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CHINESE FREEMASONRY.

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(Concluded from page 93).



AT present it will be as well to pass over some few sections of the *Tau Teh King*, and proceed to the consideration of the section in which Lau-tzse gives expression to a most important series of thoughts. "What you cannot see by looking at it is called *plainness* (*I*). What you cannot hear by listening to it, is called *rareness* (*Hi*). What you cannot get by grasping it, is called *minuteness* (*Wei*)." With a very slight allowance for an ancient divariation of pronunciation, we would seriously draw the attention of Masons, and especially Royal Arch Masons, to this memorable sentence. And the context very certainly plainly shows what the Chinese Grand Master meant to convey. "These three," he says, "cannot be examined, and therefore they blend into unity. Above it is not bright, below it is not obscure. (See the Smaragdine Tablet of Hermes on this point). Boundless in its operation, it cannot be named. Returning, it goes home into nothing. This I call the appearance of non-appearance—the form of nothing. Would you go before it you cannot see its face. (No man can see God face to face). Would you go behind it you cannot see its back. (Moses was placed in the cleft of a rock while the glory of El Shaddai, the Mighty, or Jehovah, passed by). "But," he concludes this section with the remark, "to have such an apprehension of the *Tau* which was from of old as to regulate present things, and to know their beginning in the past; this I call having the clue of *Tau*." In like manner a Mason having possession of the substituted word, the El Shaddai, or Strong, can *in limine* perform true Masonic work. And that this is so is further proved by the passage immediately following, when Lau-tzse expressly says that the skilful philosophers in times long anterior to his own had "a mystic communication with the abysses." My Rosierucian brethren may at any rate ponder the deep significance of this last sentence.

Nor is it long before Lau-tzse unequivocally speaks the language familiar to those to whom the transmutation of metals is no secret. "Having once," he observes, "arrived at a state of absolute vacuity, keep yourself perfectly still. All things come into active operation together, but I observe whither they return. When things have luxuriated for awhile, each returns home to its origin—this is called stillness, or a reversion to destiny, itself summed up

in the word eternity. He who knows this eternity is called bright. He who does not know this eternity wildly works his own misery." And now mark the argument. "He who knows eternity is magnanimous. Being magnanimous, he is catholic. Being catholic, he is a king. Being a king, he is heaven. Being heaven, he is *Tau*. Being *Tau* he is enduring. Though his body perish, he is in no danger."

Can the immortality of the soul be proclaimed in plainer language? And in a few more words this ancient Grand Master points out epigrammatically the stages of belief and unbelief. He says, "In the highest antiquity people knew only of the existence of their superiors. In the next age they became attached to them, and flattered them. In the next they dreaded them. In the next they despised them. For, where faith is insufficient, it is not met by faith."

The celebrated Dr. John Dee, a friend of Queen Elizabeth, and of the sage Emperor Rudolph of Austria, took as his motto, through similar studies, the words, "Simple faith excelleth all science," but he was not aware that the Chinese philosopher had adopted it also. Describing himself, as a natural man, Lau-tzse says: "I am alone in my timidity, and show no sign of ambition. I am as a child not yet matured. I am forlorn, as if I had no home to go to. All other men have enough and to spare; but I am, as it were, left behind. In mind how like I am to the fool! I am all in a maze. The common people are brightly intelligent; I alone seem to be in the dark. The common people are discriminative; I alone am without discrimination. I am tossed as the ocean, I roll as if never to stop. All other men have something that they can do; I alone am good for nothing, and despicable. I alone differ from other people, but I glory in my nursing Mother *Tau*." Across the dark centuries stretches the bond of human sympathy, and Lau-tzse, Dee, Ashmole, and more modern thinkers are seen to be bound by one common chain, that which we now denominate the Mystic Tie. Faith is the common mother of such associations, and such she will ever remain.

The Chinese sage had an evident knowledge of the essence of God, derived through countless series of ancestors, from whom he had by succession derived pure and holy thoughts. The section headed the "Vacant Heart" is worthy of our best study. "Virtue in its grandest aspect is neither more nor less than following *Tau*. (*Tau*, it will be remembered, was the mystic sign of reconciliation held up by Job, the Arabian patriarch, and by David in the presence of Achish, King of Gath). *Tau* is a thing indefinite, impalpable. Impalpable! Indefinite! and yet therein are forms. (The doctrine of Plato). Indefinite! Impalpable! and yet therein are things. Profound! dark! and yet therein is essence. This essence is most true, and therein is faith. From of old until now it has never lost its name. It passes into all things that have beginning. How know I the manner of the beginning of all things? I know it by this *Tau*. He that humbles himself shall be preserved entire. He that bends himself shall be straightened. He that is low shall be filled. He that is worn out shall be renewed. He that is diminished shall succeed. He that is increased shall be misled. Hence the sage embraces unity, and is a pattern for all the world. He is not self-displaying, and, therefore, he shines. He is not self-approving, and, therefore, he is distinguished. He is not self-praising, and, therefore, he has merit. He is not self-exalting, and, therefore, he stands high. And inasmuch as he does not strive, no one in all the world strives with him." Again Lau-tzse says: "Now *Tau* is great; Heaven is great; Earth is great; a king is great. In the Universe there are four greatnesses, and a king is one of them. Man takes his law from the earth; the earth takes its law from heaven; heaven takes its law from *Tau*; and *Tau* takes its law from what it is in itself."

I will pass over many sections of the *Tau Teh King* wholly engaged with the conduct of life evidently given by the great Chinese teacher as a code of

ethical morality for ordinary life. It is sufficient to say that they are instinct with goodness and elevation of thought, and fresh from that mint of God ever at the disposition of the Hermetic philosopher. This Tau, of whom or which Lau-tzse so constantly speaks, is nowhere defined by him. Indeed, he says: "Tau, as it is eternal, has no name. But, though it is insignificant (so little even as to have no name), in its primordial simplicity, the world does not make a servant of it." And in another place he says: "Great Tau is all pervading. It can be on the right hand, and also at the same time on the left. All things wait upon it for life, and it refuses none. When its meritorious work is done, it takes not the name of merit. In love it nourishes all things, and does not lord it over them. It is ever free from ambitious desires. It may be named with the smallest. All things return home to it, and it does not lord it over them. It may be named with the greatest. This is how the wise man, to the last, does not make himself great, and therefore he is able to achieve greatness. Lay hold on the great form of Tau, and the whole world will go to you. It will go to you, and suffer no injury; and its rest and peace will be glorious."

My Rosicrucian brethren are entreated to ponder also the cosmogony of Lau-tzse, which he thus gives in the thirty-ninth section of his work; a fulness of idea is here expressed with the utmost directness of phrase, which our modern metaphysicians with their cloudy phantasmic logic leave less intelligible than before.

"The things which from old have obtained unity are these: Heaven, which by unity is clear; Earth, which by unity is steady; Spirits, which by unity are spiritual; the valleys, which by unity are full (of water). All creatures which by unity live. Princes and kings, who by unity rule the world. This is all the result of unity (*i.e.*, each of these subsist, and can subsist, *only* as a part of the *Unity* of the *Universe*). Returning is the motion of *Tau*, (*i.e.*, turning back, retrogression, the opposite of development or progress, which is all a departure from the primordial simplicity of *Tau*). Weakness is the character of *Tau*. (By this weakness of Tau is signified its non-interference with human free will, which it does not oppose. 'Masonry is free,' &c.) All things in the world are produced from existence, and existence is produced from non-existence." Oken, in his "Natur Philosophie," has a similar idea: "Das Zero bestimmet allein den Werth in der Mathematik, obwohl es für sich nichts ist. Die Mathematik ist aber auf das Nichts gegründet und entspringt mithin aus dem Nichts. Zero alone determines values in mathematics, although in itself it is nothing. But mathematics are founded upon zero, and from zero they arise." *Tau*, according to Lau-tzse, is, therefore, the mathematical zero, but at the same time the psychological or spiritual everything. In section forty-two he proceeds thus: "*Tau* produced one (unity); one (unity) produced two (duality); two (duality) produced three (trinity); and three (trinity) produced all things. Everything carries the *yin* (shady, dark, still, deathlike, &c.) on its back; and the *yang* (bright, active, lively, &c.) on its front; and is harmonized by an intermediate (immaterial) breath."

Lau-tzse scatters allusions over the whole of his book in reference to the value of silence: "They that know don't speak, and they that speak don't know. To shut the lips and close the portals of the eyes and ears; to blunt the sharp angles; to unravel disorder; to soften the glare; to share the dust; this I call being the same as deep heaven (the abysses)." "The sage says, I do nothing, and the people are spontaneously transformed. I love quietness, and the people are spontaneously rectified. I take no measures, and the people become spontaneously rich. I have no lusts, and the people become spontaneously simple-minded."

This sentence refers to an arcanum well known to occult students, as to the silent power of will, and may be correlated to the following expression in section fifty-eight: "The sage is himself strictly correct, but does not cut and

carve other people. He is chaste, but does not chasten others. He is straight, but does not straighten others. He is enlightened, but does not dazzle others."

That Lau-tzse regarded the possession of *Tau* as the most precious privilege in the world is manifest by his words: "*Tau* is the hidden sanctuary of all things, the good man's jewel, the bad man's guardian. For what did the ancients so much prize this *Tau*? Was it not because it was found at once without searching, and by it those who had sinned might be pardoned? Therefore it is the most estimable thing in the world." And Lau-tzse actually speaks of "holding out" this *Tau* as a visible token, so that we may fairly presume that an emblem was given to the initiates. The three precious things which he holds fast and prizes are *compassion*, *economy* and *humility*. "Being compassionate, I can, therefore, be brave. Being economical, I can, therefore, be liberal. Not daring to take the precedence of the world, I can, therefore, become the chief of all the perfect ones." And he beautifully adds, "When heaven would save a man it encircles him with compassion."

In another place he expressly refers to the Great Architect. Speaking of capital punishment, he observes: "Now, for any man to act the executioner's part, I say, it is hewing out the Great Architect's work for him. And he who undertakes to hew for the Great Architect rarely fails to cut his hands." This reference to the Great Architect is most important, as it distinctly implies a belief in the existence of a personal God, which is the fundamental landmark of Freemasonry in all ages; and it is the more remarkable as the Chinese of the outer world—the non-initiates as I may call them—have no equivalent exactly answering to our word God, but use the word *Tien* indifferently for God and heaven.

The seventy-seventh section says: "The *Tau* of heaven may be compared to the extending of a bow; it brings down the high and exalts the low. It takes from those who have overmuch, and gives to those who have not enough. The *Tau* of heaven takes away where there is too much, and makes up where there is deficiency. Not so the *Tau* of man. Man takes from those who have not enough, to serve those that have too much. Who is the man that having an overplus can serve the world with it? It is only he who has *Tau*. This is the reason why the sage acts and expects nothing; completes his meritorious work and holds no place. He does not wish to show his worth.—(Section lxxviii.) He who bears the reproach of his country shall be called the lord of the land; he who bears the calamities of his country shall be called the king of the world.—(Section lxxxii.) The sage does not lay up treasures. The more he does for others the more he has of his own. The more he gives to others the more he is increased. This is the *Tau* of heaven, which benefits and does not injure. This is the *Tau* of the sage, who acts but does not strive."

It is a singular coincidence, at least, worthy of notice, that the *Tau Teh King* has been at a very remote period divided into exactly eighty-one sections, a number of great importance in Freemasonry when analyzed or when expressed as a whole number. This was done by some unknown follower of Lau-tzse, and although it may have no direct occult bearing, is still a curious number suggestive of design rather than accident.

We have now rapidly surveyed the whole tractate of the ancient philosopher, and though we may fail, as is most natural, to perceive what the ancient ritual of these Chinese initiates may have been, sufficient is indicated by various passages to show that, in essence, the morality of the *Tau*-ists was that of the modern Freemasons, and that, however different the *religion* of the ancient Chinese, their ethics were derived from sources as pure, and perhaps more pure, than those of the occidental nations of antiquity. It is much to be questioned at the present day whether we are really acquainted with the thousandth fraction of what the primitive sages of China knew. And all human institutions have only one basis in human consciousness, so more

modern nations (in reality the true ancients) may have had occasion and opportunity, according to their several capacities, to re-discover moral and physical truths, and re-perpetuate them by slightly varying systems, the common centre point of all their systems being that "God is One, and in Him is no darkness at all." Of course this recognition of the unity of God, as in other nations, was preceded by a species of polytheism; it was impossible in primeval times to grasp the idea of One Eternal Sustainer, and hence minor spiritual beings were worshipped by the very early Chinese. They had in those times no sacerdotal classes, nor were there any revelations from heaven to be studied and expounded. The chief of each tribe was its priest; the emperor was the high priest of the empire; the subordinate prince was spiritual ruler of his province, and every father was the priest of his family.

"The name," says Dr. Legge ("Chinese Classics," vol. iii., part 1. Pologomena, p. 193), "by which God was designated was the *Ruler*, and the *Supreme Ruler*, denoting emphatically His personality, supremacy, and unity. We find it constantly interchanged with the term *Heaven*, by which the ideas of supremacy and unity are equally conveyed, while that of personality is only indicated vaguely, and by an association of the mind. By God kings were supposed to reign, and princes were required to decree justice. All were under law to Him, and bound to obey His will. Even on the inferior people He has conferred a moral sense, compliance with which would show their nature invariably right.—("Shoo King," Part iv., Book iii., par. 2.) All powers that be are from Him. He raises one to the throne, and puts down another. Obedience is sure to receive His blessing; disobedience to be visited with His curse.—("Shoo King," Part iv., Book iv., par. 2, *et passim*). The business of kings is to rule in righteousness and benevolence, so that the people may be happy and good. They are to be an example to all in authority, and to the multitudes under them. Their highest achievement is to cause the people tranquilly to pursue the course which their moral nature would indicate and approve.—("Shoo King," Part iv., Book iii., par 2). When they are doing wrong, God admonishes them by judgments—storms, famines, and other calamities. If they persist in evil, sentence goes forth against them. The dominion is taken from them, and given to others more worthy of it. The Duke of Chow, in his address on the *Establishment of Government*, gives a striking summary of the history of the empire down to his own time. Yu the Great, the founder of the Hea Dynasty, 'sought for able men to honour God.' But the way of Kée, the last of his line, was different. He employed cruel men, and he had no successors. The empire was given to Tang the Successful, who 'greatly administered the bright ordinances of God.' By-and-by Tang's throne came to Show, who was all violence, so that 'God sovereignly punished him.' The empire was transferred to the house of Chow, whose chiefs showed their fitness for the charge by 'finding out men who would reverently serve God, and appointing them as presidents and chiefs of the people.'

"It was the duty of all men to reverence and honour God by obeying His law written in their hearts, and seeking His blessing in all their ways; but there was a solemn and national worship of Him, as ruling in nature and providence, which could only be performed by the emperor. It consisted of sacrifices, or offerings rather, and prayers. No image was formed of Him, as, indeed, the Chinese have never thought of fashioning a likeness of the Supreme."

We are not now considering the nature of the Chinese religion, and have, therefore, introduced the foregoing passage in order to show that the primitive Chinese, like all the primeval nations—the Hindus, the Egyptians, the earliest Assyrians, and others—were monotheists, and not as it is so often erroneously reiterated, polytheists and idolators. The powers of nature and the spirits of ancestors indeed received reverence in some degree, but they were esteemed as subordinate to and distinct from the Great Ruler of All. "There is no hint,"

says Dr. Legge again (Vol. iii., Part i., p. 196), "in the Shoo, nor elsewhere, so far as I am aware, of what became of bad emperors and bad ministers after death; nor, indeed, of the future fate of men generally. There is a heaven in the classical books of the Chinese but there is no hell; and no purgatory. Their oracles are silent as to any doctrine of future rewards and punishments. Their exhortations to well doing, and their warnings against evil, are all based on a reference to the will of God, and the certainty that in this life virtue will be rewarded and vice punished. 'Of the five happinesses, the first is long life; the second is riches; the third is soundness of body and serenity of mind; the fourth is the love of virtue; and the fifth is doing or receiving to the end the will of heaven.'—('Shoo King,' Part v., Book iv., par. 39). There is no promise of rest or comfort beyond the grave. The virtuous man may live and die in suffering and disgrace—let him be cheered. His posterity will reap the rewards of his merits. Someone, sprung from his loins, will become wealthy or attain to distinction. But if he should have no posterity? it never occurred to any of the ancient sages to consider such a case."

Some kind of Freemasonry would seem peculiarly necessary to a people holding such general views of the existence of man and its object. It seems in consonance with the thought-genius of the Chinese mind, and a good moral life would certainly be taught in the lodges. Before I conclude, however, I ought to add that the Freemasonry of China in no way rests upon the traditions adopted in the West, nor does it resemble the Brahminical Masonry still practised in India. Indeed the greater mass of the population regard Freemasonry as practised by the Western nations with a mixture of dread and contempt. A well-known and distinguished brother, Major Samuel Owen, who served in several of the Chinese wars, told me that when he was at Hong Kong he frequently visited the local lodges, but his native bearers, who conveyed him in a sedan, exhibited unequivocal repugnance at the service they were obliged to render him, and spoke of the Masonic Hall as a "Devil's House," in which the unholy mysteries were celebrated. That this feeling is not, however, universal, is shown by the statements of the Chinese brethren alluded to at the beginning of this paper.

THE WEATHER.

BY A WANDERER AND A BROTHER.

THAT interesting subject of English conversation has certainly recently come "to the fore" with "a vengeance," and the holidays of some of us, well earned and needed as they are, have been seriously interfered with by ungenial temperature, and the unheard of vagaries of the "clerk of the weather." Our excellent friend Jones, always beaming and modest, cheery and talkative, gives us a dismal account of his trials and troubles on this account, which he declares gruefully, and we believe him, were really at times "too much" for his nerves and his temper. It seems he took the wife of his bosom, and his wife's mother, and his wife's sister, and his son and heir to a charming cottage in the lake country; but he equally declares that never in his whole life did he suffer such a martyrdom, and never in his whole existence was he so bored, so bothered, and in such bad humour; and the reason was, he declares solemnly, "the weather." We could not get out; we had to stop in. "Women, my dear friend, he adds, solemnly, require variety, excitement, novelty—something to do, see, and talk about. They do not like being boxed up, and

never getting any exercise—never ‘letting off the steam’ out of doors. What is a poor fellow to do when everybody becomes short, unpleasant, and touchy? and even the wife of your bosom—your own angelic Ellen—wishes she had never come down to such a disagreeable country and such “bad weather;” declares that her dear mother says it is very dull; and that she does not know what will become of Tommy.” Poor Jones! he is to be pitied; and as I suspect he has not a few companions in misery just now, I think it well to insert these few lines of thoughtful consideration and sympathy for any such suffering victims of “connubial felicity” and bad weather. And certainly “deponent” must admit that Jones’s complaints are true. The weather has been very bad and trying, alike for farmers and the harvest, as for tourist and holiday-seekers. It has not been cheering, for instance, to read such authoritative remarks as these: “The weather for the past week has been exceedingly rainy and unsettled, and the month of August closes with temperature nearly ten degrees below the average, and dull inclement conditions generally.” The poet of the hour can find no other subject to dilate upon but “the weather.” Listen to his strains—Mr. Wilfred B. Woollams’ I mean—they give you a cold shiver—in the *Graphic* newspaper:

IT RAINS.

It rains in the morning: it rains at night,
And all the day.

It rains on the fields, where the crops now white
With plenty sway.

It rains while the farmers murmur and mutter;
It rains through the prayers the churches utter.
It rains always.

It rains on the sad and increases their sorrow;
And on the gay;
On those who declare ’twill be better to-morrow;
On those who such comfort don’t readily borrow,
But hope it may.

It rains in the city, the crowded streets
So dense and grey;

It rains in the country, the still retreats
Where tourists stray.

It rains, whatsoever we wish to see;
It rains through the land, wherever we be,

Where’er we stray,
And wearily, drearily on the sea
It rains for aye.

It rains, and what will become of the raining?
And what of our hoping? of our complaining?
Of all we say?

It rains, and it must while there’s any remaining:—
So rain it may.

As the writer transcribes these words the glass is again falling, and there seems nothing before us but rain, rain, rain.

Some of us may recall to mind those lines of a great poet, which serve to describe the same state of things, whether in Lakeland, or Welsh vales, or in Scotch hills, or amid Italian plains.

But when we crossed the Lombard plain,
Remember what a plague of rain—
Of rain at Reggio, at Parma,
At Lodi rain, Piacenza rain, &c.

A recent writer, alluding to a similar position of affairs as that we have sought feebly to portray in this little paper, tells us the following amusing story:—

There is no limit to what human beings may be driven to by stress of weather, and especially by that "clearing shower" by which the dwellers in Lakeland are wont euphemistically to describe its continuous downpours. The Persians have another name for it—"the grandmother of all buckets." I was once in Wastdale with a dean of the Church of England, respectable, sedate, and a D.D. It had poured for days without ceasing; the roads were under water, the passes were impassable, the mountains invisible; there was nothing to be seen but waterfalls, and those in the wrong place; there was no literature; the dean's guide-books were exhausted, and his Bible, it is but charitable and reasonable to suppose, he knew by heart. As for me, I had found three tourists who could play at whist, and was comparatively independent of the elements; but that poor ecclesiastic! For the first few days he occupied himself in remonstrating against our playing cards by daylight; but on the fourth morning, when we sat down to them immediately after breakfast, he began to take an enforced interest in our proceedings. Like a dove above the dovecot, he circled for an hour or two about the table—a deal one, such as thimble-riggers use, borrowed under protest from his own humble bedroom—and then with a murmurous coo about the weather showing no signs of clearing up, he took a hand. Constant dropping—and it was much worse than dropping—will wear away a stone, and it is my belief if it had gone on much longer his reverence would have played on Sunday.

Jones declares that never again will he take his wife, and his wife's mother, and his wife's sister for an excursion unless he has fine weather, and for once he may be believed. Still, as everything has its "compensation" here, let us trust that many of us have been able to pass the long hours pleasantly enough; and for some of us, perhaps, that enforced "juxtaposition" has led up to "souvenirs" which will be always precious, and associations, despite bad weather, nay, the worst of weather, which will be always agreeable.

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

(Concluded from page 111.)

IN 1639, at the commencement of the Civil Wars, on Wednesday in Easter week King Charles I. reviewed his troops at Selby; and during the Civil Wars the town was occupied by both parties, and many sanguinary engagements took place; notably one on the 11th April, 1644, the town being then held by the Royalists, who were attacked by the two Fairfaxes in three places, a cavalry engagement taking place at the end of Ousegate, close to the station, under Sir Thomas Fairfax, the foot entering by Gowthorpe, which is at the other end of the town, the result being that the Royalists were defeated and compelled to retreat to York with a loss of 1600 men. This victory was the precursor of Marston Moor, and ended in the complete destruction of the Royalist power in the north of England.

In March, 1690, the tower of the church fell, on the south side, of which accident you will see traces in the church.

In 1774 the Aire and Calder Canal was opened.

In 1793 the Crescent and the streets, on the south of the town were built, and the market-place improved, and the market cross altered, but unfortunately these involved the destruction of the abbey gateway and other remains of the monastery.

In 1791 the bridge over the river was built in lieu of the existing ferry.

In 1815 steam communication was established between York, Selby and Hull, but the trade has gradually gone to Goole.

In 1834 the Hull and Selby Railway was opened, one of the first in the kingdom.

In 1878 our M.W.G.M. paid a short visit to Bro. Lord Londesborough, and had a day's shooting here, when the town was illuminated, and he received a hearty Yorkshire welcome.

In Selby we have the usual institutions of a small agricultural market town, of which not the least is, I venture to say, the Masonic Lodge of St. Germain.

The arms of the abbey, and since of the town, are—sable, three swans argent.

I am glad to be able to say that that virtue, so endeared to every Mason's heart—I mean charity—is not unknown amongst us, for we have several charities, the majority of which are vested in a Board called the Feoffees of Selby; the other charities being the Blue Coat Charity, the Brown Coat, Chamberlain's Charity, and Hudson's Charity.

The oldest part of the town is the Church Hill, where the original parish church stood; and a few years ago, whilst digging down for the foundation of a house, some half-dozen coffins were found, composed of trunks of trees half split, some pieces of tiles and hazel-twigs, also two pieces of stone carving, which evidently belonged to the original church. Close to my house is the landing-place sometimes called the Abbot's Staith, to which I have before referred. Further north is Bondgate, which was occupied by the lord's tenants, a class of men equivalent to copyholders of the present day. Retracing our steps to the corner of Millgate, we come into a spacious street called by three names—Micklegate, Broad Street, and Finkle Street. Here was erected the Norman castle of King Stephen's time, traces of which were discovered whilst excavating for drainage in 1854. In connection with this drainage an ancient sea-cobble pavement was discovered in the adjoining street, called Gowthorpe, about 3 feet 6 inches below the surface. At the southern end of this street was the old Postern Gate, which led to the property now called Portholme. The abbot's house was situate in what is now the Crescent. This was the extent of Selby at the time of the dissolution of the monastery. The population in 1574 was about 1390, in 1801, 2361, and at the 1881 census, 6031.

Apart from the abbots of Selby and their time, the town of Selby cannot be said to have produced many distinguished men, but the following were natives of Selby:—

Thomas Johnson, an English botanist of the seventeenth century; his chief work was a new edition of "Gerard's Herbal." He went into the army on behalf of the king and attained the rank of Lieut.-Colonel, and died from the effects of a shot received near Basingstoke, in September, 1644.

Smithson Tenant, a celebrated English chemist, born in 1761. He contributed many valuable papers to the Royal Society, of which he was a Fellow.

Dr. Bateman, a distinguished civil servant and lawyer, born 1797, and ultimately Assistant Secretary of the Board of Excise, London. He wrote many valuable legal works.

With respect to the Masonic history of the town, there is not, unfortunately, a great deal to be said. No doubt amongst the numerous builders of the abbey were many Freemasons; indeed, from the proximity to our Great Mother Lodge at York, it could not fail to be so. Bro. Fort, in his excellent work "The Early History and Antiquity of Freemasons"—a work which should be in every Freemason's library—has on page 330, etc., given some illustrations of Masonic marks taken from the abbey. I may add that I have in my possession a stone which I found whilst altering my house which bears Masonic marks, and which I shall be most happy to show any of the brethren. The earliest records we have of Freemasonry in modern times are to be found in the minute book of the Mariners' Lodge, which was consecrated on the 7th June, 1799, and which lasted apparently until about 1814; and I commend to

your most careful reading a most interesting paper thereon by Fra. T. B. Whytehead, in the Masonic papers for 5th March, 1881. In 1849 the Lodge of St. Germain was formed, Bro. Matthew Pearson being the first W.M., and T. M. Weddall, S.W., and R. J. Parker, J.W. Bro. T. M. Weddall is the father of the lodge, and I hope you will permit me, as a P.M. of that lodge, to say that I trust he will long continue in that honourable position. In St. Germain's Lodge we have preserved several relics of the old Mariners' Lodge—The Master's chair, the back being adorned by a blazing sun, and surrounded by the motto "sit lux et lux fuit;" three pedestals for candlesticks, about a foot high; six engraved glasses; the old square, and the J.W.'s column. It is pleasant to be able to report that our lodge is rapidly increasing in numbers, under the auspices of our present W.M., Bro. P.M. Staniland, and there is every prospect of our having a more than usual happy and prosperous Masonic year.

The great glory of Selby is, undoubtedly, its abbey church, and as it is so closely interwoven with the history of the town, I have in my slight sketch given you its history. It is, in fact, the only one of our Yorkshire abbey churches not in ruins, and it is therefore "the most perfect monastic church in the county."

The church is in the form of a cross, and the plan comprises nave, choir (these two being about equal length), ladye chapel, a central tower between nave and choir, and a north transept with eastern aisle. The south transept was destroyed in March, 1690, by the fall of the tower. The entire length of the church is 298 feet, and the width about 60 feet.

There are four distinct architectural styles in the church:—

1. *Norman*—A portion of the nave and transept, *circa* 1090.
2. *Transitional*—West portion of the nave, and its porch and doorway (1170).
3. *Lancet or Early English*—In the upper part of the nave on the south side.
4. The choir of the *Geometrical* period and its completion in the *Curvilinear*, when flowing tracery was prevalent (*circa* 1320).

The aisles have square terminations eastward, parallel with the eastern termination of the lady chapel. The nave is late Norman and early English (1097—1170). The choir and lady chapel are Decorated, 1335—1367. There is an Early Decorated chapel, often called the chapter-house (*circa* 1250), on the south side of the chancel, and a porch on the north side of the nave. The tower rises in the middle, the lower portions being Norman, the upper being rebuilt in a debased style (*circa* 1702).

Perhaps some details of the dimensions of the building may be interesting:—Total length 298 feet. Nave, 139 feet long by 58 feet wide. Nave aisles, north, 16 feet; centre, 27 feet; south, 14 feet 10 inches; total width, 57 feet 10 inches. Choir, $141\frac{1}{2}$ feet long by 60 feet wide. Choir aisles, north and south, $15\frac{1}{2}$ feet; centre, 29 feet; total width, 60 feet. North transept, 41 feet long by 23 feet wide; north transept aisle, 23 feet wide. Width of nave piers, 12 feet 4 inches; width of choir, 14 feet 6 inches; width of tower, 17 feet 6 inches. Sacristy, 19 feet 6 inches by 34 feet 1 inch.

There are no bells of any great antiquity in the tower; it is supposed the last abbot took the old ones away. The oldest bell of the present peal dates from 1614.

Of the choir, the late Sir Gilbert Scott said:—"This is in the finest Decorated or Middle Pointed style, and of the most perfect design and execution; indeed, it would be difficult to find an example of that style excepting in some of the finest of our cathedrals more perfect than that of Selby. It is seven bays or arches in length, and of uniform and harmonious design, though the length of time occupied in its erection has led to a slight change in the details as it goes upwards. The pillars are richly clustered and with foliated capitals; the arches elaborately moulded. Between these, in each of the spandrels, is a beautiful niche, and above the clerestory and triforium are united

in one as at York, and the whole covered with groining, that of the centre being of oak, though this does not appear as to have been originally intended so, whilst that over the aisles is of stone. And the same distinguished architect says of the exterior eastern façade, "a noble and magnificent composition."

One of the greatest of our living writers, Dr. E. A. Freeman, says:—"It may appear strange to claim the first place amongst the abbeys of Yorkshire for Selby. That great church has had the luck, good or bad, to be preserved in an almost perfect state. It is certain we have at Selby a foundation of the Conqueror, which grew into a high position amongst the monastic houses of England, and to a specially high position among the monastic houses of its own district, where it could have no rival of its own order except the house of St. Mary of York. Selby and St. Mary's stand alone in their own reputation as Benedictine houses of the first rank, and of these two Selby stands alone as having its church preserved in an all but perfect state. And the Minster of Selby is, in truth, a building worthy of a unique position. In outline it is certainly lacking: the western towers were never carried up; the south transept is gone, the only mutilation of the church itself as distinguished from the utter sweeping away of the conventual buildings which joined it on the south side. And even this mutilation was negative rather than positive in the same diocese, though not in the same shire. But in most eyes the glory of Selby will be its choir, ending in a window which may claim at least the second place of its own class in England, and therefore in the world. Like York, Lincoln, Ely, and Carlisle, Selby has neither apse nor lord-chapels spreading beyond the main building. The ends of the choir and its aisles form the grand and simple east of a type exclusively English. Within, the choir may be thought to suffer somewhat from the common English fault of lowness. A somewhat larger triforium range would have made the difference; and the vault of wood is clearly the right thing if the walls and pillars were found unable to support a vault of stone. A wooden vault is, of course, a makeshift, but it is an allowable and necessary makeshift. The wooden vault of Selby is thoroughly good of its own kind, and it is a special relief to one who comes to it from the paltry roofs of its metropolitan neighbour at York."

Fratres—My agreeable task, and also, I fear, my tax upon your patience, is now nearly finished. I feel sadly too conscious that the foregoing remarks are not worthy of your acceptance, for I am not an architect, nor do I understand architecture; but the longer I live the more do I venerate the noble pile under whose shadow I pursue my daily work. I have endeavoured in this slight sketch to do my best to draw your attention to the one great feature of our little town. I must, at the same time own my deep obligation to Mr. Morrell's valuable history of Selby. The preparation of this paper has been a great source of pleasure to me, and if it will be of any service to you I am more than repaid.

The facts show you, imperfectly as I have done my task, that Selby occupies no undistinguished place in the history of Yorkshire, and we cannot but feel very deep gratitude to those Brethren who reared our splendid abbey church which mostly contributed to its fame. It is true that their names are unknown, but we are taught in the Second Degree what are the duties of Craftsmen, and I think we may fairly adjudge them to have acted on the same rules.

I will, before closing, venture to throw out the suggestion that there is ample scope for another visit of this College to Selby, for within ten miles you will find the Priory Church of Hemingbrough, the Collegiate Church of Howden, the Priory of Suaith, the Castles of Cawood and Wressle, the Knights Templar Preceptory of Temple Hirst, and many neighbouring village churches of great interest.

I thank you, Fratres, for the very patient hearing you have accorded me.

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—*continued.*

ON November 1st, 1876, an occurrence of great rarity took place in our lodge, viz., the signing of a Grand Lodge certificate twenty-five years after its issue. The brother was originally initiated to become Tyler in 1848, and finding that he had not been returned by Airedale since 1856, I felt it incumbent upon me to require that this certificate should be signed in our lodge, and meanwhile obtained the Grand Secretary's sanction. I found the document crammed, with "ten rows a penny" of antiquated pins and several aged candle ends, in the corner of a huge wooden chest which formerly belonged to the Duke of York's Lodge at Doncaster, and which chest I had taken a great fancy to. The contents took me the whole of one Saturday afternoon, and several nights of the following week, to turn over. If one of our "antient brethren" had been in the habit of occupying the box in question after exceedingly festive occasions as a bedstead, and had all the brethren regarded and made use of it at other times as a dust-bin, it could not have been more effectually soddened down, and, consequently, more got into it!

"Oblivion" I named it, and should have moved in the lodge that it be cleansed in the only effectual manner—*by fire*, but for the pleasure the dirty old thing had given me in rummaging its contents. At the bottom was another certificate, still older, and several more in other parts of the box, together with many written curiosities, *wherein the writers most specially desired that after perusal they should be destroyed!* The dates of many of these papers went back to 1788, and some were very interesting—the reminiscences of the old coaching days especially—but such having no connection with Freemasonry beyond that the writers and receivers were Masons, and being for the most part domestic and family matters intended to be the secrets of the recipient, I did not hesitate to obey the injunction of the writers of several by burning them. The Masonic papers I carefully preserved.

One of the certificates had evidently been used as a "churchwarden" lighter, hastily extinguished and thrown into "oblivion;" I presume, to hide the unpardonable sacrilege. Seeing the burnt end of a dirty-looking "screw" of paper, about an inch thick, I unfolded it carefully, and after spending some weeks' trouble in pressing and otherwise preparing, I mounted it on a large cardboard. I am only sorry that the brown and black patch in the middle cannot be hidden; but few would suspect the use to which the document had been applied if ignorant of its history, whilst those who *were* acquainted with it might possibly regard it as a "beauty spot," under the circumstances of its discovery.

At the installation of Bro. John Hey as W. Master, St. John's, 6th December, 1876, I received from my brethren of Airedale Lodge two gifts which I shall ever prize, not only as a spontaneous act of good feeling on their part, but for the very delicate and thoughtful manner in which they sought to further honour me by inviting my father to be present. As the presentation

was entirely unexpected on my part (in fact, I had to attend in travelling dress, for I had come from London the same evening, and it was therefore by no means certain that I should be present at all), I could not fail to appreciate their goodness, especially as I have always felt during my Masonic career that the esteem and goodwill of my brethren were infinitely preferable to any gift of whatever intrinsic value. There were present the W. Master, Bro. William Parker, the W.M. elect, Bro. John Hey, ten Past Masters, and twenty-three members of Airedale Lodge, besides representatives of seven other lodges, viz., Amphibious, 258; Three Graces, 408; Truth, 521; Harmony, 600; Eccleshill, 1034; Wharnccliffe, Penistone, 1462; and Baildon, 1545. The presentation consisted of a beautiful gold Past Master's Jewel of special design, and a very handsomely framed address, most artistically executed.

In the Lodge circular dated 28th February, 1877, I inserted a foot-note as follows:—"The 11th April being the fiftieth anniversary of the lodge, in which all should be interested, you are specially desired to attend and assist the W.M. in deciding what steps should be taken to celebrate that important event."

The announcement took the brethren by surprise, but there was an unmistakable desire generally shown to commemorate the event in a fitting manner, and a committee was at once formed, with Bro. John Morrell as secretary of same, to decide upon and carry out a suitable programme; and at a meeting of that committee on the 8th March, 1877, it was decided to give a banquet to the W. Master, Bro. John Hey, on the 11th April; and, in order permanently to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the constitution of the Airedale Lodge, a bookcase and the foundation of a Masonic library, for the use of the members, should also be inaugurated. Accordingly, a lodge of emergency was called for the 11th April, 1877, at four o'clock in the afternoon, at which twenty-seven brethren were present. After the usual preliminary business of the lodge, a letter and "Reminiscences" of our first W. Master, Bro. Wainman Holmes, were read. As these, with the proceedings on this occasion, have been already published, it is unnecessary to reproduce them here.

On the 25th April, 1877, several matters in connection with the library were settled, books being presented by members of the lodge on 30th May; and on June 27th, 1877, "Laurie's History of Freemasonry in Scotland," by our late Bro. Thomas Murgatroyd, P.M., also a portfolio of music by the W.M., Bro. John Hey.

On the 26th September, 1877, the sum of five guineas was voted to the Indian Famine Fund; and the W.M. was empowered to treat with the owner of the lodge premises for their alteration according to plans already passed by the Shipley Local Board. Trustees on behalf of the lodge were appointed, on October 9th, to sign a ten years' lease of the premises at an increased rental, and the circumstances gave me an opportunity of reviewing the financial position of the lodge for the seven years preceding, and warning the brethren that the proposed undertaking would require increased solicitude about lodge affairs, and a more general anxiety for progress on the part of all. A full report of this is in the minute book. It had a beneficial result, although, as a consequence of an investigation into the Treasurer's ledger, five more members were erased. However, difficulties arose with the owner of the lodge premises, and under the circumstances it became imperative that other premises should be secured as soon as possible. On the 24th, "Bro. Hey, W.M., presented to the library a handsomely bound copy of my so-called "History of the Airedale Lodge." Similar copies he was good enough to present to me, also to the R.W. Prov. G. Master and to the D.P.G. Master, whose acknowledgments for the same are copied in the minute book. It was practically decided, 21st November, 1877, that in future the duties of Tyler should be the first step to office in the lodge, there being a general wish amongst those more nearly affected by it—viz., the junior brethren—that it should be so.

Building negotiations were now in progress, and at the St. John's, 19th December, 1877, plans were submitted of new premises at Well Croft, Shipley, and being recommended by the committee, were duly passed.

I received a letter on the 20th February, 1878, from Bro. John C. Taylor, P.M., which I have much pleasure in giving in the Appendix. The writer of this letter (Appendix H) is Masonically known in Bradford and district as "Working Taylor," a cognomen he had, in fact, earned when I was received into Masonry. He was initiated in the Lodge Three Graces, August 18th, 1834; was greatly attached to Airdale Lodge, of which he has long been an honorary member, and I know of no brother more generally respected. In the early part of my Masonic career, Bro. Taylor, the late Bro. Samuel Priestley, and myself, met on Saturday afternoons, for Masonic practice, in the fields at Horton, where is now Scholemoor Cemetery. I take this opportunity of publicly acknowledging the pride I always felt in his Masonic friendship, as well as thankfulness and gratitude for inexhaustible Masonic information and instruction received at his hands. He is a worthy Mason, and no eulogies of mine will add to the praise he has universally gained and merited.

Of a naturally retiring disposition, Bro. Taylor has not found it possible to entirely neglect Masonry in his old age, and one of his greatest pleasures is in receiving brethren at his own house and communicating to them "light and instruction" from a fountain of Masonic lore, alas! too rarely equalled. Bro. Taylor took a very active part in the Airedale Lodge between 1863 and 1869, during which time he was a constant attender and undertook all the principal working. He, moreover, instructed the "workmen," who ultimately again raised, almost on its very ashes, the superstructure of our lodge. *Palmam qui meruit ferat.* A feature, not unworthy of imitation by all lodges, characterised the business of the meeting on February 20th, 1878, for, as a practical illustration of cosmopolitan Masonry and true charity, a subscription was made on behalf of a distressed brother of a neighbouring lodge. It ought to be remembered that the brethren had continual claims upon their liberality at this time, as the Charities were not allowed to suffer, whilst so many sacrifices had to be made for the new premises now actively progressing. The chief business of every meeting consisted of committee reports and building suggestions and arrangements, but on the 17th April receipts were handed to the Secretary for thirty guineas subscribed to the Girls' School for the purpose of endowing chairs of the lodge.

Bro. Bentley Shaw, J.P., P.D.P.G.M. of West Yorkshire, and our highly esteemed and justly beloved Prov. G. Supt. of R.A. Masons, died at his residence, Woodfield House, near Huddersfield, on the 20th March, 1878.

The memory of his virtues as a man, not less than as a Mason, will long live in the hearts of the Freemasons of West Yorkshire. To him I was indebted for the first practical example of what Masonry can do for the destitute and oppressed. I shall never forget the circumstance, nor could I ever see him afterwards, either in Prov. Grand Lodge or in any other capacity public or private, without calling it to mind, and no doubt many readers will recognise it. At one of the Prov. Grand Lodge meetings, years ago, held at the Masonic Hall, St. George-street, Leeds, a peculiar case of charity came before Prov. Grand Lodge—one in fact which to all appearance had to be dragged there. It was a case of *the real poor*, and the subject a widow lady. In the absence of the R.W. Prov. Grand Master (Earl de Grey of Ripon), Bro. Bentley Shaw presided, as Deputy Prov. Grand Master, and I was present on this particular occasion. Suffice it to say, owing to the urgency of the case, no petition had been forwarded to the Charity Committee in the usual way, and it could not on that account be officially entertained by Prov. Grand Lodge. It happened, however, that the poor lady's late husband had been a member of the same lodge as the worthy Deputy Prov. Grand Master, who made himself acquainted with the particulars; and the explanations and

eloquent appeal he made for a subscription amongst the brethren present resulted in a sum being collected which I could not help reflecting would make "the widow's heart leap for joy." The episode is imperfectly sketched, but few of the Masons present on that day will find it difficult to fill in the particulars which had so much influence upon me.

Here was a wide field of usefulness open if I choose to accept it, and I mentally desired to profit by the teaching I had received. But Bro. Bentley Shaw's useful life was passed in the exercise of benevolence and charity, and the 114 votes lost to the province of West Yorkshire by his death exemplify but a drop in the ocean of his philanthropy.

On the 19th June our lodge passed a rather strong resolution against a proposition in Prov. Grand Lodge to compel payment of one shilling per member annually throughout the province for additional purposes of the Charity Committee. The motion in Prov. Grand Lodge was ultimately withdrawn however, there being quite as strong objection to it shown in other lodges. After voluminous reports and "building business," on the 17th July, 1878, including that of raising £150 for additional furniture, etc., the lodge sanctioned the necessary arrangements made by the Secretary for the opening of the new hall by the Right Hon. the Earl of Carnarvon, M.W. Pro Grand Master, on the 2nd of October, 1878. The action of the Secretary throughout his communication with the M.W. Pro Grand Master, was also enthusiastically approved of and confirmed; also the invitations of the R.W. Prov. G.M. (Sir Henry Edwards, Bart.), the W.D.P.G.M. (Thomas W. Tew, J.P.), and the officers of Prov. Grand Lodge to dedicate the building on the same occasion. The raising of the annual subscriptions had for some time been contemplated, and was finally settled at £3 on the 14th August, 1878. At the same time precisely the same resolutions were moved as on several previous occasions, to raise the initiation and joining fees to ten guineas and five guineas respectively, and met with the same result as before, the brethren being still unwilling to make any alteration in them. The meetings of September 2nd and September 11th, 1878, were chiefly for the purpose of removing the lodge, the necessary formalities being completed at the latter meeting. The following circular was issued 27th September, 1878:—

Masonic Hall, Kirkgate, Shipley, 27th September, 1878.

Dear Sir and Brother.—You are requested to attend the duties of the lodge next Wednesday morning at 11.30 o'clock. By order of the W.M. Yours respectfully and fraternally,
J. RAMSDEN RILEY, P.M., Secretary.

BUSINESS.

Opening and Dedication of the New Masonic Hall by M.W. Bro. the Right Hon. the Earl of Carnarvon, Pro G. Master; R.W. Bro. Sir Henry Edwards, Bart., D.L., Prov. G. Master W. Yorks; W. Bro. Thos. W. Tew, J.P., D. Prov. G. Master W. Yorks.—The W.M. will open the lodge in the three degrees at 12 punctually.—Luncheon in the dining-room at 2.15 p.m.

On October 2nd, 1878, a red-letter day in the history of our lodge, there were present:—

M.W. Bro. the Right Hon. the Earl of Carnarvon, Pro G. Master; R.W. Bro. Sir Henry Edwards, Bart., Prov. G.M. W. Yorks; V.W. Bro. Thomas W. Tew, J.P., Deputy Prov. G.M. W. Yorks; nineteen Provincial Grand Officers, eleven Worshipful Masters of Lodges surrounding Shipley; two old Past Masters of Airedale Lodge, but now of Baildon, 1545 (Bro. John Walker and Bro. Lycias Barker), besides members of Airedale Lodge as follows:—

Bro. John Morrell, W.M.
 „ John Hey, I.P.M.
 „ John Magson, S.W.
 „ Frederick Ives, J.W.

Bro. F.W. Booth, P.M., Prov. G.D.C.
 „ Samuel Jackson, P.M.
 „ C. Roebuck, P.M.
 „ C. Howroyd, P.M.

Bro. James Lister, S.D.	Bro. W. H. Hargreaves.
„ J. R. Riley, P.M., as Treas.	„ T. J. Gamble.
„ Samuel Smith, as I.G.	„ Samuel Smith.
„ J. W. Taylor, as O.G.	„ Joseph Dawson.
„ J. R. Riley, P.M., Sec.	„ William Spencer.
„ H. Smith, P.M., Prov. G. Sec.	„ Elias Heaton.
„ W. W. Holmes, P.M.	„ C. W. Marchbank.
„ Joseph Denby, P.M.	„ S. A. Anty.
„ J. C. Taylor, P.M.	„ Alfred Glaize.
„ S. S. Blakey, P.M.	„ William Oddy.
„ Thos. Murgatroyd, P.M.	„ S. Minakin.
„ Thos. Denby, P.M.	„ C. W. Curran.
„ Wm. Turner, W.M. 1545.	„ John Holder.
„ F.W. Nicholson, P. Prov. G.O.	„ Joseph Atkinson.

Reports of the proceedings at the opening appeared in several local papers, but were necessarily incorrect in some particulars. In the *Freemason*, however, it was correctly reported, and after reading this over I have decided to reprint it here making, however, an important addition and expunging two paragraphs referring to myself personally.

(To be continued.)

LINES ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

BY SAVARICUS.

WE, living, mourn the dear ones dead,
 And feel the parting's sad;
 But think the soul, that upward soars
 To heavenly rest, is glad.

The pilgrimage of life to us
 Is fraught with joy and pain;
 The change from earth to realms of bliss
 Is beatific gain.

Dear honoured age we crave and love,
 To life it lends a charm;
 And sheltered by affection's care,
 The aged fear no harm.

When loved ones die the tears we shed
 Are hallowed as they fall;
 In death, sublimely, we but see
 The portion due by all.

A mother dear we dote upon,
 From her 'tis hard to part;
 But still our mem'ry fondly keeps
 "Remembrance in one's heart."

THE ROYAL VOLUNTEER REVIEW AT EDINBURGH,
25TH AUGUST, 1881.

AT any time a visit to Edinburgh well repays the traveller in search of the pleasures to be derived from varied and picturesque scenery. Its favoured site and surroundings, its quaint old buildings, its imposing citadel and its venerable palace, hallowed as these are by traditions of and associations with the most exciting periods of the nation's history, give to the capital of Scotland attractions of unique and abiding character.

It need hardly be said that a royal visit to the ancient Palace of Holyrood was an important occasion for the city, while a review by the Queen of her Scottish Volunteers was an event in its history that not Scotchmen only would wish to share the glory of, if even as but humble spectators. In such capacity then we visited Edinburgh in August, 1881, among the many hundred thousand of loyal subjects who desired to see and greet their gracious Sovereign, and to witness the gathering of her northern army of 40,000 volunteers. What a grand success the review was, in spite of the most unpropitious weather, is already known to all. The Queen herself, H.R.H. the Commander-in-chief, and military and civilian spectators of the highest capacity, have united in praising the admirable arrangements of those responsible for moving the troops, and testifying to the magnificent appearance and behaviour of the volunteer soldiers under the most trying conditions. The weather was indeed deplorable, and will probably be remembered by those who took part in the review as the most prominent feature of the day. The previous day had been very wet, and when we arrived in Edinburgh in the afternoon it was raining heavily. Already thousands of visitors were pouring into the town, fondly hoping, as we did, to avoid the bustle and crowd of the next day. The hotels and lodging-houses were able to put on an exceptional tariff, which, if it did not "protect" them from overcrowding, at least made a handsome recompense for the extra trouble and worry. A friend had secured for us comfortable quarters near "The Meadows," two large public parks on the south side of the city, which had been chosen for the "rendezvous" of two-thirds of the volunteer army. The other division was to assemble in the "Queen's Park," nearer the review ground, but at no great distance from our lodgings. After dinner the rain gave over somewhat, and though it was nearly dusk we strolled to the park to inspect the scene of the morrow's show. Towering over the houses in this part of the city the rocky escarpment of Salisbury Crags arrests the eye, and above, the lion-like mass of "Arthur's Seat" dominates, and yet does not detract from the bold outline of the cliffs below. This Royal "park" is unlike anything else of the name, and is one of the most attractive features of Edinburgh scenery. Lying on the east side of the old town it stretches from Holyrood Palace southwards to the village and Loch of Duddingston, a distance of nearly two miles, and of nearly circular shape extends east and west for a similar distance. Arthur's Seat is the highest point in it, and from the summit (800 feet high) there is a magnificent view of the city and its environs, as well as of the opposite shores of the Frith of Forth. There is every variety of hill scenery in the compass of this park—"crags, knolls, and mounds, confusedly hurled"—and the Lochs of Dunsappie and St. Margaret add further charms to this wonderful bit of pure nature that keeps so close company with the busy haunts of man. A broad carriage-way, known as the "Queen's Drive," encircles the park, offering at various points enchanting views of town and country. The Parade-ground, as used by the garrison and by the Edinburgh volunteers for battalion drill, is a tolerably smooth piece of ground lying to the east of the Palace, with a few trees (the

only ones in the park) along its margin. Large enough for this purpose, it is quite insufficient in extent for the movements of an army corps of 40,000 to 50,000 men. The authorities had accordingly arranged that only the First Division should be drawn up there for inspection, while the Second and Third Divisions were to be massed along the south side of the drive on the narrow strip of ground between it and the steep slopes beneath Salisbury Crags. When we got to the park on Wednesday evening this portion of the review ground was in a dreadful state from the rain. A large body of men were employed emptying cartloads of ashes, &c., on what was already a marsh, and which next day's rain must have converted into a lake. We found strong barricades erected along the hill-side, where the crowd of spectators was expected, and at points where the nature of the ground would make a crush dangerous. The grand stand (seated for 6000) was erected on the north side of the Parade Ground, facing the hill, and just behind the saluting point where Her Majesty was to be stationed during the march past. Having noted the dispositions for the great event of next day, we retraced our steps by the gates near Holyrood Palace. Here a large crowd was assembled, in the hope of seeing the large space in front of the Royal residence illuminated by the electric light. As it was now almost dark we joined the expectant throng, and, lighting our pipes, awaited with patience the display. In about an hour we were rewarded with a flash of about three minutes' duration, but meanwhile the gas lamps were sufficiently bright to enable us to note the extensive decorations that made the old Palace-yard look quite gay. More effective, however, were the flags and streamers that were stretched across the narrow Canongate and High-street, which, in the glare of light from shops and lamps gave a brightness and lightness to the rather dingy old street, although at some points it has architectural features of great merit, and is full of interest to the historian and antiquary. Readers of Sir Walter Scott's novels, and especially of "The Heart of Midlothian," will recall many allusions to the scenes we have just alluded to both in the old town and in the Queen's Park. As we proceeded to the new town the crowds in the streets appeared to increase, and at the east end of Princes-street, where a display of the electric light was expected, there was an immense concourse of people, making locomotion very difficult. Every one seemed in the best of humour, and not even the failure of the promised light affected the temper. The decorations in Princes-street, George-street, and St. Andrew and Charlotte-squares were on a very elaborate scale, Venetian masts being erected at various points, with a most extensive display of bunting. The hotels in Princes-street are large and numerous, and some of the proprietors lit up every window, which added greatly to the cheerfulness of the scene. Visitors were still pouring in from the railway stations, and everything betokened the eve of a great event. The view of Princes-street from the opposite side of the valley was very fine, and the illumination was pretty general. We believe the electric light was in full play before midnight, but rather tired with the day's travelling and sight-seeing, we thought it better to retire to rest early and prepare for the more exacting business of next day.

The morning of the 25th was bleak and dull, but fair, and the cold wind had wonderfully dried up the roads. After breakfast, the "Meadows" being so near, we could comfortably observe the arrival of the troops at their "rendezvous," and note the behaviour of the volunteers. Already the east meadow was gay with scarlet and blue uniforms, and a Lanarkshire regiment of rifles in grey, over 1000 strong, was marching in. They tramped along at a fine swinging pace, and seemed in capital spirits and form. Arms were soon piled, and the men were allowed to fall out and attend to the wants of the inner man. The commissariat arrangements appeared to give satisfaction, and were on a large scale, judging by the immense wagons that were placed in rear of each brigade; nor did the shops and public-houses in the vicinity escape

requisition, and the place was soon a somewhat confused scene of *al fresco* breakfasts and luncheons. Some corps, however, maintained more rigid order, and mounted officers seemed busy in keeping every one on the alert and exercising a little control over these irregular movements. In the "West Meadows," where the First Division was assembling, the appearance of some of the Highland regiments elicited general admiration. The First Argyleshire Rifles, under the popular Lieut.-Col. Malcolm (of Poltalloch), and the Sutherland men, commanded by their chieftain the Duke, came in for a special share of approval. All the morning large bodies of volunteers came marching to the rendezvous, and took up their positions with beautiful order and precision. The detraining of the troops was accomplished, we believe, without any hitch or mishap whatever, and the greatest credit was given to the railway authorities for the careful arrangements made for the conveyance of so many thousands to and from Edinburgh. Some few of the Highlanders arrived in town on the previous night, but for the most part the large army corps was disembarked at the various railway stations in and around Edinburgh between five and ten a.m., and despatched again in the evening between seven and ten p.m. It need hardly be said that there was an enormous general passenger traffic on all the lines during the day and far into the following night. One instance of loyal self-sacrifice on the part of a volunteer corps may be noticed. A detachment of the First Inverness Artillery from the Island of Lewis in the Hebrides, left home on Monday night, reached Edinburgh on Wednesday night, left again on Thursday night, and did not reach home till Saturday evening, all this at a time of year when their earnings at home were of greatest value. It is right, too, to mention that the expenses of their transit, necessarily considerable, were defrayed by the generous Lady Matheson, of the Lewis.

About mid-day increased animation was given to the scene in the meadows by the unexpected arrival of H.R.H. the Commander-in-Chief, accompanied by H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, Sir Garnet Wolsey, and staff. They rode on to the ground and made inspection of the disposition of the various brigades composing the two divisions at this rendezvous. Our Cumberland friends were brigaded in the second division, which had assembled under Salisbury Crags, in the Queen's Park. After looking to our own commissariat, and not forgetting a few wraps and umbrellas, we resolved to walk that way before taking up our places on the Grand Stand. The cold wind of the night had wonderfully dried up the ground, and the rendezvous being on the upper slopes of the valley, this division had certainly the best of it so far, and the men seemed to be enjoying themselves under the shelter of the hill. The Cumberland battalion had left home about midnight, and arriving in Edinburgh before six a.m., were wisely marched off to a large hall for a comfortable breakfast before assembling in the Park. The spectacle, on gaining the St. Leonard's entrance, was a very pretty one, the troops being disposed along the opposite side of the valley, while regiment after regiment was marching on to the drive at various points, the varied colours of different battalions showing well among the grey rocks and green turf of the Park. On the ridge above, and on every hill in the neighbourhood—even on Arthur's Seat itself—there were clusters of spectators, who seemed thoroughly to enjoy these preparatory movements. After greeting our friends from "canny Cumberland," we proceeded along the side of the hill, anxious to get through the line and across the Parade-ground before the way was blocked. The weather was beginning to look threatening, and a bitter wind was sweeping up from the east, but nothing seemed to daunt the pressing crowds who were swarming up the hill sides. The Grand Stand was as yet comparatively empty, and we were able to secure a sheltered post from which we could comfortably see the review. The sight of the hills opposite was one not easily forgotten, and multitudes still kept adding to the immense concourse of spectators that covered the slopes. There seemed so little movement in the crowd, and there was so

little colour in the dense masses that occupied every available rising ground, that one could think of nothing they were like but huge swarms of bees sticking to a branch. By-and-by, when the rain set in, the effect of the many thousand umbrellas close set together was somewhat comical. No one seemed to dream of retreating, if, indeed, that were possible; but there, in the face of what proved a pitiless storm of rain, men, women, and children patiently stood watching and waiting. The First Division is meanwhile getting slowly into position on the Parade-ground, immediately in front of us, and as regiment after regiment marched up, the blue and scarlet uniforms make a pleasing contrast and brilliant foreground to the black masses on the hill behind. The brigades were drawn up in open columns of companies and extended on two sides of the square, the commanding officers in front, the whole division being under the command of Major-General Sir Archibald Alison, K.C.B. The leading brigades in each division were composed of artillery corps. Away to the right, under Salisbury Crags, we could see large bodies of troops still pouring into the Park, but before three o'clock the whole of the divisions were in their places (the second and third being formed in deeper columns than the first). The view then from the hill above must have been very fine, although the continuous rain was blurring sadly the gay picture, which extended nearly a mile in length. Presently a body in strange costume appears by the Palace garden. It is the Royal Body Guard of Scottish Archers, with their ancient dress and arms—the uniform, green and gold, and the weapons the long ash bow and arrows. Commanded by the Duke of Buccleuch, and composed of noblemen and gentlemen of Scotland, they were fitly stationed near the royal standard on this, as on all such occasions. Meanwhile the Grand Stand has rapidly filled, and under its shelter the ladies are able to show more variety in costume than the less fortunate spectators on the hill. The rain continues to increase, and everyone feels that the sooner the business of the day is got over the better for everybody. But a royal review cannot be done hurriedly or otherwise than by plan and precedent. At length the signal is given by flag that Her Majesty has left the Palace, and immediately a battery of the Royal Artillery, stationed on the eastern flank of Arthur's Seat, fires a royal salute of twenty-one guns, while the royal standard is hoisted at the saluting base, all amid the loud cheers of the waiting multitudes. The mounted volunteers, three small corps, have been drawn up near Holyrood, and are first inspected, after which the Queen, accompanied by the Duke of Cambridge and staff, proceeded up the valley to the extreme left of the line, where the rear brigade of the Third Division was stationed, under Salisbury Crags. The royal carriage was then turned, and Her Majesty drove slowly down in front of the troops, receiving the usual salute as she passed each brigade. The pent-up enthusiasm of the volunteers found relief in ringing cheers, which were sent after Her Majesty, and mingled with the abundant demonstrations of loyalty from the crowd on the hill. From our point of view, the approach of the Queen was heralded by the sudden display of myriads of pocket handkerchiefs, which lighted up the dark masses of spectators in a curious way. Driving on to the Parade-ground, Her Majesty completed the inspection by proceeding in front of the First Division to the extreme right of the line. She seemed in capital health and spirits, and, wrapped up in a dark waterproof, made very little use of the umbrella which she bravely held up all the way. As she drove past the Grand Stand she acknowledged most graciously the cheers of its occupants, and gave her loyal subjects a good opportunity of seeing their Sovereign, and of admiring her pluck and good nature. The rain was now pitiless in its severity, and the Parade Ground was fast becoming a frightful puddle.

The Volunteer Cavalry having taken up position on the right were now ready to lead the army for the march past. The Fife Light Horse, in scarlet uniform, led by Colonel A. Thompson, had the honour of first passing Her Majesty, followed by two small corps from Forfar and Roxburghshires in grey.

It was, perhaps, well that day that this branch of the service was not more largely represented, for the cavalry march did not improve the ground, which seemed every minute to grow worse. The artillery brigades of the First Division that followed made a gallant effort to preserve line and step; but the task was a formidable one, and abundantly proved the quality of the troops, the First Inverness specially distinguishing themselves. Then came three battalions of Forfarshire Rifles in scarlet tunics, followed by the Perthshire corps in grey, the 2nd Perth in kilts, and marching well together. The third brigade was led by Stirling and Kincardineshires Rifle Corps in green, which were soon eclipsed by the magnificent Highland battalions from Sutherland and Argyleshires. The physique of these men was splendid, and they marched in grand style, apparently accustomed to the soaking conditions of weather and ground. A very fine regiment from Dumbartonshire followed in green uniform. The last brigade was led by two Lanarkshire battalions, and comprised, also, the First Aberdeenshire corps, of whose steadiness and appearance Colonel Jopp may well feel proud. The artillery brigade in the Second Division was made up of corps from Mid-Lothian to Durham, more than 1300 coming from south of the Tweed. The Fifeshire battalions, both artillery and rifles, made a capital appearance, the marching of the latter being very praiseworthy. In the third brigade a detachment of the London Scottish came in for a large share of popular favour, though in appearance and military style they were undoubtedly surpassed by the First Midlothian and the First Cumberland which followed. Indeed, except some of the real Highland regiments, there was no body on the ground that looked better than the last-named regiment. The Edinburgh Rifles, in dark grey, that led the next brigade are a very fine corps, 2000 strong; but although on their own ground, their marching was not equal to those preceding, nor to that of the very soldier-like bodies from the border counties that made up the last brigade of the division.

The ground was now in an awful state, and more than one mounted officer had come to grief; the men had to wade ankle-deep in mud and water, and the soaking rain took away all brilliancy from the uniforms. Still the sight was a magnificent one; and the west-countrymen who made up the Third Division, though they had the worst of the ground, received deserved cheers for their plucky and determined bearing. The First Renfrewshire, First Ayrshire, and notably the First Lanarkshire regiments made as fine an appearance as any corps that day.

Long before the last battalion marched past, the crowd on the hill was beginning to give in to the storm; and had the means of egress been equal to the desire for escape, the retreat would soon have been general. At one time, indeed, the pressure was so great that the line of troops was in great danger of complete collapse, and order was only restored by the most prompt action on the part of the commanding officers.

Her Majesty, amid a royal salute from the battery and the hearty cheers of the spectators, quickly drove off the field and entered the Palace Garden by a private way. After that the stampede on the part of the public became general, and within an hour the Park and hill-sides were as bare of human beings as a Highland moor.

Space will not allow to tell of the incidents of the return to the town. Suffice to say that the whole of the troops were got off in wonderfully good time; and though individual sufferings and discomforts must have been great, there was no breakdown or mishap anywhere. The rain continued all the evening, and the state of the streets and railway stations can be more easily conceived than described.

The Volunteer army that day achieved one of its proudest successes, and Queen and country may well be satisfied with the quality of their citizen soldiers, after the magnificent displays at Windsor and Edinburgh in 1881.

ON THE WATER.

BY CHARON.

DO not let any of my readers expect a very interesting or sensational article under the above heading, neither let them be afraid of the old and classic name of the "venerable Boatman." Despite the more florid and animated attractions of this youthful but somewhat ignorant generation, some of us "old boys" can yet "tell a tale" of the past both interesting and edifying. Better, I trow, and trust than making young ladies run away with groom boys, and filling a volume with no end of crime and the most astounding criminals,—so astounding, as even to startle the mind of the most experienced detective at Scotland Yard.

No: my poor paper is very humble and very prosaic indeed; and if it succeeds in evoking a smile and raising a little tender sigh, Othello's occupation will not be "goone," as Mr. Booth says so emphatically, but it will be both rewarded and accomplished, thanks to Bro. Kenning.

I am a "man and a Mason," a "friend and a brother," and I have been having a holiday. Near to the spot where I pitched my tent lies a placid lake. I do not wish to take my readers too much into confidence for various reasons pressing and personal "to wit," but I may say, though there are, as we all know who have travelled, whether we belong to the Alpine Club or not, "lakes and lakes," yet there is a "lake of lakes"—a lake "par excellence." Nothing too laudatory can be said as regards its charms and its romanticity, the hills which surround it, the green glades which run down to the silvery edge, the large expanse of still or stormy water, all combining to make up a scene of grace and beauty, which is, indeed, for all who love nature and nature's gentle ways, "a joy for ever."

Now one of the amusements much indulged in by our youth of both sexes, nay, by those of all ages, is boating on the "expanse" of its "peaceful bosom." No visions are here of dreadful crossings to Calais, Boulogne, or Ostend; no terrific reminiscences of that dreadful, dreadful day, when we lay, and pitched and rolled "all the day in the Bay of Biscay, O"!

No; the most timid sailor is here courageous,—the most irritable "mucous membrane" is here serene.

We have seen learned lawyers and reverend divines, several rural deans, an archdeacon and a bishop, all comfortable and smiling in a family "gondola" propelled by fair "gondoliers." Oh, what enjoyment for youth, what tender hopes even for old age; what promises of unquenched devotion can a little row on the lake produce? what prospects of unlimited and unequalled happiness for some sentimental bipeds?

I know of no pleasanter or healthier exercise for a fine afternoon than to find yourself one of a "merry crew," and pulling, or pulled by fair hands, "floating" across the tranquil waters of the loveliest of lakes.

The heart expands, the spirits revive, cares are forgotten, worries are no more; nature and art alike in unison (don't suspect me of any rash allusions to ladies' dresses or decorations), you feel calm and contented, happy and hopeful; and nature itself all gracious and beauteous as she is, seems in your eyes still more gracious and beauteous. For, say what theorists and writers will, in the abstract, after all "juxtaposition" has a good deal to do with our present comfort and future convenience. And I for one feel sure of this, that nine tenths of our happiness here below is bound up with the society we live in, the friends we form, the company we keep. Man is not meant to live alone, neither is it good for him to do so; and therefore I say to all such as I see congregating in cheery laughing parties "on the water" before my eyes, "go on and prosper;"

be happy, contented, trusting, and rejoicing. Thank God heartily that He gives you so much domestic felicity, so many kind mates, and such good health, so much joyous promise of a graceful and genial future."

It may be that for you, my young friends, the skies will not be always blue—the clouds will gather, the waves will rise. Perhaps it may be a question whether life has any "compensations" here below to outweigh its troubles, losses, treacheries, sorrows. Those who, like myself have grown old, must feel, as we survey the gay scene to-day from the window where I am penning these lines, that alas! we too can recall as joyous parties, and as sunny smiles, and as silvery voices in the days of old. We have survived them all. They are for us but peaceful loving shadows of a long buried past, which every now and then come and visit us in the gentler memories of the day and night,—to remind us that happiness is here short-lived, and that the "encroaching hand of time" sweeps away in relentless certainty all that we love the best, and count the dearest and most valued upon earth.

But then to suppose that all my readers share in such semi-sentimental, quasi-mournful views, would indeed be a paradox of paradoxes. So, like the pleasant Frenchman of old, let us say, in such cheery hours of holiday gathering and "outing,"

Soyons fous aujourd'hui,
Nous serons sages demain."

BUTTERMERE LAKE.

TH**ERE** is not in Britain a finer day's excursion than through Borrowdale to Buttermere, and return through the Vale of Newlands. Coaches leave Keswick at ten a.m., and return at six p.m. It was only some thirty years ago that carriages first began to run that way. Before that the tourist went on horseback, or in a jaunting car with one horse, locally called a "tub." Now, the Market Square, on a fine morning, is the scene of eight or ten coaches making ready for the start, some with a pair of horses, others with three (unicorn as it is called), and the larger vehicles with four horses. The route leaves Castelette and the towering Wallowcrag on the left. As you emerge from the great wood, a splendid view of High and Low Falcon Crags, with Barrow Side, Barrow House, and Cascade burst upon the view; and on the right Derwent Lake, with its islands, St. Herbert's and Ramps-holme, and on the western side Catbells, and the beautiful wooded estate of the Rev. A. F. A. Woodford, called "Derwent Bay," where a romantic villa is almost hidden from view by the profusion of magnificent trees which surround it. Passing Barrow you have Catgill on the left, a waterfall which is never dry, and opposite to which the floating island from time to time makes its appearance. Then you have Lodore Waterfall full in view, with Gowder Crag on the left and Shepherd's Crag on the right. When seen after heavy rain this fall is magnificent, and beggars the splendid description given of it by Southey:

How does the water come down at Lodore?
Here it comes sparkling,
And there it lies darkling;
Here smoking and frothing,
Its tumult and wrath in.
It hastens along, conflictingly strong,
Now striking and raging, as if a war waging,
In caverns and rocks among.

Rising and leaping,
 Sinking and creeping,
 Swelling and flinging,
 Showering and springing,
 Eddying and whisking,
 Spouting and frisking,
 Turning and twisting,
 Around and around,
 Collecting, disjecting,
 With endless rebound.
 Smiting and fighting,
 A sight to delight in.
 Confounding, astounding,
 Dizzying and deafening the ear with its sound.

* * * * *

And so never ending, but always descending,
 Sounds and motions for ever and ever are blending,
 All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar,
 And in this way the water comes down at Lodore.

The carriages stop for the tourist to walk up to the fall. The little roadside inn at which the Prince of Wales stayed all night in 1857 is still there, and by its side a grand new hotel has been built by Mr. Geo. Wilson, of Nunthorpe Grove, York, the owner of the fall. Winding, the road takes you round Grangefell, and you are presently opposite Castle Crag, a conical hill covered with wood, except its craggy top, which seems erected by nature to defend the dale. It has no doubt been a place where the Romans kept a look-out, although the natural strength of the place needed no works to defend it. Tradition says it was also a place of offence and defence against the moss-troopers, to prevent them making a short cut over the Stake Pass into Westmorland and Lancashire to surprise and plunder the wealthier districts. Passing Bowder Stone on the left (which is also worth climbing 150 yards to see), you descend upon Rosthwaite, where there are two comfortable hostleries, the Scawfell Hotel and the Royal Oak Inn. Many a clergyman and many a rest-seeking tourist sojourns in Borrowdale for a few weeks amidst the most charming and peaceful scenery. Lord John Russell said he had "never seen any place like Borrowdale." Seatoller, once the residence of the late Abraham Fisher, Esq., J.P., a prince amongst dalesmen (the last of his family and name in the dale), is now let for lodgings to summer tourists. Leaving Seatoller you begin the ascent of Borrowdale *Hause*. A mountain gill runs down on the left, where leaving the road for twenty yards you have a small waterfall into a basin, which would be, as Southey said, the perfection of a cold bath. None but ladies are allowed to remain in the carriages for the next two or three miles, and only those unused to climbing. As you reach the summit, the magnificent Honister Crag comes in view on the left, while Yew Crag towers up on the right. This is truly the most romantic pass in this country. On both sides the mountains have been pierced with close head quarries, and the finest green slate in the kingdom is produced. It took the first prize in the great Exhibition in London in 1862. The descent is not less difficult for the carriages than the ascent, after which you run along through Gatesgarth, and presently come in sight of the beautiful Lake of Buttermere, lying like a bird's nest, surrounded by hills and woods of nature's planting.

One of the earliest writers on Buttermere was Josh. Budworth, Esq., F.S.A. He published "A Fortnight's Ramble to the Lakes," in 1792. He gave a gossiping account, commencing at Margate and finishing at Levens, near Kendal. It was he who first drew attention to Mary of Buttermere, then a girl of fifteen years. "Her hair was thick and long, of a dark brown, and though unadorned with ringlets, did not seem to want them. Her face was a fine oval, with full eyes and lips red as vermilion. Her cheeks had more of

the lily than the rose, and although she had never been out of the village (and I hope will have no ambition to wish it) she had a manner about her which seemed better calculated to set off dress, than dress *her*. She was a very Lavinia.

Seeming, when *unadorn'd, adorn'd* the most."

Budworth revisited Buttermere in 1797-8, and it is to be regretted that he again injudiciously drew public attention upon her. He said, "She is nineteen, and very tall; her voice is sweetly modulated; and in every point of manners she appeared such as might befitting,

Or to shine in courts with unaffected ease," &c.

In 1802 there arrived at the Queen's Head Inn, Keswick, in a handsome well-appointed carriage, a person who assumed the name of the Honourable Alexander Augustus Hope, brother of the earl of Hopetown, and member for Lintithgow. From Keswick he made excursions, and in an evil hour for the peace of Mary Robinson, and her father and mother (owners of the Fish Inn), he visited their house at Buttermere. He made the acquaintance of an Irish gentleman, who had been resident with his family some months at Keswick, and deluded him into the belief that he was the person he represented himself to be. Can it be wondered then that he deceived Mr. and Mrs. Robinson and their only daughter? On the 2nd of October they were married at Lorton Church. In the course of his stay he made the acquaintance of Mr. John Crumpton, of Liverpool, who had given him leave, as Colonel A. Hope, to draw upon him for a limited amount. Accordingly he drew a bill in favour of George Wood, of Keswick, host of the Queen's Head Inn, for twenty pounds. It was shortly afterwards found that he was a swindler, named John Hatfield, and for forgery and franking letters he was tried at Carlisle, and executed in that city on September 3rd, 1803. Mary Robinson bore her misfortunes with so much propriety as to earn for her the sympathy of all right-minded people. She afterwards married a respectable yeoman of Caldbeck, and has left descendants remarkable for their energy and force of character. You have the choice of two hotels, each good—the Fish and the Victoria. Here there is time for luncheon, and for those who like to go down to Crummock Lake, and sail to the western side, and walk up to Scale Force Waterfall, a fall of 152 feet, besides a smaller fall below.

The view, with Melbrake in the middle distance, and Honister to close the view, is grand when seen from the Lake as you go to Scale Force. Crummock Lake should have a day all to itself from Keswick, going by the Vale of Lorton to Scale Hill, whence also Scale Force can be well visited. The second of Mr. Peter Crosthwaite's stations, marked on his maps, was the favourite one of Dr. Brownrigg and Dr. Franklin, when the latter was a visitor at Ormathwaite House. The return by Whinlatter shows the Vale of Lorton to great advantage from Scale Hill.

The return from Buttermere by the Vale of Newlands diversifies the scene; and descending down towards Derwentwater, backed up by Skiddaw and Blencathra, with Bassenthwaite Lake and valley coming in sight, past Swinside Mountain, makes a day of ever changing scenery nowhere else to be seen in the same time. The whole distance by road is twenty-three miles. The visit to Scale Force adds about three miles to the day's journey. Buttermere Lake is 93 feet deep, and Crummock is 132 feet deep.

N.B.—In our article last month on Bassenthwaite Lake, the depth of Derwentwater, by a slip of the pen, was given as 27 "feet" deep. This should have been written *yards* = 81 feet deep. Also, Bassenthwaite was given 18 "feet," and should have been *yards* = 54 feet deep.

AUTUMN HOURS.

AUTUMN hours, autumn hours,
 Far, I ween, our thoughts must stray,
 As mid both "shine and shower"
 Your stately moments fleet away.
 Summer in its golden glory
 Has vanished all apace,
 And with your graver story
 You wane in calmest grace.

How like to life you are,
 In all your scenes and ways ;
 In bright moments few and far,
 And your swiftly passing days :
 For summer's sheen is o'er,
 Its glad hours disappear,
 And on Time's silent shore
 Lie your mem'ries glad and dear.

Autumn hours, autumn hours,
 Your gleams of burnish'd gold
 Fall on our summer bowers,
 As the year itself grows old.
 Your leaves are no more green,
 Your festive scenes have flown ;
 And all those brighter sunny scenes
 You call no more your own.

Yet such are life and time,
 All our good things fade away ;
 Bright dreams and hopes sublime
 Cease with a short-lived day.
 All, all is doom'd to fade,
 All that we see below,
 The things our hands have made,
 The hearts we love, the friends we know.

Autumn hours, autumn hours,
 Like the scene of life's repose,
 And the fading of the flowers,
 And the withering of the rose,
 All is passing—passing slowly—
 All must end with earthly day ;
 Highest aims and labours lowly,
 Like your moments fleet away.

AFTER ALL;

OR, THRICE WON.

BY HENRY CALVERT APPLEBY,

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

CHAPTER XIV.

Base men being in love, have then a nobility.—OTHELLO.

CAN we doubt the inspiring, elevating, transforming power of love? Is it not all powerful? If music can sooth the savage breast, what may not the syren Love do? When man is led by this master passion he is no longer himself, but he emulates the object upon which he has set his affection, which stimulates his good qualities and represses his evil ones. He is no longer human, but angelic.

But to the point. In this mood was Mervyn Merrisslope. Whatever vices he may have had, he made an assiduous and attentive lover, and few could have fought successfully against his attractive manner. Perhaps there was not the perfect gentleman there (and how is *he* defined?), but there was an excellent impersonation of one, an art that covered a multitude of sins. Ever since Arthur Humberton's misfortune, or misdemeanour as some chose to call it, Merrisslope had again been welcome at Manville Villa; and though it was long before Miss Phane had encouraged his advances still he steadily gained her favour and she was gradually overcoming her scruples and drawing towards him. Humberton's disgrace had been a heavy blow to her, and she thought it was impossible then for him ever to be anything more to her than a crushed memory—a broken dream. She, too, would have liked to have left the world and its follies and troubles, to have buried herself anywhere out of sight. But gradually this sentiment wore off, and she became more rational, though never forgetting her cherished love for Humberton. Of course, she could never marry him, but she would care for no one else like him; and could she conscientiously marry another? Had Merrisslope not been so earnest in his love for her, she would have been strong against the temptation; but was it not folly—was she not wrong to weep for a mere fancy? Argument, however, was useless; it always failed to convince her; it was the ardent sincerity of Merrisslope's love for her to win her, in spite of her determination and the memory of Humberton. Not quickly or suddenly did she yield, but very slowly and surely.

She thought Humberton was too ashamed to write to her; she dare not write to him. How could it have happened; he, so noble, so true, so good? She could have forgiven him even then, but he had never asked her; and what about their future, and her poor father and mother whose hearts it would almost break. No, she must sacrifice herself. It was a most reluctant yielding on her part to Merrisslope, but what could she do?

Merrisslope was very attentive and escorted her everywhere. He had whispered his love on every auspicious occasion in the modern Babylon, than which "earth has not anything to show more fair," according to the simple Wordsworth. A sight "touching in its majesty" is the city when it wears "the beauty of the morning" like a garment

Silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields and to the sky,
All bright and glistening in the smokeless air.

When the sun steeped in his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill, in a deep calm, how could she hear unmoved the piteous tale of his love, told in a low, gentle voice; how could she continually resist his fascinating addresses. It was too flattering to her, too delightful; and Miss Phane at last agreed to change her name with Merrisslope. He had wooed her where "the river glideth at his own sweet will," and the very houses seemed asleep where "all that mighty heart is lying still."

Many a time and oft did Merrisslope lead Olivia to the marvellous sights of the metropolis, and conduct her through the busy haunts of holiday seekers, where they dreamed their happy lives away; and yet not quite happy—there was a shade of sorrow tinting their gladness. Humberton was not yet forgotten, and Merrisslope knew that she was not wholly his. They had not the same light-hearted wonderment at novel sights with which their country cousins were infected, of whom it has been said that

In blithsome mood they visit every spot,
The royal palace and the Switzer cot:
Enjoy with equal gust the glare and gloom,
The mirthful party and the mournful tomb.

No: theirs was an æsthetic enjoyment, half sad, half glad; and a tinge of human pathos touched all they saw, varied as it was in this "resort and mart of all the earth." London, great London! is there not food enough for speculation in this immense city, "by taste and wealth proclaim'd the fairest capital of all the world," to occupy all thought; and sufficient gaiety to drown all melancholy?

Where has commerce such a mart,
So rich, so throng'd, so drain'd, and so supplied
As London—opulent, enlarged, and still
Increasing London? Babylon of old
Not more glory of the earth than she—
A more accomplish'd world's chief glory now.

So says contented Cowper, and we believe him. Olivia Phane loved London, her native city; she cherished all the favourite haunts of

The seat where England from her ancient reign,
Doth rule the ocean as her own domain.

She could say with sweet Southey, whose words she had written in her little album of treasures—

In splendour with those famous cities old,
Whose power it hath surpass'd, it now might vie.
Through many a bridge the wealthy river roll'd;
Aspiring columns reared their heads on high.
Triumphal fanes grac'd every road and gave
Due guerdon to the memory of the brave.

Of course there are many other opinions of London's goodly city, and many far from favourable; for does not the facile Byron speak of

A mighty mass of brick, and smoke, and shipping,
Dirty and dusky, but as wide as eye
Can reach. . . . Amidst the forestry
Of masts, a wilderness of steeples peeping—
A huge dim cupola, like a foolscap crown
On a fool's head—and there is London town.

Not very flattering that, and our friend Olivia by no means endorsed the impertinent lines.

Hampstead Heath, romantic and noble, was one of her favourite haunts; and there she had spent many happy hours amid its charming variety of land-

scape scenery. Here she would admire the constant change of undulating hill and dale, with their pinky walks and clustering clumps of shady trees.

Poor Arthur Humberton, the few opportunities he had been blessed with, he had taken Olivia to that grand and wealthy shrine, that mausoleum of statesmen, Westminster Abbey. Here they would reverently read the sacred monuments to genius and greatness, and listen to the sweet harmony of the rolling organ, or the tuneful choir singing their songs of praise. What an inspiring place to tread; how its nobility thrills one, filling the mind with elevating thoughts. Here the ashes of many great and good men are gathered together in their final resting-place; they have done their work and are no more. How solemn, how awful to contemplate! In this magnificent pile of legendary foundation they had roamed on one or two occasions when the beautifully stained windows had been flooded with sunlight, and all their aspirations had worn a roseate hue, while their hearts were light as air. But she had never seen its marble columns and statues since Humberton had taken her there. Its memories, even, were too sacred to arouse by visitation, and she hardly dared to awaken the old happy thoughts of long ago.

Now, Merrisslope escorted her to St. Paul's majestic Cathedral, with its conspicuous cupola, golden ball, geometrical staircase, giant bell, and whispering gallery, rising Phoenix-like from the ashes of many churches and temples. This pantheon of warriors, rivalling St. Peter's of Rome in symmetrical beauty, is yet cold and uncomfortable in its interior in spite of its grandeur. Still Merrisslope preferred this magnificent and lofty building, the largest Protestant church in the world, to the wonderful Westminster Abbey.

The Crystal Palace, too, another wonder of the world, was a favourite resort of his, and many honied hours had he and Olivia spent in the delightfully artistic gardens surrounding it. The style of the whole is by no means "Early English," but all is essentially modern. The fountains playing in various parts of the grounds are exceedingly pretty sights. The brilliant historical courts in the interior of the glass edifice are strangely interesting. In this glittering house surely he could divert the sympathetic mind of sweet Miss Phane from the sad memories of Humberton; surely there was sufficient pleasing and interesting variety here. Most of the wonders of the world are gathered under its transparent roof, and the ephemeral attractions are too numerous to become monotonous. The best of music was to be had here, though the immense size of the building swallowed up much of its sweetness. Still the best talent was often engaged, and the most fastidious would find something to their taste. All forms of art could be studied and admired—sculpture, architecture, pictures, photographs, manufactures, machinery; also botany, ethnology, palæontology, geology, and a thousand other interesting sections too numerous even to hint at.

Through all these the assiduous Merrisslope led the pliable Miss Phane, ever whispering of love, and gradually controlling her will until she became almost his—until, at last, his will was almost hers, and his wish began to assume the shape of a command.

CHAPTER XV.

Subdued by the power of music.—POPE.

Olivia Phane had now reconciled herself to her approaching marriage with Mervyn Merrisslope, and seemed happy. Mr. and Mrs. Phane were anxious that she should by all means forget Arthur Humberton, and they did all possible to forward the consummating marriage to Merrisslope, trusting thus to complete the happiness of their daughter and finally settle all difficulties.

Besides, Mr. Phane, unknown to his family, was now in financial difficulties, and he and Merrisslope had been conferring together very frequently of late. In fact Mr. Phane was somewhat involved with this young man, and he was the more anxious that he should become his son-in-law, as he would soon be obliged, unless affairs took a brighter turn, to make him a partner in the firm. Of course this would be the best provision possible for his daughter, and therefore he was doubly desirous that her marriage with Merrisslope should take place as soon as possible.

Merrisslope, too, was more infatuated than ever with Olivia, and he wished to grasp the cup of happiness before it could be dashed from his lips again. He could never feel certain that Miss Phane's heart was really and solely his (in fact, he knew that there lingered sad thoughts of another in the corner of it yet) until they were indissolubly wedded. Sincerely he felt that he would do almost anything to possess the whole heart of the fair creature, for he felt that he had many amends to make.

Poor Mrs. Phane, she had strange forebodings of evil in her soul. She hoped Olivia was happy; and really Merrisslope was a very attentive lover, but she had never altogether liked him: perhaps it was a foolish prejudice on her part. Her husband, too, had been strangely taciturn and morose lately, as though some great difficulty were weighing on his mind, and the late bad trade hardly seemed sufficient to account for it all. God grant that it might only be her superstitious fancy; but the fear of some dreadful calamity seemed to hang over her like a shroud. Dear, good woman; she could but trust in Providence.

On the other hand, Merrisslope, though absorbed in the society of Olivia, never seemed so happy as when amid a whirl of life, and he constantly sought the busy hum of men—a peculiar frame of mind, but quite consistent, quite in accordance with his character, and easily explainable. Although he adored Miss Phane, and was inspired and elevated by her presence, still he had thoughts to flee from actually connected with her, which only the distracting stir of humanity could erase for the time, while he could still enjoy her now indispensable society. When absent from her he was moody and melancholy with more than the misery of a lover, and yet she alone, though the chief item of his desires, was not sufficient for him; he must have society. Thus, in the face of his approaching marriage, he led her through the most crowded thoroughfares, tenderly guarding her the while. Through fashionable Hyde Park they roamed, and in the aristocratic Rotten Row; from thence they would go to the finest collection of wild-beasts in the world in the famous Zoological Gardens. Plenty of interesting objects there to avert the gloomiest thoughts, and Merrisslope was soon cheerily describing the different animals to his interested companion, who was so fond of dumb creatures. They might have been strangers to the metropolis who had never seen such sights before. Nor were the theatres neglected. Olivia had never led such a gay life before. Intellectual Irving and quietly conscious Ellen Terry were her favourites, though Merrisslope preferred rather the accentuated Booth as Iago. Once or twice he winced at the withering denunciations of the noble Moor, for he had the weight of sin on his mind. Just as Irving had thrown Iago on the ground in a moment of distrustful passion, Merrisslope seemed as though he could no longer bear the play, and he begged Olivia to leave with him, as he felt very indisposed. She was about to comply with his strange request, when, in the opposite box, she suddenly caught sight of the pale face of Arthur Humberton, with a peculiar eager expression upon it. It was the first time she had seen him since his disgrace; and though she tried to avert her eyes she could not, for there was a strange fascination in that sad face of his. Merrisslope was no longer anything to her, and her heart leaped out to Humberton ready to forgive and forget. But she could not think that face was guilty; no, it could not be. It was all that was

good, and was it impossible for them ever to meet again? Oh! the agony of the moment!

Merrisslope saw all this, and with a fiendish gleam in his eyes he clenched his teeth and dragged Olivia (holding out her arms imploringly to Humberton whose face lit up with momentary joy) out of the box away from the exciting scene. Humberton's face had now flushed with anger as he hastily rushed from his side round the theatre in pursuit of Olivia and Merrisslope. The latter quickly carried the now inanimate form of Olivia out into the street, jumped with her into a cab, instructing the Jehu to drive with all speed to Manville Villa. This was the work of a few moments; and when Humberton arrived, nothing was to be seen, and the distant rattle of wheels alone told him that he had been baffled, and pursuit was useless.

Merrisslope, meanwhile, thanked his stars he had got over that difficulty, and applied restoratives to Olivia. When she slowly opened her wondering eyes in the madly chasing vehicle, he endeavoured to soothe her with all his former ardour, and in tones of apology for his rough action; but as soon as recollection's flash revealed the past few moments to her mind; she refused to be comforted, and burst into a flood of tears. Thus they reached the house of Mr. Phane, where Merrisslope explained the circumstances with his own colouring. Matters had reached a crisis. Olivia retired with her trembling mother, and Mr. Phane angrily and excitedly conferred with Merrisslope. In the end he advised him to stay away a few days until Olivia was prepared to see him again. Much as it pained him, he felt that the happiness of all rested with her, and he must persuade her to follow out his wishes, even against his own, for the good of all.

The next day anger got the better of his curiosity, and he threw a letter from Humberton to Olivia into the fire unopened. In a moment he was sorry for the act, but it was irretrievable.

Olivia now shrank from her impending marriage with Merrisslope, and it was not until Mr. Phane had stammeringly, beseechingly told her his whole position, and how the happiness of her mother and all were concerned in it, that she consented to sacrifice herself. It was not without much struggling with himself that Mr. Phane had brought himself to this resolve, and he repeatedly blamed himself for thus jeopardising the happiness of his dear and only daughter. But what could he do? And, besides, she could not marry the scapegrace Humberton, and Merrisslope would make her a good husband he felt sure. So the marriage date was brought still nearer. Mrs. Phane was miserable; she could not understand it at all, and Olivia could not tell her. Oh! that all might soon be right.

Again poor Olivia tried to forget Humberton and to love the man whom she was so soon to wed. Again Merrisslope escorted her to interesting sights, anxious to divert her mind until the day when she should be his for ever. He took her to the art and science wonders of the South Kensington Museum, and related the history of all the marvels to be found there. She was more moved out of herself and her troubles by the Royal Academy, amidst whose beautiful representations she found much of sympathy; and she left Burlington House touched with the sad pathos of many of its stories, and convinced that there were some trials worse to bear than her own. Merrisslope reminded her that this immense picture show was originated by the grotesque Hogarth. Then to William the Conqueror's tragic Tower of London, a cluster of famous structures, or group of houses, warehouses, barracks, armouries, and towers, with its dismal dungeons, glittering armour, and funny "beef-eaters." Perhaps that wonderful storehouse of literature, science, and art, that magnificent institution, the lottery-bought British Museum, interested her more, with its antiquities, prints, maps, books, drawings, sculptures, and natural curiosities. The chief depository of the nation's pictures, the National Gallery, was also visited. Very interesting was that noble Tudor

Gothic structure, the new Palace of Westminster, or the Houses of Parliament, with their sumptuous decorations. Thus did they spend the days until the date of the wedding, which at last arrived.

Olivia had summoned all her courage and determined to do her best. Perhaps it was all for the best. Extensive preparations were made for a grand wedding at the old church, and many were the invited guests. All seemed to augur well for the future. Not a hitch had occurred anywhere, and the sun smiled on the happy scenes in his brightest mood. All appeared imbued with a cheerful spirit as they forwarded the arrangements. Mrs. Phane was not so fearful of disaster as before, and almost happy that her daughter would at last be comfortably settled. She had long been tossed on a sea of bitter disappointment and grief, and her good mother hoped that now she would at last be made happy. Mr. Phane, too, looked with an approving eye on the preparations, and wishing the event was safely over. He loved his daughter, and he sincerely trusted she would be happy. Merrislope was still impatient, counting the slow dragging hours. He would not feel safe and secure until the marriage was over—he was strangely filled with the presentiment that he would not be able to drink the cup of pleasure even this time.

At last the time arrived, and all went well for a while, though Olivia seemed much agitated, and she trembled so much that the service was obliged to be delayed. Totteringly she walked when they commenced again, and when the clergyman came to that important question: "Wilt thou have this man?" &c., to the astonishment of all, she shrieked out "No!" and rushed out of the church, and Merrislope indulged in an audible "damn."

(To be continued.)

A LAMENT.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINRICH HEINE.

Und Wüsstens die Blumen die kleinen, etc., etc.

COULD the tiniest flowers know
 How deeply wounded my heart has been,
 They would with me "a weeping go,"
 To heal my wound so keen.

And were the nightingales aware
 How ill and sad I be,
 They would outpour everywhere
 Their quickening song for me.

And did each little golden star
 My misery learn to "ken,"
 It would come from its brightness afar,
 And "speak peace" to me "there and then."

But none of them can know—
 Not one of them knows my pain,
 She has herself rent with a blow,
 Yes, rent my heart "in twain."

EGYPTIAN ARCHÆOLOGICAL DISCOVERIES.

A GREAT find has been made in Egypt, and mighty is the bustle of the *savans*, intense the fervour of Egyptologists!

A secret mausoleum has been accidentally discovered rich in mummies, inscriptions, papyri, ornaments, jewellery, and treasures of various kinds, all food for the enquiring and sagacious minds of students, professors, sages, and sciolists.

What the result of such a "find" will be as to increasing our share of knowledge in "Rebus Ægyptiacis," who can venture to predicate? It may be much or little, trifling or startling.

But as it is at present impossible to "discount" what the reality may turn out to be, we prefer to "leave to the future the things of the future," simply premising that we give the best and most authentic account we can of the discovery, (taken from the *Times*), and which we think deserves to be perused in the correct pages of "Maga," as a very striking fact in the annals of Egyptology and Egyptian discoveries.

BESIDES being memorable for the appearance of the comets, the year 1881 must ever hold a high place in the annals of Egyptological discovery. Monsieur Maspero, the recently appointed director of the Boulak Museum, is at the present moment in Paris, actively engaged in preparing for publication the texts of the pyramids of the Fifth and Sixth Dynasties, which were opened last spring at Sakkara. The forthcoming number of his "Recueil" will contain the entire text of the pyramid of King Ounas, the last king of the Fifth Dynasty. But the saying that "it never rains but it pours" may be now fairly applied to archaeological discovery. Long before the *savants* have had time to peruse, ponder over, or profit by the wonders unearthed at Sakkara, they are now suddenly overwhelmed with a fresh supply of material in the form of the largest papyri yet known, and by the apparition of the mummies, with all their mortuary appendages and inscriptions, of no less than thirty royal personages. This discovery, which has just been made, calls for special interest in England, for among the thirty royal mummies are to be found those of King Thutmes III. and of King Ramses II.; it was the former who ordered the construction of the obelisk which now stands upon the Thames Embankment, and it was the latter who, 270 years afterwards, caused his own official titles and honours to be inscribed upon its faces, besides those of Thutmes III. These two monarchs now lie side by side in the Boulak Museum, and even the flowers and garlands which were placed in their coffins may to-day be seen encircling the masks which cover the faces of the deceased just as they were left by the mourners over 3000 years ago.

Last June, Daoud Pasha, governor of the province of Kench, which includes the ancient Theban district, noticed that the Bedaween offered for sale an unusual quantity of antiquities at absurdly low prices. The Pasha soon discovered that the source of their hidden treasure was situated in a gorge of the mountain range which separates Deir-el-Bahari from the Bab-el-Malook. This gorge is situated about four miles from the Nile to the east of Thebes. Daoud Pasha at once telegraphed to the Khedive, who forthwith despatched to the spot Herr Emil Brugsch, a younger brother of Dr. Henry Brugsch Pasha, who during Monsieur Maspero's absence in Paris is in charge of all archaeological excavations in Egypt. Herr Brugsch discovered in the cliffs of the Lybian mountains, near the Temple of Deir-el-Bahari, or the

"Northern Convent," a pit, about 35ft. deep, cut in the solid rock; a secret opening from this pit led to a gallery nearly 200ft. long, also hewn out of the solid rock. This gallery was filled with relics of the Theban dynasties. Every indication leads to the conviction that these sacred relics had been removed from their appropriate places in the various tombs and temples, and concealed in this secret subterranean gallery by the Egyptian priests to preserve them from being destroyed by some foreign invader. In all probability they were thus concealed at the time of the invasion of Egypt by Cambyses. Herr Brugsch at once telegraphed for a steamer, which on Friday last safely deposited her precious cargo at the Boulak Museum.

The full value of this discovery, of course, cannot as yet be determined. The papyri have not yet been unrolled, nor have the mummies been unwrapped. The following Theban sovereigns are the most important of those whose mummies Herr Brugsch has identified:—

Aahmes I. (Amosis), First King of Eighteenth Dynasty, reigned B.C. 1700 (about).

Amenhotep I. (Amenophis), Second King of Eighteenth Dynasty, reigned B.C. 1666 (about).

Thutmes I., Third King of Eighteenth Dynasty, reigned B.C. 1633 (about).

Thutmes II., Fourth King of Eighteenth Dynasty, reigned B.C. 1600 (about).

Thutmes III. (the Great), Fifth King of Eighteenth Dynasty, reigned B.C. 1600 (about).

Ramses I., First King of Nineteenth Dynasty, reigned B.C. 1400 (about).

Seti I., Second King of Nineteenth Dynasty, reigned B.C. 1366 (about).

Ramses II. (the Great) Third King of Nineteenth Dynasty, reigned B.C. 1333 (about).

Pinotem, Third King of Twenty-first Dynasty, reigned B.C. 1033.

Raskhenen (dynasty and date of reign unknown).

Queen Ra-ma-ka (? Hatasou).

Queen Aahmes Nofert Ari.

Conspicuous by its massive gold ornamentation, in which cartouches are set in precious stones, is the coffin containing the mummy of Maut Nedjem, a daughter of King Ramses II. Each of the mummies is accompanied by an alabaster canopic urn, containing the heart and entrails of the deceased.

Four papyri were found in the gallery at Deir-el-Bahari, each in a perfect state of preservation. The largest of these papyri—that found in the coffin of Queen Ra-ma-ka—is most beautifully illustrated with coloured illuminations. It is about 16in. wide, and when unrolled will probably measure from 100 to 140 feet in length. The other papyri are somewhat narrower, but are more closely written upon. These papyri will probably prove to be the most valuable portion of the discovery, for in the present state of Egyptology a papyrus may be of more importance than an entire temple, and, as the late Mariette Pasha used to say, "it is certain that if ever one of these discoveries that bring about a revolution in science should be made in Egyptology, the world will be indebted for it to a papyrus."

No less than 3703 mortuary statues have been found which bear royal cartouches and inscriptions. Nearly 2000 other objects have been discovered. One of the most remarkable relics is an enormous leather tent, which bears the cartouche of King Pinotem, of the Twenty-first Dynasty. This tent is in a truly wonderful state of preservation. The workmanship is beautiful. It is covered with hieroglyphs most carefully embroidered in red, green and yellow leather. The colours are quite fresh and bright. In each of the corners is represented the royal vulture and stars. Fifteen enormous wigs for ceremonial occasions form a striking feature of the Deir-el-Bahari collection. These wigs are nearly 2 feet high, and are composed of frizzled and curled hair. There are many marked points of resemblance between the legal institutions of ancient Egypt and of England. For instance, pleadings must be "traversed,"

"confessed and avoided," or demurred to. Marriage settlements and the doctrines of uses and trusts prevailed in ancient Egypt, but the wearing of these wigs was not extended to the members of the legal profession, but was reserved exclusively for the princesses of the blood and ladies of very high rank. It is curious to recall the fact that when Belzoni, in 1817, discovered at Bab-el-Malook the tomb of Seti I.—a tomb which has since been popularly called "Belzoni's tomb"—a fine sarcophagus in alabaster stood in the furthest chamber. This sarcophagus was subsequently brought to England, and it is now in Sir John Soane's Museum. Herr Brugsch has now brought to light the original occupant of this sarcophagus, who may now be seen at the Boulak Museum, near his son, Ramses II. Herr Brugsch assures me he believes that there is another secret gallery leading from the pit at Deir-el-Bahari. When M. Maspero returns next October further excavations will doubtless be undertaken, but the Boulak Museum, so suddenly enriched as it has been during the present year, now occupies a position not inferior to any in Europe.

NOTES ON ST BOTOLPH AND LITTLE BRITAIN.*

WE have seldom read a more interesting little sketch, both in its antiquarian facts and bearing, than the one which has been printed for private circulation for Mr. Alderman Staples. It is both full in detail and lucid in arrangement, and seems to us to be exactly what such a local description and "souvenir" should be. As it deals with St. Botolph's Church and Little Britain, and the "guilds" in the church, we propose to take each head "seriatim," merely premising that we have already called attention to the "Guild of the Holy Trinity," and given a sketch of the Guildhall from Brayley, while we have also reprinted Washington Irving's well-known reference to Little Britain in the interesting pages of our "Magazine."

St. Botolph's Church is of great antiquity, being mentioned in a writ of Edward I., in 1279, as having then Richard de Medhurst vicar, so that its foundation must have been much earlier. It was of old, we are told, a rectory, but now a curacy, and having been annexed to the abbot (Islip) and convent of Westminster, July 17th, 1503, by Henry VII. to support his new chantry and chapel. After several mutations it was confirmed to the Dean and Chapter of Westminster by Queen Elizabeth in 1560. It is now a vicarage, and the Rev. J. Flood Jones is the present incumbent, minor canon of Westminster. The church escaped the great fire in 1666, but in 1753, it was partially and practically rebuilt. In 1880 the burial ground, long disused, was very wisely thrown open as a "recreation ground" to the public.

Little Britain, in which our publisher's great establishment is situated, and which as a Masonic emporium is unequalled in Masonic jurisdiction, is touched upon in this able little sketch; and though we have previously given its ancient history in the Magazine, we repeat Alderman Staple's interesting account.

"We are accustomed to speak of St. Botolph's Church as being situated in Aldersgate Street; but it is properly in Little Britain, and all the old writers so describe it. Little Britain is said to derive its name from the Duke of Bretagne, who, according to Stow, lodged there. In the early edition (1598) the term Britain Street is used; but in Strype's edition, 1754, it reads Little Britain, previously called Britain Street. Delaune, in his "Present State of London," written in 1682, describes the church as being in Britain Street. Bro. Northoonek, who edited the 1784 edition of the Con-

* Notes on St. Botolph Without, Aldersgate, London. By John Staples, F.S.A., Alderman of the Ward of Aldersgate. Privately printed.

stitutions, in his "History of London," 1773, states that Little Britain is so called from the Duke of Brittany's Palace, and describes the Duke as being Arthur, nephew of King John.

Alderman Staples says this statement is questionable; and it appears that in 1315, ninth Edward II. William de Langeverme and Isabella his wife granted to John of Brittany, ninth Earl of Richmond, certain houses in the parish of St. Martin's, Ludgate. In 1611 the town mansion of the early Dukes of Brittany and Earls of Pembroke was required for the purpose of erecting Stationers' Hall.

In none of the "Inquisitiones post mortem," Alderman Staples says, does it appear that any one of the Dukes of Bretane or Brittany possessed property in this locality at the time of his death. In the inventory of the property of the fraternity of St. Fabian and St. Sebastian a tenement is described as being situated in "Peti Bretane," which would no doubt be "Norman French" for "Little Britain;" and as we hear of Petit Wales, and Little London, in all probability we have here the real origin, not that it really matters one way or the other.

Little Britain in the reign of Charles I., Charles II., James II., William and Mary, as Alderman Staples reminds us, and even much later, was as remarkable for its booksellers as Paternoster Row is at the present day. John Day, the most eminent typographer of his time, 1546—1584, and the first in England who printed in Saxon characters, dwelt over Aldersgate, and sold his books in a shop under the gate. Richard Cheswick, of Little Britain, buried in St. Botolph's Church in 1711, is described as the "Metropolitan Bookseller of England."

Many of us who like old books are aware that a large number of curious and hermetic works always "hail" from Little Britain.

As we before remarked, St. Botolph's Church had three guilds or fraternities attached to it, and one seems somehow or other connected with the Masons, as "laborariis" or "operariis," namely, that of the Holy Trinity. We give a summary of their history and rules.

It seems that there were three guilds, or fraternities, or brotherhoods in the church of St. Botolph, first, that of the Holy Trinity; secondly, that of St. Katharine; and, thirdly, that of Fabian, and St. Sebastian. The Guild of the Holy Trinity was founded in 1374, and five years afterwards, it being enlarged, a chaplain was appointed "pro operariis et laborariis," we may fairly understand "Masons" under such terms, who went to the church for the religious services of the day. That chaplain, the worthy alderman tells us, "still officiates," if in altered form. This brotherhood was suppressed, with all other guilds, in 1547, the first year of Edward VI. The hall and old chapter of the guild, if still really existing, now belong to the parish. The fraternity had a master and wardens and male and female members. They met annually on Trinity Sunday. It seems that by a supplementary charter of 1446 Henry VI. gave license to Joan Astley, his nurse, and Richard Caswode and Thomas Smith, to establish a perpetual guild, consisting of one master, two custodes, or wardens, and "brethren and sisters" of the parishioners of the same parish and "others who would be of the same fraternity, in honour of his consort and himself." This seems to be a sort of "revival" of the old guild. The date of the origin of the Fraternity of St. Katharine is not known, but in 1389 "the wardens of this fraternity appeared before the Council of the Lord the King at Westminster, on the 30th January, and presented a return of the authority, foundation, inception, continuation, and regulations of the said fraternity, as are more fully set out in the schedule hereunto annexed." Let our readers note what follows. "The first 'poynt' in the said schedule is, 'that when a brother or sister shall be received that they shall be sworn upon a book to the brotherhood for to hold up and maintain the poynts and articles that be writ after following, each man to his power, saving his estate; and that every brother and

sister in token of love, charity, and peace, at receiving should kiss every other of them that be there. If any of the brotherhood suffer from poverty, old age that he may not help himself, sickness, or loss by fire or water, he shall have fourteen pence a week; also, what man is to take on to be a brother shall pay to the alms at his entry as the Masters and he may agree; and every quarter, for to maintain the light and the alms of the brotherhood, threepence. And if he have a wife, and she will be a sister, the two to pay sixpence for the quarter, or 2s. a year for them both. The brethren and sisters to associate together in the Church of St. Botolph on the day of St. Katherine and hear a mass, and 'offer in the worship of her'—(a strongish order!)—and on the afternoon of the same day, or the next Sunday following, together to choose their masters for the year following. The brethren and sisters are to attend the burial of a brother or sister. The guild shall pay costs of worshipful burial of any brother dying within ten miles of London 'if he were not of power to pay them for himself.' Loans may be granted to the brethren in such amounts that one may be eased as well as another." This guild was also dissolved in 1st Edward VI. The Fraternity of St. Fabian and St. Sebastian was founded 51 Edward III., A.D. 1577. There was a return made of the guild in 1389 to the King Richard II., according to Act of Parliament. The masters of the guild were Johannes Duncastre and Ricardus Spaigne. The following were the regulations: When a brother or sister shall be received, he shall be sworn on a book to maintain the points and articles of the brotherhood, and every brother and sister "atte receyvynge" should, in token of love, charity, and peace, "help all of those that live there." Weekly help, to the extent of fourteen pence, is to be given in cases of suffering from poverty, old age, sickness, fire or water, or any other mishap, so it be not through his own wretchedness. The young that fall into "meschef," and have nought of his own to help himself with, the brethren shall help him. Every man to pay an entrance fee of half a mark, and threepence every quarter, to maintain the right of the brotherhood and the alms; wife of a brother to pay other threepence a quarter. Burial of brother or sister to be attended; the common box to bear the cost of burial of those who have nought of their own to be buried with; those dying within ten miles of London to be fetched to London for burial. Loans from the box may be granted to the brotherhood, but to none other. Brethren "alosed" of theft, or of any other wicked fame, to be put out of the brotherhood without any delay. This guild, though it is not traceable, is supposed to have been also dissolved in the 1st of Edward VI.

We always are glad to welcome such little histories, as they are full of interesting "facts" for the antiquary and the student.

FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY.

On Mamre's plain, beside the Patriarch's door,
 The ministering angel sat—the world was young,
 And men beheld what they behold no more.
 Ah, no! The harps of Heaven are not unstrung:
 The angelic visitants may yet appear,
 To those who seek them. Lo! at Virtue's side,
 Its friend, its prop, its solace, and its guide,
 Walks Faith, with upturned eyes, and voice of cheer,
 A visible angel. Lo! at Sorrow's call,
 Hope hastens down—an angel fair and kind,
 And whispers comfort, whatsoe'er befall!
 While Charity, the seraph of the mind,
 White robed and pure, becomes each good man's guest,
 And makes this earth a Heaven to all who love her best.

—Mackay.

MADAME DE SÉVIGNÉ.*

MRS. Richmond Ritchie, better known, perhaps, to our readers as Miss Thackeray, the authoress of *Elizabeth*, etc., etc., has given us a most charming "miniature painting" of the famous Madame de Sévigné. Many of us have probably perused her remarkable "letters," in which the love of a faithful wife and a devoted mother is forcibly contrasted with all the vivid touches and impulses, the ideas and sympathies of a graceful, a clever, and a fascinating woman. Indeed, the fact that after this long lapse of years—amid altered circumstances and habits of life, and changed conditions of thought and taste—Madame de Sévigné's letters are still read and admired, as they deserve to be, is a proof, if proof be needed, of their inherent excellency, and of the powers and popularity of their gifted "scribe." For, as a rule, the world is very chary indeed of accepting the utterances of letter-writers, either for what they claim to be, or what they profess to declare. How few letters, for instance, are still cared for, and fewer still are read at all, or are even worth reading.

Horace Walpole's wondrous correspondence is no doubt still "to the fore"—a mine of interest and information to any who find a pleasure in realizing to-day an old-world lore, and recalling the ideas, the ways, the very words of a defunct generation. But of the many collections of letters which we all may have heard of, and some of us perchance have read, how very, very few, we repeat, there are which can "live" in this critical, dissatisfied, dyspeptic age of ours, or which are, after all, deserving either of careless perusal, or careful study?

It is just possible that we shall, some of us, recall to our minds some pet work which we still amusedly and gratefully linger over, as, looking back on the great waste and wilderness of time, we feel how some words in pointed truth, or graceful fervour—the "épea pteroenta," if you like, of the brave, the true, the kind, the good,—are still potent to evoke fascinating memories out of a long buried past, are still able to stir the dull cold level of current formality, and bring it into something of ancient animation or former realism; to summon back, in fact, another age, other personalities and strange scenes, which weird and vanished as contrasted with our present mode of living and trains of thought, are often too much forgotten by us all.

Madame de Sévigné's letters can, nevertheless, still delight the young and move the old. They even now, after this lapse of time, appear to us full of grace and goodness, truth and trust, beauty and beneficence, as we pore over them delightedly to-day, and seek to construct from their full, their lively, their touching, their striking "outcome," as the case may be, a structure of thought, affection, and poesy, graceful in its culture, and grateful in its totality to the inner heart and being of us all. Indeed, perhaps no more realistic representation of what constitutes the "To Agathon" of life, its intense sympathy, its living earnestness, has ever been offered to our inquisitive and callous race than the one so graciously presented by that most moving writer, who "stirs," as some one has said, "the pulses of our common humanity," and who has been able, by her own grace, and goodness, and intellect combined,—by the effective passages of her marvellous pen,—to invest the common ideas of common life, its onward flow of duty, interest, affection, pain, pleasure, pity, love, with a soul of living fire, and to place before us in verbiage ever striking, and if unartificial most subduing, all the best feelings of the human heart, and all the most gracious sensibilities of domestic affection.

* Madame de Sévigné. By Mrs. Richmond Ritchie. Blackwood & Sons.

And then what pictures of the old past of France! its court and courtiers, its "grand monarque," and the petty incidents of every day existence, the habits of thought and fashion current in another generation, in another land,—are we able to bring out, one by one, from the crowded canvas before us.

The king himself is there, "great in his littleness and little in his greatness"; and Versailles, in all its magnificence, and Parisian and French life in all their good and evil—their prodigality and their parsimony, their magnificence and their squalor, their realism and their heartlessness—are admirably depicted for us.

That Louis XIV. had fine natural powers, though most badly educated, no one can fairly deny, we think; and that he was probably a greater and a better ruler, after all, than in the reaction of revolutionary thought we are sometimes willing to concede to-day, we think is also the fact. And yet that picture of absolute irresponsibility has something in it both sad and fearful, inasmuch as you seem to catch glimpses here and there of an under-current of thought, and dissatisfaction, and anger at work which forced fair France, its court and people, into the heartrending throes of an implacable and godless revolution one day.

Louis himself had outlived those "hours of folly and passion," when poor Louise de la Valliere could charm, or Madame de Montespan could domineer.

The crowd of favourite "sultanas" which had swayed his impetuous and ill-trained youth had long since given way to the mature iron rule of Madame de Maintenon, to whom Louis had been privately married, and who once the beautiful wife of the witty and profligate Scarron, had succeeded in captivating the ageing monarch, and had successfully set up that *régime* of Jesuit intrigue and hopeless fanaticism which was preparing, though at a distance still, fearful troubles and mournful ignominy for the court and people alike.

St. Simon, in his wondrous "Memoirs," has given us an account of the same epoch, and as we seek to ponder over it, or to draw from his sarcastic epigrams, or Madame de Sévigné's lighter touches, the picture as it stands before us now in all its certainty, clearness, reliability, and reality, it is one, we think, which must distress rather than delight, depress rather than cheer, alarm rather than edify every thoughtful student of so many vanished personages, so many vanished scenes.

Marie de Babutin Chantal was born in 1626, the only surviving daughter of an old Burgundian family, once great in the old chateau of Bourbilly, with countless quarterings on their coat of arms of Rabutins, and Chantals, and other noble families, and even the royal family of Denmark. In addition to this, the family had the privilege of claiming a canonized saint, a certain Jeanne Madame de Chantal, the friend of Francis de Sales and Vincent de Paul. Her son, tho Baron de Chantal, married, it seems, a pretty and pious heiress, Marie de Coulanges, and in 1626 was born their second and surviving child, Marie de Chantal, better known in after life as the Marquise de Sévigné. Her father was killed at the island of Rhé, fighting against the English with great gallantry when only thirty-one. His little daughter was then not more than one year old, and as her gentle mother, who would not re-marry, died herself not long after, the poor little orphan, now an heiress, was sent to her maternal grandfather and grandmother. Thus she grows up, motherless, and brotherless, and sisterless—a poor little lonely "waif" cast on the rough shores of life. The good grandfather and grandmother ere long also in turn passed away, and were buried in the church of the Minimes, in the Place Royale, Paris, where the heart of her father and the body of mother were interred.

Happily for herself and for us, after some debate in that mischievous institution the "Conseil de Famille," Marie de Chantal was confided to the

care of her natural uncle, the Abbé de Coulanges, who took her with him to his "abbaye de Livry," and became to her indeed a true friend and guide for many eventful years. She always terms him "le Bienbon."

Probably the happiest hours of her own life were spent at Livry, where she grew up a charming young woman, receiving, happily, an admirable education, which afterwards bore sweet good fruit. At eighteen she is described as most "lovely"—an heiress, surrounded with numerous admirers, and among them her cousin, the notorious Bussy Rabutin; and then all of a sudden a marriage is arranged between this fascinating heiress and the rich and good-looking young Marquis de Sévigné, allied with the highest families in France including that of "Duguesclin," and in 1644, August 4th, the young couple are married in the Church of St. Gervais and St. Protais at Paris. Thus ends happily the first chapter of Madame de Sévigné's eventful life. The second, alas, does not close so well.

For some time all went cheerily with the young couple, for theirs was a "mariage d'affection," and they seem to have led a very contented and enjoyable life, and to have had a very flourishing "menage" both in Brittany and at Paris.

But, alas, evil days soon came on—the blue sky became overclouded.

The charming and loving wife, clever, graceful, devoted, whom everyone admired but her own husband (though he did, no doubt, in a way), was deserted for long and weary hours. Her husband had come under the baneful influence of a certain well-known, "Ninon de L'Enclos," on whom he wasted large sums of his own and his wife's fortune, and for whom he neglected the wife who lived only for him.

A daughter was born to them in the autumn of 1646, and in the March of 1648, the birth of a second child, a son, afterwards the Marquis de Sévigné, took place. In 1651, five years after their marriage, her husband was slain in a duel by the Chevalier d'Albret, a deed unlamented apparently except by his ever faithful wife. The poor grieving widow then took refuge with her good old uncle, and who, happily for her, lived until 1687, nine years only before her own death. Henceforth, refusing all offers of marriage, she devoted herself to the education of her children and the payment of her husband's debts.

She was still young, beautiful, clever, fond of society and intellectual culture, and at one time proved the delight of a congenial circle of famous literati and graceful dames. But all this she gave up, for some years living in absolute retirement.

There are many descriptions of her in her corporeal and mental charms, all no doubt perfectly true and life-like. Some of us who read old French poetry may remember some lines of "Montreuil," which Mrs. Ritchie gives us. They were written on seeing her play at "Blindman's Buff."

De toutes les facons vous avez le droit de plaire,
 Mais surtout vous savez nous charmer,
 Voyant vos yeux bandés, on vous prend pour l'Amour,
 Les voyant deconverts, on vous prend pour sa Mère.

Mrs. Ritchie adds "the original has not lost by the change," and then sets before us a translation by Mr. Hallam Tennyson, which all will admire:—

Your right is to enthrall,
 You charm in every way;
 But surely most of all,
 You charm us all to-day.

Your blind-fold eyes we see,
 And deem you Love—none other,
 Your blind-fold eyes we free,
 And lo! you are Love's Mother.

Some of us may like to have recalled to mind here General Fitzpatrick's lines on the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire :—

Quis Dea sublimi vehitur per compita curru ?

An Juno, an Pallas, an Venus ipsa redit ?

Si genus aspicias Juno est, si dicta Minerva,

Si spectes oculos, Mater amoris erit.

What goddess is this we see borne by ?

Does Juno, or Pallas, or Venus return from the skies ?

The voice is like Juno, the words are Minerva's,

But the Mother of Love shines forth in those eyes.

But, as we know, Madame de Sévigné's life was given up to her children and friends, and especially her daughter, whom she liked to term the "prettiest girl in France," who became the charming Madame de Grignan, and to whom most of her letters were addressed. Her happy letters from the Hotel Carnavalet, Paris, and from "Les Rochers," Brittany, are indeed most interesting and touching in themselves, and may be well termed "classic," in that they preserve amid the graces of an unequalled style and charm of expression, both exquisite and marvellous, all the truer and better feelings of the human mind and heart. So life-like are they that we almost fancy we can see her penning them in her little boudoir in the Hotel Carnavalet, or behold her waiting for the letter carrier at a turn of the road near "Les Rochers." Some have made a pilgrimage to spots thus dear to tender memory and noble sentiment, the aspirations of duty, the reality of sympathy, and we think they are right.

We will only add that no one can form a just idea of Madame de Sévigné who does not read her letters in the original French, though in truth unequalled in any language for perfection of style and verity of sentiment, as well as the warmth and life of undimmed and undying affection.

Madame de Sévigné, after a most real and true existence, died in 1696. The last letter is dated March 29th, and on April 10th she went to her rest, suffering from an attack of small-pox, then mostly a fatal disorder, superinduced apparently by careful but exhausting watching at the bedside of her daughter Madame de Grignan. Happily for the world and for us all her letters have been preserved, and thus most effectively, in all the reality, truthfulness, and gracefulness of intellect and affection, still set before us her own noble, high-minded character, and can still affect and interest, and delight and edify another and a grateful generation.

A MASONIC SONNET.

BY BRO. GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL.

BROTHERS, if we would all be Masons true—
 In public and in private strove to be
 Faithful unto the principles which we
 Are taught in our tyled lodges, they would imbue
 Our minds with all which tends to elevate
 The man above the brute. A phalanx firm,
 Standing unmoved by every raging storm
 Of worldly cares or wickedness, our state
 Would then be one of peace with God and man.
 All that is pure and lovely would be ours,
 And we should feel within us nobler powers
 Of thought and action than we ever can
 So much as dream of, marching to our graves
 Mere slothful, sinful, worldly-minded slaves.

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

OUR venerable friend, the *Gentleman's Magazine*, has in its September issue an excellent alternation of poetry and prose. Mr. Montgomerie Ranking has a learned article, entitled "Where was King Stephen Buried?" containing much speculative matter worthy of careful consideration. Swinburne contributes a poem in twenty-five eight line verses, eulogistic of Victor Hugo, perfect in metre and rhythm, but evincing more of the spirit of the admirer than of the judicious critic. Among other entertaining papers is one from the pen of Mr. W. Davenport Adams, dealing with the "Poetry of Parody" in lucid style. The writer enters into his theme at considerable length and with great force and clearness.

Mr. John Russell Waller, F.R.H.S., an author and journalist of some reputation in the north of England, has just published a volume of verse through Mr. George Richardson, of Bedlington, under the title of "Wayside Flowers." Mr. Waller some time since gave the world a similar work called "Unstrung Links," which contains some very pretty poetry. This latest effort of his muse shows greater vigour and maturity, some of the pieces being finely finished, and abounding in pleasing imagery. Mr. Waller dedicates his work to Mr. Joseph Cowen, M.P.

We regret to notice that Mr. Horace Weir, under whose guidance the *Illustrated Phonographic Meteor* has been raised into the foremost position among stenographic serials, is retiring from the editorial chair of that now excellent magazine.

The *Phonographic Monthly*, a magazine of literature and art, presided over by Mr. William Goddard, has among its contents a readable article by Enford Stanley, descriptive of a "Visit to Verulam." Mr. Stanley is a ready and graphic writer, and, but for his proneness to "point the moral and adorn the tale," might make a successful magazinist. The rest of the articles are fairly meritorious, a poem by George Brown, entitled "Fairy Fancies," calling for special mention. The magazine contains a profusion of illustrations, some of them of a pleasing and artistic character, while one or two are remarkable for the manner in which they ignore the first principles of art. The editor will do well to keep out these productions of amateur welders of the pencil for the future. The phonographic printing is admirably executed.

A new magazine, called *English Etchings*, issued by Mr. W. Reeve (of 185, Fleet-street), is being highly spoken of by all admirers of excellence in art. A series of interesting etchings of nooks and corners of old London is announced, which should increase the already large circulation of this commendable periodical.

Mr. Dante G. Rosetti had the subjoined pretty sonnet in a recent number of the *Athenæum* :—

PRIDE OF YOUTH.

Even as a child of sorrow that we give
 The dead, but little in his heart can find,
 Since without need of thought to clear his mind
 Their turn it is to die and his to live :—
 Even so the winged New Love smiles to receive
 Along his eddying plumes the auroral wind,
 Nor, forward glorying, casts one look behind
 Where night-rack shrouds the Old Love fugitive.

There is a change in every hour's recall,
 And the last cowslip in the fields we see
 On the same day with the first corn-poppay.
 Alas for hourly change! Alas for all
 The loves that from his hands proud Youth lets fall,
 Even as the beads of a told rosary.

The twelfth quarterly number of *Leisure*, quite equal in every respect to the high standard attained by its predecessors, has just reached us. With the current issue comes the title page and index to the first volume, which is worthy of a place in any well-selected library. From its establishment *Leisure* has borne unmistakable evidence of careful editorial control, many of the stories and lighter articles have been contributed by writers of well established fame, the essays and descriptive papers have always been entertaining and instructive, and the poetry has been remarkably good; indeed, in this respect, the magazine has been much superior to serials of wider celebrity.

Land, commenced by the enterprising firm of Cassell, Petter, and Galpin some time ago as a high-class weekly newspaper for all having landed interest, is a great success from every point of view. It has reached a large circulation, and gives great satisfaction to its multitudinous readers, being now the recognised authority on matters appertaining to the soil. *Land* is very well edited, its news notes are smartly and concisely written, and there are a number of special articles of great interest in each issue. Altogether *Land* fills what was before a blank in the ranks of journalism in a manner pleasing to all concerned.

Speaking of *Land* reminds us that a new and important provincial paper is about to be issued under the title of the *Lancashire, Cheshire, and Wales Gazette*. This journal is to make a *specialite* of land and agricultural questions, and will, doubtless, become the organ of the farming and land agency interest in the large district included in its radius. The paper is being floated on quite an extensive scale, all the official advertisements of the County Palatine and the Welsh borders having been already secured for its columns. The proprietary are announcing attractive literary features to ensure for the *Gazette* popularity in the household of the country gentleman. Among other arrangements, a series of popular stories from the pen of Mr. Horace Weir, entitled "Newspaper Romances," are to appear.

"A Week at Oban: What to see and how to see it," is the title of a charming book which has reached us from the publishing house of Mr. Thomas Grey, Glasgow and Edinburgh. The author (Mr. Stewart, a Glasgow journalist) must not be confounded with the ordinary run of guide book writers. He has an easy, graceful style, and says what he has to say in a manner that is as picturesque as it is pleasant. "A Week at Oban" should be in the hands of all who contemplate paying a visit to the delightful "land of Lorne."

Mr. Thomas B. Trowsdale is engaged upon a new work descriptive of striking phases in the lives of our forefathers, to be entitled "Glimpses of Olden England." Advanced sheets of the work are to appear simultaneously in the columns of a number of county newspapers. The chapters are written in a popular form, with a view to compel the interest of everyday readers in the doings of the "good old days." It is a source of gratification to observe the increasing attention given by the provincial press to matters historical, proving, as it does, that this branch of literature is not unappreciated by the masses.

Bro. George W. Plant announces the special winter number of *Society*, which is to be styled "Sleigh Bells." Should this *avant courier* of Christmas

annuals be half as interesting as the preceding holiday issues of this sparkling serial, to wit "Round the Fireside," and "Midsummer Dreams," its readers may anticipate a treat.

Thomas Cooper, the one-time radical reformer and freethought champion, but better known for his lengthy poems "The Purgatory of Suicides" and "The Paradise of Martyrs," has had conferred upon him a gift of £300 from the Royal Bounty. This graceful recognition of literary worth has been further supplemented by admirers of Mr. Cooper to an extent sufficient to secure him a life annuity of £100.

Cassell's are about to issue an "Illustrated Universal History," which has been in preparation for some years past. It will be issued in serial form.

Mr. William Andrews, F.R.H.S., has concluded arrangements for the appearance in the columns of the *Ashton Reporter* of a series of papers dealing with local popular antiquities, to be headed "Gleanings of Lancashire Lore."

Messrs. J. R. Osgood and Co., the enterprising publishers of Boston, U.S., are about to bring out an elegant edition of Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass," without any expurgations, the author having made this a condition of the contract. Many new poems will be included. Dr. Bucke, of Ontario, says, the *New York Critic* is just now engaged upon a life of the "good gray poet." Walt Whitman's many admirers here in England will hail this announcement with pleasure.

Mr. Andrew Lang, the author of a charming collection of *vers de societe* called "XXXII. Ballades in Blue China," has the following lines in a recent issue of the *St. James's Gazette*, in celebration of the joys of the æsthetic brotherhood:—

Here, where the hawthorn pattern
On flawless cup and plate
Need fear no housemaid slattern,
Fell minister of fate;
'Mid webs divinely woven,
And helms and hauberks cloven,
On music of Beethoven
We dream and meditate.

We know not, and we need not
To know how mortals fare;
Of Bills that pass, or speed not,
Time finds us unaware;
Yea, creeds and codes may crumble,
And Dilke and Gladstone stumble,
And eat the pie that's humble;
We neither know nor care.

The September number of *Macmillan* has a deeply interesting article anent the late Dean Stanley, from the pen of his cousin, Mr. Augustus J. C. Hare, author of "Memorials of a Quiet Life." The early life of the much-regretted and estimable Dean is chiefly dealt with.