

# THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

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## CHINESE FREEMASONRY.

BY BRO. KENNETH R. H. MACKENZIE, IX<sup>o</sup>.

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I know how birds can fly, how fishes can swim, and how beasts can run. And the runner may be snared, the swimmer may be hooked, and the flyer may be shot by the arrow. But there is the dragon. I cannot tell how he mounts on the wind through the clouds and rises to heaven. To-day I have seen Lau-tsze, and can only compare him to the dragon.—KUNG-FU-TSZE (CONFUCIUS).

**A**N ancient Masonic tradition connects the foundation of the Order of Prussian Knights with Peleg, the architect of the Tower of Babel, and hence with the confusion of tongues. An equally ancient tradition ascribes to Noah, otherwise named Foh or Fuh, the foundation of the oldest existing empire in the world—that of China. With the history as transmitted of Peleg most average Masonic students are familiar. Dumb and confounded he journeyed far to the West, and by leading the life of a contrite and humble personage, ultimately reconciled himself to T.G.A.O.T.U., recovered his speech, died, and was buried or burnt. His resting-place was discovered fifteen cubits from the surface of the earth, and on a white marble stone, in 533, it is said that an inscription existed, saying: "Here repose the ashes of the Grand Architect of the Tower of Babel. The Lord had pity on him because he became humble." It is quite unnecessary to pursue the history of the Order of Prussian Knights further at the present time. Indirectly their descendants have founded a great empire, again proving the truth of the saying that "whosoever humbleth himself shall be exalted."

The descendants of Noah, however, appear, according to Chinese tradition, to have spread themselves to the uttermost East, and there to have founded a vast and enduring empire with a singular religious creed, and an innate reverence for chronological facts and for the manes of their ancestors. As it has been frequently argued that Masonry subsisted from the earliest times of the world historically known to us, it becomes an interesting inquiry as to what figments of Masonry may be found among that undoubtedly ancient people. We are not to expect traditions analogous to those connected with the foundation of King Solomon's Temple; it is more likely that we shall find fragments of Masonic teaching and morality of a wider and purer type, guiding us, although faintly, towards the great source of universal light itself. Nor was it unlikely that some such fragments should remain among a people which has jealously guarded its literature and history from the most ancient times—a people which, more than any other, has, by high honours and with

deep devotion, distinguished its philosophers and sages, and, as it may be said, almost deified the literary profession. Even the defeat of the Ming dynasty by the Tartars failed to efface this affectionate clinging to historic and philosophic detail; and although the revolt of the Five Kings, known as the Taeping rebellion, some twenty years ago, was unsuccessful, its leaders appealed rather to the moral ideas of the general Chinese public for success than to the force of arms, but it should be remembered that the Five Kings came in the name of the Mings. It is certain that the Taepings relied in great measure upon the professedly pure morals expressed in their proclamations for their ultimate supremacy in the government of that centralized and populous country. Their defeat, with which we have nothing to do, was the result of other conjoint interests.

The world has long been aware that certain secret societies existed in China. Whether these societies were wholly political it is impossible to say without further information. That rites and ceremonies existed amongst them of an esoteric nature is however unquestionable. Even Masonry itself is known in China, as I shall now proceed to show. How far this is to be connected with the Craft Masonry of Europe and America we cannot at present tell.

Some time in 1863, it would appear, a native Chinese, named Ting Tun Sing, a native of Kouantchu, near Peking, presented himself at the Lodge La Jerusalem des Vallées Egyptiennes, at Paris. The W.M. of the lodge, Bro. Hubert, appointed my distinguished friend, the great Orientalist, Bro. Léon de Rosny, to act as interpreter and guide. The initiate exhibited moral points of contact as to belief during the ceremony, and, after fulfilling the necessary conditions, expressed his lively satisfaction at receiving the apron of E.A.P. He then stated that in his own country similar associations existed, bound together by solemn vows. But never having been initiated he could tell no more.

Another Chinese, however, visited Paris shortly afterwards, named Samung who had been passed to the Second Degree. From this brother it was learnt that Masonry existed throughout China, and was known as the San-ho-hoei, or Triad Society, but was only tolerated at Canton and Hong Kong. This Chinese gave an account of the signs adopted among Chinese Masons, which I possess, but think most prudent not to commit to writing. This Masonry is of two classes, philosophic and benevolent, and political and revolutionary. It was this last section which lent great aids in the Taeping rebellion.

Now the existence of such a kind of Masonry in such a nation of precedents and tradition as the Chinese—slow to receive impressions of such a character—led me to the conclusion that where so much existed, there might, at least, be more behind. In point of fact it invested the philosophic writings of the Chinese with an interest I had not possessed in them before; and, with a view to making such results known as might properly be communicated, I continued to read in this rich field, almost unknown to Europeans even in our inquiring age. For a long time my studies were unremunerative. I found no book containing anything approaching to what I so strongly suspected to be in existence. Philosophy of the boldest kind, and morality, almost laughable from its non-observance, cropped up in plenty, but at last what I was in search of came to view; although I am not visionary enough to assert that what I am about to present is the actual primeval Chinese Masonry, it is so nearly and closely allied to it in all essentials as to merit the most serious attention.

About the sixth century before the Christian era, there undoubtedly existed a personage whose patronymic is now lost; in fact, it was lost by the year B.C. 200, for Sze-ma-Fsien gives him another name and surname. But gradually a designation took the place of a name, and he came to be known as Lau-tsze, the Old Philosopher, or the Philosopher Lau, analogous to the more modern expression of the Tao-Tsze, or Doctors of Wisdom—themselves an offshoot

from his original doctrine. Officially he held position as the Treasurer of the ancient Chow dynasty, and he must have been an old man when Kung-fu-tsze saw him, and was led to make the complimentary remark I have used as the motto of this paper. In his capacity of Treasurer, particularly among a literary nation like the Chinese, he had probably charge of, and, at any rate, access to, the records of the preceding reigns and dynasties, for the object Confucius had in conferring with him was to learn everything he might about the observances and ceremonies connected with antiquity. It was a laudable ambition, and met on the part of Lau-Tsze with the greatest frankness. "Those," said Lau-Tsze, "whom you talk about are dead, and their bones are mouldered to dust; only their words remain. When the superior man gets his opportunity, he mounts aloft; but when the time is against him, he moves as if his feet were entangled. I have heard that a good merchant, though he has rich treasures deeply stored, appears as if he were poor, and that the superior man, whose virtue is complete, is yet, to outward seeming, stupid. Put away your proud air and many desires, your insinuating habits and wild will. Those are of no advantage to you. This is what I have to tell you."

It is quite clear to any one reading the account of the conference of two such earnest men—one very advanced in years, and the other full of enthusiastic desire to reclaim his countrymen—that a great juncture had arisen in the morals of the people, and that the junior, subsequently destined to immortal fame, sought the senior from no common motive. That Lau-Tsze was the teacher and the restrainer in this instance seems sufficiently clear. We seem to see a touch of Talleyrand in this Oriental mode of enforcing the maxim: *Sur tout, point de zèle*. It was evident, therefore, that there was knowledge worth seeking with the Old Philosopher—the man whose position, as Guardian of the Imperial Treasury of the Brother of the Sun and Moon, placed him above and beyond criticism. The question in hand now is, first, what did this great official teach; next did he teach it of himself, or was he the head of a great moral secret society, similar to our Freemasonry? We know from every document obtained from China how exclusively merit was the passport to great rank and to privilege, and under the Chow dynasty history notes continual promotions from the ranks. As to Confucius, his family was ancient and respectable, and, therefore, his conference with Lau-Tsze was by no means out of the way. But to a great officer of the Empire, or Middle Kingdom, it was alone likely that so remarkable a function as that of Grand Master would be entrusted.

It is, however, very likely that Lau-Tsze was practically the reformer of ancient beliefs on morality, as twelve centuries later the Muhammad was the Periclyte or Reformer of the elder Arabians. But the influence of Lau-Tsze was great upon Kung-fu-tsze, and the joint influence of teacher and pupil at any rate left a large body of moral philosophy for the literati to examine and study.

Before we enter upon an examination of the *Tau Teh King*, in which the doctrines of Lau-Tsze are contained, it may be convenient to say that four secret societies, in addition to the Triad Society, exist in China (as shown in my Royal Masonic Cyclopædia, p. 679), viz., the *Thian-ti-wé*, or Union of Heaven and Earth, the doctrines of which enforce the equality of mankind and the duty of the rich to share superfluities with the poor; the *Pé-lian-Kiao*, or Society of the Lotus, introduced from Hindustan at a very remote era, and similar to the Society of the Seven Brethren; the *Thian-le*, or Society of Celestial Reason, rationalistic and destructive; and the *Thian-ko-pe*, or Society of the White Waterlily, a purely political society. With these societies in the rest of this paper we shall have nothing to do.

The first point of contact between the teachings of Lau-tsze and the teachings of Freemasonry, particularly when we remember the era (B.C. 600) of the writer, is sufficiently remarkable as to arrest the attention of the most superficial

ceremonial Mason of the present day. Speaking of *Tau* (i.e., Reason, God, the Unembodied) he says at the very outset, "The *tau* which can be *tau*-ed is not the Eternal *Tau*"—in other words, the Being or Essence which can be comprehended is not the Infinite Being or Reason. The next sentence is yet more remarkable: "The name which can be named is not the Eternal Name." That is to say, that the Name is not orally communicable, or is not that sacred Name lost in all Masonic rites, but for which a shadow or emblematic name has been substituted. It is somewhat singular to see the Chinese philosopher proclaiming, at the outset of this metaphysical guide-book for his disciples, the very quintessence of Royal Arch Masonry. The true virtue of the Name in the Occidental systems (comparatively with China) as proclaimed by the ancient Masons of Palestine, and perpetuated by the Kabbalists, Rosicrucians, and Freemasons, will here occur to every mind.

M. Stanislaus Julien, in translating the next section of the first chapter, puts the original phrases into very singular words: "That which is without a name is the beginning of heaven and earth—with a name is the mother of all things. Therefore, he who is without passions beholds the mystery; and he who always has passions beholds the issues"—in other words, the Name is the power of Creation, as held by the Theosophists, passing into passive chaos (the female principle or mother chaos) when spoken, and bringing forth externally perceptible things. Those who (like the Brahmans of Hindustan) are without passion perceive the reason of such a process; men of ordinary calibre only see results. The ratio existing between these two conditions Lau-tsze calls "the abyss—the abyss of abysses—the gate of all mystery."

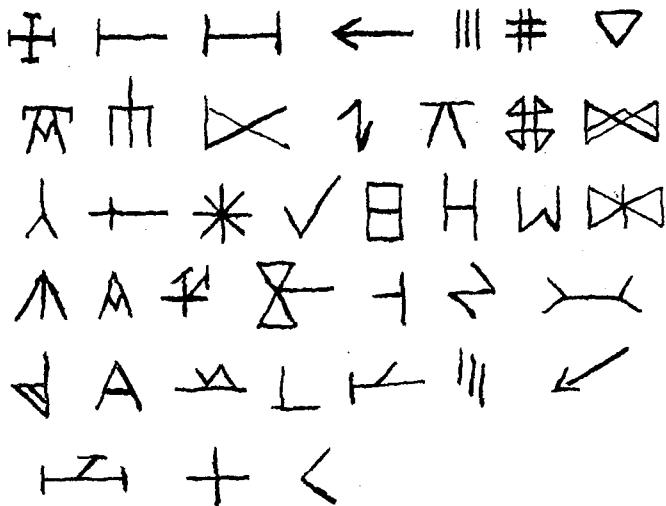
Lau-tsze at once illustrates this duplex existence and non-existence by the doctrine of analogy, or contrast, setting beside beauty ugliness—the one being the reason of the other's existence, and both a product of the mind, itself the judge by innate perception of relative superiority.

In like manner the good suggests the existence of evil, and thus we have difficulty and ease, long and short, high and low, nay, even what to a Chinese mind is the most striking, we have the first idea of time in the crude notion of before and after. Thus from the series of ideas we obtain Lau-tsze's idea of a true sage:—"He carries on teaching without words; he produces without holding possession; he acts without presuming on the result; he completes his work and assumes no position for himself, and since he assumes no position for himself, he never loses any." Is not this teaching a true equality of motive, such as theoretically prevails among Freemasons? It can scarcely be expressed in fewer words.

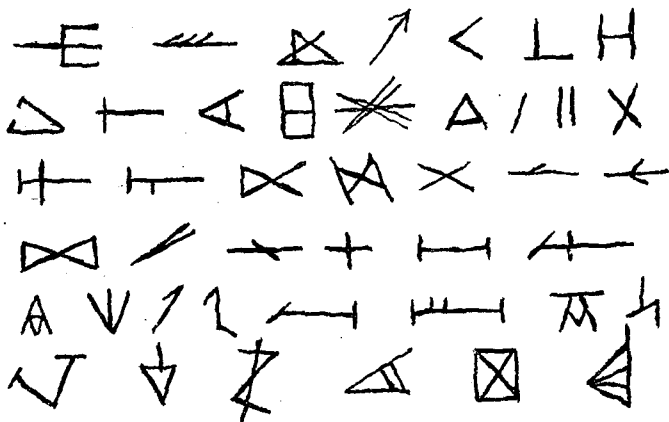
As to the moral government by superiors, after some maxims of comparative unimportance, we find Lau-tsze recommending that the knowledge of evil should be kept from the people by inducing wholesome and proper alimentation, and in repressing tumults, so that those unofficially accredited should not "dare to act." This is all, in his metaphorical manner assigned to the sage, or ultimate initiate (as I take it to be) in his mysteries, over which I suppose him to bear rule. But it is evident that the "masterly inaction" which has kept the Chinese Empire in a concrete agglomerative mass, has led in late years to great emigration. That emigration should take place is not by any means astonishing, for the Chinese code of punishment for even trifling offences is a risk that few would not rebel against. We are not, however, writing an exposition of the customs of China, but try to arrive at results. I should think that chapters two and three of this remarkable book have been written to the command of some "licencer of the press" to put the work in proper form for "approbation."

The ideas of Lau-Tsze on the other have, at least, the merit of being as intelligible as those of Kant, Hegel, and Spencer, but there is infinite pathos in feeling of faith exhibited by the Pre-Christian. "*Tau*," he says, "is empty; its operation exhaustless. In its depth it seems the father of all things.

CARLISLE CATHEDRAL ANCIENT  
 MASON MARKS FOUND ON =  
 NAVE WALLS OUTSIDE —

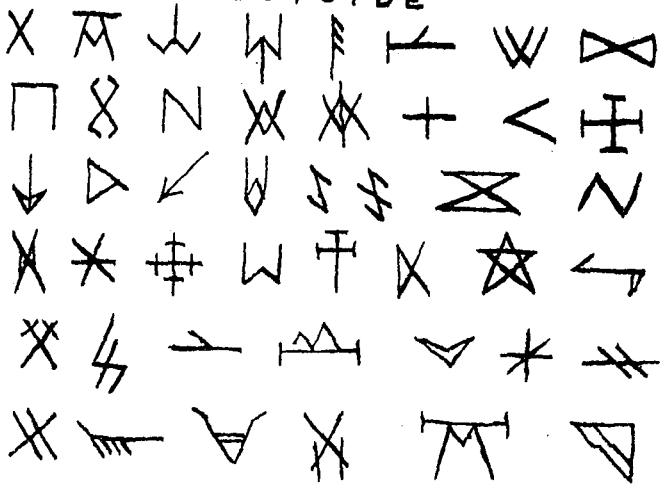


MARKS . ON INSIDE WALLS .

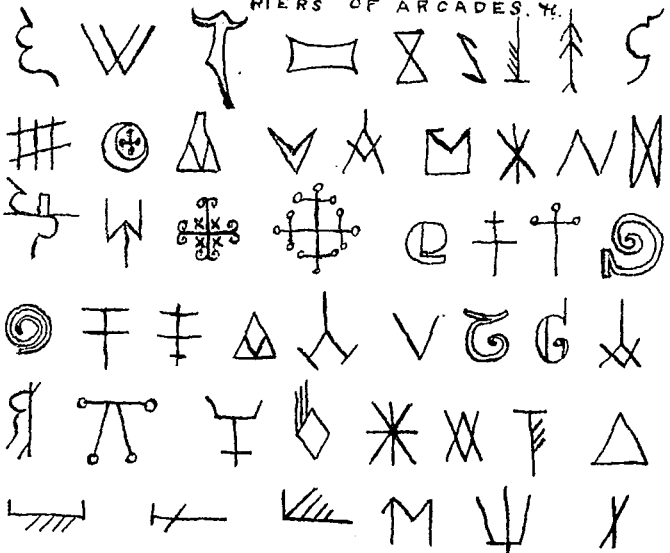


MASONS' MARKS FROM ABBEY, CARLISLE.  
 PLATE I.

MARKS FROM CHOIR WALLS  
OUTSIDE

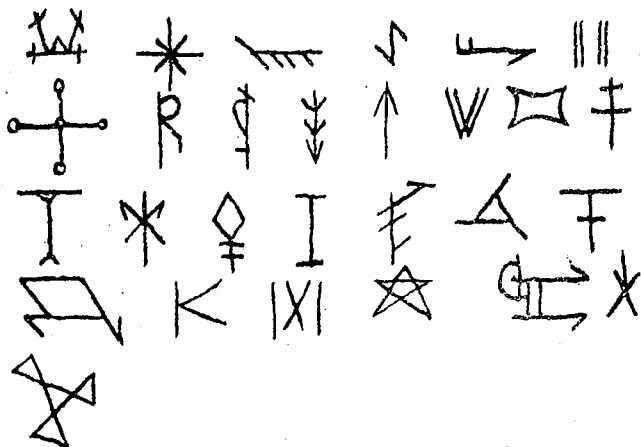


FROM INSIDE WALLS  
PIERS OF ARCADES, Y.

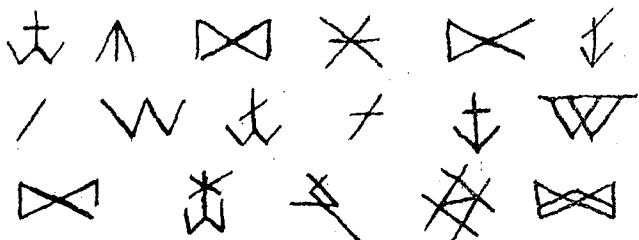


MASONS' MARKS FROM ABBEY, CARLISLE.

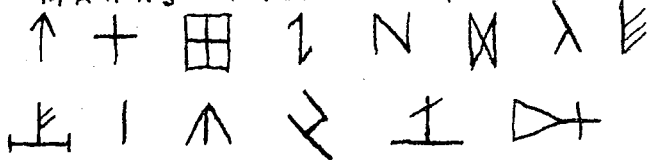
MARKS FROM TRIFORMUM AND  
TOWER WALLS AND PASSAGES



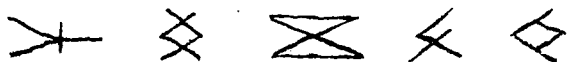
MARKS FROM THE WALLS OF  
TITHE BARN INSIDE AND OUT



MARKS FROM ABBEY GATEHOUSE



FROM CANON CHALKERS HOUSE

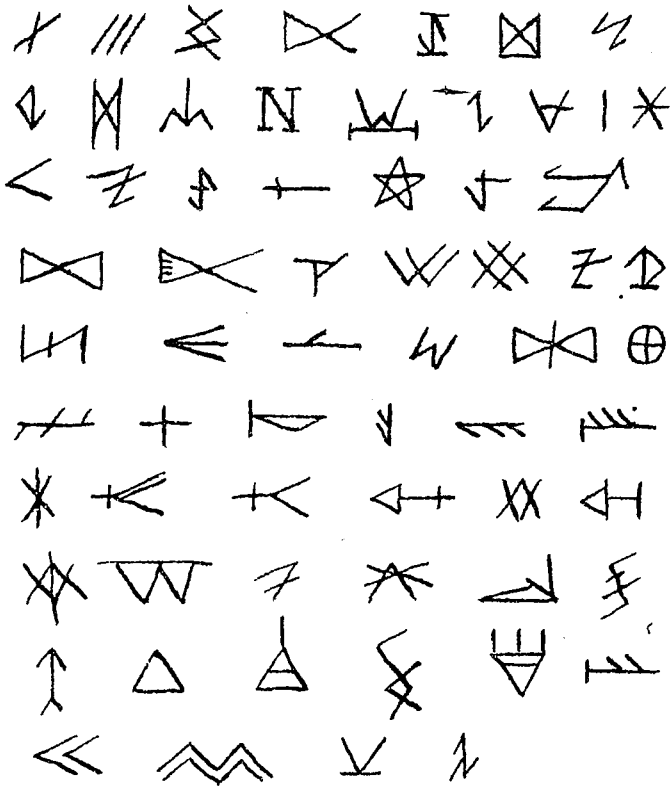


MASONS' MARKS FROM ABBEY, CARLISLE.  
PLATE III.

MARKS FROM THE DEANERY WALLS



FROM FRATRY WALLS INSIDE AND  
OUTSIDE



MASONS' MARKS FROM ABBEY, CARLISLE.



In tranquillity it ever seems to remain. I know not whose son it has been, 'and profoundly pathetic,' it seems to have been before God."

The cosmogony of Lau-tsze is quite in conformity with the general principles of Oriental belief, an undying and unhesitating acceptance of the immortality of all created things—not alone man, but animals, even to insects. The process is (according to him) by the power of the Spirit, which never dies, which (in his own terms) ceaselessly endures, is the root of heaven and earth, *and is employed without effort*. This must surely remind my brethren of the idea formed by the Masonic fraternity of the Grand Master in heaven.

"The sage," again says Lau-tsze, "puts himself *last*, and yet is *first*; *abandons* himself, and yet is *preserved*." What is the position of a Mason up to the time of his becoming a Master in Israel—but this? Are there not moral perils, and deep psychological abysses to pass ere the quiet soul is settled in the assurance of the doctrinal truths and symbols of Masonry? Let us suppose this desirable condition attained, and then refer to our Chinese teacher once again. "When a work of merit is done and reputation is coming, to get out of the way is the *Tau* of heaven." In other words, to claim pre-eminence over others for executed works is vain and deteriorates from its moral value.

(To be continued.)

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## MASON'S MARKS FROM CARLISLE ABBEY.

BY BRO. WILLIAM THOMAS CREED, CLERK OF THE WORKS AT CARLISLE CATHEDRAL.

*Communicated in a letter to the Editor of the Cumberland and Westmorland Antiquarian and Archaeological Society's Transactions,*

WITH AN APPENDIX BY THE EDITOR.

THE following article, with its illustrations, is taken by the kind permission of R. S. Ferguson, Esq., the able secretary, and Mr. Creed, the writer, from the last interesting volume of the Transactions of the Cumberland and Westmorland Archaeological Society. It has deep value for all Masonic students.

Carlisle Cathedral, August 14th, 1880.

Sir,—I beg to enclose copies of my sketches from the Mason's marks taken from the Cathedral and the Abbey buildings. I have not had time to write down my thoughts about them, but I have no doubt that at some time the matter will be taken up, and more will be known about them than any of us know at present. Most people have a theory of their own about Masons' marks, but all who know anything about the matter must agree that the builders of the very earliest times have made use of marks much like those found on the walls of Carlisle Cathedral; and no doubt it would be a most interesting thing to find out why these marks are so general in all parts of the world, and in most parts so very similar in form and size. The very slight information I have upon the matter suggests to me the propriety of not reading a paper at the time noted. With many thanks for the pamphlets you so kindly sent me,

I am, Sir,

Yours respectfully,

WILLIAM THOMAS CREED.

R. S. Ferguson, Esq.

## APPENDIX.

It is very desirable that those who have the opportunity should follow the laudable example set by Mr. Creed, and help this society to record the Mason's marks on the buildings within its district. A collection of those, which probably exist at Lanercost, Holme Cultram, Calder Abbey, and Shap; at Caldbeck, Dearham, Crosthwaite, and other churches; and on military and other secular buildings, might tend to the development of some general law as to these little understood marks.

Attention was first drawn to them by Mr. G. Godwin, F.R.S. and F.S.A., the editor of *The Builder*, in his letters to Sir Henry Ellis, K.H., F.R.S., secretary S.A., dated December 11th, 1841, and February 2nd, 1843, and printed in the *Archæologia*, vol. xxx., p. 113, with five plates of marks to the number of 158, taken from Gloucester and Bristol Cathedrals, Furness and Malmesbury Abbeys, St. Mary's, Redcliffe, Cheetham College, Manchester, from churches at Poitiers and Cologne, including the Cathedral at that place.

Mr. Godwin suggested that—

These marks, if extensively examined and compared, might serve to aid in connecting, and perhaps discriminating, the various bands of operatives who, under the protection of the Church, mystically united, spread themselves over Europe during the Middle Ages, and are known as Freemasons.

At the meeting of the British Archæological Association, held at Canterbury in 1844, Mr. Godwin read a paper on the marks on Canterbury Cathedral. He said:—

These marks appear to have been made simply to distinguish the work of different individuals (the same is done at this time in all large works), but the circumstance that, although found in different countries, and on works of very different ages, they are in numerous cases the same, and that many are religious and symbolical, and are still used in modern Freemasonry, led him to infer that they were used by system, and that the system was the same in England, Germany, and France.—*Archæological Journal*, vol I., p. 332.

Mr. Godwin continued the subject in *The Builder*, vol. 27 (1869) p. 237, and at pages 245, 246, he gave between 500 and 600 marks taken from England, Scotland, Ireland, Italy, France, the Tyrol, Switzerland, Sweden, Germany, Austria, Spain, Portugal, and the Holy Land.

From the Cathedral at Carlisle, and from the buildings in its precincts, Mr. Creed has collected the following examples:—

Nave walls (date 1101 to 1133) outside	...	...	...	...	39
"                                  "    inside	...	...	...	...	42
Choir walls, outside	...	...	...	...	45
Choir walls, inside and main Piers of Arcades	...	...	...	...	43
Triforium, Tower, Stairs, and Passages	...	...	...	...	34
Tithe Barn (end of 15th century)	...	...	...	...	19
Fratry (mainly end of 15th century)	...	...	...	...	65
Abbey Gates (beginning 16th century)	...	...	...	...	14
The Deanery outside	...	...	...	...	11
Canon Chalker's house (end of 17th century)	...	...	...	...	5

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If we exclude four of the number as being the initials of Pri r Thomas Gondibour (T. G. or G. alone), and make also an allowance for the same mark occurring in more than one of the above divisions, we get nearly 300 Mason's marks from Carlisle Cathedral and its precincts.

It would occupy too much space to go in detail through the Carlisle marks, but a few of them may be mentioned.

The hour-glass form, X or closed X, occurs in nearly twenty different variations, from the simple saltire, or St. Andrew's Cross, to more complicated forms. An instance of the pure hour-glass will be found in No. 7 in the examples from the Deanery, plate iv. The hour-glass is found on the stones of Carthage, and Mr. Godwin gives examples from all quarters from the eleventh to the fifteenth

century. Laid on its side with its ends curved, it is the letter M, as seen in many inscriptions in the Lapidarium Septentrionale. It is a well-known Freemasonic sign.

An eminent antiquary, visiting Carlisle Cathedral, thought he had found the Labarum or sacred monogram on a Roman stone on the outside of the nave. Careful scrutiny has convinced Canon Chalker, Mr. Creed, and myself, that the supposed Labarum is only a variation of the hour-glass. It is laid on its side, and a perpendicular line drawn through it. What appears to be the top of the P is a flaw in the stone.\*

The universal N form, as Mr. Godwin calls it, occurs in about as many variations, including therein the Z forms. It occurs from Carlisle to the Holy Land; from the eleventh to the sixteenth century.

The pentacle, or Seal of Solomon, a five-pointed star, formed by a continuous line, occurs twice. This is a widely-spread sign, and is found on a Saxon fibula of the seventh century. It is a Freemasonic sign. The hexapla does not occur in the Carlisle marks.

The A, both topped and plain, occurs in several varieties, the shape of the cross stroke being differenced. Topped, it is found in Samaria and over Europe. So is the double V, the V's overlapping, which also occurs as W. Two V's also occur in several combinations; a single one inverted is said to be the "*flabellum*;" also the masculine principle; upright the feminine. But the Mason who cut these marks probably regarded them as mere signatures, whatever their origin may have been.

The cross with stopped ends occurs at Carlisle, as at Furness, Gloucester, Fountains, York, etc. It is the first mark on Plate I. One variety of it is *fitched* or pointed at the foot. The cross-crosslet also occurs. Very ornate crosses occur in the choir at Carlisle.

The pheon appears at Carlisle. The horizontal  $\mathcal{N}$  does not, but it appears erect, and also turned round.

Several of the marks apparently originated in Runic letters. Of nine other Mr. Godwin has shown the similarity to letters of the Lycian alphabet. The most curious of the Carlisle marks are evidently those from inside the Cathedral in Mr. Creed's fourth and fifth divisions, Plates II. and III. More than one would appear to be monograms or initial letters. There is one very curious one which resembles a stocking. At Strasburg and at Norwich the outline of a human leg occurs.

The Archæologia, vol xxxiv. p. 33, contains a plate of Mason's marks from Scotland, and also a plate of Mason's marks from the cash book of St. Ninian's Lodge of Freemason's, Brechin. *The Builder* for 1863 contains a series of papers by Mr. J. E. Dove, in which he attributes very recondite meanings to many of the forms used as marks, but the Masons used them as mere signatures, and attached no other meaning to them.

Since writing the above remarks, I find that the fourth volume, "Proceedings Antiq. Soc. Scotland," contains a large collection of Mason-marks copied from Melrose Abbey, Dryburgh, Jedburgh, Elgin, and several other places. There is also a short paper by John Alex. Smith, M.D., sec. S.A. Scot., who divides the marks into two classes—the False or Blind Mark of the apprentice, displaying an equal number of points; and the True Mark of the fellow-craft or passed Mason, which always consist of an unequal number of points.

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\* The Mason's marks on the Roman stones in the nave of the Cathedral seem later than the Roman tooling. Mr. Creed thinks, and so do I, that these marks were put on by the Mason who quarried the stones out of the Roman wall.

## BASSENTHWAITE LAKE.

THIS lake was anciently called *Broadwater*, but *Robinson*, in his book on Cumberland and Westmorland, says it received the name of *Bassenthwaite* from the number of *Basts* (the local name for perch) which are in it. Although the poet *Gray* visited it in 1769, he saw it indifferently, in the beginning of October, travelling in a post-chaise. He went along the east side to *Ousebridge*, running directly along the foot of *Skiddaw*. "Opposite to *Withopobrows*, clothed to the top with wood, a very beautiful view opens down the lake, which is narrower and longer than that of *Keswick*, less broken into bays, and without islands. At the foot of it, a few paces from the brink, gently sloping upward, stands *Armathwaite*, in a thick grove of Scotch firs, commanding a noble view directly up the lake. At a small distance behind the house is a large extent of wood, and still behind this a ridge of cultivated hills, on which, according to the *Keswick* proverb, the sun always shines." So says *Gray* to his friend, *Dr. Wharton*. He dined at *Ousebridge* (at a public-house which has since disappeared), and he returned by the turnpike road to *Keswick*, which had just then been finished from *Cockermouth*.

In 1785, *Mr. Peter Crosthwaite* published his maps of eight of the principal lakes, and *Bassenthwaite* formed an interesting one of the series, with vignettes of *Mirehouse*, of "*Armathwaite Hall*, the seat of *Sir F. F. Vane, LL.D.*, *Ousebridge Inn*, *Powter How*, and *Castle How*, with old trenches upon it dug out of the solid rock." The best way to see the lake is to drive round it from *Keswick*, a distance of eighteen miles. It is better seen by going round the western side, leaving the picturesquely situated village of *Braithwaite* on the left, with *Grisedale Pike* and *Causey Pike* in the background. On the right you pass *Powter How* wood, at the foot of which is a comfortable roadside inn for the accommodation of anglers and tourists. On a knoll just beyond the inn may be seen, on looking at the *Barff* mountain, a jutting rock commonly called "*the Monk*," the contour of which reminds you of the picture of *St. Paul preaching at Athens*. It is quite as good in its way as the *Lord Chancellor of Glencoe*. Passing by *Woodend Farm*, you reach *Beck-Wythope*, where the ancient road winds up the mountain to *Lowes-water*, rendered famous to *Cumbrians* as the road *Dr. Gibson* says *Bobby Banks* travelled in his "*bodderment*." *Wythope Woods* are the property of *Sir Ralph H. Vane, Bart.*, and also *Wythope Hall*, anciently the seat of *Sir Richard Fletcher*, who was created a knight and baronet by *James I.* for his hospitality to *Mary Queen of Scots* at the old hall, *Cockermouth*, on her road from *Workington* to *Carlisle*. He was ancestor of the present owner, *Sir R. H. Vane, Bart.* At *Peel Wyke* there is a good old-fashioned inn, where every accommodation may be had, and many parties now take advantage of the railway from *Keswick* and from *Whitehaven* for pleasure trips and fishing on the lake in summer, and for skating in winter. Hard by is *Castle How* before mentioned. Here are three tiers of trenches thrown up facing to *Wythope*, and on the side facing to *Keswick*, they have been dug out of the solid rock. There can be no doubt that these works are British, thrown up as a last defence against the Roman invaders. An action had taken place near the old schoolhouse near to *Wythope Mill*. A Roman two-edged sword in a bronze scabbard was found buried, with other weapons of a Roman foot soldier, three feet below the surface. The scabbard was ornamented with enamel of different colours, and had no doubt been the accoutrement of a Roman officer. It was formerly in *Crosthwaite's Museum, Keswick*, but on the dispersion of that collection in 1870 it found its way into the *British Museum*, with many other valuable antiquities. A Roman

battle-axe was also found, with some other armour, on the fell-side at Embleton near the mill. Leaving the Castle How, which is reached by a winding path, and where there is a good view of the lake, you take the road and go over Ouse Bridge, which stretches over the river Derwent as it suddenly issues from the lake. Standing on the bridge and looking to the lake you have Skiddaw on the left, and Helvellyn in the distance, with Thorthwaite Fells on the right. Looking down the river you have an island in it at a short distance, and the scene is well wooded and a beautiful piece of river scenery. The river runs along past Dunthwaite, the seat of John Harrison, Esq., through the ancient village of Isell, through Cockermouth, and finally falls into the sea at Workington. At an evening sunset sometimes the roseate hue is seen on the Skiddaw and Hevellyan range of mountains, when the scene is magnificent. Leaving Ouse Bridge the woods around Armathwaite Hall are passed, which enrich the view. The mansion of Bassenfell rises to the view in a situation which commands a splendid view of the whole valley. This unique house was built by Rathbone Brothers, of Liverpool, for a summer retreat. Passing along the eastern shore, Scareness, which runs with a sharp promontory into the lake, is seen. There stands the old farmhouse, once a dwelling of the Wane's, but now the property of Sir R. H. Vane, Bart., close to which is Scareness Cottage, a shooting-box of the genial and popular baronet.

Behind the old farmhouse is an avenue of trees, one side of which are yews. The house itself is a superior residence, built about the reign of Charles II. In the house are panels, with paintings of parties going hawking, hunting, shooting, &c. Over a mantelpiece there is a good landscape, painted on wood, of Bassenthwaite Lake. One of the Wane's was a J.P. He had increased the family fortunes in the Indies, and is buried in Bassenthwaite Church. Following the high road, Broadness and Bowness are seen on the right, promontories jutting into the lake. When on the highest part of the road, called Bassenthwaite's Sandbeds, if the tourist will leave the carriage and ascend the hill-side two or three hundred yards, a complete view of the whole lake is obtained from the best point of view. Bassenthwaite Church, which stands near the lake, is dedicated to St. Bridget. There is also a chapel built at the Hawes in the year 1471. The parish church is ancient, and has several monuments of interest in it. One to Adam de Bassenthwaite, the last of his name, who died in the time of Edward II.; and left two daughters co-heiresses; others to the Wanes, Vanes, Storeys; and on the restoration of the interior by the Spedding's, of Mirehouse, a beautiful stained glass memorial window was placed at the east end by public subscription in memory of the late Thomas Storey Spedding, Esq., J.P., a learned and accomplished country gentleman, who long resided and exercised a beneficial influence in the county. Passing Mirehouse, an excellent country seat commanding a full view of the lake, you pass Longclose, belonging to Lawrence Harrison, Esq. Here is a beautiful view of the whole panorama, which opens out as you approach Keswick. You have a road on the left before passing Duncing Gate, which is the beautiful terrace drive along the breast of Skiddaw, through the villages of Millbeck and Applethwaite, so often walked over by Southey during his forty years' residence, and much praised by him for the enchanting views it affords.

Bassenthwaite Lake is being more frequented by tourists every year, and it affords a pleasing contrast to the sister lake of Derwent, which in no way detracts from its charms. The deepest part of Bassenthwaite Lake is 18 feet, while Derwentwater is 27 feet. There is good fishing on the lake, and boats may be had at Thornthwaite and Peel Wyke. No tourist who has a day to spare should omit visiting Bassenthwaite Lake.

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## JUNIUS.

JUNIUS'S emphatic declaration that his "secret" should "perish with him" is still both a "crux" and a truism. His motto, "Stat nominis umbra," still, like the Sphynx of old, baffles explanation and defies investigation. Vain have been the essays of erudite commentators, the labours of learned "analysts," the explanations of pseudo-Hierophants; the great mystery still remains a mystery nevertheless for those who take an interest in such questions and such investigations. Numerous as have been the names of the supposed "real and original writers," we do not affect to suppose that the list is by any means completed, or the number of possible claimants for this posthumous distinction by any means exhausted.

It may be well for us to number up here the names of those whom either irresponsible writers, or injudicious friends, or eager partisans, have in succession dogmatically and deliberately put forward as the writer of Junius.

Claims, more or less urgent, more or less reasonable, have been asserted for Edmund Burke, for Horne Tooke, for Hugh Boyd, for single speech Gerard Hamilton, for Horace Walpole, for Lord Chesterfield, for the wicked Thomas Lord Lyttleton, for Dr. Wilmot, for M. De Lolme, for Mr. Charles Lloyd, for the Duke of Portland, for Lord George Sackville, for General Lee, and for Colonel Barré. On the theory of a co-partnership, we have Mrs. Dayrolle as the amanuensis of Lord Chesterfield, and Anna Chambers, afterwards Lady Temple, as the amanuensis of Lord Temple. Sir Philip Francis is, however, the person to whom Mr. Taylor originally, in his "Junius Justified," etc., and Mr. Twisleton, in his "Hand-writing of Junius," etc., supported by the authority of Lord Campbell, Lord Macaulay, and Lord Stanhope, upheld to be the real Simon Pure, and to whom, we think, the modern view undoubtedly inclines.

Still, it is felt,—we speak under correction,—that even the evidence of hand-writing, detailed as it is with all the skill of M. Charles Chabot, the well known "expert," in Mr. Twisleton's magnificent volume, is, if very suggestive, by no means conclusive.

On the contrary, it is impossible to study carefully, for instance, Lady Temple's striking and peculiar handwriting without seeing how strangely it seems to accord with the writing of Junius. No doubt a good deal may be said in favour of the "Franciscan" theory, as it is termed. There are some wondrous and striking "coincidences," such as M. Chabot has so skilfully educed, but yet the result of the whole argument is, as we said before, somewhat unsatisfactory at the best, and does not appeal either to our sense of what is clear, what is distinct, what is proved, what is convincing. If anything, M. Chabot proves too much, and it is perhaps well for us to remember here that the origin of the last important work "in re" Junius, "The Hand-writing of Junius," etc., published by Murray, 1871, arose from a letter book of Sir Phillip Francis from 1767 to 1771, Mr. Smith's MSS., and the Woodfall MSS. in the British Museum—all sent to M. Chabot by Mr. Twisleton for comparison and collation. To this was added subsequently a copy of a note to Miss Giles at Bath, and some verses which had been said to be written by "Junius." M. Chabot, after a most exhaustive examination and collation of Junian and Franciscan MSS., and considering the host, moreover, of opposing claimants, came to the unhesitating conclusion (see p. 244 "Hand-writing of Junius," etc.) that "the letters of Francis and all the MSS of Junius were written by one and the same hand,"

namely, that of Sir P. Francis; and that the verses were "handwritten" by his brother-in-law, Tilghman, but that they were composed by him, as the evidence showed, and the "note" which went with them was distinctly in Sir P. Francis's writing!

Such a statement, so unhesitating and so distinct, ought, apparently, to settle the question. But yet it has not settled the question, and it has been felt that, though there is a great similarity of hand-writing, yet that it is not absolutely conclusive after all; and many doubt whether Junius's own words will not still prove true, that his secret has perished with him, whoever he may have been.

There are, however, some points on which it would be well to fix our attention for a short time to-day, even if when singly they have each great force, combined they certainly do give additional strength to the Franciscan theory.

Mr. Taylor tells us, in his interesting work, "Junius Identified," that a passage in a letter of Junius, signed "Veteran," March 23rd, 1772, first suggested to his mind the reality of the claim of Francis:—"I desire you will inform the public that the worthy Lord Barrington, not contented with having driven Mr. D'Oyly out of the War Office, has at last contrived to expel Mr. Francis."

Certainly, this is an odd paragraph "per se," and may serve as the clue to the real author. We say may, for we do not ourselves feel sure that it is not a morsel of coffee-house gossip thrown in to add virulence to the attack on Lord Barrington, whom "Junius" did "not love".

In his famous private letter to Woodfall, of November 10th, 1771, Junius says—"I must be more cautious than ever. I am sure I should not survive a discovery three days, or, if I did, they would attain me by bell. Change to the Somerset Coffee House, and let no mortal know the alteration. I am persuaded you are too honest a man to contribute in any way to my destruction. Act honourably by me, and at a proper time you shall know me."

There is no doubt that Junius penned this letter in much anxiety, as the "interlineation" under the words "Somerset Coffee House" is very shaky indeed, though that fact may not prove much either way. In a subsequent letter he tells us that the gentleman who does the "conveyancing business" was watched, and this statement has led to the theory of two persons being concerned in the letters, one as "writer," the other as "porter." There is, indeed, a most curious passage in a letter from Tilghman to Francis, September 27th, 1773, which to a great extent confirms Lord Campbell's statement that Junius was silenced by Lord North, and "would write no more," which last statement is said to have been made by no less a person than King George the Third himself.

Tilghman says pointedly, "But how did you get this appointment? It is miraculous to me that a man should resign his office in 1772, and in 1773, without any change of the Ministry, be advanced in so very extraordinary a manner. Your merit and abilities I was always ready to acknowledge, sir, but I was never taught to think much of Lord North's virtue or discernment. His treatment of you has in some measure reduced him in my opinion." On the whole, the considerations arising from these points, when fully realized, appear to strengthen—we do not say they are conclusive—Sir P. Francis's claim to be considered the author of Junius. The idea of Lord Lytton being the writer of these letters had something "taking" in it when it first appeared in the "Quarterly," from the fact of his mysterious life, and still more mysterious death, his great parts, his peculiar knowledge of all the gossip of the day, and his connection with the well-known Dr. Combe, the author of "Dr. Syntax," etc. But there are difficulties connected with his travels in foreign parts, in 1771, which seem to be fatal to any such claim. Lord George Sackville's claim is not increased, despite his strange and somewhat mysterious interview with Lord Mansfield just before his death, by a careful consideration

of the facts of the case, on the contrary, it is weakened; and one fatal objection to Lady Temple's claim is this, that Lord Chatham must have had his suspicions aroused when he received the letters of Junius, if written by one, though the hand-writing was feigned and stiff, whom he knew so very well.

Mr. Chabot's collations and comparisons have certainly strengthened the claim of Francis to be the author of Junius, though, as we said at the outset, Junius's motto is still unexplained, undoubtedly, as he prophesied it would be—"Stat nominis umbra."

For our part, though we have carefully studied the evidences for years on this subject, we have never been able to get over the objection of one of Sir P. Francis's relations, judging from the normal and even abnormal characteristics of thought, action, and habit of the man himself, namely, that had Francis really been the author of Junius, he was too "conceited a man" to have "kept the secret." And certainly, all his own by-play in respect of Junius has always appeared, to our mind, to be consummate acting. But we leave the subject, as it is impossible for any one to profess to say what may yet be discovered as to Junius.

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## MANY YEARS AGO: THE ANCHORITE'S LAMENT.

BY BRO. EMRA HOLMES.

**M**ANY years ago, when summer winds were blowing,  
 And swallows' tender twitter was heard beneath the eaves,  
 I sauntered by the arching vines, with my sweet love, knowing  
 That she would be my wife before the trees had lost their leaves.

Happy by the river's marge, each bend fresh charms disclosing,  
 Watching the swift tide as it eddied near the sea;  
 Listening to the nightingale—on the banks reposing—  
 As its voice melodiously sounded o'er the lea.

But the tempter came, and blissful dreams were ended;  
 So the love-talk passed away in a noble scorn;  
 Then it all departed, all that vision splendid,  
 And I was left in misery, desolate, forlorn.

Many years ago, friends I had unnumbered;  
 Love and youth were on my side, no pain did I know;  
 Jealousy and calumny were the foes that slumbered;  
 Now lover, friends, and peace have left me many years ago.



## AN OLD MASON'S TOMB.

ACCORDING to tradition the church of St. Helen, Bishopsgate Street, is celebrated for the number of Masons interred within its walls. Here rest the remains of Sir Thomas Gresham, of whom it has been reported that in 1567 he was Grand Master of the south. In this church, also, is the fine altar tomb of William Kerwin, "free Mason."

The sketches we give are taken from drawings made in 1869 by Mr. E. Flint, and kindly lent to me by Mr. R. H. Hills.

The tomb is ornamented with pilasters of white marble carved in relief. The top slab is black marble, and on panels of the same material are incised the figures of the deceased and various armorial bearings, all filled in with yellow; the lettering, all in Lombardic capitals, is also incised and filled in with some black composition. On the south side of the tomb are the following inscriptions, commencing on the pilaster and running along the frieze:—

HERE | LYETH THE BODIE OF WILLIAM KERWIN OF THIS CITTIE OF LON | DON  
FREE | MASON WHOE DEPARTED THIS LYFE THE 26<sup>TH</sup> DAYE OF DECEMBER AÑO | 1594

Beneath this, on the top border of the panel;—

MAGDALENE JACET VIRTUS POST FATA SUP[ER]STES: CORPVS HVMO TECTVM CHRISTO VENIENTE  
RESVRGET:

CONIVGIVQE FIDE RELIGIOQVE MANENT: VT MENTIS CONSORS ASTRA SUPREMA COLAT

On the north side, commencing on the pilasters and continuing along the frieze;—

AND | HIERE ALSOE LYETH THE BODIE OF MAGDALEN KIRWIN HIS WIFE BY WHOME HE | HAD  
ISSVE | III SONNES AND II DAUGHTERS SHE DECEASED THE XXII<sup>J</sup><sup>TH</sup> OF AVGVST | 1592

The top border of the panel:—

Ædibvs Attalicis Londinvm qui decoravi: Me duce svrgebant alijs regalia tecta:  
Exigvam tribvvat hanc mihi fata domv̄: Me dvce conficitvr ossibvs vna meis:

At the west end, upon the frieze, are the following two lines:—

CHRISTVS MIHI VITA  
MORS MIHI LVCIVM.

On the top border of the panel:—

NOS QVOS CERTVS AMOR PRIMIS CONIVNXIT ABAÑIS.  
IVNXIT IDEM TVMVLVS IVNXIT IDEM QVE POLVS.

Upon the lower border of the panels, commencing on the south side, is the following inscription, which reads all round the tomb:—

AND 5 DAUGHTERS WHEREOF 5 OF THEM LYETH HEERE IN THIS VAVLT &  
BĒIAMIN KIRWIN Y<sup>R</sup> SONNE OF WILLIAM KIRWIN DECEASED Y<sup>R</sup> 21<sup>TH</sup> OF IVLY AÑ: DOÑI:  
1621 WHOE HAD ISHVE 7 SONNE.

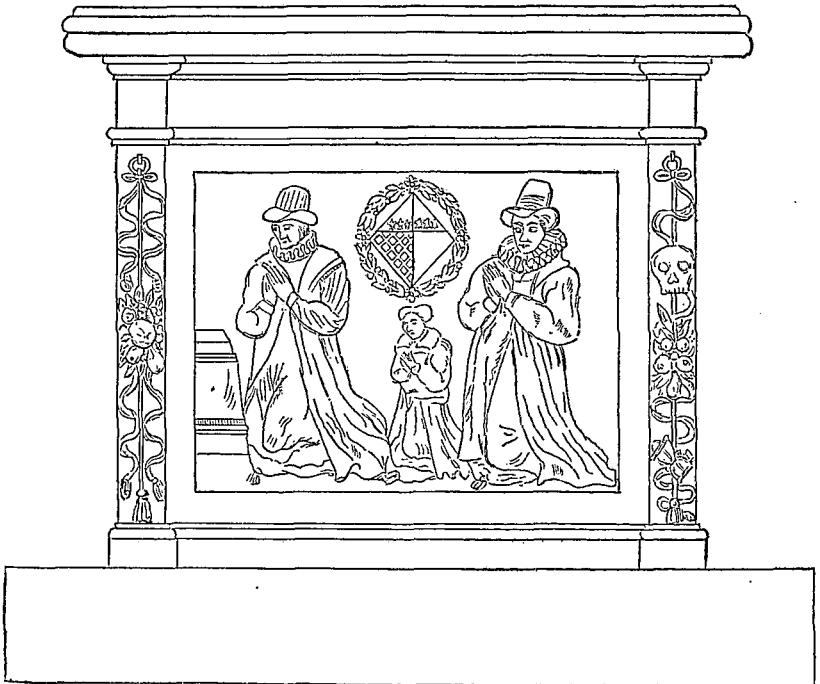
The east end is entirely without ornamentation, but has inscribed on the panel:—

REPAIRED AND RESTORED BY THE PARISH, 1868.

From Stowe\* we learn more of the tomb and the family of William Kerwin; he writes:—"In the South Ile of this Church, is a very faire Window with this inscription: 'This window was glazed at the charges of Joyce Feaily, Daughter

\* "Remaines," being a supplement to his "Survey," 1633, p. 837.

to *William Kerwyn* Esquire, and Wife to *Daniel Featly*, D.D., *Anno Domini* 1632. This window is beautified with three rich Coates, her Fathers, her first and her second Husbands.' Over against this Window, towards the middle Ile, is a Monument erected to the memory of her worthy Father, the aforementioned *William Kerwyn*, Esquire, dated 1594, the time of his death and buriall. Also of *Mistresse Magdalen Kerwyn* her Mother, buried in the yeere of our Lord 1592. Of *Benjamin Kerwyn* her Brother, buried the 27. of July *Anno* 1621, who had Issue seven sonnes and five daughters, five of those children deceast, and here (with them all that are before named) interred. This Monument in this passage of 39. yeeres, somewhat defaced and withered, was raised, repaired, beautified, and encompast with iron Barres, in a faire and gracefull manner, at the charge of his loving Daughter, the aforementioned, *Mistresse Joyce Featley*, 1632." *Seymour*\* states that *Joyce Featley*, left by her will, that after the death of



her husband and herself, the sum of *4l. p. ann.* for ever was to be paid to the Vicar and churchwardens of the parish of St. Helens, out of the rents and profits of a messuage in the Parish of Lambeth in Surrey (being copyhold of the Manor of Kennington). After recounting various charitable purposes to which portions of this sum of money were to be assigned, the will states that "6s. yearly was to be bestowed in repairing her father's tomb, and the other 2s. yearly to the Sexton for keeping clean the same tomb."

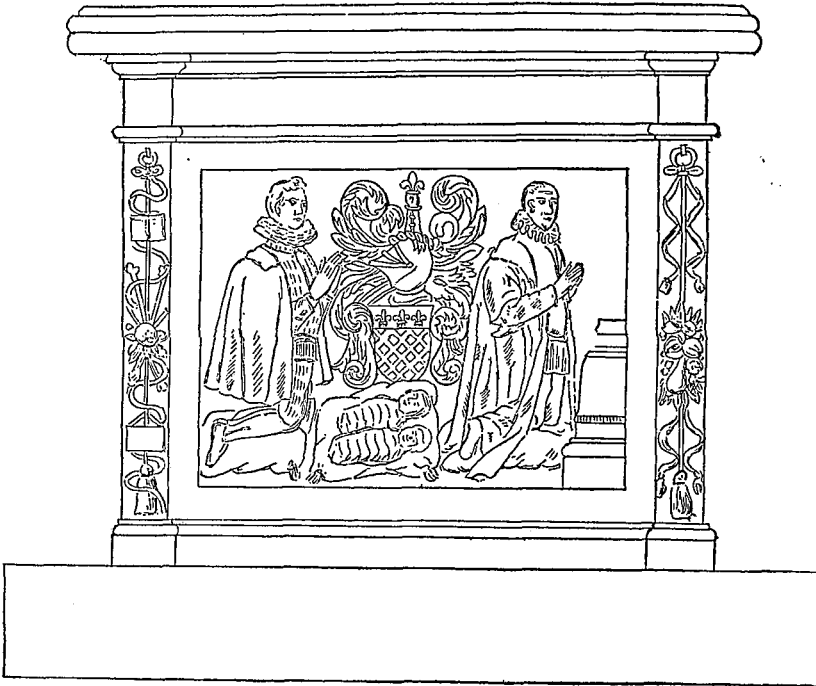
Dr. Featly died April 21st 1645, and the heirs refusing to pay the legacy, after some litigation, an order for payment was obtained in 1703, but for some reason with a remittance of arrears. This order was made a final decree of the Court of Chancery, and was so enrolled in the Petty Bag Office, March, 1703. It would appear† that Dr. Featly was the son of John Fairclough

\* "History of London," 1735, Vol. I., p. 364.

† In Chalmer's Biographical Dictionary and Anthony à Wood's, Athen., Oxon., will be found lengthy biographies of Dr. Featly, with lists of his numerous works.

and Marian Thrift. He was born near Oxford, 15th March, 1582, and changed his name from Fairclough to Featly. He was rector of Allballows, Bread Street, Acton, in Middlesex, and other places. During the time that he was rector of Lambeth he married (1622) one of his parishioners, Mrs. Joyce Holloway, who is supposed to have been his senior by some years. We learn from the stained glass window described above that she was a daughter of William Kerwin, and must therefore have been a widow when Dr. Featly married her. In 1525 Dr. Featly ceased to be Chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury, died in 1645, and was buried in the chancel of Lambeth church. The probability seems to be that William Kerwin died intestate, at least his will does not appear to be extant.

In the Prerogative Court of Canterbury the administration of himself and his son are recorded as follows :—



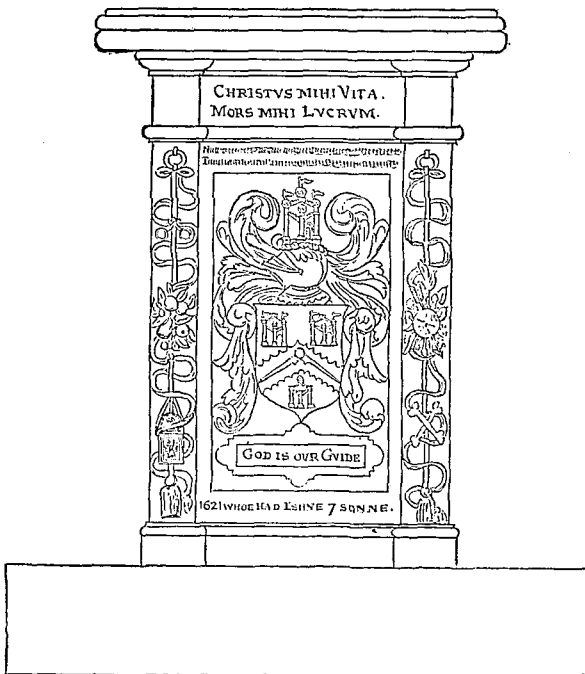
“13 Jan., 1594—5. Administration to William Kerwyn, late of St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, in the city of London, deceased, granted to Benjamin Kerwyn, the son.” (Fo. 121.)

“19 October, 1621. Administration to Benjamin Kerwyn, late of Kennington, within the parish of Lambeth, co. Surrey, deceased, granted to Ann Kerwyn, the relict.” (Fo. 141.)

The family of Curwen, Culwen, Kerwin, or Kerwyn, has been long settled in Cumberland and the bordering counties, and possibly William Kerwin was a junior member of a branch of this family. His arms, as given on the monument, may be described: [argent] fretty [gules] on a chief [azure] three fleur-de-lis [or]. These arms differ slightly from the usual blazon, there being fleur-de-lis on the chief, and in other varieties of the coat there are on the chief one or more escallopp shells. The impalement or arms of his wife I have not been able at present to trace with certainty, but it may be that of the family of Richardson: On a chief, three lion's heads erased.

On the south side of the monument, between two figures, probably repre-

senting William Kerwin and his son Benjamin, with two children, we have the same Kerwin arms, with the addition of the crest—an arm erect, in armour, holding a fleur-de-lis. No doubt both the arms and the crest were confirmed or granted to this branch of the family. The west end presents, from a Masonic point of view, the most interesting portion of the tomb. In a panel, supported on each side by ornamental pilasters,\* is represented the arms of the Masons as granted by William Hawkeslowe in the twelfth year of Edward IV. (1472-3):— On a chevron engrailed, between three square castles, a pair of compasses extended—the crest, a square castle with the motto, God is our guide. It is interesting to find the arms here rendered as they were originally granted, with the chevron engrailed, and with the old square four-towered castles, and not the plain chevron and single round tower as now so often depicted. So far as I have been able to discover, this is the earliest instance of the title “Free-Mason” being associated with these arms.



A short description of the monument (from Stowe) is given in the “Dictionary of Architecture,”† where it is suggested that Andrew Kerwin, Paymaster of the King’s Works, *circa* 1604, was one of the sons of William Kerwin. It is, however, difficult to understand how so little should be known of a man of whom the monumental inscription records:—“The Fates have afforded this narrow house to me, who have adorned London with noble buildings. By me royal palaces were built for others. By me this tomb is erected for my bones.”

W. HARRY RYLANDS.

\* At the base of the left hand pilaster is a curious ornament, having in the upper division a rose with five petals, and in the lower what may also be intended to represent a rose.

† Issued by the Architectural Publication Society. Vol. IV.

THE HISTORY OF SELBY, ITS ABBEY, AND ITS MASONIC ASSOCIATIONS.

*Read by FRATER J. T. ATKINSON, 1<sup>o</sup>, before a meeting of the York College of Rosicrucians, held in the Masonic Hall, Selby, in the month of May, 1881.*

IT affords me very great pleasure indeed in giving you a most hearty and fraternal welcome to the good old town of Selby, which now, for the first time, has been honoured by the presence of the York College of Rosicrucians. There is, for obvious Masonic reasons, great fitness in your visit here, and I give you this welcome in a twofold capacity: first, as a Brother Mason, and next, in my official capacity as one of the Churchwardens of the Abbey Church, having had the privilege of being one of its official guardians for the last seven years.

I have ventured to call Selby "a good old town," and I think I may fairly claim for it to be such, inasmuch as it has been known to history for over 800 years, and also on account of the splendid pile of buildings which the piety of our ancestors has erected, and to which I shall speedily call your attention.

Although there is no record of Selby earlier than the time of William the Conqueror, still its name seems to indicate its Danish origin—Selby, *i.e.*, "Sealby, or the place of the seal or sea-calf;" and also from the fact that a few years ago Roman remains were discovered; and also hazel twigs in coffins formed of trunks of trees, as hereafter mentioned, would to a certain extent prove that it was not unknown in those early times. Doubtless, its favourable situation on the banks of the river Ouse, in the midst of a well-wooded and rich pasture and corn-growing district, would tend, even in Anglo-Saxon times, to make it a place of some little importance. After the battle of Stamford Bridge in September, 1066, which virtually terminated the Danish power in England, their fleet, which lay at Riccall, about three or four miles from here, was captured by King Harold, and his greed in retaining the treasure may have in some measure caused the disastrous defeat of Senlac in the following month.

But the real history of Selby undoubtedly commences with the founding of the Abbey in 1069, and the manner was stated to be as follows: Benedict, a secular monk in the Abbey of Auxerre, in France, was ordered by St. Germain to leave his own country and go to a land which he would show him. The Saint told him that the place was at Selby, in England, situate on the river Ouse, near the city of York, which was ordained for his praise. He therefore set out for England in search of the spot, having concealed in his arm miraculously the gift of the Saint's finger, which was then preserved on the high altar; but the place of his destined labour being then unknown, he got directed to "Salisbury," where, making the acquaintance of a pious monk called Edward, who afterwards was one of the witnesses to the charter granted by the Conqueror, and therein styled "Edward of Salisbury," and showing him the precious relic, he was most kindly received and helped on his way, having also received from him many beautiful and precious gifts, long preserved in the Abbey of Selby. Amongst them was a golden phylactery, of considerable size and beauty, also a certain covering for the altar decorated with rich workmanship in loom-work, the design representing our Lord on the cross, the twelve apostles, and four evangelists. St. Germain then again appeared to him, and to prevent further mistake distinctly repeated the syllables of the word "Selby," and shewed him the place in the vision. Benedict went on his way rejoicing, and arriving at Lynn, in Norfolk, took shipping for York, and after

a prosperous voyage approached Selby, when recognizing the place as shown in his vision he commanded the sailors to land him, which they did; and truly to the storm-tossed saint the prospect must have been most inviting, for it was indeed a fair land, well-wooded and pastured, abounding in cattle, and also fish, especially the royal salmon, and having also in the neighbourhood good stone for building, and of which he and his successors were to make such excellent use hereafter. It was also pleasantly and conveniently situate near the mouth of three great rivers, and near the royal and episcopal city of York. Truly Benedict might feel, as he raised the cross and built a hut under a large oak, that his lines had fallen in pleasant places. He then built of wood a monastery on the banks of the river Ouse, afterwards removed to its present site. Benedict was fortunate in obtaining the favour of Hugh, the Norman governor of York, who introduced him to William the Conqueror, and probably procured him his favour; who accordingly, in gratitude for his northern victories (for here it was that in 1068 the great battle between the Saxon earls, Edwin and Morka, took place, in which William was victorious, and thus in consequence triumphantly consolidated his power in the north), determined to found the Abbey of Selby in 1069, and granted the manor of Selby to Benedict, who was ordained first abbot by Thomas, Archbishop of York, who was also a great friend to the newly-established monastery. Benedict was unwearied in his efforts to obtain gifts for the monastery, and obtained from the king a carucate of land (from sixty to one hundred acres) on which the town and monastery were built; one carucate of land in Snaith; a wood called Flaxley, containing six bovates or oxgangs; the town of Roucliffe; and another half carucate of land at Braiton, and a fishery at Whitgift.

His friend, Thomas of York, gave Fryston and Minor Selby and the monks were free from all exactions; and granted a court sac, toll, team, and infangenthefe, with all such customs as had been enjoyed by the Episcopal Church of St. Peter's at York. The manor of Crowle, in Lincolnshire, was given by Galfrid de la Wirchi; an estate at Stamford-upon-Avon, Northamptonshire, by Wido de Rainscourt; and the Pope Alexander II. granted at Auvergne, 31st May, 1076, a faculty for the abbot and his successors for ever to use the ring, mitre, pastoral staff, dalmatic coat, gloves and sandals, and the right of blessing the palls of the altar and other ecclesiastical ornaments, and of conferring the first tonsure. These privileges were afterwards confirmed by Archbishop Greenfield and the Dean and Chapter of York on 30th March, 1308. A copy of the charter founding the abbey is to be found in Dugdale's *Nomasticon*, and as the same is most interesting I trust you will allow me to read it.

"In the name of the holy and individual Trinity, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, Amen, William, the bravest and most powerful of all the kings by whom at this time royal sceptres are swayed under heaven, governing the great realm of England, which, by the permission and will of God, first, by signs and wonders, and after by great power and war overcoming the English, to holy church, as well as to his earls and barons and all his ministers, greeting. By the providence of God's divine pity and by my own goodness, inspired by the mercy of God, I have granted leave to Benedict, a most pious abbot, who has devoutly requested it, to build in Selby a monastery in honour of our Lord Jesus Christ and of His most blessed mother the Virgin Mary, and of St. Germain bishop of Auxerre, in which foundation I have comprised, and of my royal munificence have set apart and given from my own table, Selby, itself, that is to say, one carucate of land in Snaith, six oxgangs of land in Flaxley and Roucliffe and half a carucate in Braiton, and a fishery at Whitgift; and the lands given to the same church by Thomas, Archbishop of York, namely, Frieston and Minor Selby, as well as by viva voce, as by the tenor of his brief. In the same manner I have without any reserve confirmed the grant of Crull, namely, one hundred, which lies in the county of Lincoln, and of Stamford in the county of Northampton, which Galfrid de la Wirchi, and Wido of

Rainecourt gave, And in my gift, I have granted him to hold along with these, all things from whatever source, as well in lands and possessions, as in other offerings which, by the promptings of the Holy Spirit, may be presented by pious benefactors, and whatever may be acquired in any way, by right, by solicitation, or by purchase, under the royal favour, quietly and freely, exempt from all taxation, trouble and annoyance, as becomes the alms of a king and an abbey of his founding, in endless and perpetual peace; and to have and possess for ever, its own court with sac, soc, tol, team, and infangenethefe, and all customs of a higher order, that the church of St. Peter at York, has, for the evidence or testimony and confirming of this charitable gift, for the salvation of my soul, and those of my ancestors and successors, this charter was given and confirmed at London in the presence of these, namely, Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, Edward of Salisbury, Hugh of Portu, Hugh of Montford, Richard, son of Earl Gilbert, Baldwin, his brother, Bishops Remigius, Radulph, Talebois, Robert of Tany, Ganfrid de la Wirchi, and of the king's whole court."

It may be interesting to note that William only founded two abbeys in consequence of his northern victories, viz.: Selby and Battle Abbey, in Sussex.

In 1070 William brought his queen to the north to assist him to settle the endowments of the newly-founded monastery, and whilst they were at Selby it is stated that our first English king, Henry Beauclerc, was born; but the fact is by no means free from doubt, and is yet a subject of controversy.

During the reign of Stephen a castle was erected in what is now Finkle-street, of which the remains were discovered some twenty years ago.

For the next 400 years Selby pursued pretty much the even tenour of its way as a small but important provincial town, under the leadership of the abbots, who were its masters; indeed, the history of the abbey is, until the Reformation, virtually the history of the town. The abbots of Selby were very important personages in those days, for being mitred abbots they were lords of Parliament; and the Abbot of Selby, with his colleague of St. Mary's, at York, were the only mitred heads of houses north of the Trent. They were wealthy, for in 1292, in the time of Pope Nicholas IV. (the only Englishman who ever wore the tiara), the value of their possessions was estimated at £832 11s. 1d., a large sum at that time.

Doubtless there were gay doings in Selby in those days, whether on the occasion of the Church high festivals or when some royal or other important personage passed through; and the archbishops of York would most likely pass through it on their way to and from their episcopal seat, and to and from their palace of Cawood, within five miles from hence.

Of the royal visitors prior to the Reformation, may be noticed Edward I., who, making a progress in the north with his second wife, Margaret, daughter of Philip III. of France, visited Selby on the 1st of June, 1304, being conveyed up the river Humber in a fleet of eleven barges belonging to Gilfred de Selby. He stayed at the abbey, and shortly afterwards his wife gave birth to a son in a small manor-house at Brotherton, near Ferrybridge. In 1322 Edward II. stayed all night here; and, doubtless, in 1530, the great Lord Cardinal Wolsey passed through here on his arrest by Percy, Earl of Northumberland, at Cawood, on his way to Leicester, "there to lay his weary bones," and thus end, perhaps, the most chequered career that has ever befallen English subject, and whose character is so beautifully but pathetically drawn by our great English bard—the Swan of Avon.

In 1540, the act dissolving the Abbey of Selby and its possessions was passed, vesting them in the Crown; and possibly owing to the fact that the last abbot, Robert Selby, was not implicated in the Pilgrimage of Grace, very liberal terms were secured to the abbot and monks, for he got £100 per annum for himself, and at least £5 per annum a-piece for the twenty-three monks. This abbot led a very chequered career, for he ultimately be-

came Chancellor to King Robert of Sicily. The value of the possessions surrendered was estimated at £819 2s. 6d. And here it may be noted that the leader of the Pilgrimage of Grace was Robert Aske, who lived at Aughton, near Bubwith, within ten miles from here.

Of the eighteen abbots that governed Selby, the most remarkable were Benedict, first abbot; Hugh de Lacey, who built the nave of the present church, and was second abbot, and the virtual founder of the present building, removing it from its old site to the present one, and who, like a true Master Mason, worked with his own hands, and who ruled his abbey wisely and well for twenty-six years, and then, from old age, amidst universal sorrow, resigned his charge into the hands of Archbishop Thurston, also a zealous friend to Selby Abbey (for it was at his instance that the Priory of Drax was founded), and after leading a retired life died, and was buried in the chapter-house of the Abbey; Roger de London, who was a protégé of Richard the lion-hearted, and in whose time a body of Selby men, under the leadership of Sir Robert de Turnham went to the Crusades, one of whose leaders, Richard Tempest, is buried in the abbey; and the cross-legged effigy of a knight of that period with his wife, supposed to be the said Richard Tempest and his wife, may yet be seen in the north aisle of the church; and lastly, Richard, who was the only abbot of Selby who received his installation from the Archbishop of Canterbury.

In the sixth year of John, Selby had risen to such importance as to be included with York, Hull, and other principal towns to pay tollage, and it was in his time that the King confirmed the possessions of the abbey, no doubt out of gratitude for the hospitality shown him whilst Earl of Montague. It was in the time of Abbot Alexander (*circa* 1214) that the nave of the church was completed, and the monks could look with pride and pleasure upon a building that had few equals for magnificence in the north. In Hugh de Brayton's time (*circa* 1244) William de Hamilton was born, at Brayton, about two miles from Selby. He ultimately became Dean of York and Lord Chancellor, and it is supposed that in his time the building of Brayton church was commenced. In the time of his successor, Thomas de Whalley, the park of Staynor, near Selby, became the possession of the abbey, and served as the grange of the monastery; and in his time, Archbishop Giffard says, in 1274, "The church of St. Germain in the town is a chapel; the rite of baptism was administered in it until children were carried to the monastery. The chapel and its altar are not dedicated, because the dead are interred in the burial ground of the abbey." John de Wigstowe, supposed to be a native of Wistow, is the next on our list, and he was a most distinguished ecclesiastic. In his successor's time (Abbot William de Assleby, A.D. 1300) was the great persecution and almost destruction of the Order of the Knights Templars, who held extensive possessions in Yorkshire, and who had property at Temple Hurst, near Snaith, of which there are the remains of a Knight Templar Preceptory to this day, and a few weeks ago I had the very great pleasure of visiting the same with our R.W. Chief Adept. In the time of Abbot John de Wigstowe, John de Lacy obtained licence from King Edward III. (1332) to found his chantry at Gateforth, to which for 200 years a priest was appointed by the Abbot of Selby. This abbot was also summoned to a Parliament at York (octave of St. Hilary, 1332), when, owing to a dispute between the two archbishops, only the Archbishop of York, Bishops of Lincoln and Carlisle, and the Abbots of York and Selby were present.

In 1335, John de Heslyaton was appointed, in whose time the monks of Selby, "as soon as they had money enough were to build the new choir." Doubtless the history of Selby Abbey Church was like most of that of the greater churches. First the choir, wanted for divine service, was built; then continuously beautified until it was found too small for service; then the nave and transepts were built, until there was a church with nave and transepts more beautiful than the choir. Then the choir was rebuilt, and then the



building finally completed. It was in John de Heslyaton's time that the new choir was begun. In one of the deeds still preserved there is a gift from the Vavasour family relating to the Selby "Quarel" Pit, and the abbey was fortunate in having so near at hand the excellent quarries of Fryston and Hillam, from which all the stone was brought. In 1341, Wm. de Gaddesby followed, who held the office for twenty-six years. He completed the choir; and in his time the noble decorated nave of the collegiate church of Howden was built, and also Wressle Castle, a seat of the great Percy family. He was also a great engineer, and made a sluice over the Trent near Hatfield Chase, where the abbey had lands. He also erected a fortified manor house at Staynor. In the time of Abbot Aslaghby a controversy had arisen as to the rights of the Abbot of Selby in the adjoining church of St. Mary at Snaith. This lasted over 100 years, and in the time of Abbot John de Sherburne, the successor of Abbot de Gaddesby, A.D. 1409, received its final settlement, which, on the whole, was in favour of Selby, for by the decree of Richard Potts, Chancellor and Commissary of the Archbishop of York, it was decreed that the Church of Snaith, with Selby and Whitgift, together with their chapels on them depending, and also the Churches of Athelingfleet and Brayton were canonically united to the Abbot and Convent of Selby, who should hold them with all manner of spiritual and contentious jurisdiction in the said church and town of Snaith, and the chapel of the town and territory of Selby, and in Frieston, Hillam, Hambleton, and of their men and servants of Thorpe Brayton and Acaster, and also the probates of testaments and last wills of parishioners, parsons, inhabitants, and others dying within these places, and officiating administrators of the goods of the said deceased, and of other dying intestate within the said places, all which was duly confirmed by the Dean and Chapter of York. This was the origin of the Peculiar Court of Selby, which ultimately became confined to the Parish of Selby and Brayton, and was also confined as to its jurisdiction, and was finally abolished on the passing of the Probate Court Act in 1857, the late Mr. J. R. Mills, of York, who only died at few months ago, being the last registrar. Amongst the last wills proved therein was that of Mr. Michael Welburn, the last Custom-house officer of the port of Selby. Abbot Sherburne's tombstone of alabaster is in the chancel of the Abbey. In his time was Ralph de Selby, one of the most distinguished men that Selby ever boasted, for in A.D. 1386 he was made Sub-Dean of York; in 1390 Master of King's College, Cambridge; in 1393 Baron of the Exchequer, and also a Commissioner to attend a truce in France; in 1398 one of the King's Council. Passing over some forty years, the next important abbot is John Ousethorpe, A.D. 1436, in whose time the last important addition to the fabric of the church was made, the eastern aisle being added to the north transept on the endowment of a chantry there by John Lathom. He reigned over the abbey twenty years. In the time of his successor, Abbot John Sharrow, most likely the large perpendicular window in the north transept was added. The next abbot, Lawrence Selby, was buried on the 3rd of April, 1504, in front of the high altar. His tombstone still remains, and is remarkable for the fact that, except on the roof of the chapter-house, it is the only place where the arms of the monastery are to be found. Robert Deeping, the next abbot, 1504, added some buildings to the south-west of the abbey buildings, which remained until this present century. The tomb of the last abbot but one (John Barwick, 1526) still remains, and you will find it in front of the high altar, and is a remarkable one; he is habited in full canonicals and holds his crozier in his hands.

This, then, is a brief account of some of the most famous abbots, most of them remarkable men in their time. Had they no other claim for our gratitude, they deserve our everlasting thanks for the noble pile they reared. Perhaps here a description of the Abbey buildings, as they are supposed to have been at the time of the Reformation, may not be considered out of place.

The first feature was the close, surrounded by a wall or moat (the traces of which may still be seen at Selby), and entered by a gateway usually of an imposing character. Within the close were included all the appendages of a large domain occupied by the owners, with a grange or farm-house, barns, stables, mill, &c. The outbuildings of the monastery were thus completely protected, not only against ordinary depredations but also many of the accidents incident to times of tumult. Next, was the house itself, situate in the lowest and warmest part of the enclosure, consisting usually of one large quadrangular court, into which the various offices and apartments opened; and to all these a warm and sheltered access in every season was provided by means of a pent-house cloister surrounding the whole.

The north side of the quadrangle was formed by the nave of the conventual church, so placed with great judgment on account of its height and bulk, as in that position it afforded the best shelter against northern blasts, and in any other would have excluded more or less of sunshine from the cloister. Attached to the end of the south transept, and with it constituting in part the east side of the quadrangle, was the vestry, and next the chapter-house. This was also considered a part of the church, and received the same peculiar consecration. Here all elections were made, and all acts of discipline were performed. Opposite to the church, and forming the south side of the quadrangle, were the refectory, kitchen, and other offices, usually situated near to the river for convenience of drainage. The higher storey on the western side was generally the dormitory, often supported by a line of columns beneath and connected, as at Selby, with the south-west corner of the church, in order that the monks might easily pass to their devotions.

The abbot's house was usually, as at Selby, attached, or a little removed from, the south corner of the quadrangle, and so placed as to afford an easy communication with the cloister, chapter-house, and church.

The general plan of the buildings at Selby in its principal features corresponded with this. The monastery was situated on the south and west sides of the church, extending southward and beyond the west front, the abbot's house being built on the ground now covered by the streets leading to the Abbey granary. The Abbot's Well and the Abbey Yard still retain their names and position. Within the last half century several of the leading lines of the domestic part of the establishment were traceable; the precinct to a great extent was open on the south side of the church, and shrubs, and trees, and the remains on very uneven ground marked the course of walls which were intelligible to the practised eye. These walls marked the position of the cloisters which formed one side of the quadrangle. One of the latest additions to the fabric was that of Abbot Deeping (A.D. 1504—1518), who built a timber structure at the south-west end of the church. This building was in two stages, mounted upon a stone basement 33 inches in thickness, and buttressed. The pattern of the tracery was extremely delicate and exquisite in design; and on the north side of the room were painted in frescoes single figures in compartments, which formed a feature of considerable interest. It was this chamber that tradition assigns as the birthplace of Henry I., but as the crossbeam on the roof bore the arms of Abbot Deeping, and an inscription stating that he had erected it, this is evidently an error.

The main relic was a sturdy structure of stone, beautifully built. It formed the ground chamber of a noble apartment, which was most certainly connected with the great dormitory. This building bore evidences of having been erected in the early part of the thirteenth century, and was elegantly arched and groined in stone in two avenues, the pillars, circular, 22 inches diameter upon bases; all this work remained in admirable strength and preservation to the day of destruction. It was closely connected with the side of the church, and was not a solitary appendage, its adjuncts extending towards the east and the south. The west side of the cloister was in all probability connected with

the extremity of the groined chamber, and the monks' dormitory with the south side of it, thus enclosing it with buildings except at the west end and a short length on the south side. There was a circular staircase near the south angle of the east end, and another within a lobby facing the south-west angle of the church. This stair connected the upper floor of the entire range of the buildings at this angle. Probably before the erection of Abbot Deeping's timber room, joining this room to the church, the angle of the church was free, and thus the north side of the chamber would be open to view in the front court. Further than this we are left to conjecture; but the remains of a wall parallel with the church at the south transept appear to indicate a building of considerable strength, and which may have formed the chapter-house before the erection of the present choir. The chapter-house was contiguous to the transept, and sometimes attached to it, as at Wenlock, but in general it was separated from the wall of the church by a passage; and that this was the case at Selby is proved by the existence of a stout wall, about nine feet beyond the front of the transept. This wall, or at least its foundation, extends eastward from the cloister beyond the breadth of the transept; but destruction has accomplished its work so thoroughly that the other walls of this great chamber are not to be traced without researches which are scarcely practicable, and if practicable, are very likely to prove unfruitful, considering the uses to which the ground has been appropriated. The chief entrance, or great gateway, which was situated to the west of this, and formed the entrance from the outer to the inner court of the monastery, remained until 1792, when it was taken down to form the opening into the crescent which was then built. This gateway, which exactly faced the Londesbrough Hotel, contained the porter's lodge, &c., and over these were the chambers in which the abbots held their courts and transacted public business.

The tithe-barn, in which the produce of the Abbey lands was formerly deposited, is one of the most interesting buildings of the kind remaining. The walls are 3 ft. thick and supported by buttresses, and before the middle portion of it was pulled down, about twenty years ago, it was 313 ft. long and 29 ft. wide. The beams and pillars are of the most massive kind, and all of oak. From the solidity of its construction and the goodness of the materials, though it may have stood six or seven hundred years, it shows no symptoms of decay, and may endure as many more. It is yet in good repair, the eastern portion being used as a barn and stable and the western as a brewery.

The warehouses at the end of Wide Street, and the site of a wharf which still retains the name of the Abbot's Staith, and also the Soke Mill, are yet standing.

The Abbey, with the manor, and a large portion of the lands, were granted by King Henry VIII. to Sir Ralph Sadlier, Knt., in consideration of £736 paid down, a yearly rent of £3 10s. 8d., and, no doubt, subject to the pensions allowed to the abbot and monks. Through a succession of hands it has passed, until at present the greater part of Selby belongs to Bro. Lord Londesbrough, whose father bought it from the Petre family, the purchase money being stated to be £270,000. Lord Londesbrough is the lay rector.

In 1604 the great Yorkshire plague visited Selby, amongst other places.

In 1618 the Abbey church became a parish church by letters patent of James I., dated 20th March, 1618. The church is dedicated to St. Mary and St. Germain.

*(To be continued.)*

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## HISTORY OF THE AIREDALE LODGE, No. 387.

*Giving also, incidentally (by notes of the Foundation of each Lodge in chronological order), a Record of the Progress of Freemasonry in Yorkshire.*

BY BRO. J. RAMSDEN RILEY, P.M. AIREDALE LODGE, NO. 387 ;  
Z. MORAVIAN CHAPTER, NO. 387.

## SECTION IV.—1864 to 1879.

AT the meeting of our lodge on July 28th, 1864, a sum of money was again voted to the relief of a worthy Past Master, and in the following month (date not being specified) this entry is made in the minute book, having mournful reference thereto.

On account of the death of our dear Brother Joseph Walker the following brethren attended the funeral:—Bro. Wainman Holmes, Bro. Thomas Holmes, Bro. Wm. W. Holmes, Bro. John Walker, Bro. Nicholas Walker, Bro. L. Barker, Bro. W. Ellison, Bro. Joseph Renard, Bro. John Ambler, Bro. John Mann, Bro. Nathaniel Smith, Bro. Henry Smith, Bro. S. Atkinson, Bro. S. S. Blakey, Bro. John C. Taylor, Bradford; Bro. John T. Robinson, Bradford; Bro. John Ward, Bradford; Bro. S. O. Bailey, Bradford; Bro. Geo. M. Wand, and Bro. H. Butterworth. After the funeral the lodge was opened in the First Degree, and left open until next night.

Our brethren preferred deeds to promises, and every record of this character bears the unmistakable stamp of true charity. I have often felt it would be difficult to decide whether the objects of sympathy, or our worthy brethren in having it in their power to dispense so much good around them, felt the most happiness on such occasions. Without doubt these men carried their beneficence into many an abode of sorrow outside the bounds of Masonry; for although, to use an old proverb, "ill weeds wax weel," it is no less true that the desire to alleviate the sufferings of others grows equally fast upon the inclinations of him whose heart prompts him to begin it. At the next meeting, September 14, a resolution was passed that "the balance of the expenses appertaining to the funeral of our late departed brother be paid out of the lodge funds." Bro. John Mann was at this meeting proposed as and appointed Tyler. In this year seven lodges were constituted in Yorkshire, viz. :—

No.		No.	
1001	Harrogate & Claro, Harrogate.	1034	Eccleshill, Eccleshill.
1010	Kingston, Hull.	1040	Sykes, Drifffield.
1018	Shakespeare, Bradford.	1042	Excelsior, Leeds.
1019	Sincerity, Wakefield.		

On the meeting, October 19th, 1864, a proposed Provincial Grand Lodge by-law, having for its object the levying of £20 per year on every member of lodges "for expenses," was discussed, apparently without much difference of opinion. The lodge appointed a committee, and took active steps to oppose it at the next Provincial Grand Lodge, and at the meetings of other lodges in the meantime. The opposition to this proposed by-law seems to have been very strong in our lodge, and if similar unanimity prevailed in other lodges round the neighbourhood the resistance it met with must have been most formidable.

At the meeting, February 8th, 1865, the W.M. stated that West Yorkshire had sent up more than £1000 to the Widows' Fund, from which it appears the province has long and actively interested itself in the Masonic Charities. Our brethren seem also to have been personally interested in the matter, and subscribed at this meeting £31 5s. for the Aged Freemasons' Fund. Of this sum

£20 was remitted May 8th, 1865, and on May 10th, 1865, the first official proposition to remove the Airedale Lodge from Baildon to Shipley was made. This was proposed by Bro. Wainman Holmes, seconded by Bro. Wm. W. Holmes. The Secretary was also "directed to give notice of this resolution in the next circular, so that the members may come and vote." A long discussion took place at the regular meetings held June 14th and August 9th following, but on both occasions was postponed to next meeting. On October 11th, 1865, "the motion connected with the removal of this lodge was then brought forward by the W.M., and on the votes being taken it was unanimously resolved that it should not be removed, and, therefore, that question is now settled for the present." Such is the entry closing for a time the first agitation which indicated that the lodge was making its progress rather in the direction of Shipley and Bradford than at Baildon. At this meeting a proposition was made and passed that the monthly subscriptions of the brethren should be one shilling. Up to this time it ought to be stated the contributions were but six shillings per annum.

Early in the year 1866 (January 31), the sum of two shillings and sixpence per lodge night was voted to the landlord of the Angel Inn at Baildon (then Mr. Joseph Field) "as a small remuneration for the use of the lodge-room, fire, and light, as under the present circumstances he must be a loser through the bad attendance of members and other causes." Bro. John C. Taylor now took a lively interest in the working of the lodge, and under his able tuition the junior members attacked the ritual in real earnest. On March 28th, Mr. J. R. Riley was initiated, having been proposed by the W. Master, (Wm. W. Holmes, P.M.), the preceding month. On June 26th, 1866, Bro. Thomas Murgatroyd, Bro. Thomas Renton, and Bro. J. R. Riley were made Mark Masons. In this year the Mirfield Lodge, Mirfield, No. 1102, and the Wharfedale Lodge, Otley, No. 1108, were constituted.

The year 1867 was in several respects, so far as Airedale Lodge was concerned, an important year, and a trying one in its history. On February 20th "revision and regulation of our by-laws" was proposed, and a committee of three formed for that purpose. It was also proposed that £21 be given to the Masonic Charities, and Bro. Henry Smith was appointed Charity Steward. At the next meeting, March 20th, it was agreed that ten guineas be given to the Aged Freemason's Annuity Fund, five guineas to the Boys' and five guineas to the Girls' Schools. It was settled, on the 17th April, that the donation to the Aged Freemasons should be given in the names of the two Wardens, but was remitted in the name of the S.W. only. On the same evening Bro. Sam. Jackson (of Shipley, architect) again brought forward his plans for building a new lodge room at Shipley, and after discussing the desirability of the change, Bro. Thomas Murgatroyd proposed "that this lodge be removed to Shipley when suitable rooms can be got." Bro. Joseph Denby seconded the proposition, which was carried. Later on the same evening, the Brethren carried another resolution, "that the rooms about to be built by Bro. Jackson be taken." Illustrative of the inconsistency or thoughtlessness of members, many dissensions and resolutions were brought forward about this time, apparently without the slightest regard whether the Lodge would benefit or suffer thereby. One brother, who had not been in the lodge since 1862, supported quite vehemently a proposition made on the 8th April, 1868, "that from the 1st July next the members should pay their subscriptions in advance." This very desirable and proper resolution has since been in operation; but it is a strange fact that not only was the brother referred to an absentee from the lodge ever after, but his subscriptions in arrears had to be written off as a bad debt, and his name erased in 1871. The furnishing of the new rooms was soon brought forward, and on May 6th a committee, consisting of the W.M. Bro. Thomas Murgatroyd; J. Renton, S.W.; J. R. Riley, J.W.; Thomas Denby, S.D.; F. W. Booth, J.D.; S. S. Blakey, I.P.M.; and Samuel Jackson (of

Bradford, Builder) were appointed to carry out the same. The joining fee was fixed at twenty-one shillings the same night. On August 5th, 1868, the initiation fee was raised to five guineas, and a motion to raise a furnishing fund by £1 shares amongst the members was passed. At the installation of Bro. Thomas Renton as W.M., December 30th, 1868, the lodge being held at Baildon, was closed there, and the brethren adjourned to the new lodge rooms at Westgate, Shipley, to celebrate the St. John's Festival. This year seven lodges were established, viz.: Goderich, No. 1211, Leeds; Scarborough, Batley, No. 1214; Defence, Leeds, No. 1221; Savile, Elland, No. 1231; Wentworth, No. 1239, Sheffield; Marwood, Redcar, No. 1244; and Denison, No. 1248, Scarborough.

On January 27th, 1869, the first lodge meeting was held at Westgate, Shipley, and on that occasion Bro. Wardman presented the beautiful centre lamp in the lodge room, and Mrs. Wardman a handsome Bible cushion for the pedestal. On April 28th, 1869, the subscriptions were advanced to £1 13s. per annum, and on May 6th, this resolution was added to, and finally passed, December 15th, 1869, in the form following: "That all members of this lodge who have been initiated since January, 1864, pay an annual subscription of £1 13s. to same, to include suppers." At this meeting, being St. John's, and the installation of Bro. Thomas Denby as W.M., Bro. J. R. Riley was, owing to the removal of Bro. Wainman Holmes to Wiltshire, officially appointed acting Secretary. Bro. Blakey was also elected Charity Steward, superseding Bro. Henry Smith, this being one of the first results indicative of an unwholesome feeling and unsatisfactory condition of the Lodge. The Ryburn Lodge, Sowerby Bridge, No. 1283, was established in 1869.

The year 1870 was an important one, the by-laws of the lodge being drawn up by the Secretary and passed in open lodge on 13th July. The 35th Regiment of Foot being stationed at Bradford Moor Barracks, several Masons being amongst them, visited Airedale Lodge frequently. The unusual popularity and good name which the regiment had gained during its stay in Bradford was forcibly illustrated on the day it left the town; the occasion being regarded as a public loss, and as such alluded to in all the local papers. The Airedale Lodge felt its particular loss also, and several of the members, amongst whom were Bros. Wardman, Todd, and myself, attended at Laister Dyke Station, and with many hearty good wishes, presented a M.M.'s jewel to Bro. Quartermaster-Sergeant Imbusch, as a slight memento of his sojourn in Bradford. On September 15th died suddenly a worthy, though humble brother, John Mann, an obituary notice of whose death appeared in *The Freemason's Magazine* of 1st October, 1870.

The Brethren of Airedale Lodge would have a framed address of condolence sent to Mrs. Mann, and having a strong personal appreciation of Bro. Mann's amiable character, I wrote it out myself, and it was signed by thirty-five members. I was so pleased with the reading of this memorial recently (1878) that I am tempted to reproduce it in the Appendix (G). At one time it was contemplated placing a memorial window in Baildon Church, but serious illness overtook the brother most wishful for it, and in the anxiety to set his own house in order, the project had to be abandoned. Bro. John Mann was a good Freemason, and his example might be fitly followed by many whose university education has not prevented them from engaging in unseemly wranglings in print of late years. Amongst his Masonic brethren he was universally esteemed, and, in all probability, had scarcely an enemy in the world. Four lodges were established in 1870, viz.: Brighouse, Brighouse, No. 1301; De Warren, Halifax, 1302; Zetland, Leeds, No. 1311; and Anchor Lodge, 1337, Northallerton. In consequence of the disposal of the funds in the Treasurer's hands to the three Masonic Charities on removal from Baildon to Shipley, and the very heavy outlay requisite to furnish the new rooms, as well as the increased rent, etc., the Lodge was getting uncomfortably into debt; and on 5th

April, 1871, the position of affairs was discussed, this resulting in a proposition that the Secretary should prepare a list of members, and that each should be called upon to contribute something towards starting the lodge fairly in its new quarters free from debt. I recollect how careful we were to avoid any compulsory levy, which, though generally the best as well as the fairest course, will not answer during certain stages of a lodge's existence. Ours had passed into the hands of another generation, whose youthful vigour was practically ousting the former one from a position it was compelled reluctantly to resign; whilst a distasteful removal also combined to influence many of the old members at this time to withhold even a passive assistance. The appeal was cheerfully responded to by about twenty brethren, all the rest refusing to subscribe. The amount raised was £90 only, but this sufficed to cause an anxiety which did much good afterwards, by checking all unnecessary expense. One of the first things thought of was the letting of one of the rooms, and so strongly did a majority of the brethren regard retrenchment and economy as necessary, that although actively opposed by one or two influential Past Masters, the room was let for one night a week to a building society at Shipley, on the 2nd August, 1871. On November 29th, 1871, a bye-law was passed, the existence of which is quite unknown to most members now, viz: that non-resident members shall only pay 21s. per annum subscription. To come within the operation of this bye-law it is requisite that every such member must reside not less than ten miles from the lodge. It has been a useless bye-law, and did not even satisfy the brother for whom it was originated (who I believe did not, however, specially ask for it), who resigned in 1874.

At the meeting on February 28th, 1872, the Secretary read a letter to the Prov. G.S.E. West Yorks, with reference to the removal of the Moravia Chapter to Shipley. I certainly never saw any excuse for the "mysterious mysteries" with which this beautiful degree was invested for our novitiate. However, the duller performance has its termination, and probably the wholesome exercise of other than Masonic virtues (meekness especially) did none of us any harm. The following members of Airedale Lodge being wishful to become R.A. Masons, were the resuscitators (we all felt "resurrectionists" I am sure) at this period of the Chapter's history:—Thomas Murgatroyd, Thomas Denby, F. W. Booth, George Glover Atkinson, and J. R. Riley.

Comp. Booth had been exalted in Charity Chapter, 302, and now joined Moravia. The last meeting of the Chapter prior to resuscitation was on March 26th, 1862, so that after being dead eleven years a little special mystery might have been expected. On April 24th, 1872, still carrying out the retrenchment policy, four members in arrears of subscriptions were erased from the list, and on the 24th July the annual subscription was raised to two guineas. In September this year a goodly sum was subscribed towards the De Grey Scholarships. In 1872 the Falcon Lodge, No. 1416, Thirsk, was constituted.

The 15th January, 1873, was in many respects an important meeting, and the culmination of a feud and distrust dating from the election of Master in 1869. It was the "black-letter" day of our lodge, and for a time the prospects of Airedale Lodge were gloomy indeed.

In marked contrast to other "business," on the same evening, our late worthy Bro. H. J. Wardman (then S.W.), presented the lodge with a fine harmonium. We were supposed to possess one of these instruments, until after several years' use it was suddenly removed by the donor! To supply the loss thus sustained, Bro. Wardman purchased and presented the harmonium now in the lodge room. On June 11th, this year, five more members were erased "in arrears;" and on November 5th Bro. F. W. W. Booth, P.M., was for the first time elected charity member. Bro. Henry Smith, P.M., held the office from 1857 to 1869, and Bro. S. S. Blakey from 1870 to 1873, inclusive. In this year the Wharnccliffe Lodge, Penistone, 1462, was founded.

Two more defaulting members were erased, January 15th, 1874; and on

February 4th, 1874, the Secretary presented to the lodge a large tracing board of the First Degree, which he explained on several subsequent occasions. Two handsome stands for the globes were, at the next meeting (March 4th, 1874), presented by Bro. Samuel Jackson, W.M.

The finances of the lodge continued a source of anxiety to the more interested members, and on the 29th April, 1874, Bro. John Morrell gave notice of a proposition to levy £1 each "on every member without distinction," for the purpose of clearing off the Furnishing Fund of 1868. At the same time Bro. P.M. Thomas Denby's proposition to raise the initiation fee to ten guineas was negatived, and Bro. Morrell's amendment (seven guineas) substituted and passed. Bro. Morrell also proposed that the joining fee be raised from two to three guineas, which was passed.

Bro. Morrell's proposed levy was passed in open lodge, June 3rd, 1874, and the project of building new rooms was first discussed as a practical scheme. The first effect of the levy was, unfortunately, to cause dissatisfaction to our oldest member and first Master, Bro. Wainman Holmes, who wrote to me on the subject; and, in accordance with his instructions, it ultimately became my disagreeable duty to propose that his resignation be accepted. On the 1st July, 1874, Bro. Thomas Murgatroyd, P.M., moved, seconded by Bro. Samuel Jackson, P.M., "that this lodge expresses its thanks to Bro. Wainman Holmes for his past services and usefulness during upwards of forty years, and accepts his resignation with sincere regret."

By the 26th August the meetings and discussions had fairly settled down into a project of "enlarging" the lodge premises, the former idea of building a new hall being entirely abandoned. A very acceptable and thoughtful gift of crimson table cloths was made by the retiring W. Master, Bro. Chas. Roebuck, on 30th December, 1874. In this year the Alexandra Lodge, Hornsea, No. 1511; Friendly, Barnsley, No. 1513, Thornhill, Lindley, No. 1514; and Olicana, Ilkley, No. 1522, were founded.

In January, 1875, the lodge lost two worthy members—Bros. Wardman and Delves, the former after a long and painful illness. Letters of condolence with Mrs. Wardman and the family of Bro. Delves were duly passed by the brethren and forwarded by the Secretary. On the 24th July four more erasures were made for arrears. Legiolium Lodge, Castleford, No. 1542, and Baildon Lodge, No. 1545, Baildon, were constituted; and in 1876 the De La Pole Lodge, Hull, No. 1605; Colne Valley Lodge, Staithwaite, No. 1645; Eboracum Lodge, York, 1611; and the Prince of Wales Lodge, No. 1648, Bradford. On the 25th May, 1876, nine brethren attended our lodge as promoters of a new lodge to be called the Prince of Wales Lodge, to be held at Bradford, and these signed in open lodge the declaration and petition required by the Book of Constitutions. The same evening, Bro. Charles Marchbank having generously promised a useful piece of furniture; in return, it was unanimously carried that the old furniture formerly used in the lodge at Baildon should be presented to him. July, August, and September were chiefly occupied with my notices for the revision of certain bye-laws and the renewed proposition of Bro. Thomas Denby, P.M., to raise the initiation fee to ten guineas; the latter, however, Bro. Denby withdrew, after an unfavourable report upon it by the Lodge Committee. The amended bye-laws were all passed, 6th September, 1876.

Having prepared a complete list of the members of Airedale Lodge from its foundation, shewing the date of initiation, passing, raising or joining, Bro. Chas. Honroyd, P.M., most kindly volunteered to have it framed for the lodge room. On 4th October, 1876, he presented it on his and my behalf. On the same evening Bro. Marchbank presented a most useful gift of a sideboard for the kitchen, which had long been needed.

*(To be continued.)*



## AMONG THE HILLS.

BY A WANDERER.

IT is wonderful to think, if not somewhat humiliating to realize, what creatures of habit and circumstance we all are, and how our normal life becomes to us a "second nature," which we pursue placidly and contentedly through many changing years. Some of us who pass a lifetime among the streets and offices of our "little village," who become accustomed to its scenes and its noise, its throng of hurrying mortals, its huge accumulation of "brick and mortar," its heat, its noise—yes, and its "evil odours," are sometimes apt to smile at the enthusiasm, or doubt the statements of those who speak in rapture and emotion of the "everlasting hills." The utmost such veritable "cockneys" ever aspire to or believe in is to be found in Brighton or Margate, Richmond or Herne Bay. Greenwich and Epping Forest come in, as well as Hampton Court, for a general share of their admiration of a "country outing." Perhaps a neat little "box" in Bedfordshire or among the Surrey hills, a farm in Buckinghamshire or Sussex, seem to such the "highest height" of pleasure and change to which they can hope to aspire.

But to suppose, for one moment, that they are forced to live "among the hills"—to denude themselves of those comforts to which they have been so long habituated, to have to do with steep ascents, terrific descents, with shortness of breath, and weariness of legs—a lightning storm among the mountains, the bad roads and uncomfortable conveyance of some remote and rustic inn, is indeed to all such a subject of alarm and antagonism, of dread and of dislike. And yet, when once "among the hills," how marvellous is the change, how stupendous the charm! No longer breathing the tainted atmosphere of pent-up cities, no more the victims of slow or rapid locomotion, crowded omnibus, or reckless hansom; for them the penny steamboat has no more attractions, the unholy "growler" indecent accommodation. They are away from the crowds of Fleet Street, the uproar of Ludgate Hill, the fashionable assemblage of Rotten Row, the tumult of countless or all but impassable thoroughfares. We are "among the hills"—we are in one of great nature's amphitheatres,—and everything around us breathes of calmness and gracefulness, grandeur and repose, and points to all that is wonderful and charming, all that is elevating and subduing, which those who have eyes to discern and hearts to master can ever find for themselves under that bright and glorious "regime" which the beneficent creator of us all, T.G.A.O.T.U., has in store ever for humble students and faithful searchers.

We are "among the hills"! Everything around is for us fresh and fair, new and startling. We look up to those towering and massive precipices which lower above us like castled heights in solemn stateliness or striking contour. We watch the mists, or the scudding clouds, or we admire the gleaming foliage and the browsing sheep; we scent the pleasant heather, we feel that "country feel," so searching, so pleasant, and so real. What a happy change for us! What a good thing for us all.

The geologist can pursue his interesting studies with ardour and energy. The mineralogist can pick up countless specimens to adorn his well-filled cabinet. The painter can find many a subject for his fertile pencil; the musing student can turn over the pages of his favourite book with double "gusto." With a knapsack on your back, and old Tray at your side, you can trudge on happy and contented, finding your abode for the night at some village hostelry, pursuing your journey with early dawn, inhaling the scented air of the hills and listening to the musical echoes of the hillside rills.

In the balmy fragrance of a fresh summer morning you feel elated, satisfied with yourself, at peace with the world.

What matter to you the debates of "great talking houses," the reverses or the gyrations of statesmen, the startling intelligence of large type, the often terrific earnestness of the telegraphic message.

You are far, happily, from the vanities, the contentions, the struggles, the baseness of men: Nature is your companion, your guide, and your familiar friend.

You are "among the hills," and you soon learn to look on them with reverence and love;—to know their outline and welcome them as old familiar friends; to refresh your often wearied spirit and dazed understandings with a sight of their goodly outline, with the realization of their quiet calm, their mighty stature, their immovability and their perpetuity. Other things fade, not they. Many old landmarks are removed, they still remain.

If any of my readers in their little holiday have, like myself, been "among the hills,"—if to them it has been given to gaze admiringly on some of the noblest scenes from nature that dominates in this our favoured land; if any of those who have been over these paths have been privileged to look up to these wondrous and speaking memorials of Creative greatness and wise development, they will, I feel sure, enter into my feelings, and assent to my few and hesitating words! But no apology, I feel sure, is needed for any one who seeks to-day to offer his humble meed of admiration for that provision of ample and true enjoyment which Nature, ever kind and considerate, engaging and tender, offers to countless "Pilgrims" of all ages, and ranks, and sexes—"Among the Hills."

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## SEA-SIDE SIGHTS.

BY SAVARIGUS.

I SAW some little ones at play  
 Upon the shingly shore,  
 With lanky limbs, and unkempt hair  
 Begrimed and matted o'er.

I saw them bathing in the sea  
 With tattered dress; and thought  
 How cheaply health and happiness  
 From nature can be bought.

I saw that after they were washed,  
 How white their bodies were;  
 But oh! their meagreness was great—  
 It proved how hard their fare.

I, musing, thought what homes have these?  
 They need a parent's care.  
*Improvvidence* then crossed my mind,  
 The fault, it must lie there.

How many sights we daily see,  
 That move compassion's tears—  
 Neglected children! What more sad?  
 And those of tender years.

I looked around, and soon espied  
A group just further on,  
And plump and ruddy was their flesh,  
And good clothes they did don.

I saw some lazy, loafing men,  
Who gazed upon the scene ;  
And they were fat, and loudly dressed,  
And insolent of mien.

I saw the fair expanse of sea  
With ships well dotted o'er,  
And felt the charm, so exquisite,  
I'd often felt before.

I saw the distant cliffs look grand,  
In summer verdure clad ;  
The shrimpers shrimping far beneath,  
And eyes and heart were glad.

I saw some lads with rakes and pails,  
At ebb-tide on the sands ;  
And they were " cockling " ; for their food  
Depended on their hands.

I saw the swimmers in the sea  
Disporting with the waves,  
And felt the joy that man must feel  
When he another saves.

I saw the sun arise at morn,  
And set again at night,  
And cloud and sky, and earth and sea  
Were bathed in glorious light.

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## MASONIC SYMBOLISM.

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*(Concluded from page 72).*

**I**N the fact that every lodge is dedicated to St. John the Baptist and St. John the Evangelist is traceable back through Masonic traditions, as a pure channel of communication with the past, a series of historical truths of no little importance. We are informed that from the building of the Temple at Jerusalem to the Babylonian captivity of the Jews, all regular Masonic Lodges were dedicated to King Solomon. Solomon began his reign upon the throne of the Israelitish Empire 1015 (some authorities say 1018) years before Christ, and the Temple was completed seven (some authorities say eleven) years thereafter. Some two hundred and eighty-five years after the Temple was completed, Jerusalem was taken by the King of Assyria, and the mass of the Jewish people were carried captive to Babylon—so that Masonic Lodges were dedicated to King Solomon for a period of not more than 300 years. During the period of the Jewish captivity Babylon was one of the most important cities of the world. The walls surrounding it " were of a prodigious height "—so says Rollin—" and appeared to be inaccessible," and within them were an immense

number of men for their defence. "Besides," continues Rollin, "the city was stored with all sorts of provisions for twenty years." Yet while Belshazzar, the last King of the Chaldean dynasty in Babylon, was reading upon the wall the prophetic words, "*Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin,*" Cyrus, the King of the Medes and Persians, was at the gates of his capital, and speedily became its master. With the conquest of Cyrus the Babylonian empire ended after a duration of two hundred and ten years. Twenty years later, after the Jews had endured captivity for seventy years, they were suffered, by the edict of Cyrus, to depart from Babylon, under the conduct of Zerubbabel, and to return to their own country. From that time forward until the coming of Christ, Lodges, we are told, were universally dedicated to the hero of the homeward journeying of the Jews—Zerubbabel. St. John the Baptist was next selected as the patron of Freemasonry, and to him lodges were thereafter dedicated until the final destruction of the Temple, not many years later, by the Romans under Titus Vespasian. Freemasonry then fell into decay for a short time; few lodges continued to exist, until finally a number of Masons deputed by such lodges as continued in precarious life, solicited St. John the Evangelist, then Bishop of Ephesus, and already upwards of ninety years of age, to take upon himself the duties and honors of Grand Master of the Fraternity, into the mysteries of whose Order he had been initiated in early life. The venerable man, having the good of the Order much at heart, complied, and from that time to this, a period of nearly 1800 years, all lodges have been dedicated to both the Saints John—the Baptist and the Evangelist. Understood with reference to the history of the connection of these two eminent patrons of Masonry with our Order, how significant is the symbol of the two perpendicular parallel lines, embordering the point within a circle which supports the Holy Scriptures, and is explained to the Entered Apprentice in the third section of his degree! These parallel lines, as every Mason knows, refer to and represent the two Saints; the circle is an emblem of eternity, and may refer to the everlasting character of the principles taught by the Saints John and still inculcated in the Ritual of Freemasonry; the point within the circle really represents the Sun, or the prolific principle in nature, and may be said to Masonically represent the life-giving and life-sustaining power which perpetually revivifies the truths which our early parents preached, and keeps them ever alive to the generations of Masons as they come and go upon the earth; while the Holy Scriptures—that Great Light in Masonry, supported by this circle—is emblematical of the historic Masonic fact, claimed by Masons, that to Freemasonry the civilized world owes the preservation of its Bible. If Freemasonry had accomplished in and for the world no other good thing than the preservation of the Scriptures, it should, for that alone, be revered by every civilized being under the sun. In spite of this there are some—even educated in the Church—who continually revile Masons and Masonry, either ignorant of or choosing to ignore the incalculable value of the service it has performed for them and for all of us. Yet every Mason knows that every teaching of Freemasonry is good, and pure and true—and no man can truthfully gainsay the assertion that every perfectly good Mason, if such a man exists, must, in the very nature of things, be a perfectly good Christian in the broadest and most perfect sense of the term.

Another beautiful and instructive symbol in Freemasonry is the placing of the Master's chair in the East. Every Master's station is symbolic of the Oriental Chair of King Solomon, as every Mason knows; but perhaps not all have reflected that it is placed where it is for any other reason than that the Temple at Jerusalem fronted East, and that its great builder's seat was in that end of the magnificent structure which he erected. But an equally cogent reason is this—and it is a reason which applied to the chair of Solomon as much as to any Master's seat now. The sun is the source of light. Its course is from East to West. And it is a fact in history that all knowledge, all religion, all civilisation, have emanated from Eastern nations, and have travelled

Westwardly in the course of the sun. All discoveries have been in a Western course. The arts and sciences, and in a word every substantial benefit the world has enjoyed—every improvement, every ray of advanced thought—all have come from the East. That they have grown to matured proportions in their Westward progress is most true; that the West has always been, apparently a necessary, certainly a prolific field, for their development, cannot be denied; but it is an undeniable fact that, without important exception, they have germinated Eastwardly and followed the course of the sun in their natural progress. How appropriate then that in all Masonic Lodges, Masonic instruction and enlightenment, coming as they do from the presiding officer, should come from the East! Thus it is, that from our first Grand Master down, all Master's stations have been, theoretically and symbolically at least, in that direction from which the sun's bright beams come to gladden and fructify the earth, and from which, in obedience to nature's unchangeable laws, every material benefit to mankind has been derived.

The Temple of Solomon, sometimes called the cradle of Freemasonry, has changed its potential existence to a symbolic one; the armies of a mighty empire were able to destroy it, but its grand symbolism they could not affect. The Monitor informs us that when it was built the earth was supposed to be in the form of a parallelogram, or "oblong square," and the Temple, to symbolically represent the earth, was built in that form. If Solomon were living now, and should undertake a similar enterprise, he would make his Temple round or nearly so. Concerning the circumstances which led King Solomon to erect the Temple upon the exact spot selected on Mount Moriah, the Arabs, as I have somewhere read, have a very beautiful legend. According to that it would seem that the site of the Temple was originally a cultivated field, belonging jointly to two brothers. One of them was married and the father of a numerous progeny. With many mouths asking for food, he had but his own two hands to feed them. The other was a poor, forlorn old bachelor. One harvest time the brothers, who cultivated the field in common, bound up their sheaves and put them in two stacks of equal size. In the night it occurred to the bachelor brother that it would be a gracious and charitable thing for him to do to take some of the sheaves from his stack and secretly add them to his married brother's, reflecting that the latter had a wife and children to maintain. He did so. Later in the night the married brother said to his wife: "My brother lives alone, with no companion to console him, no children to warm his heart, and it will be just and right for me to add to his stack some of my sheaves." He arose and did so. The next day the brothers to the surprise of each, discovered the stacks to be of equal size; neither could account for it; and neither spoke of the matter to the other. They pursued the same course for several nights, only to be secretly astonished the next day, the result being always the same. One night they met, each carrying sheaves to the other's stack, and the apparent mystery was solved. It is said Solomon heard of it and determined to erect the Temple on that very spot to commemorate this grand instance of fraternal charity. Whether the legend is true or not, it may serve to remind us that the Temple itself is a symbol of the greatest of Christian and Masonic virtues—Charity and Brotherly Love, as well as of the terrestrial world itself; and though now Mount Moriah is crowned with the Turkish Mosque of St. Omar, the value of the Temple to the world in the fact that it once existed in all its marvellous grandeur of workmanship, that it was erected upon a spot made sacred by such legendary lore, and that it was the cradle of Freemasonry, and long used for the practice of Masonic virtues, is not lessened thereby.

The design of the Temple did not originate with Solomon, for the Bible tells us that David, his father, had long contemplated such a work during his lifetime, but was prevented from carrying his plans into execution in that direction by the "wars which were about him on every side." When

Solomon came to the throne, however, there was "neither adversary nor evil occurrent," so that time and leisure were afforded him to accomplish the stupendous design of his father. It seems that before Solomon sent to Tyre for the "widow's son of the tribe of Naphtali," to superintend the work upon the Temple and draw designs upon the trestleboard, he had placed Adoniram, a native of Jerusalem and his trusted friend, in command over his levy of thirty thousand men who worked by courses—a month at Lebanon and two months at home. Adoniram was thus in full and direct charge of the entire work, and when he gave way to the superior talents and ability of his successor, who was perhaps the greatest Mason and one of the noblest men who ever lived, it is said he was placed in charge of the quarries and of the works on Mount Libanus, or Lebanon, where he thenceforward superintended the preparation of the timbers and the working of the stone which finally gave the magnificent building the appearance of being the handiwork of the Supreme Architect of the Universe, so perfectly were the several parts fitted to each other. Yet in our lodges we hear nothing of the genius of this man, great though he must have been. We are instructed that the stones for the Temple were hewn, squared and numbered in the quarries where they were raised, and that the timbers were felled and prepared in the forest of Lebanon, but nowhere is Adoniram mentioned; and yet it is a historical fact that all that magnificent work was performed under his immediate superintendence and direction. He was not one of the trio to whom were entrusted the sublime secrets of the Order, nor was he, so far as appears, admitted to their councils; yet he must have been a superior man, and it is not unlikely that but for the untimely death of one of the Grand Masters before the completion of the Temple he would have taken an equal station with them, and have come down to us through Masonic tradition on a plane with them. The oblivion which has fallen upon this distinguished man, in a comparative sense, is an evidence that an excellent life is not always awarded the reputation it deserves. Yet his name may symbolize deserving merit awaiting recognition, which when it comes, will be all the more to the credit of its recipient. In his character we find in a high degree the virtues of modest worth, successful industry, and uncomplaining patience.

Finally, in Masonic history, tradition, and work we find exemplified these truths, viz.: that the symbolism of Masonry, the philosophy of the ancients, the character of the early patrons of our Order, and the pure teachings which have come to us from them, all tend to prove, by evidence which we cannot doubt, the existence of God, the immortality of the soul, the reward of virtue and punishment of vice, the value of morality and true religion, and the ultimate happiness of man. Whoever lacks these elements of belief has failed to receive *light* in Masonry.

There is not, in Masonry, a symbol or a ceremony which does not teach and has not always taught some beautiful and useful moral lesson. No man can study and reflect upon the work of either degree without being the better for it. Nor can he ever reach perfection in it, since to arrive at perfection in Masonry is but another way of stating a man's arrival at perfection in manhood—and that is a stage which humanity may not attain this side of the grave. But probation presupposes progress, progress advancement, and advancement perfection in the end: so that every true Mason may hope, if he shall here fit himself in some degree for the occupancy of "that spiritual building—that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," that in the world to come he may prove himself to be "worthy and well qualified, duly and truly prepared," to be raised by the Supreme Architect of the Universe to the sublime degree of Mastership in that celestial lodge above, beyond which and above which nothing is, and within which is perfect bliss.

## ON THE RHINE.

AT this period of the year, when so many of our "gentle Craft" are "on the wing," it may be well in these pages to recall to our minds the "souvenirs" of that famous river, which still are prevailing with many of us, despite the irresistible drawbacks of gout, rheumatism, infirmities, and old age. For if once of old we were able to sing, "Wein herz est am Rhein," to-day memory, which often plays great pranks with us all, takes us straight away from a dull, silent, or weary present to laughing faces and wreathed smiles, to the gay songs of youthful friends, to dear faces, and sweet voices, and loving hearts now passed along and away adown the greater river of life. But as we stand to-day on the banks of the Rhine, whereon we pitch our tent, whether it be Bonn, or Bacharach, Nonnenwerth, or Bingen, Boppart, or Coblentz, or even descend to Mayence, or Worms, or Mannheim, the thought supervenes perforce of pleasant days and parted friends, of summer holidays and happy expeditions, and of that wondrous commingling of castles and vineyards, and hills and spires, and wood and water, which makes the "glorious Rhine" still a legend and a "lamp of beauty" to many a poor way-farer here.

Now it is well known to many that you can get to the Rhine from Holland, and that the poetic Rhine is not that we greet only at Cologne or Köln, as the Germans term it, and which we generally leave at Mayence, always at Mannheim.

By leaving Rotterdam in one of the lines of steamers on the Maas, which in some parts is called the Merwede, and again the Waal, you at last enter on the true "German Rhine" at a place called Lobith, after Nymeguen, and where, with the conjunction of the Waal and the Leb, our "Rhine," like our united Germany, is one. Many travellers have complained of the voyage up to Emmerich and Dusseldorf, and even to Cologne *thus far, and specially* of the Dutch portion of the "trajet," as "low, level, plain, and heavy"—something like the "canards, canaux, canaille" of the bored Frenchman of old. But as I like seeing different countries, and looking on strange lands, and watching the various forms, nations, and scenery, I assume to think such complaints are neither fair nor reasonable.

We cannot expect to see the "Siebengebirge," for instance, amid the level plains and canals of Holland, and as each district has its peculiarities let us visit them and not grumble. With Cologne begins for most of our readers the good old home of poetry and song, of robber knights, of decaying castles, of the Lurley Lei, of Roland and his "ladye dear." And I know of no pleasanter holiday than wandering down the Rhine with a "congenial crew," and spending some cheery hours amid the beauties, and songs, and "pâtois" of Rhine land.

You will find comfortable entertainment at all those well-known picturesque villages on the banks, sometimes in quaint hostelries, sometimes in new hotels; but the Rhine has in itself, and of itself, enough to repay the wanderer, who, light of heart and devoid of care, pleasing and being pleased, forms part of that cheery group which nothing can daunt, tire, or put out of countenance, and which extracts poetry from every turn of the river, a legend from every ruin, and health and amusement from holiday hours and "al fresco" meals. Alas, our holidays are far too short in life,—they end too rapidly for you and me, kind readers.

Even to-day we can remember some peregrinations and pilgrimages of old—alas, when our hearts were lighter than they now are,—and yet of those true councillors and merry mates, and fresh, fair, and gay young maidens—"sodales et amici"—how few remain!

Life, as it passes along the turbid stream of time, seems often to remind one of having been on the banks of the Rhine, inasmuch as on it goes, despite turnings and bendings of the stream, sweeping along with it the fragile boats and hopes of men, those passing moments of joy and pleasure, those few fading glances of undimmed happiness which, happily and mercifully, are our lot mostly now. And those of us who, like myself, like travelling for travelling's sake, when they reach their journey's end, and "warm themselves," as Præd sang in "Court or College," will often gladly recall, amid life's arduous cares or sadder scenes, when their minds are jaded or their spirits depressed, some of those pleasant scenes they once saw on the banks of Father Rhine. To them at a long distance the vine-clad hills will appear still more graceful; castles and hills and wondrous foliage and nestling villages will seem endowed with more picturesque reality; while Bonn and Boppard, and Bacharach and Bingen, and Biberich, and Coblenz, the Drachenfels and Ehrenbreitstein, the Nuns' Island, and Mayence, and Worms, and Mannheim, and many others that are full of graceful associations and legendary tale will appeal to us with redoubled and renewed interest, for that they are associated one and all with hours which can never return, and with fair faces of old truth and affection, whom perhaps it will be our lot never again to see on this side the grave.

If to-day, as some of us are wandering here and there in pursuit of health or pleasure, of required holiday or needful rest, we find ourselves in a little Rhine village, let us seek to enter into all the beauties of what the Germans call the "Gegend" of the "surroundings"—the "fixings," as the Americans would say; and let us treasure up in our minds fantastic legend and quaint tradition of ruined building or crumbling castle; and one day they will be repaid a hundredfold in those softening associations which still are able to brighten up solitude or relieve weariness, in that they summon up before us the gentle shadows of the past to cheer, to soothe, to comfort, and uphold us amid the inevitable flow of the great river of Time—on, on, on, to the illimitable ocean of Eternity.

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## F L O W E R S.

BY JOHN B. TABE.

**T**HEY are not ours,  
 The fleeting flowers,  
 But lights of God,  
 That through the sod  
 Flash upward from the world beneath,—  
 That region peopled wide with death,—  
 And tell us, in each subtle hue,  
 That life renewed is passing through  
 Our world again to seek the skies,—  
 Its native realm of Paradise.

How brief their day!  
 They cannot stay;  
 The very earth  
 Desires their birth,  
 And spreads her ample bosom deep,  
 Some relic of their stay to keep,  
 And each in benediction flings  
 A virtue from its dainty wings.  
 But, lo! she treasures it in vain;  
 It blooms, and vanishes again!

*Lippincott's Magazine.*



## AFTER ALL.

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 BY HENRY CALVERT APPELBY,

*Hon. Librarian of the Hull Literary Club, and Author of "A Queer Courtship,"  
"The Fatal Picture," etc.,*

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## CHAPTER XIII.

Shut round with narrowing nunnery walls.—GUINEVERE.

“MY dear sister, do not give way like this. Come, cheer up! You know this will never do you any good. Remember, Mr. Redtaper is only slightly hurt.”

“Don't mention his name to me, Victor, if you love me. I cannot bear it now. Poor fellow! He has suffered much for me, and I have been very cruel to him; but I can never be anything to him; my heart is not mine,” and she again burst into sobs.

“Well, well, but listen to reason. This is weak; we all have our crosses to bear. Be brave and true, and Arthur Humberton may be yours yet.”

“Do you think I would have him now, when he has again made love to that pale-faced, yellow-haired, Miss Phane, with no more passion about her than a butterfly? No, let him follow his weak fancy; let him adore her; worship her; smother her with kisses until he sickens of the delicate flower, while my heart, which might have satisfied him, breaks—breaks—breaks! Humberton!” she hissed; “a fool who cannot appreciate a true woman's love, but falls in love with a doll—a woman with only half a soul; and it might have been—ah!” and once more she wept bitterly.

Victor felt that he only made matters worse in attempting to soothe her, so he wisely desisted and left her alone. He was sorry that his impetuous sister should have carried affairs so far with Humberton, whose heart had evidently been elsewhere, and that she should have given way to such violence.

Her parents had little power over her, and could little affect her paroxysms of grief: perhaps she was best alone, where she could think in leisure over the past few months and their miserable climax. She had always been very wayward, and would take no counsel, and she generally had her own will in spite of wholesome opposition. Not that she was not affectionate and grateful in her way, but it was in an impetuous, imperious manner, full of self-consciousness and a kind of condescension. With Arthur Humberton, however, there had been little of this kind of feeling. She had thrown herself (figuratively speaking) heart and soul at his feet, unreservedly; and as she had felt his resistance gradually overcome, and the power of her attraction became felt, her heart had gone out still more to him, and she made wilder efforts than ever to secure him all for herself that she might feed on his whole love. Thus had she untiringly enticed him for months, and she had begun to feel her passion returned; she saw that soon his passion would burst its bonds and declare its full force in her power. A little longer and Humberton would have fallen at

her feet, completely conquered, and have sued for her love; he would have told her of his pent-up love for her, have yielded up his whole soul, and she would have been mistress of all his wealth of love. Two worlds' of love would have blended and become one. But on the eve of her triumph had all her glorious vistas of happiness been blighted by the fragile spectre of Miss Phane, and her wild earnestness had been more powerful than all her charms, and—Humberton had forgotten her! Oh, cruel fate! Why was she thus unfortunate, unhappy? Were there not thousands of eligible young men eager to ask her hand? Yes, but not of the calibre of Humberton—not to be chosen, like him, above all others; and now she would wed none other. Why did she not commit suicide? It would show Humberton what he had lost, and she was tired of life. But a *felo de se* was always branded as a coward. No, she would immure herself away from the world in a nunnery. Love and the world were no longer for her. Perhaps, too, she had acted foolishly; but, there, she would no longer be the victim of her own passions. So she resolved to take the veil without reserve, and she would steal away unknown to anyone, where she could forget and be forgotten, for life was no longer worth living.

Poor Violet! Surely such a course was impetuous weakness, and mistrust of self.

Exhausted, she slept in her operatic costume, as she had flung herself down, until late the next morning, though she felt little refreshed for her rest, and her purpose was as determined as ever. To others, she appeared to have sullenly and resignedly accepted the facts as they were, but meantime she was making active preparations for a sudden departure. They fondly imagined she had given up her idea of becoming a nun; but one morning before daybreak a carriage silently drew up a short distance from her home, and in a few minutes she was being rapidly whirled away towards her destination, and she felt like a martyr leaving the vain world and its follies.

But who was that madman tearing after the carriage thus early? It could not be Redtaper! But it seemed like him. It was him! with his hat lost and his coat flying, while his hair seemed tearing from his head. He was running after the vehicle at break-neck speed, with his teeth clenched and his eyes starting from his head, and straining every nerve to catch up to the now galloping horses. The driver, too, had seen him, and he whipped his cattle into their highest speed, and urged them with loud whoops. Still Redtaper, though evidently physically distressed, was gaining on the carriage. On, on, the horses sped, while Redtaper struggled frantically and breathlessly behind, and Violet watched him tremulously through the window. She pitied him in his determined but fruitless devotion, and she could almost have had another feeling for him had not Humberton absorbed all her passion. Redtaper really had some spirit in him, but his *tout ensemble* could not compare with Humberton's. Now he was steadily gaining on the rapidly-flying vehicle, and Violet began to be afraid lest all her plans might be frustrated through his interference. Her compassion for him almost made her check the driver; but dreading the consequences she drew her hand away, and flinging herself back in the carriage she tried to bury her thoughts, while she devoutly wished the journey was at an end.

Meanwhile, poor Redtaper came panting along almost exhausted. His presence there was accounted for by being up early walking in the neighbourhood of the lady whom he so madly and hopelessly adored. Every morning since that catastrophal night he had risen from his sleepless couch in spite of the physician's injunctions, and, his arm in a sling, had meditatively walked near the house which contained all he held dear, hoping to catch sight of her at some time. He had just come that morning in time to see her jump into the carriage and be rapidly driven off. Immediately he gave chase, for he guessed her object in a moment. Although he was still weak from pain and loss of blood, the excitement lent him strength, and he steadily kept up the chase

until within sight of the convent, when the poor fellow fell down fairly exhausted and unable to move another step. Luckily, or otherwise, Miss Cumberland did not see this, but just as she was entering the sepulchral door of the nunnery, Redtaper managed to totter towards the gate, unable to speak or act, but with a most supplicating look, which struck Violet to the heart as the great door closed for ever and left him outside.

But she was not a woman to change her will when it was once fixed, and Redtaper was now out of sight, though not out of mind; and she at once put herself in the hands of the lady superior, who was highly pleased at the entrance of the wealthy "novice." In the meantime, Herbert Redtaper rode back in the carriage which had just brought her, almost unconscious of his situation, but with a dead, lost feeling at his heart. His wound was bleeding afresh, and he was obliged to summon his physician's aid when he reached home again.

The Cumberlands had not been aware of their daughter's disappearance until apprised by Redtaper, when too late. The latter had a slight attack of fever after his disappointing adventure, but all dangerous symptoms were quelled in a few days. Still he had not given up all hope, and he determined to follow his loved one to the bitter end. Even in a nunnery he would try to influence her in his favour and make her his own. There was one thing in his favour, if even he could not see her, at least no one else could. Round and round the solemn place he paced with weary step, but nothing suggested itself to him. It was like a prison; there was no ingress or egress possible without disturbance; besides, it was surrounded with other buildings, and he had no idea where he should find the object he sought. It was almost impossible to hope for success, and Redtaper had nearly despaired. But one day when he had been more dejected than usual, to his unbounded joy he saw the face of Violet Cumberland through one of the upper windows, and he thought he observed a sympathetic and encouraging look upon it as she waved him a kindly *adieu* and disappeared. What should he do now? Could he obtain an interview with her by any means? He was afraid not, but he would try his best. After that he was busy contriving scaling-ladders and collecting tools for filing the bars of the grim windows. It seemed to him that she was a prisoner, and would now perhaps flee with him, and perhaps love him at last. It was worth trying; and the time came when the scaling-ladders and all his other appliances were ready; and one dark night, unknown to any of his friends, he started on his dangerous enterprise. Cautiously he proceeded with his work. All was quiet as he dexterously succeeded in fixing his ladder in the window in which he had seen the face of Miss Cumberland, and which he surmised would be her room. What if it were not? Why, then his pains would be fruitless; perhaps worse than useless. But it was his only chance, and he could wait no longer. He would risk the chance. Steadily he ascended the silken ropes, and when he reached the window, his heart wildly palpitating, he listened again. All was still. Then he carefully selected his fine files and commenced to work on the bars of the window. Slow was the progress he made in his awkward situation on the unrelieved face of the building, and the work was very tedious and fatiguing; still he perseveringly continued until three of the bars were sawn away, and he had been working nearly an hour. Then he thought he heard a slight noise, and he ceased and listened intently. There was certainly some one moving in the room. He crouched down as low as possible without creating a sound, not sure that it might be Violet. Even then he scarcely knew how to act. Her surprise or indignation might betray him. He was all excitement as he heard the window being stealthily lifted, and he was ready to rapidly descend if an alarm were given.

Oh, the moments of agonized suspense he endured while the window was being raised; it seemed as though he had lived half a lifetime on the wall of the nunnery. Would it never be open? At last he saw, to his delight that it was

Violet Cumberland who had so opened the window. She had heard the slight grating sound, and at first had been unable to account for it; but suddenly she was inspired with the thought that it was Redtaper endeavouring to take her away, and she had carefully peered through the glass and made out his form, when he first heard a voice in the room.

She had at first taken kindly to the discipline of her new life, but she soon became tired of the restraint which hardly seemed like freedom from the world, cooped up amongst a lot of wretched sisters. She had recognised that her disappointment with Humberton had been mostly her own fault, and she now thought she could live comparatively contentedly, perhaps, at home again. These thoughts came into her mind, but it was impossible to fulfil them; there was no way of escape; she was shut up for ever. Sad, cruel fate—the fate of a foolish, impetuous, passionate girl, who, in a moment of anguish, seeks an everlasting asylum in one of those devil-invented prisons, the trap-door of which, though easily entered, closes on its deluded victims for ever. She could wish for some way of escape but it was useless. There was nothing but resignation, and, perhaps, it was best after all. Then she had thoughts of poor devoted Redtaper, and she wondered if it was possible for her to love him. So when she heard the unusual grating noise, her thoughts had followed these channels, though with a sinking heart.

She spoke softly to Redtaper through the open window, and upbraided him for coming there. He pleaded his love, and she no longer rebuked him. He would save her; he would take her away and cherish her; soothe her griefs, while he adored—loved her.

“It cannot be; it is impossible. I am here for ever. Thank you—thank you very much for your devotion and attachment to me; but, Herbert,” and here she reached her beautiful round white arm partly through the bars, and he took her hand in his, “you must say *adieu* for ever. I cannot, dare not, will not, try to go.”

All Redtaper's persuasions were vain, and she cautioned him not to delay lest he should be discovered.

“Then you will not refuse me the favour of one sweet kiss, as a last request before I die, as an angelic passport to heaven?” urged Redtaper, still in a whisper, and his lips met hers for the first and last time, while her deep velvet eyes flashed into his through the bars, and then fell beneath his enraptured gaze.

Oh, the rapture! the ecstatic joy of the moment! Then Herbert Redtaper thought himself amply repaid for all his past misery, and he forgot everything but Violet.

Short-lived joy. A shout from below told him he was discovered, and like one intoxicated he parted from the fainting form of Violet Cumberland, and rushed down the rickety ladder into the arms of his enemies, the wardens of the convent and the constabulary they had silently summoned, by whom he was soon conveyed into safe-keeping, only to be brought up on a charge of house-breaking, and convicted for one calendar month; extenuating and extraordinary circumstances inducing the magistrate to pass what he termed such a lenient sentence. Unfortunate Redtaper!

(To be continued.)

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NATURE IN REPOSE.

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**A** MID the hills we wandered  
In incongruous array,  
A gay and cheery party,  
Bent on a holiday.  
With spirits buoyant as the air,  
And all our cares at rest,  
The hills echoed back our laughter  
At many a harmless jest.

The sights we saw, the sounds we heard,  
In that all but fairy scene,  
Are linked tenderly in our memory  
With our "good things" that have been;  
Kind Nature in her stillness,  
As around her marvels rose,  
Seem'd to fill our minds with wonder,  
And our spirits with repose.

We look'd on high, we gaz'd around,  
On meadow, hill, and vale,  
On the smooth and graceful waters,  
On the outspread woods and dale.  
And all around was beautiful,  
And all around was peace;  
Nature at rest and full of charms,  
Whose "graces" never cease.

Far from the cares and haunts of men,  
Their idle warfare still,  
Life's painted follies vanished,  
With its strife of good and ill;  
We learned to know fair nature's truth  
In all its stately grace,  
As we communed in these genial hours,  
With our "Teacher" face to face.

How pleasant were the thoughts which came  
And went with the passing day;  
What goodly dreams and gentle forms  
Seemed to greet us on the way.  
If everything was beautiful—  
If peace at last we found—  
Nature itself seemed fairer far,  
As joyous we gazed around.

From giddy heights, from hopeless aims,  
From vice's gilded show,  
May the great Creator guard us,  
As we wander on below;  
Amid our toils and cares once more,  
When our holiday hours close,  
May we often think all gratefully  
Of fair Nature in repose.

W.

## LITERARY GOSSIP.

“MIDNIGHT Scenes in the Slums of New York, or Lights and Shadows,” is the rather erratic title of a book of sketches, chiefly autobiographic, from the pen of the Rev. Fred. Bell, an evangelist labouring among the lower orders of the inhabitants of Nottingham. Mr. Bell is perhaps better known by the name of “the Singing Preacher,” from his practice of interspersing his exhortations with vocal melody—an innovation which has secured for him considerable popularity. The major portion of the volume consists of narratives of episodes in the author’s life in England; his conversion; descriptions of his method of mission work, which seems to have met with some success; and of visits paid to London, Liverpool, and Derby. One third of the space is devoted to sketches of Mr. Bell’s spiritual labours among the dwellers in the vilest haunts of sin and crime in the city of New York. The author’s graphic stories bring the reader face to face with many startling scenes, full of sensation and thrilling interest. They are pictures of the deepest strata in human existence, drawn by the hand of one who has toiled in the mine, and is familiar with its workings. As affording faithful glimpses of the dark side of our nature, these papers have a value apart from the religious phase. Mr. Bell, in his preface, modestly disclaims any attempt at elaboration or literary polish. The sketches, it seems, have been already printed, some of them in an American social journal, and others in the *Midland Sunbeam*, of which Mr. Bell is the editor. Kent and Co., of Paternoster-row, are the publishers.

*The Academy* announces that “some time ago Mr. Thomas B. Trowsdale published in the columns of the *Lincoln Gazette* a series of carefully prepared papers under the title of ‘Gleanings of Lincolnshire Lore.’ He also edited in the same journal ‘Local Notes and Queries,’ and it is now his intention to issue the whole in a volume. It will make a valuable addition to local literature.” With regard to the above work, we are in a position to state that it will contain much information of an historical and antiquarian character. The majority of the matter is from the pen of Mr. Trowsdale, who has had the assistance of numerous local archaeologists of repute. The “Gleanings” are arranged under the headings of Topographical and Historical Notes, Local Nomenclature, Antiquities, Castles, Records of Religious Houses, Churches, Fonts, Bell Lore, Epitaphs and Epitaphiana, Old Parochial Records, Lincolnshire in the Civil Wars, Parliamentary Elections, Curious Customs, Legends and Traditions, Superstitious and Superstitious Observances, Folk-lore, Lincolnshire Families, Lincolnshire Worthies, Eccentrics and Eccentricities, Remarkable Stories and Occurrences, and Historic Scraps. From the enumeration of the titles of the sections, it will be seen that the work is an extensive one, dealing with every branch of Lincolnshire lore, and one which will be worthy of a place in the library of every person having an interest in local history. The volume is to be well illustrated, and will be issued to subscribers only, at five shillings per copy. Names of subscribers are now being received by Mr. Trowsdale, at his address, 91, Caledonian Road, London, N.

“Lays and Romance of Chivalry,” by the well-known London journalist, Mr. W. Stewart Ross, is the title of a little volume of charming verse just

issued by Stewart and Co., of Holborn Viaduct Steps. Mr. Ross has drawn his inspiration chiefly from stirring scenes in British history; and for excellence of poetic treatment many of the pieces fall little short of similar productions from the pens of Macaulay and Mrs. Hemans.

*The Sacristy*, the new eclesio-archæological serial, edited by Messrs. Edward Walford, M.A., and G. Gilbert Scott, is now published by the firm of Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. It is a really valuable magazine, and deserves the support of all lovers of old world lore.

A recent Saturday issue of *Society*, edited by Bro. George W. Plant, contains a well-executed cartoon of Mr. William Andrews, F.R.A.S., whose antiquarian writings are not unknown to the readers of these pages. We learn that Mr. Andrews is engaged upon a new work, entitled "Romantic Tales and Historic Sketches."

"Fifty Years of Green-Room Life; or, Recollections of an Actor," written by Mr. W. Donaldson, a work to hand from J. and R. Maxwell, contains a fund of pleasant information anent matters theatrical. Junius Brutus Booth, Kean and Kemble, Munden and Macready and a host of other stars now set for ever, are brought back before the reader, and chatted about in an anecdotal, entertaining manner by the author.

Mrs. Augusta Webster, who has recently and justly been described as unquestionably the foremost among living female poets, has published another enjoyable volume through the house of Macmillan & Co. It is simply called "A Book of Rhymes," but contains much beautiful imagery couched in graceful style. Here is a little song from the drama of "The Auspicious Day."

"One star only of Love's heaven;  
One rose only of Love's breast;  
One love only to be given.

"Star that gathers all stars' glory;  
Rose all sweetness of the rest;  
Love that is all life's glad story."

Longmans & Co. are publishing what they term the "Hughenden Edition" of the novels and tales of the late Lord Beaconsfield. The edition is a beautiful one, consisting of eleven volumes in crown octavo, bound by Simpson & Redshaw from an artistic design by John Leighton, F.S.A.

The latest additions to the "Mayfair Library" of Messrs. Chatto & Windus is a volume curiously called "Quips and Quiddities; a Quaint Essence of Quirks, Quizzical and Quotable." The title might well rank among the rest of the comicalities contained in the work. To say that the editor is Mr. W. Davenport Adams is a guarantee of the taste displayed in the selection of the good things presented. It is an admirable alternation of pun or parody, satire and sarcasm, culled from every conceivable source. Mr. Adams is an experienced and capable maker of books, and we predict that this will not be the least popular of his compilations.

A novelty is announced by the editor of the *Bradford Times* in the form of a poetical London letter, from the pen of Mr. F. W. Broughton, author of "Withered Leaves," and other popular dramatic pieces.

It was too bad of genial George Augustus Sala, in alluding to the Civil List Pensions and their recipients, in a recent column of his "Echoes of the Week," to confess ignorance of the name and writings of Robert Stephen Howker. We pointed out, when the widow of the "Vicar of Morwenstowe" was accorded a pension some months since "in recognition of the position of her late husband as a poet," how much Mr. Howker had penned of a meritorious character. The clerical poet usually wrote over the signature of the "Vicar of Morwenstowe," hence, probably, Mr. Sala's non-acquaintance with the name of Howker. "Mercator," alluding to this subject in *Society*, draws attention to the fact that Mr. Sala cannot be unacquainted with that spirited imitation of a seventeenth century ballad, containing the well-known lines:—

"And shall they scorn Tre, Pol, and Pen,  
And shall Trelawney die?  
There's thirty thousand Cornish men,  
Shall know the reason why!"

This ballad was written by Mr. Howker during his academic career, and was pronounced by many antiquarian authorities, including Davis Gilbert and Sir Walter Scott, to be a genuine antique folk song. It is quoted by Macaulay in his inimitable history. In 1827 Mr. Howker carried off the Newdigate prize for English verse at Oxford. He has published since several volumes of elegant poetry, chiefly enshrining the old traditions of the West Country. Morwenstowe is a remote parish on the northern shore of Cornwall, and there Tennyson, on a visit to the vicar, composed his beautiful stanza beginning—

"Break, break, break on the cold grey crags, O sea."

There, too, Canon Kingsley, under Mr. Howker's guidance, was introduced to scenes he afterwards embodied in his charming story, "Westward Ho!" Many admirers of the Vicar of Morwenstowe's poetical productions will be surprised that a man of such literary knowledge as George Augustus Sala should be unaware of the name and writings of one so widely appreciated.

All archaeologists will note with pleasure the knighthood just conferred upon Mr. J. A. Picton, F.S.A., the Liverpool architect and historian. He is an indefatigable student of old world literature, and a liberal supporter of art and education. Long may he enjoy the title of Sir J. A. Picton, Knt.

Mr. Charles H. Barnwell, of Hull, will shortly publish a volume of poems by Mr. Edward Lamplough, whose contributions in verse to various periodicals have been much admired. The book is to be called "The Siege of Hull, and other Poems," and from what we have seen of the pieces to be included, we can promise the subscribers an enjoyable collection of poems.

Cassell's *Magazine of Art* is now a very commendable serial, both as regards literary and artistic merit. It bids fair to become a formidable rival to the higher-priced art journals. Its contributors are wielders of pen and pencil of the highest competence and experience, and the enterprising publishers seem to have spared no expense in making their magazine a success.

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