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# Freemason

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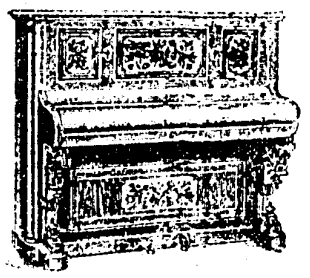

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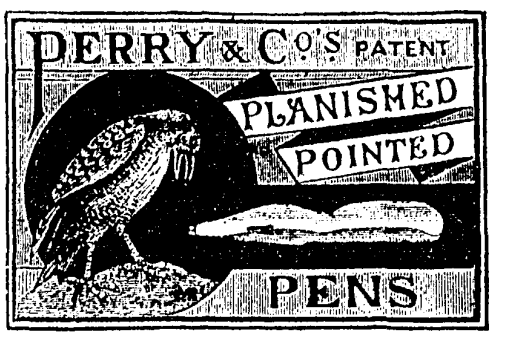


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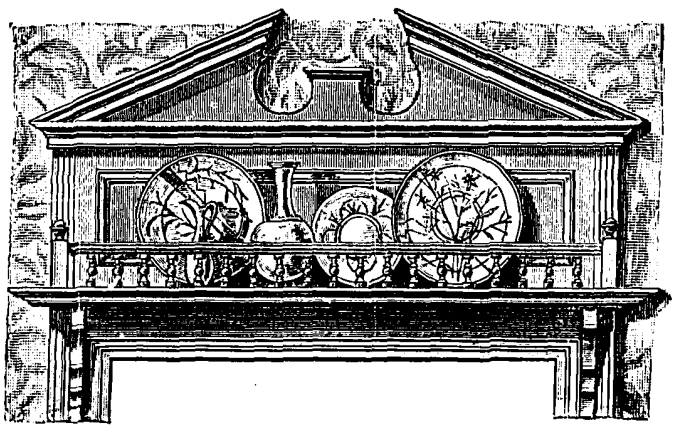

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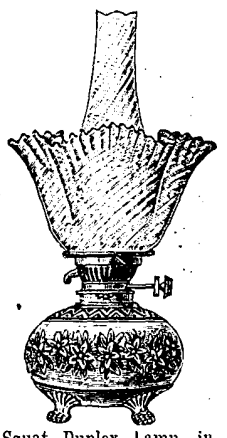

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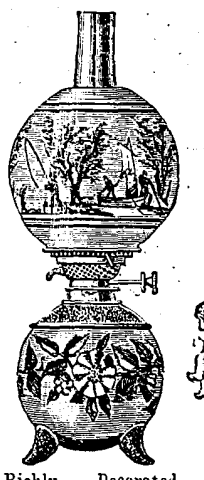

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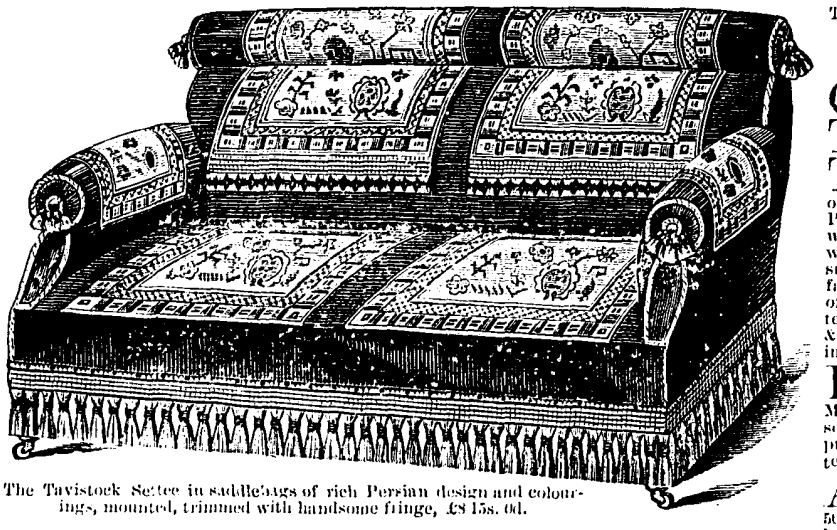

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# The Christmas Number of The "Freemason."

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1889. [PRICE SIXPENCE.

## Christmas on the Capitol.

BY GEORGE GISSING.

*Author of "Thyrza," "Demos," &c., &c.*



YET another Rome that is perishing. Upon the lips of her inhabitants, the name sounds as it ever did; but from the day of the square-walled stronghold on the Palatine to this of the modern capitol, proud of every most modern ugliness, how many a time has the abiding city transformed and renewed herself—so long embodying in her successive existences the progress of the western world and now at length sacrificed in the struggle not to fall behind the age. Once more has the name a new significance; the Rome which is familiar to our imagination from many a modern page, the Rome of Papal Christianity, will soon be little more than tradition.

On my way to St. Peter's, on Christmas morning, I would gladly have thought of other things than *il progresso*, but it was impossible. At every step the change, rapid and inexorable, forces itself upon one's attention. To live in Rome at present is much the same as inhabiting a house in process of reconstruction; everywhere is the squalor of demolished buildings, the gaunt newness of edifices as big and as unsightly as modern enterprise can make them. It would matter comparatively little that all about the Piazza di Spagna spreads a town scarcely to be distinguished from parts of London; one is prepared to find the tract of English and American tourists marked with the commonplace and the ignoble. But in every quarter the same activity presents itself. Not an ancient ruin that can be viewed without a background of to-day's hideousness; one must get far out into the Campagna if one would escape torturing incongruities and be at peace with the Rome one desires to know. Commercial knavery is said to be responsible for much of the building that goes on, and indeed I noticed everywhere on the walls an instructive proclamation of the *sindaco*, bidding contractors remove by a certain date the scaffolding from numerous buildings on which work was suspended. More interesting, however, was the announcement, at a lecture delivered before the British Archæological Society, that the municipal authorities have it in mind to construct an iron bridge across the middle of the Roman Forum, to facilitate traffic. "Thereupon," said the newspaper report, "an exclamation of pained astonishment broke from the whole assembly." But the time for such exclamations is gone by.

"*Roma capitale d'Italia*,"—Rome the capital of Italy; that is the phrase which the progressist Italian delights to repeat, and which sums the transition from the old order to the new. Eighteen years have sufficed for the transformation of the city. Roman nobles and ecclesiastics, by eagerly disposing of their landed property to speculative purchasers, have hastened the process of development. Italy is bent on declaring to the world that she has at length made definite breach with the Middle Ages and is prepared to keep on a level with the other States of Europe, friendly or hostile. As with the capital, so with the other cities, everywhere the Italian is impatient of all that has hitherto made his country's charm for those who dwell amid the clangour of commercial prosperity. "Italy" will have a new and strange sound for the ears of the next generation.

To grumble is no doubt irrational enough. It seems to be the law of advance that all peace and beauty shall perish out of the world, and the Italians cannot be expected to keep their country as a museum for the *forestieri*. One may lament, for instance, that the most picturesque part of Naples will shortly disappear, and its place be taken by a town built on sanitary principles; but it can scarcely be asked that a population should face perpetual epidemics to spare the artist's eye. There is no way out of it, as things are ordered; we must be content to remember what was.

And on Christmas morning, crossing the Tiber towards St. Peter's, it is with Rome, the capital of Christianity, that one's thoughts are busy. I passed the bridge of Ripetta, and traversed the district which is—or was—named the Castle Meadows; a little while ago it made a broad division of green land between the hill of the Vatican and that part of Rome where strangers mostly dwell. Now it is being rapidly covered with houses of the familiar modern kind. In this encroachment, there is a peculiar significance. Beyond there, amid the priceless treasures of his palace, which by compact with the State is an independent possession, and forms no part of the Italian territory—there, with the Castle of St. Angelo, once the papal bulwark, frowning against him, sits Pope Leo XIII., at odds with destiny. Between him and the capital of Italy is feud irreconcilable; at his accession he did not even bestow the wonted blessing upon the people; in their view he is supported in his futile claims by Foreign Powers which look askance on the results of Italian unity; he is the enemy within their gates. And, day by day, Rome is spreading, spreading towards that hill of St. Peter; the new Rome, which has no mercy for its own past, which is impatient of mediæval incongruities. These barrack-like houses have more meaning than was in the mind of their architect.

The great ceremonies of the Church are no more. Within St. Peter's I sought in vain for that which could support a mood proper to the place and the season. There was music in the Chapel of the Choir; at many an altar the Christmas offices were being celebrated; but too plainly everything was only the feble echo of past sincerities. Amid the crowd of people scattered over the vast temple there were, I doubt not, worshippers; but the great majority were merely curious. Worst of all was the prominence of foreign visitors—German, American, English—who discussed the ceremonies in loud tones and with happy freedom of comment. In their hands were the volumes of Baedeker and Murray.

Perhaps in places less obvious lingered more of the Roman Christmas. Eventually, I chanced upon such a corner, and witnessed a ceremony which is at all events quaint enough to rescue one from the present; not wholly without jarring notes—but I will tell you about it.

The hill of the Capitol can be ascended, from the north side, by three ways. There is the direct ascent for pedestrians, by which you climb speedily to the Piazza del Campidoglio—the Piazza which was planned by Michael Angelo—and in the midst of which stands the bronze equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius. To the right of this statue is the winding course by which carriages go up. To the left are the marble stairs whereby you ascend to the church of Ara Coeli—long ago called St. Mary on the Capitol. Let us take this last.

The steps to be mounted number a hundred and twenty-four; the marble of which they are made was taken from the ruins of the temple of Quirinus something more than five hundred years ago. The aspect of the building above would by no means tempt one to the labour of climbing so far, for, as is so often the case with Italian churches, this of Ara Coeli has an unfinished façade; it was once adorned with mosaics, but for a long time has shown nothing but plain grey bricks, as unsightly a front as well could be. Those who come hither to worship are for the most part poor people, and it struck me as symbolically appropriate that the approach should be by a laborious stairway. In this world, for those who possess nothing, everything is made difficult and wearisome, and it expresses a hard truth when those of poor estate have to weary themselves before they can reach the place where they may for a little while lay down their earthly burdens, and make appeal to a justice other than that of man.

This afternoon the steps are thronged with people. Not only with those who are going up to, or coming down from, the church. A sort of fair is being held on them, and numbers of men are crying out the things they have for sale. Chiefly one notices little

figures of the infant Jesus, the *Bambino* in Italian, which are much purchased; for at Ara Coeli (it belongs to the order of Reformed Franciscans, the Grey Friars) there is held, from Christmas to Epiphany, a Festival of the Holy Child, and to it come the peasantry from the Campagna as well as the poor of Rome. Here, too, you may purchase the *lunario* of the new year, an antiquated almanack, full of curious rhymes and riddles. Pastry and sweets are, of course, laid out temptingly. But the sellers of *Bambini* have the most custom; you see mothers picking out those that look the prettiest for the children who accompany them. Very gentle and affectionate they are, these mothers of the Roman poor; one overhears the most wonderful words of endearment on their lips, that poetry of the South which atones for so many faults, and which contrasts so strongly with the inarticulate utterance of our own uneducated.

The scene is a lively one when the top is reached, and you look back. From here, too, there is a good view down into the Piazza of the Capitol, and over much of modern Rome. But let us join the cluster of people at the door, and with them pass under the lifted curtain.

The interior of the church itself is very interesting, but cannot be seen aright at this time, when much of it is hidden beneath the Christmas drapery. The columns, some of granite, some of marble, which divide the nave from the aisles, were brought hither by the architects from ruined temples of the old gods; they are of different sizes, of different orders, and of necessity rest on pedestals of varying height. The floor is not easy to walk upon, especially in the dusk of evening, for its mosaic work is thickly set with monumental slabs, whereon is sculpture in high relief; every now and then one stumbles over the effigy of some long-forgotten churchman. There are no paintings of the first importance, but a great deal of admirable carving, and among the tombstones you may mark with gratitude that of the man to whom is due the discovery of the "Laocoon," the fact being hereon worthily recorded. However, it is to more modern points of interest that we are just now paying attention. Walking along the left aisle, we notice a curious proof of the reality their religion still has for some of the poor people who come here to worship. Between two of the chapels the wall is completely covered with the rudest and often most grotesque little oil paintings, each one commissioned and hung here, in token of devout thankfulness, by some nameless person, who has survived a great peril, or, perchance, has seen rescued from the like someone near and dear. The pictures represent, generally very much in the fashion of a schoolboy drawing on his slate, all manner of escapes from risk of death; the greater number are concerned with accidents with vehicles, which would seem of common occurrence in Rome. Then there are children falling out of windows, mothers rescuing their babies from burning houses, catastrophies with firearms—all sorts of mishaps and calamities, and in each case you see depicted in an upper corner of the picture either the Madonna or some familiar saint in the act of exercising protection. At the foot are inscribed the three letters, "P.G.R.," which stand for the Italian words, "per Grazia Ricevuta"—"For Grace Received."

But clearly the chief point of attention to-day is the chapel a little further on in the same aisle, the second from the entrance. It is towards this that the people are thronging. And, indeed, it presents a singular, at the first glance a startling, appearance.

The chapel, in fact, has been converted into the stage of a theatre, framed with a proscenium imitating rugged rock; within is arranged a tableau—still to use theatrical language—representing the adoration of the Holy Child by the shepherds and the Magi. In an open hut, allowing a view of hilly country in the background, sits the Virgin, a life-sized figure arrayed in bright-coloured vestments, and on her lap is the wooden image of the *Bambino*, the great treasure of the church of Ara Cœli. The story goes that this image was carved by a devout Christian and subsequently coloured by St. Luke; it possesses miraculous powers, chiefly exercised in healing the sick, to whose houses it is often solemnly borne. The gratitude of the pious has adorned it from head to foot with gold and precious stones. I say from head to foot, but in truth feet it has none; a very rude effigy, cone-shaped down from the shoulders. But the golden crown that gleams upon its head, and the lustre of rich ornaments all over its body may attract the eyes of the simple people who crowd hither to kneel before the chapel; for my own part, I found something touching in its combined rudeness and magnificence, aided by the thought of the generations of toiling and untaught men and women, who have been raised into a world of beautiful belief by dwelling upon its legend and its significance.

Grouped about, in kneeling attitudes, are figures of the Shepherds and the Eastern Kings; sheep and other animals, reasonably life-like, stand here and there, giving much joy to the children who come to gaze. Above hang wreaths of clouds, with adoring angels; and highest of all is seen the Eternal Father, bending earthwards. The whole is brightly illuminated with concealed candles, producing a capital scenic effect.

How else should one speak of it? The kindly peasants of the Campagna are purely child-like in their thoughts of religion, and have nothing in common with the grave northern spirit. It touches them and awakens all their better feelings, this which you would call a paltry and unbecoming show. All the Italians are child-worshippers; the word *Bambino*, so common upon their lips, always sounds with a peculiar tenderness; they make pretty diminutives of it, they are fond of continuing its use until the child has passed far beyond babyhood. It does one good to watch the family groups that press forward to have a long look at the scene; one hears pleasant laughter, anything but irreverent, and gentle affectionate words interchanged between young and old; one sees a mother finding a space to kneel and teaching her little one to kneel by her and whisper a petition to the Holy Child. I could not help thinking of certain cold, dark churches in London, and of the hapless English toilers who would never dream of going there for comfort.

But here, close at hand, is something yet more curious, something that smacks yet more strangely of the old world. Turn your back upon the chapel, and you will witness, perhaps, the quaintest scene that a Roman Christmas can still offer.

Directly opposite the illuminated tableau, against the first pillar on the right of the nave, has been constructed a little carpet-covered platform, some five feet above the ground. Round about this is a considerable gathering of people, with numbers of children; they are listening to a little girl, perhaps six years old, who is reciting a long piece of poetry. Wonderful to watch and hear this little creature! By no conceivable training could an English child of this age be taught so to deliver verses with such delightful self-possession, such clearness of delivery, such amusing precocity of gesture. The piece she is speaking is a simple and pretty story of the events at Bethlehem; it is written in rhyming couplets, and in the measure of "Hiawatha." How distinctly at this moment I can hear the child's voice! Not in the least strained, yet perfectly audible to all the listeners: the sweet Italian words, made yet sweeter upon the baby lips, falling like the music of a summer streamlet. Upon every face there was a smile, but a good, kind smile, which one is the happier and better for seeing. And at the end of the piece of poetry came a prayer, still in the same verse, addressed to the *Bambino Santissimo*. The child knelt when she began it, and put her hands together, and fixed her eyes upon the wooden image with its crown and its jewels. The prayer finished, she sprang up at once, made a curtsey to the audience, and by friendly hands was lifted down from the platform.

A murmur of approbation, of affectionate applause, went through the crowd. The women looked at each other and laughed quietly, and seemed proud of the child's success. They were all women of the poorest class, either *contadine* (peasants), or from the obscure quarters of Rome; and among them was to be noted many a striking face, the kind of face one would wish to see on canvas, beautiful in the way which suggests noble, even heroic, possibilities. The young faces interested me less than those of the old; in the former there was often enough a rare charm, but it seemed as if age and experience were needed to bring out the significance inherent in this type of feature. The older men, too, frequently possessed a remarkable dignity of countenance; and their figures showed well in the rough long cloaks. But in matter of costume one found little that was noteworthy; the coloured handkerchiefs on the women's heads were picturesque and of the locality, but the fatal influence of modern commerce showed itself even in the poorest—most deplorably so in the case of the children. Those who had been prepared for recitations were too often decked out with a vulgar smartness which reminded one of England's plebeians. Well, one must forget that, and be thankful for the sweet child voices and the Italian music and the spirit of simple goodness.

The reciters were nearly all girls, and seldom much more than nine years old. When a little boy made his appearance on the platform, he was sure to prove comparatively a bungler; he came forward in a half shamefaced way, and spoke mechanically, and, in short, had no business to be there at all. Now and then it happened that a little girl could not pluck up courage to face the crowd; mother or sister would lift her on to the platform, and she would make her bow, and even speak a few words, but there came the choking in the throat and stammering and abashed hiding of the face. Many would be the efforts made to encourage her, but to no purpose, and then one saw her take final refuge in mother's arms, where she was received with just a little disappointment, but none the less with tender comforting, and assurance of undiminished faith. These were the rare exceptions. For the most part, an astonishing self-confidence was exhibited. And the word must be understood in its best sense. The children simply behaved as though none but a few of those they knew and loved were present; they enjoyed speaking their pieces, and in some instances were very ready to give them a second time, —in which case, by-the-bye, one observed how careful had been their instruction, every tone and gesture being exactly the same as in the first delivery.

It appealed strongly to one's humanity, this spectacle of children addressing a child; easy to see that the fathers and mothers present were moved by just this aspect of the observance. Appraise the religious value of such a practice at as low a rate as you will, it is yet certain that these little Roman maidens will grow up with a memory and an association in their hearts which can scarcely be fruitful of anything but pure thoughts and gentle pieties.

But I must describe to you in more detail one incident of the ceremony. This was nothing less than a sort of "miracle play," a dialogue presented by two little girls of exceptional sweetness and cleverness. When they appeared upon the platform one of them leaned her head against the pillar, feigning to be asleep—they were shepherds watching their flock by night. The companion of the sleeper presently becomes aware of a strange and wonderfully bright star: she gives a description of its splendour, and at length awakes the second shepherd, that they may look and marvel together. There follows a long conversation between the two, and in the end they are guided by heavenly voices to the manger of Bethlehem. Then both fall to their knees and worship the *Bambinello*, finally offering prayers for their parents and relatives and for their own guidance in life.

This dialogue delighted the audience, and with reason. It was charmingly done, with delightful grace, with an indescribably

touching ingenuousness. The verses were throughout of extreme simplicity, with scarcely a word or a thought that might not have come spontaneously to the children's lips. And not the least wonderful thing was the effort of memory involved in the performance, which occupied at least twenty minutes; never a slip or an instant's hesitation from beginning to end.

Whilst these things were in progress at the lower end of the church, in the choir had begun the celebration of vespers, but this caused no interruption. The two ceremonies went on concurrently. When the singing grew loud, the children raised the pitch of their voices, so as still to be heard. There was constant accession to the throng within the church; people moved hither and thither, now listening to the recitations, now regarding the illumined picture in the chapel, now kneeling for a few minutes to participate in the evening office. As dusk fell, numerous candles were lighted in front of the various altars; the scene grew still more impressive amid this blending of uncertain rays.

I had moved away from the platform, but was recalled by the sound of a voice considerably louder and more mature than those to which my ear had become accustomed; at the same time a movement among the straying people indicated that some fresh attraction had offered itself. On drawing near I saw that the stage was occupied by a girl of at least twelve years old, and of appearance far less sympathetic than the younger ones who had preceded her; she was self-conscious in pose and utterance, and her tones had a disagreeable hardness. Unfortunately these points were only too much in harmony with the matter of her recitation. This, I soon found, was a prose sermon, and the very last kind of sermon that should have been delivered at such a season and by such lips. The production, doubtless, of some unwisely zealous priest, it aimed at justifying the Christian religion against modern disbelief. The arguments were painfully trite, and all their conventional feebleness was emphasised by the accents of triumphant infallibility in which the child had been taught to display them. She went through a long list of recorded miracles, the object of which had been to supply evidence of the truth of Christianity; then, passing to the present, bore witness that the signs and tokens of Heaven's power were still abundantly manifest to those who wished to read them. One rhetorical passage which occurred twice or thrice remains in my memory—partly because the manner in which it was thrown forth made it disagreeably like burlesque. *Tace Dio? Dio non tace; favella!* "And is God silent? God is not silent; he speaketh!" But the culmination of impropriety and absurdity was reached in a period which began: *O congiarati filosofanti!* "O ye philosophers conspired together!" With dramatic gesture and accent the child fulminated against those who in our day deem themselves wise, and gave them to understand that she, from the vantage ground of her simplicity and her pure-mindedness, championed the faith against all such accursed foes. Finally, as in the other instances, came a prayer to the Holy Child: "May Thy blessing descend upon all, and especially upon my parents and relatives." The whole oration was long enough to have made a respectable sermon in a real pulpit, but the constantly increasing audience followed it with close attention. As soon as the girl rose from her knees and made her curtsey, there broke out a chorus of "Brava! Brava!"

Here was the utterly false note, the intrusion of modernism into what had thus far been so pleasant in its old-world naïveté. And I think I am not wrong in saying that the "Brava!" of the audience was worth just as little as the harangue itself. Not many days previous to this I had conversed with an Italian gentleman on the religious state of his country; his matter-of-fact remark was, "We have no religion." As regards Italy in general, there can be small doubt that he spoke the truth. These peasants gathered in Ara Cœli still have a faith, however, and the more pity to hear them applauding its unworthy defence against something they did not in the least understand.

Sorry not to have missed this detail, I quitted the church. The hour drew towards sunset; I stepped aside to the corner of the little terrace, and stood for a long time looking westward, watching the colours of the sky. Crowds of people still came and went, ascending and descending the long marble stairs. The almanack vendors, the sellers of *Bambini* and of pastry still cried their goods; night began to darken over Rome.

But before going my way, I again lifted the heavy curtain of the door and re-entered the building. There was now no daylightwithin; the recitations had come to an end, the choir was empty, and only a glimmer of tapers showed the forms of those who moved between the draped pillars. As to the tableau of the chapel, it had vanished; doors were drawn together in front of it. I was just in time, however, to witness its momentary reappearance. Two of the Franciscan brothers, one holding a candle, came down the aisle, pushed back the sliding doors, and stepped up on to the stage, now in gloom; there one of them took the miraculous image from the Madonna's lap, and, turning to the cluster of observers, held it aloft. His companion knelt, so did many of the people. Then they descended, reclosed the chapel, and solemnly bore away the *Bambino* to its wonted place of safety.

So I went out again with the departing crowd, walked down from the Capitol, and northwards towards the Corso. Here was a roar of traffic, and a glare of shop windows; newsboys were crying their papers, very much as they do in London, "*La Riforma! La Riforma!*" There sounded the modern ring again; I had been spending a few hours with the ghost of old Rome, and now must return to the city of the present, to the capital of brand-new Italy, the centre of reform and progress. In the Piazza della Colonna I paused to appreciate this privilege. This square is so named from its centre being occupied by the column of Marcus Aurelius; at present the column is surrounded by globes of the electric light; a favourite lounging place of the Romans. In the evening there are always many groups standing about, discussing affairs and politics and *il progresso*. No better spot for submitting oneself to the strange impressions produced by the Rome of to-day. A monument raised by the Senate in honour of Marcus Aurelius, carved with pictures of his triumphs, and you view it under the electric light. Add the fact that on the summit of the pillar stands a statue of St. Paul, and surely one has matter enough for musing.

Yet, is the new world so very different from the old? One more recollection of this Christmas season by the Tiber.

On an afternoon of delightful warmth and brightness, too precious to be passed within the walls of the Vatican, I rambled idly over the sacred ground of the Forum, and thence to the Coliseum, where, by ruined stairs, I mounted to one of the great arches that look southward. There was scarcely a chance that any other wanderer would seek this spot: in safe solitude I could sit on the mossy travertine, and bask in glorious sunlight, and marvel at the azure above the ruins on the Palatine. Below me was Constantine's Arch. It is built over the *Via Triumphalis*, along which the victorious armies entered old Rome; the road is now called via San Gregorio, and will lead you out to the tomb-bordered Appian way. Before I had been here many minutes I became aware of odd sounds from a field close by—disagreeable, monotonous shoutings of voices in unison, and the occasional harsh cry of someone giving orders. Only too evident what was going on; the field at the Celian hill is a drill-ground, and raw companies were going through their exercises.

The Coliseum a quarried ruin; the triumphs of the Triumphal way only read of in the history of a perished world; but the soil of Rome still sounding under the feet of men being trained to the art of slaughter. Thus far has *il progresso* brought us, and no further. This single fact obscures all others; this one point of similarity makes all differences trivial. So long as the Coliseum hears such sounds as these there is no distinction worth noting between our time and that of Romulus.

# The Mark Master.

By Bro. ROBERT MORRIS, P.G.M.

God trusts to each a portion of His plan,
And doth for honest labor wages give;
Wisdom and time he granteth every man,
And will not idleness and sloth forgive;
The week is waning fast—art thou prepared,
O Laborer, for the Overseer's reward?

Hast thou been waiting in the market here,
Because no man hath hired thee! rise and go!
The sun on the meridian doth appear,
The Master calls thee to his service *now*,
Rise up, and go wherever duty calls,
And build with fervency the Temple walls.

Behold, within the heavenly home above,
One who hath done his life-tasks faithfully;
In the dark quarries all the week he strove,
And "bore the heat and burden of the day;"
So when life's sun passed downward to the West,
Richest refreshment was his lot, and rest.

So shall it be with thee, O toiling one!
However hard thine earthly lot may seem;
It is not long until the set of sun,
And then the past will be a pleasing dream;
The Sabbath to the faithful laborer given,
Is blest companionship, and rest, and heaven.

# Early Records of Lodge, No. 35,

## Cowes, Isle of Wight.

(LONDON 1733—1756.)

ON the 17th February, 1732-3 [1733], a Lodge was constituted at the Theatre Tavern, Mancell Street, Goodman's Fields, London, the original minutes of which are not extant. I have before me, however, a rare old volume of the Records, dating from November 1, 1736, having on the front of the cover the following inscription in gold letters of the period, and another on the back :—

THE GIFT
OF BROTHER
ALEXANDER
BOLTON,
1736.

THEATRE
TAVERN
LODGE BOOK.
: 1736 :

On the same cover of parchment, only above the first mentioned, in text are the words :—

**"A Book containing the Laws and Minutes of the Lodge held at the Sign of the City of Norwich, in Wentworth Street, Spittlefields."**

which doubtless was written about 1752, on the lodge being removed to that house.

Whether the records were preserved of the meetings from 1733 to 1736 is not clear, but the volume begins with what was possibly the first entry, if any such was made, in the premier minute book.

"**Orders, Rules, and Ordinances** to be observed and kept by the Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons held at the House of Brother Philip Huddy, known by the name of the Theatre Tavern in Mancell Street in Goodman's Fields, Constituted on Saturday the *fourteenth* day of February, 1732. The Right Honoble and Rt. Worshipfull Viscount Montague, **Grand Master,** Thomas Batson, Esqr., D.G. Master.

James Rooke, and James Smith, } Esqrs., Grand Wardens.

**Discontinued** from the 24th June, 1734.

**Revived** on Monday, Novemr. 1st, 1736, when the following orders were made :—"

These By-Laws consist of 15 clauses, and were signed by Richard Johnson, *Master*, John Allen and William Lane, *Wardens*, and William Collier, Clifford Wm. Phillips, Alexander Bolton, Thomas Harrison, Elanes Balgay, William Goudge, John Carter, Phillip Huddy, and Benjamin Glanvill.

There were other members, however, as John Stevens is mentioned as the S.W. on the 8th of the same month, but according to the minute of December 13, 1736, he was then only an apprentice, and so also were five others who signed the Regulations.

"The following Brethren this *night* passed Fellow Craft and Master and paid each five shillings into the hands of the Master (viz.), Messrs. John Stevens, Thomas Harrison, Elanes Balgay, William Goudge, John Carter, and Alex. Bolton."

Then, as now, apprentices might be members and so continue for years; the old system being that the "youngest apprentice" had a voice in the management of the Lodge, membership not being restricted to Master Masons as under many Grand Lodges at the present time. England still follows the ancient plan.

The By-Laws provided for—1. Meetings to be held "every second and fourth Monday." 2. Exclusion to follow on the misconduct of any member or visitor. 3. "Free and Accepted Masons" to be made if "well known to one member or more to be a person of virtuous principles and integrity and not a Bond-man; but such as by their own consent are desireous to become Brethren it being contrary to our established Constitutions to persuade or engage any person thereto." 4. Propositions to be made at one regular lodge, ballot taken at the following meeting and election take place if less than five (figure altered) negatives appear. 5. Fee of Two Guineas and one *shilling for "making." "Every Brother* who *shall* pass the Degree of *Fellow Craft** and Master shall pay the further sum of Five shillings." Joining members to pay half a guinea. 6. Subscription of 12s. every half year. 7. Master and Wardens to be chosen every half year, prior to Christmas and Midsummer, but the Wardens to be selected by the R.W.M. 8. Officers and Masters to "*consult the good* and benefit of the Lodge." 9. Presents to be duly entered in the lodge book. 10. Other orders, rules, &c., to be made, if agreed to by a majority of the members. 11. Fee for initiation to be paid on proposition, but returned if ballot is not favourable. 12. Discussion to be in due order. 13. "Playhouse Tickets not to be disposed of in Lodge." 14. Lodge to be closed at or before Ten; and 15. Rules may be perused, and must "be read to every new Brother or member to the end that they may be acquainted therewith."

Eleven brethren were present on Nov. 8th and "paid into the hands of the said Master Four shillings towards the necessary expences of their said Lodge." Four visitors attended, one from a Lodge assembling at the "Bell, Nicholas Lane," two from another meeting at the "3 Tuns, Smithfield," and the third meeting at "Marlborough Hd., Pettyct. Lane."

In order to exhibit the systematic manner in which the transactions were duly noted, the minutes of this period being beautifully written, I have transcribed a complete record of one of the meetings.

"**At a Lodge** held at Brother Huddys on Monday, 13th Decr. 1736.

| Visiting Brethren. | | To what Lodge they belong. |
|---|---|---|
| Messrs. | Bosworth. | Star, Coleman Street. |
| | Bates. | St. John's. |
| | Ellis. | Old Antwerp, behind ye Change. |
| | Gardner. | Ditto. |
| | Beckwith. | Halfmoon, Cheapside. |
| | Collier. | Sun, Fish street hill. |
| | Ellis. | Three Tuns, Smithfield. |

Bretheren of the Lodge present—
Capt. Richard Johnson, Master.
Mr. John Allen, Warden.

Messrs. Philip Huddy. John Stevens. Elanes Balgay. Thomas Harrison. William Goudge. John Carter & Alexr. Bolton.

Brother Head, proposed last Lodge night as within mentioned was Ballotted for, and agree to be admitted a member of this Lodge *nem. con.*, and paid half-a-guinea pursuant to the within order.

The following Bretheren this night passed Fellow Craft and Master, and paid each *five shillings into the hands of the Master*, (viz.), Messrs. John Stevens, Thomas Harrison, Elanes Balgay, William Goudge, John Carter, and Alexr. Bolton.

Mr. William Clarke proposed as within mentioned was this night Ballotted for and agreed *nem. con.* (on the sd. Ballot) that he be made a Mason next Lodge night.

Brother Bolton proposed Brother Bates to be a member of this Lodge (which being seconded), and the order relating to the admitting members of this Lodge being read and agreed to by Brother Bates, ordered that he be Ballotted for the succeeding Lodge night.

Brother Huddy proposed Capt. Benjamin Lyon to be a Mason, which being seconded, and two guineas and one shilling being deposited in the hands of the Master pursuant to the within order, a difficulty arose when the Capt. would be made a Mason (he being to go to sea before a regular Lodge night), the succeeding *Lodge night beg. a quarterly communication of the Bretheren* whereat the Master and Wardens of all regular Lodges are summoned to attend, It was put to the vote when the said Gent should be made. Resolved *nem. con.* That a Lodge might be held next Monday, and that then the Capt. be Ballotted for, and if agreed to that he be then made a Mason.

Resolved also yt. the within named, Mr. William Clarke, ballotted for last lodge night and agreed to be then also made a Mason."

The meeting was held in due course, when "the present Master put in nomination Clifford William Phillipps, Esqr., and Mr. John Stevens, for one of them to succeed him as Master of this Lodge for the succeeding half-year, whereupon a Ballot was had, and thus for

| | |
|---|---|
| Clifford William Phillipps, Esq. ... | 7 |
| Mr. John Stevens ... ... ... | 4 |

Upon which the sd. Cliffd. Wm. Phillips, was declared duly elected Master of this Lodge," &c.

"**At a Lodge** held at Brother Huddys on Monday the tenth day of January 1736 [*i.e.*, 1736-7 old style]. Fifteen members attended and paid twelve shillings each (excepting Bro. Granvill) "into the hands of Clifford William Phillips Esqr., *who was this night Installed Master of this Lodge.* Upon which the said Right Worshipful Master declared Brother William Collier and Brother Alexander Bolton, Wardens for the succeeding half-year, and Brother Bates was desired *to accept the office of Secretary to this Lodge, which he did accordingly.*"

On Jan. 22nd, 1736-7, "Brother Richard West of Westminster Hall Lodge in Dunning's Alley was unanimously chosen Tyler of this Lodge (during the Master's pleasure) wth an allowance of one shilling and sixpence for his attendance."

"Visiting brethren at the meeting on 28th Feb., hailed from "St. John's," "Paris Lodge," and "Blossom's Inn, Laurence Lane."

Bro. Goudge "made a present to this Lodge of a painted cloth representing the severall forms of Masons' Lodges," 14th March, 1736-7; which would be still more acceptable to a lodge at the present time were it possible to be traced. It was resolved at this meeting that the 2nd Monday "be a private lodge night for the Bretheren of this Lodge to execute their business, and that the fourth Monday in each month be a publick Lodge night."

Bro. Jacob Philip reported (28th March, 1737) that "several Brothers had irregularly assembled at the Court House in White Chapel to make Masons," and so Bro. Huddy, for the Committee appointed to investigate the matter reported at the next meeting, that "upon application to the Grand Secretary that officer informed

* Italics erased.

him that no application had been made for a Constitution," agreeing that the conduct "of the said people" was irregular, so it was decided to make a complaint at the next Q.C.

These "irregular" meetings were of frequent occurence, and were in all probability due to the number of brethren then existing, who had been initiated under lodges assembling prior to the inauguration of the premier Grand Lodge, and who thus met by their "time immemorial rights," just as did the five or six Lodges that constituted that Body in 1717.

A "St. John's" would thus mean a Mason who belonged to no lodge at the time, or possibly never had joined one under the new regime.

On Monday, 12th Dec., 1737, it was agreed that next Friday should be set apart for "a General Audit of the Accounts." At this meeting "Bro. Rogers produced a sett of Jewels to be sold for Three Guineas," and the members decided to purchase them, Bro. Huddy, the host, giving one-third of the cost.

Throughout this minute book, the Master for the time being was the only Treasurer, so that the audit really concerned the Masters from 1736 to the period in question. The accounts were satisfactory, at least the Auditors accepted them in due course, but the figures reveal a few unpleasant facts. "*By Sundays paid*" £25 14s. from Nov. 1st, 1736, to June 13th, 1737, which, I suppose, meant the cost of liquor consumed on those days. It is difficult to imagine aught else that this large sum was expended in, though as Bro. Huddy's bill came to £15 7s. 3d. besides, it is possible that the members spent the time in taking drives in the country with their wives and families!

Bro. Huddy was "ordered to attend the Grand Secretary" to arrange for the second Monday in the month being left out of the "printed Book of Lodges"—*i.e.*, the Engraved Lists—likely because it was "a private night."

On Jan. 9th, 1737-8, "a sett of Mahogany candlesticks of the Three Orders" was agreed to be purchased, the cost not to exceed £9. In the next month a bill "for Ribbons for the use of the Lodge," amounting to 14s. 3d., was presented for payment.

"'Twas this night agreed [8th May, 1738], by the majority of this Lodge that if any Bror. should put [? *on*] another Brors. apron he should be lyable to the censure of the Lodge." He was also to be fined.

Two visitors on 24th April are described as of the "Grand L. Paris," and frequent visits were made from May, 1738, of members of the "Stewards' Lodge" (now the Grand Stewards). Unfortunately no numbers of the lodges are supplied, so that identification is not always an easy matter, even with Bro. John Lane's "Masonic Records" in hand.

On Monday, 10th July, "A motion was made by Bror. Cock for Gloves for some Brethren and *all our Sisters*;" who also proposed that a copper-plate for the Summonses be ordered, and on being put to the vote, the Secretary states "ye Ay had it." Twenty visitors were at the lodge held 27th Nov., being three more than the number of members present, but why so many attended does not appear.

A change was made in the election of a new Master on 11th Dec., Bro. Elanes Balgay being elected instead of "C. W. Phillipps, Esq." (who had been re-elected each six months from Jan. 1736-7), and was installed on Christmas Day, 1738.

"The Master informed the Lodge [Dec. 11th, 1738] yt he had *recd. a Letter from the Grand Masr.* and Grand Wardens wth. a proposal inclosed for raising yearly £310 for ye Carrying on and Providing for 20 children of Masons, and Binding 4 to Trades every year &c.," and at the next lodge 16 members gave in their names as being desirous "to assist and encourage so laudable and good an undertaking." What came of this scheme I am unable to state, and being the first time it has come before my notice, it looks as if it fell through.

The Secretary was particular to note in his minutes for 12th March, 1739, that "Bror. Carter on his marriage generously treated the Lodge with 1 Gallon of Wine."

"A motion was made" at a lodge held June 11th, 1739, "that Capt. Jno. Colt should be made a Mason as a Foreign Bror. in this Lodge." It seems that "Affairs requiring his going abroad suddenly," all the arrangements were expedited, so that his initiation could take place on the following Friday. The Secretary took no account of the initiation of this gentleman, but in the Treasurer's statement of accounts (or rather the *Master's for the time being*) at the other end of the minute book, the entry occurs "July 9. By Expences at Capt. Colts makeing, 0. 16. 3." Strange to say there is no payment credited for his reception, and in the Minutes for the same date his name is not mentioned.

The consent of the lodge was granted for the attendance of the R.W.M. and Wardens at the ensuing Q.C. of the G. Lodge, December 10th, 1739, and one guinea was voted on behalf of "the Grand Charity."

During the Mastership of Bro. Goudge it was agreed that the "Accots. of the Lodge should be engrossed by Bror. Lane and him to have 5s. for so doing, and to be our Perpetuall Secretary; and also to be admitted into our Lodge at no Expence in lieu of his Trouble." Possibly this entry refers to a joining member, as there were two brothers of the same name noted from this period.

On June 22nd, 1741, the members resolved that "the next Lodge shall be held at Bro. Huddy's, at Snaresbrook," it was also agreed that "the Jewels and Furniture of This Lodge shall be removed into Bro. Huddy's care." The meeting was so held 13th July, when it was decided to remove the lodge "to the House of Mr. Antony Wall, Angell and Crown White Chapple," provided the Landlord purchased the silver Candlesticks and other Plate, together with the Pedestals. Every care was taken that a fair price should be paid for these articles, and all being satisfactorilly arranged, the removal took place on July 27th of the same year. The brethren being anxious to please their former Landlord, if was resolved to assemble at Snaresbrook "the Monday next preceeding every Quarter."

The minutes break off December 13th, 1741, and begin at the opposite page "At a Lodge held at Bro. Chiddick's, the sign of the City of Norwich in Wentworth Street, Spitafields, on *Monday, 25th May*, 17*5*2."

At the end of the book the Masters' accounts are duly entered (with their several names) from 1741 to the period when the minutes commence afresh, so that it is quite evident the meetings were continued, only for some reason, not apparent, the records are not entered in the volume, as was usually done. Bro. Walls was the host throughout the term in question, and his bills from time to time amounted to considerable sums, which were paid in due course. Frequent bills are noted for ribbons and aprons, and the accounts, regularly audited, were signed by the brethren duly appointed for the purpose. Towards the close of this period scarcely any business was done, save to receive subscriptions, until the minimum was reached during the Mastership of the R.W. Bro. Edwards, when £2 12s. were paid as quarterages, the whole of which was absorbed by Bro. Wall's bill of £2 7s. 6d., and two small payments. There was a balance, however, of £2 1s. 11d. in favour of the lodge, but as the account was not balanced, no mention is made thereof under the new officers.

At the meeting of 25th May, 1752, when there were present of the old lodge Bros. Edwards, *Master*, and Goudge and Allen, Wardens, a resolution was proposed, seconded, and thirded by those members respectively, that "This Lodge be continued at this House, provided Br. Chiddick shall pay for the Constitution, Furniture, &c., the sum of Ten Guineas," and on being carried (*Bro. Anthony Wall being deceased*) the sum was paid accordingly. Twenty-one visitors attended "*who became members thereof* immediately," and a dozen more were present; of the latter may be mentioned "Bro. Cole, Ludgate Hill," whose name is familiar to Masonic students; four had the initials "H. L. S. J." after their names (Holy Lodge of St. John, *i.e.*, not subscribing members, &c.), and one was from the lodge assembling at "*Ben Johnson*" [Head], which was erased later on.

Bro. Wright, elected this eve, flourishes as the R.W.M. on 8th June, 1752, but no word occurs of his election or installation until then, and for the first time occurs the entry "Bro. Hallam, *Past Master*, P.T." The initiation fee was lowered to £1 6s., and, judging from the style of the minutes, quite a different class of brethren supported the lodge now to formerly.

It was decided in September, 1752, that brethren of the H. L. S. J., "as True Masons, are not in Point of all True Morals, &c., and good Fellowship liable to the same Penalty," of 18 pence, which meant evidently the visitor's fee. On February 9th, 1753, these brethren were required to pay 2s. each. A "Lecture on Masonry" was given on October 28th, 1752, when "all Business being over, Lodge Closd. in Due Form." The name of the Secretary is given for the first time, in the register of the attendance, on July 13th, hitherto only the titles of the Masters and Wardens being noted. The well-known suffix of "P.M." being also written in.

On November 24th, 1752, we read "The Jewells Disposed of to ye Brors. as follows: Bror. Edwards, Master; Bror. Hoskins, Senr. Wd.; Bror. Gilly, Junr. Wd."

"Bror. Barnard generously offer'd a Present of Silver Orris Ribbons, as a Further Ornament for the Jewels, and Masonry in General," and another present was also made. A proposition then made, December 8th, 1752, was adjourned "till the Furniture of the Lodge and Constitution is our own," which clearly means that at this time the property mentioned belonged to the landlord.

The "New Laws" were read and agreed to on January 26th, 1753, and ordered to be transcribed by the Secretary.

Bro. Ansell brought six aprons to the lodge at this meeting, one of which is noted as being supplied to Bro. Baines on February, 9th, when he was initiated. The former brother was paid 18s. for twelve in May of this year.

"Three Masons made, and the Enter'd Apprentice's Lecture given. N.B.—Three Aprons to the new made Brethren." This was on April 5th, but names of the new members are not recorded.

The term "Masters' Lodge" is noted August 16th, as being "closed in due form." Sometimes these were held on Sunday, by proposition in the lodge, accordingly.

Ten guineas were paid the landlord for the lodge furniture, December 20th, 1753, which was a step in the right direction, and assuredly much better than running up heavy bills at the "City of Norwich" Tavern.

The business of the lodge, June 20, 1754, being over, Bro. Cryer was "hauled over the coals," and the members agreed that he "should not at any time hereafter have any vote in any matter cause or thing whatever, for it was thought the said Bror. Cryer behaved extremely Ill and absolutely broke through the Laws in refusing to pay one Bottle of wine for Entring into the Holy State of Matrimony."

It does not seem to have affected the Brother much, as his name occurs as being present at the next meeting. Possibly he paid the fine for the sake of peace, as on October 3rd, the healths of three new Benedicts were drunk, including this Bro. Cryer.

*On 12th March, 1738-9, the "Private" was changed to a "Publick night."

It was resolved, September 19th, "that ye Candlesticks belonging to this Lodge should henceforward no more be lended out to any Lodge or body whatsomever." Be it remembered these were of silver and so were valuable adornments.

A curious minute on March 9th, 1755, recites that "Bro. Wm. Hardin was at the same time made a Mason *and as he had been made before*, his expences was suspended to the Determination of the next Lodge." This may refer to the "remaking" of one of the "Ancients," or Seceders, who had been formed into a Grand Lodge from 1751.

Another entry occurs, July 3rd, of a similar character, when a Brother "who had formerly been made Illegally was to be made again and also raised." The "making" appears to have included the Second Degree.

The last minute is dated February 19th, 1756, when "Bro. Burton was raised a Master and paid his fine accordingly." The accounts, however, ceased apparently, March 20th, 1754, but virtually on October 4th, 1753, when a balance of £12 16s. 11d. was in hand.

In Bro. Lane's indispensable "Masonic Records, 1717-1886," the lodge is stated to have removed to the "Golden Fleece, Goodman's Fields'" in 1739, but save the entry of June 22nd, 1741, there is no mention of such removal, all the headings being "At a Lodge held at Bro. Huddy's" from November 8th, 1736, to that date. Likely enough, however, the Landlord had removed in the interim, but as the lodge followed him to his new house, no notice was taken of the change in the records, but only in the "Engraved Lists." Bro. Lane notes 1751 as the year when the lodge removed to the "City of Norwich," but, according to the minute book, 1752 appears to have been the date. It was situated in "Wentworth St. (not *Winford St.*) Spittlefields."

The difficulties as to the matter are not lessened, but rather increased, by reference to the Warrant of Confirmation* dated 24th April, 1824, granted to the present "Medina" Lodge, No. 35, Cowes, Isle of Wight. It states that a Charter was issued on Feb. 17th, 1732, to the lodge, then No. 111, and meeting at the "Theatre Tavern" aforesaid, removing to the "Fleece Tavern," Goodman's Fields, in 1738, to the "Angel and Crown" in 1741, and to the "City of Norwich" in 1750. The years, in some instances, do not agree with Bro. Lane's dates, and certainly are not confirmed by the minutes, neither is the year of origin correct, as that should be 1733. It was 1732-3 "*Old style*," which, of course, meant the latter year, and not 1732.

Bro. Lane† furnishes a list of a dozen dates, as given under the numeration of 1740-1755, which were "arbitarily and incorrectly altered, whereby several Lodges obtained a priority to which they were not legitimately entitled," including the present No. 35 aforesaid, under a previous warrant. Really, then, another Lodge.

The document likewise states that the lodge was removed in 1758 to "Greenhithe Coffee House," Greenhithe, and in 1761 to West Cowes, Isle of Wight (one year earlier, each, than Bro. Lane gives), in which island it still happily continues, though it has changed about a dozen times since as respects places of meeting.

The petitioners declared in 1824 "that their said Warrant hath by some accident been lost or destroyed," but how far such original authority partook of the nature of a Warrant, as we understand the term, is open to question, for, as I explain in my last work on the "Engraved List of 1734," even years later than 1733 no Warrant was issued, at least not in London, but the Grand Master, when he agreed with the prayer of the petition, simply signified his consent accordingly, and fixed a day for the "Constitution," or, as we should say, "Consecration" of the lodge. It was doubtless so with this old lodge of 1732-3.

A memorandum is still preserved at Cowes, dated April 15, 1801, and signed by Bro. Wm. Holloway, D. Prov. G.M., to the effect that the original "Constitution, dated February 17th, 1732," was "lost or mislaid, or perhaps in the possession of some person (not a Mason) who chuses to keep it. As the Lodge of England never issue a second Constitution of the same number, I would advise that a *copy* of the Old Constitution be sollicted from the Grand Secretary, who, I should suppose, would not refuse it." In time, the advice, as we have seen, was taken, the issue of the Warrant of Confirmation (1824) being the result.

Bro. Asher Barfield (P.G. Treas.) has also lent me another volume of Records for examination, beginning "September, 1767," when the meetings were held at the *Vine Tavern*, West Cowes. This is a year earlier than the Engraved Lists give. There is no indication in the volume as to the exact period of the advent of the lodge at the Isle of Wight, which is disappointing, to say the least.

The lodge was erased in 1773 and restored in 1778, so Bro. Lane tells us, but the first meeting subsequent to the dormancy and erasure (according to the minutes) was on 29th Oct. 1777, and was duly authorised by "Lieutant Thomas Dunckerly, Esq., of the South Battalion of Hampshire Militia, P.P.G.M. for this county, in the absence of the Prov. G.M. the Rt. Hon. Lord Charles Montague." The *dispensation* was granted to Lancelot Foquett, Robert Dixon, William Holloway, James Davis, and George Maynard, "for holding a Lodge in this Town to make Masons, &c."

Of these five brethren, only two were members "*of the former Lodge*," viz., Davis and Maynard, but later on, another old member joined, Bro. John Mayor, who is credited with having originally began his membership in 1767. Bro. Maynard was the host of the "Vine," his mother lodge, apparently, being the one held at the "King's Arms, Portsmouth."

On the opening day two guineas were voted to the General Charity, and a similar sum to the "Hall Fund;" Bro. Dunckerley being present as a visitor. It was agreed, a little later on, that "Gloves be presented to the Wife or Friend of every member . . . . in consequence of the said Lodge being restored to its antient No. 39," which was allotted to it in 1770; but I fancy the jubilation was rather in advance of the much desired event, as in the "Letter Book" preserved, the desire was expressed on 14th October, 1789, that the lodge might be restored "to that honour amongst the Craft in general, which they, on their part, hope to maintain." The aid of the Provincial Grand Master was also solicited, and eventually this special petition was granted.

Throughout this volume the lodge is styled the *Medena*, not "Medina," as subsequently.

W. J. HUGHAN.

* "Freemasons' Chronicle," 11th Jan., 1879.

† Handy Book to the Study of the Lists of Lodges, 1889, Chap. iii.

# "A Man and a Brother."

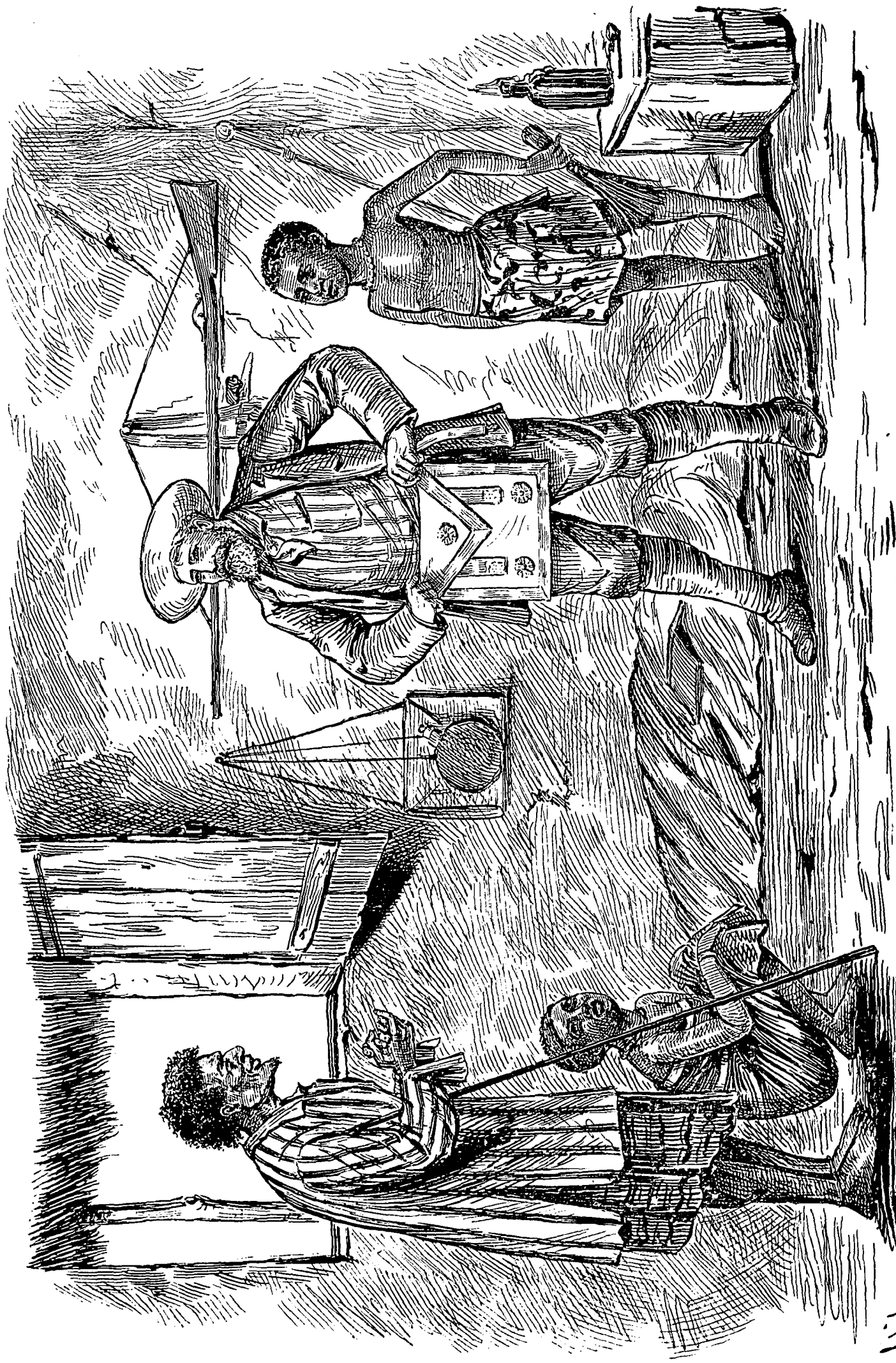
IT is as recently as the beginning of the month of September of the present year of grace, 1889, that the episode contained herein occurred.

I was out with the expedition of the Sabi Ophir Mining Company on the south-east coast of Africa, and the object of our commander at the time was to visit the Kraal of King Güngänyane, which would find its position somewhere on the skirts of that portion of even recent geographical reconnoitrings marked on the map "supposed territory of the Queen of Sheba," and the region from which it is supposed King Solomon drew his boundless wealth of gold, ivory and precious stones. The dusky and dangerous chief was at the time of our approach proved to be rather a difficult customer, for in consequence of some over-friendliness upon the part of the Portuguese, who are at present making such preposterous claims to portions of his dominions as well as those of his neighbour Lobengula, and parading the bones of their heroic and intrepid forefathers as vindication of their acts, against which the British Government protests. But let that pass here, suffice it to say that the dusky monarch in question having been advised by these pastors and would-be masters not to move to his summer Kraal, began to feel the bonds of friendly advice somewhat irksome and, began to make his "progress" by ordering out his Impi under the command of his brother Jokane, chief of the fighting men—who did his work only too well with wide spread murder and devastation—thus paralysing all enterprise for the time he and the ten thousand men under his command were occupied in their gruesome work.

During this period I found myself on the Island of Chiloane performing the unenviable part of the only English resident, for weeks amongst Kaffirs, convicts, and a handful of "Banian" traders. My sojourn was however lightened by the presence suddenly as one dropped from the skies of our guide and interpreter, "Bill Heavisides," known to the Kaffir "boys" as "Gomeule," which being translated, means *thunder*, on account of his voice which is as deep and terror-striking as his heart is light and soft. I explained to my friend that some days previous to his return, a distinguished visitor had arrived in our midst, heralded by much blowing of horns and beating of tom-toms. This visitor he discovered was no other than his friend Jokane, brother and fighting man of Güngänyane, returning to the bosom of his family with allhis honours thick upon him, and the inevitable emissaries of the Portuguese with the soothing supplies of "square face," otherwise Hollands gin of the most ardent description. He sent a message of greeting to the chief, and one day on my return from a sketching-walk, I entered our hut to find a somewhat weazened and elderly "nigger" sitting on the only chair we possessed—coveted treasure. This was too much! So with gentle firmness I proceeded to draw him out of it; not with persuasive tongue, but by physical force. I had not noticed entering the dark hut out of the glaring sun, that Heavisides was reclining upon some rugs in a further corner of the room, and to my consternation I heard "the voice of Thunder" calling "for the love of life, Mack, drop him, it is the King's fighting man!"

I dropped him.

Hurrying into the sleeping apartment and filling my most ornamental pipe, I returned with it to the awful presence, and offered it with many bows and scrapings (you must always scrape with your foot when bowing in these parts). A rapid and fortunate explanation on the part of my guide, philosopher and friend had brought the chief to accept the harmless fiction that I was a very



A MAN AND A BROTHER.

humorous man, and that such was my manner of showing joy! The result ended in my becoming on the most friendly terms with the dusky warrior, which lasted until I shook him warmly by the hand before he left the Castle Line S.S. *Courland* to land at Inhambane.

This somewhat lengthy but necessary prelude brings me to the subject of my sketch.

One day, during the absence of Heavisides, whom Jokane seemed very fond of, and whom he called "Our White Chief," he came again accompanied by a "wife," who, as he explained, was a hostage he intended presenting to his brother—poor child, of some twelve years, her head was shaved as a sign of mourning—perhaps she was the only vestige left of some minor tribe. Much laughter and pantomimic imitation of my former indiscretion was performed by the chief in pulling me out of the chair which I occupied on his entrance. Then I coveted his assagai, the blade of which was as sharp as a razor, but he would not part with it, explaining that the notches cut on the shaft marked the number of men he had killed with it, and which he must show to the king. He, however, showed his goodwill by offering to give me another, and if I would accompany him show me where I could "make plenty of blood" with it. Now came my opportunity. I had by me my Masonic apron case containing my apron and some little treasures such as photographs and prized letters. I displayed to him the badge of brotherhood, and as well as I could explained its import telling him that blood was not of its kind. He was much interested with the demonstration, and it was with much difficulty I preserved the apron from forming a portion of his personal adornment. But this I succeeded by offering it in exchange for his asagai with its deadly record, and explaining that if he wore it he *dare* not kill a brother.

When I last saw him he gave me a warm invitation to come to his brother's kraal and find him and I with my friend and fellow-traveller, Dr. Milsen Roberts, who had also one of the mysterious badges of brotherhood, and enjoined me to bring the apron with me.

The moral—if there is any—in this little record of a strange meeting in a strange place, is, should any worthy Mason contemplate prospecting in the auriferous regions under the rule of Güngänyane—let him carry a light kit, a heavy pocket, and bring his apron with him.

WALLIS MACKAY.

# Told by the Lodge Register.

## THE LODGE OF ANTIQUITY, No. 2.

"WELL! 'Here we are again,' as the clown says in the pantomime. And how has the world been wagging with you since our last merry meeting?"

"Oh! I suppose I mustn't grumble."

"Which means, of course, that you have done nothing else than grumble and growl during the last twelve months."

"No, it's not so bad as that, but I have been worried. My essay on 'Freemasonry in Lilliput' hangs fire, and my 'Ancient' theories won't work out to my satisfaction. Then, the weather has been abominable, and I tried your recipe for pickling tomatoes, and it gave me such a bout of ———"

"Quite so; all which means that you are more rather than less dyspeptic than you were this day twelve month."

"It may be, but that infernal recipe of yours ———"

"We'll talk about some other day. The fact is, I have just made a long journey, and am heathen enough to say that I'm hungry. So let us discuss the provender which heaven and your bounty have set before us—I see you still swear by Bass, who, as Smedley has said in one of his novels, ranks among the greatest benefactors of mankind—and then, if you can forget for a time your woes about Lilliput, and the Ancients, and my recipe, I will recount you a short story, as 'Told by the Lodge Register,' of one of our most distinguished lodges."

"Well, you are kind. And, pray, which lodge is it you mean talking about?"

"The senior of the 'Four Old Lodges,' which is known as the Lodge of Antiquity, and though ranking now as No. 2 on the roll of Grand Lodge, the senior of all its compeers, by reason of its time immemorial constitution."

"Good, and in that case I forgive you the recipe and the terrible ———"

"Pray don't mention it."

On this we set to and discussed our provender, and the meal over, my peripatetic friend very honourably fulfilled his promise, and gave me a short sketch of "Antiquity" in the following language, so far as I can remember.

### PART I.—Before the Union.

I hope you clearly understand that what I am about to narrate has no pretensions to being a history of this famous old Time Immemorial lodge. If you desire to know about its career and traditions and the rights and privileges which are said to have attached to it as a lodge meeting by immemorial constitution, I must refer you to the works of Bro. Gould and other Masonic writers. What I propose telling you relates only to certain of its more distinguished members, of whose services to the Craft I have read at different times, but who are not all of them known by the brethren generally to have been initiates or joining members of Antiquity. Nor, as the system of registering brethren in the books of Grand Lodge was not in force prior to 1768, shall I be able to give you particulars of those belonging to the lodge before Preston's day. For just as there were brave men before Agamemnon's day, whose deeds have passed into oblivion for want of a poet to record them, so, with the exception of those entered in the Minutes of Grand Lodge, have all the earlier members of Antiquity passed out of all knowledge for want of a Grand Lodge Register in which to perpetuate their names. However, the want of such a Register is of less importance, as it was not till Preston joined Antiquity, that it obtained for itself any special prominence as compared with its sister lodges. But to my story.

The list begins with the names of Bros. Charles Tay, John Scatliff, Dep. George Mason, David Humphreys, and Robert Field, who are entered as having joined the lodge in the years 1767, 1768, 1740, 1746, and 1753 respectively. Then among a regiment of names, with nothing entered against them to indicate the year of their initiation or joining, I light on those of Bros. Sir R. Glynn, Bart., John Bottomley, and James Heseltine. As regards the first of these, I am not aware of his having done anything conspicuous as a Mason, but Bro. Bottomley was for some years G.S.B., while Bro. Heseltine stands a head and shoulders above all his brother members during the greater part of his career as a Mason. According to "Kenning's Cyclopædia of Freemasonry," he was initiated at the age of twenty, that is, some time during the year 1765. In 1767 he served the office of Grand Steward. From 1769 to 1784 he was Grand Secretary; in 1785 he was appointed Senior Grand Warden, and from 1786 to 1805 he was Grand Treasurer. But Heseltine's chief claim to distinction rests on the services he rendered to the regular or "Modern" Grand Lodge at a time when its "Ancient" rival was making such rapid progress under its successive Grand Masters, the 3rd and 4th Dukes of Athol, whom the formidable Laurence Dermott had induced to become the head of that Society. He was indeed a foeman worthy of Dermott's steel, and especially when he had Preston as Deputy Grand Secretary to support him in his efforts; and though neither side prevailed over the other, the manner in which the contest was waged reflects almost equal credit on the opposing champions. As Grand Treasurer at the time the Girls' School was founded and during the most critical years of its existence, Bro. Heseltine had many opportunities of promoting the interest of that admirable Institution in Grand Lodge; and it was at his instance that a resolution was passed by the latter to the effect "That the Charitable Institution called the Royal Cumberland Free Masons' School established for the support and education of the Daughters of Indigent Freemasons should be announced in the Grand Treasurer's Printed Accounts, and also in the Free Masons' Calendar; and that it be recommended to the Society at large as a Charity highly deserving their support." Nor was it only in Grand Lodge and in his official capacity that Bro. Heseltine assisted this Charity. He was one of the first Board body of Trustees of its property, Bros. Lord Macdonald, William Addington, and William Birch being the other three, while the Minutes of the Institution show that he took a deep and active interest in the conduct of its affairs.

The next name of consequence is that of the learned William Preston, who is recorded as having joined in 1774, and to whom more than to any other of its members, and certainly more than to its position as the senior of the four lodges which established the Grand Lodge of 1717, the Lodge of Antiquity is indebted for the repute in which it is held by English Craftsmen. At this time Preston had already won fame as a Masonic lecturer, and was well known to the brethren of the regular Fraternity, in the first instance as Deputy Grand Secretary to Bro. Heseltine, and in the next as the author of his "Illustrations of Masonry," the first edition of which had been published in 1772. A second edition of the same work appeared in 1775, and two years later was issued by authority of Grand Lodge, the "Freemasons' Calendar," in the compilation of which Bro. Preston performed the lion's share of the work. In 1778, a difference having arisen between the Grand Lodge and the Lodge of Antiquity about some minor infraction of the laws of the Society, Preston unfurled the banner of Time Immemorial Rights and Privileges. After a series of smart encounters, in which neither side evinced the slightest disposition to yield, Preston and his adherents retired in high dudgeon, and having set Grand Lodge at defiance, entered into an alliance with the Grand Lodge of *all* England at York, and established the Grand Lodge of England South of the Trent. The schism, however, did not last for long, and in 1789, when the angry feelings engendered had had time to subside, the Prestonian schismatics were restored to all their rights and privileges. Thenceforward, however, Preston took no active part in the business of Grand Lodge, but devoted himself to his literary pursuits, at the same time taking a

great interest in the Girls' School, to which, on his death in 1818, he bequeathed £500 Consols, a like sum being given to the Fund of Benevolence, and £300 to found a Prestonian Lectureship.

Among the entries for 1776 are those of Bro. Rowland Berkeley, a predecessor of Heseltine in the office of Grand Treasurer, and Bro. Bartholomew Ruspini, the beneficent founder of our Girls' School. Bro. Ruspini's Masonic career has been so recently described in the *Freemason* in connection with the Centenary of our senior Charity, that it is unnecessary to say more than that he was a member and P.M. of the Royal Lodge, and a founder of the Lodge of the Nine Muses and the Prince of Wales Lodge, and that during all the years that George Prince of Wales was Grand Master he held the office of Grand Sword Bearer. In 1777 I find the name of Bro. the Rev. A. H. Eccles, some time Grand Chaplain of the "Moderns," and a little further on, but with the year 1771 against it, that of the learned Bro. John Noorthouck, editor of the Book of Constitutions of 1784. The late Bro. Oliver, in his "Revelations of a Square," speaks of Noorthouck as a "clever and intelligent man and expert Mason," while in "Kenning's Cyclopædia" it is said that "of his Masonic life little is known, or even, we believe, to what lodge he belonged." Therefore, though the value of a sketchy narrative of this kind is comparatively small, it is satisfactory to know that it contains one of the missing links in the career of this learned brother.

The entries for the year 1790 include the names of Bro. the Hon. Arthur St. Leger, a member of the family to which the Hon. Mrs. Aldworth, the famous lady Freemason, belonged, and Bro. William Birch, a S.G.W., a great friend and benefactor, as well as one of the original Board of Trustees of the Girls' School. In 1792 there were elected as members Bros. William Meyrick, Thomas Harper, Stephen Jones, and James Asperne. Of these Bro. Meyrick was a member and S.W. of the Lodge of Reconciliation of 1813, Grand Registrar of United Grand Lodge from the same year till his death in 1836, and a member of the Lodge or Board of Installed Masters appointed by Grand Master, the Duke of Sussex, early in 1827, to instruct those entitled to participate in such instruction in the rites and ceremonies of installation. Bro. Stephen Jones was the intimate friend and literary executor of Preston, and shortly after the latter's death issued a new edition of the "Illustrations of Masonry." He, too, was a member of the aforesaid Lodge of Reconciliation, and a Masonic writer of ability, while, in his extra-Masonic career, he was successively editor of sundry periodicals of the day, one of them being the *European Magazine*, of which Bro. James Asperne, who, some years later, served the office of Grand Steward, was the publisher; and it is probably owing to this fact that so many references to current Masonic events are to be found in that magazine. I believe the private circumstances of Jones were the reverse of fortunate, and this I fancy will explain why so able and learned a Mason was not awarded an office in Grand Lodge. But, undoubtedly, the most distinguished of the four brethren I have cited is Bro. Thomas Harper, who, like many of the leading Masons of his day, was a member both of the "Ancient" and "Modern" Societies, though his career and the distinctions he won in connection with the former are more widely known. As a "Modern," after having served as Grand Steward in 1795, he had the misfortune to incur the anger of their Grand Lodge, and early in the present century was formally expelled from all his rights and privileges on the somewhat ridiculous charge of not having exerted himself to the utmost of his ability, as he is alleged to have promised he would do, in order to bring about a union between the two Societies. I am inclined to think that the Modern Grand Lodge was incited to this course by Bro. F. Colombine Daniel, who, a short time previously, had been expelled from the "Ancients," and who adopted this plan of wreaking his spite on their ablest, if not their highest, Grand Officer. If my theory is correct, I do not think much of Daniel. However, no harm befel Bro. Harper in consequence of this act of the Moderns. He remained Deputy Grand Master under the Dukes of Athol and Kent until the Union of the rival Societies was consummated. He edited the 1807 and 1813 editions of "Ahiman Rezon," was one of the three assessors appointed by Grand Master the Duke of Kent, the other two being Bros. James Perry and James Agar, both Past Deputy Grand Masters, to assist his Royal Highness in arranging the terms and conditions of the Union. He was a staunch supporter of the Boys' School founded by the Athol Society, and also took an active part, both before and after his expulsion, as mentioned above, in the government of the Girls' School, while, after the Union, until his death, at a very advanced age, in 1832, he remained ever one of the most loyal and devoted advisers of Grand Master the Duke of Sussex. It has been given but to few brethren to effect so much good in a quiet and unobtrusive way, as was effected on behalf of our Society by the veteran Bro. Thomas Harper.

Under date of 1794, I find the name of Bro. William White, Grand Secretary of the "Moderns" from 1780 to 1813, and in 1798 that of Bro. John Bayford a successor of Bro. Heseltine in the Grand Treasurership of the same body and a member of the "Special Lodge of Promulgation" of 1809, while in 1801 occurs the name of Bro. Charles Valentine, who was also a member of the same lodge, and whom Bro. Sadler, in his "Masonic Facts and Fictions," adjudges to be the same Charles Valentine who, some time previously had been expelled from the "Ancients" for sundry irregularities, among them being that of taking the warrant of "Ancient" Lodge No. 245 to a "Modern" lodge. In 1803 Bro. the Earl of Moira, Acting Grand Master from 1790 to 1813, and Bro. Sir W. Rawlins, Knt., a S.G.W., were elected joining members, and the following year Bros. the Earl of Kingston and William Forssteen. Bro. Lord Kingston is best known perhaps as Master for several years of the Royal Naval Lodge of Independence—now the Royal Naval Lodge, No. 59—while Bro. Forssteen was appointed Provincial Grand Master of Hertfordshire in 1797, and J.G.W. of England in 1803, and was, in addition, Treasurer and Trustee of the Girls' School. In 1805 Bro. Charles Bonnor, a member of the Lodge of Promulgation, was elected a member, and in 1808 the lodge was increased by the accession of H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex, who remained a member till his death, in 1843; Bro. J. C. Burckhardt, a great ritualist of his day, and S.G.D. of United Grand Lodge in 1816; and Bro. the Earl of Mountnorris, who was appointed Provincial Grand Master of Huntingdonshire in 1800, and in 1801 joined the Prince of Wales Lodge. Three other recruits were added about the same time namely, Bros. Viscount Strangford, the Hon. G. F. F. Byng, and Robert Smirke, jun., the well-known architect. Among the 1809 members I find Bro. Jacob H. Sarratt, who was a member of the Lodge of Reconciliation, being described as of Lodge No. 180 on the "Modern" side, and as the name is by no means often met with, I have been wondering if he can have been one and the same with the Bro. Jacob Sarratt, who, in 1796, as a Past Master of Ancient Lodge, No. 240, got into hot water with the authorities of that Society. It is by no means improbable. In 1810 I come upon the names of Bros. Lieut.-Col. Andrew Dennis O'Kelly, who was also a member of the Prince of Wales Lodge, and who in 1811 was appointed Grand Superintendent of Hertfordshire, and in 1812 Provincial Grand Master of Bedfordshire; Bro. Yeate, or Yeats, Brown, Junior Grand Warden of England in 1817; Bro. George Canning, M.P., the distinguished orator and statesman; and Bros. Lord Eardley and Lord Hawke. The year 1811 witnessed a great influx of members, the most prominent as a Mason being the well known Bro. Lawrence Thompson, a member of the Lodges of Promulgation and Reconciliation, and Junior Grand Deacon of England in 1847, and Bro. W. Williams, Grand Steward in 1812, in which year he was appointed Provincial Grand Master of Dorsetshire; author of the revised edition of the Book of Constitutions issued after the Union; President of the Board of General Purposes in 1818, and Treasurer for many years in succession to Bro. W. Forssteen of the Royal Masonic Institution for Girls. Among other men of note I find Bros. Geo. W. Denys, M.P., Lord Kirkwall, Lord George Grenville, Sir J. Mawley, Bart., Admiral Sir E. Nagle, Sir W. Beechy, Knt., the Earl of Pomfret, and Benjamin Wyatt, architect. During the year 1812 there were initiated in the lodge, firstly, Bro. William Woods, father of the present Grand Director of Ceremonies, who was S.G. Deacon of England in 1822, Asst. G.D.C. from 1829 to 1832, and G.D.C. from 1832 to 1841. During the latter part of his life he was Garter King at Arms, and in that capacity received the honour of Knighthood. A few lines further down occurs the name of Bro. George—afterwards Sir George—Nayler (*Garter*), who was appointed Grand Director of Ceremonies in 1814, and retained office till his death in 1831. The remaining entry of note is that of Bro. Aug. Fred. d'Este, son of H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex, who was initiated on the 1st December, 1812, and was appointed Senior Grand Warden of England by his father in 1818. During the last year of this period only three names of brethren occur which appear worthy of mention, namely, Bro. W. H. White, Grand Secretary first of the "*Moderns*" and then of United Grand Lodge, Bro. Simon McGillivray, who was President of the Board of General Purposes from 1823 to 1825; and Bro. John Dent, Prov. Grand Master of Worcestershire in 1792, and Grand Treasurer of United Grand Lodge from 1813 to 1826. The list concludes with the names of the 15 members of the Duke of Kent's Band, who were initiated as serving brothers.

So far as I have gone I think the record must be pronounced a grand one, and in all respects worthy of this ancient lodge.

## PART II.—From the Union to 1843.

At the Union, Antiquity, which had heretofore headed the roll of the Grand Lodge of England from its constitution in 1717, had to content itself with the second place. Article VIII provided that "the two first Lodges under each Grand Lodge" should "draw a lot in the first place for priority, and to which of the two the lot No. 1 shall fall, the other to rank as No. 2." The lot proved unfavourable to Antiquity, and hence its present place on the roll as No. 2. But though, by this piece of ill-luck, it thus lost its former position, it would be difficult to find another lodge under either of the Grand Lodges which could boast of including among its members so many Masons of the very highest distinction. H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex, Grand Master of the new United Grand Lodge, headed the list, while among the others I find Bros. Lieut.-Col. O'Kelly, Provincial Grand Master Bedfordshire; William Preston, William Meyrick, Grand Registrar; Stephen Jones, Lord Hawke, Provincial Grand Master Westmorland; J. H. Sarratt, Sir W. Rawlings, P.S.G.W.; Charles Valentine, J. C. Burckhardt, Yeat Brown, Laurence Thompson, the Earl of Moira, Past Acting Grand Master; Lord Eardley, Prov. Grand Master Cambridgeshire; George Canning, William Williams, Prov. Grand Master Dorsetshire; Sir G. W. Denys, Bart., M.P., James Heseltine, P.S.G.W. and Past Grand Treasurer; Lord Kirkwall, Lord Nugent, M.P., Sir J. Mawbey, Bart., Admiral Sir E. Nagle, Earl of

Pomfret, Provincial Grand Master Northamptonshire; Benjamin Wyatt, Sir George Nayler (*Garter*), G.D. of C.; William H. White, Grand Secretary; John Dent, M.P., Provincial Grand Master Worcestershire, Grand Treasurer; Simon McGillivray, and William Woods. In 1814 there were added to the roll Bro. the Hon Washington Shirley—a member of the Ferrers family—Provincial Grand Master Warwickshire; Sir Fred. G. Fowke, Bart., M.P., who was appointed S.G.W. in 1821, and Provincial Grand Master of Leicestershire in 1851; and Henry Swain, M.P. Only two were elected members in 1815, of whom Bro. the Hon. E. M. Onslow, an ancestor of the present Earl Onslow, P.S.G.W. was one. In 1816 Bro. Lord Dundas, Deputy Grand Master from 1813 to 1820, became a member, and in 1817 Bro. William Linley, S.G.D. in 1824. In 1818 there was an influx of no less than 16 new members, among them being several persons of *distinction either in the Craft or socially*. Bro. T. Chapman, Asst. G.D. of C. from 1841 to 1858, and Bro. W. D. Cummins, G.S.B. in 1818, were among this group. So, too, was Bro. John George Lambton, M.P., some time Ambassador to the Court of Russia, Lord Privy Seal, and Governor-General of British North America, who was successively created for his political and diplomatic services, Baron Durham (1828), and Viscount Lambton and Earl of Durham in 1833. Bro. Lambton was one of the most prominent Masons of his day, and, besides being Provincial Grand Master of Durham from 1818 till his death in 1840, was Deputy Grand Master of England during the years 1834-5 and Pro Grand Master, 1839-40. Bro. Louis Hayes Petit, M.P., J.G.W. in 1818, and one of the most generous supporters of our Boys' and Girls' Schools, was admitted to membership of Antiquity in the same year, and so were Bros. Sir H. Verelst Darell, Bart., an ancestor of our present Bro. Sir Lionel E. Darell, Bart., Bro. the Hon. Henry G. Bennett, second son of the fourth Earl of Tankerville, and Provincial Grand Master of *Shropshire* 1819-43, and Sir Francis Mawbert. Among the 1819 recruits were Bro. Joseph James Moore, J.G.D. in 1825: Bro. Col. Thomas Wildman—at least, he was not Colonel at the time—who was Provincial Grand Master of Nottinghamshire from 1823 to 1860, an old Peninsular veteran, who was one of the most genial and popular of our Provincial rulers, and again and again received testimony of the love and respect in which he was held by the brethren under his obedience; Bro. Sir W. Claude de Crespigny, Bart., Provincial Grand Master of Hants in 1819; and Bro. the Rev. L. H. D. Cokburn, who was a Grand Chaplain from 1817 to 1826. During the next *two years many names were added to the roll*, but only of two of the members can I find anything specially recorded. These were Bro. Henry Robert Lewis, who was President of the Board of General Purposes 1827-8, and Bro. Colonel C. K. Kemeys Tynte, who was J.G.W. of England in 1830, Provincial Grand Master of Somersetshire 1820—1860, and Grand Master of the Order of the Temple from shortly after the death of the Duke of Sussex, in 1843, till his death, in 1860. The most distinguished recruit in the year 1822 was Bro. Richard Percival, jun., who was initiated in the lodge on the 23rd January. In 1827, when Deputy Master, he was *one of the brethren appointed by the Duke of Sussex* as a Lodge or Board of Installed Masters, for the purpose of determining the ceremony of installation. A few months after this he was appointed S.G.W. of England, and afterwards, from 1837 to 1851, was its Grand Treasurer. The only other member of note belonging to this year appears to have been Bro. Sir Alex. Johnstone, Provincial Grand Master of Ceylon. In 1823 Bro. Joseph *Moore, M.D., S.G.D. in 1831*, was admitted, and the following year Col. Hugh Baillie, S.G.W. in 1826, and Provincial Grand Master from 1829 to 1845, as well as Bro. Col. Rob. Torrens and Bro. T. F. Savory, S.G.D. in 1825.

Nearly a dozen members were elected in 1825, and of these a fair proportion held high office in the Craft subsequently. Bro. Sir Hedworth Williamson, Bart., who in the course of his career was M.P. for the Northern Division of Durham, and High Sheriff of the county, was appointed J.G.W. in the very year he joined Antiquity, and was Provincial Grand Master of Durham from 1841 to 1845, his son—the present Sir Hedworth Williamson—having held the same office since 1885. Bro. J. Savile Lumley, afterwards Earl of Scarborough, was S.G.W. in 1836, in which year he assumed, by royal licence, the additional and principal surname of Savile. He was Lord Lieutenant of Nottinghamshire, and died unmarried in 1856. The third name is that of Bro. Benjamin Bond Cabbell, who was initiated in the lodge, and who is *still remembered* by Masons and non-Masons as one of the greatest benefactors of our various Charitable Institutions. The year following his initiation he was made G.S.B. of England, and *two years later its Junior Grand Warden. In 1839 he was appointed* President of the Board of General Purposes, and from 1854 till his death, in 1874, he was Provincial Grand Master of Norfolk. He was a munificent contributor to our three Charities, and in the case of our two Schools rendered them important services in the capacity of Treasurer, having held that office in the case of the Girls' School from 1839 to 1869, when he resigned from advanced age and impaired health, and in that of the Boys' School from 1846 to 1869. He was also a Trustee of both Institutions. It was Bro. Cabbell, also, who, at a special meeting of the House Committee, on the 5th February, 1839, *presented each of the children of the Girls' School and Mrs.* Crook, Matron, Miss Buck, Deputy Matron, and Miss Jarwood with a medal commemorative of the Jubilee Festival, held under the presidency of Bro. Lord Worsley, M.P., afterwards Earl of Yarborough, the year previous, those of the three officials being of gold. The two remaining recruits of 1825 were Bros. Thomas Moore, who had been initiated in the Prince of Wales Lodge in 1812, and was a P.M. of the Castle Lodge of Harmony, now No. 26. He was one of the Board of Installed Masters appointed by the Sussex in 1827, and J.G.D. the same year. From 1826 to 1841 he was Treasurer to the Masonic Institution for Boys, and it was mainly owing to his careful and intelligent administration of its affairs, that the funds, which had fallen into a woeful condition prior to his election to office, were restored to an equilibrium and the funded property increased; while the number of pupils, which had been enlarged to 70 in 1818 and reduced to 43 in 1826, was again returned at 70 the year following his resignation of the Treasurership. The last on the roll for 1825 is Bro. John Lawrie, who was awarded the collar of G.S.B. in 1832.

Seven were added to the strength of the lodge in 1826, but the only name that is likely to attract special notice is that of Bro. Capt. *F. Marryatt, R.N.*, who was initiated under the wing of Antiquity. I cannot say he achieved anything of a reputation as a brother, but his name will live as long as there is an English language to be spoken and written, as the author of those splendid sea novels, "Peter Simple," "Percival Keen," "Midshipman Easy," "Jacob Faithful," "Newton Foster," &c., &c., &c. I have no doubt you must remember the incident in "Percival Keen," in which the scapegrace hero palms off certain signs on an unfortunate middy of the name of Green as the veritable signs of Freemasonry. I know I have often roared with laughter over the scene, and even to this day I *enjoy it almost as much as when I first read it as a youngster.*

Among the 14 who joined or re-joined or were initiated in the lodge in 1827 were Bro. Charles Tennyson, who, later on, assumed the name of D'Eyncourt, Prov. Grand Master of Lincolnshire from 1827 to 1849; Bro. John Henderson, Senior Grand Deacon in 1833, and President of the Board of General Purposes from 1836 to 1838; Henry Ralph Willett, Junior Grand Warden in 1823, President of the Board of General Purposes in 1825-6; and Viscount Weymouth, afterwards Marquis of Bath, father of the present peer, and of Bro. Lord Henry F. Thynne, M.P., S.G.W. of England in 1874 and Grand Superintendent of Wiltshire since 1875. Bro. Archibald Keightley, S.G.D. in 1835, joined in 1828, and then, after an interval of a few years, during which the newly-enrolled "Antiquities" were neither numerous nor particularly prominent, we come to the familiar name of Bro. Richard W. Jennings, who was admitted in 1833, and was successively A.G.D. of C. from 1837 to 1841 and G.D. of C. from the latter year to 1860 and J.G.W. 1864. In 1834 Bro. William Stuart, M.P., who was initiated in the Watford Lodge, then known as the Bamborough, in 1832, and served the office of S.G.W. the year following, was accepted as a joining member. He subsequently occupied the chair, and on the retirement of the Marquis of Salisbury, for whom he had acted as Deputy, for all his Masonic offices, was appointed Provincial Grand Master and Grand Superintendent of Hertfordshire. These offices he held till 1873, when increasing years compelled his retirement. Bro. Stuart was also Deputy Grand Master of the Order of the Temple under Col. C. K. Kemeys Tynte, and on the latter's death, in 1860, was elected to the vacant post of Grand Master. *About the same time, Bro. Lord Henry J. Spencer* Churchill joined. He was J.G.W. in 1831, S.G.W. in 1832, was appointed Deputy Grand Master in succession to the Earl of Durham in 1835, and was Provincial Grand Master of Oxfordshire from 1837 to 1840. Bros. Granville E. L. Berkeley, and J. C. Fourdrinier were also accepted towards the close of the same year. In 1837, Bro. Augustus Union Thiselton, who was Secretary of the Boys' School from 1826 to 1861, and retired from that office on a well-earned pension in the latter year, was elected a joining member, and the year following Bro. Henry A. Hoare, S.G.W. in 1846, became a member. The only recruit during the year 1839 was the Earl of Zetland, who was Deputy Grand Master 1839-40, Pro Grand Master from 1841 to 1843, and Grand Master, in succession to the Duke of Sussex, from 1843 till 1870. On his lordship's retirement from the last-named office, a fund of £3000 was raised in commemoration of his great services as Grand Master during a prolonged period of 26 years, while the lodges which are named after him bear equally eloquent testimony to the virtues of this distinguished brother, in whose family the love of Masonry appears to be hereditary. In 1840, Bro. William Harrison, Q.C., who was well advanced towards three score and ten when he was initiated in the *Salisbury Lodge—then No. 630, meeting* at Waltham Cross—was elected as a joining member. He was a P.M. of his mother lodge, and Prov. Grand Registrar of Herts, and the year he joined Antiquity was appointed to the important office of Grand Registrar. Two other distinguished Masons joined about the same time, namely, Bro. Lawrence Walker, who was J.G.D. in 1841, and the Marquis of Salisbury. His lordship was initiated in the Hertford *Lodge—now No. 423—in October, 1829*, and the year following was invested by his Royal Highness as S.G.W. of England. In 1831 he was appointed, in succession to the late Bro. George Harvey, Provincial Grand Master of Hertfordshire, and the present Salisbury Lodge, which was originally constituted in Hertfordshire, and the Cecil Lodge, No. 449, Hitchin, serve to perpetuate his connection with the Craft. He was also Grand Superintendent of Herts, and from 1840 to 1843 held the post of D.G. Master. Early in 1844, for private and personal reasons, into which it would be improper to inquire, his lordship resigned all his offices in Craft and Arch *Masonry, which, undoubtedly, by this act sustained a great loss,* especially in his native province, to the brethren in which he had endeared himself by his kindness and geniality. The Bros. Claude Edward Scott and Samuel Scott, connected with the well-known firm of bankers, of Cavendish-square, at which for many years our Boys' School kept its account, were among the other additions during

the year 1841. The only other name of note to be found during the period covered by this Part II. is that of Bro. Henry Stuart, M.P., who joined in 1843, and was a brother by blood of Bro. William Stuart, Provincial Grand Master Herts, already mentioned. This Bro. H. Stuart joined from the Watford Lodge, and was appointed J.G.W. in 1853. In April, 1843, however, Antiquity had the misfortune to lose by death the most illustrious of all its members, H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex, M.W.G.M., who had joined it as far back as 1808, and had presided as its W.M. for a long series of years. That any lodge under so great a Master would have prospered, as regards the number and social rank of its members, is not improbable. But Antiquity attracted those brethren by the high character it had enjoyed, and the known skill of its members, so that those who enrolled themselves under its banner, however brilliant may have been their position and services outside Masonry, were honoured by the lodge's acceptance of them as members in exactly the same proportion as they honoured it by seeking its membership.

## Part III.—1844—1839.

During the third and concluding portion of my narrative, it will be found that Antiquity, though it is very far from being as strong in point of numbers as it was at the Union in 1813, has well maintained its prestige, and there are still on its roll of members, as indeed has been the case at all times, a very strong array of brethren who have attained to very exalted rank in the general body of the Craft. For the first few years I discover no recruits of exceptionally high rank or great promise, Bros. Earl Howe and Rich. Davis, who were admitted in 1844, being the most noteworthy. The latter was appointed J.G.W. of England in 1851, while the former, who had served as S.G.W. in 1829, was selected by the Earl of Zetland at his induction into office as M.W.G.M. to act as his Deputy Grand Master. In 1856 his lordship was appointed Provincial Grand Master of Leicestershire, and in 1869 of Leicestershire and Rutland combined, and this position he continued to hold until his death in 1870. In 1848 Bro. William Stuart, jun., son of Bro. William Stuart, P.G.M. Hertfordshire, joined from the Watford Lodge, in which, like his father, he had been initiated. In 1855, having in the interim passed the chair of the lodge, he was invested as S.G.W., while in 1885, on the constitution of Bedfordshire as a province, he had the honour to be selected by the Prince of Wales to be its Provincial Grand Master. In 1852 Bro. Samuel Tomkins, who till rather more than 10 years ago occupied so prominent a place in Grand Lodge, joined from a lodge under the Scottish Constitution. He was elected Grand Treasurer in 1852, and retained the office by annual re-election almost to the close of his life. Bro. William Pulteney Scott, the S.G.D. of 1858, was also admitted about the same time as Bro. Tomkins. In 1856 Bro. Lord Eustace Cecil, son of the late Marquis of Salisbury and brother of the present peer, who had been initiated the year previous in a military lodge in the trenches before Sebastopol, was elected a joining member, while about the same time Bro. the Duke of Manchester was initiated in the lodge. In 1863 his Grace was appointed P.G.M. of Norths and Hunts, and though in 1887 he found it necessary to resign owing to the many demands upon his time, he must still be included among those who have rendered valuable services to the Craft and its Institutions, his especial claims upon the respect of Masonry consisting in the fact of his having twice given his services as Chairman, on the first occasion in 1865, at the Anniversary Festival of the Royal Masonic Institution for Boys, and again in 1878, when he presided at the Festival in aid of the Royal Masonic Benevolent Institution. I may also mention, as constituting perhaps a further claim on the consideration of the brethren, that one of his Grace's predecessors in the Dukedom—George, 4th Duke of Manchester—was Grand Master of England on the "Modern" side from 1777 till 1782, when he retired, and was succeeded by H.R.H. the Duke of Cumberland, uncle to George, Prince of Wales and the Duke of Sussex, and great-great-uncle to our present illustrious Grand Master.

In 1857 Antiquity was strengthened by the addition to its roll of members of Bro. Charles E. Horsley and Capt., afterwards Colonel, John Joseph Creaton, the former of whom was appointed Grand Organist the very same year, and annually re-appointed till 1862, while the latter won such distinction during his long and valuable career as a Mason as will entitle him to be for ever remembered with gratitude as one of the ablest and most generous members of our Order. There are few brethren to whose lot it has fallen to serve the Craft in so many different capacities, and I venture to think there are not many who have turned their opportunities to such excellent account. To enumerate all the various offices he held at divers times and in divers lodges would occupy too much time, and after all would give but a very inadequate idea of his services to Freemasonry. Let it suffice, therefore, if I state that he was W.M. of Antiquity in the years 1860 and 1861, and was appointed J.G.D. in 1862; that from 1879 till 1883 he held the office of G. Treasurer; was Treasurer by election of the Girls' School, and Treasurer ex-officio of the Benevolent Institution; and that for many years he was President of the Committee of General Purposes of Supreme Grand Chapter. He was a Patron or Vice-Patron of all our Institutions, and in 1879 presided at the 91st Anniversary Festival of the Royal Masonic Institution for Girls, when the subscriptions and donations returned by the various Stewards exceeded £12,000. It was, indeed, in the Girls' School that Bro. Creaton appeared to take the deepest interest, though both the other Charities were generously supported by him; and though the policy he recommended—as in the case of the purchase of Lyncombe House and ground attached—was at the time the subject of much controversy, there can be no question that it was intended, and has since proved to be for the advantage of the School. His death occurred towards the close of November, 1884, and was very generally and deeply lamented, not only on its account as involving the loss of one who had borne himself so bravely, but also because it followed closely on the deaths of such other prominent Craftsmen as John Havers, Col. Lloyd Phillips, &c., &c., &c.

In 1858 Bro. S. Leith Tomkins, S.G.D. in 1869, and in the following year Bro. Henry Grissell, who had held the same office in 1868, were admitted members, and in 1861 Bro. Wharton P. Hood, who for many years has been Honorary Surgeon to the Girls' School. In 1863 there were added to the register Bro. J. Sampson Peirce, who joined from the Britannic Lodge, No. 33, and, having occupied the chair of the lodge in 1867, and rendered other important services to Craft and Arch Masonry, was rewarded with the collar of a J.G.D. in 1881. The other notable recruit of this year was the late Bro. the Rev. A. F. A. Woodford, who had been initiated some 20 years or more previously in the Inhabitants Lodge, No. 153, Gibraltar, and who subseqeently held high office in the Provincial Grand Lodge of West Yorkshire. In the very year of his affiliation to the Lodge of Antiquity, Bro. Woodford was invested as one of the Grand Chaplains of England, and as it was the custom in these days for the office to be held for two years, the Junior Chaplain of one year becoming the Senior of the next, and so on, it was his great good fortune to take part in the consecration, by the Earl of Zetland, M.W.G.M., of the new buildings at Freemasons' Hall, and the eloquent oration he delivered on the occasion brought him into still greater prominence as one of the most learned and most highly cultured Masons of our day. During the last 20 years of his life he devoted himself almost entirely to the promotion of Masonic literature, of which, indeed, in conjunction with Bros. J. Hughan and R. F. Gould, he was the guiding spirit. His knowledge of our history and antiquities was marvellous. He was conversant with the works of all the great Masonic authors, both English and foreign, and though there were often great divergences of opinion between him and his chief literary *confrères*, his views were always well supported by arguments which those who differed with him often experienced great difficulty in meeting. He was at his best as a speaker. Having a fluent delivery, and a complete knowledge of the facts invariably at his command, he caught at once and ever afterwards retained the ear of his audience; but in his written essays and articles, though his language will be found quite as eloquent as in his speeches, the very vastness and variety of the knowledge he had acquired at times prevented him from setting forth his meaning and intention in clear and precise language. The works by which he will be best remembered are his "Defence of Freemasonry" and "Kenning's Cyclopædia of Freemasonry," of which he was the editor, and which will always remain the chief monument to his learning and research. But I question very much whether, after all, he will not be best remembered as the Editor of the *Freemason* and the late *Masonic Magazine*, which was published concurrently with the *Freemason*, but in monthly parts, for so many years. The articles, of which it was an open secret that he was the author, that appeared weekly in the former, and the more elaborate essays he contributed to the latter, were always read with pleasure by the Masonic fraternity, and even in those of which the reader was indisposed to accept the opinions he expressed, he never failed to respect as well as admire them. But I must not detain you further, even though it be to listen to the just praise of one who will always stand forth, not only as one of the kindest and most genial of men, but likewise as one of the ablest and most learned of the small circle of literary Craftsmen of our time.

In 1865 Bro. James Percy Leith, who was Worshipful Master in 1870, and Senior Grand Deacon in 1874, was admitted a member, while in 1869, Bro. George Scharf, Director of the National Portrait Gallery, was initiated, while Bro. Lord Lindsay, now the Earl of Crawford and Balcarres, joined from the Isaac Newton University Lodge, No. 859, Cambridge. Two years later his lordship was invested as S.G.W. of England, and besides having attained the distinguished position of a Provincial Grand Master under the Scottish Constitution, is Deputy Prov. G. Master and Prov. G.H. of West Lancashire. The year following I find entered the names of Bro. R. R. Holmes, the Royal Librarian at Windsor, and Bro. W. J. Erasmus Wilson, who is best known to the world at large as Sir Erasmus Wilson. In Masonry, Bro. Wilson, after serving the office of Grand Steward, was, in 1871, appointed Senior Grand Deacon, while in his professional career he attained celebrity as one of the greatest of modern authorities on diseases of the skin. But his fame in both these respects is overshadowed by that which he acquired by having conveyed into England the large obelisk known as Cleopatra's Needle, which had been presented to the Government some time in the forties by Mahomet Ali, who so nearly succeeded in making Egypt independent of Turkey. This he did entirely at his own cost, and after many perils by land and sea, the historic monolith was safely landed in England, and now stands on the Victoria Embankment. For this act Bro. Wilson was honoured with knighthood by her Majesty the Queen. At his death, in 1884, Bro. Sir Erasmus Wilson bequeathed the bulk of his property to the Royal College of Surgeons, thereby adding one more claim upon our respect for his public and patriotic services.

The most prominent among the brethren who were admitted into the lodge in 1871 undoubtedly was Bro. Fred. A. Philbrick, Q.C., who joined from Old Dundee Lodge, No. 18, and of whose ability as a Mason we are almost daily receiving fresh evidence. In 1873 he was appointed Junior Grand Deacon of England. For many years past, both under the late Provincial Grand Master (Lord Tenterden) and now under his successor, Lord Brooke, M.P., he has held the important post of Dep. Prov. Grand Master of Essex. In 1883 he was appointed Grand Superintendent of Royal Arch Masonry in the same province, and the year following, on the retirement of the late Bro. Æ. J. McIntyre, Q.C., from the office of Grand Registrar, Bro. Philbrick was appointed—and by common consent was regarded as the most proper brother to hold the office—as the successor of that learned Mason He was also, and is still, for many years an active member of the Board of General Purposes, and as such, of necessity, took a principal part in the latest edition of our Book of Constitutions. Lastly, he has been throughout a staunch supporter of all our Charitable Institutions. In 1872 he served on the House Committee of the Boys' School, and quite lately on the same Committee of the sister Institution at Wandsworth; and when, in 1888, owing to the clamour raised against the governing authorities of the Boys' School, it was deemed necessary that a Committee of Inquiry should be appointed to investigate the various complaints as to mismanagement and extravagant expenditure, it was to Bro. Philbrick that was entrusted the task of forming such a Committee and conducting the inquiry.

In 1875 the late Prince Leopold, who had been initiated in the Apollo University Lodge, No. 357, Oxford, the year previous, and was at its time Senior Warden, joined from that lodge, and in time became W.M. Later in the year he was appointed Provincial Grand Master of Oxfordshire, and in February, 1876, was installed in office both as W.M. of the Apollo and Provincial Grand Master. In 1877, when Junior Grand Warden of England, his Royal Highness undertook to preside as Chairman at the Anniversary Festival of the Benevolent Institution; but illness at the very last moment prevented him fulfilling the engagement, and the late Bro. the Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot occupied his place. In 1880 he presided as Chairman at the Girls' School Festival, and at the time of his death, in the spring of 1884, was engaged to preside in a like capacity for the Boys' School. In 1881 he was appointed Grand Superintendent of Oxfordshire, and was the first member of the Royal Family who was advanced to the Degree of a Mark Master Mason, being subsequently installed as a Past Grand Master of its Grand Lodge. He died, as I have said, quite unexpectedly in the spring of 1884, his loss being the more deeply and generally regretted among the Freemasons, because an idea prevailed that whenever the Grand Mastership of his elder brother, the Prince of Wales, terminated, his Royal Highness might be induced to undertake the vacant office, an office for which he was eminently fitted, and in which it was anticipated he would prove a second Duke of Sussex, whose tastes for science and art and literature, and for Freemasonry likewise, he had in great measure inherited.

In 1877, Bro. Henry—now Sir Henry—J. Burford-Hancock, who is the present District Grand Master and Grand Superintendent of Gibraltar, was enrolled a member, and the year following, Bro. Edward Letchworth, from the Jerusalem Lodge, No. 197. The latter was appointed a J.G.D. in 1884, has served on the Board of General Purposes, and is at the present time a member of the Committee of Grand Chapter. He, too, takes a deep interest in the welfare of our Institutions, and has rendered conspicuous services to the Girls' School as a member for some years past of its House Committee. In 1879, Bro. Charles S. Jekyll joined from the Asaph Lodge, No. 1319, and the year following had the honour of being appointed Grand Organist, a post he filled with great credit to himself for two years.

Bro. W. Harry Rylands, who devotes much of his time to archæological studies, and has done much to elucidate the early history of English Freemasonry in Warrington and Chester, joined from the Lodge of Faith and Unanimity, No. 417, Dorchester, in 1881, and has since represented the lodge on the Board of Grand Stewards. Two years later, a brother who has made for himself a name in Masonry—not in one field of labour only, but in many—was elected from Lodge No. 1460—the Thames Valley, of Halliford, Middlesex. I allude to Bro. Col. Peters, who was Grand Sword Bearer in 1883, and has done so much to promote the welfare of our Charities, but more particularly of the Girls' School, of which he is a Trustee, having previously served with credit on its House Committee, In 1885 Bro. Thomas Sutherland, M.P., Chairman of the Peninsular and Oriental Company, became a member, while one of the two who joined last year is Bro. C. E. Keyser, an influential member of the Craft in Hertfordshire. Bro. Keyser is a Past Master of the Watford, P.P.S.G.W. Herts, founder and first W.M. Bushey Hall Lodge, which was consecrated a few weeks since, and has won similar distinction in Royal Arch and Mark Masonry. He has served many times as a Steward at our Charity Festivals, but the work in connection with Masonry, with which he has been most prominently associated during these latter years, is probably the restoration of St. Alban's Abbey. He was Honorary Secretary of the Masonic Committee which assisted in this important work, and it was in great measure through his unflagging energy that a sum of £700 was raised, and after due consultation with the Abbey authorities, was expended on the erection of a handsome pulpit. In 1883 this pulpit was formally presented to the Abbey by Bro. T. F. Halsey, M.P., Provincial Grand Master of Hertfordshire, on behalf of the Masonic fraternity, and at the close of the ceremony, when Provincial Grand Lodge had been resumed, a cordial vote of thanks was passed to Bro. Keyser for the leading and successful part he had taken in organising the Committee and raising the necessary funds.

I have now run through the list so far as it goes, and, though it is highly probable I have passed over the names of many able brethren, I think I have said enough to justify many times over the high opinion in which Antiquity has always, but more especially since Bro. Preston's accession to its ranks in 1774, been held. It is not, as I have said before, by any means as strong in respect of members as it was in the days of the Union, but it is fortunate in having on its roll such well-known Masons as Bros. Philbrick, Letchworth, Rylands, Col. Peters, and Keyser in its ranks, brethren who have already won distinction, and I trust may have still before them many years in which to add to the laurels they have already gained. It is to be regretted that at the Union some arrangement was not thought of for placing Antiquity and its sister Time Immemorial lodge—the Royal Somerset House and Inverness, No. 4—at the head of the roll of United Grand Lodge, as there could be no doubt whatever as to their priority of constitution. It is too late now, however, to think of such a change, and, after all, the exact place of such a lodge, and having such a record, is not of the first importance. A rose would smell as sweet by any other name, and Antiquity will remain Antiquity, whether it ranks as No. 2 or No. 20,000. No advance in place will enlarge the distinction which surrounds it, nor would a removal lower detract from it. Wherever and under whatever conditions it may continue to exist, it will always be looked up to as the senior of the "Four Old Lodges" to which we are indebted for the establishment of the Grand Lodge of England in 1717. May it flourish always, while there is a Craft in England to do it honour!

G. BLIZARD ABBOTT.

# "Happy to Meet, Sorry to Part; Happy to Meet Again."

Happy to meet on the checker'd floor,
And around our altar holy,
At which in the unforgotten past
Knelt we suppliant and lowly—
Vowing to Javeh those solemn vows
That bind us closely for all time'
Each unto each and unto the Grade
Which teaches love and faith sublime;
Whose harp of union responsive rings,
When touched by concords tuneful wing—
Each unto each, to the Grade and Him
"Who sitteth between the cherubim."

Sorry to part; yes, sorry to leave
The Mystic Chamber, where with awe
We beheld the symbol of THE ONE
Who is the source of life and law.
Yea, sorry to leave the Mason's home,
Where hand-grasp meeteth hand-grasp fond;
Where eyes fraternal turn on us
Glances suggestive of the bond
Whose equal, constant, firm control
Directs the thought of the willing soul,
Giving it power to heed and know
The occult meaning of the Cable-Tow.

Thrice happy to meet again? Ah, yes;
And for a time to cast aside
Th' obtrusive cares and strifes and shams
By which, without, we're sorely tried.
Ever happy from the husks to turn,
And like the prodigal of yore,
Eagerly hasten the place to seek
Where welcomes kind for us in store
Environ us in an atmosphere
Serenely pure and replete with cheer,
Which calms in us the sin-curse leaven,
And yields us here foretaste of Heaven.

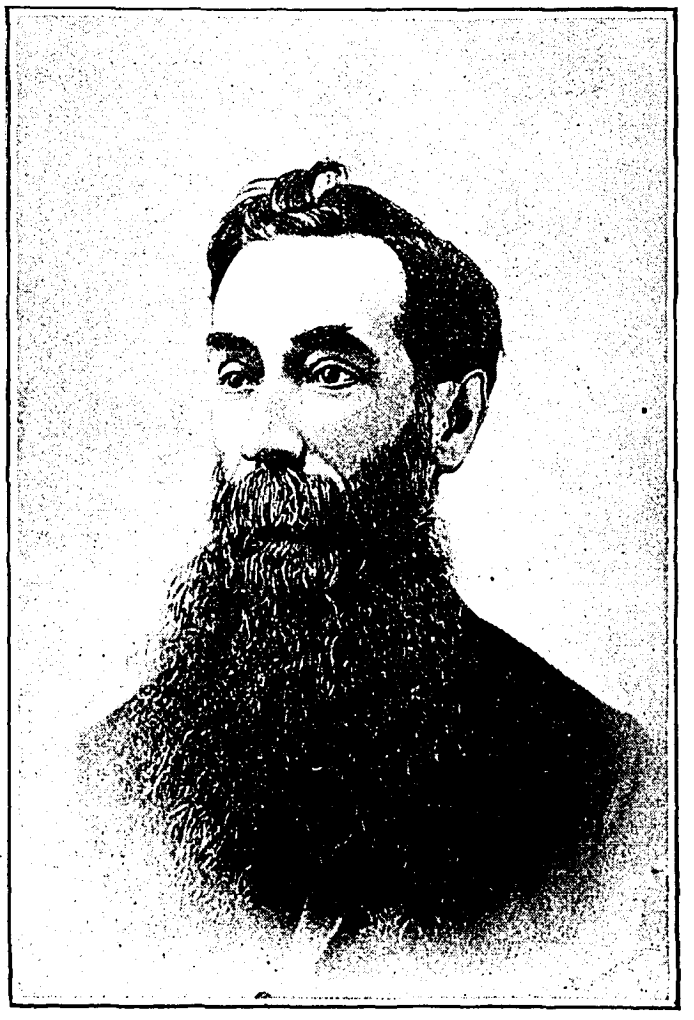
And so, upon the checker'd floor
The world forgetting, we renew
Our strength to fight life's battles o'er,
Our resolution to be true
To Mason vow and Duty's creed;
For only he thus right in heart,
With home, with altar, and with friend—
Who puts his faith into his deed,
And patient waiteth for his meed;
Who bravely doth his burthens bear,
And sternly fronts this world of care,
Can with the understanding read,
Duly ponder and comprehend,
Joys not elusive as a dream,
But pleasures really what they seem—
Those pleasures outlin'd in my theme,
Which came from an old Masonic pen;
—Happy to meet—sorry to part—
Always happy to meet again.

*Voice of Masonry.*

# Bro. William James Hughan.

IN the select band of Masonic historians and critics, Brother W. J. Hughan occupies a leading and almost unique position, and if not actually the founder of the modern school of Masonic criticism, his first appearance as a writer on Masonic subjects was contemporaneous with the opening up of the hitherto unexplored field of research by men of culture and learning, and the elevation of what had hitherto been a vague and chaotic mass of legends and facts to its proper position in the ranks of literature. It is somewhat fortunate for the brotherhood, that so able and painstaking an investigator as Bro. Hughan has proved himself to be, elected, at the outset of his career, to devote that ability to the investigation of abstruse problems and the elucidation of doubtful beliefs in connection with Masonic history. Bro. Hughan is a born antiquarian and archæologist, and but for the happy circumstance that in the year 1863, he was initiated into Masonry, the drift of his life would certainly have been in the direction of other archæological studies, where he would assuredly have left his mark.

Although scarcely a generation has passed since Masonic literature may be said to have assumed its proper rank with other branches of learning, much has been accomplished in that short time, and to Bro. Hughan, more perhaps than to any other man, the happy result is due.



Like most pioneers, he found that the attempt to place facts before cherished traditions and blind beliefs, required some courage and much perseverance, and the writer can well remember the almost pious horror with which the new views were regarded in those early days by a worthy occupant of the chair of King Solomon, views which to his mind threw doubts on the absolute and literal truth of all the traditions and legends of ancient Freemasonry. All that has long since passed away, and Bro. Hughan and his co-workers are now hailed as the preservers of the grand fabric of Freemasonry, and the destroyers of nothing but the false and unintelligible.

Although Bro. Hughan's Masonic reputation is mainly built, and will be perpetuated, in connection with literary research, he is emphatically one of the "doers," and not merely a theorist; and his record in the cause of Charity and as a practical exponent of Masonic ritual will bear comparison with that of the most ardent and enthusiastic worker, while, as the friend, philosopher, and guide of all and every seeker after light—be he novice or veteran—his ready pen and sage advice are instantly forthcoming.

Few men have a wider circle of friends the world over, and those who have the privilege of a closer intimacy have a feeling of love and veneration for the man who is ever ready to aid by pen and tongue the cause of universal Brotherhood and Charity. There can be little doubt that it was the humanising tendency of the teachings of Freemasonry, which first attracted the sympathetic attention of Bro. Hughan towards the Order; and in the rapid progress of the Craft towards the ideal of universal brotherhood his name will ever be associated.

We should much like to dwell on the many points of interest which such a singularly industrious and successful career reveals; but we fear the brief space allotted to us is none too great to jot down even a bald record of the principal events and productions of an exceptionally busy life. No sketch, however, of Bro. Hughan could claim to be worthy of its subject without a kindly reference to the Lady who has shared his joys and sorrows, sympathised with him in his aspirations towards all that is good and true, and ministered for nearly a quarter of a century to the needs of a frame never robust and often requiring weeks of constant care and solicitude, and without whose loving help little of the main work of his life could have been accomplished.

It will be almost impossible to notice even in the briefest way the many philanthropic and other movements with which Bro. Hughan has been associated. Debating Societies in his younger days were a great hobby with him, and for some time he was president of one in Plymouth, many members of which are now distinguished as literary, scientific, and artistic students, and several well known press men. Outside Masonic work on which his main reputation is built, perhaps his chief labours have been in the direction of Biblical research and Sunday School work. In the former his success has been perhaps only second to that achieved in Masonry, and there are few students whose knowledge of the various editions of the English Bible is more thorough than that of Bro. Hughan. Of the more practical work of Sunday School teaching it is sufficient to say that the self-abegnation involved in the almost uninterrupted devotion of one day in the week for nearly 30 years to this arduous labour is on a par with his many sacrifices in the cause of education and progress.

Bro. Hughan's first connection with Masonry dates from 1863, when he was initiated in St. Aubyn Lodge, No. 954, Devonport, and on his removal to Truro he became Secretary of No. 331, subsequently joining the Fortitude Lodge, No. 131, of which he quickly became S.W. and W.M. in 1868, filling the chair again after an interval of ten years in 1878. As early as 1864 he joined the Emulation Lodge of Improvement, and later on also identified himself with the sister Lodges, Stability and Confidence. But we must perforce bridge over a wide gap in this connection by simply saying that not even Bro. Hughan's tenacious memory and grip of facts and figures could present a fairly accurate and complete list of the many lodges, chapters, and organisations with which he has been from time to time associated. Room, however, must be found to record the fact that in conjunction with Bro. Gould, the late Bro. Rev. A. F. A. Woodford, Bro. Sir Charles Warren, Bro. Walter Besant, and others he became a founder of the now famous Quatuor Coronati Lodge, which, with its vigorous off-spring, the Correspondence Circle, is now exercising such an influence in all parts of the world.

As might be expected, the compliment of honorary membership has fallen on his shoulders thick and fast, and, as these spontaneous tokens of esteem and appreciation are perhaps the best indication of the value of Bro. Hughan's services, we may mention that his name is on the roll of scores of lodges, chapters, and conclaves, &c., throughout the world, while special honorary membership has been conferred for aid rendered to the Charities and other reasons by the following lodges: St. John's, No, 279, and John of Gaunt, No. 523, Leicester; Nos. 245 and 590, Jersey; Mother Kilwinning, No. 0, and St. Mary's, No, 1, Scotland; 39, Exeter; 41, Bath; 70, Plymouth; 250, Hull; 47, Dundalk, and 350, Omagh, Ireland; Kilwinning, Cincinnati, Ohio; Franklin, Philadelphia, P'a; Fortitude, No. 47, La Grange, Kentucky; and 417, 432, and 477, New Zealand. Chapters—Lafayette, No. 5, Washington, D.C.; Jerusalem, No. 3, Philadelphia, P'a; and 41, Bath (the first centenary celebrated in England, at which W. J. Hughan gave the address on R.A. Masonry). The 30°, 31°, and 32°, were also conferred *Honoris Causa;* by Supreme Council 33°, "because of his literary services to the Craft." Nor must we omit to mention the very special distinction implied in the appointment, by the Prince of Wales, M.W. Grand Master, to the past rank of Senior Grand Deacon of England—an honour rarely conferred; as also that of Past Assistant Grand Sojourner in Grand Chapter.

Very few of the many lodge histories have been published during the last 20 years, without his assistance and an introduction from his pen, while the great number of works that have been dedicated to him preclude our mentioning more than a few of the more important, viz., "Kenning's Archæological Library," Vol. I.; Bro. Geo. F. Fort's "Critical Inquiry into the Condition of the Conventual Buildings and their Relation to Secular Guilds in the Middle Ages," and Bro. John Lane's "Handy Book to the Study of Lists of Lodges," which, as an evidence of the regard entertained for him by one of his closest friends, we cannot refrain from quoting in full:—

"To my dear and highly-esteemed friend, the Right Worshipful Brother William James Hughan, P.M. 131, &c., P. Prov. S.G.W. of Cornwall, Past Senior Grand Deacon of England, Past Senior Grand Warden of Iowa, in recognition of his indefatigable zeal, persistent research, and invaluable services in relation to the literature and antiquity of Freemasonry throughout the world, and as a personal tribute of thanks for his constant assistance and encouragement during many years of Masonic study and investigation, I gratefully and fraternally dedicate this work.—Jno. Lane.—Bannercross, Torquay, July 20th, 1889."

Scarcely an event of importance in connection with Masonic Jurisprudence, and the many changes that have taken place in the various Jurisdictions, at home and abroad, has occurred without Bro. Hughan having a finger in the pie, and, although comparatively young in years, he has become the Nestor of the Craft, freely placing at the service of the Order the unique experience gained during his busy life.

As an author Bro. Hughan has been most prolific, much more so than might be supposed from an examination of the list of his published works, which is a numerous one. Commencing with the "Constitutions of the Freemasons" in 1869, and ending for the present with that charmingly written "History of the Apollo Lodge at York," the interval between those two productions having been filled by the issue of "Masonic Sketches and Reprints," "Old Charges of the British Freemasons," "Memorials of the Masonic Union," "Numerical and Medallic Register of Lodges," "Origin of the English Rite of Freemasonry," "Engraved List of Regular Lodges, A.D. 17–4," &c., &c.

All these works are solid contributions to the literature of Freemasonry, exhibiting deep research and original treatment, and are of themselves sufficient to stamp the author as one of the most able exponents of modern thought in connection with the subjects dealt with But it is in his fugitive contributions to the Masonic press of the world on all conceivable subjects of interest to the Craft, which, if collated, would fill many portly volumes that the universality of his knowledge and his never flagging industry in communicating that knowledge to others are best shown, and it is in this connection that we desire to record Bro. Kenning's most hearty thanks for the unmeasured support he has given to the *Freemason* from first to last. In the first number, published in 1869, an article appeared from his pen, and during the 20 years that have since passed, scarcely a number can be found in which some contribution from him has not been printed. Not a cloud "the size of a man's hand" has ever appeared to mar the pleasant relations existing between Bro Hughan and the Proprietor of this Journal, the success of which has been in no small degree secured by the loyal aid he has so ungrudgingly rendered. In America, too, where the Masonic press fills a larger space in serial literature, Bro. Hughan's papers frequently are to be found; and his views and opinions are always treated with the respect and attention due to so able and painstaking a student.

Bro. Hughan's labours in behalf of the Charities of the Order are by no means the least important of his services, although the bulk of his work in that direction is little known beyond the locality for the time being. As a Steward, he achieved the distinction of taking up the largest single list of anyone in England for one of the Institutions, and as the Charity Representative of the Province of Cornwall for 12 years, he was invariably successful in securing the elections of those candidates he supported. All this was done during his business engagements and at his own cost, and on leaving the county for his present residence at Torquay, he generously presented all his votes, to the number of 95, to the Grand Lodge of that province; his membership of Lodge No. 131 being continued.

But time and space fail us to present to our readers a tithe of the interesting details which have gone to make up the busy and useful life of the subject of our sketch. We will close it by quoting from the biography which appeared in Bro. D. Murray Lyon's "History of the Lodge of Edinburgh (Mary's Chapel, No. 1)," published in 1873, and which also contains an admirable portrait of our Brother.

"Ever since 1863, the year of his initiation in the St. Aubyn Lodge, Devonport, he has prosecuted his studies in connection with the literature of the Order with conscientiousness and with an energy rarely evinced.

"In his writings he has been careful to mark the distinction between matters that are purely historical and those that are merely legendary, and in this respect has done much to dissipate the superstition which has so long enveloped Masonic history. Free from the jealousies of rivalry, he accords the fullest credit to the researches of other brethren . . . In short, his fame as a Masonic author extends to every place in which Freemasonry has a footing, and is practised by an intelligent brotherhood."

This is as true of Bro. Hughan to-day as in 1873, and the years following this eulogy of Bro. Lyon have been marked by increasing zeal and ability in the prosecution of those studies and philanthropic efforts which have absorbed the best years of his life.

W. L.

# Two Old Men.

BY A LIVE LORD.

I

Beak's Coffee Room.

BEAK'S Restaurant is situated somewhere between the Circuses of Piccadilly and Oxford, and is one of the most solid, steady going resorts in all London. The personal attention of a manager is visible in a hundred details. The mahogany tables and fittings give evidence of daily polishing. The plate—of which at Beak's there is a large quantity—dazzles the beholder in the excess of its brightness. The servants are attentive, without being oppressively obsequious, and quick without being hurried.

At Beak's the dinners are somewhat of the old style. The customers do not care for what they call kickshaws. A dinner there would consist of a soup, made of undeniable stock, a fish, and a joint—preferably saddle of mutton, which is trundled along on a table running easily on silent rollers. It stops at each table, and the high priest, arrayed in the white robes of his office and wearing his head-dress, carves in sight of the diner. Alas! this fine old custom is dying out, and our meats are carved in the kitchen and sent flying up to us through a lift. At Beak's, happily, it still survives.

A bit of a picture buyer was Beak in his day, and the dining rooms here are adorned with a quantity of oil paintings of considerable value. The cellars, too, contain some things more valuable and curious even than the pictures. Here are some clarets of 1858, Chateau wines of price, big Burgundies of celebrated years, and ports of great age and correspondingly great price. For myself, I cannot drink port. But it is one of the pleasures still left to me to sit at Beak's and witness the unalloyed and unspeakable joy of white-headed old boys sitting over a bottle, which has been carefully decanted at the bin-head, and comparing notes as to its virtues.

One of the most characteristic and enjoyable of the institutions at Beak's is the smoking-room. It is one of the most comfortable in London. The lofty roof is of cedar-wood, and has become black as ebony with the smoke which it has absorbed for generations. On the walls of this room also are hung examples from the owner's collection. A large cigar cabinet stands in the middle of the room, carefully guarded by Bennett, a model waiter, whose unfailing urbanity and Dundreary whiskers are the envy of all his contemporaries.

With that liberal and trustful spirit which characterises Beak, the smoking-room is not confined to the use of those who dine at the

establishment, but is considerately thrown open to visitors from the outer world. Indeed, I am of opinion that the majority of those who resort there o' nights have their meals elsewhere. As a rule, they are staid old boys, who, having had their smoke and final "night-cap" here, toddle straight off to bed, looking forward to a visit on the following night. The night at Beak's is the sweetness of existence, and the time occupied elsewhere a mere dreary interval.

Among the regular customers of Beak's was for many years an eccentric old bachelor called Upshall. He had long retired from a partnership in a country bank, and was reputed to be enormously wealthy. His name certainly appeared for good sums on a great many charity lists. He did not dine at Beak's, but at a French restaurant in Coventry-street. This place he left at 9.30 every evening, literally fighting his way with his umbrella through the ranks of the solicitous Traviatas who abound in these parts.

In appearance Mr. Upshall was exceedingly like Mr. Toole when he is made up as Spriggins in "Ici on parle Francais." He wore a heavy black-stock, and generally was attired as a Tory of the old school. On entering, his first performance was to draw his watch from his pocket, and compare the time with Beak's clock. If there happened to be a minute of difference between the two time-keepers, Bennett was summoned, and Beak's was denounced as on the downward road. Nor did Mr. Upshall whisper his complaints. He spoke in a harsh, metallic voice, which was audible all over the room.

"A man that can't keep time can't keep anything," he would say, in a reproachful way, to the polished Bennett.

Then, in the most methodical method, he would deposit his umbrella, which had just been brandished in the face of Phryne, on the table, then his hat. Next he would draw off his gloves, and place them carefully on the hat. Then he removed his spectacles, and deposited them in his hat, and then he sat down in the chair which Bennett had placed for him, and ordered a pint of port and a plate of biscuits. When Bennett retired for the port, Mr. Upshall drew the Special *Standard* from the pocket of his great coat, and, after an immense amount of folding and refolding, he would settle upon the passage which he wanted and pretended to read.

I say "pretended" advisedly, for the truth is the old man could not see to read a line without his spectacles. But, like the children, he "made believe" to read. Sometimes he "made believe" to differ with the gentlemen of the press whose opinions he was supposed to favour. He would mutter fiercely to the paper and shake his head at it, and even pretend to write notes on the margin with a pencil. These manifestations were wont to occasion much amusement to the young and more ribald spirits at Beak's. But the old gentleman treated their hilarity with contempt, and went through the same performance night after night to his own intense satisfaction.

When the waiter returned with the port the old gentleman would probably point to a painting of Eve driven from Eden, which hung opposite.

"That's a grand picture, Bennett."

Yessir."

"Do you know why I like it, Bennett?"

"No, sir," Bennett would reply, although he had heard the reason a hundred times.

"It is because it shows us woman in the hour of her humiliation."

"Yessir."

"She was a curse to man from the first and she has been a curse to him ever since. Bah!"

From this it will be inferred that the banker was an old bachelor and a misogamist of a very determined type.

Bennett having escaped the old gentleman, would, with great precision and solemnity, pour out a glass of wine, hold it to the light with a wonderfully steady hand, "nose" it with the air of a connoisseur, and, with one eye closed, sip it gradually down with an expression of intense contentment. Then he would resume his pantomime with the *Evening Standard* to the great wonderment of those who were not habitues of the place.

So much for *one* of Beak's old gentlemen.

The other was a man without eccentricities of attire. He had a clean shaved and benevolent face, and a lovely crop of white hair. His name was Betterton, and he was a retired barrister, who had made a fortune out of his practice. And he repaired to Beak's every night, where he had two glasses of hot whiskey. While engaged in assimilating this generous liquor, Mr. Betterton was evidently engaged with reminiscences which must have been of a pleasant and even amusing kind, for he constantly shut his old eyes and laughed so heartily to himself that sometimes he seemed in danger of bursting a blood-vessel. This amiable weakness did not attract so much attention as the more erratic proceedings of the banker, still, the good lawyer was the subject of comment.

Regular customers have their regular places at Beak's, so these two old men had never been brought into contact, for, whereas the lawyer came early, and took a corner at the far end of the apartment, Upshall arrived late, and took a seat at a table next the door.

It happened, however, that during one cattle show week, when Mr. Betterton, the lawyer, arrived on the scene, his place was occupied by some beaming bucolic, loud of voice, and redolent of the low-byre, so he was forced to seek another resting place; and this happened to be a seat right opposite the one occupied by the misogamist. He ordered his grog, and began presently to chuckle to himself. Presently Upshall entered, flushed from another encounter "with the nymphs," in anything but an amiable mood.

He ordered his usual refreshment, and then commenced his pantomime with "our esteemed evening contemporary." Having made one of his marginal notes, he raised his head, and, looking opposite, he saw another gentleman laughing at him. He hid himself behind the broad sheet and peeped at his opposite neighbour over the top of it and round the sides thereof. Of this there could be no doubt about it. The old man was mocking him. The blood of the Upshalls was roused.

At this juncture Bennett arrived. The banker placed his paper on the table and, pointing at the lawyer, enquired in a voice audible a street off—

"What is the name of that old fool?"

"Sir!"

"Don't sir *me!*" exclaimed Mr. Upshall, brandishing his umbrella as he did outside, "you Barbary ape, you laughing hyæna, you grinning donkey!"

Betterton had risen astonished, and quite unconscious of having given offence. But, when he found his opponent apparently gone raving mad, brandishing a weapon, and calling him all the opprobrious names that he could lay his tongue to, his sense of the fitness of things was outraged, and he walked quietly up to the irate banker and knocked him down.

It was not a blow. He simply pushed him, and Upshall fell into a sitting posture on the floor, unable to rise, and looking around in a way that would have been pitiful had it not been so intensely comic.

"Assist the maniac to rise," exclaimed the barrister, and, when the fuming little man had been raised to his feet, his assaulter said—

"Now, sir, if you be a gentleman you will apologise."

"See—you—dam—first," replied Upshall, all in a breath.

"Then you are *no* gentleman," observed Betterton. "Waiter, get my hat," and, having received that article of attire, he strode out of the place, his discomfitted opponent muttering incoherent threats. He ordered another pint of port, and that night it took two waiters to help him to the cab.

In all the respectable annals of Beak's house, nothing so exciting had ever before occurred. For weeks after the habitues talked of nothing else, and those who had witnessed the scene could not recall it without immoderate laughter. For they don't often have a joke at Beak's, and when they do they make the most of it.

## II.

### Edwin and Angelina.

This wicked world of ours was older by two weeks. And a pair of happy lovers sat in the chambers of Edwin Upshall, Esquire, Barrister-at-Law, nephew and heir to Upshall, the bachelor banker. And she, with her pretty face and kindly expression, was the daughter of Mr. Betterton, widower and lawyer.

Personally, I think it by no means the correct thing that engaged young people should meet alone in the chambers of the male party to the contract. Edwin, however, had taken Angelina to the Crysanthemum Show in the Temple Gardens, and it was not unnatural that after that exhausting ceremony Angelina should stand in need of refreshment. If to the tea and cake Edwin had added pine-apple and grapes and a bottle of Pommery, of the incomparable vintage of 1880, it was merely a political way of expressing his esteem for the object of his affections.

Moreover, and to draw any suspicion of impropriety, it may be added that the meeting had the sanction of Angelina's father, who is, indeed, at this moment on his way to join them.

"What a horrid monster your uncle must be to hate me," suggested Angelina.

"He doesn't hate you in particular—only women in general," replied Edwin.

But these nice distinctions bring no consolation to a woman who cannot see any practical advantage in being hated generally instead of particularly.

"However, when he meets your good father and sees you, I am confident he will surrender at discretion."

"But suppose he won't?"

"Well, then, darling, we must marry without his consent, and submit to the inconvenience of being cut off with a shilling."

"And cut off in the prime of life, too," said Angelina.

"Quite so," sententiously answered Edwin.

"But you hav'n't yet told me how you induced the great monster to come here at all."

"Not a very long story," said Edwin, settling himself back in his chair, and looking out into Fig Leaf Court across the shrubs on the window sill, "at a restaurant the other night another old gentleman insulted and assaulted my poor uncle."

"I suppose he had provoked it."

"It would seem not. His account is that he was quietly reading his paper when a gentleman sitting opposite commenced mocking him."

"Pulling faces at him, you mean?"

"Yes; and laughing at him," resumed the budding barrister, "so eventually he stood up and remonstrated, upon which the other man rushed at him like a mad bull, and knocked him down."

"How terrible! was he hurt—much?"

"More frightened than hurt, I think. He has, however, determined to bring his assailant to justice. At the restaurant he has been unable to discover his name, and he is anxious to take good legal advice."

"Then why wouldn't he take yours, Ted?"

"I'm afraid he doesn't believe much in my poor abilities. But when I mentioned the name of Betterton, the eminent Q.C., he seemed quite pleased, and agreed to meet him here."

"How fortunate!"

"Isn't it? reads quite like a fairy tale. But I always did hold that it's in real life that the improbable most often occurs and not in the story books."

"How clever you are, my darling," cried the admiring Angelina.

Like most young men, Edwin had no objection to be called clever by the object of his affections, and rewarded her in the usual way.

"It seems that 30 years ago your father led in a case for the firm of which my uncle was a member, and saved them no end of money."

"Quite a coincidence."

"Let us hope it will turn out a happy one."

"Amen to that sweet prayer."

Footsteps were heard on the staircase—a knock at the door of the chambers, and in a minute Mr. Betterton was within, saluting his daughter, shaking his head at the extravagance of an '80 wine and English pineapples.

He was beaming over with good-will and ruddy with health, as he looked admiringly at Angelina, in whom he saw all the graces of her dead mother perpetuated.

"And now, Ted, my boy, prepare me for my interview with this terrible relative of yours. Is he—— "

"*Here!*" exclaimed Edwin, as voices came from the staircase—voices raised in altercation

"Get out of the way, you infernal Irish baggage," thundered well-known voice.

"Me a baggage!" comes in the shrill notes of an enraged female. "Me a baggage, ye dirty ould fossil. I'll baggage you. Take *that* —and *that*—and *that*."

Edwin rushed down the stairs and was just in time to rescue his uncle from the broomstick of an infuriated laundress, whose blows he was warding off as best he could with his umbrella, which, like General Gordon's cane, was the only thing he carried with him into action.

"Calm yourself, Uncle dear, Mr. Betterton's here with—with a lady."

"Then I don't budge an inch. Betterton I must see and consult. For I'll have the law of that bloodthirsty old baboon who struck me at Beak's. And I'll have a summons against that murdering old Irishwoman at the same time."

"What better time than the present? Mr. Betterton cannot be expected to make appointments which are so capriciously broken. And as for the young lady—— "

"Yes! well, what about the young lady?"

"Why, she can retire while you consult with her father."

"Bah! I hate 'em all—but particularly Irish bed-makers."

However, he consented to mount to his relative's chambers, and, somewhat dishevelled through his late encounter, followed his nephew into the room, where stood Angelina and her father.

When Upshall gazed at Betterton, he clutched his umbrella——

"Why, it's the man himself! Betterton! I can't advise Betterton to take an action against himself—can I?"

He seemed dazed—a circumstance attributable as much to the strangeness of the present position as to the recent affray on the staircase.

Mr. Betterton, however, was equal to the occasion—

"Until the other night, Mr. Upshall, I had not seen you for 30 years, nor do I know now how I contrived to offend you."

"Didn't you—didn't you grin at me?"

"Certainly not. I am told by my friends that I have a silly habit of laughing at my own thoughts. I fear you caught me in the act."

"But I called you names—*you* who once saved our firm, and —and——."

"Well, well—you paid very handsomely for my services. Let bye-gones be bye-gones. Shake hands, Mr. Upshall."

"You really forgive——."

"Really and readily."

And the two old men shook hands heartily.

The two young lovers had by this time approached each other, and were gazing upon the emotion of their seniors.

Upshall, turning round, surprised them thus—

"But what's all this? A plot. A damn Jesuitical underhand plot! Mind you, Ted, it shan't be. If you do, I'll cut you off with a shilling."

"I trust," said Mr. Betterton in those gentle, persuasive tones of his which in the old times had been found so efficacious with a jury, "that you will do nothing of the kind. But should you do so, permit me, as an old barrister, to say that your nephew is sure to make his own way, and that when she does marry she shall not go unprovided for."

"I suppose, Mr. Betterton, that I am as well able to provide for my nephew as you for your child?"

"No doubt," said Betterton.

"Begad, you shall see whether I can or not. Ted, you can marry. You'll regret it to your dying day. But I'll make it as easy for you to bear as possible. Introduce me."

To see old Upshall's stately bow, as he took the lady's hand and kissed the tips of her fingers, was an education in etiquette.

"Madam, I wish you well, and never forget the information 'wives, obey your husbands.'"

"I will *love* my husband, sir," said Angelina.

"Bah!" said Mr. Upshall.

Having done his duty, he regained possession of his hat and umbrella, and requested his nephew to reconnoitre and bring back word whether the Irish baggage was still visible above the horizon.

With a bow, including all present, and with his head carried well in the air, he departed.

That night he turned up at Beak's, after a gallant act of blockade-running, and drank a bottle to the health of the young couple.

# The Mason's Key.

Words by Bro. F. W. DRIVER, M.A.
P.M., Strong-man, No. 45.

Music Composed and Sung by Bro. G. S. GRAHAM.
P.M., No. 1851.

Voice.

1. Lock'd in a Bro-ther's faith - ful heart, And
2. Rea - dy at hand it ev - er hangs, A
3. No me - tal forms the Ma - son's key; To
4. Then let us to the no - ble Craft Our

Piano.

*Moderato.*

care - ful - ly con - ceal'd, Are mys - te - ries and se - crets rare To Cow - ans un - re - veal'd; Fra -
Ma - son to de - fend, Care - ful to guard 'gainst slan - der vile A Bro - ther and a friend; The
none but breth - ren known The fra - gile thread by which it hangs; And vi - tal force will own, E'en
gen - 'rous glass - es fill; And drink— "The Key," which guards it well With Bro - ther - ly good - will! To -

*rall.* *a tempo.*

- ter - nal fel - low - ship a - lone The Key by right de - mands—..... The won - drous Key which,
in - dex of the no - ble mind, Truth its un - err - ing aim;..... Far as Free - ma - son -
in its weak - ness is its strength—It "good re - port" un - folds,..... Or else, with Cha - ri -
- ge - ther linked by Friend-ship's chain, May one and all be found,..... And peace and hap - pi -

*rall.* *Tempo.*

when ap - plied, Res - ponds to just de - mands.
- ry ex - tends, It holds im - par - tial claim.
- ty re - frains, And gold - en si - lence holds.
- ness di - fused En - cir - cle us a - round.

*1st time* Solo. *Repeat as Chorus.*

Here's to the Key, the won - drous Key, We

Ma - sons dear - ly prize;..... It locks the se - crets of the Craft From pry - ing, cu - rious eyes!....

*Repeat Opening Symphony.*

# From Eleven to Three.

HOW wildly the wind blows! It comes in loud gusts, then goes sighing round the house, dying away in a moan, then getting louder it bursts into a wail. The windows are shaken as by unseen hands, and I can fancy the air filled with spirits in trouble trying to make an entrance. Heavy rain-drops are driven against the window, but cease like a sudden passion of tears, followed by melancholy deeper than tears.

It is New Year's Eve, and I always feel fanciful about the wind on this night. As these thoughts pass through my mind, sitting here alone, I feel over again the sadness of parting with many an old year, and I think to-night I will keep back sad memories by writing the story of an adventure I had twenty years *ago in this* very room. Many strange things have happened to me in my fifty years of life, but I think nothing stranger than the events of that night—never at least have I gone through more excitement and terror in a few hours.

I was left a widow at twenty five, rich in this world's goods, being sole possessor of this house, with the estate of Cumbermere, and more than sufficient to keep up a good establishment. The house is a large one, and stands in its own grounds, a long avenue leading up to it. Our nearest neighbours, the Murrays of Holmfield, lived a mile off.

On that evening they were giving a ball, which had been *long looked for*ward to by all the country side. We being intimate friends, I was sending my servants to help in the festivities. They were all going excepting the butler; it had been arranged that he should remain to take charge of the house, as he was an elderly and trusted family servant.

Until that day I had intended going to the ball, but for some days I had been suffering from a sore throat, and the night having turned out damp and wild, I had decided to remain at home; no hardship to me, for I never cared for balls.

That afternoon my maid had told me that the butler's mother was ill, and, after changing my mind about going out, I told him he might go to the village to see her as soon as we had finished dinner. We had a house full of visitors—my sister Mabel, my brother, an aunt, and several young friends. It was a noisy, merry party that stood round the blazing log fire as Mabel and I came down the stairs; very sweet she looked in her white gown and row of pearls. It was a *great disappointment to her that* I was not going—she said she always enjoyed everything so much more when I was there. On this evening I had meant to have worn black velvet and my diamonds at Mabel's special request. I was the possessor of some of the handsomest diamonds in the County, diamonds which my husband had lavished on me, *and which I had not cared to* wear since his death; they were lying now in their cases on my dressing-table, and Mabel had looked regretfully back on leaving the room, saying, "Oh! Mary, I am so disappointed, I had looked forward so to going with you to-night; and I have never yet seen you wear your diamonds. I do wish you were going too."

I kissed her, saying, "You will be sure to enjoy yourself;" and we hurried down stairs, for the others were all waiting impatiently in the hall.

A chorus of voices greeted our tardy appearance, and after duly admiring the girls in their new gowns, I helped to wrap them up, and bade them make haste and be off as the carriages had been already waiting some time. Great commiseration was bestowed upon me for the lonely evening I should spend—*they could hardly believe I envied no one when left alone with a good book.*

"Are you not nervous?" my aunt anxiously asked. (I had not told them that Williams was going out) I laughed asking "What of—burglars or ghosts?" Mabel declared I should be proof against both. "And if I do have any such intruders to-night," I added, "You will not have all the excitement yourselves." How little did I dream then of all that would happen before I saw them again. They were off at last, and as Williams closed the door after them, I said, "You had better go at once to see your mother, don't wait to finish your work." I had looked *in the dining-room, and saw the dessert still on the table.* In another ten minutes he had gone, and I was left alone. He had taken a latch-key assuring me every place was securely locked and bolted.

After I heard the front door close, I went to the library for a book, choosing an old friend, "Vanity Fair," and *with it, sat down in the drawing-room* before a comfortable fire, prepared to enjoy the evening in my own way. It was a long, low room, a door into the hall at one end, and at the other two doors leading into a conservatory, which conservatory opened into the garden.

I was soon deep in the adventures of "Becky" and laughing over her mouthful of hot curry, when I was startled by a noise. It was the rattling of one of the conservatory doors. After listening a few minutes I concluded it was the wind, which had risen, and was blowing heavily in gusts. I remember looking at the timepiece which was about striking eleven, and was again beginning to read, when I heard the same noise repeated, and was startled by a moan. I felt a thrill of fear as I advanced to the conservatory door, then assured myself that it must be a cat—no one could be there at this time of night. Such a thing as a *burglary had never been heard of in our neighbourhood.* The doors had become stiff and were difficult to open; I tried one, and then the other. It opened with a jerk and I nearly fell over a figure crouched on the step.

For a moment, I felt inclined to rush out of the room and lock the door, but I was not naturally timid, and forgot my fears, for just then there was a pitiful groan from the figure which I now saw to be that of a woman. Bending over her, I asked what was the matter, and how she came there. When she heard my voice, she looked at me pitifully, and I noticed that she was trembling all over; she staggered to her feet and with my help came into the room.

She was a tall woman with a commanding figure, and, a face that might have been handsome but for a worn, haggard look. No covering was on her head, and a cloak heavy with rain hung about her shoulders; she had evidently walked some way, for her dress was covered with mud up to her knees. Her teeth chattered with cold, as she held her large thin hands to the blaze. It seemed a long time before she spoke; when she did it was in a frightened whisper.

"Am I safe? Is the door locked? Listen! is any one coming?" After that came such another fit of shivering, that I found it useless to try to get any answer to my enquiries as to how she got in, and where she came from. Leaving her crouching over the fire, I went for a glass of wine. This she *swallowed almost in a mouthful* and at once recovered speech. With startling suddenness she jumped up, saying, "I have arrived at last!!—What a terrible journey I have had, but now I am safe."

Then, altering her tone, "You will not let him take me! Say you won't. *He will shut me up in a dark room,* and I shall go mad—Mad! who says I am mad!" She glared round the room, then turning to me, "I am sure you are too well-bred to think me mad; and when *you have heard my history,* we shall be the best of friends." Saying this, her manner changed again, and she sank back into a chair, seeming to forget where she was.

During her silence I examined her face, and had not much doubt that the poor thing was insane. I roused her to ask "What is your *name? where have* you come from?" She looked up, and, smiling, said—"I thought every one knew me by this time, I am the Empress Maria-Theresa. All Europe has been ringing with my wrongs for the last hundred years."

If I had had any doubts as to her sanity, they were ended by this speech. cannot describe the extraordinary changes in her manner—from fear to cunning, from dignity to indignation. She seemed soothed by my assurances that I had always sympathised with her cause, and she now put on quite a royal graciousness.

A year or two ago, I had had some experience with a mad woman—a servant in my own house, and had never felt any fear. My feeling now was one of interest and pity, and I knew my best plan was to humour her. She soon began again, this time in a lively strain—

"You may be surprised to hear that I only left Austria an hour ago; it is *not generally known, but there is quite a new method* of travelling there; railways are nothing to its speed. I have come by the wind! I was signing a death-warrant when the *Emperor came in,* bowing low (I always command great respect even *from my husband).* Here she rose, and drawing herself to her full height, said, "You have not yet *made you court bow to me.*" I humoured her by making a deep curtsey, and she went on—

"The Emperor said, 'the wind has just changed to the west, and you can get to England in an hour,'—so without waiting for my bonnet or my crown, I went to the door, took a deep breath of wind—so" (Here she *puffed out her cheeks*) "To the west was all I had to say, and I find myself in your hospitable home."

After this extraordinary speech she sat gazing vacantly before her, *then got up* and began to examine ornaments and knick-knacks round the room, saying every now and then "Ah! I want this," or, "I lost that years ago!" "Just what I have been looking for."

She put into her pocket anything she fancied. Fortunately they were things of slight value, but fearing she might break some of my valuable old china, I tried diverting her, and saying what first came into my head. I asked if she

had heard from her daughter Marie Antoinette lately. It was an unfortunate topic to have chosen, for turning round she glared at me, and waving her long arms ever her head wildly cried—

"Oh! my murdered child, where is she? If I could only get her back!" Then pausing with a look of revengeful cunning in her eyes, she came close up to me, and whispered—

"I know you, Madame Roland, with your false talk of liberty; you have killed her!" Then, almost in a shriek, "Heaven avenge my wrongs!" she sank into a a chair, and covered her face with her hands. I was glad to see her quiet, for I began to fear that she was dangerous; but the calm did not last long, with one of her rapid changes, she looked up at me, saying—

"It is all a mistake of mine, you must be Queen Victoria." Her eyes now fastened on a handsome, diamond ring I was wearing, and holding out her hand she went on,

"We will swear friendship over that ring, but it must be first placed on my finger."

"We will see about that by-and-bye; tell me more, about your strange journey here," I said, thinking to turn her attention from my ring, but my attempt was not a success. She jumped up and plunging her hand into her pocket, to my horror, drew out an open knife. For a brief moment my courage deserted me, but with an effort, I controlled myself.

"I'll cut off your finger if you don't give it to me at once," she said threateningly. She looked as if she would have done it too; and I was glad to pacify her by giving up my ring in exchange for her knife, and felt easier when I had obtained possession of it.

She became amiable again after that, saying, "The Duke of Wellington gave it to me three hundred years ago, and I should be sorry to lose it. We are friends now for life; and when you die I promise to be your guardian angel."

After a pause, holding up her finger with a look of alarm, "Listen! do I hear wheels?" she whispered.

I assured her to the contrary, when she looked relieved and said, "I hear now, it is only the falls of Niagara, they are somewhere near here, but it doesn't matter where they are, because they will be soon emptied out." Turning round after this, she saw the piano, and going up to it, ran her fingers over the keys, and began to sing in a cracked voice, "Love was once a little boy." Just as she had sung a few lines, I heard a loud knock at the hall-door. She did not seem to notice this, and I was beginning to wonder if I could leave her, and find out who was there, devoutly hoping it might be some one in search of her. At the second knock and ring (which sounded alarmingly loud in the quiet house), she turned with one of her sudden movements, and let her elbows crash down on the piano; then jumping up and facing me, with a fierce gesture, yelled out—"Wretch; if you betray me, I will kill you." Another loud ring and her manner changed again to one of entreaty.

"Hide me! hide me! do not give me up to that man." Clutching my hand she dragged me, saying—

"Take me upstairs, put me anywhere, under a bed, in a closet, don't let him find me." Here she broke down and sobbed pitifully.

Doing my best to calm her, I took her up-stairs. My own room was the first at hand, and leading her in, I placed her by the fire, saying she would be quite safe there. But this did not satisfy her. Jumping up she cautiously looked round the room and crept under the bed, thanking me fervently for my kindness.

I hastened to lock her in, glad to be rid at last of my unwelcome visitor, though I felt rather treacherous when I heard her prayers and blessings on me as I closed the door. It seemed like a betrayal of trust to give her up to what she had such a horror of, for I felt pretty sure that some one in search of her was outside. Early in our interview I had concluded that she had escaped from an asylum.

As I unbarred the hall-door, I could hear voices outside "You are sure you saw her go in here?"

Then the answer rather hesitatingly, "Well, sir, there is no other house near; I saw her last near the turn of the Avenue, and she would be sure to make for a light."

As the door opened, I saw the owners of the voices. One of them, a gentlemanly-looking man about forty, introduced himself as Dr. Armstrong. I felt sure it was he, for although I had never spoken to the newly-appointed doctor of the County Asylum, I had seen him driving once or twice; the other was evidently a keeper.

Standing hat in hand, Dr. Armstrong apologised for disturbing me at such an hour, adding—

"Our business is very unpleasant, we have missed one of our patients, and Collins (turning to the keeper) thinks she is hidden somewhere about your house; if you would kindly allow one of your servants to assist in the search, I should be extremely obliged."

I asked the doctor into the drawing-room, and explained that I was alone in the house, then went on to tell how the lunatic had come in, and gave a slight sketch of all that had happened, not forgetting my ring, which Dr. Armstrong promised to get back for me. I concluded by saying she was safe upstairs.

When I spoke of the knife, he exclaimed "Mrs. Stanhope, you behaved with wonderful presence of mind and great courage, but even your nerves might have given way had you known t at your unwelcome visitor was a most dangerous homicidal maniac; but for your ready wit you might have been one of her victims. Thank Heaven! you are safe." I explained that I had had some experience with maniacs, and generally could manage them. This Dr. Armstrong said was a most unusual gift.

I naturally felt flattered that a man of such experience should be so complimentary. I was interested in the subject of the brain, and encouraged him to talk, which he did very well, and I was sorry when he asked me to be good enough to show him where his patient was hidden.

I led him upstairs, the keeper following. As we got near my room I heard a loud noise like the falling of heavy furniture. Dr. Armstrong remarked to the man "She is at her old tricks." Then, turning to me, "Give me the key and stand back, or she may attack you; I trust she has not done much damage."

As the door opened I had a glimpse of the room, which was in a state of extraordinary confusion. With a wild scream the mad woman darted past the doctor, and in another instant I felt I should have been attacked had not the keeper caught her arms, and in a few seconds, she was secured by a shawl being tied round her. Her struggles at first were horrible to witness, and I begged them to be gentle; it seemed so brutal to use force to a woman, though I knew it could not be helped.

Very quietly the poor creature was led downstairs. She seemed utterly exhausted when she reached the hall, and Dr. Armstrong asked for a glass of wine and laid her on the dining-room sofa. Her face looked haggard and grey. Turning away he said to me, "I will leave her a few minutes to recover, as her heart is not strong; I always fear for her life after one of these violent outbreaks. If you do not think I am encroaching too much on your kindness, may I ask for a rug and a shawl, as our carriage is open, and in our hurry we neglected to bring wraps."

Willingly assenting, I went to get them. The scene as I glanced back from the dining-room door is still very vivid in my mind. There was no light except from the fire which I had stirred into a blaze; the dinner-table was just as we had left it, a large silver epérgne and dessert dishes with the glass sparkled in the firelight, the flowers on the table making a delightful bit of colour. On the side-board were two old silver tankards which the blaze lit up, the pale face of the woman, and the handsome dark one of the doctor bending over her, the whole struck me as worthy of the brush of one of the old Flemish painters of interiors. I ran quickly to my room, where I knew there were some warm wraps, but finding it impossible to get at anything in the confusion I had to turn elsewhere, and was longer away than I expected.

On getting downstairs I found my guests in the hall, just about leaving. Dr. Armstrong hastily took the wraps from me, saying he feared another outbreak and was anxious to get away, adding as he stood on the doorstep "Good night, you will be glad to be alone again. Many thanks for your courtesy.' Then, turning back, he added, "I have put your ring on the drawing-room table."

As the door closed behind them, I could scarcely realize that my strange visitors had really gone. I resumed my seat at the fire, and glancing at the time-piece was surprised to find that scarcely an hour had elapsed since I had sat there alone.

No more reading for me that night. I had plenty now to occupy my thoughts. But for my presence of mind she certainly would have killed me. This led me to think of other occasions wherein I had displayed courage, and I was very pleased with my conduct as I reviewed it, thinking how few women would have shown so much pluck. Evidently my conduct had impressed the doctor, too; praise is always agreeable, particularly from any one who speaks as "one in authority."

These thoughts were following each other with crowds of others, when I jumped up as I remembered my ring. "On the drawing-room table," the doctor had said.

I looked round the room—there were at least twelve tables. I searched one, then another, until I had gone over them all, but found no ring.

Then I went over them again; carefully picking up each thing. Still no ring did I find. As I stood wondering what could have become of it, I heard Williams come in, and going into the hall, without mentioning my recent adventure, enquired how he had found his mother.

"Very ill, indeed, ma'am, or I would not have stayed so long. I had to go for a doctor, I am very sorry to have been so late."

I told him it was quite right; and that he might go to bed after he had put away the plate. I had hardly got back to the drawing-room, when he came after me, saying, "The dining-room door is locked, ma'am, if you have the key will you kindly give it to me."

I stared at the man, "Locked! the key!" I ejaculated, "It is impossible, I was in half an hour ago, and no one can have locked it since." Following Williams into the hall I tried the door. Certainly it was locked, most unaccountable!

Just then, I felt something on the mat at my feet, and stooping picked up a key, and, putting it into the lock, it turned. Wondering how this could have happened, I walked into the room, followed by Williams carrying a lamp. As the light fell on the table I started back—there was not a bit of silver on it; my eyes went to the side-board, nothing there either. I was standing bewildered when I was roused by Williams's voice, "Oh! ma'am, have you put the plate away? It was all here when I left."

"I have touched nothing," was all I could say.

Williams gasped out, "Oh! we have been robbed." Then turning to gaze at the high old-fashioned windows, "But how is it possible any one could have got in." The door of the conservatory was the only one I did not secure, and you were in the drawing-room, ma'am, and must have seen any one come in."

My thoughts were too confused to describe. To Williams' question if I had heard any noise, I stammered "No,—Yes, none that would account for this." Could any one have entered since my visitors had left?—No, I felt this could not be. I remembered barring the front door after them. The truth now began to dawn on me, and with it a new horror.

"My diamonds!" I exclaimed. "Williams, come up and see if they are safe." His bewilderment was extreme when he reached my room and saw the confusion there. It certainly was a strange sight, nothing seemed left in its place but the bed and the wardrobe; the washstand was cleared of everything, the ware lying broken on the carpet; the chairs were piled on top of each other, and the dressing table turned right over.

As Williams did his best to put things to rights, I told him what had happened, and together we searched every likely and unlikely place in the room. But, alas! my diamonds were gone as well as all my jewellery.

Reluctantly, I realized that I had not only been robbed but duped as well. And yet, even when I knew it must be so, I could not believe that I had entertained burglars and not inmates of an asylum. Williams went down to find out the extent of the loss of the plate, which turned out to be almost total. The plate chest had been broken into—everything was gone.

I sat still in my room going over what had taken place, now, with what different feelings to those of half an hour ago. What a fool I had been. So easily duped! and only open to flattery when I had thought myself superior to womanly nerves. These reflections gave me keener pain, I think, than the loss of the jewellery. Then the mad woman—"Was she really a woman, and could that plausible doctor be a thief?"

I felt there was nothing to be done, and sat there in a state of dazed misery for I scarcely knew how long, when, stooping, I almost unconsciously picked up a dirty piece of paper, and mechanically began to straighten it.

What was this written in blurred pencil? I took it to the light, and made out the words, "Meet . . . . Cross of Four Roads at 3 . . . . .

My wits returned to me. The thieves had evidently dropped the paper. It was just possible that to-night was meant. My energy returned with the prospect of something to do, even if it were futile. I looked at my watch. Was there time? It was quarter to two. I ran downstairs and told Williams to harness the fast grey in the dog-cart, adding I thought I had a clue to the thieves; and in a few minutes we were flying along the road.

I had arranged that we should drive to the house of the nearest magistrate, Colonel Hicks, which was about four miles off. I remembered hearing him say he was not going to the ball as he had an old friend spending the evening. I was shivering with excitement as we drove along. Could we be there in time? We had to go back four miles and drive four more before we reached the thieves' meeting place.

As we arrived at Colonel Hicks', I looked at my watch for I should think the tenth time on our drive; the night had cleared and the moon was now bright. It was twenty past two. Fortunately we had not long to wait, and in a few minutes I had explained as much as was necessary, and Colonel Hicks and Captain Meredith (his friend) had joined me in the dog-cart. They had begged me to remain behind, but I preferred seeing the end of the adventures of the night. I had recovered from my depression and was braced up and my nerves strung to the uttermost. I knew I could trust Colonel Hicks in an emergency. The question now was should we be in time, and should we catch the thieves.

A few minutes before three we arrived; the three men left the dog-cart, I, having arranged to remain in it and hold the reins. I drove down one of the roads, waiting for the result of the next half hour with a mind full of hopes and fears.

What took place then I heard afterwards. After waiting a few minutes, they saw a man coming towards them—they were in the shadow—evidently he did not see them. Wheels were heard approaching and a trap stopped opposite their hiding place; only one man was in it. As he gave a low whistle, the other figure they had seen came towards the trap, but before he could reach it, Captain Meredith had sprung forward, and with one blow so surprised and stunned the man, that he had no difficulty in slipping on a pair of handcuffs, which he had taken the precaution to bring with him.

Almost simultaneously Williams caught the horse's head, while Colonel Hicks seized the driver. All was done so quickly that he never seemed to recover until his confederate had been lifted in, and, with Colonel Hicks and his friend, driven off.

Then he began to bluster, asking what could be meant by behaving in such a way to a gentleman driving on his own business. When he was convinced that everything was known, he changed his tactics, and promised to tell where everything was if they would only let him off. Needless to say, no notice was taken of his proposal, and, as they surmised, the stolen goods were in the trap.

Williams had joined me, and I reached home just before the others returned from the ball. I need not describe their consternation on hearing my evening's adventures.

The rest is soon told. My pretended doctor and his accomplices were all tried at the next assizes. I had to appear as witness, and even when I saw the real Dr. Armstrong and the pretended together, the likeness was remarkable.

They had been in the neighbourhood for some days, and had found out all about my plate and diamonds. They knew some of the servants had gone out, but not that I was alone in the house. They had watched the guests go to the ball, and seeing I was not amongst them, laid their plans accordingly. How such people find things out, it is hard to tell, I had no reason ever to suppose any of my servants were implicated. The pretended mad woman was a man who had been a keeper in a lunatic asylum—these circumstances suggested their novel mode of robbery.

It was a long time before I recovered from the shock my nerves received that night. I have not heard of any of the gang since. They were transported for ten years. My valuables I generally now keep in the bank; but never since have I cared to be left alone in the house. So ends the story of that adventurous night of twenty years ago, which I can still recall with perfect clearness as though it had happened but yesterday.

*BARRULE.*

# Some Masonic Amenities

by Wallis MacKay.

# John Brown's Christmas Hamper.

By ADELINE SERGEANT,
*Author of "Jacobi's Wife," "Under False Pretences," &c.*



## CHAPTER I.

"WHO does that hamper belong to, eh?"

"Don't know, sir. Not one of the passengers. Got to be delivered in the town, I expect."

"Go and look at it," said the station master, magisterially, and the porter, who was a rather stupid-looking young man, with fair hair and blue eyes, went down the platform to the spot where a solitary hamper was standing just where it had been deposited by the guard of the last train.

It was a small roadside station, where few passengers alighted, and those few were mostly bound for the country town of Great Ashford, about three miles away. There was a station also at Little Ashford, but it was a straggling place, and the houses at its southern extremity were nearer Little Ashford than Great Ashford Station. People who lived, for instance, in Ashford Road were not more than a mile and a half from Little Ashford Station, and usually preferred it to the more distant one. There were, of course, drawbacks to the convenience of having the two stations so near at hand; persons sometimes got out at one who ought to have gone on to the other, and "Great" and "Little" Ashford were much confounded in the mind of strangers. So that when the station master saw that solitary hamper on the platform, it immediately occurred to him that it ought to have gone on to Great Ashford, and that it would be very awkward to get it there before night closed in—especially on Christmas Eve.

But the porter came back with a re-assuring air.

"It's on'y for Ashford Row, Little Ashford," he said. "I be going that way myself presently, when I goes to my tea. Shall I take it along?"

"Who is it for?"

"The Browns," said the porter, laconically.

The station master was a rather inquisitive man.

"Browns?" he repeated, in a meditative way. "Browns! Now, what Browns might you be meaning, eh?"

"There's on'y one set of Browns that I know anything of," said the porter. "A nice lively set as ever you saw. They live at number Ten, Ashford Row, and there's ten of 'em, I believe. A nice, lively fam'ly."

The station master came forward and looked reflectively at the hamper. "John Zacchary Brown, Esquire," he read. "Well, there won't be much mistake about his identity, any way. John Brown's common enough: but John Brown's got something of a distinguishing mark upon him, as one may say. Is it Mr. John Zacchary Brown as you know, James?"

The porter shook his head. "Couldn't say," he answered, dubiously. "John Brown's the name I know. John Brown, Esquire, Ten, Ashford Row."

"There's no number on this direction," said the station master. He seemed a little suspicious about the destination of this hamper, for some reason or other.

"There's no other Browns in Ashford Row," said the porter, dogmatically. "And I go past it when I goes to my tea."

"Then you can take it with you," said his superior, turning on his heel with the air of one who had heard enough of a trivial piece of business.

"It's mighty heavy," said the young man, lifting the hamper a little way and letting it down again; "but it's Christmas time and they'll give me something to drink their healths with, I make no doubt. A nice lively family they be, for sure; and ten of them all told, if there's any. Well, it's nearly half-past four, so I'll be off. 'T'ain't far to go, thank goodness."

With some difficulty he shouldered the hamper, which was an unusually large and heavy one, and left the railway station. The daylight had not yet faded, but the sky was dull and grey overhead, with a promise of snow in its colourless depths. The road was hard as iron, and the porter, who was young and active, thought with some satisfaction of a certain round pool in the neighbourhood which would be sure to "bear" upon the morrow.

Number Ten, Ashford Row, was one of a dozen uninviting little houses of half-baked brick, which stood at a stone's throw from Little Ashford Station. They had all shallow bow-windows, bright green Venetian blinds, and a small flight of steps from the little iron gate to the neat brown door. They were so small that it was difficult to conjecture where the "nice lively family," of which the porter spoke, could possibly be stowed away. The man looked up at the house as he approached it with an air of recognition—almost a friendly air, as if he knew its inmates and was genially disposed towards them. There were two or three youthful faces at the bow-window, and their owners nodded vigorously to James as he halted at the little gate with the hamper on his shoulder and prepared to ascend the flight of steps. Before he could reach the door, however, it was thrown open, and a merry-looking, rosy-cheeked boy of twelve years old stood on the threshold, while two girls, with flowing hair and very short skirts, hovered in the background.

"What have you got there, Spence?" said the boy. "Anything for us?"

"It can't be for us," said a dolorous voice from one of his sisters in the hall, as she peered curiously over his shoulder into the gathering darkness, "there is never anything for *us*."

"But it is for you, sir," said James Spence, the porter, with a grin; "and mighty heavy it be, too. Leastways it is for you if your pa's name may 'appen to be 'John Zacchary Brown, Esquire,' as it says on this 'ere direction."

"Why, of course, it's father's name," said the boy, beginning a wild war-dance upon the door-mat; and it's mine, too. It isn't everybody that has such a name as ours, Spence. I don't suppose there's another person named Zacchary in the whole of Ashford."

"Maybe not, sir," said Spence, cheerfully depositing his burden just inside the front door, "and therefore there can't be much mistake as to who the hamper's meant for. There it is, sir, and a heavy load to lift, as you will find it if you tries it, sir, and—and—I wish you a merry Christmas, sir."

He touched his cap with his forefinger as he spoke, and looked pleasantly suggestive. The boy was by this time on his knees, carefully examining the address.

"I'm sure I don't know who can have sent it," he was saying. "Eh, what did you say, Spence? Oh, a merry Christmas; the same to you, and many of 'em."

"Jack, don't be stupid," whispered one of his sisters in his ear. "Don't you see that the man's waiting for a Christmas-box?"

Jack started up and gazed at the porter open-mouthed. "I wish you a merry Christmas, sir," said the porter once more, politely.

Jack fumbled helplessly in his pockets, and the porter smiled. From those pockets Jack produced, after infinite toil and trouble, the large sum of one halfpenny.

"That's no good," remarked his sister Edie. "Hear, I've twopence; take that, quick, but I sure it isn't enough."

"There—there isn't anything to pay, is there?" Jack blurted out in his bewilderment.

"No, sir; nothing to pay, sir," said the porter, taking a step towards the door and respectfully touching his cap again. "I wish you a merry Christmas, sir."

"Wait a minute. I'll ask mother," said Jack, making a rush

towards the inner door, but he was immediately captured and held back by his sisters' arms.

"No, no; you mustn't go to mother. She"—in a whisper—"has got no money. She was crying this morning because she couldn't buy anything for a Christmas dinner. Send the man away, and tell him to call again."

"What's the matter?" said another voice, and a pretty girl of fourteen came downstairs.

"Have you any money, Mabel? Will you lend us some? We'll pay you back by degrees," said Edie and Ethel, in hurried tones.

Mabel was the economical one of the family. She did not fail her brother and sister on this momentous occasion. From a neat little purse she produced the sum of sixpence, which she handed to Jack with a look of reproach. "What business had you to keep him waiting for a Christmas-box?" she murmured. "You *know* that we can't afford it."

But Jack had got all he wanted, and handed the coin to Spence with a lordly air of generosity, which caused the porter to touch his cap and utter fervent Christmas wishes once again before he took his departure. "I'll pay you back, Mabel," the boy said confidently. "I didn't like poor Spence to get nothing when he had come with this hamper for us. 'John Zacchary Brown.' Well, now, that's father's name and my name too; so how upon earth are we to know which of us it's meant for?"

"Wait till father comes home," said Mabel, contemplating the hamper with interest.

"Wait till he gets home!" repeated Jack, with infinite scorn. "When you know that he won't be here until nine o'clock to-night. We must see what is inside the hamper before then, Mabel!"

"Then we must ask mother to open it."

"Mother is lying down and must not be disturbed," one of the girls began; but at this moment the door of a back room slowly opened, and there appeared the mother of the children, Mrs. John Zacchary Brown herself.

She was a very graceful looking woman, with a pale delicate face, large, dark, soft eyes, and a quantity of pale golden hair piled up about her head. Not at all the woman, apparently, to be the mother of ten healthy, noisy children, ranging from 17 years of age to 13 months. She herself had been married at 18, when she was a penniless pretty governess with no home and no friends; and at seven and thirty she had not lost her charm, even if she had lost the first bloom of her beauty; and in the eyes of husband and children she was the loveliest woman in the world.

She had had a hard struggle with life. Her husband had married her against the wishes of his friends, and had quarrelled with them in consequence. This quarrel made an important difference in his life. He had been brought up as his uncle's heir, and his uncle was a rich, crusty, ill-tempered old bachelor, who had meant him to marry an heiress, and who made a fresh will, and disinherited him on the day when he heard of his marriage with pretty Madeline Grafton. Since that day, John Zacchary Brown had known a good deal of trouble. It was not at first that he could get anything to do, and he was not altogether successful in what he undertook during the first few years of his married life. But he had now a settled income, and although it was small, they were able to live upon it in a careful and humble manner. He had a clerkship in a business house, the heads of which had known his father and his uncle, who had originally come from a village near Ashford; and, after years of uncertainty, the £250 a year which he received seemed to him almost like wealth. He was not a man who easily despaired. When Madeline reminded him gently of the increasing expenses of their family, he would put her off with a bright word and smile of encouragement. "Why, the elder ones will soon be able to help us," he said, cheerily. "Look at Kathleen and Nora; I am quite proud of them." For Kathleen was already earning a tiny salary as under teacher in a school; and Nora was a pupil teacher in the same establishment, and the two cost him nothing, as he declared, except their food in the holidays.

Mrs. Brown smiled a little sadly over this declaration. She knew how Kathleen, who was sensitive, was fretting her heart out over certain difficulties and mortifications incidental to her position; she knew how Nora, who was clever, was unable to have the teaching that she required; and how Mabel, the next girl, was obliged to stay at home from school altogether in order to help her mother with the little ones. All these things weighed heavily upon the mother's mind. For Jack she had no need, as yet, to be quite so anxious, because he went to a very good grammar school in Great Ashford, and the twins, Edie and Ethel, as well as the younger ones, did not need more teaching than she could give; but she could not help thinking fearfully of their future, and wondering how all the babies could be brought up and educated and put out into the world without an overwhelming burden of debt and difficulty. And there was the ever-present fear lest her health, or that of her husband—neither of them very strong—should give way altogether. With all these cares pressing upon her, it was not to be wondered at that Mrs. Brown looked pale and worn; and it might rather have been a matter for remark to note how sweet was her smile, how unruffled were her tones, when she addressed a remark to the excited group of children in the hall.

"What is it, darlings?" she said. "Do you know how late it is, Jack? You know you must meet Kathleen and Nora by the six o'clock train."

"Mother dear," said Jack, impressively, "there are *heaps* of time. What I want you to do now is to look at this address: 'John Zacchary Brown, Esquire.' Now, is that me, or is it father?"

"I should think it was most emphatically father," said Mrs. Brown, laughing. "What is it? A hamper? But it cannot be for us."

"If there is anyone else of the name of John Zacchary Brown, Esquire, I should like to know!" said Jack, hotly.

"It is the name of your father's uncle," said Mrs. Brown.

Jack paused for a moment. "What, that horrid, stingy, rich old man that wouldn't have anything to do with father because he married you, mammy, darling? I wish I could punch his head! What did father call me after him for, I wonder?"

"It was your father's own name, too, you must remember," said Mrs. Brown, with a faint colour in her pale cheeks. "Don't talk in that way of your uncle, dear. And as to this hamper, I can't imagine where it comes from; but perhaps some clue may be found inside; so, as I think it *must* be for your father, I decide that we open it at once."

The decision was received with acclamation, and Edie ran off to find a knife or a pair of scissors with which to cut the cord, while Jack fell on his knees beside it and began tugging at the knots as if for dear life.

The lamp in the hall was presently lighted, and the younger children appeared upon the scene. Baby Jim was safely sleeping; but Will and Teddy and Dot were all to the fore. The lid of the hamper was at length wrenched open; and then a sight met the eyes of the children which made them stare in astonishment and delight. For never was a hamper more invitingly filled. There was a splendid turkey; there were two ducks and a couple of fowls and a mighty ham; there was a big plum pudding, ready boiled; there was a pork pie of ample dimensions, and any number of sausages; and the interstices were tightly packed with sound rosy-cheeked apples and winter pears. Then there was a rich-looking plum cake, and some thick hunches of home-made ginger-bread. And on the top of all these lay a card on which was represented a robin with a very large red waistcoat, and in his mouth a scroll which bore the words "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

"But who can have sent it," said Mrs. Brown, in amaze.

"Oh, some old friend of father's or yours!" cried Jack recklessly. "Somebody who wants to remind you of their existence."

"But there is no name attached to the gift, and therefore we

cannot be reminded of anybody. Perhaps a letter will come to explain it."

"Perhaps it isn't for us, after all," said Mabel dispassionately.

This was a terrible thought. Mrs. Brown stopped down and examined the label once more. There was no mistake about it—"John Zacchary Brown, Esq., Ashford Row," though not very distinctly written, was quite legible. And there was certainly no other John Zacchary Brown in Little Ashford.

Jack settled the question in his usual practical fashion by distributing rosy-cheeked apples to every member of the party, and stuffing two or three into his own pocket for the benefit of Kathleen and Nora.

## CHAPTER II.

Now there was in Great Ashford a thoroughfare which bore the name of Ashford Road. It stretched away from the town, on the opposite side to the one on which Little Ashford lay; and it was a very pleasant-looking road in summer, though somewhat dreary in the winter time. On each side of the road stood detached houses in the midst of pleasant gardens. Some of the houses and gardens were not very large, some were decidedly imposing, and in one of the largest and most imposing there lived an old and solitary man, who had, to use a homely expression, "more money than he knew what to do with."

It was on Christmas Eve that this old gentleman sat alone in his comfortable dining-room, in front of a glorious fire. The room was plainly but handsomely furnished; it was rather a gloomy room, too, in spite of the wealth that had evidently been expended upon it. There was nothing light, or bright, or pretty about its decorations. They were solid, heavy, and eminently respectable.

The owner of the room had drawn his arm-chair close to the fire, and was sitting with his feet on the fender, his elbows on the arms of his chair, and his chin pillowed on his breast. He was a tall, gaunt man, with stooping shoulders and grey hair; he had long, rugged features and grizzled eye-brows bent into a perpetual frown above his fierce grey eyes; his mouth had a trick of turning down at the corners in a rather truculent way, and his forehead and thin cheeks were covered with a network of fine wrinkles and lines which did not add to the pleasantness of his expression. And yet, fierce and aggressive as he looked, there was a touch of melancholy in his face which redeemed it from being utterly disagreeable; one could fancy that the eyes might, under certain circumstances, soften, and the lines about the grim mouth grow tender. But certainly those who lived in this old man's house had never seen anything approaching softness or tenderness in his stern face.

As the daylight began to wane, he put forth his wrinkled hand and rang the bell. A stout, comely-looking woman in black silk, with hands demurely folded at her waist appeared in answer.

"Did you ring, sir!"

"Of course I rang. What else have you come for? I want to know if that hamper's come."

"No, sir."

"Just like those Kirby's. Promising all sorts of things and never keeping their word," grumbled her master. "In their letter yesterday they told me what they had sent, or were going to send, too."

"Yes, sir," said the housekeeper, bridling a little, and patting one of her wrists with the other hand, "and you told me not to get anything for Christmas Day in consequence; and so there is not anything in the house, sir, except a piece of beef for the servant's dinner, and the plum puddings that I made a few days ago."

"And quite enough, too!" snarled the old man. What do the servants want more than that? What do I *want* with more than that? I'll have the roast beef to-morrow myself, and they can dine off the joint afterwards."

The housekeeper paused. "That's not usually the way on Christmas Day in gentlemen's houses, allow me to remind you, sir, It's late, I know, but I should have no objection to stepping out and ordering a turkey for you, or anything of that sort, for to-morrow.

You see, sir, half apologetically, "Christmas is not exactly like an ordinary sort of day."

"No, confound it, I wish it were," said her master, so savagely that Mrs. Ellaby drew back aghast. "I won't have any fuss about *my* dinner at any rate. Keep your roast beef if you want it, by all means. Send me up anything you please. I hate your plum pudding and Christmas messes. I'll have a plain, ordinary dinner, and nothing more."

"Very well, sir. And should'nt I telegraph to Mrs. Kirby for you, sir, to say that the hamper has not come? From what you said, sir, and from what Mrs. Kirby said when she was here, we rather depended upon her sending certain things, and———"

"If I want to telegraph, I'll telegraph myself," said the old man curtly. "Probably the hamper will arrive the day after to-morrow, with half the things spoilt. Get what you like, Ellaby, and don't bother *me*."

He turned round to the fire again with a jerk, and Mrs. Ellaby, after waiting for a moment, left the room.

"What a temper he has got, to be sure!" she soliloquised, as she returned to her own quarters. "But not a bad master in some ways. He's *near*, very near, when it come to his own expenses; but he don't grudge us a fair supply, nor fair wages neither. It's odd about that hamper. Mrs. Kirby made such a fuss about it when she was here, and considering what she hopes to get when master dies, it's little enough for her to send him some home-grown poultry and farm produce now and then. I wonder she didn't send it off sooner, so as to get here in good time. There's nothing master hates more than people promising and not performing, and if that hamper doesn't arrive I shouldn't be surprised if Mrs. Kirby found that she had cut her own throat, and that master wouldn't have any more to do with her."

So mused shrewd Mrs. Ellaby, and meanwhile her master had fallen into a reverie which was not altogether unlike her own.

"Alice Kirby's a plausible woman," he was saying to himself, as he thought of the kinswoman who always made such a pleasant fuss about "poor, dear Cousin John" whenever she came to see him; "a plausible woman, and a clever one, but a little too apt to let her tongue run away with her. 'A hamper, a good big Christmas hamper, cousin John'—I can hear her saying it!—'with a turkey and some fowls, and a Christmas cake, and one of my own Christmas puddings! Ay, ay, she thought she would get over the old man in that way, and put him in a good temper by these little attentions; but I'm not so blind as all that. I know what her Christmas presents mean. They mean flattery and subserviency, and calculation and self-interest; and I value them no more than I value the blessings of a beggar when you give him a copper in the street. Alice Kirby longs for my death—longs for the time when she may stand in my house and call it her own—instal her strapping boys in the library, and her buxom daughters in the drawing-room, and persuade her husband to give up his thriving farm and settle here in Great Ashford. Don't be too sure of that, cousin Alice Kirby. If I had anyone else to leave my money to, you'd stand a very poor chance, I assure you."

Then the old man paused, and his face took on that softer expression which none of his household knew.

"I wonder what's become of Jack," he murmured to himself. "Dead by this time, perhaps. Vanished as utterly as if he'd never been born. And I hoped that I should have had his children about me now."

He sighed heavily, and looked into the fire, until he became conscious that the light of the leaping flames was blurred a little by a curious mist—it could not, surely, have been a mist of tears? He

roused himself, stood up, and blew his nose loudly, then took a turn or two through the room.

"I must be dreaming," he said to himself in his old gruff way. "What do I want with Jack and a pack of noisy children? Jack, who behaved so ungratefully to me, too. I said I'd never forgive him, and I never will." And then, quite inconsequently, he sighed again, and said "Poor boy! Poor boy!"

"I must be out of sorts," he continued presently, "or I should not feel so hipped to-night. I think I'll just have a short walk before dinner; it will give me an appetite. I might as well walk down to Great Ashford Station, and make enquiries about the hamper."

So, in a very few moments, the master of the house had put on his muffler and gloves and great coat, and was hobbling down the street, for he had rheumatism sometimes, and was very lame. And when he came into the station, which was a tolerably large one, he was hustled and jostled and pushed in every direction, until he grew quite irritable, and vowed to himself that no hamper was worth enquiring for when it brought him such an infinity of trouble. At last he ascertained that a certain train from the north was just due, and that when it was in there might be a chance of his being attended to—indeed, the hamper might come by that very train; so he bestowed himself in a corner of the platform, and waited for the train to arrive.

He was ensconced in an angle of the building, so as to be out of the way of hurrying passengers and porters with laden trucks; and, having nothing to do, he began to pay some attention to his neighbours.

A boy and girl stood immediately before him, and fragments of their talk were wafted to the old gentleman's ears. As a rule he did not take much notice of children, but this pair interested him. For one thing, he got a glimpse of the boy's face, and it had a strangely familiar air. Those clear-cut, handsome features, those smiling blue eyes, those curling golden-brown locks—of whom did they remind him? Of someone, certainly, who had once been dear to the old man's heart. The girl was not nearly so interesting to him; she was pretty, but she had not the charm of likeness to another which the boy bore about with him. The similarity extended even to the lad's voice; its tones were exactly those which this lonely old gentleman had never expected to hear again.

The two were brother and sister, evidently, and both were in a state of wild excitement.

"Oh, how late the train is!" cried the boy. "I do wish it would come. Won't they be pleased!"

"I'm sure they will," said the girl. "Do you remember last Christmas, Jack? Why, we had nothing to make it different from other days, except a little tiny plum pudding, and going to church in the morning, and games with father in the evening; and this year we shall have all sorts of nice things."

"Greedy creatures girls always are," grumbled the old man to himself, while the boy made answer—

"Well, I think what we get to eat doesn't matter, as long as there is enough of it; but I know this—mother was crying this morning, Mabel told me, because she was afraid she could not get us any proper dinner at all without going into debt for it; and that she says she will never do if she can help it."

"What a good thing the hamper came, then," said his sister. "It was just the right thing, wasn't it, Jack? I suppose mother had been praying about it, and God sent her the hamper as a reply."

"Edie, how silly you are!" said Jack, rather shocked at this view of the situation. "And yet," he added, after a moment's pause, "perhaps there's something in that."

"Well, I'm sure we want feeding more than young ravens do," said Edie, rather indignantly; "and there's a hymn that says something about feeding the young ravens when they cry——"

"A nice lot of young ravens we are," said the boy, exploding into sudden laughter. "Ten of us, and all hungry! Well, we shall have a jolly good dinner to-morrow, at any rate. Wasn't mother glad?"

"I wish there had been some crackers and oranges, too," said Edie, rather plaintively. "Other children have them, and Christmas presents, too. I never had a Christmas present in my life except from Ethel."

"And I'm sure that's enough," said Jack, somewhat rudely. "You mustn't be always wanting and wishing. Father always brings us an orange each, you know; and what with the apples and cakes in the hamper, I'm sure we ought to be quite content. I wonder who sent us the hamper."

"I wonder!" repeated Edie, meekly. "It was very kind of somebody, whoever it was."

"Look out, there's the train!" said Jack. "Come along, Edie. I see them—don't you see? At that carriage window? There's Kathleen and Nora—both of them nodding and smiling—come along!"

The old gentleman was so much interested by this colloquy that he forgot his own errand for the moment, and followed the children in the direction of the railway carriage where their sisters were seated. "Very pretty girls indeed," he muttered to himself. "Coming back from school, I suppose. Third class. H'm."

He was near enough to hear Jack's vociferous welcome. "Oh, Kathie, darling, we are so glad to have you back again, and we have such a surprise for you!"

"You can't be gladder than I am," Kathleen was heard to say. 'Oh, how nice it is to talk bad grammar, and not have to teach little girls!"

"A governess, is she?" said the silent observer to himself. "Beginning early, poor child. Why, she's only a child herself. Good heavens, what a likeness there is in that boy to —— What utter folly I am talking! I'll go and look for my hamper. I wish it would give me half the pleasure that theirs seems to have brought to them. Some poor man's family, I suppose; poor and respectable and proud—honest, too, from what the boy said about debt. I wonder who they are—but it's no business of mine."

He could not refrain from watching the sisters and their brother as they claimed their luggage, and he noticed that their boxes were scrupulously neat, although they were of a very common kind. There was some complication about a box which had not arrived, however, and the old man felt at first inclined to proffer his help; but he noticed that the eldest girl, in spite of her refined beauty and gentle aspect, seemed to be well able to look after herself and had plenty of common sense. As it was always his principle to let people help themselves who were able to do so, he did not therefore interfere; but silently examined the various articles that came out of the van—without finding Mrs. Kirby's hamper amongst them.

Away he went at last to the Parcels Office, for, as he said to himself, it was, after all, no use for him to trouble his head about a pack of girls and boys; and at the Parcels Office he made his inquiries in due form.

"What name did you say, sir?"

"Brown. John Zacchary Brown. I live in Ashford Road. A hamper from Selby in Yorkshire——"

Who gave that curious gasp beside him? Mr. Brown turned round sharply, and saw at his elbow the boy whom he had remarked upon the platform; but, strangely enough, the boy's face had turned quite pale, and bore a wondering and horror-stricken expression which was entirely inexplicable. But the likeness which Mr. Brown had observed, was stronger than ever; and it was this likeness which impelled the old man to say, in the very gruffest of tones—

"Do you want anything with me, boy?"

But, after an ineffectual attempt to speak, the boy turned round and fairly ran out of the office. Mr. Brown looked after him with an odd smile.

"One would think that that young gentleman was afraid of me," he muttered, half to himself and half to the clerk. Then in a louder tone, "Do you know who that boy is?"

"He has just given his father's name, I believe," said the young

man behind the counter, indifferently. "Oh, I see—same name as your own, sir. John Zacchary Brown. I suppose it's the same address."

"Mine is Eglantine House, Ashford Road, Great Ashford. What is his?"

"Number Ten, Ashford Row, Little Ashford, sir. You have come about the box he mentioned, no doubt——"

"I have come about nothing of the kind, sir, and I beg that you'll mind your own business," said Mr. Brown, with singular sharpness. "No, I've nothing else to inquire about; I know all that I want to know, and I wish you good evening."

He hobbled away with unusual quickness, and turned out of the station into the lighted street. There was a frown upon his forehead, and a tightening of the grim mouth which did not portend good things. But as he walked along the pavement, a four-wheeled cab passed him, and at the window he caught sight for a moment of the boy's face—a face with a doubtful, scared, puzzled expression upon it, as different as possible from the brightness which had adorned it when he was welcoming his sisters home. The old man saw it, stopped short, planted his stick firmly upon the ground, and, to the amazement of the bystanders, burst into a series of short, convulsive chuckles.

"So that's where Alice Kirby's hamper has gone to!" he exclaimed at last, when the paroxysm had had its way. "Now I wonder what that boy will do. I should like to see Alice Kirby's face when she knows what became of the precious hamper that she sent to me."

And then he felt in his pocket for his purse, and with a grim smile lingering about his lips, he turned into one of the busiest streets of the town, and made some exceedingly seasonable purchases at several shops in the neighbourhood.

## CHAPTER III.

Nobody could imagine what ailed Jack Brown that evening. As he went home with his sisters in the cab he was morose and irritable in the extreme. His brightness, his gaiety of heart had left him; he felt himself an extremely ill-used boy, and was disagreeable in consequence.

"Is Jack always like this?" Nora asked of Edie in private, when they reached the girls' room upstairs.

"No, indeed," said Edie, dismally. "I can't think what is the matter with him. He was as nice as possible before you came. I have never seen him like this before."

"Perhaps he has a cold coming on," said Kathleen, pacifically. "We must try not to vex him, and I daresay he will be allright by-and-bye."

But all efforts not to vex Jack that evening were unavailing. He was ready to be vexed with everything and with everybody. Even his mother had to utter a gentle remonstrance, and his father spoke sharply more than once, for Jack refused to join in any amusement, declined to touch the cake or the apples that came out of the hamper, and finally made himself so unpleasant that even he felt it the best thing he could do to betake himself to bed.

His little brothers both slept in the same room, but Jack had a bed to himself, and here he tossed and tumbled for what seemed to him many weary hours. In reality, it was not more than eleven o'clock when he heard at last his mother's light footstep on the stairs and raised himself against his pillows to call her name.

"Are you awake, darling? Yes, what is it?"

"Mother," said Jack, in a muffled voice, "would you come here for a few minutes?"

His mother came in and seated herself beside his bed. She had a feeling that she was about to hear some confession. She knew, without being told, that something was weighing on her boy's mind.

"Mother, I've something to tell you." She expected that, but she did not expect what followed. "Mother, I'm just a thief and a robber, and I know that you and father will never trust me any more."

"I think we shall, Jack—and all the more for a brave confession. What is the matter?"

"Well, mother, it's in this way. It's about that hamper. It isn't meant for us at all. It belongs to somebody else, and I knew it, and I've let you use the things all the evening as if they belonged to us."

"Jack!" The confession certainly was of a nature to startle any mother. "But you did not know at first—when it came, I mean?"

"Oh, no, I didn't know then. It was at the railway station—when I went to meet the girls. I went into the Parcels Office to ask about their tin box, and there was an old gentleman with grey hair, and he looked very cross. And he was asking about a hamper that ought to have come to him from Selby—and I remembered the label said "Selby"—and he said that he lived in Ashford Road—not *Row*, you see, as we thought—and that his name was John Zacchary Brown. Yes, mother, John *Zacchary* Brown. And if ever *you* heard before of such a coincidence, I'm sure I never did!" concluded Jack, gloomily.

"But—Jack! why did you not speak to him at once?"

"Mother," said Jack, impressively, "I had one of his apples in my pocket at that very moment, and how *could* I tell him?"

"It is much worse now," said Mrs. Brown, thinking with dismay of the wedges of cake that had been consumed, of the vanquished apples, and the roasted fowl and sausages which she and her husband and the girls had had for supper.

"I know it is," said Jack, "and what are we to do?"

"I must ask your father," said his mother. "I am sure he will help you as far as he can; but—oh, my dear boy, I never knew you not straightforward before!"

"It seemed such a shame," said Jack, with a sort of gulp. "The things were just what we wanted. And that old fellow looked quite well off and comfortable——"

Tears choked his utterance then, and Mrs. Brown could not maintain her reproachful attitude, but held him in her arms and kissed him, and tried to console him as well as she could for what she could not help feeling to be a very great misfortune. And after a time Jack was comforted and lay down to sleep.

There was one aspect of the matter that had not as yet occurred to Mrs. Brown. Absorbed in Jack's repentance and her own inward disappointment, she had not stopped to wonder at the coincidence of names of which he had spoken. It was reserved for her husband to say, with a curious mingling of vexation and amusement,

"Why the old man must be my uncle—old John Zacchary Brown!"

"But what brings him to Ashford?"

"Why, he and my father were connected with Ashford more or less for many years of their early life. I dare say it is the force of early association that has brought him back again. I have not heard of him for years. It is a little awkward that this should have happened with *him*."

"Poor Jack! he is very much distressed."

"He really deserves to be. Madeline, this is not a matter in which I can do very much. The boy will have to bear the brunt of it. He must take back the hamper, and as many of its contents as we have not consumed, and make his apologies to the old man, as early to-morrow morning as possible. He can go in a cab. He will just explain the whole thing and old John must do as he pleases about it. We can't interfere."

"You don't think Mr. Brown will be hard on Jack? Our dear, brave, high spirited little Jack! Oh, John, I don't think I *can* let him go alone!" and Mrs. Brown's eyes filled with tears.

Her husband drew her tenderly down upon his knee.

"Don't be afraid, darling," he said. "I never knew Uncle John do an unjust thing but once—and that was when he refused to see us after our marriage. I don't think that he will be hard upon our Jack. But I stand to it that Jack must go.

## CHAPTER IV.

Christmas Day morning was brilliant with sunshine. The air was keen, but the sky was blue and cloudless, and the sunlight glittered in the sheets of ice and frost which were still to be noted on the country roads. In the town of Great Ashford, the bells were beginning to ring for morning service; and people were already to be seen issuing from their doors—whole families of them—in Sunday garments, with prayer books in their hands. It was just after half-past ten when a cab, which had driven from Little Ashford, turned into Ashford Road and drew up at the gate of Eglantine House. This cab had two occupants, a lady and a boy; and on the top of the cab a large hamper had been securely tied.

Only the boy got out of the cab. Poor Jack's heart was rather heavy; he had had a very unpleasant time of it that morning; for his father, although kind, was somewhat (and not unnaturally) vexed; and the disappointment of the children over the loss of the hamper and its contents had been visited upon his head. "Because," as Mabel said, "if we had not eaten the things it would not be half so bad; but Jack let us gobble them up, and now has to go and tell, and this Mr. John Zacchary Brown, whoever he is, will think us all abominably greedy, as well as dishonest." And this was hard for Jack to bear.

He rang the bell manfully, however, and asked to see Mr. Brown. The servant looked at him with some surprise, it was not often that a handsome boy of twelve called to see "the master." He was shown into a room that seemed to him oppressively grand and solemn; it was the library of Eglantine House, and it was furnished in the heavily magnificent style dear to the heart of the middle-class Englishman. Here Jack waited nervously until Mr. Brown appeared.

The old man entered with a face of portentous gravity. If there was a twinkle underneath the bushy grey eyebrows, Jack did not see it, and would not have realised its meaning if he had seen it. He looked very formidable in the boy's eyes as he stood opposite him, and asked him gruffly what his business was.

"If you please, sir, is your name, Mr. John Zacchary Brown?" began Jack, blushing up to the roots of his hair as he spoke.

"Yes, it is," said Mr. Brown. "And what is yours?"

"My name is John Zacchary Brown, too," said Jack. "And so is my father's. And that is how we came to make such a mistake as we did yesterday."

"A mistake, eh?" said the old man, letting himself slowly down into a leather-covered chair, and resting both hands upon the stick which he planted between his legs. "Well, let me hear what the mistake was."

"It was about a hamper," said Jack, still very red. "It came to Little Ashford Station, and it was delivered at our house in Ashford Row. If you look at the address, you will see that it looks exactly like Ashford Row, because it isn't very well written; but father says that it is Ashford Road, and that we ought to have seen. It came when he was out, and we all thought it was for us, and we opened it."

"And what makes you think that it was *not* for you!" asked Mr. Brown.

Jack glanced round the room helplessly, and wished that he could sink through the floor; but as this mode of exit was not open to him, he in desperation took up his tale once more.

"I was at Great Ashford Station last night," he said, "to meet my sisters. They were coming home from school. Kathleen is governess there, and Nora pupil teacher. I dare say you didn't see Edie and me, but I saw you. It was in the Parcels Office. You were asking about a parcel from Yorkshire; and then I knew all at once that it must be the hamper that we had got."

"Ah, I see," said the old man. "So you went home and told your father and mother, eh? And they have sent me back my hamper? It would have been a trifle more useful if it had come back last night, you know, but I suppose it was too late for you to come. However, better late than never."

"Oh, but that isn't all," said Jack, hurriedly. "I—I heard your address and everything, and I—I didn't know what to do. I had eaten some of your apples already, and so had the children at home. And we had cut the cake, and mother had said she should have a fowl roasted at once for father and the girls. And I tried to think that I had been mistaken—"

"And went on eating the apples and the fowl?" said the old man drily. "Oh, I see."

"No, no, I didn't," said Jack, becoming if possible redder than before. "I didn't touch one of them again. But I didn't know what to do. And at last—about 11 o'clock last night—I told mother and she talked to father about it, and they sent me here to tell you. And please, I was to say that I'm awfully sorry that we've eaten one fowl and some sausages, and nearly all the apples and part of the cakes, and if you will let us send you back what we have had, which we can do when the shops are open to-morrow, you know, we shall be very glad; because we are not thieves, and we don't want anything that does not belong to us."

"Then why did you not tell your parents at once that you knew whom the hamper belonged to?"

"I know I ought. I'm very much ashamed of myself, sir, and if you think I ought to be punished, I'll take any punishment you like. Father says I deserve it."

"Indeed? And suppose I gave you a good thrashing with my big stick for taking what didn't belong to you, would he think you deserved that?"

"I suppose he would," said Jack, bravely. He looked the old man straight in the face without flinching. "He told me I must do just what you pleased about it."

"And suppose," said the old man, knitting his grey brows very severely, "suppose I were to send for a policeman and give you in charge for stealing my property—what then?

"I can't help it. You are to do what you like, sir," said Jack, in a very low voice. And then, with an evident effort: "But I hope you won't send me to prison, because of mother and father. They would be so dreadfully sorry—and the girls too."

"Well, now, look here," said the old man, "I'll make a bargain with you, young man. I'll undertake *not* to send you to prison if you will answer truthfully every question I ask you for the next five minutes. Eh? Yes or no?"

"Yes, sir—if I can."

"Oh, you can. There will be no difficulty about that. Now then—the policeman or the promise: which is it to be? Yes or no?"

"Yes," said Jack, desperately. There was no other way out of it

"Well, then, to begin with, I don't understand why you were so reluctant to tell your mother about the hamper. Was it the sight of the cakes and apples that tempted you?"

"No—not as much as——"

"Well, what?"

"There might not have been much dinner for us at all," said Jack, looking down, "and it seemed so horrid that we should not have a proper dinner like other people."

"Why what were you going to eat to-day, then?"

"I think there was some beef—I don't know. There was a sort of plum pudding—I mean a suet puding with plums in it, not a real, brown plum pudding like yours. It didn't go round last year. Mother and Kathleen never had a bit—they often don't when we are all at home. There are so many of us, you see!"

"How many?"—"Ten, sir."

"What has your father a year?"

"Jack shook his head. "I don't know. I only know that it is under two hundred and fifty pounds. I've heard him say so."

"Two hundred and fifty to bring up ten children upon!" exclaimed Mr. Brown. "Why, it's scandalous!"

To which observation Jack made no reply.

"So your name's John Zacchary Brown, too, is it? said the old man, after a moment's pause.

"Yes, sir."

"And who are you called after?"

"My father, sir."

"Your father—umph! And who was he called after, pray."

"You, I think, sir," said Jack, looking innocently into the old man's face.

"Me, *eh?* Well, *I'm your father's uncle, as I suppose you know.* That makes me your great-uncle. Are you glad of that?"

Jack was silent.

"Come, you promised to answer. Are you glad of that?"

"No," said the boy, flushing again all over his fair face.

"No! Why not? Out with it. No lies, mind."

"I don't tell lies," said the boy indignantly. "I should be very glad to have an uncle if he were kind to mother and father; but if it is true that you would never speak to them again because father married mother, who is the dearest, sweetest, nicest mother in all the world, why, then I can't be glad that you are my great-uncle at all."

John Zacchary Brown smiled at this speech—an odd smile, which made his face grow young and his eyes gleam tenderly beneath his bushy brows—and then he raised himself slowly out of the old leathern chair.

"Boy," he said, "I like you. I think you are honest. You will never repent having spoken the truth to me. Now, I'll tell you what you can do. Stay here and have dinner with me, and then I'll drive

you home this afternoon. We will feast on the turkey and plum-pudding that you have brought me; and—if you are absent from home, perhaps the pudding will go round, eh?"

"No," said Jack resolutely. Thank you very much, sir, but I'd rather go home."

"Why?"

"I should not like to feast, as you call it, sir, when they—they—at home ———"

The boy's voice trembled. He had been forced by his promise to speak the truth, but the effort was more than he could endure. He burst into sudden tears, and hid his face for a minute or two. It seemed to him that he felt the pressure of a caressing hand upon his head, but when he looked up, his uncle had moved away to the window, and was blowing his nose with a very big red handkerchief, rubbing his eyes with it from time to time as if a suspicious moisture had to be rubbed away.

"Jack," said Mr. Brown at length, "who is that in the cab with you?"

"My mother, sir."

"What, she wouldn't let you come quite alone, would she? Well, then, I'll tell you what: you must take me out and introduce me to her."

And, greatly puzzled, and very uncomfortable, Jack performed the introduction. The old man bowed low to the woman whom he had for so long refused to see, and took her hand between his own.

"We have met in a strange fashion," he said, "but I hope that our meeting is not altogether useless. I have to beg your pardon for the scant justice and the scant courtesy I have meted out to you and yours. Will you forgive me, Madeline? I have never ceased to long for my boy, Jack, ever since I cast him off."

And Madeline, for answer, bent forward to kiss his trembling lips.

"And now," said the old man almost gaily, when a few more words of greeting and reconciliation had been exchanged between them, "now what shall I do? Will you all come and dine with me? Or, better still, may I come and dine with you to-day, and you shall come to me to-morrow? We will take back the hamper; I think it will furnish us all with a Christmas dinner. You agree? Wait one moment, then, and I will come."

He turned back to the house and summoned Mrs. Ellaby, to whom he gave various orders, which resulted in the appearance of a great many parcels of sundry shapes and sizes. These were stowed under the seats of the cab, or on the roof, and Mr. Brown refused to betray any knowledge of their contents. They proved, however, to contain the very things for which poor Edie had been sighing—presents of all sorts—crackers, fruit, and sweetmeats, and never were gifts more joyfully received.

"I bought 'em last night," said Mr. Brown, chuckling, "after I had seen your boy, John. I knew I should have him here before long, or that I should hear about the hamper. I saw in his face that he knew all about it, and I wondered what the end of it would be. But I expected him here, for I was certain he could not fail to be like his father, upright and honourable, as his father has always been. The dark days are over for you all now, John, and that young fellow will be none the worse for his plain speaking. What do you say to making Eglantine House your home from henceforward, eh, John? I have had some very lonely hours there, but, thank God, I need never know loneliness again."

And in a more jocular vein he added, with a sly look at his nephew—

"Can you fancy Alice Kirby's face when she knows what became of her precious Christmas hamper?"

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National Thrift Society.—The work of this Society, which for upwards of ten years, has been, and still is, under the secretarial management of Bro. T. Bowden Green, 1, Finsbury Circus, E.C., is being very considerably developed. Thrift meetings are continually being held under its auspices, and a large amount of Thrift literature is sent out from its offices. Bros. Captain Darley and J. Knowles Rowbotham are members of the committee.

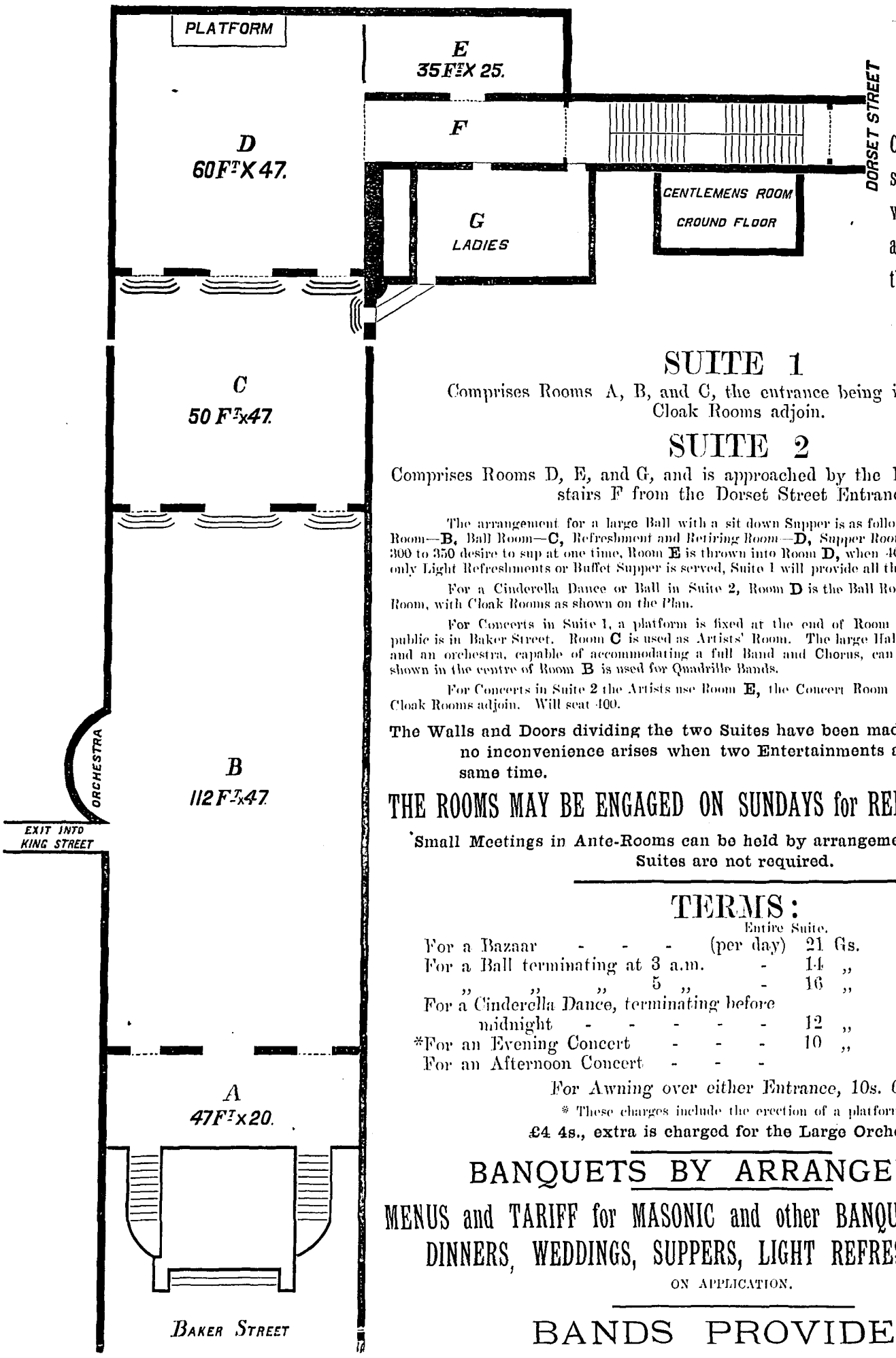
## SEASON 1889-90.

# THE PORTMAN ROOMS,

## BAKER STREET, W.,

## May now be engaged for Balls, Cinderella Dances, Concerts, Bazaars, Banquets, &c.

THE whole of this magnificent Suite of Rooms have just been re-decorated in the Italian Renaissance Style, by Messrs. CAMPBELL, SMITH & Co., from Designs by, and under the personal Superintendence of Sir ARTHUR BLOMFIELD and J. S. PAUL, Esq., joint architects. Some important structural alterations have also been made.




THE

## ENTIRE SUITE

Consists of all the Rooms shown on the annexed Plan, with additional Cloak Rooms and Smoking Room adjoining the Baker Street Entrance.

## SUITE 1

Comprises Rooms A, B, and C, the entrance being in Baker Street. Cloak Rooms adjoin.

## SUITE 2

Comprises Rooms D, E, and G, and is approached by the handsome corridor and stairs F from the Dorset Street Entrance.

The arrangement for a large Ball with a sit down Supper is as follows:—**A**, Reception or Crush Room—**B**, Ball Room—**C**, Refreshment and Retiring Room—**D**, Supper Room. If a larger number than 300 to 350 desire to sup at one time, Room **E** is thrown into Room **D**, when 400 to 500 can be seated. If only Light Refreshments or Buffet Supper is served, Suite 1 will provide all the accommodation necessary.

For a Cinderella Dance or Ball in Suite 2, Room **D** is the Ball Room and **E** the Refreshment Room, with Cloak Rooms as shown on the Plan.

For Concerts in Suite 1, a platform is fixed at the end of Room **B**, and the entrance for the public is in Baker Street. Room **C** is used as Artists' Room. The large Hall will seat about 900 persons, and an orchestra, capable of accommodating a full Band and Chorus, can be erected. The orchestra shown in the centre of Room **B** is used for Quadrille Bands.

For Concerts in Suite 2 the Artists use Room **E**, the Concert Room being **D** on Plan. Dressing Cloak Rooms adjoin. Will seat 400.

**The Walls and Doors dividing the two Suites have been made sound-proof, so that no inconvenience arises when two Entertainments are taking place at the same time.**

## THE ROOMS MAY BE ENGAGED ON SUNDAYS for RELIGIOUS PURPOSES.

**Small Meetings in Ante-Rooms can be held by arrangement when the larger Suites are not required.**

## TERMS:

| | Entire Suite. | Suite 1. | Suite 2. |
|---|---|---|---|
| For a Bazaar - - - (per day) | 21 Gs. | 15 Gs. | 10 Gs. |
| For a Ball terminating at 3 a.m. - | 14 „ | 12 „ | 8 „ |
| „ „ „ 5 „ - | 16 „ | 14 „ | 9 „ |
| For a Cinderella Dance, terminating before midnight - - - - - - | 12 „ | 10 „ | 6 „ |
| *For an Evening Concert - - - | 10 „ | 6 „ | 6 „ |
| For an Afternoon Concert - - - | | 7 „ | 4 „ |

*For Awning over either Entrance, 10s. 6d.*

* These charges include the erection of a platform.

**£4 4s., extra is charged for the Large Orchestra.**

## BANQUETS BY ARRANGEMENT.

## MENUS and TARIFF for MASONIC and other BANQUETS, REGIMENTAL DINNERS, WEDDINGS, SUPPERS, LIGHT REFRESHMENTS, &c.,

ON APPLICATION.

## BANDS PROVIDED.

**All Enquiries and Communications should be made at the Offices of the PORTMAN ROOMS, Ltd., adjoining 32, DORSET STREET, PORTMAN SQUARE.**

# New Regulation Past Masters' Collars & Jewels.

PAST MASTERS OF PRIVATE LODGES subscribing to some Lodge shall be entitled to wear on all occasions when Craft Clothing may be worn, Collars of light blue ribbon, four inches broad, with silver braid a quarter of an inch wide in the centre, as per Sealed Pattern.

## PRICES OF COLLARS.

**New Regulation Collar, No. 1 quality ... 12s. 6d. | New Regulation Collar, No. 2 quality ... 10s. 6d.**
**New Regulation Collar, No. 3 quality ... 5s. 6d.**

## PRICES OF COLLAR JEWELS.

| | | Pierced. | Silver H.M. |
|---|---|---|---|
| No. 1, P.M. Collar Jewel, | Engine-turned Pattern ... ... ... ... | 7s. 6d. | 21s. |
| No. 2 ,, ,, | Engraved Pattern ... ... ... ... | 10s. 6d. | 25s. |
| No. 3 ,, ,. | Pierced Scroll Pattern ... ... ... ... (Very Massive, suitable for Presentation. | 21s. 0d. | 42s. |
| No. 4 ,, ,, | Ribbed Pattern ... ... ... ... ... | 10s. 6d. | 21s. |

# COMMEMORATION JEWEL.

THE JEWEL to be worn by every Freemason in commemoration of HER MAJESTY'S JUBILEE, approved by H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES, K.G., &c., M.W.G.M., is being manufactured by GEORGE KENNING. Brethren who were present at the Meeting at the Royal Albert Hall are entitled to wear a Bar on the Ribbon; with a slight addition in the case of Stewards serving on that day. The JEWELS supplied by GEORGE KENNING are exactly modelled from the original design manufactured by him and approved by H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES, M.W.G.M.

## PRICES OF COMMEMORATION JEWEL.

| | | With Spcl. Bar. | With Spcl. Bar and Stds. Badge. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Silver Gilt and Enamelled Jewel ... ... ... | £0 17 6 | £1 0 0 | £1 1 0 |
| Heavy Silver Gilt ,, ,, ... ... ... | 1 5 0 | 1 7 6 | 1 9 0 |
| Do. do. 18-Carat Gold Centre and Jewelled Crown | 2 0 0 | 2 2 6 | 2 4 0 |
| 9-Carat Gold and Enamelled Jewel ... ... ... | 2 10 0 | 2 15 0 | 2 16 6 |
| 15 ,, ,, ,, ... ... ... | 5 0 0 | 5 15 0 | 5 16 6 |
| 18 ,, ,, ,, ... ... ... | 7 0 0 | 7 9 0 | 7 10 6 |
| 18 ,, Jewelled ,, ... ... ... | 8 8 0 | 8 18 6 | 9 0 0 |

# JUBILEE HANGER AND BADGE
FOR
# MARK MASTER MASONS.

THE following extract from the Half-Yearly Communication of the Grand Lodge of Mark Master Masons was confirmed and sanctioned May 31st, 1887:—

"They (the General Board) further recommend that every Mark Master Mason who is a Subscribing Member of a Mark Lodge on the 20th June, 1887, shall be permitted to wear on the Hanger of the Jewel of the Degree a Jubilee Badge in gold or gilt and enamel, sealed patterns of which may be seen at the Office."

## PRICES OF HANGER AND BADGE, AS PER SEALED PATTERN.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Metal Gilt Enamelled ... ... ... | 6s. | 9-Carat Gold Enamelled ... ... | 25s. |
| Silver ,, ,, ... ... ... | 9s. | 18 ,, ,, ,, ... ... | 45s. |

## PRICE OF ENAMELLED BADGE ONLY, TO BE FITTED TO OWN HANGER.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Metal Gilt Enamelled ... ... | 4s. 6d. | 9-Carat Gold Enamelled ... ... | 21s. |
| Silver ,, ,, ... ... | 7s. 0d. | 18 ,, ,, ,, ... ... | 30s. |

The Hangers and Badges are modelled from the original (sealed pattern) manufactured by him and approved by Grand Lodge.

Jewellers and the Trade Supplied.

*Illustrated Price List of Jewels, Clothing, Banners and Furniture on application to*

# GEORGE KENNING,

## Manufacturer of Masonic Jewels, Clothing, & Furniture,

## LITTLE BRITAIN, LONDON, E.C.

# CHANCERY LANE SAFE DEPOSIT

SAFE BIND SAFE FIND

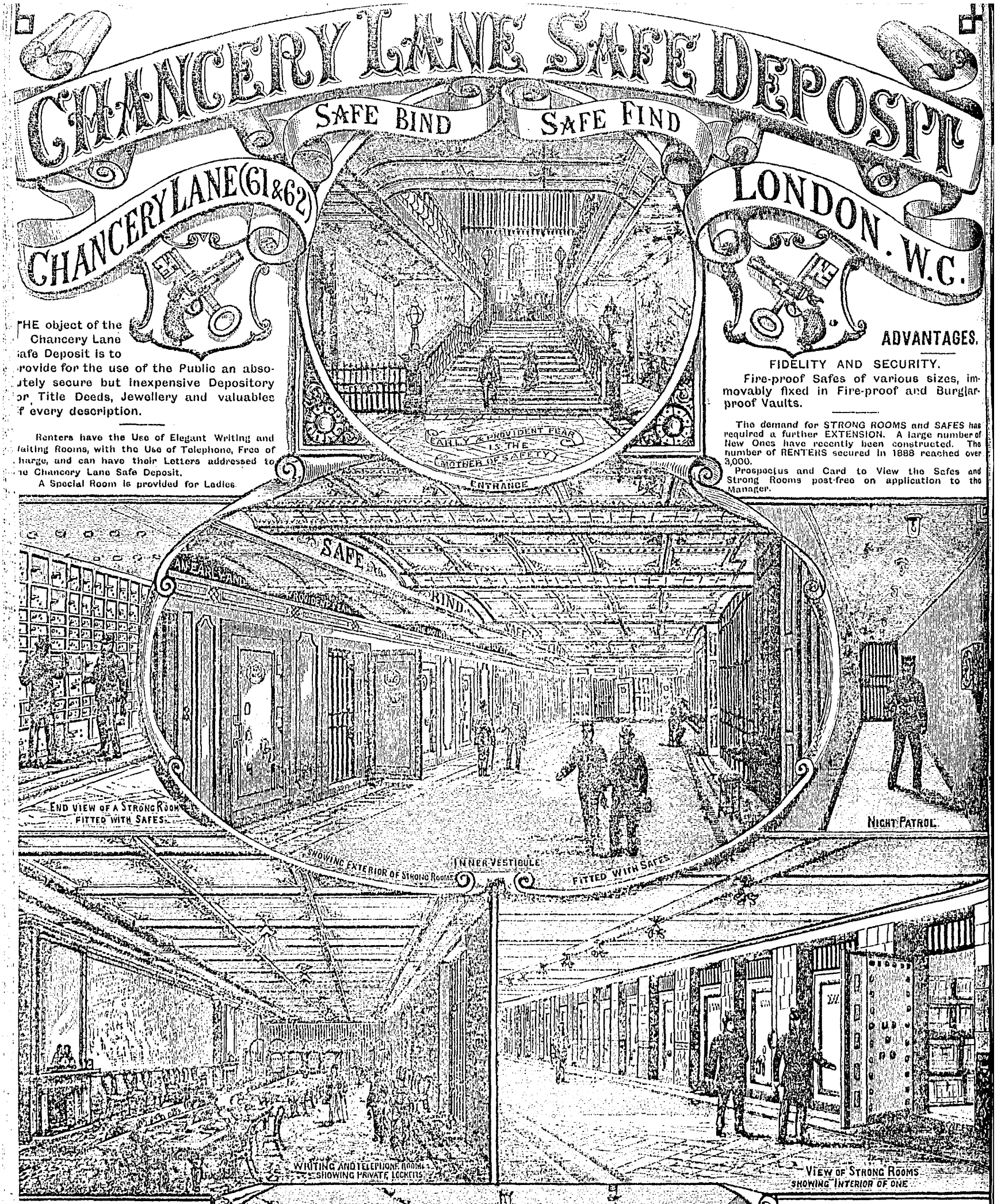
CHANCERY LANE (61 & 62)

LONDON. W.C.

THE object of the Chancery Lane Safe Deposit is to provide for the use of the Public an absolutely secure but inexpensive Depository for Title Deeds, Jewellery and valuables of every description.

Renters have the Use of Elegant Writing and Waiting Rooms, with the Use of Telephone, Free of Charge, and can have their Letters addressed to the Chancery Lane Safe Deposit.

A Special Room is provided for Ladies.




## ADVANTAGES.

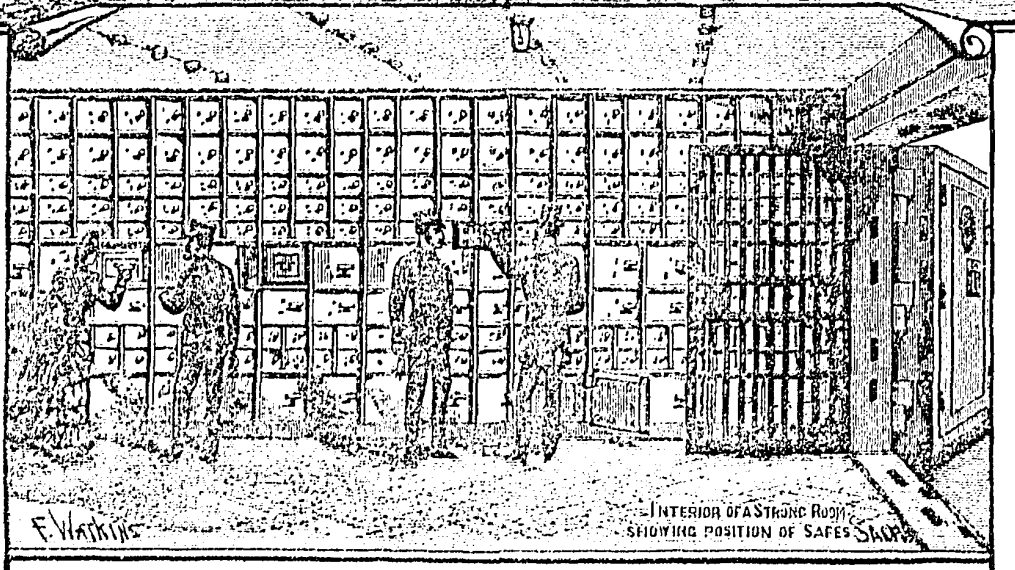
FIDELITY AND SECURITY.

Fire-proof Safes of various sizes, immovably fixed in Fire-proof and Burglar-proof Vaults.

The demand for STRONG ROOMS and SAFES has required a further EXTENSION. A large number of New Ones have recently been constructed. The number of RENTERS secured in 1888 reached over 3,000.

Prospectus and Card to View the Safes and Strong Rooms post-free on application to the Manager.

ANNUAL RENT OF SAFES, 1 TO 5 GUINEAS.




VIEW OF ONE OF THE STRONGHOLDS FITTED WITH 6000 SAFES.

ANNUAL RENT OF STRONG ROOMS, 8 TO 90 GUINEAS.