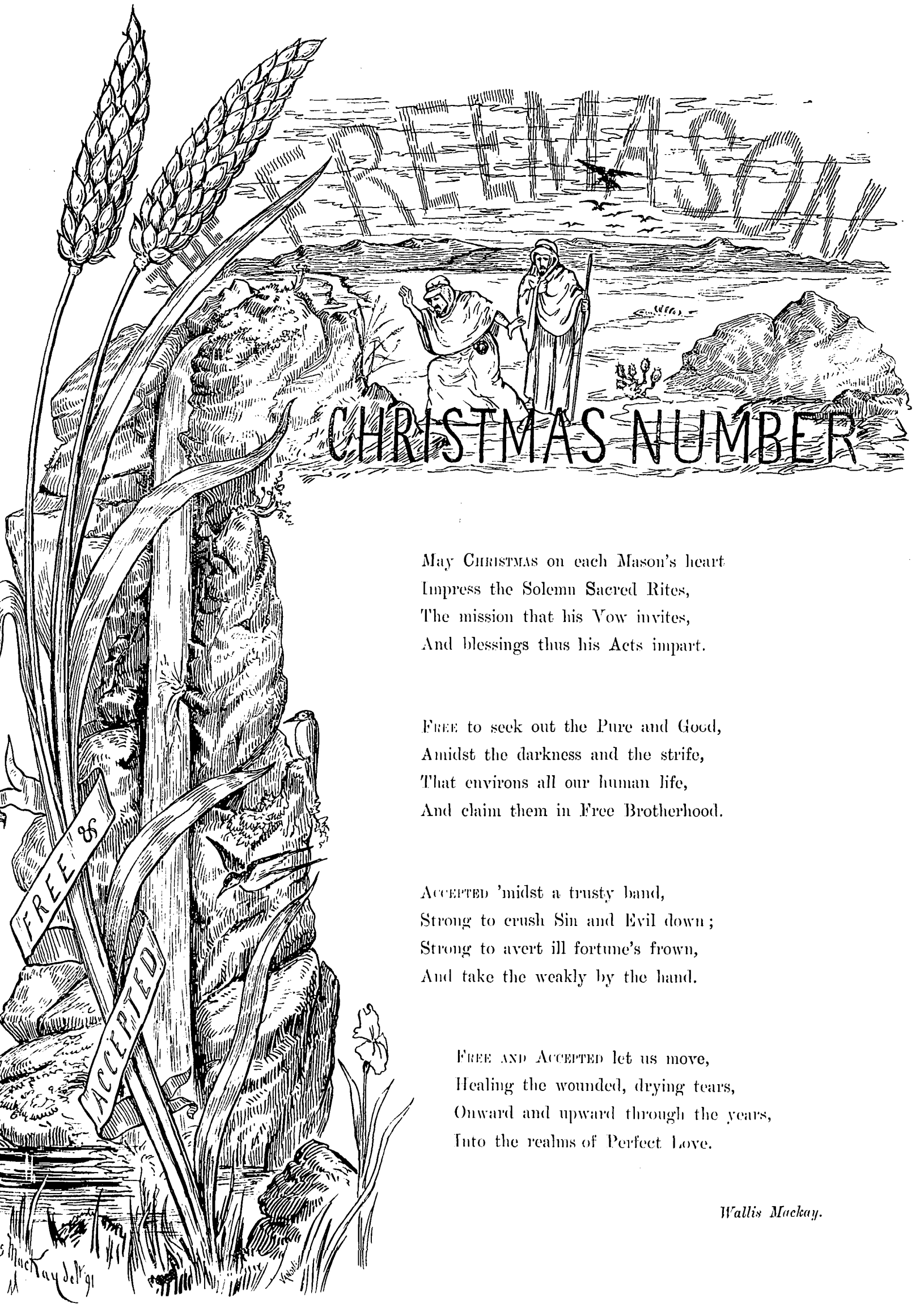
THE Freemason

CHRISTMAS NUMBER



May CHRISTMAS on each Mason's heart
Impress the Solemn Sacred Rites,
The mission that his Vow invites,
And blessings thus his Acts impart.

FREE to seek out the Pure and Good,
Amidst the darkness and the strife,
That environs all our human life,
And claim them in Free Brotherhood.

ACCEPTED 'midst a trusty band,
Strong to crush Sin and Evil down;
Strong to avert ill fortune's frown,
And take the weakly by the hand.

FREE AND ACCEPTED let us move,
Healing the wounded, drying tears,
Onward and upward through the years,
Into the realms of Perfect Love.

Wallis Mackay.

Told by the Lodge Register.

LODGE OF FRIENDSHIP, No. 6.

Introductory.

THIS lodge, which for upwards of 120 years has borne one of the most acceptable of Masonic titles, is the senior in point of age of the warranted lodges on the roll of United Grand Lodge. In the earlier lodge lists which have been preserved to us, the date of its constitution is given firstly as the 17th January, 1722, and afterwards as 17th January, 1721, the latter having been adopted in 1740, and retained in all subsequent lists. According to Gould's "Four Old Lodges," it met at the King's Head, Ivy-lane, from 1723 to 1729; at the Swan, Hampstead, from 1730 to 1735; at the Shakespear's Head, Marlborough-street, from 1736 to 1844; at the George, Grafton-street, St. Anne's, from 1750 to 1760; at the Sun and Punch Bowl, High Holborn, from 1761 to 1766; at the Thatched House in 1767; and subsequently at the Star and Garter, New Bond-street; the Thatched House again from 1782 to 1815; &c., &c., &c. From the same work I gather that it was No. 4—mostly—till the closing up of numbers in 1756, when it became No. 3, and this latter number it retained till the Union in 1813, when in the arrangements for the re-numbering of the lodges under the United constitution, the "Ancients" won the toss, and No. 3, "Moderns," was accordingly placed at No. 6 on the United roll. So much for the bare skeleton of the career of this distinguished lodge.

As regards the history of the lodge in its very earliest days but little is known. Thanks, however, to the researches made by Bro. H. Sadler, and the particulars published by him in his admirable biography of Thomas Dunckerley, it is now known that from January, 1738, to December, 1749, the leading spirit of the lodge was Bro. Martin Clarè, a schoolmaster who resided, according to Gould's sketch of him, reprinted from "Ars Quatuor Coronatorum," in Soho-square, was a writer on Hydraulics, and Fellow of the Royal Society, while, as regards his Masonic achievements, he appears to have been one of the most eminent brethren of the earlier half of the eighteenth century. He was appointed J.G.W. in 1735, and Deputy Grand Master in 1741; and if Bro. Gould's conjecture is right—and there appears to be good reason to accept it—he was the author of the "Defence of Masonry," which was published in 1730, and has been by many ascribed to Dr. James Anderson, the compiler of the first and second editions of the Book of Constitutions. At all events, there is little doubt that Clare was a most able brother, and the lectures which he delivered in this lodge and elsewhere would seem to have been very highly appreciated. During the years 1738-49, he appears also to have acted as Secretary of this lodge, and the records he kept of its proceedings are fortunately preserved, Bro. Sadler having, in the biography of Dunckerley already referred to, made many interesting excerpts from them, which have now for the first time become known to the general body of the Craft. On Clare's retirement from the lodge it became somewhat less distinguished, but at the same time more numerous; but nothing of moment is noticed by Bro. Sadler till the year 1755, when an attempt was made by the lodge at the Fish and Bell, Charles-street, Soho (now Fortitude and Old Cumberland Lodge, No. 12), to have assigned to it the third place on the roll. The attempt, however, was successfully resisted by Bro. James Wild, one of the old members and Past Masters, who still belonged to the lodge, and the place at No. 3 was assigned to the present Lodge of Friendship, then meeting at the George, in Grafton-street, St. Anne's. Early in 1767 Bro. Grinnard, the Master, proposed exchanging the constitution for another, and this was ultimately carried out in a manner which is fully described—from the lodge minutes—by Bro. Sadler, the new members who took the old constitution being first of all regularly balloted for and admitted, and then when the lodge had removed to its new quarters at the Thatched House Tavern, the old members who had, in fact, parted with their warrant or constitution for 30 guineas, resigned in a body. A very short time afterwards the lodge assumed the title of the "Lodge of Friendship," and thenceforward its career has been one of the most distinguished among our English lodges. Having sketched out these few particulars of what happened prior to 1767, I now pass to the Lodge Register, premising that the nine brethren who head the list are those to whom the 1721 constitution was handed over for the sum above specified.

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PART I.—Before the Union.

The Register of Members as contained in the Books of Grand Lodge, as in the case of other lodges of early constitution, dates from about the year 1767-8, when the "Moderns," taking a leaf out of the book of their "Ancient" rivals, resolved on adopting a general system of registration, the first batch of nine brethren being entered as having become members on the 22nd February, 1767. These nine are as follow, namely: Bros. the Hon. Charles Dillon, Rowland Holt, Thomas Dunckerley, who is described as an "honorary member," which according to Bro. Sadler's biography he became later on; Thomas French, John Barnard, James Galloway, Robert Browne, John Errington, and Henry Errington. Of these nine worthies, Bro. the Hon. Charles Dillon was Senior Grand Warden in 1767, and Deputy Grand Master from 1768 to 1784, that is, during the Grand Mastership of the Duke of Beaufort, and the first few years of that of his successor, Lord Petre. Moreover, as I mentioned in last year's sketch of the Royal Somerset House and Inverness Lodge, we owe it to the initiative taken by Bro. Dillon that the scheme for purchasing a site on which to erect a hall for the Society was carried out successfully; and he it was also who introduced into the House of Commons the Bill for the incorporation of the Society which had been brought before Grand Lodge by the Duke of Beaufort and agreed to by a large majority of votes at one of the Quarterly Communications of that body. The scheme, however, fell through in consequence of the opposition raised to it, and the Bill was withdrawn. Lastly, from what Bro. Sadler has recorded in his life of Dunckerley, it is clear that the Lodge of Friendship is very largely indebted to Bro. Dillon for its establishment as a lodge, composed chiefly, if not entirely, of men of rank and high social standing. Bro. Rowland Holt was also a distinguished member of our Society. He occupied the chair of Senior Warden in Grand Lodge for three years in succession—1768-9-70—and was Deputy Grand Master for 11 years—from 1775 to 1786, or during the remaining period of Lord Petre's Grand Mastership, under the Duke of Manchester, and for the first four years of H.R.H. the Duke of Cumberland's presidency. Of Bro. Thomas Dunckerley, I shall say nothing. The story of his life has been so ably and so fully told by Bro. Sadler, that I feel the only course I can pursue is to refer the reader to the work in question, in which all that has ever been known or written of Dunckerley is faithfully recorded, while a vast amount of new matter which has never hitherto appeared in print—so far at least as I am aware of—has been introduced, and materially enhances the value of the book. The fourth of the immortal nine is Bro. Thomas French, who played a conspicuous, if not an important, part in bringing about the change which Bro. Sadler has described in the section or chapter in Dunckerley's Life which he has devoted to "The Lodge of Friendship." In October, 1768, the Duke of Beaufort, the then Grand Master, appointed him to the office of Grand Secretary, which he retained for only a brief period. Of the other five brethren the most prominent is Bro. James Galloway, who was J.G.W. in 1781, and one of the staunchest of those who co-operated with the Chevalier Ruspini in founding the Girls' School. Bro. Galloway, indeed, presided at the earliest meetings of the subscribers and was one of the first Board of Trustees of the School property. But what more immediately concerns us with regard to this brother is that he acted as Secretary of the lodge for 35 years, from 1767 to 1802, when he retired in consequence of increasing years and died in 1805 at the ripe age of 76 years. There is also a Bro. John Errington, who figures among these brethren, and who, it is by no means improbable, is one and the same with the Bro. John Errington who was appointed Provincial Grand Master of Northumberland in 1771.

The next batch of brethren are entered as having been received into the lodge on the 10th March of the same year. They are 15 in number and include firstly, his Grace the Duke of Beaufort, who, according to Bro. Sadler, was made Master of the lodge, at the meeting at which he was admitted, in place of Bro. Dillon. In April, 1767, he was nominated and a fortnight later was elected Grand Master in succession to Lord Blaney. In May the Duchess of Beaufort was unanimously elected Lady Patroness of the lodge and presented with a pair of gloves of the value of five guineas. This fact and the personal influence exercised by the Duke appear to have raised the lodge to the very front rank—a position which it has undoubtedly retained ever since and which consists well with its place on the roll of Grand Lodge. Among the names which follow the Duke's will be found those of Lord Viscount Wenman and the Duke of Buccleugh, the latter of whom was elected Master of the lodge on the 28th April, 1768, and, though he does not appear to have discharged any of the duties of the office, received a vote of thanks for his services at the close of his Mastership in March, 1769. Other names contained in the Register, but under various dates, are those of William—afterwards Lord Craven; Sir Richard Phillips—afterwards Lord Milford; the Honble. John Damer, Sir Frank Standish, Bart., Viscount Gormanston, Sir Thos. Gascoyne, Bart., who, however, so the Register tells us, never joined the lodge; Sir Thomas Worsley, Bart., the Hon. Arthur Barry, Edward Gibbon jun.—the distinguished author of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire;" Viscount Molyneux—afterwards Earl of Sefton; Sir John Day, Sir Watkin Williams-Wynn, Bart., J.G.W. in 1770 and S.G.W. 1771, who, however, withdrew his name; Sir Robert Goodier, Knt., and Viscount Bateman. These and others whom I have not mentioned carry us to the end of the year 1768, when the lodge must have been one of the strongest in point of numbers, as well as one of the most distinguished on the roll of the "Moderns." Of those who joined in 1769 there are two who are specially worthy of mention—namely, the Hon. Boyle Walsingham, who was the first Provincial Grand Master of Kent in 1770, and Provincial Grand Master of Rutland six years later; and Sir Peter Parker, Bart., a distinguished naval officer as well as Mason, who was S.G.W. in 1772 and Deputy Grand Master from 1787 to 1811, while during the same period he for several years occupied the post of Treasurer of the Girls' School. On the 14th February, 1770, Sir Thomas Tancred, Bart., some time Provincial Grand Master of Yorkshire, was admitted into the lodge, and on the 11th April following Sir John Blois, Bart., and Sir Henry Dashwood.

In March, 1771, there joined Bro. Lord Petre, who was M.W.G.M. 1772—76, and who had the great honour of laying the foundation-stone of Freemasons' Hall in 1775, and in May of the following year dedicated the building for ever to the purposes of Freemasonry; his portrait worthily adorns the Hall of Grand Lodge. On the 10th April Viscount Wentworth was elected, and during 1772 Lord Mountgarret, Charles Howard—afterwards Earl of Surrey—and Lord Shuldham. In 1773, the Earl of Kildare, afterwards Duke of Leinster—who had been Grand Master of Ireland in 1771, and was appointed for the second time to the same office in 1778—and Thomas Parker, S.G.W. in 1775, and Provincial Grand Master of Surrey 1772 to 1795 were elected members, while Bro. Charles Marsh, who was admitted an honorary member on the 13th March, 1776, and served as J.G.W. two years later, was elected on 14th December, 1774, and Bro. Geo. Calcraft Hesse, J.G.W. in 1778, on the 31st January, 1776. Among those admitted in 1779 were Bro. Sherborne Stewart, S.G.W., 1804, who succeeded Dunckerley as Provincial Grand Master of Hampshire, and was the father of the lodge at the Union on 27th December, 1813, and the Hon. Edward Butler, who was excluded for non-attendance. In 1781 there were initiated in the lodge Bros. George Beauclerk and James Meyrick, the latter of whom served as J.G.W. in 1784, while the joining members include Bro. Sir John St. Aubyn, Bart., S.G.W. the same year, who was appointed Provincial Grand Master of Cornwall in 1785, and Bro. Thomas Fitzherbert, who was S.G.W. in 1788. In 1782 there joined Lord Stourton and Bro. H. Crathorne, S.G.W. in 1790, and in 1782 the Hon. Washington Shirley, S.G.W. in 1783, and Sir Nicholas Nugent, Bt., S.G.W. in 1786; while in the following year, Bro. Lionel, afterwards Sir Lionel Darell, Bart., J.G.W. in 1785, and an ancestor of the present Sir Lionel Darell, Bart., who was S.G.D. in 1889, was elected a joining member. In 1785 the lodge roll was added to considerably, among the brethren admitted members being Bro. George Shum, who was S.G.W. in 1789, Bro. Edmund Armstrong, J.G.W. 1793, William Ashe A'Court, M.P., Charles Edward Repington, the Earl of Breadalbane, and Lord Compton.

There are no entries in the Register during the two following years, but in 1788 I find first of all Bro. John Meyrick, who was S.G.W. in 1795, and was appointed Provincial Grand Master of Surrey the same year; John Dent, S.G.W. in 1793, and, if I may hazard a conjecture, the same brother who was appointed Grand Treasurer at the Union, and retained that office till 1826. He was also Provincial Grand Master of Worcestershire in 1792. The Hon. Francis North was admitted in the same year on the 11th December. In 1790 the entries include the Hon. Edward Stopford and John Eamer, both of them being initiates, while the latter was S.G.W. in 1798, and Bro. Thomas Boothby Parkyns, who joined, and was subsequently created Lord Rancliffe. He was a very distinguished brother, who, in 1780, was appointed Provincial Grand Master of Rutland, in 1783 Provincial Grand Master of Nottinghamshire, and in 1793 Provincial Grand Master of Leicestershire. In 1791 Bro. George Porter, S.G.W. in 1796, joined, and in March of the following year the Hon. Wm. Fermor, who was S.G.W. in 1790, and the Hon. Alexander Hope were initiated. In 1793 the Earl of Pomfret, the head of the Fermor family, was initiated, and three years later was appointed Provincial Grand Master of Northamptonshire; while in 1795 Dr., afterwards Sir John McNamara Hayes, Bart., who was the first Provincial Grand Master of Oxfordshire, to which office he was appointed in the year he joined this lodge, and who was father of the present Bro. the Rev. Sir John Warren Hayes, Bart., who was initiated in the Apollo University Lodge of Oxford in 1819, the year of its constitution, and was Grand Chaplain of England from 1844 to 1846, or 45 years ago, and who must be one of the oldest Masons, both as regards age and the period he has been a member of our Society, in England. The pre-Union Register closes with the names of Lawrence Bradshaw and Edward Burnaby, the former of whom was received into the lodge on the 11th February, 1796, and figures on the roll of members at the first closing up of the lodges after the Union, that is, in 1832. During the period from 1796 to the Union, the Register is a complete blank, but as will be seen from the next, or Part II., I am fortunately able to give some idea of those who were received into the lodge in the interval.

PART II.—1814—1832.

After the Union of the "Ancient" and "Modern" Societies of English Freemasons in December, 1813, and the establishment of the United Grand Lodge of England, a new Register was commenced, and it is from this I have been able to form some idea of the prosperous condition of the lodge during the period from 1796 to the Union. At the time the schism in English Freemasonry was healed the father of the Lodge of Friendship was Colonel Sherborne Stewart, who had been admitted a member on the 12th May, 1779, and in 1796 had been appointed Provincial Grand Master of Hampshire in succession to Bro. Thomas Dunckerley. The Earl of Pomfret and three other brethren who had been received into the lodge before 1797 were also members. Among those who were elected members during the period for which no Register exists in the records of Grand Lodge, the first of any importance is Bro. John Bayford, who was elected in 1799, appointed J.G.W. in 1800, and Grand Treasurer from 1805 to 1813. Then follow the names of several officers—generals, colonels, majors, and the like—from which it is evident that at this epoch in its history the military element very greatly preponderated. Thus in 1800 General G. D. Drummond was admitted, in 1801 General Ponsonby; in 1802 Colonel John Kelly and General Anson; in 1803 Colonel Udney; Major Arthur Gore, who had been S.G.W. in 1797, and Colonel the Hon. James Macdonald; in 1804 Generals the Hon. John Leslie and Sir W. Sheridan, Bart.; and in 1805 General the Hon. William Stewart, a son of the Earl of Galloway. But the civilian element was by no means undistinguished, among the non-military members of the years I have just enumerated being Bro. John Skynner, who was J.G.W. in 1816, and President of the Board of General Purposes in 1817; Sir Emanuel F. Agar, Bart., and Thomas H. Farquhar, one of a family of bankers bearing that name. In March, 1806, H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex, subsequently M.W. Grand Master, joined, and the month following Bro. W. H. White, who had been initiated in the Lodge of Emulation in March, 1799, and at the time of joining No. 3—now No. 6—was W.M. of his mother lodge. Bro. White had also been accepted as Grand Steward in 1805, and served the office of Grand Secretary conjointly with his father, Bro. William White, from 1810 till the latter's death in May, 1813, then solely till the Union, and after that event conjointly with Bro. Edwards Harper till 1838, and then solely till his resignation in 1856. In the same year the lodge was joined by Colonels Lord Frederick Bentinck and W. C. Power, and General L. B. Wallis; while in 1807 the recruits included Bro. R. F. Farquhar, Governor of the Mauritius, and Colonel W. A. Keate. Among those elected in 1808 were Bros. Sir Thomas H. Apreece, Bart., Majors Chas. Duke and the Hon. Alex. Gordon, a younger brother of the late Earl of Aberdeen, who was Foreign Secretary 1841-46, and Prime Minister 1852-55; Col. W. Stothart, and the Marquis of Tweeddale, who served with distinction in the Peninsular War, was Governor of Madras 1842-48, and subsequently a Field Marshal, and what is more important to us was Grand Master Mason of Scotland during the years 1818 and 1819. In 1809 there joined, among others, Bros. M. G. Prendergast, M.P., Major Carnac, and General Denzil Onslow; in 1810 Captain Valentine Jones, Col. Walhouse, and the Hon. Archibald Macdonald, S.G.W. in 1816; and in 1811 Bros. Sir John Cope, Bart., Colonel Meyrick Shaw, Stewart Marjoribanks, subsequently Member of Parliament, and Captains C. C. Blacket, S. C. Graves, and J. M. Clements, the most distinguished in his Masonic career of the last group of brethren being Bro. Stewart Marjoribanks, who, if I remember rightly, was initiated in the Shakespeare Lodge, now No 99, in the year 1796, and was a joining member and for a time Deputy Master to the Duke of Sussex in the Royal Alpha Lodge, No. 16. In 1823 he had the honour of being appointed S.G.W. of England. Seven years later, being a resident in the neighbourhood of Watford, he was elected a joining member of what is now the Watford Lodge, and it was by his kind offices that the Duke of Sussex was led to become an honorary member of that lodge. Bro. Marjoribanks, while his health permitted, took a deep interest in the Watford Lodge, and not only presided over it as W.M., but also rendered it material service in the erection of its hall, and from time to time presented it with some memorial of his goodwill and respect, among the presents he thus made it being the sword he had worn as one of the Barons of the Cinque Ports at the coronation of George IV. Bro. Marjoribanks remained a member of this and the Watford Lodge, and not improbably of the other lodges with which he was, or may have been, connected until his death in 1865. In 1878 his nephew, Bro. Sir Dudley Coutts Marjoribanks—now Lord Tweedmouth—presented the Watford Lodge with a marble bust of their late member, a vote of thanks to Bro. Sir D. C. Marjoribanks for his handsome gift being unanimously passed at the instance of the present Provincial Grand Master, Bro. Halsey, M.P., who was then, and still is, a member of the lodge.

Among those who were admitted in 1812 were Bros. Colonel Cecil Bishopp, R. A. Crickett, M.P., C. E. Prescott, and Viscount Pollington, afterwards Earl of Mexborough, who in 1829 was appointed Provincial Grand Master of West Yorkshire, and retained the office till his death, in 1860. In the year of the Union there were elected Bros. Captain W. Davison, Welbore Ellis, a well-known member of the Stock Exchange, Theodore Hooke, who was so notorious for his practical jokes, and who, the Register tells us, was excluded; W. Willoughby Prescott, S.G.W. in 1817, and Grand Treasurer from 1826 till his death in 1836; Captains Hesketh, Hawkins, and Peters; John Ramsbottom, M.P., S.G.W. in 1820, and for several years Treasurer of the Girls' School; Money Wigram, member of the well-known shipping firm; and Captain, afterwards Colonel, Thomas Wildman, a very distinguished military officer, and Provincial Grand Master of Nottinghamshire 1823-60. These are the more prominent members of whose connection with the lodge there is no doubt, their names being recorded in Grand Lodge Register; but it is possible, and, indeed, in the highest degree probable, that if the Register had been complete, I might have been able to cite others who were connected with the lodge and rendered services of greater or less degree to the Craft in this country.

The first to be elected a member after the Union was Bro. Lancelot Shadwell, a barrister, subsequently Vice-Chancellor Sir Lancelot Shadwell, who was drowned in the Thames, and whose career was thus prematurely cut short just when it promised to be still more distinguished. Two months later Bro. Louis Hayes Petit, one of the most generous benefactors to our Schools, and Junior Grand Warden in 1818, was received into the lodge. Among those elected in 1818 were the Hon. Wm. Thomas Twisleton—entered in

the Register as Thisleton—who was Junior Grand Warden in 1822, and in 1844 succeeded to the Barony of Saye and Sele; Edward Ellis, a brother of Welbore Ellis; George Warre, J.G.W. in 1824; and Sir H. Willoughby, Bart. Bro. William Williams, M.P., President of the Board of General Purposes, and Prov. Grand Master of Dorsetshire 1812-29, who was charged with the duty of revising the Book of Constitutions after the Union, and Bro. Sir Roger Gresley, Bart., were among the elect of 1819, and Bro. the Hon. Edward Petre, S G.W. in 1826 among those of the year following.

The most prominent additions in 1821 were Bros. W. Gill Paxton, M.P., David Marjoribanks, and Joshua Walker, M.P., who was J.G.W. in 1829, while in 1822 Bro. Charles M. Williams, J.G.W. in 1825, and F. Hollis Brandram, S.G.W. in 1824, James Scott, M.P., Octavius Wigram, William Marjoribanks, and the Rev. W. Fallofield were added to the roll, the last named, who was one of the Grand Chaplains from 1836 to 1847, joining from the Royal Somerset House and Inverness Lodge, No. 4. In 1823, there were admitted Bros. Col. J. Drummond Elphinstone, G Crawford Antrobus, M.P., Sir John Rae Reid, Bart., who had been Chairman of the East India Company in 1820-21; W. J Symons, who had been appointed S.G.W. the year previous; a third member of the Wigram family; a third Marjoribanks, and a second Ramsbottom, while among those belonging to the year 1824 the most conspicuous appears to have been Bro. Frederick Perkins, who served as S.G.D. in 1819. The year 1825 was also fortunate in the number and position of those who were elected, the more striking names in the list being those of Bros. Pascoe St. Ledger Grenfell, Geo. Carr Glyn, a partner in the banking firm of Glyn, Mills, Currie, and Co., who in 1869 was created Baron Wolverton; Somerville Ramsbottom, and the Right Hon. Charles P. Thompson, M.P., Treasurer of the Navy. Lord H. John Spencer Churchill, who played a leading part in Masonry for many years, heads the contingent of 1826. His lordship was S.G.W. in 1832, Deputy Grand Master from 1835 to 1838, and Provincial Grand Master of Oxfordshire from 1837 till his death in 1843, while in addition he served from 1834 to 1836 as President of the Board of General Purposes. In 1828 Bros. George Lyall, M.P., and Thomson Hankey, jun., were elected, and in 1830, Bro. Sir John Easthope, M.P., who had served as S.G.W. in 1828 and was President of the Board of General Purposes 1831-43; and the Marquis of Salisbury, who had been initiated in the autumn of the previous year in the Hertford Lodge (now No. 403), and was S.G.W. of England at the time he joined this lodge. In 1831 his lordship was appointed Provincial Grand Master of Hertfordshire and was installed in office as such on the 7th November, 1833. He was proposed for exaltation to the Royal Arch Degree by the Duke of Sussex in Supreme Grand Chapter and exalted with the late Duke of Abercorn and another nobleman at a subsequent convocation of the same body. In 1835 he was installed Grand Superintendent for Hertfordshire, and from 1840 till his retirement from Freemasonry was Deputy Grand Master of England and Grand H. Early in 1844, he resigned all his Masonic offices, and never afterwards took any part in the affairs of our Society. The entries in 1831, which conclude this section of the Register, include Bros. George Wyatville, Joseph and Charles Grote, Edward Arbuthnot, Henry James Prescott, who was J.G.W. in 1837, and George Stone, jun., who had served in the same capacity three years later. As for the year 1832, it was entirely barren of recruits, possibly because people had too much in the shape of political excitement to occupy their minds to think about entering the peaceful folds of Freemasonry.

PART III.—1832—1863.

The first name to attract attention after the closing up of numbers in 1832—by which operation, however, the position of No. 6 was in no wise affected—is that of Bro. the Hon. Arthur Kinnaird, who succeeded to the titles of Lord Kinnaird and Rossie in 1878. He was a younger brother of George William, 9th Baron Kinnaird and 1st Baron Rossie, who was Grand Master Mason of Scotland in the years 1830 and 1831, and on the latter's death succeeded, as already stated, to the title and estates as 10th Baron Kinnaird and 2nd Baron Rossie. Next in order, but belonging to the year 1836, comes that of Edward Harbord, Lord Suffield, who had been initiated five years previously in the Apollo University Lodge of Oxford, and was appointed J.G.W. of England in 1836, and Provincial Grand Master of Norfolk in 1845. A little further on is the name of Bro. Col.—afterwards Major-General—the Hon. George Anson, M.P., a distinguished patron of the turf, who was Commander-in-Chief in India at the outbreak of the Mutiny, and died of cholera before Delhi in 1857. Bro. Anson was Provincial Grand Master of Staffordshire from 1837 to 1853. Next comes Lord Albert Conyngham, M.P., the father of the present Earl of Londesborough, Past S.G.W., who was created Baron Londesborough, of Londesborough, in the County of York, in 1850, and three years later was appointed S.G.W. of England. Immediately following Lord Albert is the Moolvie Mahomed Khan, ambassador from the King of Oude, who was initiated in the lodge on the 13th April, 1836, and on whom in the same year his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex was pleased to confer the rank of a Past S.G.W.; Bro. Alan Legge Gardner, third Lord Gardner, who was a Lord-in-Waiting from 1832 to 1841; the Rev. John Vane, Chaplain to the House of Commons, Grand Chaplain 1836-40; Benjamin B. Cabbell, who joined from the Lodge of Antiquity, and had already served as G.S.B. in 1826 and J.G.W. in 1828, and who in 1854 succeeded Lord Suffield as Provincial Grand Master of Norfolk; Bro. Rowland Alston, M.P., who was initiated in the Stortford Lodge (now No. 409), was Senior Grand Warden in 1835, and Provincial Grand Master of Essex 1836 to 1854; Charles Stewart—or as he is more properly described in a later Register, Frederick William—Viscount Castlereagh, subsequently Marquis of Londonderry; the Hon. James Macdonald, of the Life Guards, who served in the Crimea and was for many years Private Secretary to the Duke of Cambridge; Count Batthyany; John Elphinstone, who in 1859 succeeded to the Scottish Baroney of Elphinstone as 14th Baron, and the Princes Najaf Meerza, Reeza, and Timour, grandsons of Futteh Ali, Shah of Persia, who with their interpreter were initiated in the lodge at the Thatched House Tavern on the 14th July of the same year. Thus the year 1836 appears to have been one of the most memorable in the annals of the lodge, the number of initiates and joining members entered in the Grand Lodge Register being no less than 24, of whom, as I have shown, not a few won or already enjoyed distinction within or outside the ranks of the Craft.

The recruits were less numerous in 1837, but they include, nevertheless, sundry who had already or subsequently distinguished themselves in Masonry, such as Bro. Sir John Josiah Guest, Bart., M.P., who at the time he joined the lodge was Provincial Grand Master of South Wales; Arthur Wells B.S.T., Earl of Hillsborough, subsequently fourth Marquis of Downshire, who was initiated the 13th April, and became Provincial Grand Master of Berks and Bucks in 1847: and the Hon. Augustus H. Moreton, M.P., second son of the Earl of Ducie, who was appointed S.G.W. in 1862: the Hon. Fox Maule, M.P., who joined on the 11th May from No. 68, Quebec, became Secretary of State for War in 1855, and some years later succeeded to the Earldom of Dalhousie. His lordship was S.G.W. of England in 1837, and Deputy Grand Master from 1857 to 1860, and Grand Master Mason of Scotland 1870-73. He was one of the most kindly and genial of men, and was especially diligent in whatever was calculated to promote the interests of Freemasonry. In 1838 there were no joining members and but two initiates, namely, Bro. Archibald Hastie, M.P., who was S.G.W. in 1843, and the Earl of Erroll, hereditary High Constable of Scotland, who was successively Lord Steward of the Household and Master of the Buckhounds, and married the Lady Elizabeth FitzClarence, natural daughter of William IV. In 1839 there were also two initiates, of whom Bro. Robert Hollond, M.P., J.G.W. in 1841, was one, while the year following there was initiated the present father of the lodge, Bro. Bonamy Dobree, jun., who was S.G.W. in 1854. Four brethren were elected as joining members, among them being Bros. Edward J. Hutchins and Rowland Gardiner Alston, who joined from Apollo University Lodge of Oxford, and was J.G.W. in 1845. Bro. Alston was a very strong supporter of the Boys' School, and to his exertions and the influence he was able to exercise with the Earl of Zetland, M.W.G.M., the Institution is mainly indebted for the establishment of the School at Wood Green. Among the initiates of 1841 was Bro. Arthur E. Campbell, who was J.G.W. in 1848, and is still living, while the joining members included Bro. Henry Arthur Hoare, banker, of the Lodge of Antiquity, who was appointed to the chair of S.G.W. in 1846. The years 1842 and 1843 were unproductive of any increase to the numerical strength of the lodge, but the two following years furnished each of them a strong complement. Bro. Sir Richard B. Phillips, Bart., M.P., who subsequently became Lord Milford, and after serving as S.G.W. in 1845, was on the Division of South Wales into two provinces in 1841 appointed Provincial Grand Master of the Western Division, being elected a joining member in 1844, and Bro. Francis Beilby Alston, now Sir F. B. Alston, of the Foreign Office, who joined from a lodge in Saxe-Meiningen in 1845, and was S.G.W. in 1850. Bro. Thomas Tooke, jun., who joined a month earlier than Bro. Alston, was J.G.W. in 1856.

Eight initiates and two brethren from Ireland were added to the roll in 1846, Bros. John Bowes, M.P., Thomas Alex. Mitchell, M.P., J.G.W. in 1852, and A. C. L. Bentinck being among the former, while Bros. the Hon. George O'Callaghan, M.P., J.G.W. in 1847, and Sir Will. Chatterton, Bart., Provincial Grand Master of Munster, constituted the latter. The year following Bros. J. C. Morris, the S.G.W. of the year, and David Morris, M.P., were among those who joined, while the initiates included Bros. Robert Cunliffe, J.G.W. in 1865, who still survives, and Dudley Coutts Marjoribanks, the present Lord Tweedmouth, to whom allusion has already been made in connection with his uncle, Bro. Stewart Marjoribanks. Among the initiates of 1848 were Bros. the Hon. Edward Keppel W. Coke, M.P., of the Scots Fusilier Guards, a brother to the present Earl of Leicester, and Sir Archibald K. Macdonald, Bart., while of those received into the Craft under the auspices of Friendship, in 1849, the most conspicuous is Bro. H. W. Eaton, sometime M.P. for Coventry, and subsequently created Baron Cheylesmore, who died suddenly while on a continental tour only a few months since. On the 12th June, 1851, Bro. Augustus H. Novelli, J.G.W. in 1861, was initiated, and on the 11th March of the following year, Bro. Rob. Wigram Crawford, M.P., while about three months later there figures as a joining member, Bro. John Studholme Brownrigg, described as a Captain in the Guards, and hailing from St. Andrew's Lodge, No. 487, which met in Canada West, and was erased from the list of lodges in 1857. It is but the other day that Bro. General Brownrigg died, and it is unnecessary to say more of him than that he served with distinction in the Crimea, that he was appointed S.G.W. and Assistant Grand Sojourner in Grand Chapter,

in 1858, and was Provincial Grand Master of Surrey from 1871 till his death, and Grand Superintendent from 1873. On the 9th June, 1853, Bro. G. F. d'Arcy Lambton, Earl of Durham, eldest son of the distinguished Statesman and diplomatist, who for his services to the State was created Earl of Durham, and died in 1840, as Pro Grand Master, joined from the Scientific Lodge, then No. 105, Cambridge, and was a few years later—in 1857—appointed Senior Grand Warden of England. In January, 1854, the late Bros. Sir W. Williams-Wynn, Bart., M.P., and Lord Methuen, who were at the time Provincial Grand Masters of North Wales and Salop and Wiltshire respectively, were accepted as joining members, and later in the year Bro. John Fawcett, Provincial Grand Master of Durham, joined, and Bro. Stephen Cave was initiated. In 1858, Captain William Platt, of the Surrey Militia, who for many years was a prominent figure in Metropolitan Freemasonry, and in 1873 was invested with the insignia of Junior Grand Warden, was initiated, and Bro. George W. K. Potter, who had been Junior Grand Deacon in 1850, and the Hon. Thomas H. G. Fermor, a brother of the 5th and last Earl of Pomfret, joined. The additions to the roll during the year following included Bro. Winthrop Mackworth Praed, initiate, Bro. John Bowes, late Provincial Grand Master of Durham, who rejoined, and Bros. Colonel Daniel and Lord de Tabley, joining members. The latter was at the time Senior Grand Warden, and six years later was appointed Provincial Grand Master of Cheshire in succession to the late Bro. Viscount Combermere, the hero of Bhurtpore and a Field-Marshal. His lordship was also Grand Superintendent of Cheshire, and from 1870 to 1883 Grand Third Principal in Supreme Grand Chapter. On the 8th March, 1860, Bro. Sir James Fergusson, Bart, M.P., who served with distinction in the Crimean War, was Under-Secretary of State for India 1866-7, and for the Home Department in 1867, Governor successively of South Australia, New Zealand, and Bombay, and who only the other day was transferred from the Under-Secretaryship for Foreign Affairs to the office of Postmaster-General, joined from Scotland, where he was for several years Provincial Grand Master of Ayrshire, though in the first instance he was introduced into Masonry under the English Constitution, having been initiated while at University College, Oxford, in the Apollo University Lodge, in 1850. A month later the list was swelled by another eminent Mason in the person of Bro. Alexander Dobie, who in his several capacities of Junior Grand Deacon, President of the Board of General Purposes, Grand Registrar, and of Provincial Grand Master and Grand Superintendent of Surrey, and Grand J. in Supreme Grand Chapter, rendered services to the Craft which will ever entitle his memory to our admiration and respect. During the same year Bro. Lieut.-Colonel Reginald Gipps, now Major-General Sir R. Gipps, joined from the Lodge of St John and St. Paul, No. 437, now No. 349, Malta; while in 1861 there were elected as joining members, though it is recorded in Grand Lodge Register that they never joined, Bros. J. W. R. Powell, M.P., and Lord Powerscourt, Lord de Grey and Ripon, Deputy Grand Master; and the Duke of St. Albans, the principal founder and first Worshipful Master of the Isaac Newton University Lodge, No. 1161, now No. 859, Cambridge, which had been consecrated earlier in the year. The recruits in 1862 consisted of two initiates and a brother, who was elected from the University Lodge of Oxford, but never joined.

PART IV.—1863—1891.

On the closing up of numbers in 1862—by which operation, however, as in 1832, the position of the lodge on the roll of Grand Lodge was not affected—the Lodge of Friendship numbered upwards of 70 members, of whom quite one-third were Past Grand Officers, while a large proportion of the remainder were Past Grand Stewards. The senior member was the venerable Bro. W. H. White, who had joined in 1806, and in 1856 had vacated the office of Grand Secretary, after holding it either conjointly with another or solely for 46 years. The next in order of seniority was the equally venerable Bro. Stewart Marjoribanks, who joined in 1811, had been a member of Grand Lodge for 40 years and a member of our Society for 67 years, Bro. Welbore Ellis, who had become a member in January, 1813, and stood third on the lodge roll, being the only other surviving member whose connection with Freemasonry antedated the Union of the "Ancient" and "Modern" Societies.

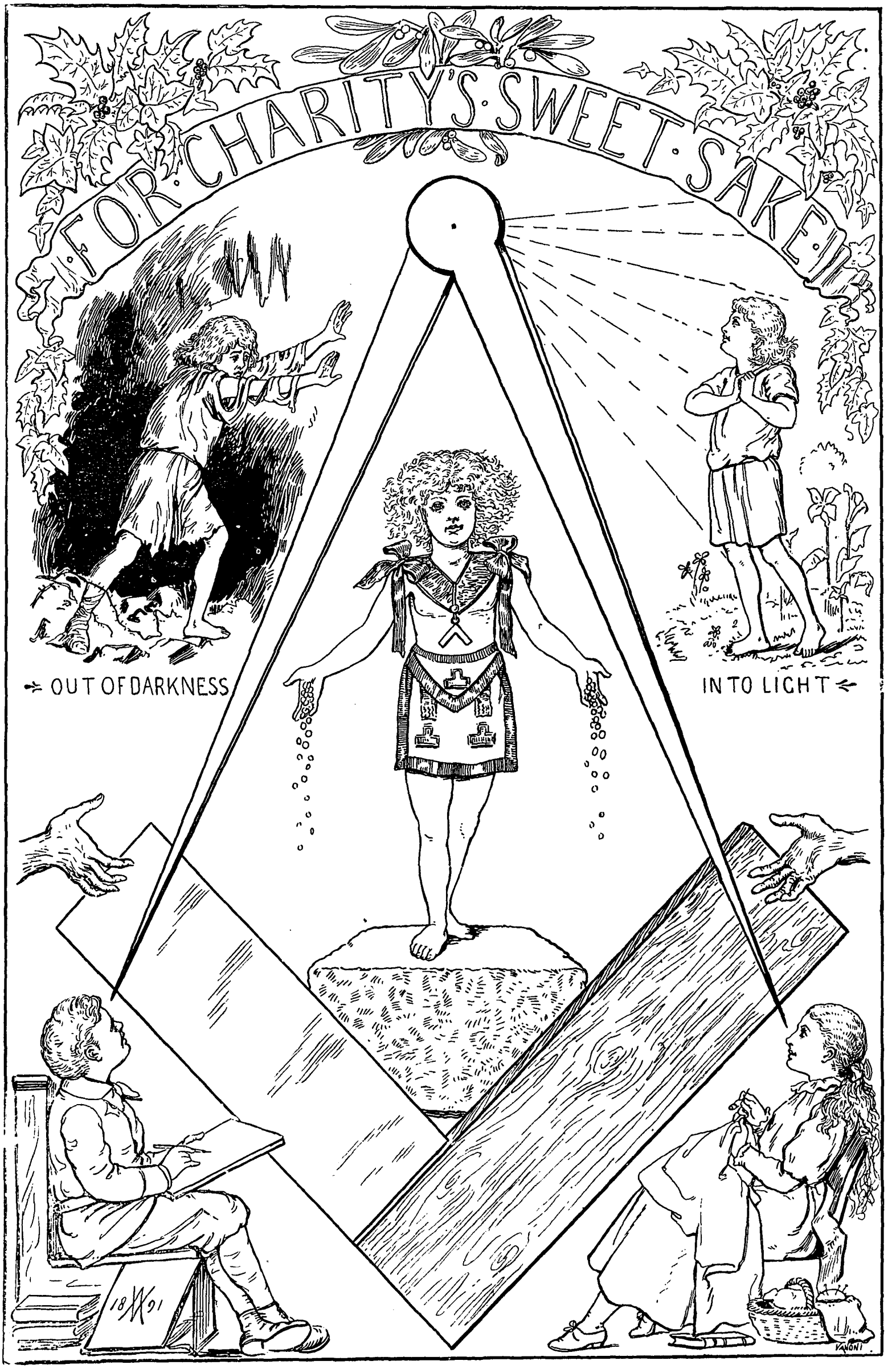
Among the additions made to the roll in 1863 and the two following years I find two brethren who were initiated of the name of Dobree—Bros. Henry Hankey Dobree and Augustus C. Dobree—and Sir Gilbert East Gilbert-East, Bart., who died in September, 1866, was initiated in 1865, while Bro. Sir George Prescott, Bart., joined from Isaac Newton University Lodge, No. 859, Cambridge, in 1864, and re-joined in 1867.

In 1866 Bro. Pryse—now Sir Pryse-Pryse, Bart., the baronetcy having been conferred upon him the same year—was initiated, and in 1867 was appointed Provincial Grand Master of the Western Division of South Wales, and in 1867 Bro. Lord Eliot—subsequently Earl of St. Germans—joined from the Lodge of Sincerity, No. 189, Plymouth, being appointed S.G.W. the same year. In 1868 Bro. Beaumont Lubbock, a brother of Sir John Lubbock, Bart., M.P., was initiated, and in 1869 Bro. Lewis W. Novelli. Bro. the Hon. Justice Prinsep, the present District Grand Master and Grand Superintendent of Bengal and Bro. Lord Cremorne—eldest son of the Earl of Dartrey—who was S.G.W. in 1884, were elected joining members, the former from Lodge Star-in-the-East, No. 67, Calcutta, and the latter from the Irish Constitution. The Earl de Grey and Ripon, who was installed M.W.G.M. and Grand Z. in 1870, was also accepted as a joining member from the Lodge of Truth, No. 521, Huddersfield. Among the initiates of 1870 were Bro. Sir Bruce Maxwell Seton, Bart., who was S.G.D. in 1886, Herbert Frances Eaton, and Viscount Milton, M.P., eldest son and heir of the Earl of Fitzwilliam, and Bro. Montague John Guest, M.P., S.G.D. in 1875 and present Provincial Grand Master of Dorsetshire, joined from St. Cuthberga Lodge, No. 622, Wimborne, and the Hon. Will. Warren Vernon, who was appointed J.G.W. in 1876, from the Foresters' Lodge, No. 456, Uttoxeter. In 1871 the Earl of Limerick, Provincial Grand Master of Bristol from 1866 to 1889, and Past Grand Master of the Mark Grand Lodge, Great Prior of the Supreme Council, Ancient and Accepted Rite, joined from the Lodge of St. John and St. Paul, No. 349, Malta, and the Earl of Donoughmore, S.G.W in 1876, from the Apollo University Lodge, No. 357, Oxford. The initiates of 1872 included another member of the Dobree family—Robert Bainbrigge Dobree, and Bro. W. T.—, now the Right Hon. Sir W. T.—Marriott, Q.C., M.P., Deputy Provincial Grand Master of Sussex.

In the years that have since elapsed, the lodge has well maintained its prestige and numerical strength. Scarcely a year has passed without some addition or additions having been made to the roll of members either as initiates or joining brethren. Among the former may be mentioned Bro. Philip C. Novelli—possibly a relative of Bro. Augustus Novelli, P.G.W., and Bro. the Hon. John Augustus de Grey—half-brother of Lord Walsingham—who were initiated in 1879, and Bro. Sir Hardinge S. Giffard—now Lord Halsbury (Lord High Chancellor of England), who was initiated in 1881, and appointed S.G.W. in 1888. Bro. William Wightman Wood, initiated in 1883, was last year representative of the lodge on the Board of Grand Stewards, the last of all who is entered in the books of Grand Lodge being Bro. F. W. Crookshank, who was introduced into our Society under the auspices of Friendship early in the present year. Among the joining members the most prominent is Bro. Sir Seymour Fitzgerald, who made his first acquaintance with our mysteries in 1837, during his career at Oxford, in the Apollo University Lodge, and who, though he may not have had much leisure to devote to Masonic pursuits has, at different times, and in different capacities, done good service to the State, having represented Horsham for several years in the House of Commons, and having held the post of Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in 1858-9, that of Governor of Bombay from 1867 to 1872, and that of Chief Commissioner of Charities for England since 1875.

I now close this rough sketch, which is almost literally "Told by the Lodge Register." It is probable that in glancing down the long list of names I may have omitted to notice several who have distinguished themselves in the Craft. It is by no means an easy task to build up even so crude a lodge history as this from a mere register of names, but if I have omitted some, I do not think the omission will have seriously affected the purpose of this record. My principal object was to demonstrate that the Lodge of Friendship from the time it assumed its title has borne itself in a manner worthy of its rank as the oldest warranted lodge under the Grand Lodge of England, that its members have been men of good social standing, and have acquitted themselves honourably in their Masonic career. In this I trust I have been not wholly unsuccessful, and that the reader will be in a position to form some idea of its constitution during the greater part of its existence.

G. BLIZARD ABBOTT.


FOR CHARITY'S SWEET SAKE
OUT OF DARKNESS
INTO LIGHT
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VANONI

Histories of Lodges.

(England.)

THE desirability of compiling a Bibliography of Histories of Lodges has several times been suggested to me, but from various causes I have been unable to do so until now; the material being wholly taken from my own Collection, which is believed to be the only complete one in this country.

The Histories of Lodges and Provincial Grand Lodges, are very often most valuable to Masonic students, because of the numerous references in such works to the *Craft* meetings in early days, and for the curious and interesting particulars respecting ancient regulations, ceremonies, customs, and other points in the minutes of old lodges thus noted and published.

From these we may find that the oldest preserved minute book of an old English lodge begins in the year 1701 (Alnwick): the venerable lodge at York (which afterwards blossomed into a Grand Lodge) having no records extant prior to 1712 (No. 236; "Apollo," &c.); the oldest known original warrant to constitute of the Grand Lodge of England, formed in 1717, bears dates 11th July, 1732 (No. 39), the custom in the Metropolis being at that period to issue no charters, but simply to notify the acceptance by the M.W.G.M. of the petitions (*Nos. 58 and 60*). *Other lodges were at work besides* the four or more old lodges prior to 1717, and apparently continued independent for some time (Nos. 48, 124, 157), while some never united with the Grand Lodge (Alnwick).

Though Deacons were not officially recognised by the "Moderns," they were appointed by some lodges of that organisation notwithstanding (No. 61), and not a few patronised the Royal Arch, though not adopted until the Union of December 1813, from 1762-65 ("Apollo;" 61, &c.).

The motto of the Grand Lodge seal in 1732-3, is very remarkable (Nos. 37, 39, 41 and 42), and several of the old medals mentioned in various histories are most suggestive (Nos. 178, 235, 246; Sussex, &c.). Lodges having copies of the "Old Charges" are duly referred to (Nos. 61, 157, 236, "Masonic Sketches, &c.), and a few of the Histories are notable, because of the lodges in question being so connected with Royalty (Nos. 16, 33, and 259).

These indications of the value and importance of Histories of Lodges will serve to justify my presenting a Bibliographical list of them, and will, I hope, induce competent brethren to do a similar good work for their lodges, if old and noteworthy, which have not yet had their records made known in such a useful and instructive manner. The expense of printing is not heavy, and may be met in part by throwing open the subscription list to the Craft, many brethren being always ready to aid in such an enterprise.

No. 1. London.

"An Address delivered at the Centenary Meeting of the Grand Master's Lodge, No. 1. By Brother Edwd. Josh. Powell [&c.]. London: Printed by Truscott, Son & Simmons," &c. [? 1860.] *4to. Pages* 36. *By-Laws appended of* 1832.

No. 6. London.

"The Centenary of the Lodge of Friendship, Number Six." [By William Platt] Chiswick Press: Printed by Whittingham and Wilkins, &c. [? 1867.] *4to. Pages* 38. *Sketch begins* A.D. 1767.

No. 16. London.

"History of the Royal Alpha Lodge, No. 16, Meeting at the Hôtel Métropôle, London. Compiled by Colonel Shadwell H. Clerke, Secretary. London: George Kenning [&c.], 1891." *8vo. Pages* 34. *Several portraits of the Royal Family, with Memoir of H.R.H. Duke of Sussex, G.M.* 1813—43. *Roll of Masters and Members from* 1818, *and By-Laws.*

No. 19. London.

"A brief sketch of the History of the Royal Athelstan Lodge of Antient Free and Accepted Masons, Constituted No. 159, February 27, 1769, subsequently No. 10, and now No. 19. By Br. Witham M. Bywater, P.M. & Hon. Sec. Centenary Day, February 27, 1869, London." [1869.] *8vo. Pages* 20. *Printed by W. Davey and Son, London.*

No. 21. London.

"The Lodge of Emulation, No. 21. Some notices of its early History, its distinguished members, and the events connected with its career. Printed for Private Circulation." [1872.] *12mo. Pages* 30. *By Bro. Brackstone Baker, P.G.D.*

No. 31. Canterbury, &c., Kent.

"A Brief Sketch of Freemasonry in Canterbury from 1730 to 1880; with an account of Ceremonies and Addresses at the Laying of the Foundation Stone of the Masonic Temple in that City. Reprinted from the Canterbury Press, March 6th, 1880" [&c., 1880]. *16mo. Pages* 56. *Sketch of No.* 31 *and other Lodges.*

No. 33. London.

"History of the Britannic Lodge. From 1730 to 1870, Prepared for the Centenary Festival, Held on the 11th March, 1870. By Bro. F. W. Shields, W.M. London: Musgrave, Printer," &c. [1870.] *8vo. Pages* 8.

No. 37. Bolton, Lancashire.

"History of the Anchor & Hope Lodge of Freemasons, No. 37, Bolton (warranted 23rd October, 1732). Together with A Complete Roll of its members from 1765, compiled by Bro. George Parker Brockbank, Secretary of the Lodge [&c.] and Bro. James Newton, P.M. in 37; [&c.] In Commemoration of the Sesqui-Centennial of the Lodge, 23rd October, 1882. Bolton, Printed by Bro. Thomas Morris, &c. 1882." *8vo. Pages* 82. *Copy of original Warrant.*

No. 39. Exeter, Devonshire.

"History of St. John the Baptist Lodge, No. 39, Exeter." [With By-Laws, List of Members. *Supplement to* 1888]. Exeter. 1884. *16mo. and 8vo. Pages* 38. *Facsimile of original Warrant, dated 11th day of July,* 1732.

Also additional "Notes on an Old Minute Book," by Bro. A. Hope, Sec. No. 39. Pages 24 (1891).

No. 41. Bath, Somerset.

"An Abridged History of the Royal Cumberland Lodge, No. 41, From the year 1732 (there being no previous records preserved,) Together with a brief sketch of the condition of the craft some years prior to this date, by Brother Thomas Payne Ashley, P.M., &c. Bath: Printed by Wilkinson Brothers, 19, Union-street. 1873." *4to. Pages* 38. *Facsimiles of Minutes, Dec.* 28, 1732, *and 18th May,* 1733.

No. 42. Bury, Lancashire.

"History of the Lodge of Relief, No. 42, of the Antient and Honourable Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons, Bury, Lancashire, Warranted on the third of July 1733, [&c] Compiled by Bro. Edward A. Evans, J.W. of the Lodge. In Commemoration of its Sesqui-Centennial, July 3rd 1883; Together with an Introductory Notice by Bro. J. Newton, P.M. 37, &c., and a List of Modern Lodges *in Lancashire, Prior to the Union* in 1813. By Bro. G. P. Brockbank, W.M 37, &c. Bury: Printed at the Hope Office by Bro. O. C. Crompton. 1883." *8vo. Pages* 96. *Copies of Petition and Warrant, June and July,* 1733.

No. 48. Gateshead, Durham.

(*a*) "History of the Lodge of Industry No. 48 [Gateshead-on-Tyne]. Newcastle-upon-Tyne: Smith & Son, &c. MDCCCLXX." *12mo. Introduction to By-Laws, Pages* 24.

(*b*) "Celebration of the One Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of the connection of Lodge of Industry, No. 48, Gateshead-on-Tyne, and the Grand Lodge of England, also By-Laws of the Lodge, December, 1885. Newcastle-on-Tyne: Boazman Dickson & Co. Printers, &c. MDCCCLXXXVI." *12mo. Pages 32. Sketch of Lodge by Bro. R. B. Reed, P.M. Earliest known Records begin on 29th September,* 1725.

No. 56. Arundel, Sussex.

"A History of the Howard Lodge of Brotherly Love, No. 56, Arundel, Sussex, Constituted 21st Day of December, 1736. A Memorial of the Centenary Festival held on the 19th December, 1878. By Thomas Francis, W.M. Portsmouth: Bro. Henry Lewis, Machine Printer, &c. 1883." *8vo. Pages* 58. *Bound with History of F: in Sussex,* 1883, *by Bro. T. Francis, but has separate pagination, as noted.*

No. 57. Hull, Yorkshire.

"A History of the Warrant of the Humber Lodge, No. 65 [now 57]. Arranged by P.M. Bro. J. Coltman Smith, P.G.R., &c. Hull: Printed by Goddard and Lancaster, &c. 1855." *12mo. Pages* 36. *Copy of Warrant, 17th April,* 1775 (*Liverpool*).

No. 58. London

"History of the Lodge of Felicity. From the Year 1737 to the Year 1887, with comments on Contemporary Events. Published by consent of the Lodge and for the benefit of its Fund of Charity." [1887]. [and 1891]. *4to. Pages VIII. & 140. First Edition,* 1887. (*Second Edition,* 1891, *with Four additional pages and Facsimile of Certificate of Constitution of the Lodge, Aug. 24th,* 1737). *Portraits and Facsimiles.*

No. 60. London.

"Peace and Harmony Lodge. 1738, No. 172. 1888, No. 60. Celebration of The 150th Anniversary, Thursday, 3rd May, 1888, Freemasons' Hall, London, W.C. Bro. Arthur S. Josling, Worshipful Master." [1888. *By Bro. F. Binckes P.G.S.B.*] *4to. Pages* 16. *Several Facsimiles. Warrant to constitute, May 3rd,* 1738. *Illustration of the special Jewel.*

No. 61. Halifax, Yorkshire.

"History of the Lodge of Probity, No. 61, on the Register of the United Grand Lodge of England of Antient Free and Accepted Masons, together with an Account of the Formation of the Provincial Grand Lodge of West Yorkshire and the Lodge of Promulgation. By Herbert Crossley (S.W. of the Lodge of Probity), Halifax. Published by the Lodge of Probity, 1888." [M. C. Peck & Son, Hull]. *8vo. Pages* 336. *Illustrations and Facsimiles.*

No. 63. London.

"St. Mary's Lodge No. 63. Chronological Record, From the Constitution in 1757 to the Centenary Festival in 1857, By Bro. Frederick Albert Winsor, P.M.; Continued from 1857 to the present time, By Bro. Wilmer Hollingworth, P.M. and Sec.; with a series of observations on Freemasonry in Germany, by Bro. Ernest E. Wendt, D.C.L., G.S.G.C., &c. The whole Edited and Revised by Bro. George Kelly, P.M., &c., and Bro. Wilmer Hollingworth, P.M. and Secretary. London: 1883." *8vo. Pages* 120. *Copy of Warrant, 14th April,* 1757.

No. 64. Manchester, Lancashire.

"By-Laws of the Lodge of Fortitude, No. 64 (Originally Constituted 9th January, 1739), with Copy of Warrant [May 1st, 1772], and Short Historical Account of the Proceedings of the Lodge from 1860 to the present time [&c.]. Compiled by G. P. Brockbank, Secretary, P.G. St. B. England," &c. Bolton, &c., 1888. *8vo. Pages* 16. *Preface by Bro. J. H. P. Leresche, P.M., &c.*

No. 65. London.

"A History of the Lodge of Prosperity, No. 65, of the Most Ancient and Honourable Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons by C. E. Ferry, P.M. 65 [&c.]. London: 58, Old Broad-street. 1884." 8*vo*. *Pages IV. & 138. Portrait of the Author.*

No. 73. London.

"The Address given in Commemoration of the Centenary of Mount Lebanon Lodge, No. 73, Founded 1760. By Bro. John Dixon, M.D. (&c.), on January the 15th, 1878. [Printed at the request of the Lodge]." 12*mo*. 26 *Pages*.

No. 75. Falmouth, Cornwall.

"A Brief Sketch of the Lodge of Love and Honour, Prepared by the R.W. Bro. W. J. Hughan, P.S.G.D. England, P.S.G.W. of Egypt, &c. [Printed as an appendix to By-Laws, Falmouth, 1888]." Second Edition. 16*mo*. *With By-Laws, Pages* 36. *First Edit.* 1877, *Pages* 28.

No 76. Winchester, Hants.

"Extracts from the Minute Books of the Lodge of Freemasons meeting at Winchester, known as Lodge of Economy, Being Lodge No. 76 on the Register of the Grand Lodge of England, Compiled by Bro. T. Stopher, W.M., &c. Winchester, &c. 1887." 4*to*. *Pages VI. & 30. Copy of Warrant Jan. 9th*, 1761.

No. 78. Middleton, Lancashire.

"A brief History of the Imperial George Lodge, No. 78, of Ancient Free and Accepted Masons of England. Compiled from the original records. By Samuel Hewitt (&c.), John Heywood (&c.), Manchester." [1879]. 12*mo*. *Pages* 20.

No. 80. Sunderland, Durham.

"History of the St. John's Lodge, No. 80, Sunderland, of the Antient Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons. By. William Logan, P.M. 124, &c. Sunderland: Printed at the *Daily Journal* Office, John-street. 1889." 8*vo*. *Pages* 14.

No. 84. Guernsey.

"History of Doyle's Lodge of Fellowship, Guernsey, No. 84 on the Registry of the United Grand Lodge of Ancient Free and Accepted Masons of England. By W. T. Kinnersley, W.M. No. 84. Guernsey: Printed by Bro. F. Clarke, A.L. 5873, A.D. 1873." 8*vo*. *Pages* 52 *& Appendix Pages XXX. The "Articles of Union," Nov. 25th*, 1813, *are printed as Appendix B.*

No. 104. Stockport, Cheshire.

"Centenary of St. John's Lodge, 104, Stockport, November 13th, 1865." A short History of the Lodge and its connection with ancient Freemasonry. Read at the banquet by Bro. John Walsh, S.D. 104, &c. Published by Request. Manchester, &c. [1865]. 12*mo*. *Pages* 16.

No. 114. Ipswich, Suffolk.

By-Laws of the British Union Lodge, No. 114, &c., Ipswich. To which is prefixed a brief History of the lodge, &c. 1885. 12*mo*. *Pages* 24.

No. 124. Durham.

"History of Freemasonry in the City of Durham, in connection with the Marquis of Granby Lodge, No. 124, of the Antient Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons. By William Logan, P.M. 124, &c., and Introduction by William James Hughan, P.S.G.D., &c. London: George Kenning, &c. 1886." 8*vo*. *Pages X. & 108. Also sketch of R.A. & Mark Masonry. Copy of Warrant 8th Sep.*, 1763. *Records begin 24th June*, 1738. *Earliest minutes known in the world of the "Mark" are given from Lodge Records of* 1773-7.

No. 133. Faversham, Kent.

"Freemasonry in Faversham, 1763 to 1887. Copies of Warrants [&c.] Collected and Arranged by Bro. Francis F. Gerand, Faversham, &c. 1887." 8*vo*. *Pages* 28. *Copy of Warrant 28th Aug.*, 1764.

No. 146. Bolton, Lancashire.

"History of the Lodge of Antiquity, No. 146, of Freemasons, Bolton (Warranted 24th June, 1776), &c., &c. By Bro. James Newton, P.M. Anchor and Hope Lodge, No. 37, &c. Bolton: Printed by Thomas Morris, Oxford-street, 1882." 8*vo*. *Pages* 76. *Copy of Warrant 24th June*, 1776.

No. 157. London.

"Records of the Craft. Memoranda of the Bedford Lodge, No. 183 [now No. 157] Collated from the Records by Bro James Harris, Secretary, and continued by Bro. Alfred Thrupp, Secretary." [1776—1844.] "*The Rosicrucian," Vol. I. Jan.* 1, 1876. *(New Series.) Also printed with By-Laws of the Lodge previously.*

No. 162. London.

"A few Notes about the Cadogan Lodge, No. 162, Compiled from the Records of the Lodge, by Hildebrand Ramsden, P.M. and Treasurer. 1881." 32*mo*. *Pages* 32. *Copy of Warrant Feb. 9th*, 1767.

No. 174. London.

"History of the Domatic Lodge, No. 177, 1786—1886. Written for the Centenary Festival, 12th February, 1886. By George Blizard Abbott, &c. London: George Kenning, &c. 1886." 8*vo*. *Pages* 54. *Copy of Warrant Feb. 7th*, 1786.

No. 178. Wigan, Lancashire.

"Masonry in Wigan, Being a brief History of Lodge of Antiquity, No. 178, originally No. 235, with references to other Lodges in the Borough at the close of the last and beginning of the present century. Compiled by Bro. J. Brown, Secretary, Wigan. Printed by Bro. R. Platt, &c. 1882." 8*vo*. *Pages* 66. *Coloured Illustrations. Copy of Warrant May 26th*, 1786.

No. 183. London.

"The History of the Lodge of Unity, No. 183 (formerly 441, 376, 289, 290, 242, 305, 215), Extracted from the Minutes and other Documents of the Lodge and from the Records and Registers of Grand Lodge, by Bro. George William Speth, P.M. London: George Kenning, &c. MDCCCLXXXI." 8*vo*. *Pages* 53. *Appendices and Tables.*

No. 185. London.

"History of the Lodge of Tranquillity, No. 185, From its origin to the present time, by John Constable, Worshipful Master, with Appendices, &c And a Preface by William James Hughan, P.M. 131, P.S.G.D., &c. Published by Authority of the Lodge. London: Charles Skipper & East, &c. 1874." 8*vo*. *Pages VIII. and* 72. *Facsimile of Warrant 20th December*, 1787. *Facsimile and Reproduction of "Rules & Orders,"* 1787, *&c.*

No. 191. Bury, Lancashire.

"Lodge of St. John, 191, Bury, Lancashire. Centenary Festival, &c., Thursday, June 24th, 1869. Bury: Bro. T. Crompton, &c. MDCCCLXIX." 8*vo*. *Pages* 32. *Scarcely a line about the Lodge.*

No. 192. London.

"History of the Lion and Lamb Lodge, 1789 to 1889, By George Abbott, P.M. and Secretary. Written in commemoration of the Centenary of the Lodge, completed December 24th, 1889. London, &c." [1890.] 8*vo*. *Pages* 42. *Copy of Warrant Dec. 24th*, 1789.

No. 195. Bournemouth, Hants.

"History of the Lodge of Hengist, No. 195, Bournemouth, from 1770 to 1870. A Paper read at the Centenary Festival, Holden November 23, 1870; by Bro. Rev. P. H. Newnham, W.M. 195, &c. Bournemouth & London, &c." [1870.] 12*mo*. *Pages* 38. *Tables, &c.*

No. 197. London.

"Centenary Celebration of the Jerusalem Lodge, No. 197, February 24th, 1871. Bro. Charles Hutton Gregory, P.G.D., P.M., Worshipful Master. London, &c. 1871. 4*to*. *Pages* 56. *Record of Celebration by Bro. C. E. Hollingsworth and History of the Lodge by R.W. Bro. Sir John B. Monckton, P.G.W., &c.*

No. 211. London.

"History of the St. Michael's Lodge, No. 211. Compiled from such Minute Books as have been preserved. Reprinted from the *Freemasons' Chronicle*. London: Printed by W. W. Morgan, &c., 1881." [By Bro. W. W. Morgan, P.M.] 12*mo*. *Pages IV. and* 44. *Copy of Warrant Sept. 11th*, 1795.

No. 216. Liverpool, Lancashire.

"History and Records of the Harmonic Lodge, Liverpool, Ancient No. 299; Union No. 380; New No. 263; Present No. 216; and the Sacred Delta Royal Arch Chapter, by John Hawkins, P.M. [&c.] Liverpool: Charles Ratcliffe, Printer, 32, Castle Street. 1890." 8*vo*. *Pages IV. and* 120. *Facsimile of Warrant April 22nd*, 1796, *&c.*

No. 221. Bolton, Lancashire.

"St. John's Lodge, No. 221, Bolton. A Short History and Extracts from the old Minute Books [&c]. Compiled by G. P. Brockbank, Treasurer and Senior P.M., &c. With a Short Introductory Notice by W. Bro. W. J. Hughan, P.S.G.D., &c., 1880." 8*vo*. *Pages* 64. *With Tables, &c.*

No. 235. London.

"A Centennial Sketch of the History of the Lodge of The Nine Muses 1777—1877. Presented to the Brethren at the Centennial Festival, &c. On Tuesday, May the 8th, 1877, by Bro. Walter Webb, W.M. [1877.] 8*vo*. *Pages* 48. *Copy of Warrant 25th March*, 1777.

My copy has the plates inserted of the five jewels painted by Cipriani (published in 1796), who was a member of the Lodge, and another plate by the same artist being a Past Master's jewel, also published by G. Cawthorn.

No. 236. York.

By-Laws, &c., "To which is added a short History of the Lodge, and of the Grand Lodge of All England, York, &c., MDCCCLXXV." 12*mo*. *Pages 50. History of the Lodge by Bro. Joseph Todd, P.M. and Treas., and that of "Grand Lodge of All England" by the late Bro. William Cowling, P.M., &c. With portrait of the M.W.G. Master* 1711—3. (2*nd Edit. of Laws*, 1887).

No. 238. London.

"St. Joh.—Loge, Der Pilger, No. 238." Centenary Festival held at Freemasons' Hall, London, 1st October, 1879. London: Aug. Siegle, 110, Leadenhall-street. 1879. 8*vo*. *Pages II. and* 52. *History of the Lodge by the late Bro. Karl Bergmann, (as with account of the Celebration) is printed in German.*

No. 240. South Shields, Durham.

"Report of Centenary Festival of St. Hilda's Lodge, No. 240, South Shields, and Brief History of the Lodge, Compiled from the Minute Books for 100 years. By Bro. J. H. Thompson, S.D. Commercial Printing Offices: Bro. J. Roddam, &c. 1880." 12*mo*. *Pages* 40.

No. 242. Doncaster, Yorkshire.

"The Records of St. George's Lodge, No. 242, of Free and Accepted Masons of England, Giving every Minute of Importance from the Foundation of the Lodge, and the details of the Centenary Celebration, &c., by William Delanoy, P.M. 242. Doncaster: Printed by Hartley and Son, *Chronicle* Office, 1880." [Introduction by William James Hughan, P.S.G.D., &c.] 4*to*. *Pages* 102. *Copy of Warrant July 11th*, 1780.

No. 246. Cheltenham, Gloucestershire.

"The Royal Union Lodge, No. 246, Cheltenham, 1813—1888. A Sketch of its History, compiled from the Lodge Minutes and Con-

temporary Sources by George Norman, P.M. 246, P. Prov. G. Reg., &c. With an Introduction by Bro. William James Hughan, P.M. 131, P. Prov. S.G.W. of Cornwall, &c." [1888]. 4*to*. *Pages XVI.*, 66 *and XXIV. Copy of Warrant 29th July*, 1813.

An article on Lodge Medals and Seals by Bro. W. J. Hughan, also Plates and reproduction of the Rules of A.D. 1815.

No. 250. Hull, Yorkshire.

"The Minerva Lodge Directory, 1884 (Tenth year of Publication). Bro. M. C. Peck and Son, Steam Printers, &c., Hull. * * * * * A Sketch of the History of the Minerva Lodge, No. 250, Hull, Read at the Centenary Festival, October 8th, 1883. By Bro. M. C. Peck, P.M., Prov. G. Sec., &c." [1884]. 12*mo*. *Pages* 52. *Lists of W.M.'s and Members, &c.*

No. 253. Derby.

"The Centenary Celebration of the Tyrian Lodge, No. 253, of Freemasons, Held at the Masonic Hall, Derby, April, 9th, 1885. With a Sketch of the History of the Lodge for the Century, Brief Annals, Lists of Members and Worshipful Masters. Price One Shilling. Derby, Printed by W. Bacon, Becket Mill Works." [1885]. 8*vo*. *Pages* 74. *Copy of Warrant 26th March*, 1785, *&c.*

No. 255. Richmond.

A Short Account of the Lodge of Harmony, No. 255, Since its Revival in 1801. [&c.] London: Smith and Ebbs, Printers, &c. 1885." 12*mo*. *Pages* 24. *2nd Edition by Bro. Raymond H. Thrupp, P.A.G.D.C., &c., who continued the History from 1st Edition of* 1868, *by Gordon W. Clark, P.M.*

No. 256. London.

"Annals of the Lodge of Unions, No. 256, From 1785 to 1885. Compiled from the Minute Books, By Bro. Reuben Robert Davis, P.M. 256, P.Z. 7. [Printed for Private Circulation.] London, 1885." 4*to*. *Pages VI. and* 176. *Frontispiece and Facsimiles of Warrants.*

No. 259. London.

"Prince of Wales's Lodge, No. 259. List of Members from the Time of its Constitution, with Notes of Proceedings and Circumstances of Interest in Connection with the Lodge and its members. Compiled from the Minutes and other sources. By Thomas Fenn, P.M. and Secretary, P.G.A.D.C., P.G.D., Pres. B.G.P., 1890." [*Third Edition.*] 8*vo*. *Pages* 104. *Frontispiece and many Plates. First Edition*, 1869. *Second Edition (Frontispiece)*, 1876. *Pages* 56.

No. 265. Keighley, Yorkshire.

"History of the Royal Yorkshire Lodge, No. 265, Keighley (constituted as No. 530 in 1788) of Free and Accepted Masons of England. Including an Account of the Proceedings connected with the Celebration of the Centenary in 1888. By J. Ramsden Riley, Author, &c., Hon. Member of 265. Keighley: Privately Printed. 1889." 8*vo*. *Pages VIII. and* 92. *Frontispiece and Illustrations.*

No. 277. Oldham, Lancashire.

"Lodge of Friendship, No. 277, of the Antient Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons, Oldham. Extracts from the Minutes, with Notes, also a List of Members [&c.] Compiled by Bro. the Rev. Joseph Harrison, M.A., 18°, S.W. 277, &c. London: The *Freemason* Printing Works, &c. 1880." 8*vo*. *Pages* 18. *Reprinted from the "Masonic Magazine" January and February*, 1880, *with an additional List.*

No. 279. Leicester.

"History of St. John's Lodge, No. 279, Leicester, [1790-1890.] By Bro. *Maurice Williams*, P.M., &c. (*In the Press for* 1892.) 8*vo*. *Pages* 80. *With Illustrations.*

Also an "Introductory Sketch of the History of the Lodge," by the R.W. Bro. W. Kelly, P. Prov. G.M. *With the Bye-Laws of No.* 279, *of* A.D. 1888. *Pages* 30.

No. 280. Worcester.

"Reminiscences of the Worcester Lodge of Freemasons, No. 280, and of other Masonic Institutions in the Province and City of Worcester, by C. C. Whitney Griffiths, P.M. 280, &c. Published by the Worcester Lodge, for presentation only." [1870.]

"Supplement to Reminiscences of the Worcester Lodge, No. 280 [&c.]. By C. C. Whitney Griffiths, &c. For presentation only." [1872.] *History*, 8*vo*. *Pages VIII.*, 16, 40, 8, *and* 18. *Frontispiece and Copies of Warrants. Supplement. Pages* 64. *Frontispiece & Tables.*

No. 281. Lancaster, Lancashire.

(a) "The Earlier Years of Fortitude. A Paper read before the Lodge of Fortitude, No. 281, on Wednesday, February 9th, 1887. By Bro. H. Longman, P.M. 1051, &c. Printed by Special Request. Lancaster, 1887."

(b) "Proceedings of the Centenary Meeting of the Lodge of Fortitude, No. 281, Lancaster." [Nov. 16th, 1889.] *History* 16*mo*. *Pages* 20. *Proceedings* 32*mo*. *Pages* 16. *Contains a Sketch, entitled "A Hundred Years Ago," by Bro. Joseph Fenton, P.M., and a "Retrospect of Masonic History," by Bro. H. Longman, P.M.*

No. 297. Lincoln.

"Brief History of the Witham Lodge, No. 374 [now 297] Holden in the City of Lincoln, with a Description of the Ceremonial used at the Levelling of the Foundation Stone of a Masonic Hall, and the Sermon preached on the occasion by the Rev. Geo. Oliver, D.D., Deputy Provincial Grand Master, &c. London: R. Spencer, &c. MDCCCXLI." 8*vo*. *Pages* 48. *Refers also to the old Lodge, long extinct.*

No. 308. Bottoms, Yorkshire.

"An Historical Sketch of Freemasonry at Bottoms, Eastwood, near Todmorden, Yorkshire, by John E. Craven, Todmorden. John Heywood, Manchester, &c. 1886." 8*vo*. *Pages* 96. *Frontispiece. Copy of Warrant 18th Feb.*, 1796.

No. 331. Truro, Cornwall.

Records of Phœnix Lodge, No. 331. [1890.] 8*vo*. *Pages* 4. *By Bro. John H. Ferris, P.M. and Sec.* 331, *&c.*

No. 340. Oxford.

"By-Laws of the Alfred Lodge of Antient Free and Accepted Masons (No. 340), Held at the Masonic Hall, Oxford, with a History of the Lodge and a List of the Brethren. 1885." 32*mo*. *Pages* 64. *List runs from* 1814 *to* 1884.

No. 357. Oxford.

"By-Laws of the Apollo University Lodge of Antient Free and Accepted Masons, No. 357, Oxford. To which is added a History of the Lodge, a List of the Members, etc. Fifth Edition by Bro. the Rev. H. Adair Pickard, M.A., P.M., &c., and Bro. Robert E. Baynes, M.A., P.M., &c. 1888." 32*mo*. *Pages* 196. *Printed by Bro. W. R. Bowden, P.M. 4th Edition was edited by Bros. Pickard, F. P. Morrell, M.A., and E. L. Hawkins, M.A., in* 1881. *Pages* 174.

No. 387. Shipley, Yorkshire.

"History of the Airedale Lodge, No. 387, of Free and Accepted Masons of England: Giving also, Incidentally (By Notes of the Foundation of each Lodge in Chronological Order), a Record of the Progress of Freemasonry in Yorkshire. By J. Ramsden Riley, P.M. and P.Z. 387. 1880." 3*rd Edition*, 4*to*. *Pages VIII. and* 128. 2*nd Edition*, 1878. 1*st Edition*, 1877.

No. 403. Hertford.

"History of the Hertford Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons From 1829 to 1879 (fifty years). Hertford: Stephen Austin and Sons, Fore-street. 1879." 12*mo*. *Pages* 72. *By Bro. Thomas S. Carter, P.M., &c.*

No. 416. Reigate, Surrey.

"The History of the Surrey Lodge, No. 416, formerly No. 603, Established at Reigate, 1834; *To which is prefixed a Sketch of* Masonry [&c.], Compiled as a Memorial of the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Lodge. By John Lees, P.M. and Secretary 416." [1884.] 8*vo*. *Pages VIII. and* 84. *With Illustrations. Also By-Laws.*

No. 463. Croydon, Surrey.

"The History of the East Surrey Lodge of Concord, No. 463 (late 680) with a Record of some of its Leading Events from its Consecration in 1839 up to January, 1890 [&c.]. Compiled from the *Minute Books of the Lodge.* By C. H. Woodward, P.M. and Hon. Sec. Croydon: Printed by Sampson and Davey, &c. 1890." *Second Edition*, 16*mo*. *Pages* 50. 1890. *(With Portrait). First Edition*, 1879.

No. 478. Oxford.

"Bye-Laws for the Government of the Churchill Lodge, &c., No. 478, Oxford, &c. Edited by Bro. H. R. Cooper Smith, M.A., P.M., &c. 1877." 32*mo*. *Pages* 78. *History precedes the List of Members*, 1841 *to* 1877, *and is followed by the By-Laws.*

No. 533. Congleton, Cheshire.

"Records of the Eaton Lodge, No. 533, Congleton. Compiled by Captain Astley Terry, W.M., &c. Congleton: Printed at the office of Bro. E. A. Cokayne, 1877." 8*vo*. *Pages XVI. and* 72. *Some copies with Illustrations.*

No. 778. Hampton Court, Middlesex.

"The Bard of Avon Lodge of United Ancient Free and Accepted Masons of England. A Record by J. C. Parkinson, W.M. 778, &c. Province of Middlesex, 1872. For Private Circulation. [1872.] 4*to*. *Pages* 196. *Lodge was held at Stratford-upon-Avon from* 1859 *to* 1872, *when it was removed to the Province of Middlesex*, its Historian, Bro. C. J. Parkinson, P.G.D., *being the first W.M. in its new locality.*

No. 804. Havant, Hants.

By-laws of No. 804, Havant, with "A Page in the History of Freemasonry in Hampshire. By a P.M. 1882." 32*mo*. *Pages* 44. *History is by Bro. Thomas Francis, P.M., &c.*

No. 869. Cheshunt Park, Herts.

"Gresham Lodge, No. 869. A Review of the past Twenty-one years, with Notes from the Minutes. By Bro. Walter E. Gompertz, P.M., &c., Secretary. June, 1882." 32*mo*. 26 *Pages.*

No. 1010. Hull, Yorkshire.

"Annals of the Kingston Lodge, No. 1010. Attached to the Directory, 1890. Bro. M. C. Peck and Son, Printers and Publishers, Hull." 16*mo*. *Pages* 44.

No. 1221. Leeds.

"Annals" [By Bro. William Watson, P.M. 289 and 2069, &c.], with the "Bye-Laws and Regulations of the Defence Lodge, No. 1221, &c., Leeds." 1879. 16*mo*. *Pages* 26. *With Roll of Members.*

EXTINCT LODGES.

Alnwick.

The Alnwick MS. and Records of the Alnwick Lodge, by Bro. W. James Hughan, P.M. 131 [&c.]. 1871. *A sheet reprinted from the "Freemason," Jan. 21st*, 1871. *Records begin* A.D. 1703, *but the By-Laws are of* A.D. 1701.

York.

"History of the Apollo Lodge, York, In relation to Craft and Royal Arch Masonry; with brief sketches of its Local Predecessors and Contemporaries; The Grand Lodge of all England (York Masons), The Provincial Grand Lodge, and various Lodges from 1705 to 1805. By William James Hughan, with Valuable Appendices. London: George Kenning, &c. 1889." 8*vo*. *Pages* 128. *Frontispiece. Copies of Warrants, Tables, &c.*

Lincoln.

"The old Lodge at Lincoln. By William Dixon. Reprinted from Ars Quatuor Coronatorum. Margate: Printed at Keble's *Gazette* Office, MDCCCXCI." 8*vo*. *Pages* 14. *Facsimils of Records*, 1733-5.

Chester.

"The History of the Royal Lodge of Freemasons at Chester, as told by its Minutes 1738-67. By Bro. T. B. Whytehead, P.M. MDCCCLXXXIV." 8*vo*. *Pages* 12. *Reprinted from the "Freemason,"* 1884.

Gloucester.

"The History of the Royal Gloucester Lodge of Freemasons, Gloucester (1785 to 1852). Read 2nd January, 1885, at the Royal Gloucestershire Lodge, By Thos. Taynton, P.M. 839, P.P.S.G.W. Gloucester: *Journal* and *Citizen* Steam Printing Works [1885]. 12*mo*. *Pages* 16.

Barton-upon-Humber.

"Account of the present state of the St. Matthew's Lodge, No. 488, Barton-upon-Humber; with observations on Free-Masonry, including the Bye-Laws, &c., &c. Barton: Printed by Daniel Greenwood. 1819." 8*vo*. *Pages* 30. *A homœpathic dose of history.*

LODGES, WITH PROVINCIAL GRAND LODGES.

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"Freemasonry in Bristol. Compiled (*by* permission) from Bro. Lane's 'Masonic Records' and other sources. By Bro. John Gard, P.M. 63, P.P.J.G.W., &c., 1889." 8*vo*. *Pages* 8.

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"History of the Provincial Grand Lodge of Berkshire and Buckinghamshire [*with the By-Laws*, 1871. 12*mo*. *Pages* 36. *By Bro. William Biggs, Prov. G. Sec.*]

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"Some Account of the Provincial Grand Lodge of Cornwall, &c., &c., &c., Truro, 1865." 8*vo*. *Pages* 40, *and Tables.*

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"History of Craft Masonry in Cumberland and Westmorland, from the year 1740 to the present day. Edited by W. F. Lamonby, P.M. 1002, P.P.G. Reg. Carlisle: G. & T. Coward, Scotch Street, MDCCCLXXIX." 12*mo*. *Pages XII. & 128 & Frontispiece.*

Devon and Cornwall.

"Freemasonry in Devon and Cornwall, from A.D. 1732 to A.D. 1889." By Bro. William James Hughan, P.G.D., &c. London: George Kenning, 1889," [with "Masonic Orations, by Bro. L. P. Metham, P.G.D., &c., Edited by Bro. John Chapman, P.M. 1402, P. Prov. G.D. Devon, 1889."] 8*vo*. *Pages* 128.

Devonshire.

"A short Account of the Provincial Grand Lodge [*with the By-Laws*, 1876. 8*vo*. *Pages* 50. *Also* 1847, *Pages* 80, *and* 1843, *Pages* 32.]

Durham.

"Free Masonry in the Province of Durham, Sunderland. Printed by Thomas Marwood and Co., MDCCCXXXVI." 8*vo*. *Pages VIII. and* 26. *Supposed to be by Sir Cuthbert Sharp, D. Prov. G.M. Only* 30 *copies printed.*

Leicester and Rutland.

"A History of the Provincial Grand Lodge of Leicestershire, &c., Including Notices of Private Lodges and Chapters in the Province, by William Kelly, Provincial Grand Master, &c., 1870." 8*vo*. *Pages* 112, *with the By-Laws.*

Lincolnshire.

"A History of the Provincial Grand Lodge of Lincolnshire, between the years 1792 and 1867. Louth, 1867." 8*vo*. *Pages* 26, *and Tables. By Bro. C. E. Lucas, Prov. G. Sec.*

Oxfordshire.

"A History of Freemasonry in Oxfordshire: Compiled by Bro. E. L. Hawkins, M.A., W.M. 357 & 478, &c., &c. Oxford: W. R. Bowden, 59, High Street. 1882." *Illustrations and Tables.* 12*mo*. *Pages VIII., and* 58.

Shropshire.

"History of Freemasonry in the Province of Shropshire," &c. By Bro. Alexander Graham, with Introduction by Bro. W. J. Hughan. [In the Press. For 1892.] 8*vo*. *Portrait of the Prov. G.M. History of No.* 262, *Shrewsbury, from* 1788, *&c.*

Staffordshire.

"An Attempt at compiling a History of Freemasonry in Stafford, to which is prefixed a short Sketch of the History of Masonry in England, from the earliest times, by T. Ward Chalmers, P.M. 726, &c. Stafford: Printed by R. & W. Wright. 1882." 12*mo*. *Pages VIII.* & 84.

Sussex.

History of Freemasonry in Sussex: Containing a Sketch of the Lodges, Past and Present, with numerical Tables of Extinct and Existing Lodges, the Provincial Grand Lodge, &c., with Coloured Illustrations. Compiled by Thomas Francis, W.M. 56, &c. Portsmouth. Printed by Bro. Henry Lewis, No. 114, High-street. 1883." 8*vo*. *Pages* 150.

Wiltshire.

"A History of Freemasonry in Wiltshire, including an Account of the Provincial Grand Lodge, and its Subordinate Lodges, &c. By Frederick Hastings Goldney [P.G.D., &c.] For Presentation only. 1880." 4*to*. *Pages VIII. and* 20). *Sketches of many Lodges.*

Worcestershire.

"A History of the Provincial Grand Lodge of Worcestershire. Compiled from Official Sources, by Albert Brown, P.M., &c. To February, 1881." *With the By-Laws.* 8*vo*. *Pages* 110.

Yorkshire.

(*a*) *Dr. Bell.* "A Short History of the Provincial Grand Lodge of the North and East Ridings of Yorkshire, &c., by John Pearson Bell, M.D., Deputy Provincial Grand Master. Kingston-upon-Hull. 1868." 8*vo*. *Pages* 48. *With By-Laws.*

(*b*) *Hughan.* "Masonic Sketches and Reprints." 1. History of Freemasonry in York. 2. Unpublished Records of the Craft. By William James Hughan. London: George Kenning, &c., 1871. 8*vo*. *Pages* 112 *and* 54. *The first Part was also printed in the "Kingston Masonic Annual,"* 1871.

(*c*) "Record of the Installation of Bro. Lieut.-Col. Sir Henry Edwards, Bart., D.L., J.P., P.M. No. 61, Probity, as Right Worshipful Provincial Grand Master of the Province of West Yorkshire, at Halifax, Wednesday, April 21st, A.L. 5875. Also the Installation of H.R.H. Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, as Grand Master"[&c., &c.]. "Edited by Thomas William Tew, I.P.M. No. 910, and D.P.G.M. of West Yorkshire, &c. Pontefract: Bro. Holmes, Market Place. MDCCCLXXV." 8*vo*. 80 *Pages. Brief sketch of the Province.*

(*d*) (1). "*Freemasonry in York.* 1878." [8*vo*. *Pages* 12]. (2). "Freemasonry in the XVIIIth Century, as told by an old Newspaper File, 1884." [8*vo*. *Pages* 14]. (3). "Some Ancient York Masons and their Early Haunts." [8*vo*. *Pages* 14]. *By Bro. T. B. Whytehead, P.G.S.B., &c.*, 1884.

(*e*) *Mason.* "Record of the Installation of Bro. Thomas W. Tew, J.P., &c., as Prov. G.M. of West Ridings of Yorkshire, at the Albert Hall, Leeds, on Friday, the 24th day of April, 1885. With Preface and Appendix, Dedicated to the Brethren of the West Riding of Yorkshire by Bro. Charles Letch Mason, P.M. Lodge 304, P. Prov. G. Treas. Leeds, Printed by Inchbold and Bull, 33, Bond-street, 1885. [8*vo*. *Pages XIV. and* 96. *Assisted by Bro. Henry Smith, D. Prov. G.M., Bro. Herbert G. E. Green, Prov. G. Sec., and Bro. William Watson, P. Prov. G.S. of W.*].

(*f*) *Riley.* "The Yorkshire Lodges: A Century of Yorkshire Freemasonry. By J. Ramsden Riley, Bradford (Historian of 387), &c. Leeds: Thomas C. Jack, 48, Park Lane. London: 45, Ludgate Hill, 1885" [with an Introduction by W. J. Hughan]. 4*to*. *Pages* 120. *Many Plates and Tables, &c. Supplement of four pp. termed "Notes, &c., on Yorkshire Lodges,"* 1887.

I have found it extremely difficult to decide as to what class of publications should be included in this Bibliography, and do not anticipate that my List will fully meet the wishes of all students, though every known separate issue of an English Lodge History is believed to be included.

Many Masonic Works give more particulars about some Lodges than are to be found in their special Histories. Of such, mention should be made of Bro. Gould's "History of Freemasonry," "Four Old Lodges," and "Atholl Lodges;" Bro. John Lane's "Masonic Records, 1717—1886," and "Centenary Warrants and Jewels;" Bro. H. Sadler's "Life of Thomas Dunckerley," and my "Masonic Register" and "Engraved List of Lodges, A.D. 1734," &c., but, strictly speaking, they should not be included in this series.

As time permits, I hope to compile a List of Histories of Scottish Masonic Lodges, and others.

W. J. HUGHAN.

Christmas, 1891.

Lead me O, lustrous Star which led
The three kings to Christ's manger-bed,
That I may give their gifts of old,
The three, *Myrrh, Frankincense, and Gold!*

May memory sweet as Myrrh awake,
And soften hearts for old love's sake,
That they this Christmastide may know
The Peace and Joy of long ago.

May dreams as Frankincense arise
To clothe with angels' wings the skies:
Doubt and all discords then shall cease,
And Christmas chimes ring only Peace.

May love that fears no gloom or cold,
Be my third gift, of pure bright gold,
Gold by no grosser part alloyed,
But e'er untarnish'd, undestroyed!

So bring I, fraught with true desire,
My tripple gifts beside your fire,
Let me a welcome guest remain,
Nor bid me forth to fare again.

Though all unseen with you I stay,
My gifts shall never pass away,
While memory, dreams, and love enfold
With Myrrh, and Frankincense, and Gold.

WILL EDWARDES-SPRANGE.

Hungarian Lodge Medals.

HUNGARY appears to have been a *terra incognita* to the Masonic student until a very short time ago, and this is probably due to the fact that it has been confounded with the Austrian Empire in which Freemasonry has been suppressed by the authorities, whilst it is, on the contrary, a distinct kingdom, with its own parliament, laws, and customs, Emperors of Austria having to be separately crowned as kings of Hungary before becoming the legal Rulers, and there is *no Hungarian* law prohibiting the Craft. A list of Grand Officers, etc., has appeared in the "Cosmopolitan Calendar," and there has been an exchange of representatives to and from the Grand Lodges of England and Scotland, and, more recently, of Ireland; but beyond this little or nothing was known to the majority of English-speaking brethren of this Grand Lodge. Even Bro. Gould in his great work dismisses the subject in a very few lines, as do also the Masonic Encyclopædias; but by one of those happy small chances from which great events frequently spring, I applied to the Grand Lodge of Hungary some two years ago for contributions to the collection of Masonic "Outward and Visible Signs" on which I am engaged, with the result of commencing a very interesting and valuable correspondence with my friend Bro. Ladislas de Malczovich of Budapest, when it soon became apparent that although not in the happy condition of Great Britain, Sweden or Denmark, where Masonry is governed and patronised by the Royal Families, and even as in the latter countries quite a state institution with its Order of Knighthood for Masons only, yet Hungarian Freemasonry is in a flourishing condition in spite of clerical opposition, and is systematically and ably governed by its rulers. Bro. Malczovich and myself contributed a joint article to the *Freemason** on the formation of the present Grand Body and its ways and customs, and Bro. Malczovich himself has contributed to the *Ars Quatuor Coronatorum* † some most valuable articles on Freemasonry in Hungary in the last century, the remaining papers being awaited with much interest by Bros. Hughan, Speth, Lane and others, as, if its existence can be fairly proved, the Lodge "Three Stars" at Prague, which Bro. Malczovich mentions in 1726, is *older than any lodge before known to have existed on the Continent.*

The special object of the present article, however, is to draw attention to Hungarian Masonic medals, which have hitherto escaped the notice of all collectors and writers on this particular branch of study. Bro. Marvin, in his great catalogue (with supplement) of nearly one thousand Masonic medals, *does not name one Hungarian specimen*, and Bro. Shackles, in his fine collection, has only three. I purpose, therefore, to give a full description of the specimens in my own collection, with illustrations, which will, I trust, prove of considerable interest to the Fraternity.

1. A very handsome medal in yellow metal. Scale 26. Inscription on obverse, in Hungarian, "Egyesség a hazaban," device, two clasped hands surrounded by a cloud, the sun in splendour at the top; on reverse, in German, "Einigheit im Vaterland," with a wreath of laurels encircling the year 1868, both inscriptions meaning "Concord in the Motherland." This lodge was the mother of the St. John's Lodges in Hungary, and was located in Pest (now Budapest, the two towns being united). It sent out so many colonies that it exhausted its vitality, and is now defunct, and the medal exceedingly rare. It was worn suspended by a corded ribbon of red, white, and green, the national colours of Hungary.

2. A fine medal of white metal of Lodge "Old and Faithful Brethren," of German origin, and sister of Lodge "St. Istvan," seated in Budapest, and still working, but using another medal. Inscription on obverse, "A regi hu testvèrék keleten Pesten," with square and compasses resting on a cloud. On reverse, "Loge die alten getreuen im Orienzte zu Pest," with laurel wreath enclosing the date 1870. The ribbon suspending it was blue. The lodge now is flourishing, and is rich in funds, and has a large membership. Size 20.

3. A yellow metal medal, Lodge "Concordia." Scale 18. Inscription on obverse, "Set. Johannis ∴ Concordia Orient Lippa," with a full length figure of Concord; on reverse, a laurel wreath with date "31 Aug. 00871" and square and compasses. This lodge was founded by the former St. John's Grand Lodge in 1871, but is now defunct, and the medal rare.

4. A silver medal struck as a twelve-pointed star. Scale 29 to extremity of points, and 14 in inner circle. On the obverse, two clasped hands issuing from clouds, with the sun in splendour above. On reverse, "Pest kel ∴ d ∴ Osszetartás □ 000872," with an eye in a triangle, and the square and compasses. This was the medal of the Lodge "Osszetartás," formerly working in Pest, under the Grand Orient, and was worn on a crimson ribbon. It is extremely scarce, and the lodge no longer exists.

5. A silver medal with field removed. Scale 22. On the outer circle the word "Hungaria" and the motto "Osszetartás," meaning "holding together;" within, over two clasped hands, the square and compasses, with "22 XI 000874" on the square. This is the medal of Lodge "Hungaria," still existing in Budapest, and favourably known for its excellent working. It is worn on a short crimson ribbon suspended from a silver bar, bearing the name of the lodge. The reverse is blank.

6. A medal of white metal. Scale 24. On obverse, square and compasses, enclosed by a laurel wreath, terminating at the top in two clasped hands. On reverse, "Arpád a testvériséghez szabad Kömüvesi Szent János páholy Szeged keletén." This is the medal of Lodge "Arpád of Brotherhood," working at Szeged (where the great flood was), having a very large membership and flourishing. "Arpád" was a descendant of the famous Attila the Goth, and conquered Hungary, becoming its first duke or prince. The lodge was formed in 187—, and now uses another medal. The ribbon is red, white, and green.

7. A white medal, of scale 23. On obverse, square, compasses, and perfect ashler, surrounded by a quatrefoil bearing the legend "Haladas, Pest, Majus 24 1871; and on reverse, "Fortschritt Or: Pest, 24 Mai 1871" (die of reverse cracked). The medal of Lodge "Haladas" or "Progress" (which "Fortschritt" also means) and worn on the left breast, which is very unusual with lodges descended from the former St. John's Grand Lodge.

8. A very beautiful medal of yellow metal, attached to a scarlet ribbon. Scale 34. On obverse, a double six-pointed star bearing a book inscribed K.K. between a square and compasses, with legend "Az Elöitéletek legyözéséhez Könyves Kálmán, Pest Kbl ∴ 000872. I. 24." On reverse a similar star bearing the tetragrammaton, surrounded by a glory, and a snake with its tail in its mouth for "eternity" between the letters J. B. M. This is the jewel of the Lodge "Konyves Kálmán," descended from the former Grand Orient, and working in Budapest. It is the largest and wealthiest of the Hungarian lodges, having some two hundred members, and is in every way flourishing and admirably worked. It is named after an old king of Hungary, called Colomanus, or Kálmán, who reigned at the beginning of the 12th century. He was a man of great culture, and far in advance of that period in his liberality of views and enlightenment of mind; and, on finding that he abolished trials against witches, "Which," said he, "*do not exist*," one need only glance at English history as late as the 17th century to see what metal this grand old prince was made of to dare to utter such an opinion some five hundred years before. He took great delight in reading, hence was called Konyves Kálmán," or "the book-lover Kálmán," and hence the title of the lodge. The inscription means "Lodge Konyves Kálmán—'for the vanquishing of prejudices' (this is a motto)—Orient of Pest." The K.K. on the book is simply the lodge name. Date of formation, Jan. 24th, 1872.

9. A bronze medal of scale 21, worn attached to a bow of sky-blue ribbon. On obverse, head of Humboldt, surrounded by the endless snake, with the legend "G.∴U.∴V.∴ □ zu 'Humboldt' im Or ∴ Pest. Gegr ∴ 000869." On reverse, between the square and compasses, the letters B. J. M. and KOSMOS, surrounded by a snake, with the same legend as the obverse. This is the medal of Lodge "Humboldt," of German origin, under the Grand Orient, and although the membership is small, it is noted for its very excellent working.

10. A brass medal of scale 24, attached to a blue ribbon, bearing on the obverse a device of a sculptor working at a rock with mallet and chisel (Bro Hughan suggests that he is probably cutting steps), with the legend "Loge zur arbeit. In labore Virtus." On the reverse, a square and compasses with legend "Gegründet Orient Pest. 26 III 000871." This was the medal of the "Lodge of labour," established in Pest on the 27th of March, 1871, but is now defunct.

11. A gilt medal, scale 28, of Lodge "Corvin Mátays," established in 1869. Obverse, compasses and square, with a raven (corvus) standing on the latter with a ring in his beak; legend "Corvin Mátyás páholy Pest kel □." On reverse, a double triangle, with legend "Megnyittatott 000869 .IKI. Nyolcadikho 21EN." The raven is an armorial bearing of the "Hunyadis" family, from which sprang the famous John Hunyadi, the champion of Christianity and the terror of the Turks. The inscription on reverse means "has been opened in the year 1869, on the 20th day of the 8th month," (*October* as the Grand Orient, of which this was the mother lodge, counted *March* as the 1st month). The average number of members is 60, amongst them being several Grand Officers past and present, including the actual Grand Master, M.W. Bro. Stephen Rakovosky.

12. A white metal medal, exquisitely designed, and which Bro. Hughan says is the finest he has seen for some time. Scale 28. On the obverse, a crowned female figure scattering money, with a lion seated by her (both being emblems of magnanimity or generosity), and behind them two pillars *erased*, the first bearing the square and compass; on reverse, "Lodge zur Grossmuth, Or. Budapest," with branches of oak and laurel. "Grossmuth" or "Magnanimity" is the name of the lodge, and the medal is worn on a light blue ribbon. This lodge was formerly clandestine, but became defunct, and some of its members being received and re-initiated in Lodge "Eötvös," formed the present Lodge of the name in 1888, working in German.

13. A fine white medal of Lodge "Eotvos," established in 1877, and having an average membership of 45. Scale 27. On obverse, a sun, square and compasses, with legend "5/1 877 Eotvos □ O.∴ Budapest Kel.∴"; and on reverse, surrounded by a wreath o oak and laurel, a bust of the late famous and liberal-minded state

* *Freemason*, June 6th, 1891, p. 309.

† Vol. III., p. 110; Vol. IV., p. 20.

man, Baron Joseph Eotvos, Minister for public instruction, after whom, although not a Mason, the lodge is named.

Bro. Shackles has the three following Hungarian Medals :—

14. "Phœnix □ Szamosujvar Keleten," of Lodge "Phœnix at Losonez.

15. "Loge zur vaterlandsliebe in Baja," of Lodge "Vaterlandsliebe" at Baja, dated 1869.

16. G.·.U.·.V.·. □ Schiller OR.·. Pressburg," of Lodge "Schiller" at Pressburg.

Although not medals, this article would not be complete without noticing the jewels of the remaining four lodges now working in Budapest, more particularly as they are artistic and, to us, uncommon in design.

A. Is the jewel of Lodge "Galilei," and has a blue enamelled triangle, with the legend, "Galilei □ Budapest 1871;" and, between, a square and compasses, all in silver, whilst the wreath of laurel leaves is gilded, the effect of the whole being very chaste. This is a German lodge, and one of the largest and richest in Hungary, having 136 members. The ribbon of the lodge is "cornflower blue, edged with white."

B. Is the jewel of Lodge "Democratia," and is curious in that it is entirely different to all the other medals and jewels, being worn as a stud in the buttonhole. The centre bears in gold, on blue enamel, "1889 Budapest," with star, square, compasses, trowel, maul and acacia sprigs. The border is *white*, with "Demokratia □ §" enamelled in *red*, and "Szabadsag, Egyenloség, Testvériseg" in *green* letters, thus using the three national colours. The three last words mean "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity." The lodge was established in 1889, and has a membership of 70.

C. Is the jewel of Lodge "St. Stephen," and is most elegantly designed in gilt metal, the monogram being enamelled in white on a blue ground, and the jewel worn attached to a crimson ribbon. This lodge was re-established in 1870, and although small in membership (average 30) is distinguished for its working, and for the rank of its members. No Hungarian lodge has given so many Grand Masters and other officers to the Craft as this one, and amongst other present eminent members may be named Bro. Francis Pulsky, Past G.M., Bro. Abraham Szontagh, P.D.G.M., and Bros. Anthony Berecz and Bela Majlath, the present Deputy Grand Masters.

D. Is the jewel of lodge "Deak ferencz," which was established in 1885, and has about 50 members. Bro. Hughan thinks the design was originally English, as it is similar to some of our old jewels. The trowel, maul, and bar bearing the name of the lodge are silver, the remainder gilt. Francis Deak was not a member of the Craft, but was a noted Hungarian patriot, under whose leadership the final adjustment of affairs between Austria and Hungary was concluded in 1867.

In a future paper I hope to describe more of these interesting jewels, and meanwhile, I trust, my present notes may prove useful to all students and collectors of Masonic medals.

FRED. J. W. CROWE, Prov. G.O. Devon. &c.

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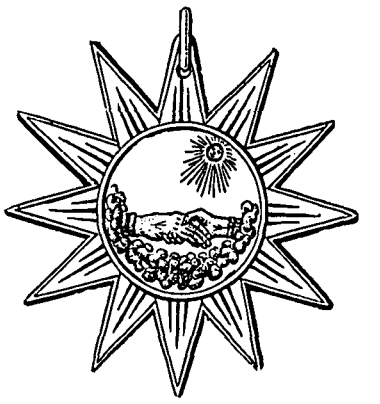
No. 2.

No. 3.



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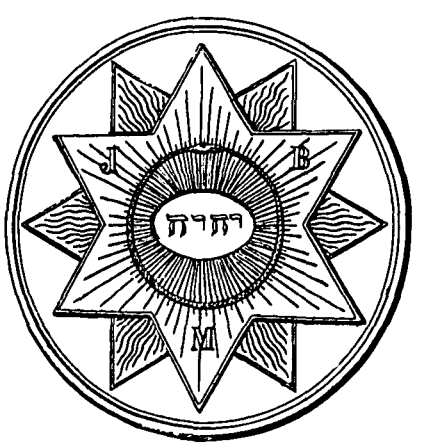

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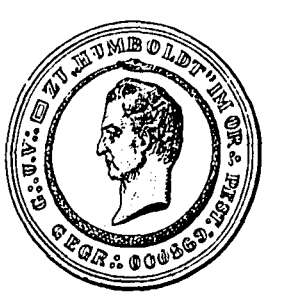

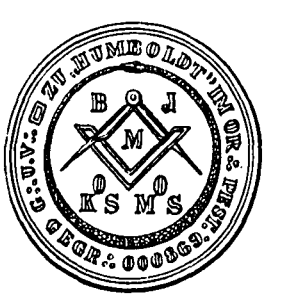

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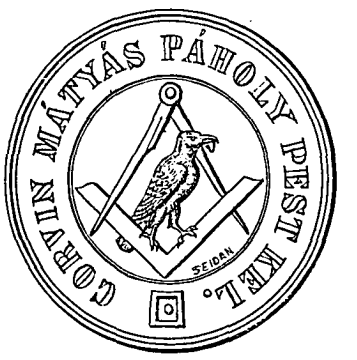

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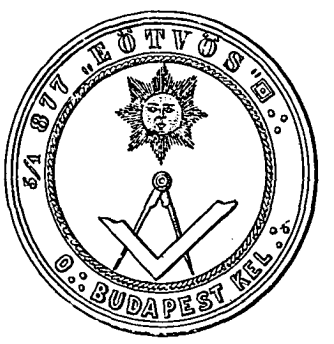

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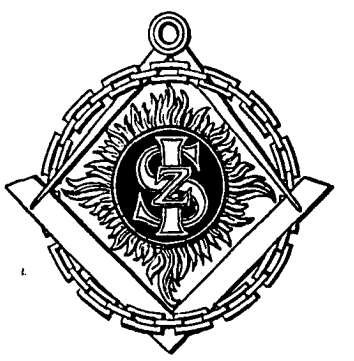
A

B



C

D

"Refreshment."

The Lodge is closed with rev'rent care,
  Awhile our labours cease,
Locked up our secrets, we depart
  In harmony and peace;
And now, at banquet, we exchange
  Kind words and sunny smiles,
Whilst mirth and melody prolonged
  The fleeting hour beguiles.

Solo and Chorus—
With glass in hand,
Then let us stand
Around the festive board;
Whilst fire and sign
Along each line,
Attest our true accord!

"The Queen and Craft," together joined,
  The welcome toast resounds,
For deep within a Mason's heart
  Pure loyalty abounds;
"To our Grand Master," as the head
  Of Masonry, we raise
Our brimming bumpers, and award
  Due attribute of praise!

With glass in hand, etc.

"The Master Worshipful," we pledge,
  Whose wise and genial sway
Controls the Brethren of our Lodge,
  Who cheerfully obey;
"Brother Initiate," we greet
  With mutual grip of hand,
Thus we uphold Freemasonry
  In our dear native land!

Solo and Chorus—
With glass in hand,
Then let us stand
Around the festive board:
Whilst fire and sign
Along each line,
Attest our true accord!

Last, but not least, time honoured Toast,
  (Joined in Masonic band)
"Our poorer Brethren," far dispersed
  On sea, or distant land;
May the Great Architect vouchsafe
  His blessing to impart,
To soothe their sorrows, hope inspire,
  And cheer each drooping heart.

With glass in hand, etc.

F. W. DRIVER M.A.

The Lodge of the Nine Muses.

THE principal jewels of the Nine Muses Lodge were designed and painted by Bro. Giovanni Batistu Cipriani, who was present at the first, or preliminary, meeting of the Lodge, held on the 14th January, 1777, and was raised to the Third Degree on the 23rd February of the same year by virtue of a dispensation of the Grand Master until the warrant was issued on the 25th March following.

Engravings of these jewels, viz., those of the Master, Senior and Junior Wardens, Treasurer, and Secretary, by Leney, are to be found in the "Freemasons' Magazine," for February, April, May, June, and July, 1796, and are beautiful works of art. In the same Magazine for August is another engraving, being for a "P.M. of Symbolic Lodges," but, though by the same artist and engraver, the jewel does not appear to have been used by Lodge No. 235, though the five others are still happily preserved and are still the unique decoration of the principal officers.

Francesco Bartolozzi, who was also a member of the Lodge, frequently engraved designs by Cipriani, both being members of the Royal Academy.

Bro. John Hull was the first W.M. of the "Nine Muses," the Chevalier Bartholomew Ruspini being in the chair A.D. 1796; another of the petitioners possibly being Bro. Cipriani. Many distinguished members were subsequently enrolled, of whom mention may be made of Lord Tamworth, in 1778; Earl Ferrers, Earl of Effingham, Lord Cranstown, and Earl Kelly in 1779; Sir Robert Salisbury Cotton, Bart., the Hon. Washington Shirley, the Hon. William Ward, Lord Macdonald, and many foreign noblemen from 1783 downwards.

A brief account of the Lodge is given in the "Freemasons' Magazine" for February, 1796, and Bro. Walter Webb wrote a centennial sketch of the history of the Lodge, which was presented to the members, May 8th, 1877, on the celebration of the centenary, the author being the W.M.

W. L.

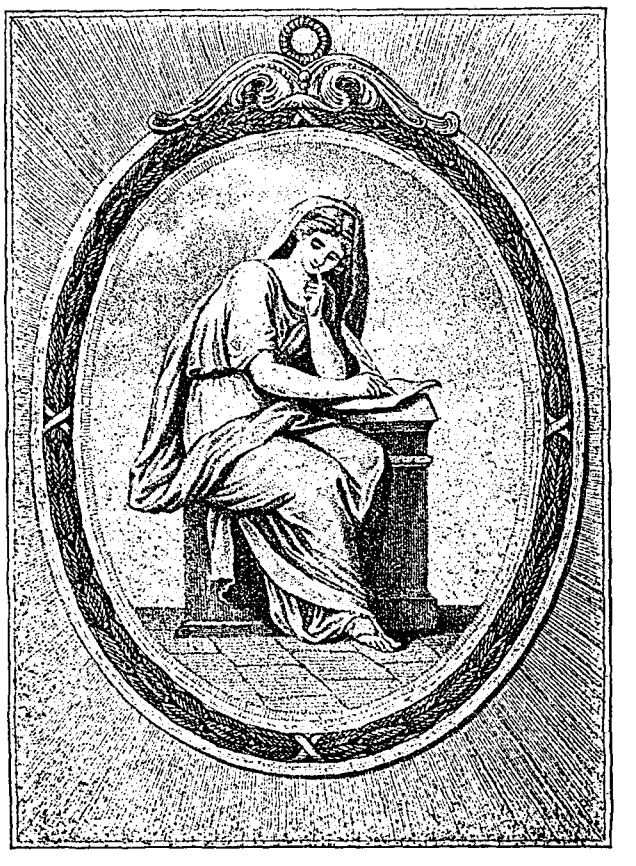
The Jewel of the R.W.M.

The Jewel worn by the P.M.

The Jewel of the S.W.

The Jewel of the I.W.

The Jewel of the Treasurer.



The Jewel of the Secretary.

Masonry and Warfare.

THE following curious extract is interesting, and may be taken as conclusive evidence of the softening influence exercised by Masonry, even on the hearts of our national enemies in the old fighting times.

"Lodge No. 25.

"Pickard's, George Tavern, March 25th, 1806.

"Brother George Waugh, a member of this Lodge, related an occurrence of his having been captured in his vessel, the 'Good Intent,' of this Port, by a Spanish Privateer, and that through the particular good and mutual friendship in the Order of Masonry, Bro. Waugh asserted in Lodge assembled that the Captain of the Privateer, who, being a Mason, had generously given up and restored to him the vessel and cargo, desiring Bro. Waugh to make the best of his voyage, and not to give any description of the Privateer, nor would the Spanish Captain give up his name—therefore this information is inserted for the good of Masonry in general and by order of the Chair."

(Signed) "S. Yates, W.M.
"Richard Thornton, "E. Haskell, S.W.
Sec. "T. Mooney, J.W.

"Extracted from the minutes of St. George's Lodge of Harmony, No. 38 (late 25), by request of L. G. N. Starkie, Esq., M.P., R.W.P.G.M. of the Western Division of Lancashire.

L. S.

"Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool,
"9th Nov. A.L. 5830, A.D. 1826,
"Henry Lucas,
"Secretary."

The foregoing is by no means an isolated case, although it is certainly unique as having been deemed worthy of being recorded in the minutes of the Lodge. The "Freemasons' Quarterly Review" for 1835 contains an account of a coasting vessel belonging to Plymouth, which had been captured by a French Privateer, being released in a similar manner, both the victor and the vanquished being Masons.

The records of the Lodge of Amity, at Poole, also contain particulars of the release of one of its members with his ship and cargo by the Captain of a French Privateer, on discovering that his captive was a Mason. In this instance the victor, if I recollect rightly, behaved with great kindness to his former captive, not only giving him liberty and property, but provisions, of which the brother was in need. Probably many other of our sea ports had, fifty years ago, traditions of a like character. It is not surprising, therefore, that Masonry should have been exceptionally and proverbially popular with those "who go down to the sea in ships."

HENRY SADLER.

The Freemason's Home.

Where hearts are warm with kindled fire,
And love beams free from answering eyes,
Bright spirits hover always there,
And *that's* the home the Mason's prize.
The Mason's Home, the peaceful home,
The home of love and light and joy;
How gladly does the Mason come
To share his tender, sweet employ.

All round the world by land, by sea,
Where summers burn or winters chill,
The exiled Mason turns to thee,
And yearns to share the joys we feel.
The Mason's Home, the happy home,
The home of light and love and joy;
There's not an hour but I would come
And share this tender, sweet employ!

A weary task, a dreary round,
Is all benighted man may know,
But *here* a brighter scene is found,
The brightest scene that's found below.
The Mason's Home, the blissful home,
Glad centre of unmingled joy,
Long as I live I'll gladly come
And share this tender, sweet employ.

And when the hour of death shall come,
And darkness seal my closing eye,
By hands fraternal bear me home,
The home where weary Masons lie!
The Mason's Home, the heavenly home,
To faithful hearts eternal joy;
How blest to find beyond the tomb
The end of all our sweet employ!

Bro. Rob Morris.

The Last King of Leinster.

By F. M. ALLEN.
(EDMUND DOWNEY.)
Author of "Through Green Glasses," "Captain Lanagan's Log," &c.

CHAPTER I.

DERMOT Macmurrough was a great ould schoundhrel of a man. He was the King of Leinsther, but instead of mindin' his job, as all good kings shou'd, he spent the most of his time coortin the colleens that lived in his own distbriet. It would have been all very well, maybe, if he contented himself with the Leinsther lasses, but he cast his covechus eye on a nice fair-haired young girl who was the wife of a neighbour, Tiernan O'Rorke, Prince of Brefney

'Tis sthrange, sure enough, that faymales, especially mimbers of the quality, are so aisily led away from their nice comfortable homes by some galivanther who manages to put the "comether" on 'em as aisily as you'd slip a halther round the neck of a cart-horse—but 'tis too thrue all the same.

The sthrangest thing of all about the Princess of Brefney was that though she had a fine young man for a husband, an' la-hins of aitin' an' drinkin' an' divartin; plenty fine clothes, an' jewels "galore"; she should be led asthray by a grey-headed ould vagabone like King Dermot, who was about three-score years of age, an' had a voice, by all accounts, as hoarse an' ear-splittin' as a steamboat's whistle.

Of coorse O'Rorke, the husband, like many a husband before an' afther him, didn't see what was in the wind at the start.

Anyhow, wance upon a time he invited King Dermot over to his Palace to spend a week or so wud him, an' never dhramed for a moment that a monarch so ould, an' so full of the cares of state, would be botherin' his head about the women folk at all.

But, begor, it ought to be a lesson to husbands of all soorts, this business about King Dermot Macmurrough and the Princess Devorgilla, or "Gilly," as she was called for short by her friends.

But, to make a sthraight coorse wud my story—the King of Leinsther started off from his ancesthral palace at Ferns wan fine mornin' for Brefney, thravellin' first-class of coorse, an' not throublin' himself to bring any retinue or heavy luggage wud him.

Prince Tiernan was waitin' for his royal friend on the platform at Brefney, an' he gev him a warm shake hands, for he was proud to have the King of the biggest province in Ireland visitin' him.

"Well, Tierny," says the monarch, as he passed through the station and gev up the half of his return-ticket, "how it all wud you?"

"Sthrong!" answers the Prince. "An' how is yerself an' all at home?"

"Purty fair," says the King. "I hope yer good wife is shakin' off the could she had in her head?"

"O' begor, she's as right as paint now," says the Prince. "Let me give you a lift," says he, as he saw King Mac. startin' to mount the private outside-car which was in waitin' at the station.

"Arrah! what do you take me for?" axes the sixty-year-ould boy, springin' up on the sate wid as much agility as if he was only a youthful member of the Royal Irish Constabulary.

Faith, Prince Tiernan felt a bit nonplussed at havin' shown that he was regardin' the King as an ould man that wanted an odd helpin'-hand, so he said nothin' to his visithor, but turned to the dhriver, woo who was standin' at the horse's head, an' cried:

"Come, off with the nose-bag, Michael, an' see if you can't do a twelve-mile-an-hour throt to the Palace!"

"I'll make a thry, sir," says Michael, takin' off the nose-bag from the horse an' puttin' it into the well of the car. An' then he mounted his sate—an,' by me word, it wasn't long until the Prince's horse was clattherin' along the high road as fast as if he was comin' home from a funeral.

There was no demonstration, or speechifyin', or anything of that sort at the railway station, for King Mac. had axed Prince Tiernan not to make a public affair of his visit, an' as the station was miles away from the town of Brefney—as is usual wud railaway stations in these parts—there was no one to demonsthrate to, or speechify to, except the usual detachment of the Royal Irish.

"I'm glad you kept your promise not to have a monsther-meetin' to welcome me," says the King to the Prince. "If there's wan thing I hate more than another it is to have to put my bare head out of a carriage window an' heave a sthring of remarks to a crowd at a railway station—but don't be talkin'," says he, suddenly clapping the tips of his fingers on the rim of his crown, "this is the mischiefs own throttin', an' the car isn't too well springed, Tierny, my boy. The crown is nearly shook off of me pole the way it's rockin'."

An' faith it was a fine pace they wor goin'! Not content wud the whip, Michael the dhriver was givin' the horse an odd prod of the toe of his boot, an' sartinly 'twas great speed for a rough-cast road.

"He's fresh this mornin'," says the Prince, lightly, not purtendin' he was specially proud of the animal's paces, "an' my little crown is secure enough wud a piece of elastic-sthring."

"I can give yer Majesty a bit of cord to keep the crown safe, sir," says Michael, turnin' round in his sate an' addhressin' King Mac.

"Don't throuble yerself, me man, says the King, haughtily, for he did't like the notion of dhrivin' up to the Palace an' appearin' before Princess Gilly wud a sthring tied out of his royal crown. "How's the crops promisin' in your district this saison?" says he, turnin' to the Prince of Brefney.

"There's a fine show of turnips an' cabbage," answers Tiernan; "but I don't like the look of the spuds at all."

"Nothing like grass farms, me boy," says the King. "I come from a grass country, as you know."

"Have ye any gra s widows there?" axes the Prince, thinkin' to pass the time wud a taste of a joke, "for I'm towld yer Majesty is partial to that line."

"Take care that you're not threspassin' too far, young man," says the King, not likin' that Tiernan should be threadin' on such delicate ground, or perhaps in dhread that he was beginnin' to smell a rat.

"I beg your pardon, sir," says the Prince, who of course was a degree in royalty undher his visithor, an' bound to give way to the supayrior monarch.

"That's the Palace, sir," says Michael, the dhriver, pointin' wud his whip to a big buildin' in behind the threes at the right hand side of boreen, about half a mile off. "We're just at the avenue gates," says he the next minute, givin' the horse a divil of a prod of the toe of his boot that sent the animal flyin'.

"Stop! stop the car, you schoundhrel!" roars the King, grippin' the driver by the coat tail an' nearly haulin' him off his sate. "That last jerk tumbled the crown off," he bawls, turnin' round to the Prince.

The horse was pulled up "all standin'" there an' then, an' throwin' the reins to his employer, the poor dhriver jumped down and ran back the road for the crown of Leinsther.

"Heaven grant it may not be a bad omen!" says Prince Tiernan, scarcely able to smother a laugh as he looked at the ould monarch standin' up on the step of the car, houldin' on by grippin' the rail of the dhriver's sate, wud the eyes nearly blazin' out of his head wud rage, an' his long gray hairs sthreamin' in the wind like a tattered flag of disthress.

"Omen be blowed!" roars King Mac. in his foghorn voice—for he was a desperate, bad-tempered man. "I'll catch me death of could if I'm kept here much longer undher bare polls. Bad scran to yerself an' yer "omadhawn" of a Jarvey an' yer prancin' horse! 'Tis at a circus he ought to be, thryin' to fly through hoops, an' not between the shafts of any dacent man's jaunting car!"

CHAPTER II.

All the way up the avenue the King kept grumblin' and growlin' about the accident to his crown, but the moment his eyes caught sight of the Princess as she stood on the steps of the hall door of the Palace he became a changed man. He was all over smiles an' smirks, an' he gev the crown, which was a thrifle muddy afther the rowl it got on the road, a jaunty cock to wan side of his head to thry an' make himself look younger and gayer.

Prince Tiernan bounced off the car just before it was dhrawn up, intendin' to go round an' offer a hand to the King, but faith the ould buck made a flyin' jump off the car himself, just at the same moment as the Prince, an' he was shakin' hands with Mrs. O'Rorke on the steps before the husband got a chance to put in his spoke at all.

"Begor," says the King, modheratin' his rough voice until you'd think he was a suckin' dove, "'tis fresh you're lookin', sure enough, ma'am."

"Faith then, yer majesty can't complain aither in regard of fresh looks," says she, tossin' her head. "'Tis younger you seem to be growin' every time I meets you.

"So the ladies tell me," says the King, gallantly, "but I'd sooner hear the remark from your purty mouth than from the mouths of all the queens in the five provinces."

The Prince of Brefney, afther ordherin' Michael to put up the horse an' car, stood at the bottom of the hall-door steps while his wife an' the King wos discoorsin'; an' faix he didn't feel at all too well plaised at the manner of the wife, for she seemed to take no notice of his presence. "I suppose," says he to himself,

"she's off her balance a bit wud pride at havin' the King of Leinsther soft-sawdherin' her." At last he couldn't stand the smilin' an' smirkin' of the pair of 'em any longer, so says he aloud: "Gilly, me darlin', isn't it near about time you allowed me to ax His Majesty if he have a *mouth on him?*"

"Not a bad idaya at all," laughs the King, turnin' round to the Prince: "an' to tell no lies, says he, dhrawin' the back of his hand across his lips "I'm as dhry as a limekiln this minute."

"I'm not sorry to hear you say so," says the Prince, "for the roads are purty dusty this weather, an' *I find the throat* wants a dale of garglin'—Gilly," says he, mountin' the steps an' spaykin' to the wife who was fannin' herself wud a fan made out of paycocks' feathers—for it's a proud woman she was—"You might take a dive into the kitchen an' have a look at *that pig's head* while meself an' the King are moistenin' our clays in the parlour."

"Tiernan," says she, haughtily, drawin' herself up to her full hoighth, "I wish you'd thry and larn manners. The kitchen is not my place, an' to talk to me in the presence of the King of Leinsther about a pig's head is nothing short of an *insult*."

"Ow, wow, wow!" says the Prince, who was a dacent soort of a fellow wud no false pride in him. "Who are we at all, at all? Maybe 'twould be an insult to ax you to ate a bit of fat bacon an' cabbage for dinner—*an' glory be to Heaven* 'tis a fine appetite you have!"

"Don't mind him, Princess O'Rorke, ma'am," says the King Mac. who wasn't at all sorry to see the husband an' wife quarrellin'. "We'll laive you for the present wud your kind permission, an' will join you in the coorse of a half an hour in the *throne-room*." An' then the ould buck put his hand on his chest an' bowed most elegantly to the Princess.

Well, some days went by, an' there was plenty of aitin' an dhrinkin' an' divarsion of all kinds goin' on at the Palace in Brefney; an' however he managed it, ould King Mac. contrived to start little family jars every now an' again between the Prince an' Princess, an' then he'd comfort the young woman himself, while the husband would be sulkin' in the back parlour, or out in the grounds or the stables.

For all his sixty years, an' *his terrible voice*, the King had some way of convarsin' wud faymales that won 'em over to him, just as if he wor on the sunny side of thirty. Besides his engagin' manner, of course, he was a king, and a king of some standin', too, as royalty went in them days, an' women folk are allways open to flattery when 'tis poured in at their ears by a monarch, no matter if his reputation is as black an' dirty as a jackdaw in a sooty chimbley.

There's no mistake, King Mac. was greatly sthruck by the elegant face an' figure of the Princess, an' by her engagin' ways, an' 'tis hard to blame an ould man of sixty for havin' his head turned by the likes of her.

"Gilly, me darlin'," says he wan evenin'—for they wor on very friendly terms by this, an' the husband was attendin' a Petty Sessions Coort in the next village, an' wasn't expected home till late at night—"Gilly, my darlin'," says the ould vagabone, "wouldn't you like to be an oat-an'-out Queen?"

"An' are you thinkin' of resignin' in favour of Tiernan!" says she, fannin' herself wud the paycocks' feathers.

"Resignin' be blowed!" says he. "Now look here, young woman, you've been laydin' me on for a long time, an' we'd best understand aich other for wance an' all. Will you throw the husband overboord an' bolt wud me to Ferns?"

"What do you take me for?" says she.

"I'm ready to take you for better or worse," says he, going down on his knees, and lookin' up at her.

"You can't do that," says she, "*until Tiernan puts me through the Coorts.*"

"He'll do that fast enough if you bolt wud me," says King Mac. "An' then I'll be free to make you Queen of Leinsther, which is more than O'Rorke can do for you."

"I'm afeard there 'ud be a terrible row over it," says she, wud a sigh.

"What matther!" says King Mac., "if I'm prepared to sthand the racket. 'Tisn't the first expayrience of this kind I've had." An' then he stopped dead short, for he knew he was afther putting his fut in it.

"Indeed!" says she, tossing her head. "An' how *many poor* deludhered girls have you promised to raise to the throne of Leinsther?"

"The devil a wan, barrin' yerself, I give you me word," says he. "I've decided to sow my wild oats now an' settle down to a quiet domestic life, an' you're the first wife of another man I ever offered a sate on the throne to. Take the offer now, if you'll be said by me. I'll give you till to-morrow night to consider it."

"I couldn't do it," says she, rubbin' her eyes wud her pocket hankercher.

"Faith you could, an' faith you will, me darlin'," says he, "for 'tisn't every day that even a Princess in a small way like yerself—if I may say it wudout offence—has the chance of becomin' Queen of a big disthrict like mine. I'll be undher yer windy to-morrow night at nine o'clock, an' I'll play some variations on the jew's harp for you, as a signal that I have a jauntin' car handy, an' am ready to dhrive on it wud you to the ends of *the earth*."

"Don't!" says she, "I couldn't stand a jew's harp."

"Well, what would you say to a tin whistle?" says he, "'tis the only other musical insthrument I can work."

"Well, make it a tin whistle," says she, "an' I'll be considherin' in the manewhile. Be off quick!" she cries, suddenly, "*for unless me ears desave me*, that's Tierny's latch-key in the hall door!"

CHAPTER III.

The next day was a monsther-meetin' to be held in the capital of Brefney, an' afther the meetin' there was to be a torchlight procession, an' the horse was to be taken spontaneously from undher O'Rorke's side-car. The whole business was to be wound up with a grand supper in the Town Hall, an' then a purse of guineas was to be presented to the Prince in token of his havin' taken the duty off sperits an' tobaccy in his disthrict. The proceedin's was to be all undher the immayjet pathronage of His Majesty, Dermot Macmurrough, King of Leinsther.

King Mac. knew all about this when arrangin' for runnin' off wud the Princess Devorgilla, but he med up his mind to have a bad could in the head, an' to let on that his voice had complately gone.

The first thing he did in the mornin' was to ordher up some hot wather to his bedroom an' a musthard plaster, an' to ax if they'd send up his breakfast to his bedside, as he had got a murdherin' heavy could in the head an' on the chest.

Prince O'Rorke went up to the King's apartment afther he'd swallyed his own breakfast, an' found His Majesty sittin' wud his feet in a tub of hot wather, groanin' mighty hard.

"I'm sorry for yer throuble, Mac.," says the Prince.

"O, me chest, me chest!" was all the King 'ud groan. "The musthard is burnin' like vithriol *into the marrow of me collarbones!*" an' at the same time the ould vagabone hadn't a scrap of musthard on him at all.

"What about the meetin'?" axes the Prince. "'Twill be a shockin' disappointment to the free and independent electors of Brefney, if you don't turn up."

"O, don't be talkin' to me about meetin's," groans ould Mac. "Sure, 'tis my death I'd get, if *I ventured out into the open air after the blistherin' I've given meself.* Besides"—he wheezes like an ould woman dyin' of a lingerin' disaise—"my voice is complately gone, an' I'd be no use in life to ye."

"It's a bad job, sure enough," sighs the Prince, for he was terribly disappointed. "Is there no chance at all of yer pullin' yourself *together before* evenin'?"

"Not a chance," groans the King. "Maybe 'tis all for the best, Tierney, for 'twill be a great relief to the people not to have to dhraw my weight on the side-car—you know I turn the scale at twenty stone."

"I suppose I'd best send up the Coort *Dispensary Docther to you*," says the Prince, heavin' another sigh of disappointment.

"Don't do anything of the soort," says the King. "I would'nt have a docther lay a finger on me for the whole contents of the purse you'll get this evenin'. A king has no right to be thrustin' himself to dispensary docthers."

"O, plaise yerself!" says the Prince. An' wud that the innocent man left the room, sorely grieved to think that the grand speech he was afther preparin' would be no use to him, for 'twas sprawlin' all over wud remarks about "me worthy cousin, the King of Leinsther;" "me thrusted friend and companion, King Dermot Macmurrough;" "our Royal chairman, King Dermot of Leinsther, who's stoppin' on a visit wud me at present;" "this grand old warrior; the only Mac. that's worth two Macs. any day in the year;" and so on. He had a toast, too—"Our Royal Visitor, King Dermot: May the hay in his meadows be as long as the hairs in his beard!" Then he was going to call on a Christy Minsthrel specially imported for the occasion, for "The Boys of Waxford, in honour of our royal guest." In short the Prince was going to show off to any extent, an' impress upon his own handful of people the close friendship there was between himself an' the mighty Macmurrough, an' get all the value he could out of the royal visit.

An' all to be knocked on the head by a musthard plasther!

Laither on in the day poor Tiernan had a regular bully-raggin' match wud the wife.

She came into his study to do some dustin' an' cleanin'; and as the man was almost disthracted trying' to dodge up a new speech, laivin' out King Dermot or thrym' to talk of him as bein' absent in body but present in spirit, he felt her room 'ud be better than her company. He axed the wife quietly at first to withdraw but she tuk no heed of him, an' that angered O'Rorke greatly, an' some devil prompted him to taunt her about the King.

"I axed you, Gilly, more than wance," says he, "to laive me to meself, but you seem to take no heed at all of what I say to you lattherly. Yer nead seems

fairly turned by the soft sawdher of that ould reprobate upstairs. "'Twould be fitther for him to be tellin' his bades or readin' the prayers for a departin' sowl than thryin to pass himself off for a gay young spark in the presence of faymales. D'ye hear me, Gilly?" says he.

"I hear you," says she; "but I don't heed the likes of you. In addition to its being high thraison to talk in that manner to a supayrior monarch, it only shows the jealousy that's conshumin' you."

"Jealousy!" laughs O'Rorke. "Well, I like that! Jealous of whom, or what? Of an ould grey-headed bosthoon wud a beard like the tail of our grey mare? Why don't you go up an' put another plasther on his chest, or get him to sing "Ould King Cole" for you wud that patent fog horn voice of his? Jealous 'inagh!'"

"I'll tell him every word of this," says the Princess, bitin' her lips vinemously an' stampin' her purty feet on the ground.

"O, go away woman an' don't be botherin' me!" says the Prince, crossly. "There has been naither pace nor aise in the house since ould Mac. crossed our threshold."

"What made you ax him here?" says the Princess, half relentin'.

"What made me?" Who made me?" answers the Prince, more crossly than ever. "*You* did of course. You was never done naggin' at me to get a King to visit us in ordher to make the neighbours jealous of yer grandeur."

"Well, Tiernan," says she, scarcely able to spake wud anger, "you're the biggest liar from here to Giant's Causeway. Why, even in your sleep you do be ravin' about 'me friend an' guest King Dermot,' mimickin' his voice, 'me royal cousin the monarch of Leinsther, who's stoppin' wud us at present.'" Then she burst out laughin' in a sthrange soort of a way.

This was too much altogether for poor O'Rorke an' risin' up from his chair he almost shouted at the wife—"go, madam! retire immayjetly to yer apartment. We'll see who's going to be masther in this house, an' I'll take might good care it isn't a faymale."

Throwin' a look at him that 'ud freeze a whole carcase of beef, Devorgilla swept out of the room.

CHAPTER IV.

That evenin' while the Prince of Brefney was at the monsther-meetin', King Mac. dhressed himself up in his best an' went out an' hired a side car to be in readiness at the avenue gates at nine o'clock.

Punctual as a bailiff, he was undher the Princess's windy at nine o'clock, an' *after fixin' his fingers on the holes of the tin whistle, an' settin' his mouth* properly he started to play "Home Sweet Home," the only tune he knew, on the insthrument. He hadn't got quite through the first bar when Devorgilla's windy was thrown up, an' puttin' her head out of the windy she cried in a hushed voice —"*Whisht for the love of Heaven! or you'll have wan of the sarvents out to* throw you a copper. There's a blind tin-whistler that plays "Home Sweet Home" regularly here, an' they'll be seen to think 'tis him you are."

"Are you ready, me darlin'?" says the King, puttin' the tin whistle into his pocket, not too well plaised at the idaya of his bein' mistook for a blind muscianer.

"*I don't know what to say at all," says the Princess.*

"Don't say anything," says he, "but put on yer bonnet an' shawl an' take a sthroll wud me as far as the avenue gates."

"I'm a pres'ner here," says she.

"A what?" cries the King.

"A pres'ner," says she. "Tiernan locked me into me room before he went out."

"He's a mane scamp," says King Mac., "to do the like."

"Maybe you'd best come in out of the night air an' have yer supper?" says *the Princess.*

"'Deed an' I won't," says the King. "Me mind is med up about you, an' if you put any obstacle in me way I'll not laive you a screed of characther to clothe yerself wud."

"Would you do that?" says she.

"I would," says he, "if I was dhriven to it, but where's the use of bein' contrairy? I know you'd rather be Queen of Leinsther than anything else that's wudin your raich, an' if you don't take the offer now, maybe you'd never get a chance again of risin' above the ranks of an ordinary princess."

"But, even if I was inclined to take your offer," says Devorgilla, "how can I start wud you to-night, locked up as I am?"

"Aisy enough," says he. "Knot the sheets and curtains together; tie wan end to the bedpost, an' throw the other end out of the windy to me, an', you can slide down to the ground as comfortably as you'd slide through a dhrapery shop when there's a chape sale on. In fact, in all cases of this kind 'tis the regular way of quittin' the house."

The Princess heaved a sigh, an' then her mind went back to the hot language of O'Rorke, an' the way he had thrated her in lockin' her in her room, so she turned from the windy an' did as King Mac. tould her, an' in about five minutes she was landed safe alongside the King of Leinsther.

"You're a brave little woman!" says he, pattin' her on the shouldher, "an' I hope naither of us will ever regret this step."

"If we're goin' to start for Ferns at all," says Devorgilla, "we'd betther be off at wance, for maybe Tiernan would cut the meetin' short an' get home airly, an' then the fat 'ud be on the fire."

"Right you are, Gilly!" says the ould monarch. "Lain on me arm, an' we'll be no time gettin' to the avenue gate."

An' so off they throtted an' raiched the jauntin' car in safety.

"Where to, sir?" axes the dhriver, who was a sthrange man, an' didn't know either the King or the Princess.

"To the railaway station," says ould Mac.; "an' stir your garron up, for we have to catch the night mail."

"D'ye think 'tis a greyhound I keep between the shafts?" says the dhriver, who knew he could catch the thrain easy enough, but wanted exthra money for doin' it.

"Faith I don't," says ould Mac., roarin' at the man wud all the strength of his voice. "He looks more like a clothes horse, but if I miss me thrain I'll whack the divil out of ye!"

Begor, King Mac.'s roar nearly frightened the jarvey out of his seven senses, an' all he said was, "'Tis *all right, yer honour, you'll catch your thrain right* enough, even if it starts at the time-table hour."

"There's not much fear of that," says the King; "but don't reckon on its bein' late—that's all." An' then he turned to the Princess, an' lowerin' his voice to a whisper, he said all the nice things he could think of to her, an' promised he'd buy a bran' new crown for her an' get her throne painted an' gilded by the first painthers an' gildhers in Leinsther.

"But suppose," says she, spaken very low, the way the dhriver wouldn't overhear her, "that Tiernan doesn't get his discharge from me through the coorts, how will things be then?"

"Sure, he'd be no man if he didn't," says the King. "Of coorse he will, me darlin'. *He'll be put to the pin of his collar to keep his disthrict goin'* on account of his foolishness in taking the taxes off the sperits and tobaccy, an' he'll be only aiger to get damages out of me."

"Maybe tis challenge you to a jowl he would?" says the Princess, onaisely.

"Divil a fear of him!" says the King. "He's a sensible study man; an' he'll make up his mind 'twill be betther for him to have my goold in his pocket than my swoord in his intayrior—for he knows I'm the deadliest swoordsman in all Ireland. Be aisy in yer mind, me girl," says he, puttin' his arm round her waist. "Believe me, we're actin' for the best in this business."

"I hope so," says she, "but I can't help feelin' throubled in me conscience."

"We must all go through thrial an' thribulation," says the ould vagabone, "so *that we may emerge from our temptation claner an' wholesome, like a chimbley* sweep after steppin' out of a hot bath. There's no separatin' twin-sowls, Gilly," says he, usin' the same words to the misfortunate woman that he'd used to at laiste forty different girls on similar occasions before.

Anyhow, he managed to aise Devorgilla's mind before the car pulled up at *the railaway station. The only throb her heart giv' was when she heard him ax* the ticket clerk for a "first single" for Ferns, *via* Kilkenny Junction.

She staggered out on the platform then, not heedin' or carin' where she was goin'; an' while the King was havin' a "half wan" at the refreshment bar, she stud wud her back again the jamb of the first-class waitin'-room until the night mail crawled into the station.

CHAPTER V.

There was holy desolation all through the counthry when the news was spread of *the flight of Devorgilla* wud ould Macmurrough.

Poor O'Rorke took the news very badly, an' could think of nothin' but the desthruction of the schoundrel that had run away wud his wife; an' off he thravelled hot fut to Roderick O'Connor, the King of all Ireland, an' laid his case before him. King Rory summoned all the other Kings together, an' vengeance was vowed against the ould reprobate Monarch of Leinsther.

There's no mistake ould Mac. was sthaggered at the storm he'd raised, but the pluck didn't laive him at wance, an' he determined to fight the whole of Ireland rather than give up the girl.

Fight he did, an' licked he was! His Palace was burnt to the ground, an' he was banished out of the counthry by good King Rory.

Devorgilla was sent back to her husband a saddher and wiser woman; but poor O'Rorke was heart-broke altogether, an' wouldn't receive her at any price, so she retired into a convent, where, for the rest of her life, she had plenty time to reflect on the folly of ambition an' twin souls, an' on the wickedness of ould men wud grey beards.

Dermot—beaten, banished, degraded, an' hated as he was—didn't lose heart in himself. He went to Wales for a spell, an' returned *via* Holyhead, wud some

corner boys he'd picked up in Wales. He had another struggle then wud the Kings of Ireland, an' again he was defayted; an' then they clapped a *writ on him for five* hundred pound, the damages that the court had given the husband of Devorgilla. Ould Mac. had to stump up; an' then he hooked it to Great Britain again, for he was detarmined to fight for the recovery of his lost kingdom while health an' stren'th remained to him.

This thrip he didn't spend his time pickin' up corner boys, but went sthraight to head-quarters for help. It so happened that the King of England, Henery the Second, was in France; so ould Mac., bein' told this in London, thravelled over by the Bolong packet an' inthroduced himself to King Henery.

The King of England purtended he thought the ex-King of Leinsther had been very badly thrated, an' towld him he' thry an' do somethin' to help him in recoverin' the province he'd been evicted from.

"Fixity of taynure," says King Henery, "is wan of the great principles I'm in favour of; an' as they haven't given you any compensation for disturbance, Cousin Dermot, I'm inclined to think 'tis a case for a little coercion. Of course I have no right to meddle in the matther at all, but if you ax me as a friend I'll feel bound to sacrifice me feelin's on the sacred althar of friendship. How many throops would it take, in a friendly way, to get you back yer own?"

"About ten thousand men at arms could do the thrick," answers old Mac.

"Of coorse in a friendly way," says King Henery.

"Oh, of coorse," says ould Mac, humourin' the British sovereign.

"To tell you the thruth, I don't like meddlin' in Irish affairs at all," says King Henery, who was, I needn't tell you, only palaverin' ould Mac., for at that very time he held an ordher for the counthry, signed, saled, and delivered by the Pope of Rome himself, an' was only waitin' for a proper opportunity of cashin' the ordher; or, in plain languadge, of saisin' on the Emerald Isle from the centhre to the say.

"I wouldn't blame you for that," says King Mac., for you an' yours are not too well liked in ould Ireland."

"That's only bekase they don't know us," sighs King Henery. "But I'll tell you now an idaya that occurs to me—What's Leinsther, after all?"

"What's Leinsther, after all?" roars old Mac., forgettin' himself for the minute.

"The Lord save us!" says King Henery, crammin' his fingers into his ears, "you have a terrible voice altogether. What I meant is, what's Leinsther in comparison wud *all* Ireland?" takin' his fingers out of his ears an' dhropping his eyes to the ground.

"I'd rather have it than all the rest of Ireland," says King Mac., in a more raisonable voice.

"But why not have it together wud the rest of all Ireland—Dane's settlements an' all?" murmurs Henery.

"Is it thryin' to humbug me you are?" axes ould Mac.

"Not at all, my dear fellow!" says King Henery. "Just let me tell you what's in me mind. You have a very handsome daughter, Eva—don't interrupt me," puttin' up his hands an' liftin' his eyes from the ground. "Well, I have a very handsome an' desarvin' friend, an earl. Suppose—just for the sake of argument—that you married your daughter to my earl, he'd be the future King of Leinsther. Then suppose you an' yer son-in-law thought it would be well to collar the whole counthry, I wouldn't mind lendin' ye the loan of about ten thousand throops—in a friendly way, of coorse," says he, seein' that ould Mas. was beginnin' to look terribly onaisy.

"An' what 'ud you be axin for the loan of *so many men?*" enquires King Dermot.

"Nothin', my dear boy," answers King Henery. "A matther of friendship an' principle. You might, if you felt inclined laither on, invite me over to have a ramble through the counthry. I'm towld there's some fine scenery an' good salmon-fishin' in it."

"Don't be talkin'," says ould Mac., "but 'tis gonerosity itself you are! An' who is this earl—the friend of yours?"

"Dick Clare," says he. "An elegant young man. He's the Earl of Pembroke, an' his property is very handy to parts of yer native Leinsther. You have a sayport called Wraxford or Waxford, or something that way, haven't you?"

"Oh, the port an' harbour of Waxford is in my kingdom, sure enough," says ould Mac., completely bamboozled by King Henery, who well knew the name of the place, for he had the chart of Waxford Harbour off by heart.

"You might do a great thrade wud the County Pembroke, you know," says the English monarch. "A line of packets 'ud be sure to pay; an' they'd be very handy for yerself when you wanted to run over to see your daughter now an' again in Wales. Think it over, Mac.," says he, "an' maybe you'd feel inclined to let me lend you a helping hand to recover yer own, for it goes again' my grain to hear of a man bein' thrown out of his land by a parcel of sthrangers who have no right or title to it."

"I accept your mighty kind offer on the spot," says ould Mac. "Eva is a dutiful daughter, an' she'll be only proud to marry any man I'll pick out for her; an' if Lord Clare takes me fancy, I'll make bould enough to threspass on yer kindness for the loan of them throops."

"Don't mention it, cousin," says King Henery. "I feel as if you wor quite an ould friend already. You'll be sure to take a fancy to the Earl of Pembroke, for, like yerself, he's a powerful-built man, an' likes to the like is an ould sayin'."

CHAPTER VI.

King Dermot, who was supposed to be negotiatin' wud the Irish Kings about some way of settlin' his affairs wud paice an' honour, came back to Waxford quickly. He pretended he'd found great benefit to his health in the thrip across to France, but he kept it dark that he'd been colloguein' wud the English monarch in *parlex vous* counthry.

It wasn't long until Dick Clare turned up in Waxford an' tuk his quarthers at King Dermot's house. Just in a friendly way he brought a fine handful of Norman throops, an' begor the first thing he did was to sack the town of Waxford.

Faith, Dermot's eyes wor opened then, but he saw there was no use in *dhrawin' back now. His daughter Eva had fallen in love with Masther Sthrong*bow, as the Earl of Pembroke was nicknamed, an' as Sthrongbow said to him wud a laugh:

"You're in for it, Mac., ould boy; an' in for a penney in for a pound, you know. *The Irish Kings would'nt touch you now wud a forty-fut pole, so far as* negotiatin' is consarned—that game isn't to be played any longer. Waxford is in my grip, an' all your own people slaughtered. Let us join hands, ould boy, an' make a clean sweep of the counthry between us, beginnin' wud the rascally Danes."

Begor, King Dermot saw he was fairly in a thrap, an' he buried his face in his hands an' moaned: "*Sweet bad luck to you, Gilly O'Rorke!*"

"Come, ould boy," says Sthrongbow, clappin' him on the back, "don't sit groanin' and moanin' there, but pluck up courage an' let us start out immayjertly for Watherford City and pelt the daylight out of the Danes wud bows an' arrows and all the delicacies of the sayson."

"I suppose I may as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb," sighs King Dermot, liftin' his head; "but don't ever spayke to me of friendship or armed neuthralities again! There is no mistake, you're a murdherin' blagyard—the only question is, which of us is the bigger blagyard?"

"Laive that to posterity," laughs Sthrongbow. "Come an' let us have a slap at the Ostmen now, just to keep our hands in."

"I see there's no use in my thryin' to dhraw back now," says King Dermot. "I'll go wud you, Richard; an' when I throw in my lot wud a man, I do it like a man."

"That's right, father-in-law," says Sthrongbow.

"*Don't*, Richard!" says the King. "I'm not fit to stand bein' father-in-lawed by you just yet. An' as you are going to marry my daughther, let me, as an expayrienced hand, give you wan piece of advice. Never bolt wud another man's wife; it's onlucky, believe me."

So the pair of warriors discussed a plan of campaign there an' then, an decided that the best way to get quietly to Watherford was to march the throops down by night to New Ross, on fut, an' to saise in the mornin' on the little river steamboat that thraded between Watherford and Ross. They could also collar the barges belongin' to the Barrow Navigation Company, put the throops aboord of 'em, an' cover in the "cargo" wud tarpaulins; an' in this way they could get right into the heart of Watherford City before any warnin' could raich the ears of the onsuspectin' Danes.

"Laive the rest to me, Mac., ould boy," says Sthrongbow, when the plan of the campaign had taken 'em as far as the quays of Watherford. "If there's wan thing I have a wakeness for, it's Danes. Give me a good bow an' arrow an' a handful of Ostmen caught in a thrap, an' you never saw nater pincushions made in yer born days."

"I suppose it's this wakeness of yours for bows an' arrows—childre's toys in my opinion," says the ould King scornfully—"that's got you the name of Sthrongbow?"

"It is," says Sthrongbow.

"Faith then, they ought to call yer Masther Longbow, for the way he spun the yarn to me about lendin' me yerself an' the throops out of pure friendship *marks him out as the most elegant liar in this quarther of the globe.*"

"*Sure that's not lyin' at all, Mac. ould boy,*" says Lord Pembroke, "it's only negotiatin', just like yerself an' the Kings of Ireland, raycently."

"You're too sharp for me, Richard," says King Dermot. "Let us call a thruce an' start against our common enemy, the Dane."

The throops wor got ready at wance, an' at nightfall they started the march for New Ross, wud Sthrongbow at their head on horseback an' Dermot bringin' up the rear on a side-car.

When they raiched the outskirts of Ross they wor challenged by a constable who was on night duty in the neighbourhood.

Sthrongbow thried to argue wud the man at first, offered to make a sergeant of him if he'd join the Norman throops, but the peeler wasn't too fond of hard work an' he knew he'd be kept purty busy if he became a Norman sergeant. When Sthrongbow found out all he wanted from the man consarnin' the garrison at New Ross he simply dhrew out from him, an' let fly his bow-arrow, an' the Royal Irish Constable went to glory wud just wan groan.

Then Lord Pembroke rode back to King Dermott to tell him his plans.

"What's stoppin' the procession. Richard?" roars the ould monarch of Leinsther, as he saw *Sthrongbow ridin' up in the darkness.*

"Only a peeler," says Sthrongbow.

"Offer him a pinsion," roars the King, "an' thry an' get rid of him in that way."

"O, he's pinsioned nately," says Sthrongbow. An' then he tould ould King Mac. how he'd thrated the man. "I'm afeard we must have a slaughtherin' match in New Ross to-night, Mac. ould boy," says he.

"Murdher alive!" says the King in a terrified way, "hadn't you enough bloodshed in Waxford?"

"There's no use in half measures," says Sthrongbow. "If we don't polish off these men of Ross they'll be sendin' word up by road to the Danes in Watherford, an' that ud upset our apple-cart complately. In for a penny in for a pound, ould boy," says he. "'Twill be all the same in a hundhred years!"

"O, have it your own way, Richard!" says the King in a heart-broken voice. "*I don't know where this business will end at all.* Sweet bad luck to you, Gilly O'Rorke!" he groans, buryin' his face in his hands.

"That sounds like a bar of a comic song," laughs Sthrongbow, ridin' off into the darkness.

CHAPTER VII.

The next mornin', in Watherford, two Danish lords, wan of 'em in the bacon thrade an' wan in the butther business, sthrolled down the quay, afther breakfast, to meet the Ross packet.

They went out on the floatin' wharf where the boat usually stopped an' squatted down on a balk of tember that was lyin' on the wharf. They sat there for about a quarther of an hour smokin' an' chattin', backbitin' their neighbours, of course, an' never dhramein' of the disasther that was comin' to wan an' all of 'em.

"That's like her," says wan of the lords, startin' to his feet an' gazin' down the river. "I'm expectin' a consignment of pigs. I suppose you're expectin' some firkins?" says he, turnin' to the other lord, his friend.

"I am," says the butther merchant, standin' up.

"*Tell me, Tom,*" says he, "*is there any thruth in the reports I hear about a* Norman blagyard who's afther massacrayin' the town of Waxford?"

"O, 'tis thrue enough," says the other lord. "There was no fair in Waxford last week, an' the fair at New Ross yesterday was very poorly attinded, for the people are in dhread that the chap from over the says, together wud ould King Dermot of Leinsther, may pounce down on 'em at any time.

"I wonder is the ould boy going to marry Princess O'Rorke?" says the butther lord.

"Divil a fear of him," says the bacon lord.

By this time the steamboat was right abrest of the wharf, an' in her wake wor about half a dozen barges belongin' to the Barrow Navigation Company.

"I wondher what's the Ross boat towin'?" axes the Danish butther merchant.

"*Don't you see?*" *says the Danish bacon lord.* "*She's going to dhrag them* barges, I expect, up to their wharf at the Market House."

"Bad luck to their impudence!" says the butther merchant—"keepin' me waitin' the best part of the mornin' here for my firkins!"

"Maybe they'll land 'em for you up at the Market House," says the bacon lord—"that 'ud save yer lordship the carriage of 'em."

The Market House, you must know, is built about half way up the quay at Watherford, right ont at the edge of the quay, an' a most unsightly object it is too. The butther is all weighed there, an' of coorse, as the bacon lord said, it would be very handy for his friend if he could save the bit of carriage on his firkins.

So up the quay the two Danish merchants started, an' in a few minutes they were at the Market House. They passed through it an' out on the wharf outside it an' bawled out through their fists, "Ross Boat, ahoy!"

The answer came back, "Ay, ay!"

"You might put in here an' discharge some of yer cargo," shouts the butther lord. I don't mind standin' the crew the price of a dhrink if you land my firkins here, Cap'n."

"All right," was shouted back from the steamboat; "we'll come alongside presently an' land all that's required, and in the meantime you might go over an' pay for the dhrinks at the public-house opposite the way."

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"You're a born divil for strathegy," says King Dermot (who was disguised as mate of the Ross boat in a sou'westher an' overalls) to Sthrongbow (who was disguised as the Captain in a sthraw hat an' a monkey jacket).

"Watch how nicely I'll bring her alongside!" says Sthrongbow, givin' the wheel a twist an' shoutin' something down to the ingine room. "We'll have all the goods landed," says he, wud a chuckle, "from the barges an' all, while the two *Danish gintlemen are standin' each other dhrinks at the public-house* opposite."

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There was terrible slaughther in Watherford that day; but the murdher was nearly all on wan side, for the Danes wor so flabbergasted when they saw the armed throops in the heart of the city that all the pluck was taken out of 'em. Sthrongbow had great fun all day long wud his bow an' arrow, an' many a proud Danish heart he thransfixed before dinner time.

Long before nightfall the kays of the city wor handed over to Lord Pembroke, an' all the Danes that worn't killed wor allowed to thransfer their property to Sthrongbow.

King Dermot was in a tearin' rage at the idaya of his future son-in-law being made masther of the city instead of himself, an' he began to roar at Sthrongbow as they wor havin' a dhrop of something hot before retirin' to rest in Reginald's Tower—*the kaystone of Watherford.*

"O, whisht man!" says Sthrongbow, blowin' a whiff out of his cigar an' knockin' the ash off of it wud his little finger. "You're never content. Sure 'tis only houldin' the place in thrust for you I am, to save you any inconvaynience. Of coorse it will be yours when you're the King of all Ireland, an' where's the use of makin' two bites at a cherry?"

"Richard," says King Dermot, shakin' his head, "I think I undhervalued your jaynius yestherday. 'Tis yerself that ought to be called Longbow, not yer employer King Henrey, *for you could give him points in polishin' a lie.*"

"Now, now," says Sthrongbow, wud a soort of a chuckle, "don't you know that people in our walk of life never tell fibs—we do be only negotiatin'."

The "Merrie Maide."

BY HENRY SADLER.

During a brief sojourn in New York, in the autumn of 18--, I became acquainted with Captain James Conway, commander and part owner of the "Merrie Maide," a full-rigged ship of about seven hundred tons. Our first meeting was at a Masonic lodge, and, being personally known to some of the brethren, I was able to render him a little assistance in gaining admission. Although upwards of fifty, he was comparatively a young Mason, and had never attended an American lodge before. I afterwards learnt that he had taken his several Degrees at long intervals, and under somewhat difficult circumstances, having been "made" in Ireland, "passed" in Melbourne, and "raised" in Liverpool. He was fond of Masonry, and, like many others of his profession whom I have met with, was something of an enthusiast on the subject, consequently he always made a point of visiting a lodge whenever he had an opportunity, which, from the nature of his avocation, was not often. He had, however, attended lodges in various parts of the world, but had never before found any difficulty in so doing.

"It seems to me," said he, confidentially, "that these Yankees are just a leetle too smart with their Masonry. How can they expect a fellow like myself, always knocking about at sea, to know as much about it as they do? They ought to make some allowance. I must admit that I don't know much about it yet, but I think I could tell *them* something that might be of some little service to them should they ever visit lodges in other countries. The universality of Masonry in a general sense and in theory is all very well, but they would find that different *nations* vary considerably in the practice of details."

Having passed the portals, we met with a most cordial greeting from our American brethren, and spent in their society a very interesting and instructive evening. The Masonic business being over, nothing would suit my new friend but I must accompany him on board his ship, then lying at the jetty, and smoke a pipe with him before "turning in." I accepted his invitation, and, without entering into particulars, I may remark that we did not "smoke a dry pipe." As I had expected, Captain Conway was a most agreeable and amusing companion, and we soon became as friendly and sociable as though we had known each other for years.

Masonry was naturally the staple of our conversation, but on finding that, instead of the steward or cabin boy, usual in vessels of the "Merrie Maide" class, she had on board a stewardess, I remarked "that I had been under the impression that these female sailors were restricted to passenger ships."

He said "not always; some captains prefer them to men, being more handy and homely in some things, and generally more reliable."

He had first engaged his stewardess five or six years ago, when he commenced taking his girl to sea with him, but he had got used to her and she to him, and as long as she didn't want to change he didn't want to lose her. The Captain had been twice married, and was then a widower, having lost his second wife seven years ago. He had no family by his first marriage, and only a daughter by his second. This young lady—Nellie—named after her mother, generally accompanied him on his short voyages, very much to her own gratification and to the no small delight of her father, but quite the reverse to the elderly maiden aunt who had taken the place of her lost parent, and greatly to the annoyance of the highly accomplished principal of a certain "Select Seminary for Young Ladies," who had undertaken the responsibility of her education.

"It is really too bad of the Captain to be always interrupting Miss Conway's studies, just as she is getting on so nicely, by taking her off to sea with him as though she were a great boy."

In the Captain's opinion Nellie had had quite enough of school—nearly ten years of it, with the exception of an occasional trip to sea. She was turned fifteen, and although she might not be so highly educated as other girls of her class he was satisfied with her. If she was not a very good hand at the piano she could play and sing well enough for him, and, moreover, she could swim like a duck, and pull an oar, or even sail a boat as well as any girl of her age, or boy either for that matter. I naturally felt a little curiosity to see this accomplished young lady, but she was then staying on shore with some friends until the ship should be ready for sea.

On finding that I was about returning to Europe the Captain warmly invited me to take a passage home with him, assuring me that it would not put him out in the least, as he had a spare berth in the cabin, and would be delighted to have my company.

Personally, I rather like a short passage in a sailing-ship when time will admit, as on this occasion it would. I therefore availed myself of this kindly offer without hesitation, and before we parted had arranged to have my baggage on board the next day, as the ship had nearly completed her lading, and was expected to sail early on the following morning for Havre.

Owing to some delay in the arrival of a portion of the cargo it was evening before we cast off from the wharf, when a tug-boat came alongside and towed us clear of the river, well out into the bay, where, there being little or no wind, the pilot ordered the anchor to be dropped, in the expectation of a breeze springing up in the morning. That he was not deceived was evinced before daylight, when I was aroused from a rather uneasy sleep by the noise of the windlass and other familiar sounds, which plainly intimated that we were getting under weigh. We had passed Sandy Hook when I came on deck, and shortly afterwards a smart little pilot-boat ranged alongside, and our pilot, after wishing us a safe and pleasant voyage, bade us farewell.

The Captain then took charge of the ship, and the wind being steady and fair he soon had every stitch of canvas on her that could be of service, and sent her flying over the smooth water with her bowsprit pointing homeward.

We had remarkably fine weather during the first portion of our journey, the wind, though light, being generally in our favour; meanwhile I had become better acquainted with several of my fellow voyagers. The idol of the whole ship's company was Nellie Conway—well formed and rather tall for her years—bright brown eyes, and hair to match, with a fresh complexion and a smiling face, slightly tinged with bronze—a perfect picture, in fact, of health and merriment.

From an artist's point of view she would probably not have been deemed a beauty, although had her mouth been a trifle smaller, and her nose just a shade less *retroussé*, she might fairly have laid claim to that distinction. As it was, however, she seemed well content with herself, and was just a merry, good-hearted, and sensible girl, quite at home on board, and evincing as much interest in the ship and its belongings as did her father, to whom she was warmly attached. We soon became great friends. The ship, I may remark, had for a figure-head a nicely carved representation of Miss Nellie at the age of eight, at which early period of her life she had, under her father's guidance, assisted in naming and launching the good ship "Merrie Maide" by breaking the customary bottle over her bows and wishing her "God-speed."

Hannah Webb, the stewardess, was a hardy, active little woman, a native of Plymouth, whose age might have been somewhere between 30 and 40, but I never ventured to question her on the subject. She had a very decided manner and rather a sharp tongue. Naturally of a dark complexion, the sun and sea air had made her a veritable gipsy in appearance. Hannah and Miss Conway were evidently on the most friendly terms, and I soon found she was the abettor of her young charge in many a harmless prank which that lively damsel played upon the officers of the ship, and quite as often upon her own father. The stout old Chief Mate, who always laughed the loudest, notwithstanding that he was generally the victim, used to say "She's a bonnie lass, and if it amuses her it don't hurt me; she *must* have some fun on hand, or she'd be moping for the shore."

"Your stewardess appears to be a capital sailor," I remarked to the Captain one day, having noticed the comparative ease with which she made her way about the deck while the ship was rolling heavily.

"Aye, she is that," he responded; "as good a sailor as any man aboard, and a much better one than some who call themselves sailors. Been at sea all her life—born at sea, in fact. She's a jewel, sir, that's what she is. Why that girl as good as saved my life a couple of years ago!"

"How was that?" I asked.

"Well, it was this way. My ship was in dock, and as I had nothing to do, the owners asked me to take a barque, which they had just purchased at Plymouth, round to Swansea. The captain hadn't been appointed, but she had her two mates aboard, one a thorough seaman, the other a youngster. She was in ballast, and was going to refit and load at Swansea. No proper hands—only half-a-dozen 'runners,' fellows who loaf about the docks, and sometimes get a job to work a ship from one port to another at so much for the run. Some of them are old sailors, and good ones too, others are mere duffers. The regular crew would be shipped when the vessel was ready for sea, for the voyage to Aden and back.

"We got outside in the channel all right, and although I had noticed that some of the men were not quite sober, and that others were not much of sailors—still I didn't mind as it was only a short run. The wind was from the south'ard, and rather squally, so I hauled well away from the land coming down channel. I soon saw that the vessel was over-sparred and rather crank, and I intended taking the top-gallant sails off her before dark.

"It came on hazy towards evening and I couldn't see the coast, but I reckoned that we were about 15 miles off the Lands End at six o'clock.

"It was a dirty night, showery, and a heavy sea on. Leaving the second mate in charge, the mate and I went below to get something to eat, and we hadn't been down above 20 minutes when there was a tremendous uproar overhead; we felt the vessel heel over, and, by the time we had managed to scramble on deck, she was on her beam ends. I could see at once what had happened. A sharp squall had struck her, and, before the halliards could be let go over she went. The man at the wheel had either tumbled, or been knocked, overboard, the second mate was injured, and there we lay, like a log in the trough of the sea with the waves breaking over us and the Cornish rocks under our lee. We all set to work, you may be sure, to try and get the sails off her while the daylight lasted, but it was of no use; the yards wouldn't come down, and there was nothing for it but to cut away the masts. We concluded to try the foremast first

but I knew it would not do to trust such men as we had for a job of that kind, so I told the mate to take some of them with him and cut away the gear forrard, while I did the same with the lee fore-rigging.

"Hannah had come with me as there was no steward on board and had scrambled on deck when we did. I asked her if she had anything below in the shape of a chopper or big knife with which I could cut the thick ropes. She was down and up again much quicker than I should have been, and brought me a small hatchet, just the very thing. The mate had got an axe from the galley and was busy on the forecastle; and I was making the best of my way to the fore shrouds, when I slipped and came a cropper against some spars and things that had got jammed in the lee gangway.

"There I floundered, bruised and battered, with my right arm and side badly hurt, and I have not the smallest doubt but that I should have been washed off by the next sea that came aboard if Hannah had not been after me very quickly. The lad who was acting as cook came to help her, and between them they got me up to the weather side. I told the boy to go and cut away the lee fore-shrouds but he was dazed or afraid. And, you'll hardly believe it, sir, but that girl, without the least fear or hesitation, picked up the hatchet and made for the fore-shrouds, where she stood up to her knees in water, holding on with one hand and hacking away with the other until the mate, who had by this time got all clear, shouted to her to go aft out of the way. He then chopped away at the mast as far from the deck as he could reach, and, having severed the weather lanyards, away it went, taking the maintop gallant mast and mizen topmast with it.

"Getting rid of all this top-hamper was of course a great relief to the ship, but not enough to bring her on an even keel—she still had a sufficient list to starboard to render her unmanageable. I then knew that the ballast had shifted and told the mate he must get the hatches off and see what could be done to bring her upright. All hands went below, for it was now a case of "sink or swim," and by working like niggers they soon had the ship in fair trim. While this was going on I had been wondering how we were placed with regard to the land. Hannah had taken the wheel, as I couldn't manage it myself, but I stood by her, and just before the men returned to the deck I was delighted to see the Longships Light flash out through the haze, broad on our lee beam, a good four miles distant. Barring accidents, therefore, or a shift of the wind, we had escaped that danger.

"On the well being sounded, I found there was less water in the ship than I had expected, and after giving the men a glass of grog, I told them to have a spell at the pump and then sound again, which they did, and reported three or four inches less than before. This satisfied us that there was no serious leakage. The next thing to be done was to get more sail on the ship, for the main-topsail only just served to drag her through the water. The mainsail had been furled before the squall struck us, so they soon got that set, and then went to work to lash a spar to the stump of the foremast, and get a staysail up to steady her a bit.

"Here's Hannah coming up to fetch us to dinner; so without going into further particulars, I may tell you that we rounded the Longships all right, and then bore away for Lundy Island. Just after daybreak a steamer hove in sight; I hoisted my private flag, and she came near enough to speak us. As luck would have it she was bound for Swansea, and her Captain, who turned out to be 'on the square,' was good enough to report our condition to my brokers, who sent out a tug to tow us in, and before dark we were safe alongside the quay in Swansea Dock."

The foregoing was the substance of the Captain's story, as near as I can remember, and from notes taken at the time. I resumed the subject during the dinner, but learnt nothing fresh worth recording, except that he himself was not seriously injured, only bruised and shook up a bit, and his right wrist and shoulder badly sprained; the second mate had two ribs fractured, and nothing was ever heard of the man who tumbled overboard.

"I am glad I was not in your shoes, Captain," I remarked; "and I don't wonder that you have so good an opinion of your stewardess; she seems to have been 'your right-hand man'—if one may use such an expression."

"Well, yes; it *was* a rather narrow squeak," he said; "but it might have been worse. For instance, if we had been a few miles nearer land when the ship went over, nothing on earth could have saved her from the rocks; so you see there is generally *something* to be thankful for."

At my request the Captain showed me what he called his "private flag." It was a triangular kind of flag, with a large square and compasses, in white, on a blue ground.

He said most captains who were Masons had something of the kind. It was useful at times, especially in foreign ports, and you wanted to find out whether there were any of the Fraternity aboard the other ships. Having spent many a pleasant evening with brethren whom he would not have known but for his flag; he never went to sea without it."

The "Merrie Maide's" officers had a berth to themselves in the fore part of the poop, but generally one or other of them dined in the cabin. The chief mate (Mr. Davidge) was a rough old sea-dog, a bachelor, who seldom made his appearance at the captain's table, although I noticed that he had no objection to spending a portion of his evening watch below over a glass of grog and a chat with his superior before "turning in." I think he was nervous or shy, and it was only when Nellie insisted upon it that he condescended to favour us with his company. He would be striding to and fro on the quarter-deck, with his hands in the pockets of his pea-jacket, and his legs wide apart, when she would sidle up to him, link her arm in his, and, looking up with a bright smile, say something of this kind—"Now, Mr. Davidge, you *must* really join us to-day; you have not dined in the cabin for *ever* so long; I shall positively begin to think you are *afraid* of me."

"Well, well, I'll see, I'll see," he would reply, with a smile, though looking the reverse of comfortable while the interview lasted, and glancing nervously downward at every step he took, as if he were afraid of treading on the toes of his young companion. After two or three turns he would stop, and rivet his attention on something aloft, and then would come the entreaty—"Oh! *do* keep walking, Mr. Davidge, I know I shall fall if you stop, and I have not had a nice walk with you for a *long* time. I declare I won't eat a bit if you don't promise to come."

"Yes, yes; of course, with pleasure," he would hastily ejaculate, while the perspiration stood in beads on his face.

"That's right; now you are a dear good man, and I will go and tell Hannah you are coming; she *will* be pleased."

As soon as she was out of sight he would pull out a red handerchief about as big as a moderate sized table cloth, with which he would mop his face energetically, striding rapidly up and down, puffing and blowing as though he had just passed through some very trying ordeal.

From certain waggish remarks of Miss Nellie's, which were always peremptorily hushed by the stewardess, I am inclined to think that something in the nature of a proposal had once emanated from Mr. Davidge after he had been spending an evening on shore, but I never heard the rights of it.

The second and third mates needed no such persuasive powers; they came when they were asked, and seemed quite at their ease, generally dining in the cabin alternately. The former (Mr. Gibson) was a fair complexioned, good-looking man, standing nearly six feet high, apparently about 25 years of age, who had been with Captain Conway from early boyhood. His father had served under the same gentleman as chief mate for several years, and at his earnest intercession had been appointed to the command of a vessel trading to the Mediterranean. He never returned from his first voyage as captain, for after leaving Gibraltar on his way home nothing was ever heard of the ship; it was supposed that she had gone down with all hands during a heavy gale in the Atlantic.

A widowed mother and an invalid sister had since depended on George Gibson for support. Captain Conway, who was as fond of him as if he had been his own son, was loud in his praises—"A better son, a more thorough sailor, or a more trustworthy officer never lived." He was as much a favourite with Nellie as he was with her father. When she wanted to know anything relating to the ship or nautical matters generally, which she often did, and her father would make some jocular reply, she would sometimes say "I will go and ask my big brother; I know he will tell me." Indeed, they might very well have been taken for brother and sister. He had known her from infancy, and they were always "Nell" and "George" to each other. On fine evenings the two were invariably to be seen promenading the deck together, before Nellie went below to her music. For a mere girl she had a remarkably sweet voice, and would often regale us with some of her father's favourite songs, much to the delight of the "hands," who would come as near to the companion as nautical etiquette permitted, and there sit and smoke their pipes in preference to spinning dog-watch yarns on the forecastle. The third mate was quite a young man, probably not more than twenty years of age, a son of one of the owners of the "Merrie Maide." He was gentlemanly in manner, rather dandified in appearance, had a high opinion of himself, but was evidently no sailor. As he plays no part in this narrative, I shall merely state that his name was Edward Faulkner.

A fortnight passed without a single unpleasant incident, with the exception of a thick fog, which lasted a whole night and part of the next day, and necessitated the continuous blowing of the fog horn, whose music, I, for one, could very well have dispensed with.

On the morning of the fifteenth day there were indications of a change, and the Captain informed me that he was afraid we should "soon have more wind than we could make good use of." Before eight o'clock it was found necessary to take in the lighter sails, and when the morning watch was called the ship was rolling along under topgallant sails, topsails, and courses, before a strong westerly breeze, every minute bringing us nearer home. At noon the wind had increased considerably, and the Captain, after looking at the glass, told the mate that after dinner he had better get the fore and mizen topgallant sails furled before the men turned in. When this was done, the sailors who had kept the morning watch went below, while those whose duty it was to remain on deck busied themselves in lashing the movables and making everything secure.

Towards evening it blew harder. As far as the eye could reach, the sea was white with foam, and the big waves were tumbling after each other as if in boisterous frolic. Occasionally a huge foam-crested roller would dash against the ship's side with such force as to cause her to stagger and tremble as if she had struck on some rock hidden beneath the surface. Seeing no prospect of the gale abating, the captain deemed it advisable to again shorten sail and make all snug before darkness set in.

The sea now ran so high, and the ship rolled so heavily, that her lower yardarms nearly touched the tops of some of the waves. To me, who had never seen anything of the kind before, it was a grand sight, and one I shall never forget. I had been standing by, or rather clinging to, the companion, or entrance to the cabin, watching the exertions of the seamen with wonder and admiration, while the Captain was shouting his orders to the mate, when I became aware that I was not the only inactive spectator. Nellie and the stewardess had come to the top of the stairs and were evidently much interested in the scene. I had

noticed that during the operation of shortening sail, the second mate was generally the first to spring into the rigging, while his subordinate, Mr. Faulkner, seldom exerted himself beyond repeating the orders of the captain and chief mate, or occasionally giving a pull on a rope, from the comparative security of the deck.

At sunset the ship, which had but recently been a towering cloud of snowy canvas, was a mazy network of ropes and spars, for sail after sail had been taken in until nothing was left but close-reefed fore and main topsails and foresail, and yet she seemed to be rushing and staggering along with fearful velocity. Finding that the glass was still falling, the captain ordered the foresail to be reefed. The second mate as usual led the way aloft, and in a few seconds was perched astride the very extremity of the yard-arm. The daring fellow seemed to think nothing of the danger he ran. He appeared to be pulling on a rope with all his might, and at intervals I could hear his voice above the roar of the wind and waves, singing as merrily as though he were in the most secure place in the ship. Owing to the violence of the gale the task was evidently one of great difficulty. After a while the young officer ceased his exertions and shouted to the mate, who was on deck. I could not hear what was said, but I imagine it had some reference to the position of the yard, as the mate gave an order to pull on the weather forebrace, while he himself went to ease off the lee one. At this moment a tremendous sea struck the ship, flooding the poop and sending a fountain of glittering spray high over our heads. So great was the force of the wave that one of the men was literally washed from the wheel, and only saved himself from going overboard by clinging to the spanker-sheet. The other poor fellow somehow got jammed against the wood-work, and was so much hurt that he was unable to resume work for several days. The ship being thus deprived of her steersmen suddenly broached to and shipped another heavy sea amid-ships, which stove in a portion of the bulwarks as well as one of the ship's boats. The captain had hastened to the wheel, and, with assistance from the seaman who was not disabled, was trying his utmost to get the vessel before the wind.

Just then she gave another heavy plunge, and above the noise of rushing waters I heard piercing screams from the cabin stairs and a confused shout, which caused me to glance hastily upwards.

I could see nothing of Mr. Gibson, but the men were clinging tenaciously to the yard, and looking over their shoulders in a terrified manner apparently at something in the water. On going to the bulwarks I was horrified at seeing the poor fellow buffetting the waves only a few yards from where I stood. Hurriedly seizing a rope I tried to fling it to him, but it got entangled, and did not go far enough. Several of the hands now rushed up the poop-ladder, headed by the mate with a life-buoy, which he hurled with all his might towards the drowning man, who by this time was half the ship's length astern.

The Captain now roared out, "One of you come here to the wheel!" and on being relieved he ran to the break of the poop and shouted to the men to come down from aloft. But they either could not hear him or did not understand, for they continued to gaze as if spell-bound at their struggling shipmate. Seeing which, he hastily shouted to the mate, "Get them down off the yard, Mr. Davidge. Get them down and let's heave the ship to, and save life if we can." He then ran to an empty hencoop, and cutting the lashings which fastened it to the deck with the assistance of two of the men, he launched it over the lee bulwarks, "Now, lads," he cried, "overboard with anything that'll float; be smart now, never mind what it is, overboard with it." Then springing into the mizen rigging he quickly clambered up to the top. On returning to the deck he said: "The poor chap has not gone down yet, at all events, and I think he has got hold of the buoy, for I don't see it anywhere."

"Is there no hope of saving him, Captain?" I inquired.

"I'm afraid not," said he, "unless the weather moderates very soon. There's not a boat in the ship that would live ten minutes in this sea; and if there was we could make no headway in the teeth of a gale like this."

"He's a capital swimmer, a first-class swimmer," he said, musingly, "and that certainly is all in his favour. If he could only manage to keep afloat till daylight he might be picked up yet."

Having now nearly approached the limits of the space allotted to me, I must draw to a conclusion, or, as my old friend, Mr. Davidge, would have said "Drop the anchor and coil up ropes."

The "Merrie Maide" remained hove to until daybreak, when sail was again made on her, the gale having apparently exhausted itself during the night. Before the sun had risen above the horizon, the whole of the watch on deck had betaken themselves to some part or other of the rigging, and were eagerly scanning the sea to windward in the hope of seeing something of poor Gibson. The captain himself went up to the main-top with his glasses and searched long and carefully, but came down at last with the tidings that he could see nothing of him. The ship was then put on her course, much to the regret of all on board; but she was no longer the happy ship she had been—an odour of sadness and gloom pervaded her fore and aft, and, notwithstanding the many agreeable hours I had passed on board, I was far from feeling sorry when 10 days later we were made fast to the quay in Havre docks, and the voyage was ended.

Several months had elapsed when I received a long letter from the Captain, in which he informed me that his favourite officer, whom we had given up as lost, was then with him as chief mate. By the aid of some of the things thrown overboard he had been able to keep himself afloat, and was picked up the next day by a ship bound into Boston. The Captain also informed me that he had lost his stewardess, she having at last hauled down her flag (after a brisk engagement) to Mr. Davidge, who had taken her in tow, and they were now safely moored in a snug little boarding-house for captains and mates at Liverpool, and were doing a good business.

* * * * * * * * * *

Little more remains to be said. Brother Conway has retired from the sea, and although in his 74th year, he is still hale and hearty. He lives with his daughter, now Mrs. Gibson. Her husband is in command of a fine ship, the "Nellie Conway," he and his father-in-law being the principal owners. His wife used to go to sea with him at first, but that is all over now. She says she is "wanted on shore to look after the small craft."

LADY FREEMASONS.

"Now, girls, you mustn't tell anyone what I've told you."

A Fugue upon an Old Theme.

Written after hearing Mr. Santley sing the air "Love in her eyes," from *Acis and Galatea*, at the Handel Festival.

"*Love in her eyes sits playing,*
And sheds delicious death;
Love on her lips is straying,
And warbling in her breast."—Gay, 1721.

Who can resist obeying
Love's silent strong behest,
Which in her eyes sits playing,
And robs me of my rest.

Who can withstand the glances
That shoot from out her eyes?
The smile on her lips entrances,
And makes me a willing prize.

Ah! from her eyes there's flying
A sweet and fatal dart;
Delicious 'tis in dying
Thus, pierced to the heart.

In heaven angelic voices
Will welcome me at death;
But here my soul rejoices
In her sweet warbling breath.

W. FRED. VERNON, Kelso.

A Manx Story.

(FOUNDED UPON FACT.)

"Truth is the highest good a man may keep."

I.

THE Court-house in the old Castle of Rushen was crowded with eager faces. Never within anyone's memory had a trial created such a sensation as that of John Cornaish and Kate Kenrade, now being tried for the murder of the wife of John Cornaish. It was many years since a trial for murder had taken place in the Isle of Man, and, as such, this one would naturally create a large amount of interest, and the appearance of at least one of the prisoners increased that interest to a painful extent, and enlisted the sympathy of every heart in the Court that day.

Kate Kenrade was barely seventeen years, and scarcely looked so old. Her face was one of extreme beauty, and of almost childish innocence. To connect it with a crime so horrible as murder, and that by poison, seemed impossible. And yet for such a crime she was now being tried, and every scrap of evidence pointed to her guilt. For her partner in the crime there was little sympathy. John Cornaish (a man of forty, with a tall, powerful frame, and an evil expression on his handsome face) doubtless deserved the sentence he would receive; but with the girl it was different. Surely she would not share his fate! And yet the evidence was straight and clear, and she had pleaded guilty.

Their sentence would soon be known now, for here were the jury returning to give their verdict. The silence of awed expectation fell upon the Court, as one by one the twelve men resumed their seats. Every face was upturned in eager listening attitude, every heart was beating with one sentiment, awaiting the painful interest of the next moment.

The Foreman of the Jury stood up: "Both prisoners guilty!" Then the Deemster delivered a short exhortation, and the sentence—"John Cornaish and Kate Kenrade, you are condemned to be hung by the neck until you are dead, and may God have mercy on your souls."

Up to this time the girl at the dock had seemed unconscious of what was passing around her, and of all the faces there, hers had been the most impassive; but when the Deemster pronounced her own name with the sentence, she seemed suddenly to awake as from a dream. Gazing wildly round on the sea of sympathising faces, and amid the awed hush that succeeded the judge's speech, her voice rang out in wild notes of misery that for many a day haunted the minds of those that heard them.

"I have deserved it! But my child—oh! what will become of my innocent baby?" Another moment a merciful unconsciousness had overtaken her, and she was carried out of the Court. In a short time the crowd had dispersed, and the prisoners were back in their cells there awaiting their doom. Many kind hearts amid the dispersing throng would gladly have answered the young mother's agonised cry, and among them was one who responded without loss of time. Mr. and Mrs. Staunton had been some weeks in Castletown, and had, with many others, been deeply interested in the trial; they had been in Court during the scene described, and a half-formed resolution to take this child of misery and sin—born in prison while the mother awaited her sentence—and adopt it for their own, had by the heartrending cry of the prisoner become a fixed resolution in the mind of Mrs. Staunton. They were a rich and childless couple, and had often thought of adopting a child. Now, to their minds, this one seemed sent to them by that strange Unknown Destiny that brings good out of evil, and they, being simple God-fearing folk, accepted the charge as one entrusted to them, not doubting that with God's help this waif should be saved, and determining he should never know the fate of his father and mother or the shameful secret of his birth.

II.

More than thirty years had passed since the events just related when, on a wild evening in March, a large schooner was seen trying to make for Castletown Bay. Many fears had been entertained for her safety early in the day, for she had been seen to hoar signals of distress. Now a lifeboat had been launched, and with the help of a pilot she had been brought, sorely battered, into port. A crowd was collected on the pier to welcome their deliverance, and amongst them was a girl of about twenty, who had been eagerly watching ever since the lifeboat had gone out, for in it were her father and brother; and her face was one of the first for them to see as they rounded the pier. Hastily jumping on shore, and regardless of the crowd, who were pressing forward with congratulations, Tom Gorry took hold of his sister's arm, and whispered some words into her ear. Nan's face was an expressive one as she listened. Her clear grey eyes showed intelligence and quick perception, and her firm, though sensitive, mouth told sympathy, as she readily acceded to her brother's request.

"The poor fellow—take him home at once, and I'll go and make ready for him—its no matter if it is a fever he's got—we arn't the ones to be afeared of that, any more than of the sea."

"The schooner is so full of water, it isn't fit for him to be in."

"Not a likely thing you'd leave him there, and him so bad—it isn't fit for rats, let alone a sick man."

Without wasting more words, Nan ran quickly off the quay, and along the shore on to the brows, above which stood a white-washed house, where she lived with her father and brother. They were farmers, in a small way, with their own bit of land, which they attended to in the winter; while in the summer the men went to the herring-fishing, as is so often the case in the Isle of Man. It was a happy little household; no men in the fleet were more respected than Claudie Gorry and his son Tom, and many were the deeds of daring that were told of them—many the lives that the old man had saved. No girl had a happier home than Nan, and certainly none made a brighter, more industrious house-wife. A handsome girl too, with a stately carriage, such as was often seen when girls prided themselves on being able to carry pails of water from the well on their heads, and many a young fisherman would have been glad to "make up" to her; but Nan cared for none of them, she was too happy at home she told them all. Wherever there was sickness or trouble, she was always ready to help, and in sorrow, no visitor was so welcome as Nan Gorry, with her kindly eyes, her ready hand, and her wise head. When father and son had got on board the schooner "Dart," and found the captain lying unconscious in his berth, which was half filled with water, they determined, after a short consultation, to take him home to their house, knowing that no one would attend to him so well as Nan. And to "the Howe" he was taken, knowing nothing of the fate that had so nearly overtaken him at sea, or of the kindly hands that were ready to help on land.

III.

For three weeks Captain Staunton lay between life and death at the Howe farm. The fight was hard; but life conquered, with the aid of youth, and Nan's care. It was a month now since he had been brought there on that wild evening in March. A genial April had succeeded its bleak predecessor. The sun was shining, the birds singing, and all nature seemed to rejoice as for the first time the invalid was well enough to come downstairs. A tall, gaunt man he looked, as, helped by Tom Gorry, he came to take a seat in the old oak arm-chair in the ingle nook of the comfortable kitchen. Nan heard them coming, and went forward to welcome his first appearance amongst them. It was quite a festive occasion, and the tea-table ready spread with home-made cakes, decorated with yellow lilies, was a pleasant sight to the man who for weeks had been confined to a sick room. His face expressed contentment and happiness, notwithstanding his being wasted by much recent suffering. He could not have been a handsome man even in health, now he might be considered almost plain; but for a certain grave, thoughtful expression, which, added to a pleasing voice, made one soon forget the irregular features, and deep set small eyes.

Nan was a pleasant sight this spring evening, as she presided at the tea-table, round which sat her father, brother, and the invalid she had tended so carefully. As she looked at him, it was hard to realise that a month ago she had not known the man—he had taken up so much of her time and thoughts lately that she almost felt as if he were one of her own family and was as free from any shyness in his presence as with her own brother. It struck her now for the first time that he was an entire stranger to them as regarded his life before that night of a month ago. But such was the confidence she felt in him and such the frank sisterly regard, that she would have staked her life on his worthiness, and felt for him a friendship which years might have ripened. All she knew of his former life were a few words he had said during the last week—he was an orphan and had never known any parents but his adopted ones, who had died many years before. The sailors who had come in the "Dart" had gone back to England after some days, knowing that it would be a considerable time before the schooner was ready for sea, as she had been considerably injured in the gale and could not be repaired until Captain Staunton was well enough to give orders, as he was sole owner himself.

That evening, when the tea was cleared away, the lamp lighted, the men smoking their pipes over a cheerful turf fire on the hearth, and Nan's fingers busy with her knitting, the stranger felt a sense of well-being and of comfort hitherto unknown to him. Here was real home life which he had never before experienced. His mind went back over the lonely years of his past life, and he thought how different might his future be if he could keep Nan with him always. He was startled from his reverie by Claudie Gorry's voice asking if he remembered being carried ashore the night of the storm. The conversation going from that to other things, Tom asked if he had ever been in the Isle of Man? A bewildered look came over Staunton's face, and he gave no reply. On the

question being repeated, he asked vaguely what they meant; whereon Tom burst out laughing, and exclaimed, "I believe in my heart he doesn't know its in the the Isle of Man he iss." Then, turning to him, he continued, "Didn't you know, captain, what part of the world you're in?" On receiving an answer in the negative, he laughed loud and long, saying, "It's in Manx-land you are, sure enough." And at intervals during the evening he kept exclaiming, "Well, well, I never knew nawthing queerer than this for all—for a man not to know for a whole month what part of the world he was landed in." Nan explained he had had very little conversation with her or old Jennie, their servant and his only other nurse, and it had never struck them to say or him to ask what the place was called. He wondered now he had never thought of it before, but his convalescence had been so pleasant that he had taken everything naturally, and had asked no questions except a few regarding his vessel and crew, and had been contented to see Nan's face as she moved quietly about his sick room and now and then to hear her pleasant voice.

"The Isle of Man," he said, half to himself, "it's the last place I'd have chosen to come to! Strange how fate has led me here." Then aloud, "What part of the Isle of Man is it?"

"Castletown, of course, man. Can't you see ould Castle Rushen if you put your head out of the door; but what am I sayin'—you haven't been able to put your nose out yet, but you'll have to go to see it before long, for it's a place strangers is thinkin' a powerful deal of."

Nan had noticed during this talk a strange pallor come over Staunton's face, and remarked that she feared he was staying up too long—that he was but weakly yet, and had better go and lie down. Glad to be alone, Staunton left the farm kitchen, and for a long time sat in gloomy thought, gazing out on the moonlit sea and going over the strange events of his life.

IV.

Another month has passed by, and Captain Staunton was still an inmate of "the Howe." He had weeks ago ceased to be an invalid, and sometimes people wondered why he lingered so long in Castletown; but he had sufficient excuse in seeing after the repairs of his schooner, which now, however, was almost ready for sea, and folks said he would certainly not stay after that unless he had "a notion of Nan Gorry," which wouldn't be wondered at, certainly, but which, at least, one young sailor devoutly hoped was not the case.

Phil Caine had long admired Nan, and had often hinted at the advisability of their "keeping company," but she had always laughed at him. Now, he said to himself, only for this stranger's coming, he might have had a chance. It was with feelings of keen jealousy he had seen the ripening friendship between the girl he loved and this man. He had plenty of opportunities of seeing it, too, for their houses were not far apart, and he often came in, presumably to see her brother Tom.

During these weeks Staunton's moods had strangely varied. Looking back upon the time, Nan thought he had never been quite the same since the first night he had come downstairs after his illness. Up to that he had been cheerful and contented. Since then he had had strange fits of depression; sometimes shutting himself up in his room, and not coming down all the evening, while at others he would talk and be the life of the company. To Nan he would sometimes be so reserved she would think she must have done something to offend him; then, as if to make up for it, his manner would be more than friendly, and he would anticipate her every thought. At times she would think he surely regarded her in more than a friendly light; then would scoff at herself and try hard to banish his face from her thoughts. For lately she had begun to fear that she had given her heart away, and the thought that it was unsought was intolerable to her. The varying moods of their guest made it all the more difficult to keep him out of her thoughts. If he was only like other people, she told herself, it would be easier to forget him; but she never knew how he would meet her next, and she had begun to feel, alas! too surely that, through all his moods, she loved him, and the thought of her empty life when he was gone would come upon her like a blow in the midst of her work. But resolutely she kept herself in check, and no one suspected what she was feeling.

The day came at last when the "Dart" was again ready for sea, and that evening as they were sitting round the fire Claudie Gorry remarked, between puffs of his pipe, "Well, Captain, I suppose you'll be for laving us soon, now. Sorry enough we'll be too, for you are mortal good company in the evenin's over a pipe." Staunton glanced at Nan, as he answered that he thought by the next week he'd be ready for sea. But Nan's face told nothing, her eyes were not raised from the knitting in her hands. It was in vain that Staunton tried to get her to look up, and after a few minutes she rose and left the kitchen. Staunton swiftly followed, overtaking her at the foot of the stairs.

"Nan, where are you going—what is the matter?" He was holding her hands now, and she was powerless to keep back the tears that fell down.

A look of passionate joy came into his eyes, as he bent over her, whispering "Do you really care so much, my darling?"

In another moment she would have been clasped in his arms; but just then the outer door opened, and Phil Caine came in. Womanlike, Nan was the first to recover herself, and laughed and talked to hide her confusion, as she walked before the two men into the kitchen.

Phil Caine had a very keen suspicion of the nature of the case, and his mind was in a flame of jealousy as he sat looking at the girl he loved and the man he hated as his rival.

After a time the conversation drifted on bye-gone times, and old Claudie began to recount many a strange and half-forgotten story of the old smuggling days, and the times of the riots when he was young, and enjoyed the fun of it all with the best. "Not that I aver did nawthin' agin' my conscience, for all that, a bit of baccy, or a keg or two of rum; that would naver go agin' a man where we are all bound for—our family was always a dacent one, and nawthin' bad was aver said of us."

"Them was times though, that middlin' grave things was done," observed Phil Caine. "I suppose you'll remember the last hanging there was at Castle Rushen."

"Remember?—ay, to be sure, man. Wasn' I one of the jury that was on them!—he was a right villain, was that John Cornaish, and desarved all he got; but the poor girl—poor Kate Kenrade, I was morthal sorry for her, and stood out agin' the rest of the jury for a long time; but I had to give in at last. What was the use of one man, and the evidence was dead agin' her."

"Didn't they say, father," said Nan, "that she needn't have been hung if she had wanted to live—was it true that the rope broke three times, and she was given a chance of life?"

"Yes, yes, that's true enough; but she wouldn't take it, the crathur, she said she desarved to be hung. And her child was provided for, she would rather die—that it would be better for him, and he might forgive her if he ever came to know who he was, if she was dead."

"What became of the child? It was a son, wasn't it?" asked Tom.

"Yes, a son she had, born in prison, poor thing! There was a lady and gentleman in Castletown at the time, and in court when the trial was going on, and they took the child and brought him up as their own. No one has ever heard nawthin' of them, or him, since; but he'd be well done to, I'm thinkin', for they were rich people, and perhaps he would naver know whose son he wass."

During this conversation, Staunton had not spoken, and his face had been in shadow; but two pairs of eyes had been watching him closely. Phil Caine's, with instinct of keen jealousy, and Nan's, with love. Both had noticed his sudden silence, as the talk turned on long ago events, and both observed a strangely drawn expression as he got up and left the room, saying he had forgotten something on the schooner.

The outer door was heard to shut after him, and the talk went on as before, until Phil Caine rose to go. As he was leaving, he drew Nan aside, whispering in her ear, to which she made no reply; but with an indignant look left him, and returned to the kitchen, from which she soon retired for the night.

The two men waited until past the usual hour for retiring, expecting Staunton's return. At last, much wondering what delayed him so long, they determined to go to bed, leaving the door on the latch so that he could let himself in.

V.

It was early morning before Staunton returned to the house and threw himself on his bed. His mind had been in a strange state of turmoil for the last few weeks, which that evening had reached a climax. During the lonely hours of the night he had gone over the events of his past life. His pleasant boyhood—his kind adopted parents, who, until the death of Mrs. Staunton, he had thought to be his own. Mr. Staunton soon followed his wife, leaving a will bequeathing to him all he possessed, and with it a packet wherein he had read for the first time his heritage of shame and sin. The Stauntons would never willingly have told him this, but his mother had extorted a promise before they took away the child that he should one day be told the story of his birth, and asked to forgive the mother who had sinned and bitterly repented. It was a request impossible to refuse, painful as might be the consequences it would bring; and, not liking to tell in his life, Mr. Staunton had left the particulars of the story to be read after he was gone, at the same time saying that no other human soul knew the secret.

For a time the knowledge of it darkened his life, but he was young, had money and friends, and gradually the memory of it became less oppressive until it remained as a shadow over his life, a skeleton in his cupboard, but one that was seldom looked at, and that never need be seen by anyone but himself, for he had determined that to no one would he ever reveal the secret of his birth; it concerned him alone, and with him should die. He had not thought much of marriage. Some day he might take a wife, but as yet he had seen no one who would tempt him to give up his freedom; when he did, she never need know his parentage. He had plenty of money, sailing more for pleasure than profit.

Many girls would have been glad to accept him, but, as has been said, none of them touched his heart.

This was his state of mind until the memorable night when the March gale landed him on the very shores of all others he would have avoided. He recalled the evening when he had first known where he was, and when the truth first dawned upon him that he had loved Nan Gorry. With the knowledge of his love had come the conviction that he was no fit mate for her. His parents' crime seemed suddenly to become blacker, and he to share in it when he thought of the spotless purity of the girl who had become so dear to him. How dare he ask her to become his wife knowing the blood that flowed in his veins, and much less how could he ask her to marry him keeping his secret. It was one thing to think what he would do before he loved; now his code of honour had changed, he must let her judge for herself if he ever told his love. He must place truth first—without it there could be no real union; but even if she loved him, could she ever forget his birth? So he had argued that night. By morning things looked somewhat different; he would put away the subject for the present, and let time show what course to take.

When, after a few more days, he was able to walk out with a strange fascination, his footsteps turned towards Castle Rushen. As he looked at its gloomy old walls, the whole horror of the story took possession of him. Drawn by a strange feeling, he went all over the fortress, even questioning the goaler about the story of the last execution, so well remembered by people here, so real and yet so unreal to him. Within these walls his father and mother had been imprisoned and tried, and suffered the last penalties of the law. How could he ask a girl in the very place it had happened to become his wife? It was too horrible! She would shrink from him with loathing, and the fear of losing her became terrible to him. Then came the temptation to ask her to marry him, and for ever bury his secret in his own breast—go away from the Isle of Man, where he might forget it had ever been. But as often as he looked into Nan's clear truthful eyes he knew he could not do this—he could not live with a secret between them. At times he would loathe himself, feeling that he was a pariah, and that he would go away and leave her for ever. Then came the thought of his rival. Would she marry him when he went away? The thought as madness, and not to be borne.

No wonder that, torn by these conflicting feelings, his moods were variable during these weeks. Added to this, he could not tell if Nan really cared for him. He sometimes felt that but for his birth he could plead his cause with such ardour that she could not fail but listen. But even this thought would recur—you must tell her the truth, and then she will turn from you with some pity, perhaps, but not less with shrinking horror.

Then came this evening, when, impelled by his love, and for a moment forgetting all else, when he saw Nan's tears and felt that he was loved, he had spoken. To-night the battle had to be fought all over again, he knew now she loved him, and had no right, he told himself at first, to make her miserable. He could not leave her without speaking, and why should he break her heart by telling who he was. Listening to the story he felt, more than ever, she could not look upon him with anything but loathing, when she knew he was the child of crime and shame.

Far into the night, until the dawn broke in the east, he went over and over these arguments until at last the sun rose, chasing away the shadows of night, and he resolved that Truth was the highest Good, and that, casting all dark fears side, he would tell his love, and trust his fate in her hands.

VI.

It was still early morning, too early for even the fisher folk to be on the shore, when Staunton went out. The sea broke in tender, laughing wavelets at his feet, sparkling its welcome to the returning day. Gulls came swooping down on the wet sand, flying away with their strange melancholy cry.

Without hearing any sound, Staunton felt a hand upon his arm, and looked up into Nan's eyes. His own were heavy from the night's watch and the terrible struggle he had passed through. His heart leapt as he saw her, and for a moment he clasped her in his arms. Then, putting her away from him, he said, "Nan, I have something to say to you—something that I dare not hide. Oh! my love, how can I tell you what may part us?"

Nan's arms were round his neck. "You have nothing to tell me I do not know. Do you think I'll not love you more for knowing your life has been darkened by sorrow? I care not for your birth so long as I know your love is all my own."

BARRULE.

"Light and Shade."

By T. C. WALLS.

Author of "Saved by a Sign," "Red Room Mystery," "Old Manor House," "A Night of Peril," &c., &c.

CHAPTER I.

"Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still like muffled drums are beating
Funeral marches to the grave."

NEAR the pretty village of Ripley, in the fair county of Surrey, and on the coach road leading fom the Metropolis to Guildford, stood in the summer of the year of grace 1849—and does now for aught we know to the contrary—a commodious cottage. It was a dwelling of two stories, quaintly gabled and chimnied, and having curiously carved eaves of an old-world fashion. Its windows were many, with diamond-shaped glazing. The principal door of this rustic retreat was approached by an oval-formed porch, around which twined in almost wild luxuriance climbing roses, red and white, intermingled with that pretty plant the *jasminum nudiflorum*, whose golden star-shaped flowers in mid-winter gladden our eyes long before its leaves appear. A few ornamental beds gay with geraniums, verbenas, petunias, and other bright flowers were tastefully grouped in the front garden, which was shut off from the public footway by a dwarf hedge of sweetbriar. The back part of the house was embellished by a graceful verandah, supported by iron pillars, clothed with honeysuckle, whose perfume was wafted by the gentle summer breeze. The casements of the sitting room opened to the garden, and gave a delightful prospect of a well-mown lawn of vivid green, dotted at intervals with coniferous plants. Winding paths led to a small eminence, upon which was perched a picturesque arbour, overshadowed by the foliage of a fine sycamore tree. It was a clear summer's day, and the view from this spot as the eye wandered in ecstasy over the undul ting and well-wooded country was truly charming in its diversity. The landscape was relieved and improved by the old-fashioned, substantial-looking homesteads, and the neatly-thatched hay-ricks in the pleasant meadow land. Having thus briefly and imperfectly sketched some of the beauties of this truly typical English cottage, and its sylvan surroundings, we will introduce the reader to one of the characters in our short story.

Sitting at a table in the aforesaid sitting room was a graceful-looking lady, whose features were regular and handsome. Her fair hair, surmounted by a tortoise-shell comb, was parted high on the forehead and hung in clustering ringlets, as was the fashion of the time, on each side of her oval face. Her eyes, of violet blue, were richly shaded by beautiful lashes, and the outlines of her figure were shapely to a degree. She was engaged in deftly embroidering a velvet smoking cap. Ever and anon an arch smile stole over her pleasing countenance, and a low musical laugh escaped her.

Presently the pattering of feet was heard in the outside passage, the door was flung open, and a good looking, well-grown boy of ten years or so, bounded in, whose sparkling eyes, brilliant colour, and finely nurtured form bespoke robust health and a superabundance of animal spirits. The lady raised her eyes and gently reproved him for so rudely disturbing her.

"Where is papa?" cried he. "I want him to fix the masts to my yacht. Martha has promised to take me to Wisley Common this evening and I should like to sail the boat on the lake."

"Your papa, Bertie, is in the arbour finishing his picture, but you must not worry him, as he is not very well to-day."

"Poor papa," said the lad, and his bright sunny face became clouded; "he quite frightened me yesterday."

"Frightened you, my darling," repeated the lady in wondering tones.

"Yes, dear mamma; but I must not tell you anything; papa told me not to mention it," answered the boy.

"He was taken ill when out walking with you yesterday and you became alarmed," surmised the mother. "I noticed when he returned a strangeness of manner that a spirit of enforced cheerfulness could not disguise," and she sighed heavily.

"Mamma, dear mamma, do not cry," murmured the child, as he placed an arm around her neck and nestled his rosy cheek against hers. "You are right, poor papa was taken ill and I will tell you all about it."

"Do so, my darling, I am very anxious to know what occurred," she returned.

"We had been walking some time," commenced the boy, "and I was getting tired. The sun was very warm yesterday, if you remember mamma, and there was scarcely any breeze. Papa had been telling me during our walk what he hoped to do for me when I grew older. He said that he wished to see me turn out a clever scholar at one of the Universities, and that he should strain every nerve and make all kinds of sacrifices to enter me first at a large public school—Rugby, I think he said. Of course I was only too glad to hear this. Harry Stanley, a playmate of mine, has a brother at Harrow, and he tells me that life at any of the great schools of England is very jolly. Boating, swimming, and cricketing in the summer, and football, skating, 'hare and hounds,' and other sports in the winter."

"Yes, Bertie," interrupted his mother smiling, "but you must not forget that it is not all play at those excellent institutions. There are many hard tasks to perform, and I am afraid that you will have to put up with a great deal of discomfort and have to bear many little annoyances and caprices at the hands of boys older than yourself. But go on, my dear, I am anxious to hear more."

"Well, mamma," resumed the lad, "we walked along talking about school-boy life, and were in sight of Wisley But, when all at once, papa, who had been in high spirits all the morning, faltered in his speech, his face became very red, he

staggered onward for a few paces, and then fell moaning to the ground. Seeing that although speechless, he was trying to loosen his cravat, I knelt down and quietly assisted him. This appeared to do him good, for he gave a deep sigh and his face grew calmer. I ran to the lake and filled my cap with water, which I sprinkled on his face and head, and wiped the foam from his lips. This revived him, for he opened his eyes and sat up."

"Bertie," said he, "I am faint, the heat of the sun has caused this. I am better now. We will rest at the inn yonder for a little while."

"He then got up and we stayed in the cool pleasant summer-house of the inn and had some refreshment. By the time we left, papa had regained his spirits, and chatted quite cheerfully all the way home. Just before entering the house he bade me not to tell you that he had fainted away, as he said it would alarm you. I feel that I have done wrong by disobeying him."

"Your scruples do you credit, my dear boy," said his mother warmly; "but by your telling me of his sudden illness, I shall be able, without betraying your confidence, to take steps to get medical advice upon the matter. Doctor Cameron, among other friends, will dine here to morrow at the celebration of your father's birthday, and I will consult him privately."

"Are you making this pretty thing for papa," asked Bertie, taking up the elegantly embroidered cap from the work-basket."

"Yes, my love; and as I intend it as a pleasant surprise for him to morrow, I must ask you not to say anything about it."

The lady then arose, and having locked up the birthday gift which she had been secretly preparing for some time past, she took her son by the hand and entered the grounds. It was a lovely afternoon in the early days of July, and the goddess Flora reigned supreme. The garden was literally one mass of flowers, the roses in particular were in full bloom, and their delicious perfume filled the air.

Placing her finger on her lips to warn Bertie from speaking, his mother, before traversing that part of the plantations where the arbour was situated, forsook the gravel path and stole noiselessly on the velvet-like sward, and stood within the cover of a clump of laurels. From her place of concealment she saw her husband seated in front of his easel, upon which was placed a nearly finished landscape. He was not at that moment working. His palette and brushes were on a low stool by his side, and he was evidently indulging in a day-dream. He was a dark and strikingly handsome man of about 35 years of age. Quietly appproaching him, his wife playfully placed her hands over his eyes for a second or two and imprinted a kiss on his forehead.

"Thou idler," she cried; "why I declare you have scarcely used your brush since I saw you an hour ago. If you do not make haste you will not finish your picture in time for the Academy. How nice it will be to read in the catalogue 'Ripley Meads in Surrey, by Albert Tracey.'"

"Ah, Mabel, cheerful and sanguine as ever," remarked her husband. "However there are many weary months to pass before sending-in day comes. I hope that for your sake and his yonder," pointing towards the boy who was amusing himself by chasing a butterfly, "that my effort will be thought worthy of acceptance next year by the Committee. I sometimes fear that I shall be amongst the great majority of those fellows whose works are rejected, not on account of their want of merit, but because the artists are unknown, many of them without friends, without influence, and without resources to render themselves prominent in the artistic and social world of London."

"But why not take a more sanguine view of the matter," she returned. "You are not without friends? Sir Martin Shee, the President of the Academy, is no stranger to you." Then assuming a dramatic attitude, she continued, "I will for the nonce pose as the ancient Priestess of Delphi, and thus I deliver my augury. The picture upon which you have bestowed so much labour will be accepted, be well hung, and eventually be bought by some rich patron of the arts. He will be so pleased with his purchase as to exultingly exhibit it to his artistic friends as the production of a rising genius. They also become interested in your work, and would like to have similar pictures; they are introduced to you, commissions flow in, and in the course of a few years of brilliant successes, the quondam and obscure, though naturally gifted, Albert Tracey blossoms as an Associate of the Royal Academy. His fame being thus established, his society is everywhere courted, and his *atelier* is honoured by frequent visits from Royalty itself."

As the young wife thus gaily rattled on, her intellectual face lighted up with a sunny smile, her luminous eyes sparkled with pleasure, and in her enthusiasm she struck her hands together with almost childlike glee. Her husband in turn became infected by her merry mood. He started to his feet, his countenance lost its sad expression, and, placing his arm around her yielding waist, he drew her towards him and kissed her again and again. "Well, Mabel, it shall be as you foretell," he cried, "from small beginnings great things shall grow. Are we not told 'That lowliness is young ambition's ladder, where the climber upward turns his face.' We will cast black despair to the winds and let the future be tinted by the rose-coloured hue of hope. To be diffident of one's powers is the first step towards defeat. The man who believes that he possesses talent, or genius, call it what you will, succeeds sooner or later in the career that he has chosen. He throws his whole soul into his work, is buoyed up by the prospect of a successful future, and, thus inspired, ultimately reaches the glorious goal of his aspirations."

"My dear Albert," remarked his wife, as they walked lovingly arm-in-arm towards the cottage, "I declare you are quite eloquent. I begin to think that you have mistaken your profession, and would have shone better had you renounced the artists' pencil for the author's pen. Now that you are once more your cheery self, tell me what caused you to be so dull and listless this afternoon?"

"I have no secrets to conceal, Mabel," he replied; "I was thinking when you surprised me just now how foolish it was of me to invest all my money in mining shares. If the anticipations of the promoters of the company are not realised we shall be ruined."

"But why assume such a contingency?" she asked. "The shares at present stand well in the financial market, and the last dividend declared was at the rate of seven per cent."

"That is so," he said. "Well, well, I will not cloud your happiness, my darling. I will strive to look more cheerfully upon mundane matters, and, having the support and love of one of the best of women, I ought to succeed."

The following afternoon a number of friends came to the cottage to celebrate the artist's natal day. Mrs. Tracey and her son were in high spirits. It was delightful weather. Everything conspired to render the anniversary a happy one. Albert Tracey was apparently in the best of health, and had entirely thrown off the gloom that had oppressed him on the preceding day. He chatted merrily with his guests, and at their urgent request he delighted them by his brilliant playing on the pianoforte. Later on, and to the accompaniment of his wife, he had sung with artistic effect several *morceaux* of the best composers. It being a calm, balmy evening, the company after that diversion left the house and wandered in the extensive grounds.

It was about eight o'clock, and the artist having temporarily left his friends and family to their own devices, was alone in the room overlooking the lawn. Presently his wife and boy came sauntering idly down one of the garden paths, and for a few moments turned westward to watch the glorious effects of the beautiful sunset. The mother's arm was placed affectionately on the lad's shoulder. Albert Tracey, as he stood unobserved within the shadow of the apartment, thought what an admirable contrast they presented. She with her fair hair, blonde complexion, and eyes of azure hue, and the boy with his dark, clustering locks, crimson cheeks, and glittering brown orbs. The rich golden rays of the sun brought out in strong relief the floral surroundings, and flooded as with a halo the place where the mother and son stood, thus completing a perfect picture of natural grace and beauty.

"Oh, my beloved ones," sighed the artist, "may thy future be as bright as the *light* that now shines upon thee. May ye never experience the cold frown of the world, nor be overtaken by the *shade* of grief and despair."

As he murmured those words the sun went down in a blaze of glory, and the gloom which succeeded was so startling in its suddenness that the speaker involuntarily shuddered, and a strange feeling of coming evil took possession of him. His wife, son, and friends came in soon after, and they noticed the alteration in his demeanour, but did not press for an explanation. Thus passed the last day and night of happiness that the devoted family were destined to enjoy.

CHAPTER II.

"Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath,
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?"

Towards the close of a chilly afternoon in the November following the events last narrated, Mrs. Tracey was seated within a dingy house situated in a back street near Fitzroy-square, London, a neighbourhood once greatly patronised by disciples of the brush and palette. In a chair by a window was her son. He was alternately glancing over a book and gazing listlessly at the few passers by in the thoroughfare below. The room was meanly and scantily furnished, yet a few ornaments and pieces of daintily executed handiwork placed here and there showed that the occupants were persons of taste. Near one of the tall windows was an easel, and on it was an unfinished picture. What a contrast the apartment and its surroundings presented to the *bijou* Surrey cottage and its luxurious and artistic appointments. The *light* had indeed forsaken that once happy home, and a dark *shade* had fallen upon the lives and fortunes of the refined, talented Tracey and his family. The enterprise in which he had invested all his capital failed, and to complete his ruin a bill for a large sum that he had accepted to oblige a friend was not honoured. To meet his liabilities the effects in his pleasant country residence were sold, and he had to work hard with his brush to keep body and soul together. The very picture upon which he had bestowed so much labour and talent, and on the success of which his good wife had built up so delightful and ambitious a future went with the rest of his possessions, and it being the work of a comparatively unknown artist realised but little.

"Bertie, my dear," said Mrs. Tracey, "can you see papa coming? He promised to be home by four o'clock."

The boy peered eagerly out of the window into the darkening street, and answered in the negative. An hour passed, and the painter had not returned.

His wife had in the meanwhile lit the candles, drawn the curtains, and arranged the humble tea equipage. Presently a loud ring at the door-bell was heard, there was a hurried conversation in the passage, a quick step sounded on the stairs, and the landlady, with a frightened expression on her face, abruptly entered the room.

As if divining a misfortune, Mrs. Tracey started up and exclaimed, "Something has happened to my dear husband, Mrs. Walton? Oh, let me hear all."

The kind-hearted landlady had received bad news, but did not wish to communicate the ill-tidings too suddenly.

"Mr. Tracey is—is—very—very unwell," she stammered out. "He met with an accident in the street, and has been taken to the hospital."

"What hospital?" demanded Mrs. Tracey. "I must go to him at once," and she spoke with a strange calmness, although her countenance was most pitiful to behold in its suppressed agony.

"Had you not better wait till the morning, my dear lady?" was the evasive remark of the other. "He is in the best of hands, every attention will be paid to him, every want supplied."

"No, Mrs. Walton, I insist upon knowing where he is," was the firm reply. "In sickness or in danger, the place of a true wife is by her husband's side."

Perceiving that her good intentions to keep back the actual facts were fruitless, the landlady told the unfortunate wife that the artist had been taken to the adjoining Middlesex Hospital, and at the time when the messenger left, was lying there in an unconscious state. Mrs. Tracey quickly attired herself, and leaving her weeping boy to the care of the kind woman of the house, she hurried through the streets and was soon at the institution.

The hall-porter in answer to her anxious inquiries told her, somewhat indiscreetly, that her husband had been brought there in a dying state. Upon searching his pockets they had found an opened letter addressed to "Mr. Albert Tracey, Morland House, Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square." The authorities had then sent off a messenger to that address for purposes of inquiry.

"Oh, take me to him at once," entreated the poor lady, the tears that she had so bravely kept back now welling from her eyes. "Is he so very, very ill?"

"Perhaps you had better stay a little, ma'am," said the porter, who although daily accustomed to see grief or suffering in all its phases, yet was moved by the sorrow depicted on his questioner's beautiful face. "If you were to be taken to him now the shock might be too great for you."

"I can bear it; oh, I can endure everything except suspense," she murmured.

The official thereupon summoned a nurse.

"This lady," he said, "wishes to see the last case that was brought in, No. 20, I think. She has called to identify him."

The woman nodded her head, and bade Mrs. Tracey to follow her. Imagine the horror of the distressed wife when she was conducted not to the comfortable and comparatively bright surroundings of the hospital ward, but to a gloomy mortuary chamber. Had the official prepared her for the scene it would have been a painful infliction, but to be taken thus suddenly into the awful presence of the dead was appalling to a degree. It was a grim, cold place, dimly lighted by a lamp, and in the obscurity, or rather "darkness visible," could be seen several rigid forms of poor humanity whose sufferings and whose cares had ceased to trouble them. Mrs. Tracey for a few moments was speechless, her eyes were fixed and dry, her mouth moved, but no words came from her parched lips and her frame shook violently.

The nurse, being inured to such gruesome sights, said, in an unimpassioned manner, "He was brought to us apparently in a fit; he had evidently fallen heavily and struck his head upon the stones. We applied restoratives, but they were of no avail, the resident surgeon was then fetched, and upon examination pronounced him dead. His body, according to the usual custom in such cases, was carried here."

Recovering from her stupor, the hapless woman threw herself upon the form of him she had loved so well, and gave way to a paroxysm of tears and lamentations.

The nurse compassionately allowed her to give full vent to her grief for some minutes, and then kindly, though firmly, drew her from the body. "Come, madam, come, you must not stay here, this is no place for you," she said, soothingly, and then supported the almost inanimate form of Mrs. Tracey to the door.

At that moment a deep-drawn sigh was heard, which in the awful stillness sounded weirdly. Mrs. Tracey, whose nerves were quite unhinged, shrieked, and the nurse, strong woman though she was, shuddered, and gave utterance to an exclamation of alarm. Again did the melancholy sound echo through the death chamber.

The attendant at once recovered her composure, and rushed towards the spot whence the moan proceeded. "Your husband lives," she exclaimed, and then violently pulled a bell which communicated with the porter's room.

It was indeed true, the examination by the surgeon had been but cursorily made. Tracey was in a species of cataleptic fit. In all probability contact with the cold slab upon which his body rested, and the draught of air caused by the entry of his wife and the nurse into the mortuary had revived him. Suffice it to say that he recovered, and in a week left the hospital, and was once more restored to those who so dearly loved him. However, he was neither physically nor mentally the man he was before his seizure. When in the presence of his wife and child he tried to be cheerful, and succeeded in his endeavours, but in their absence he was oppressed and morbidly imagined that his dissolution was imminent. A few days before Christmas he received a letter which for the time created a favourable reaction.

"Good news, my love," he merrily cried, as he waved the missive in the air. "The dark clouds that have so long obscured the fortunes of the house of Tracey are lifting, and as the poet says: 'Hope, like the gleaming taper's light, adorns and cheers the way.' You remember," he added, "the picture that I painted with a view to its being accepted by the Academy, and upon which, false prophetess as you were, you had raised such anticipations?"

"I do, only too well," sighed his wife, and her eyes moistened as she recalled the circumstance, and the charming home amid the breezy hills of pleasant Surrey.

"Well, the dealer who bought it has written to say that a wealthy customer of his, a collector of modern works of art, will give a hundred guineas for a similar landscape."

"A hundred guineas!" she repeated. "That is a large sum considering that the picture you were working upon when trouble overtook us fetched but £20."

"Yes, but that was at a forced sale," he replied. "I will go at once and see old Hyam Nathan, there is more in this communication than meets the eye."

The result of the interview was satisfactory to both the dealer and the artist. The former, of course, before he divulged the name and address of his patron, secured from Tracey an undertaking that a liberal *douceur* should be given not only for the introduction but upon all future commissions. A day or two later Nathan's customer called upon the Tracey's, and he was forcibly impressed with the landscape at that time on the easel. He considerately gave the artist £50 on account, and told him that if the picture could be satisfactorily finished by the 25th December, he would give £20 in excess of the stipulated price. He alleged as his reason for the haste that he wished to present it to his married daughter on that particular date as a birthday gift.

The enthusiastic artist whose soul was always in his work needed no such mercenary incentive to spur him on. He was only too anxious to gratify his liberal patron, who was well known in the world of art and letters, and by whose kind offices he hoped, he poetically said, "to climb the steep where fame's proud temple shines afar."

It is needless to state that his devoted wife and son shared his joy. Mrs. Tracey, to please the boy, organised a juvenile party on Christmas Eve and gaily decorated the room where it was to be held. Some dozen youngsters of both sexes, the children of the neighbours came, and were hugely delighted with the entertainment.

The now happy artist worked at his picture as long as daylight permitted, and then catching the infection of brightness and pleasure that the presence of the children and their merriment engendered, threw himself heart and soul into their sports and amusements. He succeeded so well that he was pronounced to be, in a series of stage whispers, by several precocious damsels of twelve summers, or thereabouts, as "A dear, delightful man." As a further proof of popularity, and just before breaking up time he had to submit to a perfect shower of osculatory favours by both girls and boys. One blue-eyed mite in particular insisted upon being held up in order to kiss him under the mistletoe. It was about nine o'clock when the youthful guests departed.

"Mabel, my dear," said her husband, "we have had a cheerful gathering. May we see many more such. The excitement I am afraid, however, has been a little too much for me. I feel slightly weary. I shall now retire. Call me at eight o'clock to-morrow morning as I wish to take advantage of the early light to put the finishing touches to the picture. It must be delivered in Cavendish Square by noon. I shall take a *cabriolet* there and back. I was in hopes to have completed it to-day, but the light was against me." He called his son to his side, and, warmly kissing him, said, "Bertie, my boy, may to-day's unalloyed pleasure be a brilliant augury of a prosperous future for you. You shall yet roam in the pleasant and classic fields of Warwickshire. The old foundation of Rugby, with its glorious traditions and the memories of the illustrious and mighty dead that haunt its walls shall enter on its rolls the not—I trust—unhonoured name of Tracey. God bless you, my son, and may to-morrow's joyful feast-day bring to you and your mamma nothing but happiness and heart-rejoicing."

In after years and on each returning Christmas Eve Bertie Tracey remembered those words of his sire, and the earnest manner in which they were delivered. It was a pleasant, yet sad, memory, and was vividly mirrored in his mind as if the scene were but of yesterday. The old-fashioned room, gay with festive garlands, and illumined by the blazing fire, seemed quite transformed from its ordinary daylight dinginess. Then there was his sweet-faced mother, looking like the Madonna in his picture book, sitting in an easy chair and gazing fondly upon her beloved ones. To complete the pleasant mental image, his father's bright, intellectual face and eyes flashing with unwonted lustre stood boldly out. At midnight Mrs. Tracey, whose sleep had been disturbed by strange dreams, awoke, and presently heard the resonant bells of the neighbouring church merrily ringing the advent of another Christmas. The night taper in the room had gone out, but the glorious moon was flooding everything with its silvern glory. Presently she

heard just outside the house the voices of the carol singers. It was a very calm night, and one of the voices, that of a youth, was so fresh and delightfully musical that she quickly arose and hastened to the window, the better to hear the melody. The snow lay thick on the roofs and balconies of the houses, and as the sheen of the moon caught the frosty particles they glittered like brilliants. The carol singers, or waits as they are more familiarly called, are not generally favoured with very good vocal organs, nor are they characterised for the artistic execution of harmony, but those songsters that Mrs. Tracey listened to on that memorable night were naturally gifted and exceptionally clever.

Forgetting for the moment that her husband had manifested signs of weariness before retiring to rest, and that it was, under those circumstances, unwise to disturb him, she approached the bedside and said, "Albert, my dear, awake and listen to the carol singers. Hark! Is not that a lovely alto voice?"

No reply was given, although she had spoken loudly and had gently touched the sleeping man.

Alarmed at his silence and being without a light, she went to the casement and raising the blind allowed the moonbeams to shine full on his face. He lay motionless, and his cleanly cut features, as the luminous rays streamed upon them, were marble like in their statuesque composure.

"Albert, my husband, are you ill? Oh, speak to me," she cried. Then frantically approaching his side, she placed her trembling hand on his face. It was cold, oh, so cold. He reclined as if peacefully reposing, but, alas, it was the sleep that knows no awakening. The "vital spark of heavenly flame had flown." He was dead. The bright *light* of his life was for ever plunged in the dark *shade* of the unknown world. A terrible agonising scream issued from the lips of the bereaved woman, no welcome tears came to relieve her terrible anguish, her poor brain reeled and she swooned away. At that solemn instant in the still night air the clear dulcet notes of the carol singers rose and fell in mournful cadence as they unknowingly, yet appropriately, sung the dead man's requiem:

"His brow was calm, no change was there,
No sigh had fill'd his breath;
Oh! did he wear that smile so fair
In slumber or in death?"

Christmas.

THOSE who remember the "Old Drury" pantomimes of twenty-five to thirty years ago, will recall the cherry greeting of the favourite clown Matthews, whose gibes and flashes of merriment often set the whole audience, old and young, in a roar of inextinguishable laughter. Each succeeding year Matthews, on first entering, in his suit of motley, exclaimed: "Here we are again; how do you do *to-morrow?*" Alas! How many to-morrows have gone by since *then*! The bright lively boy of those days is now the sedate middle-aged father of a family; and no one would, for a moment, suspect the now comely matronly form to be a development of the little giggling damsel, whose happy face put every one that looked at her in a good temper, and caused them to forget the frost on their "pons" and the rheumatiz in their joints. Ah, the years roll by more quickly than they did then. As Campbell sings in his "River of Life:"

"The more we live, more brief appear
Our life's succeeding stages:
A day to childhood seems a year,
And years like passing ages.

"But as the careworn cheek grows wan,
And sorrow's shafts fly thicker;
Ye stars that measure life to man,
Why seem your courses quicker?"

Yes, here we are again. Christmas is again with us. To young and old alike, the present season, with its glad surcease from toil, makes a pleasant break in the long, dull monotony of winter. The Anglo-Saxon race, more than any other, has made the most of Christmas. In truly characteristic fashion, it is made a time of feasting. The old title, Yule, is lineally descended from the Gothic Jul or Jol, which signifies a "*sumptious feast.*" Even now, Jul or Jool is the name by which the festival is known in Scandinavian countries, Denmark, Norway, and the numberless islands that stud the Baltic and adjacent seas. Thence, attracted by the more genial climate and fertile lands, came the piratical hordes we are proud to call our forefathers. They soon made their foothold firm, and with them they brought many of their ancient customs that were to become the groundwork of the religion and laws of their new home. They were huge eaters and drinkers, as well as great fighting men; but, in their rough way, they possessed two virtues of the Teuton—they were reverent to the gods, and tender with their women and children.

Their gods, like the gods of all early nations, were largely created in their own image. Valhalla was an ideal and exaggerated picture of a Norse hall of the heroes. The gods loved and fought, like their subjects, down on earth, and had, indeed, for the most part, sprung from the earth themselves. Later on, when the wise teachers of Christianity converted this rough material, they welded some of the old ways into the new faith. Some of the Christmas customs have come down from this heathen source. Hone, in his "Every Day Book," mentions that at a Christmas party a discussion arose with respect to what was the great point and crowning glory of the season. Many were for mince pie, others for the noble sirloin and plum pudding, others again for the wassail bowl; but when a demure maiden lady, who had not yet spoken, was asked, she meekly replied—the mistletoe. Now, a most interesting legend comes down to us from the Northern mythology respecting this venerated shrub. How it became connected with the agreeable and popular custom called kissing is not abundantly clear, but it was probably on the principle that any excuse is better than none. To gentlemen of a Pickwickian turn of mind, it may be added to the list comprising the origin of the Hampstead ponds, and other cognate legitimate objects of enquiry. But the legend runs that Baldur, the Apollo of the Scandinavian mythology, the most beautiful of the gods of Asgard, the Northern Olympus, was invulnerable to all things except one. An old prophecy foretold that he was to die by the hand of Hodur, but there still remained a hope of restoration. His mother, Frigga, summoned before her the spirits of all things, and exacted an oath from fire and water, from all metals, as well as from stones, diseases, birds, beasts, poisons, and all creeping things, that none of them would do harm to Baldur; only one little white-berried shrub, was on account of its apparent insignificance, neglected. But we all know what mighty things from little causes befall. Loki, the Scandinavian god of evil, was also a handsome god in form and feature, but his thoughts were not comely. He was jealous of Baldur. And Baldur was not only beautiful, but he was an exceedingly obliging young divinity. His talent of invulnerability made him quite an acquisition in Asgard. Now these Northern gods were much addicted to rough sports, as befitting the gods of a warlike and hardy people.

Baldur, as it did him no harm, allowed them, when they were at their military sports, to make use of himself as a sort of target. When Loki looked on and saw his fellow gods besporting themselves—some throwing darts and launching arrows at Baldur, some hacking him with swords and battle-axes—his heart was filled with envy. He did not see why Baldur should have all the honour to himself. He therefore made a diligent search for something that would hurt Baldur. Having treacherously found out about the mistletoe, he repaired to the eastern side of Valhalla, and, having furnished himself with it, he returned.

The gods were still at their old games. He then induced Hodur, who was blind, to throw the twig at Baldur, he guiding his hand. It pierced the beautiful god through the eye and through the brain, and he fell dead. All the Aesir, or gods, were struck speechless with horror. They were only restrained by the sacredness of the place from executing summary vengeance on the cruel Loki. He was, however, ultimately thrown into a cavern deep in the bowels of the earth, and when earthquakes rumble in the subterranean depths, it is Loki struggling to get free.

The mistletoe became henceforth the symbol of Love and Protection. It was revered by the Druids, in the older worship of the Celts; and Pliny, the Roman naturalist, describes how they cut it only from the oak trees, where it is extremely rare. They used a golden sickle to cut it, and sacrificed two white oxen to the god it for the time represented. The shrub is for the most part gathered from apple and pear trees; limes, poplars, and other trees are also its favourite *habitats*. It is named from the fact that the missel, or mistle thrush, is fond of its berries, and in eating them, the seed, to which viscous matter adheres, sticks to the bill of the bird, which, to free itself, rubs it on the bark of the tree; hence it is propagated. Jesse, in his "Country Life," speaks of the harm this parasitical shrub does to the trees, referring to "the dead and decaying branches, which the mistletoe has deprived of their usual nourishment." He gives a list of nearly forty trees on which it grows. Shakespeare says:—

"A barren and detested vale you see it is:
The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'ercome with moss, and baneful mistletoe."

That the use of the baneful shrub is by no means diminishing may be gauged from the fact that hundreds of tons of it are imported into England at Christmas time chiefly from Normandy. Thousands of pounds are paid for it. It is computed that the county of Herefordshire sends in the week preceding Christmas a hundred tons or more to London and other large towns. From Labrador to Japan, from the Hebrides to the islands under the Southern Cross, these shrubs are the objects of veneration to the Anglo-Saxon. Our Transatlantic brethren are equally infected with viscinania. We have little space to

refer to holly. Though more beautiful and attractive from its bright-coloured berries, and noble though *noli me tangere* foliage, it cannot claim the aristocratic distinction of the sister berry. There is a tradition in Derbyshire that, as the Christmas holly brought into a house be rough or smooth, a "he" or "she" as it is termed—the wife or the husband—will be master; and in Worcestershire or Herefordshire, holly that has been used in adorning a church is highly esteemed, under the belief that a small branch of it will ensure a lucky year to the possessor. Ivy and box also are not to be excluded from the list of Christmas decorations. Passing from the sentimental to the substantial—how many a haughty gobbler that, like chanticleer—

"To the stack or the barn door,
Stoutly struts his dames before"

will in a short time have ended his career, and have entered in the tissues of the featherless biped—man?

For a week or more the great markets have teemed with Christmas fare. At Windsor Castle, the great baron of beef, weighing some three hundred pounds, is, according to ancient custom, conveyed to the cooks' department with due ceremony and observance. Having been well hung, it is to be cooked whole, and served up on Christmas Day with sound of "sackbut and shawm and other minstrelsy." Plum pudding, too—the prince, or rather king, of puddings; see what mighty pains, both of Nature and Art, are at work to produce it. To ripen the raisins and currants, "the sun," as the verses in "Alice in Wonderland" express it, has been "shining with all his might"; the citron and other candied peel came from France, Spain, or Italy; the wheat, probably, from the fertile valley of the Mississippi. And the mince pie, that other peculiarly English composition, where can stranger from "ferne landes," as old Dan Chaucer says, vie with the English housewife in its production? We should as soon expect manna to fall from Heaven as for "Frenchman or Portugee" to present that succulent dish suitable to the English palate of the average Briton. Having summoned these spirits from the vasty deep, we can only, in conclusion, wish all our readers a Merry Christmas, and piously wish, in the words of old Withers, that—

"*Now all our neighbours' chimneys smoke,*
And Christmas blocks are burning;
Their ovens, they with baked meats choke,
And all their spits are turning.
Without the door let sorrow lie,
And if, for cold, it hap to die,
We'le bury't in Christmas pye,
And evermore be merry."

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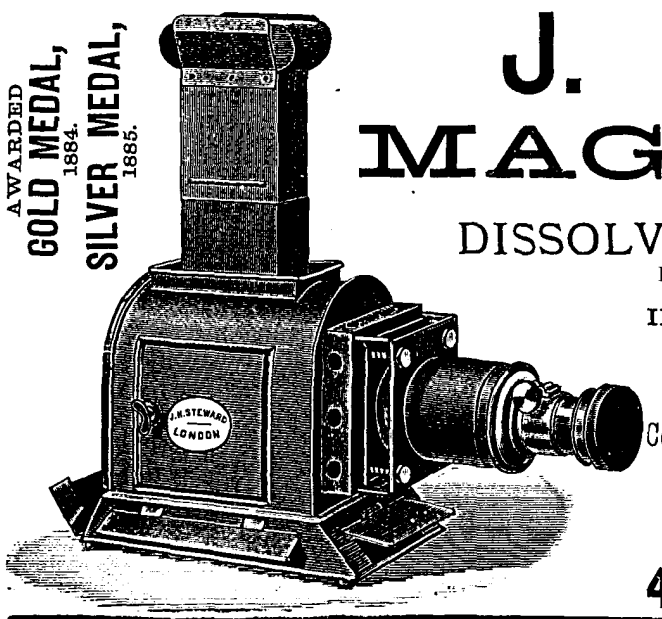

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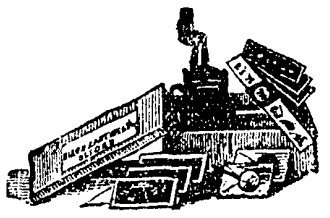

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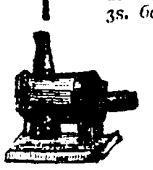

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