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THE RECORDS OF AN ANCIENT LODGE.

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(Continued from page 326.)

WE continue our extracts from these interesting old records, and insert here a carefully transcribed copy of an ancient document, apart from the minutes, which is endorsed on the back in very faded characters, "Mutuall agriement Betwixt the Maisones of the Lodge of Melros." The date of the document is 1675, and it is written, as stated below, by "Andro Mein, Meason, portioner of Neustied." This is without a doubt the same "AM" who had written out the ancient charge in 1674 (see *Masonic Magazine* for January, pp. 289-294), the handwriting being identical in both documents. In the absence of other testimony the following proves the existence of the Lodge of Melrose for a considerable period before the date of the first entry in the old minute book (1674):—

"At Neusteid the twentie & nyne Day of Januarie Jai vi of thirre scor & fyfteen years the under subscriband massons and prentises w^t in ye lodge of Melrois, having takin to consideration ye great hurt & losse y^t we have bein at in tyme bygoine, and y^t by taking of prentises upon ye accompt of thirre or foure yeirs which was a great losse to ye prentises, in not being tractable in his trad & not able to serve as a perfy^t workman by reason of his small insight in ye trade of meason craft. Wherefore to avoyd ye lyke in tyme comming (Wit yea 16 *) be thir presents w^t mutuall consent & asent lyk as we be thir presents binds and obliges us conjunctly & severaly that none of us shal take any prentises hereafter under sevin yeirs being bound to serve by ye Indenture otherways if so bee y^t any sall break ye said rule fors^d in y^t cause ye partie breaker sall be obliged to pay twentie pund Scots monie for every yeirs broak y^t he or they sall take any prentice under ye fors^d seven years and y^t w^t out modification to be given of the fores^d soume toggedder w^t ye soume fyve marks of Libyn* adat expenses Income of fortye & w^t lawfull payment of ye fors^d soume abovewritin by and altour ye fulfilling of ye premisses foresd, Lyk as we with mutuall consent fors^d, binds & obliges us jointly & severaly giveand & grantand full power & libertie to ye master masson & wardine of ye fors^d lodge [for ye tyme†] to call for & persen for ye fores^d break or any oyer break y^t sall hapen to be Includit in yis present bond & obligation provyand they be ay comptable to ye s^d Lodge for ye Intromission, and Sublyk we w^t consent firstly obliged us to meit yeirly on Saint John's Day which is ye 27 of December (if it be

* Within parenthesis and undiscipherable.

not on ye Sabboth Day) in y^t case we ar to keipe ye next day following under ye penaltie of

* four pouds to be payit in to ye Lodge and also y^t no prentises shal be entered recivit in but on ye forsd day under ye penaltie of Six pund Scots to be applyfted be ye forsd master mason & wardin for ye tyme as f^t is [it is prevyded that a stranger prentis entered upon any other day procure a ticket fra the m^r massone, wardine and Box M^r w^t consent of some uth^r & if possible who sall imploy some of y^r number to be present and tak y^r ingadgment for y^r inbringing and give orders for y^t effect morover wo^t consent first y^t if any enter of St. John's Day they are to pay 8 marks Scots w^t sufficient gloves to ye whole company to be payed at ye next St. John's Day†] for the which entrie they are to pay ten pund Scots, & sufficient gloves, and when any prentice is to be mad fric masson he is to pay 4 pund Scots & sufficient gloves. Moreover the a^t consent forsd binds & obliges us conjunctly & severalic y^t we shall not tak others work over ther head, except w^t consent of masson y^t was imployed first for y^t case it shall not be peruitit to any to meddle w^t it so long as y^r is any thing restand him for his worke or pannes done formerly and the breaking is to pay a peanaltie according to the work & merit of ther fault, which partie breake shall be obliged to stand to ye determination of the Lodge for his wrong-done which penaltie is to be payit to ye forsd persons for ye tyme (provyding always they be comptable) and Lastly, we bind and oblyge us conjunctly & severaly that we sall keip good order & correspondent each on w^t other in tyme comming in all poynts & and not to wrong ane another no maner or way which charge we bind and oblige us & each one of us to keipe & fulfill as if everie particular charge were heirin Insert belonging to ye said art and trade of massonrie above-writtin and finalie the snids parties Under subscribing binds and obliges yir selves to observe keipe & fulfill ye hail premises to others in sua for as they stand heirby oblyged and the parties farther oblige y^m to pay ye partie observes ar willing to observe ther presents ye soume twentie marks Scots mony of Libmat penaltie & expenses by and alter ye fulfilling of ye premisses. And for ye mair securitie ye forsd parties forsd are content & consents ther parts be insert & registrat in ye book of consall & sescion books of ye regalitie of Melrois or any oyr Ind ges * books competent and be decerned to have ye strength of ane Decreit Interpomed y^t to that letters & exells of horning may be directed hereupone in soume as esseirs and to that effect constituts‡

ther Lawfull proces In wittnes wh^r off (written be andro mein meason portioner§ of Neusteid) we haue subscribit ther presents w^t our hands day month place and year of God—above written Beffor ther wittnesses— John mein maltman portionere of Neusteid and Andro bunye weiver in Neusteid, Richard mein John mein yonger John Meine Alex^r Mein elder Jo Mein witness, Andro Robson, Thomas bunye, Alex^r Mein yonger, Andro Mein elder, Radnor bunye witness, Robert bunye yonger W G Andro Mein A T Robert Bunnye elder Robert mein John Mein, Andro Willson Andro toronbull, Adam Watson, Jas Mein, David Mein I.M. Rob^t Mein tounheid John mein, George Hall, Thomas Beime R^t Latie, James Alexander, Andro Cook S. Latie, John Mein Osler, Andrew Riddell, John Tourribull, John Bunnye, Tho Wait, John Wallis, James Mein, John bunye, Robt Bunye, Walter Mathewson John L. H. hewlet, Jo. Oumser James Bunye, George Minto, John Cockburne, John Riddell, Nichol Rowat, Andro Mein, James Meane, James Laidlaw, William Mein, George Tullie, James Pringle, Robert mein, John Mein, Nichol Turnbull, John Paux, James Mein, William Milne, Robert Bunnyie, James Willson, James Mein, Andrew Mein, David Bunie, John Mein, Geo Hislop, David Purvies, Richard Mein, Robert Pringle, Thomas Williamson, Robt Bunvie, William Aichison, John Creamont, James Bunnye, Ja Mein, Ro^t Burne, John Mein, Alex^r Mein, John Wilson, Thomas Bunnyie.”

Besides proving the lodge to be, by internal evidence, of a considerable age, the very fact that the document was signed by over eighty names proves it also to have been in a flourishing condition. It is noteworthy the great number of similar names that appear at the foot of the document, particularly those of the family or families of Mein and Bunnye. One would imagine that the same individuals had signed the paper over and over again; but the signatures are really those of different individuals, though many bear the same christian and surname. It is also worthy of remark that we find in one or two instances the ancient brethren have appended their designations to their signatures; thus we find one is a maltman, another a weaver, another a vintner, and another a hostler. This fact shews that even at that early date others than operative masons belonged to the Craft, and that the speculative element evidently obtained at that period.

We now resume the consideration of the records in the old minute book. Before taking up the minutes in their regular order, we would note that at

* Undecipherable.

† Written on margin.

‡ Blank in original.

§ Portioner, small proprietor.

page 240, at the end of the book, is a list of members, in all forty-six, under the title "A particular compt of those preferd in please conforme to ther* as feloucrafts," and on page 242 another list headed "This for the prentises 1690," the same date as the former, the number of prentices being only nine. Opposite some of the names in the former list appears the words "deit," "deid," "deid 1692," "died 1694," and so on. There are other lists of members in the books, and to those about the beginning of the eighteenth century are attached the distinctive marks assumed by the brethren.

We now take up the minutes where we left off in our last. There is no record for the year 1693, the following being the next in order upon pages 16 and 17:—

"This day being the 27 of dec^r 1694 the wholl tread of measons in this Lodge of neusteid heaf^r comptd with all thos who imposed aine money that the said tread was ouand at the tyme and is payd. And this day ther is told of money & put in the boxe of money siven pund twelve shillin of money. And of cards put in viz

| | | | | | | |
|--|---|-------|---|----|---|----|
| James mein & Andro mein | P | 06 | — | 0 | — | 0 |
| Jo ⁿ Bowar | P | 10 | — | 0 | — | 0 |
| Jo ⁿ Mein @rent not payd | | 11 | — | 0 | — | 0 |
| Jo ⁿ Mein tounheid | P | 12 | — | 0 | — | 0 |
| Thomas Mein @rent not payd | | 04 | — | 10 | — | 0 |
| Andro Wilson not payd | | 01 | — | 03 | — | 0 |
| Jo ⁿ Reink | | 04 | — | 10 | — | 0 |
| Tho Bunye & W ^m millne | P | 11 | — | 00 | — | 0 |
| Ja: & Allx ^r Meins @rent (not payd for thire yeirs P) | | 11 | — | 00 | — | 0 |
| Rob ^t Bunye | P | 11 | — | 00 | — | 0 |
| Robert Pringell | P | 11 | — | 00 | — | 0 |
| Jo ⁿ hislop | P | 04 | — | 10 | — | 0 |
| Andro Turnbull | | 06 | — | 0 | — | 0 |
| Jo ⁿ Park | | 04 | — | 10 | — | 0 |
| | | <hr/> | | | | |
| Suma is | | 118 | — | 3 | — | 00 |
| | | <hr/> | | | | |
| The tottall is of money and bonds | | lb | s | d | | |
| | | 125 | — | 15 | — | 0 |
| | | <hr/> | | | | |

This day being the 27 dec^r 1694 the tread heath voted upon Richard mein as wardin & Joⁿ Mein, wynd, as clerk to examin the wholl tread of measons And that upon the selfe sam questions that the first man is examined on And that befor witnesses of the tread."

For the year 1695 we find the following entries:—

"A compt of those that are contimutus for ther fynes at St Joⁿs day 1695 Andro Mein son to Andro Mein for a Groat david was for 2/ Neusteid 27 Dec^r 1695 told and put in the boxe fourtin pund
 01 — 6^d And of cards be W^m 4 — 10 — 0
 dranchell be Joⁿ Mein in Lesuden 4 — 10 — 0
 ther was taken out of the boxe the Suma 23 — 1 — 6
 soum of — — 01 — 05 — 04 on the 28 day of December
 January 17 day took out — 00 — 06 — 00 for the maintaining of the law
 There was of mony this morning in the boxe 08 — 04 — 02

Upon page 23 we find the following resolution, which was passed and signed the above night:—

"At neusteid the 27 day of dec^r 1695 it is heirby inacted and ordained be the Meason tread that nather prentis nor fallow craft be received in to our companie unles they have ther gloves presentie product to those persons they are concernd to pay too. And that sufficient gloves with four shillin per pair for prentises & with five shillin per pair for fallowcrafts. The qlk act is to be performed & keepit under the pain of Ten pund Scots presentie payd to the trad as said is be the brenker thereof

* Illegible.

And Lykways it is acted by us under subscribers in name & behalf of the wholl meason trade; That if anie person within the said tread: of meason tread in neusted shall be continasious to the tread for what fyne shall be imposd upon them by consent of the tread they shall pay the just double at anie oyr tyme they shall be made to pay it the qlk we Consent under our hands as fd is

Robert Bunyie, Jold Mein, John mein John mein John meser James mein Thomas bunyie Androw mein Thomas bunyie Andrew mein Rob^t Mein Jaes Mein."

Here again we are struck with the number of persons of the name of Mein; out of twelve signatures attached to the above "act" eight have the surname Mein; there are three John's, two Andrew's, two James's and a Robert. There are also three Bunyie's, and the twelfth is the name of Meser. All the signatures are by different hands.

" An particular not of the arent for the year 1696.

| | |
|--|--------------|
| James mein for on year for eleven pound | 00 — 12 — 00 |
| Ro ^t bunnie for eleven pound | 00 — 12 — 00 |
| W ^m daurnick for four pound ten shilin | 00 — 04 — 06 |
| James mein brigend for six pound | 00 — 06 — 06 |
| John mein for two cards for all proceeding | 02 — 19 — 02 |
| John mein tounheid for fue ground | 00 — 13 — 00 |
| W ^m millr for eleuen pound | 00 — 12 — 00 |
| John hislop for four pound ten shilin | 00 — 04 — 06 |
| Andro Willson for two year of twenty thrie shillin | 00 — 03 — 00 |
| Ro ^t pringl for eleun pound <i>this is unpayd for for sd year</i> | 00 — X — 00 |
| Jo bouer for ten | 00 — ij — 00 |
| Ri mein payed for John renick on year area | 00 — 04 — 06 |
| wheras y ^r was two dew to wit the years 1695-1696 | |
| William Achison for booking mony and mark | 00 — 08 — 00 |
| James mein for passing four pound & on shilin | 4 — 01 — 00 |
| James Mens booking mony | 00 — 02 — 08 |
| ther was three payed for not being perfyt | 00 — 12 — 10 |
| <hr/> | |
| the above soume comes to | 12 — 15 — 08 |
| ther was of debursments this | 4 — 19 — 10 |
| <hr/> | |
| ther remains this | 7 — 15 — 08 |
| giuen out for tobaco the soum | 00 — 15 — 00 |
| for four pints of aile | 0 — 12 — 00 |
| for an unce and an haf of tobaco | 0 — 01 — 06 |
| <hr/> | |
| | 1 — 10 — 02 |
| | 6 — 05 — 02 |

The above is upon page 22, and upon pages 24 and 25 we come to the following under the same date:—

| | |
|--|--------------|
| " An acount of bonds within the box this day being the 28 of December 1696. | |
| Thomas bunnie and william mill eleuen | 11 — 00 — 00 |
| John mein tounheid and John mein his son | 12 — 00 — 00 |
| Andro Turubul the soum of arent unpayed for two years | 06 — 00 — 00 |
| John renik areu unpayd for on year | 04 — 10 — 00 |
| James mein and Andro mein | 06 — 00 — 00 |
| John mein credybutts for the soum of | 16 — 00 — 00 |
| John bouyer and Richard mein the soum of | 10 — 00 — 00 |
| Andro Wilson the soum of | 0j — 03 — 00 |
| James and alexander meins the soum of | 1j — 00 — 00 |
| Rob ^t pringal and andro pringle the soum of | 1j — 00 — 00 |
| Rob ^t bunnie and Ro ^t bunnie the soum of | 1j — 00 — 00 |
| W ^m draughill and thomas bunnie the soum of | 04 — 10 — 00 |
| Ja : hislop and John mein the soum of | 04 — 10 — 00 |
| John mein in Lesuidoun the soum of | 04 — 10 — 00 |
| William Achison and andro wilson for the soum | 1j — 00 — 00 |
| Patrick Jarsop his is in thomas bunnies nevoy bond for the soum of which is produced this day into ye box December 28 1697 | 1j — 00 — 00 |
| Andro lithars for the soum of eleven Pound in the hand of R ^d mein | 1j — 00 — 00 |

| | | | |
|--|-----|------|------|
| thomas mein for four pound and it is in the hand of R ^d | | | |
| mein for the soum | 04 | — 10 | — 00 |
| James Trotter & Thomas bunie neueid | 1j | — 00 | — 00 |
| John oramond for six pound Scots | i57 | i3 | 00 |
| Ro bunie for cleuen pound | | | |

There was of mony told and put in the box the soum of nin pound and fiften shilin and two penies scots being the 28 of december 1696

Neusteid 31 of december Received from Ro^d bunnye the soum of four pound ten shilin Scots for thomas meins ticket and the arron fourteen shilin ten penies scots
 q^t of he gave a shilin and promised to tak it again if it w^d not pas "

Upon this same page is engrossed a resolution of the brethren of the date 1740, but the following pages, from 36 ouward, contain the entries in regular order. As they are almost a repetition of the foregoing, we need not extract them; but we make a note of the expenditure of the lodge for St. John's day, 1698, which is entered as follows :—

"An accompt of money debursed this day the 27 of de^r 1698

| | | | |
|---|----|------|------|
| to andro mein bridgend for fleshe | 04 | — 04 | — 00 |
| to the said andro för a ticket | 00 | — 10 | — 00 |
| to John mein for two sheet of paiper | 00 | — 00 | — 06 |
| to James bunyie for keepin the key | 00 | — 14 | — 00 |
| to James bunyie for going to melrose about the flesh and the bread | 00 | — 03 | — 00 |
| to agnes philp for aile | 06 | — 13 | — 03 |
| to agnes philp for making the meat ready and also for beare | 01 | — 15 | — 00 |
| | 14 | 09 | 10 |
| to w ^m browin for whyt bread the soum of | 02 | — 05 | — 06 |
| for two legs of muton and an pund of tobaco and pips | 02 | — 03 | — 10 |
| for an capful of salt | 00 | — 03 | — 00 |
| | 19 | 02 | — 02 |
| | 11 | 08 | 10 |
| | 07 | 11 | 04 |

this day being the 27 of december 1698 there was of mony told and put into the box 07 — 13 — 08

wherof ther was four pound and four shilin scots of English mony which is by the self in an pice of paiper

the forsd day ther was full pour given to John mein tounheid and John mein wynd to put the bonds in execution against the first of march 1699 for buying the mort cloth

upon the 27 of december ther was 1698

given out to ye smith of Eildon for mending of ye lok of ye kirk loft given out at night 00 — 03 — 08."

Having given the above "particular accompts" in full as a sample of the style practised by these ancient brethren, we need not in future transcribe any more of these entries, but will content ourselves with quoting any note, or entry, or resolution that strikes us as curious or likely to throw any light upon the ancient working of the Craft. There is, for instance, an item in the accounts for 1696 which is of interest, namely, "There was three payd for not being perfytt," which seems to show that at that time there were fines or forfeiture for those who were unable to pass an examination. The various items connected with the celebration of the festival of St. John are interesting. It must be borne in mind that the computation represents pounds, shillings, and pence Scots, not sterling, one shilling sterling being about equivalent to one pound Scots. All powerful as the modern coin is supposed to be, the purchasing power of a shilling in those days was greater than it is now. The mort-cloth referred to is the velvet pall used at funerals, and this one would be specially kept by the Masons to be used at the funeral of any brother or member of his family. In the minutes of some of the old guilds or incor-

porated trades we have examined, it would seem that the mort-cloth was let out on hire at a fixed charge. "The lok of ye kirk loft" refers to the lock of the door leading to the gallery specially set apart for the use of the fraternity in the parish church. We will have occasion to refer to the kirk loft again.

(To be continued.)

THE OLD CHARGES OF THE BRITISH FREEMASONS.

WILLIAM JAMES HUGHAN.

No. IV.—THE "YORK MS." No. 6 (A.D. 1680.)

I HAVE termed the following transcript a copy of the York MS., No. 6, of A.D. 1680 (*circa*), because I believe it to be the *missing* MS. which, in the Inventory of A.D. 1779 of effects belonging to the York Grand Lodge, is ranked as the last, or No. 6, of the series. I came across it quite accidentally some years ago when looking over some old documents carefully preserved in the Grand Lodge of England (London), and at once recognised the Roll as the one described in the Inventory of 1779, viz., "A Roll of Charges, whereof the bottom part is awanting." Since then the part "awanting" had evidently been found, and was placed for custody in the archives of the Grand Lodge in London, for why and by whom has not transpired. The part severed from the Roll between "*Tunc unus*," etc., and "*Vel ponat*," etc., when placed in position is perfect; so also with the portion divided further on, and, doubtless, was the part "awanting."

The MS. has never been published before, and is the only one of its kind having the conclusion as follows, else it is a poor version:—"Doe all as you would bee done unto, and I beseech you att every meeting and assembly you pray heartily for all Christians—Farewell."

THE might of the father of heaven with ye wisdom of his glorious Sonn Jesus through ye grace and goodnesse of ye holy Ghost That bee Three persons in one, bee with us att our begining & give us grace soe to govern here in our lifetime That we may come to ye joy that never shall have ending Amen.

Good Brother and fellow my purpose is to declare how & in what manner the Craft of Masonry was begun & afterwards how it was by worthy Kings & Princes and by many worshipful men found out. And alsoe to those that be here Wee will declare the charges that belongeth unto a true Mason to keep for in good suth, and ye take good thereto, it is well worthy to be well kept for a worthy Craft and Curious Science.

For there bee Seaven liberall Sciences of ye which Seaven it is one of them, And the names of ye Seaven Sciences bee these, first is Grammar & it teacheth many to speak truly and to write truly. And ye Second is Rhetorick & teacheth a man to speak faire and subtile terms. And ye third is Dialectick & teacheth a man to discern and know truth from False. And ye Fourth is Arithmetick & teacheth a man to reckon & accompt all manner of numbers. And ye Fifth is called Geometry & that teach meet and measure of Earth & all other things of ye science that is Clipped Masonry. And ye Sixth Science is clipped

Musick & that teacheth a man both Song voice & tune of Organ Harp & Trumpett. And ye Seaventh Science is called Astronomy and it teacheth ye Course of ye Sunn Moone & Starrs.

These be ye Seaven liberrall Sciences of which Six bee all founded by one Science (ihat is to say) that Geomtry & this many a man proves that ye Science of ye work is founded by Geometry, for Geometry teacheth a man both meet & measure Ponderation & weight of all manner of things on Earth, for there is noe man worketh any Craft by he worketh by some meet or some measure, nor noe man buyeth or selleth, but hee buyeth or selleth by some measure or by some weight, and all these is Geometry. And these Merchants and all other Craftsmen & all other of ye Seaven Sciences & especially ye Plowmen and all manner of Tillers of Graines & Seeds, Flowers Trees & Setters of other fruits, for Grammar or Arithmetick or Astronomy, nor none of all ye Seaven Sciences can in noe manner find out nor measure without Geometry, Wherefore I think that ye Science of Geometry is most worthy & that findeth all other.

How that ye worthy Science first begun I shall you tell; before Noah's Flood there was a man named Lamech, which had two wives, as is written in ye Bible in ye 4th Chap: of Genesis & this Lamech had Two wives & ye one called Adah & ye other Zillah; by ye first wife Adah hee got Two Sonns & called them both Jaball, and by that other Wife Zillah, a Sonne & a daught' & these Foure Children founded the begining of all Craft in ye world & ye elder Sonn Jabell found out Geometry & he ptd flocks of sheep in ye fields & lands & first wrought houses of stone & trees as it is noted in ye abovesaid Chapt' and ye young' Jabell found out ye Craft of Musick, Song, 'Tune, Harp & Organ, and ye Third brother Tuball Caine found Smyths Craft of Gold Silver Iron and Steele & Copper, and ye daught' found of ye Craft of Weaving & these Children knew well that God would take vengeance for Sinn, either by fire or Water, wherefore they Write their Sciences that they had found out in Two Pillars of Stone that they might be found after Noah's flood. And ye one marble for that would not burne with fire, & ye other was clipped Latroos & would not drowne in any water.

Our intent is truly how & in what manner these stone were Savoured that these Sciences were written in. Ye great Hermarines, after were clipped ye great Harmarines that was Chubb his Sonn ye which Chubb was Shem's Sonne, that was Noah's Sonn. Hermes ye father of wise men found one of ye Pillars & found Sciences there written on he taught to other men & att ye making of ye Tower of Babilon there was Masonry first made much on & ye King of Babilon that was called Membroth was a Mason himselfe & loved well ye Craft & Trade, as it is said by Masters of Histories, & when ye City of Nineveh & other Citties of ye East should be made, Membroth ye King of Babylon sent thither Threescore Masons at ye desire of ye King of Nineveh his Cousin & when hee sent them forth gave them Charges in this mann'.

That they should bee true each of them to other & that they should love truly one another & that they should serve their Lord truly for his pay soe that ye Mast' may have worship and all y^t belengeth to him. Other more charges hee gave to them & this was ye first time that ever Mason had charges of his Craft.

Moreov' when Abraham & Sarah his wife went into Egypt & there taught ye 7 Sciences to ye Egyptians & he had a worthy Scholl' called Euclid & hee learned & was a Mast' of all ye 7 Sciences & in his days it befell y^t ye Lords & States of ye Realme had soe many Sonnes that they had gotten some by their wives & some by other Ladys of ye Realme, for that land is a hott land & plentous of Generation & they had not competent means meanes to find their children Wherefore they took great care & a Parliam' was called to Consult how they might provide for their children honestly as being Gent^s & they could advise noe manner of way but caused a Proclamacon to be made

throughout ye Realm that if there was* any man that could inform them that hee should come & soe bee rewardeed for his travaile as would content him after After that this was p'claimed came this worthy Clark Euclid & said to ye King & to all ye great Lords, if yee will take me yo' children to Govern & to teach them one of ye 7 liberall Sciences wherewith they may live like Gent^s upon Condison, you will grant mee a Commission that I may have pow^r to rule them after ye mann^r y^t ye Science ought be ruled by. And y^t ye King & all his Councell granted to him one and Sealed this comon And then this worthy Doct^r took to him those Lords sonns and taught them ye Science of Geometry, in practise for to work in Stone all mann^r of worthy work belonging to Churches Temples, Castles, Towers & Manners.

The first was that they should bee true to ye King and to ye Lords that they owne & serve & that they should love well together & bee true each one to other & that they should call each other his fellow or brother and not his S^vant or his Slave, nor any foule name. And y^t they should truly deserve their pay of ye Lord or M^r that they serve, And that they shall ordaine ye wises of them to bee M^r of ye work, And neither for great love nor lineage, for favour to sett another y^t hath little cunning for to bee M^r of ye work, whereby ye Lord should bee evill served, and ye M^r ashamed. And alsoe that they should call them Govⁿours of ye work M^r for they work with him & other many more things that are too long to declare & to all these charges hee made them sweare a great Oath y^t men used in y^t time & ordained for them reasonable wages that they might live honestly by, and alsoe how they should come & assemble together every yeare, how they might work best together & serve ye Lord for his profit & their owne profit & worship And to correct within themselves him y^t had trespassed against ye Craft.

And thus was ye Craft grounded there, and that worthy M^r Euclid gave it ye name of Geometry, and now it is clipped through all this land Masonry.

Since that time when ye children of Israell were come into ye land of Beheast It is now clipped amongst us ye Country of Jehelin, King David began ye Temple that is called Templu Domini & is named with us ye Temple of Jerusalem & ye same King David loved well Masons & cherished them much & gave them good pay & hee gave ye charges and ye manners as hee had learned in Egypt given by Euclid & and other charges more that you shall after here.

And after ye decease of King David, Solomon that was King Davids Sonn finished out ye Temple that his Father had begunn & gathered together Masons of divers Countries & sent them into divers Lands, soe that hee had Fourscore Thousand of Workers of Stone & were all named Masons & hee chose out of them Three Thousand that were ordained to bee Masons & Govⁿours of his worke.

And furthermore there was a King of another Nation that men clipped Iram & hee gave him Timb^r to his work and had a Sonn y^t was called Aynon, a M^r of Geometry & was chiefe M^r of all his Masons and was M^r of all his Ingraving and carveing of all other Masonrie belonging to ye Temple & this is Witnessed in primo libro Regum tertio capito & this Solomon Confirmed both charges and manners that his father had given to Masons & thus was this worthy Craft of Masonrie confirmed in ye Country of Jerusalem & in many other Kingdoms.

Curious Craftsmen travailed into divers lands & Countrys some because of learning more Craft & cunning and some to teach them that had but little skill & soe it befell there was one Curious Mason that was called Naymus Greus that had beene att ye making of Solomons Temple & hee came into France & there hee taught ye Science of Masonrie to men of France & there was one of regall line that was called Charles Martell & hee was one y^t loved

* The end of the *Tracing* over the MS., mostly worn away by the damp.

well ye Craft & drew to this Namus Greus that was abovesaid & learned of him ye Craft and took upon him ye charges and manners aft'wards by ye Grace of God hee was elected to bee King of France & when hee was in his estate, hee took Masons & did help to make men Masons that were none & sett them to work & gave them both ye charges and ye manners & good pay as hee had learned of other Masons and Confirmed them a Chart' from yeare to yeare to hold their Assembly where they would & cherished them much & thus came ye Craft into France.

And England all this season stood void for any charge of Masonrie untill St' Albones time & in his dayes ye King of Eng^d that was a Pagan, he did wall ye Towne about y^t is called St Albones & St Albone was a worthy Knight & Steward of ye Kings household & had Governm^t of ye Realme and alsoe in making of ye Towne Walls & loved Masons & cherished them very much & hee made their pay right good standing as ye Realme did, for hee gave them Two Shill^s six pence p. week & Three pence to their nonesinces & before y^t time through all this Land a Mason took a penny a day & his meate till St' Albone amended it & gave them a Chart' from ye King & his Councell & gave it ye name of Assembly & hee was himself a help^r to make Masons & gave them charges as ye shall heare afterwards.

Presently, afr^r ye decease of St Albone there came divers Warrs into ye Realme of Eng^d of divers Nations, soe that ye good rulers of Masonry was destroyed unto ye time of King Athestons days yt was a worthy King of Eng^d & brought this land into Peace and builded many great works of Abbies & Towers and other divs building & hee loved well Masons & hee had a Sonne yt was called Edwine & and hee loved Masons much more than his Father did & hee was a great Practiconr in Geometry & hee did Comune & talk with Masons & to learn of them ye Craft, And aft'ward for ye love hee had to Masons and ye Craft hee was made Mason & he obtained of ye King his father a Chartr & Comission to hold every yeare one Assembly, where yt evr they would within ye Realm of Eng^d & to correct within themselves defaults & trespasses that were done against ye Craft & held himselfe an Assembly att Yorke & there hee made Masons & gave them charges & taught them ye Manners & Comanded yt rule to bee kept ever after & gave them ye Chartr & Com-on to keep & made an ordinance yt it should bee renewed from King to King. And yt when ye Assembly was gathered hee made a cry yt all old Masons & young, yt had any writing & undrstanding of ye charges & manners yt were made before in this Land, or in any other, yt they should shew them forth, and when yt was proved, there were found some in French & some in Greeke & some in English and some in other Languages, and ye intent of them was found to noe sense, and hee did make a book thereof, And now ye Craft was founded and hee himselfe Comanded yt it should be read or told, when any Mason should bee made, for to give him his charge, and from yt day unto ye time, Manners of Masons have been kept in yt forme, as well as as well as men might govern it. And furthmore divers assemblies have beene made & ordained certaine Charges by ye best advice of Masters & fellows

Tunc unus ex Senioribus tenebat libru ille velle ille ponat

** vel ponat manus, sup libru et tunc precepta seberent legi*

Every man yt is a Mason take good heed to these charges, yt if any man find himselfe guilty of any of these charges, yt hee amend & you yt are to bee charged, principally take heed yt ye may keep these charges well, for it is a great danger for a man to forswear himselfe upon a book

The first Charge is, That hee or you shalbee a true Man to God & ye Church & yt hee use neither Error nor Heresie according to his or their understandings.

* Portion of Roll that has been roughly parted.

And alsoe yt hee or they bee true to ye King without Treason, or any other falshood, And yt they shall Conceal noe Treason nor Treachery, but discover it if they can.

And alsoe you shall be true Each one to other, (yt is to say) to every Mason of ye Craft of Masonry yt bee Masons allowed, you shall doe to them as they would they should doe to you.

And alsoe you keep all ye Councells of Lodge & Chambr & all other Councells yt ought to bee kept by way of Masonhood.

And alsoe yt noe Mason shall steale or use Theft, soe far as hee knows or unstanes.

And alsoe hee shalbe true to ye Lord or Mr, yt he serveth & truly labour for his profit & advantage.

And alsoe ye shall call Masons yor brethren, or else yor fellow & not any foule name.

And alsoe you shall not take yor fellows wife in Villany, or desire his daught'r ungodingly, nor his servant, nor to putt him to any disgrace.

And alsoe yt you pay truly for ye meat and drink where you goe to bedd, or board, whereby ye Craft might not be slandered thereby.

These bee ye charges in generall, which belongeth to every true Mason to keep, both Mastrs & Fellows.

Rehearse I would other charges singular for Mastrs & Fellows.

First yt noe Mastr shall take upon him a Lords nor noe mans work, but first yt hee knows himselfe to bee able in skill to p'forme it, Soe yt ye Craft shall have no disgrace or slander, but yt ye Lord may be well served.

And alsoe noe Mastr shall take work, but yt hee take it reasonably, so yt ye Lord bee truly served with his owne good, & ye Mastr to live honestly & pay his Fellows truly their pay as ye mannr is.

And alsoe yt noe Mastr or Fellows shall not supplant others of their work (that is to say) if hee take any work, or stands as Mastr of ye Lords work, you shall not putt him out, but if not expert in Cunning for to end ye work, then putt him out.

And alsoe yt noe Mastr or Fellow take an Apprentice within ye terme of Seaven yeares, and yt ye Apprentice bee able of Birth, freeborne & of Limbs whole as a man ought to bee.

And alsoe yt noe Mastr or Fellow take allowance to bee made Mason without ye assent and consent of his Fellows att vi or vii even yeares, And he yt shalbee made Mason in all mannr of degrees (that is to say) Free borne & come of good kindred & honest & noe bondman. And alsoe yt hee have his right limbs as a man ought to have.

And alsoe yt noe Mason shall take an Apprentice except hee have sufficient occupaon to occupie or two Fellows, or else Three att ye least.

And alsoe yt noe Mastr or Fellow putt noe Lords work to taske that was not wont to goe to Journey.

And alsoe yt every Mr shall give pay to his Fellows as they deserve, Soe yt you bee not deceived by false workmen.

And alsoe yt none speak evilly behiud another's back, soe hee loose his good name or his wordly goods.

And alsoe yt noe fellow within ye lodge or without misansquire ungodly or reprevable without reasonable cause.

And alsoe yt every * Mason shall reverence his Elder and putt him to Worship. And alsoe yt no Mason shalbee any Comon Player att hazard or att ye dice or att any other unlawfull plays, whereby ye Craft might be slandered.

And alsoe yt any Mason shall not exercise himselfe in Lecherie nor bee no bawde whereby ye Craft might be slandered.

* Portion of MS. which has been divided.

And alsoe yt noe fellow goe into ye Towne in ye night time where is a lodge of Fellows is, without hee haves a Fellow with him yt hee may beare him witness yt hee was in honest Company.

And alsoe yt every Mr or Fellow shall come to ye Assembly yt hee bee within Fiftie miles, if hee have any writinge. And if hee Trespassed againstye Craft to abide ye Award of Masters & Fellows.

And alsoe yt every Mr and Fellow yt have trespassed against ye Craft shall stand there att ye Award of Masters & Fellows, & to make them agree, if they can, and if they cannot cause them to accord, to goe to ye Comon Law.

And alsoe yt noe Mr or Fellow make any mold Square or Rule to any Layer, or sett Layer within ye lodge, or without to hew any mold stones.

And alsoe yt every Mason receive and cherish strange Fellows when they come over to ye Country, and sett them on work, and they desire as ye manner is, (that is to say) if hee have noe mold stones in his place, hee shall refresh, he shall refresh him with money unto ye next lodge

And alsoe that every Mason shall truly serve ye Lord for his pay, and every Mr shall truly make an end of ye work bee it by Task or Journey if hee have his Covenants, and all that you ought to have.

These Charges that now bee rehearsed to you & to all others that belong to Masons, you shall truly keep—So help you God, and yor holydoome, and by this Booke unto your Power Amen.

Doe all as you would bee done unto, and I beseech you att every meeting and Assembly you pray heartily for all Christians—Farewell.

A certified transcript from the *original* roll made by W. J. Hughan.

AS WE MAKE IT.

OH, call not this a vale of tears,
 A world of gloom and sorrow;
 One half the grief that o'er us comes
 From self we often borrow.
 The earth is beautiful and good;
 How long will man mistake it?
 The folly is within ourselves—
 The world is what we make it.

Did we but strive to make the best
 Of troubles that befall us,
 Instead of meeting cares half-way,
 They would not so appal us.
 Earth has a spell for loving hearts;
 Why should we seek to break it?
 Let's scatter flowers instead of thorns—
 The world is what we make it.

If truth and love and gentle words
 We took the pains to nourish,
 The seeds of discontent would die,
 And peace and concord flourish.
 Oh, has not each some kindly thought?
 Then let's at once awake it;
 Believing that, for good or ill,
 The world is what we make it.

THE LAWS OF THE CRUSADERS IN CYPRUS.

A LECTURE on this subject, founded by the merchants of London in honour of John Ingram Travers, was delivered at the London Institution, Finsbury Circus, by Sir Travers Twiss, who introduced it by sketching the history of the island from its colonisation at a very early period by Phœnician settlers from Tyre down to the Third Crusade, during which our own Richard I. wrested it from the Byzantines, subsequently transferring it to Guy, the founder of the Lusignan dynasty. There was, the lecturer said, a manuscript in the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris unique of its kind and never yet published, which contained the code of laws under which the Greek inhabitants of Cyprus were living shortly before Richard's conquest. It was a small quarto written in the 13th century, and began with Pope Alexander IV.'s famous Cypriot Constitution, establishing the supremacy of the Latin bishops in the island over those of the Greek rite. The date of this Bull was 1260, and it remained in force as long as the Franks ruled the island. Next came some verses on the relative duties of judge and advocate, after which followed 19 chapters of law in Greek, the 17th and 18th containing provisions on maritime law identical with those of the Basilica, or Imperial Byzantine Code, and thus carrying us back to the times anterior to Richard and Guy de Lusignan. Under Guy the nobles and the commons had each their own system of laws, which were termed "Assises," the history of which laws was singularly illustrative of the vitality of a legal system based on the principle of trial by one's peers. The origin of these laws was traced back to the First Crusade. On the election of Godfrey de Bouillon in 1099 to the throne of the Latin kingdom of Jerusalem, his first care was to draw up a body of laws for the government of his subjects. These consisted of two very different bodies of men—namely, an organized body of barons and knights, with their armed retainers; and a heterogeneous body of footmen, "*la gent à pie*," who followed in the wake of the fighting men and owned no military chief. The former had left their counterpart behind them in Western Europe; the latter was a novel development of industrial life, merchants and mariners, handicraftsmen and cultivators of the soil, who had quitted their homes from a desire to improve their condition of life, and were not disposed to acquiesce in a system of political dependence such as they had now outgrown in their new career of perilous adventure. The result was that two distinct systems of jurisprudence were compiled; hence two systems of judicature, and two books of its principles, entitled respectively the "Book of the Assises of the High Court" and the "Book of the Assises of the Court of the Burghers of Commons." These books were deposited with much solemnity in a chest within the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, whence they were styled "Lettres de Sépulcre." Before concluding with a few words on the present administration of Cyprus, it was remarked that we were taught by the preservation of the Assises of Jerusalem to the present day the same lesson which we learn from the preservation of Bracton's "Treatise on the Laws and Customs of England." The value of both works consists in the fact that they are compilations not of laws, but of jurisprudence. What may have been the precise contents of the original "*Lettres de Sépulcre*," whether they were as meagre as the Great Charters of our Angevin kings, must remain matter of conjecture. What gave them value was the spirit in which they were administered, and the procedure by which what was good and just and equitable in them was implanted in the memory of each generation, and became dear to them as a legacy of ancestral usages.

MASONIC STORIES.

BY AN OLD MASON.

No. I.

AS I think that some of the stories which linger in my note books or my memory may amuse some of the readers of Bro. Kenning's magazine, for which the reading members of the Craft ought to be grateful to him, I deem it well, ere "time and fate" stop my pen, to transcribe them for their amusement and, I hope, improvement. Yes! and perhaps it is as well. Some day, when my papers are looked over by other eyes, and the books and MSS. of another departed Freemason attract the curious or edify the collector, it will be as well, probably, if such stories as these should not fall into "profane hands," and therefore I venture seasonably and thoughtfully to send them to the *Masonic Magazine*. Some years ago, when I was a very young Mason, by the way, rather green in addition, and extremely curious about things Masonic, I attended a Lodge in a great English garrison, well known to many "sojourners" there, which was then principally composed of foreigners, though a few English Masons were among them. In those days the brethren in that particular Lodge had swords (a point I always object to in foreign Masonry), and on my alluding to that fact to my neighbour, a foreigner who spoke English, he said—"Well, you don't want them in England, and here they are really needless too; but in my country, and other countries, they are sometimes very useful and needful. Let me tell you a little story." I bowed my head and listened.

"Some years ago, in a certain Spanish town which shall be nameless, there was a Lodge of Freemasons meeting secretly, for it was then prohibited by the Government of Ferdinand." "Ah," I said, "I think when Masons are forbidden by the laws to meet, they ought not to do so. Obedience to law is always a Masonic duty." "Do not," he replied, "let us argue that point, but be good enough to listen to my story. In those days, I repeat, urged on by the priests and the violent party in the Roman Catholic Church, King Ferdinand's Government tried vainly to crush Freemasons and Freemasonry. A leading member at Madrid was placed in the Inquisition, and released by means of two Masonic familiars in a very short time, whose adventures you have doubtless read in 'Sandoval the Freemason.' That worthy brother was, in Christina's regency, Consul here, as you probably know. We were then about forty, composed of monks, the secular clergy, military officers, and civilian employés, and one or two professors. We were not, then, a political body, though proscribed. We had amongst us a brother who, disappointed at not rising to office, and stirred on by the love of 'filthy lucre,' went to the governor and offered to betray our whereabouts, so that the police might take us in actual 'session.' The governor jumped at the idea, hoping to be benefited himself, and made a bargain with the 'traitor' for so many thousand 'reals.' But the governor had a secretary, a member of our Lodge, to whom he confidentially and exultingly said, 'Tiengo anora, questos Macones.' The secretary asked how. He told him, and the name of the informant. The governor's secretary said nothing, but went and informed the Master of the Lodge, who immediately assembled privately all the brethren but the traitor in a lodge of emergency. It was then decided that they should hold their usual meeting, that the Master should summon all the brethren at a specified time, and deal with the matter as the safety of the brethren and the laws of

Masonry prescribed. Accordingly, when the informer received his secret summons, he went to the governor, and as the meeting was convened for the early hours of the evening, just when twilight sets in, if one may so speak of Spain, the governor settled with that degraded brother that, in order to ensure the capture of the whole Lodge, the police should not go near the place or surround the building for one whole hour after their assembly. This he also told the secretary. The necessary 'denouement' I leave to your imagination. When the police got to the spot and broke into the house, though they found some Masonic emblems, not a person was discernable, and from that hour to this," said my neighbour emphatically to me, "no one has ever seen or heard of the traitor. The Lodge was broken up for a time, but is now meeting again, and I am going to attend a meeting of it in a few days. So you see, my brother," he added, "that sometimes we poor foreign Masons may need the protection of the 'arch of steel.' In your happy country you know not of such things; but Masonry in other countries has often to fight for its 'dear life.'"

I have put into real speaking English, carefully, the words of my old neighbour in that Lodge, for I have remembered their substance well. The story made a deep impression on me at the time, as shewing one possible "realism" of Masonry; the application of it I leave to those good Masons who from month to month cast their eyes over these veracious pages. *Verbum sat Sapienti.*

A MASONIC DREAM.

BY BRO. HIRAM AFID.

BRO. EDITOR:—I had been to a Masonic banquet, where everything in the shape of good things to eat had been duly consumed. The *menu* consisted of oysters raw, stewed, fried, and escalloped, creams, confections, etc., too tedious to mention though not too tedious to transfer from the outside to the inside of a good eater. In a word, not to take as long to tell about it as we took at the banquet, so much was transferred from outside to inside that, as the homeward way was wended about eleven o'clock, it was necessary to let out a considerable reef in the back strap of the masculine integuments, to avoid, or at least postpone, the apoplexy which seemed imminent.

Duly arrived at home, Bro. Editor, your correspondent found all as still as a mouse, and needed no invitation to seek the arms of that blessed god, Morpheus, which Homer styled half-brother to Death. With that enormous banquet abroad, Morpheus was a little more than Death's half-brother. The city might have been stormed, and sacked, and taken, and I all unconscious, so heavy a spell of Lethean opiate had fallen upon me.

But by that subtle law of nature by which she seeks revenge on all who transgress her wholesome laws, that Lethean slumber was not healthy repose for the brain. I was in the land of morbid dreams, and found myself wandering at midnight through the deserted streets of the city, on one of those nights when the economical gas company does not light the lamps, because, by the

almanac, it is supposed to be moonlight, though the moon may have gone down an hour before. This night the sombre clouds, portending a storm, had shrouded up every star in a pall of darkness. Stumbling on in the darkness over broken pavements, and across unseen alley ways, I was suddenly grasped by two strong men, one on each side, with a Herculean grip. In the blackness of darkness I had not seen them until they were upon me. At first I thought they were highway ruffians, bent on robbing me, but one of them, in a stentorian voice, said: "You are wanted." I knew what that meant; I was arrested.

Instantly there came flashing across me everything I had ever done; the marbles I had "hooked" when a boy; the hard bargains I had made in trade. But after all, I thought, what crime had I committed that I should be seized in the dead of night and hurried off to justice or injustice? It must be a mistake, thought I; I have been arrested by mistake for some other person; I shall soon establish my innocence before the tribunal.

All these thoughts went like lightning through my brain, for in truth there was not much time for thought at all. In the strong grip of these two stalwart officers of justice I was rushed through a door of some great building, which, in the darkness, I could not make out; and up a staircase so steep as to quite take my breath away. Presently we were ushered into a dimly-lighted room, which began by degrees, as I became accustomed to the doubtful light, to take shape as the main hall of the Scottish Cathedral. The only light came through a few gas burners, turned down and strained through glass shades ornamented with skulls. Before me sat two or three men masked in sombre black, whose features were entirely undiscernable. No one else was visible.

Under ordinary circumstances this would have been sufficiently alarming; but to your correspondent was somewhat assuring. He had "been there before," and so thought to himself, "I guess it's all right; I am in the hands of friends after all. But what upon earth does it all mean?"

Presently a voice came from the black-robed judge at the head of the table, deep and sepulchral: "Guards, who have you there in charge?" I recognized the voice as that of the old Patriarch Enoch, the same that built the famous vault of nine arches, and hid away the golden plate for posterity to find.

The guards, thus challenged, answered in firm, decided tone: "A Mason who is accused of violating his Masonic obligation!"

"A Mason who has violated his Masonic obligation! Can it be possible? Knowest thou not, unhappy wretch, that no crime of which a man can be guilty is deeper or more damning than this? Stand forth and answer!" All this, from the deep, sepulchral tones of the Patriarch Enoch, struck down deep into my soul, and made me feel pretty serious. Still, thought I, there must be some mistake; what have I ever done to bring me here before the judges? and I tried to brace myself up in conscious integrity, and wrap about me the mantle of injured innocence.

"Chancellor," said another voice, "read from the book of doom the principal crimes of Masons, who have gone over the gulf to perdition; and let the accused answer, as if he stood at the bar of the eternal judgment."

That voice began: "O unhappy mortal! hast thou ever unlawfully revealed the secrets of Freemasonry?"

"Never," I answered with the quickness of an electric telegram. I began to be sure they were after the wrong individual.

"Art thou not still in the habit of using the name of God profanely, notwithstanding all thou didst promise at thy initiation into the solemn mysteries of Masonry?"

"No, sir," I replied with firmness, "never since I have been a Mason have I been guilty of that vulgar and gratuitous vice. When I was made a Mason I broke short off, and never have been guilty since." I straightened myself

up in conscious rectitude, and I could plainly see that my deportment was making a favourable impression on those cowed judges, who held in their hands my Masonic, if not my earthly fate.

One judge whispered to another, and I could just make out: "There must be some error about our information. This respondent has the air of an innocent and upright Mason."

"But," said the President, "Chancellor, is there not still another question?"

"There is yet one," said that voice.

"Read it."

"Hast thou ever wilfully defrauded a brother Mason?"

"Not wilfully, I hope," I answered more humbly, "If I ever have done so, I trust it has been done through carelessness, or forgetfulness, or thoughtlessness, and not maliciously or intentionally."

"Pause and reflect!" said the sepulchral tones of all the cowed heads at once. Then after a long pause, came thus:

"Thou has been accused of having taken the *Masonic Review* for two full years without paying a cent, and of having been placed by its publishers on the *Delinquent List!* Is that charge true?"

The last question was spoken with awful solemnity, as if it came from a yawning tomb. I heard no more. I could not speak, for my palsied tongue refused its office. The cold sweat, as of death, stood in chilly beads, glistening in the sepulchral gloom of that dim light on my brow. The blood rushing to the heart gave my face an ashy paleness, and my limbs refused their office. I felt myself falling, and struck out my arms wildly, and groaned aloud.

In an instant I was awakened by my wife's screams. "Why, Hiram, what is the matter? are you ill?" as she sprang out of bed, and turned up the gas, which we usually keep burning in a little blue flame at the bureau.

"Where am I?" I asked, sitting up in the bed, and rubbing my eyes. "O, I guess I must have had a bad spell of nightmare. I ate too much supper last night, I suspect,"

"Yes, and I am afraid those late suppers will be the death of you Masons yet. And then to think that you don't invite your wives. I know you Masons would behave much better if you always had your wives with you. If I were a Mason I would introduce a resolution never to have a banquet without inviting the ladies."

Mary was a little excited by my attack of nightmare. She is not usually given to curtain lectures, *à la* Caudle. But I was very sleepy, so I drawled out; "Yes'm—I'll—offer—such—a—reso—"

I knew no more till next morning, and might have forgotten all about the dream, and its moral. But at the breakfast table my wife said; "Hiram, you had a bad spell of nightmare last night. What in the world were you dreaming about?"

That called it all up. I told her as well as I could that I dreamt I was arrested, and accused of betraying my Masonic obligations, about owing a bill to the publishers of the *Masonic Review*; and moreover I was afraid it was all true.

As soon as I got up to my counting room that morning, I hailed Jones, my bookkeeper; "Jones, am I owing \$4.00 to the *Masonic Review*?"

"Yes, sir, that is so," said Jones.

"Why have you not reminded me of that, Jones? You know I have a great many things to think of, and am very forgetful."

"I have repeatedly spoken of it," said Jones, "when the bills have at various times been received; but you have forgotten it. You thought it, I guess, a small matter, which you could attend to at any time."

"Is it possible?" penitently said I. "Well, Jones, take this \$6.00 instantly, and hand it to the publishers, with my humblest apology; and hereafter I authorise you, whenever the first of January comes, to send \$2.00 to the *Review*

in advance for the coming year. You need not ask me. You have *carte blanche*. I shall hold you responsible after this."

So, Bro. Editor, as there may be some others in the same boat, I have written out my dream, and hope you will publish it, and oblige, yours fraternally, HIRAM AFIB.

[We reprint the above from the *Masonic Advocate*.—ED. M.M.]

A STRANGE LANGUAGE.

A REMINISCENCE OF "PINAFORE."

A PROPOS of the facility with which phrases are incorporated into the ordinary language of daily conversation, a gentleman recently related one of his experiences. About a year ago he landed in Philadelphia, after a long sea voyage. Numerous friends were in waiting, but their greeting was such as to lead him to entertain doubts as to their entire sanity. He said that he had not been actually and finally on land two hours before he made up his mind that some sporadic mental disease had spread over Philadelphia, resulting in the total and hopeless insanity of the larger portion of its citizens. He tells us the story as follows: After the first cordial greetings of friends, hearty and sincere enough, you may be sure, I found speech to remark: "I never expected such an ovation!" "What, never?" replied one of my friends. "No, never!" said I. "What, never?" with a laugh, asked another. I was about to reply to this second somewhat silly query, when a by-stander, totally unknown to me, drawled out "Well! h-a-r-d-ly ev-er!" At this my friends all joined in a hearty laugh, and I became indignant. Turning, with an angry retort on my lips, I heard some one chant, "His nose should pant, and his lip should curl; his cheek should flame, and his brow should furl." Determined to resent the fancied insult, I raised my arm to strike, but another bystander took up the strain with, "His bosom should heave and his heart should glow, and his fist be ever ready for a knock-down blow." I must confess, my anger was fast getting control of me, when one of my friends clapped me on the shoulder with the remark, "Why, old boy, you are rather triangular," with a strong emphasis on the *are*. Bewildered and vexed beyond measure, I began to speak, but only got as far as "Incomprehensible as," when still another friend finished my sentence with "our utterances are nevertheless inspired by a sincere regard to you."

Some one then asked me if I had ever seen little Buttercup. I looked at him pityingly and said, "Yes; I have seen little and big buttercups, field-daisies, violets, dandelions and Johnny-jump-ups, and I want to know what you all mean by this infernal nonsense. Tell me at once!"

"If what?" was the reply. "If what!" I reiterated, "I don't think I understand you, sir!" "If you please," said he, "for we hold that upon the seas the expression 'if you please' a particularly gentlemanly tone implants." Confused, and in despair, I turned upon my male friends with the question, "Where are my sisters?" when with one accord they chorused, "Why, there are your sisters and your cousins and your aunts." Unable to contain myself longer I exclaimed, "Why, what a set of idiots you all are." "Don't say all, dear captain!" said one. "Yes, all," I replied, "to receive such treatment as this; why, d——n it, its too bad!" To complete my confusion the whole party began to sing, "Did you hear him? He said 'd——n it.'" I tried to break away from the group, when my affianced sang, "Farewell, my own light of my life, farewell."

B.

THE MYSTIC CHORD.

BY HENRY CALVERT APPLEBY.

“’Tis now the very witching hour o’ night,
When churchyards yawn.”

Hamlet.

CHARLES ROVA was one of those cheerful, good natured, willing fellows to whom one feels irresistibly attracted at first sight; and he created a feeling of trust in anyone who was brought into slight contact with him, also impressing them with an involuntary desire to become his intimate friend. His light curly hair and delicate moustache, combined with a certain expression of his countenance, gave him an uncommon look of frankness. He was a little above the middle height, and possessed a broadly-built frame, which carried its owner in an easy, graceful manner, delightful to behold. His sparkling blue eyes, which appeared ever ready to twinkle at some spicy joke, were rather deeply set, and a perfectly straight nose finished off his fine face. You could not be serious in his company for five minutes; he was too full of life, too exuberant, too merry for that, and his whole existence seemed to be one perpetual round of happiness constantly renewed. He was nevertheless an orphan, having never seen his father, whilst his mother died when he was at the tender age of seven. Being brought up under the kind care of a maiden aunt on the moderate means left by his father, she had developed in her *protégé* all the happy graces which his ancestor had possessed, and the sterling good qualities of his mother. Knowing very little of life and its troubles, he was apprenticed at eighteen to an eminent lawyer in the town three miles distant, whither he walked to and fro, disdain- ing carriages, and now, at the age of twenty-two, he had only another year to complete his term. Such was the uneventful career of Charles Rova, and his happy disposition, combined with a careful education (for he was not averse to study), made him a general favourite even with those far older than himself.

Little wonder, then, that he succeeded before all his rich rivals in winning the coy heart of the beautiful and wayward heiress, Lucy Lovell. Her bright black eyes beaming from beneath the most exquisite eyebrows, and the dark hair that rolled in ringlets on her shoulders, together with her daring spirit, completely sobered him, and on seeing her he lost all his gaiety in the fetters of love.

That was a year ago, and all envied him his prize, who was now never separated from his thoughts, and, although his clear ringing laugh was still heard, yet it ever seemed to have a tinge of Lucy in it. At his profession Charles was making rapid headway, and when he had finished his term, with the little money left by his father he would be in an almost independent position, with not an improbable prospect of becoming a future partner in the firm. Lucy Lovell had promised to be his bride in a year, with the mutual consent and approval of all parties concerned.

This was how matters stood on the last day of the year 18—. Charlie was cheerfully trudging home from a loving interview with his “intended,” with whom he was more than ever enchanted, and he whistled a pretty air as the light snow-flakes fell on his manly form and the crisp snow was hastily trodden beneath his feet. It was already growing dark, and the neat resi-

dence of his aunt glowed with light from within as he entered. She was sitting in her easy chair in front of a blazing fire, and was so buried in deep thought that she did not perceive the entrance of her nephew, and it was with a convulsive start that she became aware of his presence.

"Oh! Charlie, you did frighten me!" said she. "I was thinking of your poor dear mother, and whether we should see her to-night, when your entrance seemed to destroy all my hopes at the very moment they seemed brightest."

"I am very sorry to have disturbed your reverie so abruptly," said Charles, taking a seat by his aunt, "but I must say that, taking all things into consideration, I consider the chances extremely feeble, and my hopes almost sink to zero."

"Don't say so, dear; you know we must do our best; and something tells me you will be partially successful this time, though it causes me great pain to think I am unable to accompany you—the more so as I feel more and more sure your poor mother had something to reveal before she died."

Having uttered these words she relapsed again into deep thought, gazing vacantly into the fire. Charles, too, was absorbed in thought, and the two remained there a long while without exchanging a syllable.

To explain the above conversation it will be necessary to give a brief account of Miss Moon, Mrs. Rova's eccentric elder sister. From a very early age she had evinced great interest in all superstitious matters, and attributed them all to some unknown principle. As she grew older she studied the subject systematically, and devoured all books treating on mysteries, animal magnetism, etc., etc., and all supernatural treatises. The death of her sister, instead of allaying her thirst for these morbid studies, only increased it, and she gradually became a confirmed Spiritualist. Nothing was too preposterous for her credulity, and she founded Utopian ideas of her own from the mass of fiction which she carefully analysed. Strange and conflicting as some of the theories were she attributed them to different causes and effects, and reconciled them all to her own satisfaction. Since her sister's death, of whom she was very fond, she continually sought for some method of communing with her spirit, which she conceived quite possible with proper means—indeed, she once stated that her departed father visited her after his decease and gave her some instructions as to the disposal of his property, which she strictly endeavoured to carry out, one supposed injunction being the disposal of a large sum in charities. Her pitying friends tried in vain to persuade her it was a mental delusion, caused by over excitement, but she clung tenaciously to her belief. Considering her warm love for her sister, and her strong desire to see her again, and her infatuated trust in the power of Spiritualism, there is little wonder that her diseased imagination invented many wild plans for her pet object. These she perseveringly tried again and again with nothing but failure, until a mad method, more weird and outrageous than all the rest, suggested itself to her tortured fancy. In this she persistently placed her hope, and anxiously watched the result at every anniversary. It will be necessary to relate the manner of her sister's death, in order to show the ground for her preposterous idea.

In the village where they resided, at the close of the old year they held a watch-night service at the little Gothic church, and Mrs. Rova and Miss Moon generally attended. It was at one of these services she breathed her last. The new year had just been "rung in," and a joyous hymn rolled forth from the organ, when a piercing shriek was heard, and Mrs. Rova fell down dead. Her deeply-lamented death was attributed to that most fatal and delusive of all maladies, heart disease. Such was the sad occasion which had so much influence over the sensitive mind of Miss Moon. The extreme singularity of the circumstance only served to add fresh impulse to her ingenious thoughts, and after many schemes of much deliberation she evolved the following, and placed it at the head of her list of incantations:—

"GREAT ANNIVERSARY SPELL.

"That a dead body at the anniversary of its decease may be *resuscitated* in the *spirit*, if the *same influences* are brought to bear upon the *locality* of its death that were *present* at the *time* of its death."

This was the strange and impracticable theory deduced by Miss Moon from a pile of rubbish collected by her, and which she forthwith attempted to put into practice. Every year she had strength of nerve sufficient to support her while she underwent the ordeal (to her) of attending at the watch night service. Strictly she sat in her old accustomed place and went through every performance in the same literal manner. Every now and then she fancied she heard the rustle of shrouds, and more than once imagined her sister at her elbow. At her request the organist always played the same hymn, on which she calculated more than anything else, for, according to her mania, music was a powerful *resuscitator*! She even continued these mad speculations much further, and added to the clergyman's salary indirectly and by way of presents in order to keep him at the same post, and the slightest suspicion of his departure was sufficient to make her redouble her favours. She provided similar decorations for the church, and prevailed upon an approximate number of people to attend, to make it as similar to the night of Mrs. Rova's death as possible. Having monetary influence she was enabled to go thus far. But the most unfortunate circumstance connected with her mental disease (for it can be called nothing else) was the fact that she gradually imbued—at first not intentionally, but afterwards confidently—her nephew Charles with her own vague and harmful fancies. The wonder is that Charles (though otherwise he had good training) did not develop into a miserable hypochondriac instead of the light-hearted, happy fellow he was. But she could not overcome nature—indeed, she did not want to; she admired, nay, envied him his brilliant buoyancy.

The night before the tenth anniversary she considered him sufficiently trustworthy to fully invest with her awful *secret*, and prepared him to accompany her at its tenth trial. Her previous failures only urged her to make further attempts, and as she kept adding to her stock of mystic literature she found fresh details to add to her exorcisms. Gradual as Charles's involuntary training had been, he was astounded at the full revelation, but, with the ardour of youth, did not doubt its efficacy. Full of feverish excitement, he went with her to the church and anxiously watched his aunt's nervous twitchings during the service, when, at the precise time of his mother's death, Miss Moon gave a loud scream and fell senseless on the floor! All present thought she had died of the fatal disease, like her sister, and complete consternation prevailed. Nearly all there were acquainted with the peculiar circumstances of Mrs. Rova's death, and for a time were too astounded to move. Eventually the poor lady was borne away insensible, and a long illness of brain fever ensued. Her maniacal ravings were horrible to hear, and it required three or four attendants to pacify her and keep her from doing any mischief. From her more coherent moments her friends gathered many of her ideas, and one consequence was the discontinuance of the watch night service at the little village church, and it was afterwards conducted in the larger edifice in the adjacent town. But they never suspected that her nephew had any complicity in her plans, and Charles remained unquestioned. He was full of uneasiness at his aunt's protracted illness, and in his ignorance attributed it to some unearthly sources. At her convalescence he was allowed to see her, and a mutual exchange of confidences took place, she also believing her illness to have arisen through "spiritual visitation." The fever had not, as is often the case, bereft her of memory, but had slightly impaired her intellect. The discontinuance of the service was her greatest trouble, and she wondered by what means she could overcome the difficulty for the future.

Charles also assisted her, and it was finally arranged that he should devotedly study the complications of that noble instrument the organ. He also read all her books, went ardently through all her plans, and entered fully into the spirit of the absurd work. *Being deprived of his mother, to whom he had been very much attached, he, not unnaturally, longed for her, and, having been brought up in ignorance of the world and its ways, and fed by superstition, he embraced it as a welcome friend.* Had he imparted his thoughts to another friend it might have been different, but he kept secrecy. The next anniversary passed by without the accustomed trial being made, as Charles had been at first unable to obtain the post of organist, but soon afterwards was installed into that office for the little church. It was never suspected that any harm might accrue from it, but for the next three years Miss Moon and her nephew might have been observed at midnight on the last day in each December wending their way to the Gothic edifice. There Charles played the organ, and his aunt sat shivering in her old place, but always with the same result—they came back disappointed.

Another year had now arrived at its close, and Charles was about to set out alone on his labour of love. His aunt was unable to accompany him, her last visit having given her rheumatic fever, from the effects of which she never perfectly recovered. Charles's only objection to her plans had hitherto been on the score of arithmetic; he saw the possibility of a "spiritual interview," but complained of the disastrous chances. How great were the odds that he should strike the right chord on the right tier of pipes at the right moment! True, he had varied the stops as they are ordinarily done, but they were capable of almost infinite changes, and then the external circumstances of sound alone were so numerous that he almost sank into despair at the prospect. Still he carried on his resolution, though with less and less confidence, impelled by the love he bore his mother; but contact with the world was by degrees rubbing off the film of superstition that enveloped him, and his aunt reproachfully taunted him with scepticism. Still he did not reveal to her all his thoughts, for fear of hurting her feelings; but on this night he mentally resolved that this visit to the church should be his last.

These were his thoughts as he sat staring at the fire, now at a white heat. There he was busy building castles, and thinking more of Lucy than of his mother, and the faces in the coals seemed now to resemble one, then the other. His aunt saw a face there, too, but it was the melancholy face of her sister, horribly distorted, and struggling to reveal some ghastly mystery. Very few words were spoken that night until the time came for Charles to go, when the old lady loaded him with instructions, and bid him be careful, parting from him with a regretful kiss.

Charles's step was not so light as usual, and he mechanically reached the little church, of which he had the key. He was not afraid, but he felt a sense of utter loneliness he had not before experienced. Suppose his mother should appear! He almost hoped she would not, and began to feel a tremor at his heart as the key rattled in the door, and vague doubts arose to his mind. His steps echoed loudly in the church, which seemed listening to his thoughts. In his abstraction he left the door unlocked; on his way he stumbled over something, which sent a cold shiver all over him, and he found it was a Bible that had fallen from one of the pews. He had to pass the place where the wraith was expected to appear, and a cold clammy feeling crept over him. He at last reached the organ and opened its rusty hinges. The bellows could be filled by pedals, and, having a quarter of an hour to wait, he set his watch before him and began to play a chant, which rolled harmoniously through the building. This gave him courage, and he felt prepared for any trial. His thoughts seemed to go out with the music, and fill the little church with their immensity. He was beginning to scout the idea of ghosts and look upon his journey as idle, when he fancied he saw a white figure behind one of the pillars, but it immediately disappeared. His fears were again aroused, and he

strained his eyes intently in the direction in which it had vanished, but could see nothing. He felt he was getting unnerved by what was merely an illusion, and braced himself up for the ordeal. What a thrill the unexpected sound of the church bell gave him as it commenced to strike twelve! How the awful sounds vibrated and seemed to descend deep into the earth, and tell the spirits to prepare! One after another they fell on his ear like a knell, and he wondered when they would cease. And when the last iron sound had ceased it seemed to develop into a silence that could be felt, and out of which there was no escape. His first movement startled him, and he found the time fast approaching. He made a new combination of stops, and he counted the minutes, the seconds, and, at the calculated moment, commenced the hymn. His heart was beating violently, and he earnestly wished the next twenty seconds had passed. He fixed his eyes on the spot where his mother had died, and the pale moon threw a cold, unearthly glimmer across the church that appeared to rarify the atmosphere. The familiar sounds seemed to speak to him in different voices, one saying, "It's no use, you've tried it before," and another saying, "Take care, take care!" These gradually increased in intensity, but he kept his eyes steadily on the same place, and was beginning to think that his last trial was over as the objects dimmed before his eyes. Accustomed as he was to playing the hymn, he nevertheless made a slight mistake, which resulted in a peculiar discord, and immediately his mother's place seemed to be filled! A white sepulchral form sat there! A thrill of horror ran through his frame! Could it be real? Yes, it *would* not vanish, but remained there and assumed the solidity of flesh and blood! He perceived a slight movement, and a cold shudder passed over him, his teeth chattered, and a fit of trembling seized him, while his hair seemed to shrink into his head. Was that really his mother? Had she come there specially to reveal some dread secret to him? Had he indeed struck the right chord? Yes, there was no doubt about it; he had hit upon the peculiar discord which had been made by accident fifteen years ago, accompanying his mother's death, and his mother was there now in answer to it! "All the past years of thought and study flitted through his brain like a momentary pageant, and he saw a reality in the strange plans fixed for the supernatural. He marvelled that he could have disbelieved them. Ages seemed to pass away, and the terrible chord was still ringing on, his fingers being convulsively clasped to the notes. He could not lift them. He felt that something must be done, and tried to speak, but his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth. He could hear the ticking of his watch above the sound of the organ, and the beating of his heart emulated it. Years seemed to have passed since he came into the church, and he counted the seconds laboriously. If he *were* able to leave the organ the spell would be broken that had conjured up the vision. He could bear it no longer, and was about to dash away and seize the spectre, when, with a long, drawn out sound that seemed to extend for hours, the chord finished for want of wind in a weird, awful, discordant shriek, like a long last-drawn breath, and his blood curdled in terror, as he dreaded lest the figure should now disappear. He could sustain the sound no longer, and felt that his last hope had died, when he found the spectre still there as ever, although the organ had stopped. Was he alone with one from the grave—the unknown world? Now he wished it had departed with that fearful sound, when a new feeling came over him, and he clumsily walked towards it. His steps echoed and re-echoed in empty space! The ghost moved—yes, he saw it move, and his eyes dilated, while the cold drops of perspiration stood on his brow. Still he walked on, and the church seemed to move and heave as though an earthquake was lifting it. He took new courage at his progress, and, continuing to advance, tried to make out the features, determined to know the worst. He clenched his teeth to keep them from chattering, and grasped his coat in both hands. Heavens! the figure rises and approaches him! He stands rooted

to the spot and awaits its arrival, when—can he believe his eyesight? Is it really the ghost of Lucy? These thoughts rushed through his brain as the figure hastened to speak to him. He shrunk in terror and fell fainting on the floor, and Lucy leant over him with concern. She applied the contents of her scent bottle to his face, and he revived. At first he stared wildly, and then he asked her what it all meant? Where was he? Had he been dreaming? No, he was still in the church, and Lucy, whom he could now feel was warm flesh, was bending over him. He saw it all. He remembered how she was cognizant of his visits to the church, and how he had confided in her his secret, while she had tried to dissuade him from his foolish belief. Yes, it was all plain now; there had been no ghost at all, and he was convinced. Yet what agony it had cost him! But he saw that she too was pained and grieved for his sake, and her soothing words fell on his ear like sweet music as she asked his forgiveness, which he readily granted, nay, he was ever grateful to her. He felt ten years older and wiser, and kissed Lucy, who was weeping.

"Much better, much better," he murmured, "to be thus fearfully convinced than to be for ever fast in the trammels of superstition and dread. My poor aunt!"

His voice sounded to him like someone else's speaking a long way off, yet quite distinct, and he cast a wistful glance at the old pew. The last words recalled him, and he remembered her looks and superstitions and the years of useless labour she had spent in studying them, and he wondered how she too could be convinced.

"Now you have forgiven me, Charlie, I must explain," said Lucy. "I did not tell you of my intention of coming to the church, and had not at first a notion of acting as I have done; but when I got here I saw the door open, and you sat at your organ expecting the vraith of your mother, I thought the best method of proving to you the nonexistence of spirits was the cruel practical one I suddenly adopted on the spur of the moment, but I am afraid it has been too severe for you."

"Not at all, not at all."

"My second object was your aunt, whose sole energies seem to be wrapt up in this subject."

"But this will not convince her; it will rather——"

"Wait a little," said Lucy, quietly, "we cannot proceed with your aunt in an ordinary manner; she is too confirmed for that. You must tell her you have seen the spirit of your mother——"

"But——"

"And that she spoke to you," continued Lucy, "and expressed her sorrow at her sister's proceedings, having otherwise died happy."

"Capital! that will ease her much, and she will rest happy on that score."

"Yes," said Lucy, "and it will perhaps ultimately convince her of her error; and, from the experience you have had, you are well qualified to dilate upon the horrors of your mother's appearance."

"Yes, indeed," said he, half reproachfully.

"Now I must go back with my maid, or they may find out my absence at the hall. Oh! you needn't fear, she won't tell anybody. You must accept my sincere regret."

"Don't mention it; I am eternally beholden to you."

* * * * *

Five years have elapsed, and Charles is still the same happy fellow. He married Lucy Lovell at the appointed time, and they are now blessed with two fine healthy children. One they have called Charles Robert and the other Lucy Laura—pretty names. Charles Roy has been successful in business, and the lawyer's firm is now under his name. Poor Miss Moon was dissuaded from

her Spiritualism before her death, though she thought that "something" or "somebody" was deceiving her. Charles suggested it was the books, and she immediately ordered them to be burnt, and soon after expired in peace, leaving him her property.

Charles often relates to his friends, with his jovial smile, the horrors he experienced in the little church, and winds up with praising his beautiful wife, and kisses her, saying he hardly understands it yet.

THE UNIVERSALITY OF MASONRY.

BY BRO. CAPT. SAM. WHITING.

ONE morn as pensively I strolled
On far Pacific's Chilian shore,
Through Valparaiso's hills there rolled
The echoes of the breakers' roar.

A crowd of Chilians I descried
Gather'd around a lifeless form
Cast up by the receding tide,
Sad jetsam* of the wreck and storm.

They upward turn'd the dead man's face
To see if aught they might descry—
Some token of his name or race,
Or other mark to know him by.

Tattoo'd upon his breast appeared
Duncan McGregor's Scottish name—
A sailor, and perchance endeared
To some sweet lass of Highland fame.

But the left arm disclosed to view
Some signs and tokens ever dear
To Brother Masons good and true,
Which they all love and all revere.

A Square and Compass was disclosed,
Which with delight the Chilians see,
While in the centre there reposed
The grand symbolic letter "G."

These Chilians were Masons all,
And prov'd as true as they were brave:
They found the stranger coffin, pall,
And Christian burial freely gave.

"Praise God for Masonry!" I said,
While gazing on this touching scene;
It sacredly inhumes the dead,
And keeps the Mason's memory green.

NEW BRIGHTON, New Year's 1880.

* Ancient Marine Insurance terms "Flotsam and Jetsam"—the first, floating *debris* of wreck, and the last, that is cast on shore.

THE LONDON LIVERY COMPANIES.

AT first these companies were organised as mutual benefit associations for the several trades. Goldsmiths, for example, joined the Goldsmiths' Company, and were protected by it in their rights; in case of sickness they received, if needing, pecuniary aid. A man, no matter how high his qualifications, could not practice his trade, or "mystery," in the city of London till approved by the company established to regulate that trade. Some of the companies, or guilds as they are now called, still exercise the authority once accorded them by common consent. Thus the Apothecaries' Hall still licenses druggists; and the fishmongers still exercise the right of inspecting and putting out of the market decaying and unsavoury fish; and this too, notwithstanding the fact that there is not a *bona fide* fishmonger in the Fishmongers' Guild at the present time.

The companies are of ancient origin, some of them dating back more than six hundred years. For a long time they had no charters from the king, and therefore no right such as corporate bodies now have. Edward III. and Richard II. chartered some of them, and immediately they began to assume an importance that previously they had not aspired to. They made every tradesman under their jurisdiction wear a dress that was peculiar to his trade, hence the name "livery company." At one time no person could follow a trade without joining a company, but this rule has been abrogated.

A still greater innovation was brought to pass when persons of wealth and distinction who did not know or practice any trade were allowed to become members of a guild on payment of a fee. The livery companies, collecting small money assessments regularly of every member, found after a time that their funds were accumulating. They invested their surplus in lands and buildings, at first in London and later in various parts of England and Ireland. About a dozen out of some eighty companies have become immensely wealthy. It is a matter of history that some of the richest guilds were pounced upon and robbed by crowned heads in a polite way. As far back as the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the sovereigns were compelling these rich guilds to contribute money to help carry on foreign wars. Henry VIII., Queen Mary, Queen Elizabeth, and Charles I., demanded and received large sums of money, in some instances from £50,000 to £100,000. As the kings and queens seldom repaid the money, the guilds may have purchased power to conduct their affairs with a loose justice and without fear of being called to account.

The principal companies are the Mercers', Grocers', Drapers', Fishmongers', Goldsmiths', Skinners', Merchant Tailors', Ironmongers', Vintners', Cloth-Workers' and Haberdashers'. So rich and powerful did these companies become that persons were glad to avail themselves of their influence, and in several instances royal personages became members and attended their sumptuous banquets. Queen Elizabeth belonged to the Mercers' Company, James I. was a cloth-worker; Charles II. and William III. were grocers; and Henry VII. was a merchant tailor. After a time the livery was abolished, and the larger guilds were found to have a membership of several hundred persons, a majority being laymen or non-craftsmen. When it was discovered that the power for good or evil lay in the hands of the non-professional majority, they sought to limit the admission of tradesmen, and as the slow centuries passed by they so far succeeded in diverting the trade guilds from their original intentions that with two or three exceptions no company allowed craftsmen to become members and enjoy the fruits of the funds gathered in the first instance by their workmen brethren in the far-away early times. About forty of the guilds built halls for their meetings, and in those erections gatherings were held from time to time for mutual benefit, for discussion, or for social intercourse.

CHURCH BELLS AND THEIR ASSOCIATIONS.

BY BRO. THOMAS B. TROWSDALE,

Author of "Glimpses of Olden Kent," "Love of the Months," etc.

THE tones of the church bell have ever exercised a sort of mystic influence over the human mind, and in the dark ages, when ignorance stalked abroad in our land, bells were regarded with superstitious veneration.

Who amongst us can hear, without catching something of the spirit they joyously disseminate, the merry wedding chimes, throwing all around a spell of happy gladness; who can listen unmoved to the tolling of the passing bell, so slow, so deep, so sad, telling how a soul is winging its flight away from the earth for ever. Who has not heard, and felt better for hearing, however un-mindful of spiritual things he may be, "The sound of the church-going bell," sending forth on some calm Sabbath morning its hallowed music, seeming, as it were, to re-echo the glad, sweet song of peace on earth carolled forth by the angels to the wondering shepherds of Bethlehem eighteen centuries ago.

We cannot wonder, with such associations as these, that bells have become interwoven with many a legend, quaint and old, and formed the subject of many a strange and interesting story.

In the general destruction and distribution of church property which occurred in the reign of Henry VIII., countless bells were melted down for the sake of the metal. Tales of many curious coincidences attending this wholesale appropriation have been related. Ships attempting to carry bells across the seas foundered shortly after leaving land, as at Lynn and Yarmouth; and fourteen of the Jersey bells being wrecked at the entrance of the harbour of St. Malo, a saying arose to the effect that when the wind blows the drowned bells are ringing. A certain Bishop of Bangor, too, who sold the bells of his cathedral, is said to have been stricken with blindness when he went to see them shipped; and Sir Miles Partridge, who won the Jesus bells of St. Paul's, London, from King Henry, at dice, was not long afterwards hanged on Tower Hill. These bells, four in number, were staked by King Henry against one hundred pounds, and his opponent won. Camden relates a singular legend having reference to the bells of Ledbury Church, Herefordshire. A chapel on the north side of Ledbury Church is dedicated to Saint Catherine, of whom Camden gives the following account:—"Catherine Audley, or, as she is commonly called, St. Catherine, was a religious woman in the reign of Edward the Second, and had a maid named Mabel, and not being fixed in any settled place, she had a revelation that she should not set up her rest until she came to a town where the bells should ring of themselves. She and her maid, coming near Ledbury, heard the bells ring, though the church doors were shut and no ringers there. Here, then, she determined to spend the remainder of her days, and build a hermitage, living on herbs and milk. The king, in consideration of her birth and piety, or both, granted her an annuity of £30." The church at Boscastle, Cornwall (anciently called *Bottreaux*), has no bells; but tradition says a peal was ordered on the Continent and there cast, but the vessel which was bringing them over to Boscastle sank within sight of the church tower, of course losing the bells beneath the waves. It was said that the cause of the ship's foundering was a direct intervention of Almighty power, in reproof of the irreverence of the captain. The pilot, so runs the story, was a Boscastle man, and on sighting his native coast, he exclaimed, "Thank God! we shall reach the shore with evening's tide;" to which the captain mockingly

replied, that he might thank God whilst on shore, but when on shipboard he was to ascribe his safety to the good vessel and the skill of those who guided it. As if in judgment, these words had hardly been uttered before a mighty storm arose, in which the vessel was lost, and all on board perished, with the exception of the pilot. This Cornish legend has been enshrined in charming verse by the late Rev. Richard Stephen Howker. We have only space for the concluding lines:—

“ Still, when the storm of Bottreaux’s waves
Is waking in his weedy caves,
Those bells the sullen surges hide
Peal their deep tones beneath the tide.

‘ Come to thy God in time !
Thus saith the ocean chime ;
Storm, whirlwind, billow past,
Come to thy God at last.’ ”

Bells were anciently consecrated before they were raised to their places, each being dedicated to some divine personage, saint, or martyr. The ringing of such bells was considered efficacious in dispersing storms and evil spirits were supposed to be unable to endure their sound. From this supposition, it is said, arose the custom of ringing “the passing bell.”

Bells have their literary associations. The venerable Bede is the first who makes mention of them, where he tells us that, at the death of St. Thilda, one of the sisters of a distant monastery, as she was sleeping, thought she heard the bell which called to prayers when any of them departed this life. Much has been written by early English authors on the art of bell ringing. The dislike of spirits to bells is mentioned in the “Golden Legend,” by Wynkyn de Worde, as follows:—“It is said evill spirytes that ben in the regyon of thayre doubte moche when they here the belles rongen ; and this is the cause why the belles ben rongen when it thondreth, and when grete tempeste and outrages of wether happen, to the ende that the fiends and wicked sprytes sholde be abashed and flee, and cease of the movynge of tempeste.” Shakespeare speaks of the bell in a very fine passage, in which King John, addressing Hubert, says :

“ If the midnight bell
Did with his iron tongue and brazen mouth
Sound one unto the drowsy races’ night.”

Anciently the ringers of the bells had their “Articles of Ringing,” or “Ringers’ Regulations,” and these were often in rhyme. Some lines bearing the former title are upon the walls of the belfry of Dunster Church, Somersetshire, dated 1787, whilst an example from Hathersage, Derbyshire, is so curious that we transcribe it :

“ You gentlemen that here do wish to ring,
So that these laws ye keep in ev’ry thing,
Or else, be sure, ye must without delay
The penalty thereof to th’ ringers pay.
First when you do into the bell-house come
Look if the ringers have convenient room,
For if you be an hindrance unto them
Fourpence you forfeit to these gentlemen.
Next, if you do intend here to ring,
With hat and spurs on do not touch a string ;
For if you do your forfeit is for that
Just fourpence, or else you lose your hat.
If you a bell turn o’er, without delay
Fourpence unto the ringers you must pay ;
Or if you strike, miscall, or do abuse,
For every oath here sworn ere you go hence
Unto the poor you must pay twelvetpence ;

And if that you desire to be enrolled
 A ringer here these orders keep and hold;
 But whoso doth these orders disobey
 Unto the stocks we will take him straightway,
 There to remain until he be willing
 To pay the forfeit and the clerk a shilling."

These fines were rigidly adhered to, and the money so obtained was laid out in ale for the refreshment of the ringers. At many churches large jugs, with curious inscriptions, were expressly provided to contain the beer. One at Hinder Clay, in Suffolk, was presented to the Noble Society of Ringers of that parish by Samuel Moss, who once belonged to the body, and left in 1702. It bears the inscription—

"From London I was sent,
 As plainly doth appear,
 It was to this intent—
 To be filled with strong beer.
 Please remember the pitcher when empty."

Inscriptions on the bells themselves are very common. Those on the oldest are in Lombardic and black letter characters, the former probably the more ancient. The black letter was superseded by the ordinary Roman capitals towards the close of the sixteenth century. We give a selection of the most curious of these epigraphs or bell legends. Weever, in his work on "Funeral Monuments," says: "In the little sanctuary at Westminster, King Edward III. erected a clochier (clock tower), and placed therein three bells for the use of St. Stephen's Chapel. About the biggest of them were cast in the metal these words—

'King Edward made me thirty thousand weight and three;
 Take me down and wey me, and more you shall find me.'

At St. Michael's, Coventry, on the fourth bell is—

"I ring at six to let men know
 When to and from their work to go;"

on the seventh bell—

"I ring to sermon with a lusty bome,
 For all may come and not can stay at home;"

on the eighth—

"I am and have been called the common bell,
 To ring when fire breaks out to tell."

Inscribed on a bell at Sellack Church, Herefordshire, were the lines—

"I to the church the living call,
 And to the grave do summon all."

Sometimes the inscription gave the maker's name, as at St. Mary the Virgin, Oxford—

"Be it known to all that doth me see
 For Newcome, of Leicester, made me."

Often, too, the donor's name was thus perpetuated. The tenth bell at Bath Abbey bears this couplet—

"All you of Bath that hear me sound
 Thank Lady Hopton's hundred pound."

The bells of Bakewell Church, Derbyshire, are all engraved with quaint rhymes, those on the fifth bell being—

"Thro' grandsires and tripples with pleasure men rang,
 Till Death calls the Bobs and brings on the last change."

The old custom of ringing the "Pancake Bell" at noon on Shrove Tuesday as a signal for the commencement of fritter frying is still kept up at Davenbury, in Northhamshire, and elsewhere; whilst at Woodchester a muffled peal is rung on Holy Innocents' Day.

There is a valley in Nottinghamshire where a village is said to have been swallowed up by an earthquake; and it was the custom at one time for the people to assemble in this valley and listen to the fancied ringing of the church bells underground. When the church at Inkberrow was rebuilt on the new site many years ago, it was believed that the fairies took umbrage at the change, as they were supposed to be averse to bells. They accordingly, legend tells, endeavoured to obstruct the building, but as they did not succeed the following lamentation is alleged to have been heard by the startled rustics of the neighbourhood—

"Neither sleep, neither lie,
For Inkbro's ting-tangs hang so nigh."

One of the most widespread and popular of English customs is that of ringing "the old year out and the new year in." Our present poet laureate has made this usage the subject of some masterly verses, the first of which we will transcribe as an appropriate conclusion to our little paper on "Church Bells"—

"Ring out wild bells to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light,
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out wild bells and let him die."

THE MASONIC VETERANS' ASSOCIATION OF CENTRAL NEW YORK.

A FEW months ago there was organised in Syracuse the second society of its kind in the world—"The Masonic Veterans' Association of Central New York."

The only other organisation like it is in the city of New York. None but Free and Accepted Masons, who have been members in good standing of a Masonic lodge for a period of twenty-one years, are eligible, and its purposes are fully explained in the following report of the Secretary. When first made the proposition to organise such a society met with general favour among members of the Masonic fraternity of proper age for membership; but it will readily be surmised that a large membership could not have been anticipated, for comparatively few members of the Craft are well qualified under the first condition. The greater part of its membership is now, and probably always will be, composed of those whose heads are tinged by the changes and vicissitudes of time and seasons, whose sun of life is slowly sinking in the west.

The bye-laws declare that an annual banquet shall be given by the Association, at which the proceedings shall at all times be dignified and the memories of the year, in their relation to the Association, shall be revived. The first banquet accordingly took place at the Asylum of the Central City Commandery. Previous to it, however, a meeting of the Association was held, at which several new members were admitted, making the total membership forty. An honorary membership was conferred upon M. W. Clinton F. Paige. A unique badge was also adopted. Its shape is that of a diamond, with the name of the organisation in a circle and enclosing the emblematic designs. In the opening of an Egyptian gateway is a sphynx (silence), and in the distance three pyramids (age). Over the gateway is a winged globe (flight of time), and over all clasped hands (friendship). The design is handsomely ornamented and embellished.

At the conclusion of the session a procession was formed, and the members of the Association and a few invited guests proceeded to the banquet hall, and enjoyed a superior feast, spread by Commissary Windholz in his inimitable manner. Previous to the taking of seats the Divine blessing was asked by the Rev. Dr. Bristol. President James S. Leech presided, assisted at the second table by Vice-President Stiles M. Rust. The *menu* having been laid aside, George J. Gardner, Esq., Secretary, than whom none was more active and influential, in organising the Association, read his first annual report as follows :—

A brief review of the circumstances which gave rise to the forming of the organisation, and a succinct history of the steps taken subsequently, may not be considered inappropriate at this the first of our annual gatherings. As a matter of history it may be of interest to those who succeed us to know what causes impelled us to the step, or what object we had in view in effecting such an organisation as this. I submit, therefore, a brief account of our origin, our acts, and our present condition.

The first movement towards effecting our organisation took place in the month of February, 1879, and was prompted in a great measure by a slight knowledge of the workings of a similar body formed in the city of New York some seven or eight years since, the only one of the kind in the United States and, presumably, in the world.

Reflecting upon the social advantages which might accrue from such an Association induced a consultation with a few of the older members of the fraternity residing in this section, the result of which consultation was an expressed desire that steps be at once taken to perfect an organisation. A paper, in the nature of an agreement to unite and further such action, was drawn up and circulated, and twenty-one signatures procured and affixed thereto, representing a number of lodges in this locality. This being completed, a meeting of the subscribers was held, at which it was determined that an association should be formed under the laws of the State of New York, to be a body politic, and invested with corporate powers; that the name of such corporation should be "The Masonic Veterans' Association of Central New York," and that it should be composed of such persons as had been Free and Accepted Masons for twenty-one years and upwards, and were in good standing in their respective lodges at the time of their application for admission.

The proper instruments in writing required by the Act were duly prepared and executed, filed in the offices of Secretary of State and Clerk of the County, after approval by and consent of a Justice of the Supreme Court, and on the acknowledgment of receipt at the office of Secretary of State, May 24th, 1879, the Association commenced its corporate existence.

The following named persons were stated in its certificate of incorporation as its first officers, viz., James S. Leach, President; Stiles M. Rust and William Caldwell, Vice-Presidents; George J. Gardner, Recording Secretary; Edward H. Brown, Corresponding Secretary; Seymour H. Stone, Treasurer;

and Rev. D. W. Bristol, D.D., Chaplain; these persons also forming its first Board of Trustees, or Executive Committee. Meetings have since been held, at which all formal business has been transacted necessary to put the machinery in working order.

A code of bye-laws has been adopted and printed, complete sets of appropriate blanks prepared and printed, a seal designed, adopted, and mounted for use, and everything is now complete for the reception of members duly qualified as by the bye-laws. By a section of said bye-laws provision is made for receiving two classes of members—active and honorary. Under the first class but one member has been added to our circle, the lack of time since the completion of our organisation preventing further additions. Under the other class, that of honorary, two have been admitted—M.W. John W. Simons, of New York city, well known by every active Mason by his services and writings in behalf of the Craft, who has also been appointed by our body as its representative near the Masonic Veterans in that city; and Bro. E. D. Trakey, of Brewerton Lodge, a venerable member of the fraternity, who for many years, embracing the dark period of our Masonic history, has remained true to its principles, “faithful among the faithless.” There is now in the hands of the Secretary a number of applications awaiting action thereon, so that it is fair to presume that the next annual report will show a large addition to our body. Our present number is twenty-four. As the existence of our Association becomes known and its objects understood, its increase of membership must necessarily be rapid, not, however, we trust, so rapid as to deteriorate its standing and influence.

Thus, my brethren, I have presented to you a brief history of our origin, and a statement of our present condition. The details of our operations are meagre, and perhaps to some may be unsatisfactory, but it should be remembered that the period covered by this annual report is but a small proportion of a year, and that occupied in working up details for future operations. Having passed through our initiative process, who can predict our future? Doubtless the question has been asked by some *cui bono*, of what use or practical benefit is such an organisation? The question is partially answered in its objects, as stated in its certificate of incorporation, to be to perpetuate existing friendships; to form new ones; to keep alive and fructify the zeal of the brethren; to place before the younger craftsmen an example of long-continued devotion to the cause, and a zeal not to be affected by the changes and vicissitudes of times and seasons; to assist in developing and preserving the history of the fraternity; to pay the last tribute of respect to departed members of the association, and to preserve in its archives a memorial of their lives and services.

Are not these objects commendable ones? Should we not seek to perpetuate friendships formed under the impressive influences of our ritualistic ceremonies? Or shall we, after having spent the most active period of our existence in striving to advance the interests of our time-honoured institution, calmly fold our hands and forget that we ever were members of the “mystic tie”? Again, having enjoyed the privileges of the Craft, and for many years witnessed and experienced its principles exemplified, and as in the case of many of us, been honoured with its exalted official positions, are we not in duty bound to encourage the neophyte, to assist the younger Craftsman in a proper discharge of his duty, and to aid him in keeping alive the latent spark of enthusiasm which was kindled at the altar when he vowed to be faithful to the cause? Can we not do much toward preserving the historical landmarks in laying up in the archives of the institution local and general records, which in after times shall be of untold service to the historian, who, in the near or far future, shall, like Marius amid the ruins of Carthage, seek to probe our earlier history? And when, as one by one we leave these transitory scenes for that land beyond the river, as sooner or later we must all do, will it not be our

mournful duty, as well as privilege, to follow to the last resting place the remains of our associates, there to assist in depositing the fragrant acacia on the breast of one who in life was a member of our mystic brotherhood, and in death will not be forgotten?

Nor is this all. There are benefits and advantages to be derived from such an organization which may to some appear more practicable in their nature, and perhaps more beneficial in their operation. By the Act under which our corporation exists, we are authorised to hold real and personal estate to the value of \$300,000. Should the time ever arise when the various Masonic bodies in our midst deemed it best to purchase real estate for their purposes, such purchase could be effected through the association, and the property held in trust by it for the benefit of the several bodies. This would obviate the necessity of each becoming incorporated under the special Act passed several years since, to which there are some objections.

The Act under which we are organised also authorises us to receive bequests or other gifts; brethren, therefore, if so desired, may entrust matters of this nature to this association with the assurance that the trust will be administered "with fidelity by those who are of the same household of faith."

As a court of arbitration, much can be done toward settling disputes or grievances between lodges or between individuals and lodges, or individuals themselves, by a submission of the matters in dispute to this body, whose members are presumed, by long experience, to understand the laws and usages of the Craft. Such action on both sides, however, would have to be purely voluntary, as no action or decision could be made legally binding, or be a finality of the matter, unless previously agreed to by all parties.

But time will not admit of a further elucidation of the advantages which might accrue from such an organisation as this. I have mentioned a few of them, time and experience will develop others. Let us use those which exigency, expediency and duty demands, and our powers authorise, and then we shall have discharged our obligations, both corporate and fraternal, fully and to the extent of the most reasonable exaction.

Brethren, we have met for the first time around our festive board. Shall it be the last with any of us? Most of us are falling into "the sere and yellow leaf." At the best some of us cannot expect to participate in many of these annual gatherings. Then let us labour zealously while the day lasts, "for the night cometh in which no man can work." Let us renew our strength for the upbuilding of our cherished institution, and show, by our zeal, to the younger Craftsmen that we who have long trod in the old-time paths appreciate its privileges and earnestly desire its prosperity. Let us animate and encourage those who are falteringly following in our footsteps, and when they shall have reached the dividing line between them and us, extend to them the fraternal grasp and welcome them within our portals, and as the infirmities of age creep apace upon us, may they assume our positions and carry on the noble work begun by us, until it shall attain that fruition which the eye of faith can dimly perceive in the distance.

[We take this from the *New York Dispatch*.—Ed. M.M.]

FOUND.

BY SAVARICUS.

FOR months my stricken heart has prayed,
 And grief its silence on me laid ;
 My feelings swayed by hope and fear,
 Are daily buoyed by mem'ry dear.
 A soothing thought will often rise,
 And bid me wait a great surprise ;
 The face I love, and long to see,
 In dreams doth come and smile on me.
 Awaking, I pour forth my soul
 To Him who doth the sea control,
 And trusting ever in the Lord,
 A solemn calm is my reward.

* * * * *

A letter sent from far off land--
 The superscription in her hand !
 Am I awake, is this a dream,
 Or doth my mind with fancies teem ?
 All doubt is passed, I read, I cry,
 My joy is great, I smile, I sigh ;
 The lost one's found, my darling's saved,
 Although the jaws of death were braved.
 A passing ship, with noble crew,
 From drowning rescued one or two,
 And bore the saved ones far away
 To distant shores--hence my dismay.
 But now the cheering letter sent
 Hath banished all my languishment.
 I read the words of comfort o'er,
 And sit and watch beside the door.

* * * * *

The blissful day has come and gone,
 As man and wife we now live on ;
 With grateful hearts a happy pair,
 Delighting in the love we share ;
 For dangers braved, for perils passed,
 We have a sweet reward at last :
 The joys of home our senses cheer,
 And snugly housed no harm we fear,
 The balmy breath of blooming flowers,
 Pervades the sheltered cot of ours,
 The distant lake, the forest trees,
 And mountain range unite to please.

* * * * *

My heart is light, my house is gay,
 A fairy rules, I own her sway ;
 With gladdened eyes I look around.
 And see the dear one, lost and found.

LITTLE BRITAIN.

[We have found this little amusing sketch in the now forgotten "Sketch Book" of Washington Irving, published in 1830.—Ed. M.M.]

What I write is most true * * * * I have a whole booke of cases lying by me, which if I should sette foorth, some grave auncients (within the hearing of Bow Bells) would be out of charity with me.—NASHB.

IN the centre of the great City of London lies a small neighbourhood, consisting of a cluster of narrow streets and courts, of very venerable and debilitated houses, which goes by the name of Little Britain. Christ Church School and St. Bartholomew's Hospital bound it on the west; Smithfield and Long Lane on the north; Aldersgate Street, like an arm of the sea, divides it from the eastern part of the city; whilst the yawning gulf of Bull-and-Mouth Street separates it from Butcher Lane and the regions of Newgate. Over this little territory, thus bounded and designated, the great dome of St. Paul's, swelling above the intervening houses of Paternoster Row, Amen Corner, and Ave-Maria Lane, looks down with an air of motherly protection.

This quarter derives its appellation from having been, in ancient times, the residence of the Dukes of Brittany. As London increased, however, rank and fashion rolled off to the west, and trade, creeping on at their heels, took possession of their deserted abodes. For some time, Little Britain became the great mart of learning, and was peopled by the busy and prolific race of booksellers: these also gradually deserted it, and emigrating beyond the great strait of Newgate Street, settled down in Paternoster Row and St. Paul's Churchyard, where they continue to increase and multiply, even at the present day.

But though thus fallen into decline, Little Britain still bears traces of its former splendour. There are several houses, ready to tumble down, the fronts of which are magnificently enriched with old oaken carvings of hideous faces, unknown birds, beasts and fishes; and fruits and flowers, which it would perplex a naturalist to classify. There are also, in Aldersgate Street, certain remains of what were once spacious and lordly family mansions, but which have in latter days been subdivided into several tenements. Here may often be found the family of a petty tradesman, with its trumpery furniture, burrowing among the relics of antiquated finery, in great rambling time-stained apartments, with fretted ceilings, gilded cornices, and enormous marble fire-places. The lanes and courts also contain many smaller houses, not on so grand a scale; but, like your small ancient gentry, sturdily maintaining their claims to equal antiquity. These have their gable ends to the street; great bow windows, with diamond panes set in lead, grotesque carvings, and low-arched doorways.*

In this most venerable and sheltered little nest have I passed several quiet years of existence, comfortably lodged in the second floor of one of the *smallest but oldest edifices*. My sitting room is an old wainscotted chamber, with small panels, and set off with a miscellaneous array of furniture. I have a particular respect for three or four high-backed claw-footed chairs, covered with tarnished brocade, which bear the marks of having seen better days, and

* It is evident that the author of this interesting communication has included in his general title of Little Britain, many of those little lanes and courts that belong immediately to Cloth Fair.

have doubtless figured in some of the old palaces of Little Britain. They seem to me to keep together, and to look down with sovereign contempt upon their leathern-bottomed neighbours, as I have seen decayed gentry carry a high head among the plebeian society with which they were reduced to associate. The whole front of my sitting-room is taken up with a bow window, on the panes of which are recorded the names of previous occupants for many generations, mingled with scraps of very indifferent gentleman-like poetry, written in characters which I can scarcely decipher, and which extol the charms of many a beauty of Little Britain, who has long, long since bloomed, faded, and passed away. As I am an idle personage, with no apparent occupation, and pay my bill regularly every week, I am looked upon as the only independent gentleman of the neighbourhood; and being curious to learn the internal state of a community so apparently shut up within itself, I have managed to work my way into all the concerns and secrets of the place.

Little Britain may truly be called the heart's-core of the city; the stronghold of true John Bullism. It is a fragment of London as it was in its better days, with its antiquated folks and fashions. Here flourish in great preservation many of the holyday games and customs of yore. The inhabitants most religiously eat pancakes on Shrove Tuesday, hot-cross-buns on Good Friday, and roast goose at Michaelmas; they send love-letters on Valentine's Day; burn the Pope on the Fifth of November, and kiss all the girls under the mistletoe at Christmas. Roast beef and plum pudding are also held in superstitious veneration, and port and sherry maintain their grounds as the only true English wines—all others being considered vile outlandish beverages.

Little Britain has its long catalogue of city wonders, which its inhabitants consider the wonders of the world; such as the great bell of St. Paul's, which sours all the beer when it tolls; the figures that strike the hours at St. Dunstan's clock; the Monument; the lions in the Tower; and the wooden giants in Guildhall. They still believe in dreams and fortune-telling; and an old woman that lives in Bull-and-Mouth Street makes a tolerable subsistence by detecting stolen goods, and promising the girls good husbands. They are apt to be rendered uncomfortable by comets and eclipses; and if a dog howls dolefully at night, it is looked upon as a sure sign of a death in the place. There are even many ghost stories current, particularly concerning the old mansion-houses, in several of which it was said strange sights are sometimes seen. Lords and ladies, the former in full-bottomed wigs, hanging sleeves, and swords, the latter in lappets, stays, hoops and brocade, have been seen walking up and down the great waste chambers on moonlight nights, and are supposed to be the shades of the ancient proprietors in their court dresses.

Little Britain has likewise its sages and great men. One of the most important of the former is a tall, dry old gentleman, of the name of Skryme, who keeps a small apothecary's shop. He has a cadaverous countenance, full of cavities and projections, with a brown circle round each eye, like a pair of horn spectacles. He is much thought of by the old women, who consider him as a kind of conjuror, because he has two or three stuffed alligators hanging up in his shop, and several snakes in bottles. He is a great reader of almanacks and newspapers, and is much given to pore over alarming accounts of plots, conspiracies, fires, earthquakes, and volcanic eruptions, which last phenomena he considers as signs of the times. He has always some dismal tale of the kind to deal out to his customers with their doses, and thus at the same time puts both soul and body into an uproar. He is a great believer in omens and predictions; and has the prophecies of Robert Nixon and Mother Shipton by heart. No man can make so much out of an eclipse, or even an unusually dark day; and he shook the tail of the last comet over the heads of his customers and disciples, until they were nearly frightened out of their wits. He has lately got hold of a popular legend or prophecy, on which he

has been unusually eloquent. There has been a saying current among the ancient Sybils, who treasure up these things, that when the grasshopper on the top of the Exchange shook hands with the dragon on the top of Bow Church steeple, fearful events would take place. This strange conjunction, it seems, has as strangely come to pass. The same architect has been engaged lately on the repairs of the cupola of the Exchange, and the steeple of Bow Church, and, fearful to relate, the dragon and the grasshopper actually lie, cheek by jole, in the yard of his workshop.

"Others" as Mr. Skryme is accustomed to say, "may go star-gazing, and look for conjunctions in the heavens, but here is a conjunction on the earth, near at home, and under our own eyes, which surpasses all the signs and calculations of astrologers." Since these portentous weathercocks have thus laid their heads together, wonderful events had already occurred. The good old king, notwithstanding that he had lived eighty-two years, had all at once given up the ghost; another king had mounted the throne; a royal duke had died suddenly—another, in France, had been murdered; there had been radical meetings in all parts of the kingdom; the bloody scenes at Manchester—the great plot in Cato Street; and, above all, the Queen had returned to England! All these sinister events are recounted by Mr. Skryme with a mysterious look, and a dismal shake of the head; and being taken with his drugs, and associated in the minds of his auditors with stuffed sea-monsters, bottled serpents, and his own visage, which is a title-page of tribulation, they have spread great gloom through the minds of the people in Little Britain. They shake their heads whenever they go by Bow Church, and observe that they never expected any good to come of taking down that steeple, which, in old times, told nothing but glad tidings, as the history of Whittington and his cat bears witness.

The rival oracle of Little Britain is a substantial cheesemonger, who lives in a fragment of one of the old family mansions, and is as magnificently lodged as a round-bellied mite in the midst of one of his own Cheshires. Indeed, he is a man of no little standing and importance, and his renown extends through Huggin Lane, and Lad Lane, and even unto Aldermanbury. His opinion is very much taken in the affairs of State, having read the Sunday papers for the last half century, together with the "Gentleman's Magazine," "Rapin's History of England," and the "Naval Chronicle." His head is stored with invaluable maxims, which have borne the test of time and use for centuries. It is his firm opinion that "it is a moral impossible," so long as England is true to herself, that anything can shake her; and he has much to say on the subject of the national debt, which, some how or other, he proves to be a great national bulwark and blessing. He passed the greater part of his life in the purlieus of Little Britain, until of late years, when, having become rich, and grown into the dignity of a Sunday cane, he begins to take his pleasure and see the world. He has therefore made several excursions to Hampstead, Highgate, and other neighbouring towns, where he has passed whole afternoons in looking back upon the metropolis through a telescope, and endeavouring to descry the steeple of St. Bartholomew's. Not a stage-coachman of Bull-and-Mouth Street but touches his hat as he passes; and he is considered quite a patron at the coach-office of the Goose and Gridiron, St. Paul's Church-yard. His family have been very urgent for him to make an expedition to Margate, but he has great doubts of these new gimcracks the steam-boats, and indeed thinks himself too advanced in life to undertake sea voyages.

Little Britain has occasionally its factions and divisions, and party spirit ran very high at one time, in consequence of two rival "Burial Societies" being set up in the place. One held its meeting at the Swan and Horse-Shoe, and was patronised by the cheesemonger: the other at the Cock and Crown, under the auspices of the apothecary: it is needless to say that the latter was the most flourishing. I have passed an evening or two at each, and have

acquired much valuable information as to the best mode of being buried; the comparative merits of churchyards; together with divers hints on the subject of patent iron coffins. I have heard the question discussed in all its bearings, as to the legality of prohibiting the latter on account of their durability. The feuds occasioned by these societies have happily died away of late; but they were for a long time prevailing themes of controversy, the people of Little Britain being extremely solicitous of funeral honours, and of lying comfortably in their graves.

Besides these two funeral societies, there is a third of quite a different cast, which tends to throw the sunshine of good humour over the whole neighbourhood. It meets once a week at a little old-fashioned house, kept by a jolly publican of the name of Wagstaff, and bearing for insignia a resplendent half-moon, with a most seductive bunch of grapes. The whole edifice is covered with inscriptions to catch the eye of the thirsty wayfarer: such as "Truman, Hanbury and Co.'s Entire," "Wine, Rum, and Brandy Vaults," "Old Tom, Rum and Compounds, &c." This indeed has been a temple of Bacchus and Momus from time immemorial. It has always been in the family of the Wagstuffs, so that its history is tolerably preserved by the present landlord. It was much frequented by the gallants and cavaliers of the reign of Elizabeth, and was looked into now and then by the wits of Charles the Second's day. But what Wagstaff principally prides himself upon is, that Henry the Eighth, in one of his nocturnal rambles, broke the head of one of his ancestors with his famous walking-staff. This, however, is considered as rather a dubious and vain-glorious boast of the landlord.

The club which now holds its weekly sessions here goes by the name of "Roaring Lads of Little Britain." They abound in all catches, glees, and choice stories that are traditional in the place, and not to be met with in any other part of the metropolis. There is a madcap undertaker, who is inimitable at a merry song; but the life of the club, and indeed the prime wit of Little Britain, is bully Wagstaff himself. His ancestors were all wags before him, and he has inherited with the inn a large stock of songs and jokes, which go with it from generation to generation as heir-looms. He is a dapper little fellow, with bandy legs and pot belly, a red face with a moist merry eye, and a little shock of grey hair behind. At the opening of every club night, he is called in to sing his "Confession of Faith," which is the famous old drinking trowl from Gammer Gurton's needle. He sings it, to be sure, with many variations, as he received it from his father's lips; for it had been a standing favourite at the Half-Moon and Bunch of Grapes ever since it was written; nay, he affirms that his predecessors have often had the honour of singing it before the nobility and gentry at Christmas mummeries, when Little Britain was in all its glory.*

* As mine host of the Half-Moon's Confession of Faith may not be familiar to the majority of readers, and as it is a specimen of the current songs of Little Britain, I subjoin it in its original orthography. I would observe that the whole club always join in the chorus with a fearful thumping on the table and clattering of pewter pots.

I cannot eate but lytle meate,
 My stomacke is not good,
 But sure I thinke that I can drinke
 With him that weares a hood.
 Though I go bare take ye no care,
 I nothing am a colde,
 I stuff my skyn so full within
 Of joly good ale and olde.

Chorus—Back and syde go bare, go bare,
 Both foot and hand go colde,
 But belly, God send thee good ale ynunghe,
 Whether it be new or olde.

It would do one's heart good to hear on a club-night the shouts of merriment, the snatches of song, and now and then the choral bursts of half-a-dozen discordant voices, which issue from this jovial mansion. At such times the street is lined with listeners, who enjoy a delight equal to that of gazing into a confectioner's window, or snuffing up the steams of a cook-shop.

(*To be concluded.*)

OUR GRAND BROTHERHOOD.

BY BRO. T. BURDETT YEOMAN, P.M. 1460.

AFTER a man has been initiated into Freemasonry, and years have rolled over his head and Masonic career, as a rule he finds the longer he lives in it and up to it as a Craftsman, the more sweet to him must be the honour and dignity of having become a member of the Royal Craft. After some sixteen years' connection with the noble order and the brotherhood generally as a body, I know of nothing in my experience of some sixty years that has given me so much pleasure and gratification, so much delight, so many pleasant and diversified hours of real social pastime, as well as intellectual and manly companionship, as to that of the time passed in our temples. Such has been one of undoubted and unsurpassable gratification both to my mind and my body. Here I have met with men of rare talents; scholars and

I have no rost, but a nut brown toste
 And a crab laid in the fyre;
 A little breade shall do me steade—
 Much breade I not desyre.
 No frost nor snow, nor winde I trowe,
 Can hurt me if I wolde,
 I am so wrapt and throwly lapt
 Of joly good ale and olde.

Chorus --Back and syde go bare, go bare, etc.

And Tyb my wife, that as her lyfe
 Loveth well good ale to seeke,
 Full oft drynkes she tyll ye may see
 The teares run down her cheeke.
 Then doth shee trowle to me the bowle,
 Even as a maulte-worme sholde,
 And sayth, sweete harte, I tooke my parte
 Of this joly good ale and olde.

Chorus—Back and syde go bare, go bare, etc.

Now let them drynke tyll they nod and winke,
 Even as goode fellowes sholde doe,
 They shall not mysse to have the blisse
 Good ale doth bring men to.
 And all poor soules that have scowred bowles,
 Or have them lustily trolde,
 God save the lyves of them and their wives,
 Whether they be yonge or olde.

Chorus—Back and syde go bare, go bare, etc.

gentlemen; men with breadth of knowledge in science, in literature, in the arts; men who have circumnavigated the world over and over again, *voyageurs* by land as well as by sea; poets, musicians, sculptors, painters, authors, and large-souled philanthropists. I doubt very much if such a roll of distinguished men can be found in any other fraternity; but the *summum bonum* of all their actions is to do good and fulfil the greatest of all the graces—Charity. This commendeth itself to the heart of every true Craftsman. I know of nothing so seductive and enticing to the moral status of a man as that of studying Freemasonry in its entirety, because the teachings of its unrivalled ritual surpass all the philosophical doctrines of ancient or modern lore. The grandeur and greatness of its erudition lies in its simplicity: it is enshrined in the essence of truth, without garnishing, and its principles are so easy of practice that they become ever acceptable, like unto the graciousness of the mighty and eternal founder, T.G.A.O.T.U.

The compactness of its organisations, the foundation upon which it is built, surpasses all other known fraternities: its genuine social fellowship, the universality of its usefulness, its large philanthropy, its solidity, its undying sympathy for those in distress, not pharasaically, but lovingly; and all these kinships come through its being built upon a true basis, which is the groundwork of the kingdom to come. Through its tenets being acted up to, it causes it to be mighty for good; and as a brotherhood, with this imprint upon it, it will be lasting as the eternal hills. We lay not a falacious claim to being workers-out of the glorious precept, "Do unto others, etc.," and from so directing our thoughts and steps we get the countenance and blessing of the Holy One. Here we take our stand, and from this never retreating action the Royal Craft resists all attacks, come from whatever source they may, or however virulent their malignity of annunciation in the attempted depreciation of us as an Order, or the further ridiculous act of anathematisation and ridicule. Still we prosper, labour on and increase in numbers and substance, as if no bitter shafts of contumely had been hurled at us. Why do we thrive? Because our primal object is to do good, that good may come of it; therefore are we invulnerable against the implacability of any party and of any hierarchical sect, as well as against evil speaking. These things affect us nothing. The Craft raises its head loftily above all contumely, and above all pedagogical sneering. Why? because our foundation is not built upon sand, but upon the eternal volume of truth; for the Craft, as a body, are exponents of its great gloriousness. Who can deny it? No true man will or can, be he whomsoever he may; because we are trying to wend our way to the world of purity: again, no copious abuse can ever remove us out of our place; if it did, the truth upon which the brotherhood is founded is a base and monstrous falsity; but we, with all humility, know, and we lay claim to having within our fold the essence—attributes—which contribute to make men only a little lower than the pure spirits which move around the mercy-seat.

Our codified laws are such that for the governing of so vast a body of men spread over the whole inhabited globe, of every nationality, and almost of every class, and yet withal we are within ourselves so exclusive, and still universal, that the very term appears a paradox from this supreme unisonance. Naturally there arises in our midst those whom we could say have not known the rays of civilisation equal to the European; still such men are the living and faithful witnesses of the noble virtue of truthfulness, for they have never been known to divulge its secrets or dishonour their oath; but they have kept the hidden treasures which are sacred to the honour and dignity of every faithful Freemason. Words cannot describe this noble inviolability of the brotherhood. It is this wondrous talismanic power which is its strength, and which is one of the mental agencies that helps to the ripening of the novice or initiates, into making such into the beings for which the inventive originality of our created state implied; and it is a genuine fulfilment of the

declaration that, although a man may be a good man, he will become a better one on and after the Masonic mantle has fallen upon his shoulders: this of a necessity, for he will become the superior from breathing, and at the same time having engraved upon the tablets of his memory the ennobling thesis of our rites; for in the acquiring them his mind becomes stored with utterances and with principles that cannot be heard only within our temple homes; these teachings become lights to his or their guidance for thought, for action in all matters what he or they may have to transact in this mundane sphere.

The principles of the order are true pilots, to once more reuniting the scattered races of mankind into one peace-loving brotherhood. Our Craft is the stepping-stone to unending felicity; it destroys caste, it turns enemies into friends, life has been spared through its instrumentality when death was the apparent doom. The harmony of a lodge cannot be upset by a discord. Further it teaches the practice of the undying and heaven-born virtues, Charity, Faith, Hope, Benevolence. What source for blessing does it leave untouched? Within its province lies the motive power for dispensing of aid and comfort to those that are helpless and in distress; it soothes the widows' griefs, it dries up the tears of the orphan, it educates and fits them to become good citizens of the world, it gives consolation to the troubled mind, and assures hope to the desolate and despairing; in short, the whole end and aim of this mighty and powerful Bund is but the fulfilment of the golden rule. There is no myth in this assertion, for it is hourly and daily practised, performed and fulfilled, so the mind and body becomes enriched with its gifts and graces.

Its resources are as numerous as are the means at its disposal for turning sadness into joy; care and weariness are turned into rejoicing; anxiety and sorrow are banished through its geniality, and the wounds of the mind are healed by its large-heartedness, and further through its brightening influences; even those who are shut out of our charmed circle, they are warmed into admiration, and their better feelings are enlarged by the close proximity to a true Brother. Why? Because they are led to charitable deeds, from a very consciousness of imitation.

Another of its qualifications rests in its large benevolence for those that have been smitten down by adversity; these are not looked upon with the eye of scorn, but with sympathetic tenderness, and the first thought is how can we best help our brother out of misfortune without wounding his feelings? and this is done from the purest of motives, and without guile, but in love to the Brotherhood. No particle of the debasing sin of highmindedness is chargeable on the disposer of our gifts. The Craft at large cannot have pharasaical purposes imputed to them in their desire to remove anguish, the tendency and hope-wish is to dispel misery by its wonder-working influences. Union is strength, and our unity of action makes us a power in the world in the midst of its sinister depressions.

The tenets of Freemasonry teach men to be full-orbed men, morally and socially to be good citizens, patriotic, loyal, faithful, true, and fraternal. Let not thy right hand know, when almsgiving, what thy left-hand doeth: these are its ethics; and what thou doest, do it in the name of T.G.A.O.T.U. So mote it be.

A CATALOGUE OF MASONIC BOOKS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

(Continued from page 363.)

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NORAH'S REMONSTRANCE.

NOW Terence, have done wid yer tasing,
 Do be aisy and let me alone ;
 It's the skin from me fingers ye're squazing ;
 Sure ye think they're as hard as yer own.

I'm worried to death wid yer prating,
 And frighten'd clane out of me life ;
 So pray don't be idly consating
 You'll ever catch me for a wife.

What is it ye say ?—that I'm joking ;
 That ye won't budge an inch from me side ;
 Indade, now, ye're mighty provoking,
 And I don't know which way to decide.

I'm just like a bird that the fowler
 Is coaxing down into his snare ;
 Och, Terence, ye sly, schaming prowler,
 Ye're hurting me lips, I declare !

Lave off, sir ! How dare ye to do it !
 I suppose, as ye will have yer way,
 I'd better (but, mind me, ye'll rue it !)
 Plase yer whim by just naming the day.

Don't think it's for love I'm consenting—
 Och, murther ! ye're stopping me breath !
 But only in hopes of preventing
 Meself being bother'd to death !