

The account of the Creation goes on to describe in great detail the subsequent formation of the heavens and the earth, winding up with the creation of man. The philosophy of the Babylonians and Assyrians in this respect was evidently similar to that of the writer of Genesis, for they describe man as a perfect being at his creation and as falling from that high estate. According to the Book of Genesis, man was planted in the Garden of Eden ; and Sir Henry Rawlinson, to whom we owe so much in Assyrian decipherment, had long ago identified Eden with the Kar-Dunias or Gan-Dunias of the inscriptions. Kar-Dunias is one of the names of Babylonia, perhaps belonging properly to some particular part of the country, and it is said to be watered by four rivers, like Eden in Genesis. To Sir Henry Rawlinson we are also indebted for the discovery of another point in the belief of the Babylonians—viz., the opinion that there were two distinct races of mankind, the dark race and the fair race. The grounds of this division of the human family are unknown, but the dark race appears to correspond to the Adamites or sons of Adam in Genesis, while the fair race agrees with “sons of God” in the same book. At the era of the earliest contemporary monuments, long subsequent to the Semitic Conquest, the Euphrates and

Tigris Valleys, the lecturer said, are found broken up into some seven or eight kingdoms, viz., Sumir, near the Persian Gulf ; Akkad, the region round Babylon ; Elam, east of Akkad ; Goim, north of Elam ; Assur, on the Tigris, north of Akkad ; and two or three other states whose positions are obscure. A mighty monarch now arose at Ur (Mugheir), probably the birth-place of Abram. His name is read with some hesitation Uruk. His conquests stretched from the modern Mugheir, then called Ur, to Babylon, and some of his successors subdued and colonised Assyria. Scientifically constructed buildings, gem carving, metal work in gold, silver, bronze, and iron, bas-reliefs and sculptures in the round, embroidered dresses and personal ornaments, as well as elegant furniture, the art of writing, mathematical science, including the knowledge of square, and cube roots, an elaborate system of weights and measures, works on astronomy, geography, mythology, and history, regular laws, rights of property, judges, and other legal officers, a state religion and orders of priesthood, extensive commerce and ship-building, artificial irrigation and scientific tillage of the ground—all these were telling evidence of civilisation of those early times. After this a period of decay and ossification set in, which lasted down to the reign of Sargon I., King of Akkad, about B.C. 1600. The curious history of his preservation as an infant, in an ark of rushes, coated with bitumen, and set afloat on the Euphrates by his mother, was a striking parallel to the similar account concerning Moses, in Exodus. Sargon's victories over Elam, and as far as the Mediterranean, no less than his mighty buildings, shed a lustre over the falling Babylonian Empire, which soon after his death succumbed to Hammurabi, a Syriar or Arab conqueror. Up to this point the text of the lecture had been Babylonia, of which Assyria was originally a colony ; its relation to the mother country seemed to Mr. George Smith something like that of Prussia to Germany. Its colonisation took place about B.C. 2000, and its governors were at first called *patesis*, or viceroys of the god Assur. After the overthrow of the early Babylonian power by Ammurabi, the Assyrian rulers moved more freely, and gradually enlarged their dominion until, from being a strip of

territory of some hundred miles square about the Upper Tigris, it reached the Mediterranean on one side and the Persian Gulf on the other. Passing rapidly over a score of Kings, whose names and deeds are more or less known, and who reigned in a known order B.C. 1850—1300, the lecturer came to Shalmaneser I., who built or rebuilt the great city Calah (now Nimroud), mentioned in Genesis. Seven more reigns brought him to Tiglath-Pileser I. (B.C. 1120—1100), whose splendid achievements in war and peace were discussed in much detail. At his death he left Assyria the foremost monarchy in the world.

In his second lecture Mr. George Smith came to the heart of the matter, the relations of Assyria to the Hebrew monarchy. Soon after the death of Tiglath-Pileser I. (B.C. 1100) his empire began to wane. One of his successors, Assur-nabulpdir, was badly beaten by a Syrian king, who snatched from the grasp of the Assyrians all the country about the Upper Euphrates, and they were soon forced back to their original territory on the Tigris. Zohar now became the foremost Assyrian power, until David humbled it, and won the hegemony in those regions for himself and his son Solomon. But already before Solomon's death Rezon deprived him of Damascus, which he made the seat of a powerful Syrian kingdom, and after the revolt of the ten tribes from Rehoboam all chance of the recovery of a Hebrew domination in Western Asia vanished. About the middle of the tenth century B.C. Assur-Dan II. ascended the Assyrian throne, and at his death B.C. 913, his son, Vulnirari II., found the empire reorganised and the way again open for an aggressive policy. With this reign begin the continuous lists of annual officers, called *limmu*, who were analogous to the name giving archons of Athens, and to our own Lord Mayors. Casts of the original clay lists, now in the British Museum, were pointed out on the table, on which lay other interesting antiques, including the noble Taylor cylinder, which gives an account of Sennacherib's campaign against Hezekiah, and that unique Assyrian scimitar, probably the oldest dated sword in the world, of which an account was given in the report of the April meeting of the Society of Biblical Archæology in the "Standard"

of the 8th inst. After a sketch of several intermediate reigns, the learned lecturer came to that of Shalmaneser II., who, at the decisive battle of Karkar, B.C. 854, defeated a formidable league of Syrian kings, third amongst whom figures "Ahabu King of Sirlai," whom most Assyrian scholars identify with Ahab, King of Israel. Mr. George Smith was formerly of the same opinion, but reflection has led him seriously to doubt this identification, not only on chronological grounds, but also because the Assyrian inscriptions nowhere else speak of the Israelite kingdom under that name. In later wars of Shalmaneser II. King Jehu of Israel and Hazael of Syria were mentioned. Tiglath-Pileser IV. (B.C. 745—727), who headed a new dynasty, was spoken of in the Bible both under that name and probably, as shown by Professor Schrader, of Jena, under his Babylonian name of Pul. His annals in the arrow-headed writing showed that Menahem of Israel was his tributary as well as Pekah and Hoshea, and established synchronisms between him and Azariah and Ahaz of Judah and Rezin of Damascus. Next came Shalmaneser IV. (B.C. 727—722), who began, and Sargon (B.C. 722—705), who finished the famous siege of Samaria, and thus put an end to the kingdom of the Ten Tribes. The second lecture concluded with a copious discussion of Sennacherib's invasion of Palestine and the siege of Jerusalem (B.C. 701), in which he boasts that he shut up Hezekiah "like a bird in a cage," but of course says nothing of the crushing disaster which soon afterwards overwhelmed his army, of which, however, Herodotus has left us an account substantially in accordance with the Bible.

In his third and last lecture Mr. George Smith furnished an interesting sketch of the reigns of Esarhaddon (B.C. 681—668), Assurbanipal (B.C. 668—626), and his obscure successors down to the fall of the Assyrian Empire, a score of years after Assurbanipal's death. In exact accordance with the Scripture history of the murder of Sennacherib by his two sons, Adrammelech and Sharazer, the annals of Esarhaddon speak of his war of vengeance against his two brothers, on whose defeat he ascended the throne. The lecturer recapitulated also his campaigns against Phœnicia and Arabia, into whose deserts he penetrated 1,000 miles as well as against

Palestine, in the course of which Manesseh, son of Hezekiah, became his captive. In speaking of the king's better known conflicts with Egypt, Mr. George Smith furnished a valuable summary of the relations of Assyria with that country from the time of Tiglath-Pileser II. At the close of his reign Esarhaddon associated with himself in the empire his son Assurbanipal, with a view to the more vigorous prosecution of the Egyptian war against the redoubtable Ethiopian Pharaoh Tirhakah. During the last years of the father's reign, and the beginning of the sole reign of the son, the Nile valley was several times overrun by the Assyrians, but as often as they set up a foreign government so often was it pulled down by the Egyptians, generally with the help of Tirhakah, and after his death with that of his nephew and successor Undamane. At length Psammetichus, aided by Gyges, King of Lydia, shook off both Assyrians and Ethiopians, and founded a native Egyptian dynasty, which was none the less a thorn in the sides of the Ninevite Kings. The rise of the Median power was next sketched, of which till the ninth century B.C. the arrow-headed inscriptions contained no trace, the first notice of the Medes occurring in the records of Salmanneser II. who made them feel his power and spoiled many of their cities. Some account was also given of the Armenians, a whole series of whose kings was known from the same glorious reign downwards, and of the kingdom of Minni, which was cognate to the Medes. Tiglath-Pileser II. broke the power of the Medes in a great battle, B.C. 743, and after his reign nothing more is heard of them till the reign of Sargon (B.C. 722—705), who defeated them B.C. 719. The king whom he placed on the Median throne revolted against his suzerain, allying himself with Ursa, King of Armenia, an irreconcilable foe to the Assyrians. But Sargon trampled out the rebellion, which cost Ursa his life.

In B.C. 702 Sennacherib, Sargon's son, chastised some Median tribes, but during his reign the nation seems to have slipped from beneath the Assyrian yoke, and the powerful kingdom of Dejoces gradually consolidated itself too firmly to be easily shaken, even by the defeat and death in battle against the Assyrians of his son Phraortes. The growth of the Median

power was immensely helped by the deadly feud, lasting more than a century, between Elam, and the great empire on the Tigris. Both these neighbours of Media were too busy in rending each other to watch and check in time the aggrandisement of the new rival, and although Assurbanipal broke the might of the Elamites for ever in a great battle on the banks of the river Ulai, internal corruption and the altered times had already doomed Nineveh to destruction. The Cimmerians and Scythians had emerged above the horizon, and the learned lecturer sketched the part they played in helping forward the catastrophe. Unfortunately the arrow-head historical inscriptions, for the twenty years which elapsed between the death of Assurbanipal, B.C. 626, and the fall of Nineveh and of the Assyrian Empire, B.C. 607, were scanty in the extreme. Even the name of the last king was uncertain, and was variously given by the classical authorities, but the best said it was Sacacus. This name, it had been suggested by M. Lenormant, might be a contracted form of Assur-akh-iddin, or Esarhaddon, and the lecturer said he had found last year at Nineveh some inscriptions of late age belonging to the reign of an Assur-akh-iddin, who could hardly be the same with the son of Sennacherib. These records seemed to refer to Assyria's last agony. One tablet said that Kastariti, the Assyrian name of the Median King, whom Herodotos calls Cyaxares, and whose alliance with Nabopolassar, the revolted vassal-king of Babylon, brought about Nineveh's downfall, sent to a Median magnate, Mamitarsu, urging him to join some other country, the name of which is lost, in war against Assyria. Mamitarsu complied, and there followed Kastariti's banner the Medes, the Minnians, the Cimmerians, and the people of Saparda on the shores of the Black Sea. The Assyrians were unable to cope with the hostile league, and another tablet says:—
 "Kastariti and his warriors, the men of the Cimmerians, the men of the Medes, and the men of the Minnians, the enemies all of them . . . made war, battle and fighting with engines, scaling ladders, and mining . . . and cunningly captured the cities all of them; the cities Harutu and Kisassa for themselves they took." The loss of other cities, amongst them Zazam and Uripty, is owned, and at

Nineveh a supplication of a hundred days and nights to the gods was ordered by the king. There the fragment stops, but it was clearly the beginning of the end. The Babylonians and Medes closed round Nineveh, and on the breaking down of the wall by an extraordinary inundation of the Tigris, the spoilers entered, and the last king of Assyria fired his palace and burned himself in his lair.

THE DUVENGER CURSE.

ELLA F. CLYDE.

SUCH a sleepy little town; not a vehicle in the streets, but our own; the very trees seemed slumbering, so still were their branches, and at all the windows were curious faces watching us.

"All this must seem very strange to you," said Josie.

"But it is a pleasant strange," rejoined Isabel.

"Do you think so?" asked Josie; "I was afraid it would be stupid for you; though of course, as I have been used to it all my life, I like it. It is an old French town, you know, so it is different from anything else in the United States. John says he feels as though he had crossed water when he comes here."

"So you are married after all," said I. "I can't realize it; you are just the same as when you belonged to our quartette at school."

"Why shouldn't I be the same?" she asked. "I don't intend to be banished from the quartette because I play a duet now."

"Just like you, Josie," said Nip. "Tell us about your marriage; wasn't it romantic?"

"Oh, there isn't much to tell," answered Josie. "John had heard, as all visitors here do, of the strange legend about our house. Not many people come to this place, but those who do always want to see the house and Marie Duvenger's room; and so John came, and then he prolonged his visit and came again; and the result is I am married satisfactorily to myself and my parents, which is somewhat rare I find."

"Josie Fairfax is not half as pretty a name as Josie Duvenger," said Nip.

"What's in a name?" exclaimed Josie. "John is splendid, and so is his brother James. He is here with us, and I intend one of you shall learn to like the name of Fairfax as well as I do."

"What a match-maker!" said I; but I repented my words the moment after, for a shadow crossed her face.

"Louis and his wife are coming in a day or two," she said, looking at Nip.

Nip turned upon her a pair of wide open blue eyes.

"You don't care now," said Josie, "that's all over."

"Of course it is," laughed Nip. "Don't blame yourself any more, our hearts were only slightly affected—they are healed by this time."

"There is another gentleman coming," Josie went on, "Mr. Maurice Hathaway."

Isabel's cheeks grew red. Nip looked at her saucily, and I exclaimed, "Good!"

"Why?" asked Josie, surprised.

"Oh, because Isabel knows him," said Nip, "and we want the same privilege. Is this the house?"

"Yes, here we are!" answered Josie. And we looked with wonder at the queer, massive building, as we passed up the drive. The doors were thrown open, and in the hall stood Mons. and Mme. Duvenger; also their widowed daughter, Mme. LeFevre, and Josie's husband, John Fairfax. The introductions over, we were shown to our apartments, three rooms opening into one another, and Josie left us with the words:

"Now, girls, lie down and rest yourselves before you do anything else; there will be time enough afterwards for one of our long school girl talks."

My room was the middle one. The furniture was heavy and richly carved; on the wall hung paintings, and the great canopied bedstead had real thread lace curtains, yellow with time. I threw myself on the bed and looked around when Nip came in.

"Do let me look at your room; it is just as queer as mine—only mine is more gorgeous; my walls are pink and blue panels, and yours, buff and black; everything is faded and old and elegant."

Here Isabel came in, brushing her long back hair.

"Do tell me whether or not I am dreaming," she said; "I don't feel as though I were Isabel Duvenger."

"I should think you would feel you had all the more right to the name now," said Nip. "How does it happen that you, a distant relative of the family, have never been here before?"

"Because this branch of the family has been quiet and exclusive," answered Isabel. "They have never intermarried with Americans until the present generation, while our branch has become so thoroughly Americanized that there is very little of the French left."

"Except in your hair and eyes," said Nip. "What is the legend of the house?"

"Oh, I'll tell you that to-night," replied Isabel. "It is ghostly, and will have all the better effect when there is darkness around."

"Aren't you afraid it is going to be pokey here?" said Nip, whirling around on tip-toe.

"No, there is such a fund of romance in the place," said I. "Mons. and Mme. Duvenger are my ideals of stately old French people; how beautiful white hair is with black eyes! I wish it would be generally the fashion to powder one's hair."

"I suppose Mme. LeFevre is the sister Josie calls Adrienne," said Nip. "I don't like her—she is artificial. It was a treat to see Mr. Fairfax, he is so American."

All this time she was pirouetting around, or climbing upon chairs and tables, peering into closets and hunting up new oddities. Such a little airy creature. "A mixture of fire and dew," one of her lovers had said. Well, it was no wonder Louis Duvenger had fallen in love with the sapphire blue of her eyes, and the shimmering gold of her hair. We girls had fallen in love with her at school for all she was the worst mischief there, and it was among us that the name "Narcissa" had been contradicted into "Nip," a name so suited to her that even out of school and in society she remained "Nip" Crawford. As for Isabel Duvenger, no one would have thought of giving her a nickname. She was simply magnificent,—a tall, perfectly rounded figure, with slow sumptuous motions, a complexion dazlingly white, great almond shaped black eyes, and a

wealth of dead black hair. There are some women whom Nature seems to select for her most lavish gifts. Somehow, lying there, I began to think what if Nip were to affect Isabel's slow stately air, or Isabel should take to pirouetting or climbing with Nip's firefly motions, until the idea grew so ridiculous that I laughed outright.

"What is the matter with you?" asked Nip, who was standing on the window sill looking out; "how can you lie there. I want to see everything. That building I suppose is the Convent; the whole town is Catholic." She sprang down to the floor. "I am going to dress," she said. "Girls, what will you wear? Put on some colour, Isabel."

"I can't," said Isabel. "I shouldn't feel like myself in anything but black or white, unless it might be some wonderful mixture of gorgeous colours that would astonish every one."

"Just like you! But here I go; I haven't unpacked my trunk yet." And Nip danced into her own room, Isabel glided into hers, while I arose and prepared to dress. I had just finished my toilette, and was turning round and round before the cheval-glass, when Josie knocked and the girls came back; and we four sat and talked as we used to do in the old school days when we were always spoken of as the "Intimate Quartette." It was not until evening that we met the rest of the family; Mr. James Fairfax, very like his brother, tall, with fine grey eyes, otherwise not handsome, and Mme. Dupont, the eldest sister. I was a little startled at the face turned toward me, such a haggard one, with great black circles around the eyes. She acknowledged the introduction with a slight nod and left the room.

"Don't mind Artemise," whispered Josie; "she is peculiar."

The evening passed pleasantly. Mme. Duvenger's wit must have been as fresh and keen as it was years ago, in the gay Parisian circles she was so fond of mentioning. Mons. Duvenger was courtly and elegant. Our spirits were all so light that first evening that what with music and conversation the hour for retiring came before we were aware of it.

"Girls, I'm afraid," said Nip, when we were safely in our rooms.

"Nonsense," said I. "I wonder what portion of the building that is—the wing jutting out beyond the rest."

"That is the part which contains Marie Duvenger's room," was Isabel's reply.

"Oh, now, for the story," exclaimed Nip, and drawing our chairs together, Isabel commenced :

"You know, after the French Revolution was over, and Louis XVI. was beheaded, many aristocrats came over to this country. Among these were the grandparents of Mons. Duvenger. They were fortunate in escaping with some of their worldly goods, and here they built this house, and the town of St. Philippe sprang up. There were two sons ; one the father of Mons. Duvenger, and one my grandfather ; besides there was a daughter, the Marie Duvenger I am telling you about. They say she was very handsome ; at all events she was the pride of the family. Now there was a curse upon the house of Duvenger, pronounced years ago by some one whose brother had been shot in a duel by a Duvenger. The curse was sudden death, and upon one or more of each generation it had always fallen. So they guarded Marie with more than usual care, and the night of her eighteenth birthday, gave a grand ball for her. I have heard a full account of it—who was there, and all. But no matter about that now. After it was over, Marie retired to her room, and dismissed her maid, saying she would undress herself. Some time elapsed and the house had grown quiet, when suddenly they were startled by fearful shrieks. Rushing to Marie's room they found her still in her ball dress, lying on the floor, and the white moonlight, which streamed over her from the latticed window, showed her throat cut. Who was the murderer no one knew. She was not quite dead and tried to speak, tried even to write but had not the strength ; so she died, and the story was untold. But it is said that on moonlight nights her spirit haunts her old room, and will do so until the mystery of her death is revealed."

As Isabel finished, Nip hid her face with a little shudder of horror, and at the same time, a clock somewhere in the house struck twelve."

"Oh, girls," I exclaimed, "how late it is—let us go to bed."

"Hark !" said Nip, starting to her feet.

There was a sound of sweet music, sad singing, not in the house, nor in the street, but in the air, as it were, floating past our window. Our nerves were drawn to such a tension, with the excitement and the story, that we looked into each other's face, white with fear. At least that was the case with Nip and myself, for Isabel stood listening, entranced with the music.

"Oh, I'm not going to stay here," said Nip ; "let us go out into the hall, and see if any one is stirring."

She seized the lamp and hastened to the door, while we followed ; but as she opened it, a strong draught extinguished the light. She shrieked in real terror, and I echoed her. The door of our room blew shut, and we found ourselves alone in the hall in utter darkness. We tried to grope for the door, but were unable to find it ; so there we stood, in helpless despair, until a door was opened down the hall, a ray of light shot out, and a voice called :

"What is it, young ladies ?"

It was Mr. James Fairfax, and our mercurial Nip began to laugh.

"We were frightened, Mr. Fairfax," exclaimed Isabel, "by some unearthly music ; we came out here, and our lamp blew out, so we don't know the way back."

He laughed as he came down the hall, struck a match on his boot, and re-lighted our lamp.

"Music ought not to frighten you," said he.

"Oh, Isabel has been telling such a horrible ghost story, we were ready to scream at anything," exclaimed Nip.

"Supposing, then, you quiet your nerves by a practical game of billiards," said he ; and, rather than go back to our rooms, feeling as we did, we assented. He took the lamp from Nip, led us down a few stairs, across a small landing, up some marble steps, into the billiard room. Here he lighted all the lamps, talking all the while to dispel our fears, while he brought out the balls and chalked the cues. Nip was a capital player, and her saucy mischievous ways seemed to afford Mr. Fairfax a vast fund of amusement ; and so we played game after game, until our fright was forgotten. At last, Nip, impatient at being beaten, struck a ball with such force that it bounded from the table on to the floor, and before Mr. Fairfax could secure

it, had rolled off the marble steps and down, down, somewhere; we thought it never was going to stop—it woke the echoes all through the house.

“What a noise for the dead of night!” said I.

“Morning, rather,” rejoined Mr. Fairfax, consulting his watch; “it is four o’clock.”

“Oh, girls, come!” exclaimed Isabel; “Mme. Duvenger would be scandalized.”

“I suppose it is bed time,” said Nip, gravely. “Do you think the noise awoke the whole house?”

“Oh, no, they are used to all sorts of noises here,” said Mr. Fairfax. “Do you think you can find your room? I’ll go with you to the door, and then come back and put out these lights. They don’t have breakfast until ten o’clock, so you can sleep in the morning.”

When we were back in our own apartments, Nip said Mr. Fairfax was splendid; she had a mind to set her cap for him. A little time afterwards she appeared at the door:

“Don’t forget to say your prayers, you’ve been wicked, sitting up all night,” and she vanished.

So ended our first night at St. Philippe. We found, in the morning, no one knew how it had been spent, and we kept the secret. Nip asked Mr. Fairfax, in a whisper, if he found the billiard ball; he nodded a laughing assent, and the subject was dropped. We drove around that day, admiring and wondering at the quaint old town. In the afternoon there was an accession to our party—Louis, with his wife and baby, and Mr. Maurice Hathaway. There was a blue flash from Nip’s eyes as she held out her hand to Louis; then she dropped them, demurely, when presented to his wife. As for Mr. Hathaway, he had something appropriate to say to each one—a few low words in French for Mme. LeFevre’s ear; a sudden lighting up of his dark handsome face as he saw Isabel, and all with a careless grace which seemed unstudied. Nip took my arm and we passed down the long *salon*.

(To be continued.)

THE PAST.

Dreams of time departed,
Memories of old ways,

Make me tender-hearted,
As I muse on other days;
Those scent-laden hours,
Gay relics of the past,
Tell me of graceful flowers,
All too fair to last!

Pleasant, pleasant faces,
Arise before me now,
Glad smiles and glowing graces,
Light up this careworn brow;
In that distant far away,
All is brave and bright,
In fond memories by day,
In the visions of the night.

Naught has tinged with sorrow,
The welcome joys of youth,
No dark waking on the morrow
To vanished right and truth!
But loyal heart and trust,
Shed gracefulness around,
No wither’d hopes, no blinding dust,
No ruins strew the ground!

Happy, happy season,
Which even now can fling,
Upon our colder reason,
The fragrauncy of spring;
Which now can lengthen out,
Life’s fast waning hours,
And take us back to the jest and
shout,
To the songs of festive bow’rs.

Life is fresh and stately,
All is soft and fair;
We hope and long so greatly,
We boldly do and dare
We reckon not of the storm,
Nor e’en of cross or care,
No gloomy phantoms can deform,
For innocence is there.

Poor heart, alas! too fast,
’Midst many blinding tears,
Will come a shatter’d past,
Of long and weary years.
Recollection grieving,
Recalls with piteous sigh,
As well this world’s deceiving,
As a past long gone bye!

All is chang’d and changing,
Hope and trust depart,
And memory backward ranging,
Sings the requiem of the heart.

For all is dead and buried,
 We long'd so much to save,
 And friends and forms so serried
 Have marched unto the grave ?

O past ! what darkling message
 Hast thou in store for man ?
 O past ! what gloomy presage,
 Amid this fleeting span,
 Thou givest ever to our race,
 As hours and hours flit on,
 As vanish'd every gift and grace,
 The world can smile upon ?

Hopeless in thy mystery,
 Like Isis in her shroud ;
 Mournful in thy history,
 What solemn fancies crowd,
 Around thy wither'd posies,
 Around thy alter'd mien,
 Around thy scatter'd roses,
 Around thy faded sheen.

O past ! hast thou no voice ?
 Hast thou no tale to tell,
 Which, bidding us rejoice,
 With those we love full well,
 Can drown the din of care,
 Can still the hearts oppress,
 In hopes all fond and fair
 Of harbourage and rest ?

Hast thou no voice of blessing ?
 No whisperings of love ?
 No songs or words caressing,
 Which lift us all above
 These fleeting hours and pleasures,
 Each vanishing delight,
 These disappointing treasures,
 These sights of wrong and right ?

Hast thou no other being,
 To tell of far away ?
 Beyond the doing and the seeing,
 Of our poor little day ?
 Is there no glad to-morrow,
 To dawn upon the scene,
 No end of care and sorrow,
 Oblivion of what has been ?

O past ! I think I hear,
 From out thy buried years,
 Amid each doubt and fear,
 Amid the wistful tears,
 A voice all gently telling,
 In accents full of bliss,
 Of an eternal dwelling,
 Of a better home than this.

A. F. A. W.

WHAT FREEMASONRY HAS DONE.

AN honest enquirer has asked us, "What has Freemasonry done to establish its claim to the distinguished honour and position which Masons assign to it in the world ?" We answer, it has, to a very creditable extent, promoted the work of civilization. The pages of history supply but scanty records of its usefulness. What Freemasonry has done, in this direction, has not been proclaimed to the world. She works not as an organized body, displaying its machinery to the world ; but works through its members themselves and through their means. But this is more or less withdrawn from the gaze of the enquirer, as also from the world in general ; for "the actual deeds of a Freemason are his secrets."

Freemasonry has been the conservator of pure and sound religious morals in times of almost universal degeneracy. We do not claim too much for it when we say that, in the Fourteenth Century, more especially in Germany, and in Northern Europe generally, when corruption and licentiousness had invaded the Church of God ; when vice in its grossest form, and immorality in its most revolting aspects, were sanctioned by those who ministered at its sacred altars of religious worship, Freemasonry entered its solemn and oft-repeated protests against the corruptions and profligacy of the times. The sturdy operative Masons, moved by these strong and vigorous words, engraved with their own honest hands upon the solid rock which they wrought for building purposes, figures, words, and sentences, that stood out in mute rebuke of the unbridled licentiousness of the very priests themselves, who were the moral and religious instructors of the people ! And many of those silent but stern rebukes remain till the present time, in attestation of the high and healthful tone maintained by the Craft in mediæval times. In the meantime, the lives and examples of the fraternity were in exemplification of a higher and purer morality than was found, at the time referred to in the Church itself.

How far the sterner and more elevated morals of the association of Operative Masons, in these days, went to countervail

the corruptions of the Church, and to prepare the way for the great Reformation, then dawning, we are not called on to say ; but nothing is hazarded in asserting or affirming, in the light of Masonic history, that Freemasonry, or that which was substantially the same, under a different name, preserved a radius and centre of moral influences, that, but for the fraternity, had not existed in any other organization in Europe. It was a great moral power at work upon that class and portion of society most likely, under ordinary circumstances, to sink deepest in corruption, in times of prevalent licentiousness and irreligion in high places. It was a light shining in a dark place. The value of Freemasonry cannot be over-estimated at that dark period, as a great conservator of good morals. But, at all times, and in all places, if Freemasonry be true to its avowed principles, it must prove a powerful agency in the conservation of sound morals. It is derelict, on the score of duty, if it fails to answer this end and to render this service to the cause of morals in this world. Thousands upon thousands of men at the present day, and all around us, in everyday walks of life, are made better by their Masonic vows than they could be in absence of those restraints. They are better husbands, better fathers, better brothers, better in all the social relations of life, than they would be if they were not Masons.

A Masonic lodge, in any community, if the fraternity be true to its code of morals, and perform with fidelity the moral duties, as enjoined in the lodge, cannot fail to prove a blessing to that community.

The best of institutions are liable to abuse. The Church itself, which stands upon a higher platform than Masonry, whose members are bound by their profession and solemn vows to "walk worthy of their vocation," often has to mourn over the defections and delinquencies of its members. Many of them bring reproach upon the cause. It cannot be expected that Freemasonry should escape the reproach from which the Church is not exempt.

Freemasonry has administered an untold and incalculable amount of relief and comfort to widowed and orphanage, and to distressed Masonic brothers. These deeds have been done in secret. Darkened

homes, where the shadow of death has been left brooding, have been visited by Masonic charity. Tears have been dried up, bleeding hearts have been soothed, bread has been dispensed by the noiseless hand ; guardian angels have been scarcely less silent and unostentatious in their visits to the homes of poverty and want, and scarcely less lavish and unselfish in their offices of love and mercy, than the Masonic fraternity, in dispensing charity and scattering its rich benedictions upon the destitute and suffering poor. As the wilted flowers spring up under the refreshing influences of the dew, gently distilled in the silence of the night, so many a withered and broken heart, pining in poverty, and want, has been refreshed and invigorated by the noiseless visitation of Masonic benevolence.

The Masonic fraternity, like the Great Author of every good and perfect gift, becomes the husband of the widow and the father of the orphan ; and the days of eternity alone will disclose the amount of benevolent work performed in time by this Universal Brotherhood.

The Temple is not yet finished. Masonry has not yet accomplished its mission in the world. Let us work on. Work, work ! This is the law. The time is short. It is past high noon with many of us. The sun goes down. Soon we shall lay by the implements of our Masonic work ; and soon our offices of friendship and brotherly love and relief will cease.—*The Scotsman.*

DR. DASSIGNY'S ENQUIRY.

(Continued from page 65.)

THIS doctrine of our great Apostle is perfectly consentaneous with the principles of the Craft, which commands to shew the utmost abhorrence to all evil, irregular, or unjust actions, to all rude or disorderly methods of behaviour ; for as it is observable that a pestilential air may endanger the health of the best constitution, so likewise may the examples of dissolute men stagger and disappoint the designs of the virtuous, yet notwithstanding that we ought to withdraw ourselves from the converse of those engaged in iniquitous practices, we are not entirely to give them up, but to pity them as unhappy and fallen

men, who have strayed from the ways of truth and virtue, and who have not followed the tradition which they received from us, nor pursued the equitable dictates of our excellent and antient commonwealth, whose laws are not only easy in their performance, but agreeable to the interest of each individual, and even essential to future happiness.

Regularity, virtue and concord, are the only ornaments of human nature (which is often too prone to act in different capacities) so that the happiness of life depends in a great measure on our own election, and a prudent choice of those steps, for human society cannot subsist without concord and the maintenance of mutual good offices; for like the working of an arch of stone, it would fall to the ground, provided one piece did not properly support another.

Therefore to afford succour to the distressed, to divide our bread with the industrious poor, and to put the misguided traveller into his way, are qualifications inherent in the Craft, and suitable to its dignity, and such as the worthy members of that great body have at all times strove with indefatigable pains to accomplish.

Now as the landmarks of the constitution of Free Masonry are universally the same throughout all kingdoms, and are so well fixt that they will not admit of removal, how comes it to pass that some have been led away with ridiculous innovations, an example, of which, I shall prove by a certain propagator of a false system some few years ago in this city, who imposed upon several very worthy men under a pretence of being Master of the Royal Arch, which he asserted he had brought with him from the city of *York*; and that the beauties of the Craft did principally consist in the knowledge of this valuable piece of Masonry. However he carried on his scheme for several months, and many of the learned and wise were his followers, till at length his fallacious art was discovered by a Brother of probity and wisdom, who had some small space before attained that excellent part of Masonry in *London* and plainly proved that his doctrine was false, whereupon the Brethren justly excluded him and ordered him to be excluded from all benefits of the Craft, and altho' some of the fraternity have expressed an uneasiness at this matter being kept a secret from them (since they had already

passed thro' the usual degrees of probation) I cannot help being of opinion that they have no right to any such benefit until they make a proper application, and are received with due formality, and as it is an organis'd body of men who have passed the chair, and given undeniable proofs of their skill in Architecture, it cannot be treated with too much reverence, and more especially since the character of the present members of that particular Lodge are untainted, and their behaviour judicious and unexceptionable; so that there cannot be the least hinge to hang a doubt on, but that they are most excellent Masons.

I cannot help informing the Brethren that there is lately arrived in this city a certain itinerant Mason, whose judgment (as he declares) is so far illumin'd, and whose optics are so strong that they can bear the view of the most lucid rays of the sun at noon day, and altho' we have contented ourselves with three material steps to approach our *Summum Bonum*, the immortal GOD, yet he presumes to acquaint us that he can add three more, which when properly plac'd may advance us to the highest heavens.

It is universally allowed that the *Italians* are excellent Masons, and have produced to the world the most masterly designs, but I cannot be of opinion that their private usages or customs are different from the general method exhibited throughout all other nations, and I never yet could hear that there was any order in Masonry, under that particular denomination of the *Italic* order, until this mighty Architect, or, I may rather say, extravagant climber, came to impart to his countrymen so valuable a production.

For my part I shall always profess a very great esteem for any one who shall add to the beauty of our glorious art, or by any means improve or enhance the value thereof, and were I assured that this adept had skill sufficient to demonstrate the truth of his assertion, I should pay him the utmost veneration; but until then he must excuse me from being one of his devotees, and I hope that no innocent and worthy Brother may at any time be misled by false insinuations, or foreign schemes.

In Ancient times Lodges were only schools of Architecture, and the presiding Masters were generally learned geometricians, who took care to instruct their Brethren and fellows in the study of the

liberal arts and sciences, and for their better government they formed such laws and general regulations as were thought necessary to maintain the harmony and well being of each particular organiz'd body, and upon the neglect of attendance of either Master or fellow (when duly summoned) a severe censure was incurred, until he could prove unto the whole lodge that pure necessity was the motive of his absence.

REMARKS.

It is heartily to be wished that the knowledge of Geometry and Architecture, together with the rest of the sciences were the only entertainment of our modern lodges; if so what is often unhappily substituted in their places would not prevail as it does, neither ought a man to attain to any dignity in Masonry, without first having a competent knowledge in the liberal arts, and I am sorry to say that so few of that stamp are to be met with in the lodges of this great metropolis, which defect is certainly owing (as heretofore observed) to the imprudent choice and introduction of their members, for every man formerly (tho' perhaps of a good and moral reputation) was not admitted into the Craft, nor allowed to share the benefits of our noble institution, unless he was endued with such skill in Masonry as he might thereby be able to improve the art either by plan or workmanship, or had such an affluence of fortune as should enable him to employ, honour, and protect the Craftsmen. I would not be understood by this to mean that no citizen or reputable tradesmen should receive any of our benefits, but on the contrary, am of opinion that they are valuable members of the common wealth and in consequence would prove real ornaments to lodges; but how ridiculous is it to see daily so many persons of low-life introduced amongst us (some of whom can neither read nor write), and when they are admitted into the company of their betters by the assistance of Masonry, they too often act beyond their capacities, and (if the expression may be allowed) soon turn Mason mad, and under the pretence of knowledge, they fall into scenes of gluttony or drunkenness, and thereby neglect their necessary occupations, and injure their families, which is not consistent with the known laws, constitutions, and principles of all true Brethren.

The bye-laws and general regulations of the lodges in this city are exceedingly well calculated for the good management of the craft, but what avails the best contrived and most salutary laws if they are not put into form and properly executed? To pass over indiscretions is in some measure granting a sanction or approbation of them, wherefore it highly concerns our worthy masters to let no crime remain unremarked, but duly to admonish the offender, and if he repeats his transgression, to inflict such punishments as they and the Brethren shall judge necessary.

As my intention in taking notice of these transactions, is rather to reform than offend, I hope the guilty will answer my expectation, in laying aside these evil and too much frequented practices and instead of affording blame for my advice, will attribute it to the real cause, *viz.* the overflowings of my respect, love and sincere friendship for the Craft. 'Tis an indisputable maxim that authority and power ever produces awe and reverence, and consequently order and regularity amongst dependants.

REMARKS.

Altho' I am well ascertain'd that our principle commanders have always been noble, learned and wise, yet of late years we have cause to mourn at our unhappy state, in sharing so little of their converse at our solemn meetings; nor can they blame us for our concern, since experience tells us that when we often had the happiness of their presence, the Craft was enlivened, and nothing but joy and alacrity ran through the whole; and had it not been for the vigilance, care, and constant attendance of a most worthy grand officer (whose name I need not mention, since it is imprinted in indelible characters on the breast of every true Brother in this city) the Grand Lodge would have felt almost an irreparable shock; but he, like a prudent governor, gained the hearts of his Brethren by cherishing their languid spirits, and every one rejoiced in him.

If our noble Grand Master and his deputy would make a general visitation throughout the lodges of this city (as hath been a custom according to the constitutions at least once in the year) the Brethren would be more careful in preserving that due harmony, and just decorum which ought to shine amongst them, for as they would not be sensible of the hour of their

Lord's coming, they would always be upon the watch, and keep so strict a guard that irregularity or indiscretion would take no place amongst them, but on the contrary, the Craft would then appear in its pristine state, adorned with true and lasting glory, and its virtues conspicuously appear to all mankind. Having now described the cause of the present decay of Free-Masonry together with some remarks, which I hope will be found useful to the Brethren shall give them the following friendly admonition, and then conclude.

As the Craft hath subsisted from times immemorial, and contains the most glorious precepts, of morality and virtue, let not the malicious world have cause to blame us for any base or degenerate actions, but let us industriously pursue the unerring rules which the Almighty Architect hath given us, let us all be united in one sacred bond of love and friendship, and if there is contention amongst us, let it be in striving who can do each other in acts of religion, mercy, charity, and all other good offices.

Let us all endeavour to deserve the following true character.

If all the social virtues of the mind,
If an extensive love to all mankind,
If hospitable welcome to a guest,
And speedy charity to the distressed,
If due regard to liberty and laws,
Zeal for our king and for our country's
cause,

If these are principles deserving fame,
Let Masons then enjoy the praise they
claim ;

For

Happy the innocent whose harmless
thoughts,
Are free from anguish as they are from
faults.

FINIS.

JUDGE MASONS BY THEIR ACTS

WE have no better rule to judge men than by their acts. So in Masonry. As we require no assertions from a profane but those he voluntarily makes, those assertions we are bound to believe are honestly given. Did we believe otherwise, no degree would be conferred. A candidate for initiation into Masonry asserts that no mercenary motive influences him to seek admission

in the Masonic order ; that it is a desire for knowledge, and a sincere wish to be serviceable to his fellow-creatures that prompts the effort for admission. We repeat again, that no intelligent Mason, did he believe that the candidate was not honest in his statements, would permit him to join the order. This being true, no person after initiation could fail to become social, humane, and charitable, nor fail to converse with well-informed Masons, and read, study, and attend lodge meetings, to make himself better acquainted with the order and his duty. To be consistent with his statements, a Mason cannot, as soon as he enters the order, commence to plead poverty and inability to pay lodge dues, or the necessary sum required to keep up the charities of the order, and to gather common Masonic intelligence and information. He has wilfully misrepresented his feelings and condition if, within a few months after his admission, he claims to be too poor to help the distressed, feed the hungry, clothe the naked, and give aid and comfort to the afflicted. That is what Masonry is for, and he knew it when he entered ; and it is not too harsh a word to use, to say that he is a deceiver, if he does not do it ; and it too plainly says that the man joined Masonry to become a tax upon the fraternity, rather than a help. Every man that joins Masonry is expected to give it moral and financial strength. Masonry is a temple for good, true, industrious and well-to-do men to live in. The rich, as a general thing, are too cold and penurious to add to its strength ; and the impoverished are but a dead weight taken upon the order to weaken the strength of the building. Give to the poor, support your almshouses, create industries and enterprises to help the indigent, but take no man into your family (the Masonic order) who is not sober, industrious, moral, good, and able, to all appearances, to support himself and his family well for life.

Masonry is a great charitable institution, but every man must commence fair at the start. He must be on a level and equality with his brethren ; he must have some certain and sufficient means of livelihood ; he must pay his dues or tax pro rata, and be able to do his share toward supporting the unfortunate, those that are sick and in decay among us--those who by real and

unavoidable misfortune have become truly poor and needy, and are by all the bonds of honour and Masonry entitled to our protection and support.

We have no use for a Mason who is constantly telling how much Masonry has cost him; how much he has expended; how long he has paid dues and never received any benefit for it; how much and how often he has given, and never asked nor received anything in return; how that he has been paying dues for one, two, three, five or twenty years, and had, or was going to dimit, as it was a great tax, and had done him no good. And yet for all this he asserted of his own accord that he went into Masonry for that very purpose—to do good, to gain knowledge, and be serviceable to his fellow-men. If he has not done so it is his own fault. If he has not done good, relieved his poor, distressed brother or family, it was his own mistake, and he is not entitled to any pleasure or reward. Out upon the Mason who condemns a whole fraternity because one, two, three, or a *dozen* of the order have defrauded or taken advantage of him, perhaps involved him in ruin. God is true, though men are false; Masonry is pure, though some Masons are corrupt. The majority of the Masonic order desire to do good and benefit their fellow-men; many go into it simply to benefit themselves. The fountain is pure, though some of the streams may become muddy, dirty, filthy, corrupt and putrid.

Ignorance of what Masonry is, causes all the trouble. Masons will not read or learn their duty. Masons have become too lax. Charity has come in at the wrong place, and lodges have been turned into temperance societies, social gatherings, moral reform schools, or church organizations. A man of intemperate habits applies for admission into a Masonic lodge; good old, and enthusiastic young brothers say, Let us take him in, we can reform him. A profane, illiterate, gross, sensual, but good-hearted man applies, and the same appeal is made again. Masonry, they think, must receive and polish, improve and correct these bad habits. A reckless and immoral man has become converted, joined the church, and determined to reform; the clergy and Masons who are members of the church plead for him to be taken in; they want all the

good influences that they can bring to bear on the man to be exerted. All this is wrong. The church, reform schools and temperance societies all have a great and good work to do. So does Masonry; but Masonry must commence with the man that has known and decided principles, whose habits for sobriety, morality and charity are formed, who is not ready to stumble unless constantly supported and watched. Our field is to take the good and true and make them better—to “unite them in one band of brothers,” whose only contention will be “as to who best could work and best agree.”

No man is a Mason at heart who will take advantage of it in his business transactions. All things being equal, one Mason may prefer dealing with another, but it authorizes no favours except in a business way. A Mason has no right to claim financial aid, endorsement or security in business on Masonic grounds. In all things pertaining to business, act the business man. A deviation from this Masonic rule has injured many a Mason. A Mason has no right to place his business troubles upon another. If he speculates, if he invests his money, if he wins or loses or goes to ruin, he has no right to come to Masons because they are Masons, to bolster him up or save his credit. Such a rule, if recognized in Masonry, would ruin every Mason in the fraternity. If you want help in business and go to a Mason, go to him in a business way; otherwise he is justified in not listening to your appeal.

Some men are so weak and ignorant that after they have been Masons for a few years they imagine that the order is obliged to assist, protect and answer all their demands.

Business and Masonry may work together, but one must never infringe upon the rights of the other. Masonry demands justice, charity and good conduct; but it does not ask you to materially injure yourself, jeopardize your credit, or sacrifice your independence or character.

The Masonic Jewel.

A DOUBT.

If I could find a rose without a thorn,
 A fragrant blossom with no bitter taste,
 A day of sunshine with no spot of cloud,
 A world without a dreary desert waste,

Or one bright hope unshadowed and serene,
 One perfect trust with every fear cast out,
 My heart could rest upon the promise sweet,
 Laying aside the ever present doubt.

The shadow dim that falls upon the ring,
 When wedded palms are clasped in fond embrace ;
 The spectre at the banquet, and the guest,
 That silently usurps the highest place ;
 The presence all unseen, yet ever near ;
 The minor note to every joyous strain ;
 The echoing thrill that answers rapture sweet,
 With something very near akin to pain.

It dim's the lustre of the conqueror's sword,
 And falls upon the radiance of the cross;
 No alchemy can purify the gold,
 Beyond the clinging of its ashen dross ;
 It falleth like a mildew on the page,
 Where weary fingers toil for empty fame,
 And on the shining 'scutcheon of the great,
 Beside the greatest there it writes its name.

THE FREEMASONS AND ARCHITECTURE IN ENGLAND.

BY BRO EMRA HOLMES.

*Past Provincial Grand Registrar of Suffolk,
 Past Grand Inspector of Works (Mark),
 &c., &c.*

SOME years ago I read the accompanying paper before an audience of young thinking men in a certain town in the north of England, many of whom have since become Masons in something more than in name. It was principally compiled from Preston's Illustrations of Masonry, as the Masonic student will at once see. I vouch for none of its facts, and simply refer the reader to Preston and Anderson for what is contained therein. It amused and instructed me in its compilation ; and in the hope that it may amuse and instruct some more of our brethren, I forward it for publication in our little Magazine.

Much might be altered and amended, no doubt ; but I prefer sending it with all its imperfections, and they are many, on its head, merely adding a few lines which, I hope sincerely, may stir some more able brother to be up and doing for the sake of the craft we love so well.

According to the "British Empire" and other generally recognized non-Masonic authorities, Freemasonry was introduced into England about the year 676 A.D., about the time when Ethelred succeeded Wulfere, King of Mercia, and over-ran Kent with his armies.*

We will not here assert, what has been asserted by some eminent Masonic writers, that Masonry was coeval with the Roman Empire in Britain ; that St. Alban, the proto-martyr of this kingdom, was appointed by the Emperor Caransius Grand Master of the Freemasons, and that Masonry continued to flourish in England till the time of St. Augustine, who was a great supporter of the craft, and under whose patronage the Masons built Canterbury Cathedral, A.D. 600, the Cathedral of Rochester, A.D. 602, St. Paul's (London) A.D. 604, and St. Peter's (Westminster) A.D. 605. Nor will I assert, what has been asserted, that King Alfred the Great employed the Freemasons in building the University of Oxford, which my readers of course know he founded ; but, without venturing to affirm this, there can be no doubt that the Freemasons grew more powerful during the next reign, for Masonic history tells us that King Athelstane, who succeeded to the throne A.D. 924, granted a charter to the Masons, empowering them to meet annually in communication at York, where the first General Assembly, or Grand Lodge of England, was formed in 926, at which Edwin, brother of the King, is said to have presided as Grand Master.†

This is the period, then, from which we should date the real history of the Freemasons in England.

When Athelstane died the Masons dispersed, and the lodges continued in a very unsettled state till the reign of Edgar in

* In all probability the Romans brought Freemasonry to England, though some writers still adhere to the Culdee theory.—Ed.

† Edwin the brother of Athelstan is clearly a myth. Edwin of Deira, or Northumberland, is the person meant.—Ed.

960, when the fraternity were again collected by St. Dunstan, under whose auspices they were employed on some pious structures.

Under the patronage of Edward the Confessor, Masonry, which had fallen into desuetude, revived. He rebuilt Westminster Abbey, assisted by Leofric Earl of Coventry, whom he appointed to superintend the Masons. The Abbey of Coventry and many other structures were finished by this accomplished architect, who was the husband of the celebrated Lady Godiva, the legend concerning which Tennyson has weaved into a charming poem, no doubt well known to the readers of the "Masonic Magazine." When William the Conqueror acquired the crown of England, he appointed Randolph Bishop of Rochester, and Roger de Montgomery, Earl of Shrewsbury, joint patrons of the Masons, who at this time excelled both in civil and military architecture. Under their auspices the fraternity were employed in building the Tower of London.*

King Stephen employed the fraternity in building the Chapel at Westminster (the old House of Commons) and several other works. These were finished under the direction of Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Pembroke, who at this time presided over the lodges.

On the accession of Edward I., A.D. 1272, the care of the Masons was entrusted to Walter Giffard, Archbishop of York, when Westminster Abbey was finished.

In the reign of Edward II. the fraternity were employed in building Exeter and Oriel Colleges, Oxford, and Clare Hall, Cambridge, under the auspices of Walter Stapleton, Bishop of Exeter, who had been appointed Grand Master in 1307.

Masonry flourished under Edward III. He patronized the lodges, and appointed four deputies under him to inspect the proceedings of the fraternity, viz., John de Sponlee, who rebuilt St. George's Chapel at Windsor, where the Order of the Garter was first instituted;† William a Wykeham, afterwards Bishop of Winchester, who re-

built the Castle of Windsor at the head of 400 Freemasons, A.D. 1357 (1364?); Robert a Barnham, who finished St. George's Hall, at the head of 250 Freemasons; Henry Yenle, called in the old records the King's Freemason, who built the Charterhouse, in London; King's Hall, Cambridge; Queensborough Castle; and rebuilt St. Stephen's Chapel, Westminster; and Simon Langham, Abbot of Westminster, who rebuilt the body of that Cathedral as it now stands.

When Richard II. ascended the throne, William a Wykeham was continued Grand Master. He rebuilt Westminster Hall as it now stands, and employed the fraternity in building New College, Oxford, and Winchester College, both of which he founded at his own expense.

Henry IV. appointed Thomas Fitzallen, Earl of Surrey, Grand Master. In this reign the Guildhall of London was built (1416?).

In the reign of Henry V. Henry Chicheley, Archbishop of Canterbury, obtained the direction of the fraternity.

Henry IV. presided in person over the lodges, and nominated William Wanefleet, Bishop of Winchester, Grand Master.

During the reign of Henry II. the Grand Master of the Knights Templar superintended the Masons, and employed them in building the Temple in Fleet Street, A.D. 1155. Masonry continued under the patronage of this order until 1199, and no doubt during this period many Templars would join the Freemasons. When John succeeded his brother Richard on the throne of England, Peter de Colechurch was then appointed Grand Master. He began to rebuild London Bridge with stone, which was afterwards finished by William Alemain in 1209. Peter de Rupibus succeeded Peter de Colechurch in the office of Grand Master. Geoffrey Fitz Peter, chief surveyor of the King's work, acted as his deputy. Under the auspices of these two artists, Masonry flourished in England during the remainder of this and the following reign.

William Wanefleet built Magdalen College, Oxford, at his own expense.

Eton College, and King's College, Cambridge, were founded in this reign, and finished under the direction of this Grand Master.

* All these statements of our historians simply amount to this, that these great men patronized the operative guilds.

† Bro. Jennings in his learned and interesting work, "The Rosicrucians," gives some curious notices concerning this Order and its origin.

During the wars of the Roses Masonry fell into almost total neglect till 1471, when it again revived under the auspices of Richard Beauchamp, Bishop of Sarum, who had been appointed Grand Master by Edward IV., and honoured with the title of Chancellor of the Garter.

During the short reigns of Edward V. and Richard III. Masonry was on the decline, but on the accession of Henry VII. it rose again into esteem under the patronage of the Master and Fellows of the Order of St. John at Rhodes, near Malta, who assembled their Grand Lodge in 1500, and chose Henry their protector, and it is probable that at this period the Knights joined our fraternity. So late as 1743 we find some of them expelled at Malta because they were Masons. Previous to this, however, when Henry VI., then a minor, succeeded to the crown in 1422, the Parliament endeavoured to disturb the Masons, by passing the following Act to prohibit their chapters and conventions :

“ 3 Henry VI., cap. 1, A.D. 1425.

“ Masons shall not confederate in chapters or congregations. Whereas, by the yearly congregation and confederacies made by the Masons in their general assemblies, the good course and effect of the statutes of labourers be openly violated and broken, in subversion of the law and to the great damage of all the commons, our Sovereign Lord the King, willing in this case to provide a remedy, by the advice and consent aforesaid, and at the special request of the commons, hath ordained and established that such chapters and congregations shall not be hereafter holden ; and if any such be made, they that cause such chapters and congregations to be assembled and holden, if they thereof be convict, shall be judged for felons, and that the other Masons that come to such chapters or congregations be punished by imprisonment of their bodies, and make fine and ransom at the King's will.” Judge Coke is of opinion that this Act, though never expressly repealed, can have no force at present.

This Act was, however, never put in force, and notwithstanding this rigorous edict, lodges were formed in different parts of the kingdom, and tranquillity reigned among the fraternity.

The Duke of Bedford was at this time

Regent, but, being in France, the regal power was invested in his brother Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, who was styled protector. He was particularly attached to the Masons, having been admitted into their order, and assisted at the initiation of King Henry in 1442. Henry Beaufort, Bishop of Winchester, and afterwards Cardinal, the Duke's uncle, had the care of the young King's person and education, and as he aspired to the sole government of affairs, there arose continual disputes between the Bishop and his nephew the Protector. Hence this Act.

Dr. Anderson, a great authority on such matters, says : This Act was made in ignorant times, when true learning was a crime, and geometry condemned for conjuration.

By tradition it is believed that the parliament was then too much influenced by the illiterate clergy, who were not accepted Masons, nor understood architecture as the clergy of some former ages, and consequently thought unworthy of this brotherhood. Thinking they had a right to know all secrets by virtue of auricular confession, and the Masons never confessing anything thereof, the said clergy were highly offended, and at first suspecting them of wickedness represented them as dangerous to the State during that minority, and soon influenced the parliament to lay hold of such arguments of the working Masons for making an Act that might seem to reflect dishonour upon even the whole fraternity, in whose favour several Acts had before and after that period been made.

It was fortunate for the Masons that Duke Humphrey was Protector, for, knowing them to be innocent, he took them under his care, and transferred the charge of rebellion, sedition, and treason from them to the Bishops, who, however, procured a pardon from the King under the Great Seal, “ for all crimes whatever, from the creation of the world to the 26th July, 1473.” Cardinal Beaufort, however, afterwards succeeded in procuring the murder of the good Duke of Gloucester, but survived him only two months.*

A record in the reign of Edward IV.

* This is really taken from Stow's survey of London, published in the seventeenth century. Howell's Londonopolis, also contains a somewhat similar paragraph, also of the same century—Ed.

runs thus:—"The company of Masons, being otherwise termed Freemasons, of auncient standing and good reckoning, by means of affable and kind meetyngs diverse tymes, and as a lovinge brotherhode use to doe, did frequent this mutual assembly in the time of Henry VI., in the 12th year of his most gracious reign, A D. 1434." The same record says further—"That the charges and laws of the Freemasons have been seen and perused by our late sovereign King Henry VI.,* and by the Lords of his most honourable Council, who have allowed them and declared that they be right good and reasonable to be holden, as they have been drawn out and collected from the records of auncient times, &c."

Poole, in his "History of Ecclesiastical Architecture in England," after ridiculing the claims to a great antiquity on the part of the Masons made by Preston and some other authors, adds (page 115)—"This, however, seems to be admitted on all hands, that in the tenth century a body of men calling themselves Freemasons, and claiming the right, under a Papal privilege, of exercising their craft all through Christendom, and perhaps sometimes rudely enforcing their sole right to be employed in sacred edifices, were known over Europe, and though the unsettled state of this kingdom, while the Danes were yet formidable, would leave them little to desire here, yet probably before the Conquest, and certainly soon after, they were established in England under a local superior, with communication with a head of the whole order; and so well did this system work, so far as the perfection of the art which it fostered was concerned, that the sovereigns of different countries rather gave force to the Papal letters than withstood the monopoly which they created. Indeed, practically, the Masons would remain sufficiently fixed to their own country, the intercourse being chiefly that which would equally benefit all parties, the mutual communication of improvements in the art which all professed."

Hope gives a very picturesque description of the lodge which the Masons established for the time when they were engaged in any great work:—"Wherever they came in the suite of missionaries, or were

called by the natives, or arrived of their own accord to seek employment, they appeared headed by a chief surveyor, who governed the whole troop, and named one man out of every ten, under the name of Warden, to overlook the nine others; set themselves to building temporary huts for their habitation around the spot where the work was to be carried on: regularly organized their different departments; fell to work; sent for fresh supplies of their brethren as the object demanded them; often made the wealthy inhabitants of the neighbourhood, out of devotion or commutation of penance, furnish the requisite materials and carriages, and the others assist in the manual labour; shortened or prolonged the completion of the edifice as they liked, or were averse to the place, or were more or less wanted in others; and when all was finished again raised their encampment and went elsewhere to undertake other jobs. Even in England, as late as the reign of Henry VI., in an indenture of covenants made between the churchwardens of a parish in Suffolk* and a company of Freemasons, the latter stipulate that every man should be provided with a pair of white leather gloves, a white apron, and that a lodge properly tiled should be erected at the expense of the parish, in which to hold their meetings.† Poole is my authority for this statement.

(To be continued.)

MASONRY TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.

THERE was a party of gentlemen travelling to the far West, not without gold in their pockets at any time, in sufficient supply in an inhabited country, but worthless where they then were to buy food. One morning eighteen pilgrims, all told, might have been seen to arise from their blankets on the ground, on the banks of Humboldt

*This quotation is, so far, not verified, but probably exists somewhere.—Ed.

† We agree that the operative guilds endured all the time, and probably under the condition asserted, but belief is one thing, proof is another. Our good brother follows in the wake of our historians, and while the fact of the existence of the guilds is undoubted and correct, we must not confound the guild system with our speculative order, though the latter be the continuation of the former.—Ed.

* There is no evidence, so far, of such a contemporary record. It is clearly of a later age.—Ed.

river, where it water was so impregnated with alkali, that it had the colour of lye. The night previous they had eaten the last morsel of food in their possession. Four or five days' journey was ahead of them before they could reach the supplies sent out by the liberal-hearted Californians to meet the incoming immigration, which was very large. This party had been living on short rations of "jerked beef" for thirty days, without tasting bread in that time. Each one of them that morning, with stick in hand, went frog-hunting, to obtain a breakfast before starting out. They succeeded in getting a pair of legs for each (one poor fellow could not eat them). They were cooked without grease or salt, and eaten with delight; the only fault found with them was, that there were not enough. One of the party brought his frog to the camp before amputating his legs, where he performed the operation so nicely that it was uninjured in its vitals, and while eating the legs of which the frog had been bereft, it sat there, propped up upon its fore legs, looking as natural and unconcerned as if it had not lost its jumpers.

Ours was a "pack train"—no waggons. With this extra short allowance, we started, hopeful that as there were hundreds of waggons on the route, certainly we could buy enough to keep soul and body together four or five days. Each person was appointed a committee of one, with gold in his pocket, and instructed to pay any exorbitant price they chose to ask. Some one hundred waggons, more or less were overhauled by noon, without obtaining a mouthful. One party, sitting around a large tray of biscuits, were offered a dollar each for eighteen of them, but humanity nor gold could not move them at any price.

We stopped, as usual, at noon to graze our wearied animals. Although feeling hunger sharply, we were undaunted, and laid ourselves down to rest in the sun, which we were accustomed to, there being no shade. The writer was sick, and had been for several days. The doctor had just made a shade over me with a blanket, when up came the bright smiling face of one of the party, and he said he had gotten three pounds of flour, without money and without price, to feed eighteen hungry men! The doctor quickly with his own

hands, made up some "flap-jacks," and brought a portion to me, which I ate with more delight than any morsel ever eaten by me before or since. Remember, it was the first bread in thirty days. They acted like a charm. From that moment I speedily recovered.

The sequel to the three pounds of flour was Freemasonry, and that unmasked in that name; and therein lies the greatest beauty of it. The brother accosted a waggon to buy food, and was refused. The owner of the waggon was from Illinois, and was a minister. The brother who belonged to my party, finding he could not get anything of him (he saying he was nearly out), passed on. A thought occurred to the man from Illinois, and he hailed our companion to stop and return. On his going back, the owner of the waggon asked him if he was a Freemason, and an affirmative reply being given, he stopped his team, stepped behind the waggon, and cautiously *proved* him to be such. He then said: "You can have half of what I have left, and when you have used that, I will divide as long as I have any," refusing the proffered gold—five dollars per pound. The narration of this to me filled my heart with the deepest gratitude to the silent power of the mystic tie, over-riding human nature and Christian sympathy.

This is one of the many instances of true Masonic principle I have witnessed. The favour was not asked as Masonic, and refused. This *true* Mason, fearing that he might perchance, be turning away a brother, called him back and asked the question, "Are you a Mason?"

May I not say to my brothers, Go thou and do likewise. Do not wait to be asked when you know that a brother or his family need assistance. Many need your assistance who never ask for it; they and their families are frequently in want because they have not employment, and very often they have to suffer great privation before obtaining it. Yet many of our brethren—good brethren, I can say—go along, never thinking or looking about to see where they can carry out the principles of the institution.

May all Masons thus act, and only such be admitted; for ten *true* Masons in a lodge are more desirable than a thousand that are indifferent.—*Cor. Masonic Jewel.*