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THE LEGEND OF THE QUATUOR CORONATI.

From the Arundel MSS.

INCIPI PASSIO SANCTORUM MARTIRUM CLAUDII, NICOSTRATI, SIMPHORIANI, CASTORIS, SIMPLICII, VI. IDUS NOVEMBRIS.

TEMPORIBUS quibus Dioclitianus perrexit Pannonis, ad metalla diversa sua presentia de montibus abscidenda, factam est dum omnes artifices metallicos congregaret, invenit inter eos magne peritie arte imbutos homines nomine Claudium, Castorium, Simphorianum, Nicostratum, mirificos in arte quadrataria. Hi occulte, Christiani erant custodientes mandata dei, et quicquid artis operabantur in sculptura, in nomine domini nostri Iesu Christi sculpebant.

Factum est quodam die imperante Diocletiano, ut simulacrum solis cum quadriga ex lapide thaso artifices cum omni argumento currum, equos vel omnia ex uno lapide sculperent. Eodem tempore omnes artifices cum philosophis cogitantes, ceperunt artis hujus delimitare sermonem. Et cum incidissent lapidem magnum ex metallo thaso, nonconveniebat ars sculptare, secundum preceptum Dioclitiani Augusti.

Et multis diebus erat contentio inter artifices et philosophos. Quadam

HERE BEGINS THE PASSION OF THE HOLY MARTYRS CLAUDIUS, NICOSTRATUS, SIMPHORIAN, CASTORIUS, AND SIMPLICIUS.

IN the days when Dioclitian went to Pannonia, that he might be present at the hewing out of various metals from the mountains, it happened that, when he assembled together the workers of metal, he found amongst them some men, by name Claudius, Castorius, Simphorian, and Nicostratus, endowed with an art of great skill—wonderful workers in the art of carving. They were Christians in secret, keeping the commandments of God, and whatever work they did in the art of sculpture they did in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ.

It happened on a certain day, as Dioclitian was giving orders for the workmen to carve an image of the sun, with his chariot, chariot horses, and everything from one stone, that at that time all the workmen deliberating with the philosophers began to polish their conversation on this art; and when they had come upon a huge stone from the metal of Thasos, their art of sculpture was of no use, according to the command of Dioclitian Augustus.

And for many days there was a contention between the workmen and

autem die convenerunt in unum omnes artifices septingenti viginti duo, cum phylosophis quinque ad textum lapidis, et ceperunt venas lapidis perquirere, et erat mira intentio inter artifices et phylosophos. Eodem tempore Simphorianus confidens in fide quam tenebat, dixit ad co-artifices: Rogo vos omnes, date mihi fiduciam, et ego invenio cum discipulis meis Claudio, Simplicio, Nicostrato et Castorio. Et querentes venam metalli ceperunt sculperre in nomine domini nostri Ihesu Christi artem, et bene consequebatur sculptura secundum preceptum Augusti.

Et facta est sculptura sigilli solis in pedibus viginti quinque. Hoc autem nunciatum est Dioclitiano Augusto, et letificatus est. Eadem hora ibidem in partibus Pannonie precepit edificare templum in loco qui appellatur ad montem pinguem, et ibidem constituit et posuit simulacrum et deauravit, et cepit in eodem loco sacrificiis et unguentis et odoribus letari et dedit dona artificibus.

Eodem tempore delectatus est Dioclitianus Augustus in arte et nimio amore captus precepit ut ex metallo porphyritico columnas vel capitella columnarum ab artificibus incidere-
tur. Et vocavit ad se Claudium, Simphorianum, Nicostratum et Castorium atque Simplicium. Quos cum gaudio suscipiens, dixit ad eos: Desidero per peritiam artis vestre capitella columnarum ex monte porphyritico incidi. Et ex precepto abierunt cum multitudine artificum et phylosophis. Venientibus autem eis ad montem porphyriticum qui dicitur igneus, ceperunt incidere lapidem in pedibus quadraginta uno.

Claudius omnia in nomine domini nostri Ihesu Christi faciebat, et bene sequebatur eum ars. Symplicius autem qui erat gentilis, omnia quecunque

philosophers. But on a certain day all the workmen came together into one place, seven hundred and twenty-two, with the five philosophers, to the surface of the stone, and began to examine the veins of the stone, and there was a wonderful purpose amongst the workmen and the philosophers. At the same time Simphorian, trusting in the faith which he held, said to his follow-workmen: I ask you, all of you, give me your confidence, and I will find it out, with my disciples, Claudius, Simplicius, Nicostratus, and Castorius. And, examining the veins of the metal, they began their art of carving in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ. And their work met with success, according to the commands of Augustus.

And the sculpture of the image of the sun was made in twenty-five feet. But this was told to Dioclitian Augustus, and he was glad. In that same hour there, in the district of Pannonia, he ordered a temple to be built in the place which is called "Mons pinguis;" and there he established and placed the image and gilded it, and began in the same place to rejoice with sacrifices, libations, and incense; and he gave large gifts to the workmen.

At the same time Dioclitian Augustus took delight in the art, and, seized with an excessive love for it, gave orders that columns, or capitals of the columns, should be cut out from the porphyry by the workmen. And he called Claudius, Simphorian, Nicostratus, Castorius, and Simplicius to him, and, receiving them with joy, he said to them: I desire that the capitals of the columns may be hewn from the porphyry. And by his order they departed with the crowd of workmen and the philosophers, and when they came to the mountain of porphyry, which is called fiery,* they began to hew the stone in forty-one feet.

Claudius did everything in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, and his art served him in good stead. But Simplicius, who was a Gentile,

* igneus.

faciebat, non erant convenientia. Quodam autem die dixit ad Symplicium Nicostratus: Frater, quomodo tibi ferramentum tuum confringitur? Symplicius dicit, Rogo te tempera mihi ut non confringatur. Respondit Claudius, et dixit: Da mihi omne ingenium artis. Et dum dedisset omnem sculpturam ferri, dixit Claudius: In nomine domini Ihesu Christi, sit hoc ferrum forte, et sanum ad facienda opera. Et ab eadem hora cepit Symplicius omnem artem quadratarum cum ferramento suo, sicut Simphorianus bene et recte operari.

Tunc Symplicius miro amore et studio cepit inquirere a Simphoriano quod esset genus temperamenti, quia nunquam frangebantur argumenta ferramentorum, quod ante non ita erat. Dicit ei Simphorianus, unacum Claudio: Ergo frater miraris intemperatone ferramentorum? Creator qui est omnium ipse facturam suam confortabit. Respondit Symplicius ad Simphorianum et dixit. Nunquid deus Jovis ipse non fecit omnia hec? Respondit Claudius: Frater age penitentiam quia blasphemasti, nesciens quid loquaris. Deus quem nos confitemur ipse omnia creavit, et Ihesus Christus filius ejus dominus noster et spiritus sanctus, non autem quem tu dicis dominum. Quare non cognoscis quia ex nostris manibus exculpitur? Nescis quia et solem nos persculpturam artis fecimus, et ipsum nichil est?

Eadem die ipsis altercantibus, jussit Dioclitianus Augustus ex metallo porphyritico pegas et conchas sigillis ornatas cavari. Tunc Simphorianus, Claudius, Castorius et Nicostratus ceperunt in nomine Christi cavare conchas, et pegas, et lacos cum sigillis et centaris, cum magna tenuitate artis. Symplicius vero quicquid in artem misisset manu, confringebatur. Tunc dixit ad Simphorianum: Adjuro te per deum Solem, ut dicas mihi quis est iste deus qui omnia creavit, in cujus nomine vos artem bene operamini. Respondit Claudius ad Symplicium, et dixit: Placitum est insensu et visu oculorum tuorum quod nos facimus? Respondit Symplicius et dixit: video nescio

whatever he did was of no use. But on a certain day Nicostratus said to Symplicius: My brother, how is it your tool is broken? Symplicius said: I beg you temper it for me that it may not break. Claudius replied, and said: Give me all the implements of your art. And when he had given him his carving tools, Claudius said: In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ let this iron be strong and fit to work with. And from that hour Symplicius began his carving with his own tool, like Simphorian, well and properly.

Then Symplicius, in his wonderful love and zeal, began to enquire what was the kind of tempering, because the fittings of his tools were never broken, which was not so before. Simphorian and Claudius say to him: Do you, then, brother, wonder at the tempering of the tools? He who is the Creator of all things will show kindness to his creation. Symplicius replied to Simphorian, and said: Did not the God of Jove Himself do all these things? Claudius replied: My brother, repent, for thou hast blasphemed, not knowing what you say. The God whom we confess Himself created all things, and Jesus Christ, His son, is our Lord, but not whom you call Lord. Why, do ye not know that we carve with our own hands? and do ye not know by our art of carving we fashion this image of the sun, which in itself is nothing?

On the same day as they were disputing, Dioclitian Augustus gave orders for fountains and shells ornamented with images, to be hollowed out of the metal of pophyry. Then Simphorian, Claudius, Castorius, and Nicostratus began, in the name of Christ, to hollow shells, fountains, tanks with images and drinking cups, with a great delicacy of art. But whatever Symplicius took in his hand for his work was broken in pieces. Then he said to Simphorian: I adjure thee, by the god, the sun, to tell me who is that God of yours who created all things, in whose name you do your work so well? Claudius replied to him, and said: Is what we do agreeable to yoursenseandsight? Symplicius

quam precationem, quam occulte precamini. Declarate mihi hanc precationem dei vestre, ut mea vobiscum fruamini amicitia. Dicit ei Claudius: Et est in te pura amicitia? Respondit Simplicius: Vere pura, nam et vos cognovistis ecce intra quinque annos, qualiter vobiscum operatus sum. Dicit ei Simphorianus: Si potes credere, dicemus tibi et artem consequeris, et vitam eternam habebis. Respondit Simplicius: Desiderio desideravi scire deum vestrum, et supplico vobis. Dicit ei Claudius: Ecce hoc est quod tibi dicimus fideliter ut credas dominum Ihesum Christum dei filium, et baptismum percipias, et omnia ministrabuntur tibi. Respondit Simplicius: Ergo noli tardare, ut vobiscum unanimis sim, et in arte et in religione.

Et ceperunt querere sacerdotem, et invenerunt Episcopum in custodia carceris religatum nomine Quirillum de Antiochia adductum, pro Christi nomine vinctum, qui jam multis verberibus fuerat maceratus in tribus annis. Ad quem venientes nocte Simphorianus, Claudius, Nicotratus, et Castorius unacum Simplicio, invenerunt in catenis cum aliis multis confessoribus. Et ingressi ad sanctum Quirillum Episcopum miserunt se ad pedes ejus et rogaverunt eum ut baptizaret Simplicium. Cunque hoc audisset beatus Quirillus Episcopus gaudio magno repletus dixit ad Simplicium: Fili vide si ex toto corde credis, et omnia ministrabuntur tibi. Et respondentes Claudius, Simphorianus, Nicotratus et Castorius, dixerunt sancto Quirillo rem gestam de fermentis quid obvenisset. Et tunc sanctus Quirillus Episcopus gratias agens deo omnipotenti, dixit ad Simplicium: Fili, vidisti virtutem in operatione vestra, modo tantum fideliter crede. Respondit Simplicius cum lacrimis, et dixit: Et quomodo jubetis ut ostendam credulitatem meam? Dixit Sanctus Quirillus Episcopus: Ut credas Christum creatorem omnium rerum, et omnia simulacra manu facta respuas. Respondit Simplicius: Ego credo quia

replied, and said: I see you use some kind of prayer, which you pray in secret. Make known to me this prayer of your God, that you may enjoy my friendship. Claudius said to him: Is this friendship of yours sincere? Quite sincere; for ye know yourselves how I have worked with you for five years. Simphorian said to him: If you can believe we will tell you, and you shall follow our plan and have eternal life. Simplicius replied: I have desired with a great desire to know your God, and I beg you to tell me. Claudius said to him: This is what we say to you, that you must believe faithfully on the Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, and must be baptised, and all things will minister unto you. Simplicius replied: Do not delay then, that I may be of one mind with you, both in our art and in religion.

And they began to search for a priest, and found a bishop, bound in prison, by name Quirillus, who had been carried from Antioch in bonds for Christ's name, and had been afflicted with many stripes for three years. And to him Simphorian, Claudius, Nicotratus, and Castorius, coming by night with Simplicius, found him in chains with many other confessors; and, entering in to the holy bishop Quirillus, they cast themselves at his feet, and besought him to baptize Simplicius. And when the blessed bishop Quirillus heard this, filled with great joy, he said to Simplicius: My son, see that you believe with your whole heart, and all things will minister unto you. And Claudius, Simphorian, Nicotratus, and Castorius replying, told the whole matter to the holy Quirillus, what had happened about the tools. And then the holy bishop Quirillus, giving thanks to Almighty God, said to Simplicius: My son, you have seen the virtue in your work, only faithfully believe. Simplicius, with tears, replied, and said: And how do ye bid me show my belief? The holy bishop Quirillus replied: Believe that Christ is the Creator of all things, and reject all images made with hands. Simplicius replied: I believe that Jesus Christ is the true

vere deus est, verus Ihesus Christus. Et facta eo secundum consuetudinem catecumino, baptizavit eum in nomine patris et filii et spiritus sancti in carcere. Et dimisit eos et reversi sunt ad opera sua.

Et ceperunt cavare conchas ex lapide porphyritico cum sigillis et herbacantis. Et in qua hora mittebant manus suas ad opera, in nomine Ihesu Christi operabantur cum signo crucis. Unus autem de phylosophis intuens et videns, quomodo sine signo crucis nichil faciebant, sed utebantur omni hora signo Christi in opere, contristatus est vehementer, et dixit iraplenus: Hoc genus magice artis est quod facitis signum, nescio ad quam crudelitatem pertinens, et per ipsum omnia prospera vobis aguntur. Respondit Claudius et dixit: Nescis phylosophe quia hoc signum quod fuit ante ad crudelitatem, ad vitam perducit eternam qui credit in Ihesum. Respondit philosophus: Non potest crudelitas mortis ad vitam perducere. Respondit Claudius et dixit: Deus et dominus Ihesus Christus ipse dixit. Qui invenit animam suam perdet eam, et qui perdidit animam suam inveniet eam. Respondit philosophus: Ergo et vos Christum sequimini colentes eum? Respondit Claudius: Vere in ipsius signo et virtute omnia opera manuum nostrarum facimus; quia sic nos docuit doctor gentium beatus Paulus Apostolus dicens, Quicquid facitis, in nomine domini facite. Respondit philosophus: In cuius nomine domini? Respondit Simphorianus: In nomine domini nostri Ihesu Christi. Dicit autem ad eum philosophus: Et si ipse est dominus deus, quomodo morte subiacuit? Simphorianus respondit: Bene dicis quia morti subiacuit, tamen si scis quia mortuus est; quia surrexit cognitum tibi non est?

His ita altercantibus, multi ex artificibus quadrataris crediderunt in verbis et doctrinis beati Simphoriani, et dixerunt ad alterutrum: Melius nobis est ut in arte juvemur, et fortes esse possimus per ejus nomen qui mortuus est et resurrexit.

God. And this being done, as is the custom with a catechumen, he baptized him, in the prison, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. So he dismissed them, and they returned to their work.

And they began to hollow shells from the porphyry with images and "herbacantis" (?). And whenever they put their hands to the work, they worked in the name of Jesus Christ, with the sign of the cross. But one of the philosophers looking on, and noticing how they did nothing without the sign of the cross, but every hour made use of the sign of Christ in their work, was very grieved and full of anger, and said: "This sign that you make is a kind of magic art, belonging to some sort of cruelty, and by its means all your work is performed successfully. Claudius replied, and said: Do ye not know, O philosopher, that this sign, which was first a sign of cruelty, leads him to eternal life who believes on Jesus. The philosopher replied: The cruelty of death cannot lead to life. Claudius replied, and said: God and our Lord Jesus Christ Himself has said, He who finds his soul shall lose it, and he who shall lose his soul shall find it. The philosopher replied: Do ye then follow Christ and worship him? Claudius answered: Truly through His sign and might we do all the work of our hands, for the holy apostle Paul, teacher of the Gentiles, taught us to do so, saying, Whatever ye do, do in the name of the Lord. The philosopher replied: In the name of what Lord? Simphorian replied: In the name of our Lord Jesus Christ. But the philosopher said to him: And, if he is God the Lord, how was he subject unto death? Simphorian replied: You say rightly that he was subject to death; yet if you know that he died, do you not know that he rose again?

And as they were thus disputing many of the masons believed in the words and doctrines of the blessed Simphorian, and they said one to another: It is better that we should have help in our art, and that we should be strong through the name of Him who died and rose again.

Eodem tempore jubente Dioclitiano perfecta est concha porphyritica cum mala et herbacantio per manus Claudii, Simphoriani, Castorii et Nicostrati, et allata sunt ante conspectum Dioclitiani Augusti. Et placuerunt ei omnia, et dono multiplicavit Simphoriano, Claudio, Castorio et Nicostrato.

Tunc Dioclitianus dixit: Volo columnas cum capitibus foliatis abscondi de monte porphyritico, dictantibus Claudio, Simphoriano, Nicostrato et Castorio. Hoc audientes philosophi indignati sunt vehementer, quia jussio Dioclitiani urgebat. Accedentes autem ad montem, designaverunt partem lapidis qui inciderebatur, Tunc oraverunt et fecerunt signum crucis Christi, et dictantes et dolantes ceperunt artifices quadratarii incidere lapidem ad collarium columne, et operabantur cotidie per menses tres. Explicita autem una columna mirifica arte perfecta, dixerunt philosophi ad Claudium, Simphorianum, Nicostratum et Castorium et Simplicium: Vos qui dono locupletati estis, date operam in aliam columnam incidendam. Quare a nobis discere desideratis artem? Respondentes ii quinque dixerunt: In nomine domini nostri Iesu Christi in quem confidimus, incidimus et hanc aliam columnam, sicut et priorem. Et dantes operam, cum summo studio intra dies viginti sex inciderunt aliam columnam. Tunc philosophi indignantes dixerunt: Hec carmina non sunt nisi magice artis.

Et ita sculpsentes facturas diversi operis dabant studium, et bene sequebatur eos ars consilio eorum qui nichil per peritiam artis philosophie faciebant, nisi in nomine Christi operabantur nitide. Hoc videntes philosophi, suggestionem dederunt Dioclitiano Augusto dicentes: Summe princeps et ornator seculi, magnum est consilium precepti vestri et mansuetudinis in opera montis designati, ut lapis pretiosus incidatur ad mirificum ornamentum rei publice vestre, et multa opera clara facte sunt

At that same time, at the command of Dioclitian, the porphyry shell was made with "mala et herbacantis" by the hands of Claudius, Simphorian, Castorius, and Nicostratus; and their work was brought to the notice of Dioclitian Augustus. And everything pleased him, and he heaped gifts on Simphorian, Claudius, Castorius, and Nicostratus.

Then Dioclitian said: I desire foliated columns with capitals to be hewn from the mountain of porphyry under the supervision of Claudius, Simphorian, Nicostratus, and Castorius. When the philosophers heard this they were very angry, because the command of Dioclitian was urgent. But going to the mountain they shaped a part of the stone which was hewn. Then they prayed, and made the sign of the cross of Christ, and the masons superintending and chipping the stone began to hew it at the collar of the pillar, and worked daily for three months. But when one column was exposed to view, fashioned with wonderful art, the philosophers said to Claudius, Simphorian, Nicostratus, and Simplicius: You who are rich in this gift; give your labour to the hewing of another column. Why do ye wish to learn the art from us? the five replying, said: In the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, in whom we trust, we will hew this other pillar as we did the first one. And giving attention to their task, with great exertions they hewed out another column in twenty-six days. Then the philosophers were angry, and said: These are nothing else but charms of magic art.

And so, they took pains in carving objects of varied workmanship, and their art served them in good stead, on the plan of those who did nothing by skill of the art of philosophy, but performed exquisite work in the name of Christ. When the philosophers saw this they made a suggestion to Dioclitian Augustus, saying: Mighty Prince, adorer, of this age, great is the sagacity of your command and clemency in this work of carving the mountain, that the precious stone should be hewn for the wonderful

in columnarum metallo, miroque labore serenitatis vestre. Dioclitianus Augustus dixit: Vere delector peritia horum hominum. Et fecit omnes quinque aspectibus suis presentari. Quibus letus ita dixit: Per virtutem deorum, quia sullimabo vos divitiis et donis, tantum sigilla precidite de monte hoc porphiritico. Et jussit victorias et cupidines et conchas iterum fieri, maxime autem Asclepium.

Et fecerunt conchas, victorias, cupidines et Asclepii simulacrum non fecerunt. Et post aliquantos dies obtulerunt opera sua in diversa ornamenta sigillorum. Similiter letificatus Dioclitianus Augustus in peritia artis quadratarie; dixit ad Claudium, Simphorianum, Nicostratum, Castorium, atque Simplicium: Gaudeo valde in studio artis vestre. Tamen, quare non ostenditis amorem, ut deum Asclepium cunctarum sanitatum dolaretis? Pergite nunc cum pace, et date operam in hoc simulacro. Et leones fundantes aquam, et aquilas et cervos et gentium multarum similitudinem operamini.

Tunc abierunt et fecerunt secundum consuetudinem.

adornment of your kingdom; and many beautiful works have been made in the metal of the columns and with the wonderful labour of your highness. Dioclitian Augustus said: I am verily delighted with the skill of these men. And he caused them all five to be brought into his presence, to whom in his joy he spake thus: By the power of the gods, I will elevate you with riches and presents, only cut me out first images from this mountain of porphyry. And he bade them make images of Victory, Cupids, and more shells, but especially an image of Æsculapius.

And they carved shells, Victories, and Cupids, but did not make an image of Æsculapius. And after some days they offered their work of images with their varied ornamentation. Dioclitian Augustus was equally pleased with their skill in masonic work. He said to Claudius, Simphorian, Nicostratus, Castorius, and Simplicius: I rejoice much in the skill of your art, yet why did ye not show your love by carving an image of Æsculapius, the god of health? Go now in peace, and give your attention to this image, and fashion lions pouring water, and eagles and stags and likenesses of many nations.

Then they departed and did according to their custom.

A DESIRE.

LET me not lay the lightest feather's weight
 Of duty upon love. Let not, my own,
 The breath of one reluctant kiss be blown
 Between our hearts. I would not be the gate
 That bars, like some inexorable fate,
 The portals of thy life; that says, "Alone
 Through me shall any joy to thee be known."
 Rather the window, fragrant early and late
 With thy sweet, clinging thoughts, that grow and twine
 Around me like some bright and blooming vine;
 Through which the sun shall shed his wealth on thee
 In golden showers; through which thou may'st look out
 Exulting in all beauty, without doubt,
 Or fear, or shadow of regret from me.

—Scribner's Monthly.

THE MORAL AND RELIGIOUS ORIGIN OF FREEMASONRY:
OF ITS MISSION AND THE POSITIVE EPOCH OF ITS MATERIAL INSTITUTION.

*By Count S. de Giorgi Bertola, Knight of Christ and Member of Freemasonry
according to the French and Scottish Rites.*

TRANSLATED BY N. E. KENNY.

THIS brochure, dedicated "A son Altesse Royale, le Duc de Sussex, Grand Maître de l'Ordre Maçonnique de Trois Royaumes de la Grand Bretagne, Colonies," etc., etc., etc. (the abbreviations are the author's), was printed for Count Bertola, without the medium of a publisher, and only a few copies—*exemples de luxe*—were taken from the press. Had the text been as faultless as the binding, the task of translation would have presented few difficulties. But foreigners have often reason to complain where their productions are not subjected to the critical eye of an efficient "corrector of the press." This was notably the case with Signor Salvini's Italian version of his plays of Shakespeare, printed with such marvellous inaccuracy in Paris, and afterwards so accurately produced here in London. THE TRANSLATOR.

ALMOST all those who have written on Freemasonry have themselves erred, or have desired to set others astray through leading them by false pathways. Some have seen in it merely a subordinate institution of the Knights Templar; others make its origin go back to Solomon and to the ancient Patriarchs; some make it descend from the Crusades; some only wish to see in it a disorganised association, instituted by Manès, or by the Old Man of the Mountain; and, again, there are others who judge it as anti-religious and heresiarchal; and, finally, others regard it as a political secret institution in permanent conspiracy against all the constituted powers of the State. The natural cause of these errors should be attributed, not only to the changes and alterations which this famous association has experienced, according to the different circumstances in which it has found itself since its origin, but also to the interests of certain selfish castes, jealous to preserve an oppressive and anti-social domination over the masses.

The first of human institutions was the constitution of family, in which the father exercised, without dispute, the natural right of ruling. Afterwards came the assemblage of two or more families, preserving to each chief his natural authority in the inner council, and naming amongst them a kind of arbitrator or supreme chief, who often took the name of Patriarch.

Those kinds of communities having, in process of time, multiplied and enlarged, were followed by bodies of people, some stationary, others nomads, to whom they gave the general designation of tribes.

It was not until after the formation of the tribes that the words "people" or "nation" could be reasonably enunciated for the first time; and even, in order that the application of these terms might be correct, it was necessary that those tribes should bind themselves together by general interests, by uniformity of language, and by territorial residence. It is the sedentary tribes alone, then, speaking the same tongue, and occupying the same region, who could be really termed nationalities.

Nomad hordes, wandering from one country to another, in order to arrive at nationality, employed for the most part violence and numerical superiority, or created a new nation in the climates of their choice, or amalgamated themselves with nations already established, and few amongst them continued to

lead an anti-social life, to which is given—I do not well know the reason why—the designation of “savage.”

It is indisputable that the human race ought to be considered under two general conditions—the state of nature and the social state; but we must take good care not to apportion too small a part to the first, because it is distant from us, in order to enrich the other amidst which we live. In investigating mankind from this double point of view, we must seek to ascertain by what revolutions of ideas and circumstances man has passed from one to the other of these two conditions.

Those who have pretended, and still pretend, to circumscribe the state of Nature to what is properly called “savage life”—which is not more savage than is Nature herself—have committed, and still commit a very grave mistake, for the true state of Nature could only cease when the word “nationality” was for the first time pronounced. It has always been said that society derived its origin from the collecting together of many men—yes, origin, for if we would go up to the beginning of everything, we could only stop at God himself. But here the matter bears quite another aspect; here we have to treat of a material constituted fact, and for myself, I maintain that this fact—this society—had no existence until nationality was established.

The primitive assembling together of families formed only a temporary community, which, being liable to be dissolved from one moment to another, could not constitute a society.

The formation of tribes, although on a grand scale, until the taking possession by these same tribes of a given region, must naturally undergo the same consequences, because it was constituted according to the same principle as the community of families.

The history of the Israelites furnishes us with a proof of this, for that people never found themselves in their true social condition until they were put in possession of the promised land, and had established a general constitution of state and government.

The word “Society” only implying an united people, living under the rule of the same institutions, and having each individually the same rights to exercise, and the same duties to fulfil, I have then reason to aver that the social state only commenced when nationalities were constituted.

To take a man in a state of nature, bring him into society, give to him by the knowledge of his duties and of the sacred principles of social order the means of acquiring the qualities which would befit him to associate with his equals, and lead him to perfection and happiness, here you most certainly behold the intention and the origin of the first initiatory ceremony of the primitive schools in which they laboured to mould man for society by teaching him to repress his harmful passions by the exercise of those which are useful.

The writings and monuments which remain to us from antiquity teach that in the first period of known societies some man superior to his fellows turned them from a wandering life and of partial community to adopt the social state. He was at the same time the founder of the religious mysteries, which formed, in his hands, the separation between the sacred and the profane. The same man was the inventor of music—of the harp—the first chant of the divinity and the discovery of all the harmonies are attributed to him.

Behold, then, the associations of men and the establishment of mysteries forming an identical institution through the cares of a sage—inspired, doubtless, by the Almighty. This institution has maintained itself, and the ceremony which accompanies this admission of men into society became, amongst all civilised peoples, an act at once political and religious.

But society soon degenerated. The need of rendering it perfect made itself felt by those who had preserved the ideas of morality as a fruit of primitive institutions; the necessity of re-establishing the institution in the

bosom of that very society which it had formed, and to fashion out of it the perfection of social order.

Then, instead of taking the man of nature to make a social being of him, society took up social man in order to perfect him. To arrive at this end the most surely, there were started initiatory colleges, depositories of knowledge and of truths the most useful, and studies the most profound—mathematics, geometry, astronomy, navigation, art of healing—all was taught in those private schools.

The dogma of the existence of God, the investigation of the laws of nature, were the object of initiative primitive study. The discoveries which resulted from this study became the science and the secret of the initiated. Agriculture was at once the daughter and the nurse of society. She (agriculture) was, with astronomy, which was to be her guide, one of the principal objects of "works;" hence comes it that the mysteries were named after Ceres and the Sun, which, for the initiated, meant but culture of the earth and observation of the stars. These studies led the Adepts to a knowledge of the general laws of the universe, and to the discovery of the good or evil which men experience; Those studies went further still, and transported the students beyond the limits of existence. Men living in a state of nature could only recognise the rewards or punishments of this life. Already civilised and instructed men could cast their regards and base their hope on another future; for there they saw recompense of the good which they might have done and the punishment of the evil which they might have committed. The Elysian Fields were the prize of the just, and Tartarus the lot of the criminal. But this same Tartarus, recognised and accepted by our primitive initiated, was not of a nature, as it is in our days, to dishonour the Divinity.

Hope, which is the star that shines upon man from his first wail to his last sigh, is not extinguished even in his grave. Seek this consoling power, and you will find it everywhere. Run throughout all Nature; ask her, and she will tell you she sees nothing but hope; seek there amongst men, and you will find it seated in the core of their heart; ascend to the heavens, and you will meet it; descend to hell, and you shall learn that even there hope is not without foundation. [It would be much to be desired that some theologians should be tempted to confute publicly the opinion I have here enunciated in reference to Hope.]

Ah! the dogma of the knowledge of God, professed in the initiative schools, is very much more vast and expansive than is that which the theology of later ages has been pleased to burden with false soothsayers. We know that God is Justice itself, but we are not, at the same time, ignorant that he is likewise of infinite mercy.

God, in creating humanity, knew the frailty, inborn and inherent, in that portion of His creation, and that, notwithstanding the intellectuality with which He had enriched it, it might have strayed from the path of right-doing and virtue; but who is it that can penetrate the decrees of the Eternal? As for us mortals, we are content to reverence His exalted wisdom, and we console ourselves, in our human peripatetics, by again remembering without ceasing that the Great Architect of the Universe has said, "Nothing in the heavens, and nothing beneath the heavens, shall be eternally lost!" Why, then, should it be Man who is the masterpiece of Creation?

It was in the schools where they professed similar dogmas that Orpheus, Pythagoras, Moses, Thales (of Miletum), Epicurus, Lycurgus (the Spartan law-giver), Plato, Solomon, and the other wise men of old have borrowed those torrents of light with which they have dazzled posterity. Thither repaired from all lands men desirous of knowing the truth. Those were the schools of wisdom which refused to open to Constantine, stained with the blood of his kindred—to Alexander (six centuries before), guilty of the murder of his friends, and some others less famous in name and in wickedness, and likewise little worthy of entrance.

To be convinced that the ceremonies of these "mysterious initiations" constituted an act truly solemn and religious, by which man quitted the state of nature to pass into the state of society, and whose object was his perfecting and his progress in sociability, or social life, it suffices to follow the developments given of it by Homer, Apuleius, Diodorus Siculus, Diogenes Laertium, Herodotus, Plutarch, Jamblicus, Clement of Alexandria, Strabo, and many others, who were, for that reason, accused of indiscretion by their initiated contemporaries.

Just the same one can acquire conviction as to the identity of the Masonic initiation with this olden institution, if they search into what remains to us of ancient rites—those which present relation and analogy, although Masonry offers us to-day no more than an imperfect image of its brilliant existence—but the ruins of its greatness—but a system disfigured by progressive alterations, the result of events and circumstances—the thread of which appears broken for us, but upon which given positives permit us to establish solid conjectures. Like Freemasonry, the ancient institution had its degrees, to which all the initiated were not indiscriminately admitted. I will say more—Freemasonry is but a continuation of the propaganda of the ancient schools.

Let us follow the Neophyte into the courts of his reception. We see him at first left to himself, to his reflections, afterwards travelling, wandering hither and thither, deprived of the light; and if decency, fruit of social morality, opposed his becoming like man in a state of nature, it is as much as is permitted to the sages, being allegorically brought near that condition. Such were, likewise, the preparations for the initiation to the grand mysteries: they depict the state of isolation—of ignorance of the natural man. He is deprived of metals because they are the productions of the social arts. Society, which protects and defends, has itself need of defence; it must, then, inspire in the Neophyte virtue, the courage which consists in the moral strength of the soul as well as in the vigour of the body; and, in order to confirm one's self in these good dispositions, the Neophyte was subjected to long and rigorous tests, reduced now-a-days to formulæ as simple as possible, so as not to destroy the basis of the institution.

After being assured of the aspirant through all those means, they demanded of him the secrecy necessary in order that the society should not be exposed to impositions whereto a single indiscretion might open the way.

At last he is one of us, this Neophyte. He receives the light as a symbol of the instructions which should be given him; afterwards, you clothe him. Consider what clothing you give him—the first of which man has been compelled to make use, that which must necessarily have preceded all other habiliments which demand the slow and progressive perfection of the arts. You enjoin on him never to appear before his brethren without being invested with this "habit"—a necessary advice to him to whom no inculcation has yet demonstrated this decorous necessity. His new condition demands that he should communicate with his equals—you accord him the means of doing so—he receives from you the password. You give it to him as if to a being absolutely new, entirely ignorant; you add to that the dumb language of signs. In this you follow the first primæval custom which necessity established, and which was practised in the first initiations, whereby were taught the elements and principles of languages. In admitting him into the society, it appears just to make him know the benefactors of the institution: he learns from you the name of him who originally set metals to work. You give him the explanation of objects which strike his eager regards—the imperfect remains, the feeble semblances of the great instructions of the olden ages. You make him see the rough stone, manifesting to him that it is the symbol of man abandoned to mere natural instinct, but which, in order to be employed in the building of the Temple—emblem of the social edifice which was the original triumph of the institution—must needs be chipped and squared by the chisel

of wisdom and the hammer of severity, in order to remove the defective points which prevent its co-ordination with others. You give him tools: he learns how to make use of them, to work, and knows that work is the heritage—the appanage of Society; he knows that it is a tribute imposed on all its members; he partakes afterwards of a fraternal banquet as an emblem of the advantages and the enjoyments attached to the acquittal of this sacred liability.

This brief explanation is doubtlessly sufficient to show that the object of the olden initiation, of which our Masonic Order merely perpetuates the rites, has for motive the admission of man into Society and the study of all the virtues which social order imposes.

But what human institution is free from the vicissitudes to which all nature is subject? This has been testified by the common lot of all the works of mankind. How could such an institution have been propagated without alteration, in the midst of the persecutions of blind ignorance against philosophy? How could it traverse the ages of barbarism which succeeded a wise and learned antiquity without participating in the pervading corruption? Could it resist the torrents of revolutions, or the overthrow of empires?

(To be continued.)

A REVERIE BY THE SEA-SIDE.

AS I stood in silent sadness
 On that far and fragrant shore,
 The bright waves in buoyant gladness
 Seemed to cheer me evermore.
 And the clouds above me, sailing
 In their vagabond career,
 Brought a message all unfailing
 In its language calm and clear.

“Bear thee up,” I heard them saying,
 “Poor desponding, lonely heart,
 Though mournful thoughts thy mind be swaying,
 Unforsaken still thou art.
 In God’s Providence believing,
 March thou onward on thy way;
 Passing sorrows, earthly grieving
 Melt before His better day.”

As I reverently listen,
 Gentle tones float round me now,
 Loving eyes they seem to glisten,
 I see dear face and placid brow.
 So I turn to sacred duty,
 So I smile with chastened glee
 At those scenes and forms of beauty
 Which greet me ever by the sea.

THE LAST ATTEMPT :

BEING THE FINAL EFFORT OF BRO. SIR WALTER SCOTT AT METRICAL COMPOSITION

BY W. FRED. VERNON, R.W.M. NO. 58, KELSO, S.C.

SOME months ago there was placed in my hands, by Bro. J. B. Kerr, of the Commercial Bank at Kelso, some manuscript which had lately come into his possession, with a request that I would decipher it. The task was not a very difficult one, although one or two words were almost illegible; the characters were cramped, not careless; in fact, the effort was only too apparent, and though sadly differing from many specimens I had seen from the same pen, but some peculiarities or characteristics I had noted in the writer's style under happier circumstances were distinctly recognisable. The manuscript I refer to was the last attempt of the hand that had filled thousands of folios with charming, clear, running, ready writing which had delighted millions of readers, and shall yet delight many more. It was the last effort of the hand of the minstrel who had struck the lyre of his country with no uncertain sound, to once more make its chords vibrate to tuneful measure. It was, in fact, the last attempt of the mighty magician of the North, Bro. Sir Walter Scott, at metrical composition.

The verses which follow were written by him when in Italy, in the spring of 1832. They were written at the request of the "Countess of Wallingluss, a Russian lady." In that finest of biographies, written by the loving hand of his son-in-law, Lockhart does not mention this lady by name, but there is an allusion to a lady having requested him to do something to which he had a great repugnance, but to which request he, nevertheless, promised compliance. On being asked why he had promised to comply with her request, he gave the pathetic answer that as he was not good for much now he thought he should try and oblige everybody. The following is the result of the attempt:—

"Lady, they say thy native land,
Unlike this clime of fruits and flowers,
Loves, like the minstrel's northern strand,
The sterner share of Nature's powers;
Even Beauty's powers of empire
Decay in the decaying hours,
Until even you may set a task
Too heavy for the poet's powers.

"Mortals in vain—so says the text—
Seek grapes from briars, from thistles corn:
Say, can fair Wollenluss expect
Fruit from a withered Scottish thorn?
Time once there was, alas, but now
That hour returns not, ne'er again;
The shades upon the dial cast
Proceed, but pass not back again.

"Yet in this land of lengthened day,
Where April wears the Autumn's hue,
Awakened by the genial ray,
Thoughts of past visions strive to flow;
The blood grows warm, the nerves expand,
The stiffened fingers take the pen,
And——"

These are the very last words ever penned by the great wizard, our illustrious brother,* ere his mighty instrument "dropped from his nerveless grasp."

* Sir Walter Scott was a member of the lodge of St. David, Edinburgh, in which he first saw light on the 2nd day of March, 1801.

They are the last flicker, the last scintillation from the great luminary, visible but for a moment, then utterly obscured in the rapidly approaching night. Sad, sad and deeply touching are these last lines wrung from the overwrought brain of one of Scotland's most gifted sons, who sank into a premature grave in his stupendous efforts to work off his liabilities. It is touching to read how he had to be hurried home from the Continent, and how he arrived in London about the middle of June, more dead than alive, having escaped the fate of dying in a foreign land like his predecessors, Fielding and Smollett. How he lay for three weeks in the St. James's Hotel, Jernyn Street, in an almost continuous state of unconsciousness, exciting the sympathy of all classes of the community, who crowded the street and made daily inquiries as to the state of his health. How he was conveyed on board a steamer early in July, and conveyed to his native city in a state of stupor, how he was driven from Edinburgh in his carriage to his romantic seat on the banks of the Tweed, and how, as he approached that dear spot, his wandering eye recognised the familiar scenes and his mind again awoke to comparative clearness. These latter days are full of touching incidents. Once more did he endeavour to wield the pen, having insisted upon being taken to his desk to write, and his daughter Sophia having placed a pen in his hand, the quill fell from his paralysed fingers and dropped upon the paper. Realising his incapacity, he burst into tears. Kindly sleep came to his relief, and for a while he forgot his grief in slumber, only to awaken again to a remembrance of his pitiful condition, upon which he raised himself in his chair and pathetically cried, "Friends, don't let me expose myself—get me to bed—that's the only place." He died on the 21st September, 1832, aged sixty-one years.

There is always something sad in witnessing the breaking up of the physical powers, and in thinking of what *has* been "so sad, so strange, the days that are no more; but there is something more inexpressibly sad in seeing the gradual breaking up of the mental power. To die in harness is not such a hard lot. Talfourd, Thackeray, Dickens, Hood, Brontë, Caskell, and many more have died with their mental power undiminished, and left fragments of work of great promise, but to die in harness, and have your last days embittered by pain and poverty, as did Fielding, Smollett, and Goldsmith, is a very hard and a very sad lot; but to die before your time, to die mentally while you yet live, is the saddest of all. The story of Sterne's death is one of the most painful pages of history; sad, too, is the record of the last days of Swift, but I think my readers will agree with me that the premature decay of the mental faculties, as exhibited in this melancholy memorial of one of our most gifted countrymen, this last attempt of a once brilliant mind, is the saddest phase of all, betokening the rapid approach of that night in which no man can work. The pathos in the last lines is touching in the extreme.

"The blood grows warm, the nerves expand,
The stiffened fingers take the pen!"

And then the reaction, darkness dense and impenetrable. Truly may we say, with Shakespeare,

"It is too late: the life of all his blood
Is touched corruptibly; and his pure brain
(Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house)
Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
Foretell the ending of mortality."

† Laurence Sterne was not a brother, but a memorial stone was erected to his memory "by two brother Masons." W. and S. are the initials of their names. Can any brother inform me who they were? Their virtues led them to be more than a "little blind" to his faults, if we are to trust the sculptured benediction. A singular error is perpetuated upon this stone, the date of Sterne's death being given as "September 13, 1768," instead of the 18th of March, 1768. This mistake would seem to prove that the monument had not been erected till a considerable time after Sterne's interment.

FOTHERINGHAY CASTLE.

A PAPER READ AT A MEETING OF THE LEICESTERSHIRE ARCHITECTURAL AND ARCHEOLOGICAL SOCIETY, HELD IN THE TOWN LIBRARY, GUILD HALL, LEICESTER, ON THE 27TH OF MAY, 1878, BY THE REV. J. B. DICKSON, LL.D.

“Die schönste aller Frauen, welche leben,
Ist auch die Jammerwürdigste von allen.”

SCHILLER.

THE name of Fotheringhay, which the present Vicar warns me not to spell without the “h,” has, like most names of places, undergone various changes in the course of time. In “Domesday Book” we have it Fotheringea. Leyland writes it, Foderingeye. In the same context, I may observe in passing, he spells Church, Chirch, showing that our word comes from the same source as the High German Kirche, the Platt-Deutsch, Kerk, and the Scotch Kirk, all derived, if not from Crux, certainly from KYPIAKH. It is odd that in the same passage Leland, forgetting or careless about how he had spelt the name of the village and castle, writes Foderingey, without the final “e.” It is also written, Fodringley, Fodringleye, Fodringley, Foderingaye, and, finally, it has settled into Fotheringay, or Fotheringhay. It is a marked instance of the uncertainty of ancient spelling before words became crystallised into permanent forms. Fotheringhay seems to come from Fedan, to feed, and Ha, or Hay, a meadow. The only authentic description of the Castle I have come across is contained in a survey in the 21st year of James I. It consisted of two principal parts. The first a keep on the higher mound, and the second a large fortification on the lower. The first was reached through a double moat, and consisted of two stories, called upper and lower chambers, containing “goodly lodgyngs.” From this you descended by a broad staircase to the lower fortification in which the “Great Hall” was situated. The Nen and a Mill brook formed part of the double ditches. Besides the Mill brook there was a pond—both have disappeared. The Castle I find must have been standing in 1624, 38 years after Mary’s death, and 21 years after the accession of her son to the throne of England. That it was ordered to be demolished by James, I had long believed, but after searching in vain for any historic proof to that effect, I have come to the conclusion that no such order was ever issued by him. Popular instinct, generally right, said it should have been so done by James, hence the tradition. The real destroyers, animated by no penitential sentiment, were the owners of the Castle and Manor at a later date. It became, in fact, a quarry for building purposes. The only picture in existence of this Castle is said to be at Windsor. I have experienced a difficulty in determining where the “Hall of Presence,” as distinct from the “great hall,” was situated. Sir Walter Scott says Mary was beheaded in the same hall in which she was tried. But this must be a mistake. For after passing from her own chamber in the keep to the room in which she was tried, she there found Shrewsbury, Kent, Paulet, Drury, and others ready to accompany her to the “great hall.” It was in this room, “the presence chamber,” the scene took place between her and Kent, when she implored him to grant her the presence of her ladies in her last moments. Afterwards she said, “*Allons donc*,” “Let us go,” and descended, as a historian says, the “great staircase to the hall.” By the term “great staircase” we might suppose the “hall of presence” in which she was tried was not on the lower height, but on the upper in the keep. But even Archbishop Bonney, according to the

Vicar of Fotheringhay, was unable to determine this. The Harleian MS. calls it "an entry next the great hall." This seems to show it was a chamber on the lower part of the mound, and not that occupied by the keep. "Entry," rather a curious expression, may mean a wide corridor of the castle leading into the "great hall." In this MS., I may observe in passing, Andrew Melville, Sir Robert's brother, master of Queen Mary's household, and who was found by her in this "Entry" kneeling in tears, is always called "Melvin." No such name occurs in the history of Scotland. In verses, by courtesy called a poem, published in 1797, the same mistake is made. While I am about it let me say that Schiller in his fine drama, *Maria Stewart*, takes extraordinary liberties with names as well as historical facts. He calls one of the two ladies who accompanied Mary to the "great hall," Hannah Kennedy—her real name was Elizabeth; and he devotes one entire scene to an interview between Mary and Elizabeth, which, of course, never took place. But we must not be too hard upon Schiller, when our great dramatist actually creates a sea-coast for Bohemia.

Had Mary obtained her dearest wish, Elizabeth would probably have been won to mercy, and her life would have been spared. But Burghley and Walsingham were too astute to permit her to come under the personal spell of the Queen of Scots. Elizabeth, however, did visit Fotheringhay in one of her progresses, but that was before Mary was brought thither. Another correction I must make, and then have done with this part of the subject. In the "History and Antiquities of Northamptonshire," by Bridges, I find, "It appears too, that in the twenty-second year of his (Edward IV.) reign he was here with Alexander, King of Scotland, who then promised to do fealty and homage to the King of England for the realm of Scotland within six months after he should be in possession of the crown. And covenants were then signed and sealed at the castle by both princes." This extraordinary statement, made on the authority of Rymer, in his *Foedera*, and copied into "The Beauties of England and Wales," and perhaps into other standard works, I have not been able to verify in the original; but, if it be correctly quoted, Rymer was strangely in error. No Alexander, King of Scotland, was either on or off the throne in the time of Edward IV., and most assuredly no Scottish King visited Fotheringhay during his reign. Alexander I. died in 1124, Alexander II. in 1249, and Alexander III. in 1286; whereas Edward reigned in the last quarter of the fifteenth century. The fact is it must have been the Duke of Albany, brother to King James III., a man of ambitious temper, who, having made an extraordinary escape from Edinburgh Castle, had fled to France. Taking advantage of James's unpopularity, and wishing to recover the town of Berwick, Edward invited the Duke of England, baiting his invitation with a promise of the crown of Scotland, on condition of his acknowledging Edward as Lord Paramount of that kingdom. This accounts for Albany's presence at Fotheringhay, and his promising to do fealty and homage to the Crown of England, as Balliol had done before him. Even Archdeacon Bonney, in his excellent and accurate work, after citing the passage very much as he found it in Bridges, with the exception that he added "calling himself" King of Scotland, hazards the conjecture "that it is probable that the person here mentioned was one of the family of Balliol." The Archdeacon felt, with a true instinct, that Rymer could not be right; but he failed to get at the true historical personage. In Mr. Hill of Cranoe's excellent work, "The Chronicle of the Christian Ages," I find the following entry under date A.D. 1482: "The Duke of Albany, brother of King James, laid claim to the Crown of Scotland. King Edward concludes a treaty with Albany at Fotheringhay." This settles the matter. Never have I felt more the necessity of remembering the caveat "Don't believe anything you see in print," than in preparing this paper. Familiar with the place where Mary Stuart was born, I had long wished to see the place where she died, for after all it is her name

that lends an imperishable interest to Fotheringhay. Most men, whatever their politics or creed, find a charm in the ground she trod, the scenes she looked upon, the palaces she dwelt in, and the strongholds "against whose bars she beat out her tameless life." That it was in this diocese the last scene of the tragedy was enacted, that it was in the now vanished fortress of a neighbouring county Mary Stuart spoke her last words, breathed her last prayers, and yielded up her last sigh; that it was in the Cathedral of Peterborough she lay for a time in the dishonoured majesty of death, revived in me the purpose of my youth to see the place where she suffered and the shrine where she lay.

That shrine I have visited; and, now settled within a day's drive of Fotheringhay, I said to some of my neighbours, "Let us go to Fotheringhay." "Fotheringhay! Why go there?—there is nothing to see!" No, there may be nothing outside the Church to see; the Castle may have passed away, but the ground is still there on which it stood; the river still winds by the meadows on which it looked, and the woods still dream on the landscape that saw its grandeur and its gloom. Accompanied, then, by some members, of my own family, I set out. Arrived at the village, we went at once to the Castle. The Castle! it is true, then, there is nothing to see! Not one stone is left upon another to mark even its outlines! The mound with two small plateaus—both covered with deep verdure—we soon climbed and looked wistfully around. It was a beautiful afternoon. The sun, like a great eye, shone down from a sky clad in a white veil of lawn, delicate as that which the "Queen of the Castle" wore over her fair form three centuries ago. In the air, bright, pure, and still, lay the village with its church, asleep; not a child's voice waked the echoes of the one deserted street; not even a peasant was seen to toil in the quiet fields; the Nen flowed, or rather stood, in glassy curves at our feet, and the woods shone dark in the distance, crowned with sunshine. Nature, man, and even time, seemed asleep in stillness and repose. The eye resting at last on a huge, boulder-like, lump of masonry near the river, awoke imagination and memory, and, silently as Amphion's walls, arose the mass of limestone and mortar to its ancient place in the restored fortress. There, then, stands the work of De St. Liz (or de Senlis), second lord of Northampton and Huntingdon. Maud, daughter to the Countess Judith, niece of the Conqueror, and wife of Waltheof, the stout Earl of Northumberland, takes her pleasure with her ladies in those flower-decked meads by the river, or sits amidst them in the hall, laughing and gossiping, as their bright needles glitter and fly over the tapestry destined to clothe its cold bare walls. The great baron and founder of the Castle passes among the shadows. His place is taken by David I., King of Scotland, who, by his marriage with Maud, becomes the lord of "Fodringey" Manor and Earl of Huntingdon. They also pass, and on their steps comes David's son, Henry, Earl of Huntingdon, whose sons, Malcolm the Maiden, and William the Lion, afterwards Kings of Scotland, with another David, inherit the Castle and Manor. As these figures glide past us we cannot resist the reflection how strange it seems that, with a connection so close and so early between the royal families of England and Scotland, the two nations should have remained so long apart in deadly hostility as the opening of the seventeenth century! National antipathies die slowly. John de Balliol and Devorguilla de Balliol next emerge—the Balliols, whose descendants played such an important yet base rôle in the history of Scotland. With them pass Mary Aylmer de Valence (de Valentia), wife of the Earl of Pembroke, who made a figure in the Scottish wars. A more important life now stirs in Fotheringhay. After the decease of John de Bretagne, Earl of Richmond, who preceded Mary de Valence, Edmund of Langley, fifth son of Edward III., and created Duke of York, is in possession. The Castle of De St. Liz is falling into decay; but under his auspices it rises in greater magnificence and splendour. He adds the keep, built in the shape of a horse fetterlock,

which, with a falcon in it, was the favourite device of the family of York. Richard, son of this Edward, was created Earl of Cambridge in the Parliament at Leicester in 1414. Next, who is this mounting his war-horse in the courtyard of the Castle? It is Edward Plantagenet, Duke of York, setting out for Agincourt, where he led the vanguard of English archers. And now the dead soldier, who lost his life in the midst of the victory his prowess contributed to win, is borne along the streets of the village to his tomb, where lie "princes descended from Kings and from whom Kings are descended." Next see Richard Plantagenet plotting with the Nevilles for the crown. His dream ending at Wakefield in a head severed from the body and crowned with a paper crown, his mutilated remains, brought from Pontefract, pass through the village to their resting-place among the royal tombs. But who is this closeted in the Castle with Edward IV., that man well-proportioned and tall in stature, and comely in countenance; that is to say, in the words of an ancient Scottish author cited by Scott—"broad-fored, red-nosed, large-eared, and having a very awful countenance when it pleased him to speak with those who had displeas'd him?" The Duke of Albany, brother of James III., plotting with Edward for the Crown of Scotland. But a still more remarkable figure now comes up standing moodily by the banks of the Nen. His look, as a boy, is sickly; something very like a hunch is on his back, although it may be nothing more than a full curve accompanying a stooping figure, and as he saunters by himself he gnaws his under-lip. It is Richard, Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III. of England, who first saw the light in this Castle. Here, then, on this very spot there was a portentous birth as well as a tragic death—the birth of Richard of Gloucester, the death of Mary of Scotland—names imperishable in history and enshrined in the immortal verse of Shakespere and of Schiller. Richard was no more the sheer villain of the dramatist, from whom the generality of people, as well as the great Duke of Marlborough, get their history, than Mary was the bold, bad woman of Froude, whose episodes are brilliant, but whose work from its narrowness of insight and purpose is scarcely impartial history. In proof of Richard's abilities, we have the fact that Edward IV. selected him to accompany the Duke of Albany to Scotland to appease the troubles there. But much of his life, despite his ability, his accomplishments, and his enlightenment, stains the imagination and revolts the conscience and justice of mankind. Both the grim birth and the tragic death at Fotheringhay supply riddles to history, perplexing alike reason and research. The life that first breathed at Fotheringhay expired on Bosworth Field (which I have visited with deep interest), and near the chamber where we now sit lie its dishonoured ashes.

Following him a fair historic form next lends charm as well as interest to Fotheringhay—Elizabeth of York, in whom at last the red and white roses were united. On her Henry of Richmond bestows the Castle and Manor of her ancestors, the Dukes of York. Next in the royal—but spite the union of the houses of Lancaster and York, still darkly shadowed—pageant, see Catherine of Arragon, wife to Henry VIII., diverting her thoughts from her faithless spouse, if she can, by repairing and "beautifying" the Castle, as the shadow of a great wrong falls on her weary steps. Then a more powerful and fortunate figure holds revel in the halls of Fotheringhay. Attired in sumptuous robes and splendid with jewels, which even a Bishop's rebuke must not touch, and for which rebuke he was threatened with the loss of his head, the Virgin Queen Elizabeth appears, escorted by knights and ladies gay, if not passing fair, with hawk and hound waking the echoes of the woods to the music of the hunting-horn, or wandering by the Nen "in maiden meditation fancy free,"—no, she never was "fancy free"—a weak, vain, and irresolute, yet on occasion an able, proud, and courageous woman, and a great sovereign, the source of priceless blessings to her people, in the haughty days of absolute monarchy, but chiefly through the statesmanship of Cecil and Walsingham. She leaves

memorials of her visit in a bridge and monuments to her ancestors. Last scene of all:—Mary Stuart, removed from Chamber, enters the Castle, the last of her twelve English prisons, the sarcophagus of her forced removals during the eighteen long mournful years of her captivity. There she is, and what is she? Simply the most superbly gifted, the most royally born, and the most unfortunate, some say the most guilty, of her time, the enigma of the historian and the moralist of her sex and the ages. Tall in stature, majestic in presence, with features so pure and perfect, so delicate and refined, that while the noblest hearts worshipped, artists despaired to paint their charm; the most beautiful as she was the most hapless of all the handsome, but ill-fated House of Stuart; the most eloquent of her brilliant contemporaries; graced by literary taste and the accomplishment of verse; endowed with a voice capable of melting pathos, touching "fine spirits to fine issues;" generous to profusion; proud with the pride of her long-descended and illustrious ancestry, yet winning all hearts by her condescension and her sympathy, matchless in her withering sarcasm and lofty scorn, yet the most subtle and accomplished politician of a great age, the centre, in fact, around which for years the policies of statesmen and of kings revolved, only to be baffled, successful only by violence; the pivot on which the fortunes of our present civilization for good or evil turned, and crowning her brief, but troubled life by a fortitude and trust in death which at once abashed and amazed her judges and her executioners; she stands out in these halls one of the most striking, as she is one of the most inexplicable, figures in the great gallery of time. Shadows, indeed, haunt her steps and stain the lustre of her powers, dimming into doubt the eyes which would fain see only exaggerated virtues and high impulses passing into faults and possibly crimes, through the bad example of a vicious and unprincipled Court in which her early years had been spent, and the bewildering conflicts of a new world emerging amid clouds, and darkness, and storm, into the light of a new day. The key to that woman's fate as to her life and character lies where? You will search for it in vain in the historian's page. No hand seems to have seized the key, and, like that flung into her own Lochleven, jealous time may long wash over it fathoms down, until some inspired fisherman of history recover it. It is easy to form a theory (with Lingard and Froude), still more easy to marshal evidence in support of it; but I believe the solution of her life-problem, as that of all the more powerful natures, with their broad lights and deepening shadows, lies in those thoughts too deep for utterance, if not too deep for tears. The stand-point from which this woman must be judged may have been reached by some; but what they have seen has been described by none. The silent heart, perhaps, and the all-knowing God alone see the springs and the meaning of the mystery. There she is then, this much maligned and fiercely hated, this much loved and passionately lauded, princess in the "hall of presence" refusing to acknowledge the jurisdiction of the Commissioners of Elizabeth, more than a match for a whole tribe of Burghleys; and heedless of the cause, scanning with a woman's curiosity the features of her judges. And see it lightens; she has flashed out some scathing rebuke with a peerless scorn which silences for a time the wily sagacity practised in a thousand snares. She is their superior not only in rank and birth, but in sheer force of genius. Hurling back upon her adversaries the broken arrows of their accusations, see her, after two days' torture, rising in cold scorn, and demanding to be heard in Parliament, or to speak in person with the Queen, and then, with perfect self-possession, leaving—mark the irony of history—the hall of her ancestors! Ah, it is all very strange, and very moving, this connection of Fotheringhay with Scotland and Scotland's last Queen. But the door of her chamber in the keep opens on that cold February morning, and there stands Mary Stuart, attired as if for some solemn festival. Passing through the hall of presence, she is arrested by Melville in tears; where are

Du Preau and her ladies? Denied her; but the appeal—"I am cousin to your Queen, of the blood of Henry VII., a married Queen of France, and anointed Queen of Scotland," secures Elizabeth Kennedy and Barbara Mowbray as witnesses of her death. "*Allons donc.*" And in the great hall she sees three hundred knights and county gentlemen awaiting her. Outside, on these slopes and meadows, and in the village, thousands of people are collected.* What a scene! The block is covered with black, the scaffold is covered with black; the low rail is covered with black also; the Sheriff's guard of halberdiers are ranged on the floor below; the axe leans against the rail, and two masked figures stand on either side of the scaffold at the back. Then comes the struggle between the old and vanishing world and the new, between the Dean of Peterborough and Mary of Scotland, in which Fletcher's tongue fails and Mary triumphs. Then the white veil is removed, the robe of black satin, the jacket of black satin looped and trimmed with velvet, and after one of her ladies has handed her a pair of crimson sleeves, there she stands in crimson velvet and crimson satin, "on the black scaffold with the black figures all around her, blood red from head to foot." Then follows the end. This scene, with her sayings, is unequalled in dramatic force by anything in history, or in the literatures that claim Sophocles, Schiller, and Shakesprare as their chiefs, and unparalleled also in its intense and awful reality. Thus came the end—for we must not linger, of Mary Stuart, and with it all historic interest in the Castle. Then that silence settled down on Fotheringhay which has never since been broken—that silence in which I stood, that silence which I have brought with me into this chamber, the silence of mystery, the silence of the past, the silence of death. One word—sitting in this ancient chamber, breathing the atmosphere of the past from our studies, and with that past looking at us from these tomes, it is well we should recognise the truth that one of the most potent factors in our own lives, characters, and destinies worked in the events we have been reviewing.

At Fotheringhay, in the wisdom of Divine Providence, who brings light out of darkness, the flames of war which had reddened the skies of two nations for nearly one thousand years began slowly to be quenched. Time completed the union, and now, after a vain attempt to rekindle the smouldering fires, the two peoples are happily united in affection and loyalty to that throne on which, as the descendant of Mary Stuart, good Queen Victoria sits, reigning over a loyal and prosperous, a free and united people.

"The Scottish land
Holds out her hand,
No longer in gauntlet mailed,
For Scot and Sothron each other have hailed
A brother band,
Whose hostile brand,
In our halls of peace hangs only to rust,
Since the wars of our fathers slept with them in dust."†

* To see and hear of a woman put to death without a trial before her peers! "Let the heavens fall, but let justice be done": "Strike, but hear," sounded from the past that day in vain.

† From an Ode by the writer.

THE OLD CHARGES OF THE BRITISH FREEMASONS

WILLIAM JAMES HUGHAN.

W. J. H. M.S.

No. II.—BROWNE AND CRANE'S MS. (PORTION MISSING).

COPY from an ancient parchment roll, written in old Norman English about the date of 1600, and said to be a true copy of the original found amongst the papers of Sir Christopher Wren, who built St. Paul's Cathedral, London. This parchment roll belonged to the late Rev. Mr. Crane, a very learned divine and most zealous Mason, and who was for many years Grand Sec. for the Province, when Sir Robert S. Cotten (father of the present Lord Combermere, and now R.W.P.G. Master) was the Provincial Grand Master for Cheshire.

Bro. S. BROWNE,
Secretary and Treasurer of The Cestrian, 615, Chester,
A.L. 1852, December 4th. (Endorsement.)

* * * * *

ordained for their reasonable maintenance that they might live by it honest be as well and also that they should come assemble theyre and that they should have counsell in their castle how they might work the best to serve their Lord for his p^rfit and themselves if they had And thus was the Craft of Geometry grounded there. that worthy Master gave it the name of Geometry and it is called Masonic and it happened long after the children of Israel came into the land of which is now called is the country of Jerusalem King David began the temple of Jerusalem that is with them Temple the same King David loved well Masons and authorized them and gave the said payment and he gave the same charge which they were charged with all in Egypt afterwards, and after the decease of King David Solomon that was Son unto David performed the Temple that his father had begun. And he sent after Masons of divers Lands and gathered them together for that he had some four thousand workers of Stone and they were named Masons And he had three thousand of them which were ordained to be Masters and overlookers of this Work And there was a King of another region that men called Hiram and he loved well King Solomon and he gave him timber for his work and he had a Son who was named and he was Master of Geometry and he was chief Master of all his Masons and Master of all the graving and Carving work and of all other Masonry that belonged to the Temple and this Witnesseth the Holy Bible in Libro Rega Quarto Capita And this same Solomon confirmed all the charge and manners that David his Father had given to Masons. thus was the Worthy craft of Masonry confirmed in the Country of Jerusalem and in many other glorious Kingdoms. Right Renowned workmen walked abroad into divers countries some because of learning more skill and some to teach their Craft to others And so it befell that a curious Mason that had been at the Building of Solomon's Temple which was called Raymus afterwards came into Branins and so the craft of Masonry to the Brenithmen. For there was one of the Royal Line of France that was called Charles Martill and he loved well this craft and he drew to him the Braymins aforesaid and learned of him the Craft and took upon him the charge and manners of Mason and afterwards by the grace of God he was elected to be the King of France when he was in his stall he took to him many Masons and made Masons there that were none before. And he gave them charge and manners and good payment he had learned of other masons and confirmed them and charter them from year

to year to hold their assembly and he cherished them much and thus the craft came into France. But all this season stood void and as for any charge of Masonry until the time of St. Albion & in his time the King of England was a Pagan and he walled the town that now is called St. Albons & for in St Albons time was a worthy knight & and he was Chief Steward to the King & he had god name of the Realm & also of the the making of the town walled & he made their payment right good standing as the realm did require for he gave them every Week three shillings per houre to their dooble wages. Whereas before that time throughout all the whole land a Mason took but one penny a day & next to the time of that St Albion did it he got the charter of the King and his Counsell & and gave it the name of a Semble and thereat he was himself and made masons and them charge which of all here hereafter right long after the death of St Albion. There came great warriors into England throughout Livers nations for that good rule of Masonry was destroye d unto the time of King Athelston that was a worthy King in England & he brought the land into rest and peace and builded many great works of Castles & Abbays & many other divers Buildings & he loved masons very much & he had a son that was named Edwin & he loved masons much more than his father had done before him for he was full of Practise in Geometry himself. Wherever they drew him to commune masons for to learn of them the crafts & afterwards for love that he had to masons and to the craft he was made Mason himself & he gat of his Father the King a start & a commission for to hold every year an assembly where he would wherever in the realm and for to correct among themselves statutes and Trespas if it were lone in the craft & he held himself an assembly at York & there he made Misons & give them charts & taught to them the manners of Masons & command led that rule to be holden ever after & to them he Betook the charter & commission to keep. & made ordinarie that it should be ruled from the king when these assemblies were gathered together. he made a cry that all Masons both old and young that had any charts or writings of the things that were made before in this land that they should shew them to the chief there were some in Greek some in English and some in other languages and the Intent thereto was found and there was a book commanded to be made thereto & show the craft was first made and found & it was commanded that it should be read and told when any Mason should be made and to give him his charge & From that day unto this Masons have been kept in that Form & order as well as men might own it. Furthermore at Divers assemblies have & added certin charges more & more by the best advice of Master & Fellowes.

Here followeth the worthy and Godly Oath of such as are made Masons
Tunc unus equa senioribus teneat Libra & illi vel ille ponant vel ponat manus si per libra & tunc precepta debent Equi. Every man that is a mason take heed right well of this charge if you find yourself guilty of any of these that you may amend you against especially you that been to be charged take good heed that you may Keep this charge for it is a great P'ill for a man to forswear himself on a Book the first charge is that you must be true man to God & Holy Church and that you use no heresy nor error by you understanding or by the teaching of discreet men. Also you shall be true Liegmen to the King without treason or falsehood and that you shall know no treason but that you amend it & you may or else ware the King and his counsell thereof. Also you shall be true one to another that is to say to evirie Mr & fellow of the craft of Masonry that bene Masons allowed that you do to them as you would they should do to you and also that every Mason keep true Counsell of Lodge and chamber. & all other counsell that ought to be kept by way of Masonry and also that no Mason shall be theif neither in companie as farforth as he may know. And also that you shall be true to the Lord in whom you trust truly for to doe all things to his pitte and advantage & also that you shall call Masons your fellowes & Brethren & no other foul name nor you shall not

take your fellowes Wife in Villany. neither desire ungodly his daughter nor servant to his Wife & you shall pay truly for your table and meat where you go to board & also that you do no villany in the house whereby the craft should be slandered. These be the Charges in general that every Mason should hold both Master and fellowes.

Relieuse. I will now other charges singular both for Master & Fellowes. First that no Master shall take upon him any lords worke nor other work but that he know him able & cunning for to perform the same For that the craft have no distinct mark thereby but that the Lord may be well and truly served. Also that no Master take no work but that he shall take it reasonable for that the Lord may be truly served with his own good & the Master to live honestly and pay his fellowes truly as the man of the craft doth require & also that no Master nor fellow shall supplant other of their work that is to say if he have taken a work or stand Master of a Lords Work you shall not put him out if he be unable of cunning for to end the same & also that no Master take nor desire to be allowed for his prentice but in seven years and that the prentice be able of his birth and limbs as he ought to be and also that no Master nor fellow take no allowance to be made Mr without the assent of his fellowes & that at the least Five or Six. And that he that shall be made Mason be free born & of a good kindred & no bondsmen & that he have his right limbs as a man ought to have And also that no Mason put no lords Work to such as are wonte to go on jurney Worke And also that no Mason shall give to his fellowes no pay but as he shall deserve for that he be not deceived by false workmen & also that no Fellow slander falsly another behind his back to make him lose his good name or his word he gave & also that no fellow whether in the lodge or whether out speek any answer ungodly to another Without reasonable cause and also every mason should pause for his Elder and put him to worship And also that no Mason should play at Hazards nor no other play whereby they may be slandered and also that no Mason shall be no comon riball in Sotherie to make the craft to be slandered And that no Mason go into the Town in the night time there as is a lodge of fellowes without a fellow that may beare him Witness that he was in honest place Also that every Master & fellow come into the assembly if it be within Fifty miles about & if he have any warning thereof & stand at the reward of Master and fellowes & also every Master & fellow if they have any wise trespassed should stand at the reward of Master and Fellowes to make the accord if they may & if they may not accord them then to the common Lawe. And also that no mason make mouldes square nor rule to any rough the Layers & also that no Masons let a Master in a Lodge nor Master out to hew mould stones whatever nor mould of his own making And also that every mason shall receive and treat strange fellowes when they come in the country & set them on Work as the man is that is to say if he have mould stones he shall set them fourihwith at the least a week and Give him his hive and if there be no stones for him to work he shall refresh him with money to bring him to the next lodge & also ye shall every Mason serve truly the worker. Be it Task or be it jurney that you may have your pay as you ought to have. These charge that we have reckoned. & all after that belongs to Masons. you shall be bound to keep. So Help you God and holidome you this book to your power. These be the Future Charges. First that you shall be true to god the holy church the prince & to his Mr and Dame whom he shall serve & that he shall not steal the goods of his Master & Dame nor absent himself from their service. nor go from them about his own pleasure by Day or by night. without License of the one of them and that he do not commit adultery or Fornication in his Masters house with his Wife daughter or servant of his said Master & that he shall keep counsell in all things and shall be said or done in the lodge or chamber by Mason or Fellow being Master or Freemason & that he shall not keep any disobedient argument against any

of them nor disclose any secret whereby dissention may arise amongst any Masons their fellows or prentice and renew the behoof and himself unto all free Masons being sworne brethren unto his said Master & not to use in Hazard diceing or any other unlawfull gaming nor to haunt any Tavern or Alehouse not to waste any mans goods without License of his Master or any other Freemasons. and that he shall not commit adultery nor Fornication in any mans house where he shall Work or be tabled & that he shall not purloin or steal the goods of any person nor willingly suffer harm to be done or consent thereunto during his prenticeship but to withstand the same to the utmost of his power & thereof to inform his master or some other Freemason with all convenient possible speed. Undena Metalla. Semper Ferrn libru sine bonis stagnis eritula fir quoyr plumbum astimul Alomina Sunt has Undena Metalla. Septe Artis Liberalis. Tam loquint Dia vera dent. Verba roto Mus ramit Ar undat quoq pond : as volit. asti. Vera Copia &c.
J. L. HIGSON.

FREEMASONRY ATTACKED AND DEFENDED.

BY BRO. CLIFFORD P. MCCALLE.

[We take this most valuable and able article from the Philadelphia *Keystone*, and thank our brother for it. It ought to be read by all Masons.—Ed. M.M.]

OUTSIDE adverse criticism of Freemasonry is usually founded upon both ignorance and prejudice. Those who attack the Masonic fraternity are unacquainted with its purpose, its methods, its history, and its character; and, added to this, they are stimulated to underrate it by a prejudice which a few unwise men are continuously striving to spread abroad in the community. Certain religionists, among whom the Reformed and United Presbyterians are chief, traditionally, if they do not formally, teach that all "secretism," and secret societies, are born of the devil, and hence that Freemasons must be children of the devil and doing his work. And they do not merely assert this as their opinion, but they strive to substantiate it by pretending to expose what Freemasonry is and teaches. But their exposure is simply a travestie, without the shadow of a basis of truth. We will give a fair example of this unfair method of criticism, and ourselves expose a recent exposure.

A brother has sent us a copy of the *Reformed Pre-byterian Advocate* for September, 1879, a monthly published in Philadelphia, which purports, on its cover, to be edited by two reverend gentlemen. He has, further, called our attention to an editorial article in it, entitled "Masonry," and asked us to answer its false and malicious charges. This we shall briefly do, and in doing so shall simply and fairly state facts which we, and all Freemasons, know to be true.

The first libel is, that "Masonry is an immoral, ungodly institution." Now, Masonry, according to its own showing, is "a beautiful system of morality, veiled in allegory and illustrated by symbols," and every brother knows (and *no other can know*) that throughout Freemasonry the purest morality is taught in the working of all the degrees. The language of the Holy Bible, and especially of the New Testament, is continually upon the lips of the Master of the lodge, and is spoken reverently, impressively, and with the best effect upon candidates. We assert, without fear of contradiction from any one who knows, that the morality of Masonry is the morality of the Bible. But then, ours, if not an immoral, our enemy says, "is an ungodly institution." Pray how could this be? The word of God always lies open in

both our lodges and Royal Arch chapters, when *they* are open; God is openly worshipped in prayer, reverently said, at the opening and closing ceremonies; our lodges are dedicated to God—how, then, can Masonry be ungodly? When white is black and chalk is cheese, it may be; but not until then. Freemasonry is, ostensibly and really, theoretically and practically, a godly institution.

The second libel is, that “it claims to be a religion, a saving religion.” It claims nothing of the kind. It is religious, but not a religion. It aims to make men better and happier; and recognizing that only the good can be truly happy, it seeks to plant the seeds of virtue and morality in the minds and hearts of all of its imitators. It uses the Bible because the Bible is an efficient ally—the most efficient ally—to that end. Freemasonry lacks every element of a religion. It has no formal creed, no ministering priests, no sacrifices, and no religious ritual. It does aim to make “good men and true,” and so far is the “handmaid of religion,” but it aspires to be no more than that. Will not the Reformed Presbyterians allow us to be their servants? Has jealousy reached this point? Instead of being *zealous* of good works, these people are *jealous* of good works.

The third libel is, that Masonry “is an unchristian institution.” This is equally untrue as the previous assertions; and it is untrue in all senses. First, Freemasonry is not in any sense adverse to Christianity; nor is it adverse to any form of religion. For the reason that it stands neutral between all religions, it is often falsely charged with being irreligious and unchristian. It was never designed to be a religion, but it was intended to comprehend in its membership good men of *all* religions. It has accomplished this result, happily, and it has subserved a glorious purpose in making men of different religions to live together in peace, in the lodge, and, as a necessary consequence, afterwards in the outer world. Masonic lodges during the middle ages (as we learn from our old charges) were distinctively Christian and Roman Catholic, but at the so-called “Revival” in England in 1717, the Craft broadened its platform: and became, what it remains to this day, positively pro-religious, but unsectarian, because it was designed to be cosmopolitan and comprehend in its membership good men of all nations and creeds upon the face of the whole earth. Its broad principles of charity may well be emulated by sectarians of every name—Reformed Presbyterians and Baptists, Episcopalians and Methodists, Roman Catholics and Jews, Trinitarians and Unitarians. All of the liberal spirited in these denominations will admit that those who truly love and serve God below will be welcomed to the bliss that awaits the servants of God in heaven in the great hereafter; but these are far from mingling together, or living peaceably, here below—it is *only in the Masonic lodge that these differing religionists can sit as it were in heavenly places*, with words of fraternal regard on their lips and mutual love in their hearts. It is exactly true that the peace and harmony which reign in a Masonic lodge make it, so far, “like a little heaven below.” Freemasons, then, are not unchristian but they are filled with the spirit of Charity, which is the very spirit of Christ and of Christianity.

The fourth libel is, that “there is no Christ in Masonic prayers.” In answer to this we would remark, all are familiar with the “Lord’s Prayer,” which is known as the “model prayer.” Is Christ’s name mentioned in it? notwithstanding which we presume it is acceptable to God, and answered in mercy as quickly and effectually as though it were formally offered in Christ’s name. In the first place we say, then, in reply to this fourth libel, that even though Christ were not named in Masonic prayers, these prayers are offered to the one only true and living God, and will be heard and answered by Him as certainly as will the Lord’s Prayer. But, in the second place, prayer *may be* offered up in a Masonic lodge in the name of Christ. It is not usual because it is not necessary, but there is no landmark to prevent or forbid it.

The fifth libel is, that Masonry "teaches that all Masons will be saved, whether believers or unbelievers, Christians or Pagans, etc." It teaches nothing of the kind. It asserts nothing whatever of the future. It deals with *the now*, not with the hereafter, except indirectly. If making men better here will make them happier hereafter, then probably it accomplishes lasting good; but it does this only incidentally. Freemasonry holds up no scheme of salvation, professes to supply or supplant no religion, and is simply its servant and handmaid. Under this head we may notice the allegation, that "at death Masonry removes its members from the lodge below to the Grand Lodge above." To which we remark, "which things are an allegory." It is true that obituary eulogists love to use the phrase, "the Grand Lodge above," yet it is but a pretty figure of speech which has very little meaning in it. It is the language of panegyric, of benediction, of trust and hope rather than of belief. Nothing can be argued from it, for it is but a complimentary figure of speech, used, and rightly used, on the principle of *nil nisi bonum*.

The sixth libel is, that Masonry "is a soul-destroying institution." The reader may well ask—*Can* this be so, when clergymen of almost all denominations are active Freemasons? Then have the souls of many of the world's greatest benefactors and most exemplary Christians been destroyed! Then does the immortal Washington now lift up his eyes, being in torments! Who has constituted these Reformed Presbyterians an "inquisition," to misrepresent, vilify, and sit in judgment upon their fellow-men? Freemasons, leave *them* to be judged by their God, and let these slanderers and libellers follow our charitable example.

We need say nothing more; we would rather not have said so much. We always reluctantly say a word in defence of Freemasonry. Its works are its best defence. But when it is openly, persistently, and falsely maligned, and that, too, in "the city of brotherly love," we cannot but tell the truth, and shame the allies of the—other side.

BEATRICE.

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

CHAPTER XV.

Poor Mr. Miller was for a time in great tribulation, inasmuch as the amusement being over the reckoning had come in, and whatever else Grogwitz could or could not do, it was quite clear he knew how to "charge." Still, as there are many things in life which have to be borne with patiently and serenely, whether it be a talkative wife, a troublesome servant, or a heavy bill, so in due time Mr. Miller paid his little account, and recovered his wonted equanimity. I do not think that ever again in this "daily pathway of life," or in this "humid vale of tears," as sensational writers like to say, will Mr. Miller ever trouble the accomodating Grogwitz under any circumstances whatever, and so we will leave that remarkable individuality, his fascinating female accompaniment, and the ingenious and agreeable Kirschenwasser in that region of forgetfulness and shade which perhaps, however, best accords with their retired lives, their normal pursuits, and their peculiar modesty of thought, speech, and action. But it has struck me as I have been describing

this touching little episode, how very "queer," after all, say what we will, making and the marring of our "fortunes," to use the language of the world, all that in fact constitutes the happiness of existence, the charm of home, the kind readers, are the "pros and cons," the "ups and downs, the "ifs and ands" of life, on how little here depend often our happiness or our sorrow, the peace of the present, the hope of the future. And hence, in the morbid philosophy of the hour, it is well, I think, to remind ourselves from time to time, that we are not, as the old tragedians liked to put it, under "inexorable fate;" or that for us "perpetually annoying Furies" stand on the watch to punish and to upbraid, or that when stern Atropos snips for us our little thread of life, we are cast into immeasurable and unutterable and eternal gloom. I need not and will not in these light pages enter into a heavy discussion as to what the Grecian tragedians really felt, believed, and taught. There was, probably, in the cultured and expanded minds of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, illuminated to some extent by the mysteries, a sort of belief in a superintending Divine Providence, an avenging and retributive Nemesis of good or evil for pure lives and for base lives. But there was also a sterner teaching of "fatalism" which we cannot, if we would, ignore; there is a "stoicism" which, however philosophical "per se" from a purely worldly and earthly point of view, is neither religious in theory, nor edifying in practice; and to-day we hear men talking, and read much in our serial literature, as if these gloomy views of an effete superstition were still the great "factors" in the follies and struggles of emancipated humanity. It is this mistaken view of things which leads to so much of the confusion, the errors, the vices of the hour. If it be true that on a very little here hinges often the happiness of a whole life, be it long or be it short; if it be the fact that we often may augment or diminish our individual peace of mind by the merest trifles, so to say, comparatively speaking; if this be a strong proof of the mortality, the uncertainty, the transitoriness of human life at the very best, and is a truth we too willingly forget, it does not and cannot shut out the other as certain fact and truth, that all the while, plan as we will or strive as we may, we are ever here under the superior control of an all-wise and omniscient Providence. What men call mostly chance, fate, fortune, "good luck," or "hard lines," all this is, after all, only the result of certain laws, overruled and directed by T.G.A.O.T.U., who, having accurately determined the limits of good and evil, pain and pleasure, joy and sorrow here, will reward or punish us accordingly as we obey or disobey His Divine injunctions. And such is, after all, of the "old, old story," a truth new if old, and old if new, which deserves to be remembered and realized by us all alike, be we who we may. Many of the impatient struggles and useless complaints of us poor mortals of to-day, many of our impatient wrestlings with what cannot be avoided, and what must be for us and ours, would be given up, if only we would but think and act on the belief that we are all here, as we are told in Lodge, under the "all-seeing eye of God the most High," and that whatever we purpose or plan, hope or fear, essay or complete, all is before Him with whom "we have to do." It is this great and grave truth, of a truth the greatest and the gravest, which lends such importance to life in all its parts and details, mighty or minute, normal or abnormal, and should warn us all how through all these outer things we should seek to pass on confidently and courageously, trusting and triumphantly, to that felicity of our being, in which alone true rest, and true consolation, and true peace, and true satisfaction can be found for weary, sojourning, suffering, dying man, in which love is perfected, affection purified, and truth made firm for ever in the higher happiness of illuminating knowledge and Divine goodness. I fear to some of my readers these words, homely as they are, and simple as they are, may seem somewhat in the sermon line: but if so, let them accept them kindly as they are meant well. If my readers have any interest left in the fortunes of Beatrice and Co., let them look on to the pages of the January number of the *Masonic Magazine*.

THE WENTWORTH LITTLE MEMORIAL.



THE Monument, of which the above engraving is a faithful representation, is composed of white marble in the form of a Pedestal, and is surmounted by a cross of the same material. The design was selected by the widow of our deceased brother, it having been settled at a meeting of subscribers that her wishes should be consulted.

The cost of the Monument is £37, including the following inscription :—

SACRED TO THE MEMORY
OF
ROBERT WENTWORTH LITTLE,
LATE SECRETARY OF THE
ROYAL MASONIC INSTITUTION FOR GIRLS,
WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE ON THE 12TH APRIL, 1878,
IN HIS 39TH YEAR.
GONE, BUT NOT FORGOTTEN;
PAST AWAY, BUT NOT LOST.
HIS END WAS PEACE.

THIS MONUMENT IS ERECTED BY HIS BRETHREN
IN TOKEN OF THEIR LOVE AND ESTEEM.

The inscription is cut out and filled with lead, so that it is imperishable. The cost has been paid out of the fund contributed by the brethren, a complete list of which appeared in *The Freemason*, amounting to £250. We had hoped the fund would have been very much larger, and much regret to observe the absence of many well-known names with whom Bro. Little worked in the Masonic quarries, and whose names should have been among those who desired to pay tribute to departed worth and genius.

TRYING TO CHANGE A SOVEREIGN.

BY BRO. S. POYNTER, P.M. AND TREAS. BURGOYNE, NO. 902 ; F.M. ATHENÆUM, NO. 1491.

ESSAY THE SECOND.

TRANSACTIONS WITH THE "LONG" FIRM OF CATESBY & Co. (LIMITED.)

(Concluded from page 217.)

" When having searched the dreary vault with portable gas light, sirs,
About to fire the powder train at witching hour of night, sirs:
That is—I mean—he would have used the gas but was prevented,
'Cause gas, you see, in James's time it hadn't been invented.

(Chorus) "Bow, wow, wow! Fol de roll de iddly doll; bow, wow, wow!"

" And when they caught him in the fact, so very near the Crown's end,
They straightway sent to Bow-street for that brave old runner Townsend:
That is, they would have sent for him for fear he is no starter at;
But Townsend wasn't living then, he wasn't born till arter that.

(Chorus) "Bow, wow, wow! Fol de roll de iddly doll; bow, wow, wow!"

" So then they put poor Guy to death, for ages to remember;
And boys now kill him once a year in dreary dark November:
That is—I mean—his effigy for truth is strong and steady;
Poor Guy! they cannot kill again, because he's dead already.

(Chorus) "Bow, wow, wow! Fol de roll de iddly doll; bow, wow, wow!"

—Old Ballad.

CHAPTER V.

SOMETHING THE MATTER WITH THE GAS.



OW, the two most eminent experts in handwriting then existing in London were named Netherclift and Chabot; and His Majesty, on Sunday, the Third November, 1605, sent for them to the Palace, to give their opinion upon the caligraphy of a mysterious post-card which, on a certain

evening in the week before, had been handed in to my Lord Monteaagle, as he sat at supper at his suburban retreat in delightfully rural Hoxton. Everybody knows all about this preposterous document; so I do not propose to inflict its contents upon my readers. When the experts reached the Presence

Chamber, and after they had made the usual obeisances, they looked up and beheld Majesty squatted on a three-legged stool in an attitude which is now known as the Anglo-Saxon. The great throne, swathed in canvas, stood unposed behind the monarch; Majesty's paduasoy doublet was threadbare and greasy; one of Majesty's stockings displayed a very palpable hole, the other bore unmistakable indications of having been recently darned. Majesty fidgetted about on his seat, and twiddled nervously with the tags or points of the ribbons that attached his doublet to his hose; Majesty's beard, which was cut spade-wise, was—from reasons not desirable to enter into, but which appeared to be not wholly unconnected with Majesty's tongue being somewhat too large for Majesty's mouth—not agreeable to contemplate. His Grace,* being thoroughly at his ease, was pleased to be condescending. After addressing his visitors in a long Latin oration, based upon the theories of some long-since-forgotten Roman author, the Sovereign deigned to crack a joke—I am afraid not worth reproduction—"The whilk he had heard, ye ken, frae the varra moothe o' the worthy Mess Muicklejohn, o' th' auld keeirk at Pe—e—e—bles, an' ye'll a' ken Mess Muicklejohn, kimmers, an' the guid story anent the meenster and the baker's wife an'—" but here Majesty was seized with such a fit of laughter at some undisclosed reminiscence—hilarity in which his courtiers dutifully but sycophantically joined—that the business of the audience was necessarily suspended until the Sovereign of Great Britain and France and Lord of Ireland had recovered his breath and re-adjusted his points, some of which had burst or become unfastened during a paroxysm of mirth scarcely compatible with regal dignity. When gravity returned Majesty submitted the epistle to the inspection of the artists, "the whilk," as he was graciously pleased to obseve, "it maun e'en be premeesed that we need nae weezards nor warlocks—Gude defeend us—nor ony sic cattle—in skeermeellageography or siccan leeke to dee-cee-pher. The pouwer that aye rules th' airts o' a' Chreestian Keengs an' Preenes an' Governors havin', thanks be, endooed us wi' a perspeeiacitee—or as they ha't amang the Southrons—a perspeeuictee to peneetraite a' sic vanetees."

I believe the opinions of these eminent experts may be found in the State Paper Office. I can give some notion of them by a quotation from an old ballad:

"Now, old King Cole on his cheek had a mole;
So he sent for his Secretaree,
And he bade him to look in his fortune-telling book,
And to read him his destinee!"

"So this conjuror did look in his fortune-telling book,
And, with a wise sigh, quoth he:
'A mole on the face says that *something* will take place,
But not what that *something* will be!"

Messrs. Netherclift and Chabot were, I must admit, treated rather shabbily. They were not escorted to the buttery batch and asked "What they'd take?" and I don't believe they either of them received a single penny by way of fees or conduct money. Angus M'Auslane, of "Abaardeene," who had the honour of undressing His Majesty that evening, has, indeed, informed me, and I see no reason to doubt the truth of his statement, that his royal master, in getting into bed, was graciously pleased to observe that though "Corbies deed na' peek out corbies een he had weel peek-it their feulish hairns an' aye savit his bawbees."

The next day being Monday, the day before the proposed opening of Parliament, Majesty rehearsed the speech from the throne in this wise, holding the while the postcard in his hand:—

* The title "Majesty," occasionally used to describe the Sovereign in the third person, was not generally employed in directly addressing or even alluding to the monarch until some years after this time. "Your," "His," or "Her," "Grace" was the proper term at the period of which I write.

“Ye maun a’ ilka ane on ilka marrow shank o’ th’ hail o’ ye gi’ muckle thanks, whaur thanks are due for bein’ blessed wi’ a Sooveeraign of unco’ clear min’ an aye oonparalleled weesdom—Ken ye a’ what this skirl means? Kimmers a’; your monarch’s unpreecedented reasonin’ faculties ha’ peeirced the varra veesceera o’ the meesteeree. There’s

“SAETHING THE MATTER WI’ THE GAS!!!”

CHAPTER VI.

BLUE PETER FLYING AT THE FORE.

WHICH means sailing. And Sir Thomas Knyvett, the resident J.P. at Westminster, requiring sailing orders, when Majesty’s decision was communicated to him, referred to the learned Peter, who was then and is now, and may he for ever be, the eminent and respected Assistant Judge of the Middlesex Bench of Magistrates.

To Peter Sir Thomas went and wept. Majesty had done him the honour to grant him an interview, and thereat to curse him for a “pawky Southron fule.” Blue Peter—the barristers practising before him affectionately but waggishly called him Blue Peter, because he was deeply read (see ?)—in reflecting upon this instance of Royal penetration, did not very essentially differ from his monarch’s estimate of Sir Thomas’s intellect, but he prudently kept his opinion to himself, and, confiding to the “unpaid one” some information he had just derived from reading a then recently published work, by a French visitor to the Metropolis,* sent for the Lord Chamberlain; and, after a few minutes’ interview, called a Hansom, and clapping Sir Thomas and my lord inside, bade the driver “fly” like the—well, never mind—to Scotland Yard!

There, as is well known (see the eminent authority upon our criminal system I have quoted in a note), the plunder of Metropolitan thieves is stored up until their manumission, or the completion of their respective sentences, enables and entitles them to reclaim it. Also their wardrobes are taken charge of until they are in a position to exchange gaol livery for the unobtrusive habiliments of enfranchised life.

* * * * *

An Inspector of Metropolitan Police acted as valet.

* * * * *

In that museum somebody was changing his clothes. As he did so he sung softly,

“Cloth of gold do not despise, though thou art matched with cloth of freize;
Cloth of freize be not too bold, though worn in place of cloth of gold.”

* * * * *

Sir Thomas Knyvett re-entered his hansom in the company of an individual of unmistakeably humble exterior.

When the hansom was discharged at the corner of Parliament-street, the usual altercation took place about the fare, which necessitated the J.P. stating who he was, and, on threatening to convict Jehu on the spot and endorse the offence on his license, that much-put-upon individual condescended to take double his fare and retire.

CHAPTER VII.

THE OPERATIONS OF THE “LONG” FIRM ATTRACT THE NOTICE OF THE AUTHORITIES.

NEXT door to the Parliament House was a tenement, on the front door-steps of which there stood, apparently on guard, an individual, hooded by a slouched sombrero; he was shrouded in an ample Spanish cloak, and he was likewise accentuated—so to speak—by a pair of jack-boots, and emphasised with a pro-

* M. Milhand: “Six Days’ Experience of London Life,” Paris, 1879.

jecting length of six feet of Andrea Ferrara. He was a man whose moustache went up under his nose, and whose nose came down over his moustache.

To this sentinel an individual, habited in cloth of frieze, slouched up, and thus diffidently accosted him:

"If you please, I have called from the company to inspect the gas meter."

"You be blowed!" ejaculated the sentry coarsely.

"That's what I apprehend you will be—up!" responded the other, "if your service is in the condition I conjecture it to be in."

"Bully for you!" inconsequently replied the cloaked individual, blocking up the doorway with his huge person.

"Don't be impertinent," said the other. "Who are you, young fellow? What's your name?"

"John Johnson, own man to Master Percy, of kin to his Worshipful Lordship the Earl of Northumberland, and one of his Majesty's Gentleman Pensioners," was the reply. "What's yours?"

"My name is Norval," responded the interrogator, absently. You see Scotland and Scottish subjects were in everybody's mind at that time.

"Yes, I know," interrupted the other; "that's when you're on the Grampian Hills, and a precious sight too many of you have come off the Grampian Hills lately, but as you're not stuck up there now, you know, why your name can't be Norval at present. The fact is, I know your name better than you do yourself."

"Can it be possible?" reflected the Lord Cham——, I mean the wearer of the frieze jerkin, "that my dis—ger—er—rise is—er—penetrated—er—but—er—no—it can—not—be," so he enquired aloud, "and what *may* my name be, then?"

"I don't know what your name *may* be *then*. I *know* what your name is now," the sentry confidently responded: "*your* name's Walker."

"Nay, then—I——"

"I tell you your name must be Walker," abruptly broke in the other—and he accompanied the assertion with such a significant movement of the toe of his right jack-boot that the *soi disant* inspector made no further attempt to explain his mission, but forthwith made a prudential and strategic movement to the rear.

"THAT cock won't fight," was all the account he condescended to give of the interview and of his failure.

Says Peter, when he heard all about it, "Leave it to me."

When Peter was a gay and smart young barrister—pish! I mean bachelor—he had seen that inscription prominent in a gin shop window in Drury Lane—it meant that the customer might safely trust to the purveyor's discretion in the commingling of the desiderated fluids.

Then he confided his idea to Sir Thomas Knyvett, and that worthy beak—a worthier never voted for cutting down barristers' fees on a court prosecution—winked, and signed a search warrant.

At midnight precisely the slouched sentinel on duty at Mr. Percy's residence was accosted by three individuals. One was a portly gentleman, in doublet and trunk hose; another an uneasy-looking party in a frieze jerkin; the third, a stalwart Inspector of the A Reserve.

"This is a rummy business," said the Police officer, interposing, as the magistrate engaged the cloaked warder in conversation; "I hold here a warrant of Sir Thomas Knyvett, a Westminster justice, to search these here premises. Fact is, some of the king's stuff has been collared from the wardrobe hard by, and from information I have received—in short—I must search the crib, and that's all about it."

John Johnson started, and, *en regle*, cried, "Ha! Ha!!" Then he withdrew the shade from a bull's-eye lanthorn he produced from behind his back, and the light flashed upon a tiny, thin, black streak, meandering along the

floor from the street door until it was lost in the darkness of the further recesses of the corridor. To this black seam he was about to apply the light—when—a warning injunction recurred to his mind—

Keep it dark!

And in an instant he covered the light, and all was shrouded in the deepest gloom.

A voice—

“Do your duty!”

Those words! Ah! John Johnson—otherwise Guy—but, ah!—no matter! he remembered them, then! They rang in his ears as the handcuffs clinked and clamped his wrists together. They rebuked him as, prone on his back, feeling the head of a halberd at his throat, and the muzzle of a petronel at his temple, he knew that all was lost—that the armed host—for the watch, with staves and bills and torches, had by this time come up—had rendered further resistance hopeless; that he was a doomed captive; that at the critical moment—critical for his individual fate in particular and for the future career of the “Long” firm in general—he had omitted to remember the readiness, promptitude, and despatch enjoined him in the solemn injunction—

DO YOUR DUTY!

CHAPTER VIII.

WHAT BECAME OF MRS. CRITCHETT'S COALS.

THE hostelry bearing the sign of the “Fox under the Hill,”* hard by the ancient palace of “Old John of Gaunt, time-honoured Lancaster,” was licensed by the Strand division of Magistrates to serve chops and kidneys and Welsh Rare-bits up to one a.m. During the day it was known as the house of call for coalheavers, but at night, when the murky porters had retired to their peaceful beds in Marsh Gate or the Stratton Ground, gilded youth occupied the comfortably curtained boxes they had vacated, and quaffed hock and seltzer and champagne cup from the pewters wherefrom, in the daytime, the coalies had quenched their craving thirst. Now, Sir Thomas Knyvett, when Guy—I beg pardon, Mr. Johnson—was haled away for temporary safe custody to the Westminster Round House, and when the Lord Chamberlain in the frieze jacket—there, it must out—had scuttled off hot foot to rouse Majesty out of bed, and tell him the news of the arrest—when all this had happened, I say, Sir Thomas addressed A Reserve with the remark:—

“You’ll want some coalies to do this job, I’m thinking.”

“But where are we to lay hands on them at this time of the night?” urged the other.

“I can get the address of a dozen at the ‘Fox under the Hill,’ in the Savoy

* “The Fox under the Hill” was, in ante-embankment days, a little river-side public-house, reached from the Strand through the dark arches of the Adelphi. It then stood on the very brink of the stream, and was much affected by Cockney amateur boating men and coalheavers. Now, between it (for its shell is still standing, and may be seen with even the gilt inscription of its sign on the fascia board undefaced, from the Adelphi-terrace, on the Strand, and from the base of the obelisk on the Embankment, sides) and the river bank stretches the magnificent boulevard of the Thames Embankment. The old house has been deposed from its riparian propinquity by at least a hundred and fifty yards. One of George Cruikshank’s boyish sketches with rough power delineates “coalheavers dancing in front of the ‘Fox under the Hill.’” Under the name of “David Copperfield,” Charles Dickens narrates some of his own experiences, where he describes himself as a boy, wandering down from the blacking warehouse near Hungerford stairs, to see the coalheavers amusing and regaling themselves at this pot-house. I was somewhat surprised, in the late Mr. John Forster’s life of Dickens, to observe his statement that he had minutely examined the locality and had been unable to discover any trace of this old tavern. That he could not have searched in the right spot any curious reader may readily convince himself in five minutes the next time he walks down the Strand or up the Embankment.

precinct hard by," said the active magistrate; "you know under special licence that house is open for an hour after midnight. I'll be back in ten minutes," and he trotted off with much alacrity.

Fortune favoured his worship. You will remember that it was on a Monday night. Now, some half-dozen coalies had been religiously keeping that saint's day after their manner. They had, it is true, started from their homes somewhat late in the morning, rather bemuddled from the effects of the previous day's booze, carrying their implements with them, and virtuously resolved to devote what remained of the day to honest and remunerative employment; but, as usual, finding that at the accomodating "Fox" they could anticipate or discount their prospective week's earnings in beer, there they had remained, drinking, dancing, quarrelling, and fighting, until late in the evening, when the proprietor desiderated their room rather than their company—the former being required for the dashing Howards, Percies, Ratcliffs, Seymours, and Talbots (not the dogs, though sometimes there are puppies to be found even among aristocratic families), who nightly resorted to the shades under the hill. So Boniface bade his stout barman and willing potboy hale the begrimed ones into the parvise of his establishment, and fling their fantails and mattocks out after them. There Sir Thomas found the rejected customers tranquilly slumbering, and with difficulty awakened them sufficiently to make them understand that he required their instant services. The sturdy labourers, however, stoutly asserted, with many superfluous expletives, that they would not handle coal shovel that night for love nor money, and the worthy magistrate's expedition was wellnigh proving fruitless, for, having tried the latter inducement, he probably concluded that the former was not likely to prove more potent. The stubborn half-dozen, too, were still further incited to stand out by one of their number who was in the habit of spouting the rights of man and denouncing tyrannical capitalists and a bloated aristocracy from beneath the Reformer's Tree in Hyde Park, to a numerous but dirty audience, on fine Sunday afternoons, to the accompaniment of a brass band, bedecked with orange and green and blue ribbons, and red rosettes, playing the "Marseillaise" woefully out of tune. This patriot essayed to stir up the spirit of resistance among his companions, by rather irrelevantly reminding them that they were ruined by Scottish cheap labour, but one of them, who was too far gone in drink to follow a logical proposition, bade him rather rudely, "Shut up!" and effectually silenced him by offering to fight him there and then "for a pot."

In this strait Sir Thomas happily bethought himself of the powers of the law, and so successfully applied some propositions expressed in bad Latin, explanatory of the Statutes of Purveyors, from the "Mirror of Magistrates," that he convinced the—by this time—trembling plebeians that to refuse the King's press to assist at providing His Grace's stuff or performing His Grace's needful labour would expose the recalcitrants to the penalties of a *præmunire*, or, at least, a danger of such intangible terror, that at length they shouldered their spades and grumblingly followed him.

By two in the morning of the memorable Tuesday, the fifth of November, 1605, the widow Critchett's coals and faggots of firewood had been packed in sacks and panniers, and removed to His Majesty's cellars underneath the royal kitchens in the palace hard by, and then, while the perspiring labourers refreshed themselves with large measures of Barclay and Perkins, the astounded magistrate and policeman, who had by this time been joined by my Lord Chamberlain, emancipated from frieze and again clad in embroidered doublet and hose, wearing his chain of office and carrying his white staff—the awe-struck trio, I say, discovered—what?—

Imprimis—as Sir Thomas wrote in his report:—

So many dozen of Guinness and Bass's empty beer bottles.

So many more dozen of glass vessels that had once contained Gilbey's sherry and Foster's port.

Numerous ginger beer bottles—good honest brown stone affairs, not the tawdry glass decanters that hold the deteriorated stuff they delusively call ginger beer in these degenerate modern days.

Some soda water and lemonade flasks.

Hundreds of bushels of brick and mortar rubbish.

A score or so of iron picks and crows and shovels.*

And beneath all this, and at the termination of the little black streak of dust leading from the street door—

Thirty-six barrels of patent blasting double-mealed

G U N P O W D E R !!!

CHAPTER IX.

THE "RESERVED SIGHTS" OF THE TOWER OF LONDON.

MAJESTY in a dirty, coarse, old night shirt, sitting shivering, partly from cold and partly with terror, on the side of his bed, sleepy, muddled, and slobbering, at three of the clock on a dark drizzling November morning, was not calculated to communicate an impressive idea of a monarch presiding at an important Cabinet Council. Yet in the royal bedchamber were then assembled bearers of the most illustrious names recorded in history, some of the highest and mightiest nobles of the two kingdoms of England and Scotland.

Opposite Majesty stood a captive, scowling and manacled, and surrounded by halberd-bearing Yeomen of the Guard. He was a tall, swarthy, becloaked and bebooted varlet, and beheld with much indifference, not to say contempt, the forest of glittering steel with which Majesty's ministers hedged Majesty about; not altogether to Majesty's satisfaction, who seemed to the full as much afraid of the protective blades around him as of the defiant blade before him.

At His Grace's dressing-table—cleared for the moment of Eau-de-Cologne flasks, Ryphophagon, combs and brushes, and Brilliantine, and best Persian Dentifrice—sat the grave Clerk of the Council, who, addressing the prisoner, remarked interrogatively—

"Name? John Johnson? Eh?"

"Not a bit of it," replied the unabashed *ci-devant* "own man," "write it down GUY FAWKES! profession, soldier; formerly in the service of His Highness, the Archduke; sometime carrying a sponoon in the army of His most Catholic Majesty of Spain and the Indies."†

"Bide a wee, bide a wee," squeaked the trembling figure on the bed, "let me e'en eenteerogate him. What thoct ye to do, sirrah, with a' that muckle poouder found yonder?"

"To blow you and your beggarly Scotch following back to your native naked mountains," roared the captive fiercely.

This reply produced a clink and a rustle among the bare blades and some half-dozen of their wielders.‡

* See *ante*, p. 217, number for November.

† I confess to having taken a slight liberty with strict historical truth here for the sake of dramatic effect. The actual admission of his real name and former pursuits by the arch-traitor, was not, in fact, made until two days afterwards, viz., the 7th November, when it had been discovered from papers found on his person.

‡ "He further declared 'that when the King had come to the Parliament House that day, and the Upper House had been sitting, he meant to have fired the match and fled, for his own safety, before the powder had taken fire; and that, if he had not been apprehended that night, he had blown up the Upper House when the King, lords, hishops, and others had been there.' Being asked if his purpose had taken effect what would have been done with the Queen's Majesty and her royal issue, he replied that 'if they had been there he could not have helped them.' Being further asked who were party or privy to this conspiracy, he answered that 'he could not resolve to accuse any.'" [John Johnson's examination, 5th November, 1605, State Paper Office.] "Being asked by the King how he could conspire against his children and so many innocent souls, he answered, 'Dangerous diseases require a desperate

"Saul o' me body, Sirs, a bauld traitor," gasped the monarch.

"The question now is, Sire," said the principal Secretary of State, with a low obeisance, "what is to be done with him?"

"The morn's morn is jaist a free day at the Toower," mused Majesty, "and thaur'll be unco' muckle folk there. Hech, Sirs, I ha't it. Jaist scribble an order mon to our Lientenant, Sir William Wade, to let the gentleman inspect the resairved sights,"*—here His Highness chuckled with much satisfaction—"and send him doon in ane o' our ain barges wi' a wheen musqueteers and halberd bearers, and kimmers, get ye a' gane, and Prinnie MacPhairson, ye loon, help me back into bed, for I'm unco' cauld and—hark ye, mon—leave the whusky-bottle hard by on the mantle, and the wee thing they ca' an Etna burnin', for I maun e'en requerer some toddy i' the nicht."

* * * * *

It was five in the morning when the renowned Guido Fawkes beheld the reserved sights. Their chief interest to him consisted in a frame, with rollers, sheaves, levers, ropes, and pulleys, level with the ground, on the basement floor of William Rufus's keep. Here, too, was a small cell or cavity scooped out of the twenty-five feet thickness of the foundation wall, and so constructed that its occupant, when it had one, could neither stand, sit, nor lie down. Into this hole they crumpled poor Guy, and then they shut and double-locked and bolted the door upon him, and left him to reflect upon the reserved sights he had been privileged to behold.

Just as they closed the door—

"Hath this place a name?" moodily enquired he.

"It is called the 'Little Ease,'" sternly responded his gaolers.

"Little Ease!" he wildly reflected, as the portal clanged to. "Small ees! and my sentence will be

A CAPITAL ONE!"

CHAPTER X.

THE ONLY PYROTECHNIC DISPLAY.

THERE are many roads to Rome. We have poetical authority for asserting that there are also more than one road to heaven. There are two roads from London to Highgate. One runs to the eastward of the renowned hill, and is popularly supposed to be that by which the traditional Dick Whittington climbed that eminence. The other is on the west, and Lady Coult's estate is thereon situate. Now, as you take this occidental route, you pass by a mamelon on your left, which is known to this day as the Parliament Hill. On the afternoon of Tuesday, the 5th November, 1605, two or three moody-looking individuals were grouped on the summit of this mound, staring wistfully at the great city lying at their feet. They were unencumbered by the damp sheets which the news boys in the road below were vending, shouting "Last 'dishun—Special! Openin' o' Parliament—King's Speech!" They heeded not these seductive announcements. We are told by Milton that

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

These watchers were standing and waiting above; the news-boys were running and serving below.

Watching and waiting for what?

For a Pyrotechnic display.

remedy; and when questioned as to his intentions by some of the Scotch courtiers, he told them that 'one of his objects was to blow them back into Scotland.'—MS. letter of Sir Edward Hoby to Sir Thomas Edmondes.—"Jardine; Gunpowder Plot," p. 78. Well might King Jamie dub him a bold traitor.

* The dungeons, bastions, Lieutenants' lodgings, and other parts of the fortress not shewn to ordinary sight seers, and for which a special order is required, are termed the 'reserved sights.'

And it didn't seem likely to come off.

The day was wet.

Perhaps the powder was damp, and the touch-paper of the set piece wouldn't ignite. Perhaps Messrs. Brock's workpeople had struck.

"Bloody with spurring, fiery hot with haste," a horseman galloped up the hill.

The watchers closed around him.

He exhibited to them a yellow envelope which he had already torn open, and from which he had withdrawn a grey flimsy-looking document. It was a Post-Office Telegram form, and it bore these suggestive words in addition to the necessary addresses.

Cut	Company	in	liquidation	all
members	made	Contributories	J	copped
Game	up	Fireworks	postponed	no
money	returned	meet	at	Dunchurch

The company dispersed, the horseman—only stopping to be sworn in at the Horns upon the Horns—dashed through Highgate, and was soon far off on the great northern road.

But *a*, though not *the*, pyrotechnic display did come off, only not in London.

A hundred miles away a few desperate men, hunted by the *Posse comitatus* from Ashby St. Leger, in far off Northamptonshire, through Dunchurch, haled from Coughton, were brought to bay at a farm-house known as Holbeach, in Staffordshire.

As yet Oliver Cromwell had not delivered his famous injunction to "keep your powder dry," and the ammunition of such of the scared members of the "Long" firm as were still at liberty was considerably wetted.

Picture the scene. Within, around the hearth of the farm-house, some dozen frantic men. Without, catchpolls, and militia, and J.P.'s, and sheriffs, and under-sheriffs, clamouring for admittance in the king's name.

"Dolts, dry your powder on the hearth," screamed the head of the firm within.

"Constables, set fire to the outbuildings," roared the sheriff of the county without.

In a box deposited upon the hearth was exposed a quantity of black granules. In the midst thereof a white linen bag holding some score of pounds of powder more. There is a fiz, a bang, a roar; fire within, fire without. Some half-a-dozen scorched, smudged, writhing figures prone on the floor—two or three of them desperately wounded—struggle to their feet, sword in hand.

"Stand back to back * * * *
And fight it to the last!

or words to that effect, shouts Mr. Catesby, only, you see he couldn't quote Lord Macaulay, because that peer, like Townsend the runner, in the verse of the ballad I have used for a text at the head of this portion of my paper, "wasn't born till arter that."

Posse comitatus without crowd, back in considerable confusion at the explosion within. When the smoke has somewhat cleared away, an active member of the Staffordshire constabulary picks up a white linen bag from among the rubbish.

"What's this?" says he.

They all crowd round.

Powder, and unexploded! *

"And what is this?" enquires another, picking up some charred and blackened fragments of wood, on which are still to be discerned traces of painted characters. The high sheriff deciphers "Dynamite, with care! This side up." And so that is what became of the box. †

Bing! phiz! bang! The arquebusses are aimed through the windows. Down go two eminent members of the firm, the two Wrights. They have each lost the number of his mess, as the sailors say in a naval action. A sheriff's officer, one John Streete, "to make assurance double sure," rams two bullets well home in his musketoon, and pots the head partner, who is then standing back to back with the King's gentleman pensioner. Both balls pass through their bodies. Mr. Catesby dies decently on the spot. Poor Tom Percy is dragged from beneath his comrade's body, mortally wounded, to expire next day. ‡ The remaining contributories, fearfully maimed, and blackened, and scorched, are hauled out through the smoke and flames, to be forthwith committed to ward; and this was, after all,

THE ONLY PYROTECHNIC DISPLAY.

CHAPTER XI.

IN THE PALACE COURT (YARD); MR. JOHNSON'S LAST APPEARANCE ON ANY STAGE.

THERE is an apartment in the Lieutenant's lodgings of the Tower of London, over the chimney of which is a very elaborate piece of carving in the Inigo Jones style of ornament, commemorating certain meetings that took place therein in the spring of 1605-6, where a dozen or so individuals whose noses came down over their moustachios and whose moustachios went up under their noses, were catechised and examined prior to being fully committed for trial in connection with the great powder plot. To that apartment several men literally carried in a sheet, or a blanket or so, a very limp and ghastly figure—and well he might be, for all his limbs were dislocated—fresh—if you can call his condition fresh—from making personal acquaintance with one of the reserved rights of the Tower, namely the rack. The limp and writhing creature was Mr. John Johnson, properly Guido Fawkes, Esquire, son of an estimable ecclesiastical solicitor in the grand old minster city of York. What poor Guy maundered forth while stretched on that gruesome frame was duly chronicled and "used against him,"—as they say in the present day at the Police Courts—and his co-partners, when they appeared on their trials for High Treason shortly afterwards at the Guildhall. True, the learned Peter maintained that evidence by written examination savoured of the oppressions of the Civil law, and was not admissible in trials for life but only in suits in the Chancery and Star Chambers. He said they *couldn't* do it, but the fact is they *did* it. I believe a man wriggling in the stocks once received similar consolation from his legal adviser, but all Peter could do was, after the last sad scene I am about to report, to protest by writing a big folio volume which nobody ever reads and which has for centuries been relegated to the

* A fact; see Jardine, p. 85. Mr. Catesby's address to Thomas Winter was actually in these words, "Stand by me, Tom, and we will die together."

† See *ante*, November number, p. 213

‡ This was a lucky shot for Master Streete. He lived to draw two shillings a day awarded him by the Crown for *this* service, until well in to the reign of Charles I.

dustiest topmost shelves of the Lincoln's Inn and Bodleian libraries. The result of using the written examinations was that on two successive mornings the citizens had the cost and trouble of placing a man bearing a halbert at every door in the line of way of two dreary processions, in which blanched bound men, riding on wheelless sledges with their backs to the horses, and hangmen and their assistants with naked weapons, looped halters, hideous flesh forks, and cruel knives, facing their victims, played prominent parts. The procession on the first day halted at the West End of St. Paul's Cathedral, and after it had performed its business there, a cart, followed by a howling mob, proceeding from that spot, drove up the Old Bailey to Newgate. Its destination was what afterwards became known as Jack Ketch's kitchen in that cheerful building, and its contents I would rather not describe. The next day the second procession took a longer journey. It wended its way to the Palace Court Yard at distant Westminster. There the same dreary business took place that had occupied the previous morning in London's city, and there the hero of these pages, politely described by Sir Edward Coke as "the devil of the vault," made his last bow to a public for whom he had been a subject of interest for many months past, and that evening he and his fellow sufferers appeared upon Traitor's tower at the Southwark End of London Bridge, and on the summits of some of the city gates, like popular actors,

IN SEVERAL PIECES!!!

CHAPTER. THE LAST.

SHOWING HOW THE CLERGY-CO-OPERATIVES CAME TO AN END.

GOOD Mrs. Critchett saw with great satisfaction in her "Weekly Lloyd's" that the two clerical members of the now disestablished "Long" firm had been captured at Hendlip House some time after that celebrated company had been compelled to discontinue its operations. She also read, shortly after that, how one of them, Father Oldcorne, had died in public. A month or so elapsed and the worthy dame was transacting a little operation in "Regents" at the Borough Market, when she was hustled by a great and noisy crowd following a cart going in the direction of Traitor's Tower. The good lady was swept on by the mob and found her attention attracted to four vacant spikes on the summit, to which a man was clambering by aid of a ladder. This individual, when he had reached the roof, stooped to a companion below, who passed up to him certain very nasty looking black masses that appeared to be quarters of venison very far gone and yet which presented some resemblance to human hands, and feet, and legs, and arms. When the spikes had been duly crowned with these "hlock ornaments" which the adorer contemplated with much satisfaction, the good soul enquired of a neighbour whose *disjecta membra* had been thus elevated.

"Why it's old Father Garnet, the Popish priest, as they've been topping this morning for the powder plot last November," said the by-stander thus accosted.

Mrs. Critchett looked long and intently at the ghastly relics. "And the Parsons too!" she murmured, "to go in for takin' the bread out of the poor ratepaying shopkeepers' mouths. You greedy villain!" she cried, as she shook her fist aloft,

"THAT'S WHAT YOUR CLERGY CO-OPERATION HAS
BROUGHT YOU TO!"

THE END.

FRATERNITY THE TRUE MISSION.

From the Corner Stone.

"Those wondrous symbols that can retain
The phantom forms that pass along the brain,
O'er unsubstantial thoughts hold strong control,
And fix the essence of the immortal soul."

BUT if they are received and practised as bald ceremonies—as but the dried husks and skins from which the goodly grain and wine have been lost—what further need has the world of them? Has the ark of the covenant been removed from the tabernacle? Has Shiloh left the temple? We may go on adding to our numbers day by day, filling our halls with paraphernalia, our coffers with treasure, and the streets with pompous processions; but if the soul of Masonry has departed, what profit is all this, either to us or the world?

The great importance of preserving the exact forms of Masonry is, that the exact symbolism shall also be preserved. Else it will corrupt with time under the "improvements" of Vandals, or worse than that, the meretricious additions of degraded tastes. But the true life is independent of the form, and the latter may continue whilst the former has fled. Yet, to him who hath eyes to see, the emblem will ever be rich with instruction, the symbol ever glowing with meaning.

When the riches of the art treasures of ancient Greece were being conveyed by the haughty conqueror to Rome, he threatened the sailors that if they were lost, they should be compelled to replace them at their own expense—a replacement somewhat difficult, it would seem. But many, in these times, appear to think it the easiest of things to replace that portion of the forms of Masonry which they have lost, from the workshop of their own crude fancies. In Oriental tale, the slave of the lamp, at Aladdin's order, finished but twenty-three of the twenty-four windows of the grand hall of his palace, and we read that the treasures of the Sultan's empire were vainly exhausted in the attempt to finish the twenty-fourth, and the effort was given up in despair. But these brothers undertake not only to finish the Masonic temple, but to remodel it from the north-east corner to the *sanctum sanctorum*. Replacing the lost art with their own chisels! ornamenting the windows of its high halls with paint and stucco and carved excrescences from "chaos come again!"

The answer to the sternly questioning time is this: Masonry, with all its ancient forms, lives because it is necessary to mankind that it should live. It finds expression in fixed forms, because those forms, more universally than any other, convey to its membership the grand ideas, the fundamental principles upon which it is based. You can no more replace them by new forms than you could replace a lost Venus de Medicis or Apollo Belvidere. It is not an insurance or mutual relief association. It is not religious or even moral merely. It is all these and more. It is an ideal system, built upon the brotherhood of those who consent to "walk together in unity."

"Though, like two twigs which from one stem diverge,
Their growth, perhaps, doth tend toward different points;
Yet search un'o the root, they still are joined—
One sap pervades the twig, one blood the brothers' veins."

There is a kind of men who sneer at idealism—who, as we have elsewhere written, if an attempt is made to carry the thought from the cold and temporary details of business to higher spheres, exclaim, as did the brothers of Joseph, "Behold! the dreamer cometh." Here is Masonry, the miracle of the time, which lives to teach men that they have duties and affections, hopes and aspirations, which take hold on something beyond the material wants; and many a barren tongue replies, "Behold! the dreamer cometh." Masons, even, who have passed through the wonderful series of our symbolic teaching, when we attempt to lift their minds to the true intent and meaning of all, are often found who say, "We have corn, wine, and oil; and what more is needed?" Much, dear brother, much. You have not yet unravelled the mystic web; you have not yet attained the true light; you have heard the syllables, but you have not grasped the thought within. . . . Alas! if we undertake to say *to what* we are "raised," and from the full heart express the light to which we believe our eyes are thus opened, we shall hear from many a blinded brother, "Behold! the dreamer cometh."

The crowning glory of Masonry is its ideal character—an idealism which, gaining lodgment in the true Masonic heart, elevates, refines, purifies and ennobles. *Fraternity*—that is the grand idea which Masonry inculcates. A fraternity based upon moral worth, cemented by charity, not of the pocket, but of the heart.

There has been liberty enough—perhaps too much for national welfare there has been equality enough—perhaps too much for the higher not to have been contaminated by the lower; but of fraternity there has been too little—how much too little let the wrathful times, now so sadly "out of joint," bring back the melancholy answer.

Man can not live alone. He may not separate the object of his existence from that proposed by the Supreme to humanity.

Without the sentiment of fraternity, knowledge, of whatever immensity, is a delusion and a snare. Without this sentiment, welling up ever from the heart of man, he cannot be a true Mason, though we pile degrees and orders heaven-high upon him. It is not what is placed upon him which makes the Mason, but that which finds admission and genial resting-place in the warm heart within.

"Love, O my brothers! and revere ideas. Ideas are the words of God. Superior to all of country, superior to humanity, is the country of the intellectual, the city of the spirit, in which the believers in the inviolability of thought, in the dignity of our immortal soul, are brothers. * * * Reverence enthusiasm; adore the dreams of the virgin soul and the visions of the first days of youth, because these dreams of earliest youth are the fragrance of Paradise, which the soul retains in issuing from the hands of its Creator. Respect, above all things, your own conscience; have on your lips that truth which God has placed in your heart, and, harmoniously uniting, bear ever erect your banner, and boldly promulgate your faith."

The old man who, with years, has lost faith in humanity, is the dreariest sight the angels can look down upon; the saddest, perhaps, is the young man who early forgets that he *should* be a brother, and is but an alien stranger.

NATURE.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

AS a fond mother, when the day is o'er,
 Leads by the hand her little child to bed,
 Half willing, half reluctant to be led
 And leave his broken playthings on the floor;
 Still gazing at them through the open door,
 Nor wholly reassured and comforted
 By promises of others in their stead,
 Which, though more splendid, may not please him more:
 So Nature deals with us, and takes away
 Our playthings one by one, and by the hand
 Leads us to rest so gently that we go
 Scarce knowing if we wish to go or stay,
 Being too full of sleep to understand
 How far the unknown transcends the what we know.

NOTES ON LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

BY BRO. GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL,

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 newspapers inform us that there are 197,617 miles of railway in the world, of which 81,841 are in the United States.

Under the somewhat humorous title of "An Hour with a Sewer Rat, or a few Plain Hints on House Drainage and Sewer Gas," Bro. Bailey, of Darlington, has just published an interesting little volume from the pen of Bro. George Gordon Hoskins, F.R.I.B.A., who, I observe, is also the author of a book called "The Clerk of the Works," which I have not seen. I always feel glad to hear of men who really know something about bringing rude matter into due form belonging to our once operative Craft; and though I never had the least wish to make it once more a trade guild, or even an architectural and antiquarian society, I had much rather that it became either than a mere free-and-easy, however select and respectable, and I know scores of brother Masons of a sort, who, notwithstanding the fine moral teaching which they cannot fail to hear whenever they attend a lodge, would fain make it into something like the defunct Order of Ancient Bucks. I have known an otherwise worthy brother appointed Grand Superintendent of Works for one of our most important Provinces, who did not know even the names of the different orders of architecture, and could not tell an Ionic column from one of the Corinthian. Such appointments deservedly bring our dear Craft into disrepute; and with so many good architects enlisted under our banners, ought for henceforth and for ever to be avoided. Frank Buckland says—"I have such an opinion of the rat's cleverness, that I almost believe he takes in our weekly newspapers and periodicals;" and Bro. Hoskins has made this paragraph his motto.

That both rats and mice occasionally "take in" (to their stomachs) both, when hungry, there can be no doubt, and if some of the said weeklies afford as little nourishment to the bodies of rats as to the minds of their readers, the poor rats are to be pitied for not receiving fair remuneration for their useful scavenging. Notwithstanding Mr. Buckland's high estimate of the rat's intelligence, I have somewhere read that he is really a very stupid animal. Leaving naturalists to settle this question among themselves as best they may, and honestly acknowledging myself no very great admirer of the rat tribe generally, nor of the Norway rat in particular (though having strong sympathies with the poor water-vole so perseveringly persecuted at the hands of the ignorant, who don't know the difference between it and the savage Scandinavian), I am in love with Bro. Hoskins' Sewer Rat, because he has made him "discourse"—not like the "pipe" Hamlet offers to Polonius, "most eloquent music"—but certainly "full of wise saws and modern instances," such as a shrewd old observant rodent that runs up and around our drains would be sure to remark if he had Bro. Hoskins' gift of utterance, and knew that Bro. Bailey would publish them. As the whole book may be bought for eighteen-pence, it is not fair to "gut" it, but I must try to show my readers that in these days of penny-catch bookmaking the little volume really has something in it. "Our town is a pleasant town," says Bro. Hoskins in his opening, "a clean town with picturesque surroundings, and on the whole a healthy town. The local authorities of our town have a way of their own in doing things, and if their way is not quite what every one could wish it to be, it is very much better than the way adopted by the like authorities in some of our neighbouring towns. One of the chief characteristics of the aforesaid authorities of our town is a *penchant* for the formation of new roads, the repairing of old ones, and the almost immediate breaking up of both, for some cause or other in connection with the sewerage, gas, or waterworks. Whenever we see new material laid down, or hear the snorting of the steam roller, we may almost safely predict that a chasm will very soon be opened, barricaded during the day by rough timbers and earth from the excavation, and dimly illuminated at night by a monster coke fire, presided over by a superannuated navy. Not very long ago something was wrong with the main sewer opposite my offices. We had had, I think, the road repaired and neatly rolled about a week before, but now picks and shovels were at work, barricades erected, and as night came on, the inevitable coke fire and watchman (?) made their appearance. Having a press of work at this time, I had returned to my office after the usual hours, with the object of making a push. Preparatory to resuming work, I sauntered to the window. There was the coke fire crackling away, and there the superannuated navy, smoking his pipe, and resting his back against an inverted wheelbarrow, the fire throwing a red glare on the ridges of the heaps of earth thrown up from the excavations. Suddenly I saw a large rat cross one of these ridges and disappear into the surrounding gloom on my side of the road. I left the window, poked up my fire, and fell to work. A quarter of an hour had perhaps passed when I had occasion to look up from my work to get an instrument. At the same moment my eyes met two others, small, black, and piercing. On the top edge and on the left-hand corner of my drawing-board, sat a rat, a fine, well-conditioned, intelligent looking fellow, with a self-satisfied air, and a fierce moustache à la *Empereur*.

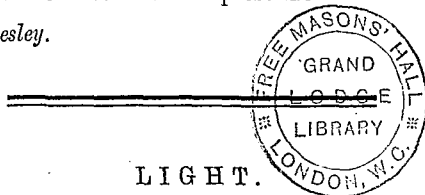
"A well-fed rat, rotund and hale,
Not knowing either Fast or Lent."

If I had been surprised by his appearance on my drawing-board, imagine my utter astonishment when he spoke. 'Road up again,' said he." And they at once enter into the instructive conversation recorded in the little book before me. Cowper, in his "Pairing-Time Anticipated," opens by singing:—

"I shall not ask Jean Jaques Rosseau
 If birds confabulate or no;
 'Tis clear that they were also able
 To hold discourse, at least in fable;
 And e'en the child, who knows no better
 Than to interpret by the letter
 A story of a cock and bull,
 Must have a most uncommon skull."

To all who wish to see the real causes of many common defects in drainage, I can confidently recommend Bro. Hoskins' little book. The first part, in which Mr. Rat is allowed a fair share of the conversation, is as interesting as a fairy tale, or as the fables ascribed to old Æsop. The second portion, though containing much useful information for the practical man, is dry as dust when compared with the former; and I do not wonder that the rat should have "made tracks," as no one likes to be denied a fair share in the conversation; and I strongly suspect the workman's dinner was not the sole cause of the sudden departure. Bro. Hoskins seems to me to have *scamped* his work in this latter portion, and I strongly advise him to re-write it for the next edition (which is sure to be called for) in the same attractive form and style as the first part, and he will secure a larger circle of readers; and by spreading broadcast his excellent ideas on drainage, he will thus, as every Freemason ought, make himself more serviceable to his fellow-creatures, for he not only has ideas to express, but knows how to express them.

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.



L I G H T .

THE day is fast declining, the sun is nearly set,
 Night's hours are closing o'er the gay and sad;
 One voice is heard, above the jar and fret,
 Which e'en in warning soothes and makes us glad:
 "Night gives you rest, but life's best hours are those."
 'Twill dawn and eve—each moment bears a freight
 Of deeds and words, which at the evening's close
 Are past recall; 'twill then be all too late."

Sorrow comes, too, o'er hearts both strong and weak;
 Life's disappointments hang across our way;
 Lov'd ones are taken; joys for which we seek
 Shrink from our grasp; all hastens to decay.
 Still that sweet voice, above the noise and roar
 Of rushing storm-waves, bids us look to One
 Who waits to crown those who have learnt to soar
 Through strength in Him, their shelter and their sun.

"Let there be light"—and gladdening sunshine's ray,
 Beaming with joy and love's warm healing balm,
 Shall chase the hills which throng our path away,
 And give in grief's deep darkness peace and calm.
 And when life's evening closes, and our hearts
 Have learnt submission, strengthened by His might,
 We then shall hear, as soul from body parts,
 His voice in sweet command, "Let there be light."

ETOILE.