

# THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

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## MASONIC MUSINGS.

BY A VETERAN.



IT has often occurred to me, though perhaps I am wrong, that we hardly ever sufficiently realize the value and power of Freemasonry. It may be true, and indeed is, that "a great deal" is done "upon a very little"; that Freemasonry on a weak foundation, so to say, raises a goodly building. Still Freemasonry, as it seems to me, to very many of us all, never becomes what it is meant to be, what it might be, what it should be. I am quite sensible of that useful and oft needed caution in life, "don't be too enthusiastic," or again, "don't reckon too much on anything or anybody." No doubt, as we all journey on in the world and in life, we are often disappointed, and, as the French say, "disillusionés," disillusioned. We find very often that what we care for much others care for very little; that what we think a great deal about, others reckon nothing hardly of; and what we rate at a high or even heroic worth, others treat as very commonplace and matter of fact. And thus in truth runs the world away. My masters, it is the old story over and over again: what is "saucé for the goose" is not always, despite the remark, "saucé for the gander," and we often learn the trite but certain adage, be it noted, too, of experienced centuries, that "things are not what they seem," and may be seen quite differently by two different persons in this queer, perverse, and perplexed world of ours, or rather that "way of the world" in which our life-long lot is cast. Keeping these monitory reminders before us carefully, let us go on with our thesis.

Firstly—To how many of us, for instance, is Freemasonry nothing but "sociality." Its history, its ceremonial, its ethics, its benevolence, they are to them only its form, its husk; its substance, its kernel, are the cheery symposium, the pleasant refreshment hour, the gay social circle. I am not going here to say a word against the social side and social duties of Freemasonry. Freemasonry has them, owns them, uses them, not abusively, in my opinion, and very good and proper things they are at a convenient season. But to make, as some avowedly do, the whole framework of Freemasonry minister to its "social system," to find no interest but in that "ineffable degree" whose

mysteries are so recondite and so affecting, has always seemed to me, I confess a great mistake, a serious mistake, a prejudicial misunderstanding both of the organization and aims, the value, the good, the need, the mission of Freemasonry. If sociality be all we require, the "Harmonious Dilettanti," or the "Kindly Goslings," or the "Beans and Peas" will surely suffice us. We all of us can recall friendly gatherings of the past, little cliques and clubs which have "perished with the using," and whose genial and friendly ghosts still seem to linger with us, as old and valetudinarian, dyspeptic and gouty, querulous and lonely, as we sigh over those "tiempi passati" of more buxom life, which recall to us all still most vividly many warm hearts, many smiling faces, many pleasant hours, and many silvery strains. But those of us make a grave mistake who make "society" the "be all," the scope, the theory, and the practice of their Masonic sympathies and fellowship.

Secondly—Another mistake is which looks on Freemasonry as a sort of "passport to respectability." No doubt our order is a highly respectable body, but I doubt very much if anyone who enters Freemasonry with any such idea will find what he is seeking. Just now a great tide of prosperity, of worldly reputation and good opinion, is rushing along with our fraternity. We are well spoken of; perhaps too well. Lingered fanaticism or malevolent ignorance may indulge every now and then in a fling at Freemasons and Freemasonry; but on the whole Freemasonry stands better in the opinion of the many than it has ever done since 1717. Its charities are great and useful, its benefits are greater and more. The highest in the land claim its association, and few societies can shew such an array of royalty, nobility, rank, and respectability as can our often abused, and yet most useful, and loyal, and intelligent sodality. If then to-day any are encouraging others to join the order (which we ought never to do), and some are seeking it because it is so respectable, and in this way raises its members in the social scale, let them beware of any such hurtful blunder, for Freemasonry is only useful for worthy men and good Freemasons, and as abstractedly it ignores all mere earthly rank, and places, in one sense, in the lodge all brethren on a level, so in the concrete equally recognizing the needful gradations of society it would undoubtedly eschew all who would seek to make use of its respectability for their own purposes. Let us hope that we shall all see more and more the wisdom of contracting rather than expanding the process of admission to Freemasonry.

And once more, too many are looking on Freemasonry as a benefit order. It certainly possesses materially many great and invaluable privileges, and each year as it passes adds to its means, its development, and its "good things."

We cannot shut our eyes to the somewhat unpalatable truth that too often Masonic relief of one kind or another is given to the brother who has done little for Freemasonry, but who after a long absence comes forward, if not by himself by others, to claim the full benefits of that order he did so little for while living.

There is an "abuse" in all things here, more or less, which however never takes away the "use" of them after all. I do not wish to indulge in a long tirade on the misuses of our Charities, but I do say there are lax views afloat, and there is laxer practice in our midst, on these most important points, which, if not checked or counteracted somehow, may work much mischief for the future prospects and outcome of Freemasonry amongst us.

And now I have done for to-day. I have not said a good deal I have wanted to say, as often happens, and what I have written is, I fear, feebly conceived and ineffectively stated. But I venture to think there is some little truth in these "musings" of mine, for which, if airy nothings at the best, Bro. George Kenning and the editor have kindly given a "local habitation and a name." They are conceived and expressed, I think, in a Masonic spirit, and as such can do no harm, and may, probably, do some little good. So mote it be.

## THE ROSE CROIX.

BY THE EDITOR.

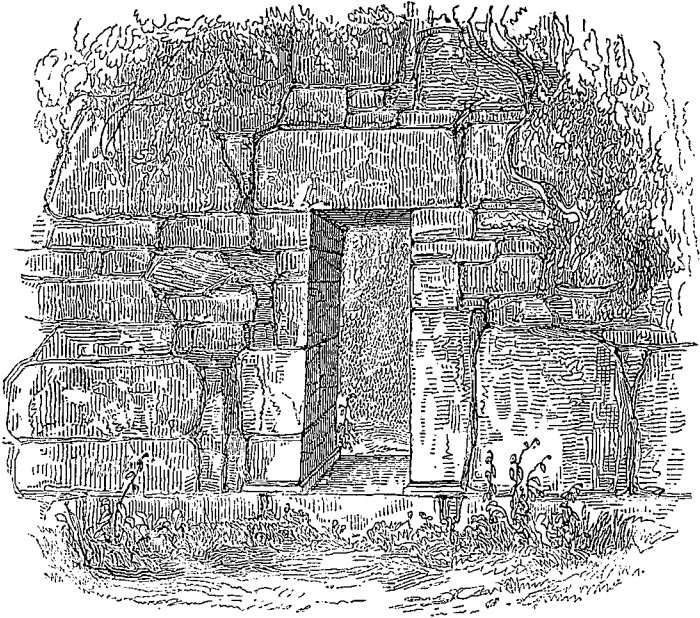
IT is very difficult to give scientifically, so to say, a history of the "Rose Croix," and for this reason. There is first the old "Fraternitas Roseæ Crucis." There is secondly the grade called that of Chevaliers or Prince Rose Croix in the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite. There is thirdly the "Rosicrucian Society." There was formerly a "Rose Croix" of Heredom, but that is, we fancy, practically incorporated in the grade of Rose Croix in the Ancient and Accepted Rite. As regards the old "Societas," very little is known. Some writers have doubted whether it ever existed, and whether it be not the invention of Valentin Andrea. On the whole we have long come to the conclusion that an Hermetical Society existed, and that they called themselves Rosicrucians; but what it was really deponent does not pretend to say. The only trace of such a society, except in the indistinct hints of alchemical writers, is in "Long Livers," 1721, where we certainly have traces of an Hermetic and Alchemical, but not, as far as I can make out, Rosicrucian Society. It is said they had a ceremonial of admission, and signs of admission; but if so, no such "formulæ" have come down to us. In Ashmole's time the astrologers and adepts in England formed a very numerous body, and Nicolai, a German writer, and others have thence taken up a theory of the Ashmolean Rosicrucian origin of Freemasonry. We need hardly add that such is a pure chimera. The Chevaliers or Prince Rose Croix form part of the Ancient and Accepted Rite, and probably date from about 1735 or 1740. We may dismiss at once the pretty fables of "being brought back from the Crusades," etc. Dr. Leeson had a notion, we remember, that it was an early Christian sodality, and that we have in it a remembrance both of the "Disciplina Arcani" and the "Agapæ" of the early christians. We confess that we cannot see it. There is nothing, so far as we know, in the Rose Croix ceremonial which betrays antiquity. It has no "archaisms," it has no signs of "old age"; all seems young, "bran new," and modern, that is to say, eighteenth century. The ceremonial is beautiful, per se, when carefully elaborated; but it is, to our idea, essentially late in all its terminology and teaching, as well as in its ideas and symbolism. The "Cœna mystica" may be old; it is, no doubt, very peculiar, and we are inclined to think that, whether this has been borrowed from the secret ritual of the Templars or not, as some have thought, it may be said to be antique both in theory and practice.

The modern Rosicrucian Society is of the two last decades, we believe, and is an adaptation of an old name. Its ceremonial is equally modern. And though we have said all this as writers of history, we are not unprepared to listen to a good deal which may be said on the other side. It has always struck us as a curious fact why so early in the eighteenth century all these high grades should suddenly start into life. They probably had, many of them, their counterparts previously, whether in secret knightly associations, in mystic sodalities, in alchemical confraternities, or in philosophic illuminati.

Curiously enough, as regards the Rose Croix Grade of the Ancient and Accepted Rite, though its ritual would admit a good deal about the "mystic rose," and the "rosa mystica" was an ancient Hermetic and Oriental emblem, we find little or nothing about it in the Rose Croix ceremonial.

Thus far to-day we confess that recent studies have led us to doubt our own often expressed views and those of others, as regards the later period of Hermetic Masonry, and we shall never be surprised to hear, or unwilling to concede the fact, that to Hermetic Masonry at any rate we must give an earlier date than our modern historians and handbooks have been for some time willing to allow to it.

## EARLY CHRISTIAN ARCHITECTURE IN IRELAND.\*

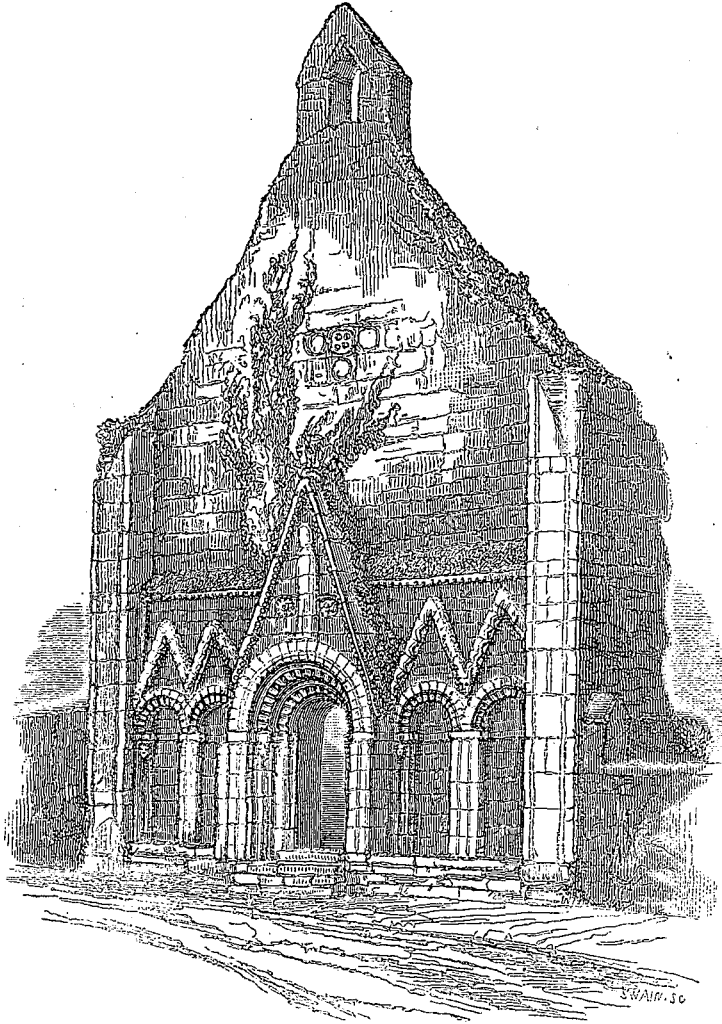


KILCROXY, CO. WICKLOW.

WE have lately been perusing and studying a very interesting work by Margaret Stokes under this name, and it is a work we can recommend cordially and honestly to our readers. It is a very striking work which once you take up you hardly like to put down until you have reached the end of it. The early history of Irish Architecture seems lost in the "obscurity of ages, in the dimness and uncertainty of pre-historic times." "The pagan architecture is marked," says the able writer, "by two great characteristics, which may be seen in 'forts and dome-roomed sepulchres,' namely, absence of 'cement' and 'ignorance' of the 'arch.' The former is not uncommon, though early; the latter is very peculiar! for whatever theories may be propounded about the arch, its construction in the east is very ancient indeed. "Per se," this fact would render such remains very old indeed, and would dispose of the Phœnician theory, which is not accepted by the author of this work, as regards the round towers, which she makes comparatively late. We will not antedate the discussion, but simply add that, according to Mrs. Stokes, the round towers are purely Christian! Mrs. Stokes seems to attribute to St. Patrick and his fellow labourers the practical introduction of Christian and more systematic architecture, which culminates in an "Irish Romanesque," a little "pre" the Norman work," the "novum ædificandi genus" introduced by the Conquest into England.

\* Early Christian Architecture in Ireland. By Margaret Stokes. George Bell and Sons, York Street, Covent Garden, London.

The early Christian Architecture seems to have been very simple; but in the tenth century a revival or restoration took place, which seems to run from 966 to 1008, or thereabouts. It is to this period that Mrs. Stokes attributes the round towers either as towers of shelter and defence against the "Northens," or as bell towers, campaniles, and a quotation is given from the famous architect, "Viollet le Duc," in favour of such a theory. We, who have read



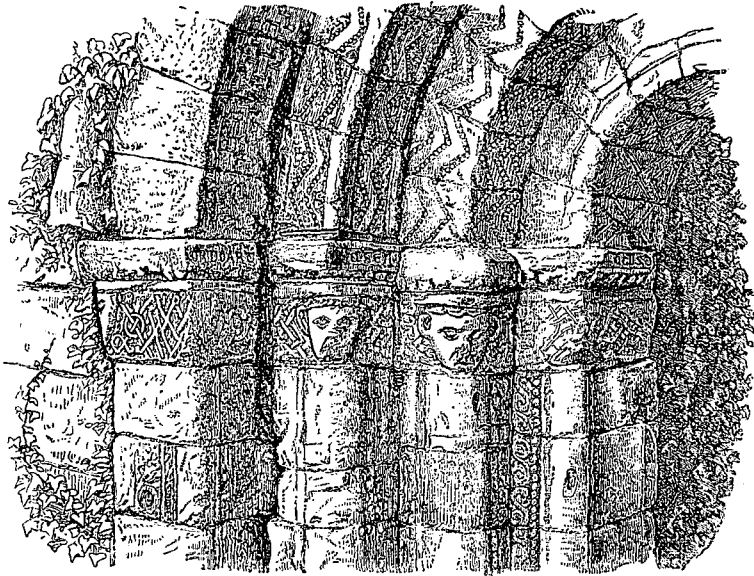
WEST FRONT OF ST. CRONAN'S, ROSCREA.

the older controversies on the subject, may be excused, we think, if, despite the undoubtedly clear and matter-of-fact statement of the writer, we suspend our judgment. It is just possible that the revivers and restorers of the tenth century adopted and adapted the remains of a vanished civilization; for, curiously enough, little is yet known as to the Irish origin, and the "oghamic" inscriptions are still a mystery. As to their nationality, St. Patrick and his

companions seem to have come from Gaul, and there is much, the writer says, that is Gaulish or Gallic in the architectural arrangements and remains. Be that as it may, the subsequent development of Irish Architecture is both very effective and very striking. No one can look upon it without feelings of warm admiration, and our only regret can be that so few authentic evidences remain to tell us whose skill directed and whose labours reared the still touching ruins we see on every side.

If the writer is correct, civilization in Ireland is late, commencing in the third and fourth era of Christianity; but it is quite clear either that to St. Patrick we owe the first spread of religion and art, or that there had been earlier settlers and preachers and artificers in Ireland. Indeed, the very able writer of this book seems to agree in this, and to hold with the old traditions that before St Patrick had

Bade the frogs jump out of the bogs  
And banished all the varmint,



KILLESPIN DOORWAY.

still earlier witnesses of truth, still earlier messengers of civilization had landed in and occupied Ireland.

We have thus skimmed over a most interesting book, which we recommend to our readers to get and peruse, especially all who delight in the study of architecture. All such researches are and ought to be valued by the cultured student Freemason to-day, as everything which throws light on the history or labours of those operative bands who once permeated and dominated Europe with the wondrous evidences of their constructive skill will be welcomed by many amongst us.

No greater evil has ever befallen our fraternity, than that which links it to a merely convivial order, or relegates it to the unwelcome "limbo" of hasty and uncritical essays, crude in conception, unsound in theory, unvarnished in fact. But the study of all such works as these seems to betoken a new era for, and to throw light on, the past annals of Freemasonry; and therefore it

is we welcome this lucid and pleasantly written work to-day, not too pretentious and too dogmatic, but simple in statement, and convincing in argument, and happy in illustrations, and which really and truly is, in our opinion, the model of what such a work should be. It is not too argumentative, it is not at all controversial, but it is both suggestive and straightforward, the writer giving good reasons for all she advances, and ample illustrations for all she suggests.

Our illustrations, which we reproduce, thanks to the great kindness of Mrs. Stokes herself, and the courtesy of the Messrs. Bell, are taken from the work. They represent Kilcrony, co. Wicklow; West Door of St. Cronan's, Roscrea; Killespin Doorway; and Cormac's Chapel.



CORMAC'S CHAPEL, CASHEL.

We can conceive nothing pleasanter than an architectural tour, note book in hand, to these and similar spots. The traveller may have to rough it a little, but he will come in contact with a warm-hearted people, and learn, we feel sure, a very wholesome truth that there is much to realize, admire, and learn from in Ireland.

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## LIGHT.

BY F. W. KROENKE.

WANDERER, whither the voyage so fast?  
 Seeking the source of all power and might,  
 Look to the spirit of Truth and of Right,  
 Travel thou East, to the rising of Light—  
 There you'll find harbouring safety at last,  
 Light for the future, the present, the past!

Look at the light of the moon and the stars,  
 At the effulgent, the radiant sun!  
 But by the labour of Masons is won  
 Light which in splendour and glory outdone  
 Even the glitter of Helios' cars,  
 Pure to enlighten the soul with its stars!

There is no limit, no end, and no night  
 To the horizon of Masonry's eye;  
 Clear as the cloudless, the heavenly sky;  
 And to the throne of our Master on high  
 Beacons Masonic symbolical Light  
 On to perfection, the loftiest flight.

Art thou in search of this heavenly prize?  
 Dost thou desire to see and to know  
 All that our altars, our mysteries show?  
 Does from a heart, without selfishness, glow  
 This your desire to behold with your eyes  
 What is contained between mystical ties?

Look at the sun through prismatical glass;  
 Does it not show you the colours of Light?  
 Seven, the number of powerful might,  
 Greet you in dazzling, in rainbowish sight.  
 But they unite in a radiant mass,  
 Vanishing all into one now they pass.

Thus with the mystic Masonical sign!  
 Although a unit, in radiancy pure,  
 Truthful and loving, will ever endure;  
 Yet let the curious novice be sure  
 That on the worthy alone it will shine,  
 These only worship at Masonry's shrine!

Faith, Hope, and Charity, are the Triune  
 Which to prismatical test we apply;  
 These, in the light of Masonical eye,  
 Liberal arts and the sciences ply  
 Truth into words and the words into tune,  
 Tune into light of the stars, sun, and moon

—*Masonic Age.*



AFTER ALL, OR THRICE WON.

BY BRO. HENRY CALVERT APPELBY,

*Author of "A Queer Courtship," "The Fatal Picture," etc.*

CHAPTER I.

*The insolence of office.—Hamlet.*

**B**ANG! clatter! rattle! went a ruler over the shabby, worm-eaten desks of the office of Phane and Co., commission agents and stock-brokers, Bishopsgate Street, London. It was hurled at the woolly head of Tweedle, the "junior," to remind that energetic youth of his work and accelerate his movements. After the ruler came the snarling voice of Mr. Bulliker, the head clerk, cashier, and book-keeper in one.

"Now then, why don't you bring me that paper, you young rascal, and leave off playing with the cat? There's plenty of work to do in the office, and no time for frittering."

Tweedle apologetically brought the required article to his much-feared master, and slunk into the background, and Mr. Bulliker was for the time appeased. This individual was one who attempted to exercise supreme control over the rest of the office, but in a manner that was extremely irksome to the feelings of all concerned. He kept a special supply of rulers for the unfortunate head of Tweedle, but it was very rarely that one of them reached its mark; either Tweedle was remarkably active in eluding the missiles, or the cashier's aim was very untrue. But, be that as it may, the fact remained that the junior was seldom struck, though he was always in terror lest he should be. The rulers were carefully removed in the cashier's absence, but somehow or other they found their way back when occasion required.

Mr. James Bulliker was a man of about forty-five, tall and thin, with a ferocious beard and moustache of a dingy red colour, and large heavy eyebrows of the same hue. The latter ornaments (query in his case) formed the chief characteristic of his otherwise meaningless face, and overhung his little ferretting red eyes so as almost to obscure them. These eyebrows were capable of a considerable amount of expression, and could be elevated or depressed to an alarming extent to anyone not accustomed to such vigorous proceedings. He was continually eating hard ship-biscuits, of which he kept a good store at the office. His papers and books were known by the consequent crumbs. He was a hard-worker, and could not bear to see other folks idle, and for this reason his master, Robert Phane, implicitly trusted him. His character for honesty had never been shaken; he scorned deception, and was considered immaculate in that particular. But for all this, he was almost universally hated; his manner was so overbearing and pompous to his inferiors that they could not possibly do otherwise than dislike him. Some, more sensible than the rest, treated him with the contempt his efforts deserved. He had three methods of coercion, and never by any chance added any new ones, though he rung as many changes as possible on those he had. The first was the bullying dodge, the second the persuasive one, and thirdly and lastly he threatened. He was never afraid of intruding or pushing himself forward in the most ridiculous manner, except with Robert Phane, Esq., before whom he was all humility and acquiescence. His manner was such as to frighten strangers into submission; but those who knew him well, retaliated his overbearing conduct, and the bombastic bark he commenced with became a miserable pleading whine. Add to this that his

sensibilities were as coarse as his manners, and you have his whole character before you. Certainly not a very enviable one; but his master placed full trust in his integrity and steady character; he was only acquainted with his success, and cared little *how* he achieved it.

Again the biscuit-cruncher growls from his loft (a high desk made especially for the book-keeper, with the air of a pulpit about it; to transact the cashiering business he has to descend some three steps to a lower desk). This time he addresses himself to the invoicing clerk, a young man of nineteen.

"Where's that oil invoice, Humberton? I've been waiting this last half-hour for it. You young men now-a-days seem to think of nothing but gadding about, and leaving all your work until you've no time to do it, instead of setting to at once and getting it done. It ought to have been finished before now."

"You'll excuse me, Mr. Bulliker, but I have just come back from getting the weights, before which the invoice could not be made."

"Eh? What? Well, you should have got them before; that's the way, always driving things to the last minute."

"I have done nothing of the sort," retorted Humberton; "I went to get them at once."

"Well, let me have the invoice directly."

"All right; when I've made it out," said Arthur Humberton, who was annoyed at the cashier's manner, although he was pretty well used to it.

"Don't you hurry, old man," said Merrisslope, in a stage whisper. He was a youth of about eighteen, tall and slim, and affected a languid lisp. His duty was to look after the goods that arrived and send them forward to their various destinations. He had been left rich at the age of seventeen, and had consequently a careless devil-may-care way of doing business; he was in fact independent of it, and it might go to the dogs for aught he recked. He was one of the "jolly-good-fellow" sort, who spend their money over their friends to obtain their good opinion, but with very little true friendship in him.

"If we are both of us 'orphlings,' as they say, we can 'stick up' for number one, and let all the Bullikers in the world go to that place which smelleth so uncommonly strong of brimstone."

Mervyn Merrisslope took every occasion to vent his natural verbosity, sometimes with ridiculous effect. For instance, he would describe ink as "the filthy ejection of an antiquated cuttle fish," or "the bitter expression of a vindictive gall! Oh! thou vile liquid, bitter, sarcastic, venomous; blacker than the fiend himself, why wast thou ever invented? What good end dost thou serve? What dark plots canst thou not concoct, what vile deeds relate, what lives drown in everlasting perdition? Tool of the devil, why was I ever brought into contact with thy contaminating drops? Ye gods, must I endure all this? Ha, ha!"

Thus would he apostrophize, or, as he termed it, moralize, to the infinite amusement of his fellow clerks; indeed, he was the life and soul of the office, full of gaiety and frolic, and ready for anything but work.

Totally opposite was Herbert Redtaper, a deliberate plod; one who allotted out his time to a minute, and found a pleasure in work. He did everything by rule, and it was difficult to make him depart from his set principles and habits. At nine precisely, not a minute before nor a minute after, he was to be found at his desk; and he strove to be as punctual in his time of leaving, though he did not always succeed. His attention to his work made him rather a favourite with Mr. Bulliker, though Redtaper did not hide his dislike of the man.

Thus we have pictured the whole staff of the office, with the exception of the "junior," as they called Timothy Tweedle, a shock-headed lad of about thirteen. His business was to run errands, post the letters, and attend to small matters in the office. When not engaged in any of these ways he was generally spinning his top or collecting foreign postage stamps.

The foreman of the office, who attended to outside work, the discharge of ships, etc., was a long, lean, Yankee-looking sort of fellow, with an attenuated beard, and he delighted in the name of Charper.

Now, having described all Mr. Phane's *employés*, we will proceed to chronicle the events of the morning on which our chapter began.

The silence was again broken, after an interval of about five minutes, by the unmusical voice of Mr. Bulliker.

"Is that invoice ready yet?"

"No, sir," from Arthur Humberton.

"Then it ought to be."

"I think not."

"But I say it ought, and you know so too. You must have it done; I can't wait any longer for it."

"Then you'll have to do, for it isn't done yet, and you know it couldn't be by this time; and I'm not going to hurry myself."

"Well, try and have it done before twelve," coaxed Mr. Bulliker.

"I may do."

"Don't you," said Merrisslope.

"Take my advice, Humberton," said Redtaper, "don't you hurry to make any mistakes."

"I'm not going to," answered Humberton.

"Look here, if that invoice isn't done before twelve, I shall speak to Mr. Phane about you; I'm not going to be humbugged by a parcel of lads."

"Then I shan't do it, and you can talk to fifty Mr. Phane's for anything I care; and just don't include me with a parcel of lads."

"Nor me either," ejaculated Merrisslope and Redtaper in a breath.

"But I say, just try to have it done for me; you know you will ruin me and my situation if you will drive things so late."

"Lose your situation! Is it dependent upon my doing an invoice?"

"Well, well, but you ought to have it done you know," urged Bulliker.

"No, I don't know it; but I'm well acquainted with an old humbug."

"Eh? What?" in Bulliker's sharpest tones.

"Oh, nothing!" answered Humberton.

"Well done, Humberton, give it him strong, don't stand any cheek," broke in Merrisslope, always ready to promote a little discord.

"If you don't get on with your work I'll report you, Mr. Merrisslope," shouted Bulliker.

"Report away; *do-ills* ahead!" laughed the incorrigible Merrisslope.

A fearful frown was the only answer, and peace was restored.

Notwithstanding the seemingly mild manner in which Mr. Bulliker took these retorts, they rankled in his breast like poison, and he determined in his own sneaking manner to be revenged in some way. Arthur Humberton he hated worse than all the rest; he was so sharp-sighted, and could see through his most carefully-concealed motives, and he never failed to ply the sarcasm of his censorious tongue. This made him vow that if ever he had the chance he would be even with Mr. Humberton, which was equal to saying he would ruin him if he could.

Shortly after he went out on a collecting expedition, and the office felt relieved.

"What a fool old Bulliker is!" remarked Merrisslope.

"A bigger idiot than ever," answered Humberton.

"Well, for my part, I think he must be 'off his chump' to fret himself so much about nothing; I couldn't bear to do as he does," chimed in Redtaper.

"Who could?" continued Merrisslope; "talk about 'water wearing away a stone,' but if it was a diamond, Bulliker's constant 'vinegar, oil, and vitriol' would wear it away in double-quick time. It's a foretaste of Dante's 'Inferno'—we get a roasting on one side and a freezing on the other, with a basting of luke-

warm water. I'm thoroughly disgusted; and if he would only talk to me as he does to you, Humberton, I would leave this musty old hole for ever, after jolly well punching his head. But he knows that, and that's the reason he doesn't do it for fear of offending Mr. Phane, and the castigation he would get. Of all the double-distilled old cowards that ever chewed the cud of discontent, irritability, and malice prepense, Bulliker bears the palm victorious. He is the snarling dog that never bites, and for ever *barks* his shins against other people's toes!"

"Bravo, Merrisslope!" shouted Humberton, "Now, for my part, I don't bear the fellow any ill-will, but I cannot stand his eternal dog, dog, dogging at one for what he knows cannot be had, and his paltry threatenings make me smile, while I despise the man, and his constant foolery always annoys me beyond measure; and I'm not the worst sort to deal with, in fact, I think I am more obliging than the ordinary run of folks, though I don't want to praise myself; still you'll agree that I'm a mild sort of fellow."

"Yes, yes, we'll agree to anything," acquiesced Merrisslope; "but let's drop the subject, and come and have a 'bitter,' and drown your teetotalism for once."

"No, thanks, you know my principles," said Humberton.

"Oh, blow your principles, the principal thing is, I'm awfully dry! I say, though, what do you say to varnishing old Bulliker's favourite rulers; they're rather like him in wanting polish; and then some of the polish would stick to him, eh?"

"Capital idea," said Redtaper, "and serve him right too; I can't bear to see him throwing them across the office in such a childish way."

"Very well, then, here goes; let's all have a hand in it, and then nobody's done it," continued Merrisslope. "Here, Tweedle, you come too, and help to revenge yourself."

Thus they amused themselves at the expense of Mr. Bulliker, in return for his meanness. While they are thus employed, let us look upstairs at Mr. Phane, the employer. A sleek-bodied rather pleasant looking man; he sits in an easy chair at a comfortable desk. It is early spring and a cheerful fire blazes in the ample old-fashioned grate, with an antique carved oaken chimney-piece overhanging it darkly. It gives the room a more furnished appearance, however. Robert Phane has seen more than fifty years of life, and time has told upon him. He no longer parts his hair, for that is impossible, but he scrupulously combs his beard, of an iron-grey colour. He has a benevolent appearance, and his good-nature does not belie it, though he is apt to give way to sharp bursts of temper, for which he is always sorry as soon as they are over. Though sometimes these little storms are severe, you can always see the rainbow beaming in the distance, and know that they will soon be gone. He is a particular man and cannot bear an injustice, and now we have given a pretty good picture of him as he sits writing at his desk. Letter after letter he passes over with a sigh of relief as he answers them. Suddenly he pauses, and rising up we can see he is about the middle height. Below, there is a miniature battle being carried on, as though an enemy's ship were being boarded. Applying a speaking tube to his lips he summons someone from the other office, and Humberton appears.

"Are you disengaged the night after to-morrow?" asked Mr. Phane.

"Yes, sir, I think so," answered Humberton, rather surprised at the unusual question.

"Well, then, I and my wife and daughter would be glad to see you then at our house at six o'clock to tea; it is my daughter's seventeenth birthday, and we are having a few friends, and I should like you to be one of the number if you can make it convenient; also Mr. Merrisslope and Mr. Redtaper; will you tell them?"

"Thank you, sir, I will; I shall be very happy to come, myself," answered Humberton as he went out.

Mr. Phane was always polite to his clerks; it was another of his good points. He believed in the power of civility, and was generally liked in consequence. A request from him was more than a command, and sure to be satisfied at once. All felt a pleasure in obliging him. Had he only been a little less trustful in erring human nature it might have been better for him. As it was, he relied upon Mr. Bulliker for much of the business, and troubled himself little about the *modus operandi* of arriving at the results. It was not that he was careless about them exactly, but he placed too much trust in other people, measuring them by his own bushel, and imagining kindness to have an equal effect upon all. Such was his mistaken notion, so sadly to be shattered.

He had come early to the business, and by persevering attention to his duties, and his general goodwill, he had won a way into a partnership. The style of the firm was then Bussal and Phane, which soon, however, by the death of the senior partner, was changed into Phane and Co.

## CHAPTER II.

Love's young dream.—*Moore.*

To speak figuratively, Arthur Humberton hardly knew whether he was standing on his head or his feet when he left Mr. Phane, full of gratitude in his heart for the kind and unexpected invitation. His joy was visible on his countenance, and the cause of it was this. He had several times seen the beautiful daughter of his employer, and a few ordinary civilities had been exchanged, during which fleeting glances had passed between them, which might or might not mean—worlds. For what poetry, what feeling, what soul is there not in a piercing look, whose depth of thought is unfathomable? Who can withstand, unfeelingly, the brightness of a beautiful pair of eyes, especially if those eyes belong to a lovely female? No; under such an influence is man a slave; he knows of no problem worth solving more than the mysterious meaning of those flashing orbs that have penetrated to his very being. Such an impression and desire had the soft, liquid-grey eyes of Olivia Phane on Arthur Humberton. He had long wished to know more about the mystic spell that bound him whenever he saw her, and at last the opportunity had arrived. Hence his joy, which caused him to count the hours, ay, minutes, as they drew him nearer to the appointed time.

It must not be supposed that Humberton alone was struck with the beauty of Miss Phane in her visits to the office. Merrisslope and Redtaper had also noticed her long flowing amber-coloured hair, so becoming to her, with admiration. Her sweet and gentle manners secured to her universal esteem and regard. Even the taciturn Bulliker was not altogether untouched by the condescending amiability of one of Eve's fairest daughters. Perhaps he felt how difficult it was to be amiable, and appreciated accordingly one who was capable of so much kindness. Be that as it may, her appearance generally set him thinking, and who shall say that he was not wondering whether his own harsh policy (even in dealing with the stern realities of this rough and unceremonious world) was the best. His ruminations, however, never seemed to mend his manners, and doubtless he imagined that a kind manner was not in accordance with his hairy face.

Merrisslope, though he treated the female sex in a light manner, as quite an inferior order of being to its lord and master, man (such was his precocious opinion at the age of eighteen), and only acknowledged to be his privileged companion as a special favour, was not, however, dead to the delicate and unobtrusive beauty of Olivia Phane. To his credit, be it said, she awoke better sentiments in him, and taught him, by her winning appearance and manners alone, that women were not such inferior creatures as he had imagined, at least if they were anything like Miss Phane. He eyed her with envious feelings, and believed that if she were his he might live a happy life.

Therefore he was not sorry that he was invited to her father's house on the occasion of her birthday.

The office was closed early the next day. Arthur Humberton had gone to his lodgings (he had been an orphan five years), and was cogitating how he should behave himself in the evening, and what deportment would best please the lady of whom he thought with feelings akin to love. He determined to make her a small present of flowers, and he went out to purchase them. A small bouquet of roses he deemed would be most acceptable, and accordingly he bought some of the finest he could find, and formed them into a neat little nosegay. He had never taken such pains with flowers before, and he felt as he arranged their delicate stems, contrasted their blooms, and scented their sweet perfume, that this might indeed prove a passport into the lady's good graces. He had an affection for that bouquet beyond all others, and he could hardly believe that such beautiful flowers should fade and die; and then he tried to picture Miss Phane looking old and withered; but it was no use, and he could not realize that such must be the case in time.

His toilet was as carefully arranged as the bouquet; Olivia Phane was imprinted on the very manner in which he fastened his necktie. We have all once in our lifetime felt the delight of first love. How our blood bounds through our veins, and the whole atmosphere seems to be electric; how we seem to be invigorated with new life, as we are filled with an ecstatic pleasure never experienced before. Nor is it entirely selfish; our joy springs from the idea that we may share with another a mutual happiness. Truly a wonderfully subtle and undefinable sentiment; and there our pen feels weak in attempting to describe it. Master hands have tried and failed. Were it possible to gauge its mystic depths and define its peculiar properties, how much of its charm would there be left? None.

But we are digressing. Arthur Humberton has already arrived at Mr. Phane's house, and has been introduced to the other visitors, and is now sitting with them in an elegantly furnished room. An uncomfortable English awkwardness is very observable among the company, of which each individual is painfully aware and yet feels his inability to destroy with propriety. A strangely cold reserve surrounds our modern society, with its arbitrary rules and restrictions, which none but a bold man, careless of custom and consequences, would dare to break through. Alas for society's artificial state and unreality, and want of brotherly sympathy and good fellowship. It is a strange world we live in, full of peculiar humours and fancies.

Arthur Humberton's flowers had been gracefully received, and he fancied he detected something more than a look of pleasure as a deep blush suffused the face of the fair receiver. Humberton's thoughts were therefore fully occupied as he sat amid the strange company of faces. The passion of love was a new one to him, one which he had never before experienced or imagined; it was, indeed, his maiden passion. He was busy castle-building when Mr. Merrisslope was ushered in. He had left a box of chocolates for Miss Phane, he also having wished to render her some slight memento of the occasion. Redtaper had brought a pretty little basket of fruit; his gift, though refined, was more inclined to the useful than the sentimental. Merrisslope soon made friends, and was lively and chatty before anyone else had time to wear the icy chill of dignity off. A sleek little cat on the hearthrug was the object of much solicitation, and engrossed the attention of more than half the stoical company. It was wonderful what an influence that tiny cat had upon the company; its little actions of yawning, purring, and stretching were things of such interest and seemingly vital importance to these sober people that the most solemn affairs of State might have been depending upon its movements. It soon began to play and gambol in a lively manner, at which an involuntary laugh went the round of the room, and everybody felt very stupid immediately after for having so committed himself for so trifling a cause. But a few minutes more

and that frisking cat worked wonders; what had before been a cold, cheerless company was now a genial merry party, and all through the influence of a pretty little "puss." O society, does not this show ye how hollow ye are, and that human nature must peep out of your crazy bandages at the first opportunity!

An excellent repast put them all into a still better humour, and one who before had been considered distant and haughty was found to be a very friendly, confiding, and agreeable person. After tea, songs were requested and given with the usual reluctance. There is another sham of society; we don't mean to let them alone, but will deduce our morals as we go along. A young lady, for instance, if asked to sing or play immediately abounds with all possible excuses. A bad cold, no music, or inability are some of these modest "cramps," known and acknowledged to be such; and yet all these excuses must be made and overcome before the individual requested will "give in." Why all this humbug? to speak plainly. But on; the lady has sung and several others, gentlemen too; some, certainly, who had better have made some unconquerable excuse. What people will listen to, uncomplaining; a harsh voice without modulation; a shrieking spasmodic voice; and a voice that seldom exceeds an audible whisper. This cannot be said of Miss Phane, who, though possessing only a small voice, used it with perfect taste, and charmed her hearers.

Dancing was now about to commence. The once reserved gathering would now be brought into close contact and companionship. There were many fair creatures there with enchanting charms of dress and feature, but none of them in Arthur Humberton's opinion equalled the quiet and unassuming grace of Olivia Phane. He danced with several, but never was so engrossed with their conversation and persons as to forget the impression made upon him by Miss Phane. A black-eyed beauty with glossy tresses tried hard to fascinate him, but all in vain—his eyes restlessly wandered in the direction of the girl he now felt he loved. She was conspicuous from all the rest, not by any brilliant adornment, but by her peculiar beauty, her charming manner, and quiet yet queen-like superiority. At least so thought Arthur Humberton. He would give anything almost to be her partner in a short dance.

Meanwhile Merrislope had forgotten the beautiful amber hair of Miss Phane, which had so delighted him before, and he was now being led captive by a dark beauty, on whose bosom flashed a diamond necklace, constantly sending little pyrotechnic flashes in every direction. He was being taught with a vengeance the fallacy of his arguments against woman. He was perfectly infatuated, and in that company he would have fallen down at the feet of "the angel" (as he afterwards called her) whose charms were so overpowering, or have done her most outrageous bidding. Redtaper unfortunately did not dance, but he enjoyed himself in watching others do so.

At last Humberton has had the temerity to ask the favour of a dance with Miss Phane, and his turn has come at last. Oh, what rapture! to hold in his arms the beautiful girl he already loves. How his head swims as he tries to speak to her, and he can hardly find his tongue. They seem to be going round without exertion, they hardly touch the floor, quicker and quicker they revolve, and he almost imagines he has entered the realms of bliss, such is the intoxicating nature of his ecstasy. After the delightful dance, only too short, they walk in the conservatory, and already they are in conversation. The sparkling fountain in the centre of the building cools the air with its spray, while its bubbling cadence mingles with the distant music. The air is richly laden with the perfume of a thousand flowers. It seems the happiest moment of his life, as he leads the fair creature by his side, round the fragrant walk, while her arm rests on his, sending a thrill of pleasure through him. They sit down in a secluded corner near a lovely rose tree, the delicate tints of whose flowers attempted in vain to rival the blushes of Miss Phane. There let us leave them, while we look at Arthur Humberton's past life.

His parents had married young, and it was a marriage of pure love. His father was only a merchant's clerk with a hundred and fifty pounds per annum, and it required all their care to make both ends meet on such a small income. But they were frugal in their ways and very happy. They were blessed with two children, a boy and a girl, and every care was lavished on them. They were their joy and hope; and Arthur and Lucy Humberton were merry little companions. The house rang with their chirruping laughter from morning to night. Lucy was a year younger than her brother, and he was very fond of her. He always took care that she should have the nicest playthings, and the choicest little tit-bits, and she gave way to him in everything so that they never quarrelled. She used to imitate her "cledder brudder," and he would help her; and when they got a little older they studied their little lessons lovingly together. Mr. and Mrs. Humberton were indeed happy in their children. Lucy was growing up into a beautiful little girl, and Arthur was a bright boy when his father talked of sending him to school. But Lucy cried so much, and Arthur seemed so unwilling to go, that they put it off from time to time.

Lucy was just turned seven years old when she was attacked with the scarlet fever, and Arthur was sent into the country to a relation's until she would be better. He was very unhappy to go and leave his sister, and asked how long she would be before she was better. She too missed him very much, and she was doomed never to see him again. Thus ended their affectionate attachment; a sad termination to such a beautiful little episode. But trouble comes to all alike, and Mr. and Mrs. Humberton's happiness was dealt a heavy blow, for in less than a fortnight their darling was dead. Her mother's hope and pride, she had grown like a beautiful flower under her tender care; and now all her love and anxiety had been fruitless. After all these years of gentle teaching, and the poetic attachment that had grown between the children, and the many ties that endeared her to them, she was to be torn away from them. The hand of Providence seemed very cruel, and they murmured against it. Where was the purpose of her little life, to be thus snatched away in the bud, before it had had time to blossom? But time soothed down their sorrow, and they saw after all, that all was for the best, and they had still their Arthur left, and who knows how much sorrow and trouble their little Lucy had been spared? Ah, who knows?

When poor Arthur heard of the death of little Lucy he was inconsolable, and could do nothing but weep. He would eat nothing, and when he was left alone he slipped out of the house, and set out for London on foot. Poor little fellow! He could not believe that his sister was dead; death was something terrible he did not understand, and he was determined to find out for himself. For hours he trudged along strange roads in what he supposed was the direction of London, but he was really going nearly the opposite way. He several times sat down on the roadside to cry, but always got up after a few minutes to go along again. He had no fixed idea of what he was going to do, he only imagined he was getting nearer to his little sister, and that was some consolation. He began to feel very tired and London never seemed to be any nearer after all his walking, and he sat down again on the doorstep of a village inn, not knowing what to do. Poor little chap! he was only eight years old, and this devotedness on his part at so early an age was a very good trait in his character. The landlord happening to be a kind-hearted man, came out and spoke to him, and asked him his trouble. Little Arthur soon confided his tale to the sympathetic landlord, who then said he would send him to London in a gig. Arthur thanked him very much, and he was sent back to his aunt's from whence he had come, to their great relief. They had missed him and had been making inquiries in all directions, wondering what could have become of him. Neither had Lucy forgotten her loving little brother in her calmer moments of fever. She often mentioned him and wished to see him; she felt very strange without him. Shortly before her death, when she knew she was going away to another



land, she whispered "Tell Artie not to cry; he will come soon, too; good bye; good bye, Artie!" These were her last words, and her spirit flew away to the happier regions above.

To Mr. and Mrs. Humberton, Arthur was now everything. All that could be done for him in reason was done, though not with too great extravagance. He was sent to a good school, where he learnt a good deal, brought away several prizes, and made many friends. His parents were overjoyed at his success. He had always shown an aptitude for music, so his father also indulged him in this way, and he had some lessons on the pianoforte, on which he showed great proficiency. He certainly exhibited much talent and progress, and promised to be a bright scholar in the not very distant future. His mother was exceedingly proud of him.

But Arthur's troubles were not over yet. At the tender age of twelve he had the misfortune to lose his very dear mother, then his dearest friend on earth. His heart-broken sobs at the time were piteous to hear. He knew what death was then in one sense; he knew that it meant separation, cruel separation, and deep, unalterable loss, never to be replaced. She had always been very kind to him, and he loved his mother very much.

He was again sent to school, and in his studies he tried to forget the sad thought that his dear mother had left him for ever, and to find consolation, in working to be a clever man as she had wished. He was still paying attention to music, and in its study he made rapid strides. His father once hesitated whether he would let him follow music as a profession or apprentice him to a merchant. But when he thought of his very possible failure to succeed as a musician, and the hard life he would be obliged to lead, he determined in favour of merchandise.

At fourteen, therefore, he was apprenticed for five years to Messrs. Phane and Co. He had not been there long before his third misfortune fell heavily upon him. His father was killed in a railway accident. Now, indeed, was he left friendless in the world. Poor Arthur! Fortune seemed dead against him. But Mr. Phane proved himself at this period a real kind-hearted man. Not only did he give him a week's holiday from business to attend to his own private affairs, but he assisted him all he could like a true friend. Arthur would now have to find his own means of living, and Mr. Phane kindly offered to erase his indenture, and give a salary of fifty pounds per annum to commence with, to be raised ten pounds yearly if he merited it. Arthur was overwhelmed with gratitude to him, even in the midst of his grief, and he thanked him with silent tears. Not many men would have done what Mr. Phane did; it was an act of true benevolence, done without any view of return, but never to be forgotten by Arthur Humberton. He was now, at nineteen, receiving a hundred pounds a year from Mr. Phane, and he did all he could to deserve it. His employer lost nothing by his generosity. It did not at all please Mr. Bulliker, though, that Humberton should be so favoured; he took a selfish objection to anything so irregular. "I hate him," he hissed through his teeth. In fact, he hated everybody, and probably they reciprocated his kind feelings.

"His 'ate only applies in practice to his biscuits," said Merrisslope; "he hasn't the spirit of a worm."

When Mr. Humberton's affairs were all made up, there was about fifty pounds a year coming in from investments, etc., so that Arthur was tolerably well cared for. He had always had a passion for music, and this he now exercised, and he found a sweet consolation in playing on the organ extempore. It seemed to soothe his mind, and fill him with calm, quiet thoughts, that made him forget all his troubles. Sometimes it would whisper to him in strange accents of a future fame, and swelling out into noble harmony tell of proud success. He listened to its flattering voice, and studied more and more the themes of old masters, the intricacies and technicalities of the instrument, and the theory of music in all its branches. All these he extensively prac-

tised, and his grand idea was to be able to abandon business and become a musician, a composer. Nothing could be more in harmony with his tastes, and he determined to strive to attain his object. He obtained a music master, a long, lean, sallow-faced man, with *one* glaring eye, who taught him very strictly. No humbug with him; he'd roughed it, he had, and he knew what a young man should do if he intended to get on in the world. He vouched that Humberton had a splendid ear for music, and would soon be a regular steady player if he only stuck at it. In fact, if he would attend to his teaching he would soon be perfect.

This was all very flattering to Humberton, but somehow he hardly liked to have that glaring eye always feeding on him, and it did not exactly inspire confidence. But then he thought that he was maligning the poor fellow, whose misfortune it was to have lost an eye; but it certainly did seem to have a very malignant expression. Be that as it may, his character towards Humberton belied this, for he was always agreeable and friendly in the extreme. When he had been three years under his tuition, he was fortunate enough (partly through the influence of Mr. Cribton and Mr. Phane) to obtain a situation as organist at one of the best churches, where the Phane family attended. For this service he received thirty pounds per annum. Six months after this he had another misfortune; the stocks in which his father's money was invested turned out to be unsound, and he lost nearly the whole of it. This, however, he bore without a murmur, and considered that for his age he was not so badly off after all. Besides his salary from Messrs. Phane & Co. (that mystic "company"), and his emolument from the church, he made some little sums by his musical compositions, of which he had already published several by the good services of Mr. Cribton. But in comparison with the fame they brought him, the notice they received, and the sale effected, his profits were not adequate. This, he imagined, was the difficulty at the commencement of such a profession, only to be overcome by time and perseverance. He patiently continued on; Cribton brought all his pieces out for him, the publishers buying the copyright of him, and taking all risks. When Humberton took the situation as organist he left Mr. Cribton, as far as lessons on the organ were concerned, but that gentleman still continued his friendship towards him, and was more friendly than ever. Indeed he took quite a patronizing interest in his clever pupil, and encouraged him by all means in his power to continue in his present work. He promised him a golden future, and helped him in all his enterprises.

This was Arthur Humberton's present position. His had not been a bed of roses, but fortune had been his friend through adversity, and his perseverance had brought him success. His name was *not* altogether unknown in musical society, and he felt that he had a standing of which many might envy him.

After this digression we will turn to where we left him in the conservatory with the lovely Miss Phane. Near them nestled the little tortoiseshell cat that had furnished such amusement to the icy company a few hours ago. It was purring pleasantly, and seemed to partake of the happiness they were enjoying. A young retriever dog was lying at their feet in happy contentment at being near his mistress. The dog and cat were perfect friends, and fed and played together notwithstanding their difference in size and nature.

By this time Humberton had been saying a great deal to Miss Phane on many subjects. Their conversation had at first been of cats and dogs, and they exchanged their little theories as to what would become of them when they died. Then they talked about the flowers that surrounded them, and the origin of their symbolic meaning, and how beautiful it all was.

"If you were to be a flower now, Miss Phane, what would you choose to be?"

"Well, that is difficult to say; there are so many beautiful ones with different qualities."

"But supposing your lot to be that of some single flower; which one do you imagine would be most in accordance with your æsthetical tastes?"

"I can hardly say, it seems so strange; and then, you know, they have no feeling as we have, no tastes, no desires; in fact, nothing in common, so that such an idea is almost impossible," explained Olivia.

"Well, but imagine that to live like a flower you would imbibe and experience the same qualities they are supposed to symbolize; in fact, treat the whole thing in a poetic manner, and then how would you choose?" said Humberton.

"You seem so anxious that I should tell you."

"Believe me, I am," said Humberton.

"Well, to satisfy you, I think I would be a rose; but why do you ask?"

"Merely to know your choice; but there are so many kinds of roses. Have you no preference?"

"I sometimes like one sort and sometimes another, but I think I like a deep red rose, like that one you see there," said Olivia, and she pointed to one almost in front of him, growing on a small tree. "Now you must tell me what flower you would like to be."

"After your confession I could not help but choose the same—a rose."

"What, the same colour, too?"

"Well, no; if I had my choice it should be a moss rose-bud, just like that one on the tree next to yours."

"Do you really mean that?" said she, blushing deeply.

"I do, with all my heart;" and he pressed her closer to him.

"But—but—I'm so superstitious, you know; and that tree is to be bedded out to-morrow, while mine will remain here."

"Ah, believe me, that is pure superstition," said Arthur Humberton, now feeling a deep interest in all she said, and determined to carry his point; "my heart shall always beat near yours, if you will let it."

"Ah! but what if papa will have that flower removed into the garden?" whispered Olivia, now blushing deeper than ever; "but I'm afraid I show too much interest in so small a thing; let us talk of something else."

"Oh, no; your conversation interests me exceedingly, and the subject too; do you not think you could prevent its removal; with your tender voice, have you no influence with your dear father?" urged Humberton earnestly.

"Yes, but would it be right for me to do so?" said she.

"Why not?"

"Why, I don't know; but you know——"

Just then the dog gave a low growl, warning them of the approach of some one, and Olivia struggled to release herself from the hold of Humberton. He would not, however, leave his prize now until he had exacted from her a promise that he might write to her. It was another couple who approached them and remarked on their lengthened absence, at which Olivia again blushed deeply and said that she had felt so hot that she came there to get cool; and she went back with them into the dancing room.

The company had now ceased dancing, and singing and playing were again being performed by different members. Merrisslope was just roaring out a rattling drinking song, and loud were the plaudits and choruses that accompanied him. He was, of course, encored, and Humberton and Olivia seemed to be taking every notice of him, though their thoughts were far, far away, and only expressed to each other by a stealthy squeeze of the hand. When Merrisslope had finished he turned round, and seeing Humberton said:

"Hallo, old fellow, I reckon we've missed you; come, you must do your turn, and I know you've a splendid voice, so don't be greedy and hide your light under a bushel, you know. Come, let's have a little of it, a bushel of it if you like; you know I've a call, but I'm nowhere where you come."

"Nonsense; you know I never sing," said Humberton.

"I know you do; so come along and let's have it; anything you like, only sing something; don't be afraid," said Merrisslope, in his burly way.

"Yes, do," said half-a-dozen voices at once, and Humberton felt that he was booked, and that it was no use trying to back out of it. So he touchingly rendered a little ditty of his own composition, which went to the hearts of his hearers though they knew not its author. Merrisslope, however, did not leave them in ignorance, and they crowded round him and begged for another.

Humberton felt very proud at the impression he had made, and he cast his eyes in the direction of Olivia, who was watching him with loving eyes which bent down before his gaze. He next played them a little extravaganza of his own on the pianoforte, and all were again in raptures and demanded more, and it was long ere he was able to quit the piano, and then he did so amid congratulations and applause on all sides. Mr. Phane was exceedingly pleased at the proficiency shown by Humberton and also complimented him. He did not, however, notice the emotion shown by his daughter at Humberton's performance, or he might have looked upon him with different feelings.

During the rest of the evening, unfortunately, Humberton saw very little more of Olivia. He had, however, monopolised her society a good deal before, so he could not expect to be with her much more without it being remarked. His companions found him only very dull and absent, and formed very wrong opinions of his character. But his heart was all with Olivia; and she was constantly thinking of him, and wondering what he meant by his enigma of the flowers.

All things must have an end, and the pleasant party was at last concluded. Arthur took a sad leave of Miss Phane, and felt that he was leaving all his heart behind him, while her eyes haunted him, and he went homewards to dream of Olivia, nothing but Olivia.

*(To be continued.)*

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## DERWENTWATER.

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**E**VER since Gray, the poet, visited the Lake Country in 1767, and again in 1769 in company with Dr. Wharton, the fame of Derwentwater has been increasing, and tourists innumerable take it in their way to see the English Lakes. Gray's friend fell ill at Brough, and was obliged to return home. To this circumstance we are indebted for the admirable journal which he wrote to Dr. Wharton, giving a description of the places he visited. The journal, when published, attracted the attention of the nobility and gentry. No descriptions have ever surpassed those of the poet. He says, "October 4th, I walked to Crow-Park, now a rough pasture, once a glade of ancient oaks, whose large roots still remain in the ground, but nothing has sprung from them. If a single tree had remained, this would have been an unparall'd spot; and Smith judged right when he took his view of the lake from hence, for it is a gentle eminence, not too high, on the very margin of the water, and commanding it from end to end, looking full in the gorge of Borrowdale. From hence I got to the parsonage a little before sunset, and saw in my glass a picture that, if I could transmit to you, and fix it in all the softness of its living colours, would fairly sell for a thousand pounds. This is the sweetest scene I can yet discover in point of pastoral beauty; the rest are in a sublimer style."

The lake is three miles in length and a mile and a half in width. There are four principal islands, viz., Derwent Isle, Lord's Island, St. Herbert's Island, and Rampsholme, and there are smaller ones, e.g., The Lingholms, Trippet-Holme, and other isles on the western side of the lake, which add much to its picturesque beauties.

The principal islands have each a history. Lord's Island had upon it a manor house built by Sir Thomas Radcliffe about the year 1450. His eldest son, Sir John, lived and died upon the island, and his remains are covered by a tomb in Crosthwaite church, where there are brasses of the knight and Dame Alice (daughter of Sir Edmund Sutton) his wife. He died in 1527. He was twice high sheriff in the reign of Henry VIII., and died holding that high office. He had no children, and the estate passed to his brother, Sir Edward Radcliffe, who married the heiress of Cartington, Dilston, and Whitton Hall, in Northumberland, and Hawthorn, in the county of Durham. After this the principal residence of the family was at Dirton Hall, in Northumberland, but Sir Edward Radcliffe ("the loyal," as he was designated) took up his residence here with a troop of horse during the civil war with the Parliament. His faithful lieutenant, Captain Ewan Christian, died at that time, and his death is recorded in Crosthwaite register thus:

"Ewan Christian, Captain, Lieutenant to Baronet Edward," buried in the "Quier."

There is a tradition that a young lady of the family, in troublous times, made her escape up Lady's Rake in Wallow Crag. This probably occurred at this time, for it is proved that the Countess of Derwentwater was not in this part of the country in 1715, and indeed the house had been allowed to go to ruin after the rough usage it is believed to have received at the hands of Cromwell's men, when they destroyed the smelting mills at Brigham, near Keswick, belonging to the Mines Royal of Goldscope, Newlands. Mr. Francis Radcliffe, brother of Sir Edward, had a house at Castle Rigg, and it would not be very difficult, with the help of a stalwart attendant, for a young lady (probably it was Sir Edward's wife) to escape in that way to avoid being taken. Several young ladies have in recent days successfully scaled the giddy ravine, in company with a father or a brother. Sir Edward's estates were absolutely forfeited during a considerable period of his life "for treason" to the Commonwealth, and had to prefer a claim through Dame Elizabeth Radcliffe, his wife, before the Commissioners for forfeited estates, in 1652, she being described as "wife of Sir Edward Radcliffe, a delinquent." This claim was under a settlement in 1614, and was allowed. He lived till 1663, having eventually "come to his own again," and having been the owner of the property for forty-one years. After his day no record appears of any births, marriages, or burials from the island in the parish register, from which it may be inferred that the family never again had any long residence there. It is also known that when all the woods on the Derwentwater estate were felled, from 1749 to 1758, a willow tree was growing in the middle of the house-stead which measured eleven feet in girth, which shows that the house had been left in a ruinous condition, and never more than a small portion of it inhabited thereafter, probably by a labourer on the estate. The mounds are still visible where the house stood, but stones were taken from thence to build the old Town Hall. It was built with stones which were brought from the island, and Will Munkhouse was drowned through over-loading a boat with them.

When the present Town Hall was erected in Keswick, in 1812, by the Commissioners of Greenwich Hospital, the same ruins served as a quarry for the building. Still there are large mounds of stones, and the ground-plan of the buildings and garden is reproduced in "The last of the Derwentwaters," an interesting pamphlet published in 1874. The sketch was made by Mr. Joseph Pocklington, of whom more hereafter.

The island of St. Herbert, which contains about five acres, now covered with trees, is famous for being the residence of St. Herbert, a priest and confessor; who withdrew hither from the world that nothing might withdraw him from mortification and prayer. The scene around him was adapted to his gloomy ideas of religion. Here the recluse erected an hermitage, the remains of which appear, being a building of stone. It formed two apartments, the outer one about twenty feet long and fifteen broad, the other of smaller dimensions. He was contemporary with St. Cuthbert, and, as the legends of that time say, by the prayers of that saint obtained a joint and equo-temporary death with him in the year of our Lord 688. There is no history of his life and actions to be met with, or any tradition of his works of piety or miracles preserved by the inhabitants of the neighbourhood. In the register of Bishop Appleby in the year 1374, there is an indulgence of forty days to every of the inhabitants of the parish of Crosthwaite that should attend the vicar to St. Herbert's Island on the 13th of April yearly, and there celebrate mass in memory of St. Herbert.

In curious contrast to its early history may be mentioned the fact that during the civil war Sir Gilford Lawson, of Brayton, its owner, had placed large stores of ammunition for the use of the parliamentarians. Robert Philipson (alias Robin the Devil) was one of the defenders of Carlisle Castle, and, having bribed the store-keeper on the island, cut his way through the lines with a party of horse and rode over from Carlisle by Binsa to Catbells, opposite to the island. He found that every boat upon the lake had been taken and drawn upon the beach of the island, and when he summoned the custodian of the stores to surrender his demand was received with shouts of derisive laughter. Finding that he had been hoaxed, he and his party turned their horses' heads to Carlisle, where they again reached the castle, after a bootless journey of over sixty miles.

Thus, while Lord's Island was held by Sir Edward "the loyal" for the king, St. Herbert's was held by Sir Gilford, the parliamentarian, for Cromwell—a singular illustration of the extent to which the civil wars affected even remote places like Lake Derwent.

The third island was formerly called Vicar's Island. It contains six acres of ground, and lies nearer to Keswick. It formerly belonged to Fountains Abbey, to which the church of Crosthwaite was appropriated, and was granted by King Henry VIII. to one John Williamson. In 1777 it belonged to the Ponsonbys of Hale, then to Mr. Joseph Pocklington, who built the house upon it about a century ago. It then passed to General Peachy, and now it is owned by Mr. Henry Marshall, of Weetwood Hall, Leeds, who had a large portion of the house accidentally burnt, and he rebuilt that portion, and materially enlarged and improved the present comfortable edifice. In Leyland's time there were upon it only a few miners' huts, and when Smith's view was taken there were no trees upon it, only Mr. Pocklington's newly-erected house. Now it is covered with forest trees of varied kind and of large dimensions. The foliage in autumn on the island is beautiful, and is a feature which, with the other surrounding wood, adds greatly to the charming scene.

Rampsholme is a little round island covered with black firs, and stands midway between Lord's and St. Herbert's. It is much smaller, and resembles Helen's Isle on Loch Katarine. Then there is that floating island which makes its appearance 150 yards from the shore, not far from Lodore. It has been said to make its appearance once in seven years, but that is quite uncertain; it generally rises after a few years, and towards the end of a warm summer. Its figure is variable; it has sometimes contained about half-an-acre of ground, at other times only a few perches; but extending in a gradual slope under water, a much greater portion is raised from the bottom than reaches the surface of the lake. Several rents may be seen in the earth about the place, which appear to have been occasioned by stretching to reach the sur-

face. It never rises far above the level of the lake; but having once attained the surface it for a time fluctuates with the rising and falling of the water; after which it sinks gradually. Jonathan Otley says: "Many hypotheses have been put forth from time to time to account for this phenomenon, but the most probable conclusion seems to be that air or gas is generated in the body of the island by decomposition of the vegetable matter of which it is formed; and this gas being produced copiously, as well as being more rarefied in hot weather, the earth at length becomes so much distended therewith as to render the mass of less weight than an equal bulk of water. The water, then insinuating itself between the substratum of clay and peat earth forming the island, bears it to the surface, where it continues for a time, till, partly by escape of gas, partly by its absorption, and partly by its condensation consequent on a decrease of heat, the volume is reduced, and the earth gradually sinks to its former level, where it remains till a sufficient accumulation of gas again renders it buoyant."

Mr. Joseph Pocklington was one of the first who settled on the margin of the lake. He built, as before named, the first mansion on Vicar's Island, then Derwent Bank House, and ultimately Barrow House, where he continued to reside, and was always known in the neighbourhood as Squire Pocklington.

He introduced annual regattas and a sham fight on the lake, the attack on the island being made by a fleet of boats. The island was defended by "Colonel" Pocklington, but the invaders succeeded so far as to plunder the place of roast beef, plum pudding, and a barrel of ale, which they took to the isthmus meadow to regale themselves after the battle. Smirke made an excellent water-colour drawing of this grotesque scene, which used to be in Crosthwaite museum, but is now in the possession of Mr. Joshua Stanger, of Fieldside.

Lord William Gordon followed very early after Mr. Pocklington as a resident, and he purchased Water End and Hause End farms of Mr. Fletcher, and afterwards Brandlehow Woods, Fawe Park, Scale Thorns, Saltwell Park, Derwent Bank, and the beautiful little mountain Swinside, comprising the whole western margin of the lake. Here he built a beautiful house after the model of the park-ranger's house in the Green Park, before which were placed two excellent images, cast in lead, of bucks.

He planted all the woods on that side of the lake, and being a man of excellent taste his handiwork added to the natural beauty of the scenery. The property, which is still well covered with fine timber, has upon it many splendid sites for villas, and the present owners—nephews of Major-General Sir John G. Woodford, K.C.B., K.C.H., are restoring the house to its former chaste appearance.

The long residence of Sir John Woodford marks a period of forty years during which parties have been allowed to walk through the woods which skirt the lake, than which none more beautiful can be seen. The present owners grant the same privilege, which is highly appreciated by those who enjoy the liberty. Sir John's good name will be held in everlasting remembrance.

To attempt to describe the lake is futile. It must be seen to be duly appreciated. Gilpin says (vol. i., p. 191.): "Of all the lakes in these romantic regions, the lake we are now examining seems to be the most generally admired. It was once admirably characterized by an ingenious person, who on his first seeing it cried out, '*Here is beauty indeed—Beauty in the lap of Horror!*' We do not often find a happier illustration. Nothing conveys an idea of beauty more strongly than the lake, nor of horror than the mountains; and the former lying in the lap of the latter expresses in a strong manner the mode of their combination."

It seems that most of the early writers speak with bated breath of the mountains and rocks as if they feared they would fall on them and grind them

to powder, but that great educator, time, has made the tourist as much in love with the mountains as with the lakes, and he sees in them a beauty and a charm without which the lakes themselves would be insipid. The growing numbers of tourists testify to the increasing good taste and opulence of the people, and without any disparagement to any other of the lakes, each of which has some peculiar charm, it is all but universally admitted by artists and men of cultivated taste that Derwentwater is the queen of the English lakes.

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### DERWENTWATER.

AUGUST, 1880.

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WHEN standing on thy wooded side to-day,  
 'Mid summer's golden hours and glowing sheen,  
 Upon those pleasant hills each glancing ray  
 Serves to bring out that mingled grey and green  
 Which throw a tint of soft and gentle grace  
 On all I see, on all I gaze on now,  
 Whether I watch the lake's all placid face,  
 Whether I scan each mountain's stately brow.

Bright spot! Admiringly I linger still  
 And lovingly, amid fond nature's bounteous dower,  
 Alike in leafy wood, in babbling rill,  
 In the dark clouds and in the fragrant hour;  
 And all I see around and greet again  
 Seem to be speaking in a key to me  
 In solemn chords in soft and silvery strain  
 Of gracious, loving, mystic harmony.

The voice of men is hushed, life's cares are gone;  
 In this great world of wonder and of praise  
 I'm lost; and, full contented, one by one  
 I pass in grateful thoughts these waning days.  
 When nature once more claims us for her own,  
 Like children, awe-struck, sitting at her feet;  
 In such a scene no mortal need be lone,  
 For "Wisdom, Strength, and Beauty" here we meet.

And thus the mind is raised from passing things,  
 From painted bubbles and from fragile toys,  
 To find, as Time its lengthening shadow flings,  
 Peace in great Wisdom's ways and Nature's joys.  
 Nothing is here but kindly calm and rest,  
 Divinest grace below, around, above;  
 And as the sun is sinking in the west  
 I learn to praise, to wonder, and to love.



## THE TESSERA HOSPITALIS.

THIS is an old and curious custom of bye-gone days which requires some notice at the hands of the Masonic student, though we do not see that it has, as some have liked seemingly to hold, any connection with Masonry. It had to do with the social system and the "sodalitia" and "collegia" of the Romans and the "Summoræ" of the Greeks, and in that sense, no doubt, may fairly be claimed as an interesting relic of early guilds and classic times. Many inscriptions, as reported by various writers, attest the use and antiquity of the custom of the tessera hospitalis. We read of "tabula hospitali," "tabulis hospitalibus," "hospitium fecit," "hospitium fecerunt." There were also "Dii Hospitales," and Plautus says, as some may remember, "Deum Hospitalem, ac Tessaram mecum fero." Ovid says, "Ante fores hominum stabat Jovis hospitis ara." Venus was also called Hospitalis, as also was Minerva; and from Pausanias we learn "Quo in loco Parcæ sunt, ibidem est Hospitalis Jupiter et Hospitalis Minerva." Many other instances of this fact may be quoted, but these will suffice. The idea of "hospitium," hospitalitas, and our hospitality, was that a stranger, or traveller, or fellow citizen received into a public or private house to be cared for, fed, healed, or helped on his way.

There were, both among the Greeks and Romans, public "hospitia," and though the idea of the "hospital" for the gratuitous relief of the ill and suffering cannot, we think, be traced beyond christian times, though the Hebrews claim a similar provision, there were undoubtedly hospitia for the entertainment of travellers and strangers.

In 1647 a learned Italian bishop, Jacobus Philippus Tomasinus, Episcopus Æmoniensis, wrote a work, now rather rare, dedicated to Pope Innocent X., entitled "De Tessera Hospitalitatis." He divides his work into thirty-two chapters or "capita," and goes through carefully all the uses of hospitality, and dwells on the use of the tessera, which he fully describes. There were several kinds of tesserae, such as the "oval pebbles," each with the same name; or two oblong pebbles, with the names of the two friends mutually inscribed, which were exchanged; a wooden or ivory four-sided staff, or even little tiles of baked brick, with the name and a monogram or symbol inscribed.

The "tessera hospitalis" was thus carried about by persons who claimed hospitality, that they might be recognized by paternal and fraternal hosts, for this claim of hospitality once conceded descended from father to son and to all the descendants. Thus Luctatius says, "Veteres quoniam non poterant omnes hospites suos noscere, tesseram illi dabunt, quam illi ad hospitia reversi ostendebant propro hospitii. Unde intelligebantur hospites."

The Scholiast of Euripides on Medea describes another sort of tessera which he terms "Asphragalon," which was, among the Greeks, broken into two parts for mutual recognition. Harris originally called attention to the subject among Masonic writers, and Mackey has dwelt upon it at length.

We are not aware, so far, of any Masonic tessera. The Bishop describes one with a trident upon it; but we have never seen any, so far, with Masonic emblems. Still as all the collegia and Summoræ had no doubt travelling members, they would use the "tessera," and it is not impossible such may turn up.

There is a Christian use of the tessera which some say lasted until the eleventh century, and there were "tokens," no doubt, in the middle ages which were used by the guilds and the monasteries for help and hospitality.

The formula "Salve Hospes" was ever in use until the Roman Empire fell, and the old Latin *tessera* and the Greek "kalame," which answers to the Latin *tessera*, were kept up long after, and were probably used by the Masonic guilds.

We conclude this paper with a quotation from Mackey's very valuable work on the same subject:—

Marks or pledges of this kind were of frequent use among the ancients, under the name of *tessera hospitalis* and "arrhabo." The nature of the *tessera hospitalis*, or, as the Greeks called it, *sumbolon*, cannot be better described than in the words of the Scholiast on the *Medea* of Euripides, v. 613, where Jason promises *Medea*, on her parting from him, to send her the symbols of hospitality which should procure her a kind reception in foreign countries. It was the custom, says the Scholiast, when a guest had been entertained, to break a die in two parts, one of which parts was retained by the guest, so that if at any future period he required assistance, on exhibiting the broken pieces of the die to each other the friendship was renewed. *Plautus*, in one of his comedies, gives us an exemplification of the manner in which these *tesserae* or pledges of friendship were used at Rome, whence it appears that the privileges of this friendship were extended to the descendants of the contracting parties. *Pœnulus* is introduced, inquiring for *Agonostocles*, with whose family he had formerly exchanged the *tessera*.

AG. Antidimarchus' adopted son  
If you do seek, I am the very man.  
PÆN. How! do I hear aright?  
AG. I am the son  
Of old Antidamus.  
PÆN. If so, I pray you  
Compare with me the hospitable die.  
I've brought this with me.  
AG. Prithee, let me see it.  
It is, indeed, the very counterpart  
Of mine at home.  
PÆN. All hail, my welcome guest,  
Your father was my guest, Antidamus.  
Your father was my honoured guest, and then  
This hospitable die with me he parted.

These *tesserae*, thus used for the purposes of perpetuating friendship and rendering its union more sacred, were constructed in the following manner. A small piece of bone, ivory, or stone (generally of a square or cubical form) being divided into equal parts, each writes his own name, or some other inscription, upon one of the pieces; they then made a mutual exchange, and, lest falling into other hands it should give occasion to imposture, the pledge was preserved with the greatest secrecy, and no one knew the name inscribed upon it except the possessor.

The primitive Christians seem to have adopted a similar practice, and the *tessera* was carried by them in their travels as a means of introduction to their fellow Christians. A favourite inscription with them were the letters *II. Y. A. II.*, being the initials of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. "The use of these *tesserae* in the place of written inscriptions continued," says Dr. Harris, "until the eleventh century, at which time they are mentioned by Burchardus, Archbishop of Worms, in a visitation charge."

The *arrhabo* was a similar keepsake, formed by breaking a piece of money in two. The etymology of this word shows distinctly that the Romans borrowed the custom of these pledges from the ancient Israelites, for it is derived from the Hebrew *arabon*, a pledge.

With this detail of the customs of the ancients before us we can easily explain the well-known passage in Revelation ii., 17: "To him that overcometh will I give a white stone, and in a new name written, which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it." That is, to borrow the interpretation of Harris, "To him that overcometh will I give a pledge of my affection, which shall constitute him my friend, and entitle him to privileges and honours of which none else can know the value or the extent."

## SAVED: A TALE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

BY THEOPHILUS TOMLINSON.

PARIS was at the height of the Reign of Terror. The joyous city had become sombre and pensive, sad and sorrowing. Horrors had succeeded upon horrors, atrocities on atrocities! That wicked and infamous revolutionary tribunal, where neither innocence, nor genius, nor grace, nor virtue, nor patriotism had any hope, was running its career of blood! Before its shameless decrees had perished the best intentioned of kings, the most heroic of queens, the most angelic of princesses, Cazotte and Lavoisier, Madame Roland and Charlotte Corday, and the countless noble sufferers of the "terreur rouge." Men and women of all ranks and classes, equally innocent, equally helpless, had all gone to the guillotine in turn, and in its delirium low whispers were heard which neither spared Danton, nor Robespierre, nor Fouquier Tinville himself. But still day by day the victims came and went, and disappeared, and died bravely, and Paris in a whirl of excitement, was seeking new horrors, a new sensation, and new sacrifices!

In a narrow street running out of the "Rue Jean Jacques Rousseau" (as it is now called), in a second "etage," a family party were sitting plunged in grief. The group was composed of an elderly gentleman, a middle-aged matron, and a charming girl of fifteen, a gay and pleasant looking young man of twenty-three or twenty-four or thereabouts, and a slim, elegant lad of sixteen. There was something about the assembled little party which alike attracted and affected a beholder. The intense anxiety and grief depicted on all the countenances, the tender looks and the affectionate interest so vividly and touchingly displayed by "all to each" evidently pointed to a present grief or a coming danger! There was something soldierly and aristocratic combined which made you think the head of the family gathering (for it was a family gathering) had seen military service, and was not ignorant of the fashions of Courts, while no one could look on the "mother" of that united but agitated little assembly without esteeming her alike charming in appearance and gifted with much intellectual energy, as well as the "don de plaire." The two had clearly seen better days, had been accustomed to all that was noble and stately and distinguished in society. The daughter was as charming a girl as you could see any where, and if anxiety for her parents (for they were "vrais aristocrats") had dimmed her joyousness, and given a tender melancholy to her countenance, she was one of nature's fairest flowers, and his must be a bad heart and a hard heart who could look upon her unmoved or with any feelings but those of admiration and respect. The young man was an officer, the son of an old neighbour of a good family in Normandy, who was now in Paris and about to rejoin his regiment in "La Vendee." Not being an "aristocrat" by birth he had, so far, weathered the storm, but his connection with this very family had brought on him, he had heard, a "denunciation." Still, here he was, like a preux chevalier, to prove that he was still faithful to old friendship and his first love. For he and the young girl were deeply attached to each other. The pleasant lad was the only son of the family, a fine and promising youth.

The elderly gentleman and lady were named the Vicomte and Vicomtesse de Castaignac. The young lady was Melanie de Castaignac. The young soldier was Lieutenant De la Roche, and the boy was Ernest de Castaignac.

And as they sat there, in deepest sorrow, footsteps were heard ascending the stairs. A loud knock came at the door. "Entrez," said the Vicomte firmly, and three or four armed and ill-looking men, with tricolour cockades, walked into the room, and the leader said "Monsieur le Viscomte, je vous arrete en nom de la Commune." Dreadful words then, dreadful words since! Ill-omened, most ill-omened, to every Frenchman! And so it was, that despite the despairing daughter, the tearful eyes of his two male associates, the poor Vicomte, calm and tranquil as he was, was taken away one fine May afternoon to the the dreadful "Abbaye." What could be done? To that poor family the outlook was alike hopeless, helpless, and like as to many of all ranks in France; nothing seemed left but calm resignation and courageousness. But so it was not to be, in the good providence of T.G.A.O.T.U., and that is why I tell the story in Bro. Kenning's well-known magazine.

The Vicomte was a Freemason, and had taken, in happier days, a leading part in Parisian and Provincial Masonry. Like others, perhaps, he was in advance of his time, and had found good and happiness in that remarkable society whose first principles were neither revolutionary nor destructive, but exhibited everywhere and on all occasions the truest "outcome" of toleration, benevolence, fraternal interest, and goodwill.

When he was admitted to the Abbaye, he saw among the municipal officers one whom he had well known in his lodge, "Les Philanthropes Reunis," as "Frere Delapierre." In a moment (as in a flash) came and was answered a sign of recognition, and the Vicomte took heart on knowing he had one true friend and brother there who would not desert him. Then came the dreadful tribunal, the parody of a trial, the iniquitous sentence, and early in the morning Sanson came with his "aides" to take on the cars the condemned to the guillotine.

The names are read out, sixteen, but no name of Vicomte de Castaignac. His friend the municipal was there with a smiling face, but he said nothing, and the lugubrious cortége passed away without our gallant friend.

All this time let us try and realize the condition and fears of that mourning family in the little upper room. During the day it was clear that a great disturbance was going on in Paris. The "rappel" was beaten; constant discharges of musketry, as well as even cannon, seemed to say that an internecine war of some kind was being waged in the streets of Paris, and in the evening the fall of Robespierre was announced. The "Reign of Terror" was practically at an end.

Early in the morning kind Bro. Delapierre brought Bro. Castaignac his order for release, and soon after the happy Vicomte was folded in the arms of his rejoicing and all but heartbroken family.

Years afterwards, when they were all assembled in peace in the Vicomte's recovered "Hotel Castaignac" in Paris, General and Mme. De la Roche and their children, and Ernest and his wife (nee Calusac) and children were gathered round the "old hearth stone," one of the greatest friends of the family was that same Bro. Delapierre who, then high in civil service, had shewn that even in the darkest hours of the insanity and wickedness of the French Revolution he had never forgotten, and was not ashamed to own, that he was a "Freemason," a friend in need, a brother "born for adversity," who practised what he professed in lodge, and rejoiced to exemplify the healing, and salutary, and gracious and ennobling principles of true Freemasonry.

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OLD RECORDS OF THE LODGE OF PEEBLES.

BY BRO. ROBERT SANDERSON, P.G. SEC. PEEBLES AND SELKIRK (S.C.)

(Continued from page 104.)

Peebles, 27th March, 1784.

Agreeable to the Last appointment of the Twenty-seventh of December last in order to meet and pay their quarter Dues which was paid by the members present as marked on the page 64, and thereafter the meeting took into their consideration that Andrew Paterson who was duly elected St. John's Day last Junr. Warden of this Lodge, and having since refused to pay his quarter dues, and other reasons known to the said Lodge—therefore said Lodge suspends the said Andrew Paterson from his office of Junr. Warden, and has this day unanimously chosen Archibald Robertson member of this Lodge Junr. Warden in place of the said Andrew Paterson.

ROBERT BROWN, Master.

Att Peebles the Twenty-seventh day of December one thousand seven hundred and eighty four years, which day being the anniversary of St. John the Evangelist, and the Honourable Lodge of Masons Peebles Kilwinning convened agreeable to previous warning given to the whole of the Bretheren at the Commitie, and being constitute in a Just and Perfect Lodge by prayer—they proceeded to the collection of their quarter Dues, and payed as marked below :

Pd. Robert Brown, Mr. ...	1/6	Pd. John Tweedale ... ..	2/-
Pd. Alexander Hislope ...	2/-	Pd. James Veitch ... new entered	
Pd. John Hislope ... ..	1/6	Pd. James Grosest ... ..	1/6
Pd. Archibald Robertson ...	1/6	Pd. Wiiliam Thomson ...	1/6
Pd. Andrew Scott ... ..	1/6	Pd. Thomas Stodhart ...	1/6
Pd. Robert White ... ..	1/6	Pd. John Brown ... ..	1/6
Pd. John Wallace ... ..	1/6	Pd. George Brown ... ..	1/6

Thereafter the Lodge so constituted proceeded to the examination of the Fellow Crafts and entered apprentices which was performed to the satisfaction of the whole Lodge which duly reported to them by a Quorum of the Bretheren appointed examiners for that purpos and effect.

Then the Lodge so convened and constituted as said is proceeded to the Election of the Master, Wardens and other members of the Lodge, when was duly and Legally Elected and chosen by plurality of votes. For Master John Wallace, Senior Warden Archibald Robertson, Junr. Warden John Hislope, Box Master Robert Hislope, Key Keeper Walter Paterson, Senr. Steward John Brown, Junr. Steward Robert Smith, Clerk James Bartram.

Then the Master, Wardens, and other members of the Lodge were qualified by taking the oath *de fidei administratione officiee*, and ordains the master to sign thir proceedings.

ROBERT BROWN, Master.

Peebles, 29th Decr., 1784.

At the Commitie appointed to meet this day, compared		
George Veitch and paid his entry	... ..	£0 10 6
Robert Hislope Boxmaster paid in the Ballance in his hands	... ..	0 11 8
The Clerk paid in James Veitch's Entry	... ..	0 10 6
To his Mark	... ..	0 1 1
To George Brown's quarter dues	... ..	0 6 0
To James Stodhart's quarter dues for 2 years	... ..	0 4 0
To quarter dues from William Thomson depute Boxmaster	... ..	0 19 0
		<hr/>
		£3 2 9
Paid out	... ..	8 7
		<hr/>
		2 14 2
Pd. Do.	... ..	1 8
		<hr/>
		2 12 6
To House Rent paid by John Irland at Whitsunday first		2 16 0
		<hr/>
		5 8 6
Paid to Janet Watson at Saint John's Day	... ..	2 0 0
		<hr/>
		£7 8 6

The above sum of seven pounds eight shillings and sixpence paid to Andrew Scott, Five pounds one shilling sterling whereof was paid to Janet Watson relict of Thomas Tweedall which pays up the interest due her to June 1783 years, and the remaining two pounds seven shillings and sixpence sterling in part payment of the Interest from June 1783 to June 1784.\*

ROBERT BROWN, Mr.  
ANDREW SCOTT.

Att Peebles the 27th day of December 1785.

St. John Day meeting same as former minutes. List of twenty members present who have paid their dues of whom five are new entrants, and three members are marked not paid. The office-bearers elected this year are Master, Archibald Robinson; Senior Warden, John Hislope; Junior Warden, Robert Marshall; Boxmaster, William Thomson; Key Keeper, John Brown; Senior Stewart, Thomas Stodhart; Junior Stewart, George Donaldson; Clerk, James Bertram. At this meeting an inventory of some of the working tools, etc., of Cumberland Lodge, is submitted. This Lodge seceded from Lodge Kilwinning, and was chartered and instituted in 1746. Whether it had been a successful lodge or not we have no means of ascertaining; it seems now to have become dormant. The following is the note of inventory—

“Inventory of the Peebles Cumberland Lodge, the be kept by the Secretary for the use of sd Lodge untill they be recalled by the Master and other members of the said Lodge, viz., Peebles Cumberland. Two Levells, Two Squairs, a Plum Rule, a Cross-pen, a Key, Two Battons, and a Master's Pole.

“ARCHIBALD ROBERTSON Mr.”

Peebles 4th January 1786.

In a meeting of the Lodge of Massons Peebles Kilwinning and the Worshipful Master having considered the Low Ebb of Masonry he hereby ordains

\* The above financial statement would scarcely pass a modern auditor. Our brethren here debit themselves with items 8/7 and 1/8; they ought also to have put the sum of £2 paid to Janet Watson to the debit side. Instead of doing so, however, they place it to their credit, and pay it out again to the same party.—R.S.

four quarterly meetings for the year for the improvement of Massonry and paying in the quarter Dues, vizt., the first meeting to be held within the Massons Lodge upon the last Saturday of March next, The second upon the last Saturday of June next, the third upon the last Saturday of September next, and the fourth on St. John's Day next, and each member failing to attend sd quarterly meetings for the purposes above mentioned shall be lyable to pay threepence sterling, and the master for his not attendance shall pay sixpence sterling for each failyre to go into the Publick funds.

ARCHD. ROBERTSON.

Thereafter the society proceeded to settle the Treasurers accompts and finds in his hands the sum of five pounds, eleven shillings five pence three farthings strg. and the society ordains Treasurer to pay to Janet Wilson relict. of the Diseast Thomas Tweedale Two pounds fourteen shillings which pays the Intrest due to her by the Lodge from last (June) 1785 years, and recommends to the Treasurer to take a receipt upon a stamp for the interest preceding that Date, and the remaining sum of Two pounds seventeen shillings and fivepence three farthings, remains in the Treasurer's hands, with Bill upon John Veitch Mason in Cundys-Mills for the sum of Twelve shillings sterling, Do. upon Robert Harper for Eighteen shillings and sevenpence half-penny sterling.

WILLIAM THOMPSON.

ROBERT BROWN, Dp. Mr

JOHN HISLOPE, Sennr. Warden.

(Then follows a brief minute of the quarterly meeting the 25th March, 1786, with list of members, viz., 24 present, who paid their dues, and 9 marked absent; and although the object of the quarterly meetings was for the improvement of "Masonery," nothing seems to have been done at the March and June meetings but the collection of dues. The June minute states that seventeen members were present and paid, while sixteen are marked absent.

The next minute refers to some improvement in the Lodge, which we give in full.—R.S.)

Peebles, 29th September, 1786.

At the quarterly meeting of this Lodge it was agreed that there should be three shutters made for the three windows that look to the street of this Lodge or house, and a Door upon the middle of the stair—when William Sanderson and William Kadie agreed to make said three windows [*shutters*] at the agreed price of one pound three shillings and sixpence sterling. And said Door for Five shillings and one penny sterling, and obliges themselves to have said Shutters and Door furnished and put on before Saint John's Day next.

ARCHD. ROBERTSON.

WILLIAM SANDERSON.

WILLIAM KEDIE.

Thereafter there was a motion made that the Master's sate in the Lodge and the Warden's should be raised a little higher than at present, for which purpose this meeting has appointed a committee of their number to consider of said matter, viz. Mr. Archibald Robertson Master, Messrs. John Hislope and Robert Marshall Wardens, James Bartram Secy., William Thomson, Treasurer; Thomas Stodhart and George Donaldson, Stewards, and appoints the committie to meet on the 20th of October next, and to report upon the first of November next.

ARCHD. ROBERTSON.

Peebles, 20th October, 1786.

The committie having mete according to the above appointment and agreed that the master's and wardens' seats should be raised a little higher than at

present, and appointed William Sanderson and William Kadie wrights to execute the same according to the plan pointed out to them by the commitie, betwixt and St. John's Day next, Likewise recomanded to their Treasurer to furnish as much stenchill Iron as wold make a grate and employ James Stephen smith to make the same and have it put in betwixt and St. John's Day.

ARCHD. ROBERTSON.

Peebles, 2nd Novr., 1786.

At a meeting of the Peebles Killwinning Lodge No. 25\* the master presented a memorandum from Mr. John Robertson merchant in Newcastle mentioning some things which were necessary for the use of said Lodge, and the meeting having taken it into consideration, recomends it to the master to write to the said Mr. John Robertson, to send for the use of the Lodge three decent candle sticks, two per of snuffers and a Brass Seal with the number of the Lodge upon it, to be sent betwixt and St. John's Day next.

ARCHD. ROBERTSON Mr.

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## THE SUPPRESSION OF THE TEMPLARS IN ENGLAND.

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[We give from an American paper, *The Church Court Review*, as quoted in the *Voice of Masonry*, one of the best accounts of this event we have ever read.—Ed. M.M.]

THE under-currents of history are often more strange and striking than the main events which seem to determine the fate of nations. The deeper we dig down into the historic mine the more precious jewels do we find. And the mine is by no means exhausted. There was a vast amount of influences at work in mediæval England, for instance, which, even with the fuller light now being rapidly poured in, are yet obscure and unapprehended by historians. Some of the chief factors in this history were the religious orders, with their intrigues and counter-intrigues. The history of the religious orders has never yet been written, and probably never can be written fully. *Encomists* have constructed ideal glorifications of them. *Satirists* have coloured all their doings with a senseless invective. But the historian proper, the man who seeks for truth at any price, has not dealt with them. Who, for instance, has explained the rapid degeneracy of the Franciscans, or the strange ferocity of the papal crusade against the observant section of them? Who has given any sufficient or exhaustive account of that most marvellous episode of history, the fall of the Templars?

At the beginning of the fourteenth century the Templars were the most famous, the most powerful, the most wealthy, and the most popular of all the religious orders. The whole of Christendom regarded the Order with admiration and reverence. Its services to the Church had been signal, its devotion to its duties remarkable. Then, in a moment, it fell, and fell amidst the deepest disgrace, assailed with the foulest accusations, with the finger of scorn and loathing pointed at it. Has this ever been fully accounted for and explained? Why was it—even if there were a savage and unscrupulous King of France and a timid and compliant Pope—why was it that there was no semblance of

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\* This is the first time the number of the Lodge is stated in the minutes. The number, however, should have been No. 24, which number it received in 1736 and holds at present. Vide Laurie's *List.*, page 394.—R.S.



a popular movement in behalf of the Templars and no ruler in Europe who offered them an effectual aid? Some light might probably be thrown upon these points and on others connected with the fate of the Templars in France and other countries of Europe, but they do not form part of the subject designed to be treated of here. Suffice it to indicate one especial source of hostility to the Templars which has hardly been touched by historians, viz., the bitter hatred entertained against them by the mendicant orders. Wherever we find Templars accused, tortured, suffering, there are Dominicans and Franciscans taking the lead in the attack upon them.

In the space of the two hundred years of its history the Order planted by the little band of nine French gentlemen, to defend the pilgrims going to Jerusalem, had grown into marvellous proportions. By the end of that period it possessed, besides its head-quarters or court in the island of Cyprus, preceptories or branch establishments in all the countries of Europe. It numbered fifteen thousand Knights and a far greater number of servitors or aspirants. It exercised sway over two kingdoms, those of Cyprus and the Lesser Armenia: Its Grand Master took the title of King, and styled himself "by the grace of God." His court was more thronged and splendid than that of any prince. He had his ministers, who, by a complete and thorough organization, regulated the affairs of the Order in all the countries of Europe, and drew supplies from them for the central expenditure. In the chief kingdoms of Europe, the Order was represented by officers named Grand Priors, who dwelt in magnificent palaces and kept up the most brilliant state. Though regarded with jealousy, no doubt, by the kings and princes, the Templars had always been able to live well with them, shielded either by their own conduct or by the fear which attached to their power. The prestige of religion was thrown around them. They were the soldiers of Christendom against the Infidel. Thousands of them had laid down their lives in the fruitless struggle to win the Holy Land from the Pagans. A Pope had constituted their Order, and assigned to them the white mantle and red cross for their habit. The reigning pontiff was head of their Order. Their rule was drawn from St. Augustine, and was enlarged and perfected by St. Bernard. Suddenly astonished Europe heard, with infinite amazement, that the Knights of this famous Order had, on a certain day (October 13th, 1307), been seized throughout France and most of the countries of Europe, had been thrown into prison, and subjected to the direst tortures to make them confess to charges so incredible, so abominable, that to impute them to the meanest miscreant and caittiff might seem outrageously absurd. Wonder followed upon wonder. Men heard that these famous Knights, the very flower of Christendom, had in the great majority of instances confessed the truth of these accusations, branded themselves as apostates, practicers of magic, addicted to abominable crimes. But while good men throughout Europe crossed themselves with pious horror and shuddered as they thought of the terrible power of the evil one, all this time a portentous lie was being enacted, and a body of gallant Knights, no worse in their morals than other knights of their era, and far above most in high aims, disciplined valour, and ready self-sacrifice, were being immolated to glut the revenge and replenish the exhausted coffers of the most unscrupulous and daring, as well as one of the ablest monarchs who ever ruled in France. In his fierce struggle against Boniface VIII., the most pretentious of Popes, Philip the Fair had been constantly met and thwarted by the Templars, pledged to devotion to the head of their Order. In his attempt to debase the coinage of the land to meet his exigencies, men in the garb of Templars had headed the revolt which nearly cost Philip his kingdom and his life. He had sworn to take vengeance upon the Order. Then came ready to his hand accusations from base men, who, having belonged to the Order and been expelled, desired at once to gratify their revenge, and save the lives forfeited to the law by their misdeeds, by pandering to the king's violent passions. The accusations

utterly incredible, were accepted without sifting. Dominican inquisitors were ready to aid the project. The Pope was a French archbishop, completely in the power of the king, and so the Templars were generally seized and imprisoned. The paramount influence of Philip, acting with the Pope, was sufficient to procure the adoption of the same policy practised in France in most of the other countries of Europe. The dreadful tale of torture followed, torture more savage, more diabolically cruel, than perhaps ever used before or since. The Templars, overcome by the agonies of their trial, and hoping, if they confessed, easily to obtain absolution from the Pope, in many cases admitted the charges, though some persevered, even to the death, in their assertions of innocence. But soon those who had confessed, ashamed of their weakness, generally withdrew their admissions, believing that the Pope, who was holding a formal inquiry into the charges against the Order, would do them justice. They little knew, however, the man with whom they had to deal. While the long drawn out inquiry was proceeding before the Pope, the unhappy wretches who had confessed and retracted were seized upon by the Inquisition, under royal directions, as relapsed heretics, and suffered all the penalties of that terrible accusation. In one day no less than fifty-six of these were burnt by slow fires near to the Abbey of St. Anthony, in the environs of Paris. Philip put the finishing touch to this work when, before the Church of Notre Dame in Paris, a prince of the blood-royal of France, and Jacques de Molay, the Grand Master of the Templars, both of whom had confessed and retracted, were burned in charcoal fires in the face of a vast crowd. The Grand Master expired, solemnly asserting his innocence, and with his last words summoning Clement, the unjust judge, and Philip, the cruel king, to appear before the tribunal of God. Within a year they had both departed to their account.

The influence of Philip had, as has been said, availed to cause his policy to be adopted in most of the nations of Europe. But this was not the case as regarded England. The influence of France counted for little here, and whatever was to be done must needs to be done through the Pope and on pretended religious grounds. Edward II. was a weak prince. Had he resembled either his father or his son, it is perhaps not too much to assume that the Order of the Templars would not have been disturbed in England, but left to die out by the same process which extinguished the other religious orders. As it was, the king showed considerable resistance and regulated his proceedings by milder and juster rule.

The first attempt made by the king of France to influence his son-in-law in this matter altogether failed. An emissary, one Bernard Palet, had been dispatched to bring the king of England to his views, but his mission was coldly received. The King of England addressed a letter to Philip in his own name, and that of his prelates and barons, declaring his amazement at the charges made, his disbelief of them, and his confidence in the Order. Nor did he confine himself to this refusal. He became the advocate of the Order against the accusations of Philip. He wrote to the kings of Portugal, Castille, Sicily and Aragon, urging them to protect the order against its calumniators and the avarice and jealousy of its enemies. He wrote to the Pope, asserting the pure faith and lofty morals of the Order, and calling upon him for his powerful aid. But hardly had this letter been written and dispatched when all was changed. A bull from the Pope arrived, commanding in peremptory terms the arrest of all the Templars in England. The king at once yielded. Orders were sent to the sheriffs throughout England, Ireland, Wales, and Scotland, directing the arrest of the Templars. But they were no to be treated in the way in which they had been treated in France. The persons of the Knights were to be treated with respect; an inventory of their goods was to be returned into the Exchequer. On the Wednesday after Epiphany, 1308, these orders were carried out. Everywhere throughout

England the Templars were arrested, and without resistance. This last fact might indicate their consciousness of innocence. Aware, as they must have been, of the cruelties which had been practised against their brethren in France, these Knights, strong in their fortified preceptories, and with large bodies of servitors at their disposal, nowhere opposed an arrest which they perhaps held would lead to an enquiry likely to redound to their honour. The submissiveness of the Templars may, however, have been due to a different cause. They were aware that a storm of opprobrium had been excited against the Order. They knew only too well that they were odious to the clergy. They were an exempt Order, and as such hated by the bishops, whose jurisdiction they despised. By their chaplains they exercised spiritual functions within their own dominions, and did not require the services of the clergy. They had nothing to fear from excommunications and spiritual discipline, and even an interdict did not touch them. Like the Cistercians, they had the privilege of continuing their services in the midst of the papal prohibitions. It was alleged against them by the clergy that their Grand Master, though a layman, did not hesitate to give absolution. Thus the clergy, and especially the friars, who were striving to obtain a monopoly in absolutions, were bitter against them, and the friars at this time had the control of the popular sentiment. A little later and the bare-footed brethren had lost a great portion of their influence and were become the favourite subjects of popular satire; but now they were all-powerful. The nobles could hardly be expected to defend an Order which despised and outshone them. There is, therefore, more than one way of explaining the quiet submission of the Templars. It may have arisen either from the consciousness of innocence or from policy. It need not in any case be regarded as the admission of guilt.

(To be continued.)

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## LITERARY AND ANTIQUARIAN GOSSIP.

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IN the latest volume of his "Collectanea Antiqua," Mr. Roach Smith has published some interesting anecdotes of his late lamented friend and colleague, Thomas Wright, F.S.A. It is painful to find that the widow of one of the most industrious and talented workers in the field of antiquarian literature that England has ever produced—for such Thomas Wright assuredly was—is, in old age and severe physical suffering, left entirely at the world's will. Something should certainly be done to obtain the continuance of a portion at least of the pension pittance which an appreciative nation awarded to Mr. Wright in his declining years, so that the little that is left of life to his poor childless relict may be passed in comparative comfort. The *Shrewsbury Chronicle*, in a recent kindly allusion to Mrs. Wright's straitened circumstances, feelingly points out that she is, for all practical purposes, deprived of eyesight. Surely this is a case which will commend itself to the attention of our learned societies, and evoke their substantial sympathy. We fervently trust, too, that ere long a regular source of relief will be secured in the manner already alluded to. It will, indeed, be a blot on the fair fame of our country if, while lauding the name of a laborious *littérateur*, we calmly stand by and see his indigent and aged widow smarting under the pinch of poverty, and hold out no helping hand to the sufferer.

*Leisure*, a quarterly magazine contributed to principally by railway men (London: King's Cross Printing Works), is a very commendable little serial, containing choice contributions in poetry and prose. In the September issue we find tales and sketches of an eminently readable character, from the pens of such writers as L'Allegro, Henry Calvert Appleby, William Andrews, F.R.H.S., and others whose names are less widely known. Especially meritorious are two charming bits of verse on that never-failing theme of the bard, love, signed "Hermione" and "H.E." respectively. We have nothing but praise for this attractive periodical and the tact of its painstaking editor.

Experts in shorthand will find much to entertain them in the pages of the *Phonographic Meteor*, an illustrated monthly designed for their especial edification, and published by Mr. F. Pitman, of 20, Paternoster Row. Mr. Charles J. Payne, whose heart is evidently in his work, ably occupies the editorial chair of the *Meteor*.

"Epochs in the Past of Huntingdonshire," a *brochure* issued from the press of Mr. B. W. Foster, of St. Ives, and written by Mr. Frederick Ross, F.R.H.S., is a very valuable addition to local literature. The author displays much erudition in his contribution to the historical lore of a somewhat neglected county.

Those amongst us who would fain preserve for the admiration of generations yet unborn the productions of the mighty limners of our own time, have reason to be thankful to Mr. Holman Hunt. He has entered into a crusade against the use of non-permanent pigments in art, and whilst lamenting that our immediate progenitors have suffered the many traditions and art secrets which the old masters husbanded as necessary for the preservation of their creations to pass all unheeded into oblivion, he is bestirring himself and arousing his compatriots to work for the restoration of the "lost art" of colour mixing. All honour and every success to him in his earnest endeavours. Instead of being endowed with but a "fleeting glory that fadeth," the "things of beauty" which emanate from the easels of the Victorian era may yet be "joys for ever."

An agitation is afoot to obtain the opening of the British Museum and kindred institutions during a part of each succeeding Sunday. We fear that that sentiment which some of us are apt at times to think of as puritanical prejudice will prove too powerful to permit the movement making much headway at this present; but eventually the supporters of the Sunday Society will, we doubt not, effect the end they have in view. It seems to us inconsistent that our invaluable treasure-houses of literature, science, and art—potent promoters of civilization, culture, and sobriety as they admittedly are—should be closed against the masses upon the very day on which they have most leisure to look on and learn from them. Jealous of the nation's Sabbath-keeping fame, our Legislature locks up the library and bars the museum door on the Lord's Day (far be it from us, by word or deed, to sully its sanctity), and yet throws open the entrance to the public-house, the most powerful opponent of morality in the land. Well may we ask "wherein lies the concord of this discord?"

Messrs. S. W. Partridge and Co. are re-publishing the entertaining papers entitled "The Literary Ladder," which have for some time past been appearing in the pages of the *Phonetic Journal*. The author discourses practically and pleasantly on the *modus operandi* of a literary life, and furnishes a large amount of interesting incidental information.

We understand that Mr. John Potter Briscoe, F.R.H.S., author of "Midland Notes," "Nottinghamshire Facts and Fictions," "The Book of Nottinghamshire Anecdote," and other well-written and favourably received works on the historical and antiquarian associations of Notts and the neighbourhood, will shortly publish an important volume entitled "Old Nottinghamshire." Mr. Briscoe is a sedulous gleaner in the bye-ways of historical literature, and writes with a profound knowledge of old-world lore, a cultivated taste, and large authorial experience. His position as public librarian of Nottingham, together with the circumstance of his presiding over the excellent "Notes and Queries" columns of the *Nottingham Guardian*, give Mr. Briscoe special facilities for the production of a very valuable archæological work, and we doubt not his new volume will be one of exceptional interest.

Under the title of "St. Martin's Summer," Messrs. Hurst and Blackett have just published an absorbing work of fiction from the pen of Shirley Smith, the gifted author of "His Last Stake" and other popular circulating library stories. "St. Martin's Summer" takes its title from a picture of the same name painted by J. E. Millais, R.A., and the novel is appropriately dedicated to that talented artist.

From Mr. Robert Plant, F.G.S., we have the prospectus of "The History of Cheadle," a work which will be issued at an early date. The annals of the ancient Staffordshire town will be traced from the time of the Conqueror to this our year of grace, and everything of importance elucidated. A chapter on local geology will be contributed by Mr. W. Molyneux, an eminent authority on the subject; and Mr. Charles Lyndon will add an account of Croxton Abbey. The book is to be printed in demy octavo, and embellished with engravings on wood and steel; and will form a complete chronicle of every interesting occurrence in connection with Cheadle and its celebrities. Mr. Clemesha, of Leek, is the local publisher.

A new weekly journal of fun and satire, called *The Archer*, has recently been started in the Scottish capital. Containing in each issue four pages of clever cartoons and a large amount of smart reading matter, this latest born of our comic serials should command success.

*The Bradford Times*, a high class family weekly journal, which has for some ten years past been discontinued, has just commenced a new lease of life under the spirited editorial control of Mr. W. H. Hatton, F.R.H.S., of *The Bradford Daily Chronicle and Mail*. Amongst the special attractions presented are a serial story from the pen of Mr. B. L. Farjeon, the popular author of "Joshua Marvel," "London's Heart," etc.; well-written articles descriptive of Yorkshire scenery; biographical sketches of West Riding worthies; papers on remarkable episodes in local history; and notes and queries dealing with antiquarian topics. For excellence of reading matter *The Bradford Times* seems likely to compete favourably with the best of the northern newspapers.

In the September number of *The Antiquary* is an article entitled "The Largest Oak in Britain," from the pen of Bro. Thomas B. Townsdale. The writer gives a description, with historical remarks, of the famous tree, which, he tells us, stands in the parish of Cowthorpe, three miles from Wetherby, in the West Riding of the county of York. It is stated that seventy persons have assembled inside the hollow trunk of the old oak at one and the same time. The tree has been termed "The glory of England and the pride of Yorkshire," but it is now, though magnificent in its decay, scarce the shadow of its former self. Its age has been calculated at upwards of 1500 years.

## LADIES' DRESS.

BY AN ANTIQUARY AND A BACHELOR.

I AM quite aware that I am handling on a "burning question," and one that even Bro. Kenning, with all his "pluck" in such matters, might wish to be dealt with "gingerly" and gently in his magazine. But I assure my fair readers who might think that I was about to attack their tastes or their dresses, their bonnets or their hats, their ulsters or their "coatees," that I am perfectly innocent of any intentional offence or ignorant fault-finding; and mine is only a little essay on a really recondite subject after all, and an essay of antiquarian facts and archaeological research. For just now, as it seems to me, as we require varied food for the health of the body, and different books for the recreation of the mind, and many-coloured dresses to delight the eye, so in our "Maga" we also need a little "variety" from month to month, for fear it should degenerate into a mere repository of past events, scenes, and years, and fitted only for the perusal of those excellent "Dryasdusts," who scorn the lighter ballast of poetry, romance, and "belles-lettres." Like a man preparing for a "header" in the water, "courage," and "here-goes!" I was looking over an old book the other day, and I realized, perhaps more fully than I had ever done before, "how history repeats itself," even in the fleeting fashions of this hour. If you look over illuminated MSS., or study old chronicles, or read those valuable works, many of which bring before us the dress and manners of "ye Englyshe peple," even from Anglo-Saxon times (for it is, perhaps, not well to go much further back), we see at once how each succeeding epoch is only a struggle, and a shifting of dress and decoration (alike for men, be it noted, as for the "softer sex"), and that in the times of your Henry and Edward Plantagenet, your Edward and Richard of York, your Henries of Lancaster and Tudor, and through the reigns of Mary, Elizabeth, and James I., the fashions and changes of dresses for the ladies are as many as they are to-day. Nay, more, the very gowns we see before us, the head-dresses we admire or laugh at, are to be found in earlier days, and the great contest of "long" and "short" dresses or loose and tight robes has been going on through passing centuries as fiercely, as resolutely, and as loudly as to-day. "Nations and thrones and reverent laws have melted like a dream," but the battle of the bonnets, and dresses, and head-gear continues. To some more important than all else here, to others the epitome of folly, the height the height of inanity and extravagance.

Even in the days of "William Rufus" complaint was made of the "tasteless extravagance of women's dresses." Very amusing, is it not, to read, my masters? In the "Roman de la Rose," written between 1260 and 1304, partly by "Guillaume de Lorris" and "Jehan de Meung," we have the following description of a lady's dress:—

Nulle robe n'est si belle  
 A dame ne a demoiselle,  
 Femme est plus cointe est plus mignotte  
 En surquayne que en cotte.

This is as much as to say:

No robe is so handsome  
 For wife or maid,  
 As that "surcoat" which keeps her  
 Tight and staid.

The "surquayne" here mentioned is probably a long, tight "frock" or "overcoat," something like those long ulsters or drab tight-fitting "coatees" we see fair ladies wearing to-day.

In the reign of King Edward I. a lady's dress is thus described by a writer:—"She wore a robe or turtle made high in the neck, with long tight sleeves and a train, over which was generally seen another vestment, the surcoat, supertunic, or cyclas, without sleeves, and as long in the skirt as the gown itself, and sometimes held up by one hand to keep it out of the way of the feet. To these two garments were added, as occasion required, the mantle fastened on the shoulders by cords and tassels." As regards head-dress, in the illuminated MSS. (tempore of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries), for instance, the hair of married women is generally gathered up behind into a caul of golden network, over which is worn a veil, or a round flowing cap, or a low head-dress; while unmarried women are generally represented with "flowing ringlets," or a simple garland of flowers, or fillets of gold or silk or pearls.

In the Royal MS., 15, D 2, British Museum, you can see (tempore Edward I.), four different sorts of head-dresses. In the Sloane MS., 3983, you still have the amusing likeness of a lady with a gorget and a long trailing robe. The gorget was a species of wimple, wrapped two or three times round the neck and fastened with a quantity of pins or catches, and it was wound as high as the ears on either side of the face. A contemporary poet exclaims—"I have often thought in my heart that when I have seen a lady so closely tied up that her neck cloth was nailed to her chin, or that she had pins worked into the flesh."

He also (very improperly) compares the ladies of his time to "peacocks and magpies;" "for the pies," he says, "naturally bear feathers of various colours, so the ladies delight in strange habits and diversity of ornaments. The pies have long tails that trail in the dirt, and the ladies made them tails a thousand times longer than those of peacocks and pies."

"Tight-lacing," of which we have heard so much, is also an *old* habit of the "dear creatures." In the first poem of "Syr Launfal," about 1300, we hear of ladies, "lacies moult estreitment," "very tightly or straitly laced;" and the Lady Triamore of the romance is said to be "clothed in purple pall, with gentyll body and middle small;" or, as it is elsewhere expressed, that a lady wears a splendid girdle "of beaten gold, embellished with emeralds and rubies, about her middle small."

As regards the material of the dresses of those days, we hear of "Indian sendel," probably "light blue silk;" "sarcenet," or "sarannecet," generally of a red, purple, or golden colour; gauze, called "gazzatum," and said to have come originally from "Gaza;" and "brunetta" or "burnetta," whatever it may have been, is forbidden by the "Concilium Bordense," 1375: "Brunettam nigram, gazzatum, et alium quemcunque pannum notabiliter delicatum interdicimus universi"—"We entirely interdict black brunetta and gauze and every other sort of stuff notably delicate." Very silly of the Council, as if it had nothing better to do! It was so likely to be obeyed by the women!

We also hear of Tyretaine or Tiretaine, a tartan, in Latin Tiritanus, supposed to represent the crimson or dark red of Tyre, and is specially mentioned by Jehan de Meung.

Robbes faites par grand devises,  
De beaux draps de soies et de laines,  
De scarlate de Tiretaine.

Robes made most fashionably  
Of silks and mousseline de laine,  
Of scarlet of Tyre and the like,  
I have seen worn over and over again.

Have I not then been as good as my word? Is it not true that there is "nothing new under the sun?" and that the very fashions we wonder at, or admire, or smile at, or complain of to-day, are only the reproduction, in "a cycle," of older dresses and the like fashions even centuries ago?

## A CHERISHED NOTION.

DO you know I cherish the notion,  
 Were I rich as I'd like to be,  
 With my own little yacht on the ocean,  
 And a cottage somewhere by the sea,  
 With a brown stone front in the city,  
 And a cultured friend in the Hub,  
 And the chairman of some committee  
 In a thoroughly high-toned club.

Do you know I've a notion, my daisy,  
 If this blissful condition were mine,  
 That somehow I shouldn't go crazy  
 Over an old vintage of wine,  
 Nor collect earthenware from the potters,  
 Nor presume to set the world right,  
 Nor keep a whole stable of trotters,  
 Nor grapple the "tiger" at night.

Nor marry, as some do, an heiress  
 For beauty, or fame, or blood,  
 Nor follow the crowd to Paris  
 (If New York were swept of its mud).  
 No, none of these things would answer  
 My dream of earthly bliss,  
 For I hold, my little entrancer,  
 To a fancy something like this :

That with all the wealth of Golconda  
 I could never hope to buy,  
 Though over the world I should wander,  
 One glance from a lovelit eye ;  
 For love is a subtle treasure  
 Which cannot be bought or sold—  
 Which comes at his own sweet pleasure,  
 And is held by no chains of gold.

I could buy with my fancied riches  
 All grosser and tangible things,  
 The vulgar display which bewitches  
 The rabble, who feel not its stings ;  
 I could buy, on my gold relying,  
 All products of labour and art—  
 But where is the market for buying  
 A faithful and a loving heart ?

And this is the notion I cherish—  
 However rich I may be,  
 If love were to wither and perish  
 I should die in my poverty.  
 And though to have millions were pleasant,  
 If having them parted us two,  
 Then I'd choose to be but a peasant—  
 A peasant with love and with you !



## THE ANCIENT MYSTERIES.

(Continued from page 131.)

EVERY circumstance in the great Mysteries conspired to produce the end for which they had been instituted. Not only the functions of the priests, but their dress, had a particular signification. The ministers that presided over the initiations were four in number. The Supreme Pontif was called *Hierophanta*. His head was encircled with a diadem, he represented the *Demiourgos*, or the Genius that created the world, and it was his province alone to receive the initiated. This dignity was enjoyed during life. Among the Athenians it was hereditary in the family of the *Eumolpidaë*. He who was invested with this sacred office was enjoined to celibacy; it was necessary too that he should be of a proper age, and have a commanding tone of voice. Next in dignity was the *Daduchus*, or *Lampadophorus*: that is, the torch-bearer, remarkable for his hair and the fillets that bound his head. He had the charge of purifying the adept before initiation: a lively image of the sun, with all whose attributes he was adorned. The third minister was the *Epibomius*, or assistant at the altar, who carried the symbol of the moon: his name declares his function. Lastly, the *Hiero-ceryæ*, or chief of the sacred heralds, had the care of keeping off the profane, of instructing the aspirant, and of reciting to him the formulas which he was to pronounce. He held in his hand a caduceus, and was invested with the garments that belonged to Mercury. Hence we infer that the Mysteries were intended to represent the system of the world; and indeed, in some of them the different orders of the initiated bore the names of the twelve signs of the zodiac and of the different constellations.

Besides these principal ministers there were several others of subordinate rank; and priestesses, called *Melisse*, received the women who chose to be initiated. There was also a priest who was entrusted with the charge of the Mysteries, and who maintained order during the performance of the ceremonies. He had particular officers under him, and was called king, for as these institutions had been founded by the first chiefs at a time when the sacerdotal office was united with the sovereign authority, the people, when they became free, thought themselves obliged to respect whatever had a reference to religion. Thus the Romans, who held the name of king in abhorrence, chose one, however, on certain occasions, to assist at the sacrifices; and in the republic of Athens, he who had the particular superintendence of the Mysteries was called King Archon.

It is now time to accompany the aspirant into the interior of the temple, and to enjoy with him the wonderful spectacle that was there to strike his senses. The ceremony was performed at night, that obscurity might render the scene more awful. Those who were to be received advanced in silence; they were crowned with leaves of myrtle, and they washed their hands at the entry of the portico. But the cleanness of the body was only emblematical of the purity of the soul; and that no spot might remain, that they might efface even the remembrance of their faults, they made confession to the *Hierophanta*, after having sworn that they would reveal every action of their life. It was on a similar occasion that the priest, having ordered *Lysander* to declare all the crimes he had committed: "Is it you, or the Gods, that enjoin me this confession?" said he. "The Gods," replied the priest. "Then do you retire," said *Lysander*, "if they ask me, I will answer them." It may be presumed that a common citizen would not have ventured on language so bold. Indeed, the

greater part of those who were to be initiated approached with religious awe, and were generally induced to that step from an ardent desire of being delivered from the stings and horrors of conscience.

The Hiero-ceryx began the initiation by repeating the customary formulas. "Hence, hence, ye profane," cried he, "and if there is among you any impious or wicked person, any sectary of Epicurus (and afterwards they added any Christian), let him instantly retire." The murderer of Agrippina, when about to enter the sacred precincts of Eleusis, was checked by a voice which prohibited any parricide from approaching; and he withdrew, not daring to pollute the Mysteries with his presence. The herald then continued: "Let those alone approach who are pure in heart, and who acknowledge one God." After this proclamation a new and dreadful oath was required of the candidates, and many other questions were put to them. One of the answers was this: "I have eaten out of the tambour, I have drank out of the cymbal, I have carried the kernos, I have entered the nuptial bed."\* The books containing the sacred rites and formulas, which were read with a loud voice to the initiated, were kept inclosed between two stones, whence they were only taken on solemn occasions.

When the preparatory ceremonies were concluded the trials began, which in many places were dreadful and often dangerous; but in general they were confined to simple shows and representations, calculated, however, to produce a very great effect. Continual alternations of light and darkness, claps of thunder, phantoms, hideous spectres, and dreadful cries in the midst of the silence of night struck the initiated with horror and froze his blood. After having been divested of his garments he was girt with the skin of a fawn, to shew that he ought now to be separated from every thing profane. As the Mysteries were an emblem of death, or a sort of regeneration, it was necessary that he should appear to be resuscitated, as an emblem of new life. He was presented with a crown, which he trod under foot, and as soon as the sword was held over his head he feigned to fall down dead, then seemed again to return to life. Commodus, assisting one day at the mysteries of Mithras, was not satisfied with this counterfeited death; he was wicked enough to feast his eyes with the sight of a real murder. After these different ceremonies, the candidate received the distinguishing robe, which he ever afterwards wore as an honourable badge.

In this condition he waited till he received permission to enter the temple. "Now," says Claudian, "I see the sacred walls begin to shake, and vivid light, flashing from the lofty roof, announces the approach of the god; already from the depths of the earth is heard the tremendous voice, and the temple reverberates the awful sound." At last the portals open; at a distance appears a statue, magnificently adorned, and resplendent with light, which is meant to signify Universal Nature. Now the happy candidate is surrounded only with the most agreeable objects. He finds himself transported into meads enamelled with flowers, he hears on all sides a celestial harmony, and when he begins to view the horrid image of Tartarus, the scene is immediately changed, and the enchanting fields of Elysium open upon his sight. The sudden transition from the realms of darkness to that delightful abode forms an admirable contrast in that part of the "Æneid" where the poet opens to his hero the prospect of those blissful mansions. That description is made with so much art, it is full of such masterly strokes of genius, that though we were ever so little sensible to harmony we may in some measure conceive from it the various impressions which would agitate the soul of the spectator in these Mysteries.

When the aspirant arrived at the end of his labours he received his reward; he was declared *Epoptes*, and he enjoyed the *Autopsia*, or the *contemplation*,

\* Clemens Alexandrin.—M. Gebelin supposes that the words *tambour*, *cymbal*, and *kernos* signified vessels containing different fruits.

because he was now permitted to contemplate that truth, after which he had so long sighed, and which was now to be revealed to him. The Hierophanta, who was the exclusive interpreter of the will of the gods, first made an oblation of bread, while he pronounced some mysterious words. This was called the *chaste bread*, because none fed on it but the pure, and it was only distributed to the priests employed in the service of the altar, or to those who approached the sacred mysteries with suitable dispositions. At this time the pontif took an opportunity of recalling to the minds of the assistants the duties of morality, and of recommending to them the practice of every virtue; and then he began the solemn prayers with the following invocation :

“I am to reveal a mystery to the initiated. Exclude the unhallowed and profane: and do thou, O Museus, offspring of the splendid Selene, give an attentive ear to my song, for truth shall be displayed without disguise. Beware, lest prejudice delude thee, or prevent thee from enjoying the happiness that the knowledge of truth alone can bestow. Contemplate this heavenly oracle, and preserve it in purity of heart and mind. Tread in the paths of justice; adore the sole ruler of the universe. He is one and independent. All other beings owe their existence to him alone; he acts in them and through them; he sees all, but has never yet been beheld by mortal eyes.”

The crowd of priests and of the initiated celebrated in concert this first cause. They addressed to him their vows; they adored him under every form in which he thinks proper to represent himself, and by which he continually makes manifest his power. All the gods that compose the celestial hierarchy, and who were only attributes of the Supreme Intelligence, were by turns invoked; and, while the purest incense burnt upon the altars, the whole temple resounded with the names of Vulcan; of Minerva; of Pan, lord of universal matter; of old Saturn; of Hercules the powerful, the magnanimous, the invincible; of the great Jupiter, and above all of the beneficent Ceres, who had so benefited the human race. Some of these sacred songs have escaped the devastations of time, such as the hymns of Orpheus, to whom is also ascribed that sung by the Hierophanta, and precious fragments they are whoever may have been the author; they certainly belong to the most remote antiquity, and it is now impossible to explain them if they are not applicable to the initiations. Indeed, as the Abbé Souchay has well observed,\* “these hymns could not have had any other object. They all begin,” says he “by earnest invocations, and by such energetic formulas as these, ‘Give ear unto me; I invoke thee; I call upon thee.’” They abound in epithets expressive of the power or of the attributes of the Deity; the recitation of them was preceded by the burning of incense or perfumes in honour of the gods.

If we may believe Warburton, and after him Voltaire, the beginning of the Theogony of Sanchoniatho, which comprised an allegorical description of the origin of the world, was also read at the Mysteries. It is probable that this was the time chosen for explaining the physical revolutions of the globe, and for unfolding the sense of all the fables of mythology. “The doctrine of the Great Mysteries,” says Clemens Alexandrinus, “related to the whole universe; here all instruction ended: nature and the things it contains were unveiled.” The initiated were informed with regard to the symbolical representations of the fixed stars, of the planets, and in general of the mundane system, “by shewing them a ladder,” says Celsus, “in which were seven interstitial spaces, with an eighth at the top of all.” Various emblems were employed to exhibit the glorious course of the sun, whose worship made such an essential part of religion. That god who was dead, and was revived, we find a principal character in the Mysteries of every country; Cadmillus among the Cabiri, Atys in Phrygia, Adonis in Syria, Osiris among the Egyptians, and in Greece the young Jacchus torn by the Titans. Indeed, all the festivals that succeeded

\* Acad. des Belles Lettres; tomes xii. and xvi.

a time of mourning were so many representations of the God of day in the different seasons of the year. In the same manner agriculture and its happy effects were figured by the wanderings of Isis or those of Ceres, and by the history of Proserpine. Lastly, after the picture of all the sciences, of which religion was the depository, had been exhibited, it was shewn how the intelligences that constitute the three great orders of the Gods, and who, existing in all space, are engaged in maintaining the universal harmony, were reunited to the Supreme Being, of whose essence they were originally a part.

*(To be continued.)*

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### LEGEND OF STRASBURG CATHEDRAL.

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**T**HERE is a quaint old tradition which comes down to us from ancient times, tottering under its load of age and replete with the superstitions of the past. On the borders of Alsatia there lies a great city, dating its foundation far back to the old Roman days, and rich in those architectural relics of the olden time which are ever so dear to the antiquary.

Quaint offspring of centurial years, the town of Strasburg stands:  
 Rich in the lore of a mighty past, in legend and in story.  
 Rich in high hearted, honest sons, a country's truest glory.  
 Rich in its old Cathedral Church, with custering ivy spread,  
 The Santa Croce of the land, where sleep her noble dead.

The story runs that once in every twelve-month, on the eve of St. John, when the quiet burghers of that ancient city are wrapt in peaceful slumber, and when the hour of midnight clangs out from the loud-tongued bell which hangs in the old Cathedral tower, that the spirits of the stonemasons by whose hands the sacred pile was erected arise from the tomb and once more revisit the scene of their former labours. Up from the dark and gloomy crypt, along the columned aisles and vast dim nave, across the white-gleaming marble floor, checkered with ghostly shadows that stream from pictured oriels, past the stone-carved statues that keep watch and ward with their swords and sceptres, comes the long train of death-like, night-wandering shadows. Clad in their quaint old mediæval costume, the Masters with their compasses and rules, the Craftsmen with their plumbs and squares and levels, the Apprentice lads with their heavy gavels, all silently greeting their companions, old and dear, with time honoured salute and token as of yore. While the last note of the deep-mouthed bell is still trembling in the air, reverberating from arch to arch and dying away amid the frozen music of the traceried roof, forth from the western portal streams the shadowy throng. Thrice around the sacred edifice winds the waving, floating train, brave old Erwin himself leading the way, while far above, up above the sculptured saints who look down upon the sleeping city, up where at the very summit of the feathery fairy-like spire the image of the Queen of Heaven stands, there floats a cold, white-robed female form, the fair Sabina, old Erwin's well-beloved child, whose fair hands aided him in his work. In her right hand a mallet, in her left a chisel, she flits among the sculptured lace-work of the noble spire, like the Genius of Masonry. With the first faint blush of dawn the vision fades, the phantom shapes dissolve, and the old Masons return to their sepulchres, there to rest until the next St. John's eve shall summon them to earth.