



THOMAS CARLYLE

*(See page 562.)*

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## THE NEW YORKER MAGAZINE IN ALL ITS BRANCHES

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### George Hanson's Story

George Hanson's story, "The Boy Who Was Born with a Hole in His Head," is a powerful and moving account of a young boy's struggle with a rare and terrifying condition.

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A. D. Adams, Editor, "The New Yorker Magazine," New York, N. Y.

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(1801-1881)

# THE MASONIC MAGAZINE :

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

No. 47.—VOL. IV.

MAY, 1877.

PRICE 6d.

## Monthly Masonic Summary.

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We have little to report this month. Our Royal Grand Master has been suffering from an abscess, but has now happily recovered, and has started for Villafranca, *via* Paris. H.R.H. the Princess of Wales has left for Athens, where she has arrived safely, and amid great popular enthusiasm.

Sir G. Elliott has been installed P.G.M. for South Wales, before a large gathering, and amid much applause; many of our Masonic notabilities were present.

The struggle in France continues, though what the result may be, at present it is almost impossible to predict. We are still very hopeful that the good sense of the French brethren, alike in Paris and the provinces, will resent the dictation of a turbulent minority, and prevent the isolation of French Freemasonry, which, if this unhappy revolution is accomplished, will undoubtedly take place. Some of our French brethren appear to have very lax notions of Masonic national or

international law. Indeed, they seem to have a tendency to no law at all, to Masonic anarchy, to the destructive theory of a Masonic "Commune."

A Bro. Adrien Grimaux (we believe an able writer otherwise), has distinguished himself, (*pace* Brother Caubet), with asserting the following paradoxes in the "Monde Maçonique,"—first, that a spurious so-called Grande Loge des Philadelphes, etc., is not spurious because the English Grand Lodge refused it a warrant; and, secondly, that it is not clandestine, because it openly asserted its existence. These theories are happily novel in England, though they appear not to be altogether unknown in the United States, where, however, the same Masonic theories of Law and Order happily exist as here.

We think it right to note them for the information of all Masonic friends, and to reprobate them in the face of the civilized and lawful Masonic world.

This illegal body is otherwise practically beneath notice, and may well be left to its own utter insignificance.

## THOMAS CARLYLE.

*From the "New York News Letter."*

THOSE who are accustomed to think of Mr. Carlyle only as a cynic will probably be surprised at the mild and agreeable physiognomy which our illustration shows him to possess. But it is not incomprehensible that the man whose invective against evil is the fiercest, and whose denunciation of shams is the most scathing, should be really warm-hearted and genial in his personal relations. There is undoubtedly great danger that those who hate evil "with a perfect hatred" will not be large-hearted enough to see how much goodness there is in the world, nor the beauty of it, but failures in this respect are, in the case of eminent men, often only relative.

Mr. Carlyle was born in 1795, and comes honestly by the granite of his character through his Scotch parentage. He entered the Edinburgh University while young, and was distinguished there for his attainments in mathematics and foreign languages, and for the wide extent of his reading. He expected to enter the ministry, but changed his mind while studying theology, and after a short experience as a teacher, turned his whole attention to literature. His life of Schiller, translations of Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister," and the best of the productions of Tieck, Jean Paul, Musaus and Hoffman, and his essays on German literature, speedily won for him distinction among the few to whom their authorship was known, and opened a new mine of wealth to English readers. The "French Revolution" was the first of his works that bore his name, though his "Sartor Resartas," which contends with "Cromwell's Letters and Speeches" for the honour of being his masterpiece, had been previously published. His other works are: Heroes and Hero Worshipers, Past and Present, Latter Day Pamphlets, Life of John Stirling, and History of Frederick the Great. Many of his lectures on literature have not been published. A collection of his miscellaneous writings has been made by Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Mr. Carlyle has resided, since 1834, in Cheyne Walk, Chelsea.

[We have thought it well to give our readers an engraving of Mr. Carlyle, which has come to us from across the Atlantic. We do it for two reasons—first, to point out the interest the Americans take in all that concerns English literature; and secondly, as a little humble memorial to our Masonic readers, of a very remarkable man. He is now sitting for three portraits in England.—ED.]

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EXTRACTS FROM THE MINUTES  
OF THE ROYAL ARCH CHAPTER  
OF CONCORD ATTACHED TO THE  
ANCHOR AND HOPE LODGE, No.  
37, BOLTON.

BY COMP. JAMES NEWTON, P.Z., SCRIBE E. 37.

*(Continued from page 517.)*

10th Jany., 1788. At a meeting "held in due form (at the house of Bro. Johnson) call'd by the Most Excellent the Principals, a letter from the Grand and Royal Chapter of Jerusalem was read, and a letter in answer to the above submitted (by the Most Excellent Z) to the present members, and unanimously approved of was ordered to be sent immediately."

Then follows a copy of such answer, addressed to T. Callendar, Esq., No. 10, Mortimer Street, Cavendish Square, London, as follows:

' Sir,

"In conformity to your request we herewith annex you a list of the members who have belonged to our Chapter. We beg leave to observe that we have never before understood that it was necessary to pay anything for registering fees as Royal Arch Masons, but in compliance with the orders of the Most Excellent the Grand Chapter of Jerusalem we are ready to pay our Registering fees when we know

the amount thereof; however it may not be necessary to observe that all our members except John Smallwood were initiated before the obtaining of our Chapter. We conceive the Registering fees of the Companions to whom the Chapter was granted are already paid. We shall be glad to have the form of a certificate for a R. A. Mason.

"We are

"Your affe. Companions."

(Signed by the Z., H. and J.)

The return above referred to is headed :

"No. 45 Chapter of Concord."

"Granted to { Thomas Rycroft, } 11th Nov,  
 { William Johnson, } A.L. 5789,  
 { Nathaniel Howarth } A.D. 1785.

"Held at the Hope and Anchor, in Bolton-le-moors on the last Wednesday in Feby., May, Augt., & November," and comprises the names of twenty-six Brethren, two of whom are stated to have "Declared off," and three to have "left the town."

A meeting was held 27th Feby., 1788, when it is said :

"The Grand letter of the 27th Decr., 1787, sent us by T. Callendar, Esqr., was again read and our answer to it, then a letter from John Frith, Esq., J., in London of the 20th Feby., 1788, was read."

In a subsequent entry the above "John Frith, Esq.," is designated "our Revd. Brother John Frith."

At this meeting a few of the Brethren intimated that they would pay their "Registering fees," whilst others (including Bro. Thos. Thornley) "declared off."

Another meeting was held 5th March, 1788, at which other Brethren intimated that they would pay their "Registering fees," whilst others "declared off."

It is also stated :

"Bro. Peter Lawson was registered in Dublin."

"Bro. Thos. Thornley, having been registered before, being made in St. Augusta, in East Florida, in America, fourteen years ago, this not being sufficiently then understood he is reinstated in his place in this General Encampment."

A meeting was summoned for 30th April, 1788, at six o'clock, under which

date appear the following entries signed by "Thos. Heaton E."

"About six o'clock (perhaps a minute after by the church) I came to the house of Bro. W. Johnson; there I found Bro. Richd. Thornley, the Tyler, and in some time afterwards Bro. W. Johnson came to us in the Lodge room."

"It is now about 7 $\frac{1}{4}$  o'clock by the church clock, which is rather too late, and no other person has attended."

"About 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  clock Bro. Tho. Smethurst came into the room; he said to me about 6 o'clock he could not come for an hour."

"Bro. P. Lawson, Bro. W. Thweat and Bro. Tho. Rycroft had told me they were afraid they could not come, and Bro. Wm. Thweat paid me his Registering fee 5/, to which I put mine 5/, and delivered the 10/ to Bro. Tho. Smethurst, T."

"Left the room about 8 o'clock."

Under date 3rd May, 1788, appears a copy of a letter addressed by the Scribe E. to T. Callendar, Esq., enclosing £1 15s. 0d. as the Registering fees of seven Brethren, being all who had paid such fees, the remainder of the Brethren having "declared off," "left the town," or "refused to pay."

On 3rd October, 1788, is the following entry :

"Bro. James Crooke, Junr., came from Manchester with the form of Petition for a Chapter. He also brought a certificate from the Chapter of Unanimity held at Bury, certifying and recommending James Crooke, Joel Britland, and I think John Ashworth as proper persons to fill the offices of Principals. We have wrote on the back :

"Bolton, Chapter of Concord, No. 45.

"From the within certificate we make no doubt of the within named J.C., J.B., and J.A. having been exalted under the Chapter of Unanimity held at Bury.

"Witness our hands this 3rd Oct., /88."

(Signed by the Principals and the Scribes.)

A meeting was held 26th Novr., 1788, at which the officers were elected for the year ensuing. "Proposed that so far of the 7th By-Law which allows the Tyler 2/6 be repealed, and in lieu thereof 1/ every G.E. be given to him."

At a meeting on 30th Novr., 1788, "the several officers were installed into their respective offices."

25th Feby., 1789.—"Bro. Wm. Johnson proposes that the sum of one Guinea mentioned in the 7th By-Law be altered to half a Guinea."

"Bro. Thos. Thornley appointed Treasurer."

27th May, 1789.—"Having given or sent information to all the members of the Chapter I attended at the house of Bro. G. Mountain, the Anchor and Hope, at little more than 7½ o'clock, and after some time appeared four Companions, who, with myself, not being enow to form a G.E., all business stands postponed. I returned home about 9 o'clock. The bag, having in it a new guinea (the amount of the present fund), was left in my hands by the Treas. appointed Feb. 25, & I have delivered it to him (Bro. Thos. Thornley) this evening. Thomas Heaton, E."

At a meeting held 25th Novr., 1789, "Resolved that the Tyler be paid one shilling every quarterly Genl. Encampment in lieu of and instead of 2/6 on the exaltation of a Companion."

"Resolved that the sum of one guinea mentioned in the 7th By-Law be altered to half a guinea, so that the whole exaltation fee will be one guinea."

The officers were also elected at this meeting.

Notices were issued calling a meeting for the 24th Feby., 1790, but "not enow attended to form a G.E."

Under date 24th Novr., 1790, appears the following entry:

"There should have been held this day a quarterly Genl. Encampment, but not having a sufficient number to open the Encampment it is agreed by those present (viz., Brethren P. Lawson, Richard Thornley and Thomas Heaton), with the approbation of Brethren Rycroft and Johnson, being absent, that the Chapter be sealed up and placed in the Master Masons' chest till some more favourable opportunity, when it may be opened again. It is also agreed in the same manner that the present fund be divided among those who have subscribed to it in such manner as shall reduce them to the nearest possible degree of equality, and that then the books, papers and seal shall be sealed up

and placed in the Master Masons' chest with the Chapter, provided all these things meet with the approbation of the Worshipful Grand Lodge of the Royal Arch."

This memorandum is signed by the five Brethren named therein, and also by Bro. Thos. Thornley, they being apparently the whole of the then members, the remainder being deceased or having left the neighbourhood. A copy of the memorandum it appears was sent to the Grand Chapter, and the funds, amounting to £1 4s. 6d., divided amongst those who had contributed thereto, as shown in a detailed account entered in the Book.

The next entry is as follows:

"Brother Thomas Rycroft I believe has the consent of our Provincial Grand Master, John Allen, Esq., to lay the Chapter, etc., in the Master Masons' chest. I therefore deliver up into the open Lodge this 10th November, 1791.

"The Chapter, sealed in blue paper.

"The Seal (which is an improper one, but we have not yet had instructions from the Grand Lodge for a proper one).

"Four letters from the Grand Lodge & its officers.

"One letter from the Eyemouth Lodge of St. Ebbe.

"A copy of the answer to the last on blue paper.

"This Book.

"One roller for the Chapter, in a green bag.

"One tin tube to hold the Chapter in a roll without being on the roller.

"A small memorandum book containing the Cash account.

"All sealed up in Blue paper.

"THOMAS HEATON."

Thus it appears that the Chapter fell into abeyance after a brief existence of about six years after obtaining the Charter, during which time only one candidate (John Smallwood) was made a Royal Arch Mason.

The whole of the Records up to this point appear to be in one handwriting, apparently that of the above Thos. Heaton.

No meeting of the Chapter is afterwards recorded until 30th Jany., 1801, when, without any preliminary observations or explanations as to the circumstances under

which the Chapter was revived, it is stated :

"At six o'clock p.m. opened a General Encampment in due form. The following Brethren were initiated to the higher order. Here follow the names of five Brethren, three of whom it is stated "had been previously initiated under the H.R.A. of the Earl of Antrim."

Another meeting was held 22nd May, 1801, when three other Brethren "were exalted and properly instructed in the higher order of Masonry."

The next meeting recorded is "Sunday, May 5th, 1805," when, after giving the names of seven "Companions" present, it was "Resolved that every candidate shall pay half a guinea as approbation money, which shall be returned if he be rejected, but if he is accepted he shall pay the further sum of half a guinea and five shillings for registering fees."

At an "Emergency" held 9th May, 1805, "Companion Eggleston was unanimously elected first Principal, Companion Howarth second Principl., Companion Hodson third Principal, Companion Williams Principal Scribe, Companion Ed. Horrocks first *sourjourner*, Companion Ed. Rothwell, 2nd *sourjourner*, Companion Thornley, *Geoneter*."

It is also stated "The Regular Meetings will in future be held at the Legs of Man."

The next meeting is headed "Chapter of Concord revived Sepr. 6th, 1807," at which officers were appointed, and it was agreed that a Chapter shall be regularly held on the first Sunday in every September, December, March and June." At this meeting also "A Lecture was given by Companion Bradley of Chapter of Mispeth, Leigh."

The meetings of the Chapter appear to have been continued with some degree of regularity from this time until 27th Feby, 1831, there being nothing in the Minutes (which during this period are very brief) worthy of note save the ordinary routine of exaltations to the degree and elections and installation of Principals and other officers.

The next entry (the closing one in the first Minute Book) is as follows :

"January 22nd, 1832. At a Ark, Mark, Link and Wrestle meeting held this

day at Lodge 51, the undermentioned Brethren were initiated." Then follow the names of seven Brethren, three being members of Lodge 51 (now 37, Bolton), two of Lodge 242 (now 146, Bolton), and two of Lodge 675 (now 350, Stoneclough.)

"Closed the Lodge in due form and solemn prayer at 7 o'clock. Visitors and members of the Order previous to the aforesaid engagement," (Here follow the names of nine Brethren, with the numbers of the Craft Lodges to which they belonged.)

The second Minute Book extends from May, 1833, to May, 1852, and the entries therein are much more elaborate than those at the close of the first Minute Book.

The first entry (under date 26th May, 1833) is as follows :

"The Royal Arch Encampment of Super-excellent Masons, under sanction of Warrant No. 45 Chapter of Concord, assembled this day, but in consequence of the very slender attendance could not open, therefore agreed to transact what little there were to do without, and it was unanimously agreed by the Companions present (four in number) that in consequence of the fund belonging this Order being mixed up with the Craft fund and no account having been kept of it, that the same remain there as a present from the members of this Order, and the money which is in Comp. Matthew Wolstenholme's hands be considered the only stock which is to commence with, viz. : £4 0 0."

"It was also unanimously agreed that when the fund amounts to Five Pounds, each Royal Arch Mason receive when sick (if payable) 2/ pr. week for as many weeks as he may be sick."

(In the cash account of the Chapter appear several items of payments to "sick" members, but no such payments appear after May, 1841.)

The next meeting, held 25th Augt., 1833, was more numerously attended, for on the Minutes appear the names of 50 Companions as present, being the largest number recorded as present at a meeting of the Chapter. Only 14, however, of these Companions are entered as being members of this Chapter, the remainder being visitors.

In the Minutes of this meeting it is



stated that "the Companions assembled at 2 o'clock p.m. and opened the Craft Lodge on the 1, 2 & 3rd degrees of Freemasonry at 3 o'clock, when three Brethren passed the chair. Closed the Craft Lodge in due form and solemn prayer; opened the Royal Arch Chapter at  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 4 o'clock, when the following were exalted to the degree of Excellent Superexcellent Holy Royal Arch Masons." (Here follow the names of six Brethren.)

This is the last occasion on which a meeting of the Chapter is termed "Encampment," and only on this occasion and at the next meeting, held 22nd Sepr., 1833, is it stated that candidates "passed the chair" as a preliminary step to the Royal Arch degree.

In the cash account, under date 22nd Sepr., 1833, appear the following items:

"Paid for Vails, £0 11s. 10d.; Rods, £0 5s. 6d.; Reprg. Pistol, £0 4s. 6d."

22nd Feby., 1835.—"The candidate proposed at the preceding meeting (30 Nov., 1834) not coming forward, threw the proceedings of business void, tho' there were a numerous attendance of visitors present with those of our own, to the great dissatisfaction of the whole, on account of his non-attendance, having so recently intimated to several of our Companions his decided intention of coming forward."

Meeting of Emergency, 31st July, 1835.—"A circular having been received from the Grand Lodge, purporting that in consequence of the irregularity in the mode of working upon the Royal Arch in different parts of the country, they were holding meetings for instructions in order that there might be one general mode of working throughout, and requested that some Companion or Companions from our Chapter attend for that purpose at the Grand Lodge in London. It was therefore unanimously agreed that Companion Matthew Blunt (First Principal) be deputed for that purpose, and a subscription was immediately enter'd into by the Companions and Brethren of this Lodge, and the same was supported by the Companions of Lodge No. 268, Bolton, for which we return our kind thanks."

"Companion M. Blunt took the under-mentioned sums with him for registration, &c., in the Grand Lodge books." (Here

follow the names of seven Companions, with the amount of fees payable to Grand Chapter on their behalf.)

30th Augt., 1835.—"There being no business to transact and only a few Comps. were in attendance, consequently the Chapter was not opened."

The next entry is as follows:

"In consequence of receiving a letter (dated 11th Novr. 1835) from the Grand Lodge, in which they state our Charter was not renewed at the time of the Union of the two Grand Chapters, thereby not rendering our meetings legal, it was deemed meet that all business relative to this Order cease until legal authority be granted."

A second letter (dated 15th Feby., 1836) was received from the Grand Secretary (in reply to one from the First Principal), stating that it would be necessary before the meetings of the Chapter could be recognized by the Grand Chapter, for application to be made by Petition, signed by nine registered R. A. Masons, such petition to be recommended by one of the neighbouring Chapters, and then forwarded to the Superintendent of the Province for his sanction thereto. At the same time the old Charter previously granted was to be transmitted to be surrendered to the Grand Master.

Upon receipt of this communication a petition was prepared, addressed to H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex, M. W. Grand Master (a copy of the petition appears at length in the Minute Book), praying for a renewal of the Charter and nominating the following Companions as Principals, viz.: Comp. Matthew Blunt, Z.; Comp. Stephen Blair, H.; and Comp. Josh. Lomax Heap, J. The Chapter to meet at the Legs of Man Inn, Bolton-le-Moors, on the last Wednesday in every third month.

This petition seems to have been signed by sixteen Companions, and in compliance with its prayer a Charter was granted by the Supreme Grand Chapter, dated 3rd August, 1836, but which, it is stated in the Minute Book, "was not received until 6th March, 1837."

On 30th March, 1837, a "meeting of emergency" was held "under authority of Warrant No. 44," at which the "transactions of the former meetings from May 31st, 1835, were read and confirmed." At

this meeting also six Brethren were proposed and seconded "to be exalted to the degree of a Royal Arch Mason."

29th May, 1839. A meeting was held at which the Principals and other officers were elected, including Comp. Stephen Blair as Z. (In 1846 Comp. Blair was appointed Grand Superintendent of R. A. Masons for the Eastern Division of Lancashire, which office he held until his death in July, 1870.)

At a meeting held 26th Augt., 1840, it was Resolved, "that one black ball exclude any Brother from being exalted to the sublime degree of a Holy R. Arch Mason."

24th Nov., 1841.—"In consequence of the non-attendance of the candidates for exaltation the Chapter was not opened, but it was agreed by the Comps. present that the ancient & established rules of the Chapter be in future strictly enforced, that is, that at the proposal of a Candidate for the Royal Arch the sum of One Pound be paid as a Proposition fee."

29th May 1844 (First regular meeting at Swan Inn).

"It being the night for electing officers the retiring officers were re-elected."

28th May, 1851.—"Resolved that the Annual Subscription be ten shillings, and that it become due and payable in one sum on the last Wednesday in May in every year."

The last meeting recorded in the second Minute Book is 27th May, 1852, from which date to the present time the Minutes are contained in the third Minute Book, being the one at present in use.

At a meeting held 26th Augt., 1852, a Committee was appointed "to examine into the condition and completeness or otherwise of the Furniture and Regalia belonging to this Chapter, such Committee to submit their report to a future meeting."

14th June, 1853.—The Committee appointed 26th Augt., 1852, presented their report, and recommended the purchase of a new set of Principals' robes, also new Banners, Officers' Collars and Jewels, and it was resolved that the report be adopted; and accordingly (as appears from the cash account) these articles were purchased.

At a meeting held in the Freemasons' Hall, Church Institute, Bolton, on 1st

March, 1866 (the Anchor and Hope Lodge No. 37, to which the Chapter is attached, having removed to this place) a proposition was made (notice having been given at the preceding meeting) "that the Chapter be removed from the Swan Hotel to the Freemasons' Hall, Church Institute, Bolton," which was carried unanimously.

On 19th Nov., 1866, it was unanimously Resolved "That twenty pounds be given out of the funds of this Chapter towards the expenses that have been incurred in decorating and furnishing the Freemasons' Hall, Bolton."

On 9th April, 1873, the Annual Meeting of the Prov. G. Chapter of East Lancashire was held in the Chapter Room, Freemasons' Hall, Bolton, under the auspices of the Bolton Chapters, Col. Le Gendre N. Starkie, Prov. Superintendent, in the chair, when the annual business of the Prov. G. Chapter was transacted.

Having now completed our extracts from the Minutes of this ancient Chapter, we will conclude by observing that since 11th Novr., 1785, the date of the original Charter, 180 Companions appear to have been exalted in the Chapter, of whom 50 were exalted previously to 3rd August, 1836, the date of the present Charter, the remainder, 130, from that time to the present time (April, 1877).

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## WONDERS OF OPERATIVE MASONRY.

From the "Keystone."

### III.

WE continue our sketches of the most remarkable Abbeys and Cathedrals in Great Britain. No edifices of recent times can match them in architectural splendour. They are wonders of Operative Masonry, reflecting the highest honour upon the Operative Craft of the Middle Ages. The more we consider, the more we admire them, and become imbued with the spirit of the Temple builders whom we are proud to claim among our Masonic ancestry.

DRYBURGH ABBEY, on the river Tweed, 4 miles south-east of Melrose Abbey, and 35 miles south-east from Edinburgh, was once a superb monastic edifice, but now is in ruins. It was founded A.D. 1150, on a site once sacred to the Druids (the name signifying "the sacred grove of oaks"), by Hugh De Moreville, Constable of Scotland, for the Præmonstratensian Friars. Now, everywhere nature is usurping the place of art. The walls of the abbey are covered with ivy, and even from the top of some of the arches trees have sprung up to a considerable height. The architecture is of various periods, including the Roman, Saxon, Norman, and early Gothic. Near the ruin there flourishes a yew-tree, that is as old as the Abbey—it was planted seven centuries ago. Dryburgh's revenue was £1044. Bro. Sir Walter Scott gives an interesting account of the "Nun of Dryburgh," who took up her abode in a vault among the ruins of the Abbey, which she never quitted in the day-time. She went out only by night, in quest of food and charity. She had made a vow that during the absence of her lover she would never look upon the sun. Her lover never returned, and she never more beheld the light.

In St. Mary's aisle, the most beautiful part of the ruin, the remains of Bro. Sir Walter Scott were entombed, in 1832, one of his ancestors having been the proprietor of this Abbey. His eldest son, Sir W. Scott, and his son-in-law, J. G. Lockhart, were also buried here:

"So, there, in solemn solitude,

In that sequestered spot,  
Lies mingled with its kindred clay  
The dust of Walter Scott!

Ah, where is now the flashing eye  
That kindled up at Flodden Field;  
That saw, in fancy, onsets fierce,  
And clashing spear and shield?

"That flashing eye is dimmed for aye;  
The stalwart limb is stiff and cold;  
No longer pours his trumpet note  
To wake the jousts of old.

The generous heart, the open hand,  
The ruddy cheek, the silver hair,  
Are mouldering in the silent dust—  
And all is lonely there!"

NEW ABBEY, sometimes denominated SWEETHEART ABBEY, is 8 miles south of

Dumfries, and 80 miles south-west from Edinburgh. Its elegant, although roofless walls, and its airy tower, are in the early English style, while its windows are pointed and decorated. It is woman's work, erected by a daughter of one of the Lords of Galloway, as a tribute to the memory of her husband. At his death she caused his heart to be embalmed, and placed in an ivory case, and when her end approached, she directed it to be laid on her bosom, and buried with her in the Abbey which she had founded, and from this incident it derived the name of Sweetheart Abbey. Its size is 194 feet long, by 102 feet broad at the cross.

FURNESS ABBEY, in Lancashire, 15 miles from Lake Windermere—the largest lake in England, and 247 miles north-west from London, was founded by Earl, afterwards King Stephen, in A.D. 1127. This structure was one of great magnitude, as its ruins testify, and is romantically situated in the Vale of Nightshade—so called from its former luxuriant growth of that deadly plant. The massive masonry, graceful arches, and noble tower of Furness Abbey, all now overspread with ivy (which embellishes whatever it touches), are notable among the antiquities of England. The length of the Abbey is 306 feet, and of its transepts 130 feet. Its walls are five feet thick, while the walls of the tower are eleven thick! The name, "Furness" is equivalent to "furtherness," that is nose or promontory. This Abbey, which in its pristine perfection was one of the most extensive and powerful monastic establishments in the kingdom, is now but a storied ruin. The first Barons of Kendal and many of the monks, were interred within its grounds. Now, however, "No choral anthem floats the lawn along,  
For sunk in slumber is the hermit throng.  
There, each alike, the long, the lately dead.

The monk, the swain, the minstrel make their bed."

The Monks of Furness were originally Gray Monks, but soon after the Abbey's foundation they were merged into the stricter order of Cistercians, or White Monks. Their estates were very large and valuable, extending to Yorkshire, the Isle of Man, and even to Ireland, and their numbers were strong; but at the

Dissolution in A.D. 1537 there remained but thirty-three monks, who signed the deed of surrender, and were ejected.

They had flocks and herds, and largely exported wool. They also had mills, fisheries, and iron mines. Furness was the second Abbey in wealth in the kingdom, being only exceeded in this respect by Fountains Abbey in Yorkshire; and it was the mother of numerous other Abbeys, in Cumberland, the Isle of Man, Lincolnshire, and Ireland. In the north aisle of Furness there lie two well-sculptured effigies in red sandstone—one that of a warrior, armed cap-a-pie, in mail, with a drawn sword; and since Reginald King of Man was the only crowned head known to have been buried in the Abbey, it probably commemorates him. Over the chancel window are the crowned heads of a King and Queen, supposed to represent Stephen, the founder, and Maud, his wife. The great East Window is in size 47 feet by 23 feet. On the mouldings are carved nondescript animals, which it was the pleasure of the early architects to create, "but whose prototype never issued from the womb of nature." The sedilia, or canopied seats, are elaborately carved, and their ceilings worked into groins, while their arches spring from corbels presenting a variety of grotesque abortions of humanity, which must have disturbed the gravity of the more volatile monks when their eyes rested upon their ludicrous forms. Three mutilated statues lie in the chancel, effigies of Crusaders—armed men with crossed legs. On one of the tombstones, outside of the chancel, the *Compasses* are engraved—doubtless in memory of some Freemason architect, who died here while superintending the building of a portion of the edifice.

While the ancient glory of Furness Abbey has departed, it yet has a glory all its own—

"There's beauty in the old monastic pile  
When purple twilight, like a nun appears,  
Bending o'er ruined arch and waisted  
aisle—  
Majestic glories of departed years."

What though the tapestry of the spider  
waves where once an Abbot's vestments  
graced his chair; what though all of the  
outlying monasterial buildings have dis-

appeared, including the Brew House and Kitchen (concerning which, quaint old Fuller said "all is marred if the Kitchen be omitted"); still here

"Pensive contemplation loves to linger,  
And people all the silent solitude  
With the conceptions of the soul within."

PETERBOROUGH CATHEDRAL, at Peterborough, 81 miles north from London, was founded as a monastery by the son of Penda, King of Mercia; destroyed by the Danes; rebuilt by King Edgar in A.D. 970; rebuilt again in 1177 A.D. by the Abbot, and converted by King Henry VIII., at the Dissolution of the monasteries, into a Cathedral. Its prevailing style of architecture is Anglo-Norman. The length of the Cathedral is 471 feet, with transepts of 180 feet. Its western front is a magnificent one, 156 feet in breadth. The design of this front is singularly unique and superb, being of the richest Gothic. The porch has three grand arches, and these, with the receding walls, enriched doorways, groins, pillars, pediments, niches, statues, pinnacles and spires, constitute a gigantic and gorgeous front, unlike that of any other Cathedral in the world, and far surpassing most others in splendour. Its interior is one of the best examples of the Norman style in England, only exceeded in magnificence and richness of detail by the splendid Norman interior of Durham Cathedral. It has its share also of the mighty dead. In 1536 Katherine of Arragon was buried here, and in 1587 the funeral of Mary Queen of Scots was solemnized within its walls, and her remains interred in the south aisle, but afterwards removed to Westminster Abbey. The Abbot Hedda's monument (a stone bearing date A.D. 870, and commemorating the massacre of eighty-four monks by the Danes)—the last of the Abbots, under the east window; and the effigies of various abbots in the south aisle and Lady Chapel, are among the notable objects in this ancient Cathedral.

HOLYROOD ABBEY, at the eastern extremity of the city of Edinburgh, was founded in A.D. 1128, by King David I., for Canons of the Order of St. Augustine. Its present ruins include the nave of the ancient edifice, and the western front of the Abbey, which with its

sculptured arcade and rich doorway, is in an exquisite style of early English architecture. Charles I. used it as a royal chapel, and was himself crowned in it in 1633. Its roof fell in 1768, since which time it has been a ruin. Many of the Scottish nobility have tombs in it, and in the Royal Vault are the remains of several of the Kings and other illustrious personages. The Abbey is adjacent to Holyrood Palace, the ancient residence of Scottish Royalty. At the Dissolution its revenues were £2,926 in money, besides payments in kind. King James IV. was married to Margaret of England, daughter of King Henry VII., in Holyrood, in A.D. 1503; Mary Queen of Scots made her residence at Holyrood House, adjacent to the Abbey, where she married Lord Darnley, and saw Rizzio murdered, and here, also, was the scene of her fatal nuptials with Bothwell. Once Kings hastened, after a weary day's ride,

“Unto the saintly convent, with the good monks to dine,  
And quaff, to organ music, the pleasant cloister wine.”

Now the nave stands alone, ruined and roofless, but having a front and tower noble in their proportions and elegant in details. The doorway is deeply recessed, with eight shafts on either side, having capitals of birds and grotesques, from which springs an arcade of five pointed arches. Each of the clustered columns of the interior has a distinct capital, and there is a double tier above of five Gothic arches. The following are the dimensions of Holyrood Abbey: length inside, 127 feet; breadth, 59 feet; and height of east front, 70 feet.

MUCKROSS ABBEY, 4 miles from Killarney, Ireland, on the banks of the largest of the Lakes of Killarney, is a picturesque and beautiful structure, whose “gray but leafy walls, where ruin greenly dwells,” yet continue excellently preserved. The present Abbey was erected in 1340, by McCarthy More, Prince of Desmond. The entrance is by a handsomely pointed doorway, of decorated Gothic architecture, and deeply moulded. The monastery bell was found, in 1750, in the neighbouring Lake of Killarney, and its circumference was said to be “as big as

a table that would hold eight people to dine at.” Portions of the Abbey are crowded with tombs, of the McCarthys, O'Donoghues, and McFinins; and melancholy emblems of mortality—skulls and naked bones, lie in every direction in this Abbey. The great fireplace of the refectory is quite a curiosity, from its ample and hospitable dimensions. The cloisters are the most elaborate and well preserved part of this edifice, consisting of a handsome arcade of twenty-two arches. In the centre of the area is a magnificent yew-tree, so large as to cover the entire cloisters. Its trunk measures thirteen feet in circumference, and it is regarded as a singular and ornamental adjunct to the Abbey. Its spreading branches are like a great umbrella, overshadowing the ruin, and forming a more solemn covering than originally belonged to it.

INNISFALLEN ABBEY, on an island of the same name in the largest of the Lakes of Killarney, three miles from Killarney, Ireland, was founded in A.D. 600, by St. Finian. In this Abbey the celebrated “Annals of Innisfallen” were composed, over six hundred years ago, by its monks, then among the most learned in the world. The original is on parchment, and now in the Bodleian Library of the British Museum. The remains of this Abbey are far gone to decay. A small ivied orator, by a strange metamorphosis, is converted into and called the “banqueting house.” It has a handsome Romanesque doorway, and its antiquity is believed to be of the seventh century. Among noticeable objects near the Abbey is the “Bed of honor.” It owes its name to this romantic occurrence: A certain Limerick heiress flew thither with a favoured lover, to escape the proposals of a baronet, whom her father wished her to marry. After spending a night there, with honour untarnished, the two were discovered by the lady's father and her titled lover. He with whom she had fled thinking that he might safely make the offer, proposed to abandon his claim to her in favour of his rival, provided the latter, after what had passed, would accept her. This the baronet unexpectedly agreed to do, saying, that he had too much confidence in his rival's honour to

have doubted it for an instant! We take leave of Innisfallen with Bro. Tom Moore's musical lines :

"Sweet Innisfallen, fare thee well,  
May calm and sunshine long be thine,  
How fair thou art, let others tell,  
While but to feel how fair be mine."

VALLE CRUCIS ABBEY is the finest ecclesiastic ruin in Wales. It was founded A.D. 1200. It is situated near the river Dee, in Denbighshire, 30 miles south-west of Liverpool, and 133 miles north-west from London. It derived its name from its possession of a piece of the "true cross." It is now converted into a farm house, although it still retains many of its monastic features. Three rows of groined arches support the dormitory, which is now a hay-loft. The Church was cruciform, and 180 feet in length. The west front has an arched door, and over it, in a round arch, are three lancet windows. The walls are clad with ivy, and the area of the Abbey is overgrown with tall ash trees. Altogether, Valle Crucis Abbey is an exceedingly picturesque and interesting ruin. Near by it is Elise's Pillar, one of the most ancient columns in Great Britain, erected in the seventh century.

KILWINNING ABBEY is at Kilwinning, Ayrshire, Scotland, a curious old-fashioned town, situated on an eminence about two miles from the sea—the Firth of Clyde, and some twenty-six miles distant from Glasgow, and fifteen from Ayr. In the twelfth century a number of operative Masons belonging to the Fraternity of the travelling Freemasons of the Middle Ages, landed here from the Continent, for the purpose of building a Monastery, which was founded by Hugh de Morville, Lord High Constable of Scotland. The traditional year of the founding of Kilwinning Abbey is A.D. 1140, although Bro. John Baird, P.M., of Lodge Glasgow St. John, No. 3, states that some time between that and A.D. 1220 is more likely the period of its erection (*Lyon's Freemasonry in Scotland*, p. 242, note). A number of Scotch Abbeys were erected about the same time: Holyrood Abbey, A.D. 1128; Kelso Abbey the same year; Melrose Abbey, A.D. 1136; and Aberdeen Abbey, A.D. 1137; Probably parts of the same band of builders were engaged in the erection of all of

these venerable edifices. Kilwinning early became of most masonic note, and tradition awards it the chief place in Scottish Masonic annals. At one time this Abbey enjoyed the proprietorship of twenty parish churches. When entire, its buildings covered several acres, and were stately and magnificent. The only remains of the ancient pile are—a gable of the old church's transept, a finely proportioned arch, a Saxon gateway, and some mouldering walls. The Abbey derived its name from St. Winning, a Scottish Saint of the eighth century. The revenue of Kilwinning Abbey at the Dissolution was £8403 Scots. Its ruins are on the estate of the Earl of Eglinton.

To Mother Lodge Kilwinning belongs the honour of perpetuating the fame of Kilwinning Abbey. This Lodge is at the present time in a most flourishing condition. In 1807 Mother Lodge Kilwinning was awarded the place at the head of the Roll of the Grand Lodge, being No. 0, and its Master for the time was made *ipse facto* Provincial Grand Master of Ayrshire. Tradition and fact thus agree in placing this Lodge at the head of the Roll of Lodges in Scotland, and award it the proud distinction of being the Mother Lodge of the Kingdom. Its date on the Roll is, *circa* A.D. 1128.

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### ELEGIAC.

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SOPHIA SAFFERY,

Obit February 12th, 1877, *ætat* 65 years.

IN bygone years I looked upon  
My Mother's loving face,  
I saw therein the bloom of health  
And chastely glowing grace ;  
The light of love shone in her eyes,  
Its kindling beams were bright,—  
Th' expression of a mother's joy,  
The offspring of delight.  
We children clustered 'round her knees,  
And said our evening prayer,  
And lisped a verse in sacred song  
Of Jesu's gentle care.

And now this picture bright appears  
 By Mem'ry's magic power ;  
 Tho' years have flown, the scene I see,  
 And perfect to this hour.

\* \* \* \* \*  
 Again I look upon her face,  
 Where health and beauty glowed,  
 And see the sweetest, purest grace  
 On woman e'er bestowed.  
 But eyes are dim and cheeks are pale,  
 I see the sickness there,  
 And trace the struggles of a life  
 Of overwearing care.  
 I watch and pray, my fears increase,  
 In vain is all our aid ;  
 The *Time* hath come, her end is near,  
 "Fear not," the Lord hath said.  
 All through her life maternal love,  
 Unchanging, firm, and true,  
 With hallowed power incessantly  
 Our hearts unto her drew.  
 Her words were kind, her looks serene,  
 Her burden bravely borne ;  
 Her Faith and Hope in Christ were  
 placed,  
 A Christian's death we mourn.

\* \* \* \* \*  
 I gaze upon her *still* dear face—  
 Its calm solemnity  
 Is deepened by a shade—a sign—  
 Of Life's eternity !  
 The Living Soul hath only gone  
 A little while before,  
 And waiteth for the loved ones left,  
 And Resteth evermore.

JOHN SAFFERY, J.D.

De Shurland Lodge, No. 1089.

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## AN OLD, OLD STORY.

### CHAPTER IX.

"Beware young man, you  
 Know not what you do!"

OLD PLAY.  
 MODERN POEM.

MR. MAINWARING went to bed full of  
 valorous resolutions, and woke up with  
 the same manly determination. They say  
 you can always discover when a man is

about to propose, by that mingled air of  
 self-sacrifice and heroism which the victim  
 assumes for the occasion, and which some-  
 times makes him, if but for a few passing  
 moments of life, resemble Marcus Curtius,  
 of saltatory memory. After his breakfast,  
 which he eat for once with a sort of grim  
 determination unusual to him, and as an  
 act of mechanical necessity, he walked on  
 with Dan to the Cedars. Dogs are very  
 sympathetic with man. Why was it that  
 on this peculiar occasion, though his master  
 was distrait and silent, that Dan's whole  
 demeanour was expressive of exuberant  
 gratification? Admitted by Mr. Walters,  
 when he reached that well-known and hos-  
 pitable mansion, who also seemed equally  
 inspired with the knowledge of something  
 or other—which servants often learn and  
 betray—Mr. Mainwaring, though Dan had  
 to wait outside, was soon in the presence  
 of Miss Margerison. Lucy had gone off, it  
 seemed, to pay a morning visit to the Monck-  
 ton young ladies, probably to be out of the  
 way, and Miss Margerison was all alone,  
 and sitting in her straight-backed chair  
 doing crochet work. She was, as I have  
 before pointed out, a great disciplinarian,  
 a stickler for old usages and old habits,  
 and one thing she particularly disliked,  
 she said, to see young women, and for the  
 matter of that, young men, lolling about  
 in arm chairs, and so she always sat her-  
 self in a straight-backed old-fashioned  
 chair, which certainly was not comfortable  
 to look at. She was fond of remarking,  
 that this sitting in low arm-chairs made  
 the young ladies "weak in the back," and  
 as for the young men, they "lounged  
 about like stable-boys," and so she loudly  
 declared that "their manners were very  
 bad, and their dress most detestable!"

Dear good old soul ! like so many of our  
 older generation we all have known, she  
 never seemed to think that once she had  
 been young, and gay, and "frisky" her-  
 self, (as Colonel Mackintosh was fond of  
 remarking), or that the world had moved  
 on at all—but she appeared always to live,  
 as some still do, amid people of a different  
 time and race even. And yet why blame  
 those kind old souls, so amusing amid  
 their intolerance and fierce indignation at  
 change and novelty? You and I, gentle  
 reader, have seen many of them in the  
 flesh, face to face, and despite their

growls and their grumbles, their hasty speeches and their hot tempers, their dislike of innovation, and their doubts of youth, yet we felt then, as we feel now, (though they have long since left us here), that no warmer hearts, no truer friends, no more honest advisers, no more honourable, high-minded beings ever lived, for a little space of time, amid the flowery meads, or brightened the dusty pathway of this mortal land of ours!

Peace to them, and for all such, for we should, as it seems to me, always entertain those feelings of admiration and affection, of regard and respect for them, which amid their many amusing little inconsistencies, are, indeed, their just due from us all.

It was quite clear that for some reason or other Miss Margerison was not so much at her ease with Mr. Mainwaring as usual. Why? What could be the reason? Did the good, stout-hearted old girl suspect the object of his coming? Was that the cause of her sudden want of cordiality—the explanation of her sudden holding back?

It is a curious fact in the physiology of life, explain it as you may, that the old folks do not look on matrimony with the same eyes as the "young uns" do! Even when all is apparently most serene, and comfortable, and expected, the "eltern," as the Germans have it, often raise difficulties, and throw obstacles in the way. One thing or another creates a question, constitutes a hitch, causes a discussion. They seem to have forgotten, sometimes, that they ever went through the little "temporary insanity" themselves, and so they regard with a sort of quasi-suspicion, not to say affected indignation, those who take it for granted that their matrimonial arrangements are going to be made easy and smooth for them. They mean all right, but it is their little amiable weakness, their little old-world way of manifesting their own authority, and expressing their own view of things and persons, of the proceeding in general, and matrimony in particular.

And thus it was with Miss Margerison. She sat up straight in her chair, looked at Mr. Mainwaring as sturdily as she could look at anybody through her spectacles, and as Mr. Mainwaring afterwards said, "would not in any way try to help a lame

dog over a stile." At last, desperate and determined he plunged "in medias res," like a true Briton, or a crazy lover, whichever you like, and brought up the carefully avoided subject on the "tapis."

Miss Margerison had mentioned something casually about Lucy, when Mr. Mainwaring, blushing a little, ("it is a good sign when our young men blush ever so little," remarks Miss Sloper), took the bull by the horns, and said to Miss Margerison, in a most dulcet tone and a most insinuating manner, "I want to have a few words with you, my dear Miss Margerison, on a subject which very greatly concerns my present and future happiness."

"Do you, indeed," replied Miss Margerison, quite calmly, "then I am very much at your service, my dear Mr. Mainwaring."

Miss Margerison knew very well what Mr. Mainwaring had come about, as well as he knew himself, what he was as the Irishman said, "after," but like some other good old folks I have just alluded to, she would betray no interest herself in the affair, and would do nothing herself to expedite the denouement.

But Mr. Mainwaring felt with the great Cæsar, that it was "neck or nothing," (he said to himself), "aut Cæsar aut nullus," and so he "burnt his boats," like a great statesman, and went forward gallantly to encounter Boadicea, "vi et armis." Am I correct in my history and illustration, oh, sapient and well-informed young Balasso? you are the last from school, perhaps you can enlighten an old fogey like me?

"Yes, Miss Margerison," for now Mr. Mainwaring went on to say in a very deprecatory tone, "You must be aware that I have for very a long time admired your most charming niece, Lucy."

Miss Margerison knew it perfectly well, but she said nothing, though she crocheted away most vigorously. And so Mr. Mainwaring went on to plead his cause, as how many have done the like before, and will do it again, while old Time shall last, and they deserve our sympathy, do they not, friendly readers?

"Yes, Miss Margerison," he continued, "I am deeply attached to Lucy, and have been so for four years, (a very long time), and she has been good enough to confess



that she is not indifferent to me—and so I venture to-day, to ask for your approval and adhesion, for your kindly consent to our engagement!”

Miss Margerison, who had shown some little agitation during this pithy speech, at last slowly replied: “In my days—the old people were asked first;—but the world is topsy-turvy just now,—and the young folks seem to arrange everything—and have their own way, and then come to the old folks, almost as an act of condescension.”

“Oh, Miss Margerison!”

Mr. Mainwaring was beginning hypocritically, but earnestly, what would doubtless have been a very effective speech, when the door opened, and in burst Lucy, radiant, in good looks, with Colonel Mackintosh and Dan, who had found his exclusion from the house quite insupportable and a great insult to his native dignity.

“Aha,” said the Colonel; “You are a sly old gal, for here you’ve got Mainwaring to-day, proposing to you, though you threw over the curate yesterday, and here is “our Lucy” in a dreadful state of female jealousy and agitation.”

What could Miss Margerison do or say? Her kind nature was not proof against the old boy’s manœuvring, and so like a sensible old bird as she was, she hauled down her colours, and surrendered at discretion.

“No,” she said, with all her wonted cheerfulness, and a slight tone of her gentle sarcasm; “Mr. Mainwaring has not come to propose to me, but to Lucy; and he and she have settled matters, and he has come to talk them over with me; our young people are so good and so considerate.”

The old Colonel was a little taken aback at this clear statement of the position of affairs, for such a proceeding did not suit his ideas of military discipline, but, at last he said, “well, you and I, my old friend, belong to another generation. These chits—this youth and that lass—are citizens of the new one, and each generation has its own notions, and its own ways. For my part I prefer the older one, but tastes differ, and we must not be too hard on the new.”

Was not the old boy right?

So he turned to the blushing Lucy,

who had listened demurely to these pretty little speeches, and said, “you’ve gone and done it!—you’ve actually engaged yourself to that boy there!” and the old fellow smiled approvingly on Mainwaring. “Well, in my opinion, it is as it should be, and I, for one, quite approve, and hope that you may—may—may” (here the old chap hesitated and halted), and at last he brought out, “never repent the step you have taken, you two young geese!”

Miss Margerison, who had been looking very kindly all this while on the two embarrassed culprits, said in her quiet and stately way, “I quite approve, too; and I am very glad to think that Lucy is going to marry a steady and high-principled young man, for, to my mind, very many of our young men want a great deal of improving, and I should never have rested quiet in my grave had Lucy married one of those whom the world calls ‘fast youths.’”

“By Jove,” said the old Colonel, “‘improving,’—you don’t know actually what to do with them. They will do nothing but smoke and bet, and play billiards, and imbibe B. and S., and now they are taking to nips, sherry and bitters, and absinthe!” and here the old gentleman’s face assumed a look of perfect horror.

“In my days men never did such things, or, if they did, they went to the dogs. But it’s no use talking, we can’t make them old or wise, though I do think that they all want ‘straightening up,’ and their ‘shoulders well thrown back.’ The goose-step and balancing drill would do them a deal of good.”

And here the old boy marched away through an open window into the garden, where he might soon afterwards have been seen smoking his cigaret—his panacea for most earthly troubles, his soothing remedy for all the evils of life; “the more so,” as he used to say with a chuckle to his friends at the Club, “as you know I have not got a wife at home—

‘To soothe me with her finest feelings,  
To cheer me with her cheery voice.’”

Where did the old boy get his quotation from?

As for Lucy and Mr. Mainwaring they remained quietly with the old lady, talking

over present, past, and future. They were very happy; and if appearances prove anything in this world, Lucy and her young man will begin their married life under the fairest promises of earthly felicity.

But I will reserve my farewell to my readers for our next number.

(To be continued.)

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

BY BRO. EMRA HOLMES, 31°.

*P.M., P.Z., P.M.M., P.E.C., P.E.P., P.M.W.S., Past Provincial Grand Registrar of Suffolk, Past Grand Inspector of Works (Mark), Past Grand Provost, Order of the Temple, P.P.G., Banner Bearer, Royal Order of Scotland, &c., &c.*

(Continued from page 534.)

THE sixth of the old Minute Books commences 24 June, 1805, and we find a memorandum showing what was the total charge for admission at this time. We cannot do better than transcribe it for the information of the readers of the "MASONIC MAGAZINE," especially as we do not intend to take any more notes of the various fees.

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
First	2	2	0			
Making	0	8	6			
Tyler and Secretary	0	2	0			
	<hr/>			2	12	6
Second	0	5	0			
Tyler and Secretary	0	2	0			
	<hr/>			0	7	0
Third	0	10	0			
Tyler and Secretary	0	2	0			
	<hr/>			0	12	0
	<hr/>			3	11	6
Quartermaster	0	5	0			
Certificate	0	3	6			
	<hr/>			4	0	0

Amongst the items on the payment side of the accounts we find

By Janitor, alias Tyler (sic.), 9/ and we should like our Bro. Hughan to tell us whether he knows of a similar case where the Outer Guard of the Craft Lodge was given the title of the similar officer attached to a Royal Arch Chapter, bearing in mind that though the British Union Lodge is a hundred and fifteen years old it has never had an R. A. Chapter attached to it to this day.

Some idea of the expenses incident to meeting at an hotel may be gathered from the accounts, where we notice such amounts as the following:

June 20, 1805	By house bill	£1	19	6
24	"	19	10	9
Aug. 6	"	3	10	0
Sep. 3	"	3	13	6
Oct. 1	"	3	13	6
Nov. 6	"	3	4	2
Dec. 3	"	4	2	6
Dec. 27	"	21	12	3
Feb. 4, 1806	"	4	5	0
25,	"	3	16	0
April 1	"	4	17	1
May 6	"	3	6	6
June 24	"	17	18	3
Aug. 5	"	2	14	6
Sep. 2	"	3	0	0
23	"	4	1	6
Nov. 4	"	2	17	5
Dec. 29	"	23	11	10

When over £130 was spent in little over a twelvemonth on hotel expenses it is a matter of little surprise that little or nothing was done for the charities at this time.

At the first meeting of the Lodge recorded in the volume now before us, under date 24th June, 1805, we note the following:

"It is universally agreed that no Ancient Mason in future shall be admitted into our Lodge—viz., the British Union Lodge—and those that are now members shall continue with us, if he (sic) continues his (sic) meetings, but if found he has visited three times he shall be excluded."

This is a little vague, but it would appear that the jealousy between the Ancient and Modern Masons was making itself felt in the provinces at this time, and

as the Doric Lodge, Woodbridge, now No. 81, only eight miles distant, was an Athol or Ancient Lodge, it is probable that it was sought at this time to restrain all intercourse between the two Lodges. It is, however, possible that there may have been an Athol Lodge opened in Ipswich at this time, and there is little doubt that the authorities in London were taking some action in the matter, for at the meeting in October following we find "a motion was made and carried to erase the minutes dated June 24th, 1805, but was postponed till a letter was seen relative from the Grand Lodge."

At the December meeting we find that dinner was ordered for St. John's Festival for 40 members. We may therefore conclude the Lodge was prosperous for a country lodge again at this time.

On the 27th of the month—St. John's Festival—we find a list of subscribers towards the Patriotic Fund at Lloyd's, when the sum of £11 3s. was collected. The following is the footnote appended to the list: "The above was subscribed for the widows and orphans of those brave fellows who fell, and to alleviate as much as possible the wounded of these, at the Battle of Trafalgar, where our chieftain fell—Lord Nelson." By the way, was Nelson a Mason? We know the Great Duke was. One is glad to come across a record of this sort, which proves to the outside world, who are not Masons, that the brethren are not unmindful of their duty as citizens, and that their charity does not begin and end at home, as has so often been said by our enemies.

Up to this time we notice frequent visitors present from the Perfect Friendship Lodge, but now its distinguishing title, so far as the British Union was concerned, appears to have become a *misnomer*, and for some reason or other the two Lodges were evidently not on such good terms as formerly.

At the Feb. meeting in 1806, we find it proposed that "in future any subscribing member now belonging to the British Union shall not be a subscribing member to any other Craft Masons' Lodge, if continued above one quarter the said name to be erased from the British Union Lodge. Agreed. Majority 21 in favour of the said motion."

At the meeting in Novr., 1806, it was, however, unanimously agreed to amend this Minute—"that in future any subscribing member of the British Union Lodge may belong to any other held under a legal Constitution (excepting in Ipswich)."

At another meeting held on the 25th Feby., we find that the same Brother who proposed the resolution before mentioned, now "proposed a letter of remonstrance to the Grand Lodge to point out the proceedings of a few individuals for endeavouring to get a Constitution to act as *Modern Masons*. Majority in favour of the above motion 20."

Shall we be wrong in surmising that the Perfect Friendship was an Athol or Ancient Lodge, and that its members were at this time striving to get a Charter from the *Modern Grand Lodge* in London, or are we to suppose that another Athol Lodge in Ipswich or members of the Woodbridge Athol Lodge were trying to form another in Ipswich, with Charter under the *London Grand Lodge*. Perhaps Bro. Hughan can solve this difficulty by telling us if there are any records of Athol Lodges meeting in Ipswich at the period named.

Whatever the difficulty was with the Perfect Friendship all was amity again in Decr., for at the St. John's Festival (fit occasion for making friends) we find it agreed "that in future all members from the Perfect Friendship Lodge be allowed to visit on all occasions." On this occasion a vote of thanks was proposed to and a medal in commemoration of his good services were agreed to be given to the late Master, James Butcher.

The following March a sum of £3 is voted to a Brother who had been robbed.

There appear to have been 56 members of the Lodge at this time, and we find dinner ordered for St. John's Day, 24th June, for 45 members.

It is worthy of note that both St. John's Days were kept at this time. It is also worthy of note that the term *So mote it be*, presumed to be so old as to take Masonry back to Saxon times, never occurs in these Minutes, but the Minutes of every meeting are concluded with the words, "Lodge closed in harmony—Amen."

Under date Feby. 2nd, 1808, we find it ordered that the Treasurer pay 20s., being a gift for the relief of Bro. Forrester, now confined in the old gaol for debt."

One is glad to find our Brethren remembering the Tyler's toast and their duty to all poor and distressed Masons.

One comes across curious names in these Minutes. One Brother is called Christian Anchor, another Wm. Kettle, then we have Suter, and Ribbins, and other odd cognomens, such as Bro. Curtis-Plumb, etc.

A candidate was proposed in May, 1808, and rejected by "five black and negative beans," and a memo is placed at the bottom of the Minutes to the effect "*that the by-laws say no mention shall ever be made of the above.*"

A very suitable reminder to be read at the next meeting, when the Minutes were confirmed, and one which many a garrulous Mason in our own day would do well to bear in mind. Too often, we grieve to say, an adverse ballot in our country lodges has become the town gossip, and it would be well if some such caution as above were added to the by-laws of all lodges, as much unpleasantness would be saved thereby.

We think we are right in saying, however, that the British Union of to-day adopts a better plan, and rarely or never blackballs a candidate. When an unsuitable person's name is brought forward a hint is quietly given to the proposer and the name is withdrawn before it goes to the ballot, and this seems to us much the best plan.

At St. John Baptist's Festival in 1809, 65 members dined, so the lodge was evidently prospering.

17th Aug., 1809. —A Lodge was opened at the Fleece, in St. Matthews, to attend the funeral of a brother, when 38 members of the Lodge attended. After the minister had concluded the service at the grave a solemn dirge was sung, and the R.W.M. delivered an oration.

Under date 25 Octr., 1809, we find the brethren celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the Accession of George III., when the British Union and Perfect Friendship Lodge met together at the Coach and Horses Hotel, and proceeded to St. Clement's Church, where an excellent sermon

was delivered by the Revd. Dr. Bailey Wallace, Rector of St. Mary Stoke. The Lodges voted £2 10s. each to the General Fund for the relief of the industrious poor of the town of Ipswich, in token of their respect for the day "and his Majesty's sacred person and government."

Our brethren were evidently as loyal and law-abiding then as they are now, in spite of the statements to the contrary of our many maligners in the Catholic Church.

On the 3rd Nov., 1809, we find that Bro. Joseph Cooper, of the Green Man Inn, "on his deathbed having requested the Worshipful Master and brethren to follow his remains to the ground," the sanction of the Prov. Grand Master having been obtained, a Masonic procession was formed, and the brother was buried with Masonic rites.

Under date Feby. 6th, 1810, we find a candidate, Capt. Thos. Richess, *elected, initiated, passed and raised* on the same evening. Bro. Robert King was W.M. at this time.

Now this brother, who was a P.M. at the time of his election to the chair of this old lodge, becomes an interesting personage to our brother Knights Templar when we tell them that his name and those of Bros. John Gooding and Saml. Girling, (who was W.M. in 1811,) all members of this Lodge, occur in the Charter of the Prudence Preceptory of Knights Templars, as the petitioners named specially "with several other Knights of the said Order residing in Ipswich, to whom was granted the Charter to hold the Encampment of Prudence in this year 1810."

This Charter has the following superscription: "*To those whom it may concern, Greeting, and more particularly to the Knights Companions of the Royal, Exalted, Religious, and Military Order of H.R.D.M., K.D.S.H., Grand Elected Knights Templars of St. John of Jerusalem,*" etc., and it is noticeable that with reference to recent proceedings in Great Priory, reported in the *Freemason*, where it was decided to restore the *old* title *Masonic*, which had been eliminated in the new Statutes as not being archaic, that the word *Masonic* does not occur once in this Charter of 1810.

The British Union Lodge therefore may

be said to be the founder of Knight Templarism in Ipswich.

In May, 1810, a Mr. Christian Anchor, a Norwegian, received the three degrees at one time, and at the following Lodge a visitor from the Angel Lodge, Colchester (a very prosperous and influential Lodge now), was noted as being present. At the St. John's Festival, in June, a note was received from the Lodge of Perfect Friendship, giving our Lodge an invitation to join theirs in a day's excursion upon the water. No record is made as to whether they went, but we can fancy no pleasanter or more Masonic way of spending a day than on the beautiful Orwell, and we recommend our Suffolk, and particularly our Ipswich brethren to try a repetition of what must have been a very agreeable *al fresco* entertainment sixty odd years ago.

Under date Sep. 4th., 1810, we find the following Minute: "It was also unanimously agreed that our Right Worshipful Provincial Grand Master for this county, Sir William Middleton, Bart., should be presented with his Grand Warrant, now in possession of Bro. Robert King, the W.M. of this Lodge, and his bill of *quarterages due to this Lodge*, the earliest opportunity."

Perhaps Sir William was like the Duke of Sussex, who, by the way, became in 1812 Grand Master of the Knights Templar.

A story is told of him that he was very willing to put his name down to head a subscription list for £100, but that he could never be got to pay. On one occasion an unusually plucky secretary of some charity to whom he had given his name in the usual way ventured to ask H.R.H. to pay the amount he had so graciously promised. The Duke looked at him with blank amazement.

"What," said he? "kill the goose that lays the golden eggs. Never!"

And the secretary found, as many had found before, that the Duke's word was his bond in a sense new to the readers of Shakespeare. Possibly Sir Wm. may have thought with the Royal Duke that the brethren ought to be quite satisfied with his name, and that it was all nonsense to expect subscriptions from so august a personage.

That this was so is evidenced by the

Minutes of the Lodge in Decr., where it is recorded that the W.M. did present Sir Wm. Middleton with his bill of quarterage, "which said bill Sir William did not think himself bound to discharge." *No-blesse oblige.*

We note that the By-laws were revised this night.

At the celebration of St. John's Festival, in Decr., 1810, we find the Lodge adjourned for dinner at 4 o'clock, and returned to the Lodge Room at 5, when the Lodge did not close till 10. A note is made at the end of the proceedings:

"Received a letter from the Perfect Friendship Lodge, signifying they had honoured us in open Lodge in the usual manner, which compliment was returned in like form and their letter answered."

It is pleasant to note this little interchange of courtesies between the two Lodges, and one cannot but regret that the old Lodge of Perfect Friendship is now alas no more. It has, however, a worthy successor in its namesake, which we see by the *Cosmopolitan Calendar* was founded in 1824, and which is one of the most prosperous and well conducted Lodges in Suffolk, possessing several both *bright and learned* Masons to carry on the grand traditions of the Craft and to rule worthily each in his turn over a body of men who zealously uphold the principles of our Order.

(To be Continued.)

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### SONNET.

BY BRO. REV. M. GORDON.

(For the "Masonic Magazine.")

SPEAK loud, ye tossing woods—thou  
sounding sea,  
And stormy heav'ns—ye thunders as  
ye start  
From cliff to cliff, while lightnings  
point your dart;  
Speak loud—thy voice, O vain humanity,

Be still ;—be thine, a silent, a mute plea ;  
 While the Muse whispers to the poet's heart  
 Sweet strains ;—whose sweetness he can but impart  
 To kindred hearts, which share song's ecstasy ;  
 Indwelling strains of mystic melody ;  
 Whose breath is hush'd save in each conscious breast,  
 For which its still small voice of harmony  
 Hath golden chords, with golden accents blest ;  
 Rich strains ;—which folly's cold unheeding ear  
 Like the deaf adder's, ne'er can brook to hear.

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### Civil and Mechanical Engineer's Society.

7, Westminster Chambers,  
 Victoria Street, S.W.

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#### THE TRANSPORT OF CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE FROM EGYPT TO LONDON.

At the last meeting of this society, held by permission of the Council in the hall of the Institution of Surveyors, Great George Street, Bro. R. M. Bancroft (of the Great Northern Railway), president of the society, in the chair, an interesting lecture on "The Means of Transport from Egypt, and the Erection in London, of Cleopatra's Needle," was given by Mr. John Dixon, C.E., who has undertaken to bring the obelisk to England.

Mr. Dixon commenced by observing that the obelisk known as "Cleopatra's Needle" was of great historical interest, because it had sculptured upon it the history of the man who quarried it from the old quarries of Syene (the modern Assouan), and the reason why he quarried it. There were few monuments extant, so far as we knew, which could, like this, date back 3,400 years. In addition to its historical interest, however, the obelisk in

question was of interest to engineers, in consideration of the means which were resorted to in order to quarry and transport in safety such huge monoliths. Cleopatra's Needle was not alone among obelisks, and possessed no peculiar features. In point of size, it stood only about eighth or ninth on the list of obelisks with which we were acquainted. The largest of which we knew was the Lateran Obelisk in Rome, which was brought by the Romans, with about twenty smaller ones, from Egypt, as the most curious objects they could lay hold of to decorate their imperial city. The Lateran Obelisk had a height of something like 90 ft., and was 10 ft. 6 in. square at the base, whereas Cleopatra's Needle was only 69 ft. 3 in. high, with a base of 7 ft. square. Ten years ago, when the lecturer was in Egypt, his attention was especially directed to this obelisk, which he saw lying in the sand on the shore at Alexandria. He dug around it and under it for the purpose of examining it, and it appeared to be little the worse for wear, except that two of its sides were somewhat weatherworn, and did not retain the polish which still existed on the other two sides. Nevertheless, the hieroglyphic inscriptions were quite distinct enough to be read by those learned in those matters, and it therefore retained its history as clearly as on the day when it was set up by Thothmes III., circa 1400 B.C. Egypt in those days was the leading country of the world, not only in arts and commerce, but in learning and science, and to her great university of Heliopolis came Strabo, Pliny, Herodotus, and others. Thothmes went to the old quarries of Syene for the material of his obelisks. From these quarries for generations before him the Egyptians had been accustomed to sculpture those great blocks of granite which even to this day were our wonder and admiration. The granite of Syene was micaceous and somewhat coarse in texture and pinkish in colour, and in the quarries to the present day there existed an obelisk, half cut out, much larger than any other we know of. That obelisk, if it had ever been completely quarried and set up, would have been 96 ft. high and about 11 ft. square at the base. The proportion of height of these obelisks to the square of base was generally about 10 to 1, or, in other words, the height was

about ten times the square of the base. The hieroglyphics on "Cleopatra's Needle" were from 2 ft. to 3 ft. long, cut 2 in. deep, and 3 in. or 4 in. broad, so that they could be read from a distance of fifty or sixty yards. The inscription, besides recording the virtues and power of Thothmes, recorded that the obelisk when set up was tipped with gold. This feature was of course gone, but there was a slight ledge round the point at the top, which was no doubt made to receive a gold tip, or one of bronze gilt. On the top of the obelisk of Luxor, at Paris, which the French brought from Egypt, there was a similar ledge or groove. The inscription on Cleopatra's Needle did not say in what city that obelisk was set up. Some accounts had it that it was first erected at Thebes, and was afterwards removed by Ramesis to Memphis. Be that as it might, it was ultimately removed to the ancient city of Heliopolis. The site of that city, once the Oxford and Cambridge of the world, and at that time, it may be presumed, covered with magnificent buildings, now presented one of the most astounding spectacles which could be witnessed. Nothing remained but a green plain, in the centre of which was a solitary obelisk, opposite to which once stood the stone now known as "Cleopatra's Needle." The latter was subsequently removed to Alexandria. How it came to be thrown down in its present position nobody knew. It had been conjectured that an earthquake was the cause of its overthrow, but it was much more likely, Mr. Dixon thought, that it was thrown down to get at the bronze tortoises on which it was believed all these obelisks were placed. In 1798 the French conquered Egypt, and they laid their hands on everything that was valuable or invaluable in the country. They carried off an enormous quantity of Egyptian remains, and they proposed to carry off the Rosetta stone (now in the British Museum), Cleopatra's Needle, and other antiquities. Before they could do so, however, they were driven out of Egypt by the English, and at the conclusion of that brilliant campaign, in which Sir Ralph Abercrombie fell, a great effort was made to secure Cleopatra's Needle, which would when erected in London, form a fitting monument of one

of the most brilliant campaigns in which English arms had ever been engaged.

The army subscribed four or five days' pay, and, assisted by the navy, took steps to remove the obelisk. They had hardly commenced, however, ere the red tape and pipeclay of those days sent forth an order to desist in the attempt, as such work would be destructive of discipline and of the accoutrements of the men. So the obelisk remained where it was. When Mehemet Ali assumed the reins of power, he, wishing to please George III., presented the Rosetta stone and many of the principal objects in the Egyptian Court of the British Museum, together with Cleopatra's Needle, to the English nation. The British Government, however, had always declined meddling with this obelisk, although repeatedly urged to bring it over. The expense involved was made the great obstacle, although even so utilitarian a man as Joseph Hume proposed to spend the national money in bringing over the obelisk, and contended that the money would be well spent for such an object. The cost of bringing over the obelisk has been estimated in years gone by at £100,000, but Mr. Dixon said he was confident that the cost would not exceed one-eighth or one-tenth of that sum. Eventually the British Government had renounced the gift. Recently, as was well known, Dr. Erasmus Wilson, F.R.S., had munificently come forward and had offered to find the money if Mr. Dixon would undertake the engineering details involved in the transport of the obelisk to England. That offer had been accepted. The Khedive, on being spoken to on the subject by Mr. Fowler, his Highness's chief engineer, and who was now in Egypt, said he should be pleased to see the obelisk removed to England if the Government would accept it on behalf of the nation. This the Government had consented to do, and it had again been presented to England through our Consul General in Egypt. Nothing now remained, therefore, but to remove the obelisk to England. The stone was at present lying embedded in the sand on the shore of Canopus Bay, to the east of Alexandria. It was parallel to, and not far from the water-line, which washed the foot of a quay-wall backed up by the sand in which the obelisk

was buried. The water was very shallow for a considerable distance out, and its bed was of rock covered with a fine sand, so that to dredge or excavate a channel for a vessel to come alongside the quay-wall and take the obelisk on board, would involve an outlay of £50,000 or more. It would also be impossible to make a mole on which to convey the obelisk out to a vessel lying in deep water, simply because there was no material available, and even were there material, the length of mole required would necessitate an outlay of at least £30,000. Neither of these plans was available. What was proposed to be done was simply to excavate about the obelisk, and to build around it a huge iron cylinder or boiler, so to speak, 95 feet long and 15 feet in diameter. In the first instance there would be constructed around the obelisk, 10 ft. apart, about seven diaphragms, discs, or collars, so to call them, circular on plan, and with square apertures in the centre through which the obelisk passed and would be held in position by wedges and other appliances so disposed and arranged as to prevent any excess of strain being brought to bear on the monolith under any circumstances, whether the cylinder containing it were held up in the centre on the crest of a wave or at each end by two waves without any support in the centre. To these diaphragms or collars would be built longitudinal girders and framing, which would in their turn carry concentric ribs of iron to receive the external skin of plate iron. The obelisk will be disposed as nearly as possible in the centre of this cylinder, which will have both its ends pinched up, so to speak, in wedge-form, to serve as bow and stern. On the side of the cylinder which is intended to remain uppermost, manholes will be left for taking in ballast. The weight of the obelisk is about 183 tons. The cylinder, when completed, will be rolled out in the shallow water until it floats, being previously covered with a stout jacketing of timber-work, in order to prevent the possibility of its being damaged by any sharp pieces of rock which it may roll over. When the cylinder is in deep water it will be towed into the Khedive's dry dock at Alexandria, where the wooden jacketing will be stripped off; one of the wedge-

shaped ends will be provided with a rudder, and the cylinder will be fitted with two bilge keels and a small platform or deck, thus becoming a cylinder ship. It will be named the *Cleopatra*. Ballast will be taken on board to give the whole greater stability, which would have been secured, if the obelisk could have been taken on board an ordinary vessel, by placing the load nearer to the bottom than in the present case, where, in order to facilitate the rolling of the cylinder, the obelisk is to be placed in the centre. All being ready and the weather favourable, the cylinder and its contents would be towed to England. Mr. Dixon went into details to show the stability of the vessel, as to which every care had been taken, seeing that not only was the safety of the obelisk involved, but the credit of English engineering was at stake. The plans of the vessel had been approved by Mr. Froude and other authorities on the subject of naval architecture. Having reached the Thames it would be towed to that part of the embankment wall nearest to the site which might be selected, and at high tide would be floated on to a staging or grid-iron of timber constructed to receive it. When the tide receded the cylinder would be left high and dry, and would then be raised by hydraulic power until the level of the Embankment was reached. The keels, deck, and other excrescences having been removed, and the ballast taken out, the cylinder would be rolled across the Embankment to the site the obelisk was intended to occupy, where the cylinder would be broken up and removed to the scrap-heap.

Then came the question of raising the obelisk into an upright position on its pedestals. The Romans, and, later, the French, had pulled their obelisks up by ropes, but that plan necessitated a large number of capstans and other appliances. Mr. Dixon proposed to raise *Cleopatra's Needle* in the following manner: Having brought the centre of the obelisk over the exact site it was to stand upon, he should put round the central 4 ft. or 5 ft. an iron jacket, or, more properly speaking, a pair of iron stays capable of being so tightly laced or screwed up as to prevent the stone from slipping. On the centres of two of its sides this jacket would have projecting



trunnions capable of bearing the whole weight of the obelisk. The obelisk would then be gradually raised by hydraulic power, applied at each end alternately, and as it was raised a scaffold or staging of baulks of timber would be gradually built under it, the obelisk still lying in a horizontal position. When the timber staging had reached the required height, two iron girders would be placed parallel with the obelisk. Upon these girders would rest the trunnions before referred to, and the girders resting upon the end portions of the timber-staging, would allow of the central portion of the staging being removed, so that the obelisk would swing nicely balanced on the trunnions, the bottom of the obelisk just clearing the stone on which it was to rest, and from that position could be easily lowered into its place by the lowering of the girders to a slight extent. One advantage of this plan was that on a bright moonlight night the stone could be experimentally lowered on to its pedestal to ascertain whether everything was right, and could then be pulled up again ready for the public ceremony. The lecture, which was illustrated by large plans on the walls, and by a model of the proposed cylinder-ship, attracted an unusually large audience, and an interesting discussion ensued.

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#### A BROTHER'S ADVICE.

BRO. J. H. JEWELL, P.M. (AMHERST LODGE.)

EVER with fortune's bright sunshine around you,  
 Think well of the hearts by adversity froze;  
 Objects of pity may oftimes surround you,  
 Aid them with comforts and banish their woes.  
 The tempests of life are oft sad and appalling,  
 Trouble's rough seas oft engulfing the brave:  
 Rush to the rescue when true hearts are falling,  
 Ever be ready a *confrère* to save.

Never through life turn your back on a brother,  
 Whom tempests have batter'd and wreck'd on life's way;  
 Rather be trying his sorrows to smother,  
 With prosperity's sun lend him one cheering ray,  
 Friendship's the link which in life's cable bindeth  
 Firmer the anchor that Hope leaneth on,  
 And when one faithful heart a poor wanderer findeth,  
 The haven of life will be cheerfully won.

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#### THE WAY WE LIVE NOW.

By MENTOR.

I AM not going to review Mr. Anthony Trollope's amusing and improving novel, for a notice of it has already appeared in the MASONIC MAGAZINE. But I have chosen the heading of this article as the text of a Masonic sermonette on a subject alluded to in the last number—namely, what an "Old Fogey," in *Temple Bar*, on whom I then commented, thought well to term the "Excessive Influence of Women."

I drop the editorial "we," to-day, and write in proper individuality—in propria persona.

The "old Fogey" has coolly and calmly propounded the theory that the present relaxation of Society—of the world—that the real cause of the unsatisfactory conditions of conversation, religion, literature, and the stage, personal expenditure, and the like, arise from the "undue influence of women." I entirely differ from him, in all proper deference, and shall proceed to give, not only my reason why, but to point out where the "shoe really pinches," or in fact as we often say, and our young sporting friend Horsey Johnson will quite echo the words, to "put the shoe on the right foot of the right horse."

The "old Fogey" accuses women of having influenced and infected alike that

development of mournful weakness and deplorable decadence which, he says, are too plain in conversation, expense, literature, the theatre, and religion, and marriage. So let us take these items of the account seriatim, and see what the "tottle" is. As regards to conversation, the converse of his statement is notoriously the fact, namely, that the defect in conversation does not arise from the over "palaver" of the women, as he is civil enough to say, but from the deficiency of the men, and especially our male youth! No one who has studied the educational question in its widest range, or attended to its actual working, but must know this—that "pour le moment"—I fain would hope only "pour le moment"—the women in all classes alike are ahead of the men, especially in the younger generation. What has rendered conversation so trivial and so flighty, and so unhealthy latterly, (I quite agree in this with the "old Fogey"), is that our young men can only talk of the things which they do understand—bets and horses, fast life, and questionable company, racehorses and chronic exercises. Hence all society assumes a "quasi-sandalous inebriate style," and all the undercurrents of life, which do not always appear on the surface, are known, discussed, and realized, even by our young ladies. Our young men are, for the most part, so debased by a slavish subserviency to text books, and students "Humes," and the like, so crammed for the examining mania, that they have studied very little thoroughly, and mastered hardly anything clearly. Scholarship and close reading are at a discount; the "coach" and the "analysis," the "compendium" and the "abstract," have struck a heavy blow against actual industry and individual acquirement. We live in an age of generalities and second principles, and we vote the tedious process of study, and thought, and induction, a bore and a blunder. Hence we have plenty of talkative popinjays, with a smattering of many things, knowing nothing perfectly—a baud of pretentious heroes, whose spelling is defective, and whose conversation is hopelessly rapid. Some of our leading men have foolishly hounded on the absurd cry against classical studies, and so many of our young men are floored when they

hear of Dr. Schliemann's excavations at Mycenæ, as they are utterly ignorant of the old world stories of Agamemnon, and Cassandra, Clytemnestra, and Ægistheus. This is a good illustration of what I am contending for. If conversation is weak and aimless to-day, the fault is with the young men, not the women!

With reference to expense, the statement is equally fallacious. Enervated luxury and heartless expenditure, questionable company and depraved manners, are very fashionable among our rising youth. Their extravagance is perfectly dreadful. Dress and flowers, horses and cigars, grooms and decorations, pretty knickknacks, and old china, are the rage, and on them they lavish large sums of money, which being for the most part borrowed, "Billi, Billæ, Billa," bring them rapidly into "Short Street," and into graver embarrassments. Talk of the extravagance of women, it is positively as nothing compared with the childish wastefulness of men!

That some women are greatly addicted to dress and expenditure, who denies? but that the present love of extravagance, "outrè" fashions and abnormal payments is to be laid at the door of the woman, I, for one, utterly deny. The men like those dressy and bedizened dolls you meet here and there, and therefore at once society always, in extremes, thinks it needful to "out-Herod Herod" in those modern tastes and that gaudiness in outward adornment, which I admit are too common, but are not so to say indigenous to woman positively. Let men cut down their expenses, open and secret, reform their habits, restrain their unhealthy and unjustifiable proclivities, and control their moral life, and they will soon behold a wonderful change in the great feminine world!

And then the theatre is said to be another arena in which woman's influence is prejudicially felt! Is that the influence which predominates at many of our theatres to-day, happily not all? I think not! For whom, in some, is the "banquet made ready?" and for whom do the "flowers bloom," and the "lights glitter," and "dulcet cadences fall," and the "soft songs of sirens prevail,"—the women? Oh dear no; our own golden youth! whom

the French wittily term "nos Codés."

To declare that the present tone of theatrical performances, (on which, however, too much of censure is cast, after all, as well as of childish criticism), is due to the female mind, is positively too ludicrous!

The lighter pieces, of which the "old Fogey" complains are all addressed at "homines," "ad juvenes," not "ad feminas," but I think that the "old Fogey" under estimates the effect of many admirable performances which do equal credit just now to the taste of the audiences and the talents of our actresses and actors.

And what shall we say of literature? Who are they that read nothing but sporting, sensational, realistic novels, questionable French productions, and the idle excrescences of a pernicious dilettanti school? Who are they who bind worthless books in gaudy bindings, and fill limited book-shelves with a brilliant collection of absolute trash? Our young women—or women generally? I deny the soft impeachment. Is it not our new male generation? Women read, just now, more than men; think more than men; and digest the "mental pabulum" more easily and readily! Let the moral be what it may!

And now as to Hymen. Do women make more mercenary marriages than men? I fancy not.

Indeed, is it not too notorious that with a large proportion of our youth, just now, not what a girl is, but what she has, is the real question at issue? Is it not, alas, too true that many men marry positively, simply, and solely for money? Who can read without emotion a little case lately in Sir James Hannen's court, where, on the evening of the marriage, the brave husband told his wife that he had only married her for her money, and commenced brutally to ill-treat her? They say, then, "exceptio probat regulum," but I fear not, in this particular. It is not so much the women who are mercenary very often as the men!

And then as regards religion. That our women may love ornate churches, and

æsthetical services, I do not deny—it is the taste of the day, (and good within due limits,)—but it is not they who rush into those wondrous displays—at which an old stager like myself stares in utter astonishment—into foreign teachings, and fantastic gyrations. The truth is, that our good friend the "old Fogey"—skilful writer as he is, alike in his illustrations and his antithesis—has, in a word, summed up that masculine indictment against women which I have always held to be so unfair and so unjust!

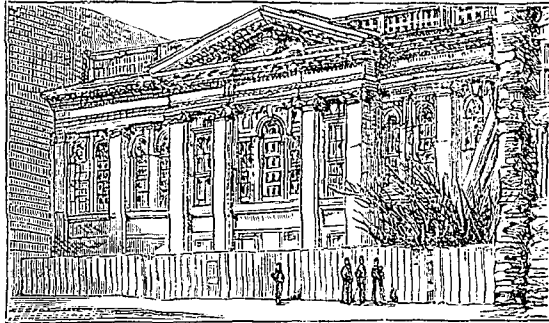
That a great amount of demoralization is going on just now in Society, I quite concede, but "à qui la faute?" Not the women!

No, it is simply the fault of the men—old, middle-aged, juvenile! Yes, there is the real cause of all our restlessness and discontent, our unhappiness and evil.

But do not let us use extravagant words, or seek to "pile up the agony." The fast lives of our young men are doing an incalculable evil to society and to themselves. But as in another article in this number it has been thought well to allude to the same subject, I say no more upon it, except that I would forgive a great deal in all this "étourderie" of youth, if it was not for that dreadful hypocrisy which is increasing among us—if we did not meet daily those pretentious young Joseph Surfaces, who hold forth in language which, to my old ears, is as untrue as it is revolting.

To hear them talk, you would believe that all women were corrupt and they immaculate; that they really deplore the license of society and the sad consequences of unbridled luxury, and cold-hearted profligacy, when you know all the while, that their inner lives are an abject mockery of all that is sacred, pure, and good!

And so I close as I commenced, the "fons et origo mali" are not to be found in "Female Influence," but in that weak-witted, verdant, variable, shallow-pated, semi-educated generation, whose highest merit and dearest longings appear to be, just now, "Folly's Regime, Effrontery's brazen claim!"



CARPENTERS' HALL.

THE Carpenters' Hall, of which we give a vignette, by the kind permission of the publisher of the *Graphic*, and for which, out of courtesy, we are much obliged, but has not much connexion with Freemasonry, inasmuch as none of the earlier meetings of Grand Lodge appeared to have been held there, like as at the Fishmongers', the Mercers', the Haberdashers', the Vintners', the Merchant Taylors', the Stationers', the Draper's Halls—yet, archaeologically, it has still somewhat of interest for us. For it is a remnant of that old guild system of ours which once had such influence over our public and private life in this country, whose reality, so to say, has hardly yet been realised by our historians, whose usefulness and value have yet to be fully appreciated.

We are indebted for the following account of it, its destruction, and the rebuilding of the Hall, as well as for the vignette above, to our interesting contemporary the *Graphic*:

"The date of the first incorporation of the Carpenters' Company by Royal Charter is a matter of uncertainty; one writer placing it as early as 1344, the seventeenth year of the reign of Edward III., and another giving 1478, the seventeenth year of Edward IV. It appears, however, to be beyond doubt that in 1428 the "citizens and carpenters of London" obtained from the Prior of St. Mary Spital a lease of five cottages and some waste land in the parish

of All Hallows, London Wall, and that in the following year these cottages were pulled down, and a "Great Hall" and other buildings erected upon the site. Additions, repairs, and decorations are known to have been executed at various subsequent dates, but an unfortunate blank in the history of the Company, from 1515 to 1532, makes it impossible to say positively whether the Hall which is now in progress of demolition is the original building, or whether a new Hall was built during the interval above alluded to. It was one of the few City Halls which escaped the Great Fire of London, and it has an entrance hall added by Jupp about 1780, and enriched with *bas relief* portraits of Inigo Jones, Wren, and others, by Bacon. The most interesting portion of the structure from an artistic and archaeological point of view are the interior decorations of the Great Hall, which include some elaborate carvings in massive oak, both in the roof and in the mullions of the windows, which are filled in with stained glass bearing the ancient Royal Arms (the Lion and the Dragon), the City Arms, and the names of different Masters and Wardens for many years, and a remnant of what is supposed to have been the Arms of the Company.

"The western side of the Hall was adorned with a series of paintings which are supposed to have been covered up at the time of the Puritan crusade against all

pictures which included representations of Our Saviour or of the Virgin Mary. They were accidentally discovered in 1845 by a workman who, finding the wall not firm enough to hold a nail which he wished to drive into it, tore away some of the canvas and brought the old pictures to light. They occupy the whole breadth of the Hall, twenty-three feet, and are about three feet in height. The subjects, which are taken from Scripture, and have special reference to carpentry, are divided into four compartments, by ornamental columns painted in distemper. The paintings themselves are executed upon a layer of lime about one-sixth of an inch thick, which rests on a thick layer of earth and clay, held together with straw and supported by laths. The first subject represents the Almighty giving instruction to Noah concerning the building of the Ark, upon which Shem, Ham, and Japheth are busily at work. The second represents King Josiah (II. Kings 22), ordering the repair of the Temple, the third an incident in the early life of Our Lord, who is gathering up the chips scattered by Joseph, who is at work upon a beam of wood. The Virgin is seated on one side spinning, and in the original is a figure which is not reproduced in our engraving—viz., a grave personage in sixteenth century costume, who appears to be giving orders respecting Joseph's work. The fourth compartment shows the child Jesus teaching in the synagogue, but a great portion of the picture is destroyed. Above each compartment is an appropriate quotation from Scripture, painted in black letter, but the only inscription which remains perfect is that descriptive of the third subject. The paintings are executed in a vigorous black outline, the tints of the dresses are flat, without any attempt at shading, and there are some traces of gilding. The costume is curious, being a mixture of antiquated dress and the ordinary attire of the artist's own period. The attendants and officers of King Josiah are in costume of the latter part of the reign of Henry VIII., while the men in the synagogue are in a heterogeneous sort of dress which was much used by Scriptural designers of that time. The paintings, which are placed about nine feet from the ground, are surmounted by an embattled oak beam, over

which, in the spandril of the arch, is painted the arms of the Company, supported by nude figures of boys. There is also an inscription, which, however, is nearly obliterated.

"The new Hall of the Carpenter's Company is in course of erection in London Wall, the entrance being in the new street called Throgmorton Avenue. The style is Italian, from the designs of William Willmer Pocock, Esq., F.R.I.B.A. The foundation-stone was laid on the 1st August, 1876, by Stanton William Preston, Esq., then the Master of the Company, and the building is to be completed by the end of the present year. It is intended to introduce into the new building the old oak carving and other decorations now in the present Hall."

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## THE LADY MURIEL.

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(From Bro. Emra Holmes' "*Tales, Poems, and Masonic Papers*," about to be published.)

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### CHAPTER IV.

#### LADY MURIEL.

"WHAT became of the lady?" I asked.

Falconbridge was in a profound reverie, and took no notice. At last with a sort of half start, he seemed to recover himself, and said—

"Pardon me, my thoughts were far away. Did you speak?"

I repeated the question.

"Oh, ah, yes; I will tell you. It was only six months after her marriage that, by the sudden death of Mandeville's cousin, whose only son had predeceased him by a few months only, he came into the earldom of Kilpatrick, and my friend became an Irish Countess. He did not enjoy the dignity long, however, for, four months afterwards, I saw his death in the papers, which occurred through a fall from his horse in the hunting field, and at twenty-four Muriel was a widowed Countess, and would shortly become a mother. In the

event of there being no son, the title and estates went to a distant cousin, and the Earl, always a careless man and by no means a loving husband, had made no provision for his widow whatever. Poor thing! it was a time of great anxiety for her. If, in the course of the next three months, she should happily become the mother of a boy, he would be the eighth Earl of Kilpatrick, the possessor of a proud title and ample estate, and she, as his mother and guardian, would live in comfort and even affluence. If, on the contrary, the posthumous child should be a girl, she would be left almost penniless and without a home. The family had never taken any notice of her, always talking, as I heard of "that dreadful *mésalliance*," as they were pleased to call it, with much disdain. It was not likely, therefore, that she would look to them for anything. Meanwhile, of course, she was left in possession at Castle Court. I did not go to Canada after all. Our regiment had been ordered out to the Crimea, the war having broken out. I should have preferred staying in England for her sake, especially just then; but no man of honour could leave the army at such a time. I suppose it was owing to her trouble and anxiety, poor thing! but the little stranger made its appearance two months before it was expected, and it was a girl. The news reached me just two days before I sailed, and I went immediately to my bankers, arranged for the purchase of £10,000 worth of consols—almost the whole of my available property then—and had it entered in her name, so that she should not be entirely penniless. I left instructions also that £200 should be immediately paid her, and that the money should be conveyed in such a manner as to lead her to suppose it was her husband's property. I well knew that her proud spirit would not allow her to receive it from me. The next news I heard was that she had left Castle Court with her child, and had gone to Ryde for the winter. I did not meet her for three years, though I had taken occasion to write to her once or twice to proffer my services if she needed them, and she always wrote me pretty frank replies.

"It was in the spring of 1857 that we met, soon after my return from the Crimea, Directly the war was over I sold out,

making up my mind to ask her to marry me. From motives of delicacy I had refrained from approaching her as a lover hitherto, because I knew she felt her husband's death very much, though he had not treated her kindly. As I told you, however, she was ailing, and in 1858 I took lodgings for her at Dovercourt, the doctors recommending her to leave Derbyshire, where she then was, and try the sea air for herself and the little girl. I grew very much attached to the little Muriel, as you may imagine, for she was very like her mother; and her delicacy of health, whilst it endeared her more to her mother, perhaps, was not the less attractive to me. Poor girl! I could not bear to lose her now; it would break my heart. Well, Lady Kilpatrick at length grew, I think, to like me enough to promise me her hand, and we were to be married in the autumn of that year. But, to my great grief, as the summer drew on, she had another attack of the disorder with which she had been previously afflicted. It baffled the skill of the doctors, and soon her days were numbered, and I found that I must lose the only friend, the only woman whom I loved in the world. A countess is never without friends of a sort; but Muriel was not rich enough to mix in the society her rank would warrant, and the circumstances of her life, the troubles she had passed through and her always delicate health, combined to make her lead a very *secluded*—ill-natured people called it a very *exclusive*—life. She was an interesting invalid—a lady of title, whom every one knew by name and by sight; but no one intimately; and although many people of position called upon her at Ipswich, she always returned their calls, and the acquaintance ended there. Not that she was proud—far from it; but the circumstances of her life altogether, as I have said, led her to live secluded and much alone.

"It was just such a day as this, I remember, that I saw her last—a lovely, soft autumn day. She was much better, and had so far recovered that she could be carried into the garden to enjoy the balmy air and the beautiful sunlight.

" 'John,' she said, 'I feel better to-day, much better. If I recover, I will try to be a good wife to you.'

" 'God grant you may, dear,' I answered.

"But if I should not, you will be good to Muriel, will you not?"

"She shall be as dear to me as if she were my own child."

"Thank you! you are too good to me and mine," she answered, with the tears welling up into her beautiful eyes.

"Beverley, you don't know what I have gone through.

"The doctors buoyed me up with hopes that she would recover. Mrs. Vaux thought that she was gaining strength daily. So much better was she that I took a house, and had already commenced furnishing it in anticipation of a coming event which was to bring such happiness to me, when one morning I was hastily summoned to Killmallock Lodge, only just in time to find that Muriel had broken a blood vessel, and was rapidly sinking. In an hour from my arrival, she was no more!

"Man, I cried like a child! the blow was almost too heavy to bear. The one hope, the life, the joy of my heart was gone, and only coldness and weariness remained.

"I have smiled sometimes to find, by some chance expression of yours, that you fancied me a gloomy misanthrope, a cynic, a misogynist.

"I suppose you little know how much I have gone through. Well, to make a long story short, I may tell you that the noble relations who had held aloof from her whilst alive, now she was dead, took her from me, and laid her in the burial ground at Castle Court beside her husband. The grand funeral—what a mockery it was to treat her as a countess only when she was dead! The thing disgusted me. They offered to take the little girl to educate; but Muriel's last request was that I should take care of the child, and I would not give her up to them.

"After Lady Kilpatrick's death I could not stay in England.

"I got unsettled, and roamed about, visiting, in the course of my rambles, Baden, Paris, Biarritz, Vienna, Rome, Switzerland, but could not bear to abide in any place long at once, and thus spent some years seeking for relief in change of scene and company.

"I don't suppose I have led a very good or useful life. On the contrary, I have wasted my time a good deal, I dare say;

and, to tell you frankly, I think it was through meeting you last year in Paris that I was led first to think of coming back to England and settling down. Muriel's health, too, not being very good at Heidelberg, where I sent her as soon as she was old enough to leave England, made me resolve to make a home for her here.

"I had spent a fortune abroad; but some capital investments here have more than recouped all I lost there.

"Of course, my ward gets all I have when I die."

"Do you believe in these capital investments?" I asked.

"Oh yes, I'm secure enough. Half my property is invested in the great ship-building company in the north—Waters, Waters and Company."

"The deuce it is," I said.

Yes, and it will be a fine property for Muriel some day, man! you see if it isn't.

"Poor child! she is now fourteen; how the time goes! I am going to have a resident governess here for her, besides teachers from the town; and I particularly wanted Mrs. Beverley to be here just now to give me advice about her."

I had listened attentively to Falconbridge's story, and could not help pitying him as he told it.

Two or three days afterwards he came down very much excited, and told me he had received a letter from the people at Heidelberg with whom Lady Muriel resided, and was sorry to find that she had been ill, but the letter said she was now better, and would come by the boat the next day (Thursday).

We decided to take *circuit* tickets, and go down by the boat, returning by the train with Muriel. On our way down, I noticed something very strange in Falconbridge's manner, which startled me. He complained of his head, which reminded me that he had received a sword-cut on his forehead in the Crimean war, which had affected the brain at the time, but from which he had long recovered, as I thought.

He was talking rather gloomily, and said something about Muriel, if anything should happen, I should find his will all right.

I rallied him about being so dispirited, but without much effect.

When we got to Harwich, we found that the boat had not come in from Antwerp, but a telegram awaited Mr. Falconbridge. It was dated from the Hotel de l'Europe, and it informed him in the usual curt way that "Lady Muriel Mandeville was unable to proceed. It was feared she was dying."

I shall never forget the ashy paleness that overspread his face when he read the intelligence.

I tried to rouse him, but without effect for some time. He sat down in the hotel that we had gone to, read the telegram, and the tears coursed down his cheeks as he said to himself,

"Poor child! poor child!"

It was a pitiful sight to see a man like him, usually so difficult to move, completely broken down.

Shall it be owned, my own eyes moistened as I heard him saying over those words to himself, like one dazed,

"Poor child! poor child!"

The next boat did not leave for Antwerp till the following evening, and I persuaded him to come back with me to Ipswich. For some reason or other he would go back by boat, instead of taking the train.

#### CHAPTER V.

VERY NEAR TO SILENT STREET.

"The day is lovely," I said, trying to get him to talk to me as we made our way down to the steamboat.

"Yes."

"Aren't you well, old fellow?"

"Oh yes. I'm all right," he answered, looking straightforward at vacancy, and seeming to see nothing.

"Take a glass of brandy before we go," I urged. "You look pale, man, and knocked up."

"No thanks, I'm all right."

We had brought down his St. Bernard dog, Lion, with us. The poor beast often came with us in our walks, and having followed us to the station in the morning, we had allowed him to accompany us. At Harwich we missed him, however; but just as the steamer started, it tracked us out, and coming down with a bound on the landing stage, at once leapt into the water and swam after us. It was a faith-

ful beast, a shaggy fawn-coloured coat, and a large, beautiful head, with great foolish, loving eyes, as mild as any woman's and a temper as placid and good as ever dog owned.

Falconbridge was very fond of it, for it was a present from Lady Kilpatrick, to whom it had been given by the Misses Pennyfathers, and its sire was the same dog that figured in the memorable scene years ago at Canchester.

The poor thing barked and swam after us as fast as it could, but the steamer soon got ahead, and I feared the dog would be drowned. On any other occasion Falconbridge would have been the first to go to the rescue of poor Lion; but there he sat moodily with his face buried in his hands, taking no heed of what was passing by. At last I went to the captain, who good-naturedly stopped the boat, and in a few minutes we got the faithful beast on board.

It immediately ran to its master, and crouched at his feet, but he took no notice of it.

I was walking to the other end of the vessel, when there was a sudden cry,

"A man overboard!"

A rush to the side of the vessel, which was immediately stopped, showed me Falconbridge in the water. A loud bark and a great plunge, and "Lion" was seen swimming with his arm in its mouth.

To lower the boat, to take up the body, was the work of a minute or two only; to restore consciousness took a much longer time.

I hurried down into the cabin which was cleared of passengers, and there was the dog whining pitifully, and licking his master's hands, which hung down lifelessly by his side.

But, thank God! he was saved, though it was long before he recovered. When he did he was a changed man.

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It appeared that some one had lent him the day's newspaper, he took it, out of civility, for a moment, and as he handed it back with thanks, his eye caught the heading of a paragraph:—"Failure of the great Shipping Company—Waters, Waters and Co." The sudden shock caused by seeing this news of the wreck of his fortune was too much for him. A sudden dreadful



impulse seized him, and he sprang over the side of the vessel, intending to end his troubles there and then. He recovered, however, and so did Lady Muriel.

Waters, Waters, and Co., only suspended payment for a time, and now are as prosperous as ever.

Ipswich and its associations were too painful to poor Falconbridge, and he soon gave up his house there, and he and his ward and Mrs. Vaux have come to reside near us at Weston.

Little Lady Muriel promises to be as beautiful and accomplished as her mother, and she loves John Falconbridge quite as much as if he had been her father.

The last time I saw him he had but lately become convalescent. He said,

"Well, old fellow, I was very near *Silent Street*, wasn't I, that day? I was out of my mind then, I have fancied since, and if it had not been for 'Lion,' Lady Kilpatrick's last present to me, my dear little Muriel would have been left without a protector; but God has been very good to me, and I trust I may never forget His many mercies.

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### LINES TO THE CRAFT.

BY BRO. F. B. COVELL.

(From the "Scottish Freemason.")

HAIL! members of the votive throng,  
 Linked to Truth by virtue's chain,  
 How the welcome notes prolong—  
 Proudly sound the Craft's great name.  
 For each other's weal we seek—  
 To pure affection strive to rise;  
 To cheer the brave and help the weak,  
 We're bound by strong fraternal ties.  
 We here our brethren all invest  
 With secret rites and mystic signs,  
 By which, when wronged or sore distressed,  
 Each one another's woe divides.  
 Within our Temple all agree—  
 Men of every creed and clime;  
 From selfishness and passion free,  
 All meet in harmony sublime.  
 Unmoved by time our Order stands,  
 By wisdom, strength, and beauty  
 crown'd;  
 Our union, of both hearts and hands,  
 Extends to earth's remotest bound.

### CONTEMPORARY LETTERS ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

[WE give some interesting contemporary pamphlets, which accompany these letters.—ED.]

Paris, July 16, 1790.

#### FEDERATION NATIONALE.

*Discours prononcé à l'Assemblée nationale par M. de la Fayette, au nom & à la tête des Députés de toutes les gardes nationales de France, & la Réponse du Roi.*

MESSIEURS,—Les gardes nationales de France viennent vous offrir l'hommage de leur respect & de leur reconnaissance. La nation voulant enfin être libre, vous a chargé de lui donner une constitution. Mais en vain elle l'auroit entendue, si la volonté éclairée, dont vous êtes les organes, n'avoit suscité cette force obéissante qui repose en nos mains, & si l'heureux concert de l'une & de l'autre, remplaçant tout-à-coup cet ordre ancien que les premiers mouvemens de la liberté faisoient disparaître, n'avoit été la première des lois qui succédoient à celles qui n'étoient plus.

C'étoit, nous l'osons dire, un prix dû à notre zèle, que cette fête qui va rassembler tant de frères épars, mais qui, régis à-la-fois par votre influence & par le besoin impérieux si cher aux bons Français de conserver l'unité de l'Etat, n'ont cessé de diriger vers un point commun leurs communs efforts. C'étoit aussi, sans doute, un prix dû à vos travaux, que cet accord unanime avec lequel ils portent aujourd'hui à l'Assemblée constituante de France, leur adhésion à des principes que demain ils vont jurer de maintenir & de défendre.

Oui, Messieurs, vous avez connu, & les besoins de la France, & le vœu des Français, lorsque vous avez détruit le gothique édifice de notre gouvernement & de nos lois, & n'avez respecté que le principe monarchique; lorsque l'Europe attentive a appris qu'un bon voi pouvoit être l'appui d'un peuple libre, comme il avoit été la consolation d'un peuple opprimé.

Achevez votre ouvrage, messieurs; & déterminant dans le nombre de vos décrets, ceux qui doivent former essentiellement la constitution française, hâtez-vous d'offrir à

notre juste impatience, ce code dont la première législature doit bientôt recevoir le dépôt sacré, & dont votre prévoyance assurera d'autant plus la stabilité, que les moyens constitutionnels de le revoir, nous seront plus exactement désignés.

Les droits de l'homme sont déclarés ; la souveraineté du peuple est reconnue ; les pouvoirs sont délégués ; les bases de l'ordre public sont établies. Hâtez-vous de rendre à la force de l'état son énergie. Le peuple vous doit la gloire d'une constitution libre, mais il vous demande, il attend enfin ce repos qui ne peut exister sans une organisation ferme & complète du gouvernement.

Pour nous, voués à la révolution, réunis au nom de la liberté, garans des propriétés individuelles comme des propriétés communes, de la sûreté de tous & de la sûreté de chacun, nous qui brûlons de trouver notre place dans vos décrets constitutionnels, d'y lire, d'y méditer nos devoirs, & de connoître comment les citoyens seront armés pour les remplir ; nous, appelés de toutes les parties de la France, par le plus pressant de tous, mesurant notre confiance à votre sagesse, & nos espérances à vos bienfaits, nous portons, sans hésiter, à l'autel de la patrie, le serment que vous dictez à ses soldats.

Oui, messieurs, nos mains vont s'élever ensemble à la même heure ; au même instant nos freres de toutes les parties du Royaume proféreront le serment qui va les unir : avec quels transports nous déploierons à leurs yeux ce bannière gages de notre union & de l'inviolabilité de nos sermens ! avec quels transports ils les recevront !

Puisse la solennité de ce grand jour être le signal de la conciliation des partis, de l'oubli des ressentimens, de la paix & de la félicité publique !

Et ne craignez point que ce saint enthousiasme nous entraîne au-delà des bornes que prescrit l'ordre public. Sous les auspices de la loi, l'étendard de la liberté ne deviendra jamais celui de la licence. Nous vous le jurons, messieurs, ce respect pour la loi, dont nous sommes les défenseurs, nous vous le jurons sur l'honneur ; & des hommes libres, des Français ne promettent pas en vain.

#### REPONSE DU PRESIDENT.

Messieurs,—Le jour où le pouvoir absolu a cessé d'être, le jour où les anciens ressorts qui comprimoient les volontés ont cessé de les tenir enchaînées, le jour enfin où 25 millions d'hommes qui s'étoient endormis esclaves se sont réveillés libres, il étoit à craindre qu'ils nabusassent d'un bienfait trop nouveau pour eux, & que l'anarchie ne remplaçât les malheurs du despotisme. A l'instant les gardes nationales ont paru, & la France rassurée a vu en elles le génie destiné à défendre de ses propres excès comme de ses ennemis la liberté naissante.

Que vos fonctions, MM., sont nobles & pures ! l'amour de votre pays est à la fois le mobile & la seule récompense de vos travaux.—Que vos devoirs sont grands & utiles ! Veiller constamment à la sûreté des personnes & des propriétés, c'est à-dire, donner à tous les citoyens cette sécurité sans laquelle il n'est point de bonheur ; protéger par-tout la libre circulation des grains & des subsistances, & prévenir par là ces prix inégaux, ces renchérissements subits & violents qui n'ont que trop souvent causé les malheurs ou les désordres du peuple ; enfin assurer la perception des contributions publiques, & maintenir ainsi le trésor national dans cette abondance si heureuse, si désirable, si nécessaire ; telles sont, MM., vos obligations civiles. L'assemblée nationale sait que vous les remplissez. C'est à sa voix que vous êtes nés tout armés, tels que ce symbole ingénieux du courage & de la sagesse. C'est à sa voix que plus d'une fois vous avez donné des preuves de votre zèle & de votre patriotisme ; souvent même vous l'avez prévenue. Elle vous regarde comme ses enfans, elle vous regarde comme ses appuis. Elle reçoit aujourd'hui votre hommage ; demain la nation recevra vos sermens ; dans tous les tems vous aurez des droits à l'amour de tous les citoyens comme à leur reconnaissance.

Vous formez des vœux pour le prompt rétablissement de l'ordre public & pour l'achèvement de la constitution. Ces vœux sont dans le cœur de tous les bons Français ; ils sont aussi dans le nôtre, & le plus beau jour de l'assemblée nationale sera celui où elle pourra s'en remettre à ses successeurs du soin de consolider l'édifice majestueux qu'elle se hâte de terminer.

Heureuse aujourd'hui de vous voir dans son sein, elle vous offre les honneurs de sa séance.

ADRESSE AU ROI.

Sire,—Dans le cours de ces événemens mémorables qui nous ont rendu des droits imprescriptibles, lorsque l'énergie du peuple & les vertus de son roi ont présenté aux nations & à leurs chefs de si grands exemples, nous aimons à révérer en Votre Majesté, le plus beau de tous les titres, celui de chef des Français & le Roi d'un Peuple libre.

Jouissez, Sire, du prix de vos vertus, & que ces purs hommages, que ne pourroit commander le despotisme, soient la gloire & la récompense d'un Roi citoyen.

Vous avez voulu que nous eussions une constitution fondée sur la liberté & l'ordre public. Tous vos vœux, Sire, seront remplis : la liberté nous est assurée, & notre zèle vous garantit l'ordre public.

Les Gardes nationales de France jurent à Votre Majesté une obéissance qui ne connoitra de bornes que la loi, un amour qui n'aura de terme que celui de notre vie.

REPONSE DU ROI.

*Au discours que lui a adressé M. de la Fayette, au nom & à la tête des députations de toutes les gardes nationales du royaume, le 13 juillet 1790.*

JE reçois avec beaucoup de sensibilité les témoignages d'amour & d'attachement que vous me donnez au nom des Gardes nationales, réunies de tous les parties de la France.

Puisse le jour solennel où vous allez renouveler en commun votre serment à la Constitution, voir disparaître toutes dissentions, ramener le calme, & faire régner les loix & la liberté dans tout le Royaume !

Défenseurs de l'ordre public, amis des Loix & de la liberté, songez que votre premier devoir est le maintien de l'ordre & la soumission aux Loix ; que le bienfait d'une constitution libre doit être égal pour tous ; que plus on est libre, plus graves sont les offenses portées à la liberté, les actes de violence & de contrainte qui ne sont pas commandés par la Loi.

Redites à vos Concitoyens que j'aurois

voulu leur parler à tous comme je vous parle ici ; redites-leur que leur Roi est leur père, leur frère, leur ami ; qu'il ne peut être heureux que de leur bonheur, grand que de leur gloire, puissant que de leur liberté, riche que de leur prospérité, souffrant que de leurs maux. Faites surtout entendre les paroles, ou plutôt les sentimens de mon cœur dans les humbles chaumières & dans les réduits des infortunés. Dites-leur que si je ne puis me transporter avec vous dans leurs asyles, je veux y être par mon affection & par les loix protectrices du foible ; veiller pour eux, vivre pour eux mourir s'il le faut pour eux : dites enfin aux différentes Provinces de mon Royaume, que plutôt les circonstances me permettront d'accomplir le vœu que j'ai formé de les visiter avec ma famille, plutôt mon cœur sera content.

RECIT EXACT DU GRAND COMBAT  
LIVRE A NANCY.

*Entre le régiment de Châteauevieux & les troupes commandées par M. Bouillé.*

Si nous n'y prenons garde, Citoyens, l'abyme est sous nos pas, la guerre civile est allumée, ce fléau si désiré par les aristocrates, & qui doit amener avec lui l'horrible banqueroute, le triomphe du despotisme, l'ancantissement de la constitution & de la liberté, & la ruine de l'état.

Il existe dans l'armée des mécontentemens qui viennent de se manifester de la manière la plus alarmante : on sait que le soldat a jusqu'ici eu beaucoup à souffrir ; mais l'auguste assemblée nationale ne s'occupe t-elle pas du soin d'améliorer son sort ? N'u-t-elle pas augmenté sa paye ? Ne l'a t-elle pas déclaré citoyen actif & admissible à tous les emplois où pourront le conduire son intelligence & son courage !

L'Assemblée nationale a-t-elle jamais refusé d'accueillir les pétitions & les plaintes des soldats ? & c'est dans ce moment qu'ils veulent rompre les liens de la conço de & de la fraternité, en se livrant à des révoltes criminelles, au lieu de solliciter de justes punitions contre les coupables qu'ils ont à dénoncer.

On sait que les ennemis de la constitution ne cessent d'exciter le soldat à la révolte par des écrits incendiaires ; mais

ne doivent ils pas être en garde contre des manœuvres qui leur ont été dévoilées.

Cependant le régiment de Châteaueux vient de donner un exemple funeste, & qui nous donne lieu de gémir & sur la faute & sur la punition.

On connoît quelles ont été les premiers désordres causés par ce régiment, dans la ville de Nancy, où il est en garnison, à l'occasion des masses noires ; on sait que les récits de ces désordres furent exagérés, qu'on prétendit que le régiment avoit pillé la caisse, tandis qu'il l'avoit fait déposer en lieu sûr, après l'avoir fait sceller par le trésorier, & que l'Assemblée nationale a rendu à ce sujet un décret peut-être un peu trop rigoureux ; mais les circonstances exigeoient une grande célérité, un prompt remède, & ne permettoient pas un long examen.

Le roi envoya M. de Malseigne, pour calmer les désordres ; & M. Bouillé, après avoir composé un corps nombreux de troupes de ligne, ordonna aux gardes nationales des villes voisines de se tenir prêtes à marcher.

On espéroit beaucoup de ces mesures, lorsqu'on apprit que les désordres qu'on avoit voulu calmer alloient toujours croissant. Le 24 d'août M. Malseigne s'étant rendu au quartier pour l'examen des comptes, un différend survenu à l'occasion d'un article, l'engagea à sortir ; mais des soldats qui étoient à la porte s'y étant opposés, il mit l'épée à la main, en blessa quelques-uns, & se fit jour à travers.

Depuis cette époque les jours de M. Malseigne coururent les plus grands dangers. La fureur s'empara des soldats ; ils voulurent se venger. M. Malseigne crut devoir leur échapper, & prit la route de Lunéville. Son départ est bientôt connu. Des grenadiers & des soldats du régiment de Châteaueux prennent les chevaux de Mestre-de-camp, & courent sur ses traces ; mais M. Malseigne les avoit prévenus ; il fait monter à cheval les carabiniers ; il se met à leur tête ; il charge ceux qui le poursuivent. Treize sont tués, plusieurs sont faits prisonniers.

Pendant que cette scène sanglante se passoit à Lunéville, une autre non moins affreuse avoit lieu à Nancy. Les soldats veulent s'emparer de M. Denou, commandant de la garnison. Les officiers se rallient autour de lui. Deux sont massa-

crés, quelques-uns sont blessés. M. Denou est pris par les soldats qui le mettent en prison.

Cependant la fureur des soldats de Nancy s'accroît à chaque instant ; ils veulent venger sur les carabiniers la mort & la captivité de leurs camarades ; ils forcent l'arsenal, & se disposent à marcher à Lunéville, qu'on pensoit devoir être le théâtre d'un horrible carnage.

M. de Bouillé a rassemblé ses troupes : il est campé près de Nancy ; mais comme on connoît ses principes sur la révolution, il craint qu'on ne l'accuse de vouloir opérer une contre-révolution ; il demande deux commissaires de l'Assemblée nationale pour ne rien faire qu'à leur requisition, & se mettre ainsi à l'abri de tout reproche.

L'affaire a été portée à l'Assemblée nationale mardi ; les uns vouloient donner la dictature à M. de Bouillé. M. Barnave proposa des mesures plus douces, une proclamation conciliatoire portée par deux commissaires. L'avis est adopté, rédaction de la proclamation éprouve, dans la séance du soir, beaucoup de difficultés : enfin les noirs obtiennent de faire ajourner la question au lendemain. Ajourner une question quand on se fusille ! cette idée ne pouvoit venir qu'aux noirs ; comment les patriotes ont-ils cédé ?

Cependant M. Pechelot, aide-major de M. de la Fayette, arrive vers dix heures du soir ; il raconte que les désordres sont au comble dans Nancy, que les carabiniers se sont emparés eux-mêmes de M. de Malseigne, qu'ils l'ont conduit à Nancy en robe de chambre & en bonnet de nuit, & qu'il est en prison.

La question est encore mise en délibération ; enfin la proclamation de M. Barnave, avec quelques corrections, la voici :

“L'Assemblée nationale s'étoit occupée avec affection du sort des soldats. L'augmentation de leur paie, la jouissance des droits de citoyen actif, avoient été décrétés pour eux ; il restoit à leur ouvrir la carrière des honneurs, avec quelle surprise n'a-t-elle pas dû entendre les nouveaux désordres qui sont arrivés à Nancy. Si les régimens de cette garnison avoient des réclamations à faire, les voies régulières leur étoient ouvertes ; & comment des guerriers peuvent-ils ignorer que si la valeur est une des qualités des héros,

l'obéissance aux lois est leur plus bel apanage ?

L'Assemblée nationale, à la première nouvelle des troubles, a pu les attribuer à l'erreur ; mais, toujours lente à condamner ceux que la nation a comptés parmi ses défenseurs, elle a voulu remonter aux premières causes des désordres ; elle a voulu que la vérité fût mise dans tout son jour. Tel est l'objet de son décret, tel est l'objet de sa volonté invariable. Pourquoi faut-il qu'au moment où l'ordre sembloit se rétablir, de nouvelles insurrections lui soient dénoncés ? pourquoi faut-il que les soldats deviennent le sujet de l'inquiétude des bons citoyens ? Le premier acte des régimens est donc de rentrer dans l'ordre ; ce n'est qu'alors que l'assemblée écoutera leurs réclamations. Soldats, obéissez la loi ; l'Assemblée nationale veut, elle l'ordonne expressément ; en conséquence elle décrète, que deux commissaires nommés par le roi porteront ces paroles à la garnison de Nancy, que toutes les forces publiques seront à leur requisition sous les ordres du général, déclare qu'elle reconnoitra le patriotisme de tous, au zèle qu'ils apporteront pour le rétablissement de l'ordre & de la paix.

Sur le champ cette proclamation a été sanctionnée par le roi, qui a nommé commissaire à l'effet de la porter aux troupes, M. Duport du Tertre, lieutenant de maire, homme droit & dans les bons principes, & M. Dumas.

Ces commissaires se sont disposés sur le champ au départ, mais il paroît qu'ils feront à présent un voyage inutile.

Hier matin, M. de la Tour-du Pin a reçu de M. de Bouillé une lettre, dans laquelle il lui disoit qu'il n'étoit pas très-sûr des troupes qu'il commandoit ; qu'il avoit fait une proclamation contenant les principes des deux décrets de l'Assemblée nationale, qu'il la feroit lire aux troupes de ligne & aux gardes nationales ; que s'il croyoit ensuite pouvoir compter sur elle, il marcheroit vers Nancy, sinon qu'il demeureroit en observation. Il étoit à trois lieues de cette ville.

Hier au soir un courier extraordinaire a apporté la nouvelle que Nancy étoit réduit. M. de Bouillé, après avoir fait lire sa proclamation, s'est mis en marche : la garde nationale de Metz composoit l'avant-garde. Le régiment de Châteaueux a

envoyé des députés annoncer à M. de Bouillé qu'il demandoit à capituler. Ce général a, dit-on, répondu qu'il ne savoit pas capituler avec des rebelles, & il s'est mis en marche. Comme on approchoit de Nancy, le régiment de Châteaueux, qui s'étoit posté à une des portes, a fait feu sur la garde nationale de Metz : ceux-ci ont riposté vivement, & sont tombés sur le régiment la bayonnette au bout du fusil. M. de Bouillé, instruit par le bruit de la mousqueterie de ce qui se passoit, s'est porté en avant pour empêcher l'effusion de sang ; mais déjà le régiment de Châteaueux étoit vaincu. L'armée de M. de Bouillé est entrée dans Nancy toujours précédée par la garde nationale de Metz conduisant entre ses rangs le régiment de Châteaueux, & tirant des coups de fusil aux fenêtres pour écarter ceux qui tiroient sur eux. La garde nationale de Nancy s'est bientôt joint à celle de Metz.

M. de Bouillé arrivé sur la place, a ordonné au régiment de Châteaueux de se rendre à Verdun. Le régiment de Mestre-de-Camp a envoyé quatre députés ; M. de Bouillé a ordonné à ce régiment d'aller à Toul. Enfin, le régiment du Roi a aussi été envoyé dans une autre ville, & le calme est rétabli dans Nancy.

On fait monter la perte à celle de trois cents hommes, presque tous du régiment de Châteaueux.

Certes, si c'est une victoire, c'est une horrible victoire. La garde nationale a montré une grande intrépidité ; mais n'est-il pas affreux que ses premiers lauriers soient teints du sang de ses concitoyens, & n'auroit-il pas été possible de ramener le calme par des moyens moins affreux & moins violens ?

Quelques personnes prétendent que M. Bouillé a dû répondre qu'il ne composoit pas avec des révoltés ; d'autres lui font un crime de n'avoir pas accepté la capitulation : en effet, si les soldats demandoient à se rendre, il falloit les recevoir : s'ils faisoient des conditions, on ne pouvoit gueres les accepter ; mais cette capitulation étoit un moyen de les ramener à une entière soumission, en employant des manières moins hautaines.

Une plus grande faute sans doute, c'est d'avoir mis la garde-nationale en avant : c'étoit la forcer aux premières hostilités ; c'étoit la contraindre à tremper ses mains

dans le sang de nos freres le troupes de ligne, & commencer ainsi une animosité qui peut-être l'origine des plus horribles malheurs.

Il faut pourtant attendre des détails plus circonstanciés de cette affaire, avant d'en pouvoir porter un jugement certain.

Quoi qu'il en soit, l'Assemblée nationale peut aujourd'hui donner à l'armée une bonne organisation, & écouter des plaintes sans être accusée de faiblesse. Pour nous, citoyens & soldats, examinons avec attention quels sont les horrible projets de l'aristocratie, & ne cherchons pas à lui préparer nous-mêmes des triomphes, en entretenant des divisions funestes : songeons que nous sommes tous enfans d'une même famille, & que les aristocrates seuls ne sont pas nos freres.

The above is an exact copy of two little pamphlets printed "Chez Garnery Libraire," Rue Serpente, No. 17.

(To be Continued.)

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## THE UNDER CURRENT OF LIFE.

BY VERAX.

THE *Times* has recently called attention, in a very able article, to a very unpleasant and serious trial which has taken place at the Old Bailey, in words which we feel strongly ought to be carefully perused and considered by us all. From it we venture to give some extracts, with a few humble and concluding comments of our own.

Listen to its words alike of warning and of wisdom, oh good brethren of ours, of all ranks, and of all conditions!

"The course of legal business gives us frequently strange glimpses of life, far too eccentric for fiction, and yet, as we are forced to acknowledge, true to nature; but among the pictures which are thus held up to public gaze, it is seldom that we find a more curious one than was presented at the Central Criminal Court recently. The case before the Court was in itself a very simple one. Two men, De Chastelaine and Wetherall, were indicted for conspiring to defraud Mr. le

Hunt Doyle, an Irish gentleman of property, of a considerable sum of money. The *corpus delicti* appears in the form of an agreement for a partnership, signed in November last, between Doyle, Chastelaine, and Wetherall, together with a fourth party, Sir Edward Cunynghame, who had died during the interval before the trial. These four persons were to share the profits and losses of a wine business, to be carried on in Barleigh Street, Strand; they accepted jointly and severally the liabilities of a previous business which had been carried on in the same place; and, further, Mr. Doyle undertook to advance within 21 days the sum of £500, to be employed for the purposes of the new business or otherwise. Mr. Doyle had, it appears, made the acquaintance of Mr. Cunynghame in 1875, during a residence at Clunn's Hotel, and had had to pay a little bill of £500 for him. In November last his acquaintance with Sir Edward Cunynghame was renewed, and he was introduced, moreover, to some choice friends of Sir Edward's, and among others to the parties to the late trial at the Old Bailey. The intimacy established everywhere congenial spirits, appears to have been of the very closest kind. They were, in fact, made for one another, in much the same sense as the pike and the roach, or [the hawk and the pigeon, may be said to be. Mr. Doyle was, as we have stated, an easy-going Irish gentleman of considerable private means. His friends were all, more or less, in 'that street,' and one of them had been in Horsemonger Gaol. Here, then, was material of a very pretty combination, to the profit of at least three of those who took part in it. The interest of the fourth party was less obvious, and the only difficulty could be to induce him to join with the others. Life with him was one long drinking bout. The day began with champagne cup, and as it had begun so it went on, and so it continued far into the small hours, with the occasional variation of a decanter of brandy, which we are told was very frequently replenished. As far as liquor went, Mr. Doyle seems to have been ready to entertain not only his friends, but the hotel waiters, who had a general authority to take anything they pleased. On the 24th

of November, the two defendants, together with Sir Edward Cunynghame, went to Mr. Doyle's room at their usual early hour, and began at once upon champagne cup, of which Mr. Doyle, although he had not yet risen, partook freely. When dinner time came, there was, of course, more drinking, and Mr. Doyle took, he acknowledges, a good deal more than he could stand. But more still was to follow. In the course of the evening a further amount of drink was disposed of—'a good deal more,' says Mr. Doyle, 'as far as I can remember,' and the correctness of his memory is confirmed by a subsequent bill for liquor to the amount of five pounds. We hear without surprise that Mr. Doyle was by bedtime in a terrible state of intoxication, that he was put into bed by his servant, and that when he woke in the morning he had what he describes as 'a bad head.' With the return of day up came his three friends, up came the usual measure of champagne cup, and of this, says Mr. Doyle, he himself, "of course," partook as usual. Of a document which was now presented to him for signature, and which he signed without reading, his recollection is less clear. This was the agreement of partnership, produced at the Old Bailey, making Mr. Doyle the inheritor of a bankrupt business, and answerable with his whole estate for the present and future liabilities of the three adventurers who had drawn him in. How he was rescued before it was too late by a good angel in the form of a family solicitor; how the fatal agreement was delivered up to be cancelled; how the original contriver of it died miserably just before his trial arrived; and how the two survivors have received some portion of their deserts in the form of a sentence of imprisonment, we need not now tell at length."

When he appeared in Court Mr. Doyle described himself as "sober and terribly thirsty," and no doubt he will have a hard struggle to conquer the pernicious habits of large numbers of our modern society. Some may say, indeed it is not too much to aver, that just now the desire to "liquor up" is rapidly gaining ground amongst us, which is fostered by the injurious custom of "nips" of "absinthe," of sherry and bitters, of "B. and S.," of stimulants in

unwholesome repetition, and at unseasonable times.

Let us hope that, if in nothing else, this last sad tale of the Old Bailey may warn some of our golden youth, meant for better things, and even those of maturer years, that this system of unhealthy drinking is for them a "slough, indeed, of despond," in which, if they will "wallow," in defiance of wholesome warning and saddest example, there is nothing, humanly speaking, in store for them but sorrow and penury, social and moral degradation. That, after all, such is the way of the world, and that all young men of spirit, of fashion, and of social position must come into this "facilis descensus Averni," is, indeed, a deplorable fact.

We had, it was believed, outlived the days of your three-bottle men, of prolonged bouts, of degrading scenes; but it seems as if we had now to contend with the undermining habit of continuous drinking, of ceaseless stimulants, of morning "nips," of habitual "liquoring up."

Let us be warned and wise in time, and then we can surely say, "Oh, fortunatumimum," to have escaped this most deplorable of habits!

But must we not all feel alarmed at the relaxation of rational living, at the tendency to insobriety and "dram-drinking," of early "corpse-revivers," of sedative night-caps increasing amongst us?

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## THE ETERNITY OF LOVE: A POET'S DREAM.

BY BRO. EMRA HOLMES.

(Written for the "*Masonic Magazine*.")

*Oh, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,  
But as truly loves on to the close,  
As the sun-flower turns on her god when he sets  
The same look which she turned when he rose.*  
—Moore.

In ancient Hall, now many a year ago,  
I met my love, and never now, ah!  
never,  
Shall I forget the halcyon days of yore,  
When I first thought and felt I loved  
for ever.

Queenly her gesture—I was poor and proud ;

She looked upon me as a boy, and never Gave me a thought, or word that whispered hope ;

And yet I loved for ever and for ever.

Stately and tall, and very winsome she ;

I, what was I, to one, that whomsoever Once came within the magic of her sway, Felt as I felt for ever and for ever.

Of high and noble lineage she came—

Her name was one from history to sever

Would be to blot from England's annals out

Some noble passages which, aye, shall live for ever.

And so the days go by, and comes the storm,

The Wintry winds and snow, in wild endeavour,

Sweep by in gusts and cover up the land In a white pall, as if now dead for ever.

And snowdrops come, with violets so blue, And daffodils flaunting gaily now wherever

In wood or garden, sheltered vale or copse, The Spring's sun brings them forth a joy for ever.

The swallow and the nightingale come back,

And glorious Summer now will us deliver

From bitter, biting winds, so cold, alack ! They now do blow across the mighty river.

Then sweet, soft days and loving western winds

And glowing skies, thanks to the Great Giver,

Come once again to bless the ancient Earth ;

And so the changeless, changing days go round for ever.

And Autumn's rich profusion follows next, Bright fruits, and golden grain, and purple heather,

In orchard, field, and on the mountain side, Now tell their happy tale of gratitude for ever.

And so the seasons change and years roll by, And I am waiting for my love, to give her

The wealth of my poor heart when she shall change,

And recognize this love which lives for ever.

But, ah ! methinks the time will never come,

My spring hath past, and summer's nearly over,

The autumn of our life comes on apace,

No ray of hope does o'er my spirit hover.

True to the last, though seasons change, not I ;

Faithful till death, my love shall leave her never ;

And when the end comes she perchance will know

The Poet loves for ever and for ever.

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## THE ORIGIN AND REFERENCES OF THE HERMESIAN SPURIOUS FREEMASONRY.

BY REV. GEO. OLIVER, D.D.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### THE REFERENCE TO THE DELIVERANCE OF NOAH FROM THE ARK.

(Continued from page 556.)

"The beds of fossil shells," says Whitehurst,\* "which consist of one species only and are not natives of the climate where found, but of very distant regions of the earth, evidently show that they were generated and lived and died on the very beds where found, and could not have been removed from their native climates by a flood or floods of water with so much order as to form beds consisting of only one select species, and therefore all such beds must have been originally the bottom of the ocean."

Respecting the utter extinction of the human species by the Deluge, Cuvier expresses himself thus plainly : "What is most astonishing is the fact that, among all those mammifere, of which the greater part have their species in the warm climates, there is not found a single quadru-

\* Theory of the Earth, p. 59.



mane, not a single bone or tooth of any monkey, not even a bone or tooth of an extinct species. Neither has there been found in diluvian strata any human being; all the bones of our species which have been discovered, together with any fossil remains of the animals have been found accidentally, and their number is small, which certainly would not have been the case if man had made settlements in the lands which were inhabited by these animals." Forchhammer, however, asserts in his geological lectures, on what authority I know not, that "petrified human bones have been found from the diluvian strata." And Von Schlottheim says that he discovered human bones, which he took to be antediluvian, in the fissure of a rock at Costritz, but I cannot think the assertion well founded, because it is at variance with the opinions of all other scientific men.

The summit of the highest mountains in all the four quarters of the globe display relics of the spoils of the ocean. Skeletons of the elephant, crocodile, rhinoceros, and hyena, have been found in our own country, where the living animal was never seen. The bones of creatures which are natives of America have been found in Ireland. Trees grown under the prolific heat of a tropical sun are found at the bottom of deep mines in Staffordshire, imbedded in coal and ironstone. What conclusion are we to draw from these extraordinary facts? They are existing witnesses to the truth of the Mosaic account of the Deluge, for under no other circumstances can they possibly be accounted for. And yet, to prove beyond a doubt the fearful accuracy of the divine judgments, notwithstanding the number of souls destroyed by the Flood was two thousand times more than the earth at present contains, yet no vestige has ever been discovered which can safely be pronounced to constitute part of an antediluvian man.

The Jewish scriptures assure us that the Deluge was general over the face of the whole earth, and that the highest hills and mountains were covered with water. But does it follow, according to the opinion of some theorists, that because the mountains were submerged they were also dissolved and reduced to a soft pulp down to their very foundations, by which all the

works of nature and art perished? I think not. Such a hodge podge is inconsistent with the nature of the thing in itself and the agent employed to dissolve it; nor can any satisfactory cause be assigned for such a dissolution, without having recourse to miracles, for, though the loose earth towards the surface and for a good way into it might be dissolved into mud, and undoubtedly was so, as there must have also been great breaks and cracks in the earth by the terrible shocks, contortions, and concussions of it, which the bursting out of the subterranean lakes must make, as well as at their going off and pouring down those immense chasms, with the violence of rushing backwards and forwards upon the earth.

"I say we can easily conceive that there must be a good depth of mud both upon the surface of the earth and among the chasms within it, but we cannot conceive how the hardest rocks, metals, etc., could either be dissolved or come to their consistency again in so short a time. What menstruum could do this? Water alone will not do it. There are vast rocks in the sea ever since the Deluge, perpetually attacked by the violence of the waves, yet they are rocks still, and very likely will remain undissolved till the general conflagration. Let gold, or iron, or marble and hard stones lie at the bottom of the sea ever so long, we do not find they will be dissolved into pap by it. Undoubtedly there were solid rocks and metals in the earth before the Flood, as well as at present. If water will not dissolve them now how could it dissolve them then? Besides, to effect this the whole earth must be rent to whitters, through and through, centre and all—a mere precarious supposition, and against all matter of fact."<sup>\*</sup>

The Deluge is not the only agent by which organic changes have been accomplished. Pliny has recorded several instances of cities and large tracts of land disappearing, and of new lands emerging from the sea by the force of subterranean fires. Instances of the same kind are found in the Philosophical Transactions and other records of more modern occurrence. In the year 1689 a well was dug on the

\* Berrington, Creation, p. 397.

spot where the city of Pompeii was overwhelmed. At the depth of 54 feet 7 inches, was a bed of vitrified stone 13 feet 4 inches thick, which had been deposited by a volcanic eruption. Upon this was 20 feet 10 inches of stiff earth. A second eruption produced a layer of vitrified stone 3 feet 4 inches thick, upon which was laid 6 feet 8 inches of earth. A third eruption deposited 2 feet 1 inch of vitrified stone, on which was a thickness of 8 feet 4 inches of solid earth; and here were found the remains of Pompeii. Thus three eruptions at the least had been sustained before the city was built, and it is said to have been founded by Hercules, who is supposed to have been cotemporary with Abraham.

If the whole earth was reduced to a pulp, how could the mountains of Armenia in so short a period have become sufficiently solid to sustain the Ark on their surface, burdened as it was with all the living creatures which the earth contained? There is nothing in the Mosaic account to sanction such a hypothesis, nor does the record contain any hint about the destruction of vegetable life. It is simply stated that "all *flesh* died that moved upon the earth, both of fowl, and of cattle, and of beast, and of every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth, and every man. All in whose nostrils was the breath of life and all that was in the dry land died."\*

There can be no doubt but certain parts of the earth's surface underwent a violent disruption and sustained organic changes, although some modern theorists have contended that the inequalities of surface, together with the formation of minerals, etc., were produced at a much earlier period, because geological discoveries have proved that "the earth has existed as a planet for an immense series of ages, whose number is beyond conjecture; that it has been continually modified by successive changes upon and within it, and that it has been inhabited by numerous races of animals and plants during successive periods before the creation of man, each race fitted for its peculiar period and confined to it."

There is, however, a dangerous latitude

in this opinion, and it ought to be received with great caution, lest it should lead to the Aristotelian doctrine of the eternity of matter or the older and more universal belief in an endless succession of worlds—a doctrine which makes a near approach to atheism, and actually was the basis of the atomical principle of Anaximander and his followers, which produced the absurdities of Spinoza, Vanini, and others of their heretical sect.

The breaking up of the fountains of the great deep must have been attended with tremendous consequences, but it does not follow that this disruption of the internal reservoirs of water should have produced a general dissolution of matter, although it will be readily admitted that great changes were effected in the appearance of the globe. Faber says: "I cannot think it probable that the flood was only a still and tranquil increase of the ocean; on the contrary, the whole process of that catastrophe appears to have exhibited a most terrific scene of uproar and confusion. The atmospheric air, forced by a supernatural pressure into the cavity of the great abyss, would compel it to disgorge its contents in violent cataracts, which, being driven to an immense height in the air, and thence falling back in torrents, would agitate the ocean with a tempest of which we perhaps can scarcely form an idea. In short, humanly speaking, it seems necessary that some such disorder should have taken place, in the midst of which the Ark was miraculously preserved, while every attempt of the wicked inhabitants of the earth to save themselves was frustrated, and their vessels either dashed to pieces or overwhelmed by the violence of the storm."\*

This awful event reads a lesson to man that the day is rapidly approaching when the Creator, in accordance with the voice of prophecy, will totally destroy his work, that he may reward or punish those whom he has placed on this speck in the universe as probationers and pilgrims, according as they have used or abused, in the exercise of their free agency, the several talents committed to their charge.

(To be continued.)

\* Gen. vii., 21, 22.

\* Fab. Cab., vol. ii., p. 135.

## THE WOUNDED CAPTAIN.

BY S. C. COFFINBURY.

(From the "Michigan Freemason.")

"OH, Heavenly Father, temper the wind to the shorn lamb! I am a widow and my child is an orphan!" Thus exclaimed Clara Arthur, pressing her little daughter Eda to her bosom.

Alas! how often during the war of the rebellion had that piteous voice of anguish burst from the heart of the bereaved, and been borne by the spirits of the departed to the land of peace, when it was echoed by the lips of angels up to the throne of God. How often, alas! has it been the doom of the widow and fatherless to be abandoned by the world to their prayers, their anguish, and the tears of pitying angels. While ambition was planning campaigns, battle-fields and conquests, and philanthropy was suing to humanity for pecuniary means to execute them, and to comfort the weary soldier, their instrument—how many bereft widows and orphans were left to wander hopelessly and cheerlessly from door to door, or to tread the path to shame and infamy, there to sink into a dying life—a living death!

It is when war unchains her dark angel and sends her shrieking among men, with her scourge of spears in one hand, her torch of blood and rapine in the other, to spread desolation and death, that the hearts of men are barred against the wail of suffering and the cry of despair. It is then, when humanity is listening to the boom of the cannon and watching the fortunes of the battle-field, that the noble and the good, who have been taught the pure lessons of "brotherly love and truth" from the deep but unsure fountains of all good, are left to fill a wide gap in the ranks of humanity, and to quietly and patiently work out and demonstrate the profound problems of the divine mystery, "on earth peace, goodwill among men." They hear the orphans' cry and widows' wail.

It is in the village of S —, in the State of S —, that Clara Arthur and her daughter Eda are introduced to the reader. The mother appears to be about thirty years old, the daughter eight. They were both beautiful; the one as a woman in the full-

ness of maturity, the other as a child in the purity of innocence. The neat yet plain room in which they are seen, indicates a comfortable but unostentatious manner of living. While there is nothing wanting for comfort and convenience, there is an entire absence of those metricious appliances of luxury that indicate that aristocratic assumption which, in the present day, is so apt to gain upon and usurp the more rational aspirations of the domestic household in pretentious ostentation.

There is something grand in the lofty and affectionate anguish of a woman. As we gaze upon her, under the ministrings of the angel of sorrow, her womanhood enhances, and her very weakness and tenderness swell into the strength of grandeur; she rises above us from our grovelling plane, and we look upwards as to an angel to contemplate her sublimity; we see her in an upper, a holier sphere than that from which we look. There she stands, a being of a purer mould—a link of gold between angels and men, between earth and heaven—too lofty to elicit our pity, too poor to affect our tears, too sublime to accept our condolence; our works of consolation fall an empty mockery at her feet. We can only gaze and wonder in a spirit akin to awe.

How deeply touching is the grief of childhood! We long to clasp the innocent to our bosom, to kiss away the glistening drops that tremble upon the silken eyelashes, to look words of peace and love into the pure soul that flashes out from the blue depths that sparkle liquidly beneath the quivering lids. Sweet childhood in its inexperience of the philosophy of life, it submits not to the fiat of destiny without many ingenious defensive alternations—many feints to parry the fatal shaft. The dignity of womanhood meets her destiny coldly and calmly, though it may be in the majesty of sorrow and the grandeur of tears; but childhood puts aside the point of the poisoned arrow and pushes forward to pass it; it will not submit without an effort to avoid its keenest wound. Thus was it with Eda as she exclaimed amid her tears, "Mother, there is yet hope; the letter does not say that he is dead. Now, listen, and I will read every word of the letter over again;" and she read:

"FRONT OF THE LINE, ARMY OF THE  
"POTOMAC.

"June 20, 186—.

"Mrs. C. ARTHUR—*Dear Madam* :—  
It becomes my painful duty to inform you that on the — day of June, in an engagement with the forces of the enemy, under Stonewall Jackson, your husband, Captain George Arthur, was severely wounded and taken prisoner by the enemy. If living he is a prisoner, but his wounds were of such a nature (as I have learned) as to preclude much hope of his recovery. Yours, with respect and sympathy with your affliction,

"A—— S——.

"Major Commanding 7th Regt.—Inf.  
Vol."

"Ah, my child, we are without hope! Even if he should still be living he is wounded, and a prisoner in the hands of inhuman soldiers, from whom there is no hope of obtaining his release. He can not survive long in a hospital without the medical aid and the kindest attention; then what hope can there be for him in the hands of enemies?"

"No, no, mother, say not so; was not father a Freemason?" rejoined Eda.

"Yes, child," replied the mother, "but what of that. Freemasonry avails but little in a war of brother against brother. My child, think of that dread Libby prison and Andersonville;" and again Mrs. Arthur burst into tears, and threw herself upon the sofa in deep agony.

Eda gazed a minute upon her mother thoughtfully, her eye gradually assumed a new light; she softly folded the letter, and placing it in her bosom, with a gentle but firm step stole from the room.

About three o'clock that afternoon, in the village of S——, sat Judge B—— in his office. He was past the meridian of life, he was neither corpulent or lean, but of that full habit which is necessary to perfect a fine, large physical form. His large head, graced with a full suit of steel-mixed hair, was well balanced upon his broad shoulders, while good nature smiled playfully upon every lineament of his handsome features. A deep, intellectual eye, a thoughtful composure of countenance and a high, broad forehead bespoke the man of profound thought and mental labour. Judge B—— was now a prac-

tising attorney in the village of S——, although he had long presided in one of the judicial tribunals of his state, and had with credit represented his constituency in the national legislature. He was surrounded by clients when Eda Arthur entered his office. She slowly and softly approached Judge B——; she stood awhile reading his features and looking into his eyes inquiringly.

"What do you want, my child?" inquired Judge B——, returning her penetrating glance. Eda, as if assured by the tone of voice and gentle play of features that accompanied it, without removing her eyes from his, slowly withdrew the letter from her bosom and placed it in his hand.

The judge ran his eye hastily over the contents of the paper, and turning to his clients, said:

"Gentlemen, you must come some other time; here is more important business than yours which demands my immediate attention."

"But," said one of the persons, "we have come a great distance to see you, judge, and our business is also of great importance."

"True," returned the judge, "but it matters not. This note, brought by this little girl, puts me in possession of facts and circumstances which require my attention, to the exclusion of every other matter; so you understand me."

"But, judge," returned the client, "if you will consider, we can not conveniently come again. If you can not do our business we must go to some other lawyer."

"Very well," returned the judge, "that will do better. There are several competent lawyers in town; go to one of these, gentlemen. I must be master of my time the rest of this day, perhaps longer." So the clients left.

"Are you Mrs. Arthur's child?" inquired the judge of Eda, who replied in the affirmative. He took the child upon his knee, and, kissing her, asked, "Why did you come to me with this letter?"

"Because," returned Eda, "once, when mother was blaming father for being a Freemason, father told her that you were also one, and that ought to reconcile her to his being one. He told her that Masons

helped each other, and now father is not here to ask you to help him, so I came to ask for him. Mother don't know I have come. You will send for my father, won't you."

"Yes," replied the judge, "God will not permit the father of such a child to die in prison. If your father survives he shall be brought home."

Eda clasped her arms around the judge's neck, kissed his cheek, and burying her face in his bosom, sobbed aloud, while the big tears stole down the cheeks of the judge and hid away in his iron-gray whiskers."

On that night Charity Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons was opened in due form, the members of which having been summoned for a special communication. The business especially claiming the attention of the Lodge was presented by Judge B—, by producing the short letter from the army of the Potomac in relation to Captain Arthur. The impossibility of obtaining passports into the confederate army, with the danger attending such an enterprise, even with passports, were fully discussed. The improbability of Captain Arthur still being a survivor, the difficulty attending his exchange, the danger to him on account of his wounds, if still surviving, attending his removal, if removal were permitted, the danger of his remaining without proper attention and medical treatment in the enemy's hospital, were discussed. Another important question arose: Who will go. A thousand dollars had been raised to defray the expenses of the journey and the removal of the invalid or his mortal remains—but who shall go? There were enough to go; many had offered to assume the responsibility of the task, but the ardour and impulsiveness of youth were the obstacles in the way of settling upon several of the younger brethren, while the Lodge was slow to select one from several who held the responsible positions of heads of families at home.

"I will go," said Brother H—, rising in his place. He was a venerable old man. He was tall and straight. His hair and long flowing beard were white as snow. Although old, his brow was well knit, his cheek was as fresh as youth, while in his deep, keen eye could be read the ex-

perience of many years. "I will go," said he. "Should I not return, there are none but you, my brethren, to mourn my loss. I stand alone in the world; I have seen the loved ones perish around me, and, like a blighted tree, I stand alone. I have encountered many dangers in my time in foreign lands and amid the hordes of savages in our northern wilds; in every exigency of danger I have found our beloved Order and its mystic language sufficient for each emergency. I will go and bring our brother home, if living; if not, I will bring his remains to his wife and child."

Every eye in the Lodge moistened as this venerable old man resumed his seat. There he sat, the minister of mercy. The light rested softly upon his quiet and placid features, while a halo appeared to encircle his venerable brow.

How grandly beautiful—how like an angel of light towers before us the minister of charity! How like the pitying angel of humanity he bends over the afflicted, and pours in the oil and wine of healing.

Here let us draw the veil over the deliberations of this secret Order, as it plans ways and means in behalf of suffering humanity.

*(To be Continued.)*

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## THE SECRET OF LOVE.

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THE burning sun had set,  
And floods of crimson light  
Had decked the Western Hemisphere's  
Descent to night.

Across an ancient park,  
'Neath trees antique and grim,  
A gentle maiden wandering came  
Through twilight dim.

And on, and on, she sped,  
'Till in th' increasing gloom,  
With eager eyes she plain discerned  
The lights of home.

While, as she gazed, she mused  
In twilight's solemn hour,  
Upon a certain favoured swain  
And Love's great power.

"The last time, now, I see  
These lights, that house as home,  
For, oh! to-morrow I renounce  
All these to roam.

"To-morrow I wed John,  
And leave my kith and kin;  
For John has love, great love for me,  
And lots of tin."<sup>\*</sup>

W. T.

### CHIPS FROM A MASONIC WORK- SHOP.

SENT TO HIS FRIEND AND BROTHER NED  
WIRER, OF RAJPOOTANA, BY MAX MAURER,  
MASTER BUILDER, COLOGNE ON THE  
RHINE.

From "The Masonic Record of Western  
India."

Dear Bro. Ned,—In redemption of my solemn pledge—given when parting with you on the arid plains of Rajpootana—to keep you informed of my movements, adventures, fortunes or vicissitudes in the old Fatherland, I remit to you a few chips and fragments from our operative and speculative workshop.

I have found congenial employment at the Dombau (Building of the Cathedral) in Cologne, as a Master in my department of Masonry, i.e., tracery, foliage, capitals of pillars, in fact all the gingerbread work, and have, as a matter of course, been immediately affiliated to the Lodge of "Die Drei Koenige," (The Three Kings.) The name is derived from a monkish legend of hoary antiquity, about Caspar, Melchoir, and Balthazar, invented at the time of Charlemagne.

To economize space I can only give you a mere outline of the history of our Cathedral. The foundation stone was laid in 1248, and the building continued until 1437. From that time up to the

\* In deference to the wish of our fair readers to preserve this "Secret" of their "Craft," we give an alternative reading:

"And I for him!"

W. T.

[On the ground of criticality, rythm, historical accuracy, and human psychology, we entirely uphold the original reading of our good brother.—Ed.]

middle of the 18th century it remained almost untouched and in an unfinished state; the portion of the edifice already erected was afterwards kept in a decent state of repair, and that is all that can be said about it. But in the year 1842 the completion of the work was taken in hand vigorously, under the auspices of the King of Prussia, by Herr Zwirner, one of the most eminent of the German architects, and this most stupendous of all our ecclesiastical structures will soon be finished.

Now as regards our speculative workshop, it was first opened anno 1716 on the strength of a charter obtained from the Grand Lodge of England, at that time located at York, where it had been established by Prince Edwin, the brother of King Athelstane, in 926. The antiquity of our institution and that of the Mother Lodge from which it derived its existence, is therefore quite unquestionable. But I only mention that circumstance *en passant*, merely as an historical fact, which neither adds to, nor detracts anything from our Masonic status and prestige. What I desire to impress upon your mind most emphatically is the regularity, the justness and perfection with which our Lodge is worked; the good understanding, real equality and fraternity existing amongst the brethren, and the truly Masonic simplicity and ingenuousness which characterize all our proceedings.

Our new Master-clect was installed on last St. John's Day, and after we had performed the customary plantation dance, which you *ken weel*, he again proclaimed, in open Lodge, the noble sentiments he entertains regarding Masonic equality, fraternity, and a Master's duties. We knew them well enough already, but it was gratifying to hear him reiterate the same after his elevation to the Eastern Chair, thereby conclusively demonstrating that the axiom *honores mutant mores* could not be applied to him.

"Brethren," he said, "I thank you for the honour you have conferred upon me by electing me Master of this Lodge. By doing so you have fully satisfied me that the Masonic principles and doctrines I have consistently maintained are approved of and appreciated by you. I have always endeavoured to impress upon every newly-

initiated or affiliated Brother the fundamental rule, that we meet on the level and part on the square, and that this time-honoured figure of speech means perfect equality amongst all Masons.

"Not such equality as the Communists and Socialists were clamouring for in Paris, where every man was as good as another, and a great deal better—an ignorant mob, led by unscrupulous demagogues—but genuine Masonic equality, counterbalanced by subordination to the 'Antient Charges, Laws and Landmarks' of our constitution, and obedience to lawful commands. If this nicely adjusted equilibrium is not disturbed by overbearing despotism on the part of the Rulers, nor by wilful disobedience on the part of the Ruled, we shall not only meet on the level, but, what is of much greater importance, we shall always be able to part on the square. As harmony in music is regulated by the science of Thorough Bass, so must the harmony in our Craft be regulated by THOROUGH MASONRY.

"To effect this great desideratum, every Brother on entering this *sanctum sanctorum* of fraternal equality, no matter whether he be a General or a Corporal, will have to divest himself of his profane rank, titles and dignities—for they are but the guinea's stamp, the man is the gold for all that—and none of us ought ever to lose sight of the leading dogma in Masonry: THE MASTER RULES THE LODGE AND THE MAJORITIES RULE THE MASTER; or, in other words, the Master is bound to act in conformity with our constitution, which distinctly provides that 'All questions are to be decided by Majorities, each Brother having one vote;' I therefore pledge my word and honour as a Mason and as a faithful and trusted servant of this Lodge, that I shall always consider it my most sacred duty to execute honestly all the decrees and resolutions when carried, no matter whether I have voted with the majority or minority.

"I also consider it incumbent on me and the Seniors to instruct our younger Brethren 'that for want of judgment they may not spoil good material, but it must be done with a view of 'maintaining and increasing of brotherly love;' that is to say gently, and in a truly fraternal spirit, so that we can at all times endorse the senti-

ments of the sage Tarastro, the High-Priest of the Egyptian Mysteries, with a clear conscience."

I give you a translation of his address to the esoteric initiates in solemn conclave assembled:

"In these our sacred halls  
Love reigns in glorious beauty,  
And if a Brother falls  
She guides him back to duty.  
Then he is led by friendship's ties  
To eternal realms beyond the skies."

"In conclusion, I have only one word more to say. Brother Senior Warden, you openly profess, every time we meet, that it is your special duty to see that every Brother has his due. I have selected you to be my principal Officer under the firm conviction that you always practice what you profess, and I am sure my confidence will not be misplaced; I can therefore, after again thanking all the Brethren, give them the pleasant assurance that their rights and privileges as Masons will be scrupulously respected and maintained."

Now, my dear Ned, you will no doubt perceive that our Master-elect is a paragon amongst the Rulers and Governors, supreme and subordinate, or as Bro. Jonathan would forcibly express it, "he is real grit."

I greatly admire his sentiments regarding the teaching of the younger Brothers; he evidently does not approve of their heads being punched by the Masonic Schoolmaster, nor would he allow them to be treated as the Drill-Sergeant treats the awkward squad, kicking their shins to make them heel up and putting them through their facings: "Eyes r-r-r-right! Attention!"

Surely every free and enlightened Briton, if he wants subordination and discipline pure and simple, can have enough of it, and to spare, by accepting that powerful talisman called the Queen's Shilling; but I strongly object having the system promulgated by the Articles of War, Jamieson's Code, Queen's Regulations and G.O.'s introduced into our fraternity.

I am very sorry I can not give an equally favourable account of the other Lodges in our town. In one of them, called "Der Felsen," the Brethren are fighting like cats and dogs. Their habitat

is in the old Market, surrounded by one hundred different smells, and only one of them is Maria Farina's Eau de Cologne, all the rest can never be introduced or even mentioned in polite society. Perhaps that has something to do with making them so exceedingly inharmonious.

However, to give you a slight idea of their doings, I translate an article on the subject which recently appeared in the "Zeitschrift der Freimaurerei" (Masonic Times), published in Brunswick with the sanction of the Grand Lodge of the "Three White Eagles;" but not to speak too broadly out of school, I shall utilize one of Mr. Lear's amusing burlesques, and throw the veil of Masonic charity over the sins of omission and commission, shortcomings and backslidings of our less civilized Brethren.

Whoever reads the great Shakespeare  
Will learn something of old King Lear,  
Who tells us all those doleful stories  
About his daughters and his worries,  
When in his sober mind.

But sometimes he goes in for Pegs,  
Gets quite unsteady on his legs,  
And when in that hilarious state  
The drollest tales he does relate,  
As you below will find:

**M.: M.: M.:**

Two old cantankrous Masons  
Were living in one house;  
The one he bought a Muffin,  
The other caught a Mouse.

"Let's cook that little Mouse,"  
Said he who had the Muffin,  
"And have a grand carouse;  
We only want some stuffin'."

"O yes!—with Sage and Onions  
We could do very well;  
But how to get the Sage,  
'Tis difficult to tell."

They sallied out together  
And met an Onion-seller,  
Who said he had no Sage!  
The cunning story-teller.

Where can we find the Sage?"  
Asked he who owned the Muffin.  
"We want him very much,  
To put him in our stuffin'."

The Sage resides on yonder mountain,  
He's reading an enormous book,  
THE ANTIENT LAW OF MA-  
SONRY;

As you are Masons—go and look.

Up went the pair instanter  
To catch the Sage alive,  
And cut him into mince-meat  
With one big carving-knife.

"You earnest Sage," they boldly cried,  
"your book you've read enough in,  
We want to chop you up in bits, and mix  
you with our stuffin'."

But that old Sage looked calmly up; with  
his enormous book,  
At these two Masons' addled heads a  
certain aim he took,  
And over craig and precipice they rolled  
promiscuous down,  
Heads o'er heels, an' tops an' toes, just like  
a circus clown.

They never stopt at bush or tree till on the  
level ground,  
And then they felt their heads and limbs,  
but found them safe and sound.

With bated breath they whisper'd,  
"That Sage is rather queer,  
Let's toddle quietly homewards,  
'Tis dang'rous stopping here."

At last they reached their house  
Without the stuff for stuffin';  
No harm!—the Mouse had fled,  
After eating up the MUFFIN.

Yours fraternally,  
MAX MAURER,

COLOGNE, 28th December, 1876.

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#### 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 Whitby Literary and Philosophical Society,  
&c., &c.*

WE speak or write glibly now of the Revoca-  
tion of the Edict of Nantes, by Louis XIV.,  
in 1685, but how few of us at this day see  
the misery it caused then, or the great



good to civilization which the Almighty Ruler of the Universe caused to spring out of that oppressive act of Popish tyranny. On the 30th of April, 1598—when Queen Elizabeth was really reigning in England, boxing the ears of the Earl of Essex and bidding him “go to the devil” in her wrath, and amusing her quiet leisure in translating Horace—when old Lord Burleigh was resting for ever from such statesmanship as he had been capable of—when Sir Thomas Bodley was rebuilding and furnishing the famous Library at Oxford, which will preserve his name for all time, whilst those of the self-important mere owners of money-bags are deservedly forgotten—when poor Edmund Spenser was dying broken hearted, his glorious “Faery Queen” unfinished—when William Shakspeare, at the early age of thirty-four, had won for himself a foremost place alike in English literature and in social standing at his native Stratford-on-Avon—then it was that the fourth Henry of France granted that famous Edict at Nantes, which secured to his Protestant subjects the free exercise of their religion, and made them eligible to all civil and military employments. But Popery is ever antagonistic to civil and religious liberty, and hence really cannot tolerate that most opposite of all systems in the world, Freemasonry, which does more than anything else I know of to cement in one bond of brotherhood men whose religions and political opinions are as wide asunder as the poles, but who all agree in loving their brother man. No! Bartholemew Massacres, Smithfield, lit with the lurid light of blazing faggots in which some poor heretic is expiring in agony, monarchs baring their backs to the well-wielded scourge of some muscular monk, and gentle ladies disjointed on the rack, are more, much more, in keeping with the real spirit of the Papacy than Masonry ever can be whilst it compels its true votaries to forget all distinction of creed in its Lodges. How France was impoverished, and how other nations were enriched, by driving abroad her most skilled workmen and adventurous manufacturers, is a matter I must not now enter upon. My object is rather at present to quote the following plainly-put picture of these foolish as well as tyrannical decrees of the fourteenth

Louis, in the words with which Dr. Smiles opens his “Story of a Huguenot Family,” in *Good Words*:—

“When Louis XIV. revoked the Edict of Nantes, he issued a number of decrees or edicts for the purpose of stamping out Protestantism in France. Each decree had the effect of an Act of Parliament. Louis combined in himself the entire powers of the State. \* \* \* Protestant grooms were forbidden to give riding lessons; Protestant barbers were forbidden to cut hair; Protestant washerwomen were forbidden to wash clothes; Protestant servants were forbidden to serve either Roman Catholic or Protestant mistresses. They must all be ‘converted.’ A profession of the Roman Catholic faith was required from simple artizans—from shoemakers, tailors, masons, carpenters, and such like—before they were permitted to labour at their respective callings. \* \* \* Protestants were forbidden to be employed as librarians and printers. They could not even be employed as labourers upon the king’s highway. They could not serve in any public office whatever. They were excluded from the collection of the taxes, and from all government departments. Protestant apothecaries must shut up their shops. Protestant advocates were forbidden to plead before the courts. Protestant doctors were forbidden to practise medicine and surgery. The *sages femmes* must necessarily be of the Roman Catholic religion. \* \* \* Protestant parents were forbidden to instruct their children in their own faith. They were enjoined, under a heavy penalty, to have their children baptized by the Roman Catholic priest, and brought up in the Roman Catholic Religion. When the law was disobeyed, the priests were empowered to seize and carry off the children, and educate them, at the expense of the parents, in monasteries and nunneries. \* \* \* It was decreed by the king, that all the Protestant temples in France should be demolished, or converted to other uses. Protestant pastors were ordered to quit the country within fifteen days after the date of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. If found in the country after that period, they were condemned to death. A reward of five thousand five hundred livres was offered for the apprehension of any Protes-

tant pastor. \* \* \* If any Protestants were found singing psalms, or engaged in prayer, in their own houses, they were liable to have their entire property confiscated, and to be sent to the galleys for life." Of course, Protestants fled in hot haste from such tyranny; not less than one million of the best men and women and their children fled to add their skill and piety to that of Switzerland, Germany, Holland, and Great Britain. Those who left the country had their property confiscated; the men taken in attempting to escape were sent to the galleys, the women to prison for life; whilst for fear a poor fugitive might have escaped the inhuman hounds of the tyrant, who were rewarded with half of the possessions of all they captured or informed against, the very holds of the foreign-bound ships were "fumigated with a deadly gas," so that they might be suffocated like rats in their hiding-holes. Such is the true spirit of Popery wherever it dare show itself in its own colours, and yet we have simpletons who wonder that Freemasonry should be put under the ban of the most intolerant of all churches! Truly between Freemasonry and Popery there is "a great gulf fixed," and it is foolish of any one ever to attempt to bridge it. If Truth only is eternal, one of the two must perish before the progress of the other, and I have faith enough to believe that Freemasonry will flourish long after Papistry has gone the way of all evil things.

Mr. J. Tom Burgess, of Leamington, F.S.A., some of whose literary and antiquarian labours have been noticed in the MASONIC MAGAZINE, has been elected Archaeological Secretary to the Warwickshire Field Club, of which he has been for some time a useful member.

A strong feeling is beginning to prevail, that the telegraph wires now supported by unsightly posts, which at present disfigure many a lovely landscape, will have to give place to subterranean cables, as in heavy snowstorms the exposed wires are apt to become useless when most wanted.

Anecdotes of great men are always interesting, and the following, related by George Ticknor, is particularly so:—"We spent half the forenoon in Mr. West's gallery, where he has arranged all the pictures that he still owns. . . He told us a singular anecdote of Nelson, while we were

looking at the picture of his death. Just before he went to sea for the last time, West sat next to him at a large entertainment given to him here, and in the course of the dinner Nelson expressed to Sir William Hamilton his regret that in his youth he had not acquired some taste for art, and some power of discrimination.—'But,' said he, turning to West, 'there is one picture whose power I do feel. I never pass a paint-shop where your "Death of Wolfe" is in the window, without being stopped by it.' West, of course, made his acknowledgments, and Nelson went on to ask why he had painted no more like it.—'Because, my lord, there are no more subjects.'—'D— it,' said the sailor, 'I didn't think of that,' and asked him to take a glass of Champagne.—'But, my lord, I fear your intrepidity will yet furnish me such another scene; and, if it should, I shall certainly avail myself of it.'—'Will you?' said Nelson, pouring out bumpers, and touching his glass violently against West's—'will you, Mr. West? then I hope that I shall die in the next battle.' He sailed a few days after, and the result was on the canvas before us."

The Austrian Consul at Alexandria has discovered a new cotton-yielding plant in Egypt, said to be more prolific than that of America, and to require less space for its cultivation. As it requires large quantities of water, the plant will either have to be cultivated where water is already plentiful, or the water conducted to the places where it is now too scarce. Either way, or in both ways, the difficulty may soon be overcome if properly set about. Hitherto the United States has been our greatest importer of cotton, the East Indies ranking second, Brazil third, and Egypt fourth.

Although theological discussions are very properly prohibited among Freemasons as such, the following reasonable passage from Mr. Frederick Ross's able lecture on the Progress of Civilization is well worthy of attention by those mistaken members of the Craft who would fain limit its ancient privileges to the professors (who are too seldom the best practisers) of Christianity; and who really remove the ancient landmarks of our Order when they deny the Jews admission among us:—"I can never look upon a Jew," says he, "however undignified his calling, without a feeling of respect, as the

representative of a race that has conferred such inestimable benefit on the world—that has played so important a part in the world's drama—and from the circumstance that the gentlest, the most lovely, and the purest of ethical teachers—the Redeemer of the world—was born of a Jewish maiden." The true Freemason wishes to see all who really believe in the fatherhood of the Great Architect of the Universe and the brotherhood of the human race, and who prove their belief by consistent practice, united in "the mystic tie," whether it be the Hindoo, humbly striving, in the language of his ancient Verdic hymns, to "appease anger by gentleness, and overcome evil with good;" the disciple of Confucius endeavouring "to act towards others as you would wish them to act towards you;" the Jew, still adhering to the same worship practised in that Temple around which our Masonic legends so lovingly entwine themselves; or the disciples of that Jesus whose sublime Sermon on the Mount is certainly most unfavourable to the bigotry and persecution which never was, never is, and never will be, any portion of genuine Christianity.

The Rev. R. V. Taylor, B.A., now rector of Edlington, near Rotherham, to whom we were already indebted for a very useful addition to the biographies of eminent Yorkshiremen, under the title of "Biographia Leodiensis," has added to our obligations by producing his interesting historical and architectural sketches of the churches of Leeds and its neighbourhood, under the title of "The Ecclesie Leodienses." The work, like its predecessor, is well written, full of useful information, and shows great industry and research. In future numbers of the MASONIC MAGAZINE I hope to lay it under contribution for the improvement of Craftsmen.

The rare plant, *Xanthium Spinosum*, supposed to be a native of Australia, has for some few years past been found growing wild about the fellmongers at Kenilworth and in various parts of Gloucestershire. The seeds have probably been accidentally imported along with foreign hides, wool, etc.

The well-known North Yorkshire tradition of a poor girl named Bell Soleby being observed swinging on a field gate near Helmsley, and singing to amuse herself—

"Seea may 't happen an' seea may 't fall  
That Ah may be t' lady o' Duncombe Hall,"

and of Charles Slingsby Duncombe, Esq., the owner of Duncombe Park, afterwards making her his wife, has been chosen by Mrs. Macquoid for a love-story now running through *Good Words*, and promises to be very interesting. Of course, names of persons and places are altered, *Helmsley* in the story becoming *Steersley*, and *Duncombe* is made into the name of a tenant instead of that of the squire. The whole story will be anxiously looked for by those familiar with the tradition.

*Rose Cottage, Stokesley.*

#### ANSWERS TO DOT'S MASONIC ENIGMA.

(See the *Masonic Magazine* for April,  
page 560.)

[We publish the following from a very large  
number of successful replies.]

True, Dot, in every Mason's Lodge we  
prize  
The well-known SQUARE, and he is truly  
wise  
Who regulates the actions of his life,  
To country, neighbours, parents, children,  
wife,  
By its Masonic teaching. Act on the  
Square  
Always, and none with Masons can com-  
pare.

GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL.

If Dot seeks a rule which shall act with-  
out doubt  
In making Freemasons all upright and fair,  
He has but to counsel them—"In lodge  
and out,  
Remember your O.B. and act on the  
SQUARE. W. T.

Please send to me your Annuaire,  
If you mean acting on the SQUARE,  
For I've your riddle guessed, you see,  
Therefore the Calendar belongs to me!

C.J.M.