



THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND,  
THE FEMALE HEREMASON.

# THE MASONIC MAGAZINE

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF  
FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

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## Monthly Masonic Summary.

WHEN these lines meet our readers' eyes, the old year will have passed away, and a new year will have dawned upon the world and upon the Craft. 1875 has been a most eventful year in some respects to English Freemasonry, and, we may add, also as regards the Order at large everywhere. In England the Masonic body, always loyal, has been greatly gratified by the election and installation of the Prince of Wales as Grand Master of our great fraternity.

Those of us who were present in the Albert Hall, April 28th, 1875, will never forget the gathering or the scene. Never was a more enthusiastic or orderly assembly collected together; never did any arrangements reflect so much credit on those who planned and conducted them.

Over 7,000 Masons were ranged in the gay amphitheatre, and all took their places and left them without confusion and without a hitch.

The loyalty of the meeting may be said to have been most strikingly evinced alike in the reception accorded to the Grand Master, as in the deafening cheers which greeted his advent and his departure, and were continued, more or less, during the whole proceedings.

It was a spectacle worthy of the occasion, of the Order, and of the august Prince whose installation a distinguished and united brotherhood thus hailed with one glad welcome and one loyal acclaim!

For the Order itself the Grand Mastership of the Prince of Wales was more than a mere fact of devoted enthusiasm on the one side, of a courtly pageant on the other.

The Prince of Wales, the heir apparent to the throne, had openly avowed his recognition of our Craft, at a time, too, when the floodgate of ultramontane virulence, and even of Papal condemnation, had opened unpityingly upon our sodality. At the moment when H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, as it were, came to our rescue, the most odious imputations on our motives and aims were sedulously scattered abroad, in

wholesale invective, with a proficiency of ecclesiastical and episcopal Billingsgate never before known, and which will hardly ever be subsequently surpassed.

For we were told—we the loyal, peaceable, law-abiding, charitable, and warm-hearted Freemasons of England—that we belonged to a secret, revolutionary, and infidel order, whose efforts were characterized everywhere by sedition and anarchy; whose one great aim was the overthrow of the home, the altar, and the throne; and in the midst of all this fervour of ultramontane incrimination, at the very time when on every side of us libellers were many and calumny was rampant, the son and successor of our gracious Queen—the daughter of a Mason, let us remember—proclaimed himself a Mason too, and two of his brothers openly joined our traduced fraternity.

What more, then, could mendacity do, or falsehood assert?

If the eventual monarch of this realm, thus, openly patronized us by presiding personally over these wicked Freemasons, it was quite clear, either, as Mr. Weller would say, that "things were going wrong," or the Romish accusation was a "mockery, a delusion, and a snare."

It was not very likely that the Prince of Wales would place himself at the head of a revolutionary or socialistic fraternity and hence the effect was wonderful, and the answer complete!

Strange indeed that even such a vindication was needed for our truly unrevolutionary and beneficent Order, but great is the extent of gullibility, and numerous are the "gobemouches" of society and the world still.

Indeed, it required all the audacity of which even ultramontane writers and Jesuit clique are capable, to venture to scatter wholesale such a "plethora" of abuse, such childish accusations, and such ridiculous allegations. Let us hope that they are answered, and that they may profit by what amounts to an indignant rebuke.

We wish we could add that there was any chance of a lull in this hurricane of

expletive, of abuse, of anathema, of cursing, of offensive jargon, of deliberate untruth.

But in their anger R. Catholic writers and the R. Catholic fanaticism spare neither the living nor the dead.

Freemasonry heeds it not, happily ; but is strong in itself, trusting to its own inherent truth, and hoping yet to obtain the admiration of its foes, as well as to merit the devotion of its friends.

In England, in 1875, the great Charitable Institutions have been well supported by the Masonic body, let us hope that the same disinterested liberality will be exhibited in 1876.

Twenty-six thousand pounds were raised in round numbers for the three Metropolitan charities, and we have no reason to doubt but that we shall have to announce a continuance of the same praiseworthy zeal for the great end of Freemasonry in the year before us.

The Order is materially flourishing, Lodges are increasing, and new members are being constantly admitted—some think too rapidly ; but we venture to hope that as 1875 has been but a constant record of Masonic loyalty, zeal, charity, and prosperity, so 1876 may also witness the general and peaceful progress of our world-wide confraternity as well as the welfare and development of our English Masonry.

#### THE HONBLE. MRS. ALDWORTH.

WE publish as the frontispiece to our first number of the Magazine for 1876 a remarkably well-executed engraving of this excellent and amiable lady, from an Irish print of the early part of this century,

Most of our readers will know at once that we have here the "Lady Freemason." We will not say the only daughter of Eve who has gained, somehow or other, admittance to our secrets and order, for one or two candidates for the same fame and the same distinction have arisen since.

But this we may say, that we have in our pleasant-featured and warm-hearted sister, the original and genuine Irish lady Freemason ! Mrs. Aldworth was a member of a very distinguished family herself. She was a St. Leger, descended from illustrious ancestors, and second daughter of Arthur St. Leger, first Viscount Donegale and Baron Kilmear.

Her mother was the daughter of John Hayes, of Winchelsea, in the county of

Sussex. The date of her birth and the time of her death are both still somewhat uncertain ; but she was probably born about the middle of the last century, and died about the beginning of this.

She married Richard Aldworth, Esq., of Newmarket, Cork, a member of an old and honourable family, and appears to have obtained, as she evidently merited, the love and attachment of all who knew her.

She is said to have been a most benevolent person, kind to the poor, and considerate to her dependants, and her countenance is certainly a striking representation of meekness of disposition and amiability of temperament.

When or how she became a Freemason is not quite clear. The old story of the clock for a long time was believed in, and still has many adherents ; but the account, we believe, approved of by her family is that she obtained a glimpse of the Lodge proceedings, by a chink she made in an intervening wall.

Her brother was W.M. of the Lodge, which met at her father's mansion, Donegale House, and on one occasion when this Lodge (No. 150) was assembled for work, the not unnatural curiosity of a young and high-spirited woman, led to the steps which resulted in her reception into the Masonic fraternity. This is all, we think, that can be said on the matter, one way or the other. Certain it is that Mrs. Aldworth always claimed to be a Freemason to the time of her death, and was always recognized as such, and many of her Masonic relics still exist in Ireland. She was an ornament to her sex and a credit to Freemasonry, and justly may our Irish brethren be proud of their graceful and benevolent sister, and it may be truly said of her, what is too often untruly said of others : "she lived beloved, and died lamented."

A short memoir of her was published at Cork in 1811, from which, thanks to a kindly Irish Brother, and of the friendly and ready permission of a venerable member of her own family, to whom we tender our respectful thanks, we have taken the main facts of this humble little biography. We wish, indeed, that some Irish Brother would give us a full and careful account of this interesting and amiable Sister.

The history of such a person—so eminent for goodness of heart and elevation of character, would fitly illustrate and adorn the annals of Irish Freemasonry.

THE ORIGIN AND REFERENCES OF  
THE HERMESIAN SPURIOUS  
FREEMASONRY.

BY REV. GEO. OLIVER, D.D.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CONCENTRIC CIRCLES.

"As I beheld the living creatures, behold, one wheel upon the earth by the living creatures, with his four faces. The appearance of the wheels and their work was like unto the colour of a beryl; and they four had one likeness; and their appearance and their work was, as it were, a wheel in the middle of a wheel. As for their rings, they were so high they were dreadful; and their rings were full of eyes round about their faces. And when the living creatures went, the wheels went by them; and when the living creatures were lift up from the earth, the wheels were lift up; for the spirit of the living creature was in the wheels."—EZEKIEL.

In the figure before us we have two tables of concentric circles or wheels; one on the breast of the animal and the other beneath its feet. The latter is a symbol of the world begirt with celestial systems; whence the circular processions or religious dances of the ancient Egyptians in honour of Osiris were derived; and also the circular shields of all primitive nations which had an emblematical reference. They were identified in our own country not only with the armed target of the warrior, but also with "Arthur's Round Table," and with the mysterious circle of Stonehenge. This shield was the Ark, as we may easily gather from a remarkable poem of Taliesin; the round table was the same: the eight fated mariners of the navicular shield became the knights of the round table; and Stonehenge, like the fabled stone ship of Bacchus, had still the same allusion; for, at the behest of Merlin, it was reported to have sailed over the ocean, a floating island, from Africa to Ireland, and thence to Britain, where the island at length became stationary on the plain of Sarius.\*

The numerous circular temples of this country were alike dedicated to the sun, and constructed in the form of his symbol; and the names of many of our cities and towns convey the same idea. Solihull in Warwickshire, Solport in Cumberland, Salisbury (Solis-bury) plain, on which Stonehenge was erected, and many others, which might be adduced if necessary.

\* Faber's Eight Dissertations, vol. ii. p. 207.

They will tend to prove beyond a doubt that these extraordinary monuments were built by the descendants of the first Celtic idolaters, who adored that luminary.

It is a remarkable fact that most of the Egyptian hieroglyphics illustrative of the divine nature were adorned with circular emblems; and nearly all the temples in that country were sculptured with the same symbol. This, probably, is one reason why Osiris is so frequently depicted sitting on the lotus flower, of which both the fruit and the leaves are of a circular form, at once emblematical of the perfections of the deity, and allusive to the rapid circular motion by which everything in nature revolves. It is therefore impossible for any symbol to be more express upon the unity of God than the hieroglyphic circle.\*

In the figure before us, a cross is delineated within the centre circle at right angles. This is an emblem equally of the World and of Time,† and refers to those certain concomitants of time, the four elements, seasons, and quarters of the compass. Hence several temples in various parts of the world, dedicated to the services of religion, were constructed in the form of a cross. In India, the great pagoda of Benares was cruciform, and at the extremity of each limb was a tower.‡ There is another of the same description at Mattra. And in the far west, at New Grange, County Meath, in Ireland, underneath an immense pyramid of earth, was constructed for religious purposes, a subterranean temple, with galleries in the same form.§ This extraordinary correspondence of custom in two such distant countries could have no uniform reference but to those natural phenomena which were common to every quarter of the globe, viz., the four seasons, elements, or cardinal points of the compass.

The space beyond the outermost circle was intended to represent Eternity, and was what the ancients called the SUMMOUR CÆLUM, a region of supramundane Light, denominated by the Hindoos *akas*, or purified ether, in which celestial beings were reputed to dwell; and hence the supreme deity is here represented by the compressed figure of a *Scarab*, a *Harok*, and a *Man*;

\* Maur. Ind. Aut. vol. iv. p. 690.

† Jablouski P. Eg. p. 86.

‡ Tavernier. Tom. iv. p. 149.

§ Ledwich. Aut. Ireland, p. 316.

and is crowned with a regal diadem, like the seven Sephiroth of the Jews, surmounted by the three hypostases of the divine essence.

In conformity with this interpretation, the philosophical Brahmins suppose that there are fourteen bobuns or spheres, viz., the earth, with seven spheres beneath and six above it. They called the earth bloor, and mankind, who inhabit it, bloorlogue. The six superior worlds, or heavens, are thus described in the preface to the Code of Gentoo Laws. The *Bobur* is the immediate vault of the visible heavens, in which the sun, moon and stars are placed. The *Sivergeh* is the first place and general receptacle for those who merit a removal from the earth. The *Maluur-logue* are for the Fakeers and such persons as, by dint of prayer, have acquired an extraordinary degree of sanctity. The *Junnch-logue* are for the souls of pious and moral men, and and beyond this sphere they are not supposed to pass without some uncommon merits and qualifications. The sphere of *Tuppel* is the reward of those who have all their lives performed some wonderful act of penance and mortification, or who have died martyrs for their religion. The *Suttee*, or highest sphere, is the residence of Bralma and his especial favourites, particularly those men who have never uttered a falsehood during their whole lives, and for those women who have voluntarily burned themselves with their husbands.

It will be observed, however, that the spaces enclosed within the circles in our anaglyph are ten in number, like the Sephiroth of the Jews, and the figure of the deity is floating in the expanse above them, to indicate his immortality. He is represented in the language of Dr. Brown\* to have "got out of Trismegistus, his circle, i.e., to extend his wings above the universe and to pitch beyond ubiquity." Now in the solar system of Pythagoras were the celestial spheres, the fixed sphere, the seven planets, the earth, and the autichthon, which was invisible to mortals. The intervals between the central earth or time, called by him the harmony of the spheres, were divided into ten semitones. From Terra to Luna two semitones; from Luna to Mercury a semitone; from thence to Venus half a tone; to Sol two semitones;

to Mars the same; and to Jupiter and Saturn each half a tone, or two semitones together.

From the neck, or rather on the breast of the figure, is suspended another table of concentric circles, with four spaces surrounding the centre. Now it is well known that the number four, or tetrad, was attributed to the deity, or Demiurgus, as the tetrad is called by Hierocles, and therefore occupies the place of the heart, which is the vital part of men and animals, as God is the vital essence or sustainer of the universe. It was also an emblem of truth, and hence the ancient Egyptians suspended from the neck of every chief magistrate a symbol which was denominated Truth. Diodorus tells us that by a royal ordinance "the Chief Justice shall have about his neck an image of precious stones, suspended from a golden chain, a circular amulet called Truth; and no cause shall be tried until this image be hung about his neck."

"In what manner God is a tetrad," says Hierocles,\* "you will clearly find in the sacred discourse ascribed to Pythagoras, wherein God is pronounced to be the Number of Numbers. For if all beings subsist by his eternal council, it is manifest that number in every species of beings depends upon their causes. The first number is there, from thence derived hither; the determinate end of number is the decad, or ten; for he who had reckoned further must return to unity and numbers a second decad; and so on to the second decad, which makes 100. Again, he reckons from 100 in the same manner, and so may proceed to affinity, by the revolution of the decad." †

From this cause we find in other systems the sacred Name composed of four letters, called by the Gentils Tetractys, referring to eternity; and hence the Hebrew character *Jod* at the beginning of the name of *JEHOVAH*, means the future; *Vau* in the middle, the present; and *He* at the end, with the Kametz, the past. ‡ And Christians apply it to the Trinity; *Jod* being the first person or Father; *He* the second, or Son; and *Vau* the third, or Holy Ghost. To show the universal application of this Name, the Almighty, speaking of the

\* In ans. carn.

† See more of this in Stanley's Hist. Phil. vol. iii. P 1, p. 60.

‡ Buxtorf J. Dissert. de nom. p. 241.

\* Pseudox, p. 5.

Shekinah which accompanied the Israelites in their wanderings, uses these remarkable words, "My NAME is in him." \*

I cannot agree with the interpretation of Moutfacon, that the four circles had no other reference than to the four elements; because they had already been plainly pointed out in the cross placed centrally amongst the larger collection of circles. He professedly founds his opinion on the colours of these circles, saying, "the first circle is white, to represent the colourless *air* which surrounds the earth; the second circle is blue, to symbolize the *water* of the ocean; the third circle is of a dark ash colour, to signify the *earth*; and the fourth is of a bright red, typical of *fire*. This is placed in the centre because fire gives light and heat to all things." I have considerable doubts about the existence of these colours, because I do not find them mentioned elsewhere.

#### THE MASONIC SIGN.

"Yes, sir," said Jones to his friend Smith, "the advantages to be derived from our ancient and honourable institution are incalculable."

By the way, we should have said, "Brother Jones," for Brother Jones was "high" in Masonry, and was Past Grand Deputy Junior Door Opener for the Courts of Cockaynehire.

"For instance," continued Brother Jones, P.G.D.J.D.O., "look at the position you take when travelling—think of the consideration paid to you. Why, when I landed on the Island of Bambaroo, the king, hearing I was a Mason, sent down a detachment of his Horse Guards Black to escort me to his palace."

"But," said Smith, surprised, "are all Masons thus honoured?"

"Well—no," answered Brother Jones, hesitatingly; "only those who belong to the very highest degrees—and I belong to the very highest, the double superior and superlative degree of the combined Rose, Thistle, and Palm Tree, or the three hundred and sixty-fifth degree. There are but seven members of it in the known world, and they are all crowned heads, except myself."

"And you," exclaimed Smith, "how on earth were you admitted?"

"I don't wonder at your surprise," continued Jones, "others have wondered at it, and envied me. You see, such is the universality of Masonry, that even crowned heads are compelled to admit one outsider into their fraternity, else what would become of the principle of equality?"

"I see," said Smith savagely, for he began to suspect that Brother Jones was chaffing him; "and you were a very outsider."

But Brother Jones was in earnest. If he was not a member of this superlative degree, he had dreamed he was, and believed it—so it came to the same thing.

"Now, about these signs," said Smith. "I don't ask you to tell me your secrets; but I object to take a leap in the dark, and if I am to join your lodge—for this was the contingency that led up to the conversation—" if I am to join your lodge, I should like to know just some little about it beforehand."

Brother Jones seemed to hesitate for a few moments, then he appeared buried in profound reflection. At length he rose, and taking Smith by the hand, said:

"Smith, you are my oldest friend—can I trust you?"

Said Smith:

"You can, upon my honour."

"If it were known," said Jones, "that I had divulged the least part of a secret, my life wouldn't be safe for half an hour."

"What!" exclaimed Smith, "do you Masons go about like the bandits in melodramas, with daggers concealed in your boots?"

"Well, no—not exactly in our boots, because the majority of us wear shoes; but it is so. However, I'll chance it."

Here Jones went cautiously round the room, locked the door, and hung his hat on the knob, so as to cover the keyhole.

"Why do you put your hat there?" asked Smith.

"To keep off"—said Jones; "in short, to *tile* the room."

The upshot of Brother Jones's reflections was this: he had thought of a plan to impart to his friend Smith a Masonic sign without compromising his fealty to the craft.

"When do you propose going to Bristol?" he asked him.

"This day week."

"Good—now if I put you in possession of one of our secret signs, and you are satis-

\* Exod. xxiii. 21.

fied with the result, I shall expect to propose you as a Mason; it is the only way you can make atonement to my conscience."

"I agree," said Smith, "and here's my hand on it."

"Very well. Now, you are going to Bristol this day week—well, you shall see the wonderful results of the Masonic signs. Double your fist thus—please to copy me—extend the fore-finger of your right hand, and apply it three times to the right side of your nose—gently tapping it thus."

"But why three times?"

"Ah! true—I have made a mistake and given you an advanced sign; once would have done, but it can't be helped now. When you go to the booking-office ask for a first-class ticket to Bristol; give the sign as I have shown you, and the booking-clerk will give you one for nothing."

Smith opened his eyes in surprise.

"Yes" continued Brown, "a first-class ticket for nothing. It is in this way: if you had only tapped your nose once they would have given you a third-class ticket, what we call an 'E.A.P. ticket;' twice, you would receive a second, or 'F.C. ticket;' but, as I have told you three times, you may as well have the advantage of an M.M. ticket, and ride first."

Accordingly, in due course Smith presented himself at the little window, gave the sign by tapping his nose three times as instructed, and at once received his ticket.

"All right, brother," said the clerk. "Pass on."

And it was all right. Smith obtained his first-class ticket, and went down to Bristol.

Great was his amazement, and little did he suspect Brother Jones had arranged the joke thus: He had a friend who was a booking-clerk at the G.W.R., and a member of his own lodge, and not grudging a trifle for the fun of the thing, he had given him the cost of a first-class ticket to Bristol, and instructed him to hand it over to the person who should act in the manner he had instructed Smith to act.

Smith's business transacted, the next day it was imperative on him to return, and presenting himself at the booking-office, he again made the mystic sign.

"One pound twelve," responded the clerk.

"Yes I know: but"—Tap, tap, tap, and he repeated the sign.

"One pound twelve," repeated the clerk

"and don't stand there making grimaces at me all day."

"But, my good sir"—(Tap, tap, tap.)

Then he tried the single and the double tap, but no result followed; so he paid for a third-class ticket, and went on his way with the brotherly resolve of joining the order, if it was only to obtain the satisfaction of reporting the conduct of this unworthy clerk. Arriving in town, his first business was to call on Brother Jones, and explain how he had been served, and how the man refused to give him a ticket without the money.

"Of course he did," explained Jones. "You made a mistake; you forgot you were returning, and that the signal ought to have been reversed. You should have tapped the left side of your nose with the with the finger of the left hand, thus."

Poor Smith more than suspected he had been made the victim of a joke—the hero of a tale with which Jones would regale many a Masonic brother with infinite relish. Certainly he never seeks to discover the sign by becoming a Mason. As to Brother Jones, he has risen higher and higher in the craft, and is not only P.G.D.J.D.O., but P.M.M., P.F.C., P.E.A.P., and X.Y.Z., also L.L.D., A.S.S.

We take this Masonic tale, from the "Commercial Travellers' Gazette," of October 16, 1875.

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#### AN INDIAN MASONIC WELCOME TO OUR GRAND MASTER.

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Ye brethren af the mystic rite,  
To greet your Royal Prince prepare,  
The word is passed, the sign is right,  
Behold! he fills the ancient chair!  
The chair the wisest king of old,  
Great Solomon, once designed to fill,  
Our grand construction to unfold,  
Called by the universal will.

Again, as in the days of yore,  
The WIDOW'S SOX our work designs,  
His skill the Temple raised before,  
We follow, working on his lines.  
True to our old Masonic fame,  
Long may our lofty columns stand,  
Graced by our ALBERT EDWARD'S  
name,  
Made firmer by his ruling hand.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF  
SCOTTISH FREEMASONRY.

## ARTICLE THIRD.

"I believe Sir I can say what few of those present can: I received my three degrees in one evening." Such were the words spoken by a friend of ours when replying to "Visiting Brethren" at a banquet in the Masonic Club Room in Belfast.

We felt the blush deepening on our cheeks, and we pulled his coat tail and whispered: "Don't say any more about that," but he went on expatiating upon the matter as if it were something to be proud of instead of something a knowledge of which ought to have been very carefully concealed. A smile played upon the lips of our Irish brethren, and we could easily see that there was one feature at all events in our Scottish system which was held in very little esteem.

The giving of three degrees in one evening is a subject which has been pretty freely discussed, more particularly in private, and there are many, who, when the Grand Lodge sees fit to move in the matter, are fully prepared to support the party working for the abolition of this most unnecessary proceeding. The present backwardness of the Craft in Scotland is attributable to a variety of causes, and this "three degrees" practice is, in our opinion not by any means the least of them. If we want to make good Masons there must be no more than one degree given in one evening. It is imperative that the initiate's first impressions of our Craft's usages should be good, and this, we maintain, cannot be the case if he be hurried through from the Entered Apprentice to the Master Mason in little more than a couple of hours.

In the pursuit of our Masonic studies we have often felt pained at seeing our beautiful ritual, which is calculated to impress a candidate with ideas of the solemn and sublime, turned into a something which very closely bordered upon the comic and ridiculous. We have a very distinct recollection of having been one evening present at a meeting of a lodge in a flourishing seaport town on the west coast, and in our company a distinguished brother hailing from the Grand Lodge of England. The chair was taken at 8.20 by the Master, a magistrate of the town, and the lodge

opened in due form. At 8.40 prepared candidates were announced, and the door having been opened there entered nine men ready for initiation. Our English brother was thunderstruck. It was his first experience of Scottish Freemasonry and he was unaware of the fact that we can initiate more than one at once. The ceremony was ludicrous in the extreme. Everybody in the place seemed to be talking and laughing to everybody else, yet still the degree went on, and at nine o'clock the men passed to the door supposed to be full-fledged Entered Apprentices. They were about to leave the room when we drew attention to the fact that a most vital part of the ceremony had been omitted, namely the penalty of the obligation, and thereupon they were marched back and the penalty explained to them. Within the next half hour they were Fellow Crafts and at 10.15 were ready to sign any roll book in the world as Master Masons. Can you fancy nine Fellow Crafts being made Master Masons at once? We are by no means exaggerating. Nay, so far from that we can say that we are putting it very mildly, for we have seen in the most fashionable lodge in the city of Glasgow no fewer than thirteen receiving their degree at once. When they are properly worked we do not know of anything which is more beautiful or impressive than the first and third degrees of St. John's Masonry, and we see no reason why they should not always be so. It is a well-known fact that such things in Scotland as Lodges of Instruction are very rare indeed, and knowing this we cannot feel surprised that so little is known about our rituals and the proper method of working them. Previous to his departure from Scotland one of our most distinguished and most esteemed brethren issued circulars inviting those concerned to three Lodges of Instruction to be held in the lodge over which he then presided. It was announced that the services of three able exponents of the ritual had been received and that there was a candidate in readiness. At the first meeting there was an excellent attendance, and from the commencement of the anthem to the singing of the Gloria it was evident that those present were deeply interested. At the next meeting there was even a better attendance, and there were many who left with a knowledge of the beauties



of the second degree hitherto unthought of. But the excitement and the interest seemed to centre in the third degree. The attendance was large, and the attention praiseworthy. All went well. The office-bearers, coached to perfection, did their work particularly well, the choir was in excellent voice, and the music was grand, the speaker was eloquent, and the lodge room, save for the sound of his voice, was still and quiet as the night, and better than all the initiate received impressions of the grandeur, the solemnity, and the sublimity of the great degree which under less favourable circumstances he would never have done. Afterwards, opinions were very freely expressed that a continuance of such meetings would be greatly beneficial to the Craft, and that could the ritual be gone through as it had been at them, an impulse would be given to Freemasonry, the like of which it had not received for many years. Sirs, we felt our hearts bounding; we believed that new life was instilled into the cause, and that a new era had dawned upon the history of Freemasonry in the west of Scotland. But 'Sic transit Gloria'; twelve months have come and gone since then, and Lodges of Instruction live only in our memorials of the past. Why cannot we have them occasionally? They have them regularly in England and Ireland. It is impossible that the initiate can remember everything he heard when being initiated, and there are many points which his private friends may not be aware of, and which would most probably crop up at such meetings, that would be of inestimable advantage to him. It is on our young men that the future hopes of the Craft depend, and it is at meetings for instruction that the talents and genius of our young men would be more apt to be revealed than at our regular meetings for the transaction of our usual business. A most pertinent remark was lately made in our hearing, by an initiate belonging to the legal profession. He said:—"That is a very beautiful and impressive ceremony, but I've been wondering what must it be, when it is performed by an illiterate man and without the proper material for working with?" We could have answered him then as we do now:—It is to all appearance a piece of ridiculous nonsense. Scotchmen, Brother Freemasons, why will you not exert yourselves to have your ritual properly gone through? Do

you know that they laugh at us in the sister countries when this subject is mentioned? And is it any wonder? Visit one of their Lodges, and what do you find? Every one vieing with another who shall give the greatest attention or add most to the impressiveness of the scene. There are none speaking but those who ought to, and they are ever fully prepared. Come back to our own country and see the difference. There is passing out and in the Lodge and moving about; the office bearers are in many cases, incapable of doing anything like justice to the work required of them; still by mutually whispering and signing to each other like pantomimists, they manage to patch up a degree; and worse than all there is a constant buzz of voices, and now and then a very audible titter passes round the Lodge. We have seen this, not once, but often, and we have felt for the time almost ashamed of the old Craft with which we had cast in our fortunes. We ask you, is such conduct seemly? Ought there not to be a different state of affairs? Is it becoming in any body of men so to behave while an initiate swears the most inviolable secrecy in the greatest and most sacred of names? Bethink you well, and the answer will come back upon yourselves. In the course of our visitations, we have seen in twenty different Lodges the third degree worked in almost as many different ways. Now this is not as it ought to be. The Grand Lodge ought to see that there is a general assimilation of the ritual; but the Grand Lodge seems to act upon the principle of leaving well alone, and is quite unwilling to move in anything unpleasant except under the greatest pressure. We would like to know how many Masters there are in Scotland who know the ritual approved of by the Grand Lodge? We are afraid they are few. And we would farther like to know how many who do know it, practise it? We are afraid they are fewer still. Now, why does not the Grand Lodge enforce the using of its proserbia formulæ? If it did, good results would follow. It is by no means fair to any of our brethren that they should be compelled to say:—"I cannot visit such-and-such a Lodge, I am not up to their ways of working." And yet we heard these very words used by one whom we had every reason to believe a worthy man and who must needs be a worthy Brother.

"There is something rotten in the state

of Denmark." Why do you sit idly staring on, and not move hand nor foot to save yourselves? Do you know that where a Scotch Mason is respected, it is more for his own individual worth than for any admiration of the system under which he was initiated, and yet our Scottish Rite as practised at home and abroad is very different indeed. And what is the greatest blot upon it at home? Why this persisting in giving three degrees in one evening. Better far give none. Ask a Candidate who has been thus initiated what he remembers. Ten to one, nothing. Devote the time given to all three, to one, and *what will be result?* We are willing to pledge our reputation that the candidate will be able to give a general summary of the whole degree. Brethren, it rests with ourselves to make our Craft once more respected as it ought to be. Let us go earnestly and heartily to work, to root out its imperfections, and let us, while working, often take counsel one with another. It may be, you will say, we have exaggerated the evil in this present paper, but we ask you to go and look around you ere you come to any such conclusion. Look inside your own Lodges. Is everything there carried on as it ought to be? Has your Master been placed in the chair on account of his worth, or his wealth? Are your Office-bearers conversant with their duties, and do they conscientiously endeavour to perform them? And do you yourselves by your behaviour, shew a good example to those on either side of you? Consider the matter well. Never be present at, nor countenance the giving of three degrees in one evening. Gain as much knowledge as you can about our various ceremonies, and do not keep your knowledge to yourself, but freely impart it to those who are entitled to it. Sound the brethren upon the advisability of having a Lodge for mutual instruction, and when you have amongst you as a visitor any one who has made a name in the Craft, do not be at all afraid of asking for information. Above all, see that you get the best and most able men to rule over you, and rest assured that having done so, the interests of the Craft will be furthered. The Craft is our common property, and each and all of us are bound to look carefully after it. If it suffer, reader, do not let it be through your neglect of it. But do not be too ready to blame. Con-

sider your neighbour's position well before you censure him. Ask yourself what you would have done had you been in his place, and having made every allowance, if you think proper to chide, do it, not only as a gentleman but as a Freemason. In fact, ever have before you, as if in letters of living light, the golden rule:—*Whatsoever ye would that men would do unto you, do ye even so unto them.*

X. Y. Z.

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BYE-LAWS OF THE YORK LODGE,  
No. 236.

BY THE EDITOR.

SECOND NOTICE.

WE now come to Bro. Cowling's most interesting account of the York Grand Lodge, or rather the Grand Lodge of all England, and we think we had better let him give his own account in his own clear and expressive words.

There is no place in all England more interesting to the antiquarian, or more instructing to the Historian, than the venerable City of York. Once the Metropolis of the Romans in Britain, it abounds with antiquities illustrative of the life and manners of its first conquerors. Equally important to the Saxons and Danes, there is to be found in almost every street mementoes of those hardy Northmen; while the Norman Castle, the Abbey of St. Mary, the glorious Minster—the monument of more than a thousand years of our history, the City Walls and Bars of the Plantagenet era, the Elizabethan Manor House—once the seat of the Great Council of the north, the beautiful old Churches, the Guildhall, and innumerable remains of mediæval structures, all combine to continue its historical interest and importance to the days in which we now live.

To the Freemasons of every country it is equally interesting, for the voice of universal tradition (supported by the testimony of the ancient Constitutions), declares it to be the birth-place—or at least the primitive seat—of Masonic government in England, and from England, in later times, Masonry has spread its benign influence to almost every part of the globe.

The tradition is, that Prince Edwin, son of King Athelstane, obtained from his

father a charter, A.D., 926, by virtue of which all the Masons of the realm were convened to a General Assembly at York, where they accordingly met and established a Grand Lodge, whose prerogative it was to issue the Laws and Charges by which Masons were to be thenceforth governed; and we find this corroborated by MSS. which are at least three hundred years old, and which bear the strongest internal evidence that they are copies of much older documents.

For a long period, the foregoing tradition was unquestioned, but modern research has thrown considerable doubt on the story. Mr. Turner, the learned author of a well-known work on Anglo-Saxon History, has raised a weighty objection to it. He states that a Grand Lodge could not have been convened in York in the year 926, under the circumstances related above, seeing that Athelstane never had a son. Edwyn was his brother, who, in that same year, conspired against him, and was put to death by his order.

That the Prince Edwin above referred to was a real and not a mythical person, is a fact that admits of little or no doubt. In the evidence of tradition there may be a confusion with regard to persons bearing the same name, even when they were not contemporaries; but, on the other hand, it will perhaps never be found that a well and widely-established belief in such has no real foundation. Doubtless a Prince Edwin flourished at an early period of our national history, who was intimately connected with the establishment of Freemasonry in the City of York, and was active in the promotion of its benevolent principles.

This difficulty, however, was disposed of by Bro. Francis Drake, the historian, of York, as early as 1726, in his celebrated speech delivered in the Merchants' Hall, in York, before the Grand Lodge of All England.—He says: "But we can boast that the first Grand Lodge of England was held in this City, when Edwin, the first Christian King of Northumbria, about the year 600 after Christ, laid the foundation of our Cathedral, and sat as its Grand Master." If this be correct, the antiquity of English Masonry must be fully three centuries earlier than the time of Athelstane; and it is remarkable that the buildings which, according to the MS. of 1480,

were said to have been raised by the pseudo Edwin, were in fact erected by Edwin, King of Northumbria; and it is a well-established fact that Auldby was the seat of this same Edwin.

Thomas Gent, another local historian of celebrity, bears testimony in his "History of the famous City of York, 1730." "We are told," he writes, "that King Edwin's seat of residence was Derwentio (Derwent River), now called Auldby, six miles from York: The Freemasons of which ancient city seem to dispute the superiority of their Lodge with that of London, to which, tho', for amity's sake, they allow the title of Grand Master of England, yet they claim Totius Angliæ as their own right."

King Athelstane, in due time, was unquestionably a patron of the Craft, for he granted charters not only to Masons, but to other operative Guilds; and it is much more than probable that in his reign a General Assembly of Masons was held in York.

Bro. the Rev. A. F. A. Woodford, M.A., the well-known Masonic writer, says: "The old Masonic tradition points, I believe, to Edwin or Ediven, King of Northumbria, whose rendezvous once was at Auldby, near York, and who in 627 aided in the building of a stone Church at York after his baptism there, with the Roman workmen." He also writes: "Tradition sometimes gets confused after the lapse of time, but I believe the tradition is in itself true, which links Masonry to the Church building at York by the operative brotherhood under Edwin in 627, and to a Guild Charter under Athelstane in 926."

There are known to be in existence about twenty ancient copies of the old Constitutions—these have been written at different times from 1390 to 1714—and they are evidently copies of older MS. With two exceptions they all mention the Assembly at York in Athelstane's reign; and the two that do not name York, speak of "the Assembly" and "the City," thus apparently agreeing with the tradition, as we may fairly assume they refer to York, and to that great Assembly said to have been holden there in or about 926.

The Fabric Rolls of York Minster incontestably prove that a society of Freemasons was working under the Chapter in the year 1370. We find Rules laid down for the regulation of the various craftsmen, and

mention is made of the Lodge, the Master, Wardens, Master Wardens, Masons, Fellows and Apprentices: and we may fairly infer, from such independent evidence, that the Freemasons of those days were a recognised body, with an organization, habits and customs similar to those which now prevail amongst the Order throughout the world.

From time immemorial the great body of Freemasons were not only careful to instruct the members of their fraternity in the secrets and practices of the Craft as operatives, but further imposed on them the observance of a strict and peculiar system of morality in their dealings one with another. They were charged "to honour God and his Holy Church; to be true to their Sovereign Lord the King, his Heirs and lawful successors; to keep secret the obscure and intricate parts of the Science; to exercise the most scrupulous Chastity; to duly reverence their Fellows, that the bond of Charity and mutual love might continue steadfast and stable amongst them." The Master Mason will readily observe that this is in perfect harmony with the obligations of the Fraternity in the present day.

Some of the obligations are so quaint and peculiar to the condition of an earlier age, that it is thought desirable to give a few of them entire, as they are not only curious and interesting, but prove that Ancient Freemasonry contained the same spirit of Brotherly Love, Relief and Truth, as is enjoined and practised by the Fraternity in modern times, viz. :—

"You shall not slander any of your fellows behind their backs, to impair their temporal estate or good name."

"You shall not (except at Christmas time) use any lawless games, as dice, cards, or the like."

"You shall not go out to drink by night, or if occasion happen that you must go, you shall not stay past eight of the clock, having some of your fellows, or one at the least, to bear you witness of the honest place you were in, and your good behaviour, to avoid scandal."

"You shall set strangers at work, having employment for them at least a fortnight, and pay them their wages truly; and if you want work (*i.e.* if you have none) you shall relieve them with money to defray their reasonable charges to the next Lodge."

At York the wages were paid fortnightly, and the pledge book was observed once a year at least, when the workmen swore to obey the orders which the Chapter had ordained for their management.

Up to the beginning of the 18th century, the Lodge of York continued to hold its Annual Assembly, "*Totus Angliæ*," and was the conservator of the Primitive Constitutions and Charges.

We are inclined to think that from 1600 to 1700, there was a regular meeting of Freemasons at York, on an operative foundation, though whether as a private Lodge or Grand Lodge, we cannot now say.

There are evidences of a Lodge there in 1643, and there is a missing Book of 1705, which yet may turn up. Penton seem to have seen it and copied from it, and according to him it was a Minute Book of the Lodge, though not what we call a Grand Lodge, but simply a Private Lodge with that name. This is, however, at present not clear, and much may be said on both sides.

The advance of Masonry in the South of England did not interfere with the Fraternity in the North, nor did the institution of a Grand Lodge in London (1717) alienate any allegiance which was considered at that time and long after to be due to the Mother Lodge of the whole Kingdom. Brotherly communication continued between those Masons who were ranged under the banner of the Grand Lodge of All England and those who rendered allegiance to that of London, which was styled by the less honourable and distinctive title of the Grand Lodge of England.

From this time to the close of its career in 1792, with one interval, the Grand Lodge of All England continued its meetings, and a large number of subordinate Lodges were constituted: indeed the establishment of the Grand Lodge in London seemed for a long time to have no other effect than to stimulate that of York to increased activity: during this period large numbers of the leading gentlemen of the city and neighbourhood joined its banner. The minutes from 1712 to 1734 contain names belonging to the principal families in the North of England, such as:—Sir Walter Hawksworth, Geo. Bowes, Robert Fairfax, Chas. Fairfax, T. Jenkyns, M.P., Thos. Chaloner, Ralph Grayne, Ed. Bell, Charles Bathurst, Francis Drake, Thomas

Lowther, M. St. Quentin, Charles Howard, Thompson, Kaye, Wombwell, Kitchenman, Arthington, Milner, Bart., Lord Irwin, Bellingham Graham, and many others; during this time the Lodge had no fixed place of meeting, but met at various taverns in the city, most frequently at the Star Inn, in Stonegate; in 1713 it met at Bradford, when eighteen gentlemen of that neighbourhood were admitted.

For some years before 1761 the meetings almost to have discontinued, and no minutes are preserved after 1734, but some returns of names show meetings to have been held for some years after that date.

On March 17, 1761, a meeting was held at the house of Mr. Henry Howard, in, Lendal, and the Grand Lodge was revived by six surviving members, including the celebrated historian of York, Francis Drake, F.R.S., who was elected Grand Master in 1761 and 1762; and for several years it continued to work with great success.

From 1761 to 1790, about 200 members were initiated therein, and amongst them we again find names familiar to every Yorkshireman: Chaloner, Palmes, Morritt, Holroyd, Hunter, Champney, Gascoigne, Vavasour, Strickland, Witham, Stapilton, Wilmot, Turner, Fawkner, Smyth, and Woolley; the name of John Kemble, comedian, occurs in 1779.

Without entering into minute particulars of the schism which prevailed for a time amongst the brethren of the South, it is necessary that some notice should be taken of it, at least so far as the same is connected with the Grand Lodge of York.

In the year 1740, certain brethren in London, pretending to act under the sanction of the Ancient York Constitution, presumed to claim the right of constituting lodges: they assumed the appellation of Ancient Masons, proclaimed themselves enemies to all innovations, insisted that they preserved the ancient usages of the Order, and that the lodges under the Grand Lodge of England (London), to whom they gave the title of "Masons," had adopted new measures, illegal and unconstitutional. They founded a Grand Lodge in 1752, known as the "Ancients," and afterwards as the "Athol,"—so called from the Duke of Athol, who for many years was its Grand Master.

This Grand Lodge, which never received any authority from the Grand Lodge of

York, constituted a large number of subordinate lodges, and continued in existence until 1813, when, uniting with the "Moderns," it formed the present "United Grand Lodge of England."

In the year 1778, the Lodge of Antiquity had a dispute with the Grand Lodge of England respecting the right to form public processions, and in consequence of the decision of the Grand Lodge, withdrew from its meetings and set up a jurisdiction of its own, seeking union with the Grand Lodges of Scotland, Ireland and York. A manifesto was issued by it, alleging, among other things, "that sundry innovations and encroachments have been made and are still making on the original plan and government of Masonry, by the present nominal Grand Lodge of London, highly injurious to the Institution itself, and tending to subvert and destroy the ancient rights and privileges of the Society;" and in the same year an application was made to the Grand Lodge of All England, at York, for a warrant, by which the Lodge of Antiquity should be empowered to act as a Grand Lodge, south of the River Trent. Considerable negotiations took place, and eventually a warrant was granted, dated March 29, 1779, from which the following are extracts: "By virtue of the authority inherent in us as the Most Worshipful and only Legal Grand Lodge of All England, of free and accepted Masons, we do admit them (the Lodge of Antiquity) to a participation of our Government." . . . "We do give and grant unto them, independent of the power they already possess as a private lodge of Masons, acting by an immemorial Constitution, full power and authority to assemble as a Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons, for that part of England situated south of the Trent, so long as they do keep inviolate the ancient charges and regulations of our Order, and do acknowledge the allegiance and homage due to us, as the Most Ancient Patrons of Masonic Art."

There is a tradition in York that in ancient times the Freemasons held their meetings in the Crypt of the Minster, and (apparently in accordance with this tradition), it is recorded in the minute book of the Grand Chapter, that on Sunday, May 27th, 1778, "The Royal Arch brethren, whose names are under-mentioned, assembled in the Ancient Lodge, now a sacred

recess within the Cathedral Church of York, and then and there opened a Chapter of Free and Accepted Masons of the most sublime degree of Royal Arch." Sunday was, at that time, the regular day of meeting for the Chapter.

The first notice we have of the Knight Templar Degree is November 29, 1779, and it is said to be the earliest official document known in Great Britain and Ireland, relating to Knights Templar in connection with Freemasonry.

Soon after 1780, the Grand Lodge of York exhibited signs of decay which finally led to its dissolution. The superior influence of the Grand Lodge of London, its succession of Royal and Noble Grand Masters, and its branches spread over the whole kingdom and into foreign countries, rapidly attracted a large numbers of Masons to its standard: we find the lodges holding under York giving place to new ones under warrants from London, until even in the City of York itself, the great majority of Masons owed no allegiance to the ancient body that had for so long a period assembled within its walls.

The meetings of the Grand Lodge became irregular, and the last meeting of which we have a record was held August 23, 1792, for the election of officers, when Bro. Ed. Wolley was elected Grand Master; Bro. Geo. Kitson, Grand Treasurer; Bro. Thos. Richardson, S.G.W.; and Bro. Williams, J.G.W. Thus the end came; and an institution that had flourished in York from the time of the Heptarchy, and had run a useful and honourable course, ceased to exist; but we may say that in spirit it was removed to the Capital, for in principal it was identical with the present Grand Lodge of England, which is, in modern times, the true representative of Ancient York Masonry.

Such is a resumé of the interesting little book published for the York Lodge, and edited by Bros. P. M. Cowling and Todd, and we thank them in the name of the Craft and of Masonic students, for their valuable and interesting and well-written work.

[We trust that this creditable volume may be perused by all Masonic Students, as we have never seen a more concise, nor we will add, a more correct account of the earliest Masonic Grand Lodges. We are quite sure that Bro. W. J. Hughan will concur in this.—ED.]

## EARLY MEETINGS OF THE GRAND LODGE OF ENGLAND.

BY WILLIAM JAMES HUGHAN.

STUDENTS of Masonic History will be aware that but little is known about the institution of the Grand Lodge of England in 1716-7, and for that little we are mainly indebted to the Rev. James Anderson, D.D. There are, however, other indications of the importance and position of Freemasonry in the early part of last century than those furnished in our Books of Constitutions—*Historical Introductions*.—from A.D. 1723. One important work especially, written in 1721, and printed in 1722, dedicated to the Grand Master of the Freemasons of Great Britain and Ireland (there being but one Grand Master at that period, viz., in England), and containing many curious allusions to the Fraternity, has not yet been fully considered as it deserves, and it is our intention to treat of it shortly.

Because, however, we obtain our knowledge of the Grand Lodge and its meetings from the source indicated—Book of Constitutions—some have thought fit to doubt almost its very existence until years later than 1717, and hence any other evidence of its condition becomes valuable, and should be carefully noted. Our good Brother Clarke, of Shepton-Mallet, having copies of the "Whitehall Evening Post," has kindly made several extracts therefrom, and which are now submitted for the information of the Craft:—

(W. E. Post, December 28th to 31st, 1728), "Friday last being St. John's Day there was a great appearance of Freemasons at Stationers' Hall, where a handsome entertainment was provided for them by 12 stewards chosen for that purpose, after which the following officers were chosen for the ensuing year, viz, the Rt. Honble. the Lord Coleraine, Nathaniel Blackesby, Esq., Deputy Grand Master, in the room of Alexander Chock, Esq., and Sir James Thornhill and Martin O'Connor, Grand Wardens in the room of the said Mr. Blackesby and Mr. Jos. Highmore."

"Tis remarkable that there were present the Master of the Lodge at Madrid in Spain, and the Wardens belonging to the Lodge of Carmarthen in South Wales, and a Commission was signed by the Grand

Master to constitute a Lodge in the East Indies."

"And at the same time the Grand Master and Wardens, and most of the gentlemen present took tickets to appear in white gloves at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane as last night, where the Play of Henry IV., Part II., was acted for their Entertainment, and a Prologue and Epilogue was spoken suitable to the occasion, and in honour of that society."

This was a very long report for the "Post," the paragraphs generally only averaging four or five lines, and is an indirect proof, with others we might mention, of the wonderful prosperity of the Grand Lodge at that time, though only some eleven years from its constitution. The fact indeed points to the great probability that the Grand Lodge is an outgrowth of numerous Lodges, and many members scattered over the country, in addition to the four old Lodges, and the Brethren who directly instituted it—Lodges which were content to accept Warrants from the new Grand Lodge, though previously working according to ancient usage.

In the Constitutions of 1738 is the following account of the meeting, not quite in agreement with the foregoing, and a much shorter narrative of the business. The editions since simply perpetuate the same meagre extract.

"Assembly and Feast at Mercer's Hall on St. John's Day, Friday, 27 Dec., 1728. D. Grand Master Choke with his Wardens, several noble Brothers, former Grand Officers, and many Brethren, duly clothed, attended the Grand Master Elect in coaches from his Lordship's House in Leicester-square to the Hall Eastward; and all Things being regularly transacted as above, D. G. M. Choke proclaimed aloud our noble Brother.

VIII. James King, Lord Viscount Kingston, Grand Master of Masons! who appointed Nathaniel Blakerby, Esq., D. G., Master.

Sir JAMES THORNHILL, } Grand  
Mr. MARTIN O'CONNOR, } Wardens,  
and the Secretary was continued."

IN the Post for November 21st-23rd, 1732, is the following:—

"Last night a Quarterly Com—was held at the Devil Tavern, in Fleet-street, &c., present Rt. Hon. Lord Inchiquin, Rt. Hon. Earl Sutherland, Pro. Grand Master,

Ireland, &c., &c. Between £40 and £50 was brought in for charity from different Lodges."

The account in Constitutions 1738, and others read thus:—"Grand Lodge in due form at the Devil 'foresaid, on Tuesday, 21st November, 1732, with Lord Coleraine, Lord Southwell, and other former G. Officers and those of 49 Lodges."

The amount contributed for charity was surely large for the period, and proves that our predecessors forget not to cherish that "distinguishing characteristic of a Freemason's heart."

From the 'Post,' Dec. 7th to the 9th 1732, Bro. Clarke has extracted the following:—

"There was a Grand Committee of the Free and accepted Masons from several Lodges met at the Horn Tavern, in Palace-yard, to consider of proper measures for raising by subscription, a sum of money for the relief of their poor Brethren throughout England and Ireland."

It is important to note that the historians of the Grand Lodge of England are silent as to this meeting, and doubtless at that time were not anxious for the poverty of many of their members being published to the world.

This paragraph preserves the account of the first meeting of the Grand Lodge of England to provide for a systematic benevolent scheme, and was in all probability the beginning, in a humble way, of our present Grand Lodge of Benevolence.

But let us also note the fact that the revival, as it is called of the Society, only occurred some 15 years before this meeting, and yet funds were being accumulated to relieve distressed Brethren, and the casual sums previously obtained—even as much as upwards of £40 at a meeting, were insufficient for the purpose.

Surely all this points to the fact that there were more Masons in existence than those initiated since 1717, and that in all probability it was the operative portion of the Fraternity who required assistance.

At the period in question, a great many Noblemen belonged to the Order, and it is not likely that a society of "yesterday" would have secured their patronage to the extent that Freemasonry did, neither is it probable that the class of their Members was such as to want pecuniary aid; so that we may relieve in distress as formerly,

because of the great accession of Gentlemen who did not want such sums, were feeling the need of their old system being restored, under the *Grand Lodge*, determined to make strenuous efforts to help them.

From *St. James' Evening Post*, 1733, is extracted as follows:—

“On Monday next, at eight in the morning, the Society of “*Honorary Freemasons*” will proceed from Whitehall in several barges to Richmond, with a grand concert of music, and return to Fulham, where an elegant entertainment will be provided for them.”

At the *Grand Lodge* held March 30th, 1734, the same paper states, “They also appointed Rev. Mr. Crater Henley for their Chaplain for the ensuing year,” and that John Ward, Esq., appointed Senior Grand Warden “was M.P. for Newcastle under Lyne.”

We look in vain for any report of the appointment of Bro. Henley in any of the Books of Constitutions, but there is no reason to doubt the fact of such an office being then customary, though no word is said about such office (Grand Chaplain), until many years subsequently, when the unfortunate Rev. William Dodd, D.D. was appointed

The *Rev. Bro. Henley* signalized his appointment by the following advertisement in “*St. James' Evening Post*,” June 23rd, 1733.

“By command of the Rt. Hon. and Rt. Worshipful the Grand Master of the Antient, and Honourable Society of free and accepted Masons of the last General Assembly, Mercer's Hall, and for the entertainment of the Brethren,

At the Oratory,  
The corner of Lincoln's Inn Fields, near Clare Market, on Thursday next, the 25th of this instant, June, at 6 in the evening, will be delivered an

Eulogium  
upon

Freemasonry,

The first oration on that subject.

“N.B.—At the Feast the Brethren were desired by the Grand Officers, to come clothed to this oration. It will be spoken in the proper habiliment.

“Price of the *seats* to all persons whatsoever, Masons or others—Two shillings.” It was not the *first* Oration on Freemasonry, but we should much like to know what was said by our Bro. Orator Henley.

CURFEW MUST NOT RING  
TO-NIGHT.

I.

England's sun was slowly setting o'er the hills so far away,  
Filled the land with misty beauty at the close of one sad day,  
And the last rays kissed the forehead of a man and maiden fair—  
He with step so slow and weary, she with sunny-floating hair ;  
He with bowed head sad and thoughtful, she with lips so cold and white,  
Struggled to keep back the murmur, “Curfew must not ring to night.”

II.

“Sexton,” Bessie's white lips faltered, pointing to the prison old,  
With its walls so tall and gloomy, walls so dark and damp and cold,  
“I've a lover in that prison, doomed this very night to die  
At the ringing of the Curfew, and no earthly help is nigh.  
Cromwell will not come till sunset,” and her face grew strangely white,  
As she spoke in husky whisper, “Curfew must not ring to-night.”

III.

“Bessie,” calmly spoke the sexton—every word pierced her young heart  
Like a thousand gleaming arrows, like a deadly-poisoned dart—  
“Long years I've rang the Curfew from that gloomy-shadowed tower,  
Every evening just at sunset it as tolled the Twilight hour ;  
I've done my duty ever, tried to do it just right,  
Now I'm old and will not miss it, girl ; the Curfew rings to-night.”

IV.

Wild her eyes, and pale her features, stern and white her thoughtful brow,  
And within her heart's deep centre, Bessie made a solemn vow,  
She had listened while the judges read without a tear or sigh,  
“At the ringing of the Curfew, Basil Underwood must die.”  
And her breath came fast and faster, and her eyes grew large and bright,  
One low murmur, scarcely spoken, “Curfew must not ring to-night.”



## V.

She, with light step, bounded forward,  
 sprang within the old church-door,  
 Left the old man coming slowly, paths he'd  
 trod so oft before,  
 Not one moment paused the maiden, but  
 with cheek and brow aglow,  
 Staggered up the gloomy tower where the  
 bell swung to and fro ;  
 Then she climbed the slirry ladder, dark,  
 without one ray of light,  
 Upwards, still her pale lips saying, "Curfew  
 shall not ring to-night !"

## VI.

She has reached the topmost ladder, o'er  
 her hangs the great dark bell,  
 And the awful gloom beneath her, like the  
 pathway down to hell ;  
 See, the ponderous tongue is swinging, 'tis  
 the hour of Curfew now,  
 And the sight has chilled her bosom, stopped  
 her breath, and paled her brow,  
 Shall she let it ring? "No, never!" her  
 eyes flash with sudden light,  
 As she springs and grasps it firmly, "Curfew  
 shall not ring to-night."

## VII.

Out she swung, far out—the city seemed a  
 tiny speck below,  
 There 'twixt heaven and earth suspended,  
 as the bell swung to and fro,  
 And the half-deaf sexton ringing (years he  
 had not heard the bell),  
 And he thought the twilight Curfew rang  
 young Basil's funeral knell ;  
 Still the maiden clinging firmly, cheek and  
 brow so pale and white,  
 Still her frightened heart's wild beating,  
 "Curfew shall not ring to-night !"

## VIII.

It was o'er, the bell ceased swaying, and the  
 maiden stepped once more  
 Firmly on the damp old ladder, where for  
 hundred years before  
 Human foot had not been planted, and  
 what this night she had done  
 Should be told long years after, as the rays  
 of setting-sun  
 Light the sky with mellow beauty, and  
 aged sires with heads of white,  
 Tell the children why the "Curfew did not  
 ring that one sad night."

## IX.

O'er the distant hills came Cromwell ;  
 Bessie saw him, and her brow,  
 Lately white with sickening horror, glows  
 with sudden beauty now.  
 At his feet she told her story, showed her  
 hands, all bruised and torn,  
 And her sweet young face so haggard, with  
 a look so sad and worn,  
 Touched his heart with sudden pity, lit  
 his eyes with misty light ;  
 "Go, your lover lives," cried Cromwell,  
 "Curfew shall not ring to-night !"  
*Keystone.*

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 THE FREEMASONS AND ARCHITECTURE IN ENGLAND.

BY BRO. JACOB NORTON.

AMONG some errors abounding in Bro. Holmes's article in the September and October "Masonic Magazine," I shall at present call attention to only a few of them. Bro. Holmes informs us, that—

"Under the auspices of Henry VII. the fraternity once more revived their assemblies, and Masonry resumed its pristine splendour. On the 24th of June, 1502, a Lodge of Master Masons was formed in the Palace, at which the King presided as Grand Master, who having appointed John Islip, etc., as Wardens, proceeded in ample form to the east end of Westminster Abbey, where he laid the foundation stone . . . [of what is] known by the name of Henry VII.'s Chapel."

The truth is, Henry VII. was never a Masonic Grand Master, nor did he preside over a Lodge of Master Masons in his palace on the 24th of June, 1502 ; nor did he march in Masonic procession, "in ample form," to lay the foundation-stone of his chapel on the 24th of June. Henry VII. did not lay the foundation-stone of his chapel "at all, at all," as Paddy would say, and he was not even present when the foundation-stone was laid. And last, and not least, the foundation-stone of the said chapel was not laid on the 24th of June, 1502, but seven months later, viz. January 24th, 1502, *old style*, 1503 *new style*, as the following extract from Holinshed's Chronicle will show:

"In this eighteenth yeare [of the King's reign], the twentieth-fourth daie of Januarie, a quarter of an houre afore three of the

clock at afternoon of the same day, the first stone of our ladie's chapel within the monastrie of Westminster, was laid by the hands of John Islip, abbate of the same mouastrie. Sir Reginal Braie, Knight of the garter, doctor Barne, maister of the rolles, doctor Wall, chapleine to the King's maietie, maister Hugh Oldham, chapleine to the countesse of Darbie, and Richmond the King's mother, Sir Edmund Stanhope Knight, and diverse others. Upon the same stone was this scripture engrauen. 'Illustrisimus Henricus septimus rex Angliæ and Franciæ, and dominus Hiberniæ posuit hanc patrant in honore beate virginis Mariæ, 24 die Januarij, anno domini 1502. Et anno dicti regis Henrici septimi decerno octano.' The charge whereof amounted (as some report, upon credible information as they saie), to fourtzen thousand pounds."

Holinshed, who published his Chronicle in 1577, seems to have derived the information contained in the above paragraph from authentic documents and from hearsay. The former, he scrupulously gave in full and at length, viz. "the twentieth-fourth daie of Januarie"; also, the precise time of the day when the ceremony began, and the names of the most important personages who have been present. The latter, he gave with some hesitancy, viz. "as some report upon credible information, as they say." I have no doubt that in his younger days, the author was acquainted with many persons who remembered the event, and from whom he gathered all the particulars he could. The fact that he carefully named the titled dignitaries present at the ceremony—even the chaplains of the King and of his mother—without naming the presence of the King, shows, that he had no evidence of the King's presence on that occasion. Holinshed is the earliest authority upon the point at issue. Stow, in his Survey of London, gives the same date; Holinshed is therefore right, and Bro. Holmes is certainly wrong.

Bro. Holmes says, that some years ago, he read the accompanying paper before an audience in a certain town in the north of England; that it amused and instructed him in its compilation, "and in the hope that it may amuse and instruct some more of our Brethren," he sent it to the "Magazine" for publication. And most strangely admits at the same time, that "much might

be altered and amended," and that *he does not vouch for its facts*. Now, that its absurdities will amuse some, may be all true; but how Bro. Holmes could seriously hope that his facts, which are *not facts*, and which he himself declines to vouch for, could possibly serve to instruct his Brethren, is more than I can tell. A few years ago, such a specimen of Masonic oratory doubtless raised the lecturer to the rank of a Masonic oracle. But times have changed; there is a great difference between *now* and *then*. *Then*, he was applauded for his profound scholarship; but *now*, if any one attempted to deliver such a lecture, he would be laughed at by the best informed portion of his audience. And when Bro. Holmes suffered his zeal to outrun his discretion, by having at the present time all these assertions which are not historically correct, published in a Magazine, he should not feel surprised that his remarks are objected to. What we now need *are facts*, not fiction; and I trust that this warning, will, in future, serve to restrain Brethren from rushing into print with Anderson's and Preston's statements, and treating them as Masonic history.

We publish this article at Bro. Norton's request; but in doing so, we think that he has been unnecessarily severe on Bro. Emma Holmes, who merely put together the statements of accredited historians. We have taken out several passages which seemed to us both somewhat personal and far too dogmatic. Bro. Norton sometimes forgets that the sifting process of Masonic History and Archæology is necessarily of very slow growth, and he should be a little more tolerant of those who still cling to the annals of the past, even though contemporary Masonic criticism pronounces them more or less unreliable.—ED.

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## WOMAN'S CHOICE — THE STORY OF A HERO.

### CHAPTER I.

BRIGHTLY on the old thick woods of Brittany the Summer sun was shining, tinging their green leaves with the hue of the golden beetle's wing, and cheering the voice of the glad birds and the blythe forester, in whose bosom it awoke the hidden springs of joy, as it was fabled to have done in the marble breast of Memnon. Its bright light gilded also the hut of the serfs, causing the patient mother, who watched beside her slumbering infant, to forget in its cheering radiance the bitterness of bondage—for was not the glorious

sunlight a common gift to the feudal lord and his bond-slave?—and only to the lordly chateau which those ancient woods surrounded, and to which the peasant looked as a sort of earthly paradise, that glorious sunlight brought no joy. The beams that pierced the narrow, arched casements of a small private oratory, in which were assembled four of the principal personages of the Du Guesclin family, fell on the pale and tearful countenance of a lady advanced in life, who sat immediately beneath the window, and who, in spite of time and grief, still bore traces of having once been beautiful. Beside her stood a tall and powerful man, whose dress and rank proclaimed him to be knightly. He also appeared much disturbed; his bright blue eyes flashed with anger, and his large features were flushed, as he rated, in no measured terms, a youth who stood before him.

A glance at the latter was sufficient to identify them as father and son, so strong was the resemblance between them; the same noble features, bright blue eyes, and chestnut curls; though the pressure of his helmet had partly worn off those of the sire, and age had slightly silvered the remainder. That there was a similarity of character also was manifested from the impatient and haughty expression of countenance with which the youth endured the paternal rebuke. A spectator might have inferred, judging by expression only, that the culprit was a taller, slighter, and far handsomer youth, who leaned on the back of the lady's chair, and listened to the outpourings of the old knight's wrath with downcast, tearful looks, and most submissive deference.

"I tell thee, Bertrand," said the knight, "thou art a very scourge to thy parents, and wilt make them curse the hour that gave thee birth, an' thou mendest not thy ways. Who, thinkest thou, may endure thy disobedience, thy companionship with Cotereaux and Boutiers, thy constant brawls, thy averseness to all knightly exercises?—and now thou must fix a quarrel on thine own brother!"

"He speaks falsely if he says so," interrupted the youth, with angry vehemence. "It is as false as many of the other slanders he hath uttered against me. He knows my mood, that I am soon roused to anger, or

which I heartily repent me when the fit is over, and he taunted me past endurance! I struck him, and it was no more than he deserved!"

The younger brother here raised his eyes and hands toward heaven with a look of patient and injured innocence, and the mother leaned her head against her husband's shoulder and sobbed audibly. The sound appeared to touch and soften the rebellious son; he stepped hastily forward, and bending, would have taken her hand, but she repulsed him silently, and he drew back.

"Do you also abandon me, my mother?" he said, bitterly. "The hypocrite has done his work well."

"Silence, sirrah!" cried the old knight, furiously. "I should do well if I sent thee forth a vagabond—a second Cain, as I fear thou art in spirit, and such shall be thy fate if thou mendest not thy ways. Ask forthwith thy brother's pardon for thy violence, in earnest of thy repentance, and try for the future to direct your life and actions by his example."

"No; heaven forfend!" was the instant reply. "I will ask him to forgive my sudden rage, although he knows well that he was the cause of it; and I will pardon him his treacherous slanders; but all the saints forbid that I should ever follow his example."

The lady turned suddenly and fixed her eyes upon her youngest son.

"Is he a liar, Guy?" she said. "What sayest thou in thine own defence? How didst thou rouse his anger?"

"Beloved mother," answered Guy, in a soft tone, "I waited your bidding, or my father's, to speak. If I offended Bertrand, it was unwittingly and without design. I knew that father had refused him permission to accompany us to the tournament at Ploermel, because he refused to practise with us, and my father feared he might disgrace his birth and breeding in public. I urged upon him in all brotherly kindness the evil of his ways, entreating him to redeem his lost time and character, and a blow, which Sir Oliver witnessed, was my reward."

"In brotherly kindness!" interrupted the impatient Bertrand: "the Virgin keep me from such brotherly kindness, say I! Didst thou not speak in the strongest terms of

the disgrace which our father had cast on me, paint it with thy smooth tongue in its worst colours, and preach and prate till a saint's patience would have failed him? 'Tis true, brother Guy, that the words, though often smooth, carry with them the sting of a scorpion, and will never bear repetition; but this time thou wert less prudent than thou art wont to be; for me thinks thou did betray a secret when thou toldest me that with mine honour I had also lost my betrothed bride."

The colour came to the pale brow of Guy, and he glanced nervously toward his father; but he had no reason at that moment to dread the anger of Sir Oliver du Guesclin, who was too much enraged with his eldest son to give a thought or a hasty word to another.

"And wherefore should it be a secret?" he asked in a voice of thunder. "Dost thou think I shall ask *thy* consent to dispose of my ward? Both my lands and my pretty Claire are designed for my *obedient* son; for him who will sustain the unblemished honour of my name. Ay, and thou, profligate as thou art! must mind thy manners, lest I refuse thee even a younger son's portion, and drive thee to seek a shelter with thy ruffianly comrades of yore—the free companions of the forest."

"Nay then," answered Bertrand, proudly but bitterly, "since I am to be disinherited of my right, and robbed of mine early affianced bride, I will go hence and seek a new destiny with my sword; it may be a brighter one—for there is a feeling at my heart tells me I shall one day cast off these stigmas, so rudely heaped upon me! Father, you are deceived and blinded by the arts of a villain, who knows too well how to avail himself of the weakness of your credulous nature, and makes the rash temperament I inherit from you an agent against me. Fare you well, Sir Oliver! may your favourite son never make you rue to-day's work."

The old knight listened to his words in a state of perfect frenzy. "I deceived! I blinded! the weakness of my nature, quotha! Thou rude, undutiful, discourteous villain, get thee from my sight!" he gasped; "I renounce thee; I cast thee forth for ever! By St. Gildas, an' thou goest not quickly I will have thee whipped hence."

The air with which the discarded son listened to these words was almost majestic. He again approached the lady, and bent one knee before her.

"Mother," he said, "forgive me! I have too often pained and grieved you; and every tear you shed falls on my heart like drops of fire. Forgive me, sweet mother, forgive the unhappy son who will no longer annoy you with his presence."

The lady neither moved nor spoke; Bertrand rose slowly, and with a deep sigh turned toward the door, paused on the threshold for an instant, and then went forth, rejected he believed even by his last friend. He did not know that his mother leaned on her husband in a state of insensibility—and had not heard his appeal.

With a heavy heart the disinherited son traversed the corridor that led to the castle hall. As he entered it, a noble wolf-hound, roused from his slumber by his step, sprang joyously to meet him, and fawned upon him. His young master patted him with a trembling hand. "Thou lovest me, good hound," he said, "and wilt follow me with unshaken fidelity. Thou wilt listen to no slanderers of thy foolish (it may be) but not guilty master. Thou shalt go with me, old companion! it is sweet to feel one has a friend, though it be but a dog."

The hound looked wistfully up at his master and licked his hand, as if he understood the words addressed to him; and while the youth buckled on his cuirass and steel cap, and took his sword and dagger, the faithful animal bounded joyfully toward the door with a cheerful bark, as if encouraging his young master to come forth into the world, which was now to provide for him a new home.

As Bertrand crossed the court and went through the barbican he received the smiling and respectful salutations of several of the men-at-arms, for his very faults rendered him popular with the soldiery. At the distance of about a mile from the chateau the youth and his canine friend paused on the summit of a gentle eminence, and Bertrand took a parting look at the home of his fathers. The woods and turrets of the old building were (as we have said) clad in a gorgeous veil of sunlight, and the young exile thought he had never before seen his lost inheritance look so fair.

"Fare you well, old towers," said Bertrand, with a sad smile; "I will not look on you again until I have done some deed of daring, which shall redeem the clouded honour of my youth, as this glorious sunshine has succeeded the gloom of to-

day's morning. Fare you well! And now for the world that shall yet listen for the tramp of my steed, and quail at the flashing of my sword!"

With a half smile at his playful boast, struggling with the tears that filled his eyes, Bertrand du Guesclin went on his way.

Some ten or fourteen days after the abrupt departure of his first-born, Sir Oliver du Guesclin was busily engaged in the hall of the chateau, giving various directions to his principal esquire respecting the preparations to be made for their approaching tournament at Ploermel.

At the upper end of the apartment stood his favourite Guy, with a falcon on his wrist, bending his graceful head to whisper soft flatteries to a young lady. Even the frightful head-dress of the middle age, which resembled a huge extinguisher, or the paper fool's cap of a village dame, could not detract from the exceeding loveliness of her countenance. Every feature was small, delicate, and perfect in form; her eyes were large, and of the softest blue; her hair like pale gold. So perfect was the outline of both face and figure, that the want of character in both was scarcely perceptible, or only became so on intimate acquaintance.

All good gifts are, however, rarely showed on the same person, let poets fable as they will; and bountiful as Nature had been to Claire du Val, it must be confessed that, fair, gentle, and gay of mood as she was, she lacked the higher gifts of intellect, and was vain to excess of her really beautiful person. The flattery of her handsome wooer was destined to be of far briefer duration than the lady desired, for a horn without announced the arrival of a guest, and in a few moments the entrance of a body of men-at-arms into the court declared the new comer to be a person of rank and distinction.

Sir Oliver advanced to meet the visitor as he entered the hall, and greeted him with warm cordiality.

"Welcome, my Lord of Ploermel," said Sir Oliver; "welcome to my poor house. This is, indeed, an unexpected pleasure."

"Business led me in the direction of your chateau, Sir Oliver," replied the stranger, who was a dignified and graceful man, in the prime of life, "and I would not pass

your towers without a brief visit to ask after my ancient friend and my fair kinswoman."

"Your niece is even now present," said Sir Oliver eagerly. "Claire, my child, come hither and greet your uncle. This gentleman, dear friend, who has perchance outgrown your knowledge, is my son Guy."

"Indeed," said the Lord de Ploermel dryly, "I should have judged him to have been my niece's affianced, by the brief glance I took at them on entering."

Guy looked embarrassed, and Claire blushed deeply.

"We shall see you at the tournament, young sir, I suppose," added the visitor, "with your gallant father and brother. I hope my young favourite, Bertrand, is not absent from home. I long to see what the lapse of nine years—for even so long have I been absent from France—has wrought for him."

"Alas, my good lord, speak not of him I beseech you!" said Du Guesclin, mournfully: "he disgraces the noble name he bears by his vices. There is no mad riot into which his youth hath not run; his associates have been the rangers of the forests; and he hath consequently become a brawler and a lover of all low and unknighly pleasures."

"Indeed!" said De Ploermel, gravely. "You surprise and shock me, my good friend. I thought I discerned the germ of many noble qualities in his boyhood; let us hope that he may yet redeem that promise, and make the lustre of his manhood efface the folly of his youth. A word of advice may do much. Will you suffer me to speak with him, to endeavour to restore him to a sense of duty and honour?"

"He is no longer beneath my roof, fair sir; I have banished the reprobate from the home his violence disturbed, and mean to bestow his inheritance on my younger and worthier son, Guy."

"And my kinswoman, the Lady Claire?" asked De Ploermel, scarcely manifesting the surprise he might have been expected to feel at such an announcement.

"She is now the betrothed of my son Guy, his brother being unworthy of her," answered Du Guesclin.

"And can the maiden so readily transfer her affections; or were they never given to her betrothed?" said De Ploermel. "What

says my pretty niece?" and he looked earnestly at Claire.

The young lady blushed as she replied, "That it became her not to dispute the will of her guardian."

De Ploermel then enquired after the health of the Lady du Guesclin.

"She is confined to her chamber, my good lord," was the reply. "A mother's grief, fair sir—a mother's grief. She cannot forget her first-born's lack of duty."

"May I see the good lady?" asked the knight; "I am much bound to her for her skilful leechcraft when last I sojourned with you; I would fain try my powers of consolation in her behalf."

"You will see her at supper, my good lord," said Du Guesclin, "and it is near the hour now."

"Your pardon, my kind host; but I may not tarry to partake of it with you. My visit, as I said, must be brief—will you suffer this damsel to guide me to the lady's chamber and sue for a short interview with her?"

"Surely, if you desire it, good sir," replied Sir Oliver. "Hie thee, Claire, and guide thine uncle to the bower chamber, where my lady is even now busied with her maidens."

Claire extended her pretty white hand to her kinsman, and led him with a gay smile from the hall. He accompanied her in silence till they entered the corridor leading to the Lady du Guesclin's room. There he paused, and gently detained his niece.

"I would speak with you alone for a few moments, Claire," said De Ploermel. "Listen to me, dear child, and answer me sincerely, as you value your own future happiness. You are my sister's child, and when I refused to allow your dead father to make me your guardian, it was from no want of kindred affection, but because I deemed my solitary home not a meet dwelling for a motherless girl. The rights of a kinsman are, however, inalienable; therefore, if you love not this Guy du Guesclin, say but the word, and I will restore you to your first affianced Bertrand."

"I like Guy passing well," said Claire, timidly, "and am very happy; but I thank you, mine honoured uncle."

"You prefer him to Bertrand?" said De Ploermel.

"Oh yes" replied Claire.

"And wherefore, I pray you, my child?"

"Because he is better tempered and handsomer than Bertrand, and never chides me, as he did, for what he called my faults."

"No proof of the truth of his affections, dear maiden. Bertrand, I know, was ever fierce of mood, and easily roused to anger; but I could not have thought that he would have been such a kill-courtesy as to show his rash humour to a fair maiden like yourself, Claire."

"I did not say that," she replied, eagerly. "He always reproved me gently; but he loved me not as Guy does."

"I would say, he did not so well know how to flatter my sweet niece! But, believe me, thy judgment is altogether wrong; thou preferest a popinjay to an eagle—a false crystal to a true diamond."

"Good my uncle," said the maiden quickly; "a popinjay that pleases the eye is surely preferable to a wild bird that might peck them out in his mood; and if the diamond be unpolished, your crystal is the prettier wear."

"Nay, I will reason no longer with thee, Claire; thou dost but follow the perverse nature of thy sex from Eve downward, who lost her Eden by giving ear to a false tongue. Since thou lovest this smooth-mannered gallant, I will not thwart thy fancy, although I am too sure thou wilt one day repent thy choice. And now go, and ask Lady du Guesclin to admit me."

As she obeyed, he followed her slowly, muttering,

"A silly moppet! 'Tis pity that such a puppet should make or mar a brave man's happiness; I would the boy did not love her."

If the Lord of Ploermel could not boast of his success as a match-maker or marrer, he had much reason to be proud of his powers of consolation; for when he descended to the hall, he led with him Lady du Guesclin, from whose heart he had apparently removed a weight of grief, for she smiled gladly and gratefully upon him, and for the first time since the exile of her son from his home, looked as gently cheerful as she had been accustomed to do.

The Lord of Ploermel almost immediately after supper took his leave, telling Sir Oliver, as he advanced to tender him the stirrup cup, that he must come resolved to exert all his former prowess at the approaching tournament, as he (De Ploermel) expected a young knight, a friend of his own, to

be present, who would try the challenger's mettle; and with a gay and meaning glance at the lady, who stood at the hall door with Claire, he galloped off with his attendants.

*N. Y. Dispatch.*

### UNDER CURRENTS.

THOSE of us who have ever loitered by the classic shores which, some eloquent writer tells us, "the blue Mediterranean laves," or have sailed complacently on its fair expanse, are well aware that there is in some parts of the Mediterranean, and especially in the Straits of Gibraltar,—though everywhere, in truth more or less,—an under current of great strength and greater rapidity. You may be apparently moving on slowly through the frowning Straits, and have left the pillars of Hercules behind you, as you think; you may be hoping soon to pass Tarifa, and catch a glimpse of the white walls and houses of Cadiz, to say nothing of the young ladies immortalised by Lord Byron; when, lo and behold! all the while, a hidden force is making you drift irresistibly upon African reefs.

It has often occurred to me how true this description still is of society; the very society in which we live and die, and spend our hurrying years, and in which we develop our normal and our moral being. How often, for instance, all is fair and calm on the surface, like the deceitful ocean, sometimes before a gale, where all is smooth as glass, still as a "duck-pond," only to be followed by the tempestuous hurricane. So in society, you may be at ease, and full of fun and security and yet all the while there is an under current of difficulty or danger of detraction or intrigue hard at work.

People often act very strangely, and to say the truth, very dirtily in society. They accept all your hospitality, they enjoy all your good things, they praise your children and your champagne, your dinner and your daughters, your house and your horses, your pictures and your pine-apples; they laud the wife of your bosom, and laugh at your own little jokes, and yet all the while they are burnishing up the barbed arrow of ill-natured gossip, or preparing the pointed shaft of agreeable detraction!

They leave your house smiling and ko-tooting to the last, "Never spent so delightful an evening," "How charming the party has been," such are their sweet and friendly words of adieu. Nay, they even add, as if by way of a Parthian compliment, "How charming dear Jemima is looking," "How much little Puggy has grown."

But if you could hear their conversation as they wend their homeward way, and when they have reached the Briton's castle, how your face would redden and your ears would tingle.

Round the fire in the drawing-room, the girls tear to pieces the dress of your wife, and the corsage of your daughters. Jones says to Buggins, over a glass of whiskey toddy, "By-the-way B, what deuced bad sherry Popkins gave us to-day, 2s. dinner sherry and no mistake; and as for the champagne, it was supper champagne at 26s. Give me a little more of that Glenlivet, old boy."

Mrs. Buggins, as she begins her curtain lecture, asks Buggins, who, poor fellow, wants to go to sleep, if he does not think that Mrs. Popkins is getting very coarse and fat, and dresses very badly, and that her daughters are very fast? To all of which Buggins only replies by a subdued snore. Thus all your labour has been in vain, all your expense and "agremens" have been thrown away, the under current of society has swept your little bark on to the hidden reefs of its dirty and treacherous lee-shore.

Or again, there is young Triptolemus Jones who thinks that he is getting on in society and the world; and so, in a fashion he is.

He is fairly off, well got up, not altogether ill-informed, and tries to make himself agreeable. He fancies that he pleases the ladies especially. He has certainly made one or two hits, and has raised a merry laugh from Matilda Trotter and a ringing echo from Emily Lane. Even Bolsover, who is always jealous of him, condescended to smile; and old Mrs. McIver (not the Flora of pleasant memory) took a pinch of snuff—she really did—the old gal, and remarked, "Varra weel for a young mon."

So Jones goes home radiant and happy. Poor fellow!

Emily Lane, in the mean while, he said

to Matilda Trotter, "My dear, Mr. Jones is a duffer." Bolsover told a friend in the smoking-room of the Ulysses that he considered Jones a "confoundedly conceited young prig!" While even old Mrs. McIver had imparted to her maid, who is arranging her for the night, that it was a "varra genteel party, but that one, Mr. Jones, who thought himself sae clever, was naught but a gowk."

The under current of society has carried you away, Triptolemus Jones, from the pleasant mid-channel to its breakers and its quicksands.

And then there is our young friend, Emily Hill, she "means to be," she says; and fast she talks, of drinking beer from the "pewter," and declares that she shall "wire in." She discourses about horses, and bets, and "fivers," and "ducks of officers," and she has her hour of triumph.

Tom and Dick, and Bob, and Harry—for it is fashionable to call young men by their abbreviations—all crowd round her, all praise her, all swear by her. She is a "jolly girl," she is a "stunning girl," "no nonsense about her," "just the girl to get on with a fellar," and much more "ad rem." But the fatal hour arrives when the ladies are alone in the drawing-room, those sacred moments of the "Bona Dea," when gentlemen dare not poke in their noses, and our poor Emily has a baddish time of it. The same little hour, has often proved fatal to similar gentle beings before, we may observe *en passant*.

Propriety asserts its sway, benign dulness is omnipotent; respectability avows itself, and the British Matron is magnificent.

Lady Ladbroke says, *sotto voce* to her neighbour, looking at Miss Hill, and speaking through her, "Very fast young woman indeed!" "I quite agree" says Mrs. Daudle; "very questionable views." "Dreadful!" says fat Mrs. Mullet; "I shall not bring up my Thisbe in the same way." "It is shocking to see how she makes up to the young men," says plain and unsought Miss Croker.

So ill-fated Emily finds out as all will find; that the under currents of society are too strong for her, and she falls back before long into propriety and pensiveness, and becomes a model wife and an anxious mamma. It is curious to observe how these under currents affect us all alike,

though in different ways, some for good and some for evil

There is a great deal of cowardly subservience afloat in society, as well as a want of moral courage, a petty expediency, and an indisposition to uphold moral right and truth.

No doubt we are all creatures of conventionality, and some one has called society the great sea of conventionality.

How few will take the trouble to think for themselves; they take opinions ready made, and so are often, as it were, led astray by the fashions and follies of the hour, governed by the quackery of the empiric, amused by the gyrations of the mountebank.

How few of us all say what we think, or think what we say, or do what we know to be right, or uphold what we feel convinced is the truth.

The resistless eddies of the under current of the custom, of the coterie, of the drawing-room, of the denomination, sweep us away, and we find ourselves as it were cast up among the angry surf.

All these under currents prevent us showing our true colours, or averring our true sentiments, until it often happens that we pass through life and society itself, as it were, with masks on our faces, hardly knowing ourselves, certainly not known to others.

Some of us are like the gay butterflies which float so gaudily on a fine summer's day, destined to pass away and be forgotten in a few hours. Others of us resemble those fleecy and drifting clouds which flit with intense rapidity in the heavens above us, warnings often, as the experienced mariner knows of a coming gale. What a wonderful change would come over society, if we would only seek to be real and true, and honest-hearted, and strait-running; if we would only endeavour to act on the square with our neighbours in the world.

Life and society would witness a marvellous metamorphosis. Despite its dangerous reefs, and deadly quicksands, despite its treacherous under currents and hazardous breakers, the great sea of this world's existence would not witness so many good ships go down; but we should keep a safe course, we should have marked out a proper deck load-line, and if we fear a coming gale, should be on the look-out for a friendly tug to haul up



off the perilous rock, or surfy headland. Depend upon it, when the Great Creator and Architect of us all sent us into this world, he did not intend us to act as the puppets of a Fantoccini show. We were not given reason and imagination and intellect, in order that we might belie our very nature, or silence our truer emotions of the mind and will. No, He meant us, in reverence be it said, to be honest and kindly men and women, tender-hearted, loyal, loving and sincere.

And, those of us who have not forgotten amidst life's temptations and toils, its doubts and its dilemmas, its catastrophes and its chicaneries, every higher principle of duty, faith and devotion, will honestly hope ever that the society in which our lot is cast, may yet be touched as if by a magic influence, and become safety instead of danger, a help instead of a snare, a blessing instead of a curse, to many poor tempest-tossed mariners, too often, alas! immersed in its surging billows, or swept to perdition by its treacherous under currents.

W.

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### THE LAST WISH.

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This is all, is it much, my darling? You must follow your path in life,  
Have a head for its complex windings, a hand for its sudden strife;  
The sun will shine, the flowers will bloom,  
though my course 'mid them all is o'er,  
I would not that those dear living eyes  
should light in their joy no more;  
Only just for the sake of the happy past,  
and the golden days that have been,  
By the love we have loved, and the hopes  
we have hoped, will you have my grave  
kept green.

Just a moment in the morning, in the eager  
flush of the day,  
To pluck some creeping weed, perchance, or  
train the white rose spray;  
Just a moment to shade my violets from  
the glare of the noontide heat,  
Just a tear and a prayer in the gloaming,  
ere you leave me with lingering feet.  
Ah! it is weak and foolish, but I think that  
in God's serene,  
I shall know, and love to know, mine own,  
that you keep my grave so green.

I would fain, when the drops are plashing  
against your window-pane,  
That you should be thinking wistfully of  
my grasses out in the rain;  
That when the winter veil is spread o'er the  
fair white world below,  
Your tender hands twine the holly wreaths  
that mark my rest in the snow.  
My clasp on life and life's rich gifts grows  
faint and cold I ween,  
Yet oh! I would hold it to the last—the  
trust of my grave kept green.

Because it is by such little signs the heart  
and its faith are read;  
Because the natural man must shrink ere  
he joins the forgotten dead;  
The Heavenly hope is bright and pure, and  
calm is the Heavenly rest,  
Yet the human love clings yearningly to  
all it has prized the best.  
We have been so happy, darling, and the  
parting pang is keen,  
Ah! soothe it by this last vow to me—you  
will watch that my grave keeps green?  
*All the Year Round.*

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### NOTES ON THE OLD MINUTE BOOKS OF THE BRITISH UNION LODGE, NO. 114, IPSWICH. A.D. 1762.

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BY BRO. EMRA HOLMES, 31°.

*P.M., M.E.Z., St. Luke's Chapter, P.M.M.,  
P.E.C., P.E.P., M.W.S., Victoria Chap.,  
Rose Croix., Past Provincial Grand  
Registrar of Suffolk, Past Grand Inspector  
of Works (Mark) Past Grand Provost,  
Order of the Temple, &c., &c.*

*Continued from page 228.*

Two Brethren, visitors from the Royal Alfred Lodge, attended the Lodge meeting in September, 1770. Perhaps Bro. Hughan will tell us where the Royal Alfred was held. Bro. Jos. Clarke was duly elected R.W.M., on the 27th December, 1770—the Wardens and Secretary were also elected, as appears to have been customary at this period.

William Barnes was made a Mason March 29, 1771, and raised to the degree of F.C., and in August of that year Mark Lione was made.

At this date, we note that Bro. Wootton has received £2 7s. to be accounted for:—

For Bro. Woollaston £1 1 0  
For Bro. Marks Lione 1 6 0

£2 7 0

Bro. Woollaston is entered before as Woolverston and Woollaston indifferently, and appears to have been made in Aug. 1770. Let us hope that Bro. Lione was not a *foreigner*, and charged higher than a native would have been, for the honours of Masonry. Such things have been, and at the present time there is a wide distinction between a foreigner, or one born without the pale of Ipswich and Suffolk, and a man "native, and to the manner born," though it is fair to add that this exclusiveness does not extend to Masons and Masonry so far as our experience goes. \*

In Sep. 1771, one Thos. Milner was proposed and "legally admitted": appended is a note to the effect that the above Thos. Milner was afterwards rejected, being a Minor.

Marks Lione was *raised* Fellow Craft 16th Sept. 1771, which appears to be the first instance on record of a Brother being passed at an interval of time after his being admitted.

Dec. 28th, 1771, St. John's. At a Lodge then held Bro. John Prentice was elected Right Worshipful Master. So runs the minute of that day. The Wardens, Secretary, and Tyler, were all elected at the same time. On the 4th January, 1773, we find it ordered that no person be in future made a Brother of this Lodge for a less consideration than the sum of £1 11s. 6d.

Touching this said term, Right Worshipful, I have already said, it is the style of a Knight, though the old heralds say that Esquire is also a title of Worship. By the way, if we mistake not, the Members of the Royal Order of Scotland (who are said to have descended from the Knights, whom Robert the Bruce erected into a new order of Masonic chivalry after the Battle of Bannockburn in 1314), address each other formally as Right Worshipful Sir, and claim to be Knights Companions of the R.S.Y.C.S.

Old Izaak Walton, who is just now

\* See Bro. Eilwart's "A Woman's Wrong," "St. Bedes," &c., for the opinion of a *litterateur* on the exercise of hospitality, and the kindness to strangers shown by the East Anglians, or the reverse.

denounced by some of the Faculty as the most thorough-going vivisector in his following the "gentle craft," dedicates his world-known book "The Complete Angler." To the Right Worshipful John Offley, Esq., of Madeley Manor, in the County of Stafford; "My most honoured Friend"—the date of the work is 1653. Perhaps honest Izaak was no herald, and did not know the little distinctions of rank like many of our modern newspaper writers, who will speak of a Marquis as most *noble*, instead of most honourable, and think no Bishop is entitled to be called My Lord unless he has a seat in the House of Peers, as we said, some would-be herald coolly asserts in *Notes and Queries* a short time since.

Can any one tell us if Walton was a Freemason? He speaks of my friend Elias Ashmole, Esq., who all the world knows, was a member of the Craft and a Rosicrucian, and it would be interesting to know whether he himself was one of the little band of Speculative Masons who kept the Craft alive at that time.

To return to the British Union and its Records, between Dec. 1771 and Jan. 1773, only one meeting appears to have been held, and no record seems to have been regularly made from this time, of the absent as well as present members as heretofore, and consequently no clue given as to the prosperity and numbers of the Lodge. In July, 1762, there appear to have been eleven Members in the Lodge, three of whom were absent. In Feb. 1769, there must have been fourteen Members, eight of whom are written off as absent, two being at sea, and another excused. At the Nov. meeting in 1769, held at the Green Man, six were present besides two visitors, and eight were absent. Old Ipswich and Suffolk names constantly appear—Clarke, Prentice, Fenn, Dodd, Oliver, Harris, Bailey, Woollaston or Wollaston, Whiteside, Woodward, Kerridge, Tovell, and others being amongst the number.

Under date 17th Nov. 1773, we find the following:—"At this Lodge a letter from Rowland Holt, Esq., Prov. Grand Master for the County of Suffolk was read, and it was agreed, and ordered that the Master of this Lodge, do answer the same by the next general post, and that he wait on the Grand Secretary, and subscribes one guinea towards the general charity, to be paid out

of this Lodge." In Jan. 1774 we find that Thomas Milner, who had been previously rejected as a Minor, was now "made in due form and raised Fellow Craft."

It was agreed and ordered that the sum of three shillings be paid into the hands of the Treasurer by every Brother belonging to the Lodge; no more than the sum of 1s. being spent on every lodge-night for each member then present, the remainder to be applied as a Fund for such purposes as the Lodge should think fit. Eleven Brethren were present on this occasion, and four noted as absent. On the 27th Dec. 1774, we find the following note:—

"At the above Lodge held this day, John Spooner was chose (sic) S.W. in the room of Bro. R. Tovell, and after was chose R.W.M.; W. Paxman, S.W.; John Prentice J.W.; W. Usher, Tyler; Robert Manning, Secretary; Peter Wotton, Treasurer.

It would seem from this note, that the Brethren thought it necessary that a Brother should fill the office of S.W. previous to his election to the chair of K.S., but as our readers find this is not so, the Book of Constitutions merely directing that a Master shall have filled the office of Warden (either Senior or Junior is sufficient to render a candidate eligible) for twelve calendar months. A very salutary regulation. In Jan. 1775, Jas. Woollard and Robert Manning were raised to the degree of Master, and paid to Peter Wootton, Treasurer, 5s. each.

It would appear from this, that an extra and special charge was made for this degree a century ago. What would our Brethren say if such were the practice now? Woollard had been made Aug. 1776, and Manning Jan. 1774; so it is clear that at this time it was customary for a much longer period to elapse between the conferring of the second and third degrees than is at present practised. On the other hand a much shorter interval occurred between the 1st and 2nd degrees, which were in fact, mostly given the same night. Our present system, which keeps the mean between the two extremes (as the Preface to our good old Prayer-book says) seems, after all, the best, a month's interval between each degree being, to our thinking, much better than the Scotch rule, which allows all the degrees to be given at one Lodge on one night; or the Prussian, which requires an interval of a year between each degree. On

the 1st Feb. 1775, we find it resolved that the Lodge do remit to the Grand Fund of Charity £1 ls., also the sum of four shillings towards the building of the Hall!

At this time Lord Petre, a Roman Catholic, was Grand Master, and under his auspices Freemasons' Hall was commenced and completed. The Committee formed for that purpose purchased the ground in Gt. Queen-street, and the conveyance of the premises was made out in the names of Lord Petre, the Dukes of Beaufort and Chandos, Earl Ferrers and Viscount Dudley and Ward, who were appointed Trustees. In 1792, £20,000 had been expended on the building, and if other Lodges contributed as liberally as the British Union, we can understand readily the statement made by Preston, that a considerable debt remained on the building. On the 1st Feb. 1775, we find a note which, we will answer for it, will not be found in the Minutes of this year of grace, 1875.

"Received of the Visiting Brethren, 5s."

Whatever was the case a century ago, the Members of the British Union of to-day pride themselves on the exercise of a courteous reception to all and sundry, and evidence in their conduct their full belief in the sacred rites of hospitality. May the day be long distant when visitors are otherwise received, and when the stranger is expected to pay for all he gets.

At a Special Lodge held at the Green Man, 28th April, 1775, it was agreed and ordered that "from this night forward, every Brother belonging to this Lodge, shall meet on the first Tuesday of every month and spend one shilling, or being absent forfeit as undermentioned, and the forfeits to be expended once a quarter of a year, and whatever Brother shall not pay off his arrears once a quarter to be excluded—viz.,

R.W.M. ... .. 2s. 0d.

S. & J. Wardens 1s. 6d.

Any other of the Brethren 1s. on not showing sufficient cause of such absence.

Nine Brethren were present at this meeting and four are recorded as absent.

Would it not be a good thing to revive these fines in some of our Lodges where there is too often a lax attendance on the part of the Officers.

The Lodge seems flourishing at this time, for at the May meeting in 1776, held on the 7th, we find 12 members present, 9

absent, and 2 candidates were admitted to the 1st and 2nd degrees.

A Lodge appears to have been held on the following night, a most unusual course, and if an adjourned meeting, we believe unconstitutional,

At this Lodge, Benjn. Woollward and Edward Wiles were raised Masters, and paid 5s. each.

Miles was Tyler, and had been initiated and passed Feb. 1775. We find another most interesting note at this meeting, as follows:—

*“By order of the Lodge the Treasurer paid Bro. Pargman and Bro. Prentice four shillings each, as Operative Masons.”*

The Nov. Lodge in this year was well attended: 18 Members were present, 11 visitors, and 4 are recorded as absent.

Wm. Woollaston, John Bloomfield, John Humphreys, and Robert Bowles (all Ipswich names), were raised to the degree of Fellow Craft on this occasion, two of these brethren having been made in September.

They must have been a genial lot, these brethren of a century since—for at the next Lodge held on the 15th Nov. we find a note to the effect that, “This night the above Members went in procession to the play, called ‘Bold Stroke for a Wife with the Padlock.’ Had a full house.”

One fancies that as with the outside world, sometimes all is not so serene as it should be in Masonry, for at the Lodge held on St. John’s Day, 27th Dec. 1776, at the Green Man, we find the following:—

“Bro. James Woollward, S.W. by seniority, was to have taken the chair, but as Wm. Clarke, R.W.M., was absent, all business (particularly that on St. John’s Day) was omitted; also Bro. Manning, J.W., insisted on resigning the jewel, on account of the Lodge not being regularly kept up.”

Bro. Woollward either was not competent, or he was not popular, for we find that at the March meeting in 1777, Robert Manning was elected R.W.M.; John Prentice, S.W.; Benj. Foxwell, J.W.; J. Bloomfield, Treasurer and Secretary; and Bro. Paxman, Tyler, for the remainder of the year.

“Resolved this night that every brother who intends to belong to this Lodge, shall sign his hand and pay into the hands of the Treasurer, the sum of 3s. as quarterage, and so on for every quarter. Upon default

thereof, his name is to be erased from the Lodge.

Here follows the list of members, and for the benefit of the Ipswich and Suffolk readers of the “Masonic Magazine,” some of whose ancestors may be amongst them, we give the names:—

Joseph Clarke; W. Clarke; Robert Manning, R.W.M.; John Prentice, S.W.; Edward Wiles; Wm. Prentice; Benj. Woollard; Wm. Howes; Lawrence Rainbird; John Humphries; Charles Lord; Edmund Prentice; Jonn Philby; Cornelius Hill; Samuel Ribbans; Benj. Huggins; R. Page, Junr.; Jno. Blomfield, Treasurer and Secretary; Benj. Foxwell, J.W.; Wm. Usher; Wm. Kerridge; Robert King; John Spooner; James Woollward; Caleb Howard. On the 10th March 1777, Bros. Huggins, Blomfield, Humphreys, Usher, E. Prentice, C. Hill, and another Brother whose name is indecipherable, were raised to the degree of Master, and for the cash account for that evening, we find the entry; seven brothers, raised Masters, £2 odd. The shillings and pence are torn off, which is perhaps as well, since the next entry is also wanting the amount “received from two visiting brethren”—pointing to a very objectionable and most inhospitable practice noticed before, of making the visitors pay for whatever they got.

Under date May 6th 1777, we find the following entry:—“By order of the Grand Lodge no person shall be made a Mason for less than £2 2s., and made a resolve of this Lodge accordingly.”

The Green Man seems to have become unpopular to the Brethren of the Lodge, probably as the Grand Lodge had raised the fee for initiation, candidates of a higher class were seeking admission, and the humble hostelry which had been deemed good enough for the founders of the Lodge and their immediate successors, was now considered not sufficiently aristocratic for the Brethren introduced under the new régime. At any rate, on the 3rd June, 1777, a motion was made by the R.W.M., at the request of several Brethren, to have the Lodge removed, and it was balloted for accordingly, when the members voted—

For its removal	10
Against...	3

It was therefore agreed “That this Lodge be removed to Bro. John Philbys at the

Coffee House in Ipswich, if the Deputy Grand Master thinks proper."

On the 8th July, the Lodge, still meeting at the Green Man, Godfrey Burdett was proposed, and he was made and passed a Fellow Craft at the August meeting. Up to this time the Lodge had no name; but on the 29th July, 1777, we find a very important and very interesting minute. It runs as follows:—"From this evening 'tis resolved this Lodge is called by the title of the British Union Lodge, Ipswich, and ordered to be inserted in the Grand List of Lodges accordingly."

On the 2nd Sep., we find the Lodge had removed to the Coffee House, and Bro. J. Philby proposed that night General Green as a candidate for Masonic honours, and at the following Lodge meeting in Oct., the gallant officer and Wm. Lane "were made Masons, and admitted to the degree of Fellows of the Craft."

On the 4th Nov. we come across another entry which will be of interest to the present members of the Lodge, since some of the old jewels are still in use:—

"To Bro. Jno Prentice for P.M. Jewel, 17s., paid by the Treasurer, also to Bro. Spooner for the Secretary's Jewel and the P.M. ribband 19s. paid also by the Treasurer; and that the said jewels are now the property of the said Lodge. Later on, we may have something to say ament one or two of the old jewels belonging to the Lodge; for the present, however, we pass on to further notes. On the 13th Nov. Bros. Lord, Philby, Burdett, Drake, Green, and Land, were raised to the degree of Master, and paid the sum of 5s. each, and 1s. each to the Tyler."

Either the ceremony must have been much shorter than it is now, or the brethren must have been taken all together, for it would be impossible to go through the ceremony with each separately, as is now generally the practice in working this sublime degree. In this night's cash account, we find "To Bro. Prentice for the book of the History of Masonry, 3s."

One would be anxious to know what history this was, who it was by, and where the copy now is. On the 21st Dec. the Brethren went to the Play to see the "Merry Wives of Windsor," by our *Brother* Shakespeare, as our excellent Bro. Parkinson would say. Twenty members and twelve visitors, including one clergyman, the

Rev. Drake (as they say in Suffolk), appear to have been present, and eight are entered as absent. The Lodge appears to have flourished at this time. Removing to Bro. Philby's Coffee House had probably raised it in public estimation, hence the influx of new members. On the 2nd Dec. the thanks of the Lodge were given to Bro. Philby for a present of a set of jewels and working tools.

On the 27th Dec., 1777, fifteen members were present, and being the Festival of St. John, the Officers were elected. The minute is thus recorded:—

"The brotherhood elect Bro. Joseph Clarke Master of this Lodge for 1778; Bro. Benj. Foxwell, S.W., and Bro. J. Blomfield, J.W., for the said year. Also Bro. Wm. Drake, Secretary and Treasurer. Also that the Lodge do present to Bro. John Blomfield, late Secretary and Treasurer, a medal for his indefatigable services in his late office."

Under date Jan. 6th 1778, we find a long array of names of Brethren of the Lodge, though we can hardly imagine them all to have been present. No less than 42 are entered, amongst them we note many well-known Ipswich names: Churchman, Gooding, King, Canham, Popper, Catchpole, Crisp, Sparrow, Spalding, Garrett, Toosey, Elliston, Deward, and Mills being amongst the number. The Lodge this night bought a new Book of Constitutions, price 10s. 6d., rather a high figure for the work. On Feb. 24th, Thos. Asken and Wm. Christie were regularly made and admitted Fellow Crafts. Both are Ipswich names, and no doubt relatives of both are living, though we fancy they are not now Masons..

At the May meeting it was resolved that the yearly subscription should be 12s.

At the end of this first volume of the minutes, we find a Debtor and Creditor account of the Lodge, from which it appears that Bro. Joseph Clarke, who was made March 8th, 1762, paid £1 11s. 6d. for his initiation, and the subsequently made Masons paid £1 1s. One brother hailed from Sunderland, the majority were from Harwich, and one was a Yarmouth man.

At the June meeting in 1778 twenty-five were present, so the Lodge must have been flourishing then.

Under date Sep. 1st 1778, we find that by the unanimous consent of the Lodge, Bro. R. \* \* \* H. \* \* \* was rejected becom-

ing a member of this Lodge. One would like to know how Mr. H. had so raised the ire of this Lodge as to ensure his unanimous rejection. The first minute book of this old Lodge ends in 1779, with a list of the members of the British Union which would have been interesting if it were complete, but unfortunately half the sheet containing the names is torn out, and as a large number of the pages are maltreated in the same way, it is possible that many important minutes are irrecoverably lost.

(To be continued.)

AN ORIGINAL TOAST,

After taking degree M.M., Oct. 14th, 1875

Worshipful Master, Officers and Brethren,  
see—

This night I'm dubb'd a Mason, a Master  
Mason "free;"

And be my future lot progressive, to rise  
or fall?

I'll ne'er abuse your confidence—not e'en  
one Black Ball!

A worthy Mason may I live,  
Prepared to do, to spend or give!

A Brother to all Brethren I,

A true and faithful Mason die!

I've learnt by slow degrees both privilege  
and duty!

Masonic signs abound (as stars they sky) in  
beauty.

Each word, securely lock'd within this  
ivory casket,

To none will I reveal, though Prince and  
Priest should ask it!

Brethren raise the standard higher!

Each soul kindled with living fire.

"Onward, upward, Heavenward," can

Be the motto of every man

Who says our Craft is pithless, its glory  
fading fast?

With Prince and Rulers at the Helm 'tis  
not 'th serf can blast!

Who number can the roll o' names that  
grace our ancient clan,

Or what stranger know how man can serve  
his brother man?

Men of science, men of power

Mingle in the Masonic bower!

Prince and subject brethren be  
Of mature age, sound judgment, free!

Our glorious Prince and Brother, England's  
prospective King,

Will find on Indian sands the true Masonic  
ring!

Receiving the "grip" with glee from  
princely subjects there,

And as "Grand Master" pledge a Masonic  
brother's care!

In every country, every clime,  
Masons abound with deeds sublime!

E'en now in "Arctic Regions" search,  
On the North Pole to find a Perch!

THE TOAST.

With cup aloft I pledge you and each  
worthy brother!

Your goblets charge, and let us drink to one  
another,

This soundeth strange, yet still I deem 'tis  
an emblem true,

Of Masonic light and love, alive in each of  
you!

Then worthy Masons may we live,

Prepared to do, to spend, or give!

And "Lodge Bridgewater, twelve thir-  
teen,"

To us e'er be of mothers Queen!

JOHN WILLIS.

SONNET.

(For the Masonic Magazine.)

O Nature, ever fair and ever deck'd  
With mystic bands of love, in air, earth,  
sea;

Though oft I mourn for man, I joy in  
thee,

Nor dare my soul thy loving voice neglect.  
As thou, by human coldness all uncheck'd,

Art harsh to none, but universally

Benign, and ever since God bade thee be,

Dost breathe the love of thy Great Archi-  
tect;

So—for our Craft doth no dead faith profess,  
It hath through paths of love pursued its  
way

In ev'ry clime, in ev'ry distant strand—

By works of love for ages numberless

Content its faith t'approve—and so, for  
aye,

Shall still show forth the same in ev'ry  
land.

Bro. Rev. M. GORDON.

## A WORD TO THE WISE.

THE Masonic papers weekly teem with advice and instruction to the Brethren, wise and sage counsel is given to all. It might, therefore, be considered superfluous on my part offering any advice, when we read from day to day orations that contain all, and more than I could possibly transcribe with my feeble pen. Still I feel that while going over again such well-trodden ground, and calling your attention to advice and counsel so often given, that I may yet be doing an important duty to Masonry. Remember the lesson of the Chisel so often inculcated in our Lodges, "Perseverance is necessary to ensure Perfection."

It is to the rulers of the Craft especially that I now address myself—I mean to Worshipful Masters and Past Masters—those among you who rightly know and duly perform your duties require no reminding from me, and will kindly bear with me. The reason of my writing this article is the unparalleled progress and good fortune of Masonry in Great Britain; in fact, at such a headlong speed does our prosperity seem now to carry our charity of "Faith, Hope, and Charity," that *it is necessary* to apply the drug ere it may be too late. I would urge it on you W.M.'s and your worthy predecessors in the chair (for such is the glut of work that Past Masters with all and sundry will have to come to the front to assist you in your arduous duties). I would urge it on you, worthy Wardens, aspirants for the chair of your Lodge, to be careful who you admit as candidates. Examine well their personal characters, their daily lives. Make it difficult *in this respect* to gain admittance to your Lodge. If a candidate is proposed by a well-known and worthy brother, inform yourselves through him of his fitness for admission, that "So their light may shine before men and glorify their Father which is in Heaven."

Do you follow me, brethren, you who rule Lodges? Undoubtedly you do, and will duly perform your duties; but a word to the wise is never in vain, prosperity and good fortune might turn the head of the best amongst us. Be careful! Watch!

To you worthy Past Masters I would say, though you have now laid down the seals of office, yet even in your case you cannot yet enjoy that comfortable "otium

cum dignitate" that you so hoped for, another sphere of usefulness is open to you. When the proposers and seconders, when the rulers of your Lodge have done *their* duty, *your* turn comes. You, the old and venerated rulers of the well-skilled (as you should be) in the various duties, various teachings and lectures; you, I say, have now your work—"the instruction of Initiates." You have not only to explain the ceremonial through which they have gone, you have not only to prepare their minds for what is to follow, *you have to inculcate in them the true spirit, the true aim of Masonry.* You have to form, Masonically speaking their infant minds, so that as they rise gradually on the ladder they may duly appreciate the beauties of our Order, and seek earnestly to penetrate the inner arena of our science.

Has this thought ever struck you, worthy P.M.'s? Doubtless many, very many, of you have felt it, and acted conscientiously upon it, but, as in the case of the initiate these aspirations, he becomes a lukewarm Mason, perhaps seldom again entering a Lodge. So also in your case, there may be many *even amongst you* who say, "I have done my duty, I may now rest from my labours." Absentees from Lodge, even in your exalted grade, sometimes exist. I write in all kindness, not doubting you as a whole, but does not the zeal flag sometimes? Does not the youthful zest that once animated you sometimes fail you? When you see your Lodge prosperous and the work light. Brethren, I say your work had need never be light; you can in your different spheres of usefulness assist your Province, your Provincial Grand Master; you can *labour for the charities*; you can instruct your less informed brethren. In fact, on "you depends the spirit, the feeling, the ardent wish for more light, that should ever be the actuating motives of your Lodge, especially among its junior members." Your W.M. is the heart that conceives, and the heart that devises, *and it will be in vain* if you, the hands, be not prompt to execute the design.

Though the chief part of what I had to say has now been said, I feel that my object will not have been fully accomplished, without a few words to the newly Initiated.

You, my younger brethren (if I may so call you), have lately entered a most ancient

and honourable society, and I trust in no unworthy spirit. If so, *I counsel you to proceed no further*. If, however, you are actuated by a feeling of increasing your personal knowledge, and your usefulness to your fellow creatures, work unceasingly. Seek instruction from those only qualified; if in doubt on any point go at once to them, they will ever be ready and willing to assist you and explain your difficulties; be not afraid to go to them, it is their duty—the duty that they love, being duly skilled they can give you all information, being actuated by the love and genuine feelings of our Order, they will delight in instructing you to the utmost of their ability; they will teach you the duty you owe to God, your neighbour, and yourself; they will strengthen your Faith, encourage your Hope, and lead you in the practice of Charity to develop the beauties of your inner man.

Remember you are not to be Masons in name; you *must* be Masons in deed. You must show to the world at large what are the principles that guide a Mason's life, that all may know that to you (as a Mason) the burdened heart may pour forth its sorrows! the distressed may prefer their plea for relief! that your heart is guided by justice! and your hand extended by Benevolence!

Our Order is not political or local, it is cosmopolitan; you *must pay due observance* to the laws of your native land, or the country where for the time you may be residing, and carefully avoid all plots and conspiracies against the established Governments, and good order. In fact, you must be a good man, a peaceful citizen, a good neighbour, a good friend to all Brethren wherever they may be, who may read my poor words. I would say be earnest for Light; seek to do your duty in your respective spheres, "and may He who for so many years, in so many climes, under so many persecutions, has watched over and protected us, continue to watch over and guard you in all His ways."

So long as you faithfully discharge your duties as true Masons, so long will your Creator protect you. If you fall away from your duties His hand will be averted. Should this occur from fault on our side we shall nobly deserve our punishment, the edifice raised long ago, that has been building for centuries, will crumble in the dust.

But I hope for better things; rather, shall I say, "that our glorious building shall become still grander, more magnificent, and as ages and ages pass away it may become the prototype of that glorious Temple made without hands, unseen in the heavens."

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## CONTEMPORARY LETTERS ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

### Letter V.

Paris, March 19th, 1790.

Wednesday, after much fluctuation in the public opinions, the proposition made by the City of Paris for the sale of the ecclesiastical property passed the Assembly.

But the general proposition only, and not the particular terms on which the lands are to be granted to the capital, is decided. The fifty millions proposed to be allowed as a premium for the patriotism of the city of Paris, and the *prime* on the assignments, will both be struck out of the articles.

If this plan can be carried into execution, and speedily, the new constitution is fixed, and however it may gall the shoulders of the bearers, must be supported for some time.

When I wrote to you last week the first impression, which was that of hope and admiration of the proposals, abated.

In a day or two all the consequences which I then drew began to make their way into the public opinion, and the dangerous ambition of the capital, which by this plan established its power on the general interests, by thus becoming the bank of the nation, alarmed all parties without the walls. Within the Assembly, the very stability and preponderance it gave the municipalities, which consolidated their empire over their fellow-citizens, and consequently the power of the Assembly was the very reason which made it pass.

The plan yet requires to be more particularly developed before all its operations and consequences can be foreseen. In order to appease the clamours and alarms of the other cities, they are to be allowed to purchase and give assignments for such portions of the ecclesiastical property as they think fit on the same terms as the capital. But will the assignments of Nancy have course in Paris, or will those of Arras be received at Marseilles?



Who will be able to judge between the true and false assignments of 40,000 different banks? and if their acceptation is confirmed to the municipalities to which they belong, they will either fall into discredit or make disappear the small quantity of specie which yet circulates in the provinces.

If one general bank or bureau for the issue of these assignments is established at Paris, will the provinces give their specie against paper, whose payment or value so many circumstances may affect?

It is possible the inhabitants of Paris may choose to change one paper money for another. The rich may choose to acquire property, however disadvantageous the acquisition. But what is to become of those who shall be possessed of these assignments to an amount that will not allow them to make purchases in land or *houses*? They must either be content to sell them below their real value, and in proportion as the arts of stock-jobbers may make them rise or fall; or, if their wants do not induce them to part with them, will they continue to keep them till they are reimbursed in the space of fifteen years?

But as the *prime* (if given) and interests of these assignments much exceed the revenues of the lands exposed to sale, a considerable sum must be deducted from this capital for the payment of them. Who is to assure the holders of small sums in assignments that the lands thus sold will produce the sums expected, and that these sums will, during a space of fifteen years, be invariably applied to the liquidation of their demands?

If the public confidence does not prefer the new paper to the old, will there not exist a double monopoly—that of “billets de la Caisse,” as well as that of money? Supposing that they succeed in realizing paper for 400 millions, the deficit of the present year, even with this succour, will not be completed, and those funds which were to have paid part of the national debt are for ever alienated.

Excuse the impertinent observations, and still more impertinent calculations, of a young financier.

It appears ridiculous to alienate funds without knowing the demands to which those funds are liable. It is, however, determined that the following will be the appointments of the dignitaries of the Church:—

	Livres per Annum.
Cardinals ...	... 75,000
Archbishops ...	... 40,000
Bishops ...	... 30,000

The position of Neckar is every moment more critical. His enemies are busy with the people. Some of the districts have already resolved to *denounce* him to the Assembly, with his friend Mons. Lambert, and they talk loudly that his departure must not be suffered 'till he has given publicly an account of his conduct and of the finances of the country. Barnave has openly proposed the recall of Calonne, and you may be assured that he stands a fair chance of becoming the Minister of this kingdom. The hatred against him is diminished, his talents are universally acknowledged, and his want of integrity not so generally allowed.

As in England his abilities are not universally known, perhaps you will not be displeased with two accounts given of him by two violent Neckarians, and, of course, his enemies—the one, M. Plache, a chief administrator of the *laisse*; the other, one of the first merchants in France. The first went to read to him a memoire on the Caisse; the second a memoire against the Compagnie des Indes, and both of their memoires filled with intricate calculations. They found him writing some paper of importance. He desired M. Plache to read his memoire. He still continued his business. He called in a secretary: gave him orders. At last M. Plache said, “Monsieur, it is impossible you should understand me.” Calonne answered, “I will prove to you the contrary,” and repeated verbatim the three last phrases of his memoire. He then returned to his writing; and when M. Plache had finished, he resumed his memoire from beginning to end, pointed out the faults, or apparent faults, of calculations, and the *pour* and *contre* of every proposition. The second is a repetition of the same story. If these accounts were vague, and the hearsays or assertions of his friends, I should have my doubts of their truth. But Valadier, whose veracity is well known, and whose enmity to the man is equally notorious, has declared to me upon his honour that both these gentlemen, with whom he is particularly intimate, have themselves given him these accounts of one whom they hate. I doubt no longer.

There is a sect in this country—not a religious, but a *financial* one. They are

called the *Æconomistes*. They are numerous and powerful in the Assembly, and are supported by the capitalists and the city of Paris. Their principles are that all taxes may be reduced to one—a territorial tax—the perception of which will be attended without difficulties, and its effects necessarily fall on the luxuries of life.

The provinces seem in this moment more free from effervescence than the capital, yet two facts speak loudly against the hopes of those who think *les effets municipaux* will save the country, and re-establish their finances. Bourdeaux has determined that no species shall on any pretext be exported from the provinces.

At Arras, a report having prevailed that M. Robespierre, their deputy, was arrived to make an evaluation of the property of the church, the people surrounded the house in which he was supposed to be, and insisted on his being delivered to them, that they might hang him. The same affection for their clergy prevails in the French as animates the Austrian Flanders.

Few of the chiefs of the democrates will receive those laurels on their return which they expected.

Monnier is absolute master of all Dauphiné. His talents and virtues are respected throughout all France, and his opinion of the National Assembly since the 7th of October, his memoir sufficiently declares.

But if the provinces enjoy a temporary calm, the storm is gathering over the capital. That you may be the better enabled to judge of the position, I think it necessary to give you a sketch of its present government. At the time of the Revolution, the capital was divided into 60 districts, each district elected for its own internal government, a President, a Vice-President, and twelve Commissaries. It also elected five Deputies, for the formation of general laws, and which were assembled under the name of *la Commune de Paris*; these amounting to 300, chose forty Administrateurs, who composed a council, to assist the Mayor in the executive power, and prepare matters for the deliberation of *la Commune*. *La Commune* soon began to look upon itself as a national assembly for Paris, whose decrees and orders were to be implicitly obeyed, and which they had a right to execute without the knowledge or consent of the districts.

The districts soon became jealous of *la Commune*, insisted on their independence, on their right to make what laws they thought fit for their own internal police and government; that *la Commune* had no right to make general laws to which the district did not consent, and that even then the executive part of those laws belonged to them.

Thus Paris has seen 60 different republics actuated by different principles and different interests erected in her bosom. The President and a Commissioner attend daily *a district*, decide all law suits under 50 livres, all affairs of police, all disputes, and imprison, punish, and release as they think fit. Every Monday the district, that is, all the house-keepers who choose to attend assemble; they debate, and pass what laws they think fit; examine the conduct of their President and Commissioners, and decide on matters which are of importance, and above the competence of the latter. Every district has a battalion of *Milice bourgeoise*, and a company de *Milice soldeé*, which it imagines to be absolutely at its orders.

But *La Fayette* has inculcated, and inculcated with success, that these hopes are entirely dependant on his orders; that he is bound to obey the orders of the Mayor and *la Commune*, but that the directions he gives are absolute, and that there is no intermediate power between him and the troops. Such is the doctrine that is held out, and such is the doctrine those troops have adopted; their confidence in their General is so great, their love for him so enthusiastic, that like regular troops, they make no scruple to declare, that they know no orders but his, and even should they be in contradiction to those of the districts, *la Commune*, *les Administrateurs*, and the Mayor, they would implicitly obey him.

Forty-four of the sixty districts, have voted themselves permanent, and declared that they will not relinquish their power. If they persist in their resolution, those very troops which they have armed, will be commanded to act against them; the districts will then no doubt raise the people against the troops of M. de *la Fayette*, as they did against those of the King. The Democratic leaders are not in this moment too well pleased with the Paris.

ians ; they complain that the Aristocratic gains ground daily, and unless they find means to lessen the general distress, it will make a rapid progress, yet such is their determination to preserve their power, that they declare loudly, on the first movement of the Aristocratic party or the first appearance of a counter-revolution, they will give the signal for a general massacre.

The opinion of the higher ranks of Bourgeoisie, is certainly fast waning. They have represented, and with success, aux Italiens, a play called le District du Village, where the Seigneur still maintains his power and consideration, and the assembled villagers are collected to debate. The manners of the National Assembly are truly ridiculed.

The aristocrates at this moment exclaim violently against a sentence passed by the Chatelet, on a man found quietly of a design, which he manifested, declared, and attempted of assassinating the Queen, and dethroning the King, and thus destroying the constitution as by law established ; all this they recite in their sentence, and add, that the man declared he was paid and commissioned by the Duke of Orleans. His punishment is the pillory and the galleys. They (les Aristocrates) compare the crimes of which Favras was accused and found guilty with those of this man, and naturally ask, why is the punishment different ?

It is reported for certain that the Comtesse D'Astors and her children returned immediately. I have never written you any account of the effects of the abolition of the feudal rights, because I have begun, and had hoped to have finished a little treatise in which the principles of the abolition were examined, and the different rights explained, but the difficulties I find of gaining information on the subject, have only allowed me to form a beginning, which I hope to send you next week, suffice it to say that numbers are totally ruined, that many who were till now possessed of 80, or 60,000 liv. per annum, are reduced to 10, or 15,000

A new commandant of the troops in Brittany is appointed ; he makes a *joli debut* by declaring he will allow no troops to obey any orders of the municipalities which they do not receive through him.

The Vicomte de Caraman told me that a friend of his is just arrived from America, where he has been three years ; that they are already tired of their new constitution, and demand a King with extensive authority. The number of *Mecontents* are increased by the reformation of the royal households. It is immense how many are reduced to poverty ; Monsieur's family alone is reduced one half, and that of Madame entirely abolished.

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### THE NEW YEAR.

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Another New Year's day-dawn, we've liv'd  
so long to greet,  
Another Old Year's parting we've seen ;  
our weary feet  
Are stumbling on the threshold, and  
twilight's hour is here,  
As we hail a new, and bid farewell to another  
parted year.  
How swiftly time has left us all in life's  
allotted way ;  
How rapidly the years have flown, as we  
look back to-day,  
And see how prattling childhood and the  
strong grace of youth  
Have yielded to maturer forms of ripened  
trust and truth,  
How that old age with tottering strength  
has seemed to linger still,  
As with bent form and wavering step it  
climbs the upward hill.  
What shall the New Year bring us ? What  
shall its hours show  
As yet all dim and misty, of happiness or  
woe ?  
Amid our peaceful dwelling ? Amid our  
home abode ?  
Along the rougher pathway ? Along the  
crowded road ?  
Shall joy and gladness, jest and glee, hover  
around the scene ?  
Or shall we list to the colder voice ? Or  
note the altered mien ?  
Shall ours be health and happiness, alike in  
hut and hall ?  
Or heavy griefs afflict us ; a darker fate  
appal ?  
Is memory full of gracious hours, and loving  
hopes and trust ?  
Or are the haunting shadows of our ever-  
erring dust

Falling around us grimly, in form of wrath  
and fear,  
As we move on darkly burdened for the  
toils of another year?  
What will another twelve months tell us?  
What have they yet in store  
For you and me, for loving friends, standing  
upon the shore  
Where meet the surging billows of yon  
tumultuous seas  
And we yet can hail the balmy odour of each  
refreshing breeze?  
Is sorrow standing in our path? Or trial  
in our way?  
As all unknown we now begin another  
year to-day?  
Must sobs and separation bind down our  
hearts in pain,  
As our little bark is floating on life's ever  
treacherous main?  
Must change and chance and bitter loss  
fall on us all alike?  
What is the blow that God may send? Or  
Providence may strike?  
Let us ask ourselves all calmly, as on our  
life-long way  
We greet with smiles or sighs of pain,  
another year to-day;  
Let us ask ourselves the question, in  
humble truth and trust,  
To help and cheer and strengthen us poor  
mortals of the dust,  
Who knowing little, seeing less, must leave  
in loving fear  
To God Most High, our hearts and cares  
as of old, in the New Year.

A. F. A. W.

### THE WIDOW'S STRATAGEM.

ELDER BOYD, though a very good man in the main, and looked up to with respect by all the inhabitants of the little village of Oldville, was rumoured to have, in Yaukce parlance, a pretty sharp lookout for the main chance—a peculiarity from which Elders are not always exempt.

In worldly matters he was decidedly well-to-do, having inherited a fine farm from his father, which was growing yearly more and more valuable. It might be supposed that under these circumstances the Elder, who was fully able to do so, would have found a help-mate to share his

house and name. But the Elder was wary, Matrimony was to him, in some measure a matter of money, and it was his firm resolve not to marry unless he could thereby enhance his worldly prosperity.

Unhappily the little village of Oldville and the towns in the immediate vicinity contained few who were qualified in the important particular, and of these there were probably none with whom the Elder's suit would have prospered. So it happened that year after year passed away, until Elder Boyd was in the prime of life—44 or thereabouts—and still unmarried, and, in all human probability, likely to remain so. But in all human calculation of this kind they reckon ill who leave widows out. Elder Boyd's nearest neighbour was a widow.

The widow Hayes, who had passed through matrimonial experience, was some years younger than Elder Boyd. She was still a buxom comely woman, as widows are apt to be.

Unfortunately the late Mr. Hayes had not been able to leave her sufficient to make her independent of the world. All that she possessed was a small, old-fashioned house in which she lived, and a small amount of money which was sufficient to support her and a little son of six, likewise to be enumerated in the schedule of her property, though hardly to be "productive" of anything but mischief.

The widow was therefore obliged to take care of three boarders to eke out her scanty income, which, of course, imposed upon her considerable labour and anxiety.

Is it surprising that under these circumstances she should now and then have bethought herself of a second marriage as a method of bettering her condition? Or again, need we esteem it a special wonder, if in her reflections upon this point, she should have cast her eyes upon her neighbour, Elder Boyd? The Elder, as we have already said, was in flourishing circumstances. He would be able to maintain a wife in great comfort, and being one of the personages in the village, could accord her a prominent social position. He was not especially handsome, or calculated to make a profound impression upon the female heart; this was true, but he was of a good disposition, kind-hearted; and would no doubt make a very good sort of a husband.

Widows are, I take it (if any shall do me the honour to read this story, and trust they will forgive the remark), less disposed to weigh sentiment in a second alliance than a first, and so, in the widow's point of view, Elder Boyd was a very desirable match.

Some sagacious person, however, has observed that it takes two to make a match, a fact to be seriously considered; for in the present case, it was evidently doubtful if the worthy Elder, even if he had known the favourable opinion of his next neighbour, would have been inclined to propose changing her name to Boyd, unless indeed a suitable motive was brought to bear upon him. Here was a chance for a little man-managing, wherein widows are said, as a general thing to be expert.

One evening, after a day of fatiguing labour, Widow Hayes sat at the fire in the sitting-room with her feet resting on the fender.

"If I ever am situated so as not to have to work so hard," she murmured, "I shall be happy. It's a hard life keeping boarders. If I was only as well off as Elder Boyd."

Still the widow kept up her thinking, and by-and-by her face brightened. She had an idea, which she was resolved to put into execution at the earliest possible moment. What it was the reader will discover in the sequel.

"Freddie," said she to her son the next morning, "I want you to stop at Elder Boyd's as you go to school and ask him if he will call on me in the course of the morning or afternoon, just as he finds it most convenient."

Elder Boyd was a little surprised at this summons. However, about eleven o'clock he called in. The widow had got on the dinner and had leisure to sit down. She appeared a little embarrassed.

"Freddie told me that you would like to see me," he commenced.

"Yes, Elder, I should; but I am very much afraid you will think strange, at least, of what I have to say."

The elder very politely promised not to be surprised, though at the same time his curiosity was visibly excited.

"Suppose," said the widow, casting down her eyes—"mind, I am only supposing a case—suppose a person should find a pot of gold pieces in their cellar, would the

law have a right to touch it, or would it belong to them?" The Elder picked up his ears.

"A pot of gold pieces, widow? Why unquestionably the law would have nothing to do with it."

"And the one who formerly held the house couldn't come forward and claim it, could he, Elder?"

"No, madam; unquestionably not. When the house was disposed of everything went with it, as a matter of course.

"I am glad to hear it, Elder. You won't think strange of the question, but it happened to occur in my mind, and I thought I would like to have it satisfied."

"Certainly, widow, certainly," said the Elder abstractedly.

"And Elder, as you're here, I hope you will stop to dinner with us. It will be ready punctually at 12."

"Well, no," said the Elder, rising, "I'm obliged to ye; but they'll be expecting me at home."

"At any rate, Elder," said the widow, taking a steaming piece of mince pie from the oven, "you won't object to taking a piece of mince pie. You must know that I rather pride myself on making mince pies."

The warm pie sent up such a delicious odour that the Elder was sorely tempted, and after saying, "Well, really," with the intention of refusing, he finished by saying, "On the whole, I guess I will, as it looks so nice."

The widow was really a good cook, and the Elder ate with much gusto the generous piece which the widow cut for him, and, after a little chatting upon unimportant subjects, withdrew in some mental perplexity.

"Was it possible," thought he, "that the widow could really have found a pot of gold in her cellar? She did not say so; to be sure, but why should she have shown so much anxiety to know as to the proprietorship of the treasure thus found if she had not happened upon some? To be sure as far as his knowledge extended, there was no one who would be likely to lay up such an amount of gold; but then the house was one hundred and fifty years old, at the very least, and had had many occupants of which he knew nothing. It might be, after all. The widow's earnest desire to have him

think it was only curiosity, likewise gave additional probability to the suggestion. I will wait and watch," said the Elder.

It so happened that Elder Boyd was one of the directors of a savings institution situated in the next town, and accordingly used to ride over there once or twice a month to attend meetings of the board.

On the next occasion of this kind the Widow Hayes sent over to know if he would carry her with him, as she had a little business to attend to there. The request was readily accorded. Arrived at the village, Mrs. Hayes desired to be set down at the bank.

"Ha, ha!" thought the Elder, "that means something."

He said nothing, however, but determined to come back and find out, as he could readily from the cashier, what business she had with the bank. The widow tripped into the office, pretending to look very nonchalant.

"Can you give small bills for a ten dollar gold piece?" she inquired,

"With pleasure," was the reply.

"By the way," said she, "the bank is in a very flourishing condition, is it not?"

"None in the State on a better footing," was the prompt response.

"You receive deposits, do you not?"

"Yes, madam, we are receiving them every day."

"Do you receive as high as ten thousand dollars?"

"No," said the cashier, with some surprise; "or rather we do not allow interest on so large a sum. Do you know of any one who—"

"Its of no consequence," said the widow, hurriedly. "I only asked for curiosity. By the way, did you say how much interest you allowed on such deposits as come within your limits?"

"Five per cent., ma'am"

"Thank you. I only asked for curiosity. What a beautiful morning it is! And the widow tripped lightly out.

Shortly after the Elder entered.

"How's business, Mr. Cashier?" he inquired.

"About as usual."

"Had many deposits lately?"

"None of any magnitude."

"I brought over a woman this morning who seemed to have some business with you."

"The widow Hayes?"

"Yes."

"Do you know," said the cashier, "whether she has had any money left her lately?"

"None that I know of," said the Elder, pricking up his ears. "Why, did she deposit any?"

"No, but she inquired whether we received deposits as high as ten thousand dollars."

"Indeed!" ejaculated the Elder. "Is that all she came for?" he inquired, a moment afterwards.

"No, she exchanged a gold piece for bills."

"Ha!" pondered the Elder reflectively. "Did she give any reason for her inquiries?"

"No, she said she only asked out of curiosity."

The Elder left the bank in deep thought, He came to the conclusion that this curiosity only veiled a deeper motive. He no longer entertained a doubt that the widow had found a pot of gold in her cellar, and appearances seemed to indicate that its probable value was at least equal to ten thousand dollars. The gold piece which she had exchanged at the bank appeared to confirm this story.

"I rather think," said the Elder complacently, "that I can see into a millstone about as far as most people." A statement, the literal truth of which I defy any one to question, though as to the prime fact of people being able to see into a millstone at all, doubts have now and then forced themselves upon my mind.

The next Sunday the widow Hayes appeared at church in a new and stylish bonnet, which led to some such remarks as these:

"How much vanity some people have, to be sure."

"How a woman that has to keep boarders for a living can afford to dash out in such a bonnet is more than I can tell. I should think she was old enough to know better."

The last remark was made by a young lady just six months younger than the widow, whose attempting to catch a second husband had hitherto proved unavailing.

"I suppose" continued the same young lady, "she's trying to catch a second hus-

band with her finery. Before I'd condescend to such means, I'd—I'd drown myself."

In this last amiable speech the young lady had unwillingly hit upon the true motive. The widow was intent upon catching Elder Boyd, and she indulged in a costly bonnet, not because she supposed he would be caught with finery, but because this would strengthen in his mind the idea that she had stumbled upon hidden wealth. The widow calculated shrewdly, and the display had the effect she anticipated. Monday afternoon the Elder found an errand that called him to the widow's. It chanced to be just about tea-time. He was importuned to stay to tea, and somewhat to his own surprise actually did.

The polite widow, who knew the Elder's weak point, brought one of her best mince pies, a piece of which her guest partook with zeal.

"You'll take another piece, I know," said she, persuasively.

"Really, I am ashamed," said the Elder, but he passed his plate. "The fact is," he said, apologetically, "your pies are so nice, I don't know when to stop."

"Do you call these nice?" said the widow, modestly. "I call them common. I can make good mince pies when I set out, too, but this time I didn't have as good luck as usual."

"I shouldn't want any better," said the Elder, emphatically.

"Then I hope, if you like them, you will drop into tea often. We ought to be more neighbourly, Elder Boyd."

Elder Boyd assented, and he meant what he said. The fact is, the Elder began to think that the widow was a charming woman. She was very comely, and then she was such an excellent cook. Besides, he had no doubt in his own mind that she was worth a considerable sum of money. What objection could there be to her becoming Mrs. Boyd? He brought this question before her one evening. The

widow blushed and professed to be greatly surprised. In fact, she never thought of such a thing in her life, but on the whole she had a great deal of the matter short she accepted him. Afterwards she was installed mistress of the Elder's large house, somewhat to the surprise of the

village people, who could not conceive how she had brought him over. Some weeks after the ceremony, the Elder ventured to inquire about the pot of gold which she had found in the cellar.

"Pot of gold," she exclaimed in surprise; "I know of none."

"But," said the Elder, disconcerted, "You asked me about whether the law could claim it."

"Oh, lor'! Elder, I only asked from curiosity."

"And was that the reason you made inquiries at the bank?"

"Certainly, what else could it be?"

The Elder went out to the barn and for half an hour sat in silent meditation. At the end of that time he ejaculated as a closing consideration:

"After all, she makes good mince pies."

It gives me pleasure to state that the union between the Elder and the widow proved a very happy one, although to the end of his life he never could make up his mind about the "Pot of Gold."—*Keystone.*

#### NOTES ON LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

BY BRO. GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL,

*Fellow of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries, Copenhagen; Corresponding Member of the Royal Historical Society, London; Honorary Member of the Manchester Literary Club, and of the Whitley Literary and Philosophical Society, &c., &c.*

FORTUNATE is the poor patient who is kindly and judiciously nursed. I never felt this so much as in the severe month of January, 1875, when I was totally prostrated, for three weeks, by a combination of bronchitis, influenza, and rheumatism, all through walking some four miles, after being house-kept, when the snow was knee-deep, to preside at a country benefit club anniversary, which was held in a new building, only plastered two or three days before, and then having to sit up—to bivouac, I call it—over a cottage-fire all night, because there was no room for me at the inn, and they to whom I was giving my services had not taken the precaution to provide me with a bed. Nothing but good nursing, under the blessing of God,

saved me for a time from that dark shadow of the valley of death, which every Master Mason has been taught to prepare for, but which most of us have no particular wish to enter while we can enjoy the lodges on earth. Nevertheless, "sweet are the uses of adversity," as Shakspeare has it; and illness too (though I regard it always as the penalty which has to be paid for the breach of nature's laws, in order to compel us the better to obey them), like every other apparent evil, is a blessing in disguise, and makes us have all the more feeling for the calamities of others. Thankful for my own good nursing, I would like to see every other poor sufferer nursed as well as I was; and therefore I am glad to see the *Lancet* writing as follows:—"Nothing so much conduces to the successful treatment of patients in all stages of a malady as good nursing, and cooking plays a prominent part in the régime. Notwithstanding this circumstance, which must be universally recognised, it is the exception to find a cook who can serve up a basin of gruel or arrowroot, a cup of beef tea or broth, or any simple beverage suited to the sick chamber, in a fashion likely to tempt the failing, whimsical appetite, and humour the digestive powers of an invalid. So apparently simple a culinary process as beating up a new-laid egg in a cup of warm milk or tea without curdling is a feat which can rarely be accomplished. Every practitioner who has looked into these matters carefully must have felt the need of a system of special cookery for the sick. If some one would devote sufficient attention to the subject to produce a clear, explicit, and yet concise manual of cookery for invalids, with intelligible recipes and directions, the gain to patients and medical practitioners would be considerable, and the appearance of such a brochure would be hailed with pleasure and attended with success. Attempts have from time to time been made to supply the need, but they have failed from being treated as complementary to some general effort to improve the art of cookery, or adapted only to a class of society in which every want can be supplied without stint or trouble. The object to be obtained is more simple and yet not less difficult. It is to show persons of ordinary intelligence and with limited means how to compound and serve up the

common necessaries of the sick diet with cleanliness, taste, and delicacy. For such a boon everybody concerned would be exceedingly thankful." Thanks to good Florence Nightingale, more than to any single person, our military and other hospitals are better managed than they were, though we have not yet arrived at perfection in that point by a long way.

Two books now on my table seem silently to upbraid me for passing them over unnoticed so long. One is the admirable "History of the Parochial Chapelry of Goosnargh, in the County of Lancaster, by Henry Fishwick, F.R.H.S.," and the other "Las Memorias, and other Poems." Both books are admirably got up, and fit for any library. Col. Fishwick is well known as a pains-taking antiquary, of whom Lancashire may well be proud. None but those who have toiled in similar fields of labour can properly appreciate the industry and ability required to produce so complete a History as this of Goosnargh; and I can only express a wish that the history of every parish in the kingdom was as fully and as ably treated. Collecting information from every individual likely to be able and willing to give it, examining title-deeds when one has access to them, searching unpublished records in public offices, copying monumental inscriptions in churches, and making extracts from parish registers and such like, is only one portion of the labour required. The whole has to be worked up into a readable and useful form; and this Col. Fishwick has done to the satisfaction of the most captious critics. For the information of those who wonder where this Goosnargh is, I cannot do better than quote our author's own words. He tells us that "the Chapelry of Goosnargh was formerly part of the parish of Kirkham in Amonderness, and included the townships of Goosnargh, Whittingham, and Newsham. The patronage of the church of Goosnargh was held by the vicar of Kirkham until 1846, but with this exception, the connection between the two places had for many hundred years been so slight, that Goosnargh had long claimed to be an independent parochial district." The name, he agrees with his brother antiquaries, is a compound of the two words "argh" or "arf," the Swedish for a ploughed field, and "goosen," the old Saxon plural of goose. "The



original meaning of the word is therefore Goosefield, or perhaps, as Dr. Whitaker suggests, Goosegreen." I could do with a whole *Masonic Magazine* to properly notice this valuable addition to our local histories, but must necessarily be brief. How vividly the past rises up before me as I peruse its pages. Names, once perhaps a terror to the neighbourhood, now linger only in such books as the one before me; and quarrels which at one time seemed as if the destinies of poor humanity almost hung upon their settlement, are now only interesting as helping to show the manners and customs of a bygone age, and how the liberties of England have gradually grown since then. "In the reign of Edward I. the prior of the order of St. John of Jerusalem was cited before the king to show by what authority he claimed the judging of thieves, assize of bread and ale, chattels of fugitives, &c., &c., in Wolverhampton, Goosnargh, and other places; also to show upon what ground he for his order now claimed exemption from certain fines and ameracements appertaining to the king. In 20 Edward I. (1291-92) the abbot of Cockersand was called upon in a similar manner to show what right he had to the judging of thieves, &c., within the lord's fee in Goosenargh," &c. Showing how the spiritual pastors and masters of that period, true to the instincts of the Romish Church in all ages, were grasping at all temporal as well as ecclesiastical power. I notice that the charter for a market and fair in Whittingham, which Baines, in his *History of Lancashire*, states to have been granted to Robert Hanley in 1360-61, is believed by Col. Fishwick to refer "to some other place of the same name, as there is not the slightest evidence that such a fair was ever held here." In which case it becomes an interesting inquiry to North of England antiquaries whether it may not refer to Whittingham in Northumberland. It is curious to mark the shifting of manufactures. Whilst that of cotton has developed with marvellous rapidity throughout Lancashire generally, since the introduction of steam-power, the "considerable amount of silk and cotton manufacture carried on here by water and hand power," during the latter part of last century, has entirely disappeared. But perhaps not for ever. As we educate our operatives, they will wisely refuse to be pent up in ill-ventilated streets,

far from the sounds and sights of nature; and a true political economy will look upon a healthy, mental, moral, and physical people as the truest wealth of nations. How the experiment of America in sending manufactured cottons for sale to Manchester has succeeded, I have not seen; but certain I am that our mountain waterfalls will soon all have to be utilised, both for supplying a purer liquid to the people of all classes in towns, and also for "power" in British manufactures. What marvels might not a single stream like that of Stock Gill Force, at Ambleside, for instance, or the water Southey has made familiar to all readers, which "comes down at Lodore, with its rush and its roar,"—once conveyed in pipes (it may be of toughened glass) and applied to mill after mill at lower levels; what marvels of manufacturing might not those simple streams accomplish, and still remain unpolluted for the beverage of man. And our factories, I make bold to prophecy, will become true temples of industry, healthy for those who work in them, and really ornamenting instead of disfiguring the most picturesque landscapes. In that age—not so far removed as many think—even Goosnargh may again see more prosperous and happier manufacturers of silks and cottons than any of those of the last century; and they may refer to Col. Fishwick's book with gratitude for the full and correct record he has handed down to them of the Goosnargh of the past.

"Las Memorias and other Poems," whilst it bears no author's name on the title-page though I hope it will not be omitted in the second edition, which it ought to reach) has the initials of A. F. A. W. to a Latin dedication, from which one may pretty correctly guess the author. Besides, in this promising volume, as in all else the same writer sends to the press (presuming that I am correct in my conjecture), he makes the same mistake of giving foreign titles and quotations, without translating them! forgetting that most of his readers must own, like good Tom Miller, to knowing no other language than their own. Though there is sometimes an evident carelessness in the measure, the lines have all sufficient music and beauty to make one feel that the writer deserves his singing robes. The fine morality, the kind feelings, and the religion without cant, which

pervade the volume throughout, makes one regard the author as a worthy man and Mason, for such I am sure he is. Here is a simple extract from one of the sweet English poems with foreign titles :—

“How many a wither'd heart is stirr'd  
By the memory of past years ;  
How often does some casual word  
Soothe present cares and fears ;  
For no longer toiling all alone  
We are companied again  
With those we once could call our own—  
Fair women, kindly men !  
The trusty mate is laughing still,  
The little child demure,  
The bright dear face, the tender will,  
The heart so brave and pure !  
The silvery voice is speaking  
In accents soft and low,  
And love seems once more seeking  
The bowers of ' Long Ago.' ”

And again, in the same poem (“Tiemp Passati,” as he calls it) :—

“Oh ! what would we now give once more  
To greet some much-loved face ;  
To treasure again that precious store  
Of tenderness and grace ;  
To grasp once more that clinging hand,  
To listen to that voice,  
Which, like as in a fairy land,  
Could bid our hopes rejoice.”

And again :—

“Then let us cherish that long array  
Of years that are pass'd and gone ;  
We seem to greet them again to day  
As old friends one by one ;  
For they take us back to a happier hour,  
To forms and faces dear,  
And we seem to be plucking the odorous  
flow'rs

In the springtime of the year.

We turn to our work and cares again  
With a calm and radiant brow,  
We are not alone in the midst of men,  
Nor deserted even now ;  
No, ours is the dream of a brighter past,  
Of dear friends, fair days of yore,  
And we hope to meet again at last,  
And meet to part no more.”

In “Ad Euphrosynen” we have :—

“How many changes have there been,  
How many a sad and chequer'd scene,

Since I heard that song you so often sung,  
In the days when you and I were young.”

In “Sis Faustus Felix” :—

“How joyous still is youth,  
How rapid its advance,  
How pleasant are its merry ways,  
How true its guileless glance ;  
And tho' young folks will often doubt this  
very certain truth,  
How many would exchange their wealth  
for one glad hour of youth ?”

In the poem entitled “Masks” (quite refreshing to find an English title for one of his truly English pieces) he sings :—

“We all wear masks upon our faces,  
And few of us can truly tell  
What are really earthly feelings :  
We all can act and feign so well.  
Sometimes in that idle laughter  
Which greets us with its echoing shout,  
There's but the witness of a sorrow.  
The jester never lives without ;  
Sometimes when we seem most merry,  
And look the most devoid of care,  
We could sit us down and weep,  
For the heartache we must bear.”

In “Vitæ Confessio” (another foreign title) :—

“How sad these slaveries of life  
Which deaden and debase,  
And bind so close to earth and time  
Our weak and wayward race !”

And again, in the same poem :—

“Oh, yes ! whate'er a worldly lore  
May make us trust to-day,  
There's not a joy this earth can give  
Like those it takes away.”

In “Aspiratio Poetæ” he sings :—

“Yes, we who now are often wondering  
At things in which we bear a part,  
Yet hardly fathom, let's remember  
How wond'rous is the human heart.  
Oh ! let us cling to those emotions  
Which bind us closer to our Kin ;  
Which serve to link our outward strivings  
With true and loving souls within,  
Thus heart to heart, and soul to soul,  
Let's brave the wave of earthly strife  
Thus in dear and loving union  
Let's wage the battle-storm of life !

Tho' all else fade or vanish daily,  
 Let's live for others even here,  
 Not for ourselves—and then serenely,  
 We pass through every fading year.  
 For here—this Life is a foreshadowing  
 Of a great future yet to be ;  
 Those wond'rous powers and bless'd affec-  
 tions  
 Shall then proclaim Eternity."

True Masonic sentiments these, and expressed with a beautiful simplicity, of which even Wordsworth need not have been ashamed. In "Au Revoir" he sings (what many of us have felt) :—

"Oh! mystery strange of human Life!

That nothing here will stay ;  
 That all we love the dearest  
 Is sure to pass away.  
 Oh, wond'rous law of this our Earth,  
 Whose reason none can tell,  
 Which, day by day, removes in turn  
 Those things we love so well."

Again :—

"A vacant place is at the board,  
 We look on an empty chair,  
 We miss the brave, the noble,  
 We grieve for the fond, the fair ;  
 But true affection still can keep,  
 In memory fresh and true,  
 The vision of those forms and faces  
 All faded from our view !"

And again :—

"Yes! even now a gentle whisper  
 Is falling on the ear,  
 And to our heart's emotions  
 Their presence still is near ;  
 And from these nether scenes of earth,  
 And many a sad good-bye,  
 We look in ardent hope and trust  
 Beyond that radiant sky.

To where fond hearts again shall meet,  
 Where, in that brighter sphere,  
 We once again shall greet those friends  
 We loved so truly here."

These quotations are all taken from the first eighty pages of the book, which consists of 250. I have gone carefully, and not reluctantly, through the whole, and marked numerous other passages for extract, even to the last page, but must reserve them for a future notice, otherwise my communication will stand a fair chance of

being put aside for want of space, to some indefinite period, if not consigned to the waste-paper basket, and helping to kindle the editor's fire,—the only way in which it will then help to scatter "more light" on the world. Mr. Joseph Shepherd, the intelligent Secretary of the North Yorkshire Miners' Association, has shown and explained to me a model of the excellent Patent Safety Detached Hook, invented by Mr. William Walker, mining engineer, of Saltburn-by-the-Sea, which is a preventive of over-winding, completely securing the lives of human beings from that awful catastrophe, by a mode I hope to explain anon. The adoption of this Patent Safety Detaching Hook ought to be rendered compulsory on all owners or lessees of mines throughout the world.

*Rose Cottage, Stokesley.*

ADDRESS OF THE V. H. AND E.  
 SIR KT. COL. W. J. B. MACLEOD  
 MOORE,

*Grand Cross of the Temple: Grand Prior  
 of the Dominion of Canada.*

*(Concluded from page 240.)*

The Rev. Canon Septimus Ramsay, M.A., of Newmarket, Ont., a scholar of high and varied attainments, a divine of powerful eloquence, and a deeply read Mason, who was admitted into the order in the Mount Calvary Encampment, Orillia, Ont., and held the past rank of District Provincial Commander of the former Grand Conclave; and Sir Knight Arthur M. Sowden, a member of the Richard Cœur de Lion of Montreal Preceptory, and a past grand officer of Grand Conclave, have also died within the last few months, both English by birth, who had made Canada their home. Sir Knight Sowden was a promising and most talented civil engineer, and held the office of city engineer of the city of Ottawa; on his death the municipal authorities of that city passed resolutions, paying a handsome and well-deserved compliment to his talents and indefatigable attention to the duties of his office,—

"That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time,  
 And drawing days out, that men stand upon."

At the meeting of the last Great Priory of England, a very important addition to the Statutes was made, "That no candidate be received who is a non-resident of the jurisdiction of the preceptory to which he seeks admission, unless he sign a declaration whether or not he has been rejected from any other preceptory whatever, and present a recommendatory certificate from the chief officer of the jurisdiction in which he had resided." Attention was also directed to section four of the Great Priory Statutes, and ruled by the Great Prior, that all members of preceptorics in arrears were disqualified from voting in Grand Priory.

I am happy to say that the Acting Grand Chancellor of Grand Priory, reports that all the preceptorics of the Dominion are in good standing, and arrears paid up, with the exception of "Mount Calvary," of Orillia, and "Harington" of Trenton. The former, I am led to understand, is making every exertion to be again placed on the active roll, the latter is virtually extinct, inasmuch as it has never made returns since the warrant was granted; but in this case, also, advice has been just received of a meeting being held with a view to re-organization; both these preceptorics must, however, remain under suspension until full returns and payments are made. The "Sussex" Preceptory, of Dunham, Que., I have removed to Montreal, in consequence of its being found impossible to assemble a quorum to open the preceptory for the last twelve months, owing to the retired situation of the village, and its distance from the residences of the members. It was understood at the time I consecrated this preceptory, that if unsuccessful, I should remove it to Montreal, where the present and past preceptors as well as the registrar reside, and where there are some six Royal Arch Chapters, and more than twenty craft lodges.

In conclusion, I again say how entirely I agree with this Grand Priory in the feeling of disappointment and regret at the delay, however unavoidable, which has taken place in obtaining the decision of the Convent General to our memorial; and the more so, as I am anxious to propose certain changes, which, I trust, will be acceptable, as soon as we are in a position to regulate our own affairs, and make our

own statutes. I have long had it in contemplation to surrender into your own hands my prerogative of the election of officers, which I feel this Grand Priory is entitled to, and by doing so, I am satisfied the object of my ambition to see a greater interest taken in the order, will be accomplished; but we cannot do so under the present statutes; and I can only ask you, therefore, for the present to take the will for the deed. In full anticipation of our immediate change of organization, I do not purpose at this meeting, unless in compliance with an expressed wish of Grand Priory, altering the roll of the present grand officers, with the exception of filling up the vacant office of Provincial District Prior for Western Ontario, and that of Grand Chancellor. In the latter office, we have trespassed too long and too heavily on the kindness and time of our esteemed Grand Sub-Prior, V. E. Sir Knight S. B. Harman, who so promptly volunteered his valuable services on the death of our late Grand Chancellor, to act until a successor was appointed; and this at a time when he was suffering under great family affliction, and was fully occupied by his important and responsible public duties as treasurer of the city of Toronto. Nothing but his untiring zeal for the good and prosperity of the order, and his well known thorough business habits, could possibly have enabled him to carry on the duties, and give his attentions to the constant calls on his time, in the office of Grand Chancellor, which he has so ably performed; and I beg he will accept my warmest thanks for the kind and able manner in which he has assisted me, and conducted the affairs of the Grand Priory. I know you will all cordially join in my expression of thanks and wishes for his future happiness and prosperity.

Finally, fellow-soldiers of the Temple, may I hope the remarks in my last address, as to the purpose and practical use of these orders, so warmly concurred in by the committee on that address, will not be lost sight of. Bearing ever in mind the ancient *Templar motto*, taken from the 1st verse of the 115th Psalm: "Not unto us, not unto us, O Lord, but unto Thy name give the glory in all things."

[We commend this address to the notice of our *Templar* readers.—ED.]

## THE SITE OF SOLOMON'S TEMPLE DISCOVERED.

"So Joshua sent men to measure their country, and sent with them some geometricians, who could not easily fail of knowing the truth, on account of their skill in that art."—"Jew. Antiq." v., 1, 21.

We have much pleasure in reproducing from our admirable American Contemporary—*Scribner's Monthly*—the following account of the Temple, interesting to all Freemasons:—

### THE PROBLEM STATED.—RIVAL SITES OF THE TEMPLE.

THE Temple site is now known as the Haram ash Shârif. It is at once the most sacred and the most ancient, and within its walls are concentrated the most important legends of Jew, Moslem, and Christian. To the Jews, the Holy Hill, with its Inclosure, was more than Rome's citadel was to the Romans. It was the stronghold of their religion and sacred history, somewhat as Rome has been to the Catholic Church. This Noble Sanctuary is the site of everything most dear to the Jew. Here were chanted in the First Temple the songs of Zion, and all that the prophets foretold of glory and dishonour, of victory and defeat, of promise and penalty, were drawn to a focus on the hill of the Temple, comprising an area confined within the limits of the Haram. It is at present the most beautiful spot in the whole city without exception. It has all the outward appearance of a private park. The great Dome of the Rock rises in its midst, surrounded with cypresses and olive trees, marble fountains, arches, domes, cupolas, and graven pulpits, while the great Dome itself rests upon a broad platform of Jerusalem limestone.

The Sakhra is the rocky pinnacle or apex of the rocky spur forming the surface and foundation of the Haram, and the difficulty has been to place it in the Temple Area so that this crown of the mountain shall not stand in the way of the pavements and courts. In fact theorists have not known where to place this uprising rock; it stands in the way of every theory yet proposed. It has ever been a mystery why it was permitted to exist at all where the rock was cut to suit a platform level and foundation, and its existence is the standing problem of to-day among Temple

theorists—much more so, in fact, than the site of the Temple itself, for its existence unsettles every other problem, and makes any theory of the site of the Temple an impossibility, which does not first settle the problem of its own existence and site. It would seem at first sight as if Solomon's plan would have necessitated its removal in order to level down the rock for the foundations of the pavements and courts. Why, then, was it left? Why not cut down to the foundation or platform level? It stands so much in the way that there is barely level space enough on which to place the Temple pavements without an immense filling in of earthy material, or else of vaults and substructures, no matter where you place the Temple Area. It could not be placed anywhere without being upon a slope of the mountain, or in a valley. The rock, in the north-east quarter of the Haram, is 162 feet below the crown of the rock; the south-west quarter is 150 feet lower, and the south-east quarter is 163 feet below the Sacred Rock. This is a concise statement of the problem to be solved.

Our illustration of the rival theories which now occupy the field will give, better than any lengthened description, the different arrangement of the Haram Area proposed by Dr. Porter, (who agrees with Dr. Robinson), Messrs. Williams, Lewin, Fergusson, Warren and Beswick. The plans will also give a definiteness to the reader's conceptions which no mere words can convey. Mr. Beswick's plans and discoveries have never before been published, and what we now make known is but a mere outline of what he proposes to publish in a work on which he is now engaged.

### THE METHOD ADOPTED IN FIXING THE SITE.

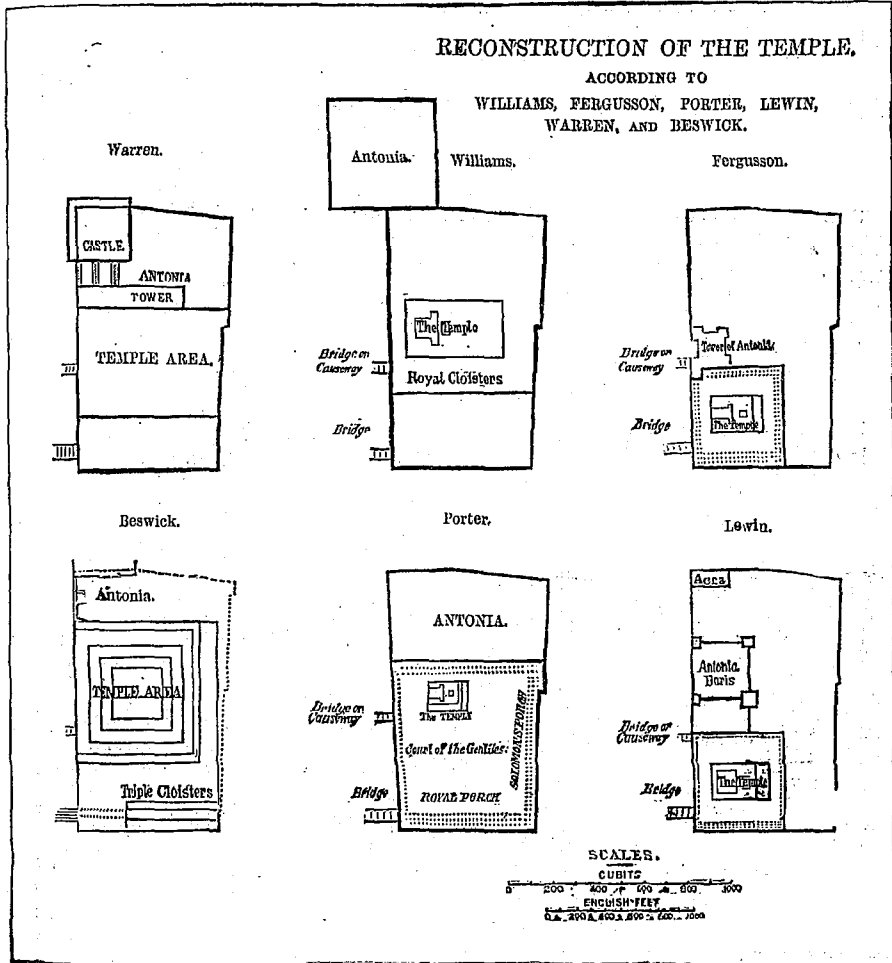
The preceding statement will have prepared the reader for a clear understanding of the main difficulties in fixing upon the exact site of the Temple Area and its boundaries, and of the merits of the rival theories which have been proposed as solutions of this most interesting and hitherto most difficult problem in Jerusalem topography.

The discovery of this site was made by Mr. S. Beswick, C.E., of New York city, who, after making the subject of Jerusalem topography a specialty for several

years, at length formed a conception of the exact site of the Old Temple of Solomon and Herod. To verify that conception, he visited the Haram for the purpose of making a reconnaissance survey and fixing upon two sites: 1st. A base line of verification which everybody would admit, from which offsets or perpendicular distances could be made to the given stations. 2nd. A central station, from which a standard offset could be made, and conveniently joined to the base of verification,

such central station to be a natural formation, and not a work of art; all other sites and distances to be determined by these.

The two standard sites were satisfactorily determined by that reconnaissance. The western wall of the Haram ash Shárif, or so much of it as was left standing by Titus when Jerusalem was destroyed, was selected as the base of verification; the Sakhra was taken as the central station, and the line which joined the two together was the



first standard offset by which all others were determined. The sides of the Court of Gentiles (Herod's Court), Court of Israel, and Court of the Priests, and even of the Holy House itself, were then taken and treated as a series of offsets and per-

pendiculars, and referred to the western walls as the base line for their verification as to length and breadth. The Sakhra was in fact a central station to the whole Temple Area.

These two things—the western wall,

which he selected for his base line of verification, and the Sakhra, from which the first standard offset was drawn—are all that is left by the vandals under Titus of the original foundations and superstructure resting thereon. The eminent success which has resulted from this judicious selection, and the practical foresight which led to their adoption, will directly influence Palestine exploration in the Holy City for many years to come.

Mr. Beswick quietly visited the Haram with a working plan of his own making, which showed what had been done, and what had been left undone; what to do, and where to go and do it; what to discover, and where to find it. He had reason, therefore, to hope for the very best results from his reconnaissance survey. The elaborate measurements which form the basis of his verifications, and upon which his identifications of so many sites are grounded, are so numerous, varied, and full of detail, and applied to so many places and sites, that no amount of reading, or investigation at a distance, could ever have afforded the opportunity to develop so completely as he has done, a discovery which has seemed hitherto involved in inexplicable mystery. He has, however, completed the proof which fixes the site of the Temple in the Haram, and makes the Sakhra the absolute *central spot* of the Old Temple Area. And the proof is so simple that any one can verify it for himself. The standard offset, or fundamental measurement which fixes this site of the Temple, places the Sakhra at a distance of 250 cubits—369.26 ft.—from the western wall of the Inclosure, regarded as a base of verification. It will introduce a central fact to the attention of the civilised world; and there can be but one opinion as to its value and significance, and the revolution which its revelations will make in the field of Jerusalem topography.

#### THE SITE FIXED BY DIVINE COMMAND.

The distance of the apex of the Sakhra from the western wall as a base of verification is a fundamental measurement, and a leading test of the discovery claimed; and it is the most simple and satisfactory verification of the exact site of the Temple. If this distance or standard offset be admitted then the Sakhra, or Sacred Rock, was simply a Central Core to the whole Temple Area, around which all the pavements and

courts were built up, and to which they were fastened and united as one solid mass. The whole platform of pavements taking hold of the Sakhra, as a Central Core, solid and immovable, according to the following Divine command that they should place the Temple Area around this rock as a centre:

“This is the law of the house. Upon the top [Hebrew *rosh*—head, summit, vortex, apex, or tip-top] of the mountain, the *whole limit thereof round about* shall be most holy. Behold, this is the law of the house.”—Ezek. xliii., 12.

Now the whole limit of the Sakhra round about would be as follows: On the north the mountain was limited by the valley lying between the Bezetha hill and the Temple Area; on the east it was limited by the Kedron valley; on the south by the Hinnom and Kedron ravines; and on the west by the Tyropœon ravine. Thus the “*whole limit thereof round about*” was well defined by ravines; and on all these sides the extreme limit had to be built up to the required level of the platform of the outer court. Josephus gives a similar description:

“The hill was encompassed with a wall *around the top of it*. Joined together as a part of the hill itself to the very top of it. On the very top of all ran another wall. In the *midst of which* was the Temple itself.”—“Jew. Antiq.” xv, 11, 3.

This Law of the House is a Divine command which fixes definitely the exact size of the Temple Area to be “the whole limit round about the top of the mountain.” And this is the only passage where the site is ever definitely named. And what is most remarkable, this notable passage has never been noticed by any one of the numerous explorers of Jerusalem. Yet, from this supreme stand-point, Mr. Beswick has studied the whole subject *de novo*. He foresaw that the Old Rock of Moriah had a special place in the Temple; that it acted as a Central Core, and carried upon its shoulders all the Temple pavements and courts, and upon his head (“upon the top of the mountain”) rested as a crown the Temple itself. His discovery solved a problem, which has resisted every other attempt at solution: that the special place of the Old Rock in the Temple Area has been the cause of its preservation, and which, when determined, would enable the discoverer to settle all other questions of a topographical and numerical nature in

relation to distance, area, and boundary. We will cite the Biblical evidence upon which his measurements of the Temple Area are based.

(To be continued.)

### Review.

*Guido and Lita: a Tale of the Riviera.*

By the Marquis of Lorne. (Macmillan.)

We have perused this new poem with much pleasure. As most of our readers may know from the name, the scene is laid in that "morgen land," and especially to a portion of it which commends itself to those who wish to avoid the rigours of our northern winter.

Hear, first of all, the description of that favoured clime:—

"Here every slope, and intervening dale,  
Yields a sweet fragrance to the passing  
gale,  
From the thick woods, were dark caroubas  
twine  
Their massive verdure with the hardier  
pine,  
And, 'mid the rocks; or hid in hollowed  
cave,  
The fern and iris in profusion wave;  
From countless terraces, where olives rise,  
Unchilled by autumn's blast, or wintry  
skies,  
And round the stems, within the dusky  
shade,  
The red anemones their home have made;  
From gardens, where its breath for ever  
blows  
Through myrtle thickets, and their  
wreaths of rose."

Here it was that in those days Saracenic pirates used to make a fell swoop, like fierce birds of prey as they were, carrying Christian men to slavery, and Christian maids to infamy to which death had been preferable. A mountain pass of these Southern Alps is still termed "Monte Moro."

"Rude captains on the frontier held their  
own,  
Their lawless deeds scarce to each other  
known;

But those of Sirad had been noted well,  
As oft performed with all the art of Hell,  
To spread the rule of Islam far and wide.  
A grisly bigot he, who had denied  
Himself no vices that his creed allowed,  
At morn and eve his knee to Mecca  
bowed,  
With prayer to Allah, that his servant's  
sword  
Might purge the land for Mahomet and  
the Lord."

Guido, son of the Knight of Orles, has fallen in love with Lita, as young men sometimes do, the daughter of a fisherman, and she is described in all the promise of love's young dream, and her beauty is said to be, poetically of course, loveliness

"—not such as in the North  
"Blushes like sunshine through the morn-  
ing mist—  
Was that of southern eve, quick-darken-  
ing, kissed  
By crimson lightnings of her burning  
day."

El Sirad, the corsair, makes a descent upon the coast, and sweeps off many captives, among whom is Lita, "fairest of the fair." Her deliverer makes love to her, of course; but—like a prudent young woman who has a young "fellar" of her own to boot, in a dreadful state at home—she repels his advances with resolution and disdain, and no doubt gives the corsair a bit of her mind as regards improper behaviour to her, &c. &c.

She escapes by the intervention of a jealous woman, who had, no doubt, claims of some kind more or less interesting on "El Sirad":—

"And left alone she gazed above, where  
frowned  
The black rocks darkly o'er the sombre  
pines,  
And over them the moon in rugged lines  
Of peak and glacier shone with starlight  
cold,  
And all was quiet, save the stream that  
told  
Of restless haste, till home at last were  
found."

We are not told clearly how she gets back to Orles, where she is found by some peasants, but she does get home, and she



finds them all up in arms. Guido, who is in a great state of course about his "young woman," has been lured to sea by the crafty El Sirad, and the Saracens have eluded his galleys, and are actually engaged in attacking Orles, where Lita is acting like a Joan of Arc. While Guido is tossing in the wind-lashed waves (says a contemporary critic) the Saracens are pushing the storm of Orles, amid all the ruthless horrors of mediæval warfare. The defenders make the most of their ramparts; the "climbing swarms" are hurled from the broken scaling-ladders, but numbers so far prevail. Then flames break out among the houses the Arabs have won, and the assailants pay the penalty of carousing on drinks forbidden by the Prophet, being suprised by the horrors of the conflagration in their drunken slumber. The catastrophe is crowned, so far as they are concerned, by the sudden return of Guido, who falls on them in flank, while his father, sallying out of the citadel, falls mortally wounded in the final and triumphant sortie. With his dying breath he rewards his lovely aide-de-camp:—

"The ashen lips with feeble effort smile  
As Lita kneels by Guido's side the while,  
And looking on his son and on the maid,  
'Let naught against thy love for her  
be said.'"

What a "kyind parient!" some of our fair readers will be ready to say. "What a pity it is such people only exist in poetry or romance. I wish my pater would withdraw his objection to Harry!" Here it is the old story, fair maidens, "sic vos, non vobis." In the meantime the preux chevalier, Count William of Provence, appears on the scene, declares his approval of the marriage of affection, gives the bride away, and actually says, in the Provençal dialect, "Bless, ye, my children!" and then

"They kneel before the altar, hand in hand,  
While thronged around Provence's warriors stand.  
Hush for the sacred rites, the solemn vow,  
That crowns with faith young Love's impetuous brow.  
The prayer is said; then as the Anthem swells,  
A peal rings ont of happy marriage bells;

Grief pales and dies 'neath Joys ascending sun,  
For knight and maid have blent their lives in one!"

We thank Lord Lorne for a very pretty story, told in very smooth and harmonious verse, marked by passages here and there of much beauty. We trust that this is not the last labour of his pen, but that we may welcome yet other graceful verses and true poetry from him.

The illustrations, drawn, if report be true, by a fair and illustrious hand, are very effective indeed.

In these sensational days, when every heroine is a fiend and every hero a swindler; when society is deregled and discontented, we thank Lord Lorne for giving us the pleasing picture of faithful love, and the elevated aspirations of chivalrous devotion and constant affection. W. F. A.

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### SONNET.

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The mountain woods ascending and ascending,  
Sweep with their tall heads the high misty skies,  
Which loftier in their lowest skirts arise  
Than of this earth the highest heights, vain tending  
Heav'nward, though with heaven's boundless glories blending  
Their tops betimes, yet but a fond emprise,  
For heav'n in humblest mien earth's pride defies  
And scorns, though soaring cloud-capt and heav'n-rending.  
So man would be as God, so idly seek  
The Infinite by wisdom to explore,  
When he should but in prostrate love adore  
That glorious name of names with reverence meek,  
Nor hope in hopeless hope to the sublime  
Of Deity presumtuously to climb.

M. GORDON.