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FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

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## THE SECRET DOCTRINE OF THE TEMPLARS.

BY THE EDITOR.

WE have had our attention lately called to a work published in 1872 by M. L'Oiseleur (A. Durand et Pedone Lauriel, Paris), which is termed "La Doctrine Secrète des Templiers," and which professes to give us the true explanation of their secret teaching, and the real cause of their suppression by Pope Clement V. It is a work somewhat difficult now to obtain—only two hundred copies have been printed. We had never seen it before, though we had taken a reference to it from a foreign writer, and having—thanks to our bookseller—obtained, after some research, a copy of it from Paris, we think it well to make known its contents to our readers. The main point of interest connected with it is the publication *in extenso* for the first time, though Dupuy had alluded to the MS. of an account of certain proceedings, professedly in 1310, at Florence, by the order of Clement V., before the Archbishop of Pisa and the Bishop of Florence, taken from a MS. in the Vatican Library, Rome (*Vaticanus*, 4011). We may observe, "en passant," that M. L'Oiseleur says nothing of the actual age of the MS., but he seems to assume all through its contemporaneity with 1310. This, however, is a most important point, and requires looking into, as, if it is the original document of 1310, it has a very great value "per se;" if a later transcript, it becomes at once of much less importance as evidence. The fact of its being written on "paper" seems to point to a "transcript" rather than to an original. All M. L'Oiseleur tells us is that, transcribed for him (he does not seem to have seen it himself) by an able "paleographer," it was "collated" for him with the original by the well-known Chevalier Rossi. No doubt his name is a sure guarantee of the fidelity of the "collation," but we should have liked his opinion as to the exact age of the MS. Beyond this, despite the able treatise and special suggestions of M. L'Oiseleur, there is no new light thrown on a most difficult and "vexata quæstio." Even to this hour, it is all but impossible to decide what is the real truth, or even what are the exact facts of the case.

Were the Templars merely a secret association, obnoxious to the Pope and Philippe le Bel by their immense riches, their pride, their military power, their exclusive privileges, their interference with matters of State, and their corrupt morals? Or had they, in consequence of their contact with the East, imbibed alike Oriental vice and Oriental heresies? This is what we want to know to-day. The Abbé Vertot said, years ago, this problem, "the despair of historians, is the most impenetrable enigma which history has left to pos-

terity to unravel;" and, with Napoleon I., we are inclined to doubt whether it ever will be "possible, after five hundred years, to pronounce distinctly on the actual innocence or guilt of the Templars." All we can do is to offer a reasonable, but partial, explanation, at the best, of what must, we fancy, ever remain a mystery, like the "Man in the Iron Mask," to tantalize us with its dark doubts, and with its impenetrable obscurity.

The question of the guilt or innocence of the Templars has been made, as L'Oiseleur shows, like many other questions in the world, a mere question of party. Voltaire and Raynouard, to attack both the monarchy and papacy, have pronounced the Templars positively innocent, all the allegations against them false, all the witnesses bribed, and their own self-accusations obtained by torture and tyranny. At the same time we say this, we agree with one remark of Voltaire's, that it is "wrongly to understand mankind if we think that there are societies which can support themselves by immoral habits, and lay down a law of immodest iniquity." The very accusations against the Templars seem to suggest, on the other hand, doubt and improbability. Nicolai, Grouville, Wilcke, Von Hammer, and many others, have believed that they have discovered traces, not only of a secret, but of an "heretical" association, which had grafted the worship of Gnosticism, etc., on the most fearful vices of the East.

There is a third view, which, up to the present, has never been carefully elaborated, which would contend that all these statements, grossly exaggerated and ignorantly amplified, only point to physical trials, the actual corporeal "tentamina" of the mysteries of old reproduced in a Templar Chapter, and thus linked on to Freemasonry. No doubt the argument is very potent and pressing, which, at first sight, may be drawn from admissions which seem both clear and consistent. As L'Oiseleur put it well, "the mystery which surrounded their receptions, the initiation slow and progressive of those received, the silence which was imposed upon them," and many other points noted by him, seem to show that the suspicion alike of a dreadful heresy as of a horrible depravity had lead Clement V. to suppress the Order, which, considering its otherwise brilliant services, had but a short existence, as, founded in 1118, it expired in 1312. Certain it is, M. L'Oiseleur shows us that Clement, in his two Bulls—"Vox in Excelso" and "Considerantes Dudum," for the first time, we believe, given without suppression, according to the French of the Abbé Belet, founded on Hefelé, in this work accuses distinctly, Molai, his principal officers and knights, not only of fearful moral crimes, but of distinct and most dangerous heresy. We are aware that too much stress must not be laid on this isolated fact, as the accusation of "heretical pravity" is an old habit of Rome and the Inquisition, and has been brought before now against many innocent victims. But still, the fact is unquestionable, and is a fact, moreover, which has hardly been done justice to in some disquisitions we have seen on the subject. Indeed, in the first Bull occurs this remarkable passage, overlooked by most writers:—"Some of them have also confessed other crimes, both horrible and dishonouring, which, for the present, we keep silence on." Another fact also comes out from recent inquiries. In 1867 Pere Theiner, the able librarian of the Vatican, tells M. L'Oiseleur that there is no trace of an original process against the Templars, "either in the library or the secret papers of the Vatican. There is, indeed, the inquiry at Florence," he says, "twenty-six folios. Private inquiries made by Clement V. against the Templars in the Island of Cyprus, in Greece, in the patrimony of St. Peter, in the Duchy Urbino, in several ecclesiastical provinces of France and Italy, which are very important, very voluminous, and more or less favourable to the Order. Some of these inquiries are on parchment, and contain one hundred and one hundred and fifty folios." But there are also in the Vatican extracts from the English proceedings against the Templars to which Pere Theiner does not allude, curiously enough. It may, however, fairly be doubted, we apprehend, whether

this statement of Pere Thenier does actually exhaust all extant MSS. on the subject in the Vatican, as the "doctrine of reserve," familiar to the members of the Society of Jesus and to the Casuists of the Church of Rome, has long prevailed at the Vatican Library.

If Munter's statements be true, other documents exist, but we fear also, on his part, a tendency to a "fraus pia." Thus, as ever, "history repeats itself," and we poor students of to-day have still to deal with the "suppressio veri" and the "suggestio falsi." Hard lines for us to have to steer safely between this Scylla and Charybdis of veritable history.

It is interesting to note how that another fact "creeps out" of these inquiries, whose "outcome" is unfavourable to the Templars! Contemporary writers accuse them of pride, arrogance, interference with affairs of State, natural weaknesses, and even unnatural offences! Common sayings current among all classes of society, known and quoted by many writers, all point to habits which are evil, luxury which is alarming, and crimes which are dishonouring and degrading!

We are not bound to take all the statements of Matthew Paris and William of Tyre, for instance, except "cum grano salis," but we cannot shut our eyes or ears to certain facts and declarations from such a "consensus" of writers as exists undoubtedly upon the point.

In 1272 the Council of Saltzburg already proposed to reform the Templars and unite them with the Hospital of St. John. In 1273 Gregory X., and in 1289 Pope Nicholas IV., sought also to reform them and the Hospitaliers as well, and it is quite clear that, for some time previous to their fall, inquiries had been made, by Papal authority, secretly into their habits of life and the scandals so widely propagated respecting them, their morals, and—above all, their faith!

Now, this is a very important point, as it disposes of the charge of "sudden vengeance" and merely "interested cupidity" in the otherwise startling proceedings of the French King and the Roman Pontiff. And then this question forces itself upon us—Had the Templars secret regulations and a "Secreta Receptio," over and above their regular and authorised reception? There is no trace in their known rules or commonly received ceremonial of anything wrong or even suspicious. In the form of reception, which may be seen in many works, all is decorous and devout. But then, it is said that they had certain "points of the Order" which were communicated in special and secret reception alone, and on penalty of death for violation of the secret, to all professed Knights and Chaplains of the Order. The word "points" has always appeared to us to decide a connection of some kind with the Masonic guilds, it being a Masonic technical word.

No such "secret points" are, however, extant, nor has any publication of documents bearing on this head taken place to which the slightest real authority can be attached. Munter's posthumously published MSS. are open to the gravest suspicion. Dupuy, in his remarkable work, "*Histoire de l'Ordre Militaire des Templiers*"—first published by his brother after his death in 1651, and of which a condensed form, which we have, was published at Brussels in 1751—states that the fifty-first witness admits that he made this statement to a lay friend, and which we translate from the French:—"If even you were my father, and that you could become G.M. of the Order, I should not wish you to enter into our body; for we have three articles which no one will ever know, except God and the devil, and we ourselves, Brethren of the Order." This statement is obtained, however, after torture, "*Bene notanda est.*"

In the inquiry at Paris, a certain Raoul de Presle, a lawyer, declared that Gervais de Laon, Ruler of the Temple at Laon, told him that in the "Chapter General of the Order, there was a matter so secret ('quidam punctus adeo secretus'), that if, for his misfortune, any saw it, were it the King of France

himself, no fear of torture would prevent the members of the Chapter from killing him immediately." Gervais de Beauvais also said to him several times, "that he possessed a little book which he would willingly shew him, and which contained the statutes of his Order, but that he possessed another and a more secret one which, for nothing in the world, would he consent to show him!" We must take these statements for what they are worth.

Curiously enough, however, it is stated in the Bull of suppression:—"When they received brethren into the order, these were obliged, in the very act of their reception, to swear that they would reveal to no one the manner of their reception, and swear that they would remain faithful to this vow."

We may come, we think, then, to this conclusion safely, that there was a "Secreta Receptio," but what that was, and to what it tended, we must still we think, speak with great hesitation, and certainly not with any certainty—above all, dogmatically.

We must always remember that the admissions of the Templars must be divided into two classes: those obtained by torture; those obtained through spiritual influence without torture, and which still remain transcribed and, no doubt, coloured by the prevailing animus of the Church of Rome on the subject. Torture was used in France unsparingly, and to some extent in the Tower of London, but not at York, or Florence, Sicily, Brindisi, Ravenna, Pisa. In Germany, Spain and Portugal, practically, the Templars were acquitted! Now all this has to be borne in mind when we come to the Roman Catholic charge of heresy.

Von Hammer's "Baphomet and Gnosticism" seem to reduce themselves into "Mahomet and Islamism," and these again seem to be explained by the eager credulity, or the preconceived views of examining Inquisitors and Prelates and Clerks. If the statements of the Florence inquiry are to be accepted, the Templars worshipped a demon (Lucifer), and were "Luciferi Luciferians;" their Chaplains omitted the principal words of the mass, and absolution was given only in the name of the Great Creator, and they had a "Head" which they openly worshipped as an idol. The Saviour was said to be a "false prophet," and was represented by the "good thief." And, altogether, these defenders of Christendom were unbelieving heretics, worshippers of an idol and a demon—even the Evil Spirit; their habits were deliberately foul, and their morals horribly and disgustingly degraded!

We recommend our readers, who might be startled by these words of ours, to read carefully from page 33 to page 55, under the heading, "Idée Generale de la Doctrine Secrète des Templiers," in M. L'Oiseleur's work. We confess that we do not believe in any such statements, for the reasons, above mentioned, that they are practically the representations of preconceived opinions and the Roman Catholic fear of heresy. We say nothing now of their inherent absurdity and incredibility. Indeed, M. L'Oiseleur goes on to show that, in many of their views, if truly represented, the Templars must have impinged on the doctrines of the Gnosticism of the early ages, the Panlini or Panlicians of the ninth century, the Cathairi of the eleventh, and to have worshipped a spirit of good and evil!

They were also infected, L'Oiseleur points out, according to the statements of the Inquisitors, with the peculiar and hateful views of the Euchetæ or Enthusiasts, as well as with those of the Bogomiles and the Albigenses. But, as we said before, we think all this is a manifest exaggeration of which no proof exists. The Gnosticism of Von Hammer and the Gnostic chests have been given up, and may not these allegations be given up too?

One witness says that all these trials were a "trufa"—in Italian, that is a jest or practical joke—and we fancy that we see in all these allegations nothing but the corporeal trials, perhaps the burlesques, of "earth, fire, and water," of personal courage and religious devotion, which, in an order like the Templars, exposed to death for the faith, if mistaken, was excusable, and if sensational,

was not actually intended to be irreligious; but which in the hands of unbelieving, or wicked, or immoral men might be fearfully abused.

We do not see, despite M. L'Oiseleur's able work, that the question is any nearer advanced to its decision. If it be true that to Wm. de Beaujeu, G.M. (as appears from a Paris witness), all these secret receptions are to be attributed we find, perhaps, the explanation of their origin in secret associations existing, in the East, the Templars, availing themselves of their secret Chapters, forming an inner secret fraternity of their own. Indeed, one witness at Paris describes a ceremonial which seems to us both significative and worthy of note. He says that he was deprived of light, and then admitted into the Chapter. He was not a Knight, but a serving brother. Having been previously left in solitude and darkness, he was led round the Chapter more than once, and lastly admitted on a corporeal oath; but he mentions nothing improper or indecent.

Are all these allegations, whether of indecency or heresy, the interpolations of inquisitors or prelates, anxious to uphold the infallible Bull of an infallible Pope?

To our minds, the point in dispute is still an open question, and one which probably must still remain an enigma to general and Masonic students. That the Templars who died for the Cross were heretics, is, to our minds, simply incredible. That they were men of openly shameful lives and horrible vices is alike, as we think, most improbable. That they were mortal and therefore weak, enforced celibates and therefore exposed to great temptations, is, we think, likely to be true; that they were not impeccable, and were corrupted by wealth and luxury, is also probably, nay undoubtedly, the case. But their worship of an idol resolves itself into a "Reliquary"; their Islamism and grosser criminalities into the necessity of supporting the Bull of condemnation, and is a "post hoc propter hoc," or is the product of the actual ignorance of the inquisitors. If proofs exist of a "secret receptio," they seem to point to a Templar fraternity, which may have adopted as an universal formulæ, "Le Dieu supérieur du Ciel," T.G.A.O.T.U. Be this as it may, we leave the matter practically as we found it, inasmuch as we cannot accept the Florence inquiry either as truthful in itself or as representing to us the actual opinions and practices of the Florentine Templars in particular, or the Knights Templars in general. But M. L'Oiseleur's pamphlet deserves study.

We fear we have made this paper all too long, but we have tried to place the matter fairly and fully before our readers.

## OLD LETTERS.

BY MAX.

*From the New York Dispatch.*

I LOOKED in the twilight this evening  
 In a drawer guarded safe by a key,  
 Where the ghosts of my childhood are hidden  
 And the eyes of the world cannot see;  
 And there in a corner, forgotten,  
 Neglected and yellow and worn,  
 I came on this bundle of letters,  
 With the edges all tattered and torn.

Oh, Alice, the perfume of roses  
 Has returned thro' life's turmoil to-day,  
 With the breath of the lilies and myrtle,  
 And a song of the birds far away;  
 Three faded old letters have brought me  
 The glory and Spring-tide of youth,  
 With the delicate odour of childhood,  
 And a sensitive honour of truth.

Ah! here is a chapter from Charlie,  
 And the daintiest missive from May;  
 He writes of his conquests at polo,  
 She describes the last drawing-room day.  
 And now they are married and settled  
 In an elegant house in Mayfair,  
 His uncle has left him a fortune,  
 And she drives in a carriage and pair.

This paper is crowded with verses  
 (It is useless to mention the name);  
 The critics came down on their author,  
 And extinguished his ardour and fame.  
 A letter from Mary encloses  
 Just a curl from her child's golden hair,  
 And here is a bow of blue ribbon  
 Katie lost at a ball, on the stair.

This brief little note is from Flora,  
 Written scrawling and hurriedly sent;  
 Her passion that year was an artist,  
 And a dear little cottage in Kent.  
 "To know him," she writes, "is to love him;"  
 Would you say that to-day, little Flo?  
 For now she has married a marquis,  
 And this season they ride in the Row.

These few are the records of friendship  
 That I trust to the end to retain;  
 How many dark days they have brightned,  
 Bringing peace to the heart and the brain.  
 And here are some letters were written  
 By a loved one in years passed away,  
 And still it is sweet to peruse them  
 As I sit in the twilight to-day.

I tie them together and place them  
 In a corner away from the rest,  
 Where never a stoic may see them,  
 Or the proud turn them into a jest.  
 Perhaps it is foolish and childish,  
 But my eyes have grown misty with tears:  
 The sight of these letters is haunted  
 With the ghosts of "life's beautiful years!"

THE OLD CHARGES OF THE BRITISH FREEMASONS.

WILLIAM JAMES HUGHAN.

No. 1.—THE SCARBOROUGH MS.

**B**RO. the Rev. A. F. A. Woodford, M.A., and I, have had many a search after old Masonic MS. Charges, or *Operative Constitutions*, and by his desire, I hope from time to time to report, through the medium of the *Masonic Magazine*, any additions to our treasury. The first of the present series is the "Scarborough MS.," the name selected appearing to me the most appropriate to describe this valuable document, because an endorsement on the MS. refers to a private Lodge having been held in that town as follows:—

"We \* \* \* \* That att A private lodge held att Scarbrough in the county of York, the tenth day of July, 1705, before William Thompson, Esq., President of the said Lodge and severall others, brethren Free Masons, the severall p'sons whose names are hereunto subscribed, were then admitted into the said Fraternity.

ED. THOMPSON  
JO TEMPEST  
ROBT JOHNSON  
THOS LISTER  
SAMUEL W. BUCK  
RICHARD HUDSON"

It is but fair to observe that though I have inserted the year 1705 to the foregoing transcript of the endorsement, others have claimed that it should be 1505, but not apparently with any justice. This Masonic MS. was in the possession of the Rev. J. Wilton Kerr, of Clinton, Canada, A.D. 1860, and was published on August 22nd of that year, in the *Mirror and Keystone*, Philadelphia, when under the editorship of the late Bro. Leon Hyneman. Bro. Kerr stated then that he considered the correct date was 10th July, 1505, but our lamented Bro. Hyneman expressed his doubt on that point, and then the matter dropt, no notice being taken of the document until quite recently, when Bro. Jacob Norton, of Boston, U.S.A., drew my attention to its character and value. On enquiry, however, he found that the MS. was missing, and for a time no clue was obtainable as to its whereabouts. Happily, however, the interest of the editor of the *Craftsman and Canadian Masonic Record* was enlisted, an appeal was made in the January, 1874, number of that most useful magazine for an active search, and soon it was found and placed in the hands of the Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Canada, an exact transcript being issued in the following month in the *Craftsman*, the editor of which concurs with most who have studied the subject, in "unhesitatingly declaring the date to be 10th July, 1705." The reasons given by the editor for his decision is "that the figure has been altered, a microscopic examination showing a difference in the colour of the ink between that part of the figure which makes a good seven, and that part which has been added of the seven has been transformed into a five. It is a very awkward and unsymmetrical five as it stands; remove the part supposed to be added and a very good seven remains." Our brother editor, to make extra sure, furnishes an extract from Higden's *Polyconicon* of 1493 (printed in the same magazine in the previous month) and a MS. in order to prove that "no competent person can doubt for a moment that the Canadian charge is the *most modern* of the three.

I thought it quite possible myself that, accepting the endorsement as of the year 1705, that the name of the president might be traced in the York Records, and because Bro. Woodford and I were unable to find it (though more than one Thompson is mentioned, only not the *same Christian name*), I

communicated with Bro. W. Cowling, of York, who has done so much on behalf of that city, Masonically (but, alas, since then he has been numbered with those that are *past*); and, after a careful examination of the registers, he was unable to find a "William Thompson" on the roll. It is very likely, however, that the lodge which thus assembled at Scarborough was an offshoot of the old lodge at York. A few years later a lodge was warranted there by the Grand Lodge of England (London), and later on another was chartered under the York authority.

The MS. is certainly about the latter part of the seventeenth century, or early in the one following, and therefore may fairly be placed at A.D. 1700 (*circa*). The endorsement, of course, must be of a subsequent date to that of the MS. itself, the latter probably being from five to twenty years the senior.

We are all pleased to know that, through the kindness of Bro. the Rev. J. W. Kerr, the MS. under consideration has become the property of the Grand Lodge of Canada; and, certainly, so pleasing a result attending the first notice of the document by Bro. Norton, and then its search being so zealously undertaken by the editor of the magazine and Grand Secretary Harris, abundantly illustrates *what may yet be done in the tracing of other MSS., if more brethren would be similarly earnest and enthusiastic in such matters.*

The present transcript is from the copy printed in the *Craftsman* for February, 1874, which was made *verbatim et literatim* from the original. Not so the copy in the *Mirror and Keystone*, which was termed a *translation*, or a modernised version.

The "Scarborough MS." has nothing special to recommend it, save the curious endorsement, it being in the main as the generality of the "Old Charges" of the seventeenth century, and as it lacks the "Apprentice Charge," peculiar to the "Harleian" (1942), "Hope" MSS., etc., it is nothing like so valuable as either of these documents; but it forms another link in the chain of evidence, all tending to exhibit our descent as Masons from the operative Sodalities of the Craft.

It agrees in many points with the *Gentleman's Magazine* MS. and several of the York Rolls.

It is probable that a more careful collation with other MSS. by an expert would lead to the correction of several of the words transcribed for the present copy from the original; but on the whole it is doubtless a very fair reproduction of the ancient document.

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The might of the Father with the Wisdom of his most Glorious Son through the goodnesse of the Holy Ghost three persons in One Godhead be with vs att our beginnunge, and give vs grace Soe to governe vs in our Livinge that wee may come to his Blisse that never shall have Endinge.

Good Brethren and fellowes our purpose is to tell yo how and in what manner this Craft of Masonry was begun and after how it was founded by worthy Kings and Princes and other Worshipful men, And also to them that be here wee will declare unto them the charge that belongeth to every Mason to [a word is illegible here] for if you take heed thereof it is well worthy to be kept for a Craft and curious Science, There is Seaven Several Sciences of the which it is one of those followinge; The first is Gramer which Teacheth a man to Speake truly and write truly; the Second is Rhetoricke which teacheth a man to speake faire & in subtile Tearmes; The Third is Lodgicke which teacheth to discerne truth from Falshood; The Fourth is Aretmaticke that teacheth to accompt and reckon all manner of numbers; The Fifth is Geometrie which teacheth to meete and measure of the Earth and of this Science is Masonry; The Sixth is Musicke which teacheth Songe and voice of Songe Orgaines and Harpe, the Seventh is Astronomie which teacheth the course of the Sun and Moone and other Ornaments of the Heavens; The Seaven Liberall Sciences which be all by one Science that is to say Geometrie;



Thus may a man prove that all the Sciences in the World are found by Geometrie for it teacheth Measure Ponderation, or Weight of all Manner of Earth, and there is noe man that worketh of any Craft but he worketh by some measure nor noe man that Buys and Sells but by Measure and Weight and all this is Geometrie And Craftes men and Merchants find other of the said Sciences and especially Plowmen and Tillers of Ground as Corne, Vines plants and Setters of Fruites for Gramer nor Astronomie, nor any of the other can finde a man one meat, or Measure without Geometrie where fore we thinke that Science most worth that findeth all other; This Science was first found out by one Lamecke in the 4th of Gene: and Lamecke had two Wives the one called Ada and the other Sella by Ada hee begott two Sonnes the one called Jabell the other Juball, And by the other Wife he had a Sonn and a daughter, and these Four Children found the beginnige of all Crafts in the World, This Juball was Eldest Sonn and hee found the Craft of Geometry and hee parted Flocks of Sheep in the Feilds and First Wrought House of Stone and Tree Gen: 4th and his Brother Jabell found Musicke of Songe, Harpe and Organe, The Third Brother found Smith Craft as of Iron and Steele and their Sister found weaveing These Children did know that God would take vengeance for Sinn either by Fire, or water Therefore they Writt the Sciences which they found in two Pillars of Stone that they might be found after the Flood the One Stone was called Marble that cannot Burne with Fire the other was Saturns and that cannot drown in the water

Our intent is to tell yo. in what manner these Stones were found that these Sciences were written in the great Hermaraynes that was Sonn vnto Cus, and Cus was Sonn vnto Sem, wch was sonn vnto Noah the same Hermeraynes that was after wards named Hermes the Father of Wise Men, Hee founde the two Pillars of Stone, and the Sciences Written there hee taught to other men and att the makeinge of the Tower of Bablon there was Masonry First made much of and the Kinge of Babilon that high Nimroth was a Mason Himselfe and Loved the Craft as itt is said and when the city of Ninive and other Cities of the East should be made Nimroth the Kinge of Babilon sent thither sixty Masons at the desire of the Kinge of Ninive his Cozen and when hee sent them forth hee gave them a Charge on this manner That they should be true each of them to other and that they should Love truly togeather and Serve their Lord truly for their pay for that the Craft might have Worshipp and all that belonge to him this was the First time that ever Mason had charge of his Craft.

Moreover when Abraham and Sarah his Wife went into Egypt he taught the Seaven Sciences and he had a Worthy Scholler named Euclid and he learned right well and was master of all the Seven Sciences and [in] his daies itt befell that the Lords and Estates of that Realm, had soe many Sonns that they had gotten some by their Wives and some by other Ladies that they had not a competent maintenance for them, wherefore they made great sorrow, then the Kinge of the Land called a great Councill to Know how they might relieve their Children honestly as Gentlemen should vnder a condicion that they would grant me a Comission that I may have power to rule them honestly as those of that Science of Geometry for to worke in stone all manner of Worthy Worke that belongeth to Building Churches Temples, Tower and all other manner of Buildinge. And he gave them a charge on this manner first they should be true to the King and to the Lords that they Served and that they should love well togeather and be true each One to other and call each other his fellow or Brother and not Servant nor Knaue nor any other foule name and that they should truly deserve their pay of the Lord their Master they served and that they should ordaine the Wisest of them to be Master of the Worke and neither for loue riches, nor favour to sett another that hath little cunninge to be Master of the Worke whereby the Lord should be evill served and they Ashamed, and also that they should call the Governor of the Worke Master the tyme that they wrought with him

and many other Charges that were to Longe to tell, And all those he made them Swear a great Oath they vsed in that time and Ordained for their reasonable pay that they might Live Honestly and also that they should come and Assemble to gether every yeare Once and consult best how to serve the Lord for his profit and their Owne Worshipp and to correct within themselves him that had Trespassed against the Craft, and thus was the Science grounded there, and that Worthy Master Euclid, gave it the name of Geometry and now it is called through all this Land Masonry.

Long after when the Children of Israel were come into the Land of promise King David began the Temple att Jerusalem which was call Templum Domin and he Loved well Masons and Cherished them much and gave them good pay, and he gave them the charges and manners that he had learned of the Egyptians left them by Velid, and other charges more that yow. shall afterwards, After the decease of Kinge David, Solomon his Sonn finishinge the Temple which his Father had begunn and he sent for workemen into divers Countries and gathered to gether Eighty Thousand Workers of Stone and were all named Masons and he Chose out of them three Thousand of them that were Ordained Masters and Governors of his Worke and there was a Kinge of an other nation which men called Hiram and he loved well King Solomon and he gave him Timber for his Worke, and he had a Sonn called Aynon and he was master of Geometry and Choise Master of all his Masons, and was Master of all his Gravinge and carvinge and all other manner of Masonry that belongeth to the Temple and this Solomon confirmed both charges and the manners that his Father had given to Masons and thus was that worthy Craft Confirmed in the City of Jerusalem and many other Kingdomes.

Curious Crafts men Travilled into divers Countries some to Learne more Craft and Cunnige and Some to teach them that had but the Cunnige and So it befell that there was Curious Masons that was called Naynus Grecus that had been at the Buildinge of Solomons Temple and was come into France and there he taught the Science of Masonry and there was one of the Royall line called Charles Martell and he was a man that loved well this Craft, and he came to this Naynus Grecus and Learned of him the Craft, and took of him the charges & manners and afterwards by the Grace of God he was Elected Kinge of France, and when he was in this State he tooke Masons and did help to make men Masons, and Sett them to Worke and gave them both the charge and the manners that he had Learned of other Masons confirming them A charter from yeare to yeare to Hold their Assembly where they would and thus came the Craft into France.

England all this While was void of Masons vntill St: Albons and in his daies the Kinge of England Walled the Towne that is called St: Albons, Now this St: Albon was a Worthy Knight and Steward to the Kings Household and was Governor of the Maysons That made the Towne Walls and loved them well and cherished them right much and he made there pay right good (*i. e.*) two shillings six pence a Weeke and three pence to their Nousyon before that time through all this land a Mason tooke but a 1 penny a day & his meate till St. Albon mended it, and got them a Charter of the Kinge and Councell for to hold a Generall Councell and gave it a name of Assembly and there at he was himselfe and helped to make Masons and gave them charges as yow. shall here afterward Right soon after the death of St: Albon there was Great Warrs in England so that the Craft was almost lost vntill the time of Athelston a Worthy King and he brought the Land to rest and peace he Bulided many great Workes as Churches, Abbyes Castles and many other Buildings he loved well Masons and he had a Son called Edwin he loved Masons much more than his Father did and he was a great Practiser of Geometry vseing much to talke with Masons and learned of them the Craft afterwards for the love he had to Masons he was made One himselfe and got of the King his Father a Charter and Commission to hold every yeare once an Assembly with in the Realme of England, to

Correct within themselves defaults and Trespasses that were done within the Craft and he held himself an Assembly att Yorke and made Mason and gave them the charge and taught them the manners of Masons commanding that rule to be kept hereafter and gave them the Charter and Comission to keep that it should be preserved amongst them from time to time.

And when the Assembly was mett he made a cry that all Masons Olde and Young that had any writeinge or vndstanding of the charges that was before in this Land or in any other they should bring them forth and there was some found in Greeke some in French some in English and some in other Languages, the intent of them were all One and he comanded a Booke to be made thereof to Testifie how the Craft was first found comandinge to be read when any Mason or Masons should be made, that soe they might Know their Charg, and from that time to this Assemblyes have beene kept and certaine Charges have beene given by Masters and Fellowes.

Here follows the Worthy and Godly Oath of Masons every man that is a Mason take heed of this charge and if yow finde your selves guilty of any of these that yow. may a ment and especially yow that be charged now to take heed that yow keep it for it is great perill for a Man to forswear himselfe vpon a Booke.

*Tunc vnus Senioribus teneat librum ut illi vel ille ponant vel ponat manus Super librum et tunc precepto deberent logi.*

The First is that yow. shall be true to God and holy Church and that yow. vse noe herisie no error in your vnderstandinge or by the teaching of Indiscreete men, Also yow. shall be true Leige men to the King without Treason or falsehood and that yow. shall Know no Treason but that yow. warne the King or his Councell there of yow. true One to another (That is to say) to every Master and Fellow of the Craft of Masonry and shall doe to them as yow. would they should do to yow. and that every One Keep true Councell of Lodge and Chamber and all other Councell that ought to be kept in the way of Masonry and that none shall be theifes nor in theivish company to his knowledge but be true to the Lord and Master that yow. serve and to see to his profit and Advantage, And also that yow. call Masons your Fellowes and brethren and no other foule names nor yow. shall not take your fellowes Wife to Comitt villany with her nor desire his daughter or servant to defile her or them, yow. shall pay truely for Your Table where yow. board That the Craft may have honour wher ever you goe These be Charges in Generall that belongeth every Mason to Keepe, both Masons and fellowes I will now rehearse other charges singular.

First that no Master shall take vpon him any Lords Work or other Man's but that he Know himselfe be able and sufficient in Cunninge to performe and end the same so that the Craft have no Slander nor disworshipp but that the Lord may be well served and truly, Also that no Master take worke but att reasonable rates the Master to live Honestly and to pay his Fellowes truly as the Manner is Also that no Master or Fellow shall supplant other of their worke (that is to say if he have taken worke or stand Master of the Lords Worke he shall not put him out if he be able in cunninge to end the same, Also that no Master or Fellow take an Apprentice for lesse Terme than Seaven yeares, and the Apprtice be able of his Birth and of his Limbs as he ought to be and also that no Master Fellow take no allowance to be made Mason without the Assent of his Fellowes att the least 6 or 7 And that he that shall be bound and made Mason be and able ouer shires (vizt) that he be free borne and of good Kinred and no Bondman and that he have his right Limbs as a man ought to have And that no Worke be put in trust with any that vse to take Journey and that no Mason give pay to his Fellowes but as they do serve, And that no Fellow slander an other falsly to the losse of his good name, and that noe ungodlie answer be made to any within the Lodge or without and every Mason shall prefer his Elder, before him, and that none shall play

att Hazard nor any other play whereby they may be Slandered And that no Mason shall be Comon Ribald in Lecherie, And that no fellow goe into the Towne on the night without a fellow that may bear him Witnesse that he was in an Honest place And that every Master and Fellow come to there Assembly if it be within 50. tie miles if he have any warneinge and Stand there at the reward of Master and Fellowes, and that every Master and Fellow if he have Trespassed should stand att the reward of Master and Fellows to make them accord if they may and if not then goe to the Comon Law And that no Mason make Moulds square nor rule to any Ruell Lyers And that no Mason sett Liver within a Lodge nor without to Heir moldstones with noe mold of his Owne makeinge, And that Strange Fellowesshould be Cherished when they come Over the country and sett them on Worke as the Manner is (that is to say) if he have moldstones in place he shall sett him a Fortnight att the least on Worke and give him his hire, And if there be no stones for him he shall refresh him with money to bring him to the next Lodge, and also ye and every Mason shall serve truly the Workers and truly make an end of your Worke be it Taske or Journey if yow. may have your pay as yow. ought to have.

These Charges that we have received & all other that belong to Masonry yo<sup>u</sup>. shall Keepe so help yo<sup>u</sup>. God and Holido me, and by this Book to your power. Finis.

### GOD BLESS THE PRINCE OF WALES.

WRITTEN FOR MASONIC GATHERINGS BY BRO. FRED. VERNON,  
W.M. AND BARD LODGE KELSO, NO. 58, S.C.

**I**n all true Mason's lodges  
Where loyalty prevails,  
We raise the ready chorus,  
God Bless the Prince of Wales.  
Should danger ever threaten,  
Or foes assail the throne  
We'll help our Royal brother,  
And make his cause our own.

*Chorus.*—In all true Mason's lodges,  
Where loyalty prevails,  
We raise the ready chorus,  
God bless the Prince of Wales.

May our Great Master guide him  
Through life's mysterious maze ;  
May "Wisdom, strength, and beauty"  
Uphold him all his days ;  
May he live "within the circle  
Wherein no Mason fails ;"  
So shall our prayer be ever,  
God bless the Prince of Wales.

*Chorus.*—In all true Mason's lodges  
Where loyalty prevails,  
We raise the ready chorus,  
God Bless the Prince of Wales.

WITHIN THE SHADOW OF THE SHAFT.

With a Vignette Illustration by the Author.

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

A story I've heard in my youth,  
I can't tell whether serious or funny meant;  
I don't mean to vouch for its truth—  
Once a man ran away with the Monnymment.  
Up Fish Street Hill swiftly he flew:  
A watchman who saw it quick followed it,  
When what did this sharp fellow do?  
Why, he made but one gulp and he swallowed it!  
Ri-fol-lol-de-iddity, Ri-fol-lol-de-ido, &c.—*Old Song.*

"Where London's column, pointing at the skies,  
Like a tall bully, lifts the head and lies."—*Pope.*



EVERY one of my esteemed readers will probably find this magazine in his or her hands on the recurrence of the two hundred and thirteenth anniversary of the outbreak of that terrible devastation, to be thereafter for ever numbered among the tremendous catastrophes of history and known as the Great Fire of London.

Of this event, of its associations, surroundings, scene, and of the society amidst which it occurred, I propose to gossip, I hope pleasantly and not altogether unprofitably, in the ensuing paper.

Of course you know Monument Yard. I grant that if, like the swell in the song, you "never go east of Temple Bar," your acquaintance with that quadrangle will be limited to the information you derive from an occasional paragraph hiding in the remotest corner of your daily journal, as if ashamed of itself, imparting the market rates of "green fruit," under which denomination I believe oranges, lemons, and pine-apples are comprised. I know a certain

little maiden very dear to me who delights in propounding the utterly absurd and insoluble conundrum "Why is a raven like a writing-desk?" Now, why should Monument Yard remind me of Sherwood Forest? The flora of that rustic haunt has never, so far as I have been taught, included the aristocratic pine, the lemon that imparts acidulated piquancy to the middle-class grog, or even the humble orange that assuages the thirst of our Sarah

and her 'Arry on 'Ampstead 'Eath on her 'oliday, or refreshes Tom the shoe-black when he indulges in threepenn'orth of moral drama in the gallery of the "Vic." That noble, eminent, and intelligent Peer, Lord Dundreary, you will remember, failed to trace any association between cows and shrimps. (Don't, now! I know it is easy enough to pun and say shrimps are good at Cowes.) Well, at first sight, Robin Hood and "Keeling & Hunt" seem as unanalogous. But, dear reader, I will tell you how, when standing within the shadow of the shaft, Sherwood glades and Fish Street Hill flag stones dissolve and blend one into the other. I remember when I was a boy I heard something of a debtor of one of the big fruit firms here being made an outlaw. They did very wonderful things when I was a boy. I believe that in the flesh the defaulter was smoking a cigar on the pier at Boulogne-sur-Mer, like Mr. Grissell the other day, the while his legal simulacrum or constructive presence was "put to the horn," as they call it in Scotland, and denounced at market crosses, and "proclaimed" by the sheriffs, or their officers, here, there, and everywhere. Jack Cade in the play laments "that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment; that parchments, being scribbled over, should undo a man." Why, when I was a boy, they scribbled over parchment certain mystic words, and impressed a big black, dirty seal upon it, gritty with absorbing sand, and pounce, as it was termed, and called it a "capias utlagatum," and sent it to the sheriff, and then he figuratively tortured the absent victim by horning him, and proclaiming him, and announcing that he was without the law, which some would call a blessed state, and I think it was generally believed that everybody might kill him if they could catch him, and I know I pictured him striking down the red deer beneath the boughs of the Nottinghamshire beeches, and sitting "under the greenwood tree," with a Maid Marian on his knee, "dipping his beak in the Gascon wine," as Thackeray sings, and carolling merrily the praises of an outlaw's life; whereas, in reality, he was lounging in Mr. Merridew's library at the corner of the Rue de l'Écu, burying his nose in yesterday's *Times*, or turning a quiet, if not strictly honest, penny, by a little punting at billiards in that well-known estaminet in the very small and very shady by-street behind the Tintalleries, in the ancient city of Boulogne-upon-the-Sea, which we all know is at least as far as Sherwood Forest from Monument Yard.

I like Monument Yard. I relish the smell of the "green fruit." I contemplate with never failing enjoyment the stalwart men in white frocks, with cords round their waists like Capuchin friars, and silver gorgets on their breasts, representing, I believe, wine tuns, like the army officers of a past generation, and adorned capitally, or endorsed, with great masses called porters' knots, giants, who sometimes lumber heavily up the steep tributary lanes, Atlas-like, with a ton or two of oranges in frail bulging boxes on their heads and backs, and sometimes stroll up in quite a *dégagé* manner, chatting with each other, and with their knots hanging behind, between their shoulders, like the "bags" of the Lord Mayor's footmen. These Herculean individuals are called Fellowship Porters, I am given to understand. Is it from the good fellowship they appear invariably to display towards each other, I wonder? Their employment is to unload the fruit clippers from the Mediterranean lying at the adjacent quays; and to see them drink beer is an abiding pleasure.

I look up, as I stand here, and wonder which was the window of Mrs. Todgers's establishment for commercial gentlemen; where were the leads where the incorrigible little Bailey terrified onlookers by cleaning the lodger's boots with acrobatic accompaniments? That is the door—that dungeon-looking portal—where Mr. Moddle vanished with Miss Cherry on their expedition aloft; and, surely, the man collecting the three-pennies there to-day must be the same cynic who chuckled behind his visitors' backs at the reflection that "they didn't know what was afore 'em, or how many stairs they had to go up;"

a philosophical corollary as applicable to the state of life they were then presumed to contemplate as to the exploit they immediately proposed to perform.

When I was a boy, it appears to me now, that summers were more summery, winters more winterly, and pantomimes more pantomimic than they are at the present time. I have an idea that well-known familiar scenes were more frequently represented in the harlequinade then than now. There is something too drearily abstract in seeing a pair of carpenter's flats representing Mr. Suet, Butcher; Mr. Cabbage, Greengrocer; and Mr. Lather, Barber; but there is an enjoyment deliciously concrete in beholding an accurate representation of—say, the Thames Embankment, or Covent Garden Market, or Monument Yard. If theatrical managers burn with anxiety to adopt the hint, and their consciences impel them to a material expression of appreciation, cheques and Post Office orders made payable to theirs truly may be addressed to me, under cover to the editor.

Well, in one of the first pantomimes I ever saw, Monument Yard was represented. The clown was a very funny man—clowns are never funny now. He was an avowed imitator of Grimaldi—and that veteran was even then alive—and he sung a song, a verse from which, remembered after a lapse of more than forty years—for I have never seen it in print—I have taken as one of the texts of this discourse. It was to the tune, well known to our grandfathers, called "Madame Fig's Gala," which, again, was the air of the old Irish song, "The night before Larry was stretched," and in our father's time was adopted for—

" George Barnwell stood at his shop door,  
A customer hoping to find, sir ;  
His apron was tucked up before,  
And the tails of his coat were behind, sir.  
A young 'ooman came by that way ;  
Says she, " George, I've deserted your shop o' late,  
But look sharp, young feller, I say,  
And just tip us two penn'orth o' chocolate.  
Ri-fol-lol-de-idity, Ri-fol-lol-de-ido," etc.\*

Why, 'twas only the other evening I heard Lionel Brough, the best Tony Lumpkin I have ever seen, troll forth the old air, in praise of "The Three Jolly Pigeons," in the wonderfully perfect reproduction of little Goldy's immortal comedy at the Royal Imperial (late the Aquarium) theatre.

In Eastcheap, "within the shadow of the shaft," dear reader, you shall see the true effigies and presentment of the larceny my text records, sculptured, actually carved out of cork, and displayed under a glass case in the shop window of an artificer in the mystery of bark-cutting, Alas for my burlesque attempt at reproducing my juvenile impression of this work of art in the rough vignette to this chapter. But, please, kindly "piece out my imperfections with your thoughts" as *Chorus* implores in Henry V.; and if you feel any curiosity to see how the cork-cutter has treated the ballad, go and look for yourself, for, as Macaulay's Roman ballad hath it in downright terms:—

" And there it stands unto this day,  
To witness if I lie."

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\* It will be observed that I have quoted the above stanza with the peculiarities of pronunciation Mr. Samuel Weller would certainly have displayed when he carolled the melody, which, doubtlessly, he frequently did. That he was well acquainted with the Cockney tradition of the guilty grocer's apprentice we learn from almost the first moment of Sam's welcome introduction to us. When Mr. Perker, the solicitor, is about to quote a case reported by those great legal authorities, Barnwell and Adolphus, he is interrupted by Sam:—"Never mind George Barnwell; everybody knows what sort of a case his was, tho' it's always been my opinion, mind you, that the young 'ooman deserved seragging a precious sight more nor he did. Hovs'ever, that's neither here nor there." We are very extensively and very opportunely reminded just now, anent a most meritorious work, Dickens's "Dictionary of London," that "Mr. Weller's knowledge of London was extensive and peculiar." The same adjectives would, no doubt, accurately characterise that young gentleman's acquaintance with our invaluable Cockney legends.

If I wander within the shadow of the shaft, or rather, down to its extreme extent, where, at mid-day, I have somewhere read, the simulacrum of the "vase, vomiting flames," falls, down that narrow alley which leads into Pudding Lane, I come to No. 25 in that redolent thoroughfare—that steep tributary to Thames Street where the odour of Messrs. Keeling and Hunt's green fruit is disagreeably commingled with the "ancient and fish-like smell" of adjacent Billingsgate. Here, at No. 25, stood the house of Master Faryner, the King's baker, where, at midnight on the 2nd September, 1666, the great conflagration broke out. Formerly, there, an inscription appeared upon the front of the house commemorating the disastrous event, but this was removed many years ago, for the rather incredible reason that the crowds congregating to read it impeded the traffic of the narrow thoroughfare. Now, before we leave No 25, Pudding Lane, gentle reader, two or three reflections suggest themselves. First, the name Faryner. Is this name a mere coincidence, or does it mark the late continuance of the ancient custom that connected the patronymic with the avocation? For Faryner, if not the exact equivalent of Boulanger, baker, means at all events Farrinier, flour seller, and bakers still sell flour, I believe; but I do not profess to know anything of domestic matters. Then, again, note the title—the King's baker. I believe Mr. Lemann, who sells such excellent biscuits, near the Royal Exchange, is entitled to blazon "the Lion and the Unicorn, fighting for the crown," over his door, by reason of his crisp comestibles having been, from time to time, munched by Royal molar. Mr. Game, the meritorious butcher in Cannon Street, claims a similar privilege, I understand; and I rather think that the capital pies of Mr. Dorling, pork-butcher, and historian of Leadenhall Market, have earned him like honour; but I imagine Mr. Faryner's claim to be the royal purveyor was closer than either of these. Remember, he was in the immediate vicinity of the Royal Palace of the Tower of London, then not infrequently visited, if not actually occupied, by majesty, and the breakfast rolls, if required, would scarcely have cooled in their short passage between Pudding Lane and the royal apartments in the Wardrobe Tower or the Queen's privy garden. And now a word or two as to the urn vomiting flames—and this is as convenient an opportunity as any that will occur, for me to protest that I do not pretend in this paper to give an historical, or statistical, or philosophical account of this memorable event in the history of the world's metropolis. If you are devoured by curiosity to know how many acres of ground were in four days covered with rubbish—how many parish churches were destroyed—how many shops and warehouses were laid in ruins, are there not Clarendon (the life), Oldmixon, Kennet, North, Burnet, Evelyn, and Pepys to consult? Go to them. Mr. Seymour Haden,\* in his excellent lectures on etching, tells us that real art should be rather suggestive than imitative. Well, I am suggestive, or, at least, I try to be, and only propose to use Pope's tall bully, pointing at the skies, as a sort of lay figure, a colossal prop on which I will hang what fantastic drapery I like—whatever rubbish comes into my head—*anent annus mirabilis*. Having let off which atrabillious protest, let us return to our urn. You all know, I suppose, that the monument is two hundred and two feet in height, and that if you measure from its base in a south-easterly direction, you will find that that exact distance will bring you to the site where the great fire broke out. It is said, as I have indicated above, that at a certain moment of the day—but I am not astronomer enough to tell you which—the shadow of the finial capital falls upon the very spot. Now, what is that capital? It is easy enough to answer, "An urn or vase vomiting flames." No doubt; but the reply, correct as it is, is not exhaustive. If you look up at the apex (it has been recently regilt, and seems to challenge close inspection) you will say that it is, at the least, a very

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\* "Etching," by Mr. Seymour Haden. *Magazine of Art*. Numbers for July and August (Cassell, Petter and Galpin).



funnily shaped urn. I believe in the tradition that it was intended to represent the probably mythical fire-ball that, thrown into the baker's wood store, originated the conflagration. The first idea of Wren, in designing the monument, was to pierce the shaft with loopholes—as, indeed, he subsequently did—but to add to each slit a protruding tongue of lambent flame, gilt so as to convey the impression of a column on fire—a very tawdry notion, if I may be allowed to be so presumptuous as to say so—then, above the corona of the gallery, he proposed to place a pedestal surmounted by a huge gilt Phœnix, of course emblematising Augusta\* rising again from her ashes. Whether this was suggested to him by the incident, so often narrated that I am half ashamed of repeating it here, or not, it is impossible to say. I have already, *mea culpa*, convinced my readers that I am incorrigible in my habit of crystallising old traditions. It is said that when Wren had found the architectural centre of St. Paul's Cathedral among the ruins, he called for a workman to bring a flat stone to mark the spot. The man took at random a slab lying near, among the rubbish, and when it was turned over it proved to be the covering for a tomb, and displayed, in deeply-indented characters, the word "*Resurgam.*" *Si non vero e ben trovato.* Probably the story is apocryphal, but it is, at all events, worth presevering. Wren, however, certainly had the Resurgam idea in his mind when he projected the Phœnix, but, reflection suggesting that the resistance offered to the wind by the outstretched wings would probably endanger the safety of the entire fabric, induced him to abandon the idea. Then, still clinging to the notion of the "column in flames," he proposed to substitute for a capital a gilt statue of His Majesty Charles the Second, in the habit of a Roman warrior. How fond royalty used to be of being represented in Roman military costume. But, in the meanwhile, and during the seven years the column was in building, the fever of the Popish plot broke out. Perhaps the incongruity of a mast-headed monarch on the top of a burning shaft—a St. Simeon Stylites with his support consuming beneath him—struck the artistic mind; but most probably the roused passions of the citizens caused them to recur to the fireball theory, and forced them to adopt for an ornament a representation of the device by which every loyal Protestant then believed Popish villainies had destroyed the opulent city. So we arrive at the conclusion that the top of the monument is crowned by an urn vomiting flames, or a vase shaped like a fire-ball: "Vich-ever you please, my little dears; you pays your money and you takes your choice."

And now about the fire-ball. This hypothesis of the origin of the fire seems solely to rest upon the testimony of a crack-brained Frenchman, one Hubert, who to be sure vouched his testimony with his life. The particulars of his case are very obscure. The papers containing the various examinations connected with the outbreak of the fire, taken by order of the House of Commons, † contain only remote references to the unhappy Frenchman; but it may be gathered from the contemporary historians that he was a watchmaker from Rouen, in Normandy, a Roman Catholic—or Papist as he is called in those chronicles—no doubt, although some assert that he was a Norman Huguenot; but there does not seem any sufficient ground for asserting, with some of the heated writers, that he was a member of the Society of Jesus. He gave himself into custody when the fury of search for incendiaries was at its height, and, on his own confession only, was tried, and, against the opinion of the learned judge who presided on the trial, found guilty and executed. The keeper of Newgate was directed in the brief interval that elapsed between trial and execution to conduct him over the ruins, and this sad excursion he seems to have taken on

\* Augusta, the Roman name for London:—

"Behold Augusta's glittering spires increase,  
And temples rise, the glorious works of peace."—Cowper.

† Howell's State Trials, vol. 6, page 810.

horseback "by reason of his lameness;" so we have this little ray of light thrown on the darkness of the enquiry, that the *soi disant* incendiary was a cripple. The gaoler took him blindfolded from Newgate down to a part of Thames Street near the Tower. He then removed the bandage and called his attention to the vast area of ruins and rubbish that extended for two good miles in a westerly direction before him; but Hubert denied that he had kindled the conflagration in that place; he said it was further up the street, nearer the river, nearer the bridge foot, so they wended their way westerly, keeper, convict, catchpolls, gobemouches, J.P.'s, until they arrived at the foot of Pudding Lane. "V'la," says the Frenchman, and, being allowed to dismount, scrambles painfully over the rubbish until he comes to the site of Mr. Faryner's bakery, and then he points out how he set fire to that tradesman's establishment by means of ignited fire-balls at the end of a long pole thrust through the windows of a little outhouse where the good man kept his store of billets, faggots, and shavings. "I knew," the poor baker had said before the committee, "that it was through no fault of mine the disaster arose, for there was but one fire left burning in my house that Saturday night, and that was on a brick bottom in my bakehouse, and I visited it and raked it all together the last thing before I went to bed." Poor frightened Faryner. They say that, though Hubert led his party straight to the site of the *boulangerie*, the baker himself, like hundreds of other honest citizens, was unable to find the spot where his shop had formerly stood. There exists a tradition that after the late transmogrification to form Charterhouse Street, the Holborn Circus, and the Viaduct, the Alderman of the Ward, coming home late one night, was found weeping, because he had lost the way to his own street door in a neighbourhood where he had dwelt for sixty years; but then, probably his worship had been dining with his Company.

Well, they hanged poor Hubert. It was said that he intimated that he had some very important disclosures he could make to the committee, and that the chairman had ordered the prisoner's attendance at the next sitting at noon; but that "they"—who "they" were I haven't the slightest idea—caused the poor wretch to be hanged at nine o'clock that morning, so that, when the committee proceeded to business at twelve, they found themselves in the disappointing situation of my Lord Tomnoddy, Lieutenant Tregoose, and likewise Sir Carnaby Jinks of the Blues.

"Hullo! I say, here's the deuce to pay;  
The fellow's been cut down and taken away;  
What's to be done? we've lost all the fun."

etc. But perhaps the grimmest part of the whole sad story is that it appears to be incontestable that the poor demented creature actually didn't arrive in London from France until the Monday night, when the fire had been actually two whole days in full blaze.

Those who have anything to do with the administration of the criminal law are familiar with the fact that for the perpetration of every great crime some few poor half-witted, usually drunken, creatures will voluntarily offer themselves victims to justice. It amounts to a mania. But in these days these self accusations are suspected, tested, investigated, and the invariable result is the discharge of the prisoner with more or less of a warning. Only the other day, in that horrible *cause célèbre*, which will be known in domestic history as the Richmond murder, an instance of the folly I am expatiating upon occurred. In Hubert's case, however, it is remarkable that although the judge who tried him looked upon the self-criminatory details as a cock-and-bull story, expressed his opinion that the Frenchman had adopted the course he took as a self-regarded venial method of committing suicide, yet he took no steps to arrest the execution of the sentence of the law, and even seems composedly to have assisted the despairing man to attain his object.

(To be continued.)

ROMANTIC EPITAPHS.

BY WILLIAM ANDREWS, F.R.H.S.,

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"Old Stories Retold," etc.

IN this paper we have brought together a number of romantic epitaphs, gathered from the quiet resting places of the departed. It will be observed that several of our examples would furnish ample materials, in the hands of skilful writers, for expansion into three volume novels. To make clear the allusions contained in the epitaphs, and add interest to the subject, we give notes. Had we withheld our remarks in presenting our first example, the charm of romance would not have been dispelled; but we think our readers will prefer fact to fiction, and in the interest of history we deem it right to submit the truth, and nothing but the truth, as far as we are able to do so.

In St. Peter's churchyard, Barton-on-Humber, there is a tombstone with the following strange inscription:—

"Doom'd to receive half my soul held dear,  
The other half with grief, she left me here.  
Ask not her name, for she was true and just;  
Once a fine woman, but now a heap of dust."

As may be inferred no name is given; the date is 1777. A curious and romantic legend attaches to the epitaph. In the above year an unknown lady of great beauty, who is conjectured to have loved "not wisely, but too well," came to reside in the town. She was accompanied by a gentleman, who left her after making lavish arrangements for her comfort. She was proudly reserved in her manners, frequently took long solitary walks, and studiously avoided all intercourse. In giving birth to a child she died, and did not disclose her name or family connections. After her decease, the gentleman who came with her arrived, and was overwhelmed with grief at the intelligence which awaited him. He took the child away without unravelling the secret, having first ordered the stone to be erected, and delivered into the mason's hands the verse, which is at once a mystery and a memento. Such are the particulars gathered from "The Social History and Antiquities of Barton-on-Humber," by H. W. Ball, issued in 1856. Since the publication of Mr. Ball's book, we have received from him the following notes, which mar somewhat the romantic story as above related. We are informed the person referred to in the epitaph was the wife of a man named Jonathan Burkitt, who came from the neighbourhood of Grantham. He had been *valet de chambre* to some gentleman or nobleman, who gave him a large sum of money on his marrying the lady. They came to reside at Barton, where she died in childbirth. Burkitt, after the death of his wife, left the town, taking the infant (a boy), who survived. In about three years he returned, and married a Miss Ostler, daughter of an apothecary at Barton. He there kept the King's Head, a public-house at that time. The man got through about £2000 between leaving Grantham and marrying his second wife.

The churchyard of Sutton Coldfield, Warwickshire, contains a gravestone bearing an inscription as follows:—

"As a warning to female virtue,  
And a humble monument of female chastity,  
This stone marks the grave of  
Mary Ashford,  
Who, in the 20th year of her age, having  
Incautiously repaired to a scene of amusement  
Was brutally violated and murdered  
On the 27th of May, 1817.

Lovely and chaste as the primrose pale,  
 Rifled of virgin sweetness by the gale,  
 Mary! the wretch who thee remorseless slew  
 Avenging wrath, who sleeps not, will pursue;  
 For though the deed of blood was veiled in night,  
 Will not the Judge of all mankind do right?  
 Fair blighted flower, the muse that weeps thy doom,  
 Rears o'er thy murdered form this warning tomb."

The writer of the foregoing epitaph was Dr. Booker, vicar of Dudley. The inscription is associated with one of the most remarkable trials of the present century. It will not be without interest to furnish a few notes on the case. One Abraham Thornton was tried at the Warwick assizes for the murder of Mary Ashford, and acquitted. The brother and next of kin of the deceased, not being satisfied with the verdict, sued out, as the law allowed him, an appeal against Thornton, by which he could be put on his trial again. The law allowed the law of appeal in case of murder, and it also gave option to the accused of having the appeal tried by wager of law or by wager of battle. The brother of the unfortunate woman had taken no account of this, and accordingly not only Mr. Ashford, but the judge, jury, and bar were taken greatly aback, and stricken with dismay when the accused, being requested to plead, took a paper from Mr. Reader, his counsel, and a pair of gloves, one of which he drew on, and, throwing the other on the ground, exclaimed, "Not guilty; and I am ready to defend the same with my body!" Lord Ellenborough on the bench appeared grave, and the accuser looked amazed, so the court was adjourned to enable the judge to have an opportunity of conferring with his learned brethren. After several adjournments Lord Ellenborough at last declared solemnly, but reluctantly, that wager of battle was still the law of the land, and that the accused had a right to his appeal to it. To get rid of the law an attempt was made, by passing a short and speedy Act of Parliament, but this was ruled impossible, as it would have been *ex post facto*, and people wanted curiously to see the lists set up in the Tothill Fields. As Mr. Ashford refused to meet Thornton, he was obliged to cry "craven!" After that the appellant was allowed to go at large, and he could not be again tried by wager of law after having claimed his wager of battle. In 1819 an Act was passed to prevent any further appeals for wager of battle.

Let us next deal with an instance of pure affection. The churchyard of the Yorkshire village of Bowes contains the grave of two lovers, whose touching fate suggested Mallet's beautiful ballad of "Edward and Emma." The real names of the couple were Rodger Wrightson and Martha Railton. The story is rendered with no less accuracy than pathos by the poet:—

"Far in the windings of the vale,  
 Fast by a sheltering wood,  
 The safe retreat of health and peace,  
 A humble cottage stood.

"There beauteous Emma flourished fair,  
 Beneath a mother's eye;  
 Whose only wish on earth was now  
 To see her blest and die.

"Long had she filled each youth with love,  
 Each maiden with despair,  
 And though by all a wonder owned,  
 Yet knew not she was fair.

"Till Edwin came, the pride of swains,  
 A soul devoid of art;  
 And from whose eyes, serenely mild,  
 Shone forth the feeling heart."

We are told Edwin's father and sister were bitterly opposed to their love. The poor youth pined away. When he was dying Emma was permitted to see him,

but the cruel sister would scarcely permit her to bid him a word of farewell. Returning home she heard the passing bell toll for the death of her lover.

“ Just then she reached, with trembling step,  
Her aged mother’s door—  
‘ He’s gone ! ’ she cried, ‘ and I shall see  
That angel face no more ! ’

“ ‘ I feel, I feel this breaking heart  
Beat high against my side ’—  
From her white arm down sunk her head ;  
She, shivering, sighed and died.”

The lovers were buried the same day and in the same grave. In the year 1848 Dr. F. Dinsdale, F.S.A., editor of the “ Ballads and Songs of David Mallet,” etc., erected a simple but tasteful monument to the memory of the lovers, bearing the following inscription :—

“ Rodger Wrightson, jun., and Martha Railton, both of Bowes ; buried in one grave. He died in a fever, and upon tolling his passing bell, she cry’d out My heart is broke, and in a few hours expired, purely thro love, March 15, 1714-15. Such is the brief and touching record contained in the parish register of burials. It has been handed down by unvarying tradition that the grave was at the west end of the church, directly beneath the bells. The sad history of these true and faithful lovers forms the subject of Mallet’s pathetic ballad of ‘ Edwin and Emma.’ ”

Forton Churchyard, Staffordshire, contains a plain tombstone to the memory of two maiden ladies, with the following inscription :—

“ Beneath this Tomb are deposited the Remains of  
Jane Hewett }  
and } who died { October 28, 1800, aged 71.  
Honor Darwall } { October 29, 1800, aged 64.  
United by early and sincere Friendship  
They dwelt together upwards of forty-five years,  
Redeeming the Time

In Pisty towards God and in works of mercy to their Fellow Creatures.

In their death they were not divided.

Reader

In their Example follow Christian morals,

Hold fast the Christian Faith ;

So, like them, shall you receive the Hope

Which maketh not ashamed.”

We find in the *Gentleman’s Magazine*, vol. 71, p. 126, some interesting particulars of the lives of these two long-attached and loving friends, as follows :—  
“ The above two were maiden ladies, and distinguished themselves by a noble example of sincere and affectionate friendship. They were no relations by birth or family alliance, but became acquainted very early in their youth. A strong and inviolable attachment to each other ensued. When they became possessed of their respective fortunes, and settled in the world, they made the same dwelling their common home, in the town of Newport, Shropshire, where they lived together in the strictest amity and friendship with each other, charitable to the poor and much respected by the whole circle of their acquaintance, upwards of forty-five years. During some time of the long period they experienced a reverse of fortune in the loss of a considerable sum of money which they had placed in the hands of some gentleman, who became a bankrupt. Their loss was very unequal. The one had to lament the loss of a great part of her all, while the other experienced but a small reduction. However, this unequal change in their circumstances produced no alteration in their disposition towards each other; but, if possible, was a stronger bond of union. When their fortunes were thus unhappily reduced they perceived that, in case of the death of either, the survivor would be too much confined by the mere income of her own property. To prevent which each made her will, by which she bequeathed the interest of her all to the benefit of the survivor, at whose death it was to be distributed among each one’s respective relations. “ Their

last bed of sickness exhibited a scene truly affecting and interesting to the feelings of every tender heart. She that was first taken ill had the misfortune to break her leg. When both were confined, each perceived the awful exit of one, if not both, was approaching; and, as long as strength would permit, she that was most able went every day into the room of her friend to take a final adieu! and when her strength was exhausted she was carried by the attendants. At these affecting interviews they bathed each other's hands in tears, and expressed an heartfelt wish that it might please God to permit them soon to meet again in a happy eternity. Heaven smiled and heard the pious prayer; and the angel that took away the soul of her that first departed was, a few hours afterwards, despatched to release the struggling soul of her absent friend, and to unite them in bonds of love for ever.

A lover at York inscribed the following lines to his sweetheart, who was accidentally drowned, December 24, 1796:—

“Nigh to the river Ouse, in York's fair city,  
Unto this pretty maid death shew'd no pity;  
As soon as she'd her pail with water fill'd  
Come sudden death, and life like water spill'd.”

In the churchyard of Plumstead a gravestone contains an epitaph to the memory of James Darling, who died July 25th, 1812:—

“Weep not for me, my parents dear,  
There is no witness wanted here,  
The hammer of death was given to me  
For eating cherries off a tree;  
Next morning death to me was sweet,  
My blessed Jesus for to meet.  
He did ease me of my pain,  
And I did join His holy train;  
The cruel one death can't shun,  
For he must go when his glass is run,  
The hour of death he's sure to meet,  
And take his trial at the judgment seat.”

Respecting the foregoing, we may state that the boy was caught by the owner of a cherry tree stealing the fruit. The man obliged him to continue eating, and to such an excess as to cause his death.

On the north wall of the chancel of Southam Church is a slab to the memory of the Rev. Samuel Sands, who, being embarrassed in consequence of his extensive liberality, committed suicide in his study (now the hall of the rectory). The peculiarity of the inscription, instead of suppressing enquiry, invariably raises curiosity respecting it:—

“Near this place were deposited, on the 23rd April, 1815, the remains of S. S., 38 years rector of this parish.”

A monument in Bakewell church, Derbyshire, is a curiosity, blending in a remarkable manner business, loyalty, and religion:—

“To the memory of Matthew Strutt, of this town, farrier, long famed in these parts of veterinary skill. A good neighbour, and a staunch friend to Church and King. Being Churchwarden at the time the present peal of bells were hung, through zeal for the house of God, and unremitting attention to the airy business of the belfry, he caught a cold, which terminated his existence May 25, 1798, in the 68th year of his age.”

We will next present particulars of an individual, known by those who were contemporary with him as Vin Eyre, by trade a needle-maker, and a notable character in Nottingham in his time. We are told that he was a firm and consistent Tory in politics, taking an active interest in all the party struggles of the period. His good nature and honesty made him popular among the poor classes, with whom he chiefly associated. A commendable trait in his character is worthy of special mention, namely, that, notwithstanding frequent temptations, he spurned to take a bribe from any one. In the

year 1727 an election for a Member of Parliament took place, and all the ardour of Vin's nature was at once aroused in the interests of his favourite party. The Tory candidate, Mr. Borlace Warren, was opposed by Mr. John Plumtree, the Whig nominee, and, in the heat of the excitement, Vin emphatically declared that he should not mind dying immediately if the Tories gained the victory. Strange to relate, such an event actually occurred, for when the contest and the "chaining" of the victor were over he fell down dead with joy, September 6th, 1727. The epitaph upon him is as follows:—

"Here lies Vin Eyre,  
 Let fall a tear  
 For one true man of honour;  
 No courtly lord,  
 Who breaks his word,  
 Will ever be a mourner.  
 In freedom's cause  
 He stretched all his jaws,  
 Exhausted all his spirit,  
 Then fell down dead.  
 It must be said  
 He was a man of merit.  
 Let Freemen be  
 As brave as he,  
 And vote without a guinea;  
 Vin Eyre is hurled  
 To t'other world,  
 And ne'er took bribe or penny.  
 True to his friend, to helpless parent kind,  
 He died in honour's cause, to interest blind.  
 Why should we grieve, life's but an airy toy?  
 We vainly weep for him who died of joy."

In the churchyard of Kirk Hallam, Derbyshire, a good specimen of a true Englishman is buried, named Samuel Cleater, who died May 1st, 1811, aged 65 years. The two-lined epitaph has such a remarkably sturdy ring about it, that it deserves to be rescued from oblivion:—

"True to his King, his country was his glory,  
 When Bony won, he said it was a story."

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## A FEW DAYS ON THE YORKSHIRE MOORS.

WE are rattling away at a glorious rate from busy, bustling, merchandising Hull, in the express train for Leeds. We are leaving our home in the aforementioned town, to take our well-earned holidays for the recuperation of mind and body. To describe the many and various thoughts that flit through our minds would be difficult; suffice it to say, we feel a sense of freedom and light-heartedness very different from any we have lately experienced, and are looking forward with confidence to a merry and health-giving holiday. It is harvest time; the reapers are out in the fields gathering the "golden grain" so necessary to life, and the rapidly passing panorama is one of rustic splendour. The sun is just setting, and

"The West with evening glows"

most gorgeously, only to give place after a few more hours to its rival, the harvest moon. As the scene changes, and the tints in the sky begin to fade away, we can almost imagine that the rhythmical roar of the train is beating time to

that rich hymn of Mendelssohn's. Our reverie, however, is soon brought to a conclusion by a change in the speed,

"And ruddy roofs and chimney-tops appear  
Of busy Leeds, upwafting to the clouds,"

and we find ourselves sliding into the "clamour and clangour" of the New Station. A scene of confusion ensues, and after several inquiries, we leave our train and enter another, puffing and panting, to take us to Ilkley. A whistle and a shriek, and we are off, past the smoky factories and furnaces, and roofs of crowded houses, once more into the open country. We just manage to get a beautiful glimpse at the picturesque and ivy-clad ruins of Kirkstall Abbey; a mere shell left to teach the sad story of its past grandeur and monastic opulence. Another half-hour's shunting and stopping, and we are at the end of our journey; posting sundry pre-written epistles as to the safe translation of our respective bodies, we make the best of our way to one of the modern hydropathic establishments. On arriving, we soon make the acquaintance of one of the proprietors, and are allotted to room No. 75, the only difficulty being how to remember the way back through a maze of stair-cases and passages. The proprietors conduct all arrangements in a methodical manner, and no pains are spared to do all for the comfort of the pleasure-seekers (by far the greater number) and the invalids. At supper we witness proofs of the invigorating climate in the appetites of both sexes, and we ourselves do justice to the meal. At the other end of the room amusements are being carried on in programme order, to enliven the tedium of the evening and establish some sort of social sympathy. Dancing occupies most of the time, and some very fair performers are exercising the art of "the light fantastic toe."

"All goes merry as a marriage bell,"

and we are getting pretty well acquainted with the physiognomy of the visitors, when—a sudden diminution in the light warns us that bed-time approaches. The interruption is hardly Byronic, but sufficiently abrupt to cause a sigh of regret that the lively scene has closed so soon. Order is heaven's first law, and we must submit, the only alternative being to seek a repetition in the arms of Morpheus. Next morning we wake early, and ramble through the village before breakfast, to increase our appetites, and find the weather very cold but invigorating. Ilkley village is simplicity itself, prettily situated on the banks of "swift Wharfe;" the churchyard contains three ancient Saxon crosses, with heads and figures carved on them, which the antiquary delights to investigate. Some of the tomb-stones bear curious inscriptions. After breakfast, announced by the not unmusical tattoo of a gong, we climb up Rumbles Moor, to where sparkles a gurgling stream of the pure, cold water for which this neighbourhood is famed. The panorama below is very beautiful, and the air bracing, and the morning is well spent in healthy exercise on the moor, though it is rather boggy in some places. Our feelings are somewhat akin to those of the writer of the following appropriate verse:—

"How pleasant for a little while to leave  
The stifling atmosphere of crowded streets,  
And breathe the air these lovely vales receive  
From heath-clad moors with their ten thousand sweets.  
Oh, how refreshing everything that greets  
The jaded sight—whether of hills so bold  
Or meadows broad, within whose dark retreats  
Wharfe wends his way like Euphrates of old."

And when tired of sauntering in the valleys—

"How grand on Ilkley's heights, 'mid crag and fern,"

to climb and enjoy the prospect gained by the exertion.



In the afternoon we wend our way in the rain (a plentiful commodity here), towards the "Hanging Rocks," the "giants" of the place, and clamber up the "Cow and Calf," two large detached portions, so called from their resemblance to those animals. They are literally covered with the names of ambitious, and certainly persevering mortals. Some, more philanthropic than the rest, have conspicuously carved texts of scripture for the benefit of their fellow creatures; one, with letters a foot long, being the bare quotation "I AM." Others, "THOU GOD SEEST ME." "WHAT MUST I DO TO BE SAVED?" and the answer, "BELIEVE ON THE LORD JESUS CHRIST, AND THOU SHALT BE SAVED." "BE SURE YOUR SINS WILL FIND YOU OUT," was signed "REV. COSKER YEADON," but dateless. The longest, a labour of love, which covers about twenty feet, winding amongst the illustrious names of the visitors, runs thus:—"THAT IS AS A DYING SAINT IN THE MIDST OF HIS SORROWING CHILDREN LATELY SAID, 'TRUST HIM, TRUST HIM, TRUST HIM; HE'S WAITING TO'—(here a piece of stone is broken off), 'HE'LL SAVE YOU, HE'LL SAVE YOU, JUST NOW, THAT'S MY DYING TESTIMONY.'" (Dated) "May, 1835." The rain obliges us to shelter, and we find a lamb partly fastened in the rocks, which we liberate, greatly to its satisfaction. The next event is the arrival of a youth with hammer and chisel; we are sheltering from a heavy downpour of rain, so cannot help noticing every detail. He ascends the "Cow," and finding a convenient spot, commences to cut in the rock (perhaps it is a text of scripture!). Through the drenching rain he never desists, so we leave him, and return to write a few letters and have a game of croquet on the wet grass. The library is not very extensive, consisting only of a dictionary, testament, Goldsmith, and Daniel Quorn; oh, and a book on Cyprus! In the evening the amusements are repeated, after which all retire to their respective rooms. A beautiful morning awakes us, and, devouring breakfast, we stroll along the walks and up the "Panorama Rocks." From here is a magnificent view of the country for miles, the river below in the valley being most exquisite. Further on, Wherside is visible, and the head of the Nidd Valley. On returning we dine, pay our bill, and

— "in joyous mood we hie  
To Bolton's mouldering Priory."

The scenery gets more and more beautiful as we advance, and passing the rustic Bolton Bridge, the Augustinian Priory comes in view;

— "full fifty years  
That sumptuous pile, with all its peers,  
Too harshly hath been doomed to taste  
The bitterness of wrong and waste."

Yet,

— "In the shattered fabric's heart  
Remaineth one protected part,—  
A chapel like a wild bird's nest  
Closely embowered and trimly drest."

Certainly a lovely sight, pleasantly situated as it is in the woods, by the side of the gay sparkling river. The stepping stones are covered with the water, and my friend essays to cross over them, but gets very wet in the attempt. Here Landseer has painted one of his most famous pictures of the ruins—

— "Its hoary walls,  
More eloquent in ruin than the halls  
Of princely pomp, their solemn features raise  
Mid thick embowering elms.  
Old Wharfe flows sparkling by with pensive sound,  
And heathery hills look down through purple haze."

And we may say, the delicate lines of the ruin rising above the surrounding foliage, and the murmuring waters below, all combine to make a veritable fairy-land for the poet and painter to revel in. The noble hall of the Duke

of Devonshire is close by. Conning a few of the ancient gravestones we take a last lingering look and go onward. The landscape is perfectly sylvan, and we are enchanted with it. Coming to the entrance to the woods, we are informed we cannot go through them on Sunday, and have to retrace our steps to regain the high road. In doing so we again come in sight of the Abbey where

“Graceful and rich the creeping ivy crawls  
Around each bust, high on the Abbey borne;  
Kindly it clasps the old cemented walls,  
Grown grey with age and with the weather worn.”

A few herds of pretty coloured cattle enliven the way, and somewhat tired we reach Barden Towers. Here we partake of some exquisite milk, almost like cream, and proceed to investigate the ruins of what was once the home of Henry Clifford, the “Shepherd Lord.” There is nothing very remarkable about it except its plainness, and its reputation simply rests on history. We climb the topmost brick, and are informed it is against the rules, when we descend. “Where ignorance is bliss, etc.” The house we stop at is part and parcel of the old church, which is peculiarly built almost beneath it. The curiosities of the place are some ancient oak drawers, etc. The landlady is very talkative, and soon relates the history of the house. Eating a hearty supper, we retire once more to bed after an enjoyable day. Four other young men in the house are on a fishing excursion. Up at five, we go to bathe in the river through the dewy grass, after which enjoyable exercise we walk on to the “Strid.”

———“lordly Wharfe is there pent in  
With rocks on either side.  
The striding place is called the “Strid,”  
A name which it took of yore:  
A thousand years hath it borne the name,  
And shall a thousand more.”

This is a very narrow part of the river, bounded by rocks so near to each other that it can be jumped with ease in several places, the only danger being, however, the treacherous slipperiness of the stone. It was here that the unfortunate young Romillé, commonly called the “Boy of Egremont,” lost his life in attempting to cross it. The Abbey is supposed to have been erected by his mother in memory of the sad accident.

“A pious structure, fair to see,  
Rose up—this stately priory!”

Just below the “Strid,” the swollen river roars and boils in fearful tumult, pent up between the rocks. Here many accidents have occurred to those venturesome mortals who, attempting the leap, have jumped once too often. An eccentric old gentlemen used to visit this place every year and perform the feat, and, notwithstanding the danger, many persons come annually for the same object. We could not leave this romantic spot without taking a sketch, vague enough, but sufficient to remind us of the place. The beautifully shaded paths in the wood abound with ferns of many species, and form charming “lovers’ walks,” and no doubt many a lover’s vows have been whispered under the old secret-keeping oaks in this

“Sweet glen of beauty, famed in song and story,  
For all that poets love and painters dream.”

On our return, breakfast is ready for us and we for it, which finished, we pay our bill and start for Pateley Bridge, and leave the place

“Where moorlands rear their crags on high,  
Like solemn sentries o’er the Wharfe.”

A long tiring walk we have over Pockstone and Appletreewick moors, scarcely

meeting any one. We at last, however, reach Stamp-cross, having experienced the unreliability of a rustic's half-mile. Lunch, here, is very acceptable. Our object was to visit the cavern of this place, but the people are so busy with the grouse shooters that they cannot attend to it. Sportsmen are here in plenty; but our way is across Bewerley moor to Pateley Bridge, which we reach about three o'clock; the streets are very steep, and some of the houses are antiquated. In the distance Brimham Rocks can be seen in bold relief against the sky: we get there over Pateley Moor at half-past four. The stones are not very striking objects in the distance, looking more like trees; but when approached have a singularly isolated appearance. Nine hundred and ninety feet above the level of the sea, yet exhibiting convincing proofs of the wearing action of water, these grotesque wonders, indeed, strike awe into the beholder. Considering some of their peculiar shapes and properties, there is little wonder that they are considered by many as Druidical remains; we, however, are inclined to believe those who designate them as *lusus natura*. What human ingenuity could have shaped the "Idol Rock," a huge mass of millstone grit, about two hundred tons weight, supported on a pedestal only a foot in diameter? The rocking-stones are very large, being estimated at one hundred, fifty, thirty, and twenty tons respectively, and moving with the greatest ease when touched. When we take into account the fact that these rocks are exposed to all the inclemencies of the weather, it seems really wonderful that they should remain so long in one position. The "Baboon's Head," "Serpent's Head," and "Pulpit Rock," are appropriate designations given to some of them; the "Chimney Rock," with a funnel-like perforation passing through it. From here a splendid view is had of the Nidd Valley and its surroundings. Near this is the "Boat Rocking Stone," weighing about forty-tons; an opening in the Rock is called the "Lover's Leap." Other fanciful names are "Tom Taylor's Chamber," the "Druid's Cave, Pulpit, Parlour, Bedroom, and Coffin," the "Giant's Head and Neck," etc. The "The Great Split Rock" is a large mass of stone about a hundred feet in circumference, with a rent in it four feet wide. The "Cannon Rocks" form another peculiar feature; they consist of large pieces of perforated stone, upwards of twenty feet long, and the aperture about twelve inches in diameter. One of them is called the "Druid's Telescope." Further on are the "Boat Rock" and "Crown Rock," with an opening on one side called the "Druid's Oven," and on the other side another, called the "Courting" or "Kissing Chair;" the "Stelling Crag," "Porpoise Head," "Sphynx's Head," "Boar's Snout," and "Hawk's Crag," so named because a pair of hawk's annually build there; also, "Flower Pot Rock," "Ærial Altar," "Foxholes," and "Rhinoceros Rock." Near the house is what they call the "Druid's Circle;" the "Mushroom Rocks" and "Hare's Heads" are adjacent; "Graffa Crag" and "Beacon Crag" are contiguous, the latter receiving its title from a beacon being placed there when the first Napoleon threatened to invade England in 1803. Another rock is called the "Noonstone," because the sun shines on one of its sides at that time of day. The "Wishing Corner," "Dog's Head" (a very good representation), "Oyster Shell," "Crocodile's Mouth," etc., are further samples of appellations given to their seeming appearance, in which there is plenty of scope for the imagination.

Getting tea in the guide's house there, we descend for Ripon, where we arrive in time to hear the celebrated horn blow. At the "Temperance Hotel" we make the acquaintance of a young fellow who knows the neighbourhood, and we arrange to go together to Studley Royal, the seat of the Marquis of Ripon. We saunter round old Ripon in the morning, noticing the conspicuous town arms with the famous spurs. To-day, we have indeed a treat in store for us; the sun shines resplendently, and promises a glorious day. The walk to the park is delightful; on reaching the long and beautiful avenue of limes, we see straight before us the new church of St. Mary, and

behind, in a direct line, the noble cathedral of Ripon. Conveyances have already commenced to bring their living loads, and the timid lovely deer bound away into the woods, and the remembrance of them is like a dream. On the right is Studley Hall, never shown to visitors. An old woman shows us over the new church, built in 1871, at great cost. The foundation was laid by the Marchioness of Ripon. The interior is most superb, every detail seems to be perfected, and the whole church is one gorgeous mass of beautiful fret-work and gilding. No expense has been spared; painting, marble of every description, and mosaic work, are here, almost equalling the finest specimens to be seen on the Continent. It certainly far surpasses anything we ever saw before, and a whole day would be well spent in investigating its beauties. We reluctantly leave this elegant building, and enter the grounds, after paying the fee, and inscribing our names in a book. A lake is the first thing that takes our attention, surrounded by banks as smooth as velvet. It is kept in the neatest order, with the water falling in perfect precision over a series of stone steps, and the edges studded with statuary, the gladiators forming a striking group. The "moon" and "crescent" ponds are seen further on through the trees, with statues of Bacchus, Neptune, and Galen on their sides. The "Temple of Piety" and "Octagon Tower" are seen at the other side. Many large trees have been planted in the grounds at remote dates, of beech, oak, yew, and fir: and a hemlock spruce (*Wellingtonia Gigantea*) and sycamore are remarkable instances. We pass statues of Hercules and Antaeus, along the primmest of walks, till we come to the "Temple of Piety," with a basso-relievo of a celebrated Roman lady, and busts of Titus and Nero. A few yards more, through a tunnel, and we reach the Octagon Tower, from which a splendid view of the whole grounds can be had. Every now and then we cross rustic bridges with mimic waterfalls beneath them, and breaks in the trees afford charming views with a set purpose to surprise. The "Temple of Fame" is the next view-point, after which we gain "Anne Boleyn's Seat," also called the "Surprise Temple." This is supposed to be the finest of all the views; formerly, the guide used to take the visitors behind the seat, and, throwing open the doors, expose the startling scene; now you do it yourself. The ruins of Fountains Abbey are in the centre, and before them stretches a beautiful lake, the most picturesque scene that could be imagined. Ebenezer Elliott fitly describes it:—

"Abbey! for ever smiling pensively  
How like a thing of nature dost thou rise,  
Amid her loveliest works! as if the skies  
Clouded with grief, were arched thy roof to be."

Walking round the lake we pass "Robin Hood's Well," and reach the extensive ruins;

———"those ancient towers,  
Where never now the vespers ring,  
But lonely at the midnight's hours  
Flits by the bat on dusky wing."

On the left are the foundations of the Abbot's house, barns, stables, kilns, tan house, dovecotes, and forges. Two immense yew trees are close at hand, all that remain of what were once known as the "Seven Sisters;" and the old mill runs on as merrily as ever, fed by the "still Ure." Crossing the bridge, we come to the ancient "Gate House," or "Porter's Lodge," and enter the church by the great west door, which had formerly a curious Galilee porch in front. The ruins are awe-striking in their immensity, and pensive thought fills the visitor who walks within them; the large windows denuded of all their fret work and ready to totter altogether; the hollow shells of the great tower and hall; the dismal cloisters, dark and damp, and suggestive of the stealthy tread of some cowed monk; all tend to inspire one with the solemnity of the place, where, ages ago, the monks exercised their vigils, and the abbots used their authority. The other remaining conventual buildings are the kitchen, base

court, brew-house, cellar, and Hall of Pleas. A short distance from the buildings are the "Echo Rocks," where there is a distinct echo from the Abbey walls. We go out by the rustic lodge and banqueting house, through the park and back to Ripon, very well satisfied with our morning's ramble. After dinner we visit that venerable Gothic structure, the Minster, dedicated to St. Peter and St. Wilfred. It is built over the ruins of the ancient monastery, founded about 661 A.D. There is some beautiful early English workmanship in it, and the grotesque carving on the pews is minutely finished. The "Bone House," or "Crypt," used to be the centre of attraction, filled as it was with human bones of past generations. They are now removed and buried in the churchyard. The other part of the old monastery, almost as famous, is that known as "St. Wilfred's Needle," about which many conjectures have been made. According to Camden it was used as a test for female chastity. It is gained by a flight of steps descending from the east end of the nave. On the reputation it has gained, our guide says he has helped thousands of ladies and gentlemen through the needle, and we, not to be behind-hand, pass through it as well. We now leave the Minster, having just time to catch the train for Harrogate, situated on the edge of Knaresborough Forest Moor, our next destination. Half-an-hour's ride brings us to that most famous of watering-places; there everything is changed; all the buildings are well-built and modern, and the town is thronged with gay visitors. The "Old Sulphur Well," redolent of "rotten eggs," is next visited, and our curiosity tempts us to taste the water, to show our superior courage. But, never again! Language fails to express our feelings as, after roaming the town and viewing the various buildings, we dejectedly enter the Chalybeate Spa Grounds, and endeavour to catch the spirit of the skating, the intricacy of bowls, or the playfulness of lawn tennis. It is no use, the remembrance of those unearthly sulphur wells sticks to us yet. We "fly the rank city," and "shun its turbid air," the iron horse taking us to Knaresboro', another contrast from the modern town we have just left. Ascending the wall-like city we walk about the remains of the old castle, so famous in history, and down the "crystal Nidd," to where we can see the celebrated "dropping well," near which the renowned Mother Shipton was born. We purpose going to it in a boat, but suddenly find there is a fall in the river, and narrowly escape being pitched over; disappointed we content ourselves with a gentle row up "unquiet Nidd," and then take the train for Leeds, thus ending our pleasant but short excursion in Yorkshire for the time, to visit the lakes in the west,

"And shape (our) old course in a country new."

HY. C. APPLEBY.

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## BEATRICE.

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

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### CHAPTER XII.

THE day after the one on which I have recorded all the expletive and exhaustive eloquence of the speakers on that most serious question of matrimony, the most serious in one sense for us all, old and young, here—that day was a day long to be remembered in that quiet town by its startling

incidents and its affecting episodes. Indeed, to this hour many of the inhabitants talk of what took place with "bated breath" and suppressed emotion, as if of something very awe-inspiring and weird, and those who keep diaries have no doubt jotted down the occurrence of that day with a large amount of underlined passages and notes of admiration and exclamation. We all of us (the writer pleads guilty to the soft impeachment) are too fond of underlining our words, and our dear female friends, our fairest and our most cherished, come out very strong in this particular. Indeed, if you wish to judge of the strength of their wrists, by the vigour of their "dashes" and interlineations, you would hesitate in coming to "close quarters" with them, or anything that betokens a "scrimmage," as Mrs. Finnigan has it. But this, as our French friends so elegantly express themselves—*en parenthese s'il vous plait*. It appears that early in the morning of that eventful day, a "little gentleman in black," who had come down by the mail train, had had a long interview with the sagacious Brummer, and after that he had been duly fortified with a good breakfast, went with Brummer to pay a visit to the distinguished Grogwitz, his fascinating spouse, and the intrepid and modest Kirschenwasser. They found these worthies in the comfortable hostelry aforementioned, with the remains of a savoury (if strongly smelling) breakfast on the table, and the two masculine heroes were solacing their agitated nerves, and strengthening their impaired digestions, with cigarettes and "B. and S." But they were very comfortable, and they made old Brummer's eye gleam in somewhat a peculiar manner when he saw them, because, as he said afterwards, "when I beheld these two rascals fattening on the fat of the land, and remembered how many honest poor wanted the necessaries of life—sapperment, that is all—I thought a very great deal to myself indeed, a very great deal, I assure you." When the waiter introduced the two visitors as "Gentlemen on business to see Mr. Grogwitz," Grogwitz rose with the greatest alacrity and amiability on his face, though his better half gave a sort of sulky look, which even took the appearance of fright, and Kirschenwasser was already too "tight" to care much about anybody or anything.

But Grogwitz's countenance, when he recognised the "gentleman in black" and Brummer, was most amusing. He looked at his wife, but she had sat down, apparently very much alarmed, and in a sort of indistinct gurgle he stammered out, "Ah, my friend, vat brings you to these parts? Your servant, sir. I tink I have seen you someveres," speaking to Brummer.

"Yes, Mr. Grogwitz," said Brummer, very civilly, but firmly and slowly, "You are quite right, you have seen me someveres, I need not now say vere. You know me very well, and so does that charming lady there. I have come here to have a little quiet conversation with you on a very pressing subject, and I have no doubt that with the aid of your friend and my friend here, who has been good enough to accompany me, the business I am upon will be brought to a speedy and satisfactory conclusion."

"I really do not understand," was Mr. Grogwitz's reply, though he spoke hesitatingly, and his face glistened with fear, and his hand shook visibly, "to vat you can possibly allude, worthy sir, or vat business you can ave wid me; least of all do I understand vy our mutual friend should have honoured me with a call." The mutual friend merely bowed, his time for speaking had not yet come. "Do you," Grogwitz said, turning to his wife, "do you understand, my dear?"

But the fair Grogwitz for some reason, either because she knew too much, or knew it would be of little avail, evidently was not anxious to "show fight," and her whole response consisted of two emphatic sentences: "It's no go, Grogwitz,—we had better mizzle."

Elegant and appropriate apostrophe!

"Mizzle!" who says anything about whetting one's whistle," chimes in drowsily Kirschenwasser. "I am very dry; I want some more liquor."

The look the fair lady gave the speaker would have crushed a heart of stone, but it is always useless being reasonable, or indignant, or argumentative with a tipsy fellow wakened up, and when the laughter of the two visitors had ceased, Mr. Grogwitz was heard to remark, "There is no use, I suppose, going on with dis little affair."

"No, you may be quite sure of that, Grogwitz," said the "man in black," for the first time breaking a somewhat ominous silence, "you had better clear out of this. I give you until the 'express' train at three to pack up, pay your bill, and be off; and after that, if I see you and Madame in Cayley, or this intelligent and highly accomplished youth here, you know as well as I do what must happen."

All that Grogwitz then said, in answer, seemed to be summed up in this—"It's very hard, but as it can't be done, it can't."

"Then I am to understand," old Brummer now said, looking hard at both gentlemen and lady, "that it is settled that you all have to leave Cayley at three, not to return, either in person or by representatives of any kind; that you give up this infernal business, and depart in peace, and are no more seen or heard of here?"

The lady this time did not speak, but she nodded her head impressively twice.

"Is it a bargain, Grogwitz?" said the "gentleman in black."

"Vell, yes," was Grogwitz's reply, with lowering look and angry scowl, "but it is a bargain all on one side."

"Never mind, Grogwitz," here broke in Brummer, "or you, Madame; 'all is well,' remember, 'that ends well.' It is not the first time I have seen you, or met you, or had to do with your little proceedings. The only wonder is that the law has not got hold of both you long before this. But then the law in England is very slow, though it is very wise and very sure—remember that, good folks—at last. If you will take my advice, do not trust too much on apparent 'success,' or 'prosperity,' or 'leave,' or 'license.' The pitcher vich goes too often to de vell gets broken at last; and justice, please bear in mind, sooner or later, always overtakes, as a general rule, even here, those who perversely set themselves against law, propriety, and right. Good-bye, Madame, good-bye, Monsieur; remember our conversation." And as nothing more was said, the two companions slowly withdrew, evidently congratulating themselves on the termination of a very disagreeable scene, and thinking clearly, moreover, that the affair had turned out much better than they had any right to hope or to expect.

Indeed, the "gentleman in black" as he descended the stairs with Brummer, seemed to show this, for he said, in a cheerful way, "I congratulate you, Mr. Brummer, on so happy and successful a termination of a very difficult and delicate affair. There were great, very great, difficulties, legally, in the way, but, as I remarked to Tomkinson only the other day (you know Tomkinson, Mr. Brummer), you only require a little firmness and decision to 'pull through' the most hopeless matters."

When the two reported the result of their interview at the "Royal Oak," where the "Quorum" had assembled in much excitement, even Twamley, affected, as he said, "internally and externally by the 'genius loci,'" whatever he really meant by that, great was the jubilation. Mr. Clincher was loud in his approbation, for he said, "I have known a good deal about them for a good many years now, and more dangerous parties you can't come across, and if even you can manage them you can't their "aides," male and female, for they are simply "vile." If anything, the females have a pull for the better, but that pull is not very much—it is about decimal point 49 to the square inch. "Gentlemen," said Clincher solemnly, "I have a proposal to make to you; let us all go to the station and see them off."

The proposal was rapturously acceded to, Twamley remarking "that they really could do nothing less than show such polite attention to two such dis-

tinguished personages. In fact, he thought," he said, "we ought to present them with an address."

"I am sorry, Clincher," the "gentleman in black" here broke in, laughing, "that I cannot stay any longer here, for I must go up by the express train myself, I think you had better go with me, but I think there can be no harm in your suggestion, the more so as our mutual friends are very 'slippery birds' indeed. Very much so!"

A great many speeches were made, and a great many affecting replies were offered, and there was a sort of general satisfaction, which could only resemble the leader of the House of Commons when he sees that his majority is still as faithful as ever, or when a money lender finds that the interest is paid up on that little "billsh" which he never "expected to recovers."

Accordingly, a little before three we sallied forth incontinently for the station, and very soon after, to do them justice, Mr. and Mrs. Grogwitz appeared. Poor Kirschenwasser's fate was a melancholy one, and I think it right to record it here for the warning of some young friends of mine, who will go on nip, nip, nipping all day long, and who will be able assuredly, if they live to old age, to sing with intense pathos, "In the days that we went nip, nip, nipping, a long time ago." Kirschenwasser, what with excitement and "B. and S.," was so very bad, that, though the waiter and the boots pumped upon him for a quarter of an hour (see the process in "Pickwick"), at Mr. Grogwitz's special request, receiving 1s. 6d. each for their labour, and a compassionate housemaid burnt feathers under his nose, and rubbed his forehead with aromatic vinegar, he was so far gone when he got into the street—so unsteady, and so pugnacious—that Cayley No. 3, with the assistance of Cayley No. 4, took him at once to the lock-up as "drunk and disorderly." He did not, therefore, accompany his chieftain and his chieftainess to the "little village," but being fined next day by the worthy mayor, after a most impressive lecture, was seen out of the town by the Superintendent, also by the express train.

Well, Grogwitz and his wife departed at the time appointed, and madame's good-bye to Brummer was most amusing and characteristic. "You have treated us very ill," she said, "but if you knew us better, Mr. Brummer, you would know we always do the best we can for our most respectable clients."

"Oh yes, my dear," said Grogwitz, "you are always right. We have been very badly treated, but, gentlemen, I forgives you all."

The whistle screamed, and the "express" flew away, and having raised our hats and made our adieux more than once to the "gentleman in black," and Mr. Clincher, we returned to our "rendevous" with light hearts and rejoicing minds.

That evening, after a good dinner, Brummer said most pathetically, "Gentlemen, I am very happy to think we have taught one or two folks a good moral lesson to-day, and now let us drink 'De Ladies, God bless them all.'"

*(To be continued.)*



NAPOLEON, EUGENE LOUIS:

PRINCE IMPERIAL OF FRANCE.

*Born March 16th, 1856. Massacred June 1st, 1879.*

OH, Destiny! mysterious, dread power,  
That awed the sires, and now hath doomed the son!  
How soon, how cruelly thy vengeful hour  
Hath boomed, and Death thy stern behest hath done!

“The Prince is fallen!” “Fallen, said ye? Dead?”  
“Caught unawares, and butchered as he stood;  
Unhorsed, and wounded, as his comrades fled;  
Outnumbered by a cursed Zulu brood  
Who crawled, unseen, around the little band,  
Rushed wildly forward, then, and assegaied  
Our brave young comrade, helpless to withstand  
A host of yelling fiends. The Prince is dead!”

\* \* \* \* \*

“Lift him up tenderly! the fair, brave boy!  
Thank God the savage dogs have left him here,  
Nor sought his fair young beauty to destroy!  
Now lay him gently on our lance-made bier;  
Wind the old flag around his mangled breast,  
And bear him to the camp with mournful pride!  
Nay, weep, my lads! Our tears our love attest  
For Gaul's brave prince—for England's sake who died!”

\* \* \* \* \*

Flow on ye deep, but unavailing, tears,  
For Death the cruel victory hath won;  
In sorrow's kinship land with land appears,  
The hearts of men and nations beat as one!  
Ah, such a deed as nations now deplore,  
In War's ensanguined record has no place!  
The nameless massacre on Afric's shore,  
Dread land of doom to Gaul's Imperial race!

Oh, English hearts are sad to-day,  
And mourn with unaffected grief  
The closure of a life so brief,  
From home and kin so far away.

Away in Lybia's savage land,  
A royal exile from his own,  
Heir to the Gaul's Imperial throne,  
Slain by a fiendish Zulu's hand!

Not proudly leading on his men,  
Nor in the battle's foremost fray,  
The brave young soldier fell that day,  
Never in life to smile again.

Butchered, without an arm to save,  
 By swarthy hosts! Ah, cruel end!  
 Without a comrade to defend,  
 He finds a soldier's lonely grave.

Son of old England's staunch ally,  
 With English soldiers reared and taught,  
 For England's cause he nobly fought,  
 In England's cause thus soon to die.

Oh war! can aught extenuate  
 The reckless, guilty ordinance  
 That sent the noblest son of France,  
 Then left him to his cruel fate!

Oh, England blushes deep with shame  
 For Error's bloody sacrifice;  
 But, deeper still, that cowardice  
 Should sully those who bear her name!

Oh, France! let not thy children mar  
 The nations' grief for thy dead hope;  
 In thine eventful horoscope,  
 The chastest, brightest, purest star!

Mourn France, and in thy sorrow prove  
 Thy magnanimity of soul;  
 And from the Past's envenomed scroll  
 Let pity's tears each blot remove!

A Prince by nature as by birth,  
 He followed Virtue's good old plan  
 As Nature's own true gentleman—  
 The rarest, fairest flower on earth.

Sacred to Worth, through smiles and tears,  
 His life is writ on Virtue's page;  
 And o'er the bosom of the age,  
 Glows with the light of blameless years.

Above his love-enhallowed tomb,  
 Where England folds his sire to rest  
 Upon her broad, maternal breast,  
 Shall Virtue's amaranthine bloom

Shed fragrance through the coming time;  
 And memory's chaste, mournful spell  
 Relume the life of him who fell  
 For England's honour, ere his prime!

\* \* \* \* \*

Oh, God! encompass and defend  
 The childless widow in her woe:  
 On her Thy loving care bestow;  
 Be Thou her Comforter and Friend!

## THE GOOD MASONRY CAN DO.

WHETHER Masonry does all the good it can do is a question, and depends very much upon the character and disposition of its votaries; but there is no doubt that Masonry can do an immense amount of good in this world. If the brethren obey its teachings, and act up to its injunctions, it will be well for themselves and their fellow creatures. What are its primary and most important lessons? "To believe in God; to love your neighbour as yourself, and this, too, in its widest and most extended interpretation. "Faith, Hope, and Charity" are its watchwords. "Temperance, Prudence, Fortitude, and Justice" are its cardinal virtues. Surely this contemplation alone is enough to make a deep impression on a serious mind; aye, and even some effect on the more wayward; the lesson is so simple that it can be understood by the weakest intellect. Every human mind led to this sublime contemplation, and thereby induced to action, adds to "Good" No. 1. How then, is it that this simple teaching is so little understood? Because the rulers, who should be the teachers, have never been properly taught themselves, and have, therefore never thoroughly grasped the subject. The mind, then, being roused to action, is led to contemplate the "Supreme Being, to believe in Him, and to worship Him;" this accomplished, the practical exemplification follows, viz., the "love of one's neighbour" — "Good" No. 2. If Masonry stopped here, it would have achieved its highest earthly aims; but it does more, it goes on developing this feeling of "love for your neighbour," and becomes practical. "Brotherly Love, Relief, and Truth" now come on the stage. "Brotherly Love" is more than mere almsgiving; and attribute comes more particularly under "Relief!" Brotherly Love thinketh no evil; it defends the character of an absent brother; it is ever ready to pour consolation into the bereaved soul, and to comfort the weak hearted. This is enough for "Good" No. 3. "Relief!" In how many ways can we exemplify this "Landmark?" It is open to all, the richest and the poorest; moreover, the needy are ever present with us. We would like here to illustrate a few good deeds of Masonry that have been brought to our notice.

"A good old Treasurer of an American Lodge, who enjoyed his turkey at Christmas times, always liked to feel that his poorer brethren enjoyed the same good cheer as himself at that season of happiness and peace. He therefore, by his own contributions and funds placed at his disposal, annually distributed presents of turkeys for the Christmas dinner to a number of poor brethren, and so assured himself that the needy, at least for once in the year, had a substantial meal." Again, take the example of a Lodge at Tournon, in A.D. 1854. "The brethren at their first meeting, which was to be concluded by a banquet, remembered that while they were faring sumptuously others in the same town might be actually starving; a subscription was therefore raised, and bread was distributed to all the poor of the town." Again, in the same year; "a poor man, near Dusseldorf, received into his hut a distressed wayfarer who had fallen at his door, and though his own means were very scant, tended and supported him in his sickness without making his action public. The Mason's Lodge of that city, on hearing of this great generosity, at once voted a sum of money to this truly good man." We could go on *ad infinitum* in chronicling the good deeds of individual members and lodges. To descend once more to the practical: in times of great sickness or epidemics, a lodge, or any number of brethren thereof, can follow the example of the Louisiana Relief Lodge, and form visiting and burial committees. "Truth!" Here we have another great characteristic of Masonry. The mere inculcation of such a divine ordinance should, of itself, recommend a Fraternity that enforces it as a necessity. Sixthly, we come to the "improve-

ment of the abilities that are given us." It is the duty of every man to try and improve himself; the more a man does for himself, the more will the Great Architect do for him! Masonry, especially, teaches this lesson in a second degree; and, in furtherance of the design, orders its votaries to devote their attention to "Liberal Arts and Sciences." Masonry, therefore, teaches industry and a thirst for knowledge, and in this search for it brings the earnest student to contemplate that greatest of earthly lessons—"the knowledge of one's self." We could go on enumerating other good things that Masonry can do, but we prefer to stop here for the present, as we consider we have supplied enough matter for consideration at one time.

Surely no person, whether a brother Mason or profane, can say that Masonry is devoid of good lessons, and useless. No doubt men can teach and practise the same without becoming Freemasons at all, but all are not so inclined. It is well, therefore, that such a society should exist, and inculcate its doctrine for good; so that those may be left to contemplate and practise them that would otherwise never think of their importance. Seriously, then, we must acknowledge that though Masonry is a power for good, its votaries and adherents do not pay sufficient attention to its teachings. Why are brethren so apathetic when they have so much in their power? Why neglect to do what they promised they would at their initiation? One great reason is that sufficient caution and inquiry is not employed in choosing their candidates! Numbers, far too great, are received who would have been better left in the profane world. Many of these even rise to be rulers in the Order, and so, from bad examples being set, the neophytes are led to think lightly of what to them should be "the whole duty of man." We should like to see a better spirit at work; that Masons should not be so in name only, but in spirit and truth. Too much attention is given to exoteric and too little to the esoteric lessons and practices of the Order. Too little is done to exemplify that greatest of all Masonic characteristics, "Charity." Money will do a great deal, but sympathy and kindness will often do more. Money will relieve actual want, but personal attention and nursing will alleviate sickness and soften grief. Without love for God, there will not exist the love of one's neighbour. If brethren do not improve their talents, they will never understand that greatest of all lessons, "knowledge of one's self."—*Scottish Freemason.*

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## CHARTER OF SCOONE AND PERTH LODGE, A.D. 1658.

### CHARTER.

**I**N THE NAME OF GOD, AMEN.—To all and sundrie persones whome thir prittis doe belong. Witt ye ws the persones under-subscryvers, maisters, ffrriemen, and fellow crafts, measones resident within the burgh off Perth, That whair fforsemeikle as We and our predecessores have and haid, ffrrom the Temple of temples building on this Earth, (ane vniforme communitie, and wnione throughout the whole world,) ffrrom which temple proceeded one in Kilwinning, in this our nation of Scotland, And from that of Kilwinning many more within this kingdom, Off which ther proceide d the abbacie and Lodge of Scoon, built by men of art and architectorie, Wher they placed that Lodge as the seconde Lodge within this nation, which is now past memorie of many generations, And wes upheld be the Kings of Scotland for the tyme, both at Scoon and the decayed cite of Bertha when it stood, and now at Perth, heid brugh of the shirefdome thereof to this verie day, which now is ffour

hundredth thriescoir and fyve yeires since or therby. And during that ilk space the said Masteres, friemen, and fellow crafts, inhabitants within the said brugh of Perth, wer allways able within themselves to mayntayne ther first liberties, and are yet willing to doe the same, as the Masters, friemen, or fellow crafts did formerlie, (whose names we know not.) But to our record and knowledge of our predecessoris, Ther cam one from the North countrie, named John Mylne, ane measone, a man weill experted in his calling, Who entered himself both frieman and burges of this brugh, Who in proces of tyme, (by reasone off his skill and airt) wes preferred to be the Kings M<sup>tie</sup>'s M<sup>r</sup> Measone, and Master of the said Lodge at Scoon, And his sone Johne Milne, being (etter his father's deceis) preferred to the said office, and M<sup>r</sup> off the said Lodge in the reigne off his Majestie King James the sixt of blesed memorie, Who, by the said seconde John Mylne, was (be the King's own desire) entered frieman, measone, & fellow craft. And during all his lyfetye he maintayned the same as ane member of the Lodge of Scoon: So that this Lodge is the most famous Lodge (iff weill ordored) within this kingdome. Off the which name of Mylne ther hath contiowed severall gennerationes M<sup>r</sup>'s. Measones, to his M<sup>ties</sup> the Kings of Scotland, and M<sup>r</sup>'s off the said Lodge of Scoon, till the yeir One thousand six hundredth and and fittie sevin yeires, at qch tyme the last M<sup>r</sup> Mylne being M<sup>r</sup> of the Lodge of Scoon deceased, And left behind him ane compleit Lodge of measones, friemen, and fellow crafts, wh such off ther number as Wardens and others, to oversie them; and ordained that one of the said number should choyse one of themselves to succeid as Master in his place. The names of whose persones ffollowes; To Witt, Thomas Craich, measone and Warden, then James Chrystie, James Wilson, Andrew Norie, John Wast, James Roch, and Johne Young, all measones, friemen, and fellow crafts, who etter ther true and Lawfull Deliberatione, Understanding that the said Lodge could not stand without ane Master: THEREFOR, they all in ane voice, wnanimouslie ffor keipeing of wniou and amity among themselves, Did Nomynt and mak choyce of the said James Roch to be Master of the said Lodge during all the days of his lyfetye: And the said Andrew Norie (to be Warden theroff also during his lyfetye, or as the saidis Masters and fellow crafts findis it convenient. And We, the saidis Masters, Warden, and bodie of the said Lodge off Scoon, resident within the brugh of Perth, Doe bind and oblies ws, and our successoris, to stand and abyd to the whole acts maid by our predecessoris. And confirmes the samene, Wheroff the tenor of a part of them ar to follow; To Witt, that no frieman, not residing within this brugh, tak upon him to contradict any true thing that the frieman, resident within the brugh, speakis, acts, or does, nor goe to noe other Lodge, nor mak ane Lodge among themselves, Seeing this Lodge is the prin<sup>le</sup> within the shyre. And if any frieman or fellow craft tak himself to any other Lodge, He shall not be holdin to return hither again to this Lodge, till he first pay the triple off that which he payed, either to our Lodge or to the Lodge wer he wes last: And to be put cleane from the company of the Lodge he was last in, and to suffer the law of our Lodge at our pleasure. Lykas, we doe confirme the said James Roch, M<sup>r</sup> off the said Lodge, and Andrew Norie, Warden, foirsd, with the consent of us all ffor themselves and ther successores foirsd, to put the foirsd act to executione (with our consent) agst the transgressoris. As also the acts following: To Witt That no Master within the brugh or without shall tak another friemans work till he first give it over, and be payit for what is done. Secondlie, that no Master goe betwixt another Master to seik work ffrom any persone with whom the first M<sup>r</sup> is aggrieing, till once he be quyt the bargane. Thirdlie, That no frieman tak another friemans prenteis or journeyman to work with him, either belonging to this Lodge or any other, except they have ane frie discharge from ther Master, nor reseve any entered or unentered, except for twentie dayes space onlie. And if they be discharged of



Master, they are to have ther vott in the Lodge and Law theroff, iff they serve heirafter, ffourthlie, That all ffellow crafts that are past in this Lodge pay to the Master Warden and ffellow crafts of the samene, The sowme of Sixteine Pund Scottis money, besyd the gloves and dewes therof, with Thrie Pund Scottis at their first incoming to the Lodge efter they are past. And yt everie entered prenties shall pay Twentie merkis money, with ffourtie shilling, at ther first incomeing to the Lodge, besyde the dewes thercof. And yt non shall be holden to be cau<sup>r</sup> for others, but if they doe not jmmediatelie pay the sowmes aforsd, they are to have a cautioner, not belonging to the sd Lodge, for the dew and lawfull pay menttherof. ffyffthlie, that no entered prenteis shall leave his Master or Masters to tak any work or task work above ffourtie shilling scottis, nor tak a prenteis. And if they doe in the contrair, they are to be debared from the libertie of the said Lodge as ane fellow craft in all tyme to come. And Lastlie, Wee, and all of ws off ane mynd, consent, and assent, Doe bind and obleidge ws, and our successoris, to mantayne and wphold the haill liberties and previledges of the said Lodge of Scoon as ane ancient frie Lodge, ffor entering and passing within ourselves, as the bodie therof, residing within the brug of Perth as sd is: And that soe long as the Sun ryseth in the East and setteth in the West, as we wold wish the blessing of God to attend ws in all our Wayes and actiones. IN TESTIMONY wherof we have submit it the samene with our hands Att Perth, the twenti fourt day of December, Jajvc and ffiftie Eight yeires (1658).

J. ROCH, M<sup>R</sup> MEASONE.  
ANDRO NORRIE, WARDEN.

James Chrystie	Will Grahame
John Strachane	John Newton
Lawrence Chapman	C Rattray
Andrew Christie	Alex Ritchie
Matthow Hay	Ja Massone
Henie Mateson	A. Ritchie
Andrw Stewart	Alexander Chrystie
Thomas Craigdellie	Andrew Norrie
Johne Mill	Johne Haggartt
John Watson	James Irvine
A Donaldson	Matthew Inrie
D Broune	Thomas Roch
James Whytte	John Robertson
Wal Thomson	Robert Strachane
David Cochren	James Roch, yo <sup>r</sup>
John Condie	James Alexander
Edward Kicking	James Gou
Andrew Buchan	Matthew Barland
An Balanquall	M L Dobie
Jo Fyffe	

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MIND YOUR OWN CONCERNS.

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**M**IND your own concerns, my friend,  
For they are yours alone;  
Don't talk about your neighbour's faults,  
But strive to mend your own.  
Suppose he does not always lead  
A truly pious life;  
What matter if he sometimes frets,  
Or quarrels with his wife?  
Don't meddle—let him know, my friend,  
Your better nature spurns  
To act the spy on him or his—  
Just mind your own concerns.

Yes, mind your own concerns, my friend,  
And presently you'll find  
That all your time is occupied,  
And you've quite enough to mind.  
Why need you care if Snooks or Spooks  
Should wed with Sally Jones?  
What matter if your neighbour C.  
A half a million owns?  
The money is not yours, my friend,  
Though golden stores he earns,  
So do not envy him his wealth,  
But mind your own concerns.

Yes, mind your own concerns, my friend,  
It is a better plan,  
Than always to be spying out  
The deeds of brother man.  
Remember that all persons have,  
Though hidden from your view,  
Thoughts that to them of right belong,  
And not at all to you;  
And also bear in mind, my friend,  
A generous nature worms  
No secret from a neighbour's breast—  
So mind your own concerns.

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## A L E C T U R E .

BY BRO. F. H. S. ORPEN, D.D.G.M. GRIQUALAND.

W<sup>ORSHIPFUL</sup> Sir, Worshipful and Worthy Brethren,—I have long felt a burning desire to communicate to the brethren of our noble Craft my own ideas as to its nature, its object, and its origin, but have been deterred from doing so by a fear, first, that I might be wrong in the conclusions at which I had arrived, although resulting from some study, and from much thought; and secondly, that I might, perhaps, if I fully divulged my own thoughts, be looked upon as infringing upon one of the landmarks of the order by introducing into a Freemason's Lodge some elements, whether of political or religious discussion. After hearing, however, the other day the able and interesting lecture delivered by our distinguished and Worshipful Bro. Warren, I have come to the conclusion that an attempt to elucidate the origin and objects of Freemasonry, if undertaken in a truthful and philosophic spirit, can only be condemned by those who fail to appreciate the real grandeur and sublimity of the noblest and most ancient society ever established by man. The prohibition of such discussions is not, I feel convinced, the result of any wish on the part of our predecessors to prevent the free interchange of thought among us on any subject the discussion of which might possibly bring benefit to our Order, or to humanity in general, but is merely a rule laid down wisely and properly, no doubt, to prevent the introduction of topics likely to induce discord where harmony and peace should always reign.

Being conscious, therefore, of no enmity or ill-will towards any religion whatever, and feeling no animosity towards any man for the particular shade of political opinion to which he inclines, I feel that, as an old Mason, and one who has taken some pains to study the subject, I am justified in freely stating my ideas before the largest and most influential body of Freemasons in South Africa, and while so doing I must beg of you, my brethren, to divest me, wholly and entirely, in your minds, of any authority with which as a ruler of the Craft I am officially invested. I now appear among you merely as a brother (an elder brother, it may be, to most of you), and in that capacity I wish to communicate my thoughts as a brother to brethren, who are quite welcome to agree with, or dissent from, what I may advance. On other occasions and at other times I shall not fail to use to the best of my ability, and in as salutary a manner as I can, such authority as I possess; but, on the present occasion, I particularly desire not to be considered as speaking with authority, or "ex Cathedra."

There can be little doubt that most of you have often felt some degree of wonder *why* we are called *Masons*, and thought it strange that a society, which at present has no connection with any constructive art, should have acquired such an appellation. The fact of our using, symbolically, the tools of Masons, architects, and draughtsmen—although, as you will presently see, it naturally follows from the origin of our Order—must itself, in the opinion of thinking men, rather require explanation than afford a reason for our being so designated.

Here I must beg of you to remember that when in a Craft lodge I speak of Freemasonry, I speak of it as defined by our constitutions, and allude merely to that pure ancient Freemasonry which consists of but three degrees, namely, the Entered Apprentice, the Fellow-Craft, and the Master Mason, including the Holy Royal Arch.

I have no desire to undervalue what are called the higher degrees, being myself in possession of many of them, but being in reality chivalric, religious,



or philosophical scions, engrafted upon the purely ancient Craft, I cannot, in what I am now saying, identify them with the parent tree. They have, and have had, their uses. They are, many of them, noble and chivalrous; but, as regards my present subject, they have no other connection with ancient Freemasonry than the fact of their refusing to receive any candidate who is not a Master Mason, and thus ensuring that, whether any order be Masonic or not, yet its members must all be Masons—a compliment to our Craft which, before I have done, I trust you will appreciate as much as I do.

I have lately read a so-called "History of Freemasonry," written by an able and erudite brother in Germany; and he, having, I presume, been trained as a historian, founds all his conclusions upon his researches into written or printed documents—just as though it were possible that written records could exist of such a society as ours, the very essence of whose policy is, and has been, to prevent the existence of any such records as could furnish an historian with materials for research, or an antiquary or critic with data for critical exegesis. The brother to whom I allude cannot succeed in tracing any recorded history of the craft farther back than the Middle Ages, and hardly beyond the discovery of the art of printing, and his conclusion is that our society in its present form is merely the result of an attempt to found an universal and fraternal brotherhood, upon the customs and usages of various guilds or lodges of Operative Masons, who in their internal government differed but little from the associations of any other craftsmen in an age when every trade was supposed to be possessed exclusively of its own secrets, or, as they were commonly called, its mysteries; indeed, it is, historically, but yesterday that the goldsmiths, fishmongers, cordonniers, fletchers, and merchant tailors, had, in common parlance, the mysteries of their several crafts.

Why, then, should the supposed founders of such a society as ours (with ceremonies and rituals, allusions, legends, and symbols, far too archaic in their nature to be ascribed to any such a source) have especially chosen the practices of masons or builders as a foundation whereon to raise such a superstructure? Man is prone to symbolism, and symbols in plenty, well adapted for most of our purposes, might have been adopted from any other handicraft. Stonemasons were not the only tradesmen who had guilds or unions among those eminently municipal people, the Romans, or their imitators among the European fragments of their empire; and in those old days symbolism was as rife among craftsmen of all trades as among those who erected the fanes of mediæval Christianity, or among the chivalric originators of the so-called science of heraldry.

No, my brethren, I utterly repudiate and disbelieve the assertion that Masonry has sprung from any such source, or that the originators of the Craft were men capable of such deception as to invent legends and rituals, implying an origin in the remote past, for a society which they themselves were founding in the days of England's Harrys or Edwards. Yet such must have been the case were the conclusions of the brother I have referred to correct; and he himself, although he professes admiration for our Order and reverence for its founders, must acknowledge that, if he be not mistaken, that society is a fraud and its founders impostors. I cannot and will not subscribe to the opinion that a pure and wholesome stream can have its source in pollution—that truth and justice, freedom, charity, and brotherly love can be the salient characteristics of a society founded by impostors, or that a mere association of tradesmen for exclusively trade purposes can have originated what may well be designated the exponent of the purest form of natural religion.

So far, I think, I have shown that our past history is not to be sought for in impossible annals of the transactions of our ancient brethren, and that any such research must (however laboriously or critically conducted) lead to utterly untenable and ridiculous results.

We must go far beyond and behind the often fabulous records of mediæval

Europe to search out the origin of our Craft, and lay aside all hope of finding any carved or written records created for the purpose of informing succeeding generations of mankind of our history or our doings, or our principles or our internal polity. It is not by direct evidence, but only by induction, that we can arrive at a probable solution of the question—Whence are we?

I do not for a moment suppose that Freemasonry in its present form, and adapted as it now is to embrace all nations, kindreds, creeds, and languages in one common brotherhood, has been exactly what it now is from the commencement. Progress and change are inseparable from all human institutions, and development is a law of nature; but I do maintain that the main principles and leading features of the Order have been handed down to modern times unaltered and unimpaired, and with gradually increasing improvements and more widely spreading adaptability, from the ancient fathers of our race, who flourished, taught, and believed before the birth of Grecian refinement and art, and long before Roman jurisprudence created corporate bodies or craftsmen's guilds.

All the records of antiquity, whether mythical, poetical, or sacerdotal, tend to prove that among all nations in the earliest times there were men who, using the reason God had given them, had logically inferred from long-continued observation of the phenomena of nature, and the wonderful adaptation of all created things to the purposes they had to serve, that such a state of things, and that such an universe so beautifully constructed, must have had an originator, a one great Architect, endowed with a power, a will, and an intelligence far beyond our poor intellects to conceive. To the minds of such men the idea of more than one such Architect was impossible, and the conclusion that only one such existed must have been as clear to them as to the well-known Paley, or the authors of the *Bridgewater Treatises*. We have a well known instance of such a man in Socrates, and may well be certain that he was but a modern in comparison with many of his predecessors. To men who thought out this problem, and who looked upon the state of human affairs around them, it must have been equally plain that the great First Cause must be as good and benificent as powerful, and that, as a result of his goodness, it was absolutely necessary to believe in a resurrection and a future life, without which justice would not be done to those who in this life suffered inordinately, or upon those who here flourished and prospered beyond their deserts, or in spite of their demerits.

To us, who are now reaping the fruits of the experience and thought and research of thousands of generations of our race, all this may naturally appear but truisms; but it was far different in the infancy of mankind. Then the race was in its childhood, and, like a child, it dealt far more with fancy than with hard reason. The childlike commonalty of the ancient world looked upon the sun and the moon and the stars, and all the host of heaven, with wonder and with awe. They could not but notice the wonderful power of the sun in causing their crops to grow and their fruits to ripen; the increase and the multiplication, not only of men, but of animals and plants, were to them the most wonderful phenomena in nature, and the power which caused reproduction appeared to their minds the greatest and most inscrutable. Mingling reason and fanciful speculation, they elaborated from this idea, not only sun and moon worship, but the worship of innumerable other so-called deities—some benign and some malignant—as either they or their symbolic representatives favoured or prevented the increase of plants, animals, or men, or tempered or embittered the seasons upon which so much depended.

Among a race of children with the stature and passions of men, such as these ancient ancestors of ours, those few who, as I have already said, had reasoned out, with the help of exceptional intellectual strength, the conclusions arrived at by modern writers upon natural religion; those few, I say, must have, by sheer force of brain power, acquired influence and predominance

—an influence and a predominance which, being human, they were loth to lose. They thought it better not to throw pearls before swine, nor to give strong meat to babes; and having naturally, by superiority of intellect, obtained leading positions among their contemporaries, they encouraged among their inferiors all such religious notions as had already obtained a hold on their minds, retaining for themselves the power of communicating to their pupils, or to such among them as showed an aptitude for culture beyond their fellows, such moral and religious lessons as should raise them above the grovelling multitude, sunk in ignorance and in the mixture of superstition and debauchery, which was the natural result of the primæval reverence of untutored childish minds for those powers which caused reproduction through-out nature.

Thus in the ancient world there arose a class—a priesthood, a hierarchy of men superior in intellect to their fellows—willing to initiate into their body such persons as could prove themselves fit for such promotion, but yet who, conscious of their own superiority and of the utility of retaining it, assumed the lead, at first with a good purpose, no doubt, of those whose primitive religion was a belief in a chaos of discordant and antagonistic powers, whose attributes were, in many cases, earthly, sensual, and devilish.

Believing, as all the men of antiquity did, that virtue and courage were synonymous, and that those capable of the greatest bodily endurance were also the best and safest recipients of a wisdom which, in the words of Solomon, is strength, this hierarchy of intellect, having constituted itself also a hierarchy of religion (if, indeed, the polluted polytheism of those days could be called a religion), established rites and ceremonies, by means of which those whose fortitude enabled them to persevere through their initiation were instructed in what to us seems the self-evident truth, that “The Lord our God is one God,” and its dependent corollaries that there is a life beyond the grave, where there will be an equitable adjustment of rewards and punishments, and that, consequently, the gross beliefs of the multitude were utterly incredible and without foundation.

Thus in the archaic days of Egypt, India, and Chaldea we find society consisting of two divisions—the few holding all the power, all the knowledge, and the only true idea of religion which then existed; while the many remained, as was most natural, in a state of, not only political, but intellectual thralldom to those who looked with loathing and contempt upon their gross and sensual system of polytheism. The few, nevertheless, recruited their ranks, and maintained a succession of their order, by the initiation of such as they found fittest for their purpose, and to prevent the acceptance of candidates unfitted by physical or intellectual weakness to become leaders among men, as well as for the purpose of rendering it impossible for others than those they deemed worthy to obtain, surreptitiously, even an inkling of their secrets, they instituted long probations, severe mental and physical trials, and oaths and obligations calculated to deter the bravest from a breach of trust, knowing as they did that some germs of true religion and morality were to be found even in the wildest and most fanciful, as well as in the grossest and most debased, forms of polytheistic worship, and that through their religious fears lay the safest road to an ascendancy over their fellows. They organised no open crusade against the creed of the multitude, but, wisely in their generation, assumed the leadership, and constituted themselves the hierophants of religions which they knew to be ridiculous, and which, by means of initiation, they eradicated from the minds of those best fitted for the reception of truth. They let it be generally known that by various successive steps it was open to the multitude by probations and trials, to attain to degrees of knowledge of the nature of which that multitude had no idea, while yet the power and greatness of its possessors rendered it an object of ambition.

*(To be continued).*

## NOTES ON LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

BY BRO. GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDELL,

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

The *American Agriculturalist* remarks:—"Some striking figures are presented in the report of grain receipts at New York City alone. Reducing the 4,675,271 barrels of flour to its grain equivalent, and we find that during 1878 the canal and railroads delivered at one port no less than 149,270,128 bushels of grain of all kinds, against 98,637,058 bushels in the previous year (1877), a gain of 50 per cent. But few persons can have an adequate idea of even one million bushels. Here is a help to one's conception: Load this 150,000,000 bushels upon wagons, 30 bushels to each; arrange them in line, giving each team about 26½ feet, and the line of teams carrying this grain would extend 25,000 miles—or, clear around the world!"

"Shadows from the Cross: Poems," by the author of "The Ministry of the Bible," is the title of a neatly got up little volume just published by Remington and Co., of Arundel Street, Strand, and is from the practised pen of a very amiable Cleveland clergyman, who ought to have given his name on the title-page, as it is perhaps the best poem he has yet sent forth to the public. It is dedicated to the Queen:—

"Lady, royal by birth, royal by deeds;  
A better royalty than blood—for blood  
Not always yields this fruit."

It is, however, no book for the common reader, being (like a certain play which "was never acted, or, if it was, not above once," because "it pleased not the million"), as Hamlet has it, "caviare to the general." For myself, I confess, I would have liked Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Percy Bysshe Shelley, William Mason of Gisbrough, and others—our author included—all the more had they been less mystical. Under a despotism, whether of Church or State, where liberty of the press and free speech are punished as the gravest of all offences, men are justified in dealing in enigmas; but with us, who exclaim with Wordsworth,—

"In our halls is hung  
Armoury of the invincible knights of old:  
We must be free, or die, who speak the tongue  
That Shakspeare spake, the faith and morals hold  
Which Milton held;"

and in this fast rushing age, when we have so much to learn, and so little time to learn it in—so that we are perishing wholesale by heart disease, paralysis, apoplexy, and softening of the brain—I would fain inculcate on every writer and speaker who loves his fellow-men (and to him who does not *silence* is indeed a virtue) the desirability of making our messages clearly understood, not only by a select few, but also by the many, seeing that every man and woman has thinking capacity of some degree of brain-power, however you may measure it. There is nothing very ambiguous, however, in our poet's opening lines on the Carpenter of Nazareth:—

“These rays of sunset in the pane  
Strike twilight’s hour: rest is near.  
Sweet rest!—the rest of thought and prayer:  
His plane hath moved upon some knots  
Not harder than men’s hearts.”

And beautiful are the lines :—

“These sunset rays that greet his toil—  
The evening star and growing moon,  
The sheep laid on the mountain’s slope,  
The lilies closing on the lake—  
Are all his Father’s voice to him:  
One love hath made his heart all love.”

Into the theology of the poems I must not enter here: as a literary composition the little volume is fair game for criticism, even in the neutral pages of a *Masonic Magazine*; and the quotations I give will commend themselves alike to our numerous and beloved Israelitish as well as our Christian Brethren; as, for instance, the following able description of the diffidence with which the recluse first launches his high thoughts on the world :—

“Yet souls much bent with solitude  
Grow timid when their thoughts, long nursed,  
Should leave their birthplace for the world,  
And live in living words and deeds:  
They know them in their sanctuary—  
They are their children and their love—  
But will they know them in the world,  
Clothed by the tongue, midst battle din,  
In sharp-edged word to meet a lie?  
Or if, behind opposing foes,  
The skeleton form of Death should rise,  
Will they be their dear offspring still?  
And will they follow them and die,  
Content that Death shall make them live?  
Their sleep is calm behind their veil,  
And waking, they meet friendly eyes—  
Their path is wide as sea and land:  
Should they keep hid, and let the world  
Stand to its anchors, or go back  
To the old Chaos and dead sun,  
And other orbs fill heaven with souls?”

Fine, too, is the thought—a sentiment worthy to be nursed in the bosom of every Mason who is really anxious to make himself more serviceable to his fellow-creatures :—

“Yet, what if all the summits show’d—  
Sweet valleys brilliant in the sun,  
Broad plains with cedars in their lap,  
And seas and lakes as old as Death—  
He might call his; and sin remained:  
A thief redeem’d was more than these.”

Leigh Hunt has well sung the Power of Gentleness; and that of heavenly Love over hellish Hate is ably depicted by our author :—

“The priests heap’d fire on fire,  
And threatening hell to drive out hell,  
Increased its flame; for men were saved,  
Not by a consciousness of hell,  
But some sweet breath, they knew not whence,  
That made them list, and hear a stir  
In a dim corner of themselves—  
Then say to their lone tear that fell,  
‘I will arise, I am not dead!’”

Wise, also, is the teaching, veiled in allegory and illustrated by symbols :—

“Men look'd outside to find the foe  
That crept to them without a breath,  
Then sheathed his tempting with a glow  
That broke to death and dust when touch'd,  
And left the conscience lit with pain,  
As if a two-edged sword it pierced,  
And flaming cherubs on its gate  
Were driving Eden from the soul :  
Let them look in, for there he lay  
Who made their passions fire and smoke  
With one light thought that stay'd a night,  
Then led them out to innocent blood  
To murder or defile, and break  
Every commandment in their way.  
Old lies, in Eden told, had bred,  
And fill'd the heart with evil things,  
That raised a cloud 'twixt it and God,  
Though He still sent a gracious rain.”

Of how many may it be truthfully said :—

“For he, light armour on his soul  
Wore against shafts from evil eyes,  
Blinded by selfishness and lust,  
That saw the noblest motives vile ;  
The noblest powers, Satan's gift :  
And all the venom of loose words  
Would strike him through a hundred pores.”

And would that of every Mason it could be said, as it ought :—

“Thus arm'd in spirit, he went forth  
With gentle voice, to break men's bonds,  
Woven by appetite let loose,  
Or passions dominant : *all that bound.*”

How beautiful is the following Isaiah-like picture :—

“Where the sands narrow, and lone path  
Led to a mountain's stream that fell  
To swell the Jordan's tide, she saw  
A lion quench his midnight thirst,  
Then roar to summon all the beasts  
From cave and woodland, bordering heights,  
And further grounds that fed mild flocks.  
Then all obey'd—the wolf and boar,  
The tiger, and the fiery snake  
That strikes a death-pang with his tongue,  
Peaceable kine, and goats with young—  
All met without mistrust or fear ;  
And one sweet child, with shepherd's crook,  
Companioning the lambs that stray'd,  
Fearless of asp about his feet,  
Or for his charge that pluck'd the tufts  
Where bear and lion laid their head.”

But is our author quite correct in his natural history ? Leaving out the family of snakes without poisonous fangs (Laurenti's *Natrix*), and allowing learned naturalists like Cuvier, Professor Owen, Dr. A. Smith, Retzius, Duvvernoy, Fontana, Clift, Muller, Cantor, and others, to enlighten the students of the hidden mysteries of serpent-life in general, I will merely remark that no snake or serpent whatever “strikes a death-pang with his *tongue*,” but with peculiar fangs or teeth, generally hidden in the gums, which convey the poison in small canals from inside the head of the reptile, as the slight pressure on

edges of the leaves of the common stinging nettle forces its acrid secretion into the skin of the child who may inadvertently touch it in gathering its posy of wild flowers. Then, again, in the line—

“The death the Jews have fix'd is slow;”

our author forgets that crucifixion was essentially a Pagan mode of execution; the Jewish one of stoning to death, and, indeed, all other capital punishments, being more or less brutal. The ancient Persians, Carthaginians, and Romans all practised it, and it was the conquerors of the world who forced it into Judea; and we must never forget that it was the Jews who shortened the sufferings of the crucified. I mention those two slight inaccuracies, partly that they may be corrected in that new edition which the little volume is sure to reach, and partly to prove that my wish is not to puff the book, but to give it an impartial review. Here is a good passage :—

“I judge not by his face downcast;  
Fear hath not made him stoop, but thought:  
The weight of his own soul hath bent  
A frame of slender build, and grief  
That men are blind of their own will.  
They seek not for the truth, but forms—  
To build dull pyramids of lies  
That swell conceit and personal pride,  
Whilst half their conscience whispers—‘Lie,’  
And they to stifle it build more;  
Yet in the dead of night they hear—  
For sleep is feverish on a lie—  
And conscience, then a stronger force,  
Makes a thin penitence that dies  
When the sun rises as before.”

And again, how catholic—I had almost said Masonic—in the true sense is the teaching :—

“The common people love this man:  
Sympathy from his broad mind falls out,—  
North, south, and east, and west of it:  
It is like some great globe that yields  
Wealth from all sides of sea and land,  
Lit by a never-setting sun.  
He calls himself ‘The Son of Man’—  
A modest title for his width  
Of heart and mind—for his large soul  
Forgets he is a Jew, and flows  
Like some great river, through strange lands,  
And fertilises with its thoughts  
Barbarian, Scythian, bond and free,  
Naming the slave ‘a child of God,’  
And shining hope upon lone paths  
Where fallen women weep and stray.  
\* \* \* \* \*

‘This patent of nobility  
Is on some parchment in his soul  
That holds the signature of God;  
So can afford humility,  
And to contemn external glows,  
And love the poor, for whom he stoops  
That they may feel his summer air,  
And fear no frost upon their griefs.”

Vigorous as true is the sentence :—

“This drunken rabble’s blast on him  
Is from the priests, who hire a mouth:  
He knows it, and forgives.”

Here is a passage or two on the expulsion of our first parents from Paradise, not totally unworthy of the pen of Milton:—

“Then instantly they saw ‘the lie,’  
 For though the air was still, from it  
 New thunder peal’d within themselves,  
 And frequent lightnings struck their soul,  
 And they beheld their footsteps track’d;  
 And twilight flowing o’er the vale  
 Seem’d like some chariot sent from God,  
 With flaming cherubim above,  
 And swords drawn pointing to the ground,  
 Till they, like deer affrighted, fled  
 To the next thicket in their path;  
 Yet still the cherubim pursued.  
 That night no flower lost its bloom,  
 No leaf changed colour on a branch;  
 The stream its white mist as before  
 Sent heavenward, when Arcturus rose;  
 But they lost Eden from their soul,  
 And ‘conscience’ threw its own dark gloom  
 On every grove that erst was bright.”

From these extracts it will be seen that our author is a thinker, and one of those many kindly souls in the Church who do not substitute a few narrow opinions for broad practical piety and benevolence; one of that truly noble class who, whether or not they have undergone the fine ceremony of Initiation among us, are really prepared in their hearts to be made Masons, practising the angelic maxim of “Peace on earth, goodwill towards men!”

*Rose Cottage, Stokesley.*

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### ADVICE GRATIS.

BY A CELEBRATED MEDICO AND BROTHER.

**T**AKE the open air—  
 The more you take the better,  
 Follow Nature’s laws  
 To the very letter;  
 Let the doctors go  
 To the Bay of Biscay;  
 Let alone the gin,  
 The brandy and whisky.

Freely exercise,  
 Keep your spirits cheerful,  
 Let no dread of sickness  
 Make you ever fearful;  
 Eat the simplest food,  
 Drink the pure cold water—  
 Then you will be well,  
 Or at least you “oughter!”

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